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CORD



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FEBRUARY 1952

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ON THE COVER . . .

Ellen Roberts, a vivacious young senior from Hanover, appears on this month's cover of the Cord. Ellen was elected "Campus Queen" and was crowned by Dave Crawford, President of the S.L.E., at the Annual Christmas Prom at the Highlands. The Prom was under the joint sponsorship of the Soph and Freshman classes.

* * * *

EDITOR'S NOTES . . .

On January 5, Miss Jean Zinger of Waterloo became the bride of Mr. Gord Ariss. Gord is well known throughout the Twin Cities for his athletic prowess having played both Junior and Senior Inter-County Baseball as well as being farmed out in the Southern American States league.

Appearing on page three of this issue we have the article entitled "The Problem of Modern Art" which emphasizes the position of art in our religious and social life. In this article, George Adamson deals with the purposeful evolution of art through the centuries.

At a recent meeting of the S.C.M. a vote was taken in favour of changing affiliation from the S.C.M. to the Inter Varsity Christian Fellowship organization on a temporary basis till the end of the year. At this time another vote will be taken to decide whether this affiliation is to be permanent. It was felt that the I.V.C.F. could supply more material and greater personal assistance than the S.C.M. which tends to deal more with periphery problems.

For the past two years Waterloo College has been defeated by the Intermediate Team from the U of T. While we acknowledge their wins on the basis of sportsmanship, we do not relish the way in which they wrote up the game in their publication. It is true that the scores closely parallel each other in the past two years but if they will check their records they will find that it wasn't so long ago that a Waterloo College team trounced them on the ice also.

On February 13, Waterloo College students are presenting a "TALENT NITE" at St. Mark's Parish Hall next to the Collegiate. The program commences at 8.00 p.m. and includes skits, instrumental, and solo music, the boy's quartet, and the College Choir under the direction of Dr. Leupold. Check your calendars and make it a date.

P.S. Don't forget the "Alumni—Student Hockey Game" on February 8, at the Waterloo Arena. Time permitting, an Athy will be held in the College gymnasium after the game.



THE PROBLEM OF MODERN ART

"What is the purpose of modern art?"

This is a good question to ask if you wish to stump a professor. Perhaps the most satisfactory answer to this question would be: "It has no purpose."

We have a fit description of modern art in Tennyson's poem "In Memoriam," written a hundred years ago:

—Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience, or an aim.

(Tennyson was describing the world without immortality and without God.)

The artist of to-day often works without a conscience or an aim. He is conscious only of an inner urge to express his own feelings and reactions. His services are not devoted to the church or to society because neither the church nor society has accepted him. We are not referring to the commercial artist, whose work must always remain at a superficial level, but rather to the creative artist who feels the need for expression so strongly that he is unable to, or refuses to, be shackled by the chains of commercialism.

As a consequence of being refused recognition, artists have withdrawn more and more into themselves, so that they are becoming detached from society. Psychologists would say that artists have "introverted" themselves. This is exactly the case. Just as the individual, whose need for acceptance is not gratified, withdraws from social life, so the artist of to-day has withdrawn from the world. He no longer views it objectively, but subjectively. He sees it through his own feelings, thoughts, and attitudes. In some cases the objective world has been almost totally disregarded, even its symbols. The artist has created his own symbols, using them to represent the fantasies of his imagination or to express the intensity of his feelings. One can easily recognize that such art cannot be interpretive. Unless the language of the artist is rendered intelligible by means of conventional symbols, there remains no common ground for understanding between the artist and the people.

On the other hand, many artists claim

to be truly creative because they no longer can rely on the objective world for the means to express themselves. They claim to be reaching nearer to pure aesthetics. Music, for example, conveys itself in abstract terms. We are not expected to know precisely what the musician meant when he composed his music; we feel what he felt. Abstract art, by means of shapes and colours, may likewise produce a purely aesthetic response in the spectator similar to that which urged the artist to paint. The argument is that aesthetic feeling is being purely expressed, and is not complicated by association with the objective world of reality.

Considered from this viewpoint, one might argue in defense of modern art; that it acts as a purifying influence combatting the realism of "photographic" painting, which has no true aesthetic value, but merely imitates reality. Public taste has suffered greatly through the circulation of such so-called art. The majority of "Sunday School" pictures have very little aesthetic value. They are useful for instruction and inspiration, but the inspiration does not lie in the artistic quality of the picture, it lies in the subject matter. There was a day, however, when these qualities were combined within the individual picture. The subject matter played an important part, but the picture retained its aesthetic value. Each quality was harnessed and used as a means to an end rather than an end in itself.

Several centuries ago, before the social and industrial revolutions, artists were in high demand. The powerful factions were anxious to impress themselves on the people by displays of grandeur and beauty. Art was a profession in the days of the old masters. The artist had to learn his craft thoroughly before he could be concerned about expressing himself creatively. High demands were made upon him and competition was keen, but he was recognized. He was accepted by both the church and society. Consequently he felt himself to be a part of life and he viewed it ob-

(Continued on page 10)

NORTH OF 58°

A trip into Canada's Northland is an experience not to be forgotten nor hoarded in one's box of memories. The one I write about took place last January when I finally completed arrangements to visit a fishing camp.

It is taken for granted that these fishermen are a hardy lot, but they not only must be tough, but resourceful as well, for they live, of necessity, close to nature, isolated, and under conditions calling for the utmost in moral as well as physical stamina. This was readily made clear to me when we dropped down at North Porcupine Point, some 200 miles north of Flin Flon. The ice was rough with snow hummocks and in landing the tail ski on the Norseman was torn loose and the assembly broken. The weather was well under 50 degrees below zero. Sam Anderson and Billy Boy Baker, at whose camp I stayed, were soon on the ice to give what help they could. After a brief conference in Sam's cabin, repairs were made so that the aircraft would be able to take off and land with a reasonable degree of safety. To replace the broken assembly, we took a large snow shovel, removed the handle, and attached the bowl, reinforced with wood, to the aircraft with stove pipe wire. With the tail held up by an amateur ground crew, with the engine "revved" up until we could hold on no longer, the plane pulled away and we learned, landed at its base without mishap, some hours later. It can be imagined what the situation might have been away from help and without means of communication.

The next day I joined the boys in their work — but never again! To begin with, the days are all too short in latitude 59 degrees. The daybreak comes at 9:00 to 9:30 a.m. when the dog teams must be ready to go to the fishing grounds. Our program this day took us four miles across the open lake with a temperature of 57 degrees below zero, using two dog teams. On reaching the markers, needle bars were used to re-open the holes through which the nets had been set two days previously. Then the nets were

hauled up gradually and about fifteen feet of the net was pulled on to the ice at a time. With small hand hooks the fish were removed. The drowned ones or those whose gills had been closed by the net, were not marketable and were cast aside for use as dog food. The fresh fish were thrown into separate piles for trout, jumbo white and average white. The fish must then be cleaned and gutted before freezing, a task which was performed while kneeling on the ice, using a sharp knife. They were then piled neatly to prevent curling and to facilitate shipping. This was a cold job and one of the wonders of the trip was "Why didn't we freeze to death?"

When one net has been emptied, it is immediately reset and the party moves on to the next. The dogs accustomed to the cold weather, curled up and rested in the snow, moving to the next hole unattended, at the command of their master. All nets having been emptied and reset, we packed the fish on the sleds and headed for camp. Was I happy! The dogs needed little driving and another of the many wonders to me was how the lead dog could thread his way around hummocks and over them, some of which are three or four feet high. If there seems to be any question of the route to take, the leader looks around questioningly for instructions.

We arrived back in camp about 3:00 p.m. The sun had just dipped below the horizon. Immediately we unfastened the dogs, tied them to their individual kennels, and unloaded the fish. To dog lovers is the note that the dogs are fed once a day, about 6:30, and their diet consists mainly of, you guessed it, fish. It is illegal to feed them caribou, although it is plentiful in certain seasons.

I was anxiously waiting to eat and sleep when we got back, but I found there were chores to be done. Wood to cut, water to carry from the water hole and finally meals to cook, though the latter are simple in character and consist mainly of bannock, caribou and — you guessed it — FISH!

Want to go fishing? Doug Black.

WHERE TO CANADA

In looking into this country's past we are immediately impressed with its steady political development and maturity. We have progressed from a position of infant dependence upon the mother country to adulthood, from English government to self-government. Today this is no longer another British colony but rather "Canada" — a nation in its own right.

In reality this country stands on its own two feet.

Theoretically we have changed too. At one time we were a part of the British Empire. Then this relationship took on the appellation British Commonwealth of Nations. Today we proudly declare our membership in the Commonwealth of Nations — minus the adjective "British."

St. Laurent forged the way to an even greater independence in 1949 when Canada accepted the Supreme Court of Canada as its highest court of appeal rather than the English Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

On January 14th of this year our government acted as host to the distinguished British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, and feted him to a state dinner. At the conclusion of Churchill's dynamic address, the guests rose and stood at attention while "O Canada" was played. The C.B.C. commentator then announced: "You have just heard the Canadian National Anthem — 'O Canada'."

This broadcast was carried over the major U.S. networks, and the B.B.C., as well as the C.B.C. It is indeed unlikely that the announcer made an error and more likely his words were repeated by our government. To all the world, and to Canada especially, comes the news that we have, at last, a truly Canadian National Anthem. This news should be particularly gratifying to those party members who haggled bravely for days at the 1948 conventions for this very thing that was given to us in a few minutes on the 14th of January.

In 1951 we lost our title of "Dominion" and are now simply living in Canada — just as Americans live not in

the "Republic" of the U.S.A., but only the U.S.A.

This year Governor-General Alexander retires from his office and we must scout around for a successor. From all indications the choice will be a Canadian. Already there have been suggestions — Vincent Massey, Chief Justice Rinfret, Speaker Ross Macdonald, and Gen. H. D. G. Crerar. A Canadian appointment presents difficulties — he will be personally familiar with many and will not therefore, be able to endow his office with its necessary dignity; many might resent the customary courtesies entitled "Their Excellencies" should this couple not have titles but rather be plain "Mr. and Mrs. Jones;" such an appointment would be in danger of the election dig "political appointment"; etc., etc.

Yes, there are difficulties but they can be overcome — and they'll have to be should a Canadian be appointed.

The significance of this would be the breaking of another tie with England. That leaves only three remaining. The Union Jack is held in common by both countries on either side of the Atlantic. Constitutional amendments must be passed by the London Parliament. We still acknowledge a loyalty to the Crown.

Many staunch Imperialists in Canada lament Canada's trend. "We are a young country," they shout. "We must rely upon the proved wisdom of English statesmen." These arguments, however, are invalid. Let's be realistic. In practice, we are governing ourselves already.

What must be considered though is the desire of the public. Do we approve the government's actions? There is probably no way of accurately ascertaining the citizenry's wish. And under St. Laurent's technique of subtle change with little accompanying "ballyhoo", the people will probably not fully realize these changes in English-Canadian relationships.

Before we leave the matter we have but one further consideration—and that is consideration for Britain and her position (or should we say 'predicament?').

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KITCHENER

Static

There have been songs written about it, books dedicated to it and it's funny, but people never get tired of it. I guess there's just nothing to take its place—no suh! But then it really does depend on the individual. Do you eat to live or live to eat? Or are you like the guy in the song that Stan Kenton made so popular — "Flim Flam Sauce" — "I love to eat it helps keep me alive!" But search where you may brother — eating in the Boarding Club is eating like no place on earth.

When that dinner bell resounds through the college, it just brings the beast out in our men. So intent are they on the track of their prey that the executive can hardly get the door open because of the cluster of starving humanity clawing outside. You can hear their mating call for miles they tell me. It goes something like this — "here we stand like birds in the wilderness, birds in the wilderness, birds in the wilderness. Here we stand like birds in the wilderness waitin' for the food to come etc." Once we get inside we are seated at long tables that are divided into sections by purple lines. There are eight contestants in each division and the same number of steaming targets at each table.

There it lies — placid and defenceless — the poor food. Just think of how long it takes to grow! Think of those poor little potatoes that spent all that time successfully avoiding potato bugs and various other enemies to potatoes. Think of those beautiful carrots that spent the summer waving their slender stalks in the balmy breezes. Think of that cow standing knee-deep in some pastoral field, calmly chewing her cud and never dreaming of what has been cooked up for her in the future. It makes your heart bleed!

Down go the forks into the meat platter. Up go the spoons heaped with mashed potatoes like the scoops on a steamshovel busily working on a rush construction job. Nothing can keep their

minds from the business at hand. Unflinchingly both hands are used. This may be advantageous as far as time and motion study is concerned on the assembly line but somehow it just doesn't work out that way when you're eating. I guess the Darwinian theory of survival of the fittest has invaded the Boarding Club, because the law of tooth and claw seem to have taken firm hold.

It used to bother me when I'd read those recipes on how to prepare lobster. Take this one for Lobster a L'Americaine — hold the lobster firmly on the board and stab him through the shell half an inch behind the eyes. This technically finishes him off; subsequent difficulties stem from the fact that the lobster doesn't appear to realize this. Quickly cut off the tail section (but don't expect it to lie still) and the big claws, removing any wooden pegs. Cut off and discard the whiskers and eyes etc. Boy, anybody that could do a thing like that must have a heart of stone, and iron constitution or else be awfully hungry! Although I realize the cow from which the beef has been severed is now dead, when I see that fork descend and take unerring aim at a slice I seem to see the little cords of meat tighten up and I think it would run away if it could. Somebody should start a society for the prevention of cruelty to food.

I can't decide just what period of civilization has influenced the eating habits of the Boarding Club. But I did find some interesting material on the subject! The Romans and the seventeenth century English and French periods are something for us to aim at in the future. They still make us seem awfully tame by comparison—but then any day now — who knows what may develop!

The Romans had some simply darling little habits! As you know they ate lying down on couches. It was considered bad taste to put four people on one couch and with just two it wasn't cosy enough,

(Continued on page 12)

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THE IMMIGRANT and CANADIAN CULTURE

We find ourselves more than a little annoyed when some newcomers to this country haughtily tell us: "You Canadians have no culture!" This statement is usually followed by an effort to convince us that in whatever country they came from culture has reached its Golden Age. (Despite this fact our critics seem to have found life unbearable there.)

We assure they use the term "culture" loosely, to include not all patterns of social behavior, but to indicate a general attitude of refinement. In this popular sense it is possible to conceive of nations with a high or low degree of culture.

A people's culture develops from two main sources. First, there is that which arises locally, and is developed and refined over the centuries. Canada is a very young country, and so she should not be expected to have accumulated as rich a tradition as that of older European countries. Her pioneers — only recently dead — had to concern themselves largely with wresting a living from a strange if not hostile natural environment. They did not have too much time or too much energy left to spend on aesthetic or cultural interests. Nevertheless, a study in our museums of exhibits of early home and church furnishings reveals not a lack but a surprisingly high standard for our arts. Moreover, with a technological directionality, the people on this side of the Atlantic have made more advances than Europeans in building up the things which make life easier, and generally more pleasant.

In a young country the second source or impetus to culture is perhaps the more important. It consists of those ideas and standards brought in from other cultures and gradually amalgamated with our own or diffused into it. The length of time for this process depends among other things on the quality and quantity of culture patterns to be diffused; the efforts made toward diffusion; the receptivity and the density of the population in which the diffusion is to take place.

For instance, where a population is very dense it naturally becomes easier to diffuse a culture than where a population is geographically and culturally sectional.

One should have expected that the hundreds of thousands of immigrants constantly entering our country from "more highly cultured" sectors of the globe would have had a most wholesome effect on our own "undeveloped culture." But what do we find?

We find almost all of these immigrants moved by economic motivations to a degree in excess of anything imagined by our forefathers or paralleled by their children. They live crowded together in conditions worse than those of our domestic animals. Every member of the family is forced to work. Money is hoarded for the purchase of property so that this can be forced to return many times its investment value. Or it is stored away in the hope of returning to Europe and there living a life of ease. There is no time or desire to support our "weak" cultural endeavors. These people band together on the basis of language or nationality — to perpetuate not the best things of their native cultures, but often the worst. They crowd into their beer halls on Saturdays, but shun our churches on Sundays. They laugh at our moral standards. They scorn our political institutions. They take over sections of our larger cities, where even the fresh air is frequently displaced by their stench. In every possible way they emphasize European loyalties, so that we constantly wonder why they did not stay where they were, and hope to God they'll soon go back. All of them pretend to have been of aristocratic birth, yet it is amazing how lacking many are in the knowledge of the most rudimentary courtesies and elementary niceties of every-day life. Since they begin by setting themselves apart, it is not strange that our own people should develop a very definite hostility, and also soon keep their own distance.

And there is real tragedy in this process. Many of the newcomers are of the

elite of the earth — well born, educated, genteel, kindly, devout, appreciative, responsive. Many are not of the type to crudely criticize our "lack of culture" remembering the unfortunate history of their own. If they are aware of a lack here, they will be in the vanguard of those who are trying to offset such deficiency. Yet, it is to be regretted, they are often suspect, and completely overlooked in the hordes of less desirables.

Those of us who will have much to do with New Canadians will do well to remember a few things. First: The countries from which these people come, like our own, have their high and low spots of culture. Second: Many of our newcomers are just what this country needs to balance its technological advance with equal strides in the realm of arts and letters. Third: The people who are quick to despise our country were probably the most despised in their own.

George Frederick Durst.

THE PROBLEM OF MODERN ART

(Continued from page 3)

jectively. The artist's abilities were "extroverted." They were brought out into active participation in life, and united to higher purposes and ideals beyond the limited realm of his ego. Art achieved its greatest heights in union with religion. The greatest artists have been men of faith whose aesthetic powers were developed under the direction of a compelling purpose above and beyond themselves.

Contrast these circumstances with those existing in the present day and you will see that "modern art" is the product of its environment. Our civilization has progressed materially with giant strides but it has degenerated culturally and spiritually. The divorce of art from life and religion is a sad state of affairs, both for the artist and for the people. Perhaps both are to blame, although circumstances are largely responsible. As potential leaders in society, college students can contribute much, if only in showing their interest, toward a future harmony between art and the religious and social life of our country.

If society is to grow and become more healthy, it cannot afford to overlook the development of art, one of its God-given members which has become diseased through neglect and misuse.

George Adamson

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Alumni Notes

The Junnior Prom at the Highlands, Galt, on December 19th was a homecoming for many Alumni. Former students from Hanover, Hamilton, Elmira, Brantford and Toronto were present to renew acquaintances and join in the festivities.

Alumnae, especially the ladies who attended Waterloo as resident students, will be anxious to see the new and permanent Women's Residence on the campus. It is now completed and has been occupied by the girls and Dean of Women for several weeks. The official opening ceremony will take place in February. Whenever you are in the Twin Cities or neighborhood, be sure to pay a visit to 170 Albert Street.

1929

Theodore Wagner has been teaching History at the Guelph Collegiate Institute for a number of years. He also represents the City of Guelph on the Senate of the University of Western Ontario.

• 1930

Rev. **Arthur F. Buehlow**, Pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, New Hamburg, has again been elected to the Board of Governors of Waterloo College and Seminary.

1938

Conradine Schmidt was a recent visitor in Waterloo. She has been teaching at the Gravenhurst High School. **Julius Zeller**, District Sales Supervisor of the Toronto Carpet Company, remembered his Alma Mater when the Women's Residence was being furnished.

1939

The Men's Basketball Team, which has been making a good showing in the O.B.A., is being coached for a second year by **Ralph Tailby**. Ralph is one of the Twin Cities' chartered accountants. Born to Mr. and Mrs. **Robert Tegler** of Port Credit, October 11th, a daughter. Congratulations! Bob is with the Ronson Company, Toronto.

1941

Mr. and Mrs. **Beverley Pugh**, (nee

Dorothy Heimrich '43), after a year in the Maritimes, are making their home in Toronto. Bev is with the Cluett, Peabody Company.

1944

Melvin King is on the staff of the Ontario Agricultural College in the Department of English. Although the exact date is not known, a son was recently born to Rev. and Mrs. **Jack Zimmerman**, Pembroke. This is Jack's second male heir.

1946

Hildegarde Berdux is teaching school in Sarnia.

1947

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Beckstead (nee **Audrey Brock**) have taken up residence in Brantford where Dale is with the Canada Health and Accident Insurance Company. The Becksteads have two children—a son, four, a daughter, two. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Doherty (nee **Phyllis Ziegler**) of Ottawa to whom a son was born on January 7th.

1948

Born to Rev. and Mrs. Wilfred Myra (nee **Rhoda Daber**), New Germany, Nova Scotia, a son on January 14th. Congratulations!

1950

We express our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. **Lyness Wark**, Waterloo, who were bereaved recently by the deaths of their infant twin daughters. **Peggy Nairn**, who spent a year in England, returned to her home in Kitchener in December. The Bernardo-Hill Tile Company of Kitchener announced that as of January 1st, its President and General Manager would be **J. Ross Morrison**. Spending an interne year in Institutional Management at the K-W Hospital is **Edwin Nabert**. **Jack Wettlaufer** is back at Western doing research work in Price Control. Jack received the Master's degree from the Business School in June 1951. **Kristina Sidlauskaitė** is doing Social Work in the Toronto Area. She is making her home at Erindale.

STATIC

(Continued from page 7)

so they felt that three on a couch seemed to be just the right number! They used to eat for just hours. Some dinners starting at mid-afternoon just broke up at midnight. But then as you wove an intricate path homeward you might have to pay the penalty of passing by some overhanging tenement houses whence "from the topmost roof some leaky, broken vessel may be pitched from a window down on your head." If a certain dish didn't please one of these early Romans he hurled it against a convenient pillar or splattered it over an innocent waiter, and then, the host apologized for offending his guest.

As far as I can see the methods of seventeenth century England and France absolutely win the blue ribbon. They scooped up their food with their fingers and tossed unwanted morsels to the floor, where either the bacteria or the family pets carried on from there.

But then they got stuffy and started to use knives, forks and spoons — how dull! The inventor of the spoon is not known, but an Italian monk of 1290 noted in his diary — "Suck not with the mouth when thou eatest with a spoon." That's a dandy little bit of advice if I ever heard one! Our old friend Cardinal Richelieu found it a little hard on the nerves when his guests used the pointed ends of their knives for tooth-picks. But he put an end to this nasty little practice by rounding the ends of his knives. The earth shaking introduction of the fork into England was made by Thomas Coryate in 1611. Even the clergy had something to say about this evil weapon. Imagine anyone being so impious as to assume that God's good gifts were unfit to be touched by human hands. Why should man make hay of his food and pitch it into his mouth with a fork? Now there's an argument if I ever heard one — such profundity!

Gentlemen of the seventeenth century customarily wore their hats to the table. Samuel Pepys noted in his diary: "Caught cold from sitting without my hat at dinner." But here are their little tips for society accepting eating — but heaven forbid the return of the day:

"Smack the lips resoundingly if thou wouldst show due appreciation to thine host. Do not try to eat soup with your fork. Do not lick your fingers or wipe them on your bread. Do not wipe your teeth or eyes with your napkin. Do not dip your spoon into the common dish until your superiors have dipped theirs. (Attention all frosh!) Do not blow on your soup. Do not pocket the fruit at dessert. Do not make a noise when swallowing."

Well after you consider what those poor people had to go through I'd think everyone is happy about living in the 20th century — atom bomb or no atom bomb.

Norma Elligjen

And is this all that's left to show that
once

A mighty pine grew here in youth?
Where are the scented cones,
The needle spears that clashed with
Nature's scythe?

Decay is left —
The forest is proof.
Now sighs the wind through bare and
leafless boughs,
The young trunk leans obtuse.
There, in that rotted stump lies dead
The wild, young grace of youth.

Fashions

Norman Gowdy

48 King St. W.

Kitchener

REAL MAGIC

Dean Schaus and I have at least one good friend in common, and in his "off-hours" he's an amateur magician of note. Last May I was present at a very important convocation in Montreal at which this common friend of ours received his well earned D.D. (Doctor of Divinity) degree because you see — he's a minister, the Reverend Robert Good of Ottawa, by name. I'll never forget the first time I had lunch with him, you have never seen a more surprised waitress watching a man in clerical garb make ten dollar bills disappear and pull twenty dollar bills from her own apron pocket!

Just last week I read a news item from Atlanta Ga., saying that the Rev. J. J. Sneed, pastor of the Methodist Church of Hapeville, Ga., had been elected secretary of the Atlanta Society of Magicians. I can think of nothing more fitting than this. For we hold this truth to be self evident, that if anyone needs to be a magician it is the preacher. It used to be a common trick of magicians to make a silver dollar disappear. Now, alas, anyone can do that. Anyone can step out to buy a little snack for a lunch and bang! — several dollars have vanished into the air and you come home with what used to be meat for the dog. The preacher has to do this trick in reverse — make a dollar, or a hundred of them, appear out of very thin air.

Of course, its the preacher's wife who

ought to be chief potentate of the International Society of Magicians. She does tricks every day that make the old masters — Blackstone, Houdini et al. — look like awkward bunglers. She does sleights of hand whipping up a fine omelet for six out of one doubtful egg; putting four children through college on from \$1,800 to \$2,200 a year (names and addresses furnished to skeptics on request); finagling nonaggression treaties with six foreign powers, including the Trustees, the Ladies' Aid and the Grocer; furnishing a ten-room parsonage with the equipment of a two-room flat; and sweeping into the morning service looking better than the Queen of Sheba. Lady, take a bow!

My hat would be off to my reverend magician friend, Mr. Good, and to Mr. Sneed, if I were not afraid they would make it disappear, and it is my only hat. The preacher must have many tricks up his sleeve. Some are elementary, such as getting blood out of a turnip (the turnip in this case being Old Man Colseley, president of the Skinflint Mfg. Co.); keeping from 300 to 3,000 stout individualists and from seven to forty competing organizations revolving around a common center without hitting each other (a neater trick than keeping the solar system going without collisions). But even for such elementary tricks any magician needs something to start with

(Continued on page 26)

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Athletics

Included in the tuition fee of each Waterloo College student is a 9 dollar sum designated for athletics. A very logical question is, are the students getting their money's worth? In answering this question let us look at some statistics. Out of a total of 200 students (full-time), 153 actively participate in some department of the athletic programme. It may be stated, without reservation, that Waterloo College has the highest percentage student participation in athletics of any Canadian university. Let us examine a typical Thursday in the sports life at Waterloo College; 3 p.m.-5 p.m., girls' basketball; 4 p.m.-6 p.m., intra-mural basketball; 4 p.m.-6 p.m., curling; 6:30 p.m.-8 p.m. "Mules" basketball practice, 8 p.m. badminton, and 10 p.m.-11 pm. hockey practice. As for the administration, there are 7 students on the Athletic Directorate, plus five coaches.

The president of the Athletic Directorate has issued the following list of expenditures for the various sports for the 1951-52 school year.

HOCKEY	\$ 500.00
FOOTBALL	200.00
VARSITY BASKETBALL	400.00
GIRLS' ATHLETICS (TRACK & FIELD, BASKETBALL) ...	200.00
BADMINTON	25.00
YEAR BOOK	25.00
TOTAL	\$1350.00

The aim of the Athletic Directorate is to provide opportunities for all who wish to participate in sports, to do so. An example of this is a group of boys, Ken Bauman, Stu Ogg, and Art Morscher approaching the Granite Club officials and investigating the possibilities of Waterloo College being allotted time for Curling at the local club. This group succeeded, and now teams are set up. At present the Athletic Directorate is planning a Curling Bonspiel.

In basketball the Directorate is building up a pyramid system, with the Intra-mural basketball at the bottom, the Intermediate team next, and at the top, the Varsity "Mules." It is hoped by this

method to build up a system that will develop players for the Varsity team.

In summing up the answer to the question, "Are the students getting their money's worth?" it is evident that every effort is being made to present a wide-scale and appealing sports programme. Every student is encouraged to participate in a sport to their liking. The Athletic Directorate always welcomes constructive criticism, and is ready to comply with the wishes of the students.

SPORTS NOTES BASKETBALL

Three cheers are in order for the "Mules", who have won their first game in the O.B.A. Intermediate League. The "Mules" defeated the Guelph Y-Bonds 47-45. In their second game against Brantford "Grads" the "Mules" quintette was set back by the score of 47-35. Finally, after three years of trying, the "Mules" defeated the Kitchener Collegiate "Scarlet Raiders" 49-45. Perhaps just as important as the victory was the large number of Waterloo students who attended the game as spectators. Jim Cotter, a freshman, has been the top scorer in the games played. The return to form of Pat "Irish" Eckersley, and Welf Heick has helped the team very much.

INTRA-MURAL BASKETBALL

There are 60 students playing intra-mural basketball. The sophomore team is tops in the league. The league has been quite interesting to date, but it is unfortunate that the gym is so small. As a result of this condition, practically every game turns into a combination of football scrambles, and wrestling holds. If the officiating were more strict, much of the rough play would be eliminated.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

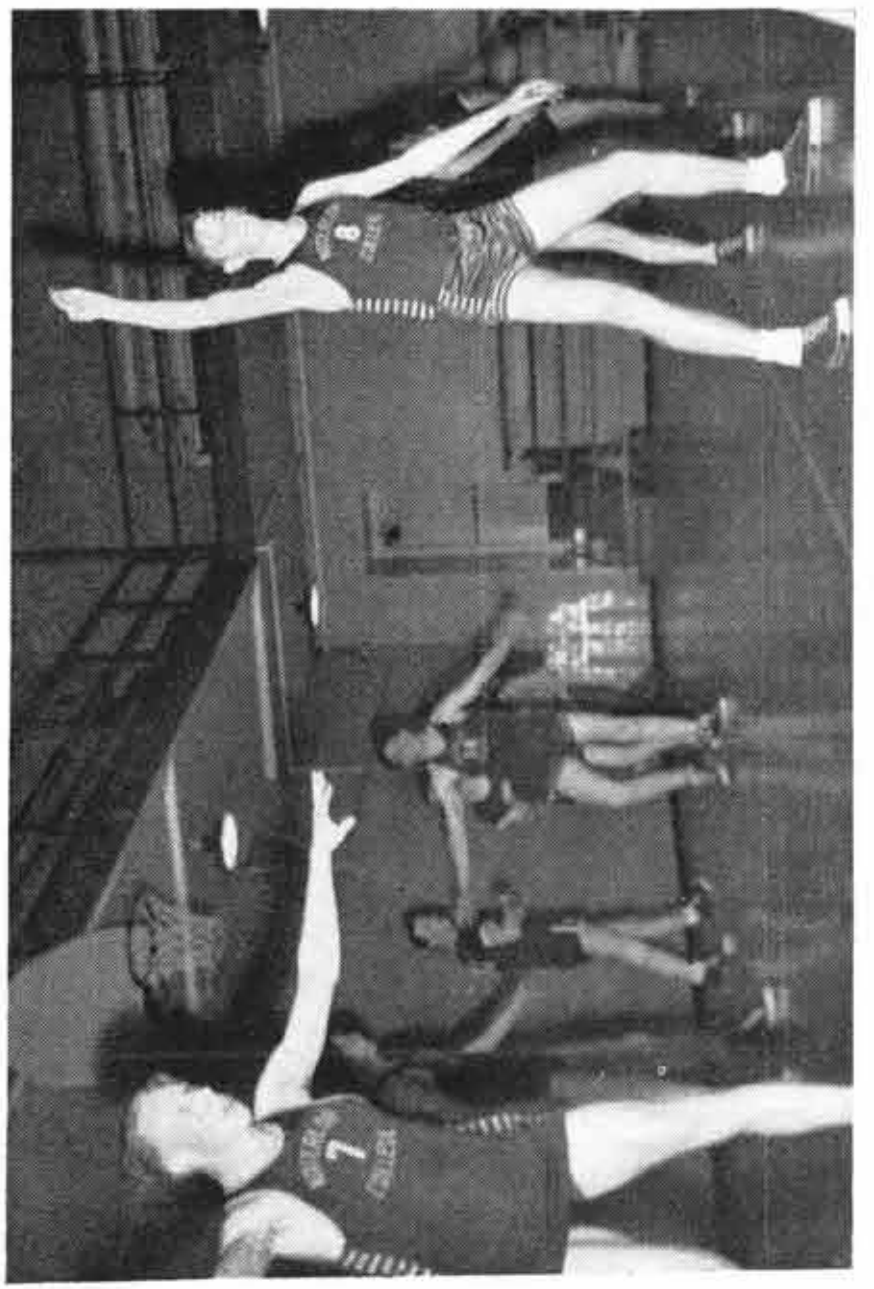
The outlook for the girls has been rather grim so far. The team has been defeated by both the Kitchener Collegiate and Western. The team has shown improvement in the recent practices, so perhaps the story will be different in future games.

HOCKEY

The Ice "Mules" will play the alumni on February 8th, at the Waterloo

Arena. The game will be followed by an Athenaeum dance at the college.

BRUCE GELLATLY



WHERE TO CANADA?

(Continued from page 5)

England and her policies have had to suffer because of the good-intentioned idealism of the U.N. Idealism is necessary and worthwhile but it cannot always be followed at the expense of realism. The U.N. cannot forever blindly walk in the pink clouds of good intentions without experiencing repercussions. Sooner or later she must trip and plummet out of those flossy clouds down to this solid earth of harsh reality.

It was the U.N. that insisted on a British mandate in Palestine incurring the wrath of both Jew and Arab against England.

It was the U.N. that demanded a premature ending of British rule in India with the resulting massacre of over two

million people in the ensuing rioting. Today's picture of that country shows a formidable Indian army facing an ever alert Pakistan force at an impossible boundary.

The U.N. insisted that Burma was next with the result that Communism is insidiously playing that country into its power. And this tale of woe can go on— Iran and its oil fields, Egypt and the Suez Canal, etc., etc..

Our generation is most certainly to pay dearly for the present idealistic, unrealistic attitude of the U.N..

Where do these developments leave Canada? Are we also to abandon the mother-country? Or is our debt to England's contribution of language, law and faith more deep?

Where to, Canada?

Bruce Owen



New Design - SAME SUPERIOR QUALITY

Literary

EVEN SO

toward my Son.
Why, and how long oh God must men
torment each other
With war and hate, and angry hands,
brother against brother?
The sons of freedom fight in vain,
The flag of liberty again
Drops low.
Even so
If thus Thy will, then accordingly, Thy
will be done.
A voice as quiet as the evening star yet
mighty as the sea
Came to my soul, and lifted up, I heard
God speak to me:
Oh soul bowed down, the war and pain
Shall never cease 'till greed and gain
Be smitten.
'Tis written:
No 'till every knee shall bow in love

REVERIE BEFORE A FIRE

It was a cold, snowy day in December and inside a cottage, nestled by the side of a hill, an old man was sitting before a fire, which crackled merrily up the chimney. He was staring into the fire, and the flickering flames made the shadows in the room dance. He was a very old man, with a long, white, curly beard; his eyes were weak, for an eye glass on a long, rather soiled black ribbon hung from his neck. He wore a shirt that had been brightly coloured, but it now was faded, and had several multi-coloured patches at the elbows. His breeches also were well patched at the knees; his boots were wrinkled up and the stitching was coming undone in several places. His wife, busily mending, was sitting in the other rocking chair; her coarse, drab, grey dress showed signs of a very hard life, but it was neatly mended and patched. She bent a little closer to her work as the fire went down. The old man saw this, and,

groaning a little, let himself slowly out of the chair and tottered over to the dresser to trim and light the coal oil lamp. His wife, glancing up as he did so, put down her mending and found his pipe and tobacco for him. She was just about to sit down again, when a gentle but insistent knock came at the door. She looked up at her husband and, taking small but hurried steps, crossed to the door. She pulled the heavy iron bolt back, and turned the rusty key. The latch was a bit stiff, but after a few pulls, it slid back, and the door creaked open.

A young man stood at the door looking very travel-worn and weary, and his horse, which he had tied to the gatepost, stood blowing and shaking, his head hanging low and his black coat, which had been glossy, caked with mud and ice.

"Is this Fairweather's Cottage," the young man enquired.

"Aye. I be Mrs. Fairweather," she replied. "What might ye want?"

"I have come to bring—some - - - bad news," he blurted out.

"Coom in, then," she said, and opened the door further.

The young man went in and took off his wet greatcoat, which she hung on a nail.

"Sit yer down thar," she said, pointing to the rocking chair.

He gratefully accepted and slumped down into the chair, sticking his feet straight out before him, with his wet boots in the fireplace.

The old man looked up suspiciously, and looked away again into the fire, puffing at his pipe.

"Now, what's this yer bad news?" she said, impatiently and anxiously.

"Well - - -, well, you see - - - well, you see - - - well, you know - - -"

"Let's 'ear, quick-like" the old man urged.

"Well - er" he stammered "It's like this. Your daughter Amelia was riding along the road with her husband, Franz, when her horse - - - suddenly shied, and it turned and bolted - - -"

"What 'orse?" the old man snapped.

"The mare, Bonnie."

"I told 'er never to ride that 'orse," he muttered. "Go on."

"Well - - i shied, and — bolted and Bonnie stumbled and fell and Amelia - - was killed."

"Amelia! Amelia!" the old lady cried, and rocked herself back and forward in her chair.

"I am sorry I had to bring you this

bad news, Mrs. Fairweather," said the young man, and he got up to leave. The old lady rose from her chair to show him the way out.

"Thank yer for comin' 'ere to tell us," she said simply.

"I am sorry I had to," he said and he walked down the path, mounted his horse, and galloped away.

The old lady turned silently and bolted the door, the tears streaming down her face. She sat down again, dabbing her face with a rag, and rocked herself gently, gazing into the fire.

The old man also gazed silently into the fire, while the flames flickered and made the shadows dance.

"Oh, Johnnie," the old lady cried again, "and she were the last of our chilrun."

"Only we be left now, Laura," he said and gazed back into the fire again. The puddle of water that had drained from the young man's boots into the fireplace slowly steamed itself away. The fire gradually burned lower and lower while the old couple gazed despondently into it.

A little later the shrill voice of the clock sounded and it struck nine. The old man rose slowly from his chair, and stumbled over to his bed, one knotted old hand on his back, as if it hurt him to move. His wife soon followed him, and a few minutes afterwards, the coal-oil lamp was turned out.

The next morning, the old lady busied herself taking down the yellowed, faded curtains, and hanging up old grain sacks.

(Continued on page 21)

THE HOME OF "HAPPINESS" DIAMONDS

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THE MODERN WOMAN

REPORTER'S NOTE: The author of this article has spent twenty years in exhaustive research on the modern woman. One could say that women were his life's work. He was married thirty times, all in the interest of his scientific research. Unfortunately, two minutes before the "Cord" went to press, the author Hassim Pharina succumbed quite suddenly. He leaves behind him numerous children, and grandchildren, and a crowning achievement of his great scientific research on the modern woman. You may read it in the following article.

Does a truly modern woman exist to-day? That is a moot point i.e. it is open to argument. Since Dale Carnegie insists that one must never argue if he wishes "to win friends and influence people," let us discuss the problem intelligently. Let us look without bias on the whole effort. Take for instance the authority on modern woman. A certain little known philosopher of no repute Alley Pashon O'Brien born in Spain 3000 B.C. died 2940 B.C. His best seller entitled "The Modern Woman," written in 2975 B.C., was never published. His obscurity is no reason however to condemn him as a useless authority since the genius of many people has not been discovered for a few years after they are dead.

Another great authority of modern woman is Krita Khan, the much married, gay young widow of 65 (Pension number 14072). She is an Egyptian by birth although her mother was a washerwoman in a Chinese laundry in Bagdad, while her father was a camel driver on two weeks vacation (with pay). They were married in Habohen, a suburb of Bagdad in 1887. They went on their honeymoon to the Copper Mines of Cyprus. They planned a quiet honeymoon but the miners went on strike and kept them on picket duty for several years during which Krita was born. The strike was soon settled and Krita went with her mother to the mine while Cam drove his camels about the island in search of an easy buck (but deer were extinct there). Krita always claimed that

she helped her mother in the loading of copper ore. While in reality little Krita would toss the chunks of ore out of the ore car almost as fast as mother could load them. (This slows down production according to Economics 20). Krita's mother soon lost weight doing all this added useless labour. She now weighed only 400 pounds (a loss of 400 pound since her marriage). When Krita went to Boston to work with her uncle in Ming Foy's Laundry, she met and married a charming gentleman who turned out to be the chauffeur of the chauffeur of the chauffeur of J. D. Rockefeller. Krita kept working and soon she was married to the chauffeur of J. D. Rockefeller and could afford a much better class of husband — older, wealthy, men whose contribution to the world in so far as years were concerned was almost nil. Krita's great literary effort was a pocket size novel entitled "The Modern Woman" which was actually lifted right from the manuscript of Alley Pashon. (Since all the solicitors of the Alley were dead she got away with it).

Now, getting down to the problem. Who said the modern woman was a problem? If she is, how did she get that way? That is a moot point.

From what Alley writes in his book, I take it that he was rather fond of the modern woman as she appeared in 3000 B.C. In his own words Alley tells us of this ideal courtship and marriage, "I was standing on a hillside leaning on my staff when first I saw her. She had such charm and delicacy as I had never seen before. She neatly licked the mud off a root and held it up coyly for me to eat. I grasped it and devoured it. This it seems made her angry for she began clawing and kicking at me. I brought my trusty club down on her head which broke, (the club not her head). She was sufficiently dazed however to be docile, I led her home. She was a problem. Mother was very strict about the company I kept. I remember the two headed woman I brought home (but that is another story). Possibly I could pass her off as a man or an animal. Mother's

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eyesight was poor. Once she was mixed up with a goat whom she thought was father. I was most fond of her, but unfortunately she got lost in a snowstorm and was never found again. I searched for her several days later. On a beautiful warm day in summer which reminded me so much of her, I spent several hours sadly contemplating where she might have gone." With this romantic thought we leave Alley still searching for his true love. (Actually Alley's wife ran away with a swine-herder since she couldn't stand eating mutton).

Krita in her best seller covers the modern woman very thoroughly. This is more than some seasonal clothing does for the modern woman. Speaking of clothing Krita states that the well dressed modern woman wears furs. Alley also expresses the same thought about the modern woman of his time, he also adds that certain animals are inclined to wear fur also. What that proves has never been ascertained by me in any diligent research.

Now as to the ability of the modern woman to think; Alley claims that no such ability exists in the modern woman (of his day). Krita refuses to believe this about "her" modern woman although many instances have proved the profound truth of Alley's contention. Krita thinks, rather believes, that the modern woman is the living replica of the greatest of woman thinkers, Annabelle Jones, who lived and died in complete obscurity in the Ozarks. Krita would be deep-

ly hurt if we questioned the ability of Annabelle. Although, how she can imagine that one as dull as Annabelle undoubtedly was could be a thinker. That is beyond even the fertile imagination of Arson Welles.

Summing up the whole effort let me say this. (No I can't say that; it would be libelous). Nevertheless Krita and Alley have made a great contribution to the otherwise unthought of problem of the modern woman. But is the modern woman a problem. That is a moot point.

Al Scott

REVERIE BEFORE A FIRE

(Continued from page 18)

She herself was in a black dress, with a frayed hem, with white horn buttons sewn on with brown thread. Then she went over to the fire, stirred the ashes and put on some sticks. She struck a match and lit them. The fire flared up suddenly, and then quietened down as the peat started to burn. The old lady did not get up immediately but remained kneeling, and watched the flames lick the peat. Then the old man tottered over and sat down in his chair, and the two of them stared into the fire with thoughts of yesterday rushing through their minds.

The fire, it seemed, was like a third person to whom they could tell their woes, who would share their sorrows, who understood them, and who really appreciated a reverie before a fire.

Brenda Coombs.

AT GRADUATION TIME



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Charles Belair

PHOTOGRAPHER

Dunker Building

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Once upon a time there was a beautiful grincess, who lived in a huge castle with her mother and father, the King and Queen. All day long the beautiful grincess would vouch a big bolden gall in the garden. One day when the beautiful grincess was vouching her big bolden gall in the garden it rolled into a beep dool.

Oh dear! Oh dear! What ever will I do? Just at that moment a large ugly frog bumped out of the beep dool. "Oh," cried the beautiful grincess, "I have dropped my big bolden gall in that beep dool. 'I'll do anything you wish if you'll just get it for me.'"

"Alright," said the frog, "but remember your promise."

"I will," said the beautiful grincess.

So the frog bumped back into the beep dool and soon came up with the big bolden gall.

"Oh thank you," said the beautiful grincess and began vouching her big bolden gall again.

But the frog said, "remember your promise. You said you would do anything I wished if I got your big bolden gall.

"Oh, said the beautiful grincess, "I forgot."

"What do you want?"

"I want to go up to the castle with you."

"Come along," said the grincess.

At the castle the beautiful grincess started to go inside but the frog stopped her and said he wished to go inside too.

"Alright," said the beautiful grincess.

When the beautiful grincess started to go upstairs the frog stopped her again.

"I want to go up too."

"Come on," said the grincess.

The beautiful grincess went into her room and the frog wanted to go in too.

"Come on," said the grincess.

When the beautiful grincess got into bed, the frog said, "I want to get into bed too."

He was a very ugly frog but the grincess remembered her promise and she said "alright."

Early the next morning the Queen came running up the stairs to get the beautiful grincess up for breakfast.

The ugly frog was really a handsome prince and at dawn the spell put upon him by some wicked old witch was broken.

The Queen opened the door and there was her beautiful daughter and the handsome prince.

Do you think she would believe her innocent daughter's story?

Not a word.

by **Matty Bennerow (Betty Mannerow)**

PORTRAITS OF DISTINCTION

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Editorial

This article is devoted to all those individuals who are pursuing a well-rounded college education, and therefore to all the students of Waterloo College whatever their goal may be and wherever their diversified interests may be found. It is not my purpose to describe text-book education or the theoretical side of learning that is obtained from attending lectures. I wish to make direct reference to the more practical side of education that is in reality a preparation for life itself. This aspect of education can be found only in the realm of extra-curricular activities.

Although there may be some who disagree, I firmly maintain that extra-curricular activities have a very real, unique and profound contribution not only to college life but to the future of every one of us in the world of man. It is by now a well established fact that man cannot live successfully by himself alone. His very life and sustenance depends on the human environment in which he lives. Man must live with man. In order to do so effectively and efficiently it is necessary to possess at least some qualities of leadership, of public speaking, and of co-operation and harmony that can be used to great advantage in our associations with people. These qualities are certainly not obtained from a text-book. Where, then can we grasp them? Through participation in student societies and activities that give vent to personal expression and application of them. This is the personality — forming side of education that becomes intransitory in our lives as we mature. Extra-curricular activities are the eager hands that shape and mould the component parts of our characteristics in achieving the integral whole of our personality.

I am writing to you in the position of one whose shoulders are heavily laden with extra-curricular activities. I can assure you that there is a certain amount of genuine satisfaction in being deeply engrossed in work of this type; a satisfaction that exists in actually knowing and visualizing people that form a particular student body. There is also a great deal

of unnecessary dissatisfaction in realizing the frailties that emerge out of personal contact with students in extra-curricular activities. As a result of this experience, the student body of Waterloo College becomes illumined before my eyes, consisting of distinct classes or types.

I see a group that I will call "the Hermits." These are the ones who remain entirely separate from extra-curricular activities. They are definitely a minority group of introverted individuals who pursue theoretical book-learning to the utmost. They prefer to remain largely within the protection of their own shells, and are interested in pursuing higher education to the highest degree. Naturally, the scope of extra-curricular activities does not include them.

Then, a second type of student emerges as "the procrastinator". Usually this person appears to have a real interest in some extra-curricular activity and he will let you know that he does. But, when he is called upon to do anything he continually "puts it off" until later, and as a result it is not done. Usually, after this occurs several times, he achieves the dubious distinction of being recognized as thoroughly unreliable as far as student activities are concerned.

Probably every student body possesses the "eager-beaver" type who is just bubbling over with an outward enthusiasm for every extra-curricular activity imaginable. This type of student is eager to enter every activity and often assumes prominent positions. But assuming is as far as he gets, because with his "too many irons in the fire" attitude he is often in danger of becoming a little ember in a lot of things instead of a blazing inferno in the one type of activity to which he is best suited.

You simply must have heard about my fourth group of students in extra-curricular activities, "the too-busy" type. Oftentimes, it seems as though this group is one of the largest, especially when you contact one of them to participate in some organization, or to perform some worthwhile task. However, they are quite content to adopt this unco-operative at-

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titude by giving trite excuses that quite often remain habitual with them throughout life.

The most disparaging group of all are "the cynics." How well they make themselves heard by their very severe critical opinions after some activity has gone over rather poorly in their eyes. Being the first group to offer criticisms afterwards, they are nowhere to be found when suggestions are eagerly sought for beforehand. They are quite content to sit back and adopt a non-participating attitude, with a very subtle "I told you so" whenever something goes wrong. This group, if it becomes too large is in grave danger of creating inestimable disharmony among any extra-curricular activity that may take place in college life.

As a result of the disinterested, lackadaisical attitude of many of these groups, I feel that extra-curricular activities are definitely being repressed and sometimes thwarted. These activities often are not at their full extent, because there is a lot more help required than is

received.

Finally, there are a few competent individuals who seem to reveal a small but distinct ray of light glimmering in the sometimes shrouded realm of extra-curricular activities. These are the people who are entirely dependable and reliable in performing almost any allotted task with most earnest energies. Although they are a minority, they have indeed experienced the personality-forming side of education, and are moulding their own lives to live competently and unhesitatingly in this all-embracing community that is the world in which we live. However, they may be discouraged and hampered if no help comes. When this situation occurs, student activities are on the verge of an inestimable chaos, the result of which can only be judged by the incomparable loss of a very worthwhile, and prominent part of our education. What group do you, fellow student find yourself in?

D.J.C.

ATOMIC "BOOMING"

Both "back slapping" and "tearing to pieces" have their place in the life of the Waterloo College student. Torn textiles, unfortunately are usually more prevalent in our halls than bruised backs. It should be remembered that praise where it is due, is as much a part of the art of careful judgement called criticism, as showing error.

Activities at our Alma Mater this year definitely deserve some praise. At last the words of the "Cord" editorial of December '49 seem to be coming true. "The class of '52 is well stocked with potential leaders who, if given sufficient opportunity will lend a new vitality to Waterloo." "Their eagerness and initiative are refreshing." The present improved state of college activities could not, however, have come about without the response shown from members of the Class of '53 and '54 as well. Virtually all students will admit that, at least since

they entered Waterloo, the state of school activities has never been better. Remember the weekly articles in the Newsheet two years ago on school spirit? How boring they became! Last year many just gave up in despair. This year "things are booming." It still may be far from atomic booming, but after all booming, like motion, is relative.

Perhaps one of the best examples of this new vigour is the success of all our "Athies" this year. The number of such events has been greater than before. At not one of the evenings could the attendance be called low; many have approached capacity. Few in College have not tried their hand at "swinging their pardned" or going "a la main left" with their corner lady on the creaky floor of the gym. Great credit must go to Miss Black and her cohorts for the thoroughly enjoyable programs.

There have never been such activities

REAL MAGIC

(Continued from page 13)

in Athletics as this year. Mr. Carmichael feels we have a Canadian or near Canadian record for per capita participation in College sports. Older activities are proceeding with new vigour and new lines like curling and skiing show great possibilities. For more on this we refer you to the Athletic pages. It might be added that the turn out from the college, when our men and women played the local Collegiate on January 11, is felt by many to be the greatest ever to witness an indoor college sports event. Statistics could prove this. If the reader was not there, it will be difficult for him to find another.

Work on the Year Book is proceeding favourably as are plans for this year's Moliere French play. The debating club is active. The I.V.C.F. has great plans for the future, although it is hoped that they realize that submitting a name with four initials, instead of three, will not automatically augment activity by a similar ratio. The College has never had such a cosmopolitan student make-up, and its fame is spreading. University of Toronto students have invited twenty members of our college to spend a week-end with them in the Caledon Hills, on the second week-end in March. You see, they know we exist!

The above should not make us rest on our oars. The current is too swift for that, and we would soon drift down. We must row harder and harder to reach high levels. There is room for a great deal of improvement. For instance, a certain publication that comes out five times a year, could stand more contributions in all fields of its endeavour. Besides a review of the members of the S.L.E. will show that executives of the various college organizations overlap greatly. "Interlocking Directorates" are very prevalent because a very large percentage of the student body, while now anxious to partake in college functions, are hesitant to work in their planning and development. A few still take no interest whatsoever in extra-curricular activities.

Lets all work together to make this boom more atomic!

Bruce Hodgins

and that's my biggest gripe. Would to God, first of all, that all ministers be so worthy of receiving the elementary tools of their trade (in case you thought I was just fooling I mean a large enough salary from their congregations) that there would be absolutely no hinderance to the "real magic" they have been "called" to perform. Secondly, don't you agree that the following is something for you future big business men with more than magician's salary to think about now, and especially when you become a real part of one of those "magician's" congregations? What greater joy could there be than being able to say: I was able to provide Rev. So-and-so with some of the elementary tools of his trade so that he could go on to perform such real feats of magic as — opening the windows of the mind, and of a church auditorium, so that people can see the whole universe and more; to conjure a small house into a large room for the mind and spirit; to stand in a church, very often uninspiring to the aesthetic sense, and to induce in scores of people the mood, "Surely God is in this place, and has been waiting for you for a long, long time." Don't you agree that that's real magic — and — that we need so many more real magicians and so many many more real magician's "helpers?"

James St. Marie



AN EPIGRAM

Said Marlowe to Raleigh
As they looked down on earth,
"You're now gaining fame
—for all that it's worth!"

P. Hedrich



IF

(With apologies to R. Kipling)

If you can keep your books, when all
above you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when even
teachers doubt you
And don't mind telling you about it too;
If you can fail and not give way to
failure;
If you can learn that study's not a curse
If you can fill each unforging minute
With sixty seconds worth of homework
done,
Yours is the earth, or what there's now
left of it,
And what is more, you'll get a PASS my
son.

The Cord '42

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