

WATERLOO COLLEGE

CORD



NOVEMBER 1948



# WATERLOO COLLEGE CORD

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*Assistant Editors* - Helen A. Taylor  
Ward H. Eby

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## OUR COVER . . .

Lorraine Baechler, seen here in her royal robes, is Waterloo's first Campus Queen.

## EDITORS' NOTES

A veil of mystery surrounds the disappearance of two of our students, Dick Tracy and Jack Frost. Although they were not full-time students, being enrolled only in Economics 20, they did attract much attention during their short stay. Jack gave the Eccies class the cold shoulder after only three lectures while Dick attended lectures from time to time for almost two months. The reason why Richard dropped the course is not clear. Some say he had the course. Others say he went north as soon as the Kitchener-Waterloo Record publicized his presence locally, hoping to find Jack Frost's brother Big Frost. A third view is that he was forced to drop the course because he did not remain after class to explain his poor attendance as Prof. Overgaard had requested. It is known however that when Miss Axford announced to the class that Richard would no longer be in attendance, Prof. Overgaard became so red he was mistaken for the Dean of Canterbury. The reason? We can only guess. Maybe Richard was a rival in the professor's love life. Oh, intrigue.

Miss Aksim is lecturing in the Department of Romance Languages, but she is not head of that department as reported in the last issue. Even CORD reporters can make mistakes. A picture of Waterloo's professors in the department of English, which was intended to accompany the "New Professors" article of the October CORD, has been put on page 6 of this issue.

December 16 is the night of the Junior Prom at Rosslyn Grove. If you want a date but haven't a mate, contact the Taylor-Smith Date Bureau located at the Tuck Shop of the same name (more free advertising). A big event at the Prom will be the crowning of our Campus Queen.

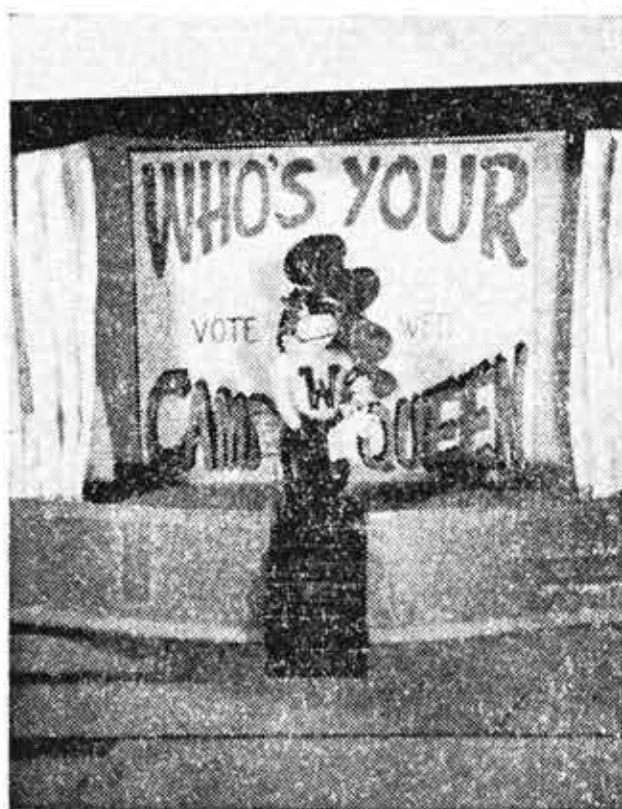
There are three excellent articles in the Literary section of this issue, all on the "Queen" theme.

## CAMPUS QUEEN

The main topic of conversation around the halls of Old Alma Mater for the past week has been the question of who will be the choice of the students for their campus Queen. In the common rooms, the class rooms, and in every nook and cranny of the college everybody has been asking everybody else whom they voted for and why, and several colorful posters have reminded us of the essential qualities we have had to consider before making our choice. Today—the big day has finally arrived, the winner has been announced, and everybody who voted for the winner is running around saying, probably, "Didn't I tell you she'd win?" or "That's my choice."

Waterloo's Dream-girl and our Campus Queen is a queen in every sense of the word. She is a combination of all the essential qualities that every-one looks for in a girl . . . Beauty; Personality; Stability; and last but certainly not least, School Spirit. Our Queen of the Campus has all of these qualities, none of which can be omitted without marring the over-all attraction for which she has been chosen from all the other girls attending the college—resident or non-resident.

Everyone knows that beauty is only skin deep, and a lovely girl cannot go very far without a sparkling personality or a fair share of intelligence. For these obvious reasons, our Campus Queen is a combination of all of these essential qualities—she is neither a ravishing beauty or a devoted bookworm, but the kind of a girl that all the boys dream about and think of as their special girl-friend, and the girls consider the perfect friend and companion . . . She's our Queen of the Campus, everybody's girl-friend. . . LORRAINE BAECHLER



This is one of the many posters which announced the contest.

Lorraine Baechler, rightfully chosen by the students of Waterloo as Our Campus Queen, has, in simple English, everything. As you can see by her photograph, she is decidedly good-looking, and could win a contest on that merit alone. She has, however, in addition to the qualification of Beauty, a pleasing Personality, the gift of Intelligence and a do-or-die School Spirit.

Lorraine is a Senior, in her third and graduating year of the General Arts course, and she will receive her Bachelor of Arts degree this spring. For the past two years, she has been awarded the Eursary of the Queen Anne chapter of the I.O.D.E. After graduating, Lorraine is thinking of getting a job in the Department of External Affairs in Ottawa, and although we're going to miss her

around old Alma Mater, we just know that she'll be a success.

In addition to all this studying and brain-work, Lorraine has found time to participate in many school affairs. She is president of the Fides Diana, treasurer of the Assembly Committee, and has been an energetic worker on the Entertainment and Christmas Prom Decorations Committees for the past busy two years.

For relaxation, Lorraine plays a mean game of badminton, and is a regular rooster and inspiration at all the rugby games and other sports events.

Besides all these qualities, she has a wonderful personality, as all her many friends know, and those that are not acquainted with her will soon discover. It's easy to see what makes Lorraine so popular in, around, and away from school and such a natural for all her executive positions. She is, without a shadow of a doubt, the one girl at Waterloo College most qualified for, and deserving most, the title of . . .

"Our Campus Queen"

Honourable mention goes to the three runners-up, Helen Taylor, Caroyl Ziegler and Mary Uffelman.

B. W.

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## FOR WOMEN ONLY

Women and politics are like cucumbers and maple syrup—they don't mix well. Of the 95 million eligible voters in the coming U.S. elections, it is estimated that slightly over 51 million will go to the polls. Less than half of these 51 million in all probability will be women. We women, I'm afraid, don't take our politics seriously for several reasons: 1. Too many women believe that men have sole rights to the field of politics. They may admire an Agnes McPhail but they certainly don't envy her. Such women would be aghast at the thought of a woman prime minister or president. Well, why not make a woman head of the government? In the past such women as Elizabeth and Victoria of England, Maria Theresa of Austria and Catherine the Great of Russia showed themselves to be capable rulers. Is there any reason to suppose that modern women are less competent? No, there is not. Wilhemena of Holland and her daughter Juliana are ample proof that modern women can govern efficiently and wisely. Women should take a

more active interest in government and stand for offices. Men have been running (or rather ruining) the country long enough. It's time we women had a chance.

2. Women, and I blush to admit it, are often too easily influenced—witness the triumph of the fashion designers and their "New Look". When word first spread that hemlines were crawling floorward, most of us gasped in horror and vowed never, no never! to yield in the battle of the hemline. Yet one by one most of us succumbed ("Well, when I'm getting a new dress, it does seem foolish to buy a short one. Besides, it's impossible to buy a short dress now. They're all the new length and I simply haven't time to take up hemlines.")

If women are easily influenced in the field of fashions, they are equally tractable in the field of politics. Too many women lack the inclination to become well-informed on party platforms and policies before they cast their votes. Of those that are energetic enough to take themselves to the polls, too large a number either: (a) Vote as their husbands dictate. ("After all, Fred knows so much more about this than I do. I always say that politics is a man's field. We women have enough to do taking care of a home and raising a family").

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Far be it from me to quarrel with Fred, dear lady, but he might conceivably be wrong. Men have been, strange as it may seem. And the very fact that you have a home and family should make you vitally interested in politics. The future security of your home and family depends on the type of government you help to choose. Consequently you must choose wisely.

(b) Vote for the party favoured by their parents. ("Mother and Dad were staunch 'Do Nothings' and if it was good enough for them, it is certainly good enough for me"). Such reasoning is all very well but, conditions and party platforms have changed somewhat from your parent's time and both should be thoroughly probed before you cast your ballot.

You may wonder what all this talk of politics has to do with you who have yet to attain your twenty-first birthday and the consequent right to vote. Even though you are too young to perform your duty as Canadian citizens, you have a duty to perform as a citizen of Waterloo College. You have already helped to elect an S.L.E. president and now you have the opportunity to elect a Compus Queen.

Later in the year you will probably have other opportunities to vote. Use your franchise wisely whenever possible. Let intelligent voting become a habit with you and the day may come when people will say "Women and politics are Scotch and soda—they mix well".

Lois Black



Our new English department—Miss Flora Roy and Mr. James McNab Clark.

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## FACULTY PAGE

You have undoubtedly observed by now that a large sheet has been placed on the bulletin board. You will have observed that you have been assigned to a member of the faculty who is designated as "counsellor". Perhaps you may wonder what this involves. Counsellor is such a broad term. It might be that you were apprenticed, indentured, or even assigned as slaves. There is a possibility that it might involve doing tasks for the counsellor, such as putting up storm windows, spading gardens, raking leaves, etc. Those who immediately refute such ideas by referring to Mr. Overgaard's long list of students and one lone window would do well to remember that he has a car to polish and is satisfied only with perfection.

However that picture, pleasant as it could be is not the true one. The plan is to do something for the students rather than get anything out of them, interesting as the latter attempt might be.

How were you assigned to your counsellor? Certain assignments were obvious. The Dorm girls are going to be counselled in many things by Miss Axford anyway and might as well have complete and integrated counselling from her. The veterans bring some of their problems to the writer, and might as well bring them all. Any student in an honours course or contemplating an honours course should be guided by the Head of his chosen department. Who but Mr. Overgaard could presume to offer words of wisdom to the Business Ad. people?

The pass arts students were assigned alphabetically to different counsellors without much fear or favour. As far as possible, those with known special interests were assigned to a counsellor whose interests are the same.

We expect that it is too much to hope that everyone is completely satisfied with their assignments. But after all it would be asking too much for Mr—— to counsel all the girls and Miss—— to counsel all our young men.

What is this counselling programme to involve for the student? Actually it will involve as much or as little as you desire. You will be called in by your counsellor for an initial pleasant talk. During this time he (or she) would like to find out something of your background, interests, hopes, and problems if such exist. He (or she) may have a great sheet of paper all ruled out and numbered. Do not be alarmed. He (or she) merely desires to have certain information concerning your past and present interests, your vocational aims and other pertinent data. Thus, when ten years from now, you apply for a position of teacher at S.S. No. 6 Wilberforce Township, or president of International Nickel you can refer to us. And we will have sufficient information to assure them that you would undoubtedly be the best possible teacher or president that could be found.

Please be frank with your counsellor. If something is bothering you yet you feel that it might appear trivial to him, cast the thought aside. Perhaps by merely talking about it you may feel better. If not, why not make use of the experience of the counsellor in all ways possible.

After your initial interview, the test is entirely up to you. If you have no problems and are doing well, you need not approach the counsellor again. But even so, it would do no harm to drop in some time and see him, especially if you could convey the impression that you have no prob-



lems because of the excellent advice he gave you during the initial interview. Especially if you are taking one of his (or her) courses.

If you have problems, then see your counsellor. Anything you tell him will be kept confidential and he will try to help you as best he can. This will not necessarily mean that he will sympathize with you or metaphorically pat you on the back. If he thinks it is all for your own good to state a few plain facts concerning the adequacy or amount of work that you are doing, he may have to do so. But it will be only after deep consideration and with the conviction that this is the best for your own good. You will probably thank him later.

The only time after your initial interview that you may be called in by your counsellor will be if your work is falling off, if you obviously need some assistance, yet are making no effort to avail yourself of the opportunity for obtaining that assistance. If this condition exists you will find a card in your mailbox some morning and will come into the presence of your counsellor with a certain lack of good fellowship. Don't let such a

condition arise.

What does this programme involve for the faculty? It means that they are willing and anxious that their experience and knowledge shall be available to you. They quite realize that they haven't the answer for every question. But if they haven't the answer they will do their best to help you find it. They have always been available to any student, as the writer feels any student can testify. But often a student does not know whom to approach with a problem. The net result is that he approaches no one. Now he knows where to go and it is hoped that he will do so.

This is an experiment. The faculty are prepared to give it a thorough trial and it is hoped that the students will do the same. It works well in other universities and there is no reason why it cannot do so here, barring indifference or antipathy.

One final cheering note. In spite of assignment to specific counsellors, Nick is still available to all.

Prof. B. Kelley

## 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.



## YOUR OPINION

"Breathes there a man  
With soul so dead,  
Who never once has turned his  
head  
And softly said,  
"Hmm,—not bad."

The election of the queen of the campus is all old stuff, all water which has flowed under the bridge of experience. Let us hesitate for but a moment (so the poets say) and cast but a fleeting glance in retrospect to see which of the Maestro's sages had correctly prophesied the answer.

(Note: Macstro hopes that at least one of his sages prophesied well, since the column went to press before results were in.)

"Who will be Queen of the Campus?"

I quote:

**Ross Smith**—debonair army man of the world—"I don't know, I wouldn't bet on anybody."—A man with an open mind, girls! Well, what are we waiting for.

**Prof. H. Overgaard** (no more need be said)—"Russel Seltzer's daughter!"—Another prospect, eh, Brock?

**Celestine J. Weiler**—"Janet Mahaffey—She's the only one who fits the bill completely—looks, personality and willingness to work."—When did you learn all this, C.P.? After the Hayride? Hmm?

**Seminarian W. J. Giller**—"I can't say. We should really get to know the girls better." What do you suggest, Bill, a parade in bathing-suits?

**Helen Taylor**—" . . . and I don't trust that Lorraine Holle one bit. Why, I heard she was selling stuff for nickel at the T & S Tuck Shop just to get some votes." Helen! tch! tch!

"Clicker" **Derstine**—"Helen Taylor's the gal, with her brains, looks, tuck-shop, etc., besides she's not a frosh." Since when has being a frosh

made any difference in your attitude, Dago? Couldn't be the tuck-shop, could it?

There you have it, "amigos", the voices of some of our numerous ments of their most intimate self-revelation. Adios.

el Maestro.

(Note: Address all complaints, questions, or omissions to el Maestro, c/o College Cord, in the mail-box, for complete and personal attention.

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## COLLEGE STATIC

wheel and succeeded in painfully trimming two inches off my waist.

"What's the trouble?" noisily whispered a well-built gentleman, obviously of the armchair general brigade, "you'll never get anywhere that way."

"How true," I agreed, as he tried awkwardly to break his bulky frame in two, heroically sweeping up a few of my 'after the bell has gone' notes.

"Better sit down and get straightened out". He adjusted the black circles outlining his two small eyes, smeared the thick glass in between and sat down.

On the way home from a lecture the other night, I removed my shoes and tip-toed into the Public Library to see what some of our Literary geni had put down on paper. Just one small gem of the imagination, and a grain of moral, sprinkled with a few punch lines would do for this column, I thought, as I swung through the creaking turnstile. I combed the stacks and fluttered through page after page. But alas, I was beaten. Everything that has to be said was said and printed in black and white and there'd be no use in copying it . . . besides that's illegal. Even the great Cicero—pardon me,—Tully—(According to Stephen Leacock 'Cicero' ("beanhead") was a nickname, just as we call our lower friends 'shorty'.) Well, as I was remarking, Tully's wise words seemed inappropriate and anyway, Latin is very difficult to translate.

The only thing left to do was to go out of circulation for awhile until the wrath of Kord Kaiser would blow over. Maybe someday he'd repent for setting such unreasonable deadlines. Recklessly I plunged back through the one-way, ring-around-a-rosy

"Thanks," I replied, "but I've got a deadline to meet and my line is dead—nothing to say and six hun-

dred words to say it in."

"Hmph" retorted the general, "most people have a lot to say—except when they're asked to put it down in writing or talk up before an audience. They procrastinate and avoid their ordinary social obligations. Up and at it, I always say—' gotta face the music sometime."

"The first hundred words are the hardest, so they say", I mused to myself.

"Yes sir,—once knew a man who hated to give speeches—did everything he could to avoid it. Big business man, too, and the community expected to hear from him once in a while."

The general was off in his armchair, giving with the big moral story,—educating his men to their sense of duty. I listened patiently.

"No sir, he just couldn't talk—that is—in public. He spent most of his miserable life hiding from program committees. Finally the speech hounds caught his scent and he was scheduled to address his business club at dinner."

"So", I ejaculated, "suicide!" But the general breezed right on in his windy voice.

**W. H. E. Schmalz**  
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"Well sir, he just wouldn't talk up and get it over with. He worried himself into a state of stomach trouble and finally lost all courage. He sent a note regretfully explaining his absence due to an unexpected business trip. The very next day he met a club member and told him how sorry he was to have missed the meeting.—Said he had his speech all made up—was going to quote Jackson and illustrate the free enterprise set-up". Here the general raised his arms and voice and rolled out two distinct "etceteras". I caught the Librarians reproving glance, but it was lost on the general.

" 'Course the club member smiled politely," continued the general, and said he'd be looking forward to hearing him. The poor man had made a mistake. The meeting wasn't until that night."

"Go on", I urged, "I suppose he flees to China!"

"Not quite", he answered, carefully unfolding a small triangle of white linen and then with vigorous rubs he polished away the mist on his glasses. "That night the chairman arose and said that it was quite unfortunate the guest speaker could not be with them. He told the assembled members that their orator had left for uh (and here the chairman consulted his notes) for Japan. He added that the Japanese club members would no doubt have the honour of hearing him there." "And no doubt," the general at last stopped polishing, and made ready for the punch line, "no doubt he is still fleeing—just because he can't meet his obligations—a procrastinator—from Japan to Manchuria to India, Arabia, Australia. . ."

"Yes, I know," I interrupted. "I read that story too."

The general slid back into his chair and continued reading the anecdotes. Guilty of being a procrastinator, my conscience kept reprimanding. Well. I couldn't be blamed for going to the Fides Dianae banquet, could I? The Frosh met the Faculty wives, seniors, and Sophs at Tony's and also met the biggest plateful of chicken seen in a long time. Oh, but that morning after the night before! Pale Fides Dianae members let us unite in a common effort to retrieve our wasted shekels.

And how could I have missed the Western Track and Field meet?—The one and only bus ride of the year for thirty feminine athletes and Bev., "say Cheese" Hayes! Lorraine cracked the whip and rustled up a baseball team that did their best under the circumstances. Harry Weaver was coaching. Clean-up hitter Taylor didn't always have her eyes on the ball. The case of the missing left-fielder was an anxious mystery for a moment and worried the Umpire. We heard ex-Waterloo'un, J. Wettlaufer declaring he had been sitting beside Madeline Carrol. I got the real story—he was two tables away. Yes, and 'Paddy Murphy' died a slow death on the way home along with all our other singing favourites.

No, I certainly didn't have time to write anything then and after that came the Hay Ride. Remember the peppy impromptu preview we had of the Virginia Reel before jiggerin' along in those little old wagons?—and Mark Innis lending a basso profundo harmony to the sing-song? Prof. Carmichael admirably shielded Miss Axford from the straw invaders. Inside the gym Chess was seen giving the decorations a last minute touch-down. Grace Hall's pumpkins wore



typical toothless Hallowe'en grins and Hayes' handiwork was apparent. Marjorie Pond struck up the Alamen left tempo and Luch strung the high notes on his violin. Boris Plys stuck his neck out when he said—"I can't play, I just fiddle". He relieved Luch and fiddled away the last few squares. Jean Wettlaufer had a riotous time in the air, on land, and sometimes completely at sea. Some city-bred fellers started out feeling like round pegs in a square hole listening to caller Al Shoddy's double talk, but by the time the Virginia Reel came around everyone was a square. Alice Fald served luncheon. W. Stanley Luciw poured . . . Throughout the evening the cry of the Antihommes Society went up—"All for one and one for all". I understand and the members wish to make it quite understood that the society has disbanded . . . There's the Junior Prom coming up . . . Miss Aksim turned up for the hoedown and was escorted home by last year's puck pushing man—Al Santos. Congratulations go to presi-

dent Ross Smith for a very successful first Athy.

And you know, all the excitement about the Campus Queen took up a lot of time too. Those flashy posters by Jeannette Mahaffey, Grace Hall, and John Murray were eye-catching. Joe College, number 23, with his list of girls attracted quite a crowd. At first we thought it was a puppet show. Pull the cord and the curtains part . . . quite tricky, Niall and Hayes. Some cagey characters couldn't make up their minds . . . thought there was a catch to it. One of them still can't decide whether to study veterinary surgery, undertaking, or take his taxi driving seriously.

At the last minute to H-Hour, I just had to see 'Craig's Wife' with such Wate\_loo stars as Mrs. Cleghorn, Marjorie Brydon, and the great lover John Dier Barrymore.

"General," I stated, "I am not guilty."

. . . let's see . . . 235 . . . 540 . . . 597 . . . 98 . . . 600! I made it!

J. S.

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## A QUEEN of QUEENS

Queens! They are a noble subject. Every great country in the world has had a queen at some time in its history. Every great college, with the exception of one, has had a queen at some time in its history. Waterloo College has a history but Waterloo College has never had a queen. The time has come for us to select our first Campus Queen. Waterloo's queen will have to be great, and to become great whom could she have as a better example than the great Victoria.


Let us glance at the phase of Victoria's life which means the most (?) to a campus queen—Victoria's love life. It has been said that "every college girl loves somebody some time." Before she became queen, Victoria had corresponded with her cousin Albert regularly, but after being crowned, she ceased writing to him. Concerning the rupture in correspondence it was said, "Becoming Queen at the age of eighteen put all

ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now bitterly repents." Some campus queens would say she was wise in repenting. Some might say she was foolish. That, it seems, is a matter of opinion. The question with Victoria evidently was whether 'tis nobler in the mind to be "Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" or to be a housewife.

In the meantime, Albert was worried—he must have been the worrying type—when he did not receive any more letters from Victoria but it is related that somehow he felt confident that one day he would be Victoria's consort. Just like a man, conceited from head to toe. (Editor's Note—This is not necessarily the view of the CORD). However, not much could be done to make this assumption a fact with the English Channel separating them. Consequently, in October, 1839, Albert and his brother, Ernest, arrived in England. Do you suppose the latter came as guardian?

The Queen was pleased to see them, of course. They arrived at the dinner hour but could not be asked to dinner, not because Victoria did not have another can of beans to open but because—and you will pardon the expression—their clothes had not yet arrived.

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Four days dawned and four days waned and Albert had not been alone with Victoria. Having dubbed him before as the typical worrying type, we can almost see Albert, pacing back and forth in his room, nervously biting his fingernails or perhaps wringing his hands repeating to himself, "Now will I be her consort or will I not be her consort?"

But finally! At long last! Returning from hunting on the morning of the fifth day, Albert was summoned by Victoria, and lo and behold! She was alone. To come to the point, there in the quiet of the room Victoria proposed to Albert. 1839 was not leap year. What right did Victoria possess to propose to Albert? I can think of only one reason; she was Queen of England. Campus Queens, take note! Being a queen in any year makes a difference. What do you think Albert did? No, he did not refuse. He made the great sacrifice and accepted. An excerpt from one of Albert's letters concerning the occasion is worth quoting. "The Queen declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection that I had gained her whole heart and would make her intensely happy if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me and I was carried away by it . . ." And while he was being carried away, Albert said the fatal "yes."

Do you, campus queen, realize how much persuasive power you have? Look at Victoria. What a queen! What an example! —June Fisher.

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## DE PULCHRAE REGINAE

A LEARNED DISSERTATION  
(By Wolfgang Pfwow)

Ed:—

**About the author:**—Dr. Pfwow, (pronounced just as you imagined) is not a stranger to many of our readers. He is the author of the current best-seller **Male Order**—in which he refuted the entire **Kinsey Report**. A condensation of his book is now appearing in this month's Twin City Buyer's Guide. For many years Dr. Pfwow's time has been taken up with the study involving "Causes of Passive Resistance In Women." As our readers well know this is an ever-widening field of research. Dr. Pfwow was one of the prime movers in this field and his initial theories are to be found in the book entitled "Women—an Introduction and Approach". The learned professor, when asked how he "got his start" replied laughingly, that it was quite by accident and entirely due to his name. It seems that whenever his name was called in public he always turned to find a pretty girl. Dr. Pfwow says he felt that it was more than mere coincidence and from that time decided to look into the matter. In spite of his vast contribution to the study, he has not as yet discovered why a beautiful girl appears every time someone calls "Pfwow". In the following dissertation, Dr. Pfwow x-rays royalty in an endeavor to find the answer.

### **De Pulchrae Reginae**

There are several queens in history who really don't contribute anything to the Pfwow theory. There is for example the queen who "sat in the parlor eating bread and honey." One may easily understand why the Pfwow theory is inapplicable here, if one has but seen a queen eating bread and honey. There is also an economic problem involved, since the

king was "in the counting house" and could hardly be disturbed. Doubtless the prospect of his kingly beard becoming enmeshed in a quantity of bee-juice caused His Majesty to decide against the "Pfwow Theory" approach.

Still another queen who failed to live up to the theory was Elizabeth. The Earl of Essex certainly followed through with his part of the job, but that is the best that can be said for him. He had tried unsuccessfully to turn Elizabeth's head, but unfortunately he turned in the middle of one of his "Pfwows" and Betsy lopped it off.

But these are mere exceptions, where, indeed, the spirit was willing but the "Pfwow" was weak. In general the theory seems to hold water, (among other things). Perhaps the best example is found in the life of Cleopatra. She is held by our theorists as the greatest known response to the stimulus "Pfwow". In fact, many of our best brains on the subject were inclined to think Cleopatra over-did it. (This belief was

discarded later and Cleopatra was actually deemed a "piker"). In spite of this recent opinion re Cleo, it must be admitted that she has influenced modern queens in the matter of attaining a Pfwow Rating; for beyond a doubt the present-day habit of facial lubrication is merely a practical application of the Theory "Max Factoris"—i.e. "That the face which launched a thousand ships must have been well-oiled". In truth, while our experts chide her for imprudence. (See Sports Review—"All Curves—No Control"), it is a fact that she began a royal family which today is greater than ever. There is no queenly crown on the brows of most of our modern female regents: nor is there a throne; seldom if ever is one raised up and proclaimed as having royal qualities. Still, deep in the heart of every male there is a throne and when his eyes fix on his choice, the infallible theory is applied as with his voice he enthrones her with,

"Pfwow! What a Queen!"

Fanny Powers.

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## STOP PRESS

Our book-store proprietor has had another edition—a male order. Congratulations Professor and Mrs. Evans. Does he cry in French?

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## MORE ABOUT QUEENS

August Strindberg, great Swedish poet and fierce antifeminist, made in his Blue Book the astounding statement that he disbelieved in the female sex of the queen of the bees. He believed this ruler of the beehive was really a king, because nature could not be so foolish as to place a female at the top of any society.

This funny idea of a genius is but the caricature of a current belief, shared by most men and by many women around the world: that man is the natural leader of human society, while it is the destiny of women to accept this fact as if it were a law of Nature.

Strindberg's statement was based not only on ignorance, but also on arrogance. The same is true of the current belief in man's superior talents for statesmanship. Let us, for instance, look at the excellent experience mankind has had with queens. In the last four hundred years, England has had sixteen kings and only four ruling queens. Among these kings and queens some were good and some bad; some intelligent and others stupid; some cruel and others inspired by good-will. But a fair analysis of these reigns gives us a total of three remarkable kings: Henry VIII, William III and Edward VII; and of two outstanding queens: Elizabeth and Victoria.

Few historians contest the fact that Elizabeth was England's greatest ruler, and that the six decades of Queen Victoria's glorious reign can

be considered as Britain's golden age. The statistical significance of these facts is that, among the ruling queens of England, 50 percent were great sovereigns, while among their male predecessors and successors this percentage drops below 20.

As an isolated fact, this could be interpreted as a mere coincidence, an exception proving the rule. Let us, therefore, examine the experience of other European nations with their queens.

Austria had, in its long history, only a single period of woman rule, under the great Empress Maria Theresa. But, curiously enough, this woman was a far greater and abler ruler than all her male predecessors and successors.

Turning to the East, we find nine czars of Russia and only four ruling czarinas. In this long procession of Romanovs we meet only one great czar, Peter I, and one great czarina, Catherine II, while the other czarinas were neither better nor worse than the czars.

Switching from East to West, we again find a great queen, Isabella of Spain, laying the foundations of the Spanish Empire by expelling the Moorish invaders from the Iberian peninsula, and by sending Columbus across the ocean to discover a New World. None of the kings who succeeded her can be compared to her in

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ability, but, turning a more recent page of history, we come across another queen of Spain, whose long regency marks an oasis in a long series of revolutions and civil wars: Maria Christine, widow of Alphonso XII.

And who can fairly claim that any man could have done better than Queen Wilhelmina during her long and difficult rule over the Netherlands?

This analysis of the role of queens in modern history provides ample evidence that, on the average, queens have been more successful than kings, that in the only No. 1 political job open to women they have proved superior to their masculine colleagues and competitors. This is no theory, but a fact. Whoever doubts it should revise his judgment by studying history.

Abe Thiessen

## DU VIN, DU PAIN, ET UN SCHMOO

Quand je vais au collège,  
Pour me donner un siège  
J'ai besoin de vous.

A dix heures du matin,  
Tout las de Latin  
J'ai besoin de vous.

Quand j'ai soif, quand j'ai faim,  
Vous me donnez du pain:  
J'ai besoin de vous.

Quand ce monde m'a ennuyé  
Et je veux l'oublier,  
J'ai besoin de vous.

Parce que vous m'amusez,  
Ma chérie, je le sais,  
J'ai besoin de vous.

Vous êtes ma vie entière,  
Pour l'avenir ma prière,  
J'ai besoin de vous  
Vous êtes-ma schmoos!

G. E. K.

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## SPORT SHOP



Scenes from girls' track meet at Western. **Upper Left:** Esther Bingeman shows form as she pitches for our baseball team. **Upper Right:** most of the Waterloo group. **Lower Left:** Tiger after winning first volleyball game. **Lower Right:** Rose Marie Mosig, Joan Kadwell, Joan Pauli and Jane McGanity played tennis. **Centre:** tower of the Administration Building, London.

Once more the front blinds of our little sport shop are raised. The bright sun is reflected from our bare walls onto one or two antiquated machines. Badminton twenty is still kicking around, and it has been rumoured that two so-called athletic stalwarts, who have often watched the game, think it a snap. Perhaps if they played Champ Boothby, their ideas would be changed.

Bridge twenty is on the back shelf now, while the quiet intellectual game

of hearts has taken the prominent stand. There are quite a few cute tricks coming to Waterloo this year, and judging from the recent Athy Hay-ride, quite a few of us should be good at hearts—cards that is.

### Waterloo Second In Track Meet

The Women's Athletic Team took second place in the track meet at Western for Affiliated Colleges, bowing to Western and Alma, who tied for first.

The College ladies took first place in the relay with a team composed of Jane McGanity, Helen Taylor, Verna Schweigert and Joan Pauli. Another first was recorded by Verna Schweigert in the Standing Broad Jump with the excellent mark of 7 feet 2 inches.

Seconds were achieved by the Volleyball Team, and the Archery team, as Marie Boehm marked up a brilliant score. Jane McGanity took second place in the 75 yard dash. The basketball team and tennis team were unsuccessful as was Joan Pauli in the Baseball Throw.

Congratulations are in order for the excellent showing of the team and we wish them every success in future events.

#### **Sophs Trip Seniors 2-0**

Dean Schaus kicked off to mark the opening of Waterloo's latest innovation, nine-man football, as the "glorious Sophs" grappled with the Seniors, who were bolstered by such eminent gladiators of the gridiron as "Lujack" Carmichael and "Chappius" Clarke.

Led by Brock and Luciw the Sophs held a slight edge throughout most of the fray. They opened the scoring in the first quarter when Ferguson was rouged on Brock's kick. The Seniors struggled to get back on even terms, but despite the hard plunging of Harold Gram and the Ewart-to-Gram passing, they were held off the scoresheet throughout the entire contest. The Sophs added another single in the first quarter on Brock's kick to deadline. Final score: Sophs 2, Seniors 0.

#### **The Teams:**

Seniors—Gram, Ferguson, Powers, Merritt, Smith, Ewart, Augustine, Clarke, Heller.

Sophs — Murray, Hahn, Hayes, Stoneham, Hudson Luciw, Niall, Schedler, McTavish, Hammer, Brock, Bish, Howald.

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## WANDERING WITH WEILER

### CRIME MARCHES ON . . . . .

"Tickets please," I handed my quarter over grudgingly and received my four ducats with disgust. As I dropped another donation in the P.U.C. "poor box" I realized that there were people in Kitchener getting eight tickets for a quarter. Every High School student has student tickets, why not we? (I admit that scrounging rides home does help—Clayt please note.) But over a dollar a week is still quite an expense. Here's a project for the S.L.E.

### STUDENT TICKETS FOR THE STUDENTS OF WATERLOO

There's an interesting innovation for French 20 this year. (You'll wish you had missed yours too.) A club has been formed with the idea of putting to a practical use some of the French we have or have not learned up to now. It will be excellent practise for those going to Valcartier next Summer. Believe me boys "You Do Have to Know the Language."

One of the best times I've ever had was at our first Athy of the year. Square dances and reels are not yet out of date. In fact the popular opinion seems to be "Give us more." With a real live caller in the Frosh class plus our own Stan and his fiddle, we should be able to produce more of the same under what appears to be the capable hands of the new Athy executive. Perhaps a real Hoe Down such as the one at Scheifle's last year would be the thing—that is of course, if we could keep our boys out of the cellar.

Another sign of progress is the one in the Library which reads "QUIET PLEASE." It is quite true

that you can not get your home work done in time if you are constantly being interrupted. Noise also distracts the readers of the latest, Life, Newsweek, or Time magazines which form a popular feature of our much improved Library. I'm sure there are other magazines which should be added such as Colliers, and Post but the idea is perfect. Congratulations.

The big item of interest of course is our Junior Prom on Dec. 16th. Now is the time to get those dates Book the girls right away and avoid disappointment later. Boost our dance outside the school. The bigger the crowd the more fun we'll have. Don't forget to share your car and gas bill with your buddies and we'll see you all on the 16th.

## Fashions



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## DISC-CUSSION

Hi Kids! Here we go again on another session of giving out with the latest record releases and bringing you up to date on news in general.

First of all I have an apology to make. I told you last month that Decca Records would likely be purchasing the Eddy Howard record masters from bankrupt Majestic Record Company. It seems that I was away off the beam because Mercury Records finally got them. In fact they bought the whole caboodle of Majestic Masters. The first releases of Eddy Howard's on Mercury should be on the market about the same time that you receive this issue of *The Cord*. Included in the releases are the popular songs "On A Slow Boat to China," "I'd Love To Live In Loveland" and his best seller of "Just Because". Let's hope that these are just the beginning of many Howard records to come out up here.

It seems that the recording companies are soon expecting the ban on recording to be lifted because they are all releasing new sides just as fast as they can—evidently to cut their stock of unreleased records down to a minimum. Most of the tunes are simply "run of the mill" ballads that were done at the last minute before the ban started. But mixed up with these, there is the odd song that does sound very nice. One of these is "Lillette". It even sounds better when the King Cole Trio plays it. It has a simple, but catchy melody and the tempo at which it is played seems to suit everyone. The song should reach the top of the Hit Parade.

Another song that is catching quite a bit of play is "On A Slow Boat To China". Freddy Martin has done a very nice recording of this as has Kay Kyser. The ditty should stay at the top for quite a while.

Woody Herman seems to be one of the few big bands that is turning out consistently good jazz recordings and his latest release is no exception. It is called "Four Brothers" and is dedicated to four of his sax players who all take solo on the side. As usual Don Lamond plays very effective drums behind the band. The tune is classed as be-bop but it should appeal to all lovers of the "righteous stuff".

For music in a sweet vein we turn now to a new album by Morton Gould and his orchestra. The album is called "Soft Lights and Sweet Music", and the music certainly depicts just that. The songs in the album set are all old standards including "My Silent Love", "I'm In The Mood For Love", "You And The Night And The Music". Gould's arrangements are among the best he has done in some time as he does not use his usual floweriness. Instead the music is very soothing and easy listening.

R.C.A. Victor has released Handel's "Messiah" in its entirety by Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. The choirs used on these recordings are the Luton Choral Society and a Special Choir. It takes two volumes of ten and eleven records each to contain the complete works but it is well worth it. The masterpiece was recorded in England and is superbly done. The set opens with an introductory talk by Sir Thomas Beecham in which he traces the background of "Messiah" presentations and ends by describing in full the choral and orchestral setting he himself has employed. The complete set should thrill the many people who have never had the opportunity of hearing the complete works before.

Well I guess I've used up all the space they gave me, so I'll take my leave. See you next issue.

Jack Fraser

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## SEMINARY NOTES

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Cold dawn spreads grey fingers across the sky. A long green automobile speeds along the highway; a huge figure hunches over the wheel. Beside him clutching a road map of Ontario and Michigan sits another person called Buck the Rock. Three sinister figures huddle in the back seat of the car. From left to right they are: Earl (Brooklynese for "Oil") the Haase, Wolf the Myra (prefix: Ad), and Cruiser Langen. The driver, Herbie the Huge, speaks. "We'll crack the border at Detroit at noon and we should hit Chicago at 8:00 tonite."

The Chicago Lutheran Seminary, Chicago, Ill., on the days of Oct. 27, 28 and 29 was the scene of the Conference of the Association of Luth-

eran Seminarians in America. The Maywood Informer, the official publication of the Association, published the following news item in its pre-Conference edition:

"From way up north, we have heard from our latest member, the Evangelical Lutheran Seminary of Canada, and they have promised to lend the international flavour by sending two delegates and three visitors." After reading this item the five Canadian representatives "from way up north" were very much tempted to appear in Chicago clad in lumber-jack regalia complete with snow-shoes and perhaps one or two bear-skins. However, after reconsidering the idea, they, in an effort to be good seminarians, pushed aside

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### FOR THE FINEST IN RECORDED MUSIC



See Jack Fraser at the

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temptation and left for Chicago clad in ordinary apparel and driving an ordinary American-made car.

The trip via Windsor, Detroit, South Bend and return by Michigan City, Lansing, Port Huron, and Sarnia was very enjoyable. Unlike the weather in Ontario and on the East Coast, the weather in Chicago and vicinity was fine and sunny. The Campus at Maywood was a scene of Autumn beauty and the whole city was covered by the haze of burning leaves. One of the Seminarians was realistic enough to claim that it was good, old Chicago factory smoke that covered the city and not Autumn haze.

Sixty-six seminarians from 15 seminaries in the U.S.A. and Canada attended the sessions. The theme of the Conference was LUTHERAN HERITAGE AND PRINCIPLES. Four outstanding men in the Lutheran church spoke on this theme. Dr. Morris Wee, Ex-Secretary of the Student Service Commission of the National Lutheran Council spoke on "INTERPRETING THE CHRISTIAN FAITH TO A STUDENT GENERATION." He gave an historical background to modern Christian life and emphasized the preaching of the Gospel and the application of Christian principles as they apply to contemporary situations. His talk was very informative on approaches to counselling students.

Dr. M. L. Craebner, Pastor for Lutheran Students at the University of Chicago, spoke on the PRESERVATION OF LUTHERAN HERITAGE AND THE ADMINISTRATION OF ITS PRINCIPLE IN THE PRESENT DAY. He spoke of the Catholic Reformation and Frontier heritages as they exist in the Lutheran Church of today. These heritages contain the following factors: ritual, restoration of faith, activism, tolerance, responsibility and democracy. He emphasized the need for a community church, the responsibility of the pastor to the Christian community and not only to the congregation

of his calling, and to the building of the Kingdom of God in preference to the establishment of one particular church organization. He concluded by saying, "You build a Christian community in the rich stream of your own tradition—but **about the figure of Christ.**"

Dr. O. V. Anderson of the Augustana Lutheran Church was the banquet speaker. He addressed the Conference on the topic, THE RESOURCES OF THE LUTHERAN PASTOR WITH WHICH TO CONFRONT POSITIVELY THE PROBLEMS OF MODERN MAN. He spoke of the materialism of today and the ethics of modern man which are artificial because they are without religion. Once again, as in so many conferences and theological discussions, he mentioned the resurgence of Reformation theology, a resurgence which has not yet reached humanity in general. Dr. Anderson said, "To the church, today is a God-given opportunity to portray the principle of justification by faith."

The fourth speaker was an outstanding layman, Everett Mitchell of the National Broadcasting Company, who presented the topic, A LAYMAN LOOKS AT ELEMENTS OF CONCERN AND PROMISE IN THE LUTHERAN CHURCH OF TODAY. He claimed that the church fails to employ good business practices in its administration, it neglects to make use of every talent in the church, to inform and educate the lay-member, and to place a high enough value on its claims on the property and time of the individual. Elements of Promise in the Church are the new vision of pastors, the emphasis on Sunday Schools, Evangelism and Prayer, scholarship, renewed effort in the Laymen's Movement, Increase in Budget apportionments, and the awareness of the supreme value of the spiritual life.

The Conference as a whole was well conducted and attended. The Canadian representatives felt it well worth while to sit in on lectures and

to enjoy the fellowship of other seminarians. The Conference certainly remained true to the constitution of the Association in that it provided opportunities for fellowship with other seminarians; it served to communicate ideas concerning student activities; it encouraged the spiritual life of students; it stimulated the spirit of scholarship and it effected a better understanding of problems which face the Church at large. Not only did their attendance at the Conference give the Waterloo delegates a

deeper understanding of the heritage and the principles of the Lutheran church but it also led them to a keener appreciation of their own Seminary, of the academic standard it maintains, of the quality of its faculty, and of the conservative yet unfettered spirit it pursues.

As this issue of Sem Notes is devoted primarily to the report on the Conference, other items of interest will be postponed to the next copy of the Cord.

Robert Langen

## It's a man's world

(Young college men will find their wear needs amply provided by the Men's Shop at Goudies—King Street entrance)

## - and a woman's too

Young college women's fashion finds on the King and Queen Street Main Floors, and in the lovely dress and coat quarters on the Third Floor, at---

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## LET'S TELL A STORY

Sophs and Seniors probably know this story well. But for the sake of the Frosh and Freshettes let's tell it again. It's the story of a College—a small College, and a friendly one, the story of College which has suddenly assumed a place of first importance in our life, and will probably never lose its first importance in our hearts. It is the story of Waterloo.

First of all though, it wasn't Waterloo College at all, it was the Evangelical Lutheran Theological Seminary of Canada, and though we Arts students sometimes tend to forget it, the part we know as Waterloo Seminary still legally retains that name. The Seminary opened in 1911 with the grand total of four students and three profs. D. Lincke served as first Dean. The "house next door", now Dr. Heick's home, served as dorm and classroom. The enrollment soon increased and by the time the first graduates had completed their schooling a section of the present College was built. That was in 1914. Even then the College, or I should say Seminary, did not in the least resemble the school of to-day. Most of the building was used as a dormitory, as evidenced by the small offices which the dean, president and other officers now occupy.

Some time later the Seminary offered a high school course, which was known as a pre-theology course, and a principal, N. Williston, was appointed. This course however was discontinued in 1929, for it was found merely to overlap the regular high school, and moreover, all the "bad boys" from miles around flocked to Waterloo when they were expelled from their own schools. However, something important to us was accomplished. Some College work was offered, and by 1924 there were sufficient courses to open a regular Arts

Course. The first class graduated with their B.A.'s in 1927, among them Dr. Klinck.

In 1925 the College was affiliated with Western University and A. O. Potter was chosen as Dean. Waterloo College now became the official name. The College was much larger now, for two years previously the newer section of the school was built. The discontinuance of high school work left room for additional students in some line, and finally in September 1929 the first Co-eds entered. This was the climax. Nothing of like importance happened before or since!

Several of our organizations have almost as long a history as the College itself. The CORD which you are now reading has been in continuous publication since 1925. The first editor was Carl F. Klink. The Athenaeum is of the same age, though it is hard to recognize the original Literary Society after our brief acquaintance with hay-rides and square dances. The Athletic directory dates back to 1926. Surprising enough is the recent date of the S.L.E. It has only been in existence for 5 or 6 years. Le Cercle Français and the Germanic Verein were once very active, even going to the extent of giving full length concerts in German.

To-day the enrollment at Waterloo College is 211, a far cry from the original 3. As you know, it is under the capable direction of Dean Schaus and President Lehmann. Waterloo is a young College, and it's growing. It is expected that by 1950 there will be a new date to add to the historic list, for a new College building will be erected on the Guelph Highway, just outside of Kitchener. Perhaps the building will change, but not the spirit, That can never change. It will always represent those things in life which are fine and good, to her many students.

F. R.



## ALUMNI NOTES

Waterloo College has graduated a total of two hundred and seventy-five students during the past twenty-one years. This figure does not include the many hundreds of students who were unable to complete their studies here. Included in the list of those whose College courses were uncompleted are the names of eleven young men who gave their lives for Canada and freedom: **Douglas Lowe, Norbert Jeffers, C. D. MacIntosh, Bill Thurlow, Gordon Sim, Harold Wills, William Bean, William Martin, Craig Alles, Dick Wellein, Fred Shantz.**

A total of one hundred and forty-seven of our students served in the Armed Forces, and occupied various ranks. At this season of the year we wish especially to remember those who laid down the pen and took up the sword in an effort to preserve our way of life.

**Rev. George Durst**—who acted as housefather for several years received his B.D. degree at the Autumn Convocation at U.W.O. He is now at the University of Toronto pursuing graduate studies which lead to the Masters degree. One of his hobbies is the study of Architecture and during his course in Church Architecture at our seminary he left a permanent impression upon his students. We wish him every success in his advanced studies.

Not every student of Liberal Arts at Waterloo continues to follow such a path throughout his life. We find B.A.'s making successes of themselves in the most peculiar occupations. **Henry Heldman**, for instance, taught high school for a number of years after securing his M.A. from Columbia. However, today he makes his living by developing and producing medical ointments and salves. In addition, he has invented a revolutionary plastic adhesive which has gained the approval of the medical profession. Henry is also a member of the board of governors of the College.

Speaking of medicine brings to mind the fact that several other Waterloons are now serving in hospitals. **Allan McTaggart** has been acting as an administrator on the K-W Hospital staff. **Marjorie Bryden** is also serving at the hospital as a secretary. We realize that the K-W Hospital with its efficient methods of operation and its huge "expansion programme" is rapidly becoming one of the finest hospitals in Canada and we are proud to have graduates of our College participating in its work.

**Werner Daechsel**—the man who started the tuck shop was constantly reminded of his monopoly of the confectionary trade at Waterloo College. He had spoken of doing graduate work in Psychology, but the intoxicating virus of administration seems to have infected him and consequently he is now studying to be a hospital administrator in Toronto. Perhaps in the near future every modern hospital will have a Daechsel Shop.

**Harry Weaver**—that academic-athletic combination who helped to bring honour to Waterloo in so many ways, has migrated to the campus of the University of Western Ontario. He is working for his M.A. at our "Head Office" in London, and teaches English 10, and 11 in his spare time. Harry steered the CORD through many a rough stormy gale, and we are certain that he will be able to steer students through English with equal skill.

The teaching ranks of Western also include the former dean of Waterloo College, **Dr. Klinck**, who is serving as Acting-head of the English Department and **Prof. Kalbfleisch**, who is teaching in the German Department. Thus our school is not simply a dependent child, but rather a mature institution, whose students can contribute to the life of the university world.

(See Alumni page 29)

## COLLEGE CORD - OLD STYLE

There's a threatening gleam in the Editor's eye as he hisses "Your copy's due." That's all very well if you have lots of news, lots of ideas, and lots of time, but if you haven't . . . Well, what have past reporters found to soothe editorial wrath in the twenty-four years that the Cord has been finding its way into the mail box in the hall? To find an answer to this question (and incidentally, to receive inspiration for an article) I climbed up to the top shelf in the library and came down with an afternoon's reading. And believe me, anyone who hasn't thumbed through the old Cords has missed a good deal of fun.

One's first impression is that the Waterloons of the past were made of sterner stuff than we. How else could he explain such articles as "The Theory of Evolution," "American Capital" and "The Poetic Muse at Waterloo College"? Add to these the unlimited flow of poetry and fiery orations which spilled over the pages and the student of to-day can only gasp, "What Manner of Men were these?"

To find out, we must take a second look at the large sheets which came out every two weeks in those days of seeming plenty. Pictures were scattered about with no apparent regard for cost, and whole columns were given to obituary notices. One issue even devoted half a column to telling of how one of the boys fell off his bicycle on the way to school!

Clubs were extremely popular, and our Athy, known then by the impressive title of Athenaeum Society, held Browning nights, discussions on Paradise Lost, and evenings of recitations by prominent poets. Oratorical contests were in full swing, and Le Cercle Français and Germania vied for members.

The Celibates Club was the centre of heated controversy, but it came to an untimely end with the arrival of the co-eds. This dire event did not occur until 1929, and was greeted by the headline, "Co-eds Make Inroads at Waterloo College—Former Male Students Seek Shelter in Dormitory." (An earlier Cord had mentioned the threat in an editorial entitled, "Co-education" which stated ". . . at Waterloo this topic is holding sway unrivalled even by the liquor problem.")

But of all the interests revealed, none was so exalted as baseball. This topic came second only to missionary reports and other religious tracts, and received headlines suggestive of world crises or presidential elections. Though the boys played with teams from near and far the greatest excitement was seen in the House League games. Some of the names in the League of '29 seem strangely familiar . . . others merely strange. Captain Seltzer of the Bromos; Hass of the Bunnies; Goos of the Goo-Goos; Klink of the Clinkers; Reiner of the Rainers; Schaus of the Periwinkles. Do you see what I mean?

But don't let this fool you. The Old Boys were very serious young men indeed, as can be seen in their photographs, by their impassioned editorials and equally fiery letters to the editor, (this was before the days of "Heart Throbs" by Ophelia Pultz) and by the fact that Senior Classmen wore gowns. The fact that exam results were published may have had a sobering effect.

The professors seemed to have a busy time in those days with their summer jaunts to Europe, and you will find articles by Dr. Potter describing his air adventures, and others

by Dr. Little and Dr. Schorten. Dean Schaus and Professor Klinck also appear, but in those days they were writing the exams, not setting them.

But now we must leave these former Waterloons to their amateur theatricals, minstrel shows, and Frosh initiations ("Freshmen . . . shall not wear spats except on Sundays and holidays") and come back to the world of shmoos, be-bop, and Campus Queens. The dead-line has arrived . . . what's done is done . . . and woe betide the poor reporter of 1968 who turns to this article for inspiration.

G.E.H.

(ALUMNI)

**William Schlegel**, class of '47 is studying at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. After becoming thoroughly acquainted with modern farming methods he hopes to put them into practice on a farm of his own.

Since it is rather difficult to secure information about all of our graduates, information regarding former students would be appreciated

Earl W. Haase.

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## SENIOR EDITORIAL

Perhaps many of us have no real appreciation of poets. That is what a former professor of Queens University would have us believe when he writes in an essay, "There is no English, French, nor Italian poet, who can be anything like fully savoured by any man that is innocent of the Latin language." This statement is followed by several pages lamenting the deplorable state of Hellenistic learning in Ontario, and culminating in this statement, "Whatever boys may take to afterwards, whether Chemistry or Metaphysics or Political Economy, Commercial Travelling, Stockbroking or Plumb-infi, . . . Latin Syntax seems indispensable or at least as good as it is possible to get by way of preparation." The author was a professor of Classics.

Here is a typical example of the scholar who is brilliant, who loves his work and is devoted to it but who has made one condemning mistake. He has plunged himself into his subject so deeply that, as he turns to look at the world around him, he can see it only through the eyes of Virgil spelled in Greek characters. His essay was to be about "the humanities" but after the first paragraph, the author forgot there is more to the humanities than Greek and Latin.

We do not wish to be too harsh on the classics department however, for this situation can occur in any field of specialization. The business man can become so submerged in his business that he sees no sense in anything that does not produce dollars. While working with road gangs last summer, we saw evidence of this same narrowed field of vision. George Eliot presents such a character extremely well in *Middlemarch*. There Casaubon devotes his entire life to the annotation of an Index to Greek and Latin mythologies, going to Rome

for his honeymoon in order that he might continue his research during that period. Often the situation is not so apparent until seen in some more obvious case such as that of a maintenance man in a Y.M.C.A. who is so devoted to his duties that the whole life of that institution (or one similar) must revolve around him,

Since the thing we are opposing is a too-narrow vision, the obvious antidote will be a method of widening that vision and what could better accomplish this purpose (limiting ourselves to the scholastic field) than extra-curricular activities — sports, drama, music, public speaking? Here is where our present university system is somewhat at fault. The student of average intelligence who takes a full year of studies, not to mention the great number who must take extra courses to complete the degree in three years, has so many assignments, examinations, and reports to prepare that any desire he may have had for extra activities is pushed to the background by the pressure of class work.

Why could not one course per year, which bears no direct relation to the student's intended course of study, be dropped in favor of an approved extra-curricular activity? According to our calendar, the aim of the school is "To educate Christian men and women among influences which tend to develop individual talents and initiative . . ." But would this aim not be more nearly reached if, for example, an artistically-inclined student were allowed to spend more of his time with a theatre group, instead of taking an economics or science course because it was required for the degree?

(Continued, page 31)

## JUNIOR EDITORIAL

Last month the girls of Waterloo College journeyed to London to compete against other Western affiliates in an annual field meet. A trip to London University is always fun and most girls who had the afternoon off or just wanted a holiday, went.

The programme schedule included the usual list of events that girls compete in. Most of us had a vague idea what they were even though the list hadn't been posted before hand. However we got organized a bit on the bus. It was fortunate that London is two hours away—it gave us time to pick a baseball team. Some of the girls had never played before, but when they realized that it takes nine men to field a team they were very co-operative and consented to play. The group singing proved a little distracting to Lorraine Holle. She had found out a few hours before that she was in charge of the Waterloo teams and she was forced to interrupt a harmonious rendition of "Paddy Murphy" several times to ask for help. Someone was needed to fill the fourth place in the relay; the captain of the volleyball team had to be picked; and the baseball throw still didn't have an entry.

We came third. That wasn't too bad considering that we hadn't practised, everybody said. One of the players on the baseball team got a rattled and ran from second base to first, and the catcher received a few bad bruises—but then she was handicapped—attempting to play without a glove or mask.

Back home at Waterloo, Nick's comment on the outcome had its usual Confucius flavour. "How can you expect to win without practise and organization," he said in words unfamiliar but to that effect. Most of the girls were ready to agree with him, in fact some of those most deeply

moved by lack of organization in girls' athletics resemble fugitives from the Abnormal Psych 48 test, as they wander about the common room muttering over and over "who is going to coach our basketball team?" "When are we going to have our first practice?"

True, the girls do have an excellent P.T. instructor, but there doesn't seem to be anyone about the college who knows where the archery sets are, can referee a volleyball game, or take time off to prepare for field meets. Of course we are not advocating the type of organization that will group all the girls into efficient little Panzer units and oblige them to play off endless tournaments whether they like it or not, but we would like some sports activities to fill the empty hours since the Alumni members left and took their bridge decks with them.

Giving a Rah, Rah to the boys' rugby, hockey and basketball team is a lot of fun, and filling the position of a "Sunday-morning quarterback" is comfortable but not conducive to development of co-ordination and muscle making. Possessing these later qualifications is probably not lady-like, but undoubtedly helpful in one's everyday life. This fact will prove itself the first time you attempt to lift a full case of cokes!

H.A.T.

(Continued from page 30)

Such a plan, we believe, would help to avoid a one-colour view of a many-hued world. Specialization is fine. It has become important in our age and will become increasingly important in the future. To keep from toppling over, however, the obelisk of specialization must arise above a broad and solid foundation of general knowledge. And the person climbing to its dizzy heights must keep glancing at the base which was his starting point for by climbing higher than his faculties allow, he may find that the base has become clouded over, leaving for his thoughts only the narrowed field to which he now clings more desperately than ever.

G.E.K.



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