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## "THE ROBE" STINKS!

Hollywood's fight against TV has come to another climax. There have been climaxes before, but now that TV has reached the stage where colour productions are not only possible, but also definitely planned by cool-headed businessmen, cinema producers in Hollywood literally fall all over themselves in a mad scramble for newer, better, more extraordinary ideas and devices to win back the movie-going public. Now, if you have a TV set, you are in a position to choose. If, however, you belong to that quite considerable portion of the population who refuse to have their home turned into a constantly shaded private cinema, then you should be concerned. What kind of pictures are we getting right now? If you think that the competition between TV and Hollywood has improved pictures in general (which you perhaps expected), a few points may help to awaken you from that delusion. Here is a random survey of cinema advertising slogans: "Colossal" story; "glorious" colour; "more-genuine-than life" presentation; "deeper" dimension; "panoramic" views; "breath-taking" realism. And if you "don't want to miss THE picture of a lifetime," you had better go. So you do go. And what do you see? Just what was advertised to be sure, only hardly ever more than mere entertainment.

And very often you don't even get that because of those uncomfortable gadgets (remember the headache after a 3-D picture?). This, then, seems to be the trend in pictures today: fight a gadget (TV) with other gadgets ("glorious" colour . . . "deeper" dimension . . . etc. etc.).

Let's hope that this stage in the fight TV vs. Hollywood passes as quickly as the preceding ones. There have been other stages, you know. No doubt you'll remember the newspaper stories about the cancellations of contracts with stars by Hollywood producers? Well, that was one stage. The next was the "era of the new face" on the screen. That passed over, too. (Marilyn can't be called

a "new face", eh fans?). Then came the period of the "sure-fire" box-office attractions. We got the "noble lone hero" Wayne, we "relished" luridly "attractive" Hayworth; we moistened our lips at "curvacious" Marilyn; and recently our girls were given a chance to swoon at the sight of Gable's "bony legs." Curiously, these "sure-fire" attractions are now increasing in numbers; before long all cancelled contracts will be renewed. Maybe we'll get rid of a few through the McCarran Act (so it's useful after all . . .), but we can't rely on that too much.

Now we could become reconciled to this renaissance of stardom, if at the same time we would get better pictures; but we definitely don't! There were a few good movies recently, take "Lili" or "From Here to Eternity," but the general niveau in pictures has lately been rapidly deteriorating. It seems that the prime consideration of movie-makers today is money, and not "ars gratia artis," as some still falsely profess. And money-making pictures are manufactured after a recipe: take a little sex, add a little heartbreak, blend in a bit of religion, mix with a lot of popular music, stir well, then season with a bit of swash-buckling or uppercuts. Then, before you give it to the public, assure them that this is the picture of the year; then throw it at them (raised prices always help) and they will swallow it before they realize that they have been taken for a ride.

Let's take an example of a picture that has been made after this recipe; let's take a Waterloo College favourite: "The Robe." There might be a few among you who still think that it is a great picture. Well, I think it stinks!! I have seldom seen such wishwash. There is no plot, there are no characters, there is nothing that makes a story of a great story, and there is a lot that can and does pull a really great story into the mire. After I had seen "The

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# CORD STAFF

## EDITORS' NOTES

Vol. 29, No. 5

April, 1954

Editor-in-Chief ... Glenn<sup>o</sup>D. O'Connor '55  
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### OUR FIRST ISSUE

This is the first issue of the Cord by the new staff. We do hope that it meets with your approval. The staff has worked hard in an attempt to satisfy you. Constructive criticisms are welcome.

### THE COVER

The cover this month is the result of the combined efforts of the Art and Photography editor John Mergler, and the editor-in-chief. This is John's first experience with magazine cover work, and I think you will agree that he has done very well. John also took the photograph appearing on the editorial page.

### EL GOODO

Dr. Jean Cross has contributed a very interesting article on Spain. This is Dr. Cross's first article in the College Cord. Dr. Cross generously gave of her leisure time to submit this splendid story.

### EL STORY

Michael Wagner, retiring S.L.E. President, and former assistant Cord editor, has submitted an excellent story entitled "The Matador". It took a good deal of persuading, but he finally broke down. Thanks Mike.

### POETRY

Three of our poets have come up with some very appealing work; each poem has an entirely different approach. They are well worth reading so do not miss this treat.

### AUTOGRAPHS

For the first time, the Cord is featuring an autograph and memo page in its final issue for this year. This page is located at the back of the book, and is the brain-child of Miss Nicholson and Ye Olde Editor. The fact that this page is the product of accident more than design is not to be discussed here.

### SPORTS

Our new Sports Editor Scotty Ferguson has done an excellent job of reporting on the past year's events. His style is refreshing and the future reports look promising for this sample.

### UNITED NATIONS

Paul Class reports on his trip<sup>1</sup> to New York. What happened to Paul and his friends shouldn't happen to Liberace. Don't miss it in this issue.

### APRIL IN DENMARK

An amusin' and confusin' article by Betty Mannerow. If you haven't been typed yet, take your pick. This article is a real charmer.

# Seminary



Another year has swiftly passed. To the Seminary it has brought a Junior Class of eleven would-be pastors, the largest class Waterloo Seminary has ever had in a single year. The Middlers are just two in number and both of these hail from that country to the south, NOVA SCOTIA.

Our Senior Class, this year's graduating class, is composed of three, and once again under the guidance of our excellent faculty, three embryo pastors stand at the threshold of their ministries. What will the future hold for these three? Whatever is in store for them, we are sure after seeing them in action for the past three years, that if they meet every problem and trial with the same patience, determinedness, and enthusiasm with which they have tackled their studies during their Seminary years, nothing can stop any of them from having a most successful ministry.

Godfrey R. Oelsner, B.A., came to Waterloo in 1948 after spending his first 16 years in Canada as a clerk and, later as an interior decorator. Born (censored) years ago in Eibenstock, Germany, where he received his high school education, he entered Canada in 1932. Godfrey entered Waterloo College in '48 and Seminary in '51. He has accepted a call to the Maynooth-Raglan Parish.

Norman L. Lange, B.A., a westerner, but one of the better types, hails from Millet, Alta. His high-schooling was at Concordia College; he received his B.A. from the University of Alberta, at Edmonton, after taking the first year at Saskatoon. He entered Waterloo Seminary in 1951, and has now accepted a call from the Rankin-Woito-Bonnechere Parish. He and Godfrey will be neighbours in the Eastern Conference of the Canada Synod.

Eric R. Schultz, B.A., the baby of the graduating class (in age only), was born in the parish that Norm is taking over. At the present time he and his mother live in Waterloo. He entered the College in 1947 and the Seminary in '51. He has accepted a call to the Ellice Parish. Ellice is only a short drive from Waterloo and we should be seeing more of Eric next year.

We shall miss all three. Eric has always been ready to take over the chapel organist's duties at a minute's notice, and we shall miss his capable hands at the Console. Norm, always laughing, will certainly be missed in the dorm. His door was always open, and his infectious giggle always was a cheery note along the upper hallways. Godfrey, the eldest, was a firm rock to whom the whole Sem. turned at times because no matter how often we threatened to go off the deep end, Godfrey was always there with his sound advice to hold us in check.

We all did our best to interest the three of them from time to time in the fair sex. However, to date, we have all failed miserably as their marital status to date proves. We only hope that the females in their new charges are all ladies and riot vieing for their favours.—Good-hunting, fellows.

We who are left behind are filled with envy and at the same time awe at what these three are now about to do. All three have expressed doubts lately as to their ability. However, a hurried poll of their Seminary classmates has failed to

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# DEAD WEEK

by Hugh W. McKervill

What icy hand has gripped my friends  
To choke their laugh—replace with sigh:  
And why do I alone in silent halls  
Stand begging for a word as they pass  
by.

A week ago we harmonized.  
T'was "Sweet Sixteen," I well recall  
We sang it in our favourite hall.  
But whispers now is all those walls re-  
sound.

With anguish in my heart I see  
Those handsome heads o'er papers bent.  
They once did search the sky and  
breathe fresh air;  
When well, their time on greater things  
was spent.

But now a page of words is all their  
world  
A dingy cell their habitat;  
A furrowed brow is victor over smile,  
And far off gaze when from their world  
unbent.

What vice had they to suffer thus  
What virtue I, that providence  
Has been so kind to whisper low  
And warn me of this dreadful foe.  
I must escape before the plague  
With passion overflowed beyond control  
Embraces me and slays my happy state,  
Then swells his list of Lost with one  
more soul.

Besides I have some work to do.  
The English test is almost due.



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## P AND G DRIVEL

With full awareness that I might be tagged with an "obsessive compulsion complex" I have again undetraken to provide Mr. G. O'Connor with a short article on the **P and G Show**.

I'm certain that all of you peruse the Newsweekly so carefully that I need say little about the Show itself other than that our Falstaffian Ryerson, after being duly abused, threatened and exhorted has started an avalanche of scripts, layouts, ideas, which seem to be coming in an unending flow . . . FLOW??? RYERSON.

At the present time, however, I must admit that things have been on ice until we can get confirmation of certain of the arrangements. We are in the process of consolidating the arrangements and enlisting available personnel.

This personnel item is our biggest problem and, consequently, I hope to use this space to get in a couple of plugs. As you all know, I hope, we are supposed to be a little more mature??? than high school students; therefore, we shouldn't have to use high school tactics in interesting individuals in the Show. If you feel (in all modesty) that you are going to be of incalculable service to the Show or if you even aspire to stage hand's positions, please contact anyone concerned with the Show. Someone, I'm certain, will listen to your plea and abate your hunger for the great white lights.

So far we have been gratified by the response to our promotion and, while speaking of promotion, the Freshmen of the new year are to be kept in mind. They, particularly the girls, are needed badly and here's where everyone comes in. The success of the show depends upon the word-of-mouth advertising given by each and every student here. I stress, particularly, the influence the Casanovas, Don Juans, and general appreciators of woman-kind can have upon the fresh, naive, and beautiful Freshettes. Here, now, I've given you an excuse. See what can be done

Well, that's two hundred words and, after the way O'Connor's treated me, I'm not going to say any more. After all, I do have some pride.

J. H.

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# Editorial



The Grad class, which seems to grow larger every year, is again standing on the brink of to-morrow; their diplomas in their hands, their hearts in their mouths, and their bottoms scraped—out of their barrels. And this year, as last year, it is painful to see you go. Fergie and I are going to cry hard. But whatever you do and wherever you go, we'll be thinking of you. I have a suspicion that the Administration is proud of you. I know definitely that your fellows most certainly are.

Wherever you go, go with God. Remember what Waterloo College means to you, and the place which it fills in your hearts, remember too that your Alma Mater has vastly contributed to the development of your personality. To quote Walt Whitman, "It is native personality and that alone, that endows a man to stand before presidents or generals, or in any distinguished collection with aplomb—and not culture, or any knowledge, or intellect whatever."

We know that you will each in your chosen vocation be successful, and that you will be well equipped to stand before any company and command respect. Best wishes from the remnant !!!

Two tremendous campaigns were cli-

maxed this month in the election of a new S.L.E. President. The contestants, Neville Bishop and Hank Stewart, waged exciting campaigns, each endeavouring to better the other. It is doubtful that such campaigning has a parallel in the past history of this College. Every single day produced a new idea for one side or the other, even to the point of introducing a trial TV set to bolster votes. The contestants were able to view themselves over CKCO-TV thanks to the interest of this station in Waterloo College. Neville Bishop emerged the victor, but the margin was slight.

The past year has seen five new full-time Professors added to our Faculty. Doctors Cross, McKay and Bream, and Professors Metzger and Adams. Each, in his or her own inimitable fashion, has added to the pleasure of lectures formerly sneezed at. We have all enjoyed having you with us and hope that you too will return next year.

The few weeks that lie ahead are going to be weeks jammed full of ulcers, aspirins, headaches, and tears. The creases in youthful brows will be furrowed skull-deep, and hours and hours of hours and hours will be spent cramming facts into crannies that forget what they were meant for. Its going to be rough and rugged, but don't get off of the ship in the storm, because that is usually the time you get carried away. Anyhow, Autumn will be here soon, the finals will be behind you, and you may even discover that you managed to fall in love during recess. They tell me that love makes the world go round; but then, so does a good swallow of tobacco juice.

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# ESPAÑA

It is significant that from her earliest times those who have once looked upon Spain have coveted her. Once inside the limits of the Iberian peninsula visitors have liked their surroundings so well that often bloodshed has been necessary to persuade them to withdraw. Fortunately for the current influx of tourists, freelance writers, and couples looking for suitable homes after retirement, the authorities no longer resort to such drastic measures of expulsion. If they did, there would be a multitude of broken hearts.

For to anyone chafing somewhat at the less engaging biproducts of a progressive age, Spain still offers a haven from haste, it is a nation which charms and puzzles. Over the centuries her solid core has seemed to resist surface scratches. So often did her conquerors eventually become her converts. And when the occupation was over, victors had come to love the vanquished, who appeared so in name only. Spain emerged miraculously intact, her essence enriched rather than replaced by that of dominating races.

The earliest arrivals in the peninsula were the Iberians who entered from the north-east, by land. They gave the country its first known name. Between 1500 and 500 B.C. Phoenician and Greek ships hove in sight off both her Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts and left quite certain imprints, particularly in the Balearic Islands and on the Levantine coast.

Again down from the north came the Celts who mingled racially with the Iberians and whom many believe were the original settlers of the Basque provinces. After them, the Carthaginians.

These were scarcely well installed when their rights of ownership were violently challenged by the Romans in the course of the Punic Wars. The Roman triumph launched Spain on her first great era of economic and maritime prosperity, and thanks to the Romans she became Christianized in the first century A.D. at the time of the Emperor Trajan.

The Romans enjoyed rather a longer tenancy than most, and it was only after several centuries that they were vanquished by the Barbarians. Specifically, these were the Vandals and the Visigoths. The former gave their name, and it became definitive, to that great region which occupies almost the entire half of Spain, Andalucia, calling it originally "Vandalusia."

A new era began in 711 when up the heights at Tarifa, at the extreme southern tip of Spain, came the Arabs who had swept rapidly across from North Africa. This last lengthy period of foreign domination was ended in 1492 when eight centuries of Reconquest were finally sealed by the taking of the city of Granada.

It is difficult to realize as your train crosses on a precariously narrow strip, cramped as a country lane, between the gleaming salt marshes near Cadiz (accented on the first syllable), that nearly three thousand years ago (1100 B.C.) the Phoenicians landed there. And that in 1587 Francis Drake looked back on a line of flaming docksides before leading home his company of triumphant Elizabethans. It was not far away, too, that another famous admiral, some two hundred years later, delivered himself of a famous message and died, off Cape Trafalgar.

Within that small Iberian peninsula, roughly equal in size to the province of Ontario, many have died for what they believed to be great causes. The Moors (Arabs) were perhaps the most tenacious of their treasure, and had to be dislodged almost inch by inch. It is said that they wept when they were finally driven out.

Considered from their point of view, it would have been strange had they done otherwise. Some of their finest artistry had to be left behind. They were being expelled from the land in which they had established caliphates which had become legendary in Arabian folklore. It must have been unbearably difficult to look out from the galleries of the Alhambra for the last time, or to walk

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# NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE

by C. Piellusch

Spring!

And the flowers peek out,  
And the rain pelts down,  
And floods the town.

Spring!

And the warm winds blow,  
And the T.V. aerals come down,  
And the trees come down,  
And the tornado comes  
And wrecks the town.

Spring!

And the sun shines bright,  
And the bombs still bust,  
And I fear we must  
Be showered with radioactive dust  
Till we're all disfigured,  
Dis-healthy and dis-lived.

Ah, Spring!

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# Static

## STATIC BY WALDO

WELL, well, 'bout time we got a little new blood in this hyar works, qn' I guess its me or I or sumpin' with my forty proof plasma. They tell me there's a rumour about these hallowed halls that yours truly's writing this thing next year, so I thought I'd discourage you now instead of embittering you at the first of a brand new term.

It seems that a week or two ago the faculty got cross at the Spanish class, so to speak, and the old grim reaper, exams, put a few staunch alummnos, that's student or pool shark or sumpin' in Spanish, down in the scholastic cellar—ah well, kiddies—welcome to the club.

Hey, what'cha doin' about the P&G show these days; old Bowser Hauser (that's John, you know), says, "Let's give us a hand, and pitch in if we need you." He's not kidding either, so if you sing, dance, or play a hot susafone, come and see us—we may even need a fourth for bridge at one of the meetings:—Remember, hesitate and you perish—come to think of it, so does the Purple and Gold!

A certain individual, who shall be known here under the pseudonym of Spike, begs to inform another certain individual, with a weakness for giving advice, that not only is "Jesus Loves Me" his favorite song, but that he is planning to attend chapel beginning May 15th.

The other day in boo science I happened to look up from my Mickey Spillane long enough to hear that the number of soldiers varies directly as the number of spinsters 'cause spinsters keep cats which eat mice, n' then if the mices is all et they can't eat beez which pollinate clover or ragweed or sumpin', n' then there's more vegetatobobbles to grow bigger and better cows n' stuff n' then, consequently there's more beef to grow bigger n' better soldiers—tharfour if'n more girls would try to get their doctorate in sanskrit instead of taking

their honours. Mrs. We'd beat Russia—but, you know, in China and places they don't have this problem 'cause everybody eats the cats n' the mice too—I think they even eat the spinsters—isn't that interesting hmmm.

It seems that everyone who writes at this time of the year is supposed to remind the scholars just what time of the year it is, and to stop learning things and to get that studying done—so here goes. You know, as I sit here before my scrolls, stylus in hand, the kalendar (that's the Anglican spelling) looms ominously above me—about eight days before dead-week—I guess I ought to start doing my homework at least. Incidentally, the faculty is offering, this week only, a monster bargain to all those who find that scholastic pursuits interfere with their extracurricular activities — FAIL NOW—AVOID THE MAY RUSH.—But honestly, peoples, it is getting late—hey, what do I care—by the time you see this it will be really too late and then it won't matter, ha, ha ha.—Ah well, things are tough all over (I think the Latin for that is "sic transit gloria Tuesday," or sumpin').

Oh, by the way, I'm writing this in biology class, and, boy, is that stuff interesting, we'r studying evolooshun and did you know that if a blacksmith with a strong right arm catches a blind fish, his red-haired son will have a giraffe with an exceptionally long neck! However, much as I like this subject, I just can't help feeling I'm not doing my best—but then I'm a perfectionist.

I think I'll let you in on some of the gay repatee I hear around our old Alma Mudder—this months understatement of the month is by J. W. H. who says "Doug Threntdyle's car is a blue thing!"

If you don't mind terribly (but personally I don't care 'cause I'm going to do it whether you like it or not) I'm going to record some interesting libelous little things I've experienced lately.

Movies — Saw two dillies last week.

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# SPORTS

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## The Story for 1953-54

At the time of reading this article, all sporting activity in the old Alma Mater will have come to a close, and only memories of the past season will remain in the now-crammed heads of those anticipating the ordeal ahead.

A reminiscence of the year in "college" sports will complete the picture for 1953-54.

### FOOTBALL

This was the premier sport, and the Mules put up a good showing, even though they were somewhat confused by the backward running of their "Nick Volpe prodigee". Kipp was the hero of the 3-2 win over Huron with his last quarter field goal.

### TRACK

Late in October our volunteer Track team entered the Inter-collegiate Track Meet at Guelph. Taciuk was the individual champ of the day with 13 points, winning the 220 and 440. "Spike" McNair placed first in the discuss throw and shot-put.

### BASKETBALL (Bobs)

The Senior Mules had one of their best seasons. They bowed out in the finals to Guelph, just lacking that final touch. During the year they defeated such teams as Trinity, Ryerson, and McMaster in exhibition play.

The Industrial team ended up in first place in the "Y" league, due to the constant scoring of the "Pembroke Trio".

### HOCKEY

Well, they just didn't have it in hockey. They defeated the Alumni, though, and that was a boost.

Klym was the backbone of the team, with "Crazy-legs" Birrell looking after the defence. Binhammer added a few laughs, especially with his penalty shot that almost wrecked the poor goalie. Next year????

### BADMINTON

There isn't too much to say about the bird game . . . only that there wasn't

(Continued on page 22)

## The Matador

With a red cape in one hand and a muleta in the other, Sidney faced the bull. They stared at each other as the crowd roared, urging him on to the kill. But what was he to do? He had never killed a bull before. Suddenly it rushed towards him, gaining speed, and he could not move in time . . . and then he was floating through the air.

Sidney was an American who had left Brooklyn to seek fame and fortune south of the border. In a restaurant in Mexico City which was a hangout for bullfighters and their friends, Pedro, Miguel and Juan were making fun of Sidney.

"But my friend, you know Americans cannot fight bulls."

"Oh yeah! What's so hard about killing a bull?" said Sidney. "But you don't understand," said Miguel. "Americans have never been bull fighters and never will be. It is something common only to the Spanish-speaking world."

"That's crazy! It's just a matter of humans over animals, that's all," said Sidney as he rose from the table. He was fed up with all this guff about the superiority of the Spaniards. "And what's more, I'll bet I could even kill a bull."

Miguel laughed, "Now the conversation is becoming 'fantastico'."

"That does it" yelled Sidney. "I'll prove it to you. I'll kill a bull myself!"

Pedro's jaw dropped. Juan turned pale.

"Are you serious?" they asked.

"Certainly."

"But you haven't any experience," said Juan, to which Miguel added, "If you really want to kill a bull I will introduce you to Rudolfo Gaona, the greatest bullfighter in all Mexico. He will teach you how to perform in the arena. For if you have decided to die, you may as well die with dignity."

"Are you hurt? Can you hear me?" the swordhandler insisted. "What? Where am I? Oh, my chest!"

Another matador remarked, "You are lucky, it was only the flat of the horns that caught you."

Sidney looked around and there was the bull waiting for him. He had to go back for the kill. The crowd was becoming impatient. The bull quickly charged again and once more Sidney moved too late. Darkness covered him again.

As they approached the elegant bullfighter's mansion, Sidney became frightened, but his friends pushed him on.

"So you want me to teach you how to kill a bull?" said the matador sceptically. He called an attendant who returned with several brilliantly embroidered red capes and some narrow swords called muletas which were used to kill the bull.

"Pick the sword and cape you would use," said the gentleman. Sidney was bewildered. They all looked the same to him. So, trusting to luck, he closed his eyes and picked one.

"Ole! Ole!" cried Gaona, wildly and happily. "You have chosen the best. You have the instinct, my friend. We will make a great bullfighter out of you."

For three weeks Gaona taught Sidney the basic routines, how to work the cape and lure the bull. Then one day he received word he was to appear in the arena next Sunday.

On the appointed day, in the warm afternoon sun, Sidney stepped into the bull ring. The white sand dazzled his eyes for a moment, then he looked around. It was a tremendous sight—alive and brilliant with red, black and gold colours. The arena was filled to capacity; the peons and workers sitting in the top half of the stands and the rich land owners in the boxes with their beautiful *senoritas*, gorgeously dressed in flowing lace. Everywhere there was excitement, music and colour. It thrilled him as he had never been thrilled before, until the announcement that he was supposed to kill the next bull was heard. Then he

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# MUSING

Just outside my window Spring is running the gamut of its annual debut. The sun, from behind some fleecy clouds, is playfully beaming on a few splotches of snow still left on the lawns. A pair of robins is lustily flitting about. A squirrel is peeking at me from a near-by tree. Some boys have resurrected their baseball gloves from underneath a winter's collection of newspapers, and are noisily engaged in taking their turn at windmill pitching on the street. The girls are out too—skipping, of course. A lady just walked by. Her face bore an expression of satisfaction and contentment. Small wonder; under her arm she carried an Easter-decorated hat box.

Now can you picture me—a student—trying to concentrate on my studies when all this is transpiring within my view? Such is the disconcerting truth. On either side of me rises a stack of musty, yellowed, old history books. Yes, I'll face it! I still have not completed my history term-paper! But before I go at it again, I must share a thought with you—inspired by a history book, mind you! I am writing a paper on the universities of the Middle Ages. Many interesting comparisons can be made between these first institutions of higher learning and our present universities. Though points of difference are innumerable, one thing has remained the same—the attitude of the students. One historian writes of those medieval scholars: "If among some older professional students there was such a determination to learn that an ineffective teacher was fined or discharged, among the younger arts students we find some evidence of a feeling not unknown today among undergraduates, namely, that a university without any professors would be an idyllic spot."

Is the statement justified that we, today—at Waterloo College, for instance—think of our professors merely as es-

(Continued on page 19)

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## The UN - what it means to us



As most of you know, four brave souls, namely Rev. Durst, Earl Wolff, Wally Klym and yours truly, of this institution, set out for the fabulous city of New York, on Wednesday, March 3. The weather prior to our departure was perfect and we awaited the day with great anticipation. So what happens? On Wednesday, Southern Ontario was engulfed in one of the worst snow storms of the past winter and our forthcoming adventure seemed to be literally snowed in. But as I stated, these were **brave** individuals and so, after thawing out the door handles and the trunk of the huge Cadillac, oops, I mean Austin, (sorry G. D.), we started on our way.

The main reason for the journey was to get a first-hand look at the United Nations and see how it operated. We had all seen pictures of its new headquarters and had heard a lot of talk about its functions, so naturally we thought that the two days we were to spend at the building would be very educational. Just to show you how wrong four people can be, I would like to tell you now what happened.

Friday morning we walked from our hotel room to the U.N. full of enthusiasm. At 10.00 a.m. we were to meet with the delegates from the University of Western Ontario and take the tour as one body. We arrived at the information

desk and asked the girl where we were to go. She gave us a blank stare (as only Americans can do) and then made three phone calls before she finally found out what to do with us. We were shipped off to one of the conference rooms to find a volunteer worker of the U.N. waiting to tell us about its beginning and what it was trying to accomplish at the present time. We were then given tickets which permitted us to listen to a small committee debate on some problem in Africa. This was to take place at 1.15, so we went back uptown for dinner. We arrived back at the United Nations and proceeded to go to Conference Room 2 where this debate was to be in progress. Much to our dismay we found the room empty, so Earl went to see if we were in the right place. At the information booth, he was told that the members had decided to meet that morning instead of the afternoon. Naturally we were a little peeved, to say the least, but what could we do about it? At three o'clock one of the Canadian delegates, a Mr. Johnson, talked to us. After he was through, the four of us agreed that we had never heard a more uninteresting, dull, uneducational speech before. He said absolutely nothing of any value in the space of one hour. I don't believe he finished one complete sentence. In fact he was so bad, that three of the group we were with actually fell asleep. To top it all off, he stood up before completing a sentence, stated that he was glad to have had the opportunity of speaking to us, mumbled something about meeting his boss, and then left. I don't know whether he was bored talking to us or not, but if he was, all I can say is that he should have been in our shoes in order to find out what boredom was really like. It didn't take us long to say good-bye to the United Nations as we were thoroughly disgusted with the whole thing.

In closing, I would like to give you, the readers, some advice. If any of you would like to go to New York, stress the fact that you want to visit the United Nations. It is the best EXCUSE I know of.

PAUL CLASS

# TEACH ME TO PRAY

Lord, when I am weary with toiling,  
And burdensome seem Thy commands,  
If my load should lead to complaining,  
Lord, show me Thy hands—  
Thy nail-pierced hands, Thy cross-torn  
hands,  
My Saviour show me Thy hands.

Christ, if ever my footsteps should falter  
And my heart be prepared for retreat,  
If desert or thorn cause lamenting,  
Lord, show me Thy feet—  
Thy bleeding feet, Thy nail-scarred feet  
My Jesus, show me Thy feet.

O, God, dare I show Thee  
My hands and my feet?

A. D.

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# EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

by Bill Warden

Should We Support N.F.C.U.S.?

From St. Dunstan's University, P.E.I., the editor of St. Dunstan's 'Red and White' praises very highly, the work of The National Federation of Canadian University Students for its work throughout the past year. The editor from our fellow member university has pointed out several advantages and privileges we as members of this organization have gained.

Most important, a 'solid and lasting unity' has been established among Canadian students through the promotion of student interests and as a representative body at world student conferences. However, perhaps more important practically to the individual student are some of the direct benefits which have been secured. Here in Ontario, the prices of text books are lower as are train fares, and theatre rates. NFCUS has offered students and professors low rates for travelling abroad.

For those who are interested in continuing their education in another province of the country, NFCUS has provided scholarships whereby students from one region of the country may attend university in any other region at a cost no greater than that paid at their former school.

During the past year, the most significant project that NFCUS has undertaken has been the support of the Massey Commission Recommendations for additional scholarships for university students. This undertaking has been contributed to by many of the students of this college through the signing of the petition which was posted on the bulletin board in February.

## For the Future

1. The National Aspect.

1. The NFCUS National Art Competi-

tion and The National Short Story Contest were such a success that the Ontario Region will recommend at the Annual Conference that they be placed on an annual basis. To encourage students who have ability in photography the Ontario Region will also endeavour to establish a Photographic Salon which would be conducted similarly to the art and short story contests.

2. Many university students are paying for their own education and at the same time they are obliged to pay income tax on the same basis as a person who works full time. NFCUS recognizes the students plight and hopes to remedy the situation so that students would be allowed the basic \$1,000 exemption plus whatever they pay out for tuition fees.

## II. The Local Aspect.

1. Next year the NFCUS Committee of Waterloo hopes that it will be possible to invite a member university to Waterloo on an exchange week-end. If this is possible we feel that the points of interest in the college itself and the Kitchener-Waterloo area would be sufficiently attractive to the visiting students to reveal the splendid position that Waterloo holds in the community.

2. In a number of cities throughout Ontario students have found the local bus fares burdensome. Queen's University has reported that their students enjoy free transportation in Kingston. The Assumption Students of Windsor are aided by preferred rates on their local transportation system. Transportation is another problem which NFCUS will have to attack on a regional level.

Whatever the student's problem may be, if it effects a representative student body it is also the problem of NFCUS. Make use of your organization.

End.

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FURRIERS

(Continued from page 9)

beside its pools and realize that never more would you see mirrored in them slender columns and carvings intricate as lace.

Today you can still look down an avenue of arches at the distant hill-sides of the Sacro Monte. The graceful columns have stood proudly for seven centuries. The wisteria and the roses are beautiful in the gardens, but the sultan is gone from the music room. So are the musicians who intoned strange cadences to his pleasure.

All this is part of the Spain that was, Now what of the Spain that is?

There are times at which there is a merging of the old and the new. There is a suggestion of the desert in the wavering, Oriental cry of the flamenco singer; and something of the hero worship that sent forth a conquering Cid still shouts itself hoarse on Sunday afternoons in the bull-rings. As the matador bows low before truly adoring masses the lowering sun catches the gleam of his "suit of lights" and inflames the gold sand of the arena.

Nevertheless the ravages of americana are at work. Somewhat out of tune with Romans, Moors and Phoenicians is the spiraling popularity of "el futbol," or soccer. Every June the country works itself up into a frenzy over the Spanish version of the East-West final. Then the streets of Madrid resound far into the night with cheers on behalf of Bilbao, or Barcelona. And who knows? Perhaps on Sunday, day of the grand match, some of the regular bull-fight enthusiasts will turn renegade and catch the metro to the football field, instead.

Misconceptions about our present-day Spain. Ever since lurid tales (many of them regrettably true) reached this continent during that colossal fratricide that was the Spanish Civil War, in the late thirties, tourists have been wary about visiting Spain. And for some time Spain was just as wary of being visited. But for the past three or four years the Spanish government has been putting out the welcome mat in a most conspicuous, if genuine, fashion.

This is evidenced everywhere. You may, at the French-Spanish frontier, be frustrated beyond belief at the endless queueing-up for undisclosed purposes in the customs house. You may cast uneasy glances through the window at the Madrid-bound train lolling outside in the sun looking as if it might decide to surrender to the temptation to go no further on its prescribed course. You may, I suspect, be wild with indignation, since you are a newcomer to Spain and not yet used to this sort of thing. (By the end of the year you will have realized the utter futility of impatience). But, however riled may be your temper, you will definitely not be smarting under any of the incivilities so often handed out on this side of the Atlantic, under the label of efficiency. In Spain the bayoneted guards smile; so do the customs officials; so does the eternally patient man who checks your documents. People are courteous in a most disarming fashion wherever you go. Quite soon your inner rantings and ravings are making their way back to the frontier and you are going on your way without them.

For who could dwell on the inconveniences of border-crossing when he sees, soon afterwards, the red-roofed mountain villas in the Spanish Pyrenees, or when he stands hypnotized by the window of the train corridor watching the rolling lands of Old Castille go by, the colour of terra cotta?

When you ask the way in Madrid, you will be in for a surprise. Instead of being "told" the way, you will be shown. The easy-going natives, (who don't like work, anyway) will be delighted to take you right to where you want to go. All this with more smiles.

By this time you will find yourself willing to do without chrome-plated bureaucracy. You will have begun to take Spanish life as you find it, making no comparisons. This is perhaps your first, but certainly not your least important, lesson.

You will gradually learn other things: that the Spanish look with uncontrollable mirth on wearers of hats in general; that to eat dinner before two-thirty in the afternoon in a Madrid restaurant will brand you as a foreigner (the natives

postpone the pleasure until at least three); that it is both wise and "political" to refuse offers of cold potato omelette made to you in a third class train compartment; that you can safely entrust your most treasured possessions to anyone but a gypsy, and that all tales of ailing mothers, husbands or babies proffered by members of that race are not to be taken to heart, and that no Spaniard ever gives alms to such.

You will observe that Spanish señoritas swear by the latest in American film stars and Paris style trends; that they wear high combs draped with lace mantilla only for the season's first bull fight, or for their cousin's wedding—or their own.

Should you spend the winter (in below freezing temperatures) in heatless apartment houses you will concede that central heating is still quite a good thing, but when spring comes as early as the beginning of March you will be so thoroughly beguiled that the memory of clenched and chattering molars will fade to nothing beneath a Spanish sun.

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**MUSING**

(Continued from page 14)

sential, complementary fixtures of our school? Is it true that we think we might have a better time at College without our instructors, who restrict our extra-curricular activities by imposing such things on us as history term-papers? Obviously, such an attitude is symptomatic of serious pathology and, among other things, indicates a lack of understanding of, and appreciation for, the teachers. Perhaps I am projecting only my own shortcomings in this regard, but I believe that we, as students, often do not show our professors the due honour, respect, and appreciation we should. Yes, we attend their lectures and we may even laugh at their jokes, but that may be as far as our appreciation goes. Do we realize that our professors are taking their task most seriously? I believe it is their sincere desire to impart something to us which will contribute to our becoming better citizens and which will help us more competently to fill our place in society.

Strange as it may seem, our professors must have attended a university at one time or another, and though a few of them may be geniuses, I dare say most of them worked hard while at school. They have spent many years and much money trying to equip themselves for the noble task of teaching others—you and me. Our professors are challenging us to think maturely, to analyse and seek to solve our personal problems as well as those of a world about us. Perhaps, in the back of their minds, they are seeking to prepare us to take their place (presumptuous thought) when their term of office has terminated.

I think that we have as fine a group of professors at Waterloo College as can be found anywhere. We are conscious of their sincerity and purpose. So to you, our worthy professors, we wish to express our gratitude and appreciation for your endeavors during yet another year on our behalf. As we write our examinations and disperse for the summer, we will try to honour your efforts.

ARNOLD BAERG

## "THE ROBE" STINKS

(Continued from page 3)

Robe," I felt only disgust. I couldn't understand how people could be moved to tears, as some were. At first I thought that I was disgusted only because of the great disappointment of that much-advertised device which they call "Cinemascope". But from disappointment to disgust is no small step. So I started to reflect on the picture, comparing it with the book from which it was adapted, and which I also read and liked. Then I found that about the screen version there was nothing to reflect upon! The main plot (do you know which I mean?) had been drowned by a number of subplots. In the end, there were so many stories running parallel that one could not say which was which. But it must be conceded that screen adaptations of novels can hardly ever be quite the same, because of the varying media and the difference in approach. Only the spirit or the theme should really be the same in either. And that is the very point here: the screen adaptation of "The Robe" is a sad and ridiculous "mellow drayma," because the theme of the original story has been crowded out by a lot of nonsense. Instead of the drama, and genuine drama it could have been, of Man's search for God, there is a helter-skelter arrangement of quite spectacular scenes which do not form a composite whole, and which were selected

and enlarged upon only to cater to one group of movie goers: the mere vulgar! Who else wants to see, in human make-believe, the Supreme Sacrifice of the Lord on the cross, accompanied by sheet-metal thunder and a turbine-generated duststorm? And this is not a mere matter of taste. De gustibus non est disputandum? True, there is no debating **this** kind of taste! — And what about the rest of the picture? We can go back to the "recipe" mentioned above; it has been followed religiously also while "The Robe" was "manufactured."

Summing up, I would say that the producers of "The Robe" tried to, and did, get away without a plot. There is no play as such, but there is a clever play with the audience and their religious feelings. The tactic is ruthless: by appealing to the religious feelings of the masses (and these must, incidentally be very primitive, since "The Robe" was quite a hit) most criticism was silenced (my goodness, people might think one is against religion . . .). To that I say: if "The Robe" is "religious," then I am definitely against religion.

And now you can jump me, and afterward write another letter to the studio, giving the advertising manager another lift of his ego by telling him that the one outrageous critic of "The Robe" has been successfully done away with.

WILLY FRITZ.



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## THE MATADOR

(Continued from page 13)

was scared. He wasn't supposed to kill a bull today, only do some pass work. Why, he didn't even know how to kill a bull. "How did I ever get into this?" he thought, but already thousands of eyes were upon him. The noise died down to a hush as the bullfighter march was played, then swelled again when the huge bull was let loose. To Sidney it seemed bigger and fiercer than any he had ever seen. He led it gracefully through a few routine passes and the crowd applauded generously. But what was he to do now? He had learned no more.

Gradually he came to, faintly hearing the voice of the matador, "You have been lucky twice my friend, do not expect it again. Go out and get your revenge."

Still nervous, Sidney went back in.

"Hi, torro!" he yelled, brilliantly lifting the cape as the bull charged by. He couldn't tell whether he was brave or just plain crazy. Again the enraged animal rushed by, but this time it was too close for comfort and Sidney jumped for cover of the pens.

"Whew! That was a close call," he thought. A coke bottle crashed near him and he became aware that the crowd was very impatient. People were stamping their feet, whistling and hurling obscenities. Bottles were flying in all directions.

"Get out there and kill the bull," credit someone. "Don't you know that the crowd can be more dangerous than the bull."

"But I don't know how," yelled Sidney. "I shouldn't have been billed to kill one in the first place."

"It's too late for that now," said the stranger. "I will tell you what to do. The 'picadores' have weakened him for you by prodding him with their spears, and made him lower his head by sticking him with darts. There is a tiny spot between the shoulders about the size of a half dollar which is now exposed. This is the only place where you can stab the brute and penetrate the heart. It kills him in a dignified way by a clean internal hemorrhage. Now, with the sword in your right hand, wait until he lowers his head, then lean over his horns, thus, take careful aim, and lunge forward—so! Now go to it."

With his red cloth, a muleta and a sword the size of a yardstick, Sidney approached the bull. He was hysterical and hadn't the slightest idea what he was going to do next. The huge brown back moved forward, and the blood-stained mouth and sharp horns reached out for him. It was now or never. He waited for a second, then deftly thrust the sword down hard. The bull sank slowly to its knees. He had made a perfect kill.

MICHAEL WAGNER.

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## SPORTS

(Continued from page 12)

enough interest and it lacked organization. A team did represent the College at Guelph in the Intercollegiate Meet in February.

### CURLING

Curling, in its third year at the College, proved to be an interesting sport to many. Jim Lehnen's team, consisting of Schenk, Woodman, and Martin, won top honours, defeating Ken Kraft.

The Intercollegiate team lost out to Toronto in the finals at Guelph early in March.

### SWIMMING

Yes, there was swimming at the "Y" for those who wanted to use the pool on Thursday afternoons. Many, including Polson, McWatters, Cusack, and Herbert, were seen flipping their fins at these sessions.

### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls participated in the sports programme under the able leadership of "Crafty" Cotter. By all reports, the girls had fun playing against St. Mary's, K.C.I., Western and Guelph. The team was stacked with such stalwarts as Jo (Bulldog) Meyer, Cathy Erb, Doris Beatty, and Anna Dipple.

Early in the fall a carload of girls (properly escorted) represented the school at the Western Track Meet, but little is known of the results.

### CARDS

This proved to be the most popular form of recreation. Hearts and Bridge vied for top place in the popularity poll, but, from the participating point of view, they prevailed over all other games, with the sharks setting up quarters in the cafeteria and common rooms.

Then there was the fight on T.V. in the cafeteria which was another sporting attraction that was offered to the students.

Thanks must be given to Dr. McKay, our Athletic Director, for helping out to the best of his knowledge in the sports programme through the year. With more help next year, we are looking for-

ward to having him at our helm once again.

In retrospect, the season wasn't too successful, but a year's experience was gained and, with a new programme planned for the fall, all are hoping that the opening of the new building next year will bring forth better results in the athletic field.

SCOTTY FERGUSON, Esq. '57

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### STATIC

(Continued from page 11)

A. "SON OF BELLE STAR"—Fabulous—the hero is a gun-toting, poolroom-type character, who murders about ninety-seven innocent bystanders while he struggles to prove that he was framed for the first job he ever pulled; the heroine is a delightfully Indian-type brood with a face that would stop Big Ben and whose only line seemed to be "You gringo dogs, you gringo dogs" terrific eh? The plot's swell too. Sonny Boy, after killing the sheriff, his girl, and all the rest of the cast, is shot down like a dawg by Leo Gorcey while he (Gorcey) was walking across the lot to another set—as I said, fabulousey.

B. "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE"—A colourful extravagoonz— all I've got to say about Hollywood's latest anti-cultural is that the director should have reread "King Arthur," Algernon Gisch's "Notes on acting for pre-school age kiddies" and Lord Byron's fascinating little book "Plumbing for Beginners"—but then maybe they'd be a little too deep for him.

Well, gang, see you next year—that is if I can maintain an F average in crocheting 20 and stay in my course—by the way in your studying remember my motto "Dolce far niente"—which, freely translated, is "Peel me another grape, dahling."

End

# APRIL IN DENMARK

It is a good thing to realize early in life that people cannot be "typed," that they are individuals. But, "sans doubt," you've already done so. It's difficult to escape, for we do notice the manifestations of certain traits of character that make one person similar to another, and so "type" that person and place him in a category with a host of others.

It's probably true that Freud is just now becoming the rage in Canada, while fading out of popularity in other countries. That is, we understand, due to our time lag. Psychoanalysing your best friends and worst enemies is very amusing, but one does make them deplorably dull by doing so, especially when it means relegating them to a file behind an index card.

I've noticed at Waterloo College during the past three years (perhaps it was so before and will be so after) that there seem to be only two files which come under the single trait index card—FRUSTRATION . . . male and female. Of course, we have both frustrated introverts and frustrated extroverts, so we are making progress. In this way one is almost given a chance to differ from the next man.

Some highly intelligent figure who, no doubt grew tired of being just frustrated and sought to establish his originality, introduced himself as the guy with "a main maladjustment." Being really smart he wouldn't tell what this was.

Let me draw your attention to the fact that we have our artists, for whom technical language is really too, too dull. They stick to a Freudian interpretation

and with their creative minds, have added clever new type names. Certain individuals have the indubitable honour of being "squirrels." Squirrels may be a fraternity, or even a subversive organization, but whatever and whoever they may be, I suggest we study 'em.

You're not a frustrated introvert or extrovert, of course; and, for myself, if this limited categorical choice is not in some manner extended, it's only fair that we should be granted free tickets to Denmark. In that way, with permutations and combinations, one could be a female frustrated introvert or a male frustrated introvert or a male frustrated extrovert or male frustrated extrovert or a combination frustrated pervert; which does allow some variety.

. . . And, oh my goodness, I almost forgot: there is a wee itsy bitsy element among us which are almost extinct—everyone I've talked to says there's really only one left and modestly declines to name that person. They are the intellectuals; being much cleverer than the rest, they can type you in a word and analyse all your tendencies. They have a prodigious store of knowledge all about you. YOU might be surprised; but nothing phases THEM. They have had a very broad experience of life and they won't hesitate to tell you just how broad. Their knowledge of literature is unlimited, encompassing almost all that has been on their prescribed course of study plus Mickey Spillane. I'm really too kind. Do not mistake me. These individuals do know a few things; but finding such a vast void in their companion's minds,

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or seeming to find such a void, they are encouraged out of all proportion to their powers, and so, bless our numb tongues and addled brains, we are forced to listen to these sophisticated spirits dribble on and on and on. . . . Ah but take heed, ye deficient in understanding, they have opened a new category to you. If you imitate carefully, you too can be a bore in just oh so few easy lessons; you may even choose any degree of bore you like.

I'm scarcely able to believe it, but it's rumoured there is another "type" category fast ascending . . . insect type known as "bar fly" or "pub grub," but I haven't noticed any index cards for them.

"Spike" McNair thinks that he may be the only labelled "profanist" having received anonymous letters to that effect; there is a fairly exclusive type category which most of us could attain to, providing we'd spice up our monosyllables.



Then there are those sexy ones. If you would like to get into the "S" file, but feel you just don't measure up, then girls, read the advertisements in "True Confessions"; and, boys, Little Theatre will advise you where to buy quantities of false hair for your chests, and the glue to go with it.

Well stoo-dents, that's approximately the magnitude of the dastardly situation, and I fear there's a final gloomy note.

Our highly intelligent friend's main mal-adjustment has just been diagnosed. Sad, but the ultimate word has been declared. . . . FRUSTRATED!!!! . . . a be . . . a bo . . . a bee a bee + \$%& etc.

B. M.

**SEMINARY**

(Continued from page 5)

reveal another person who shares these doubts. Everyone agrees that these boys haven't a thing to worry about.

Our prayers and best wishes go with each of them. May God guide them, so that their light may continue to shine brightly in their respective congregations, their Conferences, and their Synod. The future holds no terrors for those who walk with God. May He be their constant companion as they go forth to their respective parishes, and may they always put their trust in Him.

God bless you all in your ministry, so that you may bring forth fruit abundantly.

A. K.

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