

THE COLLEGE CORD

VOL. 16

WATERLOO, ONT., APRIL 29, 1941

AN UNDERGRAD PUBLICATION

No. 5

Waterloo College Girls Win First Place In Badminton

Top Rank in Inter-Western Badminton Won by Waterloo

Waterloo finished with top honours in the badminton series. They were in first place, with Western second and Alma and Brescia tied for third place.

On Feb. 13th, in the games played at K-W Collegiate Miss Mary Fisher, Waterloo, defeated Miss Pat Morris of Brescia 21-2, and Miss Lucy Wintermeyer, Brescia, defeated Miss Ruthmarie Schmieder 21-8. In the doubles, the two girls of the Waterloo team defeated the two from Brescia.

In the badminton singles played on Feb. 26 with Alma College at K-W Collegiate, Miss Ruthmarie Schmieder defeated Miss Margaret Gibson 21-14, and Miss Mary Fisher defeated Miss Helen Shields 21-1. In the doubles the two girls from Waterloo defeated Miss Helen Shields and Miss Lillian Dobson of Alma 21-5.

In the final games in London on March 6, Miss Mary Fisher and Miss Ruthmarie Schmieder won the singles. In the doubles they defeated Miss Mary Vocher and Miss Peg Henneger of Western 21-9.

Mary Fisher won all the games she played. Ruthmarie Schmieder, a new-comer, played remarkably well. Miss Jean Kramp was forced to stop playing badminton because of an injured ankle. These three girls formed the badminton team for this season, and brought the college to first place in the season's games.

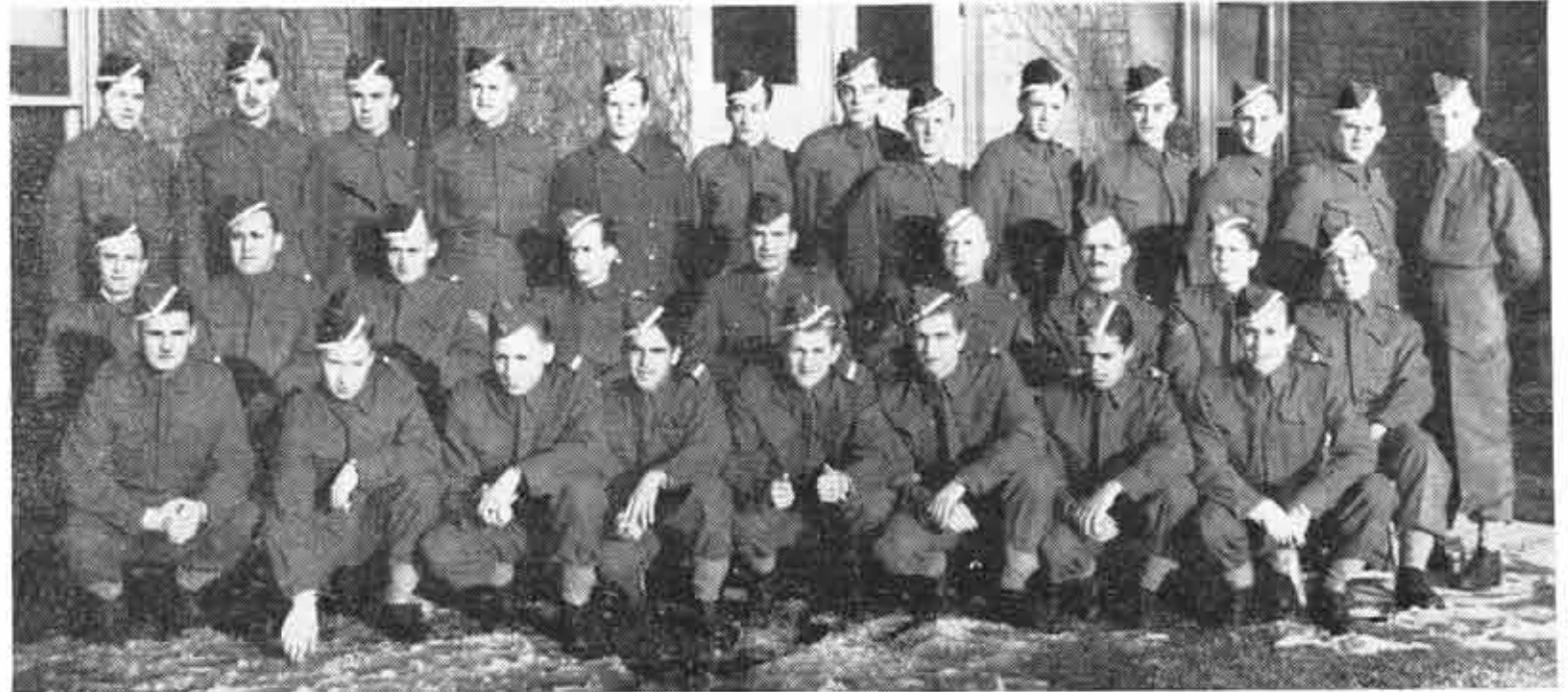
College Co-Eds Win Second Place in Basketball Series

Under the coaching of Ruth Corner, the girls' basketball team finished in second place, in the games of the season. This is a great improvement over last year, when the team finished last. Congratulations go to the new members of the team who had never played basketball before. Western was in first place, Brescia in third, and Alma in fourth.

On Feb. 16 our team held Brescia Hall to a 14-all tie in a game played at K-W Collegiate. The previous week they tied 14-all with Western at South Collegiate, London.

On Feb. 26 the team defeated Alma College of St. Thomas 17-14. All the

WATERLOO COLLEGE C.O.T.C. UNIT



First Row: Artindale; McLaughlin, Koehler, Sauder, Wilson, Whitney, Armstrong, Stuebing.
 Second Row: Berscht, McIvor, Sgt. Kendall, Cpl. Hardy, Lieut. Brock, Cpl. Gould, Sgt. Jeffers, Cpl. Snyder, Campbell.
 Third Row: Cadets Beggs, McTaggart, Winhold, Eby, Spohn, Merner, Schmieder, Tilton, Donley, Wallace, Downes, Skelion, Nelson.

home games were refereed by Miss Hellen Carstens.

The last game of the season was played in London against Western. In this game Western won with a 19-9 score.

Following this final game, the girls of the four teams, Alma, Brescia, Western and Waterloo were entertained at a banquet held in London.

Heartiest congratulations should be extended to Miss Corner who coached the team to make this good showing. The basketball players for the season were:

Forwards: Miss Mary Fisher, Miss Jean Kramp, Miss Ann Kuntz.

Guards: Miss June Brock, Miss Violet Dorsch, Miss Lottie Kellerman, Miss Patsy McGarry, Miss Margaret Rohe, Miss Ruthmarie Schmieder.

C. O. T. C. NEWS

Since the last printing of this column both squads in the school have had some novel experiences. For two nights during the past two weeks the Reserve Unit has had target practice on the range at the Armouries. This little practice has shown that there are some budding "sharpshooters" in our midst. I refer to Professor Rikard, Henry Nuhn

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and Fred Neudoerffer, who had very good scores both nights. Other members of the unit showed a lack of practice the first night but came right back on the second night to challenge the leaders. Mr. Gross was shooting under a disadvantage. After all, Gross, it is the target you are trying to hit, not the lights.

During the past week, the COTC unit had their first muster parade. The fellows in the COTC were quite keen about drawing pay. Came muster parade and every member was present in full dress, only to discover that pay came several days later. Tough luck fellows, but after all you will get paid — or won't you?

Several interesting periods have also been spent on gas drill. We were very fortunate in having an officer and two sergeants from No. 10 Training Centre lecture and demonstrate to us. In the last period of the series we were allowed to put on the masks and go through the routine of a gas attack. It is feared that several of the group were casualties because they failed to test for gas before removing their masks.

Have you noticed anything peculiar about certain members of the COTC? Haven't you heard them talking to themselves. There is one member who frequents the boys' common room a great deal, who is terribly afflicted. Any time during the day you can hear him talking about tanks, guns, rolling ground, standing patrols who stand and many other items. And the reason for all this? COTC exams. Yes, the fellows are studying hard and before finishing this column may I wish them all the best of luck.

The War in Greece

Once again recent events have brought to the attention of the world the value of a sound classical education. The war in Greece is being fought over ground familiar to every student of Ancient History, and a forecast of its probable outcome and an understanding of its details are both enhanced by a study of Classical authors.

The Albanian campaign is being fought over the terrain covered by Pompey and Caesar in the Civil War, during the preliminary manoeuvres of the campaign which ended at Pharsalia. The modern Durazzo, which is the main Fascist base, was then, under its ancient name, Dyrrhacium, Pompey's headquarters, and was placed under circumvallation by Caesar. As Mussolini is trying to break out of the encircled position at Tepeleni, so Pompey tried at Dyrrhacium; he was successful, and turned the campaign into a war of motion. At Pharsalia his panzer divisions of cavalry were broken by the steadiness of Caesar's infantry. The strategy of the whole campaign, which is germane to the present one, is explained in the earlier parts of the third book of Caesar's Civil War, the Latin of which is well within the understanding of anyone who has passed Honours Matric.

A spot of Greek, however, will be necessary to deal with our gallant friends, the Evzones. They should strictly be called Ev-zonetes, a word meaning "well-girdled," the idea being the same as that in the Biblical

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THE COLLEGE CORD

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EDITORIAL

On behalf of Waterloo College we congratulate the Girls' Basketball Team. The girls won second place in the Inter-Western Basketball League, making a great advance over former years.

The badminton team is especially to be complimented. The girls carried off top honours in the series.

Sport is not the only field in which we can be successful. Waterloo College has a spirit which ought to enable us to conquer in any sphere which we invade. We do not know what we can accomplish until we try.

Two meetings have been held to decide the future of the Waterloo College Invitation Games. After a great many facts, conjectures and arguments had been set forth, a motion was made that the Games should be postponed for the duration of the war.

For the last six years the Invitation Games have been a College institution for which everyone has been willing to work and plan. The Games have always gone very well. But this year it was felt that a different situation made a change necessary. The men feel that with C.O.T.C. they have not enough time for the great deal of work connected with the meet.

Like other colleges, we feel that we should give up certain events during the war.

But we feel that the Games should not be dropped entirely. Provision should be made so that they can be resumed some time in the future.

There has hardly been time so far to estimate the success of the meet. Some day perhaps it will do a great deal for Waterloo College.

Last month we intended to publish information about former Waterloo College boys who are on active service. It was impossible to get any material concerning these boys in time for the last issue, but we are pleased to introduce you to some of them in this month's Cord.

We wish, on behalf of the College, to give these boys the recognition due them for their service. They are representing us and will soon be fighting for us. There is little that we can do in appreciation for all that they are doing, but we are trying to pay tribute to them, though it is of course impossible to publish much real information.

We shall be grateful for any further news you can offer, and we hope you enjoy this feature.

Spring is a time of reawakening, a season of promise. In the spring everything is renewed, refreshed, given a new lease on life. We hear you say: "A time of reawakening, yes—awakening to the fact that next week is Dead Week; a season of promise, certainly—promise of work, examinations, suspense, low marks."

Spring is not all it is said to be by those whose examination days are past. But even the impending doom cannot entirely dampen the ardour of the spring-fever addicts. And all the students are taking the May grind in their stride, philosophically regarding examinations as necessary nuisances. We are resolved to make the best of them, either by conquering them or by ignoring them!

While we hope for good fortune, we remember that, as the professors would tell us: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars—" But we refuse to admit that luck does not have a great deal to do with our fate.

Anyway, we wish the best to all!

Our next Cord will be the Graduation issue. This is a special number and one which we want to be especially good. Of course you all realize the difficulty of producing a Cord in the month of May. Everyone will be very busy. With examinations imminent, no one will be able to devote much time to anything except study. It is our aim to make the work on the May issue of the Cord as easy and systematic as possible. In order to do this, there must be co-operation. We are sure that the staff and regular contributors will all work together to make a success of the Graduation number.

We shall be very grateful for any suggestions and ideas that will infuse a new and "special" element into the last Cord of the year.

University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

The dictionary defines "education" as a process, a discipline of mind or character through study or instruction. It may refer also to a stage in the process of training such as a **college education**. The words "education", "training", "discipline" and "breeding" have, according to usage, similar meanings. They all refer to the various qualities that result from a good college course. A university graduate should show by his speech, bearing, manners, conduct, efficiency and character that he has received the benefits of a college education.

A university or college course is of high value when it enables the student who takes it to make the most of his opportunities in after life. It should help him to acquire the knowledge and ability necessary for him to render the greatest service to the community in which he lives.

In this stage of the world's development men of education and ability are more needed than at any time in the past.

For particulars with reference to matriculation standards, courses of study, scholarships, etc., write—

K. P. R. Neville, Ph.D., Registrar.

— LITERARIA —

Horizon

Part I—Little Jeff Martin, Aged Ten

What a wonderful world it was, beyond the horizon, outside the boundaries of the Little Home Town! How beautiful were the magic lands on the other side of the ocean, where cultivated, dark-skinned men in flowing silken robes, and veiled, dark-eyed women went about among the gay bazaars or sat among silken cushions listening to enchanting music or stirring poetry! What witchery was in the word "Mediterranean" — blue, shining, under a golden sun, and shores on which stood time-hallowed pillars half crumbled — Italy — Greece!

Little Jeff Martin walked slowly down the street of his Home Town, hands in his pockets, a cap thrust over his short, dark curls. It was a cold, bright Saturday afternoon. The other boys were all away tobogganing on the hills. The other boys never bothered with Little Jeff Martin because he liked school and read books and had curly hair. So Little Jeff Martin went off by himself to look for adventure. He had devoured the Arabian Nights, the Tales of King Arthur, and the stories of mythology. Today he would choose King Arthur. The street on which he walked was not the paved, shop-lined Main street of the little home town. It was a narrow, dusty street, bordered by small old houses with top-heavy upper storeys and latticed windows. Down the street came a great, snow-white charger ridden by an armed knight, a tall, broad-shouldered knight with a bronzed face, bearing the Red Cross standard of the Crusader. That knight had black curly hair and deep blue eyes. That knight was Geoffrey de Martinas — that knight was Little Jeff Martin himself. He had just returned from the Holy Land, where he had met the great Haroun al Raschid (for Little Jeff Martin neither knew nor cared that the great al Raschid had lived two hundred years before the Crusaders). He was returning now, from the company of dark-eyed, soft-voiced daughters of the East, to prove his troth to a golden-haired, pink-cheeked English sweetheart. He was on his way to see her when — plop!

A snowball squished against his left ear. Jolted out of his dream, Little Jeff Martin turned angrily to see a blue knitted cap and a pair of dancing eyes peeping out at him from behind Jones's Bake Shop. He clenched his fists inside his pockets and glared. A pink tongue was thrust out impudently. "Sissy — sissy!" a shrill voice taunted. That was enough for Little Jeff. Bending, he scooped up a handful of snow and flung it with good aim right into the taunting face. There was a shriek of anger. The slim shoulders straightened, the green eyes glinted with fury. A small foot stamped the ground. Little Jeff's blue eyes glared

back defiance. With a gesture of disgust, his little assailant turned, red pigtailed whirling, shouting as she darted away: "Attack a lady — would you!"

"Girls!" muttered Little Jeff Martin, shrugging his shoulder as he resumed his walk.

Geoffrey de Martinas, the seasoned warrior, had been attacked by a great orange-colored dragon with green eyes that shot fire, and had vanquished it in single combat.

* * *

Part II—Jeff Martin, Aged Sixteen

Jeff Martin tossed his baseball mitt and sneakers into his locker, dashed cold water on his crisp curls and slicked them down as flat as possible. He rolled down his shirt-sleeves, put on his coat, and slid into second-from-the-back in the third row. Opening his history book in front of him, he paged through it, reading of Marathon and Plataea, of Pisistratus and Socrates. His mind reconstructed Athens as she had been in her prime, with the Temple of Jupiter gleaming in the sun, the philosophers teaching in the Lyceum, men and women wending to the Acropolis at evening when the beautiful temple was mellowed by the golden rays of sunset. He among them, an Athenian youth, was going to devote himself to Pallas — to knowledge. As he reached in his dream the summit of the Acropolis, the other people melted away; the Parthenon stood as it is today, bronzed with age, partly destroyed, more beautiful still in its desolation. His heart cried out fiercely for the preservation of Greece — he dreamed of a restoration of the Golden Mean.

"Geoffrey Martin, what is the hypothesis of theorem thirteen, Book II?" a voice boomed from the distance. Jeff Martin started from his reverie, blushing. "Eh — wh — I beg your pardon, sir?" he stammered, his voice cracking. The teacher repeated the question. Jeff stumbled through the answer, omitting two points and confusing it with theorem twelve. A titter came from the other side of the room. A mass of short, red curls bobbed, a pair of green eyes taunted. Jeff Martin scowled. Mary James—a mere second former! The impudent brat! He ground his teeth.

Jeff knew more about history than anyone else in the class. When the history period came, he answered fully and fluently. Defiantly he glanced at Mary James. The red curls bobbed at him again, but the green eyes were smiling. Sheepishly he grinned at her. She grinned back, then tossed her head and bent over her book again.

As Little Jeff Martin had fought dragons and Turks in his dreams, the ungainly high school Jeff fought real battles on the gridiron. He was the team's best player. And when the Little Home Town played the neighboring town, it was Jeff Martin's

score that won the game. As he was leaving the field, warm and triumphant, a voice in his ear said, "So our King Arthur's Knight really has muscles!" There was a sting in the voice, but when he looked down, flushing and embarrassed, the green eyes which met his were warm and friendly. Girls! How can one figure 'em out!

* * *

Part III

Geoff Martin—aged twenty.

"And the silks and spices and the courtly manners of the East were brought to the West, and Europe became initiated at last to the luxury of the Orient."

"Jove, sir," said Geoff Martin, Sophomore, "that sort of thing has always fascinated me. When I was a little chap I wanted more than anything else to visit the East—Mecca and Bagdad and—but such childish dreams! And it wouldn't be the same now."

Dr. Kail smiled. "I see what you mean," he said. "I know from experience. If you went to the East, you would not be disappointed. I was not. I have had the good fortune to visit all the historical spots in Europe and Asia, and I loved them all."

"Some day—" said Geoff. "But this course, sir, is almost as good. I am going to get a big kick out of this!"

"That's the way I like to hear 'em talk, Martin!" Dr. Kail exclaimed heartily. "Most young men now are so much less interested in study than in football and girls!"

"Girls!" said Geoff, with a shrug of disdain.

Geoff Martin was lounging around in the library, officially looking up material for an essay, actually browsing among books that had nothing to do with the philosophy of Wordsworth. After a time he became aware of someone near him, mulling through the French books, apparently finding nothing. He turned and looked. He saw only a shimmer of gold hair in soft waves, a blue dress—a Freshette—a girl! He was about to turn back when the girl looked around, smiling hesitantly at him with lovely eyes and red lips. "Scuse me," she said in a melodious voice, "but do you know—wh'—why—Geoff—Geoff Martin!"

He stared. "Carrots! Carrots Mary James! What the heck are you doing here?"

"French!" she replied laconically. She stiffened. "Must you call me Carrots?"

He stared at her. When he had last seen Mary James, more than a year ago, she was a spindly, green-eyed, red-headed, high school kid. Was this graceful, golden-haired, beautiful creature the brat whose pigtailed he had pulled in childhood days?

"Gee, Mary," he said. "It doesn't fit you any more." He helped her find her French book, and took her to the tuck shop for a coke.

"Mary," said Geoff shyly as they walked home from a show one night,

"How did you know about King Arthur?"

"Oh, Geoff, I was such a cat. I knew you were always day-dreaming, and were interested in history, and I—oh, it was horrid of me!"

"It was sweet of you," he said, "to notice me at all. And when I snowballed you—"

"My interest in you dates from that event," said Mary. "What a beast I was!"

"No—you were right, Carrots. I was a sissy!"

"A sissy—to have dreams, ambitions, knowledge—as you did, Geoff, even at the age of ten!"

He looked down into her eyes. Green—he had called them once; what colour were they, those luminous pools, cool and clear, and full of character? Geoff Martin clasped her slim fingers in his virile ones and they walked on hand in hand as he told her of those dreams and ambitions of the past, and for the present and future.

A few days later, as Geoff and Mary were studying in the library, Dr. Kail walked in. His eyes twinkled as he looked at Geoff.

"Martin," he said, "I'd like to talk to you for a moment," and motioned him into the reference room.

"Girls?" he queried, mimicking Geoff's former tone of disgust and shrugging his shoulders scornfully.

"Girls?" responded Geoff Martin, with a ring of delight in his voice and a shrug of satisfaction.

* * *

Part IV

Geoffrey Martin, Esq., forty-plus

The blue-green waves chased each other out and out toward the horizon, white-capped, tempestuous. The vessel was weighing anchor. Her name was the Samarkand, and she was bound for Persian waters. At the rail stood a man and a woman, arm in arm, with eager faces and shining eyes.

Dr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Martin were going on a voyage to Europe and Asia. Geoffrey was a little stouter, his tall figure had lost some of its liveness and his step some of its buoyancy. His hair was gray at the temples, and his blue eyes were tired, but they had lost none of their fire. Mary was slender and graceful as ever, the lines in her face were softer and kinder, and the light in her green eyes was mellow and more thoughtful.

"Samarkand, Mary," Geoffrey Martin was saying in a tone that still had the power to thrill her and make her dream. "Samarkand—Alexandria—Bagdad—Athens—the Danube! Oh, Mary—think of it! The spicy luxury of the East, the hallowed shrines of Greece, the music of the Volga boatmen—the midnight sun on the Altenfiord!"

Mary put her slim hand over his on the rail. "Your dreams—our dreams—are coming true at last, Geoffrey," she said. "Geoffrey, do you remember the snowball fight—the King Arthur—the first day at College—?"

"I remember it all," said Geoffrey Martin, "and it is all doubly dear to me now—Carrots."

The ship began to move. On the shore stood their two daughters, Mary and Diana, waving to them.

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As Snooky Sees 'Em

Measles have hit the College — Freddie and Bev are the first to take the "rash" step.

If the A.R.C. don't soon stop their Basket brawl tournament few will survive to see camp this summer. At present nine noble brothers remain.

Have you heard — Al Roland and his symphonic string quartet are featured nightly at the Tulane — for bookings write to R. Merner in care of the editor of this magazine.

Ye editor has twisted ye ankle—ye gods!!

Miss Corner's P.T. class is causing quite an interest among the male gentry. Why not build bleachers and charge a nominal reservation fee? Perhaps it would be much more profitable than Friday teas — and much more enlightening.

Is June Brock a relative of General Brock? My great-grandpappy was a friend of Tecumseh and that should help me.

Is it true Herb Brennan is thinking of having his car overhauled in case he decides to elope? At least he's always singing "Let's Get Away From It All."

SENIOR SIDE SLANTS

The Senior Class of 1941 is manly in its make-up. Only one of the fairer sex (but she a very fair one) may be found in this unique group. The other members of this alumnae to be, we hope, are a motley crew of manhood motivated by the desire to become Bachelors and migrate into this world of ours and others too (if Buck Rogers will rent out Space ships).

This complex crew have chosen as their guide, to see them through the strife of the senior year, the fairest of the class, that lady with the Grecian name, "Helen" whose motto is "If at first you don't succeed, Troy, Troy again."

Helen, as class president, and also as a friend and advisor has created a lot of interest among her fellow

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classmates (and I'm not fooling). One only needs a glance into an Economic 42b class to see that. Then, too, we have Brennan, the backwoodsman from the wilds of Hanover, an executive type of young man, and lover of French. The curly-headed one with the subtle strain is Merner the Manager, who is the new president and reviver (we hope) of our Athenaeum society. As we drowsily read down the list we stumble on one, Wallace Minke. At the mention of that name our hats are off to one who was perhaps the keenest thinker and hardest worker that ever lifted a pen,—no, not our Wally but a namesake of his who lived in Bubbling Brook, Iowa, two centuries before.

Then there is the man with the car who reminds us of Ming the Merciless as he races in the door with that "coiffure a la 1970." Maybe Moyer is following the advice of Antoine de Paris.

We have that cheery chap who at present is dividing his time between hockey, the measles, and—well you know. They tell us that Pugh is up to the Dot in everything he does — eh, what Bev!

Henry also, divides his time and if birdies don't lie we are told his style is Kramped but he likes it. Schmieder the Business Manager of our Cord also is very capable of managing things by "la technique Lazonga."

Our eyes next rest on nobility. Baron Spohn is the party referred to. Jim is a chap who believes that the coat closet in the lockers would also make a swell bomb shelter and takes daily practice against air raids (?) by entering this chamber at about 9.40 every morning.

We have wandered down the list and mentioned various points. We have omitted one important thing so far—the brains of the class. These we find in our strong silent pal "Windy" Winhold. We are all glad Lloyd and his notes are with us and by the way Lloyd, could I borrow your history summary for tomorrow.

Exchange**BACK WITH A VENGEANCE**

"When I was a little child," the sergeant-major sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers."

"There was a poor boy in the neighborhood and after I had been in Sunday school one day listening to a stirring talk on the duties of charity, I was soft enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said:

"Don't cry, Sonny, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back."

"And believe me, you lop-sided, button-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling pins, that day has come!"

"The Gateway."

Good Experience—Military trainees are having the novel experience of learning to take orders before they get married.—Calgary Alberton.

"Here's where I cut a good figure," said the college girl, as she sat on a broken bottle.

"The Gateway."

From a Father to A Son at College

My Dear Son:

I expect you to take the contents of this letter in the spirit that same is written you, for both your present and future benefit, and it is to be understood that you will be guided accordingly.

The purpose of this letter, primarily, is to give you to understand that you are still a minor—that you have brought no fame to yourself and deserve no praise regardless of the many false admirers you may have. Knowing the world as I do, I realize my responsibility to God and society, in rearing you to the age of reason, so that you develop a character that can stand the temptation of wrong.

However, you or no other human being can withstand the temptation to do wrong if they do not have God to rely on. And as I pick up the papers and read of the failures of college-bred men and women, I know it is not the colleges who are to blame. I know that it is not the parents that are to blame. This last-mentioned may be a factor to a certain degree, but I know I am not going to be to blame, if God gives me strength.

I am now coming down to the point.

When you were a baby and a small boy, your mother and I took you up to the centre of Church, or as near as we could get to the altar. As time went on, you got to going to church alone, and as we would come into the church, I would find you standing in the back of the church with plenty of empty pews in front. As you know, we had more than one battle—church or no church—but you invariably came up with us. Now it may not be long when there will result, through carelessness or some other reason, that you will want to be out of the Church altogether. But it will never be as long as I live. What I am leading up to is this: Your last report card shows a deficiency in religious study and application. This is going to be improved, believe me, old Pal, and where I am for you at all times, I am for you especially on one point—the recognition of right. When I see your religious studies going hay-wire, it is time that I jerk you up, and I don't mean maybe.

I appreciate all the confidence you have in your mother, and regardless of what confidence you have in me at the present, long after I am gone, regardless of your successes or failures in life, you will realize that my teaching and advice at this time was for your benefit.

To be good to you, Son, one must be cruel, at least that is the way you will take advice. When I hear you express some of your ideas of life, especially pertaining to the present time, my only recourse is to guide you firmly until you realize your humbleness.

I am at a complete loss to understand why you should fall down on religious training; unless you have solid, sound reasons, or can acknowledge that you have not applied

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THE SIGN POST

Sooner or later everyone gets around to writing vignettes. After a good deal of information about woodcuts, carvings and grapevine leaves, Annandale gives the following definition of a vignette: "A small, photographic portrait." He might also have called it the literary equivalent of a candid camera. Here are a few scrambled scenes which were snapped at random in and about these hoary walls.

* * *

Nora and Monk are galloping madly down the centre of the road. The place: Church street. The time: one half second before the departure of the next street car. A patient gray delivery horse standing in the snow watches them with superciliously uplifted eyebrows. He snorts contemptuously: "Hmph! I could make better time than that with a full load on!" Meanwhile our hero and heroine, blissfully unaware of this severe condemnation, scramble into the pneumonia special and rattle successfully around the corner out of sight. Curtain falls on act one.

* * *

We take you now to the library.

It is late one sombre afternoon and the air is heavy with the musty odour of books. Several members of the tribe sit huddled in their blankets, peering lazily into volumes, or writing slowly. All is silent. Then a sudden scraping of feet is heard upstairs. Some of the braves begin to stamp about in hobnailed moccasins. Voices boom, rise to a crescendo, slowly fade into silence. All is quiet now save for the twittering of birds who are hopping about the shelves looking for bookworms. Then intermittent voices rise again, more persistent this time. Any student would immediately scent a bull-session. Mr. Conrad of the Sem. arrives to confirm the rumour. The gentlemen upstairs are at it again. The question under discussion runs something like this: "What actually constitutes a good action?" Of course the innocent cannibal from darkest Africa is hailed in. If our black friend performs a good action, unaware of Christianity and civilization, would it still be good, even though he did not intend it to be? And so on, with complications, far, far into the night. To the surprise of all present a similar rumble begins to rise from the floor. The strong silent sex are at it down there, too. Professor Hirtle returns from a scouting expedition to report that the gentlemen in the nether regions are discussing the extra cent which has been added to the price of milk, and who gets it. Dull waves of sound beat down from the ceiling and up from the floor as the curtain slowly falls.

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The next scene is laid in the girls' private lair. Ruth Corner demonstrating the fireman's lift, is carrying on her shoulders a limp Margaret Rohe. Around the table in the centre of the room they go, once, twice, three times. Several onlookers gently but firmly refuse to try it on several sister on-lookers. Cupid comes to the door with his mop. A voice from behind him states coldly that the girls object to his interference. With an amazed look of complete innocence he retires to dust the chapel first. He can wait until these harpies have departed.

Vignettes, did we say? It is to laugh!

* * *

The teas, which had been interrupted for a short time, have been resumed. Friday afternoon and the girls' rooms are the accepted time and place. Everyone seems to have enjoyed these pleasant little social affairs, even certain rough and rugged gentlemen who could not resist the temptation (always alluring to the species) of criticising the smallness of the sandwiches. In an effort to please them a Dagwood tea was provided, with sandwiches of incredible size and solid tables to support their wabbling teacups. Visions of male content and delight were anticipated. But no, the chorus of groans and wails grew louder. The affair reminds one of Lafontaine's fable about the man who tried to please everybody. To placate his various critics he first walked beside his donkey, then rode on him and finally carried him. In the end the man decided that if he pleased himself the one most important person would be satisfied. And that, the girls have decided, is also their solution.

* * *

Some day before the hills are made low and the valley raised and all scores are settled certain people, among them many Seminaricians, will have to be forced to learn folk dancing. This will take place in the gym at Waterloo College, before the unkind eyes of a jeering world which will deride them even as they have scoffed at the efforts of the "Korner Kids." (This aggregation is also known as the P.T. class). Yea, verily, that will indeed be the day of justice. Then will they be seen leaping ungracefully in the wrong direction, at least three beats behind the pianist. Likewise will they ig-

DEL. HARTMAN

nominously forget to distinguish the right foot from the left, and be forced to run six yards to catch up with their partners. They, too, shall bound about like anguished kangaroos in the process of learning a new step. This shall take place before a mocking gallery, which staring from behind the wire meshes shall appear a little less than human. So ends our prophecy.

Did you know that the Cord is being undermined by a serious rival, or rather two of them? One "Bulletin Board" Kennard and his assistant "Keyhole" Stockman have formed a combination which has all the features of United Press, Dorothy Dix, Dr. Chase's Almanac and Aesop. We are expecting a rival publication any day now.

Back to the teas again. Anne Kuntz, Patsy McGarry, Laura Louise Livingston and Mary Huehnergard were hostesses on Friday at a charming and dainty tea. A shamrock with pink flowers was placed in the centre of the table, and pink candles were lighted. Lovely silver, dainty sandwiches and fragrant hot tea made the affair one of the most delightful which have been held this year.

THE WAR IN GREECE

Continued From Page One

phrase, "with their loins girt." When you are wearing a one-piece garment, you hoist it up at the waist to get it out of the way of your legs, and you need a strong girdle to secure it. So the next time that you see pictures of them with their cute little ballet skirts, remember to notice that the skirt stops above the knee, and so is no bar to easy running.

And next time the Cord is short of copy, you will hear all about the previous campaigns on the Strymon, and how Xerxes led an army into Greece too, and what happened to him. A copy of that issue might well be sent to Berchtesgaden.

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Waterloo College Boys on Active Service



JACK HARPER

Jack Harper graduated from the college in 1939. Shortly after he was employed as a salesman with a typewriter company. He took the C.O.T.C. at O.A.C. and enlisted on July 1, 1940 and was called shortly before Christmas as a commissioned officer (lieutenant) with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The regiment is at present stationed at Niagara-on-the-Lake.



GORDON SIM

Gordon Sim was a public school teacher in Kitchener having attended Stratford Normal, graduated in '34, transferred to Ottawa where he continued to teach public school. While there took C.O.T.C. On July 12, 1940, joined H.L.I. as a lieutenant. Now in Debert, N.S.



NORBERT JEFFERS

Norbert Jeffers was a student at the college in '37-38. The following year, he joined the staff of the Mutual Life Assurance Co. and worked there until the Highland Light Infantry was mobilized in June, 1940. He joined as a private the first day of recruiting in Kitchener and was immediately sent to Stratford. While in training there, he was among ten who were chosen to take an instructor's course in Ottawa. Later he again joined his unit in the capacity of sergeant and was transferred with the Highland Light Infantry to Camp Debert, Debert, Nova Scotia, where the troops are now waiting to be sent overseas.

Seminary Notes

During the past month the Seminararians were privileged to hear addresses by two excellent speakers.

The first of these speakers, Rev. C. Franklin Koch, D.D., executive secretary of the Board of Social Missions, New York City, gave a talk on the Board which he represents. He briefly mentioned the various aspects of the work of this Board, viz. Evangelism, Inner Missions, and Social Action. In the field of social action, especially, there are certain areas where work is very necessary. Some of these are: The liquor problem, marriage and the home, the use of leisure time and adult education.

The second speaker, Rev. A. W. Lotz of St. Peter's Lutheran church, Kitchener, gave the first of a series of lectures on "Evangelism." In a very inspiring address on this major part of pastoral work, he dealt with the definition and foundation of Evangelism, manifestations of the Church's failure, and hinderances to Evangelism.

Evangelism is the systematic endeavor through Christ to lead men from darkness to light, the conveying of the good news of Jesus' redemption with a view to inducing the acceptance of Christ for salvation. The speaker emphasized personal evangelism and the necessity of individual work.



BILL THURLOW

Bill Thurlow attended the college for two years. In August 1939 he enlisted with the R.C.A.F. and was called the following June. After a preliminary short training period at Manning Depot, Toronto, he was moved to Camp Borden where he was engaged in security guard work. His next transfer took him to the Hunt Club, Toronto, the No. 1 Initial Training School, then to Malton and finally to Jarvis (near Hamilton). At the latter school Bill received his wings on March 15 as sergeant observer. At the present time he is at Rivers, Manitoba, taking a special course in "astra" navigation.

Some people are nuts. People who are nuts are crazy. Crazy people are insane. Insane people go to institutions. Marriage is an institution. Therefore, you gotta be nuts to get married.



WILFRED BEAN

Wilfred Bean, graduate of 1934, trained at the Kitchener Airport and received his licence there as a private pilot. On September 3, 1939 he enlisted and went into active service as a commissioned officer with the 119th Squadron, R.C.A.F. at Hamilton. From here he was moved to the Rockcliffe Aerodrome, Ottawa, then to Jericho Beach, Vancouver. On Aug. 1, 1940 he was transferred to the east and is at present serving with his squadron in coastal defence duty.

The colonel's wife sent the following note to Captain Brown:

"Colonel and Mrs. White request the pleasure of Captain Brown's company to dinner on the 20th."

Captain Brown's reply gave her quite a shock. It read:

"With the exception of two sick men, Captain Brown's company have very great pleasure in accepting your kind invitation."

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VOX POP—

Dear Sir:

My first action on being presented with a paper to edit, would be to make a firm resolution. With a face which, if it were on canvas, might well be entitled "The Grim Defender," I should firmly resolve to improve the paper. The logical way to improve any paper is to ferret out its faults and start to remedy them. In the case of the College Cord, a very small ferret, or even one "drowsed with the fumes of poppies" could be used.

The first fault of the Cord is one that appears several days before the paper is published, and then, to quote Poirot, it "leaps to the eye." The day Cord copy is due, the Girls' Common Room is littered with paper. There is Cord copy as far as the eye can see: rough copy, good copy, trial copy, typewritten copy, big rats, thin rats, tawny rats. Everyone has a chance to read and re-read the Cord before it reaches the press. When it finally is published it serves only to present previously acquired information in a precise and orderly form. Obviously the remedy for this is to give the Cord a room of its own. If there is, in this building, no room that is available during the five or six days that it takes to publish a Cord, the last two tables in the library could be made a holy-of-holies "for the duration."

Fault number two lies not so much in the paper itself as in the minds of the present editors. Waterloo College is essentially an Arts college. On the front of the calendar for the year the words "Faculty of Arts" appear in bold print. Yet our editors, in an unselfish endeavor to aid non-existing mathematics and science students one month provided them with columns of blank paper to use for figuring. If I were the editor, I should use four methods for filling these blanks. I should give the advertising committee a "pep talk." I should impress the Exchange with the need for more industry. I should make the size of the Literaria more elastic. And, as a final plan, I should eliminate the existing unwillingness to contribute to the Cord by giving literary geniuses something definite to write about. Instead of asking a person to write "something" for the Cord, I should ask, for example, "Could you write an article, half a column in length, about the poor lighting conditions in the library and lecture rooms?" This system might fill the blanks with drivel, but it would fill them.

The last defect that I find is but a little one, one that has, perhaps, passed unnoticed, and one that can be easily remedied. There is a tendency for two or three columns to overlap.

We had three separate accounts of the wiener roast and a pair of beautiful descriptions of the Hallowe'en party. One fine day these accounts are going to vary slightly and someone is going to call someone else a d— liar. Then we shall have a well-bred feud in our midst. Slowly the rest of the student body will take sides and then the entire college will be split into two large factions. It might be the doom of Waterloo College! And all this could be stopped by a wise editor who would assign definite write-ups to the editors of different columns.

These would be my resolutions if I were to edit the Cord. But even easy resolutions are hard to keep. These are not easy. A month after making them I should probably break them. In fact, I might write to Dithery Dox asking, "What is a resolution?" And Dithery Dox would reply, "A resolution is when you make something to break."

Answer

We feel a friendly challenge in this little article—a challenge which we are glad to accept.

Our first comment is on the value of Firm Resolutions. Of course every editor wants to improve his paper. Everyone makes a resolution to do the best he can in his job, whatever it may be. But there are other cogs in the machine. There is a Cord staff which is usually ready, willing, and able to work its hardest for the Cord; there are a few able contributors, not so ready and willing. And there is a whole College full of able writers who do not contribute.

We are glad to see that our need of a Cord room is recognized. The suggestion of using the Library is a good one. Perhaps we can prevail upon someone to take the hint. But exaggeration is obvious. "Everyone" does not have "a chance to read and re-read the Cord before it reaches the press." We of the staff have bookshelves on which it is possible to camouflage piles of copy under piles of other papers.

Our writer has made a grave mistake in saying that the Girls' Room is littered with papers "the day Cord copy is due." The day Cord copy is due, there is usually a conspicuous lack of paper pertaining to the Cord. The deluge comes about a week later—if there is any deluge.

So our blank columns served a purpose! Do you know, we never thought of that. Oh, to have been provided with such an excuse when the blanks did appear! But we have no alibi of apology to offer. That little experiment served its purpose; it is ancient history now, and we don't want to repeat it!

The suggestions for material are good ones. But we cannot fill up the Cord with Exchange. We want to patronize home industry, as it were. We want our own fellow-students to give a little of their time and talent to the Cord.

And Literaria is doing very well. Perhaps making it "more elastic," you mean larger! We should like very much to have more literary contributions, but we cannot get them. Perhaps we have not the gift of persuasion, but people should not want to be coaxed. They should be

eager and willing to write.

The idea of giving each one something definite to write is an excellent one. Perhaps we have been wrong in making our requests too vague and expecting people to have ideas of their own. We should like to give contributors a chance to develop their creative genius, not make them write to pattern.

We realize that we have had overlapping articles. Your account of the possible outcome of such a state of affairs fills us with remorse. We promise never to overlap again! (But different people do give different angles of the story.)

Yes, resolutions are the easiest of things to break. We know that well, and we are glad to be given the "benefit of the doubt" in this case.

We have enjoyed this opinion of us immensely, and perhaps we shall benefit by the suggestions made. In any case, we are grateful for the contribution. Even criticism and sarcasm are welcome — they fill up space!

(Continued from Page 3)

Mary, the elder, who looked like her mother, had just taken over the professorship of history from which Geoffrey had retired. Diana, who had Geoffrey's dark curls and vivid blue eyes, was still in college. She wanted to write.

Geoffrey Martin looked long at his daughters, then down into the shining green eyes of Mary, his wife. "Girls!" he murmured, with a sigh of gratitude as the ship sped toward the horizon.

What a wonderful world it was!

Son—Dad, I wish you'd help me with this problem.

Dad—Can't son. It wouldn't be right.

Son—Maybe not; but you could try.

The young father when told that the baby had swallowed a bottle of ink suggested that he be given a blotter as a chaser.—

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(Continued from Page 4)

yourself humbly and faithfully to your studies, beliefs and practices. I don't care to hear any weak alibis. The faculty there are going to grant you no special favors unless you are worthy of them. You appear to feel that you can create your own ideas and laws to satisfy yourself. At least, you have many times in the past. This is an error, and the sooner you cease this kind of thinking, the happier you will be.

You are the son of poor people with no social position. Your prominence will come only with your successes, and if it does come, you can't get by on that. While you are down there at college with the sons of rich and socially prominent people, don't think for one moment that you can live and enjoy the same atmosphere and pleasures that they have, based on their parents' successes, because you are going to have to make the grade on your own hook. If you use the right kind of bait, as I may express it, you will land the fish of life that means honor and success, but if for one moment you will think these will come to you if you neglect your religious teachings, you are lost right now.

Because you may graduate from college, don't think that is going to get you by. I can run a big factory with the college men who are motormen and conductors on the street car system of New York City. To bear out that college isn't the making of you unless you lead a good clean life, well balanced, with only the thoughts of righteousness predominating, I am enclosing various clippings from newspapers which state that college graduates forgot their God and committed criminal acts.

Now, Son, this is a tough letter to write, but I am putting it all in one book. There are no ifs nor ands about it; you are going to obey the law of your God and your superiors, and avoid the mistakes that I have made.

A certain amount of pleasure at college is in order, but those good faculty members know better than I do what constitutes pleasure, and they have my full unrestricted authority to handle you in any manner they deem fit, with no reservations.

Two weeks ago when you came home, you told me you came home for pleasure and not for work, but before you left, you found it was for a combination of work and pleasure, and as such it will always be.

Regardless of whether I am at home or not, when I tell you there is certain work to be done, you do it. You are costing me a lot of money to give you this education, but I don't begrudge it. I am happy to give it to you. And as I have no desire to

leave a great amount of money to you after I pass on, unless you can show me that you can use it judiciously, I would rather spend it on you now, knowing it is going to your benefit—giving you this education, rather than taking any chances of leaving it to you later on, not knowing how you will handle it.

When I put you down there, I didn't figure that I was buying a second-hand car from an advertisement in the newspaper, or as the saying goes, buying a pig in the bag. I didn't send you down there to be merely a well-dressed "gentleman." I sent you down there to learn to think for yourself, and prepare for leadership. I didn't send you down there to wear a tuxedo before you have the ability to pay for it. And I don't intend you will have one, until you show the ability of being worthy of it, because in my travels I see enough of these lounge lizards wearing tuxedos who haven't the backbone of a worm, and who don't have the knowledge of the true and beautiful which makes for good and happy living. Tuxedos and poker, alcohol and automobiles, won't enter your life if I know it, to the point of endangering your soul or keeping you from building up the tough fibre that makes for character.

I am giving you this, this Sunday afternoon, in the manner I am giving it to you, so that nobody else will have to give it to you later on in life. I want to convey to your mind that the world will be a cruel master to you if you disobey the natural law of right. Knowing that I am right in these expressions, I hope that my feelings will prevail. If

they didn't prevail on this subject, yours will. And should they be contrary to mine, you will be wrong up to the age when you reach the point of reason. But wrong never conquered right. Therefore, I know that I will be the master for the present.

I run across many college fellows all the time. Their minds are a storehouse of vague ideas and smart sayings. They have a suspicion of languages; not quite enough French to read a newspaper; just enough Latin to decipher E Pluribus Unum; enough science that they are going to cure the world of all diseases, but not enough to fix a radio. They know Plato and Aristotle were born in Greece, but they don't know how to handle one philosophic question. They talk a little of Shakespeare and know that Bobby Burns drank whiskey, in which they try to imitate him. They have a general education—broad and shallow. From their books they fill their minds with the wisdom and foolishness of printed words, not knowing how to think for themselves—all parrot men, or would be men, gaily sweated and in striped roadsters. But match them against the fellow who is battling his way through college, or has gone through college as he should, and they are like a bunch of straw, that even a summer breeze, light as it is, burns up and blows away.

Now that is what I want to shy you away from. Knowing your nature, and the age and associations that this age brings, outside of the garden you are being educated in, I am forced to give you to understand your will will not be done,

other than on the basis of absorbing the good and pure things of life. When I placed you in that college, I looked others over prior to doing so, and it is there that you are to stay as long as I have my health and strength, until you graduate. You are going to enjoy the benefits of the teachings of your superiors, as well as their laws, with God's help.

You have not made rapid enough progress at the advantages that you have had since you started to school at the age of 6, to suit me, and now that you have learned to study, it is up to you to overcome the loss of energy, and not be a grandfather when you graduate.

I am no kill-joy, but as far as giving you any social prominence, so far as your college background is concerned, you won't get it from this end unless you make it from your end, regardless of any financial successes that I may enjoy, because I intend that you work for your successes.

I expect an immediate reply to this letter—not in detail, but a reply. I expect you to read this letter over numerous times. If you have any courage in you, you will read it over.

I know you want an education—I know you want to grow to be a good, strong-minded man; that is the reason I am writing this letter, and that is the reason I am for you. So you dig in to your studies. When temptation comes up to you to do something you should not do, just think of this letter, your mother, and God, and don't be a fool or a wild animal and go the way the mob goes.

If you are coming home Thanksgiving, which I judge will be Wednesday afternoon late, as we are overhauling the home, you will find plenty of work to do. If you do not do it at this time, it will cause me to hire somebody to do it, which I don't intend to do so long as I have you. I will address you later on the subject.

Business is very good this trip. Sold five carloads of refrigerators last week, three carloads of stovepipe, 27 orders of grinding machinery, but it has kept me in the harness from six in the morning until twelve at night. However, I am happy to do it for mother, your sister and you. At the same time, I want you to appreciate and give me a run for my money in a satisfactory manner.

Closing with love to yourself, kindest regards to all, I remain,

Your affectionate father.

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