

Dr. Clausen Extends Christmas Message

With Our Alumni

Elva Wildfong, at present on the staff of the Courtland Avenue school is displaying real school spirit by helping the college basketball team this year. Her guarding is a real boost to the team.

Patsy McGarry is attending the Stratford Normal School this year. Recently she did practice teaching in Kitchener for a week. Next year she'll be one of the professionalists. Lots of luck Pat.

Peggy Selby who was a student with us last year is now working in the office of the Bell Telephone Company in the Canada Life building, Toronto.

Lieutenants Allan McTaggart, Jim Spohn and Doug Gurton have been transferred from Brockville to No. 10 Basic Training Centre in Kitchener.

Jack Koehler, Lloyd Halwig, Ray Wallace, Lea McLaughlin, Earnest Kendall and Fraser Hardy have received commissions with the local Scots Fusiliers. Gordon Nelson is at the Basic Training Centre in Brantford, going there recently from Camp Borden.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Alles, both graduates of Waterloo are residing in Windsor where Mr. Alles is employed in the Ford Motor Company.

Julius Zeller '38, is on the faculty at the Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate teaching French and German.

Max Magee '38, has a new position this year as the director of music in the Adam Beck collegiate in London, Ont. He has a choir of over 100 voices whom we may be able to hear in Kitchener within the next few months. Recently he had a new Hammond organ installed in the collegiate.

Walter Zeigler '37, is teaching in the High School at North Bay, Ont.

Mildred Toiwonen is teaching in her home town, Sault Ste. Marie.

Grace Schmidt '37, is at Suddaby School in Kitchener.

Wilda Graber '37, is on the staff of the Courtland Avenue school in Kitchener.

Grace Bowers '36, is the Classics teacher in the St. Clemens' Girls' school in Toronto.

Henry J. Heldman '28, has recently become principal of the Georgetown High School where he has been teaching for a number of years.

Eileen Weber and Jessie Cunningham, both of the class of '37, are Librarians in Kitchener and Waterloo respectively.

Rev. Alvin Schweitzer '37, has recently become the minister of the Lutheran church in Linwood, Ont.

Rev. Emil Dietsche '37, is pastor of the Elmwood Lutheran church.

"The Foolishness of God"

Bible readers will recognize this theme as an inspired phrase used by Paul in his first letter to the church in Corinth. He places the foolishness of God in opposition to the wisdom of men. In the same sentence he contrasts the weakness of God with the strength of men. He is writing ironically. Belief in man's innate goodness and noble character blinded most men to the desperate need of a Saviour and influenced them to despise the Gospel as the channel of salvation.

As it was then so is it today. How proud is man of his knowledge and power! True, puny man has all but subdued the universe and made it subservient to his animal appetites and material satisfactions. This is the fruitage of his scientific insights. He has built himself a dream house and filled it with gadgets that are miraculous, but he lacks the knowledge and sense to make of it a home, in the best connotation of that much-abused word. Night has been all but transformed into day by brilliant lights, but man stumbles on into deeper moral gloom. Flying through the stratosphere he all but crashes the gates of heaven, but it is debatable whether civilized man was ever further removed from God than he is today. If we did not know God better we would be tempted to say that He holds man in derision. Not so; the loving heart of our Father is breaking for sorrow at the perversity and silly presumptions of man as he turns the miracles of science to destroy himself and his brothers and to make a shambles of this beautiful earth.

Christmas may be interpreted in different ways. But this is the core of the Christmas story: God came to dwell among man in human form, negatively, to destroy the works of the devil and his unshakable grip on mankind; positively, to free man from this tragic slavery and to restore him to fellowship with Himself. And here is the foolishness of God — folly, as judged by sophisticated man — He begins His conquest of the world and the redemption of mankind by the medium of an infant. In all the universe is there a creature as helpless and dependent as a baby? What a challenge to faith! God's ways are not man's ways. Proud man, learn of God!

And now, why is the foolishness of God wiser than the wisdom of men? Tell me of anything more appealing than a baby, its very helplessness stirs the best and noblest in us. Dignified men will unbend and indulge in meaningless patter and foolish antics to produce a smile on an infant's face. And who fears an infant? Suspicion is instantly disarmed. That is the germ of it all — confidence in God, shedding of all fear and coming unto Him. And then the thrill of the creative discovery — God loves me. Therein is peace and heartfelt joy. May all of us receive a larger measure of faith in God and His "foolishness" this Christmas. We need it for the bitter days ahead.

Athenaeum Holds Bowling Party

The time and place for Athenaeum was changed this meeting as we gathered at the Kitchener Y.M.C.A. for a night's fun—Monday night instead of the usual Thursday. There we proceeded to prove that Monday does not necessarily have to be 'blue Monday.'

There was bowling, into which game everyone entered enthusiastically—the boys to display their strength and skill, the girls merely for the exercise element. Some gentlement practically hurled themselves down the long polished stretch, evidently thinking that the bowls weren't big enough to bump off all the pins at once and that they could do a much better job. Now and then someone managed to get a "strike." How we would cheer and applaud on such a rare and happy occasion!

Next came lunch and dancing. We suspect that the bowling wore some of our gallant Waterloons out. Many of them fell into a sort of stupor, from which they emerged only to munch a tart or to cheer Eldred on to fast and "furiouser" rhythm. The energetic souls kept in step till the last bars of the home waltz. Bravo for them! The party ended with the singing of "The King."

Delightful Musical Program Held in College Gymnasium

Thursday, November 27, was music night for the Athenaeum. It was certainly a pleasure to see so many friends interested in the activities of our college. When the audience grew so large that we had to begin looking around for more chairs, we realized how nice it was to have "company" at Waterloo College, and decided that we must have such entertainments more often.

After the singing of "O Canada," accompanied on the piano by Miss Ilse Mosig, the Athenaeum president, Miss Jean Shantz, welcomed the guest artists, Miss Jean Germann, Mr. Norton Staebler, and the members of the Alpha Male Chorus, as well as the visitors.

Judging by the enthusiastic applause, the audience enjoyed the programme very much. Miss Germann was accompanied by her sister, Miss Louise Germann, as she sang the Aria "One Fine Day," from Madame Butterfly, "Down in the Forest," and the delightful "American Lullaby."

Mr. Staebler, accompanied by Miss Laura Louise Livingstone, played on his violin "Andante Cantabile" and

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Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Founded 1926

THE COLLEGE CORD

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EDITORIAL

Hearty Christmas greetings from the Cord staff to all the College, and, on behalf of the College, to all our graduates and friends, especially those who are on active service overseas.

Christmas is a time of pure delight to those who have never found out that "there is no Santa Claus." For them there is not only a jolly, red-clad, old fellow who pops down the chimney on Christmas Eve. They seem to believe that there is a beneficent saint who hands out the good gifts of life all the year round. They may have troubles and setbacks, but they do not encounter anything to take away the implicit, starry-eyed belief in a life-long Santa Claus.

But what of those whose Santa Claus has turned out to be only a cruel allusion? What of those children with tear-smudged faces who have just found out that the Santa at the Christmas concert was only the janitor in a false face? And what of the grown-ups with compressed lips and sad, hard eyes, who have seen the false face snatched off all their vain dreams, and know that there is no kind giver of gifts, know that they must fight for every good thing that comes to them?

The children can forget the cruel truth when they find that their stocking is full after all on Christmas morning. And perhaps the men and women, weary of the bitterness of life, can forget their hopelessness when they kneel in a dimly-lit cathedral on Christmas Eve, or watch the candles on the Christmas tree until those brave little points of light reflect their own courage into the wistful eyes that look at them.

For no matter how dreary and cruel this world may be, there are times when the light of something beyond this world casts a reflection over the dark and shadowy paths we travel. Christmas is one of these times. No matter how black is the outlook, a little bit of the rosy glow of Christmas spirit must penetrate the heaviest heart and make it lighter and more hopeful, if only for a day.

There is a future that we believe in. However gloomy is our pessimism, however little good we see in the world, there is in us an inherent belief in a future world, a world to fulfil all the dreams that tumbled about our ears like a house of cards so long ago. It is a world whose gates were opened wide to all the world, centuries ago, by a Child in a manger on Christmas morning.

Though we cannot wish a world ravaged by war and full of unhappiness to be "merry" at Christmas time, we can wish that this world, for all its misery, might hope. For finally the spirit of joy that creeps in at Christmas will triumph forever.

"Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel."

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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.

Sometimes, owing to the lack of adjustment of educational procedures to the needs of individual students, a college course fails of its objective. The purpose of administrative control is to correct any defect of this kind.

It is a reproach under which even the greatest institutions of learning suffer that sometimes their graduates cease to be students as soon as they leave college.

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.
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Christmas Cheer

The long table in the dingy board-room was surrounded by men and women, chosen representatives of the several churches, the service clubs, the Liberal, the Conservative clubs, the Home and School Association, the Legion, the Army and Navy League, and several lesser lights. In fact the whole municipality was as thoroughly mixed together in this conglomerate gathering as hash. And the buzz and clatter was the same as always when the rank and file get together to confer.

A well-meaning but wholly inadequate chairman—a mere woman—made many, but vain attempts to keep order and bring organization out of chaos. For this was the annual meeting to decide on the names to be accepted as eligible to receive a basket of goods at Christmas. Strangely each year seemed to bring the same names and the same arguments. And equally strange, the same sponsors were defending the same unfortunates, with the same over-lapping to be settled. The Legion desired So-and-So to be on their list only to find that the Gospel Mission felt that they must reach that particular family. The service clubs vied with the churches for the privilege (?) of looking after certain families. The Salvation Army could list more than they were able to care for and cheerfully gave some of their names to non-sectarian organizations.

More interesting to the listener-in were the pros and cons as to whether this or that family were worthy or needy enough!

CHRISTMAS CHEER!!! Poor old Mr. Cameron? Why, he had children—far away it was true—besides, he didn't keep his house tidy, nor his person sweet-smelling. Why did he need a basket? Much discussion—even to the danger of his being cleaned as to house and person; until his one vigorous sponsor emphatically announced that he might have funds, family, and fumes, but he'd get his basket as usual, for she was going to cook his dinner as last year, labelling gravy and dip lest he should eat dip on dressing and gravy on pudding. And her organization was back of her and that was that!

Then there was real conversation with choice bits of gossip as a certain family's morals were discussed as fully as befitted a mixed gathering, of course leaving much unsaid but nothing hidden. The consensus of opinion was that they certainly should not get a basket. It was all but written in the records when a meek, but determined voice spoke up. "Morals or no morals, she had had to go out at ten-thirty Christmas Eve last year as her organization had found these people in need and also discriminated against. The feeling was strong that morals had little to do with dispensing food and cheer and it would be a queer charity that left the most needy in spirit to wait for kindness at this season. And she was putting them on her list." Point conceded, basket allowed.

And so the debate continued until those who could not stay for the exchange of ideas left—reluctantly or otherwise. But the majority—mostly ladies—faltered not but fought it to a finish.

Contents of baskets next caused varied remarks. Would a family always thriftless really use turnips?

Now there was a subject that almost ended in a culinary debate. Should mince-meat and pudding both be given? Was it necessary to put so much in these baskets, anyway? And so on!!! A settlement was at last reached when a list of contents for last year's baskets popped out of some forethoughted person's purse. It was also emphasized that this list was to be followed to the exclusion of all other lists or ideas. PLEASE! For had not the most bold of last year's recipients complained that their basket was not as full or as good as their neighbour's?

But, if all these discussions and decisions seemed important, they were set at naught when the Town Nurse suggested that this year she would be responsible for supplying the basket-givers with the name, age, sex, and wish of each child so that a suitable gift, wrapped and tagged, would go to every child.

Astounded silence for two seconds and then the tidal wave of disapproval rose and broke with a row unequalled since that at the Tower of Babel. I quote—

"Too bad a year for gifts." "In my day (one felt that time had served a number of years here) we got some candy, a few nuts, and perhaps an orange." "Good idea." "Poor idea." "Foolish to do so much." "Splendid gesture." "Ridiculous coddling." "Money much better spent on food." Then a general controversy as to whether the money would really supply that much more nourishment, or offset the joy of a personal gift. So it went on until the fat lady with the determined mind and backed by HER organization, glibly made the motion that wrapped gifts for each child up to fourteen years of age be included in the baskets and the nurse's kind offer of supplying names, ages, sex, and desire be accepted. For once the chairman acted quickly and the motion carried. Ever notice how things carry if you rush them through? Let the objectors object after. It is good for lungs and spleen.

Well, the nurse had a task. However, she was equal to it. School age children were easily contacted and a helpful teacher saw that letters to Santa were in the day's work. In fact, everyone remembered what good practice it is to write letters at school. Pre-school kiddies were the problem. It took time and unlimited patience to extract their one real wish. But all went well until one small, spindly, freckle-faced red-head of about four wanted one thing and one thing only—a BIRTHDAY. The charms of a mechanical toy, the fun from a sleigh—in fact, all suggestions made no impression. Here was a man who knew his own mind and once it was set on a thing it did not swerve. What he meant by a birthday not even his own mother could tell.

So a small committee met and, among other matters, the question of this request was brought up for solving. One soured individual snarled about children who had their birthdays on Christmas and were not satisfied with one celebration. Some thought his request should be ignor-

ed and a suitable toy got. Most thought it was more or less a farce and certainly not important. A few would like to know what he meant; but it was again our fat friend who sided with and offered to co-operate with the nurse and get a birthday if at all possible.

Donnie was the unexcited receiver of callers. He was most pleased to chat. Donnie was sixth in a family of eight and was as equal to shyless extending of hospitality as his anticipating mother was to all the charity that she could get. But the callers almost decided that it was impossible to get the necessary information when Donnie casually informed them that Jimmie had real candles on his birthday and blew them out himself. If Donnie wondered why his guests took a speedy departure after that, he would be justified. It was solved and no need to prolong the visit.

Home went the sponsor of "Give-them-what-they-want" and made a cake, the like of which you never saw. It was a BIRTHDAY and no mistake. There were all the tokens, and DONNIE in great red candies, and candles to be lighted, and a special portion marked as Donnie's very own which contained a silver piece that would buy him a toy; and so Donnie had his cake and ate it too.

—Margaret Jacobi.

Examinations

I firmly believe exams are a curse concocted by the devil with the avowed purpose of tempting poor students to Hell. The chances they supply him to perform this task are innumerable. He can seduce them by breaking down their bodies by nights of study if they are studious, or he can tempt them with cribs to take the quick and easy way to prizes and promotion. The first principal allied himself with the devil, and perpetuated the curse so that his school might not be called a rose garden.

At the end of each term—war-time, peace-time—the exam time-table appears on the principal's notice-board as a gentle reminder of the power of the devil. The professors set the papers and for the last few weeks of term they amuse themselves by teasing classes with "possible questions." The students, goaded by fear of the exams, quit games, and spend their time at home—dreaming of the holidays. The religious few and the profane majority curse and pray in the same words: "Oh God, I'll be glad when the exams are over."

The day before the exams begin the professors read their forms long, earnest, and convincing lectures against cramming at the last minute. Immediately afterwards all the boys go home and cram until horrified parents send them to bed. Parents are funny that way; they expect great things on reports, but object to even a little work towards getting them, and yet they accept in the name of the frantic matric candidate the most absurd invitations to tea and dinner at the most impossible times. It is futile to go to bed early

(Continued on Page 6)

Morning's at Seven

"You are tired tonight, my child?" "Yes, I am tired. I have warred with worlds today. I have pitted my strength against the strength of others and known the savage exultation of triumph and the bitter dejection of defeat. My strength is spent, and I long to rest my tired body in your arms and sleep the long night in the shelter of your nearness."

"You have fought hard. Can you say nothing more of the day? Have you exhausted your strength in the barbarous craft of contest and saved none for response to beauty and peace? Tell me what the morning brought you of comfort, and the noontide."

"When I awoke the flush of dawn was in the sky. The sun was just rising."

"The sun?"

"Yes. When I stepped into the newness of the day it beamed on me. And when I rested on the moist earth at noon-day it shone warm and soft on my hair. But I forgot the languor of the touch when heat of battle swept over my soul."

"Yet the sun was still there, a warm, consoling presence would you but heed it."

"Today I listened to the words of those who are wiser than I. They spoke of things foreign to me, of civilizations and cultures which I could not visualize; of the past, of the future; of the metaphysical, of the moral. But I, in my ignorance, could not understand. I longed to join in battle. Yet I felt strange stirrings in my soul, and the desire for light."

"Not in your ignorance, but rather in your bondage did your mind fail to comprehend. Your interest lay in present things. Free your mind from chains. Open it to the wisdom of the ancients. Learn of what has been, of what must be. Can you not seek after the peaceful and make your life a quest for repose? Must you strive for power? In the splendour of your triumph lies the naked, throbbing heart of another, as yours lies bleeding in the victory of your foe. But you had not yet finished. What of the evening?"

"I was weary of contest, and I walked into the twilight, my heart heavy and discontent. The air was filled with shimmering snowflakes, and I raised my face to the heavens, delighting in each lingering moist caress. I was alone with God, my inner self. I made snowballs, tossed them at trees, felt their whiteness against the black, dead trunks. Then my friend came to me, and together we made snowballs, and tossed them at trees, and felt the glory of their whiteness against the black, dead trunks. You do not laugh at me?"

"No, I do not laugh. Do you know that you have done nothing this day but toss snowballs? Sometimes you have hit the mark, and then you have felt a moment of joy. But sometimes you have aimed at a phantom. Now the night is come, and over the earth lies a veil of forgetfulness. Sleep now, and know that my arms shelter you. And in the morning, when you awake, another dawn will colour the heavens for your delight. Hope will rise with the sun and perhaps, if your heart lies open to the light, you may toss a snowball into the golden orb."

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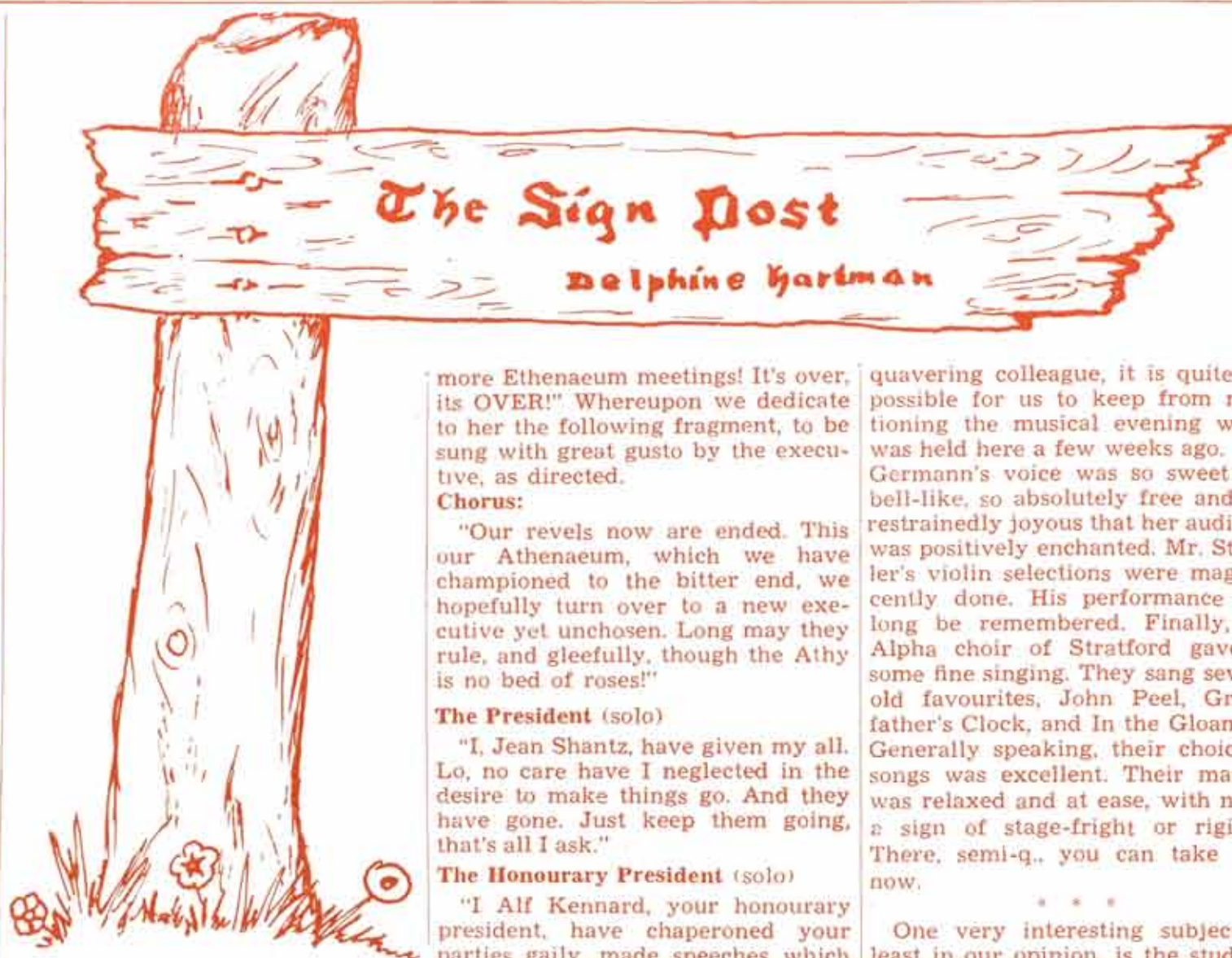
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LIGHT LUNCHES
AFTER THEATRE SUPPERS

Jingle, jingle, jingle, faintly down the corridors of Waterloo College drifts a Christmas echo of tiny bells. This is not the wandering of an excited mind, but reality. Two of our belles are belled—Jean K. and Ruthmarie. Tiny bells on shoelace ends shake off these silvery whispers. Their agitation increases greatly when the wearers run up or down stairs. The idea is jolly until one is late for chapel and has to run for it down a silent and deserted hall. Then a jingle becomes a jangle, as Jeanie will tell you.

Speaking of Christmas, Anne looked particularly festive and glowing this morning. Perhaps her radio career is the cause of all this inner radiance. Anne, as captain of our basketball team, took part in a program discussing the game from various points of view. Other captains from the Twin City also took part. Anne, who is traditionally "the forward who never loses her head" ably represented her team-mates.

When is a bird not a bird? When certain energetic people have played a game of badminton with it. 'S true, there are feathers all over the floor when these smash and run artists are loose. There seem to be two schools of thought among the badminton players of the college. The one holds that at no time should a player slow down to 60, and that a shot which isn't blasted devastatingly to earth is simply wasted. On the other hand there is a second school, more genteel, which spends hours gently lading the bird over the net from about six inches out—teaspoon tactics, one might call them. All joking aside, there are many good players wielding rackets in the gym these days. The game of badminton seems to be steadily gaining in popularity.

The bowling party held at the "Y" has finally completed the list of Athenaeum activities for the term. All the president would say when interviewed was: "Just think! No

more Ethenaeum meetings! It's over, its OVER!" Whereupon we dedicate to her the following fragment, to be sung with great gusto by the executive, as directed.

Chorus:

"Our revels now are ended. This our Athenaeum, which we have championed to the bitter end, we hopefully turn over to a new executive yet unchosen. Long may they rule, and gleefully, though the Athy is no bed of roses!"

The President (solo)

"I, Jean Shantz, have given my all. Lo, no care have I neglected in the desire to make things go. And they have gone. Just keep them going, that's all I ask."

The Honourary President (solo)

"I Alf Kennard, your honourary president, have chaperoned your parties gaily, made speeches which no one else wanted to make; I have extricated you from countless ticklish situations and I have done the right and adequate thing when such was needed. Tired am I, and gray from watching over you, my wild and wooly lambs. Therefore do I gracefully give way."

The Faculty Adviser (solo)

"I, Miss McLaren, have never deserted you, even when the hills seemed to crumble and the sun could not break through the clouds of anxiety which covered your wretched heads. Cheerfully have I helped you to feed the hungry, to wash dishes and to think up ways to amuse the angry mob which threatened to devour you all. My part done, and nobly done, I bow adieu."

The Vice-President (solo)

"I, Signpost, have aided the president humbly, as best I could. In the thick of battle have I handed her arrows and teaspoons, spears and dishcloths. In crises of all kinds have I striven bravely under her banner. I too have given my all—even made coffee for you, the end of which episode has never yet been heard, yea, and may never be, until my bones are dust."

The Secretary-Treasurer (solo)

"I, Melvin King, have secretarily-treasured all your interests with faithful solicitude. Each bill have I paid, with each creditor have I wrestled manfully. Posters, signs and notices have flowed as water from my pen. I sang for you, whistled for you, wrote, drew, danced, pranced and scrambled for you, and now my term is ended."

Chorus:

Haste, the time is fleeting
To the Semi-annual meeting
Lined our faces, gray our hair,
Let the new president
Take the chair.

(curtain)

Although we are undoubtedly treading on the toes of our semi-

quavering colleague, it is quite impossible for us to keep from mentioning the musical evening which was held here a few weeks ago. Miss Germann's voice was so sweet and bell-like, so absolutely free and unrestrainedly joyous that her audience was positively enchanted. Mr. Staebler's violin selections were magnificently done. His performance will long be remembered. Finally, the Alpha choir of Stratford gave us some fine singing. They sang several old favourites, John Peel, Grandfather's Clock, and In the Gloaming. Generally speaking, their choice of songs was excellent. Their manner was relaxed and at ease, with never a sign of stage-fright or rigidity. There, semi-q., you can take over now.

One very interesting subject, at least in our opinion, is the study of mental telepathy. There are several good books floating about on the subject. In addition to this material I have uncovered a case which is worthy of consideration. The scene is a room, with Jean Kramp sitting on a couch, her back to the open door. To the surprise of all onlookers the Kramp hair slowly stands on end, and the Kramp eyes dilate slightly. At that instant Henry passes the door, and is gone, his footsteps receding slowly. Without looking around she asks, "Was it he?" At our dumfounded nod of confirmation, she adds complacently—"I thought so," (still with her back to the door!) That, students, is the case history to which I refer. Phenomenal, no? It happened. I was there.

Notes from St. Thomas on the occasion of an official visit for the purpose of basketball and badminton competition:

A young lady passing by was directing the driver of our car to Alma College: "Oh you cross the tracks and go right for two blocks. It's right there—you can't help but miss it!" Alas, she must have known us. There is no other explanation. With shrieks of sorrow we crossed the tracks, went right two blocks, and there it was.

On our way to the gym we looked through an open doorway to discover the most delightful swimming pool, full of clear, inviting water and not a soul in sight. Only the thought of our new and snappy green tunics kept us from plunging in unanimously. With heroic resolution we marched to the gymnasium.

After the game supper was served to us in the school dining room. Every courtesy was shown us—even pretty little place cards awaited in front of our plates. When supper was finished we were taken in tow by kindly Alma students, who showed us their school from stem to stern, chatted agreeably and were generally hospitable. Later we watched the badminton games, dressed and finally began the long drive home.

C. O. T. C. NOTES

Our Platoon Commander, Lieut. Brock, returned recently from Camp Borden where he attended a course for officers. Lieut. Brock has now received his qualifications for the rank of captain. C.S.M. Jefferis has been recommended for a commission by unit headquarters at London, and it appears that before long we will have two officers in the Waterloo branch of the C.O.T.C.

Three former members of the Waterloo platoon have recently received commissions with the Scots Fusiliers of Canada. They are 2nd Lieutenants Jack Koehler, Lloyd Halwig and Leo McLaughlin. This makes a total of five former Waterloo cadets who are now officers with the Fusiliers, and it is reported that three more will be appointed to the Kitchener unit in the near future. We extend our congratulations to all of these graduates from the ranks of the Waterloo College Platoon. They are an even further proof of the high standard of training which this platoon maintained last year, and is endeavoring to better at the present time.

As you know, the Waterloo College platoon occasionally goes on route marches. Some time ago, we had such a march, following a carefully detailed plan of operations. One-half of the platoon was to proceed in one direction, the other in the opposite direction, and each was to complete a circle, with both meeting at the half-way mark. They were to come to a specified rendezvous

at a specified time. Came the specified time. The latter half of the platoon was at the meeting place; the former was nowhere to be seen. After waiting for fifteen minutes, the No. 2 squad started back. There was no sign of the No. 1's. They were missing and presumed lost. It was difficult to say where they might be, because there were no taverns on the way. But, at 7 o'clock both squads marched into the College grounds, from different directions. It was then discovered that No. 1 squad had misread the map and gone approximately three miles out of the way. And all because someone could not read a map. Moral—every soldier should know how to read a map. Of course, the No. 1 squad maintained stoutly that some detail was left out of the map.

Whatever the cause of the misfortune may have been, the fact remains that the leader of the lost squad gave a lecture at the following parade. The topic? Map reading.

When corporal's stripes grace the arms of Dooley and Schmieder—(it won't be long now; we are confidentially warned to expect the next Part II orders)—we shall have a complete set of officers.

If you value your life, don't lay a finger on anything in the quartermaster's store at the College. This department is now under the command of a staunch Confederate who goes under the alias of Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, and sundry other subjects. He has made his way into an office where he is in the position to do the Canadian army dirt if he doesn't like the lend-lease bill and the repeal of the Neutrality Act. Prof. Rikard no longer; he is now C.Q.M.S. Rikard, with a crown and three stripes on the sleeve of his uniform. He is out to reform his branch of the service. He has gone about upsetting all the old army traditions. For instance, C.Q.M.S. Rikard has introduced the impossible condition of there being a state of order in Quartermaster's stores, which, as laid down in K.R. and O., art. 672, sec. 5, subsection 3, par. 4½, of the year 1066, must always be in a horrible muddle. But this new quartermaster is uprooting all the time-honoured customs and introducing something called efficiency into the military vocabulary, where the new term does not belong. Army efficiency is something far different from C.Q.M.S. Rikard's meaning of the word, but of course he is an American, and probably

uses one of those worthless American dictionaries. Army efficiency means—well, it means what it meant at Thames Valley, such as having a route march on Tuesday, and putting up orders on Wednesday saying there would be a route march on Tuesday.

But our new Quartermaster has everything in his storeroom put in its place and catalogued. Invade his sanctum, and you receive a polite request not to touch the rifles in the racks, and to leave those papers on the desk alone, and not to disturb the perfect order of the pamphlets in the book case. Everything has a number—meaningless to the layman, but no doubt conveying some mysterious military implication, comprehensible only to the initiated. The earnest Cadet who is anxious to improve his scanty knowledge of the workings of the machine gun may not take a peek at any of the military manuals without first signing his name and rendering himself responsible for the manual in question. After all his innovations, there are rumors that our C.Q.M.S. will surely be transferred to the Quartermaster's Department at Ottawa—if the Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant doesn't shoot him first for flooding the London office with correspondence demanding greatcoats for his freezing cadets, shoes for his barefooted auxiliaries, and copies of S.A.T., vol. 1, pamphlet No. 3, for his ignorant students and absolutely senseless instructors. But no one can deny that C.Q.M.S. Rikard has made his department a model of orderly chaos. He has even gone so far as to assign a rifle to each man, so that, if the rifle falls apart, the cadet, not the quartermaster, will be in the soup. More power to the good old U.S.A.

TRIAD

He gives you life
And you are born:—
But comes the morn
You tire of Life.

He gives you Love
You are a man:—
Brief is the span;
You tire of Love.

'I tire in breath,
In heart,' you shout:—
Three gifts and out;
He gives you Death.

H. M. L.

From The College Times.

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— WATERLOONACY —

This little Waterlooency of ours is threatening to degenerate into an account of the doings of the English 30 class—to which your corresponding Waterloo has the honour to belong. Methinks we shall have to appoint some official snoopers to report the doings of others, in and out of class.

One extra-English account has come in already:

Fred Shantz—Has anyone any old Physical Science notes kicking around?

Laura Louise—Yes, I think I have mine.

Fred—May I borrow them? We are supposed to do a note on all the men we have taken.

L.L.—Well, I think I kept up with my men pretty well!

And now to English 30.

Old Mortality

Much immorality

Frequent fatality

Beastly brutality.

I haven't read it.

By a Waterloo.

Scene II—

Margaret, I am not responsible

For what gibs

If you don't keep your book

Out of my ribs.

Professor Klinck (He does get a word in occasionally)—The poem Marmion is not included in your Anthology.

Gladys—Yeah—Four dollars!

Scene III—

Don't be a rotter—

Please

Give me back

My blotter.

Later—

Dr. Klinck—Lamb chooses a certain subject and then throws glants at it.

Jean Muscle—Slants or slams?

Nora—on epic similes—Life is just a bowl of gravy—and look, there are lumps in it. (For reference see Greek 39 class)

* * *

"What I Want for Christmas"

Delphine—A recipe for making coffee.

Anne—A "lost and found" bureau, to be set up in the college.

Bob Eby—A ticket to Stratford. (One way will do.)

Alice—A new editor for the College Cord.

Dr. Klinck—Chickens.

Nora—Less to do and more time to do it in.

Fred Shantz—To play "Romeo."

The Latin 250 Class—Tibullus and Propertius in five easy lessons—or a translation would be even better!

The Girls' Room—To have its face lifted.

* * *

With these and many other wishes unexpressed, the college greets the Christmas season.

And we extend to all our best wishes for a very merry Christmas and a new year abounding in bigger and better Waterloons.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

— GIRLS' SPORTS —

Our first game with Alma College was played at St. Thomas and resulted in a victory for Waterloo College. The score at half-time was 8-6 in favour of Waterloo, and the final score was 17-16.

Our forwards made the following scores: Jean Kramp 8, Anne Kuntz 6, Ruthmarie Schmieder 3. These baskets were netted under the most adverse circumstances as this game was characterized by a rough-and-tumble, push-and-shove, hold-down and sit-on method of play. It may appear from the score that our players excelled in the aforementioned methods, but frankly speaking, we prefer a cleaner, more open type of game. The play was close throughout and in the last few minutes our forward line set up a dramatic play in which Jean Kramp made the winning shot with Ruthmarie Schmieder as shield and Anne Kuntz holding down the rest of the guards.

There is a noticeable improvement in the shooting of our last year's forwards. Anne Kuntz has practically doubled her shooting average and Jean Kramp is coming through with a high average again. Our guards played a splendid game.

The two outstanding players on the Alma team were C. Cotton who made four baskets and Anne McCauley who made the same score. There were some very formidable guards.

In the first badminton singles Helen Shields defeated Jean Kramp 21-16. In the second singles Ruthmarie Schmieder defeated Betty

Keene 21-16. In the doubles, with Maxine Colligan and Miriam Smythe of Alma playing Anne Kuntz and Jean Kramp of Waterloo, the score was 21-6 in favour of the Waterloo team.

In our home game with Alma once again the teams were very well matched. This time Alma came through with the spectacular shots which brought them from a reverse of 10-6 at half-time, to a victory with a final score of 14-13. Alma players are to be congratulated on their brilliant long distance shots. C. Cotton and Anne Wasylyk were their outstanding forwards, each making a total score of six. The whole team played with more skill and less abandon than in our previous meeting with them.

Our forwards made the following scores: Anne Kuntz 6, Jean Kramp 6, Ruthmarie Schmieder 1. Our shooting dropped off in the last quarter as Alma's picked up. Until the last few minutes of play our team was in the lead. Our guarding was not nearly up to our previous evening's performance.

Thus far in our interwestern competition we have won two games and lost one. We are hoping for favourable results in our remaining games.

In the first badminton singles Jean Kramp defeated Helen Shields of Alma in a very close game with the score 20-all set to three, ending in a score of 3-1 in favour of Jean.

In the second singles Ruth Schmieder defeated Betty Keene 21-15.

In the doubles the Alma team,

Betty Keene and Helen Shields defeated the Waterloo team. Anne Kuntz and Jean Kramp. The score was 21-15.

Badminton should by no means take a second place this year. In our games with Alma we have a total of 24 out of 76 points!

Examinations

(Continued From Page Three)

in the hope of having a clear mind for the next day. No one sleeps before exams; too much to worry about.

Prayers on the morning before the first exam are tense and short. No time for speeches or long lists with exams next period.

After prayers you go to first exam. You try to walk nonchalantly to a desk. Some there are who have true nonchalance, but they are the Brains who know all there is to be known, or are leaving next term for air force or munitions factory. The professor in charge gives out the papers. You read the questions and then there is confidence? worry? a desire to take off your tie?—anything but pleasure.

The exam itself is pure work, redeemed partly by the importance of it. Sweaty work, in a sweaty classroom, under tension and physical strain, for a twist of the head, even for the most pure of motives could be misconstrued disastrously. The time goes very slowly until the last five minutes, and then it begins to race, and the writing becomes illegible. Sometimes the papers are short, and then there is pure mental torture after you are finished re-reading your paper: now you can only sit and wait for the end, constantly preyed upon by the fear that you have misunderstood the questions, or that you are finished so soon because you have not answered them completely enough.

After the exam is over, the class divides itself naturally into two groups. The first group breaks up into individuals and each one goes for a walk alone to try and forget about it. The second group congregates just outside the class-room. Its members compare notes on answers: they either try to confirm their results by finding one with the same, or nearly the same answer and seek the ghostly comfort of, "I was not the only one."

The whole first day, spent thus, is very exciting. The tension felt by all is interesting before the first exam. But after the first day exams are just drudgery. They rank with digging ditches and sweeping floors. The interest of even the "academic" becomes half-hearted. At the last even swearing becomes a routine, carried on because it is the custom to swear after exams.

Exams share their only pleasant quality with every other evil in the world: their half-redeeming feature is the luxurious feeling experienced when the last paper is finished. This joy is the same as is felt by a prisoner released after a long sentence. The reaction in both cases is the same—a desire to have a binge.

In spite of this one moment of bliss, exams will certainly always remain the curse old Lucifer intended them to be. It is a reproach against us that our democracy, which is fighting dictatorship and the devil, should harbour such an evil. I maintain our only honourable course, is to ban exams, and end the curse, and shame the devil.

—EXCHANGE.

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— SEMIDEMISEMIQUAVERS —

There was no trouble this month getting material for Semidemisemi-quavers, for one could ramble on interminably about the musical program which the Athenaeum presented at its last November meeting. Congratulations to Jean Shantz and the executive for planning such a program.

Jean Germann's singing was delightful. Not only was her voice the best soprano that has ever echoed through the Waterloo College gymnasium but her choice of numbers was excellent. The popular operatic aria was perfect as an opening number, and the encore was exactly what an encore should be—pleasant, light, amusing, short.

And speaking of Miss Germann's encore, which was "American Lullaby," some untaught person was heard to remark: "It was nice, but it wouldn't have put anybody to sleep." This person was (and deservedly) shouted down with cries of "Who'd want to go to sleep with such singing going on?"

Hearing Norton Staebler play the violin so beautifully was a rare treat. This generation is rather spoiled; we hear fine music played on the radio and on records at any time we want it. We forget that these artificial media cannot reproduce perfectly the true tones of a violin. It is not very often that we have an opportunity to hear a violin played so perfectly outside of recordings. We only wish that Mr. Staebler had played more.

A word must be said about Laura Louise's accompaniment at the piano. Here, at last, is an accompanist who knows the essential requirements of

accompanying, for not once during the program did she try to assert her individuality. One was never aware of the piano except that it kept a faint rhythm in the background.

The Alpha Male Chorus from Stratford was really the highlight of the evening. One wonders how so few men could produce so much music (not volume, but music.) After the program we talked to Mr. Polley, their director, who said that the basses just love to hear the tenors make a mistake (and vice versa) and both sections don't mind making mistakes because that makes him angry. But we didn't believe him because we didn't hear anything coming from the chorus that would confirm his statement.

Suggestion to the spirits of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms: If you have any pull up there, pour down some special blessings on the Alpha Male Chorus for singing "John Peel" and "Men of Harlech."

We had quite a time entertaining the Chorus afterwards. There was Ken, for example. It took five co-eds to entertain him. His idea of fun was to stand by the gym door and carry on the following conversation with any co-ed who happened to pass:

Ken: "Do you go to this school?"

Co-ed: "Yes."

Ken: "What for?"

With regard to latest Glee Club news, no radical changes have taken place. There are, however, a few items of interest. We are not going to Milverton. Ours not to reason etc. Mel has been given another solo and he handles it very nicely. Four of the lighter sopranos have for the past few rehearsals been singing a part which was formerly a soprano solo. Pro bono publico we hope it is not a permanent arrangement.

Violet got an attack of tonsillitis (thank God it wasn't chicken pox) but she seems to be getting over it nicely.

This next item has really nothing to do with music but rather with the faux pas of a certain Mr. Bedford. After a Glee Club practice we all went down to Mr. Bedford's drug store intent on ordering super-butterscotch and giant hot-fudge sundaes, topped with whipped cream and cherries. But Mr. Bedford had hit on the novel idea of using the lunch counter for displaying suggestions for Christmas gifts. Occupying the place of honour was a beautiful bathroom scale wrapped in red cellophane.

Result: We all ordered cokes.

Open letter to Mr. Hirons.
Dear Mr. Hirons:

Up till now I have been quite complaisant about your choice of material. I believed what you said. When you said "Patience" was good I took it on faith. When you told us we would like singing negro spirituals you were right; we like singing them. But this "Once in a Manger" carol has really got Semidemisemi-quavers beaten.

Do you remember, Mr. Hirons, a few weeks ago when you clapped your hands on your chest and shouted ecstatically "I am a cello!"? Something similarly happened in English. In discussing Romanticism Doctor Klinck said: "Put two and two together and you get a star." This was enough to start me wondering who was crazy, me or the rest of the world.

And now, Mr. Hirons, you want me to sing a song about my heart being a manger. I know now. So many other people couldn't be wrong; it is I who is mad.

Respectfully,
Semidemisemi-quavers.

We were delighted to see Mrs. Snider, Miss Walker and Mr. Schultz

at rehearsal again. It's good to have somebody take us at our word when we say "Come again, soon."

Mr. Schultz sang a solo for us — an old English carol — and we enjoyed it very much.

And since Hans von Bülow is always good for a laugh, allow me in conclusion to quote again from him: "Italy was the cradle of music — and remained the cradle."

No comment. (No connection, either).

—M. G. R.

Patriotic Song

C.Q.M.S.

Rikard

Sits in the stores surrounded

By 40 rifles

an L.M.G.

38 bayonets

And copies of

I.S.L.

I.T.

M.T.P. 23

F.S.R. 2

S.A.T. 1 and 2

And 47 cadet who want

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New boots

Corporals' stripes

Copies of all the manuals

Which are not in stock

And notes from the C.S.M.

And notes from the O.C.

And notes from the C.O.

It is a sweet and pleasant thing
To die

For one's country.

It is a headache

To keep stores

For the C.O.T.C.

(From the Greek of Tyrtæus after the translation by Captain Maguire.)

Dopey—Will the anesthetic make me sick?

Doctor—No, I think not.

Dopey—How long will it be before I know anything?

Doctor—Aren't you expecting too much of an anesthetic?

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ILLITERARIA

Waterloo Versus Alma

As seen by an innocent spectator.

The game's started! That's funny; men's games never start on time, so I figured this one would be at least half an hour late. By gosh, what a horrible muddle that is. Do they have scrimmages in this game? I always thought it was a rather gentle affair.

By the way, what do they call this? Basketball? Quit kidding me—I've seen a game of basketball. They use a ball in basketball, and they don't seem to have one here. Oh, they have? Well, where is it? Yes, I see now, but why is that girl trying to sit on it?—Hey, they're rolling it along the floor—this must be soccer. No, it's not soccer—they haven't any goals. How do they score points in this game? By putting it through that net? Go on, you're crazy, no one's even tried to do that since we've been here.

What do they call the positions in this game—or do they have any? Yes, the centre—who is that? That girl throwing the ball now—yes, I see. Right guard, and left guard—oh, yes, just like football. And that husky one there—I suppose she's the right tackle—Yeah, that one that just piled into the Alma girl. Boy, that was a block that Tuffy Leemans couldn't have improved on! Hey, what's up now? The referee took the ball from them, and she's giving it to an Alma player. A foul? What's the matter, a high tackle? For putting her hand on the ball? Why, you're nuts! You can't tell me that they don't call a penalty shot for a high tackle, and call one instead for just giving the ball a gentle tap while one of the Alma players is holding it? What kind of a game is this?

By gosh, it didn't make any difference anyway. She missed that net by a mile. She should have shut her eyes on that shot. Oh, there's one going in—nice shot, even if it was her third try at the basket. Well, how about a cheer or two—or don't they cheer at these games? Well, even if there isn't, we ought to cheer anyway, just to make the girls feel they've got some support in this hair-pulling contest. There—that Waterloo girl is in the clear—well, why don't you shoot, you idiot! Why can't she shoot—she's got the ball in her hands! There haven't been two passes? Well, what's that got to do with it? Well, all I can say is that they've got too many rules in this game. Look, that Alma girl is going right in on the basket. Wow, that was a nice check—lucky that girl had pigtails—if she didn't, the guard would never have got hold of her. But that was sort of unfair to throw her down on the floor like that—look at the smile on the victim's face! She shouldn't be smiling, she should have come up swinging.

There—Waterloo's ball—what! She's giving it to the Alma team. Why, it went out off an Alma player. Why don't they squawk about that decision? You robber!! Can't you see straight? Well, what are they looking at me like that for? Why can't you call her a robber?

She's the referee, isn't she? Who ever heard of a game where they don't call the referee a robber?

Hey, look over there—the Alma bench—look at that blonde, eh? Boy, if they put her in, she'd be a regular bombshell.—Was I watching the lines on that play? Yeah, but not that kind of lines. Those Alma players are fast, aren't they? But they haven't got the weight. Look, they can't stop those plunges—when that big centre goes over right tackle, they can't haul her down.—Nice shot that time—that ties it up, doesn't it?

What are they stopping for now? Time out? Why? One of the girls has to answer a phone call? Say, I thought this was a game! Boy, I never heard of a game being stopped on account of a phone call!—Now, I've got a chance to get another look at that blonde—I wish they'd put her in the game; they don't know a good player when they see one.—Well, here we go again. Darn

it, one of these girls is going to get hurt on one of these checks—they ought to wear shoulder pads.—

There can't be much time left to play.—There's another foul called on that Waterloo forward—she needs some practice in blocking, I think; she doesn't bounce them right.—Well, that puts them one point ahead, doesn't it?—Come on gang, let's score some points!—Well, even if I'm not out there, I can still cheer them on, can't I?—No, sir! I wouldn't play in a game like this for a million dollars—I'd get killed.—Darn it, she was right under the basket on that play, and she missed. How the heck could she do it from so close?—That Alma team's tiring—perhaps they'll put in some of their subs.—All right, I am.—So what? If you had any taste you would too.

Come on, gang, tie it up!—That tall girl's got it—all she needs to do is lift her hand up and drop the ball in.—She missed, but she got it again.

—There! That puts us one up.—Yay team! Hold that line!—Now, if they can just hold them off for a minute or so, they've got the game.—Nice dribbling, eh? Why is that out? She didn't step over the sideline.—She dribbled the ball twice? Well, why can't you do that?—No, I don't see it. I guess I'll have to stick to checkers and crossword puzzles.—

Well, there's the end.—Look at them all shaking hands and smiling at each other.—I'll bet they all feel like pulling each other's hair, and instead they're telling each other what a lovely game it was.—Yeah, it was a nice game.—But I still say that Alma should have used that blonde over there on the bench.—Naw, what's the hurry?—Let's stick around for a while—Maybe we can meet some of the players. Perhaps we can interest some of those Alma girls in coming to Waterloo next year. We seem to suffer from a lack of blondes.

D. D.

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SONG OF A NIGHT-CLUB GIRL (With apologies to Ben Jonson)

Oh, woo me only with thy purse,
And then mayst fill mine, too,
Or leave a bill within my hand,
And I'll no other sue.
The need extravagance doth raise
Doth ask an endowment fine,
And might I choose a millionaire's,
I soon would cast off thine.
I sent thee late a plea for cash,
Not so much trusting thee
As entertaining hope, that there
My need would answered be.
But thou didst only sneer thereat,
Preferred a blonde to me;
Since when I live by bread alone
And curse all men and thee.
by a Misanthrope.

THE GHOST

Last night I made an amazing discovery. For hundreds of years the world has had the wrong idea of ghosts. Last night I saw my first ghost, and it was not a horrible creature of leering grins and clanking chains, nor did it carry its head in its hand.

My ghost was a meek sort of creature. He peeked into my room to see if I was stirring and finding everything quiet, he entered timidly with a hangdog look. For a while he pattered about with my cold-cream jars and then sniffed at my new bottle of Tweed. Finding nothing more to interest him he floated over to the door and patted a picture of Tyrone which was hanging there. Then he trickled out.

That was the last of my ghost. He was such a friendly soul I wish he would come again.

(Continued From Page One)

"Canzonetta" by Tschalkowsky, and "Allegro" by Fiocco.

The Alpha Male Chorus of Stratford, a group of fifteen young men directed by Mr. F. P. Polley sang the following numbers: "In the Gloaming," "Grandfather's Clock," "Margy, Wake Up," "Dear Land of Hope," "Bless the Lord, O My Soul," "Juanita," "John Peel," "Brahms' Lullaby," "God Is a Spirit," "Men of Harlech," and the negro spirituals, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Standing in the Need of Prayer," and "Shout It Over All God's Heaven."

Mr. A. Kennard thanked the guest artists for their fine entertainment, after which the programme closed with "God Save the King."