

Athenaeum Society Holds a Skating Party

Skating Enjoyed At Central School Rink

On Wednesday, Feb. 11, the new executive of the Athenaeum Society organized a skating party at Central School rink in Waterloo. The night was clear and cold and Waterloo's "beauty and her chivalry" were out, almost in full force to enjoy it.

Skating lasted from 8:30 to 10:00 p.m. Despite such strenuous exercise many of the students were able to walk back to the College, some of them limping not too badly. The more serious cases were safely conveyed to the school in Craig Alles' car.

During a lunch of hot-dogs and excellent coffee, (without a suspicion of salt in it, by the way), Eldy Winkler provided us with some fine entertainment on the piano. Interspersed with the Winkler version of certain current song hits were several heart-rending duets by Eldy and Mr. Minke. In spite of the talent displayed by these lads, they insist they have no professional designs and will continue their studies.

The party was well planned and successfully carried out and our new executive is to be congratulated for its efforts.

With Our Alumni

We are all proud of Dr. Jefferis, our popular Classics professor, for his promotion to the rank of second lieutenant of the C.O.T.C. unit in the college. Congratulations, Dr. Jefferis from all of us.

Edward Nye '32 is now head of the Department of History of the Sudbury Collegiate. Recently he has been placed in charge of the cadets of the school.

We were very sorry to hear of the misfortune that came to Ilse Aksim, of the class of '40. Just before Christmas her boarding house in Thessalon, where she is teaching, caught fire and burned almost everything, including her books.

Elsa Christiansen, '40, is on the staff of the Cobden Continuation School, teaching French, English, Physical Training and Home Economics.

Dr. Frank Rand, a former professor of the college is now in Cairo on the staff of the American University. He is also editing a weekly magazine for the troops stationed there.

Emil (Joe) Anderson is now in Liverpool, A.R.P. While he was at Waterloo he was a prominent participant in the college plays. Before the war he was studying medicine in Heidelberg, Germany.

Lieutenant Douglas Stuebing is in England with the Canadian Armour division.

Beverley Pugh of the Royal Canadian naval Volunteer Reserve has been promoted probationally to the rank of sub-lieutenant. He was one of three chosen to try the exams for the position. At present, he is con-

College Glee-Club Conductor Narrowly Escapes Asphyxiation

The early arrival of the caretaker of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church is credited with saving the life of Mr. Bernard Hiron. The unfortunate accident occurred on Saturday evening, January 31. Mr. Hiron went down to the church to prepare for the Sunday services and to complete an annual report. He went to the large church kitchen to make a cup of tea for himself. It is believed that he collapsed after he turned on the gas for the stove and before he ignited it or that he collapsed after he had put the water on for the tea and the water boiled over and extinguished the flame. Mr. Hiron had had the flu that same week and had been under the doctor's care for some time. He was found on the kitchen floor the next morning by the caretaker who summoned the doctor immediately. The doctor had Mr. Hiron rushed to the K-W Hospital. His condition was serious and there was danger of sudden pneumonia setting in. Mr. Hiron has been resting comfortably at his home since last Friday afternoon and is getting along fine. He does need rest and quiet for some time. The sympathy of each of the Glee Club members is with Mr. Hiron as he is convalescing.

As we face the questions: "When will we have Glee Club Practice again?" and "are we putting on Gilbert and Sullivan's Operetta 'Patience'?" I think we would all like to say:

"Listen patient!
I'm impatient!
I'll sure be out of patience
Until I know for true
That your doc
Is out of patients—
At least one patient—
You!"

We wish Mr. Hiron a speedy and complete recovery.

continuing his training in Victoria, B.C.

Flight Lieutenant Wilfred Bean who is overseas with the R.C.A.F. has been promoted the post of squadron leader. Before the war he belonged the Kitchener-Waterloo Flying Club where he received his initial training and a Civil Pilot's Licence. In 1939 he became a pilot officer of the 119th Bomber Reconnaissance Squadron, Hamilton. He received his wings at Camp Borden and was called up for active service the first day of the war, Sept. 3, 1939. He rose to the rank of flying officer, and then flight lieutenant. When he went overseas last August to join the R.C.A.F. Torpedo Bomber Squadron he had the distinction of flying a new bomber across the Atlantic.

Lieutenant Ralph Tailby's recent marriage to Miss Lucy Kuntz of Waterloo was an interesting event to his former friends and classmates of Waterloo College. Ralph was well

Continued on Page 8

Semi-Annual Meet Of Athenaeum Introduces Changes

The last Athenaeum meeting of the first semester was held on Thursday, January 29. It was a business meeting with the President, Jean Shantz, in charge.

The minutes of the previous meeting and the treasurer's report were read by the secretary-treasurer, Mel King.

Then the report of the committee appointed to investigate the Athenaeum Society and to suggest improvements for the same was read and discussed.

The report stated the types of meeting the Athenaeum should have. It is, first of all, to promote social activity in the school. There should also be open discussions, and about one artistic program a semester. In addition to these types of program, outside speakers are to be invited to some of the meetings.

Those present voted the following amendments to the constitution:

(1) To include as members of the Athenaeum part-time students and teachers taking courses at Waterloo.

(2) To make possible the nomination and seconding of officers from the floor, and to permit the election of a suitable President from any college year.

It was also decided to accept the investigation committee's advice and procure a copy of Roberts' "Rules of Order," so as to carry on Athenaeum meetings according to correct parliamentary procedure.

Following this, the President thanked the Society and her Executive for helping and supporting her. We all say thanks to you, Jean, and to your hard-working committee for putting new life into the Athenaeum.

The election of the second-semester officers concluded the meeting. The new officers are:

Faculty Adviser ... Miss McLaren
Honorary President ... Alvin Baetz
President Gladys Quehl
Vice-President Anne Kuntz
Secretary-Treasurer ... Roy Grosz

Obituary

Word has been received of the death of Miss Carla Boehmer, formerly a student at Waterloo College. Her death was the result of a heart condition.

Miss Boehmer attended Waterloo College in 1939. The following year she studied designing in New York. For the past two years she has been working in Toronto.

It was with the deepest sorrow that we heard of Miss Boehmer's death, and we wish to extend our sympathy to her family.

Co-Eds Are Successful in Basketball and Badminton

In the last home competition of the season, the college co-eds won decisive victories both in basketball and badminton. Our basketball team defeated the Western team 12-15 and our badminton players won two out of three matches.

In the basketball game, the score at half-time was three-all. In the second half of the game our players had most of the play and most of the shooting. Jean Kramp scored eight points, Anne Kuntz two, and Violet Dorsch two. Violet Dorsch, always one of our most effective guards, proved her ability as a forward by netting a basket within her first few minutes of play.

Our defensive players were in top form. June Brock as centre guard was formidable, a valuable addition to any team. If no player was near at hand for a neat, short pass, June, with the ease of a javelin-thrower, heaved the ball the length of the floor to a waiting forward.

Ruthmarie Schmieder, Lottie Kellerman, Delphine Hartman, and Elva Wildfong formed the rest of the guard line. Their playing was skilful and sure. The last three of these players are new to our team this year and are to be congratulated on the ability they have shown. Our two old hands, Jean Kramp and Anne Kuntz, played true to form with Anne making and receiving a great number of passes and Jean building up a high score.

The same evening, Western Seniors played the K.C.I. team and defeated them 14-7. The Western Seniors played a fast game and their shooting skill was far superior to that of the Collegiate team. Greta Wong was the outstanding forward on the Western team, winning a total of eleven points.

In our game with the Collegiate played on February the 10th, our team led until the last few minutes when a last basket for the Collegiate gave them the game with a score of 14-13.

Both of these games have been characterized by clean, open play and a minimum of fouling. As a result, the playing has been better and the games have been enjoyed more.

In the badminton competition, Mary Fischer of Western defeated Jean Kramp 21-10. Mary Fischer, formerly of Waterloo, was outstanding in her placement shots and general playing ability.

Ruthmarie Schmieder in the second singles defeated Mary Dewar 21-12. The Waterloo doubles team, Ruthmarie Schmieder and Anne Kuntz, defeated the Western team, Peggy Henneger and Meighan McNaughton, 21-11.

Our final badminton and basketball competition will take place on March 5th against Brescia in London. After the games, our season is brought to a close with a banquet at which all participants are present and the final results are given.

Founded 1926

THE COLLEGE CORD

Editor-in-Chief Alice Hedderick
 Junior Editor Margaret Rohe
 Literaria Jean C. Kramp
 The Sign Post Delphine Hartman
 C.O.T.C. Notes David Dooley
 Social Events Gladys Quehl

Alumni Notes Lottie Kellerman
 Faculty Adviser Professor R. C. McIvor
 Sports Ruth Corner
 Exchange Jean Bier
 Business Manager Henry Schmieder
 Circulation Manager Harro Pfeiffer

EDITORIAL

How fast last term went! We had scarcely settled down after registration when it was Christmas time with its round of activities and its festivity. Christmas over—we need not remind you of what came next. Some of us are still feeling “the weight of chance-desires” — why did we not study more History? And if we had only done a little work throughout the term—. Ah, that was a time!

“Each day, too, slew its thousands, six or seven,
 Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
 They threw their pens down in divine disgust—
 The page was so besmeared with blood and dust.”

* * *

But now we return bravely with the stains of battle still upon us, and feeling anything but divine, although plenty disgusted. We are well launched into a new term now, with all kinds of good resolutions. Firm promises have been made to “settle down this semester” to which our professors reply, with a disbelieving uplift of the eyebrow, “Are you really?” They are probably right.

* * *

The co-eds are very grateful to Mrs. Gillespie and the members of the Women's Auxiliary for the new furniture and promises of more improvements for the girls' Common Room. The prospect of a cosy, well-furnished room is a delightful one. Those who have criticized the Girls' Room in the past may soon find that they have nothing to criticize any longer.

* * *

The war has spread into every corner of the world and demands the help of all and the effort of everyone to bring it to a quick and happy conclusion. For two years now the boys of Waterloo College have been taking the Canadian Officers' Training. This winter the co-eds of Western University were enrolled for compulsory training in first aid, laboratory work, or military training. When the question of such service was put before the co-eds of Waterloo, they were unanimous in wishing to do something. Our facilities are small, and we decided that a first aid course would be the most practical and the easiest to obtain for us. There is nothing definite yet, but the matter is being arranged by a committee of the co-eds.

* * *

The next issue of the Cord will be brought out by a new editor, who has not been chosen as yet.

I want to discard the “Editorial we” now to thank you all, and especially the regular staff members, for the support and cooperation you have given me as editor. I know you will aid the new editor just as loyally. I am very sorry to have to give up my job, especially now in the middle of the term. But I do think the Cord needs new blood and a change of atmosphere. I hope still to do some writing for the Cord, and I shall never lose interest in it, but I promise solemnly not to stick my nose into the running of it any more! Here's wishing luck to the next editor—whoever he or she may be.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial	page 2
Literaria	page 3
Sign Post	page 4
Vox Pop	page 5
Sport	page 6
Waterloonacy	page 7

University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

In these days of crises men of education and ability are everywhere required. This is true in the army, in the navy, in the air force and in civil life. It is certain that the demand for men of special training, particularly scientific training, will be increased many times when the present conflict ceases.

There are far too few young men and young women qualifying themselves for future responsibilities by taking a university course.—Only three per cent available—yet nearly everyone is agreed that such a course is essential in preparing the future citizen for his life's work.

The college graduate on the average earns far more than his less privileged competitors. His services are more valuable to his community and to the State. He makes more social contacts and forms wider friendships. A formal university course helps to enlarge and enrich the life of those who participate in it. The benefits are unmistakable and are far-reaching.

Canada should have more than twice as many young men and young women in the colleges and universities of the country as are now enrolled. What about you?

Ask for announcements, and information concerning scholarships, matriculation, courses of study, etc.

Write to THE REGISTRAR.

— LITERARIA —

The Victorian Age in (Everything But) Literature

In this book, the illustrious Mr. Chesterton presents for our edification his profound critical opinions of the Victorian Age. It is to be regretted that he chose to deal with the politics and morals and science of this period, and neglected its artistic productions, some of which were very noteworthy. The author speaks of the artists; but, instead of treating them as artists, he treats them as Members of Parliament, or political writers for the London Times. However, he explains his reasons for such a treatment of his subject in the introduction. A few words selected from this introduction should help to clarify his position:

"It only remains for me . . . to deal with the great Victorians . . . It is a task for which I feel myself wholly incompetent."

Mr. Chesterton, we think so too.

The author gives specific reasons for neglecting art, the phase of life in which we are most interested. He says:

"It is quite needless here to go into the old 'Art for art's sake' business, or explain at length why individual artists cannot be reviewed without reference to their traditions and creeds."

On the contrary, Mr. Chesterton, it is necessary for you to provide support for your opinions, if you wish us to consider them. If you cannot adequately defend your position, we may infer that the position is indefensible and should be abandoned. It is rather a poor bluff to say, "Hm, hm, boys, well you know how it is. I don't think it's necessary for us to go over all that stuff here. Let's let it slide, and get on with our work." G.K., we have a feeling that you are deliberately hurrying over the difficulties because they might prove embarrassing if they were discussed fully.

Here is another sentence from the introduction which is of interest:

"The moment we differentiate the minds, we must differentiate by doctrines and moral sentiments."

Come, come, Mr. Chesterton! You don't expect us to swallow that. Do you absolutely rule out artistic sentiments? You say that we differentiate between A and B by saying that one is a Baptist and the other an Anglican. But we may not differentiate between them by saying that A likes good music and B likes the noise called swing. I think that

it is very foolish of you to attempt to ignore man's sense of beauty. We can't let you get away with statements like that!

Enough of the introduction. Mr. Chesterton admits that he is incompetent, and proceeds to prove it. He pontificates about the Victorian Age as an American president might pontificate about Washington and Lincoln. The first chapter of the book is entitled, "The Victorian Compromise." In it, the author speaks of liberalism, revolutionary thought, the 'Eccentrics,' the Whig party, Utilitarianism, the Oxford movement, Anti-utilitarianism, Socialism, and so forth. The second chapter is entitled, "The Great Victorian Novelists." In it, Chesterton discusses the Victorian Compromise, Victorian Bowdlerism, Victorian rationalism, Dickens and Victorian Democracy, Disraeli and Victorian politics, paganism, pantheism, and other subjects. The third chapter is "The Great Victorian Poets, and in it are treated puritanism, socialism, paganism, anarchism, pantheism and many other topics, including one which is disastrously torn to pieces—art. Chapter four is called "The Breakup of the Compromise," and in it Chesterton talks of everything he can think of except literature.

Now, we have gone through the book, and we can draw a few conclusions about it. As a picture of the morals and politics of the Victorians, the book is quite complete. The discussions of utilitarianism, the effect of the French Revolution, and Socialism, are particularly enlightening. It is to be regretted that Chesterton, in spite of his introductory admission of his incompetence, did not say more about literature.

Pardon me—I spoke too soon. That last statement was a bit premature. I have just read Chesterton's opinion of Hardy. Hardy, it appears, was some sort of low creature who "botanized in the swamp." Please, Mr. Chesterton! Hardy failed to take part in the Victorian debate over politics and morals, and therefore you consider him beneath contempt. Because he interests himself in the life of the people, because he does not rise to the level of the soap box orator, he is unworthy to be discussed by you in the same breath with Meredith. From my point of view, Hardy seems to be one of the few sane persons among the group of raving maniacs who are the literary persons of the Victorian Age. The others, such as Carlyle, Ruskin, Morris and Macaulay, base their claims to immortality on learned and dogmatic dissertations on subjects of which they know nothing. Political economy is the branch of learning most singularly blessed by their literary contributions. Their points of view were distorted, their theories are today as out of date as the clothes they wore, yet we still revere the memories of these great misguided prophets. And you condemn Hardy for remaining aloof from them! Mr. Chesterton, you were only speaking the truth when you said you were incompetent to write about the literary artists of

the age of Victoria.

Similar to G. K.'s treatment of Hardy is his treatment of Jane Austen and Rudyard Kipling. Of the former, he says: "She belongs to a vanished world before the great progressive age of which I write." He dismisses her as unimportant, because she did not contribute to the mountain of drivel which her contemporaries wrote about morality. In like vein, Chesterton expresses his contempt for Kipling: "It is because he is the end of such literature. He has many other powerful elements, but of the Victorian virtues, nothing." Now, I feel myself that Kipling has been vastly overrated, and will soon be forgotten. But I think it is the height of insanity to criticize a man because he is free from the prejudices and fetishes and moralizing of the Victorian Age.

Of Chesterton's treatment of the aesthetics, there is much that I could say. But I will sum it up in a phrase: He completely misunderstands aestheticism. To his way of thinking, a work of art is not a work of art unless it has spread over its whole surface. "Go forth and do likewise." Very fortunately for us, this narrow attitude is today regarded in the same way as the Victorians must have regarded the dramatic unities—an old-fashioned convention which, thank God, we have got rid of.

But, I will admit that, in spite of its obvious errors, Chesterton's book has given me some good ideas. After I had read the volume I had a sudden inspiration: why not write a volume on Post Victorian Literature? I have the first draft of the work made out. I will deal with everything that has happened since Victoria's death, except, of course, the literature. One of my chapters will give a detailed account of the Versailles Treaty. Another will deal with Einstein's theory of relativity as conceived of by me and other deluded and ignorant moderns. My grand finale will consist of a lengthy treatment of the Atlantic 8-point peace plan drafted by Roosevelt and Churchill. Of course, I will discuss the writers of the present age—though not from an artistic standpoint. I will give full accounts of the works of John Gunther, Walter Lippman, Dorothy Thompson, and Zane Grey. And I will reserve a good deal of space for the greatest writer of modern times—a man who stands head-and-shoulders above Carlyle, by whose side Macaulay fades into insignificance, the latchet of whose shoe Ruskin is not worthy to touch. By now, you will surely have guessed who it is—Ralph Allen, of the Globe and Mail sports staff.

THE DEVIL-BAT

Yes, I went to see the "Devil-Bat." I went to get thrilled. For the first time in my life I had the courage to watch a horror picture, complete with secret trap-doors, gloomy halls and midnight murders. But I did not get thrilled. My hair did not rise up on end, nor did my eyes bulge out, because I went to the theatre in the wrong mood. I refused to be frightened by anything.

The screen-play did not come up to expectation. I wanted skeletons to drop out of closets, ghosts to flit about in weird forests. But

no skeletons, no ghosts! — there was just a scientist pattering about in the laboratory. His intentions were murderous, certainly. But to make my blood run cold, give me blood-curdling cries and groans that shatter the silence and the gloom. Oh, yes, the Devil-Bat screamed as it swooped down upon its victim. A flock of crows could produce a more direful note than the Devil-Bat gave forth.

The general atmosphere was wrong. A village, broad daylight, a cosmetics firm—these did not provide the proper setting and tone. When there was a night scene, it was spoiled by flash-lights and car-lights. Besides the weather was always fine. There were no violent downpourings of rain, no lightning flashing across the livid sky, no thunder crashing about gloomy towers, no wind moaning around deserted monasteries. "Wuthering Heights" provided a good example of the creation of the proper atmosphere. The story was one of turbulence, violence and passion. To produce the required atmosphere a scene was presented of winds howling over the moors, gates creaking and dogs barking in old halls.

The technique of the Devil-Bat was weak. I do not want to be shown the machinations and technique of the murderer before the crime is committed. I like murders to happen in unexpected places and in the ghostliest settings. What a thrill one receives, when corpses fall out of refrigerators, as the hero is reaching for his midnight luncheon! And I do dislike when lovers clutter up a horror story—especially when their love turns out to be such a washed-out affair. I have a feeling of repugnance when I am asked to laugh at a comic scene after one of the characters has been murdered. I feel as if I were at a funeral and someone told me an ill-timed joke. Someone might argue that comic scenes were inserted for the purpose of relieving the situation—both the situation—there was none to relieve! When a mystery is unravelled before Act I Scene I is over, nothing can terrify the spectator very remarkably. There was something almost ludicrous in the way the newspaper reporter unravelled what was no longer mysterious to the audience. Finally, the motives of the scientist in executing such murderous designs were not carefully worked out, and were stated too bluntly. There was nothing subtle in the murderer's characterization.

Without a doubt I have a "bone to pick" with the producer of the "Devil-Bat"—who promised hair-raising scenes and horrors unspeakable and presented us with such a tame story. Why, after reading Pliny's description of the "Haunted House" with the ghost, and creaking floors, and clanking chains, I should not dare to turn off the lights. I saw the Devil-Bat, went home, turned off the lights, and tried to imagine the bat flying for my throat. My imagination could not produce even a third-rate thrill! I was convinced, then, that the screen play had very little suggestive power. I suppose I shall have to turn to the "Mysterries of Udolpho" for a supply of sliding doors, thrills and monastery-lurking ghosts.



The Sign Post
Delphine Hartman

In a November issue the suggestion was made in this column that graduates write letters to the Cord, telling where they are and what adventure they have experienced since leaving Waterloo. These letters, we explained, would be welcomed by the present students, who feel a friendly interest in all those who have studied at the college in former years. Perhaps at least partly as a result of this suggestion three letters have found their way into the hands of the alumni editor. The latter, inspired with compassion at hearing our sighs and groans over the prospect of writing another Sign Post, has generously consented to give up one of them. Bless her!

This letter is certainly very interesting. It was written by Jack Harper who is with the Canadian Army in Jamaica. Mr. Harper graduated in 1939. From old Cords we learn that he was known to his fellows as "Harp," that he was usually around when anything was going on, and that he was generally considered a very good chap. On consulting the college calendar we learn further that several of the seminar-ians who are still with us graduated from the college in the same year—Al Baetz, Clifton Monk, Fred Neudoerffer and Henry Nuhn, to be exact. The letter is dated December 17. We print it in part.

"At present I'm stationed in the hills down here as camp commandant of the station and in charge of the weapon training for the detachment. It's quite a spot. You go up a very steep winding road which, according to some of the Imperial blokes, far exceeds the road to the hills in India as far as danger and curves are concerned. The parade ground is high above the sea and the officers' mess is 400 feet above that. I assure you that when you reach the top a drink is worth its weight in gold. It's extremely warm here during the day but at night it is cool and sleeping is a real treat. We get a fair amount of rain and the clouds pour over the mountains

about once a day and form a screen over the valleys below. It's truly magnificent and if you ever want to write a book this is the place to come.

The camp itself is an Imperial Army station and the construction work is tremendous. Our swimming pool is cement and was built in the 1860's and there's not a crack in it anywhere. It is just as romantic as the pictures you get of Imperial stations in India and the East. Our dining room table is mahogany and about eight feet by four—really beautiful. We burn redwood and mahogany in the fireplace every night, although it hurts to do so. This is truly representative of the old army standards whereby a man had to have a private income to be a soldier.

As you travel around it is always interesting to watch the natives and observe their habits. For the most part they are slovenly and dirty, but form quite a picture as they walk up and down the roads carrying their baskets of fruit, etc., on their heads. They live in shacks along the roadside and you can't conceive of even putting your foot inside let alone live in such a filthy place. . . . Of course their rum is good and it's quite a treat to be able to stop and pick a banana or a lime anytime you feel inclined."

The college has seen some great reforms lately. Item one is the gymnasium which acquired a gleaming new coat of cream and ivory over the Christmas holidays. The improvement is almost miraculous, proving what can be done with a paint can and a brush. The rads are gleaming with aluminum paint and all the old cracks have vanished. Although at first we were quite self-conscious about playing basketball in such a magnificent place we are gradually getting accustomed to the new splendour.

Item two is the girls' common room which is gradually being transformed into a thing of beauty and a joy forever. We have not one, not one, I say, but two new sofas. Note also that both of them are the last word in sheer, delicious comfort. Most of us have already forgotten the old ones—that delightful little wicker affair which always collapsed at one end, and the squat one with no back, which in the course of time had taken on a mud-like hue. Graduates and friends also will please note that the little wicker table has been removed—the one with the lame leg.

There are rumors that the ladies' auxiliary is planning even more delightful surprises — cushions, drapes, a chair or two, and so on. The girls are certainly well satisfied with life these days.

To show their appreciation they have cleared the accumulation of ages out of the cupboard, have straightened up the whole room and are making a heroic effort to

keep the room (reasonably) tidy. A plan has been worked out whereby two girls will be responsible each week for keeping order and preventing the return of the old familiar wilderness. This week the police officers are Jean Kramp and Ruth Corner. You should see the look they give the coat-drapers, hat-tossers, book-slingers and other undesirable wretches. "There are hooks outside in the hall," they remind one coldly. "Won't you please keep your shelf neat?" "Who left these books here?" "What are you going to do with the core when you finish that apple?" We didn't realize that there was such an iron streak in these two girls. They get results though.

Even the noon-lunchers have begun to feel that change is in the air. Nora now brings a table cloth for the central table and she and her associates sit sedately around it at lunch time. There is something almost fantastic about all this.

It might be well to mention here one of the changes recently made in the Athenaeum Constitution. The membership is now extended to part-time students who might be interested in Athenaeum Activities. This will include many teachers and others who come up for a few lectures each week. Such students are cordially invited to attend meetings whenever they can do so. Athenaeum notices are posted on the main bulletin board a few days in advance.

The jolly Scotsman Bobby Burns is the author of the following lines, which might well be engraved upon the bottom of this column's coat of arms, (a purple keyhole couchant on a field of sickly green.)

"Hear, Land o' cakes and brither Scots
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats,
If there's a hole in a' your coats
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's among ye takin' notes,
An' faith, he'll prent it."

And speaking of holes, thereby hangs a tale. The story concerns Mr. Winkler, a highly respected resident of the upper floor. We are told that one panel in his door has an amazing quality. If it is knocked upon it causes half of the said door to fall inward with great noise, to the boundless disgust of the said Mr. W. The latter rises in wrath to repair the damage with thumb-tacks, only to be disturbed a few minutes later by his portal again crashing to the ground. In the face of this disaster Mr. W. shows commendable courage and continues to look quite cheerful. Who says college boys lack stamina!

Cold weather makes ice, and ice brings out the hockey in the most innocent looking boys. Busy as they are, a few of them steal an hour

Continued on Page 5

McPhail's
C.C.M. Bicycles - Sporting Goods
Cor. King and William Sts.
Waterloo

The Dominion Life Assurance Company
Head Office — Waterloo, Ont.
LIFE INSURANCE and ANNUITIES
EARL PUTNAM
And Associates
HOME OFFICE AGENCY

The William Hogg Coal Co. Ltd.
Established Over 40 Years
KITCHENER — WATERLOO
GALT

Bedford Drug Store
First Aid Supplies
Light Lunches
Where you get what you want.
PRESCRIPTIONS
Opp. Post Office — Dial 2-2672
WATERLOO

W. H. E. Schmalz
ARCHITECT
129 King Street West
KITCHENER
Dial 2-4134
MEMBER
O.A.A. R.A.I.C.

For Good Value in Men's Clothes come to
Geo. Hoelscher
65 King St. East Kitchener
Entrance Behind Window

Buddell's Garage
PACKARD and HUDSON
Distributors
for Waterloo County
71 King St. N. Dial 6-6953
WATERLOO

THE GRILL
W. N. JONES, Mgr.
Opposite the Capitol
LIGHT LUNCHES
AFTER THEATRE SUPPERS

The Sign Post

continued from page 4

now and then to work out on the central rink. As Jean Shantz succinctly put it,—“Nobody can do it like our boys,—they’re so goofy!”

We don’t want * * * gossip, but—! “Sst!” said a friend. “Material for your column coming up! Just take a walk into the library!” Skeptical but curious, we did just that. He was right: There they were, tete-a-tete, ostensibly doing German together,—she reading softly and he watching, but not the book. The archives, when consulted, revealed that these same persons were seen skating together at Central School rink the other night for almost two hours without interruption. Can such things be ignored? I leave it to you. Names? But you know we would never betray such good friends as Hildegard and Jack Zimmerman!

Perhaps too a lady from New Hamburg would bear watching, and we don’t mean Ilse this time, although, by the way,—but never mind that now. Little Jean Bier is the one. If someone could provide information about last Saturday night, it would be appreciated.

And if we were not very short of space we might tell some interesting stories about Mel and a blonde and a brunette, too, not to mention several intervening shades. Watch the next issue.

Snodgrass—“Do you like babies?”
Smitty—“Yeah. Especially those born sixteen years ago.”

LEONARD KLOPP

Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS

Dial 8-8546 2 King St. South
WATERLOO

Compliments of

BEESE'S DAIRY BAR

Dial 2-1882

207 King — Waterloo

DOERSAM'S BOOK STORE

Headquarters for School Supplies
Waterloo — Dial 5-5964

WATERLOO STOVE SHOP

New and Used Stoves
Electric, Gas, Coal and Wood
Canada Paints
99 King St., Waterloo
Dial 2-0384

CORNER DRUG STORE

J. S. Johnston, Phm. B.

Phone 2-3112

141 King St. S., Waterloo

Bits of Exchange

Anxious mother—“What does the average college man do with his weekend?”

Dean of Men—“Well, sometimes I think he merely hangs his hat on it!”

Salesman—I represent the ABC Wool Company, lady. Would you be interested in some colourful yarns?

Housewife — Yeah. Tell me a couple.

Freshibus takebus examinatum
Copibus from neighborum
Teacher seeibus little cheatorum
Causibus Freshibus to flunkorum.

Russian women are standing beside their husbands in the front lines. A man can't even have a war in peace.

Admire the ones who try and try,
Ignore the ones who don't,
Lament for those who don't know how,
Abhor the ones who won't

Please!
No!
Pretty please?
Positively no! I said no!
Aw, please maw, all the other boys are going barefoot.

VOX POP—

Please, Dear Readers:

We feel neglected, ignored, ostracized. This is the second time this year that we have had to write to you. Why don't you write to us, as you ought to do in the natural order of things? We have not received a single letter for so long that we would hardly know how to answer one if we did get one. But we shall be optimistic again and start practising in anticipation of the flood of letters which probably will not come in next issue.

Hasn't anyone in this whole college anything to say that is worth saying in print? Is Waterloo College so stagnant, so lacking in ideas that we, Vox Pop, the Voice of the People, have to beg someone to please say something? It does not matter if we do not know the answer to your question. Someone will, if he only has the energy to write it down and put it in the editor's mailbox. And then, you do not have to ask a question. Vox Pop is a column in which the students should air their views, discuss their opinions, and make suggestions. Wake up! Start arguing, ye stiff-necked generation!

Disgustedly yours,
Editor of Vox Pop.

AUNT TABITHA

Written by a girl early in the 20th Century.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;

When she was a girl (forty summers ago)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear Aunt! If I only would take her advice!
But I like my own way, and I find it so nice;
And besides, I forget half the things I am told;
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;
She would never endure an impertinent stare —
It is horrid, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad's arm — just for safety, you know —
But Aunt Tabitha tells me they didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in! — But stay —
Were the men all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day?

If the men were so wicked, I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma;
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! Who knows?
And what shall I say if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if Aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been!
And her grand-aunt — it scares me — how shockingly sad
That we girls of today are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
Let me perish — to rescue some wretched young man!
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha'll tell me she never did so!

KITCHENER COAL COMPANY

DIAL 6-6372

“OUR COAL MAKES WARM FRIENDS”

ERNST'S

“Where the Good Clothes Come From”

Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes
46 King St. E. Kitchener

ARNOLD HARRY A.

JANSEN

OPTOMETRISTS

Dial Phone 2-2715
10 Frederick St. Kitchener
See Jansen Today—
See Better Tomorrow.

WESTSIDE DAIRY

HIGH TEST DAIRY PRODUCTS

385 Park St Dial 2-2552

You Can't Be Optimistic with Misty Optics



48 Ontario St. So. Kitchener

The Rexall Store

Dial 2-2893 Waterloo, Ont.
Kodaks and Photo Supplies
Chocolates
Stationery and Tobaccos
A. G. HAEHNEL

Richard Braunlich

Merchant Tailor
High Class Tailoring and Repairs
Gents' Furnishings
9 KING ST. N., WATERLOO
Dial 5-5213

A. H. Foell & Co.

Ice, Moving and Carting
Daily Service to and From
Toronto and London
Waterloo Dial 2-3536
Toronto Phone: Lakeside 2225
London Phone: Met. 5085
Stratford Phone 2325

CALLING ALL SPORTS

Better

Skate Outfits, Skis and

Accessories

Guns — Hunters' Equipment



WEBER HARDWARE

Kitchener

Phone 2-4433

SPORT

Holidays and examinations have one fault in common. They blind our minds to facts. Before this break in our well-ordered lives, we knew as well as anyone that health was the most important thing in our lives, that without physical vitality we could not get the most out of life. So what did we do?

We struggled from September to December to reach the highest peak of physical perfection. Those were the days of sparkling laughter, gay encounters, and light foot-steps. Now take one glance anywhere—girls collapsed on chester-fields, in a chair, on the floor, all over—so long as they can sit. And teas becoming more popular every day! And theatres so crowded that thousands have to be turned away nightly. Love of food and luxury, and sheer indolence have accompanied holidays and examinations. The phrase "Life Begins at Forty" will have no meaning for us, for how can our bodies stand such abuse?

A dim, dim hope arises that soon we shall snap out of this lethargy. Soon we shall feel strength creep back into our limbs, soon we shall be in the midst of our final basketball and badminton competition. We shall realize that there is still an Interwestern League. Then getting down to reality, we shall find our two last games are to be played on February 16 and February 26. We shall feel again the pleasure that comes from a game well-played. We shall begin to experience the exultation which follows breathless activity, and the satisfaction that comes from acquired skills. Finally, we shall leave college with the conviction that education is not solely development of the mind but the highest possible development of both mind and body.

Our last basketball game resulted in an all-out victory for Brescia. A tall forward on the Brescia team stole all the honors. Our team, to say the least, was not in top form.

In badminton the first singles was taken easily by Jean Kramp. Lucy Wintermeyer defeated Ruth Schmieder in the second singles. In the doubles, the Waterloo team, Anne Kuntz and Jean Kramp defeated the Brescia team by quite a margin.

The boys' participation in sports is most breathtaking. The occasional volleyball games show spirit which the girls might well copy. We shan't comment on form, technique, finesse, etc.

What has happened to our last year's star hockey team? The feminine members of the college are pining away for an opportunity to cheer the gallants as in former years. They are so enthusiastic they will stand out-of-doors if need be, so long as they can see their heroes on ice. Let's have at least one game!

It is common knowledge that mixed folk-dancing classes have become a popular part of the sports programme in many colleges. Folk-dancing is no longer considered a "sissy" activity. On the con-

trary, it has been proven to require more skill, co-ordination, and energy than many competitive sports. It might prove a highly interesting experiment here.

The girls will probably be closing the badminton season with a tournament. Would the boys be interested in any such form of competition? A ladies' singles, a men's singles, and a mixed doubles tournament might add zest to life!

EXCHANGE

Fancy our surprise when, opening a paper we forgot to turn over to the Exchange Editor, we discovered a blue-pencilled article with the superscription "How about putting us on the Exchange list." The article was signed by Harris Veitch, one of our alumni. The paper is "Skyline," put out by the R.C.A.F. at Brantford.

THE G STRING

L.A.C. George Basarich, Course 43, is particularly interested in the goings-on in the Philippines. From 1935-37 he was with the army air corp at Guam, Hawaii and the Philippines, so every time a bomb is dropped in those areas it is striking pretty close to home, so far as he is concerned. Nichols Field, on Manila Bay, which has been bombed heavy and often, know him as an aero-mechanic, telephone operator, and junior under graduate of the University of Manila.

George is of Serbian decent and thus has a traditional hatred of the Germans. He doesn't like the Japs either, but thinks he'd just as soon stay here and fight with the R.C.A.F. as leave to fight with his own forces. "I came here of my volition," he said. "The Canadian Government is giving me a high-class flying education and my gratitude is deep." That's the feeling of most of the American boys.

"As far as the Japs are concerned," he said, "I honestly believe the U.S.A. to have all the necessary striking force to transform them into third-grade fertilizer in short order." Basarich also served two years in the National Guard.

Basarich told of one "battleship" in the Philippine area the Japs wouldn't sink. It is a cement battleship, a projection of the Island of Corregidor, guarding the entrance to Manila Bay. "It is equipped similarly to a ship but is built strongly on a rock base. It forms a coastal artillery base on the two-mile projection into the harbor."

Basarich, 28, said they practice-bombed the "battleship" one night from 11,000 feet with old Keystone bombers, but were driven off by coast artillery guns. "The battleship's reserves," he said, "are considered equal to a seven-year seige."

His opinion was that the Philippine's chances were "slim" if a great power concentrated its military strength on them in an attack. "Their many islands are protected mainly by natives forced to employ guerilla tactics for defence."

Another colourful figure of this same course is Duke Gould, of North Carolina, tobacco-chewer de luxe. He appears to have a continual set of mobile mumps, but it is really nothing but an umpteen-pound wad of 'baccy. It's with him day and night, in the air or on the ground, and he uses enough to keep several plantations functioning.

Gould claims he started chewing

tobacco about 18 years ago. It was because he wanted to be a good football player. Apparently in the good old U.S.A. you just have to chew tobacco to be a good player. By quantity, Duke should have been all-American years ago, and still. Back home, he says, he used from two to six packages of grasshopper-juice developer per day. The rigorous life of the air force is said to have speeded up his consumption here and there.

The Ghost!

In the last issue of the Cord there was an account of a ghost. I have a ghost too. Mine is the traditional kind of ghost with clanking chains—as a matter of fact he rather reminds me of the apparition of—Jacob Marley. But he comes with no grim warning.

The first time he came was about one a.m. when I was working on an English essay. I game my trusty typewriter a heave and muttered, "Oof! I'm tired." No sooner had I said that than I heard a hollow groan at my left ear. I turned and saw my ghost standing there. With a sigh he flopped on the bed. "Mind if I sit down and take a load off my feet?" he asked.

"N-not at all!" I stuttered politely. He was really a grim sight. He looked as dead as a soda-jerker at the end of a busy day. He shifted his chains to a more comfortable position and sighed, "Gee, it's good to sit! I've been waiting hours outside for you to turn out the light, but finally I figured you weren't going to bed at all, so I came in anyhow."

"He doesn't use very good English," I thought as I explained that this fool essay had to be in tomorrow or else—

He looked at me for a minute, then said, "'Scuse me a minute. Got something to show you!" He vanished through the window without even bothering to raise the blind.

A few minutes later he was back, carrying a grinning skull in his left hand. "Look, sister," he said, "this is the skull of an honour English student. Look at all the dents—that's where he tried to hammer in the knowledge. And look inside—hollow—it was just as empty when he was alive. It's no use, sister, you might as well go to bed." With that he gathered his chains about him and departed. "I'm going to college and bunk on one of the new couches in the girls' room," he said.

Of all the crust! I thought. I hope Dr. Schorten catches you! As he faded out the window I found myself wondering what sort of an appearance I put—having a man in my room at one o'clock in the morning! But then, he was only a shade. And so was I, practically, I thought wearily as I listened to his chains clanking across the campus and decided to follow his example and go to bed.

Since then he comes often when I work late and throws out sage advice. "Look, sister, what's the good? Here you are reading that Poly-Poly-Pollywog or whatever it is—what good's it gonna do you? Whyn't you get some sleep?"

Sometimes I fear he is an agent sent of the devil to tempt me, but instead of telling him to get him behind me, I usually tell him to get him out so I can follow his advice and go to bed.

Henderson's SUNRISE BREAD

Bread — Cakes — Pastry

Wm. Henderson & Sons
Dial 8-8552 — Waterloo

BROCK and DAVIS

Chartered Accountants

Kitchener — London
Ontario

Spend Less

Buy More

War Savings

Certificates

The Waterloo Trust & Savings Co.

Waterloo Office

Compliments of

Letter & Dreisinger

Funeral Directors

and

Waterloo 5c to \$1.00 Store

Waterloo Coal

Company — Limited

Dial: Waterloo 2-4419
Kitchener 8-8743

"We appreciate your patronage"

Hotel Waterloo

Rooms with private showers
and baths

Cor. King and Erb. Sts.

WATERLOO, Ont.

L. R. Detenbeck

MEN'S WEAR SHOP

34 King St. S. Dial 4-4232

WATERLOO

Quehl's Meat Market

Fresh Meats and Sausage

Dial 4-4705

74A William St. Waterloo

R. E. Hahn

Superior Chain Grocer

Free Delivery

Dial 6-6441 37 King St. N.
Waterloo

- WATERLOONACY -

The Waterloons have not been doing so well for themselves of late. And your Waterloonacy editor (if so dignified a title may be applied) has failed to note the few bright remarks that were made, and has proved to have possession of an amazingly poor retentive power—otherwise known as memory.

Of course, what can you expect, with examinations? Speaking of which, we have received a few examination boners from a school not far from here.

"King Alfred made good armies, good laws, Fords." (Lizzies, undoubtedly).

"King Richard went on a Crusader."

These are juvenile follies which may not belong in a college paper, but what was it Professor Hirtle said about the Physical Science papers? Fiddle-faddle?

Roll-marking in French 20—

Professor Evans (checking up on attendance) Let me see, now—Vincent was here last day and is here today. Beggs was here last and is not today. Wellein—

Dick Wellein—I was and I is!

Apparently the Greeks resorted to abusive alliteration too. The Sophist Gorgias made such remarks as (in Dr. Jefferis' phraseology) "Greece is glorious—Persia is punk."

Waterloonacy is weak.

Ann—There are still eight weeks till Easter.

L.L.L.—No there aren't, because Thursday comes on Good Friday. (Ask her what she meant.)

Again we come to something that isn't Waterloonacy. If unwelcome here, it is quite willing to be tucked

in somewhere else — or left out, if the editor prefers. It is a quotation from a "Poet at the Breakfast-Table" — "I have been to hear some music-pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces around her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music stool a twirl or two, and fluffed down onto it like a whirl of soapsuds in a hand basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she were going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers to look as if they would pretty much cover the key board, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down upon a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl, as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump, and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once."

Never mind, maybe he just didn't understand music.

Waterloonacy doesn't seem to have lived up to its name this month. A great deal of this drivel has really nothing to do with us Waterloons, but ye Ed. said, "For heaven's sake, fill up space." So here we are, filling up space. If you don't want to read it, you need not. . . . This is a fine time to tell you, now that you have read it already, you valiant few who have got this far.

(The blank space below is for comments.)

CHEMISTS ANALYSIS of WOMAN

Contributed by one R. V. Eby

SYMBOL: WOE

ATOMIC WEIGHT: 120 (approx.)

Occurrence:

1. Can be found wherever man exists.
2. Seldom occurs in free and natural state.

PHYSICAL PROPERTIES:

1. All colours and sizes.
2. Always appears in a disguised condition.
3. Boils at nothing and freezes at any point.
4. Melts when properly heated.
5. Very bitter if not used correctly.

CHEMICAL PROPERTIES:

1. Extremely active in the presence of man.
2. Great affinity for gold, silver and precious stones.
3. Able to absorb expensive food at any time.
4. Sometimes yields to pressure.
5. Turns green when placed next to a better specimen.
6. Highly dangerous and explosive in inexperienced hands.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

Longfellow.

GRANDFATHER

Curiously enough, one always thinks of grandfathers as mellow, bearded fellows who sit about fire-places smoking ancient pipes and brooding on their past. If they are learned they might write essays on adversity, truth or honour; if they are of sturdy peasant stock, they will bore their children and their children's children, yea even to the third and fourth generation, with tales of their boyhood when wolves howled about the homestead on wintry nights. Actually, however, most grandfathers are not like this. I know mine was not.

My grandfather may best be described as a frustrated horse-thief, that is to say he would have been a horse-thief had he lived in western America. Being born, unfortunately, in a region where no buffalo roamed and no deer and antelope play, he had to develop along a different line his copious talents for this art.

Female relatives, old and young, will swear by the Book that grandfather was a tailor, but whether or not he knew a thimble from a needle is an interesting question. However, giving him a profession, real or imaginary, lends him an air of respectability. The old rogue's chief vice was that (I blush to say it, for after all he was my ancestor) he drank. Perhaps he did so to drown his sorrow at not having any horses to steal. More likely there was a psychological reason. These drinking bouts were usually some form of celebration, which made them rather jolly affairs. An optimist will find something to celebrate almost every day. Grandfather was an optimist.

No doubt you have heard the story of the village Scrooge who never did a good deed in his life. At his funeral the villagers tried to find something good to say about him. All that could be said was that he had been the best speller in his class. Likewise, as grandfather is dead and I must speak good of the dead, I must tell of his one virtue. He was a good violinist. One must not, however, think of him in terms of Menuhin, Heifetz and Mendelssohn's Violin Concert in E-minor. Grandfather

Continued on Page 8

FRANK'S
Jewellery Store and
Optical Parlor
M. S. MUNN, Optometrist
Eyes Examined — Glasses Fitted
Waterloo Dial 7-7574

Use
Kitchener Tri-Pure Ice
Owned and operated by
Blue Top Brewing Co. Limited

WHITE STAR
Barber Shop
E. MARTZ, Prop.
Courteous Service — Sanitary
Methods
Opp. Post Office, Waterloo

MacIntosh Cleaners LIMITED
"The Burtol Cleaners"
130 Victoria St. South, Kitchener
Phone 2-4461

Jewellers  Watchmakers
BECKER'S
KING ST AT FREDERICK
KITCHENER, ONT.

Miller's Taxi
and Service Station
Five Heated Cars
24 Hour Service
Dial 7-7311 King St. at William
Waterloo

THE
WATERLOO MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
— Established 1863 —
ASSETS OVER
\$2,000,000.00
INSURANCE IN FORCE
\$85,000,000.00
Head Office — Waterloo, Ont.


"Affiliate yourself with Waterloo Tradition"

Waterloo College

Affiliated Since 1925 With
University of Western Ontario

OFFERS

The General Arts Course
earning the Pass B.A. Degree
and
Honour Course earning the
Honour B.A. and Specialists'
Standing



A good education at the most nominal financial cost

For Calendar and other information address the Registrar

Theological Courses For Divinity Students

GRANDFATHER

continued from page 7

was the type of musician who is in demand at village weddings, the type who can play dance tunes for hours, and whose chief virtues are a strong sense of rhythm and the endurance of a channel swimmer. Another good point about grandfather was that he was, after all, human and approachable. He had so many faults of his own that he didn't mind a few in his offspring.

But poor grandfather died an inglorious death. He was not hung from the branch of a cotton-wood tree as befitted a self-respecting horse-thief, frustrated or otherwise. He lived a long time, as the good die young, but finally old age caught up with him.

Remonstrance With Snails

We discovered this anonymous poem in an anthology of modern British poetry. It tickled our fancy. We hope our readers will enjoy it too.

Ye little snails,
With slippery tails
Who noiselessly travel
Along this gravel.

By a silvery path of slime unsightly,
I learn that you visit my pea-rows
nightly.

Felonious your visit, I guess!
And I give you this warning,
That, every morning,
I'll strictly examine the pods;
And if one I hit on,

With slaver or split on,
Your next meal will be with the
gods.

I own you're a very ancient race,
And Greece and Babylon were
amid:

You have tenanted many a royal
dome.

And dwelt in the oldest pyramid,
The source of the Nile! — Oh, you
have been there,

In the ark was your floodless bed;
On the moonless night of Marathon
You crawled o'er the mighty dead;
But still, though I reverence your
ancestries,

I don't see why you should nibble
my peas.

The meadows are yours — the
hedgerow and brook,

You may bathe in their dews at
noon;

By the aged sea you may sound your
shells,

On the mountains erect your hoorn:
The fruits and the flowers are your
rightful dowers,

Then why — in the name of
wonder —

Should my six pea-rows be the only
cause

To excite your midnight plunder?
I have never disturbed your slender
shells;

You have hung round my aged
walk;

And each night have sat, till he
died in his fat,

Beneath his own cabbage-stalk.
But now you must fly from the soil
of your sires;

Then put on your liveliest crawl,
And think of your poor little snails
at home,

Now orphans or emigrants all.
Utensils domestic and civil and
social

I give you an evening to pack up;
But if the moon of this night does
not rise on your flight,

Tomorrow I'll hang each man
Jack up.
You'll think of my peas and your
thievish tricks,
With tears of slime, when crossing
the Styx.

HEROISM

Ruby wine is drunk by knaves,
Sugar spends to fatten slaves,
Rose and vine-leaf deck buffoons;
Thunder-clouds are Jove's festoons,
Drooping oft in wreaths of dread,
Lightning-knotted round his head;
The hero is not fed on sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats;
Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails.
Emerson.

A donkey has two feet before
And two behind
But you have to be behind
Before you find
What the two behind
Be for.

Great Expectations

Apparently the co-eds, who have already been gladdened by the addition of two new sofas to their room, may expect further improvements in the future. A notice recently posted on their bulletin board outlined the following proposals, which have been unanimously and enthusiastically approved.

The girls' room is going to be painted some time during the summer vacation. The break at Easter is so short that it does not allow enough time for the work to be completed. Also the old familiar cupboard will be removed, giving more space and greatly improving the general appearance of the room. This sounds almost too good to be true, but you haven't heard anything yet.

In order utterly to banish the coats, hats, galoshes and gym uniforms which usually clutter the girls' private sanctum, the retreat of the

lady professors across the hall will be converted into a cloak-room and dressing room. Moreover, a corner will be reserved for the Cord, which has long been clamouring for "Lebensraum."

The professors will probably be transferred to room 207, now the Classics room, whence Dr. Jefferis will depart for a destination as yet unknown. It is to be hoped that his customary stoicism will enable him to accept the blow calmly when (and if) it falls. But bear with me a while, there is yet more.

In the lower depths, somewhere near the gymnasium, are the ancient crumbling ruins of what once were two showers. Abandoned to the activities of scuttling spiders, they are now of little use to anyone, unless he be an archaeologist. But now there is hope. New showers are going to arise, perhaps not tomorrow, yet soon. There may be still greater changes too—a radio, even a rug, who can say where all this will end? All we have to do is be patient and watch things happen.

UNPATRIOTIC SONG

We haven't got a
Sergeant-Major
Any more.

No more
Show a leg there
It's half past five
And a cold wet morning.

No more
On Parade!
Put it on
Take it off
Shine those boots
and those buttons
and that rifle
No talking in the ranks.

No more
Lift those knees
Pull on those butts
Swing those arms.

He'll probably be just as
CRUEL
Now he's an officer.
(Probably originally written in
Latin by Dr. J—.)

With Our Alumni

Continued From Page 1

known as an athlete and basketball coach during his school days. At present he is paymaster at No. 10 Basic Training Centre, Kitchener, Ont.

Major J. C. Herbert, '29, formerly a member of Ingersoll Collegiate teaching faculty was transferred in October from the A and T staff of the Oxford Rifles to a staff post at Ottawa. The editor of this column received an interesting letter from Major Herbert in which he says:

"Your College Cord followed me around a bit but finally caught up to me at National Defence Headquarters at Ottawa, where I have been for the past two months.

"The war has made it rather difficult to keep up the old connections and friendships formed during College days, but I know that the thoughts of the many former students must oft turn back to pleasant memories of former days.

"I wish the College and Cord every success during these trying days."

Thank you, Major Herbert. The College wishes you all the best too, in your many responsible duties.

At Graduation Time



An exchange of photographs with classmates creates bonds of friendship you will treasure through the years.



THE BELAIR STUDIO

Dunker Building

Kitchener, Ont.

Good Advice To Youth
From Men of the Hour

"If I had my way, I would write the word 'insure' over the door of every cottage and on the blotting book of every public man, because I am convinced that for sacrifices which are inconceivably small, families can be secured against catastrophes which otherwise would smash them up forever."

WINSTON CHURCHILL,
Prime Minister of
Great Britain.

"Life Assurance should be considered not as an expense, but as savings. It should be the first factor in any programme of investment. It should be the last to be let go. In hard times it is especially important, and we should make every effort to keep our old Life Assurance in force."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
President of the United
States of America.

THE MUTUAL LIFE

Assurance Company
OF CANADA

Head office, Est. 1869

Waterloo, Ontario.

KITCHENER BRANCH OFFICE — 119 KING ST. W.