

DR. CLAUSEN CHAIRMAN OF PEACE BOARD

The organization of a Twin City Industrial Peace Board has been completed as the result of mutual co-operation between the Waterloo and Kitchener municipalities. The Council Committees of the two communities have handed over the responsibility for the mediation of disagreement between industry and labor to a five man committee.

Rev. Dr. F. B. Clausen, President of Waterloo College and Seminary, has agreed to act as chairman of the board. The other members of the committee are: Mr. McKie, Harold Ball, Mr. Dowsett and John S. Wagner, secretary of the Twin City Labor and Trades Council.

Following closely the peace policies adopted in the city of Toledo, Ohio, with only a few minor adjustments to meet local conditions, the board will attempt to promote and maintain voluntary co-operation between labor and management, and will represent the community at large rather than any faction or group.

Replying to a question raised by Mr. McKie, it was felt that the board should not be expected to deal with "petty" cases such as complaints lodged by industrial workers. Clifford Dowsett, secretary of the Twin City Labor Council, voiced his opinion that the board will only deal with groups of workers.

In connection with representatives of labor and management getting around a table for mediation of disputes, Dr. Clausen stated, "The wise man does in the beginning what the fool is forced to do in the end." The members of the board are in high hopes that their program will be a means of strengthening the co-operation between labor and management.

Throughout the Dominion of Canada labor disputes arise, which result in ill-feeling between the parties concerned and a slowing down of production.

The Twin City Industrial Peace Board will attempt to eliminate such practices by trying to introduce a feeling of good will between employers and employees, and a realization that a true Christian and brotherly understanding between disputants is the only way to obtain complete co-operation between labor and management.

The nine-point policies likely to be followed are:

1. The board will never at any time have authority to order anyone to do anything.
2. Co-operation between labor, management and the board shall be entirely voluntary.
3. Members of the board will represent the community at large, rather than any faction or group.
4. The board shall merely mediate, which is to say, to make recommen-

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Veitch-Livingston Wedding



Sgt.-Pilot and Mrs. Harris Veitch,

The wedding of Miss Laura Louise Livingston and Sgt.-Pilot Harris Carlton Veitch took place in the Livingston Presbyterian Church in Baden on Tuesday, March 17. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James Rikard of Waterloo College before an altar banked with palms, ferns, standards of white stocks, snapdragons and carnations, and garlanded with stocks and gardenias. Clusters of white flowers at the base of the church windows found a lovely counterpart in the small clusters tied with white satin bows that marked the pews.

Prof. George Ziegler at the console of the organ played the wedding music and Mr. Norton Staebler, violinist, played the second movement of Mendelssohn's "Violin Concerto" during the signing of the register.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a graceful gown of white silk chiffon with appliqued collar of white point de Venice lace and cascading veil of illusion tulle that fell in a sweeping train from a coronet of orange blossoms. She carried a cascade of white orchids and sweet peas caught with silver and white net from which fell a shower of white spray orchids.

She was attended by Mrs. Rikard as matron of honor, gowned in horizon blue taffeta with a wide front peplum in a cascading bustle effect. In her hair she wore yellow roses catching a drape of taffeta and her flowers were a cascade of yellow Pernet roses and blue wedgewood iris tied with yellow tulle.

The best man was Mr. Adrian Knechtel of Hanover, and the ushers were Mr. Frederick Neudoerffer of Waterloo College and Mr. Herbert Brennan of Kitchener.

The wedding ceremony was followed by a reception at Forest Hill Gardens where about 75 guests were received by the bridal couple assisted by the aunt of the bride, Miss A. C. Holwell, in a dress of midnight blue lace with blue sequin trim and a corsage of gardenias, and by the mother of the bridegroom, Mrs. William Veitch, in a wine crepe frock trimmed in powder blue and accented with a corsage of orchids. The rooms were decorated in yellow, white, and pale blue flowers to carry out the colors of the bridal party.

For travelling, the bride donned a dress of madonna blue under an air force blue coat with matching hat. Her costume was accented by a corsage of red spray orchids. On their honeymoon Sgt.-Pilot and Mrs. Veitch visited Montreal and other places.

PAUL BERG AND SCHNEIDER CHORUS PRESENT CONCERT

On Thursday, March 26, the Athenaeum Society heard a musical program presented by Paul Berg and the Schneider Male Chorus. The gymnasium was filled almost to capacity by students and visitors.

Paul Berg travelled through the United States for several years as a demonstrator of the new Hammond Electric Organ. At present he owns and operates a music store in Kitchener. Mr. Berg disapproved the popular idea that the Hammond Organ is a novelty instrument. He demonstrated how it has all the potentialities of the conventional pipe-organ plus a "bag-of-tricks" all of its own. He is, of course, a specialist on this instrument and showed a technical mastery of it. He played seven sacred and secular classic solos thereby showing that the Hammond Organ was capable of different types of music. Then he gave an amusing demonstration of the special capabilities of the instrument.

The Schneider Male Chorus, a group of about twenty, is composed of men who work at J. M. Schneider, Ltd. Paul Berg is their director. Male choruses are scarce and can often supply a type of music of singular vitality and enthusiasm. It is a pity that there are not more men's choirs as there is a popular demand for them which is seldom satisfied. The individuality of the boys from Schneider's is splendid and their enthusiasm deserves commendation and encouragement. They sang nine numbers, including negro spirituals and popular classical numbers. As an encore they sang the Netherlands Hymn of Thanksgiving.

As usual the girls of the society provided an excellent lunch. In spite of their plans for careers, our co-eds are preparing for every emergency. They show a not inconsiderable knowledge of that fundamental necessity of successful housewifery, (if you will pardon the term), food, its preparation and presentation. The boys, of course, look after the consumption of the chow with almost professional ability. Even the final and ordinarily sordid stage in the feeding of mankind, namely dishwashing, can lend itself to considerable horse-play among the more boisterous of us.

After lunch we students gathered about the organ and Mr. Berg responded generously to our various requests. Thus another Athenaeum meeting came to its pleasant close, and we trickled home to bed forgetful for the time of wars, of rumors of wars, of term essays of Cord copy and of other abominations and desolations which shall surely come.

Founded 1926

THE COLLEGE CORD

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EDITORIAL

Once again the authorities of the College, looking forward to the next school year, have begun a campaign to obtain new students. The advantages offered by Waterloo College are many—too many to enumerate here at this time. It might be well, however, to mention a few points upon which many people seem to be misinformed.

Waterloo College is a college of arts, affiliated with the University of Western Ontario. It is quite distinct from the Lutheran Seminary which is in the same building. Many of the seminarians, however, are graduates of the College.

Waterloo College offers an opportunity to earn the degree of B.A. The complete course leading to a pass or honor B.A. may be taken in Waterloo. The degree itself is conferred by the University of Western Ontario and is of exactly the same value as a degree obtained by studying in London or at any of the other colleges in Western University.

In many respects it is surprising that the people of the Twin Cities, sensible as they are of cultural values, have not taken a greater interest in the development of this splendid school of higher learning in their midst. Surely they should be proud to say that one can receive a university education without leaving Waterloo. Possibly the fault lies with us: We have been content to develop quietly without much advertising. If this is so, then the time has come to make ourselves known.

The most effective advertising can be done by students themselves, (including graduates) who daily meet young people and their parents. We can proudly recommend Waterloo to anyone who wants a good education. The College has done a great deal for each of us, now how about doing something in return?

It is with mingled feelings of pride and regret that we pay tribute to the retiring editor of the Cord, Miss Alice Hedderick. We regret that ill health compelled her to give up a job which she was doing so well. We are proud of the work she did for the Cord, which, under her management flourished as it never did before. In proof of this we mention letters of appreciation which she received from such distinguished persons as Doctor Sherwood Fox, President, and K. P. R. Neville, Registrar of the University of Western Ontario. The high standard which she set will be a challenge to all who succeed her in this position. Although she does not feel able to assume the burdens of editorship, Alice has assured us that she will continue to write for the Cord, and will do what she can to help it along. We are especially grateful for the good advice and assistance she has given in pulling together this notoriously difficult March issue. D. M. H.

Spring has come and with it the examination time-table. On April tenth the professors will go to Western for the examination conference. On the part of the students this conference marks the end of all frivolity and procrastination, for it is a sure sign that the reckoning is near at hand. True, the examinations are not yet upon us, but in the intervening four weeks there are essays and summaries to be written. The last half of the second semester is always a gruelling time, especially for the seniors, for with graduation looming ahead there is no saying, "Oh well, I can always write a 'sup.'" M. G. R.

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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 —

DO YOU REMEMBER

by

MARGARET JACOBI

Do you remember how we always raced from one class to the next at collegiate, and what a jam there used to be on the south stairs?

Those south stairs were always a trap. They were divided somehow into two flights, met at one central landing and then went on again in different directions. We were always stopped on these stairs while the tangles in the upper and lower halls were sorted out.

Donnell, the Latin teacher, stood at the top of the stairs and directed traffic in the upper hall while Evans, the principal, stood in the lab. doorway and glowered at all and sundry in the lower hall. One glower from Evans did more to straighten out a traffic snarl than all Donnell's commands and gestures.

The day of which I speak was just as many others were. There was the usual blockade on the stairs and the inevitable muddle in the upper hall. Finally a downward movement started and Edwin accidentally slipped as he stepped off the landing. An armful of books was no aid in preserving Edwin's balance.

I was just two steps below Edwin. When his mathematical case went over the bannister to drop on Armstrong's head and Macbeth flew by my left ear I realized that all was not as it should be. Immediately I speeded up those in front of me. Indeed we bolted down the stairs, traffic snarls or no traffic snarls, followed by Edwin's books and finally by Edwin.

Poor Edwin, as I have said, slipped on the top step; skipped two steps; lit and literally bounced down the remaining two steps. He could not help himself, and since no one tried to stop him, he just slid and bounced downwards.

Naturally all the spectators remained while Edwin was picked up and his books were restored. Donnell stood at the top of the stairs and fumed at the delay while Evans examined Edwin for possible broken bones.

Except for many bruises Edwin was undamaged and limped off to class. Meanwhile Donnell raged about "gaping onlookers with pin-point brains who blocked stairways and wasted time that could be better spent in the improving of the said pin-point brains" — preferably with Latin.

How we laughed at Donnell and his anger. I think it was really more amusing to note his annoyance than to watch Edwin's land-slide.

The sequel to this, in Edwin's case, was the cause of much joking at his expense. For several days he was very prim and proper and rose and sat with much difficulty and great care.

THE BACHELOR

by

ROY KOCH

He lived in a tumble-down shack in a little-frequented valley near Conestogo. When I went to his home one evening last summer, the heavy night-clouds had just risen, and were now spreading their ominous shadows over everything.

The house, as I approached it, looked like a gray blot in its drab surroundings. The weather-beaten shingles proclaimed that their duties as water-repellents were almost ended. A grayish wisp of smoke curled up from the chimney, and lost itself in the gathering darkness above; a lilac bush, on the western side of the house, had run riot through neglect. A little vestibule, which had been built over the front door to protect it from the cold winter winds leaned crazily to one side. Its door, or rather the place where the door should have been, revealed an interior as black as night. The old board fence that separated the little yard from the road had lost many of its boards; the gate sagged on one hinge. A tall, bushy, apple tree stood mid-way between the fence and the house. The rotten top of the well was strongly reinforced by two stout planks thrown carelessly across it.

I felt my way through the vestibule to the door.

"Come in," a voice responded to my knock. The Bachelor was sitting at the table finishing his supper. Before him, a little kerosene lamp was trying in vain to illuminate the darkness through its smoky chimney; large cobwebs could faintly be seen spanning the distance between the corners at the ceiling; the floor was black from the accumulated dirt of weeks. Perhaps there was a dog under the table, but I could not be sure until my eyes became accustomed to the gloom. Everything about the place called forth loudly for the kindly ministrations of a feminine hand.

The Bachelor was eating from cracked and broken dishes. Three-quarters of a pound of butter, with its wrapper crumbled at one end, rested on a broken saucer; a partly-eaten loaf of bread showed notched edges that had probably been cut with a jack-knife; a jar of peanut-butter, with knife sticking out of it, was standing at his elbow. To add to the general disorder, the unwashed breakfast dishes littered the table.

He himself had not performed his ablutions very thoroughly before he sat down to his supper. There were still shady circles of brown about his eyes; his unkempt moustache and beard of a week gave him a wild appearance. His eyes glanced out from under shaggy eye-brows. Apparently his wiry hair had been roughly combed with his fingers. When he pushed back his chair from the table, I could see the large, coarsely-sewn patches on his dirty trousers.

While we were talking, he was

"clearing the table." He piled the dirty dishes into a dilapidated sink at the opposite end of the room, gathered a load of eatables into his arms, and deposited them in the darkness of the cellar-entrance. Then, seizing a cloth, and making a few mannish strokes with it, he brushed the crumbs from the table to the floor, and paid no more attention to them. When his simple tasks were done, he sat down on a rickety chair, fished around in his pockets for his tobacco, and proceeded to gnaw a substantial corner from the plug. Then, fearing lest he was showing a lack of hospitality, he offered me a "chew" from the same plug. I politely declined his offer with the information that I never use tobacco.

The Bachelor—decrepit, unkempt, unloved, and loving none! In a few years, the infirmities of old age will compel him to seek refuge in an "Old People's Home," there to spend a few more unhappy years, and then move on to—"what fate?"

FROM DUNCE-CAP TO MORTAR-BOARD

Since I shall never publish either a diary of my experience at College (I haven't any diary), or a memoir of my College days, I shall resort to reminiscences in a most informal manner. I, a senior, am gazing back to my freshman days—and I see—!

With a great deal of detachment I can survey my first days at College. I dimly remember that I felt like a huge bundle of shyness and inferiority complex plus. Embarrassment was my daily diet. Professors frightened me out of my wits. (They still do sometimes.) Sarcasm seemed to form one half of their lectures. Their duty seemed to be to show me how absolutely dumb I was. (I knew that before I came to College.) I soon discovered that the first lesson on entering college was to learn how to take lecture notes. How vividly I remember my feverish scramble to get every word down! Result—my handwriting became illegible as time went on, and I missed all the important points through listening for words instead of ideas. In my ignorance I thought professors went astray from their chosen subjects. Later I was told that such slants from the subject had a technical term, called digressions. Now, after being initiated into the mysteries of taking lecture notes, I like digressions best of all.

Oh yes—and what did I think of initiation? I thought it was the biggest practical joke anybody ever played on me. My dunce cap is tucked away some place—ready to be whisked out at a moment's notice. Do my comrades-in-crime remember the night after Library Science, when Miss Dunham let us out by the back door of the Library? What fun!

And speaking of Library Science—I didn't like it? Why?—I just wasn't bright enough to grasp the essentials. Somehow I always managed to come half-an-hour late. Most unpardonable! But what could one do when street-cars didn't run according to one's schedule? If anyone should care to break into the

Continued on Page 8

I RETREAT AGAIN

Mary had laughed when I returned at twilight that Sunday afternoon in January not so long ago. The others, as she explained, were tired of waiting for me and had sat down to eat.

"What else do you expect," she said, "when you dash off without a word to them about where you are going and why?"

I took my coat off, looked at her, smiled, and took her by the hand as we proceeded to the dining room. She added teasingly,

"These little walks with yourself must be a comfort!"

Mary is a good girl, and I believe I do not half appreciate her. She had invited a number of her friends to dinner and I had come too. After the meal was over I slipped into the kitchen, and asked her if she would mind if I went out by myself for awhile. Mary knew what the matter was, so she consented in her kindly way. She could entertain her guests quite well that afternoon without my assistance. Mary was that kind of a girl. So I kissed her and left quietly.

Soon I was standing on the top of Logan hill, while the wind and the snow swirled round and round me. Strange! Here in the centre of a whirlpool of storm that lashed me relentlessly, my mind was clearing and I was beginning to feel much better. How often in the past week had I thought of such a moment as this! I stood alone, my very soul fluttering in the wideness of the atmosphere between heaven and earth. Then after a long pause my feet carried me slowly, unwillingly, down into the vale below.

My studies had required much work in the past fortnight, and I had applied myself diligently. It was my last year in the Seminary before graduation. With abrupt swiftness the years had passed by, bringing me to the threshold of a goal once far in the distance and now close at hand. The strain which I had undergone lately had made me irritable at times, a feeling which I thoroughly disliked. It was on occasions like these that I craved to be alone.

My cure was to retreat into the country where I could relax, and remember pleasant things, and prepare myself for another attack on the world of reality. Retreat was to me an essential part of the offensive in living to the full. Jesus, too, had often departed into the wilderness to gain strength. The treatment never failed to bring me back in the best of spirits, no matter what the ailment was, and it did not fail today.

Perhaps that was why Mary laughed. She was happy to see that I had overcome my mood, for we were to spend the evening together by ourselves.

I opened the door to the dining room and let her pass. There was a turning of heads as Mary said,

"Well, I got him at last."

As far as that goes, she had me from the moment I met her. Mary is so exciting . . .

ANON.



however, left several years ago and will probably be remembered only by the juniors and seniors. Here are a few scattered impressions which a freshette received of him in his college days. Veitch's chief hobby, in which he was something of a wizard, was photography. A camera would do anything for him. There are even legends floating about that he took a picture of Professor Hirtle almost in the dark, with the aid of a special camera, or infra red rays, or something. For scientific details consult Professor Hirtle. If Veitch had wished, he might have developed a fairly profitable blackmail business by selling some of his candid camera shots to the victims, who would probably have paid any price to get them out of circulation. But this lad was above bribery.

Among other scattered details we recall that he invariably and inevitably signed his name "Vch," and everybody knew what he meant. Further, he occasionally dabbled in streamlined, modernistic, surrealist, impressionistic and nostalgic poetry—(that disposes of the adjective situation for a while). Further, be it noted that he was at one time editor of the College Cord. By this you will realize that he has suffered.

If you notice any of the boarding club members dragging themselves around, pale, haggard, victims of night-blindness, not to mention twilight stiffness and mid-day indifference, you will know that this is caused by lack of vitamins in the diet. They have set up a howl, (in their condition it is really only a weak squeak) for more greens in their diet. Accordingly Nick had waived a certain amount of his spaghetti soup and rice pudding, to substitute a half of a lettuce leaf smothered in carrots, (is he color-blind—carrots—greens?) for each table. Anyway, it seems to pacify them. A faint flush of color is now returning to the cheeks of the haggard ones. It is hoped that they will soon be able to walk without buckling at the knees.

June, to Fred Shantz: "Oh, I know something about you, Freddie!"

Fred, defensively: "What do you know about me?"

June: "That you're free, white and twenty-one, and something else, too!"

Fred, unwilling to be teased: "Aw!"

June: "You needn't think you can do anything that I won't find out about!"

(To be continued in the next issue, when we find out the rest. This looks very promising).

Oh, yes, there was a story in the last issue which we promised to continue, too, remember? About Mel and the blondes, brunettes and

intervening shades? Well, kiddies, gather round and hear what happened to Uncle Wiggly next. A very complex affair it was, involving Jean Shantz, March 20th, Mel, his brother, a movie, Lottie, Friday night, and what they did afterward, also how did Signpost find out in spite of elaborate precautions? There you have the materials, so build your own mouse-trap.

Have you ever wanted to see your name in lights? Have you ever felt the urge for publicity? One co-ed is cured of this for life, as the result of hearing her name unexpectedly belated to all of down-town Kitchener. This co-ed was walking carelessly past a car fitted with sound apparatus for making recruit speeches. At the moment no one was talking. But the soldier in charge was an old friend, recently a student here. The temptation was too good to resist. "Good morning, Miss Kramp," said he politely through the speaker, in gigantic tones. "G-g-good morning," she stuttered politely in reply, not wishing to be discourteous to Jove, or whoever it was. But in a moment she recalled that Jove simply doesn't lean down from Olympus to say good morning to people in downtown Kitchener. "Good morning," she replied again, more calmly this time.

Mrs. Klinck held a delightful tea for the girls at her home on Thursday, March 19th. The green St. Patrick's Day theme was carried out by serviettes gaily decorated with shamrocks and little cakes topped with pale green fluffy icing. The hostess was assisted in serving and receiving her guests by Mrs. Jeffcris and also by Baby David Klinck. David, who is blue-eyed and sweet, was propped up on a cushion in the biggest chair in the living room. He was very affable about the whole thing, not a protest did he make about all those women fluttering around. When he grows up we will have at least one man at Waterloo College who has the proper perspective above teas.

A special delegation of co-eds waited on us this afternoon and insisted that we print the story of Wallie Minke. It seems that Wallie has been listening very seriously to his radio, and has joined the "daily dippers." At any rate he was seen coming purposefully down the stairs with a large box of Lux under one arm and a yellow sweater under the other. The girls hoped, Wallie, that you would not have Tattle-Tale Gray in your washing.

We were amazed to learn, upon reading some copy submitted by Ruthmarie, that the Athenaeum had a "bawling party" on February 26. Just a slip, of course: The a in the first word was supposed to be an o, but it gave us a very uneasy moment.

No one found it hard to choose the most outstanding event of the last few weeks. It was, without a doubt, the wedding of Laura Louise and Veitch. According to all reports the ceremony was beautiful, a dream-wedding. Everything, the flowers, candles, music, and the bride's beautiful dress, traditionally long and white, was as perfect as it could be. Along with everyone else at the college we wish the newly married couple every happiness.

We all received a whiff of festivity from the lovely flowers from the wedding which found their way into the girls' room and the chapel. The Co-eds were especially fortunate, as Laura Louise graciously delegated the top layer of her cake to them. And it was divided with careful fairness by the simple expedient of cutting between the knobs of icing which a considerate baker had placed along the edge. How did he know we wanted twenty-eight pieces? Each of us carried off our own portion carefully wrapped in a paper napkin.

There was some discussion about the old wives' tale about sleeping with a piece of wedding cake under your pillow. A girl who does this, it is alleged, will undoubtedly dream of her future husband, if the moon is right and everything is favourable, etc.

"Aw, I don't believe in that one," scoffed Dot Heimrich. "I tried it once and do you know what I dreamed about?"

"No," we admitted.

"Julius Caesar," she replied bitterly.

"Neither do I,—I dreamed about a kangaroo the night I tried it," chirped up someone else. (There certainly was something wrong with the moon that night, us thinks).

We all know Laura Louise very well, as she is still with us, a student in her senior year. Veitch,

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ATHENAEUM HOLDS ANOTHER BOWLING PARTY

Such enthusiasm was displayed at the last Athenaeum bowling party, that on February 6 we again exhibited our skill, or was it merely luck, at Brill's Recreation Hall, Waterloo.

For those who were smart enough to come there was bowling from 8:30 until 10:00. The three alleys were kept busy all this time, but in vain did I try to discover the mysteries of the art of bowling. Gladys claims you have to go at it in a business-like fashion and roll up your sleeves. Vincent and Winkler, I noticed, hold on to the ball at least half way down the alley. To my greatest surprise I found that the experts actually aim their balls. Lottie and Jean had no explanation for their wonderful scores — so I immediately suspected them of spending their spare time at Brill's. All this didn't help me a bit, and just when I was at the point of giving up in disgust, Dot came to my rescue. I tried her method — closed my eyes and let go of the ball — success! — it worked!

After the bowling, lunch was served at St. John's Parish Hall and the evening's fun was ended by our usual swing session with Winkler at the piano and Mel warbling in his best of tenors — "I Don't Wanna Walk Without You, Baby."

R. E. S.

WARFARE IN THE CLASSICS

This is an article based on three books of military science written in Greek about 2,000 years ago. It is taken from the February edition of "The School," published by the Ontario College of Education. The reviewer is one of our own professors, Dr. Jefferis. With striking ingenuity Dr. Jefferis. With striking ingenuity science of 20 centuries ago with that of today, indicating to us the wealth of material that the ancient books contain.

The first writer discussed is Aeneas, whom the author refers to as the cause of much internal dissension of the Greek states which aided Philip, that ancient Hitler. The reviewer goes on to discuss Aeneas' recommendation of a "blackout" which forbids citizens to have any lights at night. Also for anyone interested in spy stories, a system of the handling of passports which regulated the activities of "neutrals" is presented by Aeneas.

The second writer, Asclepiodotus, is a tactical writer. His works are precise, yet filled with good material. Dr. Jefferis compares Asclepiodotus' work with the summaries a student produces in preparation for an O.T.C. examination. He compares the different manners in which orders could be given. In Asclepiodotus' time, orders were given by voice, signal, or bugle as compared with our present system of oral, manual and whistle commands.

The final writer discussed is Anasander. His writings are not as technical as those of the preceding authors. He emphasizes the moral qualities necessary for a successful commander of men. Peace-time drill, sham battles and war games are vividly discussed. The necessity of passing orders along a regular chain of command — a matter stressed in present-day military manuals — is mentioned as an important quality.

The volume here discussed, Dr. Jefferis says, will be of interest to anyone who has, or expects to have, anything to do with military training. "This includes not only the male teacher of military age, though it is to him that this article is especially addressed, but every teacher whose pupils are likely to be going to take their place in Canada's forces."

F. A. B.

Professor Rikard Addresses Athenaeum

On Thursday, March 12, the Athenaeum Society held its third meeting of the second term. James A. Rikard, popular professor of philosophy in Waterloo College, chose as his topic for address the subject "Our Emotional Development."

He began by outlining the stages of the emotional development of the normal person: infancy, childhood, youth, maturity, and old age. As the normal person moves from one phase to the next in emotional development, he will find some new person or persons on which to centre his love. He will not necessarily discard his former objects of affection, but they will be of secondary importance. To be emotionally mature is to follow the normal emotional development. "Be your age" is the slogan which ought to govern emotion.

Dr. Rikard illustrated how people do not all develop normally. Some receive a harsh jolt which interrupts the normal progress. They may stop developing permanently or even go back to an earlier emotional stage which appeals to them. To progress too swiftly in emotional development is also not desirable and will bring trouble, in all probability, for the individual who does so.

Most of us, he said, are abnormal to a slight degree. Certain mannerisms and reactions show that we have been too reluctant to leave certain aspects of some previous stage or stages, aspects which are not good for us in any sense in our present stage. We ought to analyze our behaviour, watch for any signs of emotional immaturity, and try to correct ourselves.

Mr. Baetz, the Honorary President of the Athenaeum, thanked the speaker on behalf of the society.

Lunch followed. There was plenty of good coffee and cake and the society "tucked in" with its usual gusto. Once again "Eldy" Winkler took capable control of the piano and an informal sing-song was soon under way. With "The King" another fine program came to a close.

M. K.

And there is the well-meaning soul who translated "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" into:

Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific. How can I fathom your nature's specific?

Loftily poised in the ether capacious, Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

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SPORT

The final basketball and badminton competitions were held in London on March 11th. Total scores for the season gave Waterloo College second place in the league with a score of 20 points, 3 points below Brescia's winning score of 23. The results of the league were as follows:

Brescia Hall, (first), badminton 5, basketball 18, total 23.

Waterloo College (second), badminton 11, basketball 9, total 20.

Alma College (third), badminton 7, basketball 9, total 16.

University of Western Ontario, (fourth), badminton 14, basketball 0, total 14.

Brescia produced an outstanding basketball team this year and won every game it played. The strength of the team was centred in a tall forward who was able to ignore the guards and shoot with little hindrance and reasonable accuracy. As seen by the above totals, the points won by Brescia in badminton were negligible. Waterloo College won second place by a reasonably high display of skill in both activities. In badminton 11 points were won by the players, two of whom entered the field last year. Jean Kramp, who represented the College in the doubles last year, took over the first singles this year. Ruthmarie Schmieder again competed in the second singles competitions. Anne Kuntz, Jean and Ruthmarie formed the doubles team. In their competitions the girls displayed more than average ability, winning 5 out of 6 matches against Brescia, 4 out of 6 matches with Alma, and 2 out of 6 matches with Western.

In our league badminton has always been over-shadowed by basketball, which, because it is a more spectacular game, arouses more interest and creates an atmosphere of excitement. Badminton as an individual sport has more carry-over value for recreational purposes than basketball. For this reason it is a pity more significance has not been attached to this sport.

Since basketball is a team sport and a fast moving game, it will always hold great attractions for College students. The College teams, which placed second in the series last year, once again finished in that position. In every game the team played well, the passing was sure, the defensive play well organized, and offensive play well carried out. Most important of all a general knowledge of the rules and the spirit of the game was shown.

As forward, Jean Kramp had high scoring total, with Anne Kuntz running a close second. Towards the end of the season, Ruthmarie Schmieder and Violet Dorsch, both efficient and effective guards, showed promise of similar shooting ability.

To newcomers in the team, as well as to last year's players, should go the honour for this year's standing. Second place in the league may appear to be no great achievement. However, in glancing back to the situation last October we who were interested in this phase of college life again experience the despair we felt when it seemed well-nigh impossible to gather together enough physically fit girls to form a team. Only the fact that every girl who

could possibly do so consented to become a member of team, enabled us to enter the league this year. Girls who had not participated in this branch of sport to any degree before, showed, after the experience of a few games, unexpected ability and confidence. Newcomers to the team this year were Lottie Kellerman, Delphine Hartman and Elva Wildfong. Other members of the team were Jean Kramp, Anne Kuntz, Ruthmarie Schmieder, forwards, and Violet Dorsch, Margaret Rohe and June Brock, guards.

The process of evaluation at the conclusion of a season's activities is always fitting. First place is always the mark at which teams aim. There arises the question, if each player had put forth 20 per cent more effort both in basketball and badminton would the results have been the same—in points and in satisfaction? For the benefit of another year's participation in sport, let's see wherein we may improve.

In basketball the total score for each game could be higher. This responsibility should not be taken by one or two players but by the whole team. Regular practices at which every player strives for better results will increase the shooting total for the team. There is a weakness in designating players as forwards and guards, for a good basketball player should be able to assume the position of either with equal confidence and skill. A combination of speed and teamwork in which is included the individual skills of bouncing, passing, feinting and shooting can be built up. Definite team plays are an asset.

In badminton good footwork, accuracy in the placement of shots and general mastery of the strokes, forehand, backhand, the high clear, the drive, drop shot, net shot and the smash as well as the serves, the long high, the short and the drive serve, will change a game just for fun into a game which yields the maximum of satisfaction and achievement.

The inter-western league concluded with a banquet held in the university cafeteria at London.

BADMINTON TOURNAMENTS

The results of the badminton tournaments now taking place at the college, men's singles, girls' singles and doubles and mixed doubles, will be available for the next issue.

R. W. C.

PEACE BOARD —

Continued From Page 1

dations or suggestions, which may be mutually approved or rejected.

5. The board shall never arbitrate, which is to say, it shall not, even by mutual request, make "binding" or "final" findings, which both sides must accept. Arbitration of disputes, it is believed, might result in loss of confidence in the board in some quarters even if its findings were always fair. An unfair finding would generally destroy faith in the board's impartiality.

6. The board will never take a vote on the rightness or wrongness of issues in a dispute. No judge or jury attitude will ever be displayed.

7. The board will operate with an irreducible minimum of publicity.

8. The board shall not interfere with or assist in union organization campaigns.

9. The board shall take no position on such questions as the "open shop" or "closed shop."

C.O.T.C. NOTES

On Wednesday, March 4, the Waterloo College C.O.T.C. received a rather unexpected visit from Colonel Leonard, Officer Commanding, and Major Emory, second in command, of the University of Western Ontario Unit. The visiting officers made a thorough inspection of our unit—on parade and in the lecture-room. Both seemed pleased with the appearance of our platoon, and complimented Captain Brock and Lieut. Jefferis on their work.

The recent announcement that the Scots Fusiliers were mobilizing for active service is of considerable interest to Waterloo College. A number of last year's C.O.T.C. cadets are now lieutenants with the local regiment, and it is expected that most of these will go on active service. Most of those who received their qualifications last year have accepted commissions with the Scots Fusiliers and then gone on active service as replacement officers for the Highland Light Infantry. There is a possibility that some of these officers may return to the Fusiliers, though nothing definite is known at the present time.

Congratulations are in order to Harold George, first of this year's candidates for officer's qualifications to go on active service. Second Lieutenant George has been posted to the actuarial branch of the Adjutant General's department at Ottawa.

Second Lieutenants Roland Merner and Harry Snyder were recently accepted as replacement officers for the H.L.I. Both passed their qualifying examinations with the C.O.T.C. last year, and received commissions with the Scots Fusiliers. They are now at the Brockville Officers' Training Centre.

At recent manoeuvres held in the vicinity of Waterloo College, Cadet Benjamin was called out and told to take charge of a squad. "What'll I do with them?" he asked. "Anything you want," was the reply. Cadet Benjamin took the command literally. As a result of these operations, we are pleased to submit the following list of casualties:

Killed in action (against their own men):

Minke, Wallace (alias The Angel, etc. and etc.): "Removed" for insubordination.

Vincent, Stanley: "Removed" for insubordination.

These men are a notable, a hopeless loss to our unit, Cadet Vincent had developed a variation of the goose step, and it was reliably reported that he had received an offer from Charlie Chaplin to appear in his next picture. Many a raw rookie derived comfort from Cadet Minke when all looked black and blue. Before every charge, he reminded us of the more beautiful things of life by his angelic rendition of "Just Before the Battle Rises." "May he rest in peace" goes up the cry from every throat. And a low, moaning echo whistles down from the fourth floor: "If only he would!"

D. D.

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- WATERLOONACY -

Well, here we are again.
The study of English 330 arouses questions of somewhat unusual nature—for instance—
Why is beauty like Pippa?
The answer—It Passes.
!!!!
Alice (ungrammatically) — What are you going to write your history essay on, Jean?
Jean S.—On paper.
Yes, we thought so too!!!
!!!!
Miss Rohe—Reading out the numbers in a bingo game—"I'm calling myself horse."
!!!!
Professor Evans again—"Nobody wins an earthquake."
!!!!
Little Jean Bier comes into the news in her usual enigmatic way.
Jean—We are going to the show tonight.
Ilse—Who?
Jean—Me.
!!!!
A scene in a show we saw the other night depicted the grounds of a college. A sign with an arrow

pointing said "College Morgue." "Look!" remarked our companion (better unnamed perhaps) "Look—the Seminary!"
!!!!
We discovered a simile—fitting or not—that we would like to pass on—"Lonely as a Sign Post"—Applicable, yes?—No!
!!!!
Well, if it isn't Miss Bier again! A history note—"Conditions were going from bad to worse, so they decided to call a church council and allow it to dissipate."
Must have thought somebody ought to get some fun out of it.
!!!!
And now the Cord is under new management. So far, that means being hollered at by a new voice to get our copy in on time—which of course we did(?) But we wish Miss Hartman the best of luck and we think she is a noble specimen, to say the least. If only more of us had her public-spiritedness! We hope to do our best for her, so please, everybody, say lots and lots of funny things for us!

VOX POP—

Someone was expounding to me the other day certain opinions and suggested improvements concerning the Cord. Do you suppose it is possible for any more to be done than is being done now? It has seemed to me that those students who do write for the Cord write very well and have excellent material. But there are only a few who do write. Is there any possible way of getting more people interested in writing, and are there any new things about which to write? Some of us, at least, would be glad to write if we knew what to write, but we are not gifted in pulling ideas out of the blue, and we are not in habit of seeing ghosts. Has anyone any suggestions?
A Would-Be Contributor.

Walk into my parlour without delay, friend. If you really can't think of anything to write about I will give you lots and lots of things to chew on. I will give you ideas until you run away screaming. However the editor has no monopoly on thinking. The Cord is really my own apple if I am the hand behind everything which appears in it, don't you see? I have neither the desire nor the ability to make it so.
One way in which I am trying to encourage new writers of ability is by giving them direct, specific assignments, which I hope will encourage them to contribute their own brain-child as well.

The Editor.

WITH OUR ALUMNI

Sergeant-Pilot Jack Blinkhorn is an instructor on twin-engine planes in Dauphin, Manitoba. On March 6 he was married to Florence Margaret McRae of Dauphin, a graduate of Western University, Manitoba.

Lieutenants R. A. Merner and L. H. McLaughlin, both formerly of the College C.O.T.C. unit left for Brockville to take the officers' training course. They expect to join the Highland Light Infantry of Canada (active).

Harold George, a former student at Waterloo College and until recently on the staff of the Mutual Life Insurance Company is now a Second Lieutenant in the R.C.A. Pay Corps.

Rev. Victor J. Monk, a graduate of the College '29, and Seminary '31, has joined the Royal Canadian Air Force as a radio technician. He was previously the pastor in the Lutheran Church of Midville, N.S. and he rejected a chance to become a commissioned chaplain in the armed forces because, he said, "I think my job is overseas."

The former Miss Mary Louise Young, '35, was married to Leading Aircraftman Donald Cheyne McPhail, R.C.A.F., on February 21st, in Kitchener. Mr. McPhail is at present at Sea Island, Vancouver, B.C.

Waterloo College War Record (Active Service Only)

Graduates and Former Students:	
In Army	10
In R.C.A.F.	8
Deceased	1

C.O.T.C. Graduates:	
In Army	14
In R.C.A.F.	2
In R.C.N.V.R.	1

Total	36
	L. K.

High heels, according to Christopher Morley, were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING CHARTS

Scene—Room 215.
Time—7.05, Tuesday evening.
Dr. Fraser is speaking.
"Tonight we will need those charts I brought last week. Can someone locate them for me?"

"Oh, doctor, we can't find them anywhere. They must be locked in the office."

So Doctor Fraser carries on as best he can sans the charts. About an hour later, when a large bundle of splints is brought out of its hiding place in a corner of the girls' room, behold the missing charts also in the bundle!

"Oh, oh! We thought that was all part of the splints."

At the time of this writing we have had three two-hour first aid lectures. The course we are taking is the one prepared by the St. John's Ambulance Association. Most of the co-eds are enrolled, also some of the professors' wives and their friends, and some other girls who were interested in taking the course with us.

The lectures are divided into two parts. For the first hour, Dr. Fraser instructs us on the do's and don'ts of first aid. At eight o'clock sharp, two gentlemen in the uniform of the St. John's Ambulance Association appear with bandages and splints, and begin to teach us the wheres and hows. At nine o'clock, just when we're getting into the swing of things, the class ends, and we are left untying knots—they'd better be reef knots—to free our poor victims from splints and slings. How hard we labour for Mr. Connor's approval. When he is very pleased with a bandage he exclaims, "Twenty points for that one!"

At present, Mrs. Creager is the "twenty points" champion. How in the world does she do them all so well? Now if we were allowed to practise on the C.O.T.C. we might get somewhere.

At any rate we're hoping that there's still hope for us, in spite of the fact that we didn't know charts from splints. We're wondering what was on those charts. It must have been important to create such a stir.
G. Q.

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FROM DUNCE-CAP TO MORTAR-BOARD

continued from page 3

Registrar's office, and dig up my mark, he would find a base "D" smirching my records. I had expected to fail. The examination was the most depressing and despairing one I ever wrote. It was cluttered up with periodicals and Reader's Index and what not.

No event haunts me more, however, than the Intelligence Test. I wrote the test with the feeling that someone was snooping into my sancta sanctorum. I was being robbed of my only consolation, namely that I could think always—perhaps my intellectual capacity wasn't too, too low. And to have my intelligence tested by weird-looking objects called geometrical formations lowered my estimation of my ability considerably. And every time the presiding officer ordered, "Turn your page," I jumped from my seat. I had finished only half of the page. As page after page went on, my inferiority complex grew and grew. I devised a plan by which I could beat the presiding officer in his orders. Five minutes before the time was up, I'd stop working, sit up, and hold command. I was strongly reminded myself together for the inevitable of the occasions when I had set the alarm at night. At four o'clock I'd awake, and lie staring at the clock. Five minutes before the alarm should rattle off, I'd pounce on it. Just so, my test ended as a race between the presiding officer and myself. I never had the supreme courage to ask for my Intelligence mark. If I'm a confirmed "Dummkopf," let me remain blissfully unaware of it.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

For months I sidled past the professors, hoping they didn't think my attendance at College an intrusion of an idiot. Then the inevitable examinations sneaked up on us unsuspecting Freshettes. Curiously enough, I felt a supreme indifference to the examinations. Perhaps it wasn't so much indifference as a preparation for the worst—a sort of stoicism before the fact.

Thus the first year bowled along, sometimes over bumps, sometimes not. I vaguely remember that I spent most of my time cutting lectures in order to prepare my work for the next one. My reformation with regard to my attendance at lectures has happened only lately. I was a notorious late-comer. (I still am.) I employed my cunning in evading assignments. I never succeeded. My professors always caught up with me. But I had my revenge. My assignments were never in when due. I have not relented. Even in my senior year it is against my time-honoured policy to hand in assignments until they are six weeks overdue. (My professors will bear ample testimony to the fact.) Themes are most appreciated when least looked for. I have always been a staunch believer in the element of surprise. But, just in case my irregularity should become a regularity, I slip in an essay on time about twice a year—usually at the beginning of a semester. Thus, professors entertain vain and perfectly groundless hopes that I have made a new "Semester Resolution."

One event I have neglected to mention. Who will ever forget or remember the Senior Class play? I was Miss Mould. I didn't like the part I played. I couldn't remember the lines. When I walked onto the stage, my mind went blank. In moments of inspiration (few and far between) some lines would flow back into my mind. Usually I didn't know what to say. (They tell me the prompters were so loud in prompting me that the gallery heard the lines from the prompters, not from me.) When I was completely lost for words, I tried to do my acting by pushing the black-rimmed spectacles up and down my nose. After all, the play must go on. And it did go on, even if we skipped three or four pages of the text. Unto this day the audience does not know what happened to the Missing Lines. (Nobody knows.)

Thus my college years have rolled

around, until they have brought me to the mortar-board stage—or just about. I have worked a little, played a great deal. Friendships have been made and friendships have been broken. Unhappiness, as well as happiness, has been considered as part of the game of life. From now on until the end of May it'll be one grand tussle. Sometimes, in moments of gloomy depression, one wonders whether the outcome is worth the struggle.

"To be or not to be—that is the question"—
Whether it is nobler to win the mortar-board,
Or to keep the dunce-cap.

I can see advantages to both sides of the question. But, when June comes drifting around, I shall covet the mortar-board as my due reward. And then the fatted calf shall be slain.

L. P.

ON PASSING THE INFIRMARY

(Apologies to Wordsworth)

I beheld her, single in the bed,
Yon solitary little lass!
Coughing and sneezing by herself,
I stopped, I could not pass!
Alone she turns and tosses her head,
Bitterly wishing to be dead;
Oh listen for the rooms all round
Are overflowing with the sound.

No inky crow did ever croak
More notes of discord than did she,
Her nose sored, oh, what a sight!
It really startled me!
Dishevelled hair hung down her face,
Chipped polish red her nails did grace.
Good heavens! This poor thing can't be
That lovely girl I used to see!

Will no one tell me why the change?
Perhaps it's merely she unmasked
Washed free from powder, rinses,
paints,
Those things in which she basked:
Or is it just that strain and care
Her skin-deep beauty did impair?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
Made her so homely, so very plain?

Whate'er the reason, she still coughed
As if her cough could have no ending
I watched her choking on the bed,
While germs to me came wending;
I listen'd, motionless, discreet,
And soon my words was forced to eat,
For that cold in my chest I bore,
Long after hers was heard no more.
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WINSTON CHURCHILL,
Prime Minister of
Great Britain.

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Second College President: Greatly troubled by the Holy Rollers.

First College President: Holy Rollers! I never heard of their getting into a university.

Second College President: Our Holy Rollers are different. They wake up on Sunday morning and instead of getting up and going to church they roll over and go to sleep again.

* * *

The former vicar and his wife decided to attend the church of his old parish. The new vicar greeted his predecessor heartily. "I'm very pleased to see you again," he said. "And is this your most charming wife?"

The other vicar fixed his host with an accusing stare: "This," he said reprovingly, "is my only wife."

* * *

"My preference for blondes dates back to my childhood."

"Your childhood?"

"Yes. Even then I was afraid of the dark."

* * *

"I can tell a lady by the way she dresses, can't you?"

"Dunno, never watched one."

* * *

Student—"My little sister ate some chicken yesterday."

Teacher—"Croquette?"

Student—"No, but she's very sick."

* * *

Protect the birds: The dove brings peace and the stork brings tax exemptions.