

# THE COLLEGE CORD

VOL. 18

WATERLOO ONT., DECEMBER, 1942.

AN UNDERGRAD PUBLICATION

NO. 3

## A Merry Christmas and a Very Happy New Year

### WITH OUR ALUMNI

The response to the questionnaires which were sent out has been excellent. But there are still some who have forgotten to send in their questionnaires, or perhaps mislaid them. Would you kindly send them in as soon as possible? This column will attempt to select interesting information from these, and thus supply you with news about the whereabouts of your old college pals.

Two of our graduates are in Timmins. Lyla Perik is teaching there and Wilfred Schweitzer '28 is head of the history department in the Timmins High School.

J. Alfred Brent is manager of the International Business Machines Company in Montreal. His sister, Jean Brent '34 is the Girls' Work Secretary at the Hamilton Y.W.C.A.

Rev. Harold James Crouse '30 is pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, York, Pennsylvania. Another graduate of the same year, Rev. Arthur Buehlow, who is pastor of the Lutheran Church, Morrisburg, is editor of the Canada Lutheran, the paper of the Canada Synod.

Margaret Fewings is in London working for the Chas. R. Well Co. Ltd.

Many of our graduates are in the teaching profession. Elsa Christiansen '40 is teaching at Cobden, Ont. Wilda Graber, '37, is Supervisor of Physical Training in the Kitchener Public Schools. Mrs. John Meyer, nee Margaret Pletch '39, is teaching at Beamsville. Mrs. Verna Howlet, nee Verna Lauman '32, is teaching near Singhampton which is in the vicinity of Drumbo, Ont.

Henry J. Heldman '28 is now a Pilot Officer serving with the R.C.-A.F. at Trenton. We wish you many happy landings.

Alvin J. Pauli '32 is principal of the Continuation School on Pelee Island. In a letter which we have received from him, he makes this suggestion concerning the Cord: "May I suggest that the date as well as the name of the publication be placed on each page, or at least on each sheet. This will avoid confusion, especially in the case of one who may wish to keep his Cords over a period of years."

Fred Neudoerffer '39, who is now pastor in the Lutheran Church of Our Redeemer in Montreal, suggests: "Also with my dollar, please supply pictures of the new shower room, of Minke in his new para-

### Mr. J. Albert Smith Addresses Athenaeum

The Athenaeum meeting on Friday, November 27, was a very instructive and interesting one.

It began with the singing of our school song: "Waterloo, We'll Praise Thee Ever." We have become quite school-song-conscious, and with a little practice we'll soon surprise Ernie by keeping right up with him and not letting him play a solo even once.

President Delphine introduced the guest speaker, Mr. J. Albert Smith, of Kitchener, a member of the Hydro Commission of Ontario. His talk, in which he traced the story of hydro from its beginnings, pictured to us the magnitude of the present organization, and told of the work of hydro in Canada's war effort, was both interesting and educational.

We were then shown several moving pictures. The first one, continuing the subject of hydro, showed how Canada's power resources are tapped. The second, "Australia Carries On," stressed the importance of Australia as a producer especially in wartime. Mr. Smith had been asked to show us a "funny picture." (!) He was very sorry that he couldn't scare up a Mickey Mouse film; but he did have something else for us. It wasn't exactly called "Monkey Shines," but that was the general idea. After a short reel showing the advance of the enemy into Norway, Denmark, and France, we saw "Canada's Answer"—pictures of the Canadian National Exhibition, 1941, at Toronto.

The meeting ended with lunch and a rather informal sing-song: Another opportunity for practising "Waterloo We'll Praise Thee Ever."

dise, of Jeff bawling out the C.O.-T.C., of the new but already broken rules, and of how not to make love by Brose and Zimmerman." Fred, we don't know whether we can do all this for you or not.

And finally, we have some news about a future "Alumnus". Chas. Hagen '46 has attained distinction by winning the Carter Scholarship. Congratulation Chuck, and best wishes for your continued success.

We want to take this opportunity of wishing you a very Merry Christmas, and every success in the New Year.

### Athenaeum Sleigh-riding Party Is Very Successful

The last Athenaeum meeting of the first semester was in the form of a sleigh-riding party. The executive confessed having some very anxious moments as they watched weather predictions for Thursday. The pessimists expected rain, and we remembered our wiener roast in the fall with shudders of apprehension. How we welcomed the lovely white mist of snow that began to fall Thursday afternoon and continued all evening. We're still wondering whether the members of the executive were just plain lucky or absolutely foxy.

Around 8 p.m. the halls of Waterloo began to be invaded by apparitions of the queerest shapes and forms. The winter sports outfits in which some of our dear Waterloons were attired would have put a three-ring circus to shame. We were almost positive that there was a bear in the crowd for we saw its black, furry head. Its name was Bill — Billy the Bear; and wolves — there were lots of them. (!)

When somebody shouted, "The sleighs are here," there was a general rush and scurry out into the snowy night. The horses shook themselves restlessly, making the sleighbells tinkle; there was a sudden jolt that threw us all down; and away we went.

Soon the snowballs began flying thick and fast, and there were people falling, or being pushed, overboard every minute. However that was no hardship; the snowbanks were soft as feather beds. The hardest job was keeping up with the sleighs after you had fallen (?) overboard. Janet and Billy the Bear didn't — they had a long walk home. Gretchen, clever girl, stayed out of danger's way. She was up at the front of one sleigh, and was doing

very well at driving the horses until they realized what was going on and began to wander.

When we jumped off the sleighs back at College — or gingerly stepped off, or had to be carried off — there was a free-for-all and the air was thick with snowballs. Later, when Eldred looked out the door at the trampled front campus, he was heard to say, "Hmmm. Looks like there was a stampede here."

Inside, we found a few bewildered souls who had come too late and missed the boat. They bemoaned their ill luck until they saw our bedraggled condition, and then they began to gloat over their good fortune at having been left behind.

A delicious lunch of hot cocoa and toasted cheese rolls cheered us up like nothing on earth. The party ended with the singing of "The King."

### Freshman Injured In Volleyball Game

Eric Reble, one of our Frosh, had a most painful mishap last week.

Eric was playing volleyball at the time. He and Ernie Brose jumped for the ball, and, on returning to earth, both landed on the same spot.

Eric suffered a severely sprained ankle. He manages to hobble to class on crutches now, and receives the attention of a hero returned from the wars.

We hope the ankle will soon be better, Eric, and that you will be able to navigate without the crutches.

### NEW ATHENAEUM EXECUTIVE

After the sleigh-riding party on Thursday, Dec. 10, a business meeting was held in the gymnasium to elect a new executive for the Athenaeum.

Since the freshmen were not allowed to vote, they were permitted to count the votes instead. The retiring president announced the results of the election:

President: Arthur Conrad.  
Vice-President: Kay Barrie.  
Honorary President: Luther Eberhardt.  
Faculty Advisor: Miss MacLaren.  
Secretary - Treasurer: Harold Brose.

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Founded 1926

# THE COLLEGE CORD

Editor-in-Chief ..... Margaret Jacobi  
 Junior Editor ..... Charles Hagen  
 Literaria ..... Jean C. Kramp  
 The Sign Post ..... Delphine Hartman  
 C.O.T.C. Notes ..... Mel King  
 Social Events ..... Gladys Quehl

Alumni Notes ..... Jean Shantz  
 Faculty Adviser ..... Professor R. C. McIvor  
 Sports ..... Ruthmarie Schmieder  
 Exchange ..... Joye Waldschmidt and Edyth Simmons  
 Business Manager ..... Henry Schmieder  
 Circulation ..... Roy Grosz

Published by the students of Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ontario.

## EDITORIAL

Well, it seems that Old Man Winter has set in with a vengeance! So the snowbound staff sends you its monthly greetings from the North Pole, Albert Street, Waterloo. Of course there is always the heart-warming thought that our mid-term exams start on January 4! (We would rather freeze!)

With December 25 approaching at such great speed, bringing with it the inevitable fellowship and good-will-toward-men, we, the editors, wish to express our sincere hope that all may have a very Merry Christmas.

It is indeed a privilege to live in a land where that festal occasion can still be celebrated. Our Christmas should not be an event of carefree joviality, but rather a period of thanksgiving that we are still free from the shackles of Axis slavery. Every good Canadian, at this time, will feel in his heart gratitude and relief for that liberty. With pride and satisfaction we extend special greetings to our graduates in the services, and to their buddies who have held the front. For they have given us a chance to conduct our fourth war-time Christmas services in a free land.  
 —C. A. H.

We are very disgusted with the people who say things which would make grand copy and then howl, "That is not for publication."

This state of affairs is hardly fair to us. You want a newspaper, and we as the editors have to get the copy which fills up that newspaper. If you holler "not for publication" every other sentence, soon there won't be a newspaper, for we won't be able to get any copy to put in it.

It's in your hands entirely.

There are people in this world who leave everything until the last minute, and still expect us to hand in beautiful exercises in a third of the time necessary to do a good job.

We object strenuously, especially when they come in the last two weeks of school at Christmas-tide. At that time we can only regard them as inventions of an unkind fate, and we do them only under protest! !

We have always noticed how weather has been used as a "filler" conversationally. — We now turn to the weather. It has definitely been filling, and a fuller filling has never been known. Nor has the part of the weather which packed and iced itself on Albert Street ever been more solid to fall upon, in spite of the valiant and wholehearted — to say nothing of the funny contortions — efforts we made to stay in an upright position.

We lived in the so-called snow belt up to two years ago and were assured on coming here to Waterloo and vicinity that all such things were behind us. However, after suffering the brutalities of last week's blizzard, including the wind that blows, etc., and remembering last winter, we feel we can no longer believe anything anyone tells us around here.

Of course dreams may come true. If so, maybe the people who "Dream of White Christmases" and sing it here, there, and over the radio have concentrated on it too much and too early. It is

to be hoped we don't have "A Hot Time in the Old Town" or we may never live to tell the tale.

We find it hard to write a truly Christmas editorial. The chaos of Christian countries, and the un-Christ like world happenings are not conducive to what we usually associate with Christmas and the eloquent flow of seasonable words.

Looking back on the past twenty centuries we are forced to notice the many desolate and crime-ridden years which each held a Christmas. Even now, we find Christmas surmounting the present events.

Carols are ringing out, and customs, cut to conform with wise war-time restrictions, still remain to us. We feel, indeed, that perhaps the real spiritual meaning of Christ's mass is more in evidence, now, than in more peaceful years. Perhaps this Christmas will be the one to bring Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men for all the years to come.

Merry Christmas to all of you.

—M. A. J.

## University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

### Faculties

(Faculty of Arts) (Faculty of Medicine)  
 (Faculty of Public Health)

### Affiliated Colleges

Huron College Waterloo College  
 Assumption College Alma College (Junior College)  
 Ursuline College St. Peter's Seminary  
 Western Ontario Conservatory of Music

The University was founded in 1878 and is coeducational.

Location: The University is located in the City of London, County of Middlesex, in the south-west portion of the Province of Ontario in one of the best agricultural areas of this continent. The fourteen counties of southwestern Ontario, popularly known as Western Ontario, have been set aside by Act of the Legislature as the University constituency. These counties have approximately one million people with more than 140 secondary schools. The vast majority of the students come from this area.

Support: The University is supported by legislative grants, an annual grant from the City of London, by student fees and by the income from an endowment fund.

The University may grant degrees in any department of learning.

The University offers courses in practically the whole range of liberal arts subjects, in pure science, in a few branches of applied science, in business administration, in secretarial science, etc. The University offers a standard course in medical science and in various branches of public health, nursing, etc.

The University conducts a summer school for the benefit of teachers who wish to widen their knowledge and for students who may wish to devote extra time to special subjects. Many students scattered over the province are taking courses extramurally, that is, by correspondence. The Extension Department offers systematic courses in a wide range of subjects, while lecturers go to various towns to meet classes each week. In addition, topical and other lectures are given by University professors to special groups organized for the purpose. The Extension Department is responsible for the programme of educational work throughout M.D. No. 1 for troops on duty and undergoing training.

The Library services of the University are, at a nominal cost, at the disposal of any citizen of the Province of Ontario.

The University belongs to the people of Western Ontario and seeks to serve its constituency.

For further particulars apply to **THE REGISTRAR**.



## — LITERARIA —

## Intelligent Singing

Last year the Waterloo College Glee Club was under the leadership of Mr. Bernard Hiron, regarded by many as the outstanding musical director of the community. Unfortunately for our Glee Club, he accepted a position in the United States, and will not be with us this year.

He has made an unusually full study of voice culture. He has been studying singing, as it is taught by the Italian operatic school, for 14 years. He has devoted two years to the study of that part of medicine which deals with the vocal organs. As an aid to intelligent directing, he has taken an M.A. degree in psychology. He knows, then, correct singing, and how to achieve it. I pass along some of his voice-culture suggestions to anyone who may be interested.

The ordinary layman singer will strain his voice in time. Vocal cords are like violin strings; they grow loose in idle periods and have to be drawn firm and taut again, before they can make music. If the singer is not tuned up, his pitch will be imperfect, and his voice will become hoarse and throaty.

Begin the procedure of warming up, by humming on one sustained low note. Relax the mind and the body alike; do not force breath or tone; they will flow forth weakly at first, and then with more sureness. Keep the body free and relaxed, but let the mind gradually awaken to alertness. When the voice feels full, and the mind is keen, and not before, the singer may complete the warm-up by running up and down the vocal scales.

When the voice is functioning correctly, the sensation of singing ought to come from two places, the abdomen and the front of the mouth. If you are singing from your throat, beware — you will soon strain your voice. If the voice is right, singing is a pleasure, and correct breathing will come of itself. The correct physical technique of the voice should be learned so thoroughly, that it may be performed mechanically. If the singer is too conscious of the bodily feat of singing, his song will suffer in consequence.

Let us now turn to the more important mental art of singing — "interpretation," if you will. Intelligent singing is difficult to achieve, but well worth the effort. Loud singing is not necessary, nor even usually, good singing. Shouting strains the voice of the singer, and deadens the ear of the listener. The average church choir roars forth its anthem with a lot more force than sense. Ask the average choir member what the anthem says, and I wager he will not be able to tell you. Remember that the anthem is part of the service to God, and ought to be sung as such. Singing is a combination of words and music; do not drown out the words by blaring forth the notes. A church choir is singing to God,

not hooting at the visiting football team.

Effective interpretation is gained, not by shouting, but by thinking what the words mean, and by trying to convey their meaning to the audience. Read over the words of a song, and sing them as you would read them. "Jesus, the Saviour, is born!" is a message of hope and comfort; sing out that message. The chant, "Glory be to God on high!" is often made a denial of itself, because the congregation has forgotten the significance of the words. Liturgical worship is as much a part of the church service as is the sermon or the collection.

Guard against carrying interpretation too far. Do not over-interpret. Many singers are carried away by emotional passages; they kill sentiment with too much sentiment. A really meaningful passage will speak for itself. Do not emphasize when there is no call for emphasis. How often does one hear a preacher rise to heights of oratory while still introducing his sermon! He pronounces commonplaces as if they are fraught with meaning. The fat man in the front pew, finding none, falls asleep before the climax of the sermon. Reserve emphasis, then, until it is called for.

Warm up your voice properly before you sing, and think while you are singing. You will feel joy and confidence in your power. Whether you sing in a bathtub, or on the stage of an auditorium, you will be singing for the sheer joy of the song. The presence or absence of an audience will not influence you. You will sing to satisfy your own mind and to ease your own senses.

M. K.

## Of Vacations

(Bacon au moderne)

He that hath spent the first twenty years of his life in pursuit of education hath had a fine opportunity to learn how to vacation. For he hath had at his disposal the three summer months of each year in which to test the various ways of vacationing. He hath had time to try work, recreation, and relaxation, and to decide which of the three best suiteth his temperament.

If the youth be fond of money he can secure employment, at the same time gratifying his natural desire for holidays by citing the proverb, "A change is as good as a rest." Or if he be conscientious, he can spend his leisure time profitably by gaining knowledge in preparation for the coming school year; this he may accomplish by reading such novels as his professor hath recommended for summer reading.

But the average young man adopteth a carefree, irresponsible attitude during his summer holidays. His activities are, for the most part, spontaneous, and he is content to follow where his whims may lead him. He taketh racquet in hand and proceedeth to the tennis court where, "mirabile dictu!" his lady-love awaiteth him. Or he taketh

hound and air-rifle and maketh for the woods, there to slay or to spare as he pleaseth. If he so desireth, he rideth his bicycle over the country roads to a stream where he may fish and swim. On rainy days he may read or play the radio. If he be athletic by nature, he can throw himself, "totis viribus," into a game of baseball or a few rounds of boxing. But note that his pleasures are all simple and unpremeditated. His is not the problem of the office-worker who must plan his vacation for weeks in advance and then be ever conscious that he must make count every minute of his precious two weeks.

When a youth is master of his time for three full months he needeth not to fear the feeling that cometh on the morning after the night before. Dance he ever so far into the night, he may sleep as long as he please the next day. "Otium cum dignitate," ease with dignity, is his happy lot, provided his mother findeth no household chores for him to do.

A vacation of two weeks offereth a choice of either a change or a rest; for the time is too short to allow for both. But a vacation of three months affordeth ample time for both change and rest; and the end of such a holiday usually findeth the student refreshed in mind and body, and awaiting the coming school year with anticipation.

M. K.

## Against Minutes

## AGAINST MINUTES

Minutes are an invention of the devil. They are meant to coax out of man more work than he is really capable of doing. They are the machinations and chicanery of some dictating ancients. It is time we moderns threw off the yoke of this outmoded system of telling time.

I think my whole train of thought concerning minutes started back in Third Grade when, for some youthful folly, I had to copy out twenty times a little poem entitled "A Minute." Its opening line was "I have only just a minute." From there it went on to state the scientific truth: "Only sixty seconds in it." In the next lines it dwelt on the fact that God had given us this minute although no one had specifically asked for it, and now it was up to us to make the best of it. As a parting thought it asserted that "eternity was in it."

Couple with this, the fact that other teachers tried to impress on my youthful mind, that it was best to "make haste slowly" and that "a stitch in time saves nine" and you have the foundations for a fine neurosis. Such fiendish collaboration has a deadly effect on a young mind.

Then I reached adolescence and started attending parties and concerts. Here I learned that it was fashionable to be late. What of the minute in which eternity lay? How many stitches would be lost!

In my late teens I became secretary of our school literary club. Here I learned that one of the duties of the secretary is to take the "minutes." No one ever listens to the reading of the minutes at the next meeting. There are never any omissions or errors. I have never known anyone to refer to the "minutes" either to settle on controversy or to

gain some much-needed information.

From this psychological complex my aversion to minutes stems. I advocate that time (and by "time" I mean the system of dividing the day into hours, minutes and seconds) be abolished. I recommend that we reckon "time" by sunrise, sunset, or two cigarettes after moonrise. Then instead of rushing at break-neck speed to get the seven-fifty-five to arrive at work precisely at eight-thirty, we could catch the "After Breakfast Express" and get to work at "A Reasonable Time."

M. R.

## What Happened To a Subscription Letter

Our Circulation Manager sent out letters to all our subscribers, and this is one we got back with annotations by the subscriber. We had a lot of fun out of it. We have put the additions in brackets.

Dear Subscriber:

You have now received the first issue of your 1942-43 Cord (wrong.) We sincerely hope that you have found the paper interesting (no) and that it will have renewed many pleasant memories (Hardly.)

We appreciate your interest (?) in the Cord and would like to have more (What's the matter, are you all dead?) news for publication in our paper. Any news or information (What news?) that you may send along will be well received (By censors?), and will be most welcome (Don't be funny) to our readers, so won't you please let us hear from you? (I'm well and happy, thanks.)

Your subscription to the Cord costs but (Why apologize?) one dollar and the second of six (You hope) issues will soon be on its way. We will very much appreciate (You sure will) an early remittance of this amount, for it will simplify enormously (I take it that my dollar will be one of about ten. Maybe you only have me to rely on for paying the bills.) the difficulties of publication. Enclosed is a stamped (suckers) addressed envelope for your convenience. (Your dollar)

At the bottom we found the next bit which we liked even better.

Enclosed please find my gigantic and hard-earned \$1. With it please buy some news, stamps, and a College Cord Executive. After all, how do I know there IS a Cord?

## EXCHANGE

My parents told me not to smoke—  
I don't  
Or listen to a naughty joke—I don't  
They made it clear I must not look  
At pretty girls or even think  
About intoxicating drink—I don't.

To dance or flirt is very wrong—  
I don't  
Wild youths like women, wine and  
song—I don't  
I kiss no girls, not even one  
I do not know how it is done  
You wouldn't think I have much fun  
—I don't.

McGill Daily (Montreal).





The Little Foxes  
or  
Digging For Dear Life  
(a short playlet)

## Scene I.

(Two very serious freshmen come down the stairs slowly, all dressed up for hard labor. At this weird sight several girls are moved to question them.)

Girls: You're not going to work, are you?

Ernie: (Swaggering about in somebody else's boots) Oh yes, girls, we are going out to make a skating rink on the old tennis court.

Girls: (delighted) How nice! But are there just you two? Where are the others?

Eric: Oh, it's too cold for them to go out! They are going to give us advice from the upstairs windows.

Nick: (the janitor) Humph. Skating rink, eh! What are you going to do about those weeds sticking up through the snow?

(After a hurried conference the boys decide to ignore them.)

Ernie: First let's get that post out of the middle of the court.

Nick: You got a pick and shovel?

Eric: A what?

Nick: Pick and shovel! That post is planted in cement.

Boys: (in chorus, disillusioned) "Oh!"

## Scene II (The bleak and wintry tennis court.)

(Ernie advances boldly and grasps the post, which firmly refuses to be pulled up by the roots.)

Post: Nyahh!

(Eric then comes on with a shovel, and digs a slight groove around its base.)

Post: Ha ha! Stop tickling me!

(Finally Nick can stand it no longer. He advances and takes possession of the tools. The dirt flies.)

Eric: Ugh! This is hard work!

Ernie: Phew! It sure is!

(Nick is getting in deeper and deeper. The post, tottering, is about to meet its fate. Ernie leaps for-

ward and catches it as it falls. Cheers from the audience. Ernie would like to make a speech, but Eric, filling in the hole, trips him with the shovel, just in time. Together they go back inside, to consult the armchair specialists upstairs about the next move.)

To be continued, maybe.

If anything more comes of this we'll let you know. Meanwhile, watch the tennis court closely.

One of our good professors, who was quoted (to his consternation) several times in various parts of the last Cord, has threatened to start a paper of his own in order to get even with some of these alleged writers. We see his point, having been a victim several times ourselves. The point has been reached where people await the Cord with shivers of dread, to see what fool remark of theirs, tossed off in an idle moment and quickly forgiven by their friends, will be reproduced this time. Indeed, a spy taking notes for Waterlooency was thrown out of the girls' common room not long ago. All this goes to show that the public is about to arise and overthrow these individuals who take down your lightest word and publish it in horrible, cold, black print. Not that the Signpost claims innocence in this matter. Some things in the daily conversation of our College friends seem too good to omit. On the other hand, the horrible fate of the Waterlooency scribe has made us think deeply and long. When we woke up, we decided to be more careful in the future. Henceforth the number of bon mots in this column will be sharply reduced. Indeed, the following may well be the last.

Professor: Counting the syllables in a line of verse: "Now, as you see, this is a twelve cylinder line!"

With that sir, let us bury the hatchet.

We were all disappointed to hear that the Athenaeum's plans to entertain a group of girls from the basic training centre in Kitchener had to be cancelled. The project looked for a while as if it would turn out very successfully. Perhaps the new executive may take it up in the second semester.

We all admire the courage and smartness of the C.W.A.C.'s. In fact the C.O.T.C. has become extremely enthusiastic. Who, indeed, but their bugler and drummer is the keenest exponent of the charms of the army girl. Just ask Rex Dark about them. He claims that he knows two lieutenants, three sergeants and dozens of privates. There is one, however, about whom he will become almost lyrical, if allowed. Who she is we do not know. That seems to be

a Dark secret. Never mind, Rex! Next time we invite them perhaps they'll be able to come, and then, oh happy day!

All the better publications write letters to Santa at Christmas time. Never let it be said that the Cord lagged behind! Besides, we want to be sure that everyone gets the best possible Christmas present. So here we go.

Dear Santa Claus:

This year we are not going to ask for very expensive things, not wanting to bring on inflation, or anything like that. But Christmas is Christmas and as we have heard that you intend to carry on business as usual, only on a reduced scale, we thought that you would like to know what is really in the hearts of certain people at the College. We make the following suggestions:

For Joyce and Paul: A nice comfortable love-seat to place at the head of the stairs. The bannisters are so hard! And Jean and Henry could use it when we are in lecture.

For Roy Grosz: Half a dozen efficient robots to address Cords and help with my correspondence.

For Ruthmarie: A new grammar, so that no one will complain about the Athy "Minutes," and so that I will always know where I is.

For Alf: An elopement, or something exciting to talk about.

For Mel: A dozen ravenous customers each noon to make the boarding club more prosperous.

The Senior Class: Nine nicely polished B.A.'s to be delivered in May.

"Miss Kramp," we cried hopelessly, "what shall we write to fill up the last two inches of Signpost?" "You might mention who tossed whom out of which sleigh on what night recently!" replied the helpful damsel. When pressed for details she merely remarked that Kay Barrie had a large bruise on her knee, and that, according to several reports, Herb Gastmeier had by sheer brawn forcibly removed several persons from their comfortable places in the straw. This was the freshman party, of course, so how could a mere senior know.

But about the Athenaeum sleigh-riding party she could no doubt say a good deal — but here she was strangely silent. At this point we might mention a strange note found in the editor's mailbox. On it was printed something like this: "How do we know Conrad hails from the sea?" Answer: Because he loves SEHling. Ouch! But maybe that explains why they both mysteriously disappeared from the sleigh the other night and were not seen until much later. Look out, Helen, the walls have ears.

There now, that should be two inches. If not, the printer will have to stretch it.

Merry Christmas, everybody!

## McPhail's

SKATES, SKIS and SPORTING EQUIPMENT

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

## Bedford Drug Store

First Aid Supplies  
Light Lunches

Where you get what you want.  
PRESCRIPTIONS  
Opp. Post Office — Dial 2-2672  
WATERLOO

For Good Value in Men's Clothes  
come to

## Geo. Hoelscher

65 King St. East Kitchener  
Entrance Behind Window

## Buddell's Garage

STORAGE SPACE FOR RENT  
Cars \$3.00 — Trucks \$5.00  
Per Month.  
71 King St. N. Dial 6-6953  
WATERLOO

W. H. E. Schmalz  
ARCHITECT

129 King Street West  
KITCHENER

Dial 2-4134

O.A.A. MEMBER R.A.I.C.

The William Hogg  
Coal Co. Ltd.

Established Over 40 Years

KITCHENER — WATERLOO  
GALT

FRANK'S  
Jewellery Store

Waterloo Dial 7-7574



## VOX POP

Dear Vox Pop:

Will you please tell me all about pipe smoking? Every time I pass the professors' room between lectures, I can't help noticing three of them at work at it, all in different styles. Dr. L---- gets a very heavy head of steam in his boiler and lays down a smoke screen. Dr. J---- doesn't seem to make much effort, but is content with a quiet trail of smoke. Prof. E--- always seems to be refuelling with a lighter that doesn't work. Now which is the best method? Is the aim to get as much smoke as possible, or to keep it going as long as possible, or to light up as often as possible?

I really am interested, because, if they aren't going to let us smoke cigarettes in the girls' room, I'm going to get a pipe myself.

Anonymous.

Dear Anonymous:

We are very much afraid that you have us there. We never have smoked ourselves, but perhaps the three gentlemen you have mentioned could write to Vox Pop and tell you all about it, and which method is the most to be desired. Ourselves, we wouldn't know.

Vox Pop.

No claims to this. Someone piped us a line, and we saw this clearly outlined on the smoke screen.

To fully anticipate pipe-smoking, we feel just three types are all too few. Let us draw your attention to those stem-champers — added zest and perhaps flavor. Besides, it eventually wears teeth down to an individual style all their own. Distinguished—maybe? Or, the juicy smoker, who pulls and pants to a dripping state. He certainly seems to get more for his money, and his method makes him prominent—by way of the nasal senses (other peoples). Then there is the stoker type — which is not to be confused with the re-lighting type. Here may we point out to you, oh innocent, that a smoker does not refuel with a lighter—even in the days of gas rationing, it is still better to stoke with tobacco, any tobacco, rather than gas. True, some future time may bring a concentrated oil-

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## EXCHANGE

The gong sounded for the last round, and he leapt from his corner, relief adding speed to his movements. Thank God it would soon be over. He knew within himself that he was beaten, but his seconds had told him to go in and attack, and he was determined to obey them. This time he would penetrate that wall of gloves and damage the grim face behind them. That was what they had told him to do; he didn't really want to do it, but they had told him to; and they knew best. At any rate it was the last round, and it would soon be all over. What did it matter if he won or lost; it would soon be all over, and then, never again. But he wasn't going to give up now; he had lasted for fourteen rounds, he could surely endure another—the last one. It wasn't that he was damaged at all, apart from a bruise here and there, and a stinging pain in his left ear where a vicious swing had landed. It was something worse than that. Bruises don't really hurt until afterwards; you hardly feel them at the time. No, it was something within

burning gadget that improves on present systems, but how any future smoker could enjoy it more than the present method with tobacco is beyond us. These are just a few suggestions, and we hope that you will go further than these in your investigations.

Dear Vox Pop:

I hate to do any grousing now that the school has been fixed up so beautifully, but this is to call attention to one small but important omission. The girls have no bulletin board.

Our room is made ridiculous with notices stuck here, there, and everywhere — pinned to lampshades, and fastened in mirror frames. I'm sure we'd be grateful to you, Vox Pop, if you could help us. We'd have a much neater room, and there'd be no excuses for not reading notices.

One of the girls.

We quite agree with you on this subject. We made inquiries about the notice board, and found that a petition had already gone in. Unfortunately nothing seems to have come of it, although a promise was made to return our old notice board if it could be found. We'll settle for anything as long as it resembles a notice board. Somebody please take notice, or make a notice board — just as good.

Vox Pop.

himself; the realization that he wasn't cut out to be a fighter. He hadn't the right spirit, temperament, call it what you will; he had no guts. He didn't mind a friendly spar, but this was something different. There was something almost inhuman in that grim mask opposite him, something which though it didn't actually terrify him, yet dismayed him. He tried himself to look grim and purposeful, but somehow he was sure he wasn't successful. He wasn't the fighting kind. God knows why he had ever hoped to succeed; God knows why he had even thought of trying! Never again, he told himself, and that thought together with the supreme, the certain knowledge that this was the last round seemed to inspire him, and his fists flashed in and out with increased speed. But the only sound they raised was a dull slap, as leather sank into leather. Those gloves again; could he never reach that hostile face? Then another sound mingled with the dull slap of glove on glove—the crisp smack of glove on flesh. He felt nothing—he was almost past feeling now—but he knew that it was his flesh that was suffering, not his gloves that were doing the damage. But that grim mask could not even assume an expression of triumph. Nothing could change it, he was sure now. Yet he would not give up. There could only be another minute or so to go, and though he wasn't a fighter, he wasn't going to be called a quitter. He was doubtful, however, if he could manage it. His gloves were becoming leaden weights, and he found it difficult even to hold his hands up; to punch was sheer agony. But there couldn't be more than a few seconds left; the round seemed to have lasted hours already; surely the gong would go soon, and then it would be all over. He felt almost glad now for those fourteen rounds of torture. Even the anticipation of the end gave him a glow of pleasure, and inspired him to one last feeble effort, an effort which drained the last of his waning strength. His hands fell to his sides—he swayed slightly—his opponent, a mere blur now came slowly nearer. Stupefied he watched him. He knew what was going to happen, but there was nothing he could do. And then softly, far away it seemed, a bell rang, and he knew it was all over. Now that grim mask would relax, once again it would become a human face, a friendly face. He staggered across the ring to shake hands.

G. F. L.

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# - WATERLOONACY -

## PHILOSOPHY 30

Dr. Jefferis says, "Aristotle is the goods, has something on the ball, and is one of the boys." At last we learn about Aristotle in a language we can understand.

Helen Sehl (preparing to leave): "O.K. I'm off."

Kay Barrie: "You're telling me."

Professor McIvor brought a rifle to the Girls' C.O.T.C. class the week after we had the lecture on the revolver.

Gladys: "Do you think he'll bring a cannon next week? We're growing up you know."

When Professor McIvor was explaining the firing of the rifle to us, Gladys did it all too, and when he finally fired so did Gladys.

Professor McIvor: "Quite an echo in here."

Delph (to the editor): "If you're going to get it out by Christmas you'll have to have it in by the seventh."

Jean C.K.: "What's that? Tonsils, adenoids or a tooth?"

Marg J.: "No, but it's just as bad. The Cord."

Professor Rikard was lamenting the fact that we no longer have a universal language such as the Roman Empire did. He said that if he went to Russia he'd have an awful time.

Said he: "'Da' means yes, I still know that, from a little Russian I once had."

In Physical Science, Professor Hirtle was telling us about Cavendish, who was apparently a woman-hater. Cavendish, it seemed, would cross the street in order to avoid meeting a woman.

Mary: "He must have had a busy time!"

This was the wail heard before R.K. one day just as the bell was about to ring. "Somebody stole my Bible."

The editor and Gladys were down in the Book Store busily folding and addressing the latest issue of the Cord and Luther was trying vainly to do some typing.

Gladys: "Are we bothering you, Luther? Are you trying to write a sermon, maybe?"

Luther: "No. Nobody could write anything in this atmosphere."

Rex was telling about his experience as a salesman in the toy department of one of our larger stores.

A lady walked up to him and inquired: "Have you any Wet-ums dolls?"

Rex (after an agonized gasp): "Yes Madam, 49 cents each."

Miss Hartman and Miss Shantz in the library.

Jean: "We're getting noisy. I think we'd better get out of here."

Delph: "Yes, but if anyone says that they think so too, we'll mow them down."

According to Professor Hirtle, the present generation doesn't drink enough water.

"If the fountain at the foot of the stairs were connected with Carling's Brewery there would be twice the patronage."

Gladys (hunting wildly for Henderson's History of Germany): "Maybe if I look long enough I'll find that book! It's fat and green—something like that, only it isn't."

Marg J. (to Herb): "Have you got a cold?"

Herb: "Yeah."

M.: "How did you manage that?"

H. (sniffing dolorously): "I didn't manage it! It happened! I have too much work, and so I only get to bed at 10 o'clock. Therefore my condition is run down."

We doubt it.

We received this indirectly, with the plea that we would see it got printed. We quote:

Kay was telling about the time Eldred threw a box at Eric, and it hit her on the forehead.

Somebody said: "My, you must have been close to Eric, Kay, or was it just Eldred's bad aim?"

Somebody else: "Were you sitting on Eric's knee, that the box hit you instead of Eric?"

"Aha-a-a-a! That would be the frosty Friday," she laughed. Then an expression of surprise came over her face as she whispered, "Migosh, it IS Friday, and it's frosty too."

Ahem. What gives?

We've forgotten what brought this on, but one afternoon in the girls' common room, Delph said something that ended up like this—"an orchid, an orchid, an orchid, an orchid—somebody shut me off."

What some people would like for Christmas:

Dr. Schorten—The assurance that his picture would not appear in the Cord.

Herb — Somebody small and blonde, named "Jenny," according to our informant.

Miss MacLaren—To have her picture taken.

Conrad—Enough holidays so that he can go home for Christmas.

Alice—Lots of things, but mostly a "Fowler."

Eric—He'd probably settle for Kay.

Brose Secundus—Miss Sehl, so 'tis said.

Marg J.—The joy of knowing that there will be absolutely no unfilled spaces lurking in the innards of the next three issues of the Cord.

Edith—Somebody in a uniform of airforce blue.

Reuben—Just listen in when the gossip starts to go the rounds. "A" stands for -----.

M.C. stands for Merry Christmas and may you all have one.

The things we find in our mailbox:

Q. How do we know Conrad comes from Nova Scotia?

A. Because he loves to go Sehling.

Nick was up on the extension ladder one morning fastening the nettings over the lights in the gym. Bill Shantz and Ed Chadder were trying to help him.

Bill: "How will we get the birds down now, Nick, if you do those things up?"

Nick (shrugging his shoulders): "You got no business to put birds up here."

That seems to be that . . .

One afternoon two past editors, the present editor, and your Alumni columnist were playing badminton. The present editor swatted the bird harder than she intended to, and it went sailing by the basketball net. Said Miss Shantz: "Gee she's trying to make a basket."

## GERMAN I.

Rex got slightly tangled with the word 'damit' and instead of coming out 'daw-mit' as it was expected to, it came out as 'dammit'.

Anne: "I still don't know what an enzyme is."

Gladys: "Why don't you look it up in the dictionary?"

Anne: "I don't like doing outside work."

According to Dr. Jefferis, two important things about Aristotle's cosmology were:

1. He was wrong.
2. Everybody thought he was right.

Overheard in the girls' dressing room.

"Now is the time for all good calendar pages to be torn off and used to write history essays on."

Edith scurried into Physical Science one day, followed closely by Brose Secundus and Chadder.

Fred Shantz: "Miss Simmons, you have quite a following."

Paul walked into the reading room on the first cold day, and somebody said "Hi."

Paul: "Hi! What's high? The temperature certainly isn't!"

Jean Bier came to school all dressed in red and was greeted by—"Well, well, Little Red Riding Hood, and she's never met a wolf."

Professor Hirtle: "It's rather hard to heat a building as big as this with the heating plant we have."

Ward: "Oh! Have they got a heating plant?"

Edith (warbling sweetly): "The love bug will bite you if you don't watch out."

Gladys: "Gee, I hope so."

Delph, Jean S., and Wilf were working in the library.

Wilf: "Darn this history essay! I'm going crazy."

Delph and Jean: "Mind if we come along?"

Delphine was glaring at the editor one afternoon.

Marg J.: "Don't look at me like that, Miss Hartman."

Delph: "Sorry, I was thinking about Miss Shantz. That's why the horrible look."

Gladys: "Say, when are those tickets for the senior raffle going to be ready? I'm in the mood to pester somebody."

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## SPORTS

The present war has affected our programme of athletics to a very great extent. The regular one-hour period of physical training has been replaced by one hour of military training, two hours of home nursing, and only one hour of organized sports.

Gasoline rationing and a rubber shortage have made transportation difficult, and as a result there will be no inter-Western Competitions. Other teams in the city such as those of the K-W Collegiate and St. Mary's High School are also finding it difficult to arrange out-of-town games. To offset this difficulty plans are being made for a Twin City League. Regular scheduled games will not start until after the New Year, so it is hoped that by that time we can organize a Waterloo College team. This will mean at least an extra hour of practice every week besides that which we do in our regular physical training period, but I think it will be worthwhile for it offers ideal competition with girls of school age.

Volleyball is another team game that the girls have been enjoying. They are not as yet experts at the game, but they are learning that it is much better to hit the ball with two hands than to wildly hit it with one. They are also beginning to realize that as a team game it is not the duty of one person alone to hit the ball over the net, but that each player should co-operate to make it a successful game. Girls, if you want some pointers, go down to the gym some noon hour and watch the boys. The spirit and energy they put into their game is wonderful.

In spite of extra hours of defence training many girls find it possible to spend free hours playing badminton. Again we are going to run into difficulty in this sport, for as you no doubt know, there is a scarcity of badminton birds. We hope, however, that we will be able to obtain enough birds to have our regular College badminton tournament. The badminton tournament will take place as last year in the early part of the second semester.

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C.O.T.C.  
NEWS

The schedule for training has been disconcertingly full this year. The editor of this strip and his comrades in the service can no longer count upon C.O.T.C. lecture periods as opportunities for beauty sleep. "On a change" tout cela!" as we English say, when we speak French. In answer to a clarion call from headquarters, our N.C.O.'s are determined not to waste any training time. Not only do they "know their stuff," but they insist on our knowing it too. Each course of lectures is concluded with a stiff test which we must take before we carry on to something else.

This more exacting training is good for us of course. If, and when, we get to Brockville we shall probably know enough to overcome that defeatist attitude which experienced N.C.O.'s inspire in officer-candidates. I picture us gathered about a gimlet-eyed and sceptical sergeant. "What's this?" he demands pointing out a rummy-looking thingummy on the Reising Gun. Back come our voices in a chorus, "That, dear Sergeant, is the bumper plug: it is stripped from the receiver by turning it counter-clockwise!" While he is still gasping in astonishment, Cadet Zimmerman names the parts of the stock and outlines "Daily cleaning" of the weapon, for sheer mental exercise. — But fancy is carrying me away.

At any rate, the C.O.T.C. has become consistently more efficient in its methods and more exacting in its demands. It remains to be seen whether we will have any more success than the grads in coping with N.C.O.'s. Probably we will not. But at least we now have a real opportunity to gain the military knowledge necessary for an officer-candidate.

Cadet John Baetz has left for Gordon Head Military Academy. He is an officer candidate in the Light Anti-Aircraft branch of the Royal Canadian Artillery. Cadet Fred Shantz and P.U.T.U. Bill Duffus have enlisted in the air crew of the R.C.A.F., and they expect to be called to active duty sometime in the spring.

The unit joins with the college in commending these boys for the action they have taken and in wishing them the best during their period in the service.  
:goodtah

And how was the devil dressed?  
Oh, he was dressed in his Sunday  
best.  
His coat was red and his britches  
blue  
And there was a hole where the tail  
came thru!  
— Coleridge.

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## EXCHANGE

You 'ave 'eard tell of one Samuel  
Small  
Of 'is musket and medals and things,  
And 'ow 'e won battles and beat on  
'is drum,  
And shook 'ands with generals and  
kings.

There's a famous place called Union  
That's noted for comfort and fun,  
And on t'day that 'e came up t'  
'Varsity  
There went Sam Small's youngest  
son.

Now coffee is brown up in Wigan  
Where Small family's brought up  
and bred  
But coffee Sam 'ad in the cafe  
Was a pale dark green-bluish red.

'E decided with wisdom of science  
To investigate both taste and smell  
So shuttin' 'is eyes in disgustment  
'e galloped a gullup to tell.

You could see that 'is innards didn't  
like it  
There's a queer funny rumblin'  
inside,  
And Sam curled up like 'edge'og in  
winter  
And quietly laid down and died.

The Senate were quite nice about it  
Expressin' regret, but not stern  
And offered to let Mrs. Small  
Cancel fees for th' following term.

At this Ma grew proper angry  
And didn't know quite what she  
said,  
For there lay 'er darling young baby  
Killed by coffee, not dyin', but dead.

"Us in Wigan will get you for this,"  
Ferociously Sam's Ma did say,  
"And when Liverpool's in Third  
Division,  
We'll beat you both 'ome and away."  
Sphinx (Liverpool).

"Yes, I'll give you a job. Sweep  
out the store."  
"But I'm a college graduate."  
"Sorry, that's the easiest job I  
have."  
—The Gateway (Alberta).

THE SAGA OF SAM THE  
SANDWICH SLINGER

George Tordiff

Now Sam he was the waiter  
In the Greasy Spoon Cafe,  
The patrons were the kind that  
kicked  
And never liked to pay.

One day when business was quite  
slow

The cook composed a salad,  
And to its choice ingredients  
I dedicate this ballad.

First he took a cabbage leaf  
And flavoured it with curry,  
He wasn't going to eat it  
So he didn't have to worry.

To this he added vinegar  
Some celery and peas,  
And then to help the odour  
Some limmenburger cheese.

And then some cold potato  
And seasoned it with clove.  
In fact he put in everything  
Except the kitchen stove.

For decoration on the top  
He stuck a spinach spray,  
And then a chunk of garlic  
To keep the flies away.

No one wished to test it,  
But Sam said he would try  
He hadn't eaten half a plate  
When the poor guy up and died.

And on his tombstone was inscribed  
A phrase to this effect  
"Sam died of indigestion  
But he done his best by heck."  
BOWMANVILLE HIGH SCHOOL.

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## SEMINARY NOTES

As each happy Christmas  
Dawns on earth again, . . .

With the coming of the snow, settles a blanket of warmth about men's hearts. What though the weather be stormy, what though the air be chill; as the swirling eddy piles new forms on nature's landscape, comes the glow of a new season, of joy, peace and good-will.

So winter came again on the eve of the Christmas season. Already in the dormitory, and along the halls there is a feeling of expectancy that smacks of long awaited festivities. What if our holidays are shortened, and examinations creep upon us with startling suddenness — first comes Christmas — then let come what may!

Even within our small domain we notice the effects of this Christmas air. Eberhardt treads the halls with a lighter step as under his breath he mumbles: "Christmas Eve in Manhattan!" We can't help but wonder what sort of Merry-Christmas-go-round that will be! Schmieder talks of rehearsals, concerts, preparations that overload his weary frame, while Daddy Kennard smites his frantic brow and exclaims: "Christmas! Ohhh . . . Presents to buy! Ohhh . . .!!" But his face lights up with thoughts of home and wife and kiddies.

Alone, your correspondent thinks of other days and far off places, of huge turkeys and steaming puddings and wonders what Christmas will be like at home this year. (It has been four years since he has been home for Christmas.) But there goes that persecution complex again, that somebody was telling me about.

Two of our Middlers made their debut in the Twin Cities on Sunday last (Dec. 6th), taking over completely at St. Mark's for the day. Schmieder officiated in the morning, and Eberhardt conducted the evening Vespers. Most favorable reports have filtered back (despite the efforts of the two honorable aforementioned gentlemen to suppress them), and we happily predict that these two up-and-coming young men will soon make their bid for pastoral popularity in the Church.

By the time this reaches publication it will be common knowledge that one of the most popular faces in our institution has been absent for some little time. It may not be so well known that our own Daddy Kennard has been hob-nobbing with the big shots again, and in a place as far remote as Winnipeg, no less! This correspondent is extremely jealous because he wanted to have Winnipeg as his own especial pet, but we say with all sincerity and best wishes: "More power to you Conniving Kenny, we know you've got what it takes and we'll all pull for you when you run for Prime Minister."

As in past years the Seminarians are conducting worship services at Freeport Sanatorium on behalf of the Cosman-Hayunga Missionary

Society. We would appreciate it very much, if some of the College students would come along and assist in the song services, especially in this season when Christmas carols mean so much to weary souls. There will be a service at Freeport on the 27th; anyone who would like to help out please get in touch with Mr. Grosz, that your transportation may be arranged. This is a worthy work and the response of the college has always been most gratifying.

W. M.

## EXCHANGE

### WASTED WORDS

(Written in memory of Susabelle our long deceased Jersey Heifer.)

Some men smile in the evening  
Some men smile at dawn

But the man worth while  
Is the man who can smile  
When his two front teeth are gone.

I know some men who won't worry  
When in trouble they do abound  
But the man worth knowing  
Is the man who keeps going  
When his shirt tail is out all around.

One day I heard a man cussing  
Perhaps you would call him a bum,  
But where or where  
Is the man who won't swear  
When he sits on a wad of gum.

Some men have a keen sense of  
balance

But answer me this if you can  
Lives there at all  
A man who won't fall  
When he steps on a peel of banan.

—George Tordiff.

BOWMANVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

If you and I  
Were not mere puppets  
Jerking on a twisted string,  
But were alive  
And swaying to a rhythm of our  
own.  
We might  
Go beyond the farthest edge  
And creep  
Into the feathers of an unspoiled  
dawn.  
Hand in hand  
Caught stealing off,  
The world would drag us back,  
Deride our child psychology  
And lock us up in padded cells  
To learn the puppets' dance again.  
A. C.

Examinations are games of bluff in which the professors hold all the cards. A tough examination is one in which the professor asks you what you know. A fatal examination is one in which he asks you what you think.

—McGill Daily (Montreal).

## At Graduation Time



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## Girls' C.O.T.C.

Our belief is that the rifle was not meant for us — at least not rifles as heavy as the ones we have vainly been trying to hold — has been confirmed. Miss Sehl said she was too tired to fire the rifle by the time she had everything adjusted. Most of us feel like drooping daisies by the time the bell rings.

Two weeks ago we learned how to aim at a target. We also learned what 'drink' meant—for any innocents, this hasn't its usual meaning. Professor McIvor's advice on aiming is partially reproduced herein. "To aim properly you close your left eye. This is much better than aiming with both eyes open—or both eyes closed."

Little did he know us! We tried all three methods, and found that the last one was accurate more often than the other two. That might be due to our sex—anyway that's what the men blame it on. To make a long story short—we did not massacre the enemy.

Last week was a different tale. After we had been shown how to aim and fire when lying low, kneeling and standing, we were divided into two groups, one under the eagle eye of Dr. Jefferis, and the other under the equally vigilant eye of Professor McIvor.

We made such a mess of our first landing that we were told not to be so technical. Just as long as we got down it was alright. Well we got, but what we did after never quite coincided with the rules somehow. We did get our man oftener than the week before — a cause for much rejoicing.

When everything seemed finished we suddenly found ourselves detailed to return the rifles to their rack in the orderly room. There we learned still another new process, and one that takes time, care, and patience whether you are in a rush or not. And woe betide you if you get the butt of the rifle in the wrong pew as we almost did.

The slack parade ended in a many-voiced chorus of moans regarding battered elbows, pinched thumbs, and aching muscles. We expect to become hardened eventually, but the anguish in the meantime is horrible.