

THE COLLEGE CORD

VOL. 18

WATERLOO ONT., FEBRUARY, 1942.

AN UNDERGRAD PUBLICATION

NO. 4

WITH OUR ALUMNI

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The executive of the Alumni Association of Waterloo College is grateful to the many graduates and former students who completed the questionnaire and returned it to the historian. In a very real way the principal aim of the association is thus being achieved. Interchange of information between the college and its alumni has, in fact, become the most substantial fraternal activity which can be organized in these unsettled times.

The registrar offers his thanks for the "boost" given the college by those who recommended students to the school, and thus recommended the school to these students.

Those alumni who wrote personal letters gave the historian hours of pleasant reminiscence. He hopes to answer these letters when time permits and also to pass on greetings and information through this column.

ADVERTISEMENT

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the following alumni will do us a great favour by sending along their addresses:

Barclay, Weldon
Bretzlaff, Theodore
Brubacher, Elgin G.
Burkholder, Arthur L.
Carter, Albert
Cooke, Carl H.
Ernst, Gerald
Fusse, Edna
Griffith, James
Hamilton, Wesley R.
Hartman, Alvin E.
Hill, William
Legge, Elwin G.
Malinsky, Wilfred A. (Doc. Lindsay).
Miller, Kenneth
Monk, Victor
Myra, Allen E.
Tuerkheim, Ruth (Mrs. Neve)
Pepler, Jack
Perkins, E. Harrison
Reiner, Walter R.
Saddler, E. Doris
Schippling, Rev. Roy F.
Schroeder, Ernest H.
Schultz, Walter A.
Shantz, Arthur
Shoemaker, H. Monica
Tegler, Esther
Thompson, Clifford A.
Vincent, John C.

HONOUR ROLL

The record on January 1st, 1943, gave the following facts:

On Active Service

Deceased	2
Alumni (not through C.O.T.C.)	34
Alumni (through C.O.T.C.)	42
Total	78

ACCESSIONS

By dint of records and some guess-work we have discovered the following total of prospective students for Waterloo College in the families of the graduates and former students—120. —Dr. Klinck.

Athenaeum Holds Skating Party

Garland Hallman, who left Waterloo to attend the Medical School of the University of Western Ontario, graduated from there in 1941, and is now practising in Vancouver.

John Herbert, formerly of the staff of Ingersoll Collegiate, and now a major with the Oxford Rifles, recently completed a four-month course at the Royal Military College. His brother, Albert, is somewhere in Newfoundland in the cost accounting department of the Cape Construction Co.

Isabel Cherrey, now Mrs. Wilfred Campbell, is living in Toronto. She formerly taught school at Lakeview, Ont., and in Peel Township.

Freeman Gingerich is a retail and wholesale cheese merchant in Conestogo, a business which he preferred to teaching school after his graduation from Stratford Normal. But then, of course, there are many others who have preferred to teach school. Wilma Hahn is teaching in St. Jacobs. Evelyn Cressman is teaching in New Dundee. Eben Cressman is principal of School Section No. 15, which is just outside of Preston.

Clayton Heckendorn is a minister in the Evangelical Church in Zurich.

James F. Varkoper has just accepted a call to start a new work in Corpus Christi, Texas.

Walter Goss is pastor of the Lutheran church, Rosebay, Nova Scotia. He is secretary of the Nova Scotia Synod and president of the Southern Conference. He replied to the questionnaire in what his friends say is his typical manner. The question was — "Position held?" He replied — "Mostly sitting." "Nature of present employment?" Answer — "Preaching, teaching, canvassing, visiting, driving, gardening, being a social lion."

On Jan. 4 a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harris Veitch, both members of the alumni of Waterloo—James Livingstone Veitch. Congratulations and best wishes!

It seemed like old times to see the beaming face of Art Moyer '41, around the halls of Waterloo, last week. And the uniform is very becoming too—or perhaps it is married life which is agreeing with him. Art is an observer in the R.C.A.F., and was home on leave from his station at Yarmouth.

Another of our alumni was visiting the Alma Mater this past week. We hear that he was even snowed in down here for a week. — Rev. Alvin Schweitzer, who is now pastor of the Lutheran Church at Linwood.

Book Published

Dr. Klinck is to be congratulated on the publication of his book, WILFRED CAMPBELL: A STUDY IN LATE PROVINCIAL VICTORIANISM. The book has been very favorably reviewed in the Toronto Globe and Mail by William Arthur Deacon. His concluding paragraph is worth repeating:

"Canada's new maturity has been demonstrated by Dr. Klinck in his naturalistic approach to his subject. He has not felt any need to build upon overtowering genius, nor yet to belittle the genuine talents of a sincere craftsman. None of the other literary biographies or critical studies has so convincingly evoked a page from our living past."

We are glad to see this book in the College Library, because we like to read Dr. Klinck's work and because a large class is now studying Canada's literature.

Co-eds Given Christmas Party

Looking back to the other side of the exams when we were still care-free and gay, we remember the lovely Christmas banquet the girls had this school year. It has been the custom of the Waterloo College Co-eds to get together for an annual banquet each year at Christmas time.

We were invited to the home of Prof. and Mrs. Klinck for our latest Co-ed party. Mrs. Klinck was assisted by Mrs. Jefferis and Miss MacLaren, and these three gracious hostesses treated us like queens. After the delicious supper, we played court whist and bridge, or just sat around and discussed many things, as females are wont to do.

The tragic fact that tomorrow would be another school day made us scurry home at a sensible hour; but it didn't get us down—it couldn't, not after such a delightful Co-ed party.

Dorm's Defeat Day's

SCORE 21-19

On February 4, from 4:30-5:00 an interesting volleyball game took place between six men from the dorm and an equal number of day students. The winning team, from the dorm, comprised King, Zimmerman, Reble, Brose I and II, and Rhody. The opposing team included Koch, Bercht, McLeod, Grosz, Marchand and Damman. Many brilliant plays were made. "Bubbles" McLeod was in the spotlight much of the time. Although he and his colleagues made great efforts, they were defeated, but by a very slight margin. The Day's vow a comeback.

At Central School Rink

The first Athenaeum meeting of the second semester was in the form of a skating party. It was held on Monday, January 25.

Our brand new executive had an anxious time before everything was settled. Most of Monday was spent in speculating whether it would be a skating party or a theatre party. Many were the wails when it was feared the party might have to give up the idea of skating. Rumors and reports warred steadily all day until the poor lunch committee practically gave up the ghost.

By night it was cold once more, and everyone was smiling. Around eight o'clock the halls began to fill with eager students ready for skating. At half past eight there was hardly a soul in the place.

The ice at Central School rink was smooth and hard. No one minded skating slightly uphill. There were quite a number of skaters, and two or three partially refrigerated spectators. One or two exhibitions of figure skating were noticed—at least that is what we finally decided was meant by the rather odd actions of two of the skaters. To our knowledge there was only one tumble, and Eric was right on hand to pick Kay up.

Brose Primus sent Eddie, Alf, and Herb to order the hamburgers and hot dogs. Meanwhile, the lunch committee and the coffee were simmering comfortably in the College kitchen.

10:30 found the ravenous skaters converging on the College. Even three little non-skaters turned up to tell us about "Now Voyager," and joined the fun. Soon wails of "I'm hungry," and "When do we eat?" were heard, but the lunch committee could do nothing whatever to appease the appetites. For a time it was feared that there might be no lunch committee left to feed us if the food did come.

After much waiting we were finally greeted by the sight of steaming coffee and juicy hot dogs. 'Twas a lovely lunch even though we were practically starved first.

Our famous soloist, Mr. Minke, was prevailed upon to sing a new number, "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and he and Mr. King favored us with a duet. Eldred played the accompaniment, of course.

And so we went home to bed, leaving a few ambitious souls to wash up the dishes. We heard a vague rumor the next day of the dropping of two cups, but apparently there were no breakages.

The new executive is to be congratulated on a grand Athenaeum. Just keep more of the same coming.

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

The life of an editor is an arduous one we find. We went down to the reading room in hopes of finding peace—as the library was possessed by whisperers—and whom should we find but our junior editor. When he found we were writing an editorial he wished to learn how. We left at once, for who are we to try and teach somebody to do something we don't know how to do. That's rather complicated, but the right idea is there.

We have snuck up gently on the rest of the departments and pleaded earnestly to them for copy to fill the "very vawst" and empty spaces of this paper. In return they maligned the paper and us. Oh well, at least life is real if not earnest. Anyway we are now trying to fill up one of the spaces.

We rather think we may eventually worm a new column out of some people, so if you see something you have never seen before that will probably be it.

* * *

We have noticed of late how much laughter and fun there has been about the College. We have likewise heard about it upon occasion when we were told to go on having fun, but a little more quietly.

We are glad that this is the attitude taken. Laughter is one of the scarcest things in the world at present.

Laughter is a gift that no one can do without. It is true that we seem to be winning the war, but the tide may turn at any moment and it will be hard to laugh if we begin to lose. Many are the people who have lost brothers, sons and husbands in this war; many more will lose them before the war is over. Yet, if you will look about you, you will not see very many sad or glum faces.

Our people are keeping their chins up, and at least smiling if they cannot yet manage a laugh. We should be proud to belong to a continent that smiles and laughs even when danger threatens.

Laughter is lacking in Europe, and it has become a solemn and grief-stricken continent under Nazi domination. There are few students there to have fun as we do. What laughter there is, is bitter and hateful.

We sincerely hope that that manner of laughing never comes to this continent of ours. It never will if we laugh in bad times as well as good.

M. A. J.

* * *

This is the voice of your editors calling again from behind the huge walls of snow, and pillars of ice that surround the old Alma Mater. The whole college is back at work as if nothing had happened. The examinations were tough but a few students managed to survive.

The first problem that has reached the ears of the editors is the oft-repeated query: "Why don't we have a tuck-shop?" Of course there are varied opinions, pro and con. But the student body seems unanimous in its desire to have such a shop, in which chocolate bars, apples, etc., could be bought at mid-time in the morning or afternoon. The students seem to feel that such nour-

ishment would be a terrific boon to their post-lunch lectures. The louder cry, however, seems to be uttered by the male section, especially prior to the C.O.T.C. parades.

Last year the cook operated a tuck-shop, but it was discontinued because of unpaid accounts on the part of the patrons. The students feel that a cash-and-carry policy, if strictly enforced, would work without resulting in bankruptcy. Now the request has been transferred from whispered hints to printed copy. Onward ye tuck-shop advocates!

C. A. H.

University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

Faculties

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

Affiliated Colleges

Huron College
 Assumption College
 Ursuline College
 Waterloo College
 Alma College (Junior 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

To the Last Syllable—

Scene—The second-floor hall.
Time—From about nine to nine-thirty on a Thursday morning, immediately after the issuing of the new time-table.

Dr. Schorten, Dr. Klinck, and Jean Kramp are grouped disconsolately around the phone booth.

Dr. Schorten (hopefully)—Have you seen Jean Shantz?

Jean K. (indignantly)—No . . . The Seminary stole our classroom.

Enter Alice, Marg, and Mel from upstairs. Alice and Marg consult the phone book.

Marg (disgustedly)—It isn't even listed.

Alice—I think I'll go and read Philosophy.

Dr. Klinck—Can't you find your professor?

Chorus—No, sir—we're looking for Professor Evans.

Enter a group of lost-looking Frosh. They can't find their professor.

Jean (insistently)—It isn't fair for the Seminary to take our room.

Marg—Why don't you take 317? I don't think we're — er — going to need it.

Dr. Klinck—Is it warm?

Mel—Not awfully.

Dr. Klinck (to the Frosh)—You go up to 317. They troop up the stairs. He goes to the Registrar's office, returning in a few minutes. — Where are those people? — He dashes upstairs and returns followed by the Frosh who exeunt to the reading room.

Dr. Schorten—Has anyone seen Jean Shantz?

Marg (behind him)—I don't think she is here, sir.

Dr. Schorten (to Jean K., in front of him)—What makes you think that?

Jean blinks, startled—Uh—uh—.

Marg (hastening to explain)—I said, sir, that I don't think she is here, because I haven't seen her.

Dr. Schorten—Oh, oh, I see.

Dr. Klinck (to Jean)—We'll not take a cold room! Let's go in the office. Exeunt Dr. Klinck and Jean to the office, and the others gradually drift off. The clock settles down to nine-twenty with a click of relief. Left in peace at last! But not for long. Nine-twenty-three enter the Shantzses, brother and sister, almost at the transition point of turning from two little Shantzses into two little icicles. Dr. Schorten grins contentedly and retires to the German room to assure Mary that Jean will be there soon. Jean gets thawed out and goes off to German. Nine-thirty enter Professor Evans with the wrong book. Enter Alice from the Girls' Room at the sound of his voice, with a Philosophy book tucked under her arm, and Marg and Mel from downstairs and up, respectively.

Professor Evans—Oh, there you are. Where were you people?

Curtain.

A. M. H.

Alice Plays With Fire

My good friend Alice was unfortunate in her introduction to the art of cooking over an open fire. The setting for Alice's initiation into this most practical of all arts was not ideal. We had chosen a cool morning in which to venture forth into Nature to cook our breakfast and had selected as the spot for building our fire a dismal swamp, damper than most swamps and certainly replete with more poison ivy. We exhausted more than half our supply of matches drying out enough wood to start the blaze. Our paper having become soggy, we were forced to use dry cedar to ignite the fire and, as any woodsman knows, dry cedar is not easily found in a swamp. We had no large stones with which to fashion a firm base for our coffee-pot and so, when the coffee was hot, the pot was wont to tip over and put out the fire. After we had spent more than two hours preparing our breakfast, we imagined that we might eat it in radiant contentment. But the swamp asserted its personality and ordained otherwise. Those places not wet with swamp water were wet with morning dew and all the dry stumps were begirt with poison ivy. I thought I would be my own Sir Walter Raleigh and use my coat to sit on, but finally decided on Alice's sweater.

Alice survived all nobly. By noon the next day, Friday, she was clamouring for another excursion into Nature. This time we decided to cook supper, instead of breakfast, and we chose a pine woods as the site for our endeavour.

The simple trick of choosing a more appropriate time and place worked wonders. In the pine woods were many dry hillocks to sit on, plenty of flat stones with which to construct a rustic stove, and more firewood than all Ayr could use in a winter when the wolves grow thick coats. In a short time we had a pot of coffee steaming cheerily. The toast required a bit more skill and ingenuity. It was clearly a matter of burning ourselves or the toast. We chose the toast.

Our supper consisted of coffee and toast, butter and ashes. One who is not a woodsman will not appreciate the significance of the statement "Our supper consisted of coffee and toast, butter and ashes." Unless one has tasted coffee made over an open fire, steaming, muddy, pine-scented coffee, coffee which is the fruit of one's own battle with Nature, and toast, here scorched and there untouched by fire, toast which has been rolled in ashes and dropped in pine needles, one cannot realize that food outdoors, no matter how smoky or gritty, has a charm which no soft, savoury, delectable, indoor banquet can have.

Alice and I did justice to our own cooking. We ate every crumb of toast and boiled up the coffee

grounds many times, even as President Roosevelt advises the people of the United States to do today.

After supper, in "that dreamy mood," like two Ishmaels on the masts of two Pequods, we watched the sunset and heaped fuel on the fire. Alice had brought a book along but left it lying unopened. Nature's law is that no man shall read while there are dancing flames to watch and whispering pines to listen to, and Alice does not try to buck this law of Nature. Then, as the sun sank lower and the pine shadows grew gloomier, our fire-tending became idly experimentive. We tested the relative burning powers of dead leaves, tamarack twigs, and pine cones. The flames leaped high and smoldered low. We reflected that the cowboy down in Texas, who could think of nothing more agreeable than to smell the bacon frying and drink coffee out of the can in the morning, was all wrong. We would take sunset any time. "Sunset and evening star, and one clear call—" mused Alice tunelessly, though not appropriately.

M. R.

Waterloo, Did You Say?

As Charles Lamb had "imperfect sympathy" with Scotchmen and Jews, so, I fear, have I with my student friends attending the University of Toronto. I cannot deny that it is a large and excellent university, nor can I expect anything but that its students should be proud of it. They are—to such an extent that they regard it as the only possible place to obtain a college education. They have a strong, if limited, sense of right and wrong—"right" is the Varsity method of educating, "wrong" is any other method, used by any other university. Furthermore, other universities may be using Toronto's method but with much less success.

Five of my close friends are studying in Toronto. In holiday times we often sit in a local restaurant reminiscing and generalizing upon college life. When I venture to mention Waterloo while they are talking of Toronto, their reaction against this bathos of mind is always the same. They try to be kind and firm in correcting me from my delusion that I, too, am going to college.

Their attack is almost always the same. "How many students go to—uh—where you said?" My answer to this first question usually has to be repeated because the number is so very small. "Only sixty," murmurs one as the wretched truth sinks home. Questions now flow at me at a great rate, and my rout seems certain. How many professors, how many buildings, how many societies, how many co-eds—these are a few which I recall. At the end of this first cross-examination they usually feel that their victory is complete. In comparison with Toronto Waterloo is without question ridiculously small and inadequate.

Sometimes I argue further. I point out the close personal contact existing between student and professor in a small college. They ponder and then question whether

this contact is a "good thing"; one senior asserts that most of his professors know him. The two arguments conflict somewhat, but almost no one notices it. The consensus of opinion is that the aloofness of the Toronto professor must be the best attitude to adopt with regard to students, (except, of course, seniors).

Although they know the answer beforehand, they usually inquire whether or not Waterloo writes two sets of examinations in one year. I confess the horrid truth. "Aha!" they chorus, "we don't." Once again their superiority is established. The University of Toronto does not use the semester system; it is undoubtedly a bad system. Relentless, they drive forward to complete the rout. "Does your school have any frats or sororities? How many dances do you have in a year? Only two platoons in your C.O.T.C.?—We have over two thousand men enrolled in ours. You say it's cheap to go to this—uh—Waterloo?—I guess it would be!"

I always yield before numbers. They have argued, all the while feeling that there was nothing to argue. It is obvious to them that my education has made me stupid and prejudiced, and therefore in need of a patient explanation. "Any-one been to Hart House lately?" says one of them after a short silence, and the matter is closed.

M. K.

HOURS IN A LIBRARY

One hour was spent at the card index.
One hour was spent at the shelves looking for books.
One hour was spent taking books from the shelves.
One hour was spent looking through the books and writing down the data.
One hour was spent rearranging the material and putting it in my folder.
Five minutes were spent losing the folder.

A. M. H.

EXCHANGE

RHYME

Little Jack Horner stood on a corner
Watching the cars go by,
He held up his thumb until it was numb
But only got dust in his eye.

IF

(With apologies to R. Kipling)
If you can keep your books, when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when even teachers doubt you
And don't mind telling you about it too;
If you can fail and not give way to failure;
If you can learn that study's not a curse
If you can fill each unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of homework done,
Yours is the earth, or what there's now left in it,
And what is more, you'll get a PASS, my son.

—Silhouette.



cious. From our own unhappy observations, however, we sound a note of warning. One hamburger plus one hamburger equals satisfaction. One hot-dog plus one hot-dog equals delight. But one hamburger plus one hot-dog equals nightmares,—lurid nightmares, including neon dragons with revolving purple eyes. Never, oh never, mix the genres.

A couple of non-skaters went to see "Now Voyager" on the night of the party, and turned up at the College later. Bill Shantz and Wilf "Bubbles" McLeod were quite enthusiastic about the picture. Incidentally, the nickname "Bubbles" is quite intriguing and hard to track down. So far the only clue to its origin is the claim that Wilf likes bubble gum, but that seems rather weak. Perhaps someone thought he was frothy by nature, but that seems unlikely, too. If anyone knows the answer to this problem, please communicate with The Cord. The third member of the party was Charlie Hagen, our efficient assistant editor. And Charlie has been going around with a dreamy look in his eyes ever since, muttering, "Why ask for the moon, when we have the stars?"

Have you ever felt that words were inadequate to express your feelings? Apparently one of our professors did recently, for he prefaced one of his lectures with the following remarks to the assembled students: "With regard to those test papers you wrote last Thursday, Grr! Grr!" At this the scholars, in complete agreement, gnashed their teeth ferociously, and everyone was happy.

From now on the College is going to do some energetic advertising. Some new moving pictures have been taken showing various aspects of college life. The hero of one scene is none other than our genial friend, Frank Keating, who is now well on the road to stardom. Soon we'll all be able to say proudly that we knew him when . . . ! There are already several reels of college pictures in existence. These were shown at an Athenaeum meeting in the fall. Perhaps we may see

the new ones at some future meeting.

Here's one from the almanac:
Dean (discussing ex-student):
His studies were pursued, but never effectually overtaken.

Yes, the badminton addicts are at it again. The lists for the annual tournament have been posted. Now the gym is the scene of prolonged and deadly battles, most of us trying desperately to keep out of the bottom ranks. Only a few are much worried about coming out on top, although someone undoubtedly will.

The laurels for the brightest saying of the month are without a doubt to be placed on the deserving head of Ward Kaiser. One day, when several nervous people were pacing about in the reading room waiting for exam results to be posted, someone reading a newspaper exclaimed over the case of a lady who was alleged to be receiving a wife's allowance from three soldier husbands at once.

Edyth: "Why, that's bigamy!"
Ward, (sagely): "No, that's worse, it's trigamy!"

Here's another old joke, which we retell in the hope that among our readers there will be two or three who have not heard it before.

A notice, of rather unfortunate grammatical construction, was posted on the bulletin board by a certain officer. Later a private was heard grumbling: "Here I am, a Harvard man, taking orders from a man who ends a sentence with a preposition." The officer overheard him, and soon tacked up another notice, as follows:

"There is a certain amount of insubordination in this company up with which I will not put!"

The best Christmas present in the Rikard household was Baby Susan Carol, who has recently arrived from Boston with her mother. Professor Rikard is delighted at the prospect of having a new subject for his experiments in psychology. No doubt his classes will be edified by the results, and science will benefit greatly thereby. A suitable lullaby for the baby has already been suggested. It is "Oh Susanna, don't you cry!"

Phew! Wasn't that an appalling January? Considering the bad weather and the worse exams the month may well slink away in shame, the cur! And New Year's Day, good old New Year's Day, was reduced to a mere apprehensive, nasty Friday before the first examination on Monday. Never mind, New Year's Eve was quite all right, they say. Ah, that would indeed be a chapter, if all the strands could be drawn together. But that seems rather old news now, and hardly worth digging up. Something newer is required, perhaps.

The skating party, for instance, is comparatively recent. Arthur Conrad and his executive certainly know how to manage these affairs well. After a mild and mushy day that was enough to make any skater tear his hair, they secured a quick drop in the temperature and provided as shining a sheet of flawless ice as one could ask for. Athenaeum executives have to do these things.

The new secretary-treasurer also takes his duties very seriously. Woe betide the unhappy starveling who dared take a bite of hamburger before paying his fee of fifteen cents. Fate, in the person of Harold Brose descended upon him like a dive-bomber. We predict a happy financial future for the good old Athenaeum under its new management.

Lunch, once paid for, was deli-

McPhail's

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Waterloo Dial 7-7574

VOX POP

Dear Vox Pop:

I present to you a grievance which has rankled the soul of many a Waterloo student. Why must there be such strict segregation of the sexes at chapel service?

Possibly from the male point of view all ladies are flirts, and from the female point of view all gentlemen are wolves. The understanding may be tacit, and therefore generally, and quite happily, ignored. But do we at Waterloo have to have the suggestion thrust at us boldly every day?

I suggest that this situation is highly unnatural. In any lecture room you will find that the ladies and the gentlemen do not studiously avoid each other's company. Apparently there is nothing distasteful to them in sitting beside each other during the course of an hour's pursuit of knowledge.

What the idea behind the present set-up is, I wouldn't venture to guess. Perhaps the idea is sound. However, the carrying out of that idea has anything but the appearance of soundness. Come into chapel a minute late some day—see the stilted and prim rows of ladies on one side, the stilted but not-so-prim rows of men on the other—you'll see what I mean. Frankly, it looks silly.

WATERLOON

Dear Waterloo:

We've thought the matter over carefully, and we see your point of view. We think though, that if you try mixing us up, that the result will be much the same as you have now. In all probability you would find a row of gentlemen and then a row of ladies, instead of having them all together on their respective sides.

As you say, the ladies do not seem to mind the company of the gentlemen in class, but may they not become rather tired of their companionship, and find that chapel service gives them needed respite.

We know that some of the ladies will agree with you, and some of the gentlemen. That is perhaps as it should be, but since things are as they are at present, we suggest that until the faculty speaks of this

EXCHANGE

"THE ARMY, DON'T YOU KNOW"

The other day I paid a visit to an old friend of mine—a retired British colonel who claims he got the Order of the Bath or Garter or something in the last war. On second thoughts you conclude that it could only have been the Order of the Boot.

Anyway, the old boy is always spouting about his heroic adventures in the last war, and after firmly esconcing himself in an armchair of ancient vintage and supplying the usual whisky and soda, this is what he said:

"By jove, old top, those were the days. You know, I am one of those

segregation, it would be just as well to let the matter rest.

Vox Pop.

Dear Editor:

Permit me to suggest that "The Cord" should change its title to "Boy Meets Girl." Your last issue was worthy of Walter Winchell, though scarcely of anyone else. Do you really feel that the amorous adventures of the Freshman class are likely to prove of any interest to the majority of your readers? Certainly they are of no interest to one.

And, incidentally, the next time I see two students holding hands in the library, I propose to vomit on the spot.

Emetically yours,
DIOGENES

Dear Diogenes:

We sincerely beg your pardon if the last Cord seemed to be filled with boy meets girl stuff, and you couldn't stomach it.

Regarding the two who seem to upset you most, we sympathize deeply. Diogenes, we commend you highly for your courage in setting forth your sentiments as you have, and voicing one of our own unspoken thoughts.

We must point out something else, though. Very nearly, if not half the students of Waterloo College are in the Freshman class. They read the paper (we hope) and like to hear some of the gossip about their own classmates. We must cater to their likes as well as yours and our own, and ours don't include boy meets girl any more than yours seem to.

Cheer up friend, surely by next year the most fervent of these affairs will have jelled, and will no longer be so obnoxious.

Vox Pop.

blokes who made the world safe for democracy. What a crazy thing that was. I fought and I fought but I had to go anyway. I was called in class A, and I remember when I registered. I went up to a desk and the chap in charge was my milkman. He asked me what was my name, so I replied that he already knew my name.—'What's your name?' he barked,—so I told him: 'August Childs.' He then asked, 'Are you alien?' I said, 'No I feel fine.' He asked me how old I was, so I told him: 'Twenty-three on the 1st of Sept.' He told me that on the 1st of September I'd be in France and that'd be the last of August.

"A veterinary with an inquisitive red nose started to examine me. He wanted to know if I ever had the measles, smallpox, or St. Vitus' Dance, and did I take fits. I replied, 'No, only when I have housemaid's knee.' When he asked 'Can you see all right?' I said 'Certainly, but I'll be cross-eyed tonight if I pass.' The doctor then said he had examined 140,000 men but that I was the most perfect specimen of a physical wreck he had ever come across. Then he handed me a card marked 'class A.'

"After this I went to camp, and I suppose they didn't think I'd live long. The first fellow I saw wrote on my card 'Flying Corpse.' I went a little further and some chap said, 'Look what the wind's blown in.' I said, 'Wind my eye, it's the draft that's doing this.' On the second morning they put some clothes on me. Egad, man, what a fit; they had two sizes: Too small and too large. The pants were so tight you couldn't sit down. The shoes were so big I turned round three times and the wretched things didn't move. And what a raincoat they gave me. It strained the rain.

"I passed by an officer all dressed up with a fancy belt and all that paraphernalia. Calling after me he said, 'Didn't you notice my uniform when you passed?' I replied, 'Yes, but what are you grouching about? Look what they gave me.'

"Everything was crazy. If you were a livery man, you were put in the medical department; if you were a watchman you were made officer of the day. I saw a chap with a wooden leg, and asked him what he was doing in the army. He replied, 'I'm going to mash potatoes.' By jove! it was such jolly fun—five below zero one morning and they called us out for underwear inspection. Talk about scenery—red flannels, B.V.D.'s, all sorts from wool to silk. The union suit I had on would fit a couple more. The

Continued on Page Seven

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- WATERLOONACY - Advice

Some of this copy happened before the exams, and some of it is the aftermath of exams.

This is what our editor found on an envelope meant for her. — Mag J. the editor bossess.

In the library.
Beggs is hunting wildly for English books. Fred Shantz is deep in the card index, and Gladys is supposedly studying.

Ross—Hey, somebody give me some numbers so I can find the darn thing.

Gladys—Gnah. Don't Fred. He can't count anyway.

Ross—O.K. Quehl. You're getting as tough as your father's meat.

Library Science class, the week before exams.

Chuck—Never did so many know so little about so much.

French 30.
Professor Evans—Miss Bier what was the date of the War of 1812?

Gladys (studying Psychology)—If you screw up your face this way, you're emotional.

Marchand—Yeah, or you can't help it.

Verdict on the faculty.
Our professors are the pouncing-est ones I have ever known.

Greek I.
Dr. Creager—The Greeks inflated hides to make rafts.

Harold Brose—How did they inflate them?

Herb (sotto voce)—AIR!

Physical Science.
Ernie—Hey, Windy. I'll get that book from you afterwards.

Edith—O.K. Say! What did you call me?

Chadder—Breezy, with a W.

What the editor found in some copy she got in.

"Cadet Ross Beggs has joined the Air Force, leaving us January 11."

History 20.
Discussing what was found on our papers.

Miss MacLaren—What is the difference between "effect" and "affect"?

Mary—A lot of difference.

Miss MacLaren—Well, there isn't to some people.

At the skating party.
Chadder—Gus, do you want my skates?

Herb—Why? Are you quitting?

Ed.—No, but my feet are!

Mary and Helen are on one side of the lab. table, and Edith is on the other.

Mary and Helen—Edith, you deserter, what are you doing over there?

Edith—Well, this is the only chance I have to be surrounded by boys? !!!

Economics 20.
Professor McIvor—We'll go on as if nothing had happened. Now, if you haven't any questions ask them as we go along.

Ernie and Marchand were having a violent argument about their respective girls. You may draw your own conclusions from the following remark:

Ernie—Listen, when you get married Marchand, it'll be a wooden wedding. One Pole.

R.K. 29.
Professor Rikard was discussing the part in the Acts, in which Lydia, the seller of purple, took Paul and his party into her home.

Prof. R.—You know that must have cost the poor woman a lot. Gosh, even one mouth makes an awful difference.

What somebody heard over the phone one night during exams.

Q.—Hello, this is part of the Greek class. Are you trying the exam?

A.—No (aside). What the heck do you think I am?

P.S.—We thought this was lousy too.

History 20.
Alice has been sitting in on the lectures lately.

Mary—What were you doing in history?

Alice—Listening to the lecture.

Mary—Are you kidding?

For Waterloons writing Cord copy, here is a motto:

"Praise the Lord and pass the inspiration."

June Brock—There's going to be a great tragedy here when my father finds out I didn't go to school tomorrow.

Violet—I used to always have that fellow on my heels.

Delph.—He must have been awfully heavy.

Alice—Marg. have you got a class now?

Marg. J.—Yes; French.

A.—Have you at 2:00?

M.—Yes.

A.—At 3:00?

M.—Yes.

A.—At 4:00?

M.—Yes.

A.—Well, what have you got at 5:00?

M.—A headache.

Dr. Schorten to the German 41 class:

In any language, the adverbs are the salt—they give the right flavor. Some adverbs are sugar—they make the sentence taste sweeter. All right, now I'll assign your salt and pepper for next week.

Gladys—He didn't say where the pepper in a language comes in!

Needless to say the German 41 class was getting hungrier and hungrier as this went on.

Chuck: Marg. may I see your French book? I always wanted to see the omnibus in it.

A La Alf

Dear Alf:

I don't quite know how to begin, never having had occasion to ask for advice before.

How can I get more time to do more in. I have to write copy for the editor, and I can never get it in on time. Please, how can I get inspiration and time to write copy at the same time.

I would be most grateful for any good suggestions.

A Miserable Waterloo.
Dear Miserable Waterloo:

Having gone into your case quite thoroughly, I am convinced that you must cultivate the gentle art of meditation just before going to sleep. Be sure to have a pencil and a pad of paper handy. Begin by reviewing the happenings of the day you have just lived. You will recall many interesting little bits

Do I have B.O.?
Dear Alf:

of conversation which your friends and former colleagues are just dying to hear. As you recall these gems of conversation, jot them down at once. Then our dear editor of the College Cord will not find it necessary to remind you periodically of your obligations, nor will you find it necessary to dodge into a classroom other than your own to avoid her. This will save you from listening to lectures on other subjects than the ones you are taking. I also guarantee that if you will cultivate the art of meditation just before going to sleep you will have many happy hours all by yourself.

Confidentially yours,
Alf.

Dear Friends:

If you have any problems on love, money or your work, send them to me for an answer. If I cannot answer them myself I will have competent authorities deal with them.

Do I have O.B. (Onion Breath—Eight times worse than B.O.)

Or do my ears just flap in the breeze?

O most wise adviser, learned in the ways of life and of love, to whom be the reputation and the glory thereof, therein, and therefor—frankly, I'm in a fix. A jam. One purgatory of a spot. The girls just won't leave me alone. Can't get away from them. You know even if I get a street car about 7:45 a.m., there's no chance of solitude, and just try getting up any earlier, with people haunting your dreams all night. The phone's always ringing, too, with some little job coyly singing through the wires. "And how's my item bittem boisie woisie 'onight? There's no future in insults either 'cause I've tried that. So, Mr. Schenk, my problem is this: How can I get some solitude?"

Draw.

Dear Ward:
Your case is indeed most distressing. If you want solitude that badly I strongly advise you to dig a hole, get in, and let someone cover you up.

P.S.: But don't do it, for life then would lose its interesting aspects, and would become very dull.

A.

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EXCHANGE

"THE ARMY, DON'T YOU KNOW" (Continued)

lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I replied, 'I'm up; this underwear makes you think I'm sitting down.'

"Three days later we sailed for France. Marching down the pier I had more luck. We had a sergeant who stuttered, and it took him so long to say 'Halt', that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out, lined us up, and then had the cheek to say: 'Fall in.' Later we had a life-boat drill, but when the boat was being lowered over the side of the ship it spilled some of the men into the water. Only the second lieutenant and myself were left in the boat, and the former gave orders to pull some of the men out of the water by the hair. I was struggling with them when one fellow with a bald head called to be pulled out, so I told him to go down and come up the right way.

"The crossing took about twelve hours and for twelve hours and a half I was shaken from toe to head by a violent agitation in my stomach. Well, we landed in France, and were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights the cannons started to roar, and the shells began to whistle. I was shaking with patriotism, but when I tried to hide behind a tree, I found there weren't enough for the officers.

"At 5 o'clock we went over the top, and 10,000 Austro-Hungarian cannibals rushed at us. From the way they looked at me you would think I started the blinking war. Our captain yelled to us, 'Fire at will; but I didn't know any of their names. I presume the fellow behind me thought I was Will though, because he fired his gun and shot me in the gizzards.

"On the way to the hospital I asked a bloke where they were taking me. He said, 'You're going to the morgue,' but when I told him there was some mistake and I wasn't dead, he told me to lie down and not to make a fool out of the doctor.

"Finally a pretty nurse came in and . . . —Oh, what am I saying?—That's another story!"

R. L. W.-J.

Exchange from the "College Times."

C.O.T.C. NEWS

Since the last issue of The Cord, two members of our unit have joined the active forces. Cadet Ross Beggs has joined the air force, and left Jan. 11. At present he is at Manning Pool, Toronto, undergoing the standard trades training. P.U.T.U. Edward Chadder has joined the Royal Canadian Navy (VR.) and will be called to active service in May.

Some changes in the officers' staff at London have been made recently. Col. Leonard has resigned his position as officer commanding the U.W.O. contingent of the C.O.T.C.; he has been succeeded by Major Stiling who is Acting O.C. At present no second in command has been appointed. Major Emery, former 2.I.C. is on active service at Ipperwash Advanced Training Centre. Incidentally, Lieuts. Lloyd Winhold and Bill Artindale are instructing here. The adjutant, Lieut. H. T. Peevers, has left the U.W.O. contingent and, at present, is at the basic training centre in Stratford.

Two promotions were made in the Waterloo contingent during December. Cpl. Klinck is now Sgt. Klinck and Cadet Berscht now Cpl. Berscht. Congratulations!

On Wed., Jan. 20, Major Stiling, acting O.C., and Captain Raymond, training officer, came up from London to inspect our unit. They seemed well satisfied with the progress we are making here. Annual muster parade was held in the gymnasium on Thurs., Jan. 28. Captain Truscott from London headquarters called the roll in order to make certain we all existed. The Canadian Government is not in favor of paying men who are dead or otherwise stricken off strength. Only last year's personnel attended the parade as they are the only group who will be paid for their services during the school year. The other group, the primary, are not on strength of the C.O.T.C. until they go to camp this spring. They will receive no pay for their efforts before this time.

At present members of the C.O.T.C. are granting 25 per cent of their pay to a regimental fund. This percentage covers regimental expenses and leaves a sizeable surplus. This surplus is being employed for war purposes but will be refunded to the U.W.O. after the war. At that time the money will be redivided among the London Colleges, Assumption and Waterloo. Our portion will probably be used to erect a war memorial here.

C.Q.M.S. Rikard recently took a two-days' course in quartermaster's work. The course was given at London, its purpose being to give the Reserve Army some insight into the system of the Ordnance Corps. C.Q.M.S. Rikard started for home during a howling snowstorm; he eventually became snowbound, had to abandon his car and catch a train

EXCHANGE

A STORM

Ugly black clouds have been banking up above the hills for hours. The rumble of distant thunder carried by the listless breeze creates a tenseness of expectation in the heavy air. It reminds the onlooker of the strained hush in an immense amphitheatre previous to the entrance of the impatient bull. Winged their way across the bleak, dust-filled skies, a pair of gulls utter mournful shrieks and glide quickly out of sight. And suddenly the trees bow to a mighty, rushing wind, and the rain slashes down between their branches.

There is nothing so magnificently free as the fury of a summer storm. The lightning stabs downward like sparks off a giant anvil. A piece of paper, the forgotten memento of some careless picnickers, is tossed playfully in the grip of the wind until the driving rain beats it to the ground. A light steam arises from the thirsty earth. Now and again through the wagging tree-tops one may glimpse low-scudding clouds. The steady drip, drip of the rain as it washes off the dusty leaves, is dismal enough to quell even the uncertain chirping of a lonely sparrow. The stubby, little trees and

for Kitchener. Opinion in the school holds that Sgt. Rikard is not overfond of our great Canadian winters and would gladly consign them to that place "where the fire is unquenched and the worm dieth not."

Camp will begin in the first week in May and will last for 15 days. All ranks will have to attend and for the full limit of time. War work will not constitute an excuse for not attending camp this year. Rumors are floating about concerning the location of the camp. The authorities do not want to hold it at Thames Valley because the air will undoubtedly be fairly cold for sleeping in tents. There is a chance that we will be given warmer quarters but we shall have to wait and see.

bushes, which dot the sullen hills, lie helpless under the beating of the rain. The long, soft grass in the valley sways dolefully as it tries to shake the water from its overburdened headdress.

Gradually, the thunder growls back into its lair. The rain thins to a feeble drizzle and stops. The clouds roll back. The sun suddenly and brilliantly sparkles down on a refreshed and shining world, transforming it from the dreary place of a moment ago. Gleaming in the sky a glorious rainbow denotes the end of the storm and reiterates the Lord's promise that there will never again be a forty days' flood.

—By N. J. Geary, Ridleiana.

VERSES

Men hate, destroy, rend;
Comes Death,
Works End.

Men hope, build, pray;
Comes Death,
Works Stay.

R. P. S.

END OF TERM

Vacation time had ended
And the year was turning Fall,—
The leaves of vines, once dressed
in green,

Were red against the wall;
The books were being opened up;
The dust no longer here,—
The time had come, the school had
thought,

To start another year.

—Exchange.

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SEMINARY NOTES

Though we know it to be true, we in the Seminary can't help but take exception to the saying: "Another term has begun." Somehow or other we seem to be in about the same position we were in a few weeks ago. Oh, there is a slight change in the time table—a lot of new subjects have been added and a few of the old ones taken away, but there is the same old matter of essays to be done, reports to be handed in—one continual round of pleasure—or shall we say one continual round.

As a matter of fact we find that with the tension of examinations released it is even more difficult to stay in the vicious circle, and the centrifugal forces have a stronger pull. Subsequent deviations from the wearying orbit of toil are now more numerous—to the extent that one professor was heard to hint that perhaps not enough work was being done. These professors! Clever creatures aren't they?

And so we leave these monastic halls, in mind at least, for a space to travel with some of our seminary alumni. We have an interesting correspondence from one "Fritz" Hauch of Ayton, Ontario, which we feel will be of interest to many of our graduate readers.

It seems that "Fritz" and "Abe" (the Rev. Albert Datars of Desboro) met in Hanover at a conference, and during the course of their stay unexpectedly met up with one, Rev. Emerson Hallman, a former classmate of theirs. The extraordinary part of this story is that "Fritz," "Abe" and Emerson were each to present to one another a wife and a set of twins! With that sort of spirit among our graduates we ought not worry about material for Waterloo in the future.

Coming down the years a few pages we have a note from one of last year's Seminary graduates in the person of our own well-known "Red" or "Oscar" — you know — the bookstore sharper. We find that he has not forgotten some of his extra-academic activities of Waterloo and is now an officer of a Cadet Corps in Nova Scotia. We also hear that he has taken up curling as his favourite sport, and on his next visit we expect to see him in a tam-o'shanter and kilts. A bright, broad plaid would go well with that red hair!

The Rev. Arthur Little of Arprior is holidaying with his father, Dr. C. H. Little, at present. We have been privileged to have him with us for a few "bull sessions." We of the Seminary are always glad to see and hear from those who have trod this wine press before us, and so we say to our Alumni: "You won't forget us, will you?"

A Chinese cook was walking through the woods. He turned around to see a grizzly bear following him, sniffing his tracks. "Hm," said the Chinese, "You like my tracks, velly good, I makee some more."

"If you refuse me," he swore, "I shall die."

She refused him.

Sixty years later he died.

EXCHANGE

TO ENGLAND

Keep courage high, Oh men of the Isles,
During this period of pain and trials.
Please don't falter. Please don't fall.
Carry your standards till peace doth call.

You are the last hope against invasion and oppression.
You shall pull through this time of depression.
Carry on! Carry on! I plead with you;
Oh men of London remain loyal and true.

Bombs burst now and debris lies deep,
But your high morale you must always keep.
Though times are difficult, and life

looks dark,
Retain that courage and tread that mark.

You must stand up. You must! You must!
In you we confide and place our trust.

For you alone can stem the tide;
All other nations have diseased or died.

Millions of men are holding it on high:

Wave on! Wave on! Union Jack in the sky.

The last guardhouse of our liberty
England will always live and always be.

—Louis Hinsperger, XI.

VERSE AND VERSE

Flo was fond of Ebenezer —
"Eb" for short she called her beau
Talk of Tides of Love, great Caesar!
You should see them—Eb and Flo.

Love is the cause of war and death in battle.

Of public woe and private indigestion;

Love is a bore, a nuisance and a chattel,

Love is the wrong reply to every question.

Love is the clip that binds in clumsy fashion

Who never should be bound at all, 'twould seem;

Love is a thing young men confuse with passion;

Love is a thing young girls confuse with Dream.

Love is absurd, uncouth, a grim delusion;

Love is a boat unsafe to go to sea in;

And yet, from what I know of Love's confusion

I don't know any state I'd rather be in.

—Silhouette.

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Girls' C.O.T.C.

Way back before the dark ages (exams to you) we had a C.O.T.C. lecture which included the Reising gun. A nice little item that—you shoot from the hip and nobody seems to care whether you aim or not. We cradled it lovingly in our arms, and longed for real bullets and a nice lot of Germans to chase.

This, we regret to report, was before we took the animal apart and found out what made it work. Professor McIvor took it apart and told us to tell him how it went together again, and we changed our minds hurriedly as to how nice the gun was. We finally did get it together (we sincerely hope it still works,) and then we took it back to its home and tucked it up until it was needed again. After that, just in case we should be blamed for it if the gun fell apart, we left in great haste for parts where guns—particularly Reising guns—were unknown.

Now comes the renaissance and the reformation. Reformation because we have returned to map reading and have to work; renaissance because we should have new brains in order to understand such complicated things as scales, contours, and gradients.

Fortunately for us, Professor McIvor translates the text book (or should we call it a manual or something) into more or less understandable English. Even after he has done all he can to help us, we still flounder about in representative fractions, miles, inches, yards and feet.

Scales, as always and in every sense, are formidable objects. We know how to read them, and we—supposedly—know how to construct them. It remains to be seen.

Gradients are much more fun, when we start drawing all those lines that finally give a side view of what the road looks like.

There is a test coming up for us in C.O.T.C. in the not distant enough future. Painful thoughts surround the idea, and we murmur unhappily, "How can they do it to us innocents?" It seems they can.

Sh-h-h-h. We have twice had a visitor to our class in map reading, none less than Billy the Bear, himself. He looks rather lonesome, or is it because he's unaccustomed to a harem.