

THE COLLEGE CORD

VOL. 18

WATERLOO, ONT., APRIL, 1943

AN UNDERGRAD PUBLICATION

NO. 6

Dr. W. S. Fox Addresses Student Body

With Our Alumni

We are very happy to be able to give you the addresses and a little information about a few more of our "missing" alumni.

We have found out that Elgin Brubacher and Edna Fusse, two of the alumni whose addresses we did not know, are now husband and wife, and are missionaries in Zuru, Nigeria, British West Africa. They are with the United Missionary Society of the M.B.C. Church.

Rev. Arthur L. Burkholder is pastor at Markham, Ontario.

Alvin Hartman is living at 153 Mount Joy Street South, Timmins, Ontario. The address of Aircraftman V. Monk is 216 Connally Street, Toronto, Ontario. Elvin G. Legge is a sub-lieutenant in the R.C.N.V.R., and is stationed at Esquimalt.

Wilfred A. Malinsky, better known as "Doc Lindsay," is now a lance-corporal and an instructor at the Basic Training Centre at Newmarket. He is, as he put it, "helping them with their entertainment." He was a very welcome visitor at the school some weeks ago.

Ken Millar is now living at 1020 Hill Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan. His wife has won quite a name for herself writing detective stories. A few of her books have been chosen for the Crime Club. The titles of two are: "The Weak-Eyed Bat," and "The Devil Loves Me."

Rev. Roy F. Schippling is now pastor of Christ's Church (Anglican), Maniwaki, Quebec.

Once more we shall repeat the list of the names of those alumni whose addresses we would like to know. We hope that during the summer months you will do your best to locate your old "pals," so that in the fall we can start by having the addresses of all the alumni. Come on, do your best to get these addresses!

Barclay, Weldon.
Carter, Albert.
Cooke, Carl H.
Ernst, Gerald.
Griffith, James.
Hamilton, Wesley R.
Myra, Allen C.
Peppler, Jack
Perkins, E. Harrison
Reiner, Walter R.
Sadler, E. Doris
Schultz, Walter A.
Shantz, Arthur
Shoemaker, H. Monica
Tegler, Esther
Thompson, Clifford A.

Bob Ward is now Leading Aircraftman in the R.C.A.F. When last seen, he was recovering from an operation. Best of luck, Bob! Sgt. Fred Oliver is an educational officer, and is teaching in the R.C.A.F. in Toronto.

We were very glad to receive a letter from Rev. Paul Markovits, pastor of the Windsor and District Hungarian Lutheran Church, 868 Ellis Ave. E., Windsor, Ontario. He

took advantage of the space left in the last issue of the Cord for writing history essays, and he wrote us a short letter. He writes: "This space looks so inviting to put a few historical remarks . . . Since my graduation from the Sem. 1939, great things happened in the world; the greatest, I got married. Second to it, I became a proud father of Carol Ann, a 9½-lb. daughter. Then came the war, and sent 10% of my baptized membership to the armed forces of Canada. All of the twenty boys in service for King and Empire were born in Hungary, and to show their loyalty to their country of adoption, they went even to Dieppe, where one died in action, and one became prisoner of war, and the rest of them are just as anxious to give even their lives for the cause of liberty."

"When I see the news in the Cord about our boys who received their Christian education at Waterloo, and learned to give what is God's to God and what is Caesar's to Caesar, I am glad that I went to Waterloo. Waterloo College and Seminary can justly be proud of this too. Continue to sing, Waterloo we'll praise thee ever, as the days go by . . ."

Thank you very much for this letter, Marky.

One of the alumni, we find, has been writing poetry. In the spring issue of the "Folio," the organ of the Niagara Falls Poetry Society, we find printed this poem, written by Agnes Hodgkins Hopper.

Beyond the Horizon

Sorrow binds us to the far horizons
We stretch our gaze, but can encompass yet

No more than that blue edge against the sky

The muted sorrows of our yesterdays

Are but a haze upon the distant blue.

The sorrows that tomorrow holds
Are yet unknown, yet half suspect.
Beyond our sight new battles rage,
And in their raging fires
Cast for us the mold
That shapes tomorrow's dream.

On March 4, Lieut. Jack Harper was married to Mary Ethel Jamieson of Toronto. Congratulations and best wishes. In a letter to his mother, Jack, who is stationed at Jamaica, British West Indies, relates an interesting experience. It was his privilege to accompany his officer commanding and second in command of the headquarters staff to celebrate with the natives the signing of the peace treaty of 1738.

When the English finally overcame the Spanish in Jamaica, the slaves retired into the hill country and there defied the British. Trelowney, who was then governor of the island, sent the British force into the hills to wage war against the slaves, then known as Maroons. In order to get to the natives, the British had to pass through a defile, underneath which there was a large

IMPORTANT DATES

SUNDAY, APR. 11:

Baccalaureate Service

St. Matthew's Church

11 A.M.

MONDAY, MAY 3

Seminary Graduation
(evening)

St. John's Church

SATURDAY, MAY 17

Graduation Dance

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19

Convocation, London

It was our pleasure to have as guests at Waterloo on Thursday and Friday, March 4 and 5, two important visitors from London. They were Dr. W. Sherwood Fox, President, and Prof. Fred. Landon, Librarian of Western University.

After Chapel service on Friday morning Dr. Klinck presented them to us. Prof. Landon was interested in the improvements in our library and, after greeting us briefly, he went off to inspect it more fully. Dr. Fox was introduced as the man who helped our College secure affiliation with Western University, and who is still our good friend and supporter.

He spoke on the subject, "French Canada," this subject being of special interest because Dr. Fox himself is of French descent, and because we, as Canadians, should feel the need of close harmony and friendly understanding between the English and French-speaking peoples of Canada.

Dr. Fox stated that the great cause of division between the two elements seems to be the barrier of language. Because we do not understand the French Canadians, nor they us, prejudices have been created, and it is the duty of Canadian universities to remove the causes of these prejudices. As proof that there can be inter-elemental harmony there is the school at Trois-Pistoles, Quebec, where some hundred Canadians, both French and Englishspeaking, live together without the slightest friction. Officials of the Carnegie Corporation in New York have observed and commended the good work being done at Trois-Pistoles and are aiding it by funds and scholarships.

Dr. Fox told us how we could do our share in breaking down the prejudices existing between the two elements. We should avoid hasty judgments about French Canada, and refuse to accept the extremist views on both sides. We should become familiar with the language of our neighbor "Canadiens," as they are doing with ours. Then we will get to know them better and will realize that we have much in common, and much to offer to each other and to Canada.

able speeches and finally we retired to the parade square to witness the dances. They came dancing from away over the hills and it made quite a sight with the bright colored dresses swaying to the beat of the drums. It certainly was a wild affair. At 4 o'clock we left the settlement, still amazed at what we had seen but glad to get away to a little fresh air. We stopped at the Manchester Hotel at Mandeville to spend the night, and it was a real treat to get away from the smell, the rum, and the tough food. However, none of us would have missed the experience for the world."

cave. The Maroons trapped the British in the defile and brought the war to a standstill. Both sides were soon ready for peace and the treaty was signed in the cave.

Jack writes: "We were able to go to within two miles of the place by car and from there we had to ride mules. As we approached the settlement we could see half a dozen of the men with old muzzle-loading shotguns who represented a guard of honor."

"As the colonel rode into the village they fired a volley of shots over his head. (I thought they were going to hit him.) We were met by a number of the officers and and after much shooting and yelling they produced the original deer horn used to transmit messages and sent a message of welcome rumbling through the hills."

He continues: "The next morning about 9:30 we set out for the peace cave led by the armed guard. After walking for 1½ hours over a wild country trail we finally arrived. We then entered the cave which went right through the bowels of the earth and we were shown just how the British were trapped so long ago and the circumstances surrounding the signing of the treaty. They showed us the original treaty which was quite legible, and well preserved. Rum followed and then we returned for lunch."

"Afterwards there were innumer-

Founded 1926

THE COLLEGE CORD

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EDITORIAL

Here we are once more. This is the last editorial for this year, and we of the editorial staff are decidedly relieved. No more needs to be said—but we still must fill spaces, so here goes.

There is still the battle of examinations to be dealt with, but we came out on top last time, so surely we can again. Anyway we all intend to try and win that horribly unequal battle.

Another year has gone its way; another Freshman class has come through with flying colours despite the hardships (?) they have suffered; and another Senior class is leaving us.

We are sorry to see our friends leaving, and going on ahead of us. This is always what happens when spring comes around here, and you would think that we would be used to it by now—but we aren't. We know though, that the future beckons, and who are we to say "stay." We know you have spent pleasant years here, and we hope that you will always remember them as such.

Please don't forget the friends you have made here, instead, come back and see us all whenever you get the chance. Remember, you will be among our alumni next year, and we will want news of you, so letters are in order too.

Last of all—we wish you good luck, success, and happiness in the years to come. May your futures be as pleasant as our wishes.

We also feel we owe the rest of the staff a debt of gratitude for the trouble they took to get copy for us, and for helping us in every way they could. We also are grateful to the printer, who, all told, has put up with a lot. Thanks everybody, and we hope our next year's paper is no worse than this, but rather better.

M. A. J.

* * *

We are writing to you for the last time in the 1942-43 college year. As most of our readers know, the year has been shortened to permit the students to leave for war work. Therefore the examinations start on April 17th. It seems early to most of us.

But with the Spring weather here in Waterloo a new zip and zest has invaded the college. Bicycles have been taken out of storage and ear-muffs and goloshes have been put in their place. Volleyball is being forsaken for baseball.

Although there are so many outside interests at this time, the casual critic would be surprised to discover how many people are studying in earnest. Midnight oil is being burned to the point of exhaustion. For the dead week for studying has been eliminated too!

But in a month we realize that it will be all over for this term, so it does not seem too dismal to study now. And we face the prospect with composure and conviction.

C. A. H.



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

Coloured Lands

I journeyed through a book last night and found it both amusing and enlightening. What could be more amusing than travelling through Chesterton's 'Coloured Lands.' Time after time I was confronted with such monstrosities as blue devils, fierce goblins, two-headed giants, crazy cooks and poetic Mooncaves. How strange it was to glance through blue spectacles and find myself in a world of blue roads, blue fields, blue flowers, blue Prussians and Bluebeards. I laughed at the little boy who followed the geese into the fiery sunset, and I flew on the wild coat-tails of the north wind to the land of everlasting moonshine.

Last of all I visited 'White Wynd' "in the white farm house by the river." He was the strangest character of all. From the stony courtyard, past the cattle sheds, through the orchard and over the wall he went, searching beyond the next hill, and beyond the next, and the next, and the next for the little white cottage where he was born. He lived a series of existences only to discover that "the shortest journey from one place to the same place, is around the world." He realized that the thatched cottage, the white farm buildings, the green apple branches and the yellow fields could not be his until he had gone from them and returned to them.

My strange experiences in "the coloured lands" made me realize that amusing stories often express the deepest thought. For are we not all White Wynds — restless Prodigal Sons, searching the earth for treasures we already possess.

J. L.

Window Shopping

Some people find it thrilling to ski down steep slopes, some seek thrills on surf-boards, ferris wheels or bobsleds, and others find excitement on the putting green. I get a kick out of "Window Shopping." There is nothing more breath-taking than walking down Fifth Avenue on a Thursday evening when the windows have just been dressed. One lingers for a moment before Lord and Taylor's gazing at their showing of dazzling evening gowns, and then moves on to examine Helena Rubenstein's new cosmetic display.

Each window, shimmering with loveliness, reveals a world of its own. On gazing through the glass of Franklin-Simons one finds oneself in a world of shoes. There are red shoes, green shoes, shoes with bows, shoes with giant heels, and shoes with rope soles. In the background, beach sandals of every hue and description appear to be tripping along a stretch of golden sand. Large fluorescent bubbles, suspended from the ceiling, imprison fragile gold and silver evening slippers. Sturdy oxfords, furry bed-room slippers, and brown-and-white saddles are arranged on soft billowy cotton which

seems to emphasize their look of comfort.

A sheer black curtain ripples across the glass. Thanks to the dim-out qualities of this black gauze the lights may shine in the windows of Fifth Avenue stores without endangering the ships in the harbour. Through the haze created by the curtain the window shoppers peer with intense fascination at the spectacular display of shoes. There they are, beautiful, intriguing, comfortable, and useful, and here am I, with only three ration coupons for one whole year.

J. L.

SPRING COMES TO THE CAMPUS

On March

The twenty-first

A change came o'er these lawns,
And all who spend their days nearby
Became infected with the life of
Spring.

Each day,

A bit more snow

Returned to liquid form,

And rushed with comrade reborn
drops

To puddles and to gutters in the
street,

Like gold

Infused with Life,

Or mercury poured out

From bottomless urns somewhere,
there,

Beyond the limits of our reasoning.

The earth,

Dark brown and black,

Peeked through the soot-smudged
snow,

Like peaks in a chocolate pie

Not covered by folds of toasted
meringue.

Ruined,

The hills of snow

That stood in pride for months,

Like Pharaoh's aged, pointed tombs,
Now lie liquescent on the muddy
turf.

In place

Of Winter's white,

Are new and vital greens,

Refreshing, faith-restoring shades,

That tint the scene with verdant
hopefulness.

C. A. H.

One Night's Camp

"Take it easy, Dick, or you'll wear yourself out with your senseless capers long before we get to the camp." The speaker was the Scoutmaster who was taking his group out for their first camping experience in the woods. Dick was rushing hither and thither, plucking a wild flower here only to dash it away that he might hurl a stone at some passing bird. "Remember it's three miles to camp," continued the Scoutmaster, "and your pack will make you tired enough till you get there without running around needlessly."

Dick was an impulsive fellow, always entering wholeheartedly into everything he undertook. The other boys were also happy at the prospect

of spending a night in the woods, but none of them expressed their exuberance as violently as Dick.

When they reached the woods, and had selected a nice spot for their camp, the Scoutmaster said, "Well, boys, it's almost supper-time. Now let's see you put your practical training to good use; Jim, you start the fire, Walter, you get the frying-pan and coffee-pot ready; Hank, you fetch a pail of fresh water at that spring over there." Immediately the boys went into action, each one eager to show the rest how well he could do things. They enjoyed their supper even though the French-fried potatoes were a little greasy, and the wieners split and the eggs hard.

"What shall we play till bedtime?" asked the Scoutmaster when the supper dishes had been cleared away. "We still have a few hours of daylight."

"Let's play 'Prisoner's Base' suggested Henry.

"No, don't be so old-fashioned," chorused the others.

"Well, how about 'Charlie Over the Water?'" suggested Fred, a quiet boy.

"That's worse than the other," said several.

"Let's play 'Sleepy Tom,'" added Dick, flinging a stone into the nearby brook, and startling a bittern out of the rushes.

"O.K." said the rest. "Let's go." The novelty of playing in the woods on such an occasion as this added zest to the game. Finally, the Scoutmaster gave the order to go to bed.

To bed it was, but not to sleep for some time. Boyishly, they poked each other in the ribs, or pulled the covers from the rest, or told ghost-stories to scare each other. After a few hours, they dozed off, and quietness fell upon the woods.

At three o'clock in the morning, Dick jumped up, immediately wide awake.

"Lie down, what kind of devilment are you up to now?" grumbled the others.

"Listen, boys, there's a lynx about the place, I heard him crying." Dick's face was ashen in the darkness.

"Nonsense," they said, peering out between their tent flaps into the beautifully moonlit woods. "There are no lynx in these parts." But suddenly, all their hair stood on end. From nearby, a horrible cry fell upon their ears. The ghost stories they had been telling each other raced through their minds as they clung to each other in terror. The Scoutmaster, who had also been awakened by Dick's restlessness, suddenly laughed at their fears.

"It's nothing but an owl," he laughed. Sure enough, when the noise came again, they distinctly recognized the familiar hooting of the great horned owl. An audible sigh was heard in the tent as the boys resumed normal breathing.

"Come on, boys," said the Scoutmaster enthusiastically, "Let's see if we can chase him up." Their terror gone, they all sallied out in search of their mournful friend. After a fruitless search, they returned to the tent much relaxed. But they got no more sleep that night; soon the gray streaks of dawn appeared, the birds began to sing, and breakfast-time came.

After breakfast, they went back to "civilization" again. It was only "One Night's Outing" but they were all thrilled and happy. They never forgot the scare the owl gave them.

For days afterwards whenever they met each other, they would say, "Remember that hooter?"

R. S. K.

SPRING AND ANGLO-SAXON

I have a word to say

On Spring:

I sat, the other day,

Trying

To do my Anglo-Saxon —

But so

Bright shone the sun,

The snow

Was melting, each bird

That day

Sang songs delightedly heard,

So gay.

The work's not done, I'm in

A fix —

Spring and Anglo-Saxon

Don't mix.

A. M. H.

SECRETS

The rain whispered to me strange
things,

Last night,

In sharp staccatto whispers breathed
against

The pane,

And soft scarce-audible sibilant
whispers

Trickling

Down the glass.

I'd like to tell you what it told me,
Were there

Words for the thought that crept
in at

My ears,

As the spirit voice told me of things
far

And strange,

And things near.

Strange things the rain voice told
me,

Last night,

And new beauty in old dear,
common things

It taught;

The rain was whispering on your
window

Too, dear,

Did you hear?

SOLOIST'S NUMBER FOR BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

God make my soul the foam-tipped
prow

Of some great winged ship

Whose breast is bared to every
storm,

Awaiting life's long trip.

Oh! let us feel the burning sun,

The sting of winter sleet.

Pray that my heart may bear the
strain

Of service to life's fleet.

God, let me know the sun and
shade,

The toil and sweat and grime.

The All of life, its laugh and cry
From depths to heights sublime.

Now let my love embrace the world
For all humanity,

That I may build an earthly home
Of service, God, to Thee.

Come to me through the blossoms,
Through the mist of morning

From all leaden yesterdays

To the love of my arms

In the mist.

Come to me,

When wisps of curling mist,

Silver, infused.

Swirl in the blossoms.

You—

Powder-soft, enwreathing, entwining

Scent of apple, spice-scent blossoms,

Mist.



One more week of lectures and the deed is done—oh, but not quite! There are examinations too, don't forget. And the struggle promises to be even more magnificent than usual, especially for the seniors, who, at the jumping-off place, face gigantic tasks and harrowing ordeals. The writing of a Signpost in the midst of such turmoil requires a good deal of stamina. Bits of gossip and nonsense seem to fade into insignificance before the tremendous and exciting business of graduation. Every little thing that happens on these lovely spring days seems to take on a special significance; soon those daily trips up to the College will be only a memory; with a shock we realize that we have done this or that for the last time, that our student days are rapidly drawing to a close. The years have slipped away with breathless speed, and we are faced with the day that came to others, but which we thought of only vaguely as concerning us, the day when we must leave Waterloo College never to return again except as an alumnus. The thought is a serious one, bringing before our minds in review the happenings of the last four years. But here the solemnity is promptly shattered, Signpost being what it is. The summer that we first saw the College we mistook it for the town firehall because of those queer doors! Even though we soon learned better, throughout that first week we constantly expected to see an engine come rushing out down the driveway. We hope it is permissible to admit such a thing now that there are rumors abroad that the doors are to be changed this summer.

Among the crowding memories those of registration day are particularly bright. How delightful it was to meet old friends again after the long summer! The new timetable was interesting too, full of fresh, untouched subjects which

promised great things. But 8:50's every morning! They'll do it every time. Well, no sleeping late again this year. And if it were not for that one miserable lecture we would have all Thursday afternoon free. Hmm! Wednesday looks like a quiet day, only six lectures. Many were the speculations, too, about the strangers who were moving about, to resolve themselves later into the freshman class and perhaps a new professor. And, best of all, having satisfied the registrar and filled either the Bursar's pocket with money or his heart with hope, we had all the rest of the day free, without assignments or any other thorns of the flesh to worry about. On to Bedford's for a sundae—no, make it a banana split. Out, censored calorie! And in the evening all the young people of spirit went without fail to a movie or fraternized over a friendly bridge game. Then resolutions were tossed about with delightful abandon. This year all history essays would be in on time, assignments would be done promptly and with soul-searing accuracy, doodling on margins would be taboo, folders and notebooks would not be allowed to lapse into the chaos of other years, business would come before pleasure at all times. Later, knee-deep in April, we were to remember all this with a slightly chilly feeling.

The first Athenaeum was usually lively, with the introduction of the freshmen a highlight. Then later on came the wiener roast, a hilarious affair out in the country under the stars—if it didn't rain! Remember the one on the Doon Pinnacle, when a couple of cars got lost on the way home? Hallowe'en parties were always fun, too. Cast your mind back to that scavenger hunt, when Alice fell flat over something on the campus, letting escape an indignant black cat, which was the prize of an hour's determined chase. And recall the Hallowe'en when we all, professor and alumni included, enjoyed a game of run-sheep-run with amazing verve and dash.

Of course there was work going on all this time, too. But on bright, sunny days the boys played ball or drilled on the wide back campus, while the girls held archery contests or hurled a javelin. And in the days before gas-rationing basketball, volleyball, badminton and track teams made their way up to London to maintain the College name. As we rolled through the night on the return journey, it was easy to persuade Anne Kuntz, the tallest forward on the basketball team, to give her melancholy version of the St. James Infirmary Blues. When we were almost in tears she would change over to a quavery song about some shepherds, with Marg. Rohe enthusiastically trying to fill in the bass parts. Then Ruth Corner, our energetic coach, would sing a pathetic song about a spider who went up the water spout,

etc. Down came a rain drop and washed the spider out.

Before we knew it the still, smoky autumn days were over and the first snow had fallen. Every month a new Cord appeared in the mailbox, after Herculean efforts had been made by the editor to spur on the somewhat sluggish contributors. The results were usually successful, however, and the Cord was always received with much excitement. One notable series of contributions came from Art Moyer—remember the series of whimsical "Snowy" stories?

Soon the Christmas edition, resplendent in red or green ink, appeared. The first Christmas hymn was heard in Chapel, and a hint of joyous festivity was felt in the air. Just before the holidays the co-eds held their annual Christmas banquet, an eagerly-awaited occasion. Nor did the boarding club lag behind. Down in the kitchen a couple of fat turkeys were ready for the oven, while in the dining room Fred Neudoerffer and "Oscar" Monk, precariously balanced on chairs, were hanging decorations, advised from below by Alf Kennard and Marty Stockman.

In January came the bitterest sub-zero weather, when streetcars were hard to catch and progress up Church and Albert Streets resembled a Byrd expedition. How hard it was to get out of bed in time for that first lecture! And when you did arrive, breathless, plastered with snow, red-nosed and frost-bitten, there stood the residents to greet you with cheerfully smug remarks about the weather. (Their mirth vanished, however, when the time came for them to go down to the post office for the mail).

In January came the first examinations, a grim period broken by midnight excursions for camera-derie, exercise, and a sandwich at a lunch counter. Who does not remember the actual exam hours when you sat, isolated on your lonely island, vainly racking an unresponsive brain. Then came the post mortems, the searching of text books, and the groans when you realized what horrible things you had done, how many marks you had thrown heedlessly to the winds. After these dark days were over life resumed its normal pace once more.

Certain memories of College figures will always remain with us: Dr. Schorten working in his garden, and his undiminished dislike of people who whistle in the corridors; Professor Evans walking along with his pipe, his brief case and his dog, his favourite phrase "now let's get back to our muttons," and Dr. Klinck, speeding to lecture, loaded with stacks of books and folders, his gown streaming out behind.

At this point perhaps you are saying, "my but these seniors are a horribly sentimental lot!" We understand that our good friend the

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Literaria Editor intends to voice her swan song in this edition also. Perhaps you have seen the Alumni Editor moping about with a thoughtful look in her eye. It is not easy, either, to write the last word of the last Signpost. But bear with us, good friends and wish us luck. We are leaving something very dear to go out into the unknown.

VOX POP

Dear Vox Pop:

It begins to look as though our friend Diogenes had really started something. I do not quite get the point of the last letter addressed to the good gentleman which appeared in your column, but it has all the earmarks of a dirty crack. I am only a member of an insignificant minority which has the bad taste to think that the works of Diogenes' "countryman Plato" are good stuff. I am of the opinion that the readers of the Cord, especially those who object to our Greek friend's attitude, would benefit by a dose of Plato.

The controversy waxes hot. Rally round, oh Greeks, supporters of the good Diogenes, and we shall yet vanquish these barbarians, among whom one cannot find an honest man even with a hundred-watt electric bulb!

A VOX WHICH POPPED.

To a Vox Which Popped (poor thing):

It looks as if Diogenes really started something alright, when he objected to the sight of two would-be lovers holding hands in the library, etc.

Spring is here now, and we are anxiously waiting to find out if Diogenes can stand up to the added twosomes which have and are appearing.

Apparently there is a battle to the finish in the offing. O.K. battle it out among yourselves, and let the editor know who wins. It should make good copy.

VOX POP.

Dear Vox Pop:

In the opinion of more than a few of the supporters of "The College Cord" too much money is asked for subscription to the paper. For approximately six issues per year the student must pay \$1.50 or 25 cents an issue. Frankly, the paper is not worth that. On the other hand, the alumni and others who receive the paper are asked for \$1.00 per year. Perhaps if you reduced the rates, the records of paid subscriptions which at present is nothing to write home about, might be substantially increased. I suggest that students be charged \$1.00 and others 75 cents a year, and by

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the way, next fall is as good a time to start as any. Your attention please. Thank you.

Mutatis Mutandis,
YOUR LUCRETIVS.

Dear Lucretius:

The editors inform me to inform you, that they resent the crack about how much the paper isn't worth. We agree that it seems a great deal for six issues. The editor-in-chief requests us to state in our answer, that the matter will be taken up as soon as possible with the proper authorities.

VOX POP.

Advice a la Alf

Dear Alf:

The other evening while I was polishing my shoes, the brush slipped and smeared my shirt with shoe polish. How can I remove this shoe polish?

MEL.

Dear Mel:

An old fashioned recipe for removing shoe polish from shirts is as follows: Light your pipe. Relax. Apply concentrated sulphuric acid to the stained area of the shirt being careful not to get any acid on your hands. After five minutes rinse the shirt in warm water. By this time the shoe polish will have disappeared from your shirt. In addition your shirt will now be air-conditioned for the summer.

ALF.

...

COMMENTS BY ALF

The other day when Professor Creager said, "And if you have any spare time, you might review some of the verbs we've been taking up," it reminded me of one of Dad's favorite sayings. "You can do this little job for me while you're resting."

Professor Rikard thinks that after this war we will only be working three or four hours a day. We wonder whether that includes college students.

I enjoyed Ernie's account of the lumber mill very much. Some of the girls, however, wish that Ernie wouldn't grin when he tells how it is possible to lose a finger or two without noticing it at once.

I wonder how that shoe polish really did get on Mel's shirt.

DAFFYNITIONS

Armature—One who boxes for nothing.

Endorse—Opposite to "outside."

Cannery—A yellow bird found in cages.

Symmetry—A graveyard.

Conservation—Informal chat.

Sediment—Emotion.

—ALMA MATER.

Athenaeum Has A Movie Night

At our Athenaeum meeting of March 29 we were entertained by several moving pictures, which were presented through the courtesy of the Kitchener Junior Board of Trade. Admittance charge was at least one magazine or one deck of cards to be added to our collection for the Armed Forces.

Benny Berscht introduced Mr. Strauss, Mr. Peppler, and Mr. Hendrick to us, and they proceeded to turn our gym into a theatre, complete with sound effects.

There was a variety of pictures. One was about hockey in Canada; another on army life in Australia; others, shipping on the Great Lakes; Fighting China; and the Atlantic Patrol. The one showing scenes from Convocation at Western University 1942, was of special interest to us. When we saw our own contingent of the C.O.T.C. marching by, we gave them plenty of applause because they looked so fine in technicolour.

When the show was over, we adjourned to the White Rose for lunch.

At the next Athy there will be a public speaking contest, the first here in several years. Unfortunately, it will take place too late for this final Cord, but we can still say, "May the best ed, or co-ed win."

Circulation Editor's Note

Whether the readers of The Cord realize it or not, it is a fact that they have been receiving their copies practically fresh from the press. I think this is an accomplishment worthy of notice, and for that reason have drawn your attention to it.

The circulation manager wishes to thank everyone who so graciously or otherwise was snared into doing some work each time The Cords had to be prepared for mailing. Though a number of sophomores and seniors put time in this job, I think that the freshmen and freshettes deserve special credit for the willing assistance which they gave.

I would like also at this opportunity to make a plea that those who move to a different address in the next half-year inform me. A serious effort has been made this year to get the paper out to its proper destination. We have on the whole been fairly successful. We can only keep up the good work with your assistance. Thank you.

GROSZ.

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— WATERLOONACY —

In the reading room:
Edith: Who got a haircut?
Doug: That's shaving lotion. Ernie just had a shave.
Ernie: Yeah?
Doug: He uses Mennen.
Ernie: How do you know?
Doug: I got some for Christmas, but I wouldn't use it. I put it on the dog.

Same place.
Edith said she liked Alf's laugh.
Alf: I wonder if she could stand it for life? Oh, oh! I better be careful what I say.

Said Joye, (talking about the other night's Athy):
"I met Kay in the hall and she said—'Ooooooh, dark, isn't it?' So I looked around for Rex."

Waterloo College menu: (loony-plate special)
mink
wolf
quail
murphy (spuds to you)
Heinz's 57 varieties
barrie
beer

No murders at this late date, please. This was contributed.

Also contributed: WHY WORRY?
There are only two things in the world to worry about: either you are happy or you are not happy. If you are happy there is nothing to worry about.

If you are unhappy there are only two things to worry about: either you are healthy or you are unhealthy. If you are healthy you have nothing to worry about.

If you are unhealthy there are only two things to worry about: either you are sick or you are not sick. If you are not sick there is nothing to worry about.

If you are sick there are only two things to worry about: either you are going to get well or you are going to die. If you are going to get well there is nothing to worry about.

If you are going to die there are only two things to worry about: either you are going to heaven or you are not going to heaven.

If you are going to heaven you have nothing to worry about. BUT if you are going to the other place you will be so busy shaking hands with your friends that you won't have time to worry—SO WHY WORRY?

Marg. R.: If it rains I'm sunk. I've got on my skunk.

Marg. J.: I'm completely crazy.

Alice: That's no lie!

Marg.: Yes, great minds always do agree.

Kay to Eric (naturally): You're teacher's pet.

Eric: Do they?

Murder will out, so they say.

Jean Schweigert: I'm nearly worn out. I think I'll go into a monastery.

May we be there to see!

Alice to Marg.: You wolf in editor's clothing!

There was quite a discussion about the theory of smelling an odor before a psychology test a while ago. Paul explained the whole business beautifully, and Mrs. Templin said, "And then YOU smell."

We leave you to draw your own conclusions.

Marg. Rohe's definition of dandruff—"chips off the old block."

Mary's tale about the double petunia intrigued us. Here it is.

"Petunia is related to begonia. Begonia and salamis make sausage. Sausage and battery make crime. Monkeys crime trees. Trees a crowd. One morning a rooster crowd and crowd, and made a terrible noise like the eyes and noise on your face. Eye is opposite to nay. Horses neigh. Horses also have colts. If you go to bed with a colt you wake up with double petunia."

This is simply awful, but the column and the columnist are suffering from spring fever like everything and everybody else.

Psychology 20.

Professor Rikard: Is there anybody here who's NEVER EVER been spanked?

Everybody sat tight, and didn't move a muscle. Then Joye piped up: "I haven't, sir."

Professor Rikard: What a pity!

Athenaeum Holds A Musical Evening

On March 15 the doors of Waterloo College were thrown open to the public for an evening of musical entertainment, arranged by the Athenaeum Society. The guest artists were the members of the Schneider Male Chorus and the K-W Collegiate Orchestra. Both groups were under the direction of Mr. Paul Berg. Visitors were welcomed by Arthur Conrad.

The orchestra numbers were: Wagner, March of the Meistersingers, and Strauss, Emperor Waltz.

The Chorus sang four negro spirituals: I Got Shoes; Steal Away; Kentucky Babe, and Climbin' Up the Mountain; also Beethoven, The Heavens Are Telling; Mallotte, The Lord's Prayer; Bortnyansky, Cherubim Song; Steiner, Plantation; Dett, Listen to the Lambs.

Features of the program were Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto in B Minor by the Orchestra, with Ray Massel as pianist; and two numbers: Dutch Hymn of Thanksgiving and Land of Hope and Glory, rendered by Orchestra and Chorus combined.

A vote of appreciation and thanks was extended by Luther Eberhardt to Mr. Berg and the two musical organizations for their efforts in bringing to us an enjoyable evening.

EXCHANGE

THE PATHS OF GLORY LEAD

The young sentry was dozing at his post. His eyes, which should have been raking the interminable drifts of Russian snow, were lost in introspection. He stared blankly at the meagre flames of the fire and allowed his memory to carry him back to his home. Around him the forms of his comrades lay huddled under their thin blankets in the shadow of their tank. This was the third month of the Russian campaign which they had been promised "would last less than a few weeks," and to the mind of the simple soldier the ultimate success of Nazi Kulture did not seem as assured as Herr Goebbels would have them believe.

Instinctively, as if he felt that his thoughts constituted a treacherous act against his country, the sentry glanced over his shoulder fearing the sight of the dreaded black uniform of the Gestapo. His gaze was met by the relentless and unbroken snow, and with a shiver he turned his eyes once more to the flickering flames, and resumed his meditations.

As is so often the case when one is tired and mentally exhausted, to the young man's eyes the flames seemed to form familiar patterns that wove themselves into faces and figures. Now he seemed to see his mother as the sad-eyed matron who had wished him goodbye as she had wished his father goodbye in the "glorious" (?) wars of the Kaiser. His father had never returned. A flurry of snow, and the figure in the fire seemed to change and grow larger until he recognized his old friend Bill, the American sailor whom he inevitably called "Pill." He remembered with a pang the stories that Bill had told him of the United States, and the plans he had made to go to America with his mother and become what Bill called a "Soda-jerker."

Yes he had made plans; he had imagined himself in an American "drug-store" — a fabulous building of shiny nickle furniture, and filled with all sorts of good things to eat. He was all prepared to pay his mother's passage and his own to New York when his name had been called for "Military Service to the further honour of our glorious Reich". . . Now the flames seemed to show the panorama of the great training camp; the marching, hiking, shooting, and lecturing of camp life. He had hated it. He hated being thrown among all these young fanatics who were spouting high sounding phrases of "the superiority of the Aryan," "the cursed Jews" and "der schon Fuehrer."

He had spent two years in various camps and barracks. He had grown gradually accustomed to the coarseness and vulgarity of his fellow soldiers but he still hated them. Suddenly they had been ordered to prepare themselves for battle. In full field kit they had stood in a muddy station-yard in a drizzle of sleet while a horribly shrivelled little dwarf had shouted and gesticulated with many grandiloquent phrases about the "Glory of Greater Germany." Later he had found out that the orator had been the dreaded Herr Goebbels. They

Continued on Page 7

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C.O.T.C. NEWS

As yet, final arrangements for camp have not been made. Its date has not been positively fixed but will probably cover the period, May 2 to May 16 inclusive. Even the locality has not been determined, although a strong bid is being made to have the camp situated on the university grounds. "You fellows will probably be sleeping in classrooms," commented Sgt. McIvor, "which won't be anything new." There has been much speculation and perturbation as a result of the probable change of location of the camp. New hiding places and new loopholes in the guard system will have to be found. Lt. Jefferis is gloomily certain they will be. "We shall probably find Minke, after a three-day search, asleep under Dr. Neville's desk," he remarked during your reporter's last interview with him.

We are reasonably sure that the affiliated colleges will form a separate company at London this spring; i.e. two platoons will be made up of Assumption men, one of Waterloo men. Such an arrangement, the boys feel, will make it harder for them to avoid working. Last year our Western N.C.O.'s and officers never really got to know us, and consequently our absence from such Babylonian revelries as the digging of weapon pits was never noticed by them. If our own officers and non-coms are over us, they shall probably have the shiftier and more enterprising in our ranks constantly shadowed.

The placing of the whole Waterloo contingent in one platoon will present a challenge to our primary squad. Lt. Jefferis has already vouched for the ability of the freshmen, claiming they will know more than any secondary squad London can produce. It is now up to the Freshmen to show that this idle boast is no idle boast.

The unit received another visit from Major Stiling, Acting O.C. of the U.W.O. Contingent. He was accompanied by 2nd Lt. Chesire, assistant quartermaster. Major Stil-

ing held an informal inspection of the Waterloo contingent and also interviewed those officer candidates who wish to go on active service.

Members of our officers' course will write an examination on April 5. This test is one to estimate the capability of a candidate for the theoretical work done by an officer. It will be much like the official exam offered to "Syllabus A" last year. It is run by the U.W.O. unit, and its results will decide whether or not the unit will recommend a candidate for a commission.

Lt. John Baetz paid a short visit to the college a few weeks ago. He has successfully completed his work at Gordon Head O.T.S. in British Columbia, and has since gone to Petawawa for further training in light anti-aircraft work. Ken Phelps of last year's squad has risen from the ranks and is now at Brockville taking the infantry officers' course. Many of us remember Bob Wilson, who was at Waterloo College '39-'40 and '40-'41, and Dick Whitney, who was here '40-'41. Both boys went to Western in the fall of '41, and secured promotions in the C.O.T.C. ranks; both are now on active service, Bob to an army commission, probably in Ordnance, Dick to the Volunteer Naval Reserve. Dick Wellein, with us until recently, is now stationed at Manning Pool, Toronto, with the R.C.A.F. The best of luck to them all!

During the next week all personnel will shoot at the indoor rifle range at the Dunker Building. Earlier in the year we fired forty practice rounds—now we shall fire fifteen rounds, five each on targets of grouping, application, and snap-shooting—in these fifteen rounds all ranks are expected to qualify according to indoor range specifications. Last year Cadet Harold Brose was the best sniper in the university, winning both prizes awarded for marksmanship. He can scarcely better that achievement—we look for him to equal it. Perhaps he will find some rivals in our own unit.

The remainder of our training during the school year will be for the most part out of doors. Route marches will be held and field craft practised in order to condition us somewhat for the gruelling physical test we shall undergo at camp.

And now, as this is to be the last issue of the 1942-43 Cord, I shall say, "So long," to my persevering friend, the proofreader; and to such rugged individualists as have ploughed through to the end of this article, I bid "Happy Holidays!"

EXCHANGE

Paths of Glory Lead (Continued)

had been herded like cattle aboard the train and after a very long and tiring journey, had found themselves in Russia.

Now after three months he found himself on sentry duty for an isolated tank detachment. They had been three months of nightmares, of insufficient rations, of improper clothing which the Russian winter penetrated cruelly; and always there was the uncertain fear of the Russian guerrillas who appeared silently and unexpectedly to wipe out small parties, and then disappeared again. The fire no longer seemed to show him pictures of his home, but in its fiery heart he seemed to read the discontent that was in his heart. He was at last, after all these years, beginning to think again for himself—a habit that had been rigidly discouraged by all his superiors at the different camps.

He remembered that he had read in some of his father's books about "all men were created equal" and the words seemed to stand in the flames of the fire now. He had wanted to go to America with his mother, yet the state had not allowed him to; and yet "all men were created equal"—or were they? Slowly a grim determination began to form within him. He would leave all this. He wanted to go to America; he would go to America.

Lost in his thoughts, the sentry was unaware of dark figures which were silently approaching on skis. Suddenly with the stutter of a machine-gun the snowy silence was shattered. Men sat up dazedly and tried to reach their rifles. The officer was cursing him for his negligence and threatening him with punishments which were to follow, but the sentry didn't care. He was going to leave all this. A solitary rifle spoke. With a sigh the sentry slid forward. At last he was free—

now he could go to America. For a moment his tired brain reflected a picture of his mother surrounded by bright nickel-plated furniture and good things to eat. Oh wonders! His mother was actually smiling again . . . smiling! The picture faded.

—By A. K. Dixon.

RIDLEIANA

Definitions And Otherwise

A corps is a dead gentleman, a corpse is a dead lady. . . . Faith is the quality which enables us to believe what we know to be untrue. . . . S.O.S. is a musical term meaning same only softer. . . . Etiquette is little things you do that you don't want to do. . . . A seminary is a place where they bury the dead. . . . A lyric is something written to be sung by a liar. . . . Poetry is where every line begins with a capital letter. . . . The opposite of evergreen is nevergreen. . . . King Alfred conquered the dames. . . . Raleigh died in James I's reign and started smoking. . . . The flower has five parts, sepals, petals, anthers, pistil, and trigger. . . . The four seasons are salt, pepper, mustard, and vinegar. . . . The stomach is just south of the ribs. . . . A skeleton is a man or person without meat or skin. . . . A phlegmatic person is one who has chronic bronchitis.

—ALMA MATER.

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SEMINARY NOTES

As we go to press with this last issue of the Cord for this year, the Seminary, like the rest of the school, is looking forward to the close of its term and another summer (vacation?). To one of us at least, the summer looms ahead as a very uncertain quantity, for we are soon to leave these halls to come back no more as a student. And so this correspondent takes this opportunity to wish our graduating senior, Daddy Kennard, bon voyage as he leaves us. Just where he will be we do not know, but we are confident that, wherever he may be called, there will be the sunshine glow of personality which it has been our privilege to enjoy for the past three years.

As for the rest of us, Papineau, New Haven, and Nova Scotia are all quite some distance away and there is first the prospect of two quelling weeks at camp. But as the saying goes, "What can't be cured must be endured," so come what may—"the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep."

Two weeks ago (March 21) spring came with such lovely sunshine that Daddy Kennard decided he ought to go motoring. However, in view of previous experience of winter having preceded this glorious spring day, he called around at the Seminary, and talked a few of the students into accompanying him to Milverton—just in case. We don't quite know just what happened in that backwoods country (apologies to Messrs. Treusch and Zimmerman) but we know that Kennard is having a new motor put in his car—the old one being quite useless after that eventful trip.

Sunday last saw the Seminarists quite busy, with yours truly helping Mr. Kennard with both services in Trinity Lutheran, Hamilton, and Mr. Eberhardt preaching (to suffering thousands) at Freeport.

What with term essays staring everyone in the face, and the pall of final examinations hanging in the near background the very prospect of making much of such a trivial thing as 'Sem Notes' leaves this writer with a very hollow feeling. Suffice it to say, the Seminarists have their troubles, too, despite rumors we have heard to the contrary. But ah! we do have the happy prospect of being all finished with examinations just as the College swings into theirs. Pardon me! did I hear Dr. Creager mutter something about a Hebrew exam? Alas and alack! It is enough! I am undone—my joy is shattered; I return to my paradigms with that helpless, defeated feeling that comes with the conviction that the Jews certainly were an afflicted race, but we see no reason why their sorrows should be visited on a few unsuspecting Gentiles who claim only to be the humblest of Seminarists.

Minke.

Girls' C.O.T.C.

The results of the Map Reading exam, in all their glory, have come and gone and been forgotten. We heard a member of the male population, viewing the bulletin board with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes, remark, "Gee, it's nice to see someone else's feeble marks stuck up there!" Says he!

We have all forgotten about the

Home Nursing examination too. Occasionally someone will say thoughtfully, "D'you suppose we'll ever get those results?" and is promptly squelched with a chorus of "No, and who wants them, anyhow?"

Meanwhile, we are well launched into a course on A.R.P. Miss MacLaren has nobly volunteered to instruct us in the arts of dealing with incendiary bombs, arranging black-outs, and other civilian defence measures. We also learned something about the principles of civilian morale. And now our instructor is probably busy thinking up all the nasty questions she can ask us on the test scheduled for next week.

We hope that we will never need to make use of the information we have gained in this course. But if we should ever experience air raids in Canada, what we have learned here will be very valuable in coping with them.

On Fishing

My serious thoughts about "fishing" have been called forth by an essay on that subject in the last issue of the Cord. I, too, grew up on a farm, not overlooking a river, but surrounding a lake, a delightful, round mirror of a lake, rimmed with cedars and slim white aspen trees, and teeming, literally teeming, with fish—slender perch, chubby sunfish, gorgeous-hued rock bass and lordly black bass. And I am well content to let these fish remain where they are. For all of me, they may go on drifting lazily among the long green water weeds and snapping at venturesome flies and eluding the wicked turtles until their scales grow gray and they get rheumatism in their fins.

I like to drift on the lake in the leaky old boat, usually with an unread book at my feet, and look into the olive-green depths of the water and see the "finny tribes," as Mr.

Pope undoubtedly would call them, sailing about languidly, detachedly, in a sort of dream-region of their own. There is mystery about the world of the fish that I care not to penetrate. If I could go down into their haunts and be as one of them, I should be thrilled. I cannot, and I know that the mystery cannot be solved by bringing them up to my habitat. It affords me no pleasure to see one of these strange and beautiful creatures hauled, on the end of a line, out of his deep city into air that he cannot breathe and light that is harsh and blinding after the soft gloom of the green waters. A fish swimming in the water is an enchanting sight; a fish gasping on land is a revolting one. Why should we, in the name of pleasure, give pain to this shining thing? Why should we make of nature's mystery something ugly and commonplace? There is something inhuman, something that does not belong to one of God's creatures, in a heart that feels no pity for the victim. The worst crime of the fisherman is in gloating over his prey. Were he to give them their due, to recognize them as the gallant little fighters that they are, he might be forgiven. But this is inexcusable! Indeed, I pity him, as he does not pity the fish, that he would rather attack and kill than appreciate and let live.

A. M. H.

At Graduation Time



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Freshettes Win Volleyball Game

On Thursday afternoon, April 1, the Freshettes of Waterloo challenged the Upper classmen to a game of volleyball.

The first half of the period was a success, as far as the Upperclassmen were concerned, for they won the first two games. In the second half of the period, however, the Freshettes were determined to show us their skill—and they did. In this second period the Freshettes won two games and made the game tie.

At this point, we, the Upperclassmen were ready to call it quits, but the Freshettes, inspired by their recent success, insisted on breaking the tie. Being a very obliging group, and anxious to show our sportsmanship, we agreed to play for ten points. What happened? The Freshettes won by a margin of 5 points.

Congratulations Freshettes!

P.S. We defy anyone to return those powerful serves of Mary Zollner and Janet Lang.

BADMINTON TOURNAMENT

The College tournament is still in progress. Although there are less than two weeks of school, and although our supply of badminton birds has dwindled to almost nothing, we will finish all games except the Mixed Doubles.

In the Boys' Doubles the contestants in the final match were Eric Reble and Harold Brose vs. Melvin King and Paul Krauel, with Eric Reble and Harold Brose the winners.

In the Girls' Singles those who are still competing for the winning honors are Helen Sehl, Jean Kramp, Janet Lang, Mary Zollner and Ruthmarie Schmieder.

In the Girls' Doubles the couples still competing are: Delphine Hartman and Helen Sehl, Kay Borrie, Mary Zollner, Jean Kramp, Anne Sommerville, Hildegard Berdux, Jean Shantz.