

# THE COLLEGE CORD

VOL. 19

WATERLOO, ONT., OCTOBER, 1943.

AN UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATION

NO. 1

## With Our Alumni

Another school year has started which means another class of graduates have left our midst to take their places in the war-torn world. To these graduates as well as to all other alumni, we extend greetings and best wishes on behalf of the present students. We shall try to keep you well informed of the doings and whereabouts of all the students who once roamed these halls which we now inhabit.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Miss Dorothy Heimerich and her family who lost their brother and son this summer. Bud was on active service with the R.C.A.F. in Camp Borden.

Dorothy receives her degree at autumn convocation on October 22.

Ruthmarie Schmieder is at Hamilton Normal preparing to enter the field of teaching.

Jean Bier and Delphine Hartman are at Ontario College of Education, Toronto.

Violet Dorscht, who attended O.C.E. during the summer, is teaching at Wheatley High School.

Gladys Quehl has entered the services of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of Waterloo.

June Brock left Kitchener on Oct. 10 to enter the University of British Columbia in a psychology course.

Some graduates who have recently entered the active army are: Bob Tegler, '39, and is stationed at Camp Borden in a tank corps; Walter Ziegler, '37; Herb Brennan, '41; Fred Ahrens, '28, formerly of the staff of University of Richmond, Virginia, is serving with the United States Army and is at present stationed at the University of Illinois.

Alvin Hartman of the class of '37, is with the R.C.A.F.

Lieut. Walter J. Goos is a chaplain in the Royal Canadian Navy on the west coast. He is a graduate of 1930.

Bob Eby of '42, is now with the Royal Canadian Navy Volunteer Reserve on the east coast.

Edward G. Neigh, of the class of '32, who is married to Charlotte Pullman, class of '35, is now a first lieutenant in the Active Army stationed at Camp Borden. About a year ago, a son, Geoffrey, was added to the household.

Ruth Weichel, on the staff of Elmira Public School, attended the summer session at Teachers' College in Columbia University, New York City.

Dr. Alexander Potter, first dean of Waterloo College, is on loan from the Rotary International, Chicago, to the Dominion Government for service in a very important war-time position. He is operating in Ottawa.

Rev. Henry Nuhn of the thirtyniners, who was assistant pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Kitchener, for over two years, has accepted a call to Heidelberg and Erbsville Lutheran Churches.

## ATHY WELCOMES THE FROSH

A letter came to the college this summer from Jack Vincent of Arnprior, giving news of his brother, Stan Vincent, who is stationed at London in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Lyllian Montgomery, '36, now Mrs. Reid, is teaching in North York, a suburb of Toronto.

Mrs. E. Treusch (nee Marjorie Cooper) has charge of the primary room in Milverton Public School. She is one of the many "reclaimed teachers" helping to alleviate the teacher shortage.

Nora Eager of '42, is teaching in Hanover High School.

Luella Pruess of '42, is teaching at Durham.

Albert Hunsberger of Clayfield Street, Waterloo, is now the proud father of a son.

Jessie (Cunningham) Moyer, '37, is the new librarian in Kitchener Collegiate.

The recent provincial elections saw two of our graduates enter the political field. A. N. Alles, C.C.F. candidate, was elected member for Essex North, with a huge majority, beating his chief opposition, the Liberal member, by 4,648 votes. A few members of the Boarding Club were honored by a visit from Mr. Alles on Thanksgiving Day. Show 'em what you can do, Nels.

Louis Hagey, Liberal candidate for Brantford, was defeated by the C.C.F. candidate by 1,000 votes.

Assistant Section Officer Elizabeth Spohn is the first Twin City member of the Women's Division, R.C.A.F., to receive a commission. She enlisted a year ago last June as a meteorologist. Previously she was on the K-W Collegiate teaching staff, and graduated from Waterloo College with the class of 1932.

It was made known on October 15, that Capt. Jack Harper, overseas with the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada, has been promoted from the rank of lieutenant.

A gala June wedding of interest to all Waterloo College graduates and students was that of Miss Ilse Mosig of New Hamburg, of the class of '42, to Rev. Arnold Conrad of New Dundee, of the class of '39. The marriage was performed in the New Hamburg Lutheran Church by the bride's father. Their wedding trip took them to the home of the groom, Bridgewater, Nova Scotia. Their home is now in New Dundee.

Miss Jean Shantz, graduate of 1943, who was awarded the gold medal in French and Latin at Convocation this spring.

For the second time in two years, a Waterloo College student has won a university gold medal. Miss Nora Eager won it in classics in 1943.

Jean Shantz is at present at Ontario College of Education.

## ATHENAEUM WIENER ROAST

In spite of the weatherman's threats, the Athenaeum enjoyed a most successful wiener roast on that eventful, fourteenth night of October. Meeting at the college at a quarter to eight, co-eds and eds, under the direction of Helen Sehl, Eric Reble and Ward Kaiser, paraded informally to Devil's Hill by car and a pied Eberhardt was overheard to have remarked en route that he was having a ripping time—climbing fences! When everyone reached the Hill, they began to roast wieners and rolls around a crackling fire, and it was not very long before Prof. Evans became very famous for his hot dogs. Then, after the apple cider was served, Ernie Brose, Wally Minke and Joye Waldschmidt led the merry gathering in a rousing sing-song. Prestige was added to the outing by the presence of Prof. and Mrs. Klinck, Prof. Evans, and Prof. and Mrs. McIvor. As the evening drew to a close, the party adjourned to Armstrongs where Margaret so kindly invited us to dance. On the way, however, two items were noticed to be missing — "Cinderella" Lang's left moccasin and Nick's axe! Paul Krauel's knife was almost lost in the mustard scramble too! It was, indeed, a most exciting and memorable wiener roast.

E. D. S.

## BANQUETTE FOR THE FRESHETTES

The freshettes were delightfully entertained at a banquet given by the senior girls and the professors' wives and professors' daughter on Wednesday, the thirteenth of October at six thirty in the afternoon. The girls assembled at Goudies' Maple Tea Rooms where the tables were attractively decorated with streamers of the purple and gold college colours, yellow tapers, and baby mums, and where the guests found their places by little squirrel place-cards. After the delicious chicken-patty dinner was served (everyone is still raving about the ice-cream cake!) Joye Waldschmidt the president of the girls' association, kindly welcomed the newcomers and then proposed a toast to them. To this Doris Smith replied on behalf of the freshettes, conveying their appreciation. Following a sing-song which included the College song led by Alice Hedderick and Miss Schorten, bridge tables were set up for those who cared to play, and thus Waterloo's ladies completed a most enjoyable and successful party.

On Thursday evening, the thirtieth of September, the Athenaeum had its first gathering of the year. The meeting was held in the gymnasium of Waterloo College. The feature of the program was the initiation of the frosh, or what the invitations called "making friend with you!"

Eric Reble, the president, explained the function of the Athenaeum to the members of the freshman class. He then called upon Jean Thompson, the first Freshette to be exhibited. Under Helen Sehl's direction Jean revealed her technique of acting. Mary Zollner then recited a poem to Tom Van Every, who took it upon himself to learn the rhyme par coeur (and par force). Following Alf Shenk, who sought advice for young men from authoritative Marg. Armstrong, Marvin Mickus played the "ivories" to the great delight of the audience.

Petite Gertrude Mosig recited at the request of Charlie Hagen. After that, Ward Kaiser insisted upon doing things in a big way and so he tied up Carson Bock with the aid of the president's shoestring. After the president asked Elaine Smith to tell the story of the Siberian Peach Pie, Janet Lang gave Bill Frank a mop for a horse and made him gallop around the room.

Romeo and Juliet was enacted by Eileen Scott and Fred Uffelman. Juliet was heard to remark afterwards that Romeo wasn't very enthusiastic about her although she was quite willing to comply with her part of the play.

About this point it was Mary Shupe's turn, and she declared that the sophs had more in common with what she had been associated with in teaching Grade II. Thereupon she held an arithmetic class in which her pet pupils were the Misses MacLaren and Kramp and Professors Jeffris and McIvor, and in which she even reproached the editor for taking notes, all to the merriment of the whole class.

Mildred Mohr followed up by sketching a portrait of Wally Minke, whose only comment was that the likeness had too much hair! Audrey Brock was then queried, and especially about the young man who made her late for initiation.

Finally, the president introduced the feature freshette of the evening, the charming Mrs. McIvor. As a finishing touch, he outlined the duties of the frosh which included, for the girls, no jewellery or cosmetics—for the boys rolled up trousers—and for both, kow-towing to their betters, the sophs, answering the telephone and using baskets for school bags.

The whole party then flocked to the White Rose for hamburgers, and there Messrs. Minke, Gastmeier, and Winkler provided the entertainment. Thus the students ushered in the month of October.



Founded 1926

# THE COLLEGE CORD

Editor-in-Chief ..... Margaret Jacobi  
 Junior Editor ..... Charles Hagen  
 Literary Editor ..... Alice Hedderick  
 College Static ..... Janet Lang and Ward Kaiser  
 C.O.T.C. Notes ..... Mel. King  
 Social Events ..... Elaine Smith

Alumni Notes ..... Jack Zimmerman  
 Faculty Adviser ..... Professor R. C. McIvor  
 Advice a la Alf. .... Alf. Schenk  
 Business Managers ..... Frank Keating, Herb. Gastmeier  
 Questions ..... Joye Waldschmidt, Eric Reble  
 Circulation ..... Roy Grosz

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

## EDITORIAL

Once more the struggle for copy has begun, and we are striving hopefully to fill the Cord.

Your first Cord is late—as usual, is the customary crack—but this year we have a very good reason. If you will look at the staff you will find a number of new names, among them, those of two new and most industrious business managers. These unsuspecting souls were given an awful job at a moment's notice and have done it in record time.

We think they deserve much commendation. Thanks goes to Henry Schmieder for the information he gave them from his store of knowledge about the business section of the paper.

We want to welcome this year's crop of Frosh to the College, and we hope they will enjoy their copies of the Cord.

Among other things we would like to point out to you newcomers that we want you to take part in our paper. It is an undergrad publication put out by the students of the College, about the students and the graduates. We want you to co-operate with the staff as much as you can to make this year's Cord the best six issues we have ever had.

You can help us by making news for us, collecting any news you hear of, and passing it on to the staff members. Also, when a staff member asks you for an article, don't be backward, because we are all interested in you and your articles.

M. A. J.

\* \* \*

Greetings to all our new readers in the freshman class, and to the class of graduates who have joined the ranks of Alumni. We hope to hear from the latter group frequently in their new walks of life, as well as from the new students and who have entered our halls. It is well realized that the "Sign Post" column, the brain-child of Miss Delphine Hartman, will be sadly missed, but we are doing all that is possible to remedy the loss. Similarly regulars in other columns have been removed from our circle of contributors by the graduation exercises.

However, new talent has arrived to pick up the torch and strive to keep up the reputation of this publication. In forthcoming issues we expect to have contributions galore from the freshmen, and that definitely includes freshettes. Perhaps we should explain at this time to our new friends that any references to them in the various columns are not coincidental, and any similarity to persons or places is entirely intentional. But the staff hopes that none of the remarks offend the persons in question to too great a degree.

Now, as the ivy clinging to the walls of the college begins to shed its leaves, the students are gradually getting back into the groove, to coin a hackneyed expression. The males are digging their overcoats out of storage, and the females are shaking the

mothballs out of their fleshy kerchiefs. Students in some of the courses have been confronted with the dire prospect of writing essays, and are walking about the corridors behind bewildered faces. Others who have been exposed to courses new to them are still dazed from the first lecture. But gradually that appearance will give place to one of industry and anxiety. Probably by the next time you will hear from this column we shall know the freshmen by name, and our timetables by heart.

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.**



## Literary Page

### HIS TRAGIC SECRET

The countryside was draped in mourning that dreary November night. A heavy rain was mercilessly beating down upon the sodden earth; the trees crowded together as if they were afraid. The beeches with white naked limbs leaned close to each other, tortured elms struggled cheek by jowl with the beeches and had thrust themselves out of the quiet earth along with black and ugly shrubs and plants. The gnarled roots of squat oaks were spread out like skeleton claws. Even the serpentine country road seemed to be crawling to some place of shelter! In that dismal setting the rain beat fiercely upon an isolated manor, standing alone as it had for generations, the only sign of life for miles about.

The wind, lashing at the broken shutters, made them clatter, and whirled around the chimney. The water spluttered in the gutter-pipes above the windows and splashed on the stones of the terrace; against those windows nettles sprawled vulgar and lanky. An owl hooted. Through an upper window streaks of lightning dimly lit a large, dingy bedroom, inky shadows flashing across the high walls in weird forms. There was something sombre about the room—funereal. On the wall were dull tapestries, and here and there a fine painting, indicating that money had been spent lavishly. A spider scurried across the floor.

It was here that Michael Saint-Jean lived alone with his servants, aloof from the world, and it was at that very moment that he was sleeping in the old colonial bed. A crash of thunder rent the monotonous tapping of water, and he stirred. His was not a sound sleep, but then, there was every reason why it should not be. His hand unconsciously felt the pillow and clutched it tightly. His body was cold and clammy like a corpse; his heart was beating in a queer, jerky way. He breathed short, quick, gasping breaths. "Air!" he choked, "Air!" Beads of perspiration formed on his forehead and his face writhed in agony. His wife Anna was smiling at him, triumphantly, he thought. Why did she come back to haunt him, to torment him like this? There again her ghostly face appeared as vividly as on the night he had killed her—killed her!

All the servants had been given their leave for the night, that is, all except old Jacob who was partly deaf and whose room was on the ground floor in the east wing. He used to stay in his room at night sharpening his collection of knives. Michael had advised Jacob that he would be going out for his evening stroll, and the old servant had seen him leave. His plot was flawless. He remembered the anxious moments he spent crawling through the trap-door camouflaged with hawthorn bushes, and through the long tunnel. His heart a-thump, he recklessly broke through a cobweb, walking faster and faster until he was below the west wing. Once there he had easy access to the library where his wife was reading that night. He wound his way up the worm-eaten, wooden steps that led to the trap-door. They creaked at every step and echoed in the hall

tunnel. A bat brushed against his arm. He wondered if his ancestors had perhaps felt the same panic in their escapades when they trod that same path.

Presently he was at the library door. Anna turned a page in her book. Her back was towards him. He advanced quietly—so quietly. Instinctively Anna had felt him approaching her and she started. She looked up, surprised, faintly smiling. Yet she appeared terrified, and pleading. He reached for her neck; then suddenly, her countenance was hideous, wicked, sneering, full of contempt. The silence of the treacherous night was pierced by a horrible scream.

"A curse upon you, Michael Saint-Jean. Mark me. You shall die just as you make me die now."

He felt sick for the moment, but he had to kill her then. His strong arms forced her head down into the cushion beside her on the divan until she could no longer breathe. Her arms dropped limply; the blood was drained from her face. He had smothered her, killed her; But he did not regret it. If it had come all over again, he would not have acted differently. He was glad he killed Anna; he would never have any remorse for that, never, never!! Anna had learned his awful secret, the secret that no one must ever know, the secret that he had been so careful to conceal. He would have been doomed had he not killed her.

Yet he was doomed now. Michael cried out in his sleep, turning in his bed. A flash of lightning split across the sky through the large window and struck the wooden table on which the lamp was standing. Immediately it burst into flames, the drab curtains were caught in the fire's tenacious fingers and the room became an inferno. A blood-curdling scream came from its midst but was drowned by the crackling, live flames and by the thunder which claimed its part in this choir of death.

"You shall die just as I die now."

Smothered! Anna's threat had not been idle. His secret had cost him his life. But what was Michael's secret? What had he been so afraid to reveal? That no one will ever know because with him, he carried his secret to the grave! E.D.S.

### A CASE FOR INVESTIGATION

Concerning some verse of doubtful authorship, the literary editor received the following communication from Dr. Jefferis:

"I find the limerick written in my writing on the envelope of Professor Norwood's letter. I think that I must have written it myself and sent it to him, though it is possible that he told me and I jotted it down later. This would make an interesting problem for scholarly research, and you could perhaps get a Ph. D. for a dissertation on the authorship, starting with a chapter on the history of Southern Ireland (Limerick, you see)—and ending with a list of all the people to whom I ever wrote letters. The envelope version (are there any others?) runs:

There once was a poet called Clough  
And he died, which was certainly tough,

For now we have verses  
By Arnold, called "Thyrsis",  
As if Clough's stuff were not enough.  
(If you don't get a Ph. D., re-title it "Forgery in the Faculty," and get it published as a psychological detective story.) J. D. J.

### NOTICE

The literary editor has drawn up a tentative list of articles for future issues of the Cord. Those who are solicited to write "Something" for the Cord, have always wondered what they should write. Anyone who would like to write something, but has no definite brainchild of his own, may be able to come to some agreement with the literary editor. Original ideas in the form of articles, stories, poems, what-have-you, will also be more than welcome.

### A FISHERMAN'S PARADISE

I cast into a likely spot in the river, a deep, still pool with just a suspicion of an eddy in it. The bait had scarcely splashed into the water when a great black bass rose to the surface and struck. The reel sang, the pole arched, and the line moved swiftly out and taut, as I began to haul in my fighting captive. Reeling in the line as I went, I waded ashore, landed a fighting, spiny-backed two-pounder, and went back to the pool.

Five more times within the half hour, I scrambled for shore, each time adding a bass to my bag. I had caught my limit. Flushed and sated, I sat on a gently-sloping bank, lit a cigarette and stretched out on my back. My mood was one of relaxation and contentment and the world about me was in harmony with my feelings.

The day was perfect. A July sun shone down upon me with a cozy warmth. A battered fedora shaded my eyes from its incredible brightness. I stared at the azure dome above me and revelled in its rich color and flawless, cloudless surface. The grass beneath me was thick, luxuriant, cushioning my back.

A multi-colored ladybug tickled my left hand as she walked up hill and down dale over my fingers. Turning on my side I looked at her benevolently, flicked her off into the grass and, propping my head on an elbow-supported hand, I looked with half-shut eyes down the river.

Peace reigned over that half-wild landscape which stretched before me. Behind me was a steep bank, almost sheer for some 50 yards, then sloping gently down to the water's edge. Spruce trees and thickets covered its side making its ascent almost impossible; from its base towered solitary elms at irregular intervals. How motionless that cliff was! It seemed unreal, a scene on a picture post-card. The river lay like a ribbon of silver gray, green, and blue, reflecting sun, grass and sky with mirror-like perfection; it curved, lost itself and reappeared at intervals in the gently-rolling land to my right.

Across the river from the cliff lay more domestic and equally peaceful scenery. A gently-rolling plain stretched out as far as the eye could see. It was pasture land, evidently uncultivated. Small groves of maples, lone elms and pines, and thickets of scrubby hawthornes splashed its middle-green surface with their deeper tones. In the knee-high, pea-green grass near the water's edge stood a herd of black and white cows, in straggled array, almost motionless. Farther down the bank I could see our tent, and beside it a thin column of smoke which curved and

hung in the air. "It's from the embers of the noonday fire," I murmured and shifted to a cozier position.

Heavy lidded I gazed in contented relaxation at the peace which lay about me. I thought of nothing... "Swoosh!" A sharp-shinned hawk plummeted to earth some 40 feet from me and rose up again, a field-mouse in his talons. I started, jumped to my feet, seized a rock, hurled it after the marauder, and missed. Yawning and stretching, I watched him wing swiftly away still bearing his prize.

"Guess I'll go back to the tent and sleep," I muttered, and gathered up my fishing tackle. M. K.

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF WATERLOO COLLEGE

Waterloo College, situated in the farthest, most unapproachable regions of Waterloo, is a red brick edifice completely hidden behind a shield of green ivy.

In the dark, narrow corridors which run at will through the building may be encountered a few professors, a few seniors, and an abundance of sophomores. The professors are easily distinguished because they are slightly older than the students, and because they are usually dashing madly about, in search of something—what, I don't know.

The seniors are a select group who meander nervously through the college muttering to themselves in Greek or Latin, and worrying about some oral English test.

Both the professors and the seniors are a swell bunch of people, rumours to the contrary, but the sophomores are a species of the human race with a law unto themselves. Their main purpose in this world, so it seems, is to acquire learning in the easiest manner possible, and to make the life of the innocent, hard working freshman completely miserable. They delight in making the freshmen walk about with their pant legs rolled up, or making the freshettes appear in classes without their faces, and carrying six-quart baskets. Most of all, they delight in showing their newly-gained authority.

—But, if a freshman can get used to riding miles into the country at 8:45 every morning; if he can get used to jumping out of the way of onrushing professors, or Greek speaking seniors; if he can become accustomed to getting stepped on by all sophomores, he soon will be a member of the student body and be able to say "Waterloo College is wonderful."

### A FRESHETTE.

#### CARGO

My dream boat is a little wooden shoe.  
Its mast —  
The pencil that records my thoughts.  
Its sail —  
A page from a poetry book.  
Its cargo —  
Jewels from a star studded summer sky,  
Gold from the lights of a distant city,  
Silver from the head of a Grandmother,  
And dreams from past ages,  
For a child who dwells in the pages  
Of a book well loved and read.





# College Static



Waterloo mourns the loss of one of her favorite pupils — a big, sleepy, police dog who habitually waited outside the door for his professor. Year after year Mutt won the award for 100 per cent attendance. He was an excellent example for every "wayward" pupil. We can't help but feel that he is awfully happy somewhere in "doggy heaven."

Our social lion, Reuben, is rumored to be out nights these daze. We don't know who she is — but someone suggested "the missing lynx." Anyway, we'd like to know the connection between these mysterious goings-on and our hero's coming into the Psych 20 class the other day. "Oh! Isn't this Greek?"

A certain pretty freshette keeps her needles clicking continuously — better be careful Marg, or people will say you're in love.

Hats off to Eric. He made a swell job of the first Athenaeum. — If the rest are on the same level he will probably be elected for life.

A certain gal, with heavenly dimples, managed to steal the show the other night. When asked to give an impersonation of a grammar school teacher, she took the bull by the horns (and threw the bull.) After seeing her in action we think she would make an excellent top sergeant or a darn good "pistol packin' mama."

Benny was pretty happy the other morning—Wonder where he finds all that vim and vitality—How about letting all of us in on the secret?

No doubt you well-informed readers have heard of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Well, here's something that should interest you then—the Tale-of-the-Month or Monthly-Pun-of-the-Weak Club. To qualify for membership you needn't complete a rhyme or sell seven subscriptions, or even clip a coupon. We'll publish everything that is fit—as well as a few things that aren't — you are probably saying by now.)

To illustrate:

1st Wit: Do you know where the boarding club gets its milk?

2nd Wit: Haven't the vaguest.

1st Wit: Why, from Mel-King cows, of course!

That, my friends, is precisely what we are looking for, (to start a fire with, or with which to start a fire.)

Our dear professor works hand in hand with President Roosevelt in his good neighbor policy—we are all proud of your latest contribution to Waterloo College and think she is simply grand. We only hope you like the Canadians, Mrs. McIvor, half as much as they like you.

The sophomores are still wonder-

ing about one of our freshmen. Carson, are you by any chance related to the great Houdini? Ward was pretty confident in that piece of string.

Initiation simply wouldn't be initiation if the Honorable Minke didn't make a contribution. Could anything be more solid than his version of "When the Battle Rages, Mother." — Warner Brothers have certainly slipped up, as we think him better than Crosby, and might even prove future competition for Sinatra—who knows.

Reward: For the capture, dead or half-alive, of A PACK OF WOLVES.

Description and habits: Usually seen in a pack of about half a dozen. Their favorite hunting ground is observed to be the Summer Gardens—especially on a Friday or Saturday evening. They cause untold devastation among the flocks of innocent young lambs. On occasion they have been known to carry off a few of the more luscious-looking lambs out of the protected pasture into the cold, cruel world. Usually this happens just before midnight. The authorities have only one clue—they howl to one another as "Dougan, Shorty, Marsh, Roy and Jimmy." Any further information would be appreciated. There is a bounty on foxes — why not on wolves?

"Brethren, the words of the text are:

"Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard

To get her poor dog a bone;  
But when she got there the cupboard was bare,

And so the poor dog had none."

These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. We propose to analyze their meaning and apply it to everyday life.

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard

To get her poor dog a bone."

Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being nary a mention of others, we presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless, helpless, solitary old widow. Yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep, or wring her hands, or get Frank Sinatra on the radio? NO! She went to the cupboard. And now friends, observe that she went to the cupboard. She did not hop or skip or run or jump or use any other peripatetic artifice; she soberly and merely went to the cupboard.

We have seen that she was old and lonely, and now we see that she was poor. For, mark the words of the text which say "the cupboard." Not one of the cupboards; or the right-hand cupboard; or the cupboard with the plastic handle; but just the cupboard—the only humble cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden

goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly wearing apparel or any other attributes of wealth? It was to get her poor dog a bone! Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her declining years, was poor too. Visualize the scene. The poor dog crouching in a corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to the cupboard—in hope, in expectation, and maybe to open it (although we are not told distinctly that it was not half open or ajar) — to open it for the poor dog.

"But when she got there the cupboard was bare,

And so the poor dog had none."

When she got there. You see dear brethren, what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persistence in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings, no slippings and slidings, no leaning to the right or faltering to the left. With majestic simplicity we are told she got there.

And how was her noble effort rewarded? "The cupboard was bare." There were neither bananas, nor chocolate bars, nor hot dogs, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches! There was but one, only one, solitary cupboard in that home, and that one—the sole hope of the widow and the glorious essence of life for that poor dog—was bare! Had there been a leg of lamb, a cold chicken, or a fillet of veal the case would have been different; the case would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a skating rink.

And so brethren, glean from this story its multifold lesson; apply this lofty ideal to your tasks and insofar as in us lies, let us avoid being widows; let us have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard, and let us keep them all filled bountifully. And finally, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones.

Furthermore, there is another moral to this story—let's stuff Mr. Ilsley's cupboard full of Victory Bonds to "Speed the Victory."

## MRS. RIKARD HOLDS A TEA FOR CO-EDS

Mrs. Rikard invited the girls of the college to a tea at her home on Bricker Avenue from 3 to 5 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, October 22. Mrs. Klinck and Mrs. Jefferis assisted in the dining-room and a most delicious luncheon (of which the carrot sticks came from the Jefferis' Victory Garden!) was served. Meanwhile, the charming hostess's 9-month-old daughter, Susan elicited much admiration and affection from the girls. It was a most delightful tea and was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by everyone. Thank you again so very much Mrs. Rikard!

E. D. S.

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**VOX POP**

Remember last year what happened once to this column? Yes of course you must—whisper it again—there was a blank spot on the page some four inches long. Come on you people—ask us some vital question so that we'll have to give an explanation. Hasn't anybody any questions about the place? Vox Pop.

Dear Vox Pop:

We have a complaint to make about the chatter in the library. We go in with the intention of doing a great deal of work, and find the place as noisy as a zoo. Can't you do something?

A STUDENT.

Dear Student:

Thank you for bringing this matter to our notice. You have not stated who the chatterers are so we can't scold individual classes.

To reinform the past students and to inform the freshmen—there is a general rule that the library is for quiet study. If you want to talk we have a reading room for that purpose. It goes without saying that there shouldn't be an unreasonable amount of noise in the reading room either—there are classes held upstairs and noise does carry well in this building. Quiet is needed if someone wants to work and the library should be quiet. A little thoughtfulness on your part is all that's needed.

VOX POP.

? ? ? ?

The summer of '43 found students and even the hardworking professors busily engaged in manual labor and otherwise. Here is a cross section of the inmates' activities.

A large representation of Waterloo College found employment at the Dominion Tire plant—Doug Haller, Frank Keating, Roy Grosz, and last but not least—Professors Jefferis and McIvor. When asked the question of what he was doing Professor Jefferis replied: "Putting in time." However, Professor McIvor was using his time to full advantage, for he brought home a bride from the U.S.A.

Our preacher, Roy Schwartz Koch, spent part of the summer

raising chickens and teaching at Bible School in St. Jacobs and up north. We guess he didn't want to put all his eggs in one basket.

Dr. Klinck was spreading near and far the advantages and wonders of dear old Waterloo College. However, he did get two weeks' respite at Lake Couchiching.

What's the advantage of going through people's pockets? Ask Charlie Hagen—he was working at the Pearl Laundry this summer and is now driving a new car.

This college is becoming a "muscle academy"—look at Jack Zimmerman who worked and slaved in a section gang with the C.N.R. (Don't forget to put on your specs.)

Jean Schweigert was working at Schnarr's Flower Shop, and when questioned as to what was the highlight of her summer, Jeanie coyly whispered—"The day I quit."

Any day Helen Sehl can be heard inquiring "Any mail for me?" It seems Helen was up north this summer, and her acquaintance, ahem! was not from Kitchener—'nuff said.

Harold Brose was driving a soft drink truck all summer—"Pretty soft," says he.

Audrey Brock must feel like a fish out of water this fall—she was working in a nut shop all summer—we wonder why? Atmosphere?

Wallace Minke left Ontario this summer to help serve six parishes down in Nova Scotia—he's going to let us in on the veracity of Professor Hirtle's fish stories.

Another one of our students was doing work along the same lines. Wilf McLeod was up at Hawks Junction, the Bird's Eye Centre of the North, as a student preacher in the Presbyterian mission. We wonder how he got the job as orderly in the hospital. Was it pull or was it the nurses?

That's all for this time. We'll see you in the hall to get your opinions on questions that only we could think of. Be seeing you.

Joye and Eric.

**Revision of Cord Mailing Lists**

In the revision of the mailing lists efforts have been made to send the College Cord to the correct addresses according to our present information. This information, however, is not as up to date as it should be. For that reason the support of everyone who receives the paper is asked in forwarding of information that will lead to better circulation of the Cord. Your attention to this matter will be greatly appreciated. R. N. Grosz, Circulation Manager, The College Cord.

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German 10.

This happened the day that everybody finally returned to German 10. Dr. Schorten: Now, is all the class here today? Ach ja, Ernie is here, too.

Ward: Three jeers for Ernie.

One day the Philosophy 30 students were doing some reading in the library.

Marchand: What's this thing about nine heavenly bodies, Baldy? I don't get it.

Joye: Me and eight others.

Same place, same time. Marchand after reading Heraclitus remarked: Oh, such corn on the cob!

Economics 35 one day during the World Series.

Brose: Sir, may I take this graph up to my room and do it there?

Professor McIvor: Is the game finished?

Brose: I don't know sir.

Prof. McIvor: Hm-m-m. Well, I think you'd better stay and do that graph here.

Remarks on the question of money overheard in the girls' room.

Joye: I'm angling for more allowance.

Marg J.: Think you'll get it?

Joye: No. My father and I don't see eye to eye. We see eye to tooth.

English 30.

Dr. Klinck was commenting on what children thought about poetry and wondering what they really did think.

Benny (sotta voce): Ask Joye, she should know.

Paul snuck up on Joye in the hall and tickled her. Joye jumped and glared.

Marg: Why don't you do something to him?

Joye: It's not worth it, but some day he's going to get caught—DEAD!

Many have been the growls about the English 30 texts, but this one tops them all.

Joye: We won't be able to sell these things for hardly a thing. It angers me profusely.

Everybody has a complaint of some kind this year. Here is Nick's:

"Yeah, everything's changed this year 'round here. You go to one office for something and they send you to the next one. Then you get sent to another, and when you get to the end the guy says 'Naw'."

Anybody who takes more than one history will no doubt agree completely with this statement about outside reading.

"You should take one subject each year and read steadily all year, and then maybe when you get to be 60, you might get your B.A. degree."

Seems to us that somebody is awfully pessimistic.

Wilf (reading psychology): Somebody explain this to me, please, not in psychological terms, but in philosophical terms.

So that's what became of the dictionary we tried so hard to find the other day.

Professor Rikard: The philosopher is the highest type—ahem "as any fool can plainly see"—I see it.

Mildred (reading): "History is like a ruin."

Doris: Yeah, it makes everybody else the same way.

English 19 has an early class this year, and the worried speech givers get the evil day over early. Here is something we heard about it.

Jean T.: Was I embarrassed, I was speaking on 'How to Get Up in the Morning,' and then I was late for class.

Gert: Helen, how far are you in your history report?

Helen: I'm at the point of insanity.

Joye (dreamily): I wonder what I was before I am now.

Well, after that we rather wonder too, dear.

Professor Jefferis: Quintilian was a very polite man — he was a professor.

But, dear readers, there is a high point in this degenerate column — you know, the tale somebody thought would never turn up to make 'em blush.

Apparently there are other dopes in the College, besides ourselves, who do the goofiest things upon the slightest provocation. Remember the industrious guy who, a few weeks ago, so nobly assisted Nick in chopping branches off the trees that were cut down. If you don't remember there'll be somebody who'll be fool enough to tell you.

Anyway it appears that one day he was nobly doing his good deed for the day—helping Nick again—and became all poohed out, and just had to take a rest. He glanced around, saw a chair, and prepared to sit down. Nick muttered in agonized tones, "That's wet, that's wet!" Unfortunately our hero was oblivious to such unaccountable gurglings, and blithely sat down on the chair. Nick finally howled his admonition at the top of his voice, and our hero jumped—at least he would have if he could have, but the chair seemed rather glutinous and stuck lovingly to him.

Oh, he finally came loose, but we gather the occasion was still more unlucky, because then our hero backed into a dusty spot and further decorated his trousers with a beautiful pattern of dust on varnish. 'Twas a remarkable decoration, we know, 'cause we saw it.

All we'd like to know now is—did the pattern come off?

By the way, if you still want to know who this is, may we refer you to the first issue of last year's Cord—there was a verse about this unlucky soul. Never mind, oh most unhappy hero, we know you'll catch us yet in some fool predicament—in which case we will allow you to revenge yourself upon us in this column. Aber, du bist ein guter Kamerad. Ein bessern finden wir nicht.

## ADVICE A LA AIF

To whom it may concern:

If you need advice of any kind on any subject, write to me, and I will do my best to solve your problems. ALF.

Since nobody asked Alf any questions this time, Alf has this to say: Last May I had the pleasure of meeting one of our present freshettes and I thought, "Oh boy! Life at college won't be so dull for someone next year."

At least two of our last year's students and one of our professors took the fatal plunge this past summer. Ho, hum, perhaps some day I, too, shall meet the girl without whom life would be empty—that is if I'm not careful what I say when I try to be funny.

Do you remember those story books of your childhood which you read over and over again until you learned them by heart? They are probably hidden away in your attic now, but you can make some child happy this Christmas if you will share them.

Within our own province there are many communities situated far from any public library. Get your club or young people's society to collect books for such a community. Your books might be the means of rousing some boy or girl to high endeavour, and perhaps waken a genius. Undoubtedly they will at some time brighten the face of a sick or crippled child.

When you make your collection don't forget the children of Maynooth. Dr. Leupold and Mrs. Leupold (who is a graduate of our college) will welcome all the books you can send them. They are performing a splendid work among the children of their community and will appreciate all the help you can give them.

## SPRING ALUMNI MEETING

On Saturday, May 1, the Waterloo College Alumni Association held its 15th annual meeting and dinner at Forest Hill Gardens.

Among the guests were members of the graduating class of 1943, introduced by Prof. R. J. E. Hirtle. Dr. John Schmieder brought them greetings from the Board of Governors.

Among the highlights of the evening were an outline of the contribution made by the college and seminary in the service of its country, presented by the acting dean, Dr. C. F. Klinck; a short address by Carl Seltzer, first graduate to become a member of the Board of Governors, and a report of the Alumni Endowment Fund presented by PO. Henry J. Heidman in the absence of H. Louis Hagey, M.L.A.

Capt. Lloyd Winhold replied to a toast to graduates of the college who are in His Majesty's services. Mrs. Earl Treusch and AC. Frederick Oliver led the group in a sing-song.

Walter Koerber, past president of the association, presided over the meeting.

The officers for 1943-1944 are: Past president, Walter P. Koerber, Toronto; president, Rev. Norman Berner, 29 Ada Avenue, Brantford; vice-president, Grace Schmidt, 650 Queen Street South, Kitchener; secretary - treasurer, Conradine

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## C.O.T.C. NEWS

News of former members of the Waterloo Unit has been piling up during the summer vacation. It will be part of this column's task to gather such news and pass it along to you as speedily and accurately as possible.

The outstanding and very tragic event of the summer concerns Flt. Sgt. Charles David MacIntosh. On July 31, his mother received a telegram from Ottawa stating that her son was missing, believed killed in action. The 20-year-old airman enlisted in June, 1940, at the age of 18. He is the son of the late Col. D. Graham MacIntosh of Kitchener, former commanding officer of the Scots Fusiliers. Charlie came to Waterloo College in Sept. 1940 and was a member of the C.O.T.C. until called to active service in December. Though with us so short a time, he was well liked and his death was a severe blow to us. To his mother and his brother WO. Duncan MacIntosh, R.C.A.F., we extend our deepest sympathy.

Lieut. Bill Armstrong of the Tank Corps tells an interesting story. "Army" went overseas in February of this year and was soon in action. Serving with the 12th Canadian Tank Regiment, he has been through the Sicilian campaign. After Canadian action had ceased in Sicily, he suffered a mild attack of malaria, recovered in an Algiers hospital, and returned to his unit in time to move across to the Italian mainland with the British 8th Army.

Cadet Bill Schlegel and Sgt. Eddie Gartung are now at the O.T.C. at Brockville. Cadet Schlegel, '41-'42 and '42-'43, paid us a visit recently and said that the requirements are extremely high now for officer cadets. Physical and mental stamina are demanded in a measure never equalled before. Of some 500 candidates at Three Rivers only 50 were recommended to proceed to Brockville for an officer's course. There is already a large reserve of officers overseas, and as the demand goes down the standards go up. Bill is to be highly commended for having succeeded where so many failed.

Sgt. Gartung was with us in '40-'41, going active in the summer of '41. He rose from the ranks and before proceeding to Three Rivers had been a sergeant at the Driving and Maintenance Centre at Woodstock. He has proved his worth by qualifying for a commission the "hard way."

Lieut. John Baetz, '41-'42, won his second pip at Petawawa on June 23. On the same day he won himself a bride, the former Mary Huehnergard, also an ex-student. John is instructing with an anti-aircraft unit in Halifax. He and Mary have, miraculously enough, found a home there and are very happy.

Gord Burns, '41-'42, completed his training in July and graduated as a pilot with a commission. "Good class of '41, is now overseas and on show!" Pilot Officer Art Moyer, operations in a bomber squadron.

Capt. Al McTaggart, '39-'40 and '40-'41, arrived overseas in August. He helped organize the officer cadet school at Three Rivers and was there until June of this summer. After a brief stay at Ipperwash, he proceeded overseas to the H.L.O. branch of the Canadian Reinforcement Infantry Unit at Aldershot.

Ken Phelps, '41-'42, is another ex-member of the C.O.T.C. to rise through the ranks to a commission. He is now a lieutenant with the Canadian Tank Corps at Camp Borden. In June he married a former Waterloo College student, Margaret Selby, and they are now living at Allendale.

Lieut. Dave Dooley was very ill with pneumonia this spring, but recovered and recently arrived overseas. He is an officer with the Perth Regiment.

Dick Whitney, '40-'41, joined the R.C.N.V.R. in the spring of the year, and has recently been made a sub-lieutenant. Ordinary Seaman Ed. Chadder went on active service in July and has had a good record in his basic training at Hamilton.

Pte. Hector MacDonald, R.C.C.S. is believed to be on Kiska in the Aleutians. A former teacher at St. Jerome's College, he was a member of the C.O.T.C. in '41-'42.

Over 50 graduates and former members of our unit are on active service in one of the three branches. We are interested in all of them and will welcome any news of them for future publication.

Unit training began Sept. 24. Last year's personnel form one squad while the freshmen make up a second. Equipment has come in exceptionally fast this year. There are respirators and rifles for all. Recruits will soon be wearing their new uniforms. Other items include a mortar, an anti-tank rifle, and other anti-gas equipment.

On Oct. 9, Major Stiling, O.C. of U.W.O. Contingent of the C.O.T.C., paid a visit to our unit. He watched us perform anti-aircraft manoeuvres and declared himself well satisfied with our efforts.

On Tuesday, Oct. 12, the Waterloo Unit held its night manoeuvres. A patrol, made up of last year's personnel, was assigned the task of wiping out an enemy defensive position on Devil's Hill.

The patrol was split up into three sections led by Cpl. Dark, Cpl. Schmieder and Cadet King. The section left the College at five-minute intervals and headed for their objective. To avoid detection from enemy aircraft, the patrol made its

way, with some difficulty, through a thick swamp. The move was successful, however, for the sections passed unobserved by enemy snipers and machine-gunners who were on the way. These enemy outposts, Lieut. Jefferis and Sgts. McIvor and Rikard, managed to slip back to their main position which was manned by the recruits.

Sections led by Cpl. Schmieder and Cadet King established a rendezvous and set about the difficult task of crossing a stream which separated them from their objective. Cadet Stahl made several valiant attempts to cross, but they didn't quite come off. His efforts were appreciated by the bulk of the patrol, however, who were spared wet feet thereby. Cadet Rhody, who had been brooding a good bit on the subject, arrived at the proper solution. He built a makeshift bridge and the sections charged across at the high part and pushed on up the hill.

Near the crest of the hill, Cpl. Dark's section rejoined the patrol which then fanned out and resumed the hunt. The enemy proved reluctant to open fire and despite the moonlight kept themselves well hidden. Armed with whistles as opposed to the patrol's rifles, they were evidently anxious to avoid an open clash.

One machine-gun nest, made up of Lieut. Jefferis and P.U.T.U. Bock,

opened fire, however, and was promptly engaged by the whole patrol. The enemy fought stubbornly and from a well-protected position, but was encircled and wiped out with few casualties.

This operation proved the decisive one, as the remainder of the enemy decided to yield to superior forces.

The men moved in platoon formation back to the College, marching to the rhythm of their own song. Coffee and doughnuts were waiting for them as a reward for their efforts.

## AUTUMN CONVOCATION

Autumn Convocation has been held on Friday, Oct. 22, 1943, at 8:30 p.m. in Convocation Hall, University College of Arts, London.

The Convocation address was given by Dean C. J. Mackenzie, acting president, National Research Council of Canada. He is an educator and eminent scientist to whose leadership may be attributed no small measure of Canada's notable scientific contribution to the war effort. The title of his address is "Scientific Research in War and Peace." In his remarks Dr. Mackenzie will throw considerable light on the vital service rendered by the universities of Canada to the successful prosecution of the war and present an inspiring forecast of their service in the day of peace.

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## SEMINARY NOTES

As another year begins for this venerable institution, now entering its 23rd year, we of other years find ourselves moving up into the dignified position of Seniors. And as we take stock of our position we cannot help but look back to the Senior Seminarists that have been in our time, and the results of time take us back even still further.

Freshest in our minds, of course, is our senior of the year just past, our beloved Daddy Kennard. We are pleased to hear that he has been called to a task we feel he is particularly qualified to undertake. Knowing him at work, at study and at play, we rest assured that the novelty of his new appointment by the National Lutheran Council as civilian chaplain to war defence areas will be amply met by his close association with war industry and spirited to success by his unique personality. For those of you who might be interested, we refer you to one of Alf's own ideas "The Car Builder," page 11 of the July, 1943, issue on the shelves in our reading room.

Then there is the class of '42. Of that bachelor trio only Red remains aloof. In August of this year, Rev. Frederick Neudoerffer and Faith Beard exchanged vows at St. Matthew's Church, Kitchener, and just about a year ago now Rev. Alvin Baetz took the step.

Back still further to the class of '39 and we hear that Rev. Earl Treusch of Milverton received his Bachelor of Divinity degree from the University of Western Ontario this past May.

But time relentlessly marches on and there are those who are caught up in its irresistible stride. From the obituary of the "Lutheran" comes the news of the passing of Rev. H. E. Schildroth of the class of '24 and Rev. A. E. Kaspereit, '36. The former taken suddenly in the midst of his labors, the latter, after much illness and suffering. These have been given their most glorious call, the call to rest from their labors.

What of us who struggle on? We find two new faces in our midst. The one not unfamiliar, in Roy Grosz, the other entirely so. Let us introduce Mr. Jacobs, the tall fellow with the somewhat unruly hair, but the voice that has in it conviction and authority.

With no Juniors last year, the Middle Class is non-existent but there are still three Seniors (mirabile dictu) and our special student, Rev. Nuhn, who has recently been installed pastor at Heidelberg, after serving as assistant pastor at St. Peter's Church, Kitchener, and who will also complete his theological course this year.

Our Senior from across the border also moved up a step this summer, he tells us, graduating from table waiter to chef. He had a very busy summer but is certainly no liability to our boarding club for, in his own words, he can hardly bear the sight of food!

Henry Schmieder also spent most of the summer across the border working as student assistant in a church in Rochester, N.Y.

As to your reporter, he had the privilege of visiting the east coast of our fair Dominion and becoming acquainted with the Nova Scotia Synod of the U.L.C.A. He served as student supply pastor in the

Mahone Bay parish, and had the happy fellowship of quite a few Waterloo men, Reverends C. H. Whitteher '26, L. G. Bald '27, J. Dauphinee and P. W. H. Eydt '39, and C. L. Monk '42.

And so we go on into another year, happy in the memory of the years behind, conscious of the high dignity of the long line which we hope D.V. we shall have entered before the brown leaves of October fall again.

W. G. MINKE.

### C.O.T.C. CAMP

Camp was a big success this year, both for the training and the enjoyment of the cadets. The platoon went to London by bus this year, directly to the University campus. Of course riding on the bus is always more fun than travelling on the train because it is more exclusive. It also avoids the long march from the station to the camp.

When we arrived, we were quickly assigned to our bunkroom, one of the classrooms in the Arts Building. Then we were herded down the corridors to a wing piled high

with parts of bunks, and mattresses. The person whom you helped in carrying the equipment to the bunkroom was automatically your bunk-partner. Some foresaw this and chose their partners beforehand. Those who didn't were thrown together unmercifully. An outstanding example of this was the bunk-sharing of Eldred "King" Winkler, and Charlie Hagen. The former, because of a slight difference in weight, agreed to sleeping in the upper.

Next we were indicated to the quartermaster stores where we were loaded down with blankets, pillows, socks, shirts, etc. There we were greeted with the fatherly smile of Sergeant Rikard, a genial character from our own home ground. Eventually we were instructed to make our way to the messhall on the fourth floor of the Science Building, a climb guaranteed to whet even the most sluggish appetite. Of course the meal was thoroughly enjoyed by "those Waterloo College Dutchmen," as we were soon called.

The rest of the day was spent in unpacking our kits and preparing our bunks. It was easy to see which of the students came from the dorm. But after a few days the rest of us improved our technique through pointers from the inspecting officer. Supper came almost before we knew it. That evening some of the more daring souls ventured to go into London, and, of course, to make our first visit complete, it had to rain.

From that day on until the end of camp, life was a series of intervals between bugles. There are three main types of bugle-calls at camp. First comes the horrible moaning which the army calls reveille; but the cadets found other names for it. It means "Get up out of that nasty old bunk and greet the morning with a smile!" The second type, actually it's the most important, is the cheerful melody known as mess call. It means "Come and get it!" The third is another disagreeable one named Taps, meaning "Lights out! Dream sweet dreams till the morrow!" The only time it was pleasant was when Lieut. Jefferis would come in to see that we were all tucked in right.

There were days of sunshine and days of rain. There were days of joy, there were days of ennui. But I don't think any of us will forget the day we were the duty platoon. The night before, the whole platoon had been out to a dance given for the Waterloo College men by the girls of one of the sorority houses. When we got in to bed, our sergeant, MacIvor by name, asked for volunteers for kitchen duty. Of course everyone wanted the job, but Reble, Krauel, MacLeod, and Hagen managed to speak before the rest. They were ordered to report to the kitchen at half-past four in the morning. There was a general razzing in the bunkroom, and even "Bubbles" MacLeod, usually quite a peaceable fellow, told the others what he thought of them for kidding him. I don't know about the other jobs, but that of kitchen duty wasn't too horrifying. However, one who had been peeling turnips and onions for the greater part of the morning said that he never wanted to see another turnip for the rest of his life.

But, believe it or not, camp has its brighter side, although it is none too apparent at times. In the mornings when everyone was grumpy and still half-asleep, Herb Gastmeier, Bridgeport's pride and joy, would burst forth with a song or a witty remark to try to support our sagging morale. Every time we went past the quartermaster stores we could hear moans and groans as a well-known sergeant philosophically bewailed that he was "all poohed out." And then there was the episode of the night manoeuvres during which a certain economics professor from our college indulged in a little bathing, clothes and all. But he wasn't the only one!

On the whole, I think that I am safe in saying that the platoon enjoyed camp. Melvin King, however, was not as fortunate as he camped with us for only a few days. He became ill and spent the rest of the period in the hospital. But although the rest of us had a pleasant time we were all glad to get back to our families. It sure felt good to sleep until noon the next day.

C. A. H.

## At Graduation Time



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