

## Alumni News

Rev. Frederick H. Goos of the U.-L.C. who graduated from Waterloo in 1931, has been serving as Service Pastor at the Service Centre in the Parish House of Trinity Lutheran, Newport News, Virginia. With remarks from visiting service men such as, "Well, just like home," the Centre there, with Rev. Goos in charge, is gaining its reputation as a friendly, comfortable, homelike Centre for those in service. The main lounge is commonly referred to as the "living room."

Prior to November, 1943, Pastor Goos served a bilingual congregation in Egg Harbor City, N.J., for six years, that being his first congregation. It was there, in his special duties as a Contact Pastor, that he became interested in full-time ministry to service men.

His home is at 115-27th Street, and the Service Centre is at 27th Street near West Avenue—for any of those alumni travelling in that direction.

• • •

In a letter dated March 14, 1944, Herb Brennen tells us:

"As a former student of Waterloo College, I read with interest the letters of my student pals of bygone days. At present we are spread out over the world but through the medium of the Alumni News we are able to keep in touch with one another.

At present I am stationed on the east coast in an Artillery training camp. I am on the staff of instructors and am enjoying my work. Our camp is quite a good size but I am afraid I am not allowed to go into greater detail.

A few months ago I had an interesting trip through Nova Scotia and saw for myself many of the places Professor Klinck told us about in his Canadian Literature lectures. Also I have no doubt seen many places in Halifax which are near and dear to Professor Hirtle's heart. I am sure if I were to talk to him now I would enjoy his stories of Halifax and vicinity much more than I did in the past."



## C. D. McIntosh Presumed Dead

WO. Charles David McIntosh, son of Mrs. Mary McIntosh, 393 Queen Street South, and the late Col. D. Graham McIntosh, who was reported missing July 31, 1943, may now be presumed dead, according to a recent communication from Ottawa.

By reason of the fact that he was shot down near France, however, his family have reason to hope the 20-year-old pilot is still alive. If such is the case, they are prepared to wait until the end of the war for confirmation.

WO. McIntosh was returning from operations over Germany, when part of his squadron became detached. Anti-aircraft fire brought down the Kitchener airman's plane, and since that time no word has been received of the landing.

A flight-sergeant at the time of the mishap, the young airman has been promoted to the rank of warrant officer, his mother has been informed.

WO. McIntosh is a graduate of St. Andrew's College at Aurora, and at the time of enlistment was attending Waterloo College.

## Athy Holds Public Speaking Contest

For the closing event of the year, the Athy held the annual Public Speaking Contest, the night of Tuesday, April 4. Parents and friends were invited to the contest, and we were very glad to see so many of them come out. We were privileged to have Mr. J. C. Walsh, B.Paed, Mrs. F. Keith Staebler, B.A., and Mr. K. S. Rabb, B.A. as judges. Janet Lang acted as chairman, and she opened the contest by introducing the first speaker, Earl Haase. He delivered a brilliant speech on "The Post-War World." Jean Thompson, the second speaker, spoke on "The Big Three," and it too, was as topical as it was interesting. And then Alex Orzy completed the first half of the program with his "Sleep."

Professor Klinck came forward at this point to present the public speaking awards of last year. The first prize of \$5 and a gold medal was presented to Roy Grosz, and the second prize, a silver medal, to the president herself, Janet Lang.

Harold Brose, president of the Athletic Association then comically searched a large blue box for two beautiful silver cups that were to be presented to the winners of the Field and Track Meet held last autumn at Waterloo Park, by the students of Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ont." After informing us that he was not one of the public speakers, he called upon Professor Hirtle, the faculty adviser, to present the first prize to Art Conrad,

who received 49 out of a possible 60 points, and the second to Doris Smith, who won 24 out of 35 points. Then he announced the winners of the second prizes, Eric Reble, and Joan Walsh and Joye Waldschmidt, who tied. These are to receive a gold medal perhaps six months hence! The third prize winners, Sergeant Haller, and Audrey Brock, Eileen Scott and Joyce Powell, who also tied, are to receive a silver medal.

The second half of the contest was then taken up by Marg Armstrong who, with splendid command of her subject, spoke on "Joseph Stalin." Art Conrad then delivered a very fine speech on "Lest We Forget." The judges complimented Audrey Brock, the final contestant, upon her informality in "Fashions and Celebrities."

While waiting for the decision of the judges, the president conducted the business meeting. The officers for the autumn of 1944 were elected—Professor Evans will be the faculty adviser, Roy Grosz, the honorary president, Elaine D. Smith, the president, Ernie Brose, the vice-president, and Frank Keating, breaking a tie with Doris Smith, the secretary-treasurer. Next, Mary Shupe, the present secretary-treasurer, gave the reports of both secretary and treasurer, and met with the approval of all.

Ernie then began a sing-song until Mr. Walsh came forth to announce the judges' decision. After some complimentary remarks both to the students and the six contestants, he announced that Earl Haase had been chosen as the winner of the first prize, and Marg Armstrong, the winner of the second prize. Congratulations again! It is certainly a great honour to win a Public Speaking Contest—not to mention those lovely medals donated by the Rotary Club!

Janet then closed the meeting with an invitation to lunch, in spite of Alex' remarks that eating hinders sleeping—the most delicious lunch of the whole year—sandwiches, cookies, ice cream, and chocolate milk, cold or hot! Thanks to the lunch committee: Doris Smith, Gert Mosig, Carson Bock, and Chuck Hagen.

It was certainly a splendid way to close the year's Athy programs—education, inspiration, and entertainment, all in one!

E. D. S.

## WATERLOO COLLEGE CLASS OF '44 Cordially Invites You to Attend Its GRADUATION DANCE

To be held at the  
SUMMER GARDENS  
Tuesday, May 16, 1944  
"Frank Foster and His Orchestra"  
ADMISSION BY INVITATION ONLY  
DRESS OPTIONAL



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, Mary Shupe

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

## EDITORIAL

This is the last issue of the Cord until next semester, and our very last issue. We pass on to the junior ed the worries and unexpected joys of being editor-in-chief, and hope he does a better job than we did. We no longer have to moan for copy, hunt delinquent columnists out of the recesses of the libraries, enough copy to fill that last 2 inches of space. We can forget about or hide in dark corners in order to pounce on them, unawares, as they travel to and from classes, in a vain attempt to extract printers' errors and the gosh-awful mix-ups that result from them, to say nothing of the protesting letters that turn up to haunt us.

We bequeath the razor blade, scissors (if we can find 'em), the mucilage (snatched from the circulation editor), the leftover copies (which Nick has already hidden), which we use to paste the dummy on, the odd snips of paper we use for headlines, and the copies of other college papers that occasionally come to us—all these go to the junior ed. While he comes up from beneath that snow storm, we'll grab our crown of burdocks and retire discreetly from the precincts of the College and the pages of the Cord.

M. A. J.

. . .

Well finally we have attained the goal for which we have been striving for the whole year, the last Cord. This year has been a very agreeable one for all who are associated with the paper, although the ups and downs were not lacking.

First we had trouble convincing the freshmen, as well as the other students, that this paper is for everyone, that the editors are not supposed to write everything, that poems, stories and articles may be handed in and accepted. About the middle of the second semester a few contributions were forthcoming but they were trivial in proportion to the talent which we feel is latent about the halls. So our first resolution for next year is to get everyone to contribute right from the beginning of the semester.

Secondly, we ran into trouble with the W.P.T.B. concerning the amount of paper we might use, and advertising. Well, owing to the toils of our business management that difficulty was eliminated, resulting only in retarding the second semester issues.

Thirdly, the time in which to assemble the last two Cords has been dreadfully short necessitating angry threats and caustic come-backs between the editors and the contributors.

But now we will close the year with a challenge for the coming year: Bigger and better Cords, but if we can't have quality, at least let's have quantity, as Marg won't be here to fill the spaces with her Waterloonacy remarks, a column which has never ceased to give enjoyment to the readers.

We are sorry that you must leave us and drop your duties as editor-in-chief, but we know that you will always be interested in the Cord and its executors. Good luck, Marg, on behalf of the whole college.

Au revoir till September.

C. A. H.

## University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

### Faculties

Faculty of Arts    Faculty of Medicine

Faculty of Public Health

### Affiliated Colleges

Huron College  
Assumption College  
Ursuline CollegeWaterloo College  
Alma College (Junior College)  
St. Peter's Seminary

Western Ontario Conservatory of Music

The University was founded in 1878 and is coeducational.

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

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

The University may grant degrees in any department of learning.

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

The University conducts a summer school for the benefit of teachers who wish to widen their knowledge and for students who may wish to devote extra time to special subjects. Many students scattered over the province are taking courses extramurally, that is, by correspondence. The Extension Department offers systematic courses in a wide range of subjects, while lecturers go to various towns to meet classes each week. In addition, topical and other lectures are given by University professors to special groups organized for the purpose.

The 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.**



## Art For Art's Sake

It is not yet two o'clock. In a few minutes, the great doors of the Art Gallery will open and this crowd that has collected on the steps will surge in to see the famous exhibit. I am surprised at first that so many people of such various types and ages should be art lovers, like Stephanie and myself, until my natural scepticism suggests that this is a Sunday afternoon; there is probably no other form of entertainment, the weather is wet and inclement; people are inclined to be curious and the exhibit is free. Stephanie whispers in my ear that she is positive the fellow at the foot of the stairs is an artist. I look at him. If an artist is unkept, wild-eyed, with baggy clothes and a three-day's growth of beard, this is undoubtedly one, but—

The doors are opened by a uniformed guard and we find ourselves swept into the first room of pictures. At once, I am tremendously struck by the great age of these pictures and as I stand rapt, a foot from Rembrandt's *Philosopher*, the thought suddenly overwhelms me that this is the very canvas over which Rembrandt's hand once moved. I like the keen yet dreamy look of the eyes.

People, all sorts of them, are moving at different rates around the rooms, standing back to judge, moving forward to examine and all discussing in fairly subdued tones.

I am amazed and envious at the tremendous flow of biographical and critical knowledge which Stephanie is authoritatively pouring out about each artist and picture until I remember that she saw the exhibit last week and I open my program to find practically the same words as she is using, neatly printed therein.

Now Stephanie is pointing out the waves in the virgin's hair in *Rest on the Flight from Egypt*—and the guard comes to tell us not to touch the pictures.

An hour has gone by and it seems only a few minutes. One lady, at least, has let the imperious call of tired foot muscles triumph over the call to aesthetic appreciation and she sits on a chair in the middle of the room seeing nothing but milling people. But we are not tired and we go on.

We have reached the more modern paintings now and our judgments go all awry. By what stand-

ards does one judge. How does one appreciate a canvas composed of an orange wash on one half, a blue wash on the other and something small and vaguely like a bucking bronco in the middle, all of which taken together, Turner has entitled *The Rape of Europa*? Who knew that Chagall's *Wedding* (with its scribbly figures and poorly drawn blue angel) was art and worth hanging here? I have seen more coherent, neater and more meaningful drawings done by school children of eight. Stephanie and I are discouraged. We do not understand this "art."

I am standing close to Soutine's *Greolieres*. It is a vivid splash and swirl of colours with no form. It is said to express the artist's "fiery emotional reaction" and I suppose it does. I tell Stephanie that I am going to stand back farther in order to see what it is all about, but a young lieutenant behind us remarks sadly, "Don't bother, it doesn't make any difference."

We go over to see Picasso's *Three Musicians*. It is a huge canvas. The program says something about its "superb decorative beauty" and "mysterious majesty." Indubitably it is mysterious — wild colours, straight lines, triangles, the vaguest suggestion of instruments—"the climax of his synthetic cubism in its rectilinear phase." I am at a complete loss for words until a little girl beside us on hearing the title of the picture voices my unformed thought, "But Mother, where are the three musicians?"

We flee the room, the Seated Acrobat with the razor-edged knees and all the other phenomena and feast our eyes on the lovely intricately-beautiful picture of *The Graham Children*, by Holgarth, on Frans Hal's *Portrait of a Man Seated*, Vermeer's *Milkmaid*. We have reached Titian's *Man Holding a Flute* when two intent little boys come along. They are neat, in gray wool suits, and white collars. Both wear glasses and examine each picture slowly and carefully. Having contemplated *Man Holding a Flute* for some time, one little boy remarks to the other in well-modulated, precise tones, "You know, that is probably one of Titian's greatest paintings." They pass on and I recover from my surprise, feeling that there is some hope for mankind yet if culture starts so early to take effect and in boys, at that, who, with a few brilliant exceptions are invariably aesthetically dormant.

A tall, lanky young man with the traditional long hair is explaining to a pretty girl at his side how Corot's style changed from deliberate clear-cut bright canvases to his famous vague, misty, dreamy landscapes but we cannot stop to listen to all he says. We must go. We leave reluctantly, feeling indefinitely elated and as if we had lived through many centuries.

M. C. S.

## Retrospect

Just now we are all gyrating in an orgy of last-minute rushing. Some of us are hoping that this mad endeavour will culminate in the laurels of graduation, and, while we have very little time to stop and reminisce, we cannot help realizing that our days at Waterloo are almost over. This has been, for some of us at least, our whole life for the last three or four years, and the process of tearing up our roots and transplanting ourselves to an alien soil is not an easy one. Now that we are about to leave, all the old familiar things — the lecture rooms with their uncomfortable chairs, the gym, the library, scene of so many riotous talk-fests, the chapel, the common rooms — take on a new meaning for us.

We leave you with reluctance too, our fellow-students, hoping that the friendships we have formed with you will continue. We wish you success, and as much happiness as we have had in our undergraduate years.

As we look back over our days at Waterloo, we find ourselves possessed of a growing appreciation and affection for something which from the first we have taken for granted — that necessary institution, the Faculty. They have given us of their best, and we realize now that we owe them much. We shall never forget them. . . . Professor Rikard going around corners on two wheels, his arms full of books. . . . Professor Hirtle's stories and the kindly humour shining in his eyes behind their thick spectacles. . . . Miss MacLaren, wise and smiling and sweet, with a determined Scotch gleam in her eye as she sets the deadline for a history essay. . . . Dr. Schorten, our benevolent "Vater," shaking his finger at an erring boarder. . . . Professor Evans, with his boundless fund of knowledge, striding along the street with his brief case and pipe. . . . Dr. Jefferis' voice ringing out in sudden eloquence, with his rare wit and charm. . . . Professor McIvor doing amazing things with figures and guns. . . . Dr. Klinck always in a hurry, his academic gown billowing out behind him, very ably filling the position of dean and professor and friend of us all.

These years we have spent at Waterloo, the friendships we have made, the things we have learned, will never be lost to us. Our College has left with us something that is permanent and enriching, for which we will always be grateful. "We will always hold thy name in reverence, Waterloo."

And in the meantime, we are going to roll up our sleeves and lead with our left right into the weak spot of those examinations. Wish us luck!

A. M. H.

## April 5:00 P.M.

APRIL, 5:00 P.M.

Pink clouds,  
Black clouds —  
Sun,  
Rain;  
Rain  
In long  
Leaden darts;  
A white  
Gull against  
A gunmetal  
Gray sky;  
Reddened  
Tree-buds,  
Boys  
With marbles;  
Sun —  
Black clouds,  
Pink clouds —  
Rain  
In long  
Leaden darts;  
Sunshine.

M. L. A.

## Where Are You?

"Where are you?"  
I call; unto the swaying fields  
Of worldly, laughing grain;  
Unto the careless, mocking clouds  
That race and tumble through the  
skies;  
Unto the cool, indifferent elm  
That towers proudly in God's  
Heaven;  
They do not answer!  
"Where are you?"  
I cry; unto the dirt and stones  
That are a new made grave;  
Unto the cold, grey marble  
That bears your dear, live name;  
Unto the pictures, letters, keep-  
sakes  
That your giving blessed:  
They do not answer!  
"Where are you?"  
I sob, unto my heart  
There lies my answer  
Safely hidden from the cruel, kind  
questions  
Of an inquiring and suspicious  
world  
I'll keep you, secret;  
But you and I will know  
That you are with me, always.

A. M. H.

**WHITE STAR**  
**Barber Shop**  
E. MARTZ, Prop.  
Courteous Service — Sanitary  
Methods  
Opp. Post Office, Waterloo

Use  
**Kitchener Tri-Pure Ice**  
Owned and operated by  
**Limited**  
**Blue Top Brewing Co.**





# College Status



Young Bridgeport lets loose at noon hour. Adorned with Army's Revlon super-red, he really looked devastating. Why there stood Shupe ship-shape as usual, and she just couldn't withstand the temptation. Result—a big red gooey blotch smack in the centre of her forehead. Of course, Mary was speechless for some little time. (This is getting like Ripley's column, isn't it?) All she could say after 5 minutes or so was—Gastmeier, I'm disappointed, you're too tall! And all the while poor Jimmy just looks on with that hungry wolfish look in his eye, wishing he had thought of it first. (And maybe he wasn't the only one.) Even Alfred J. Stenk came in for his share and how he loved it. Maybe he explained the lipstick on his battledress tunic, but we doubt his mother will believe him this time.

He: When will the alphabet have 25 letters?

She: I don't know. When will the alphabet have 25 letters, dear?

He: When "U" and "I" are one!

First Old Maid: Have a cigarette, dear!

Second Old Maid: Why, I'd rather kiss the first man who comes along!

First Old Maid: So would I, but let's have one anyway while we are waiting for one to come along.

Reuben certainly met his Waterloo in such names as "June, Roosters and Library Science"—but he came out way on top—lots and lots of luck in the future Rhody—especially if you choose the navy blue!!!

Our good-looking "once upon a time corporal" is leaving too—a full-fledged Seminarian. Congratulations Henry!

Then there's our lad from south of the border—Johnny Canuck seems to have taken him over as we hear he has a parish in our fair country—great stuff Elberhardt.

In a short time the boys will be at camp. . . . That's when love becomes platonic, it appears . . . and that's not a misprint either. . . . For example, it really looked bad last year when one day several fellows got a letter from the same source. Let that be a lesson to you, girls. Your own addresses on the envelopes give you away.

## ALAS!

She's never had a Soldier hold her in his arms

She's never had a Sailor rave about her charms

An Airman had never wooed her and the reason—simply this

She was too young for the last war And she's too old for this.

## POST.

Audrey Brockbone of the armed forces, is having a birthday in May and we hear we're all invited.

Tom and Kattie have been hitting it off lately and we are looking for more progress next year.

Our other Audrey is still partial to navy blue—we think . . . well, blue anyway! There's something about a sailor—especially if he has blue eyes and blonde hair . . . but on the other hand there's something about a dark airman . . . particularly if he is wing . . . ing her way.

Eberhart: You know, Ernie, it says here that "kisses are the language of love."

Baby Brose: Well, in that case some people talk a lot, don't they?

It has come to our notice that "the Corporal Dark" has been spending more than the odd weekend in Toronto . . . could it be that the Quack situation isn't so rosy . . . Rex?

"Do Angels have wings, Mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Can they fly?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then when is the nurse going to fly? I heard Daddy call her Angel yesterday."

"Tomorrow, dear."

Loads of luck to our new Athy executive—here's to bigger and better parties!!!

At the last moment we have remembered two others whom we have omitted, our two Roys, Gross and Koch. Although the former is leaving the college he will still be in the seminary for a few more years. The chief common-room debater, Koch, is going to leave us to devote most of his time to his wife and son, whom he is preparing for a course here. Good luck!

## GEE IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU!!

Everything was fun . . . the wiener roast and the sleighrides . . . the field day . . . teas . . . jiggin' in the gym and the waltzing at the S. Gardens . . . even getting up for early classes just to be surrounded by you smoo—oothies. Yep! it's been plenty good. And now you're being graduated. . . . Well, hoo-ray! Had to keep our fingers crossed for some of you. . . . Certainly glad you made the grade. . . . It's time for you to go lads, 'cause the world needs you. Congratulations on graduation, and this proud feeling is overwhelming. But it's a parting of the ways, mes amis, so, not meaning to do a "Hearts and Flowers," may we say, in a small voice, we're kinda cryin' inside. . . .

We propose a few cheers: First of all — there's our editor, who made a darn good job of it — loads of luck in the big, bad world, Marg, and don't forget to leave Charlie your rabbit's foot. . . . And for Mrs. Class whose cooking was a la yum. . . . And for the charming ladies who asked us to tea. . . . And Nick who kept the lads entertained with his latest, and everything shining . . . (even the gals' room.)

And we are going to miss Zimmie's ties — wonder if the Boarding Club can't persuade him to leave a couple "flying" as "bait" for prospective Freshettes. Perhaps he'll wear them in the Sem. too!

We think Daddy Brose a great organizer (even if his statistics aren't so hot) and heaven knows there is a terrific need for men like Huck in our twentieth century. . . . Taking time out to dream, we suggest that perhaps one day he will influence and rule the destiny of nations — and why not? . . . as a graduate of Waterloo College!!!

Alice Hedderick will be a great loss—especially to her English profs—loads of luck in the literary world—and don't forget to tell them you came from Waterloo College.

And then there is "the unconquerable King"—for who can say of him—Veni-vidi-vici?—and perhaps he is a bit paradoxical at that, for he revels in long walks . . . rippling brooks . . . full moons. We're going to miss you Mel.

## The Dominion Life Assurance Company

Head Office — Waterloo, Ont.

LIFE INSURANCE and ANNUITIES

EARL PUTNAM  
And Associates  
HOME OFFICE AGENCY

## Bedford Drug Store

First Aid Supplies  
Light Lunches

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

For Good Value in Men's Clothes come to

## Geo. Hoelscher

65 King St. East Kitchener

Above Ellis Hosiery Shop.

## W. H. E. Schmalz ARCHITECT

129 King Street West

KITCHENER

Dial 2-4134

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

## The William Hogg Coal Co. Ltd.

Established Over 40 Years

KITCHENER — WATERLOO  
GALT

## FRANK'S Jewellery Store

Waterloo

Dial 7-7574



**ONTARIO OFFICE OUTFITTERS LIMITED**  
 Phones: Two Lines 6-6484 — 6-6485  
 Complete Office Equipment  
 58-60 Queen Street South, Kitchener

Choose  
 Spode English China  
 at  
**SMUCK'S**  
**Gift and China Shop**  
 Kitchener

**J. C. Jaimet & Co. Ltd.**  
 Books, Stationery,  
 Office Supplies, Kodaks & Films.  
 KITCHENER PHONE 2-4409

**WEBER HARDWARE**

**Wholesale — Retail**

KITCHENER, ONT.

You Can't be Optimistic with Misty Optics



**Gordons**  
 GOOD GLASSES  
*They Satisfy*  
 48 Ontario St. S. Kitchener ★ 2-4237

**AGNEW-SURPASS**  
 Canada's LARGEST Shoe Retailers  
**SHOE STORES LIMITED**

**COME AND DANCE**

to the

*Land's Best Bands*

at

**THE SUMMER GARDENS**

QUEEN STREET SOUTH

KITCHENER

## La Flamme vs. Stenk

Nov. 23rd. 8:30 p.m. Waterloo College — and Alf!

Introduced by Marvin Mickus

The Frosh presented their play "He Said No." A hilarious farce, it was a neat combination of a mock trial and a mock college scene (concerning a popular Romeo who deserted more than one Juliet at the altar!)

Chief Justice Sam Van Every in his long white curls and black gown presided, his assistant clerk, Albert Hoffman, on his right. Alex Orzy pleaded the cause of Miss "Army" LaFlamme, the last of Alf's deserted admirers, for \$10,000 in fiduciary rency, or for Alf (Haase). On the other hand, Carson Bock took up Alf's cause—and all the while little currency, or for Alf (Haase). On the the show by continually interrupting with her mopping and dusting.

The first witness on the stand was Maizie (Scotty) Doats. She was fired with questions—Your name! When did you last see the defendant? (Soph sleigh-riding party). Who was on it—besides Keating, I mean? And so on until Alf's faithlessness was discovered.

Poil Moiphy Thomson was employed in the beverage room on Thoity Thoid Street. Beside the fact that King and Stinkler were her best customers, she too was deserted by the inebriated Alf.

Jemima Hagstone, in the person of Liela Bier, was first connected with the defendant when she wrote

to the Cord Column a la Alf but the outcome was favourable for she claimed "I got my man." (It wasn't Alf though).

Well, just about then, from way down in Miami Beach came Audrey Krug Vanderbilt, and under the blue sky, the golden sand and that Miami moon, she too had succumbed to Alf's charms.

Josette Smith, the French chicollet girl (as in French 20!) worked at the Summer Gardens and it was difficult to drag her away for the trial because of all the college wolves down there. But she came and SHE TOO had been deceived by Alf!

Even Mrs. Stenk, K. Lippert, Alf's mother, confessed that Alf had been behaving badly, and especially under the terrible influence of Waterloo College and Ruben Rody! Why she even used to discover lipstick on his collars just like Jack Zimmerman's!

Rev. F. Uffelman Erberharb was Alf's minister and he declared that Alf was a fine upright lad and attended church regularly every week with Arthur Conrad and Catherine Little, but then Madeleine La-Flamme came to the witness box and spoiled things again. As exhibit "A" a letter written by the accused was read. Miss LaFlamme first met Alf at Mont Tremblant where it seems a Joye Waldschmidt and Paul someone and Eric Reble and a blonde one week and a brunette the next were tearing around too.

And finally, poor Alf was forced to marry Miss LaFlamme (mainly because he hadn't \$10,000 in fiduciary currency) But alas! Madeleine was foiled again for his wife Gert-rude, a rolling pin a la main, two children, Mildred and Joyce interrupted the happy ceremony and the play ended with "He's Going Back to Where He Came From" sung by the cast and accompanied by Ernie at the piano and so our charming president thanked the cast for their most entertaining performance.

Following Roy Groz's notice concerning the services at the Freeport Sanatorium by Earl Haase, Douglas Haller and Jack Zimmerman, lunch was announced. Ice cream bars, pineapple cake and cokes were served and the committee (Brose senior, Zollner, Haller and Smith Inc.) wish to apologize for the shortage of ice cream bars, but honestly, we didn't expect that many! And besides, wartime restrictions, you know!! But perhaps you may have two next time.

The party closed with another rousing sing-song with Ernie at the piano. We had the pleasure of solos by Army, Minke, King, Gert and Marsh and Herb and then we all joined in. It was a wonderful evening, and to the Frosh, we say again, "Thank you."

E. D. S.

Carson: Oh, Doris, je t'adore!

Doris: Shut it yourself — you opened it.

Yes—dat's de French 20.

**KITCHENER COAL COMPANY**

DIAL 6-6372

"OUR COAL MAKES WARM FRIENDS"

**ERNST'S**

"Where the Good Clothes Come From"

Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes  
 46 King St. E. Kitchener

**JANSEN**

OPTOMETRIST

Dial Phone 2-2715  
 10 Frederick St. Kitchener  
 See Jansen Today—  
 See Better Tomorrow.

"Such Smart Things

Coats, Dresses  
 Sportswear Accessories

*Norman Gowdy*

KITCHENER

**The Rexall Store**

Dial 2-2893 Waterloo, Ont.  
 A. G. HAEHNEL

**Richard Braunlich**

Merchant Tailor

High Class Tailoring and Repairs  
 Gents' Furnishings  
 9 KING ST. N., WATERLOO  
 Dial 5-5213

**LEONARD KLOPP**

Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS

Dial 8-8546 2 King St. South  
 WATERLOO



## C.O.T.C. NEWS

LAC. Bob Sauder dropped into the school recently on a brief visit wearing a big smile and a heavy beard on top of his head. He has been enjoying a furlough and will proceed to Camp Borden S.F.T.S. where he will train as a fighter pilot.

Lieut. Bill Schlegel was also around during a weekend leave from Ipperwash Training Centre. He has returned from a six-week sojourn in the wild west where he took a course in chemical warfare. Bill is an infantry officer and seems to thrive on it. He looks disgustingly fit.

Lieut. Bill Armstrong arrived back in England on Feb. 2. Bill took part in the invasion and capture of Sicily and spent considerable time fighting in Italy with an armored corps unit. While in Italy he had a game of badminton with Lieut. Norbert Jeffers, a Waterloo College grad of some years ago; a few days later Jeffers was killed in action.

Bill also saw Lieut. Bill Artindale just before Christmas and they had a bull session about the old days before the war. The latest news reveals that "Army" is stationed in England near a couple of other Waterloo College buddies, Lieutenants Jack Koehler and Bob Menzies. He is enjoying a 16-day leave and on attending his first dance in eight months discovered he "wasn't hep to the jive any more." The Canadian Army does not consider this deficiency in his make-up as serious, however, and he will not likely find his name in the casualty list because of this brief dose of two-left-feetitis.

Cadet Doug. Haller has been promoted to platoon sergeant and will have charge of the Waterloo platoon at camp. The promotion didn't come as a great surprise (except possibly to Doug. himself), as he has been

both capable and conscientious since joining the unit in Sept. of 1942. He is to be congratulated on jumping from the ranks to a position of such great importance.

Of interest to no one save the two affected is the news that Corporals Brose H.H. and King M.A. have been confirmed in their corporalship. Although this confirmation has practically no spiritual value, it is nevertheless acceptable for it means a raise in pay. Whether it came as a result of the recent military exam, or in spite of it, is a question which the Cpls. will not investigate too closely.

Arrangements for camp have been made and as far as the Waterloo boys are concerned the set-up will be much the same as last year. Once again we shall be quartered in the Administration Building of the University of Western Ontario, with its steam heating, electric lights and running water, both hot and cold. The horrors connected with Thames Valley are by this time mere legend. Straw ticks that billowed where they should have yielded and vice versa; raw red meat which kicked gravy over you if you were rash enough to stick a fork in it; the 5:30 reveille which somehow pierced the heavy morning mists and started everyone what the (deleted)ing and wondering if this weren't some 11.00 p.m. gag; these are just memories of a barbaric era to us old sojers of 3 and 4 years' campaigning.

I can recall being promoted to the rank of Acting Lance Corporal (without pay) and hence in charge of my tent (6 men, their beds and their equipment crammed together on a circular floor 12 feet in diameter). The promotion meant that if the tent's washbasin were stolen I would have to (a) pay for it (b) steal one from another tent. On the second day the basin disappeared. I held a brief huddle in which my men swore undying loyalty to me. So thoroughgoing were they that the tent had from two to five of the treasured basins for the remainder of the camping period. This service was the more significant in that none of us could figure out any practical use for the pesky thngs. However they did make me grateful to those sterling men of my first command whose loyalty and zeal I shall ever cherish.

At this point the Junior Editor reminds me a little uneasily that two columns will be really quite enough. I am, of course, cut to the quick. Being a graduating student I have several sentimental reminiscences on life in the O.T.C., and all designed to bring a lump to the throat and a tear to the eye. But the world of journalism is hard and cold, I must swallow the l in the t, I must wipe

away the t in the e, I must suppress my tender emotions, I must be content to be a mere hack-writer.

And so the Waterloo contingent will form one platoon which will embus for camp on April 30. We will form one platoon in C Company. Major Inman will be Company Commander while Lt. McIvor and Sgt. Haller will be in charge of our platoon. If the beds are as soft and the food as good as last year, and if the assault course has been blasted to bits by lightning or eaten by army worms, then our stay at camp should be a very pleasant one.

### What Could Be Verse?

Martial had a stab at it,  
Melpomene was at his side,  
If I try to make my stab  
It will be naught but suicide.  
Greek and Latin are lovely things  
Their joy goes on forever,  
We gladly take them year by year,  
But will we learn them? Never!  
"Of heady murder, spoil and  
villainy"  
Spoke Avon's great king of

grammar.

Today, exposed to culture's golden touch,

One speaks of Hedy Lamarr.

"My Last Duchess" wrote Bob Browning.

Of all women she was the worst,  
Last duchesses are rare today,  
Indeed, it's hard to find a first!

. . .

His banner floating in the breeze,  
The postie comes across the grass,  
Attempting to quell a sneeze.

He opens the door of the college side,  
Taking his life in his hand,  
As he ventures to step inside.

The yowls from the gym below  
Warn the venturesome civie  
He dies, if he moves too slow.

The remains of a volleyball fly  
thru' the air  
While Gus lipsticks Mary's hair  
At the behest of Hagen — our fairy.

And the postie wonders again,  
As he flees this hall of fame,  
At the devilish interior,  
Belied by the calm exterior,  
Of the Lutheran College and Sem.

"CORD-IALLY"

Yours

**DOON TWINES LIMITED**

KITCHENER, ONT.

## Waterloo College



Affiliated Since 1925 With  
University of Western Ontario

### OFFERS

The General Arts Course  
earning the Pass B.A. Degree

and

Honour Course earning the  
Honour B.A. and Specialists'  
Standing

A good education at the most nominal financial cost

For Calendar and other information address the Registrar

**Theological Courses For Divinity Students**

### MacIntosh Cleaners LIMITED

"The Sanitone Cleaners"  
130 Victoria St. South, Kitchener  
Phone 2-4461

### THE WATERLOO MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE  
COMPANY

— Established 1863 —

ASSETS OVER  
\$2,000,000.00

INSURANCE IN FORCE  
\$85,000,000.00

Head Office — Waterloo, Ont.



# - WATERLOONACY -

We were discussing the brain capacity of men and apes.

Paul: Well, I don't see why man should have so much brain capacity for we don't use much of our brains.

Prof. Hirtle: No. That's true.

. . .

Doris got a letter from Carson one Monday morning and one of the girls asked her why.

Doris: Well, you see, we don't get together very much.

. . . Oh, brother! . . .

. . .

Elaine: Mel, have you got "A Woman Killed With Kindness?"

. . .

Professor Evans (to Jean the other day when she was reading French): "Miss Schweigert, will you lift your head so I can see what you're saying."

. . .

The remark was made that Joye was like a mast.

Charlie: You know a Sehl is better than a mist.

Joye: Oh Hagen, quit Rebling it in.

. . .

Eric: What is love?

Wilf.: Do you want a concrete example?

Eric: Well, we don't want a demonstration.

Wilf.: Go on, you like proximity too.

. . .

Joye (at dinnertable): Gee, I can't understand why I'm so happy today. I'm usually a little morbid just before exams.

Mary S.: Did you say morbid, or moron?

## DOERSAM'S BOOK STORE

Headquarters for School Supplies  
Waterloo — Dial 5-5964

## WESTSIDE DAIRY

HIGH TEST  
DAIRY PRODUCTS

305 Park St

Dial 2-2552

### PHILOSOPHY 30

Joye: Paul, are you a dualist?

Paul: No, I'm a contortionist. I'm all twisted up.

. . .

Marg.: Where is Charlie?

Eric: Under the table.

Marg.: Kind of tight fit, isn't it?

Eric: Well, if he's under the table, he must be tight.

Joye: I want to be a writer when I grow up.

Helen: You can write my biography.

Joye: I can just see it now, big signs "On Sehl."

### PHYSICAL SCIENCE

Hirtle: Haley's comet is coming in the 1980's.

Bock: Well, I'll be getting my B.A. then.

Chuck: Rutschen, isn't that a nice word? It's a corruption of Pennsylvania Dutch.

Joye: Which is a corruption of German, which is a corruption.

Joye: Paul, you look divine.

Paul: Yeah, Andy.

Here comes a little Easter Bunny,

Hop, Hop, Hop,

See his little ears wiggle,

Flop, Flop, Flop,

He is bringing eggs with him,

Drop, Drop, Drop,

Gee, I want to eat some,

Slop, Slop, Slop.

E. J. W.

Anonymous.

Writ by hand (as any fool can plainly see), in my 20th year, in Eccies 20.

Chuck: Reble, I wouldn't trust you with anything, anywhere, not even in a revolving door.

Eric: Aw, heck. That's the only chance I get to go around with women.

In the library one day there was a discussion about what different authors thought of death.

Keating: Fitzgerald didn't think much of death. . . . Few people do.

Charlie came along one cold day, en route to a warmer class room, and stuck one hand into the girls' common room. "Ooh! My hand froze."

### GEOLOGY 20

Joye: This spring fever is getting me down.

Professor Hirtle: Why I thought you were in love all year round.

Van Every was driving to school — in an awful hurry. A policeman stopped him.

Tom: But officer, I'm on my way to Waterloo College.

Cop: Ignorance is no excuse!

## Athletic Meeting

The Athletic Directorate held its annual meeting on Thursday, April 6, 1944, from 4 to 5 o'clock. The meeting was well attended by some of the college's more athletic-minded people (that doesn't mean muscle-bound between the ears). The president, Harold Brose, in his casual method outlined the year's activities.

These included the field and track meet which was revived last fall and was such a great success. He also gave us an idea of how our athletic fee was spent—namely, buying baseball equipment, hockey equipment, archery, etc. And then there was the slash in the funds of the Athletic Directorate, imposed by one super-duper hockey and skating rink located on the spacious back campus.

Jean Kramp, secretary-treasurer of the directorate, and present P.T. instructor, then read the secretary's and treasurer's report. Jean Thompson then raised a minor fuss concerning the wire protectors around the lights in the gym. It seems that these hanging doo-jiggers hinder Jean's volleyball game. Several minutes were occupied deciding whether Tommie or Leila seconded a motion. Gert smiled and the president and the other two were left tearing each other's hair out.

After much bickering about the date of delivery, it was moved and passed that a new volleyball be bought (Herb, with a swing of his might right hand, splattered the old ball on the ceiling of the gym), also a volleyball net and a basketball.

Then came the election for next year's members of the Athletic Directorate. Representatives of the frosh, sophs and junior class were elected: Doris Smith, Helen Sehl, and Eric Reble, respectfully (yeah?)

Janet Lang moved a vote of thanks to Harold Brose for his wonderful work as president of the directorate. He really worked hard to get us that skating rink. Nice going, Huck.

"I move that the meeting be adjourned."

"I second the motion."

## Henderson's SUNRISE BREAD

Bread — Cakes — Pastry

Wm. Henderson & Sons

Dial 8-8552 — Waterloo

## Brock, Davis & Dunn

Chartered Accountants

Kitchener

Ontario

London

## Compliments

of

## The Waterloo Trust & Savings Co.

Waterloo Office

Compliments of

## Waterloo's 5c-\$1 Store

## Waterloo Coal

Company — Limited

Dial: Waterloo 2-4419

Kitchener 8-8743

"We appreciate your patronage"

## L. R. Detenbeck

MEN'S WEAR SHOP

34 King St. S.

Dial 4-4232

WATERLOO

## McPhail's

SKATES, SKIS and SPORTING  
EQUIPMENT

Cor. King and William Sts.  
Waterloo

Jean Schweigert: I've just been reading some of the most wonderful poetry!

Marg Armstrong: Oh, I prefer prose.

. . . Sure—we know—she's ERNEST about it, too.

. . .

Helen: Have you heard Bill's new nick-name? "Take a chance with Shantz" (that last "a" as in Hada-gal).

## The Quiz Kids

It's spring, that is if you have imagination and look at a calendar rather than out a window (or look at Carson and Doris.) And then, of course, everybody is singing "It's Love, Love, Love." Which brings us to the topic of our discussion. What is love? Come with us and see what the inhabitants of Waterloo College think about it.

Alf Schenk disgustingly states, "It's that silly thing that makes everyone act so queer around here." Chuck was asked as he was puffing along on a route march (they should do something about those rifles) and he said, "It's what, in spring, a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of, except at Waterloo College." (Does he mean up here it does all the time?)

We found Marg and Ernie cozily occupying one corner of the library. When we asked them what love was, Ernie said, "It's not here," but Marg put in "It's what makes someone like a person with a crooked nose and ragged ears." We don't think the remark is personal, Junior. Amy also thinks it's the stuff that makes the world go round.

Mel King, after giving us his personal views on the subject (too much to relate here) referred us to the poem by Sir Walter Raleigh in "Early Lyrics to Shakespeare," page 158. Mel seems to be taking his English quite seriously this year.

Helen Sehl sings "Your heart goes bumpadeebump." (We should buy the song and see how they spell that) and Marvin Mickus says he doesn't know, he hasn't had any experience.

Minke laughed and said, "That's a good question. I have been trying to answer it for a long time." Dr. Schorten sadly shook his head but chuckled, with a twinkle in his eye, "You'll find out."

And herewith we present a short, short story. We found Carson down by the fountain trying to get some cold water and when we asked him about love he told us to ask Doris. So we rushed to find Doris to ask her what love was, and what do you think she said? "Go ask Carson."

Herbie says that Dr. Klinck is supposed to have said it is an itchy sensation around the heart that you

can't scratch. Is that right Professor Klinck? When Eberhardt and Winkler were confronted with the question they said, "We're laymen. Why ask us?"

We got a lot of "You should know," "I don't know," and "Oh, you're asking questions for the Cord" replies, but I think the kids were just being too modest.

This is the last Cord copy we have to hand in this school year of 43-44. (Who shouted hurrah?) It's been swell this year again at Waterloo College. We'll still be the "quiz kids" this summer in that we will be wondering how you're getting along as we think about you.

Hope we'll be seeing you.

We remain,

Joye and Eric, the Question Marks.

P.S.—Minke just handed us this for his answer:

### IN THE SHADOWS

There on the summit, beside the  
tow'ring walls of an old castle;  
With tall, lean trees nodding their  
approvals

In the pale moonlight,

There by the winding river, mur-  
m'ring soft on its glistening way:

Two eyes shone brightly, sparkling  
with joy,

Like the stars above;

Two lips surrendered, parted, and  
smiled

A youthful laugh of first young love.  
Then as we parted I knew it was  
an angel,

A heavenly sprite,

That I had met there on the hilltop  
and kissed

There in the shade.

W. M.

## S. L. E. Meeting

Amid sobs and speeches and more sobs, Room 317 was the scene of the last S.L.E. meeting on Thursday, April 6. It was one of those ghastly business meetings where everyone reads reports and no one listens and the president offers the floor to anyone but no one takes it.

However, seriously, we were all pretty pleased with ourselves because this year we really accomplished something, which our reports proved.

Mel, in his treasurer's report, showed that although we started with quite a treasury we paid some bills and, by the way, in case you didn't know it, paid for two pages in the Occidentalia and therefore ended with a neat balance of \$00.00. That shows that at least Mel was busy. Thanks, Mel, for the good work—you will get an orchid when we have money in the treasury again.

By the secretary's report it was shown that through our noble efforts, some privileges were given the students that had not been enjoyed in previous years. You're welcome.

Next year we hope that the S.L.E. will be even more prominent than it was this year. Some suggestions were given that were passed. They were:

(1) That the S.L.E. look after the grad dance hereafter so that the poor, cramming grads will not have to worry about dance arrangements plus their studies.

(2) Following from this came the motion that the S.L.E. fees be raised next year. So-o-o you will find a little raise in tuition when you talk to Dr. Creager next fall.

Then lastly came that tense moment — The new president was to be chosen. Our retiring pres. spoke a few (?) well-chosen words in which he passed the flaming torch to the next president and told him to hold it high.

I am glad to announce that Wilf McLeod will be our torch-bearer next year. (Have you noticed his hair has already turned red from the reflection?)

Congratulations, Wilf, from all of us, we know you are well suited for the position and you can certainly count on co-operation from everyone.

The S.L.E. wishes lots of luck to our graduating president and treasurer, Eldred Winkler and Mel King. Come back and see us when you have a chance.

Well, until next year 'bye everyone.  
E. J. W.

## At Graduation Time



An exchange of photographs with classmates creates bonds of friendship you will treasure through the years.



## THE BELAIR STUDIO

Dunker Building

Kitchener, Ont.

## An Easy Way To Save and Obtain Life Insurance Protection

Can you save ten cents a day? This is not a large amount and many of us spend several dimes each day in non-essentials.

If you can save this amount, ask a Mutual Life agent about the Dime-A-Day Bank which will help you save for a life insurance policy that will provide protection for your dependents and bring you a nice amount some day in the future.

## THE MUTUAL LIFE Assurance Company OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE Est. 1869 WATERLOO, ONT.

KITCHENER BRANCH OFFICE — 119 KING ST. W.