

THE COLLEGE CORD

VOL. 19 20

WATERLOO, ONT., OCTOBER, 1944

AN UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATION

NO. 1

New President Is Inaugurated

The fifth president of the Evangelical Lutheran Seminary of Canada and Waterloo College, Dr. H. T. Lehmann, Th. D., was formally installed in office on Wednesday evening, Oct. 4, 1944, at an inauguration ceremony held at St. John's Lutheran Church, Waterloo.



The ceremony was opened with an invocation by Rev. C. H. Whitteker, president of the Synod of Nova Scotia. The lessons were then read by Rev. Prof. C. H. Little and Rev. Prof. Harold S. Creager, both of our seminary. The Rev. N. J. Gould Wickey in his address stated that Christian teaching must show us the way to a better world of tomorrow. After being presented by the Rev. R. B. Geelhaar, secretary of the Board of Governors, Dr. Leh-

See "PRESIDENT" Page 4

Alumni News

Miss Anne Somerville, who attended Waterloo College in '42, has joined the Wrens. Last year, Anne attended University College at London. Best wishes in your new role, Anne.

Miss Conradine Schmitt and Miss Elsa Christiansen were students at the U. of W.O. Summer School, held this year at Trois Pistoles. Elsa was one of the few chosen to go with an Ontario Provincial Scholarship.

Claire McLeod, a former student at Waterloo, has been appointed inspector of schools in the Welland area.

It was with much regret that we learned of the death of Rev. A. Neudoerffer, D.D., a missionary in India. Rev. Neudoerffer was well known in the city, and his death was a great shock to many friends. A graduate of Wagner College and Philadelphia Seminary, he began his missionary work in 1905. Surviving, in addition to his wife, are

See "ALUMNI" Page 7

Dr. Jefferis Leaves W.C.

This September, students returning to Waterloo College were immediately aware of the fact that someone was missing, someone vital and important to the whole Waterloo atmosphere. That someone was Dr. J. D. Jefferis who had been appointed Professor of Education at his Alma Mater, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Quebec.

Dr. Jefferis started up the ladder of education at the celebrated Bluecoat School, Christ's Hospital. He came to Canada in 1923 and entered Bishop's University, graduating in 1927 with first-class honours in classics, receiving the Prince of Wales Gold Medal. At college, Dr. Jefferis was also an eager participant in athletics, drama and debating.

Upon his graduation he taught for three years in Montreal, meantime obtaining his Master of Arts degree from McGill University. In 1930 Dr. Jefferis taught in Toronto, continuing his post-graduate work there at the university. Then he moved to Queen's University, where

See "JEFFERIS" Page 8

W.C. Co-Eds Hold Banquet

Lighting up the Olde Mill Coffee Shoppe with their dazzling countenances, the girls of Waterloo College again attended the annual freshette banquet of 1944-45.

Gaily decorated tables and exquisite place cards, hand painted by Eileen Scott — she said — gave the room the Waterloo atmosphere. Any initiation pranks were forgotten by the freshettes when the tempting repast was placed before them. An attempt to go into the details of the meal would cause the reader to go to the nearest food counter shrieking for relief of hunger pangs (but we did notice Doris Smith enjoying double portions). Elaine Smith was perfectly enchanted with the Creole salad and would be glad to describe it to anyone caring for information.

Helen Sehl, following the dinner, introduced, literally everyone to everyone, including the professors' wives—which was particularly interesting to the new W.C. members. A toast to the freshettes was made by the charming Athanaeum president, Elaine Smith, who quoted Shakespeare — *We will our youth*

See "BANQUET" Page 4

Capt. A. E. Raymond Is Classics Head

Former lecturer in classics at the University of Western Ontario, Capt. A. E. Raymond, 29, has been appointed head of the department of classics at Waterloo College. Capt. Raymond succeeds Dr. J. D. Jefferis who has left for Bishop's University.

A brilliant student in the field of classics, Capt. Raymond matriculated at London Central Collegiate with a four-year university scholarship at the University of Western Ontario. He received his B.A. there in 1935 and was awarded the gold medal in Greek and Latin. He won his M.A. degree at the University of Toronto in 1936 and held university fellowships at the University of Chicago until 1938.

Awarded the Daniel Shorey Travelling Fellowship in Greek there, he spent six months in Europe, mostly in Greece.

On returning to Canada he lectured at the University of Alberta in 1939, and in 1940 at the U. of Western Ontario.

Enlisting in the army, he received his commission in December, 1940, and was appointed training officer on the administration and training staff of the contingent of the C.O.-T.C. at London. A capable officer he has become the commanding officer of the Waterloo College detachment.

At the present, Capt. Raymond is in residence at the college, as he has been unable to obtain quarters in Waterloo. When he does find a house he will bring his wife and two-year-old daughter here from London.



CAPT. A. E. RAYMOND

Class Night Is Huge Success

Awards! Awards! And more awards! The night of glory! Conducted by President Elaine Smith, the Athanaeum Society held its annual class night on Friday, Oct. 13.

Scholarships and prizes were presented to a large number of deserving students by Dr. A. Klinck, aided by Public School Inspector G. H. Dobrindt, representing the Waterloo Lions Club; Principal W. T. Ziegler of the K-W Collegiate, who came to award the Dominion - Provincial University Aid Scholarships; Mrs. W. Gillespie, representing the Women's Auxiliary of the college; Mrs. Walter Klinck, Synodical Women's Missionary Society; and Mrs. Floyd Bricker of the Queen Anne Chapter, I.O.D.E.

Matriculation scholarships were awarded as follows: Waterloo Lions' Club Scholarship, value \$175-\$200, Miss Darlene Duval; Waterloo Trust and Savings Scholarship, value \$175-\$200, Mr. Harry Weaver; Women's Auxiliary Scholarship, value \$175-\$200, Miss Florence Little; Dominion-Provincial University Student Aid Scholarships, value \$200 each, Miss Darlene Duval and Mr. Harry Weaver.

Matriculation bursaries as follows: Pres. Clausen Memorial Bursary, value \$175-\$200, Mr. Robert Rock; Women's Missionary Society Bursaries, value \$75 per year, Miss Bertha Becker, Miss Selma Lemp;

See "CLASS NIGHT," Page 5

First Athy Is Scene of Initiation

To the chagrin of the Frosh class and the joy of the Sophs, Juniors and Seniors, the 1944-45 year got off to a flying start with the first Athanaeum meeting.

The meaning of those baleful leers directed at the Frosh class in the halls was made quite clear when Elaine Smith and Frank Keating adjourned the business meeting to allow Jean Thompson and Alec Orzy to take over. Jean, with a cunning but mischievous grin, and Alec, with a downright malicious slit across his face, did "take over."

Sweet little ditties were rendered and recitations were "recited" by members of the "initiatees" — under force. Sheila Lang, with a fond glance at her third, left, entertained

See "ANTHENAUM" Page 4

Founded 1926

THE COLLEGE CORD

Editor-in-Chief Charles A. Hagen
 Junior Editor Harry D. Weaver
 Literary Editor Elaine D. Smith
 College Static Janet Lang and Bob Dier
 C.O.T.C. Notes Ward Kaiser
 Social Events Margaret Fackoury

Alumni Notes Ernie Brose
 Faculty Adviser Professor R. C. McIvor
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 Business Managers Frank Keating, Marion Hollinger
 Sem Notes Roy Grosz
 Circulation Helen Sehl, Eric Reble

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

EDITORIAL

Greetings, ye honourable readers of the College Cord!

We are speaking to you as the editor-in-chief this year, an imposing title for a bewildered little past junior editor. Miss Jacobi by now has all our admiration for her able management of the office for the last two years. We'll wager she is laughing up her sleeve as she thinks of yours truly sweating blood.

Although we realize that the late appearance of the first copy of the Cord is inexcusable, yet we are venturing to set forth excuses, or at least alibis. In the first place, as you may know, our lectures started late this year. Then there was a strenuous week of initiation which diverted the minds and activities of all. Next, classes were cancelled for a week while the plumbers, both of them, endeavoured to revive the moribund heating-system. For weeks we waited with bated frosty breath until the crisis was past. Finally, about October the twenty-fifth, there were faint signs of convalescence (radiators gurgling, the smell of scorched paint on the pipes, water gushing forth from the forgotten elbows in the pipe-lines), with promise of a speedy recovery if complications didn't set in.

We must mention, in passing, the three delightful days spent at St. John's Parish Hall. We grew so attached to the place (yes, even the kitchen lectures were fascinating) that we hated to leave.

We imagine this is the coldest reception the freshmen ever received at Waterloo College. But as they say, "Cold hands, warm heart." And so we take this opportunity of greeting the freshmen on the staff of the Cord, especially our Junior Editor, and those who have demurely held back. But they will shortly contribute to the Cord, won't you, our dear, innocent, and we use the term loosely, little slaves?

C.A.H.

JUNIOR EDITORIAL

We would like to say that we are very honoured as new junior ed. It seems that Charlie Hagen was on the prowl for victims when he saw a rather bewildered freshman who did not look as if he could put up much opposition. He asked our name, then chuckled, "Ah, another job filled." It seems that conscription is quite legal during war-time, but we will nevertheless attempt to be a good servant to the big boss. We really are glad for the position though, because we learned quite early in our young life that the more one does for a school, the dearer it becomes to him.

On behalf of the frosh, we would like to thank the school for the warm welcome (figuratively, mind you) that everyone has extended to us. We have enjoyed it all, including the lipstick, the earrings, the clippings, the picture-taking, the "tough" corporals, and especially Totzke's tubbing. Our official acceptance came when we were told with kindly pappings on the head that we would get along all right if we would just "shtop the whistling, like a good boy."

And so we are looking forward to some great times at Waterloo College if the Army doesn't object, and to some great years on the staff of the Cord, if the students don't object. We hope we were not dreaming or were being too sentimental when we thought we heard a small voice down inside whisper "Objections overruled."

H.D.W.

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 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.**

First Impressions

We walked up together, that first day, three dreadfully frightened freshettes. Blase Marion would not confess her misgivings but Doris and I babbled most incoherently about our many and far-flung fears.

"Good-night, kid, for four whole years, maybe more, our Christmas will be ruined with those vile mid-year exams looming up."

"Oh, murder! They say that it's a terrific change from Collegiate—as far as studies go, you know."

"I've heard that they have gruesome initiations here."

"All I hope is that I can at least scrape through Latin — and I have to take Maths! Maths, I tell you!! By the time I get out of that institution honorably, I'll have to retire on an old age pension."

But at last we were there. The ivy-covered walls of the building stood before us. I couldn't guess what the other two were thinking, but my harried mind was racing madly around like a dog chasing its tail.

Finding our way to the registration room was a problem in itself, but self-possessed Marion (what **would** we have done without her?) found, and showed us, the way.

The room was overflowing (at least so it seemed) with good-looking senior students. The side boards were covered with meaningless hieroglyphics and I felt very doubtful as to the outcome of my college career. My mind was plagued with the overwhelming realization that yours truly, here, was going to be the only student in the whole establishment who was—shall we be kind and say "plump", or frank, and say "fat"?

Just then, a blinding ray of light pierced the dark cloud of my distress, in the person of Professor Hirtle. He actually remembered me! He was going to help me! It was at this point that I felt like falling on his neck but my style was slightly cramped by the following thoughts:

(1) It would be an awful load to fall on anyone's neck, and (2) It wouldn't **look** as dignified as I like to **feel**.

Finally, our courses decided upon, the bursar visited, (purely a business call, worse luck), and some old friends duly recognized, we gaily bounded away. Our past fears forgotten, we jabbered like mad about our future year instead of morosely rehashing the previous one.

Such were my first impressions! I've had a lot of others since then (such as that cruel initiation night and what followed it) but on the whole they've been pleasant. I can only hope that my remaining years up here may be as delightful.

E. M.

Summer Employment

At the literary editor's insistence I have unwillingly consented to write a little article about working in a factory. I will first of all inform all those who didn't know, that I was not a factory worker. I was a government inspector. Factory workers are people who wear greasy old overalls, who belong to a union, and who think the government should be kicked out. An inspector is a highly superior being who wears a smock, who is above such things as a union, and thinks that the government (except in the matter of pay checks) is quite all right. Do you understand the difference?

As I said before, I was an inspector. I inspected several things, but chiefly smoke bomb bodies. Inspecting is a highly specialized (Professor McIvor please note) job. Eight to ten girls sat at a table, and smoke bombs were passed along, each girl doing a different job, each job lasting two seconds. If you think this would tend to become a little monotonous we changed jobs every three hours. Jean Schweigert and I both worked out at the Sunshine last summer. After we had been on smoke bombs for two months, and were used to seeing the dear things in our sleep, we were promoted. I was promoted to inspecting the paint job on the inside body of the projector infantry anti-tank shell. I worked right under the paint ovens, and in that hot weather, believe me it was really hot! Jean was promoted (?) to the worst inspection job in the factory. She worked on the outer tail tube

of the aforementioned P.I.A.T. The tubes were covered with a slimy, smelly black grease and they had to be cleaned out with steel wool before inspection. She advanced on that job to assistant to the bench leader, which goes to show that Latin is a good course to take.

Night shift! That is a phrase which I'd just as soon forget about. In that hot weather, when it was impossible to sleep in the daytime, I remember falling asleep standing up at about one o'clock the same night. We got out of work at 5:30 in the morning, just as the sun was rising, and the fresh air, or something, wakened me completely. And I recall, one morning in particular, that it took a good bit of control to keep myself from singing (?) "Oh What a Beautiful Morning," at the top of my voice as I rode home.

To sum up this ghastly business, I will say, that if you love noise, and lots of it, if you relish eating mouldy old sandwiches, if you enjoy working at night instead of going to hear Mart Kenny, if you like to be covered with grease from head to foot, well, the factory's the place for you. I remember the morning Jean and I ran into Professor Jefferis (yes, he worked there too) on our way through the factory. He had on his C.O.T.C. monkey suit (or something like it) and was not quite free from grease. We asked him how he liked his work, and his only comment was "Pretty grim, isn't it?" Which expresses my opinion exactly.

M. L. A.

Forgive Me Will!

Friends, fellows, Waterloons, lend me your hours;
I come for Cord copy, and not excuses.
The evil that men write lives in the Cord;
The good is oft interred in English themes;
So has it always been. Our fine students
Tell us editors are far too greedy.
If it is so, it is a necessary fault;
And oft are they reminded of it too.
Now, with the leaves of those who squawk and howl
(For they are noble students all, at least
To hear them shirk, they sound like Barts and Dames),
Come I to speak for College Cord copy.
It is my job, ingrown and part of me:
But students shout against our greed and pleas
And students are a noble lot, they say.
The ed. has had an organizing meet,
And filled the gaps with new and eager souls;
Did this in him seem dictatorial?
When laggard students cried, ye ed. has wept.
Is despotism not of sterner stuff?
Yet students shout against our greed and pleas
And students are a noble lot, they say.
I do not change what spake Miss Jacobi,
But here I am to speak what I too know
Ambition, you have fled from students here
And they have lost their vigour!—Bear with me,
My heart is in the Cord and there it stays
Till I am freed from this inhuman task.

C. A. H.

Now It Can Be Told

Examinations, once written, are quickly forgotten. Their ghosts do not arise to gibber around us at the start of a new year. Yet sometimes a student adorns his paper with a rare jewel of language which deserves to be displayed to the public gaze, and not reserved merely for the fleeting pleasure of the examiner. May I then offer you a few gems from my hoard?

First let me take the eagle who provided Tarquin with such a favourable omen on the road to Rome. His antics are recorded by Livy, but his social versatility gains added charm in the renderings of certain former students of Latin 20.

"There, while sitting in his chariot with his wife, an eagle on even poised wings swooping down gently takes off his cap."

"There an eagle hovering swooped down and gently removed his cap as he was sitting in a chariot with his wife."

Philosophy has added somewhat to our vocabulary, as witness the following contributions.

"Such views as the Eleatics in my opinion is pure poppycottle."

"Heraclitus would consider the Dionysiac revels as so much haberdash."

Was it a bitter spirit of revenge that prompted another youthful philosopher to announce, "Plato says that the individual professor does not matter, but the general idea of a professor is the idea of a professor"? Definitely an unkind cut.

As for the last gem, I can't yet decide whether it is a spelling error, or an epigrammatic great thought.

"Pleasure should be the soul aim of man."

J.

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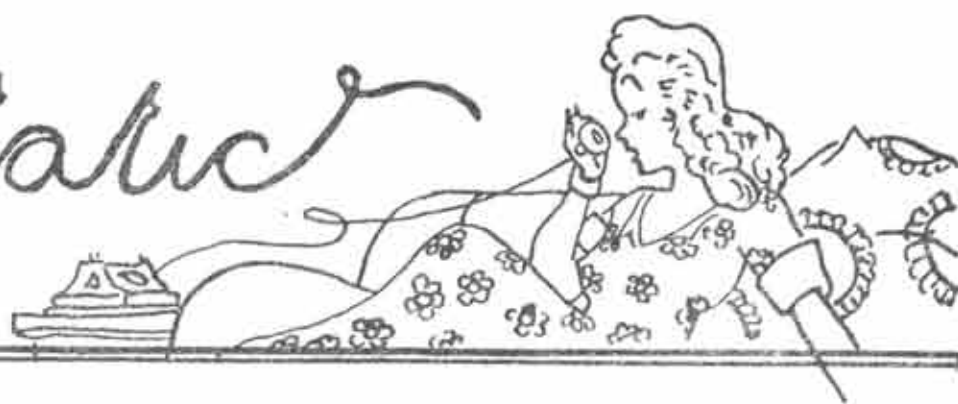
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College Static



Hi Fellas! . . . looks as though the 1944 season is off with a bang . . . loads of familiar faces and dozens of strange ones. We certainly have a terrific squad . . . mustn't stub our toe on the opening kick-off so let's call a few of the plays. . .

The atmosphere really hasn't changed . . . course we can't expect it to as it's still charged with Marchand, Keating and Winkler.

We hear Ernie and Marg. have gone in for sports . . . indoor or outdoor . . . that is the question!

The Freshmen are fully enjoying their first year even if they do have to stay until six o'clock every Monday, Wednesday and Friday to do it.

What is this magic spell Charlie Hagen weaves over our fairer sex . . . Helen Sehl sure went dreamy at the last party when she was in Charlie's arms.

K-W Collegiate tells us we can look for good things this year . . . double welcome to this column Bob.

Flash! Flash! . . . Audrey Brock . . . Sheila Lang . . . blue diamonds . . . trying to write exams. What eyes! What temperament! What next!

Little birdies tell us we will have a lot of nice things to say about our new president and his future wife.

HINT TO FROSH

If you're ever in doubt about any academic problems, go to the library in your spares. There you will find the infallible Alf. He's a genial veteran who has known all the answers for years.

Headline news . . . American Army Air Corps has established new port. What port? . . . Freeport.

It's not a harvest moon — it's a honeymoon for Angela and Rolly — congratulations!

Eric and Ernie are very popular with the frosh and the N.C.O.'s. Well we couldn't express our emotions adequately — the censor you know.

Carl Totzke and Hirschberger have appointed themselves to check all the work in Library Science. Incidentally, copying the most likely answers for themselves — incidentally mind you.

The Seniors sure are a grand bunch in many forms — Elaine Smith's preferred.

Pigtails and aprons are out — so now we can look forward to seeing the freshies in their own war paint.

Now that coffee has been taken off the ration list, no doubt some of us will have less trouble passing our exams.

Benny B. it's tough reaching for extra credits with a hand grenade in the other hand . . . loads of luck!

Elaine has started the Athies off with a wallop — looks as though we

are in for bigger and better parties.

Marg. Armstrong and cider must have something in common because Ernie has a picture of one on his dresser and the other under his bed.

We hear Marg. Fackoury has chucked every day for lunch southern style) accompanied by strains of "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" via Detroit.

Congratulations are in store for Mrs. J. Baetz and her beautiful baby . . . but naturally what could you expect when only a few years ago the baby's mother was also a prize winner!

Once again King has conquered — this time it's the mighty deep and now he's devastating the English countryside (and pubs) with that wonderful smile. Loads of luck Mel.

Some people think that our freshmen are as fresh as wet paint — but who doesn't like to see fresh wet paint — it's even hard to keep away from.

And then there's Helen . . . suppose you could compare her to Devereaux, the great American polo player who knew how to play the field.

Suppose you expected hot stuff in the column this month — but you can't expect hot stuff from cold class rooms.

At present Mr. Hsley is throwing a forward pass — grab a Victory Bond and help complete the play.

JANET AND BOB.

Athanaeum

Continued From Page 1

the group with a description of "Mah Ad-ee-eel." In an old-fashioned melodrama, Grant Kaiser and Carl Totzke sweated out a very realistic hero and heroine episode of the olden days. Climaxing the hilarious goings-on, Louis Hirschberger, the man who am and knew he was, was given a brush cut by Edith Merner, doing a takeoff of Nancy Walker. Of course the initiation week was planned and the Frosh were directed, by means of a style show featuring the "extinguished" models, Marion Huehn and Murray Smith, their costume (and we do mean costume) for the week.

To ease up the atmosphere and generally make amends the meeting was adjourned and lunch, supervised by the (eminent?) scholars, Jean Thompson and Audrey Brock, followed — the freshettes doing their best to serve — (being hampered by

Professor Rikard spilling his chocolate milk tsk, tsk.)

All in all the evening was a great success (especially after Carson finally got to Doris, eh Mr. Bock?)

Banquet

Continued From Page 1

lead on to higher fields, to ably bring out the message she wished to convey in her toast.

The banquet was closed by Marion Hollinger's vote of thanks as representative of the freshettes and the majority of the girls trooped off on their merry way — some to Bert Niosi, some to engagement rings. Did anyone find out where Marg. Armstrong, the only girl who left hungry because that invention of Alex. Bell's fascinated her so, left for after all that telephone conversation? Seriously, it was a most enjoyable affair and one tradition which should be kept up for the wonderful school spirit it awakens.

President

Continued From Page 1

mann was inaugurated by Rev. John Schmieder, president of the board.

In his inaugural address, Dr. Lehmann stated his happiness to serve an institution of higher learning in which theology and science can march hand-in-hand in aiding the cultural development of Canada.

Prior to the closing prayer by Rev. J. H. Reble, president of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Canada, greetings were brought to the new president by Dr. R. E. Tulloss, president of Wittenberg College, and by Dean C. F. Klinck from numerous colleges, synods and other groups.

And so, we, the students of Waterloo College and Seminary, would like to extend a very warm welcome to our new president. We sincerely hope that he will enjoy his tenure of office in the college as much as we are enjoying our school days here.



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Guff'n Stuff

Well, hello, and whaddya know?! Another new column in the poor old College Cord. Flim-flam - - - and away we go. Hold onto your hats 'cause we're going to make speed with this little number. We're just (?) two days overdue now and even Charlie only has so much good humour.

Seems like we've got a pretty good crop of freshmen this year. But have you ever heard tell of the freshman class of last year? You have?! Well, then we'll just drop

the subject—but fast!! As we were about to say before someone so rudely interrupted us, we forgot to mention one rule for initiation. Quote: "The Frosh are not to date or be dated by anyone other than members of their own class." Of course, we wouldn't mention any names, Dier.

Well, friends, (yeh, we know — name one!!) do you mind the wind blowing in your face, or will we go on? Okay!!

By-the-way, have you heard of our College barber—Jack Zimmerman, the little shaver. Or how about Audrey Brock's ring? We're giving you fair warning to bring your dark glasses to class from now on (or should we say your magnifying glass—oh, oh, we'll be paying for that last statement!!)

We hope by this time, all you freshmen have got into the swing of things, particularly Library Science. If you need any help in that subject, we understand that Reuben Rhody and Audrey Brock have both volunteered their expert aid—well, Reuben should be expert anyway—he took the course three times.

Wanted: Sophisticated character, preferably male, to elope the nite before Sheila Lang's wedding. Apply Janet Lang.

Lost: One shirt. Return pieces to Carl Totzke.

Found: One heart. Anybody wanting the same apply Eric Reble (unless Elaine gets there first).

Needed: An extra telephone. What with Wolf Baetz up here we can't get a word in edgewise.

Auction: One little black book. First class addresses, blondes, brunettes and otherwise. See Audrey Brock.

Remember "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Town of Berlin" but "Time Waits for No One." So "Shoo Shoo Baby" and bye, bye—BONDS!!

Screwily Yours,
ARMY and TOMMIE.

S. L. E. Meets

The Student's Legislative Executive held its first meeting of the season Friday, October the twenty-seventh. Wilf McLeod, chairman, presided. The following representatives were present: Helen Sehl, Audrey Brock, Margaret Fackoury, Janet Lang, Carson Bock and Grant Kaiser. The S.L.E., the voice of the student body, will be in charge of the graduating dance this year and great things are in the making—but the big discussion of the meeting was the lack of school spirit. The shortage of school spirit was discussed and rediscussed. "You'd think it was rationed, there is so little of it," said one depressed representative. It's not rationed — so come on give!! Agreed that Waterloo College is a great school and we all know it—so let's not keep it such a deep, dark secret. The parties are great—but it's those in-between spots that lack that certain umph we call enthusiasm. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—let's not be dull!

Class Night

(Continued From Page 1)

Queen Anne Chapter, I.O.D.E. Bursary, value \$125 plus \$30, Miss Marjorie Bryden; Board of Education U.L.C.A. Bursary, value \$125, Miss Selma Lemp; College Bursaries, value \$75-\$100, Miss Dorothy MacEachern, Mr. Reuben Baetz, Mr. Delton Glebe.

The following students received instalments of awards previously made: Miss Doris Smith, Leila Bier, Gertrude Mosig, Joyce Powell, Jean Schweigert, Messrs. Charles Hagen and Eric Reble.

Undergraduate Cronk Memorial Bursaries for Lutheran girls, each valued at \$100 were awarded to Miss Gertrude Mosig, Miss Doris Smith and Miss Jean Schweigert.

Undergraduate scholarships and prizes were awarded as follows: Potter Scholarship, \$50, Miss Elaine Smith; Alumni Scholarship, \$25, Miss Jean Schweigert; No. 1 Hayunga English Prize, \$20; Roy Koch; No. 2 Hayunga English Prize, \$10, Miss Doris Smith; Hayunga Greek Prize, \$10, Marvin Mickus; Klinck Honour English Prize, \$10 in books, Miss Alice Hedderick; No. 1 Louis Peine German Prize, \$10, Jack Zimmerman; No. 2 Louis Peine German Prize, \$5, Miss Kathryn Lippert; Nos. 1 and 2 President Laury Prizes, \$5 each, Miss Gertrude Mosig, Earl Haase; W. J. Veitch, Philosophy Prize, \$10, Miss Mary Shupe.

Representatives of organizations donating scholarships and bursaries appeared before the Athanaeum Society to congratulate the winners. They made short addresses.

Motion pictures "War for Men's Minds," "The Cabot Trail," and an "Army Sing-Song" were shown.

These were presented by the K-W Junior Board of Trade under the direction of Mr. W. Farquhar.

Cake and coffee were served by the lunch committee with Miss Helen Sehl and Miss Eileen Scott in charge. Helen and Eileen protest that they did not receive awards because they were in the kitchen.

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C.O.T.C. NEWS

With all the items of news that have reached us since the last Cord was published, there should be enough copy to fill a page or two of the present issue. But the editor, with those different ideas and that "you-do-as-I-say" tone of voice characteristic of all editors, pointing out the size of an earlier edition of this column and says "Thus far and no farther." What's more, he's not only the editor, he's our sergeant as well—so his word is law. But that's running ahead—we're coming to that.

Here at Waterloo several changes have taken place. Captain A. E. Raymond is now in command of this detachment, having come here from London to replace Capt. J. D. Jefferis on the latter's appointment to Bishop's, Quebec. We'll all agree that anyone who tries to take over a position formerly held by Capt. Jefferis has no light task ahead of him, but we've been watching our new officer rather carefully and have received some very good impressions of him. As training officer of the C.O.T.C. camps at London he certainly showed that he has every ability for the duties that are to be his. All that now remains to be done is to make certain that he gets as good an impression of us—hmm! Maybe we'd better pass on to the next piece of news.

Several Cadets of last year have begun their rise from the ranks and are now N.C.O.'s. Cadet Hagen is now correctly called Sgt. Hagen (consensus of the unit, however, still has him looking like a general).

while Cadets Damman, Keating and Marchand are now corporals. These four men took a two-weeks' course at the School of Instruction at Camp Ipperwash early in September, and they came out full-fledged N.C.O.'s. The course was quite intensive, we are told, and really worked wonders for the boys. For example, you should just see how well Cpl. Keating can salute now—with his left hand!

Just a few days ago Capt. Raymond officially broke the news to all third-year men that their intramural training requirements had been reduced from 110 hours to 60. Such a change had been rumored for some time and, in spite of official army advice against rumors, these had been spread and discussed quite eagerly. Just what the new timetable will be is not certain at the time of writing. Nor has it been decided what should be done with the three men who have been training with the third-year squad, but who are not eligible for the reduced schedule. "Make them N.C.O.'s!" shouts one person. "Transfer them to the Girl Guides!" suggests another.

Several interesting letters have been received lately—here is an excerpt from one written by Lieut. Jack Koehler. He says, "We had quite a time south of Trum in the big trap. Everybody got matches, money, weapons, souvenirs, etc. The money angle was rather a bad thing as most of the men, in our company at least, possess about 10,000 francs, and some as much as 500,000. (We found a paymaster's truck). You will visualize difficulties in maintaining discipline. A soldier, penalized 28 days' pay, will walk out and laugh it off. On the other hand, one who gets detention also figures he is lucky, for obvious reasons.

"It is a lot of fun for some of us to practise our 'school book' French. I find I can manage quite well. They speak it here like natives."

Since writing that letter Jack has been reported wounded in the legs as a result of stepping on a land mine.

Here are a few more items regarding former C.O.T.C. men now in the services:

P.O. William C. Duffus is a navigator with the R.C.A.F. overseas.

Lieut. Gordon W. C. Nelson has been promoted to the rank of captain overseas.

Lieut. Bill Artindale, wounded in Italy last January, was reported missing in action last May, and is now in a prisoner-of-war camp.

Lieut. David Dooley, while in Rome with the Perth Regiment, was among those Canadians for whom the Pope had a special audience. On

the same occasion he met Father Gehl, a former teacher at St. Jerome's in Kitchener, who is now senior R.C. chaplain in Dave's division.

The latest information we have of Mel. King is that he was stationed at Windsor, Nova Scotia, but it is quite possible that he is now overseas.

Lieut. Bill Schlegel visited the school the other day while on furlough. He is stationed on Vancouver Island, and apparently the Pacific air and army life are agreeing with him.

Serving in France with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Jack Harper has been promoted to the rank of major.

Lieut. Doug Gurton is commanding a platoon of the North Nova Scotia Highlanders in France. It was announced not long ago that a company of Canadians had been instrumental in taking 6,000 prisoners in a day and a half—Gurton's platoon was the forward one in that company. Some thrill, eh?

Well, that appears to be all for the present, but we'll be back again with more news and views of members of the C.O.T.C., past and present.

W. L. K.

N.B.: Next Issue

Owing to the lack of space in this issue, several important articles had to be left out. They will, we promise, be published in future issues of the Cord. They include articles on:

1. The retirement of Miss Dunham as librarian.
2. The excellent standing of Waterloo College's last year's freshmen in intelligence tests.
3. Major Sim, killed in action.
4. Debating.

Hallowe'en

Pumpkins winking at cornstalks,
Goblins winking in graves,
Black cats slinking from demons,
Pixies drinking in caves,

Witches stewing dew worms,

Phantoms brewing tea,

Moonbeams doing evil,

And white owls "whoing" me!

E. D. S.

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- WATERLOONACY -

Audrey B.: See my diamond!

Helen A.: Some day I'm going to get one.

Posh: Who'll be the lucky fellow?

Helen S.: My dad!

* * *

Ernie: I'd love to be hunting this week.

John Z.: Yeah, I know, a little dear with powder on its nose.

* * *

Overheard at the Athy wiener roast:

Prof. Rikard: Who's got the wieners?

Chuck: Eric, he held them on his lap at the show.

Eric: Yep, now they're lap-dogs. (Universal groan).

* * *

Ernie had just answered a question incorrectly concerning body position in firing the rifle.

Lieut. MacIvor: Brose, are you conventional anatomically?

* * *

Marchand and Marg. Fackoury were walking up to classes together.

Voice: Hi, Droop!

Marg.: I hope you mean the corporal.

Voice: Was there any doubt, Marg.?

* * *

Eric: I've heard of a professor who doesn't believe in an actual "hell."

Ward: Oh? Perhaps he ought to sit through one of his own lectures.

* * *

Dr. Schorten: I see on the bulletin board that we are to get our X-Ray at Carling's Brewery.

Ernie: Ja. The professor first, then us.

Dr. S.: Ha, by the time you get there, there won't be any left!

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Dr. Wickey: I even saw signs of love in the gallery during the inauguration.

Ernie (whispering to Eric): That must have been Winkler and his babe, it wasn't Marg. and I.

(Editor's note: Oh yeah, we were in the gallery too.)

Chuck: Well, Huck, I see you're back. Had enough duck-hunting?

Brose Primus (always the biologist). No, not enough but I had to leave a few so that there would be another generation next year.

Alumni

Continued From Page 1

one son, Rev. Fred Neudoerffer of Montreal, a graduate of Waterloo College and Seminary, and one brother, Rev. Ernst Neudoerffer, who is also a missionary in India.

Miss Alice Hedderick was up from Toronto for Class Night. She is quite enthusiastic about her job as reader for Maclean's.

Waterloo College may justly be proud of Arthur Conrad, B.A., '44, who flashed our colours to the individual championships of the Mount Allison Invitation Games and of the more famous Antigonish Highland games marking him as the best athlete on the Canadian east coast. On both occasions he scored enough points to steer the one-man Waterloo College team to third place in the team championship. At the Mount Allison meet, teams were present from five R.C.-A.F. stations in the Maritimes, Prince of Wales College, Mount Allison Academy and Mount Allison University.

The Antigonish highland games are the top games in the Maritime area and have enjoyed many years of popularity. Congratulations Connie!

The Alumni were well represented in early summer weddings. On May 23, Rev. Henry Nuhn married Miss Norma Decker. June 3rd saw the marriage of Miss Joye Waldschmidt and Mr. Paul Krauel and June 12th that of Miss Dorothy Heimrich and Lieutenant Fred Pugh.

Miss Jean Shantz, B.A. '43, has returned to Kenora to resume her occupation at the Kenora Collegiate. Miss Jean Bier is also teaching this year near Barrie, Ont.

Sympathy goes out to Miss Anne Kuntz, whose brother, Pilot Officer William Kuntz, was killed overseas on June 8.

Carl Totzke Wins Track Meet

In spite of postponement on account of cold weather two weeks ago, we held our annual track meet on Tuesday, Oct. 31 — Hallowe'en Day. I wonder why we chose that day. It couldn't have been in anticipation of the costumes worn, could it Louis? Anyway it was a beautiful day — something new — Waterloo College having good weather for its outdoor activities.

But to come to the painful point, it was Carl Totzke who carried off the honours of the day and firmly instated the freshmen as a force to be reckoned with in sports. He piled up 33 points. Eric Reble came second with 27 points and Paul Uffelman was third with 10 points.

The girls too made a good showing. The Soph honour was upheld by Doris Smith who piled up 31 points out of a possible 33. Joyce Powell was next with 10 points and Helen Sehl, representing the Juniors, came third with eight points.

The events lasted all afternoon, the grande finale being a rip-roaring ball game—College vs. Frosh—with Roy Grosz our pitcher-preacher, or vice-versa, helping along the frosh. The College of course won.

The results of the track meet were:

Men's Events

100-yard—1, E. Reble; 2, C. Totzke; 3, H. Weaver. Time 10:05.

Softball throw—1, P. Uffelman; 2, F. Keating; 3, H. Weaver. Distance: 258 ft., 6 inches.

High jump—1, E. Reble; 2, R. Damman; 3, R. Dier. Height: 5 ft., 1½ in.

Javelin throw—1, P. Uffelman; 2, H. Weaver; 3, C. Totzke. Distance: 126 ft., 11 in.

220 yards: 1, E. Reble; 2, C. Totzke; 3, H. Weaver. Time: .24.

Running broad jump—1, C. Totzke; 2, E. Reble; 3, L. Hinchburger. Distance: 16 ft., 11½ in.

440-yards—1, C. Totzke; 2, E. Reble; 3, L. Hinchburger. Time: 1 minute.

Discus throw—1, F. Keating; 2, E. Brose; 3, C. Totzke. Distance: 87 ft., 2 in.

Hop, step and jump—1, C. Totzke; 2, E. Reble; 3, H. Weaver. Distance: 35 ft.

880-yards—1, C. Totzke; 2, L. Hinchburger; 3, R. Damman. Time: 2:32.

Shot put—1, C. Totzke; 2, E. Reble; 3, E. Brose. Distance: 40 ft., 2 in.

Girls' Events

100-yards—1, Doris Smith; 2, Joyce Powell; 3, Marion Hollinger. Time: .14.

Softball throw—1, D. Smith; 2, J. Powell; 3, D. McEachern. Distance: 128 ft.

Standing broad jump—1, D. Smith;

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2, S. Lang; Distance: 12 ft., 1 in.
6 ft., 8½ in.

Running broad jump—1, D. Smith;
2, S. Lang; Distance: 12 ft., 1 in.

Javelin throw—1, H. Sehl; 2, D. Smith; 3, J. Powell. Distance: 61 ft., 2 in.

Hop, step and jump—1, D. Smith;
2, D. Duval; 3, J. Lang. Distance: 28 ft., 6 in.

Relay—1, D. Smith, H. Sehl, J. Powell, M. Hollinger; 2, J. Lang, M. Armstrong, D. Duval, D. McEachern; 3, E. Scott, M. Fackoury, M. Huehn, K. Lippert.

Sem Notes

Note 1. President Lehmann has taken over his duties as dean and professor in the seminary. Board of Governors please note. To the praises that have come from all and sundry peoples and groups the humble seminarians add theirs. It is no secret that prodigies in the student body are lacking. We expect in the end, however, to prove ourselves appreciative and responsive to the efforts which our dean is putting forth to set a high standard of work in the seminary during the initial year of his presidency.

Note 2. Dr. Little is back again as usual.

Note 3. So is Dr. Creager.

Note 4. Accepted and so far retained as Juniors in the seminary are the following: Arthur Conrad, lately arrived from Bridgewater, N.S. He is the pride of the Blue-noses. Spent the summer building things on the eastern coast of the Dominion. Much is expected of him, as he will readily admit when he gets to page 50 of the BEGINNERS HEBREW GRAMMAR, by Creagar and Alleman. Next is Harold Brose, a "native" of Pembroke, Ontario. Claims he is an individualist. Inasmuch as I have an aversion for "isms" and "ists" let me warn the man in a friendly way not to let his individualism develop to the point where he becomes a misogynist. He worked in the smelter at Copper Cliff this summer and gathered in scads of money. Even called his brother in to help him carry it home. Reuben Rhody comprises the third member of this group. He returned last June to a job in Toronto where he also earned his share of the national income. Reuben is the quiet member in the seminary as he was in the class of '44. But there is power in his silence. Then we have Eldred Winkler who spent the summer working in Kitchener. He is the musician extraordinary among us; a gentleman, but not quite a scholar. Last, least, and lonely on occasion is John Zimmerman of Milverton. In the corridors he is noted for his splashy ties, his gab, and other unmentionables. All in all, the above group have possibilities. In fact they might even be considered probabilities if it were not for Hebrew and those pesky tests in Homoletics, the Gospels and Church History.

Note 5. George Jacobs who represents the farm element in the seminary returned to his Middler year in the sem. Undoubtedly he spent the summer growing a whole bunch of victory gardens in addition to milking a few cows. Yours truly was in Sudbury.

Note 6. "The ideal class" which presents no difficulties either to professors or the little men in the seminary is the Senior class. Like all ideals, it has no physical substance.

Note 7. The Cossman-Hayunga Missionary Society has stirred itself into a certain amount of action. Services are being held every third Sunday of the month down at Freeport San. A meeting is being planned for November 13th to which the young people of St. Mark's Lutheran Church are invited. By way of preaching on behalf of the Crossman-Hayunga Missionary Society, it may be said that we are doing what we can. The society is handicapped without a senior class which ordinarily bears the brunt of that particular burden. By way of acknowledgement, Miss Gertrude Mosig has been doing a good job as secretary, poster-maker and lunch-preparer.

Note 8. President Lehmann has assigned the Juniors to various pastors in the Twin Cities. They are expected in this way to get some practical experience in church work. We of the seminary student

body welcome this opportunity and hope that we are able to be of worthwhile service. We wouldn't want it any other way. Mr. Winkler will serve Rev. Datars; Mr. Conrad, Rev. Lotz; Mr. Zimmerman, Dr. Schmieder; Messrs. Brose and Rhody, Rev. Roberts of Waterloo.

Note 9. Three students, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Zimmerman, and Mr. Winkler are teaching at the Sunnyside Public School every Monday afternoon from 3:30 to 4:00. They are doing this work in connection with the provincial government plan of religious education for the public schools of Ontario. We have reports that their help is greatly appreciated.

Note 10. At the present moment, dear Charles, these are about the sum of my notes. And privately speaking, if I were not afraid of making the same blunder sometimes myself, I would advise J.Z. to take a good look at the Matins

service before the next time he has chapel. Latest indications are, Juniors please note, that the book-of-the-month for Waterloo Seminary is the Bible. Always has been.

Roy.

Jefferis

Continued From Page 1

he lectured in classics for a year and a half, after which he returned to Toronto to complete residence requirements for his Ph. D. degree which he received in 1934. Then he taught at Trinity College School, Port Hope and again in Toronto. In 1938 the late Dr. F. B. Clausen called him to Waterloo College.

Dr. Jefferis was largely responsible for the establishment of a C.O.T.C. unit at Waterloo. In the unit he rose through the ranks from cadet to captain and officer commanding.

His new post at Bishop's is that of Professor of Education. In the Province of Quebec the training of high school teachers for Protestant schools is carried out independently by the two English-speaking universities. Dr. Jefferis will be in charge of this training at Lennoxville.

Dr. C. F. Klinck, in reference to the departure said "We are very sorry to lose Dr. Jefferis. He will be missed in this community as a man and as a teacher. His geniality, broad learning, vigorous honesty, and positive Christian outlook make him an influential leader and a welcome colleague. An educationalist with ideas and ideals, he will not be forgotten here."

With the departure of Dr. Jefferis, we also note with great regret that of his wife. Mrs. Jefferis, as the office secretary, made many friends among the students. She helped Professor Rikard greatly in the reorganization of the library, a gigantic task which is appreciated by students and professors alike. Her charm always lent distinction to any social function at the college, especially when she poured, or otherwise assisted, at the numerous teas.

All the students of Waterloo who knew "Jeff" will never forget his great wit, in and out of the classroom; his hearty laugh in appreciation of another's attempts at humour; his smart appearance in C.O.T.C. parades; his booming bass voice in the chapel services; his flowing black gown; the permanent glint in his eyes; his long-stemmed pipe angularly jutting out from beneath his winter helmet; in short, his permanently-captivating personality.

Rarely is such an amiable ambitious couple found, and now that they have left we really know the loss. May we thank you, for you have added much to our college lives, which, through you have gone from our midst, still lives in the memory. Good Luck in your new tasks!

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