

THE COLLEGE CORD

VOL. 20

WATERLOO, ONT., JANUARY, 1945

AN UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATION

No. 3

Maj. McTaggart Tells of Christmas Eve in the Line

Intimate glimpses of military life over Christmas with the Canadians on the front in Germany are found in letters from Major A. K. McTaggart, H.L.I., late of the Waterloo College C.O.T.C. In one the young officer pays high tribute to Lieut. R. B. (Bob) Menzies, H.L.I., also formerly of the C.O.T.C.

Writing on Christmas Eve, Major McTaggart says: "This evening I am spending in surroundings quite different from any in which I have ever been before, but after tonight I suppose I shall be able truly to call myself a soldier, for I shall have spent Christmas in the line.

"I consider myself fortunate to be here in this particular place, rather than in any of a number of other places tonight, some not a stone's-throw away, where people cannot sit down to write home to their folks. Being here is Christmas present enough for me; that and having the bunch of chaps around who work for me.

"They are a wonderful lot, and I know from all the talking and laughing which floats in from the adjoining room in this cellar, that they are having a pretty good time tonight, though it isn't very much different from any other. Their mild celebration amounts to cooking up some of the parcels from home.

"Gerald' is convinced that we shall share a certain amount of

See "McTAGGART" Page 4

Alumni News

Information has been received from Lieut.-Col. F. H. Mathers, Royal Canadian Regiment, that Lieut. J. Norbert Jeffers died a hero's death on the Italian front. Lieutenant Jeffers was mentioned in dispatches in the New Year's honors list. Col. Mathers wrote that unnecessarily Lieut. Jeffers led his platoon, and when hit by sniper fire he continued to direct operations until he was no longer capable.

In conclusion, Col. Mathers said: "His loss is a great blow to all of us, but if he had to go he went as

See "ALUMNI" Page 6

CHRISTMAS ATHY HUGE SUCCESS



"WE TEN" AT ANN ARBOR

We ten had a grand experience. We ten were privileged to attend an area conference of the Lutheran Students' Association of America held in Ann Arbor, Mich., on the 3rd and 4th of December, 1944. By the ten is meant the following: Dr. C. F. Klinck, the Miles, Selma Lemp, Gertrude Mosig, Doris Smith, the Messrs. Reuben Baetz, Delton Glebe, Roy Grosz, Eric Reble, Robert Rock and John Zimmerman.

At 1:30 in the afternoon of Friday, Dec. 2, we began . . . Zimmerman's car in the lead. Behind was cool and collected Glebe. Past Elginfield we ran into a blizzard of the first and subsequent orders. Baetz and Rock had a violent debate over who was not going to buy the cigarettes for whom. In Sarnia we ate supper once we found the right restaurant. Following are some quotations: "fermy la fevete"—"My your German is improving"—"Doris your nose is red"—"If I'd have come on this trip alone, I'd still be back in Port Huron"—"Milk, milk milk, doggone it, I'll have coffee"—"I'm not fat—weigh only 150."

Little trouble was had getting across the border and at 10:30 p.m. we were at Rev. Yoder's.

Saturday morning we all went to the campus of the University of Michigan—with the Low School Library, etc. After lunch at the cafeteria we went shopping—Glebe for four pairs of silk stockings, Dr. Klinck for a top for David, Reble and Grosz for candy. "Helen wanted something for 25 cents."

Registration took place at 2:30 at Zion Church. Then we walked over

See "WE TEN" Page 8

At Ann Arbor

FRONT ROW L. to R.

Miss Doris Smith
Miss Gertrude Mosig
Miss Selma Lemp

SECOND ROW

Delton Glebe
Roy N. Grosz, B.A.
Eric H. Reble
John Zimmerman, B.A.

THIRD ROW

Dr. Carl F. Klinck
Reuben Baetz
Robert Rock

Miss J. C. Kramp, Rev. H. H. Schmieder Exchange Vows

The marriage of Miss Charlotte Jean Kramp and Rev. Henry Herman Schmieder of New Dundee was solemnized Tuesday afternoon, January the ninth, at St. Matthew's Church at 5 o'clock. The bridegroom's father performed the ceremony.

The bride, the only daughter of Mr. Gordon E. Kramp of Kitchener, is a graduate of Waterloo College, receiving her B.A. degree in Honour English in June, 1943. The bridegroom, the only son of Rev. and Mrs. John Schmieder, Alma Street, graduated from Waterloo College and Seminary and was ordained as a Lutheran minister in June, 1944.

The bride wore a street-length crepe two-piece dress in Budapest blue. The jacket had a yoke of hand-made crochet in self-color, and two little pockets of the hand-crochet completed the design of the costume. The bride's veil was in purple tones, shoulder length, and gathered at the crown of her head. She wore purple elbow-length gloves and carried a spray of purple orchids.

Miss Ruthmarie Schmieder, attendant of the bride, wore a street-length dress of French blue crepe fashioned with a high neckline and bows at the throat, and at the gathered waist. With it she wore a

See "WEDDING" Page 6

Eve of Talent and Fun

On Dec. 21 the Athy held the climax of its social events, a wonderful Christmas party.

The event started with a short business meeting for the election of second semester officers. The new president is Mr. Ward Kaiser, the vice-president, Miss Kathryn Lippert, the new secretary-treasurer, Mr. Ernst Brose. After the elections the evening was in the hands of an able master of ceremonies, Ward Kaiser.

The program started with a quiz program under the able direction of Eric Reble who trapped into consequences Marg and Ernie, Wilfred MacLeod and Dr. Creager. Then followed a remarkable imitator, Miss Edith Merner, the dear irrepressible "enfant terrible." Marvin Mickus then favored the audience with two different compositions, both based on the two Christmas carols "Silent Night" and "Adeste Fidelis."

Then came piano duets by Mr. Ernst Brose and Mr. Eldred Winkler. Next in line were two skits, one by Ernie Brose and one by Alec Orzy. The New Hamburg Trio (Gert Mosig, Doris Smith and Leila Bier) then sang, as well as ever, several selections. Then there

See "XMAS ATHY" Page 4

Who's Who at Waterloo

It was suggested that the Cord publish a list of the people on the executives of the various College activities. As it seemed an excellent idea we are now giving you just such a list.

Those responsible for the excellent Athanaeum meetings of the first semester were:

President: Elaine Smith
Vice-President: Ernst F. Brose
Secretary-Treasurer: Frank Keating.
Honorary President: Roy Gross.
Faculty Adviser: Prof. W. D. Evans.

and for the next semester we have:

President: Ward L. Kaiser.
Vice-President: Kathryn Lippert.
Sec.-Treasurer: Ernst F. Brose.
Hon. President: Roy Gross.

See "WHO'S WHO" Page 5

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
 Guff'n Stuff M. Armstrong, J. Thompson
 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

Jan. 14, 1945

Happy New Year and a delayed Merry Christmas to all. This issue of the Cord is a hybrid one as it is formed out of the flotsam of a Christmas Cord and the jetsam of a January exam Cord. And so if articles found herein have a distinct pre-Christmas flavor enjoy them as reveries of the festive season.

At this writing exams are on the lips of everyone around the college, except for a few who take exams in their calm stride or who have no exams. People are madly dashing from the street car to the college to get in the last few minutes of cramming. Others stand about heckling and deploring the horrible practice.

The nervous tension is so high that even the slightest pun or anecdote unleashes a hearty guffaw; and an equally slight catty remark almost starts a new battlefield.

At last the dreaded yet awaited buzzer summons the distraught philosophers to their trial. Frantically one last look is taken at notes and texts, then with a resolute countenance but irresolute knees the victims proceed giggling, paling, scratching twitching ears, but as they arrive at the threshold they gird up their loins and boldly enter the chamber of horrors.

Perhaps by the time of the printing of this article results will have been published. Then there will be a sighing and a panting, a few tears and a few laughs soon lost in the settling down to a second semester of hard work

C. A. H.

JUNIOR EDITORIAL

Dear Mom:

I'm sort of all choked up inside, Mom. It's quiet now, and the snow is sifting softly past the window of this squat little farmhouse we have taken. The watch has just come in whistling "White Christmas."

"To hear sleighbells in the snow." How I would love to hear sleighbells and the laughter of happy children bursting above their contented tinkling.

The first Christmas away from home is the worst, I guess. Tell my kid brother he may have my drumstick if he kisses Dolly for me. I've found out that it is not nice to be separated from those we love at any time, but at Christmas time the dull pain becomes sharpened.

Just a few miles past our outposts is the Black Forest where the Christmas tree was first used. A little farther back in the mountains "Silent Night" was born. They are singing "Silent Night" in those villages beyond no man's land just as you perhaps are singing it back home tonight. The words are different, but the tune and the thought are the same. Why must people with the same beautiful song of peace and joy on their lips continue to hate and fight each other? It is not for me to reason why, Mom, but there's something terribly wrong.

It has stopped snowing now, and the stars are out in full force. Gee, Mom, they seem to be the same old stars I saw back home. I feel very close to you when I think that perhaps you are looking at those stars too.

I hope you won't think your big son is getting sentimental, Mom, but I'd like to close with some words of a crippled boy I

think I read about away back in grade school:

"God bless you, and a Merry Christmas to you all."

Love,

FRANKIE.

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 extra-murally, 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.**

The Blind Can Now See

The story of this modern miracle begins in the stockyards of Kansas City, Missouri. The year is 1913. There a young cowboy named Elliot Humphrey was engaged in "breaking-in" wild horses.

One day his taming of a particularly unruly horse was noticed by the owner of a travelling animal show who immediately hired young Humphrey as an animal trainer. The first task assigned him in his new position was to train a camel to walk backwards.

Now hitherto there had been no known instance of a camel ever having been persuaded to walk backwards. Yet within three months, Humphrey trained one to do precisely that. He was headlined in one of the major circuses of the time. But unfortunately his act proved to be a "flop," because to the audience the sight of a camel merely walking backwards looked hardly spectacular, and the show was abandoned.

Although this insignificant episode may have proved profitless to the owner of the circus, it certainly played an extremely important role in preparing Elliot Humphrey for the post he occupies today. From this vanquished animal act he turned to further work along the same lines and began to concentrate his uncanny ability for training animals on man's best friend, the dog.

This same man founded, and is today the guiding genius behind the "Seeing Eye," that unique preparatory school at Morristown, New Jersey, where German Shepherd dogs are trained to companion the blind, and where the blind are taught to use them.

He has gathered around him a handful of personally trained assistants to whom he has transmitted both his vast knowledge of animal behaviour and his deep understanding of the blind, the latter born of his devotion to his blind younger brother who died while still a young lad.

At the "Seeing Eye" institution which has its headquarters in a roomy country house at the outskirts of Morristown, the dogs are at the mature age of eighteen months put through a three-months course as guides, each practising on Humphrey or one of his assistants. Then, for another month, each dog is trained together with the blind person who, for the rest of the dog's active life—usually about ten years—will be its master and constant companion.

The blind come to Humphrey's school from all over the continent and parts of Europe. As a result of the fourteen years in which the school has been functioning, there

See "BLIND SEE" Page 8

Mon Reve

Hiev soir j' ai tant reve
Aux choses les plus terribles—
Aux elephants en rouge
Et tigres aux circles jaunes!

Mais c'est assez naturelle
Si tu seulement sais la cause—
Non, ce n'est pas toi, mon cher,
Mais un morceau de fromage!

E. D. S.

She wanted to impress the Hollywood magnate with whom she sat at dinner, and remarked gustingly, "I love Keats."

"Dot's fine," he replied. "I'm always glad to meet a young lady vot lofs children."

—Calgary Albertan.

O Good Heavens!

Back to college to knowledge,
Back to lectures and conjectures
Of Prof. Hirtle turning turtle
Searching for the missing Klinck.

O good heavens! Professor Evans
Has taken up the art of drink-
ing tea and coffee, punch and lunch
While Prof. McIvor more aliver
Is back at ecies with the freshies.

Yes! back to college to knowledge,
Back to books and happy looks!

ADVICE TO GREEN FRESHMEN

Say it with flowers,
Say it with sweets;
Say it with kisses,
Say it with eats.

Say it with tender words,
Say it with smiles;
Say it with gallantries,
Say it with wiles.

Say it with perfumes,
Say it with jack;
Say it with dinner gowns,
Low in the back.

Say it with diamonds,
That sparkle and shine;
Say it with lingerie,
Dainty nad fine.

Say it with jewellery,
Trinkets of gold;
Say it with vintages,
Mellow and old.

Say it with ermine,
Or say it with mink;
But don't ever be foolish,
And say it with INK.

AL ORZY.

CHRISTMAS REVERIE

Rum-steamy sauce over plum pudding watering,
Oozy mincemeat pie and orange creamy cheese,
Glistening turkeys stuffed and cranberry sweet—
And pastel-round mints.

Holly wreaths, mistletoe, red berries, white,
Shiny balls silver and green Christmas trees,
Crinkling foil tinsel, gay paper and stars—
And red ribbon bright.

Cheeks glowing fire o'er sleigh bells a-laughing,
Prancer-drawn-wagons with children and fun,
Blustering wind snow and panes frosted-cold—
And eylet-sky-'broidered.

Straw honey crib nigh to cattle there lowing,
Tiny cries infant, three very wise men,
Beaming mother, father with shepherds all staffed—
And peace where on earth?

E.D.S.

Late Reflexions On Early Agonies

No one can believe that the obnoxious person with the foul temper is I. At least they couldn't, if they didn't know me so well. The combination of early rising ("rising" in itself is enough,) and

no mail has a profoundly shocking effect. I can't understand why it is so difficult for me to get up in the morning, beyond the fact that I'm tired, and that it's so gosh-awful dark at seven forty-five.

Every night I go through a gruelling twenty minutes, wherein I devise atrocities for myself. I always put the clock away—that, I might remark, is highly ineffectual,

for wherever it is, it never seems to be out of reach. Then I do fancy things like adjusting the lamp-shade so that when I automatically turn on the light, it will shine in my eyes.

Sometimes I unscrew the light bulb, hoping that the unexpected blackness will shock me into solving its mystery. Needless to say, the continued darkness has the opposite effect.

At other times—and most penalizing—I turn the radio backwards, so that I can't find the switch, and grope myself into waking up. At least that's what I hope I'll do. Unfortunately at 7:45, the lack of foreign noises interrupting my sleep has a singularly lulling effect.

Tonight I have a new one. I've pushed the bed-table as far from my bed as possible. I had to crawl halfway out of bed to put the clock at the back of the shelf. I've switched the light bulbs so that the bright one will hit me, and I turned the radio's volume button to the furthestmost point and it will start with a tremendous blast—provided CHML doesn't institute a whispering campaign. Surely all that ought to have the desired effect.

Every night I foresee an auspicious opening for the following day, and every morning I'm dismayed that I ever thought such nonsense would fool me into waking up. I guess I'll have to go back to my only successful stunt: That of hiding the alarm somewhere in my room. Running around on a cold floor in bare feet, blindly groping for the clang-clang, isn't the easiest way to sleep—even for me. Who knows, I may yet have to resort to that primitive and savage mode of life.

Well, now that I've arranged my Target of Tomorrow, I'll go to sleep.

A.B.M.

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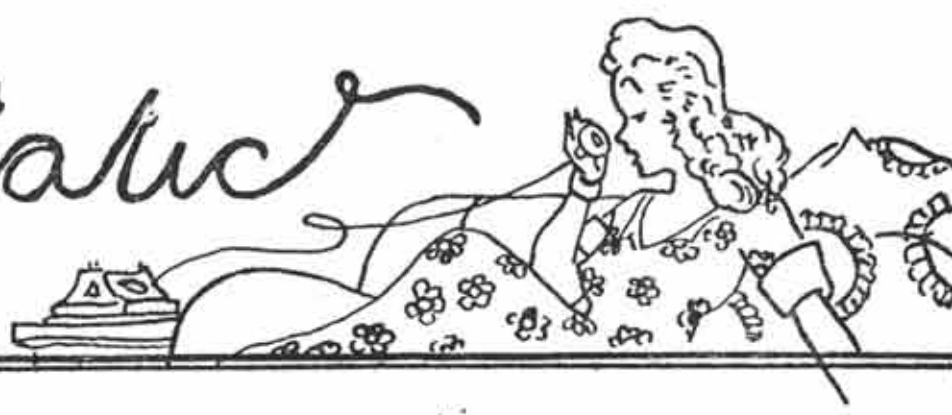
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College Static



Hi fellas! happy 1945 . . . hope you all have your resolutions in good working condition. How's about it Wink—going to do more concentrating on that "awful" stuff they call Hebrew?? . . . and load more solid sending on the old piano . . . and Marg F. suppose you're going to be writing more of those exciting letters to Detroit . . . and then there's Totzke, our tall, tan and terrific Freshman . . . he's probably trying to figure out how he can get in a little more studying and still dream of Whitby—(P.S. Charlie that's where Mary Eleanor goes to school.).

Did you know that Harold Marchand, Frank Keating and Bob (Censored).

Resolutions for '45:

1. Hand in all assignments not more than two weeks overdue.
2. Copy assignments from someone who knows his work.
3. More "Marg" and "Edith" at Athy.
4. Not to aggravate Pro. Rikard in Psychology 20.
5. Stay awake in classes.
6. Go to basketball games to cheer for "our" team.
7. Carry on with my Library Science just for the sheer pleasure of going to the Library.
8. Go to the graduation dance

anyway.

9. Go to, and sing louder, in Chapel.

10. Come to early morning classes on time and with a big smile.

11. Stop "borrowing" paper and buy a few sheets for myself.

12. Cancel all resolutions under adverse conditions.

13. Laugh at all jokes in this column whether they're funny or not—now you know what they are!

Bill Shantz has been dating one of our prettiest Sophomores—we like her too Bill! (It's Oh Kay with him).

Shupie if you discover that French pilot . . . be sure and tell him to bring a friend.

Of course there's Sergeant Baetz . . . he says he prefers angels . . . and it seems he found himself a real honest to goodness one in the choir about Christmas (sorry Charlie we don't know her name! . . . hmmm wonder what it's like to kiss an angel!

Some of our co-eds are practicing for a thrill of a lifetime . . . we mean skiing . . . Elaine and her good looking instructor (P.S. Charlie we mean "Captain Barry") plow laboriously up and down the hills . . . then there's Tommie . . . she is really a beginner and what a beginner . . . another two weeks

and she will have murdered . . . oops we mean "mastered" the art completely—and we do mean completely! and then there's Sheila . . . all we can say is **TRACK!**—(P.S. Charlie that means get out of the way or else!) Carson seems to have trouble with the tow—or perhaps he prefers to use it the hard way. So if ecies gets you down and you want to have some fun and lose a lot of weight—we recommend Chiscopee!!

Liela Bier has had an overdeveloped twinkle in her blue eyes for the last couple of weeks . . . we wonder!!

Our latest addition — "Angie" — has a terribly temperamental car—it acts up at the darndest times — maybe it would behave if Rolly were in it.

Congratulations are certainly in order for Jean and Henry—Reverend and Mrs. Schmieder. We wish you all sorts of luck—only wish we had known so we could have had a bang up party for you.

Rumor has it that if Poet Merner's maths were in a class with her couplets—she would be another Waterloo College brain.

We are just beginning to realize that Waterloo College is the proud possessor of a "Sleeping Beauty"—

See **COLLEGE STATIC** Page 8

Christmas Athy

(Cont'd. From Page 1)

was a stunt involving Frank Keating, Prof. and Mrs. R. C. McIvor. The final part of the program was an exhibition of jitterbugging by our two virtuosi, Louis Hirschberger and Joyce Powell.

Then came the "surprise event," a visit by St. Nicholas, fully impersonated by Chuck Hagen. There were amusing and useful gifts for those who had written letters to Santa Claus.

Lunch followed and it was followed in turn by musical games and singing.

The gym was beautifully decorated with evergreens, red streamers, wreaths, large painted choristers, angels, carollers and a little red church. Coloured lights were strung along the wall in among branches of evergreen. Everyone raved all night long over the beauty of it, beauty planned by Marg-

aret Fackoury and a committee.

Everyone agreed that it was the most wonderful Athanaeum meeting ever held. It was an evening of talent and amusement hard to be surpassed!

McTaggart

(Cont'd. From Page 1)

his discomfort, I am sure, in that he is digging in below us on the mud flats (I hope he bloody well freezes). He has 'noised' things up a bit in the last hour, but we turned on our heavy friends and now we have a bit of quiet. Does not do to fool around too much as he will get his fingers burned, you can be sure.

"Bob Menzies was out on a patrol last night with his scout platoon and came in with the information he went out to get, as well as all his men. It was a grand job and done almost with finesse. He is a good officer and his folks will be

glad to know he is doing well.

"I had all the officers and N.C.O.'s in my headquarters for an hour or so, earlier this evening for a little get-together. It was the first we had for a long while. Much of the time was spent in telling of the ways in which we had spent previous Christmases, and, too, in sharing some refreshments among eight or nine of us, which were the gift of the colonel.

"They are all gone now and H.Q. is pretty bare and back to business again. The wireless set is sitting on the table and cracking away on our frequency. The guns have taken up their roaring and Christmas spirit has vanished except if you were to look at an empty bottle on the other table for, sticking from its top is a sprig of holly, bright green with glossy, red berries, which someone cut this afternoon from a hedge."

Other letters described the Christmas dinner with all its trimmings which was served in what was formerly a sanatorium.



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Cuff'n Stuff

Well, whaddya know? Back again and all in one piece. That's really amazing considering the recent **ex-crutiating** strain of those exams. (We oughta pass our English 48 just on that one dilly of a word!!)

Before going further we would like to say a word to the wise (?)—namely the Frosh. If you wish to continue your life in self-respect and self-confidence, don't ever, ever, ever attend the first lectures after exams. If you had one little

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KITCHENER

atom of hope left for your future in the halls of our dear Alma Mater, it will fly out of the window. (The idea is to keep the window closed!!) Professor Rikard is an expert at lowering morale. He can build up a question and tear it down so fast you almost forget which class you're in!! We're just warning ya, fellahs.

Word has come to our ears that a certain Baetz and Sehl duet has been doing quite a little "pet"-ting around the old school. Take it easy, you two. There'll be none of that going on around here. Poor old Reb has taken to the literary rather than the verbal science of date-making. According to Dier, that's a formal application for a date. But then, how does Dier know? Has anyone ever seen him write?

By-the-way, guess what Audrey Brock got for Christmas from the one and only? Well, flim flam, whaddya know—Aud's still guessing, too!

We noticed a list on the bulletin board for blood donors. How about it, fellahs and girls? Lying on a nice clean table, giving less than a pint at a time is much, much easier than lying on a cold, wet battlefield giving every drop. And it doesn't hurt—HONEST—you big sissies!!

Well, Jean and Henry finally took the big step at long last. Please accept our congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Schmieder, and our best wishes for every happiness in the future. May your only worries be "little ones"!

Oh, golly, here comes Charlie, our beloved and esteemed editor. If you see us walking around with five or six black eyes, you'll know he caught us!!

There's just time to say "Congratulations" and "Sincerest Sympathies" on your exams. We'll be back later if Charlie lets us live!!

Yours with trepidation,

ARMIE and TOMMIE.

Athy Has Musical Eve

On Nov. 30 the Athenaeum had a soiree musicale. The first part of the evening was spent listening to records of classical music and the latter part to enjoying popular music. The classics were Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet," "Fantasy Overture" and his extremely popular "Nutcracker Suite." Then for the remainder of the classical program Strauss was the composer, from whose works the waltzes "Tales From the Vienna Woods," and the "Emperor" were chosen. Marion Mickus spoke briefly before each number in explanation of the piece. The popular music part of the program was ably handled by Messrs. Brose and Winkler. Of course, a sing-song was held around the piano as well.

Lunch was served with usual success.

Thanks to Bob Dier for the record player, and Bill Shantz for the excellent records.

Who's Who

(Cont'd. From Page 1)

Faculty Adviser: Prof. A. M. MacLaren.

Then we have the Athletic Directorate made up of:

President: Eric H. Reble.

Vice-President: Helen M. Sehl.

Sec.-Treasurer: Jean C. Kramp.

Hon. President: Dr. C. F. Klinck.

Faculty Adviser: Prof. R. C. McIvor.

Then there is that excellent society responsible for the delicious meals served in the dining room. The Students' Boarding Club:

President: Eldred Winkler.

Vice-President: Eric H. Reble.

Secretary: Jack Zimmerman.

Treasurer: Harold Brose.

Faculty Adviser: Prof. R. C. McIvor.

Next we come to that excellent organization the "Women Students' Organization":

President: Helen M. Sehl.

Sec.-Treasurer: Mary Ann Wiley.

Faculty Adviser: Miss A. M. MacLaren.

At last we come to the class organizations:

CLASS OF 1945:

President: Ward L. Kaiser.

Sec.-Treasurer: Eric H. Reble.

Faculty Adviser: Prof. J. A. Rikard.

CLASS OF 1946:

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C.O.T.C. NEWS

Dr. Klinck has received a very interesting letter from Capt. Allan K. McTaggart, which he has kindly allowed us to use. His letter reads in part:

"We have been kept very busy cleaning out pockets of Jerries who have insisted on staying in their strongest forts and as they proudly yet naively put it, 'wage honorable war until the end.' The end almost invariably means that a German general who looks very much like a Munich beer hall proprietor who drank too much and sold too little comes out for a 24-hour truce on some excuse or other, then retires for a conference and with a bit more coaxing and a few grenades, finally turns up with a batman or two carrying all his personal kit down to golf clubs and along with the rest of the glorious Wehrmacht who he has working for him surrenders and is put out to pasture and to ponder. It is not always an easy job nor is it a desirable one but it is one that has had to be done, and to be done quickly, and I think it can be said that our division has done it neatly and with no small amount of effect.

"We are enjoying a bit of a rest these last few days, if sleeping in an odorous French stable, practically alongside of the old sow and the inevitable host of piglets, can be considered restful. Why nature provides so many of them and such limited feeding facilities is beyond me, for just like soldiers at a mess hall line up, the shoving and rushing and hunt for space gets underway well prior to the cook

being prepared to loosen up and serve the meal. And squealing pigs at 4:30 a.m. is far worse to wake up to than even in those days when at half past nine in the morning I would sleepily blink my eyes and behold the countenance of my esteemed friend, advocate and adviser, Dr. Schorten, informing me in stern tones, "Allan, Allan, is you up? (which I never was). Chapel in ten minutes!" How I wish I were there now.

"It has only been with difficulty that I have so far kept up contact with chaps from the Twin City who attended Waterloo at the same time as myself. There have fortunately been few deaths among us who were part of that first C.O.T.C. group but one or two of the gang have been wounded in varying degrees. Jack Koehler stepped on a mine a week or so ago and was a trifle surprised and shocked as a result and had a leg wound which it is hoped, will have no lasting effects on him. He is, however, out of action and it is unlikely that he will be committed again. Charlie Campbell, while acting as our adjutant, had the misfortune to bump into another mine and he has lost an arm above the elbow, the right one, I believe, and so he too has been evacuated to England. Lloyd Winhold is 2 i. c. of a company over with the North Nova Scotia Highlanders and is very fit and doing a grand job. As for myself—well, I have not changed very much. Perhaps the moustache is a little more rampant and a bit bigger but nothing else of any importance has come my way. I am presently working as 2 i. c. company and having a whale of a time. Jim Spohn is our liaison officer at brigade and drops down to see us occasionally to compare notes on the news from home."

(NOTE: Capt. C. Campbell, who is mentioned above as having been evacuated to England, has since arrived in Canada. This former Waterloo school teacher was reported in last month's Cord as having won the Military Cross at Buron, France.) W. L. K.

Well, we've just come out of the annual muster parade. The purpose of that, remarks someone suggestively, is to make those who do not attend "officially unpaid," the rest of us are unofficially unpaid—you see, of course, the obvious advantage in attending.

There are several other new developments that will affect the lo-

cal unit; especially the veterans of several years of C.O.T.C. The first of these changes is that, under the new reduced schedule of training for those who have attended camp for at least two years, there will be only one parade a week—on Mondays—for the second semester. Those who have not taken the full training for two years will follow the usual training of three nights a week. N.C.O.'s will continue their present schedule of one parade a week, on Monday, Wednesday or Friday, depending on when their services may be required. Our officers, however, remain on the former schedule of three nights' duty—oh, to be an officer.

The second big item of news concerns graduating students. Any in the class may now make application for special training with a view to the securing of a commission in the Canadian Infantry Corps. Some of our seniors are reported to be interested in the opportunity—who knows, we may soon be saluting some of our fellow-Waterloons, Class of '45!

Alumni

(Cont'd. From Page 1)

he desired, at the head of his men and doing his job.

"It was a very gallant gesture on his part which caused his death, and in giving his life I feel that he was instrumental in saving those of many others."

One of the Alumnae has returned to our ranks, in the form of Mrs. Angela (Boehmer) Merner. She still has a few credits to take, and tells us that she is quite hopeful.

Flight Lieut. Arthur Moyer arrived home from overseas in January after two years of operational duty. He recently received the Distinguished Flying Cross. Mrs. Moyer is the former Jessie Cunningham of the class of '37.

Word has been passed on to this column that Captain Lloyd Halwig is serving as liaison officer between the Canadian and British Armies in the continental theatre of war.

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- WATERLOONACY -

Marchand: Gee, Weaver, some laugh you've got.

Weaver: It's all right Marchand. Each has his own peculiarities. I've got a funny laugh, you've got a funny face.

. . .

Chuck (when W. Kaiser stumbled over the mail sack going into a street-car): "Not falling over another bag, are you Ward?"

. . .

Corporal: What do you do now?

Alf: Something with the cocking-handle I expect.

E. Brose: Expectation overruled!

. . .

Then there's the one Reble told us the other day:

Two women were at a concert at which operatic numbers were being sung. One of them, not recognizing the number being sung, asked the other the name of it.

She retorted: "That's the sextet from Lucia."

The other said: "Oh, I thought perhaps it was the quartet from Rigoletto."

To be certain she got up, walked over to a sign on the wall, came back beaming from ear to ear:

"I found out what it was! It's the 'Refrain' from 'Spitting' by 'Order.'"

. . .

W. Kaiser: Did he say locking nut or walking nut?

Bill Shantz: Walking nut? He must be talking about you!

. . .

Heard while walking through a marsh on a C.O.T.C. hike:

Weaver: I bet we are walking on a lot of poor frozen little animals, like frogs and toads and—

Hinscherger (interrupting): Get off my foot, Weaver!

. . .

Corporal M.: That's the right answer, Alf!

Alf. S.: Yeah, but I had to think!

Overheard in the men's common room:

"Who is this guy Romeo? I hear a lot of talk about him, but I never could place him!"

(It's all right, Miss MacLaren, he isn't in English 20).

. . .

Prof. Evans to D. Smith: "Now that's the kind of answer you'd give to a schoolmarm. Just pretend I'm a normal person."

Marchand: Gee whiz! Look at the big lunch Ma made me. How big a stomach does she think I have?

Weaver: Probably she thinks it is in proportion to your mouth!

. . .

Prof. McIvor: "Well, it won't be long until those bumps on the rink will be transferred elsewhere!"

. . .

Sneezy and Baetz

Eric and Fluff

Army and Brose

Ain't life tough?

Katy and Shantz

Nanny and Marsh

Sherry and Zim

Cupid's sure harsh!

Doris and Carse

Margie and Ward

Maisie and Alf

No more room? Bored!

R. U. Two?

. . .

Told at L.S.S.A.

"This transfer has expired, madam."

"Well, no wonder, with such foul air in here."

. . .

Also:

Father (to infant son) "Hey son, stop sucking your thumb. You'll need it when you're old enough to travel!"

. . .

The crop of corn is good this year. N'est ce pas?

. . .

Teacher: "Sit down in front."

Student: "Sorry sir, I don't bend that way."

Wedding

(Cont'd. From Page 1)

matching blue half-hat with cascading flowers. Her accessories were of navy blue. She carried a colonial bouquet of roses and violets.

Dr. Helmut T. Lehmann, President of Waterloo College and Seminary, acted as groomsman. Dr. Ulrich Leupold of Maynooth, Ont., was at the console.

A wedding dinner was served at the Walper House.

Rev. and Mrs. Schmieder will reside in New Dundee.

Vox Pop

January 4, 1945.

Dear Mr. Editor:

May we be permitted to use a small amount of your available space to ask a few questions which seem to be of pressing interest at this time of writing?

Last year, our Athletic Directorate provided us with a skating rink as fine as any to be found in the Twin Cities. The project was completed only after a very considerable amount of planning on the part of many interested persons, and only after the expenditure of many hundreds of dollars. That the rink contributed much to the life of the college last winter will be denied by few of our students, and the Directorate was many times commended for its initiative and interest in the project.

One need only look at the present state of the rink to note the general attitude of the current members of our Directorate. Since the work involved in maintenance of the rink can in no sense be considered within the realm of girls' activity, and since the President of the Directorate is a male student, we address ourselves to that individual.

Why has the President failed to take steps to have the rink put into useful condition? We understand that the services of an electrician, necessary to install the lighting system, cannot be obtained for many weeks. This, of course, is a result of wartime conditions, and early arrangements should have been made for his services. Perhaps the President is not aware of present-day conditions. Additional poles to support the lighting system have been obtained but not put in place. All that seems to be required is a bit of organization, thus far not in evidence. At the moment, the rink lies deep in snow. Perhaps we are waiting for Spring to melt it, after which we shall get on with the job of flooding the rink. One gains little by listing details, but they do furnish a guide to the general attitude of our President.

We are of the opinion that in accepting office, the individual should be willing to devote a decent amount of attention to the duties of that office, and to show a minimum amount of leadership and initiative whenever required. We therefore question the adequacy with which the office of President of the Athletic Directorate is presently being filled. We do not suggest that the President should step aside in favor of someone more capable. That would be a happy solution to the problem, but unfortunately, not many such persons would be willing to step into the midst of the

mass of inertia accumulated by the present office-holder. So we would simply ask that, in making the best of an unfortunate situation, the President consider bending an effort toward making some improvement in his administration of affairs while there is yet time. Any improvement will be very welcome, and we sincerely hope that by the time this protest appears in print, he will have been stirred to action.

(Signed)

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"We Ten"

(Cont'd. From Page 1)

to the U. of M. again to hear a lecture by Dr. Henry Sanders on "Biblical Papyri." They have quite a collection of them; some written between 200-215 A.D.

At supper students from each campus were represented at the various tables—college songs were sung, speeches were made, friendly chatter was made.

After supper there was a brief devotional programme. Then Pastor H. O. Yoder spoke on "Methods of Bible Study." Five methods were: (1) Read from Genesis to Revelations; (2) topical; (3) biographical; (4) passage study, and (5) book by book. Pastor Yoder favoured the "book by book" method.

Then Dr. C. P. Harry addressed the students in L.S.A. projects. He said there were seven things that the Lutheran students would be called upon to do in the coming year (1) pray, (2) study, (3) plan, (4) prepare, (5) visit, (6) give and (7) send. He spoke on rehabilitation of veterans. He explained how the L.S.A. budget is split—60% for Lutheran World Action, 20% for scholarships in India, 20% for the rehabilitation of Christian students in Germany, Japan and China. He mentioned the Ashram to be held in Hallester, Missouri, in the summer of 1945.

Then from nine to ten there was a recreational period in which Zim made a fool of himself again; Selma nearly lost her left eye in a game of wink. When it came to bag-blowing Reuben Baetz was without a rival.

At ten we all assembled in a large recreation room by a fireside and a monstrous, decorated Christmas tree. Louise Powell told of the Ashram Fireside and what it meant to her, feelings which she had about fellowship among Lutheran students. Then we started singing—almost everything we could think of from "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" to "Silent Night." Then we broke up and went to our boarding places. Sunday morning's activities began with a Bible Study Hour under Dr. Harry. We ten attended the Communion Service at Trinity Church, a service enjoyed by all.

Then we had dinner again in the Parish Hall of Rev. Stellhorn's Church. Another enjoyable singing was held e.g.:

"Do your ears hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
Can you throw them over your shoulder,
Like a continental soldier?
Do your ears hang low?"

After dinner there was a brief business meeting followed by another address by Dr. Harry "Living

in Our Day." He urged us to be alert, skeptical, get the Bible-reading habit, make conclusions when necessary.

At this point came that very sad but necessary part of our visit, our departure. We told everyone of the wonderful time we had had. Dr. Harry is coming over at the end of January and we are inviting the Lutheran students of the various universities in Ontario to attend. We are looking forward to an Ashram here in Waterloo in 1946.

By 4:00 p.m. we were on our way homeward via Windsor and via Trinity Lutheran Church, with its pastor, Rev. Otto Reble. We were given a royal welcome and food to match. We met the Luther League there. Dr. Klinck received compliment after compliment for one of the girls thought that the dean was just one of the older students in the College—so all these years of study

at Waterloo and Columbia and of teaching English at the College have not aged him very much.

Finally we left for home, one car getting home at 3:30 a.m., the other at 5:30 a.m. We were mighty glad to get back to good old Waterloo. The next day bags were in style under the eyes of we ten. Even Del Glebe didn't exactly look like a Morning Glory on the 1st day of June. But we had a grand experience and we won't soon forget it.

WE TEN!

College Static

Con. From Page 4

or is it just that Patina (?) has a monopoly on the couch?

Bye for this month—and how about sending that extra letter overseas.

JANET & BOB.

Blind See

(Cont'd. From Page 3)

are now well over two thousand dogs at work in America and the institute's capacity for training them is ever increasing.

When one realizes that there are probably well over ten thousand blind persons both ambitious enough and physically fit to use such dogs, the mark at which the school is shooting becomes apparent. Of course the complete census of the sightless on this continent is a much larger figure. But these "Seeing Eye" dogs are not for the infirm—nor are they for the idle blind; Humphrey is training workers—not house pets.

For his dog and his month at the institute the blind man is required to pay \$150.00. This payment, reasonable as it is, can, however, be made in monthly instalments, and thus is within reach of the poor as well as the rich. Since the cost of all this to the school involves an expenditure of more than \$900.00 per blind person and dog, the institute depends largely on public philanthropy to continue its excellent humanitarian operations.

Patiently it is taught, among other feats, disobedience to its master's commands for the innumerable occasions when the blind master will order it to do something which it knows, for his sake, it must not do—like crossing the street against the lights, etc. By the time the dogs are "graduated" from this unique school they can perform all human guiding functions with the exception of speaking to their masters. And even the lack of this relatively unimportant function is offset by intelligent barks at suitable instances.

The loyalty and sagacity that these animals exhibit is truly fascinating. And the devotion of their masters to them is equally fascinating. An interesting true incident of just such a case is exemplified by the blind piano tuner who was called upon to tune a piano at a certain house in Boston at 9 a.m. the next morning. Though the next day there was a driving rainstorm, the blind young man arrived precisely at the appointed hour escorted, however, not by his "Seeing-Eye" dog, but rather by his aged grandmother. He explained that in such disagreeable weather he preferred to leave his dog at home. Why, it might catch its death of cold! So he brought his grandmother to guide him!

Those who have actually seen these dogs at work—one perhaps taking a blind lawyer to a courtroom; another guiding a preacher to his pulpit; yes, and even leading a doctor to his patients—will marvel at this present-day miracle which theoretically, if not actually, enables the blind to see.

AL ORZY.

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