

# THE COLLEGE CORD

VOL. 20

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No. 4

## S.L.E. FEEDS MULTITUDE AT DINNER PARTY



**AT LUTHERAN MEETING**—A representative group attending the Lutheran Students' Association Conference is shown at the registration desk at Waterloo College on Saturday. From left to right are: John Rehle, McMaster University, Hamilton; Dr. H. T. Lehmann, president of Waterloo College and Seminary; Miss Marjorie Karlson, Stratford Normal School; Dr. C. P. Harry, educational adviser for the Lutheran Church in America; Miss Shirley Demerling, University of Western Ontario, London; Emil Hahn, Ann Arbor, Mich., and Roy Grosz, Waterloo.

### Evening of Food, Fun and Frolic

Under the sponsorship of the Students' Legislative Executive, a gala dinner party was arranged at the Grand River Tea Rooms on the evening of February 8 for the entire student body. Essentially this banquet was arranged to foster school spirit and to publicize the S.L.E. and its work.

This was the theme of the (president of the organization) Wilfred McLeod's speech immediately preceding the dinner proper. Wilfred spoke of the value of the S.L.E., its aims and accomplishments. He told the assembled students what the S.L.E. is accomplishing at present and the plans it has for the future.

In passing it may be remarked that Wilfred wore a yellow rose tied with a purple ribbon on his lapel—a gift from the members of the S.L.E.

While the dinner itself was the main "highlight" of the evening there were other "spotlights". President Lehmann was the first of the speakers. He spoke of the work of the S.L.E. and praised their efforts to foster school spirit, especially by the banquet, and emphasized his desire to co-operate in

See "BANQUET" Page 6

## Lutheran Students' Association of America Elects Bob Langen President

Robert Langen of Waterloo College was named president of the Ontario area of the Ohio Valley Region of the Lutheran Students' Association of America at an organization meeting held at the Twin City institution over the weekend.

Representatives from various universities in Canada and the United States attended the sessions. They included students of theology, teaching, nursing, medicine, psychology, engineering, business and missions.

### FIRST CONVENTION

First of its kind in Ontario, the convention stressed the necessity of co-operation in Christian work. Forming of this Ontario area was seen as a forward step in Lutheran student expansion. Waterloo was selected as the centre for Ontario organization.

A program, which stretched from Saturday morning, when the members registered, until a chapel service on Sunday evening, featured several outstanding speakers. Included among them was Dr. C. P. Harry, advisor of the Lutheran Students' Association of America.

See "L.S.A.A." Page 5

## Alumni Notes

Wilfrid Bean, R.C.A.F., of Kitchener, director of operational training for Canada, has been mentioned in dispatches in the New Year's honors list. He is now located at Ottawa.

A son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bean, 19 Roland St., he now resides with his wife and son, George Peter, at 3091 W. 38th St., Vancouver, B.C.

Wilf attended Waterloo College and the University of Toronto before enlisting on May 15, 1939.

Wing Cmdr. Bean volunteered for active duty the day after war was declared and saw action with the 112th Squadron, the first R.C.A.F. unit to go overseas. He was on patrol duty in the Atlantic and Pacific areas.

In 1941 he flew a Hudson bomber overseas to carry out an assignment with an organizing unit which ultimately produced the R.C.A.F. Torpedo Squadron.

His present rank equals that of lieutenant-colonel in the army, the status held by his brother, Walter A. Bean. Captain C. Audrey Bean is serving overseas a second time in this war.

See "ALUMNI" Page 4

## Froshies Skate

The long-planned, long awaited, long-heralded and long (put off) Freshman party finally saw reality in the form of a skating party on Jan. 22. Central School's rink and Dorothy MacEachern's home provided a pleasing combination for the party, and so, with Dorothy's kind permission, this likely spot was chosen for the affair.

Thus it happened that on Jan. 22 groups of gay skaters enhanced the Central School rink for about two hours to the strains of waltz music. It was a lovely evening and the ice was splendid.

After the session of skating—appetite-raising exercise, eh what! the group retired to Dorothy's home for hot dogs, donuts and chocolate milk. M-m-m-m-m-m. They certainly tasted good. Following lunch there was dancing, joke telling, piano playing and the many other activities that make

See "FROSH" Page 4

## Athy Holds Sleigh Ride

Sharp on the heels of the Freshman skating party and the sub-zero temperatures came the Athanaeum sleigh ride. Man, oh man—was it cold? But did that stop Waterloo College? Did that stop the valiant student body from attending this festivity? I should say not. At least 25 people appeared, snugly-bundled up in their warmest clothes, to laugh the cold and stormy weather to disgrace.

Except for the exceptionally cold weather it was a beautiful night and the reflection of the moon on the snow made it dance with a million little diamonds. Yes, it was a fairyland of sparkling beauty that the sleighers set out in. When

See "ATHY" Page 4

Founded 1926

# THE COLLEGE CORD

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## EDITORIAL

Well, here it is "Cord-Time" again!

This is an era of punctuality and haste, activity and conferences. The "Big Three" have had their heads together at Yalta. The "Big Nine" (for the uninitiated that's the S.L.E.) are almost daily having meetings to discuss the future of the school, banquets, the Grad dance and so forth.

Yes, the Students' Legislative Executive has been doing a remarkable job again this year. As our readers may know, the S.L.E. had slipped for a time into outer darkness, until last year when the students started clamouring for a voice in college activities. As a result a conclave was held to resurrect the dormant organization to a new status of power and strength.

This year its able helmsman and pater familias is Mr. Wilfred McLeod, our fiery Scotsman.

Another organization that has been revived this semester is "Le cercle francais." Perhaps this is quite a surprise to the Frosh who were told by their president in all his eloquence that the cercle was one of the extinct societies at Waterloo.

On the contrary regular meetings are being held at the home of Professor W. D. Evans. As usual the attendance is being restricted to those who are really interested in the French language and are leading up to or taking honour courses in French.

Daily conferences are held in the Men's Common Room in which discussions of a highly interesting and varied list of subjects are filled with wit, eagerness and infinitum. Of course it is a good idea that some are confined to the Common Room where only humans, masculini generis, may coagulate.

Well, conferences and meetings are "a good thing" provided that they are not exam conferences. Gaudeamus igitur and hope that conferences do not lose their interest, their appeal, and their almost limitless accomplishments.

C. A. H.

## JUNIOR EDITORIAL

We have decided this edition to give credit where credit is due. We see that the S.L.E. and Athanaeum presidents smile modestly, but it is not they we honour. This editorial is dedicated to Nick.

Nick is unique in a number of ways. First, he is the only person who gets more fun out of watching the girls' P.T. class than do the Frosh, and second, he is the only person who can match one of the faculty members in the honorable art of telling stories.

Nick is also the only person of consequence about the school who is cheering for the Frosh hockey team. He did, however, put enough tin on a Senior's stick in fixing it to break every Frosh player's head. His pep talk is "Come on, Frosh, beat the pants off those — Seniors." You see Nick has a wide vocabulary when it comes to calling Seniors names, but most of the words are in German, and we are afraid to ask Dr. Schorten what they mean.

His theme song is "Some Pass In, and Others Pass Out." Nick says it makes him feel old to see the Frosh of a few years ago wheeling a family, but he extends an invitation to all Grads to stop him on the street if he doesn't recognize them. He says,

quote: "I will tell them all the really inside stuff about Waterloo," unquote.

Nick is only a part of the inimitable atmosphere of our college. Perhaps that part can be explained best by Nick's own words: "You betcha this is a good college. And the professors do all right around here, too, although I am the lowest paid of the bunch."

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.**

## Judgment Day for Class of '47 or any Year Thereafter

(Or Forgive Me Maj. Raymond and Virgil)

It was in the year two thousand and two.  
Yes, I was there — and so were you.  
Jupiter judged our manifold wrongs  
Passed sentence on the one-time freshmen throngs.  
Where we were, I neglected to say  
I'll tell you, my friends — 'twas Judgment Day!  
Judgment Day on lofty Olympus Mount  
Judgment Day — and we taking the count!  
Jove called us forward, the better to see  
Just what we were and who were we.  
He called our names in clarion tones  
And chilled us to the marrow of our bones.  
The other dieties were there, also,  
To rush us to the burning land below.  
We huddled together in frozen fear  
As he called forth Bertha Becker, dear.  
She stepped forth bravely, looked him in the eye  
He passed her easily; we heaved a sigh.  
Next he called forth President Reuben Baetz  
Poor Boy, closed to him were the pearly gates.  
But Jupiter liked him, we all could see  
For his sides did shake in godly glee.  
Then came calm Darlene, our Waterloo brain  
Sure of Elysium, come sunshine or rain.  
Jove paused a little to survey the crowd,  
And before him we knelt, with our heads bowed.  
Then "Dorothy MacEachern" the god did cry  
But Dottie, gay Dottie, Dottie was sly.  
She flashed him a smile, oozing with glamour  
All the gods panted — wolves in a clamour!  
Jove glanced at the black book, before him spread  
And called forth Dier in accents dread.  
"Though a fine musician, you well may be  
"And a cavalier gay" (Just ask Audrey)  
"Nevertheless to Hades, I must commit you."  
The same fate befell Hartwig Pruess, that's true.  
He took a deep breath as he called for Schmidt  
"For amorous philandering" (the cap did fit)  
"I must send you to Hades," 'twas what he said.  
Then he called Gladdie with curly hair red.  
"Miss Foran, your record is touch and go  
"And living in Guelph didn't help, you know  
"Oh, well, I think Waterloo has helped you  
"So with Marge to Elysium, you can go too."  
Then a satisfied smile spread o'er his face  
As he scanned Florence Weickert's flawless case,  
For unfailing answering of the college phone  
Had put her in the Roman safety zone.  
"Ditto for Halpbern and Selma," he said.  
But I felt like a duck, already dead.  
Next came Milt Bauer and Robert Rock  
So frightened were they, that their knees did knock.  
"Such handsome men!" said wife Juno to Jove  
To save them from Hades, she gallantly strove.  
Next came dear Louis — how I love that boy!  
The darned jerk got through by casting looks coy.  
Then the god paled; his hand flew to his throat  
'Twas Weaver he called, that brainchild who wrote  
Those vicious term papers, magna cum laude  
So he just sat and looked—Was that god awed!  
Then he sent him to the Roman Heaven  
Along with Huras and Walter Doneaven.  
Then came Carl Weber and Delton Glebe both  
These Casanovas to leave Earth were loath.

See "JUDGMENT DAY" Page 6

## WATERLOO COLLEGE SONG

Waterloo, we'll praise thee ever,  
as in days of old;  
We will always keep on high the  
Purple and the Gold.  
Always will thy sons and daughters  
faithful be, and true;  
They will always hold thy name in  
rev'rence,

On the track, on the field,  
Waterloo ne'er will yield!  
We will battle on to vic'try as  
the years roll by,  
Carrying thy standard bravely,  
holding it on high!  
Always will we sing thy praises,  
old yet ever new;  
No one e'er shall bring thy name  
dishonour,  
WATERLOO!

## SOPH SOBS

There've been poems about freshmen and seniors and such,  
But about the poor sophomores not very much;  
So I hereby attempt to set forth, ou(e)r case,  
Henceforward I hope you won't leave us in haste.  
As pres. of our class we have bouncing Jean Thompson  
Who never gets riled but stolidly champs on:  
(That should have been smokes, but as you see  
I had to have something to rhyme, La dee dee).  
We sophomores, too, have got plenty of glamour  
For Miss Audrey Krug is our Dorothy Lamour.  
(I never have seen her in a sarong,  
But what her eyes tell us, well, just can't be wrong.)  
O'er the flowing blonde locks of our dear Eileen  
Many fights had arisen had Scottie'd been seen  
In the days of the Knights and the fights for a queen.  
From New Hamburg we have a sweet trio, so dear  
To the hearts of all those who come miles to hear.  
There is Leila and Trudy and blonde Doris Smith,  
The latter's the one who thrills history with  
"This seat's saved for Carsan," who by the way,  
Can paint a portrait with the best any day.  
Now to hurry along (for dear Charles says "Make haste")  
We come to Kay Lippert who says she will waste  
Way to nothing if Bill's not by her side,  
And down from Elmira, just for the ride  
Is Mellie Mohr, with her smile and her laugh  
Yes, there are some more boys tho' they're not nearly half.  
There's Marvin from Galt who can play the piano,  
And Alec who could imitate the late Count Ciano.  
Then there's Army (and usually not far behind  
There's Ernie, a Senior, though we don't really mind.)  
In a green velvet bonnet comes comical Powell  
Whose jokes and whose dancing keeps all in a howell.  
And last, but not least we have the Audrey Brock  
Whose diamond (I swear) can be seen for ten blocks.  
And so no poem is quite complete  
Without some trivial classic feet  
I will delve in ancient lore:  
Quoth the raven "Sophomore."

### How to Operate an Electric Sun- beam Coffee Maker or "Mrs. Brown, How Do You Make Your Delicious Coffee?"

What is more disappointing and  
evil-tasting than a cup of coffee  
that is so weak that you can see  
through it or, on the other hand,  
so strong that it will give a shot of  
Seagram's '83 a run for its money?  
For the coffee enthusiasts I will  
try to help you obtain a satisfying  
cup of coffee by making it in a  
Sunbeam Electric Coffee Maker. Be-  
fore I continue, I must confess that  
the most delicious cup of "java" I  
have ever tasted was made in an  
aluminum coffee pot heated over  
a wood fire.

What does an electric Sunbeam  
Coffee Maker look like? It is a  
handsome, moderately-priced model  
with two graceful heat-proof bowls,  
chrome-plate table stove and cover,  
rich black handle, cord and plug.  
The glow of the heater, the magic-  
like brewing or steeping action, all  
visible through the clear glass, will  
fascinate your family and guests.  
This is beginning to sound more like  
a sales talk than an expository  
composition.

Just put the coffee in the upper  
bowl—the water in the lower bowl.  
Then turn on the current, and the  
water will rise to the upper bowl  
and will brew with the coffee, free

from grounds, will return automati-  
cally to the lower bowl. The  
cleaning of the glass bowls and ex-  
clusive filter rod is a simple matter,  
and you will have no metal springs  
or messy filter cloths to handle.

If some of you are tea "grannies,"  
let me add that this electric coffee  
maker will also brew delicious,  
fragrant and satisfying tea if you  
replace the coffee with tea.

When Mother asks you to prepare  
the beverage for dinner tomorrow  
night, you now will have no rea-  
son to say "Oh, I'm too tired, and  
besides, I don't know how."

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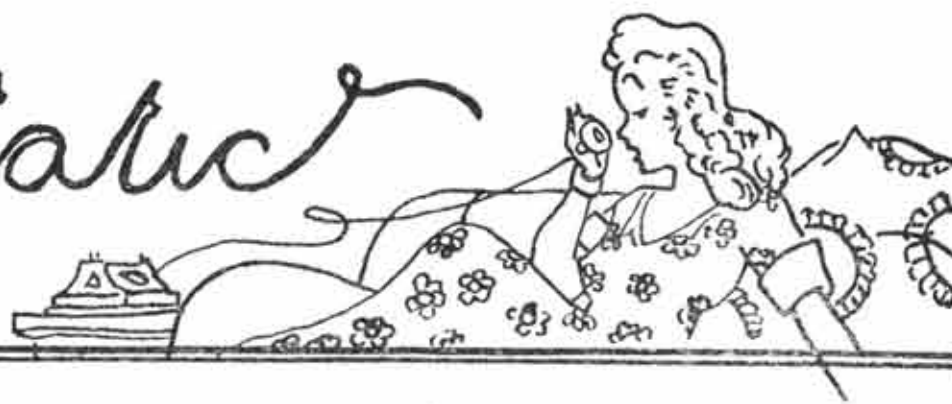
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# College Status



We find ourselves submerged in unfinished essays . . . mid-term exams . . . fiction books that are crying to be read . . . and what have you—but still Charlie cries gimme, gimme, gimme—so with threats of our editor resigning, hanging over our heads, we begin . . .

Seems Jean T. has gone "salty" on us . . . her theme song—"All the nice girls love a sailor—all the nice girls love a tar"—but don't forget Tommie—there's something about an AIRMAN—when you know what airmen are.

Ross Beggs is down in the land of spaghetti and olive trees—loads of luck Lama—hope that southern moon doesn't make you forget the frozen north—with emphasis on the "Four Winds."

Waterloo Wolf: "Tell me about yourself—your struggles, your dreams, your telephone number."

Heap great fuss over Prussie's place-card at the S.L.E. banquet—Yup! Joyce won the laurels. Some goes for that yummy freshman "Bob Langdon"—only in his case it's a little more complicated—B.B.—J.T.—Selina and Russy—boy is you four or is you five?

Dear Old Lady: "Are you a little boy or a little girl?"

Kid: "Look, lady, what the heck else could I be?"

Louis (we can't spell it) reminds us of an accident going someplace to happen.

Marj. Bryden claims she can't leave Kitchener this summer because, "I have interests here." It seems the Brydens are erecting a new house in Westmount (district of the elite, you know) and she wants to be around to help move. Now, if that isn't feeble—we all know Ward plans to work here this summer—looks like a hot summer.

Our basketball teams are doing commendable things these days! One remarkable feat is that the girls travel out of town to play. Another is that the boys continue to win. Of course, the boys have Totzke, haven't they?—(and the girls have Mac.)

They say music hath charms—so has a certain northern lad who used to tramp our campus—or at least we are taking Doris' word for it—and how.

The Athey was quiet—not a sound to be heard.

Only—Edith was singing—unlike any bird.

With screeches and bellows—with cracked piercing voice

Ah, Edith, such volume—and the words ain't so choice.

But it's all for fun—prima donnas are few

So make with the music—babe, our hat's off to you.

Seems some of our co-eds are interested in bachelors—so as a word of warning, we'll tell you a couple of definitions that have been floating around since time was—"A bachelor is a guy who never had a car when he was young," or "he's a mass of inconsistency entirely surrounded by suspicion."—Don't say we didn't warn you.

Blessed are the Seminarians

For they're pretty good sports,

Blessed are the Sophs

When they're in good sorts,

Blessed are the Frosh

For they have shovelled the rink,

Blessed are the Seniors

Now you guess what rhymes!

Poet Dier.

Well, it looks as though we've hammered out another one, peoples, but we'll be back to pick up the pieces. By the way, did you enjoy the sleigh ride?

Janet and Bob.

## Alumni

### Continued From Page 1

Dr. Klinck recently received a letter from Ruth Durkheim Neve, a grad of '35 in honour English. The following excerpt is taken directly from the letter:

"It would be interesting to learn of the whereabouts of some of my '35 classmates. My own 'itinerary' has been by way of Wittenberg College (M.A. '37), Hamilton, Montreal, Detroit, Hot Springs, Arkansas, Denver, Colorado, and for the past two years and a half we have lived in High Point, N.C. Just over a year ago my husband was commissioned in the navy and I side-tracked the role of nurse-housekeeper to succeed him as secretary of the Community War Chest here. Campaigning, budgeting and social planning are somewhat alien to my earlier exper-

ience, but this work has certainly proven the versatility of an English major!

"Arthur has been in the Pacific since last summer, while Larry (our year-and-a-half laddie) and I are doing the best we can on the home front."

E. F. BROSE.

## "Athy"

### Continued From Page 1

they reached Al's place after a great deal of tumbling in and out of the sleigh, appetites were satisfied and cold was driven out of icy veins.

Everyone who was there reports an exceptionally good time, especially those who got on the sleigh first and got the good seats which they did not relinquish for the evening.

Who can tell?—Perhaps on that

cold, frosty winter night the warmth of romance might have conquered a few hardy souls and set brilliant, dancing twinkles in their eyes. Ah yes—who can tell?

## "Frosh"

### Continued From Page 1

a party "partified." Edith Merner, in her own inimitable way, warbled some ditties, Bob Dier tickled the ivories, Bob Rack and Walter Donovan "laid them in the aisles" with their jokes and—well, I could go on and on.

It's true that we of the Freshman class should have had more parties previous to this one (as many a Soph has pointed out to us) but we really think this one made up for the long delay and remember—we'll be having more. Just watch the bulletin board!

In the meantime folks "Keep smiling and buy bonds."



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## Cuff'n Stuff

Whaddya know?—another Cord copy due. Rush, rush, tear, tear (mostly our hair!!) We're here again, but we don't know for how long—which may sound silly, but Charlie's given orders that unless we give out, he'll give in—his notice. So come on, kids!! Remember how you used to put things in the high school magazines? Well, what about this one? It's up to you. So hand in material or information along any line (if you get what we

mean) to any of the Cord staff. Yours trulies would receive any bit of current news with open arms!!

What's the old school been up to since we wrote you last? Well, let's see. There was a sleigh-riding party—and some party. Poor "Alf's Place" will never be the same again!! And the S.L.E. banquet—more fun!! Lots of us learned that a trolley is like Parliament. If you want a seat you have to run for it. (Open the windows!!) But when we arrived at the Grand River, crippled and staggering, it was wonderful—wonderful food (Powell enjoyed every bite Pruess ate!!), wonderful drink (coffee, of course), wonderful speeches, wonderful jokes (now we're kidding, but definitely!!) Too bad Mac kept so quiet when those jokes were going around. We hear he has quite a store—good ones, too!

Speaking of burning rubber, shorts and hot feet, reminds us of the girls' basketball team. They represented us nobly at Brescia and won the game, 12-10. Of course, we admit the boys have played and won four games. But then, the girls have only played two games and we're not mentioning the second time!!

We see by the paper that Prof. Rikard has convinced his group at the So-Ed club that long engagements are "none too good." (See Bathless Groggins' Dictionary!!) He now sports a haircut to celebrate his victory.

We saw the sun for a few minutes the other day. Spring must be just around the corner—the corner being two months away.

Gotta go now, fellas and girls. But don't forget—Friday is War Stamps day. So buy those stamps weekly, not weakly!

LUFF AND STUFF.

Armie and Tommie.

P.S.—We wonder if Dr. Lehmann has any more sailor friends he would like entertained?

## L.S.A.A.

Continued From Page 1

He spoke on Lutheran Students' Association of America, emphasizing its aims. "To think, pray, act and count blessings as well as share them," said Dr. Harry, "is the foundation of the organization."

He told of the first mission venture of L.S.A.A., the India scholarship, which makes it possible for young men of India to receive post-graduate study. "Because of the success of this scholarship the students at the last general council session voted to establish a similar one for China."

Dr. Harry explained the L.S.A.A. also is connected with the World Students' Christian Association. "We have a three-fold purpose," said the speaker "which includes relief for physical, spiritual and moral needs of university students, reconstruction for building Christian lives and pioneering for the extension of Christian life among students throughout the world."

"Remember what you give makes you a part of the great effort which is at work to bring students of all nations and races into the common bond of Christianity," concluded Dr. Harry.

### A HISTORIC EVENT

Dr. H. T. Lehmann, president of Waterloo College and Seminary saw the convention as "a historic event in the lives of Lutheran students in Ontario." He addressed a banquet at St. Peter's Parish Hall Saturday night on "Church Drama in the South Pacific." Mission work in Indo China, Malaya and Java was also explained.

Among highlights of the sessions were panel discussions. One of these "Christian Students' Attitude Towards War," proved particularly interesting. It was conducted under the direction of Professor James Rikard of Waterloo College.

Dr. R. M. Ranson of Toronto addressed the convention on the "Student Council Movement in Canada." A tour of the Lutheran churches in the Twin City was conducted by Rev. Mr. Baetz.

### CONFERENCE FEATURES

Other features included: Bible class study under the direction of Dr. Lehmann; recreational program in St. Peter's gymnasium, Roy Grosz, B.A.; study group discussion, supervised by Dr. C. F. Klinck, dean of Waterloo College; fireside singing, Gertrude Mosig.

Assisting Robert Langen on the slate of officers are Shirley Demerling of the University of Western Ontario; John Reble, McMaster University, Hamilton.

The conference program was arranged and directed by Roy Grosz and a committee including: John Zimmerman, Doris Smith, Doris Metzger, Eric Reble, Ernest Brose,

Charles Hagen; meals, Eldred Winkler; Jean Schweigert; housing, Delton Glebe, Robert Rock, Selma Lemp; welcome, Reuben Baetz and Gertrude Mosig.

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## C.O.T.C. NEWS

Readers of this column may remember having read about Capt. Charles Campbell and his winning of the Military Cross at Buron, France. The official citation for the reward was recently released. We publish it here without further remarks—it speaks for itself.

"This intelligence officer accompanied his commanding officer afoot, behind the assault companies in the attack on Buron, on the morning of July 8, 1944. When communications between the infantry and the tanks broke down, this officer ran out to the tanks over three yards of shell-swept ground. Climbing up the sides of the tanks he conveyed the commanding officer's orders to the squadron leader. After repeated efforts he got the tanks around the minefields which were holding them up and over to engage enemy holding up an infantry company.

"Whilst doing this he came under fire from snipers in trees. When the progress of the battle became confused due to the number of wireless sets knocked out, he left the command post, and despite heavy shelling, walked through the village in search of the infantry company, not knowing whether it was cleared of enemy.

"When the command post was hit and all others killed or wounded, he endeavored to establish a command post and carry on.

"In several attempts the area was shelled so consistently that he was obliged to move on. Besides keeping the brigade informed of the situation at all times, he had reserves brought up, and got medical aid to evacuate the wounded.

"For the remainder of the day he went from company to company,

reporting the situation there and giving valuable aid to companies which had heavy casualties. When the second-in-command arrived, this officer was still carrying on, totally disregarding enemy shell-fire.

"His great assistance in helping to get men forward, and his coolness and courage throughout the day resulted in our men being able to form a firm base in the village, and was a leading factor in the success of the attack."

## Evening of Food, Fun and Frolic

Continued From Page 1

every way possible with the student body. He spoke also of his happy association with the College at present and his pleasant anticipation of the future.

Eric Reble and Professor MacIvor were called upon to comment upon the progress of the students in athletic bodies, which they did very ably. Ward Kaiser, the Anthony of the dinner party, as president of the Athanaeum, did a beautiful job of twisting the achievements of the S.L.E. to laud his own Athanaeum. All right for you, Ward.

There were several other speakers including Grant Kaiser, Bob Rock and Marion Hollinger. Marvin Mickus, with his usual talent, entertained with a few selections on the piano.

Concluding events the whole group joined in the singing of the school song and then retired to Audrey Krug's home "Four Winds" for dancing. We might here publicly thank Audrey for her gracious invitation to use her home. We appreciate it no end. Here the remainder of the evening was spent in eating, dancing, eating, games, eating and music.

The evening was really a great success and spoke well for the achievements of the S.L.E. This organization is a very valuable one, both to the students and faculty, and its work is really beneficial not only to the present student body but also to those who will follow in their footsteps in other years.

So let's propose a toast to the S.L.E. and may it continue to achieve success as great, and perhaps greater, than the first S.L.E. dinner party of '45.

## Judgment Day for Class of '47 or any Year Thereafter

Continued From Page 3

Jove sent them to Hades, caution to learn  
But they didn't have time so rite did they burn.  
Once more did he turn to the feminine side  
Behind each other, we all tried to hide.  
He called "Marion!" (We have two, you know,  
One—Marion Huehn—the other—Just "Joe").  
They both stepped forward with a piercing yell  
And straightway were sent to the Roman — Hades!  
Next he called Uffelman — serious case!  
For Uffie was guilty of charges so base  
Charges of garrulity—(Know what that means)  
He was doomed to witness ever hot scenes.  
As he passed Bob Langen and Sheila Lang  
I felt for myself Hades' foul fang.  
Marg, Nan and Bettina were sent down below  
At least I'd have friends there—Well whaddya know?  
But Totzke and Florence (Little, I mean)  
Were sent to Elysium—Their records were clean (Oh yeah).  
Then came Friend Daechstel, for his sins he paid.  
He was doomed to the land of eternal shade.  
Next came Grant Kaiser—that handsome Don Juan.  
On good librarians he used to fawn.  
So tall, fair and handsome — a beautiful man;  
As he stood there and flirted behind a red fan.  
Jove saw him, grew jealous and sent him below  
Sent down forever by Ackeron's flow.  
Metzger was left—Jove was tired by now  
He sent to Elysium—this minister's frau.  
So my tale is ended — you're glad I can see,  
Hey, wait a minute!—What happened to me?  
Well, Jove stuck on me a horrible ban  
So I just pushed him over and ran and ran.

EDITH.

(\* Poetic licence for Donavan).

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# - WATERLOONACY -

Louis H: Gee! Just think when we play hockey we can bang into the dean, the president, the O.C. of the C.O.T.C. without getting punished. Gee, I wish the bursar would play hockey.

Donavon: I think that poet who committed suicide at 19 really had talent.

Rock: Yes, I like his work best.

Donavon: Why?

Rock: He didn't get a chance to write much.

At the S.L.E. banquet.

Wilf: After this fowl (foul?) supper we are all invited down to Krug's for dancing.

Lieut. MacIvor: Does anyone know what ricochet means? It certainly has nothing to do with a Japanese carriage!

Prof. MacLaren: I don't see how the seminarians can stand the heat in this room!

Chuck: It's probably an endurance test!

Prof. Evans: How am I going to distinguish between you two Miss Smiths?

Doris Smith: Just call me Doris. After all that's my name.

Elaine Smith: Just call me Elaine.

Prof. Evans: Just call me Fred!

Eric R.: What did the dog say when he sat on the peice of sand-paper?

Elaine: I don't know, I'm sure.

Eric R.: Wruuff, wruuff.

Audrey Brock: What did Daniel Boone say when he saw the Indians coming over the hill?

Chuck: You've got me!

Audrey B.: "Here come the Indians!"

Then there's that one of Elaine's about the guy who went to the

dentist with a dollar and came out with buck teeth!

Embarrassing Moments No. 63724. Ernie and Mary and June Thompson and Walter Metz (that sailor) were walking down Frederick St. after a dance last Friday night. A woman with two small children was walking in the other direction, and as they came near our college friends, the little girl stopped in front of Ernie and yelled "Hello Daddy!" at the top of her voice.

What goes on here???

Dr. Schorten: This happened when America was discovered. That was when Columbus sailed to America and the Indians said "We are discovered!"

Edith: When I'm 35 years old, I'm going to dye my hair and have a future.

Chuck: You'll really be a femme fatale.

Edith: Come, come, not with my figure!

Our students are devoted to the Cord. One of them stayed in an exam for fifty-five minutes and walked out with quite a good poem that she had composed. After she had reached the top of the stairs, our friend shrieked, "Murder, he says."

Hartwig Pruess in the dorm after the Psych. exam: "Baetz, you should have seen all the beautiful girls in the extra-mural Psychology class. I was emotionally disturbed."

Professor McIvor: Did you miss my lecture yesterday?

Damman, with a twinkle in his eye, and a very slow grin: Not particularly, sir.

Glebe, referring to the man's tie that Brock was wearing in her hair: What is that? I've never seen anything like that before.

Mickus: Sh! Delton, that's Audrey Brock.

Lieut. MacIvor: Reble, is that the same as your answer?

Alf S. (emphatically): "No."

Lieut. MacIvor: Since Alf is so sure, we must take him as an authority.

## A COLLEGE "HOWLER"

A substantive is a form of nourishment, like vitamin pills.

## Co-Ed Sports

Great events have been taking place within the sheltered walls of our Alma Mater. For one thing, the more athletic co-eds finally stretched their inactive limbs, dusted off the basketball and be-

gan to dream of winning the inter-Western basketball competition. Mind, we are still dreaming, but with one grand victory to our credit after our first game with Brescia we do feel a trifle better than when the team was organized. We were a very timid and inexperienced lot, but the confidence gained after that first win spurred us on.

On this terrific "little" team (nicknamed "MacIvor's Pets"), we have Margaret Fackoury, 5'2" of sunshine, playing center forward. Marg knows her plays and has "beaucoup de" basketball technique. Janet Lang, 5'2" of glamour, is right forward and has more than her share of speed. Then we have our gallant captain, Marion "Joe" Hollinger, 5'2" of pure "it," as left forward. Her shots are a bit of all right. Next we have our guards, brave lassies! Nan Wiley usually plays center guard and they just can't get past her — it must be those green eyes! Darleen Dewal is the only member of our team who is over 5'5". Needless to say, she is our mainstay. Dot MacEachern is always in our opponents' way

See "CO-ED SPORTS" Page 8

## Point of View

Waterloo College has started something new in the realm of winter styles! During the weeks of terribly cold weather of the past two months, female students actually appeared in these revered halls wearing, believe it or not, slacks. Criticism arose on all sides, from, naturally the boys, who think that pants are a male prerogative, and the girls rallied to the cause with mutterings about women's privileges, equal rights and such like.

Actually, there is no law against women wearing slacks. But the average run of the worser (?) sex considers that a slack-wearing female should be classed with vagrants and burglars and maybe even mentally incompetents, and be "put away" to prevent disruptions of our society. Howsomever, whatever man thinks to himself, the law has nothing to say. There are by-laws in some towns about when and where women may adorn themselves with shorts, but nary a word about slacks.

So, having considered the legal basis for the matter, let us turn to what are the real grounds for male objection. Some of the boys lift their eyebrows and say it is bold and shocking for girls to wear slacks—I can't see that it is as bold as short skirts and silk stockings). Others say that slacks destroy women's femininity. But I think the chief trouble can be summed up in two lines:

"You look beautiful coming —

"But sister! have you seen yourself going?"

To pass on to the girls' point of view we will ask the boys the same question—both coming and going; unpressed pants can be mighty unattractive. And slacks are so-o-o comfortable, say the girls. Besides, there's a stocking shortage and elastic isn't elastic any more. (Which may seem beside the point, but ask the girls to explain.) All of which makes the matter pretty evenly balanced, and we have decided that the whole question, slacks or no slacks, depends on your point of view.

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## Seminary Notes

Note 1. We began February with a social evening in the renovated home of our president. Dr. Lehmann invited us to bring our girl friends. That we did not reveals the truth of our rating in the feminine world. I got there before the rest. Rhody and Brose were late. When the evening was spent I was the last to say thanks for the time. All of this goes to prove Matt. 19:30. Dr. Little brought over his crokinole board and proceeded to demonstrate his skill by making numerous difficult shots. Mrs. Little and Mrs. Creager and Mrs. Aksim talked away about sundry events while the others engaged in friendly bantering. We played a game which demanded systematic thinking. None of us were very good at that. I dare say that Winkler will always remember that E. F. Scott wrote the text for the Gospels course. A tour of the mansion was conducted by our host. Jacobs wondered what was "remarkable" about the kitchen. That was before he saw the inside of the cupboard. Nor was it the food or lack of it in the cupboards that startled us, but red paint. The diningroom was not yet furnished. Consequently, I can do no more than Moses in Exodus when he gave the meticulous details of the measurements of the tabernacle. And that, in case you have never tried, makes reading drier than Lindberg's Apologetics. Next, we ascended the stairs whereupon, mirabile dictu, we reached the second floor. On this floor are the majority of the articles which occupy Dr. Lehmann's study. There was a room which was the envy of every seminarian. The other rooms are waiting for the arrival of someone far away. Again we all congregated in the living room which is completely furnished as far as I can make out. Mrs. Aksim served a delicious repast consisting of whipped cream and stuff, coffee and biscuits. The candles were lit and so was the fireplace. Above the fireplace is a picture of the future first lady of the seminary and college. The sooner she comes the better. At this time Dr. Little was somewhat the worse for the wear. After all, it was past ten o'clock. Yet the conversation raged on. The only thing that I can say for certain about this part of the evening is that Dr. Creager was discussing with me the merits of archeology. Suddenly everybody decided that we ought to be on our way. Conrad, night-hawk that he is, confessed later that he would have liked to stay longer. As I hurried along the wintry street in an effort to catch the last street car, I thought of all the things that are going to take place in that house in future years. Yes, may God bless that house, and those who shall dwell therein.

Note 2. The conference of Lutheran Students of Ontario held at Waterloo College Jan. 27 and 28 was described by Dr. Harry as "historic." Some 45 students registered and a most enjoyable weekend began. Genial Dr. Harry left with us a message of inspiration and hope for better things to come. The L.S.A.A. at Waterloo College will be joined in purpose and endeavour with the Cossman-Hayunga Missionary Society. Those elected to the executive of the Ontario area are as follows: President, Robert Langen from our own college; secretary, Shirley Demerling from University of Western Ontario; treasurer, John Reble from McMaster University. This conference marks a beginning and under the leadership of Bob Langen and guidance of Dr. Lehmann and Dr. Harry great things are expected in the future.

Note 3. Now that first semester examinations are over, as well as the consequences, most of us are planning to do a little better this semester. And well we might. Personally, I think there is too much work and not enough recreation on the "seminary campus." And that certainly does not contribute to the best possible atmosphere. Anyway, it's two o'clock in the morning and I'm going to bed. ROY.

## "CO-EDS"

Continued From Page 7

—one of the more buxom Brescia girls resented it too, didn't she, Dottie? Marjorie Bryden plays forward and guard. Besides being versatile she is also an intelligent player. Gladys Foran is a good steady guard and could she be trying to make a record for fouls.

There is also "yours truly," 'nuff said. All in all, the team has some fine players and with a little more assistance from our capable new coach and P.T. instructress, Miss Virginia Whittig, we might add new laurels to Waterloo College.

The team played its first game in London on Jan. 31 with the girls from Brescia Hall. Old King Winter was out in his best form that day, but Prof. MacIvor and Delton Glebe battled the obstinate snow drifts like veterans. Any resemblance to our cars and a snow plow was purely coincidental!

The Brescia girls were surprised to see us and were even more surprised when we won the game. We were slightly surprised ourselves. Most of us were still recovering from the stiffness resulting from our first practice. The game ended with Waterloo leading 12-10.

After the game, everyone gathered at Master's grill for lunch. Prof. MacIvor has a theory that players should not eat before a game—result of theory—several orders for steaks and chicken a la king. The girls behave very differently when they are away from home. It must have been hysteria that made Janet and Marion walk through the kitchen of the restaurant, and what else could have possessed us to cross the main intersection in London diagonally and with the red light.

Our journey home was most exciting. Professor MacIvor proved himself to be as capable a driver as a professor. We really didn't mind pushing the car out of those snow drifts, sir! While stuck in one snowbank someone was heard remarking about the splendour of the scenery. Oh well, we were all tired!

The second game was scheduled with Alma College, St. Thomas, on Feb. 7. The hospitality at Alma was wonderful. We were officially welcomed at a delicious supper by the dean of the college. Immediately after this supper we played our game. The team played very well, the game was fast and clean. Janet and Marion collected all four points—that is, all 11 of them. Unfortunately, Alma gathered up 19 points. Guess that makes us the losers! Better luck next time.

However, we were not entirely disgraced for Janet Lang and Helen Sehl doubled to defeat Jean Penhall and Marion Moore of Alma in a badminton game with a score of 21-7. We have our fingers crossed for future games. Shelia Lang is going to help us out in our singles games. They tell me she plays a wicked game.

The schedule for the next game reads, "Feb. 15, Western University at Waterloo—4:00 p.m." See you all at the game. 'Till then, pleasant dribbling. H.M.S.

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