

# THE COLLEGE CORD

## ULTIMATUM!!—BE AT THE GRAD DANCE—OR ELSE!!

### Capt. W. M. Bean Gives Life



Waterloo College has lost a loyal friend, with the death of Captain William M. Bean, killed in action, presumably in the push in Germany. He enlisted in the Scots Fusiliers in 1940, and was sent to Woodstock as an instructor. Subsequently he was commanding officer in Kitchener of a driving and maintenance school for the C.W.A.C. Going overseas about a year ago, he was with the North Nova Scotia Highlanders, and saw action in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. A letter received at the college a month ago, written from Holland, told of the snow and ice the army was encountering, the below zero weather, and how happy he was to receive letters.

While at college Bill took a very active part in sports, particularly in rugby. He was one of the founders of Waterloo College Invitation Games, first sponsored in 1935, for collegiate students of central Western Ontario.

### Athy Sees Basketball Victory

Never let it be said that Waterloo does not support its athletic ventures. The Athenaeum of March 15 took the form of a basketball game and a social evening following. Our glorious boys' team was playing against the "Goodrich" and, just incidentally, of course, they won, which is to be expected of any college team as superb as ours. The details of the game will, no doubt, be found in the sports section.

A very good crowd turned out to cheer the team on to victory and to celebrate the victory later at the Y.M.C.A. At the celebration the athletic sports just couldn't be dropped by the enthusiastic Collegians as the spirited game of hockey and all the other athletic feats such as . . . etc., show-

See "ATHY" Page 4

### Flt. Lieut. G. M. Burns Gets D.F.C.



FLT.-LT. BURNS See "C.O.T.C. NOTES" Page 6

April 13 is the big night—got your tickets??—got your date? . . . if not better do something about it, but quick. The stampede is on . . . and take our word for it the Graduation Dance, which is being sponsored by the Students' Legislative Executive this year—is going down in history (even Mrs. Merner discusses it with a twinkle in her eye—parties are developing in all directions)—so if you want to make history—or simply dance to the dehaunting and delovely strains of Ted Parker—just be there!!!

Another item that ought to be welcomed by the mysterious sex—**CORSAGES ARE BANNED**—for obvious reasons. Incidentally, Friday 13 doesn't really spell bad luck—but gee whiz, it will certainly be bad news for us if you don't appear.

So don't forget—Friday, April 13—9 to 2—make it a date! See you then.

S. L. E. (J.L. Sec.)

### Public Speaking Contest Held

On Thursday evening the Athenaeum Society held its annual Public Speaking Contest. Miss Marion Hollinger won first prize for her brilliant eulogy of "Sir William Mullock." Mr. Reuben Baetz took second place with his speech "Mr. Canada becomes Pte. Johnny Canuck." First prize is a gold medal donated by the Rotary Club and the second prize a silver medal also donated by the Rotary Club.

The judges were Mrs. J. R. Dier, Waterloo, Mr. Hobson, Waterloo, and Rev. Mr. Mills, pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, Waterloo.

Mr. Ward L. Kaiser, president of the Athenaeum Society, was chairman. The first speaker he introduced was Robert Rock, a freshman, who spoke on "Dormitory Life." His talk was filled with dry humour delivered in a very easy manner.

The next speaker was Miss Mary Ann Wiley. Her talk was on "Men Who Go Down to the Sea in Ships," an eloquent paean of praise for the work of the men of the navy. She quoted from Winston Churchill and

See "SPEAKING" Page 5



CLASS OF '45"

- BACK ROW (L. to R.)  
 F. F. Keating, W. A. Shantz, W. L. Kaiser, H. A. Marchand.  
 FRONT ROW (L. to R.)  
 E. F. Brose, R. G. Damman, Miss E. D. Smith, E. H. Reble.  
 ABSENT: Mrs. C. Templin, Mrs. A. B. Merner.



## Health, the Good Kind

So you feel tired before you go to bed? Does your heart beat during a game of badminton? Are you hungry before meals?

Then listen kids, we're going to learn a little bit about health—the good kind of course. After looking around the reading room, we've decided that college life and health don't go together. Or at any rate, they don't go steady.

Frinstance, how many of you get up at 6 a.m.? (Freeport may sit down again; we don't mean you.) Since everyone said no, we've decided we are the only one who does. (Obviously the Editorial Me).

You see, the point is not you have to get up that early to do your exercises. Open your window, and breathe. Well, you might as well do it then—you have to before noon anyway. You'd be surprised how much better you can feel if you start breathing early.

Then lie down and bicycle. No! You have to lift your feet off the floor. Gosh, you're hopeless. All right, stand up again. Go bump your hips on the doorway. Honestly, you're impossible . . . you can't lean there after every bump. Haven't ya got any ginger?

All right then—get washed. I'll do my exercises . . . (that's time passing). Finished? Fine. I'll go wash and you dress . . . (you remember what those dots mean, don't you?)

Well, for John's sake, get up—Gee, you only got one sock on, and you're asleep. Haven't ya got any vigour? Even your clothes are asleep. Now hurry up. And OPEN YOUR EYES.

Well, waddaya know, porridge for breakfast. It has not got lumps in it. Not many, anyway.

There now, it's only 7:30, and we're going to walk up. No, I tell you what—we'll run in, after the street car. Well, what if they DO stop? We can tell them we don't want to get on, can't we?

Hey, you have to wear your rubbers. Why? Why because it might rain. That's why. See? There isn't a single star to be seen. Now PUT THOSE RUBBERS ON!! Gosh you're dumb. I don't think you're learning a thing.

Oh, honestly, it's a serious problem; health I mean. You know—the good kind.

So for goo'ness sake, go out and buy a rowing machine, or take out a life membership at the Y, and get vitamin pills and things. A stomach pump's really a handy thing to have around.

Now, do something! Contrary to your belief, the College DOESN'T want your death on its hands.

So build up your morale; take a new lease on life—find health. The good kind, of course.

## A Man in Action

True beauty of the universe is motion. Even so insignificant a thing as a yellow leaf twirling down to earth on a still autumn day can take away our attention from an interesting book. We contemplate a sleeping kitten with serene delight for a brief moment; but let it be playing in its inimitable way, and it consumes our attention fully. Even the baby, when very young, is attracted by movement; and the contraptions constituting its early playthings are designed towards that end. Although the child is in many ways superior to the grown man in its observations, as is shown in its interest in snails, caterpillars, earwigs, and such like, the adult has a very acute sense for movement. We may be great admirers of the celebrated statues of Greek sculptors, but I am convinced that a good lively speaker with even a mediocre physique could outshine Apollo Belvidere in all his manly beauty, if the former accompanied his address with actions.

All of which reminds me of our professor of psychology. Does he just sit behind his desk and read his lecture? Far from it. Up go his legs onto the desk, and down goes the end of his spine as his swivel chair shifts gears until the upper part of his body rests comfortably against the back of the chair. We shift into a comfortable position in imitation.

He talks about the secretions of glands, and what a good steak, two inches thick would do to our salivary glands. We know, because he mimics the reaction. Sensuous pleasure lightens up his face and his tongue washes his lips, trying to keep the saliva in; his own, of course. We attend to our own.

"This thing bothers me, confound it," he says; and, before we are aware of it, down come the legs and he is bending over the desk squeezing a little something-or-other to death with the help of his blotter. He explains that it kept looking at him all the time.

Now we have proceeded to the sense of sight. Suddenly he jumps up, and in a few hasty steps he reaches the blackboard. His body shifts rhythmically as he takes up a piece of chalk and then squats down with legs apart and starts to illustrate a synapsi. His collective movements are continuous. While he thinks for a moment about the details, he bends his head, letting it rest in his left hand. Then he draws. Discretion forbids comment on this, for he is a psychologist, not an artist.

"Now then," he says, swerving around with a jerk and facing us to explain his sketch in detail. His face becomes very animated, now screwed up in a half-grimace, now scowling, with eyes staring into space as he thinks fast and furiously while the words chase each other from his mouth. It is impossible to keep up with our notes when he goes at that rate.

Then he relaxes, puts his left hand into his pant pocket and ambles to the window. He directs our attention to the scene out-of-doors, while he explains briefly the perception of spatial size of objects.

After that there is a short breathing spell, while he walks back to his desk in his natural gait. Somewhere there is a slight staccato in his movement, which is smoothed out when it reaches the hips. He accentuates each tread by a slight leaning towards either side in turn. However, the gait, even at its calmest suggests loneliness, rhythm and perhaps a little unconscious nervousness.

Back we go to the secreting glands, this time the adrenal, which releases adrenalin when emotions of anger and fear are aroused. He shakes his fist at an imaginary adversary, punches a few good-sized holes into the surrounding atmosphere and with clenched teeth and ferocious scowl he demonstrates the external expression of any angry man. If it is fear he wishes to demonstrate, he imitates a female catching sight of a mouse. His face is here not too true to life for a bit of sarcasm sneaks into the corner of his mouth, and with a nonchalant gesture of his hand he discusses the subject, and incidentally the class, as the bell rings.

C.T.

## Of Love I Sing

Of love I sing through all my days  
In college halls; in varying ways  
Her joy I spread; Her peace I bring

To young in heart. To those who cling

To all youth's heart I sing Her lays.

Cupid am I. To every phase

Of life sing I of how She sways  
The universe. So, hovering,  
Of Love I sing.

Take up my song! and let Her rays  
From in thine eyes on others blaze.

The words Disgusted scribes do ring

Of jealousy. My darts all sting.  
He'll chorus too with him who says

"Of Love I sing."

## Did You Hear About My Operation?

Next to the weather, that question opens the way to more lively conversations than any other topic. *Everyone* has had an operation, and everyone is eager to discuss it. "Discuss" may not be the right word — no, it's not — "dissertate" is closer.

Some unfortunate people have only had their tonsils and adenoids removed, but I have known some of even these who could hold forth for hours, by explaining the ailments they suffered before the operation — pain in the legs, strained tongue muscles, backaches, etc.

But oh dear, when there really *has* been an operation!! Why, lots of people have died from lack of sleep, and/or starvation, and/or over-exposure, to say nothing of ruining the larynx just from informing the listener of the details. And we lose more listeners that way.

Personally I'm most interested in dental operations, for I feel every twinge, every hypo, every everything. And it's such a relief to relax every now and then throughout the harangue, and realize I'm not the one who's suffering. It's something like reassuring yourself half way through a dream that it is only a dream.

Local anaesthetics have done much for this phase of operation-telling, as now everyone can remember having his appendix out, step by step, when the speaker describes the removal of his.

Illness in any form is interesting. Even an attack of sniffles can be glamourized by recalling the time you were found to have smallpox, when all along you thought it was just a slight cold.

The most violent case of flu may be suspected when you're hiding a cigarette cough from your mother.

See "OPERATION" Page 8

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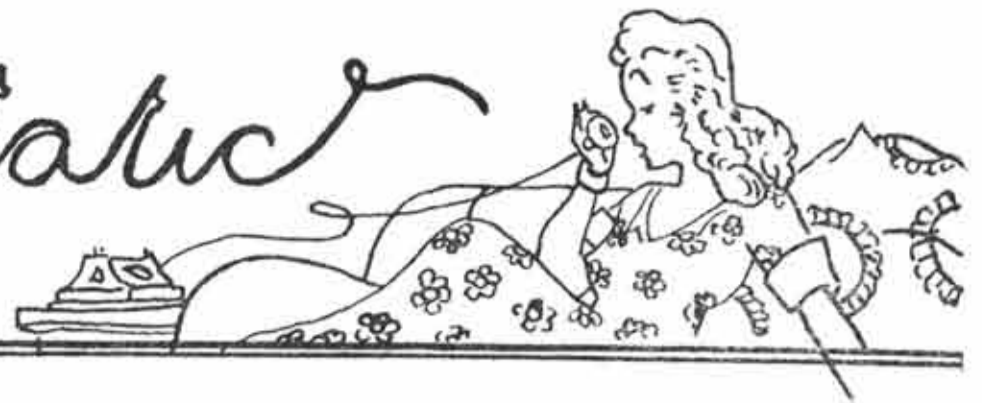
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# College Status



Gentlemen . . . Mrs. Templin . . . Elaine . . . it's been wonderful knowing all of you. This year was fun . . . the basketball trips to London . . . cheering the boys on to victory . . . the Frosh play . . . the volleyball games . . . the parties in the gym . . . the fights in the dorm. . . the yummy meals . . . even the mad dash at dawn, down to King Street to make the "yellow rockets." Yep! It's been great, and now the profs are closing shop for another year and you're being graduated—you "smoothies." Certainly hope you'll make the grade. It's time for you to go—and the world needs you awfully badly — 'tis minds and brawn like you boast that will help rebuild a very shattered and weary world—and don't forget we're 100 per cent behind you. . . In another year or two we'll all be in there pitching too. So, congratulations on graduation . . . and though it means a temporary parting of the ways—best beware where you roam 'cause we've got our eyes on you.

First figure that flicks across our imagination is that of the tall "g-a-l-a-n-t" class president—Ward Kaiser. Ward is thinking in terms of U. of T., and plans to go places in the realm of theology—loads of luck Pres!

The next mass that saunters across our imagination is Harold Marchand — better known as "The Blond Bomber." Marsh is picking one of the finest professions we know—the Canadian Infantry. Our lanky Bob Damman and husky Frank Keating are also thinking in terms of blood, sweat and tears — good luck, soldiers!

Then there's Mrs. Templin — a

lovelier lady just can't be found. For world's we wouldn't have missed knowing you.

Bill Shantz is the kind of a guy that everyone feels it's a worthwhile experience to have known—he's a darn good friend—all the luck in the world Bill.

Of course there's Ernie Brose—for him we predict a truly great future in the musical world followed by a happy married life and dozens of little Ernies—don't forget to send them all to Waterloo College.

Then there's Elaine Smith, one of our pretties co-eds—better known as "The Gown"—we're certainly going to miss you—loads of luck Elaine and don't forget to tell the world you went to Waterloo College.

Every college has its so called "Great Lover"—naturally Waterloo boasts one too—gee, Eric, how many hearts HAVE you conquered with those great big beautiful eyes? Too bad Warner Brothers haven't a talent scout up in this direction as we think you'd be great in the role of Valentino or Boyer.

Our list wouldn't be complete without adding the name of Angela (Boehmer) Merner — a gal who brought back a little tradition to Waterloo—best of luck Ange and here's hoping all your military dreams come true.

Audrey K. seems to have a new gleam in her eyes—could it have anything to do with the song "Send Me One Dozen Roses"—very appropriate—or perhaps—"He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings"!!

The Canadian infantry has been foremost in everyone's mind. The Navy is doing a marvellous job, too,

so to Eddie Chadder, Dick Whitney, Ann Summerville and all the other sailors—we dedicate the following poem.

## PURSUIT

A tantalizing, enticing vision was she,

Unescorted, she moved so alluringly, Eyes feasting, we followed—as sailors will,

Like wolves on the trail of a long-craved thrill.

Her contours were exciting in silhouette,

And the glowing sun seemed reluctant to set.

Dusk's low gleam lined her superstructure,

Gently swaying stern completed the picture.

Our hearts then quickened — as sailors' will,

And we moved in swiftly for the kill.

We blew her a kiss with a silver fish

—Another German transport sank with a swish.

Pte. Edward Bayer.

Sheila just can't seem to keep her head out of the clouds—could be that the big day has been set!

Congratulations are certainly in store for Wilf McLeod (Pres. of S.L.E.); Ward Kaiser (Pres. of Athy); Eric Reble (Pres. of Athletic Association); and doubly so for Charlie, our much abused editor—they certainly did a great job.

Well profs—allumni—students—guess this is it—the fates have cast their lots—the year is ended — if you haven't been talked about it isn't our fault.

Janet and Bob.

## "Athy"

(Continued From Page 1)

ed. Ask Hartwig Pruess about these feats for full details as he is an expert in manoeuvring, especially in certain of these sports. Angela Merner had her own little game too, sort of a solitary one, which consisted of moving two little sticks which were wound with wool, the result being a garment of wearable appearance. Other games with the object of getting a date for the Grad Dance (plug, plug, plug) were clearly visible and some were very successful, they tell me.

Audrey Brock was escorting two very lovely guests who were a definite disappointment to the boys because of those wedding rings they

were sporting. The high spot of the evening was the sight of Carl Totzke wedged through a glassless window-frame on his way to finding a ball. From his waist to his head he was in one room and from his waist to the tips of his little tootsies he was in another room. To anyone who didn't see this spectacular feat, this might seem impossible but it happened . . . believe it or not. Another high spot of the evening was the lovely lunch served, consisting of delectable tarts and cokes, which was the treat of Prof. A. M. MacLaren.

The rain which was pelting down when the evening came to an end did not in any way dampen the spirits of the gay Collegians as they wended their way home . . . Singing

in the Rain.

As a little preview of future social events let me call your attention to the S.L.E.'s presentation of the Grad Dance. It is a real high spot in the social year and no one can afford to miss it. Elsewhere in this paper you will find full details. Look for them, read them carefully and dash to one of the members of the S.L.E. for your ticket. Never let it be said that you missed THE event of the year. Your very social reputation depends on it so hurry! hurry! hurry!

Now, with a very fond adieu, we bid goodbye to this year's edition of the Cord but it will be back next year to make you smile, argue and tease in its one inimitable way. Adieu and good luck in your exams.

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## Cuff'n Stuff

Well, here we are at last at the final Cord copy. Boy, does it feel wonderful! Charlie has been hounding us for days now to give out with some of our wealth of witty material. But we've been holding back on him and will restrain our efforts this issue to a few bright remarks. Ho hum!

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That article in the Point of View column last month by Disgusted (or was it Jealous?) caused no small sensation. Personally, we thought that if the author of said article was too ashamed to sign her name to it, at least she could have left other people's names out of it, or else have mentioned all the couples to which she was referring. However, that's neither here nor there, and speaking on behalf of the couples we interviewed, the article didn't bother them a bit, and they are taking into consideration the person from whom it came (we're pretty certain!) Nuff said!!

Charlie's poem in the editorial last issue may have been (and it was) a masterpiece, but we'd like him to note that there are no more floating gowns cluttering up the halls.

Of interest to all ardent Canadians should be the fact that there is a new club being formed throughout Canada for college students and such like. It's going to be called Young Canada (remember what Young Italy did?) and is being organized in hopes that it will give the young people of Canada a chance to learn a little more about the government and what not, of this dear country of ours. It is proposed that Waterloo College may have a delegation of eight to the group. So any of you people who are sincerely interested, please contact Army and get the low-down.

Thursday night is the public speaking contest. Lots of brave fellows and girls are making a last stand before a formidable array of audience and judges. Best of luck, people. May the best one win, (and if he doesn't, don't take it out on the judges!!)

Goodbyes are always sad. But they really hit an all-time low when it comes to saying farewell to those Waterloo College students who are

off to make their way in the world. We are losing many this year who for several years past have lent color to the atmosphere and given the old Alma Mater much of its distinctiveness and individuality (and we're not kidding!!) We hate to see you go and we're really going to miss every one of your bright (?) shining faces Think of the old school sometimes, eh?, and drop a line in this direction. We'd love to know how you're getting along. Best of luck wherever you go and in whatever you do. And so, in the words of the old song —

We're sorry you're going away,  
We wish that you could stay;  
Your face, we don't mind it,  
Because you're behind it;  
We're sorry you're going away.

To all you lucky people that will be back next year, we say 'Bye for now. See you next year — if they'll let us in!!

Army and Tommie.

## "Speaking"

(Continued From Page 1)

other brilliant orators in praise of the "bluejackets" and their brothers in the merchant marine. Her words were accompanied by charm and grace and sincere credence of her material.

Then Mr. Alexander Orzy spoke on "Jewish Problems in Palestine." He delivered an authoritative study of the facts of conditions in the "homeland of the Jews" before and after the establishment of the Jewish state there. He also spoke on the postwar plans and necessities of the refugee Jews in Europe. His speech was long, forceful and full of appeals for consideration of the problems.

Then Miss Marion Hollinger addressed the group describing the long and full life of Sir William Mulock, the late "Grand Old Man of Ontario." She delved into all sides of his character, evaluating his work for Canadianism and focusing the audience's attention on each facet of his life. She spoke with feeling and vibrant admiration for the man whom she called an "inspiration to all Canadian youth."

The last speaker on the program was Mr. Reuben Baetz who spoke on "Mr. Canada becomes Pte. Johnny Canuck," giving in interesting detail the transformation of the civilian to the fighting man who is winning our battles in Europe. Mr. Baetz has spent several years in the army and has been honourably discharged. Therefore, he spoke from experience and his words carried that much more weight with his hearers. The address was filled with humorous anecdotes, all well tied in the inimitable style of a veteran N.C.O.

After Rev. Mr. Mills' words on the judgment of his colleagues and himself, lunch was served in the gym. A sing-song was held and music was enjoyed in the classical manner from Marvin Mickus and in the modern manner from Eldred Winkler.

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# C.O.T.C. NEWS

**GORDON M. BURNS**, who was mentioned last month as awaiting discharge after serving in the R.C.-A.F. Overseas, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. While enrolled at Waterloo College he was a member of the C.O.T.C. Leaving school in 1941, he joined the Air Force in January of the following year and attained the rank of Flight Lieutenant. A civilian again, he expects to continue his education in an engineering course. Congratulations, Gordon Burns, D.F.C.!



**CAPT. J. D. SPOHN**

**CAPT. J. D. SPOHN** has been "dangerously wounded" while serving with the H.L.I., presumably in Germany. Graduating from Waterloo College in 1941, he took the Officers' Training Course at Brockville. He went overseas in 1942. In the spring of 1943 he returned to Canada and spent several months as an infantry training officer at Epperwash, returning to England in January, 1944. He had just returned to his unit when he was injured, having had an attack of pneumonia.



**P.O. FRED SHANTZ**

The casualty lists have included at least three O.T.C. men lately, we are sorry to say. First was **FRED SHANTZ**, who joined the R.C.A.F. after leaving school in 1943. He is a Pilot Officer. His craft failed to return to its base following air operations over enemy territory, and he is now listed officially as "missing."



**LIEUT. HARRY SNYDER**

**LIEUT. HARRY SNYDER** is another casualty. He was wounded in Germany while serving as an officer with the H.L.I. He enlisted in 1941 after finishing a year's work with the C.O.T.C. of Waterloo College and was soon commissioned. He was sent overseas only a few months ago, December, 1944.

# ANNUAL CAMP

As for plans regarding the annual camp, there is not very much to offer as yet. As in the past 2 years, the place will be the University campus and buildings in London. Before this, camps had been held at Thames Valley in London. The advantages of the site being chosen this year over the Thames Valley, in May. The dates are enough; if you require additional information, just see anyone who has attended both. Such people will converse very intelligently on the subject and will speak of both camps in good English words, especially since they are nearly all in the Seminary now and so wouldn't use the more expressive language that a mere College student might find useful in describing Thames Valley, in May. The dates of the camp are May 6-20 inclusive, which means it will follow

directly our spring exams. And, if we don't get a rest at camp, we may just remember that a change is as good thereas. The only other thing of note is that the "Waterloo gang" will be separated this year into first year squad and advanced personnel for purposes of training. This news is greeted with a groan from most Waterloo boys, but orders is orders. Waterloo has been adjudged the best platoon in its company (and awarded a prize in cash), for several years now, and has been more or less unofficially believed in official circles to be the best in camp. Can we win such honor again this year? Can each of Waterloo's platoons win such an honor? Will he marry the beautiful girl? Who will win the thousand bucks? See the next thrilling issue of the thrilling Cord for all the thrilling details! W.L.K.

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## W. C. BASKETBALL CHAMPS



Back Row (L. to R.): J. R. Dier, E. H. Reble, P. Uffelmann, F. F. Keating. Front row (L. to R.): R. Baetz, R. Halpern (coach), C. Totzke (captain), M. Mickus, R. C. McIvor.

Judging from the screeches and screams that have been pouring forth from the gym during the last P.T. periods, it is quite obvious that volleyball has not been forgotten. Leila Bier will be running up quite a bill at the opticians if those riotous games continue.

One sunny day last week one of the co-eds was overheard asking for the archery equipment. Looks as if the "bull's eye" will be the center of attack until the exams take over.

Well, that about exhausts the subject—and me—and you! Here's hoping you all make a "bull's eye" on your exams! H.M.S.

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## — WATERLOONACY —

Prof. Evans: Now class, these are the mistakes often made, but we needn't cultivate the mistakes just yet.

...

Eric came through with another of his unmentionables the other day.

One Father: Are you going to buy your son an encyclopedia when he goes to school?

Other Father: No sir! He's going to walk just like I had to!

...

Prof. Evans: What is the perfect

tense? The tense of conversation, thank you. I imagine you use that quite often, don't you, Miss Hollinger?

...

Prof. Evans was still speaking about tenses: Does anything limit an action?

Jo Hollinger: A slap in the face.

...

Nan Wiley translating French: He looks dark.

Jo Hollinger: Mmm, five o'clock shadow?

...

Here are examples of the more rotten Easter eggs.

W. Kaiser: Don't be so catty.

Reble: I don't caddy.

Kaiser: Now let's not let a gulf come between us.

...

(In German comp. class).

Mrs. Templin: "She had the whitest hands and the cleanest hands." Sie hatte . . .

Dr. Schorten: She must have used Oxydol!

...

Didja hear about the cook who tried to make upside-down cake but gave up because her dress kept falling down over her head and she couldn't see the recipe.

## Co-Ed Sports

Excitement has subsided considerably in the field of co-ed sports. However, it might be a good idea to draw up a few lost threads. The basketball season is definitely over. According to the final results received from Mrs. Baldwin, instructor of physical education for women, of the University of Western Ontario, Waterloo holds third place in the Inter-Western basketball competition. Not much to brag about we admit, but we tried, lost and had heaps of fun doing it. Our games took us as far as London and St. Thomas and even if Joyce Powell, our Western gal, was the only one who could remark "I have never been there before," it was an experience, and we do feel a bit more akin to the affiliated colleges.

The results of the badminton competition were a bit of a disappointment but who hasn't heard about that by now! Oh well, we will know better another time!

At present all eyes, male and female, are turned toward the badminton tournament being conducted by the athletic directorate. If Marvin Mickus stops smashing racquets we should be ready for the finals in another week. Predictions are a little difficult to make right now, for the competition is pretty keen, but I grant you, it will be a battle to the finish! Even lil' Joe Hollinger (the co-ed this time) is down there swinging!

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## Seminary Notes

Note 1—Pre-theologs whom we expect to enter the seminary next fall are: Ernie Brose, brother of Harold; pianist; conversationalist (especially long-winded over telephone); a willing worker; Eric Reble, son of Dr. John Reble, a punster; an athlete; possesses the key to Gertrude Mosig's heart; friend of all. Alf. Schenk, product of St. Matthew's, Kitchener; Greek scholar; confidante in affaires d'amour; supporter of L.S.A.; and well-known Luther Leaguer.

Note 2—George Jacobs was kept at home during March with scarlet fever. It was a tough break for him. We hope that he will come back to make a strong finish.

Note 3—Bob Langen is the new president of L.S.A. at Waterloo. We are all confident that he will bring bigger and better things for our organization. Roy Grosz is vice-president. For our secretary we have Doris Smith, the vivacious blonde from New Hamburg. Delton Glebe representing the northern element in the college is treasurer.

Note 4—Saw our friends Rev. and Mrs. Alvin J. Baetz of Hespeler at Convocation Hall, U. of T. on the evening of March 27th. Del Glebe transported Dr. Lehmann, Eldred Winkler, Arthur Conrad, Harold Brose and Wilf McLeod to Toronto for the occasion. Another group of us went with Rev. and Mrs. Henry Schmieder of New Dundee. This group included our erstwhile editor, Charles A. Hagen, who occupied two-seats worth of room; Bill Shantz, the man with the gold pin for blood donations; and yours conditionally. Our Board of Governors was also well represented. Dr. J. Schmieder, Mr. C. Musselman and Mr. C. Weber and their wives appeared on the campus. The occasion (finally) was the performance of The Passion of our Lord, according to St. Matthew, set to music by J. S. Bach. The choruses were sung by the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir with the assistance of a "Ripieno choir" of women's voices. Sir Ernest Mac-Millan conducted. Mere words can not express how much we enjoyed the music.

Note 5—Easter week-end will find the seminarians on the move. Connie is taking Brantford-Woodstock; Brose is invading his home church in Pembroke; Zim is preaching in Arnprior; Winkler will be at the console of the organ; Rhody is visiting Elmwood; Grosz to Sudbury.

Note 6—Retreat in May: L.S.A. at Waterloo plans to spend a week-end at Edgewood to recuperate from

examinations, C.O.T.C.; and to consolidate friendships and love-ships built during the past year. As far as we know the date is the 20th and 21st. Dr. Rudishill and Dr. Lehmann will be our spiritual leaders. Bob Langen will be at the helm for the rest of the programme. So reserve that week-end and plan to make it a fitting climax to a busy year.

Note 7—On April 11th the spring rally of Ontario Lutheran ministers is to be held at St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Kitchener. Rev. A. G. Jacobi is pastor there. Seminary faculty and students are invited to attend. That means another welcome relief from our books. After a fashion it will serve the present seminary student body as a prelude of future pastoral conferences. Enough said.

Note 8—For the first time in the history of the seminary there will be no graduation class. Consequent-

ly there will be no graduation ceremony, and consequently no worry for anybody. Here's hoping that there will be a graduation class next year though.

Note 9—Rev. Arnold Conrad, a recent graduate of our Seminary and his wife Ilse (nee Mosig) a recent graduate of our College, have a daughter. They are at Rose Bay, Nova Scotia. Our congratulations are extended to them. May this child be the first of many (daughters).

Note 10—My pencil has this to say to those made subject to its remarks in this column this past year: thanks for giving me something to talk about, and may you all keep on doing things. If I have praised some too much, don't let it go to your head. And if I have annoyed others too much, don't let it go to your fists. Au revoir.

Roy.

## "Operation"

(Continued From Page 3)

Over and against this, however, she's you best pal, when you're trying to outdo friends, as far as sickness is concerned. She can remember every sneezes you have ever snoze since you were Time Was. Have her around next time, but be sure no one else gets the same idea. That being the case, you and your friends might just as well go down to the bowling alley for the afternoon.

There are lots of people who, when reading pill advertisements, immediately begin to suffer along with the ad. Not me, though. I discover I've had the ailment for years—if I wasn't born with it—and I have the most virulent variety. I've often changed my will just reading a Vicks' ad. You've no idea how I suffer with those lists of symptoms.

Once in a while I find I haven't the particular complaint suggested—then I just cut out the clipping and save it for the time when I will have it. This way I avoid filling my medicine chest. I have a little file of symptoms, with the correct cure written in brackets beside it.

We used to have contests in collegiate to see which of us had the most violent bruise. Anyone caught wilfully bruising himself was disqualified for life. I never had to resort to that, as I could—and can—fall over and into things better than most folks, and for all that my skin is particularly thick (by reason of insults received over a long period of years) in spite of my thick skin, I say, I bruise beautifully. Therefore unless someone had fallen down more steps than I, or had been hit by a heavier golf stick, I won the Bruise Contests, hands down.

Of course, some people are more anxious to tell their ills than others. In fact it's almost foolproof to classify them.

Some people, poor souls, are ready to talk about anything at any time. These are in their glory when the word "operation" comes up. If they haven't had an operation—but they are the type that always have—but you notice I said "if", they can always manufacture one, or their mother had one that is worthy of telling.

Then there are those who have to be pressed to relate theirs. This kind is very nice, as they really can't mind if you pass over theirs in a hurry.

The most annoying type is he who interrupts your recitation to say that he had one just the same, or with more complications; or, even more aggravating, can top yours with something worse.

All in all, we'll have to agree that no one delights in anything more than being ill, unless it's in having been ill. Personally, I consider every tea, bridge game, dance, church meeting, et al, absolutely pointless and not worth having attended unless or until someone says, "Did you hear about my operation?"

## At Graduation Time



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