

THE COLLEGE CORD

Vol. 21

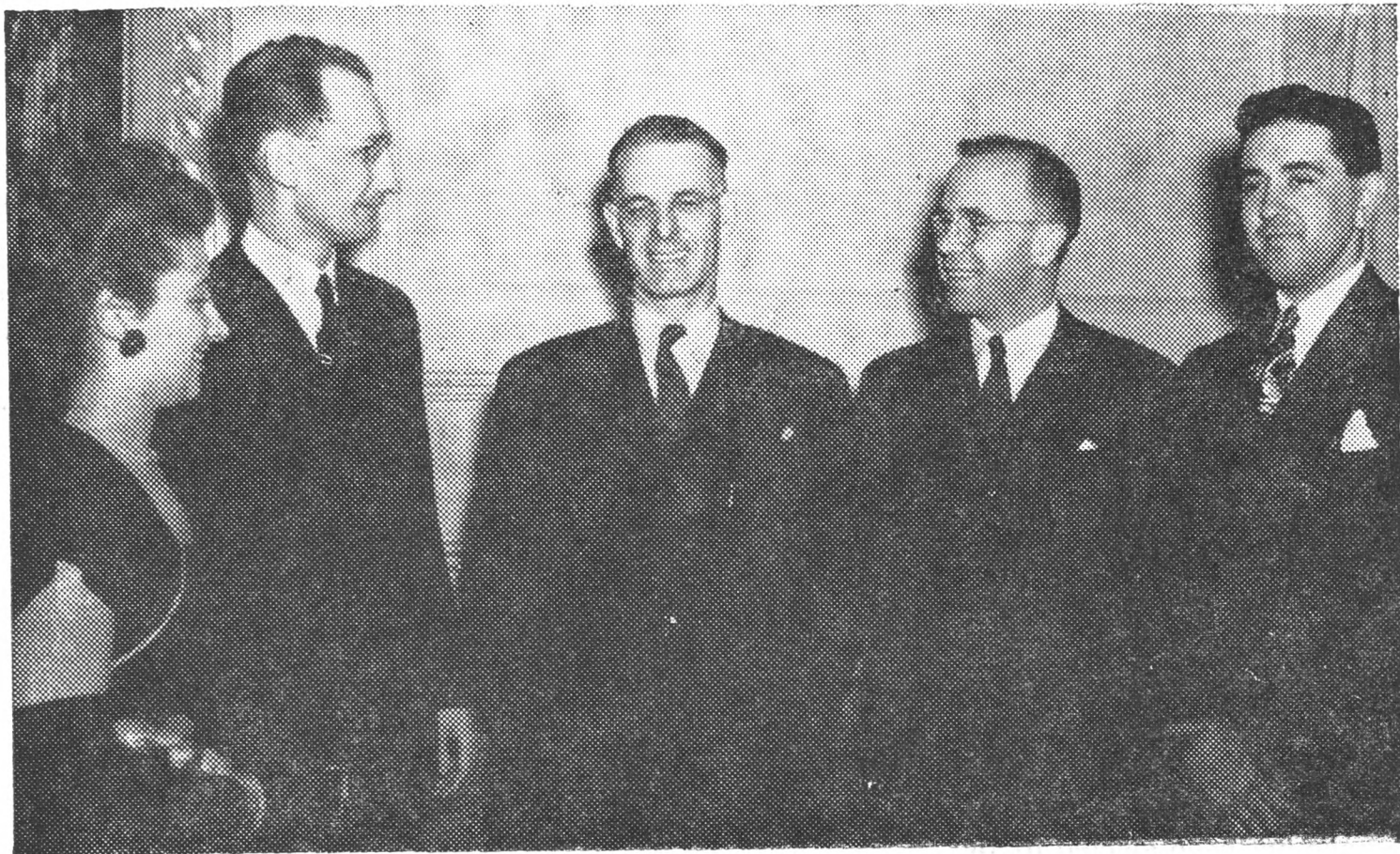
WATERLOO, ONT.,

MARCH-APRIL 1946

AN UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATION

NO. 5 and 6

Annual Banquet Is Huge Success



ANNUAL COLLEGE DINNER — Rev. M. C. Davies, Progressive Conservative member for Windsor-Walkerville, centre, was the guest speaker at the annual dinner of Waterloo College, sponsored by the Athenaeum Society. Left to right are: Margaret Fackoury, secretary of the Athenaeum Society (student body); Dr. H. T. Lehmann, president of the college; Mr. Davies; Dr. Carl Klinck, dean of the college and Alexander Orzy, president of the student body.

The Crystal Ballroom of the Walper House was the scene of this year's school banquet arranged by the Athenaeum under the chairmanship of Alec Orzy and Marg. Fackoury. After weeks of hints of something big in the offing the Athenaeum finally came forth with the announcement that the banquet would be held again this year with the Honourable Russell Kelley, Minister of Health as the guest of honour. The two mayors also gave their consent to be there and to speak.

However came the night and Mr. Kelley was unable to come due to very pressing health measures being discussed in the Legislature that evening. But we were very grateful to Mr. Kelley for sending such an excellent person in his stead, in the Reverend M. C. Davies, M.P.P., Windsor-Walkerville. Mr. Davies

See "BANQUET" Page 10

Coming Events

Don't miss any of them, they're for you.

Saturday, May 4th—Waterloo College Invitation Games. A track meet for students of Secondary Schools in Central Western Ontario. 12:30 p.m.: Woodside Park, Kitchener. No admission fee; 7:00 p.m.: Conferring of awards. In College Gym.

Sunday, May 5th—Baccalaureate Service in St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, Kitchener at 11:00 a.m. The public is cordially invited to this special service for the graduating class and for commemoration of the sacrifice of those who died in the war. Flt. Lieut. C. R. Cronmiller will preach the sermon.; 4 p.m.: Reception for the Graduation class. Relatives and friends of College and Seminary graduates are especially invited. At the College, in the Gymnasium or on the lawn.

Monday, May 6th—8:00 p.m.: Seminary Graduation. A special service for the graduating class of the Theological Seminary at St. John's Lutheran Church, King and Cedar Streets, Waterloo. The Rev. Theo. Iseler of Port Colborne will preach the sermon.

Saturday, May 11—6:30 p.m.: Waterloo College Alumni Association. Annual Business Meeting and Banquet. In the Dining Room of the College.

Monday, May 20—9:00 p.m.: Waterloo College Graduation Dance. sponsored by the student's legislative executive. At the Westmoun Golf Club. Semi-formal. Admission \$2.00 per couple.

Wednesday, May 22—Convocation and Conferring of Degrees at the Stadium, University of Western Ontario, London. Admission by invitations sent out by graduating class.

Public Speaking Contest Held

The finals of this year's public speaking contest were held in the gym and judged by Mrs. Greta MacDonald, Mr. Norman Gowdy and Mr. G. H. Dobrindt, on March 14. Previous to the finals the preliminaries were held and five contestants out of twelve were chosen. They were Max Putnam, Fred Janke, Granville Taylor-Munro, George Hopton and Howard Brox. Their subjects were respectively:

A German Concentration Camp.
Voting Should Be Compulsory in Canada.

A Veteran's Testimonial to the Red Cross.

World Peace.

An Oriental Appeal.

The speeches were exceptionally good this year and it must have been very difficult for the judges to make their decision but decide they had to and the winners were,

See "SPEAKING" Page 8

Frosh Plays Delight Audience

The annual Frosh play has come and gone once again. And it certainly was a howling success. Proving once again that this Frosh class is like no other Frosh class ever was, they presented not one, but two offerings.

Opening the program, the girls of the Frosh class presented the most stylish fashion show ever to reach the halls of Waterloo. If the girls in Waterloo College took up these styles, they would no doubt become the most talked of set in Colleges all around the country, especially the badminton outfit which Marion Ainley modelled or the bathing suit modelled by Rhoda Daber. Oh yes, sports would take a new precedent.

Phylis Zeigler, our style expert, did a very admirable job of presenting the fashions and commenting on the various details of them. Perhaps she is practising for that exclusive style shop she is opening. Ruth Mills provided the musical background for the girls as they strolled and turned about the stage.

Between the girls' fashion show and the boys' boarding house se-

See "FROSH" Page 9

See "GRAD PIX" Page 4 & 5

Founded 1926

THE COLLEGE CORD

Editor-in-Chief Charles A. Hagen
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 College Static Lois Carter and Bob Dier
 C.O.T.C. Notes Walter Donovan
 Social Events Margaret Fackoury

Alumni Notes Eric Reble
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 Sem Notes Roy Grosz
 Circulation Helen Sehl, Bill Fischer

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

"Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa"

EDITORIALS

Well, the last issue of the College Cord for the 1945-46 season has gone to press. It also happens to be the last copy under our editorship.

We can well remember the first edition on which we helped in 1942 and this, the last, has been by no means less interesting to compose. Our circulation has increased, and we believe a greater interest has been stirred up in the college students in their college paper.

The greatest difficulty we have had has been our attempt to prove to all the college students that this is their paper! It seems that when the various sections of the paper have been assigned to individuals, such as the Literaria section, or the section on Alumni, the rest of the students, who have not been elected to, or volunteered for positions, think that any participation in the organization of the Cord would be interference. But of course, that is not true, and may it never be! News and views depend on everyone, not just the few who happen to have their names listed on the editorial board. May our successors have greater success in promoting wide-spread participation in this necessary college function — duty — privilege.

Waterloo has had a big year—a year of larger classes, a year of better banquets, a year which saw the creation of several new organizations, a year in which she lost one of her best-loved professors, a year in which she could look forward to a brilliant future. May that future equal her past in honor, fellowship, and high standards!

C. A. H.

The most notable feature about the Seminary Library is the absence of Seminarians. The second most notable feature is its table. Did you know that it was passed on to Waterloo from the visiting room of a bankrupt jail? The board running down the centre is to stop the passage of revolvers and files to inmates. Some director with foresight realized that the partition would successfully handicap a bridge game.

There is a musty atmosphere of hard work in the Sem Library—if no one is there. The rough-faced old tomes gathering dust on the top shelves look down benignly. Martin Luther is everywhere, gazing from backs of books on every shelf. The small room, closely surrounded by the austere stacks is cozy and solemn, until — "For goodness sakes, Gladdy, I can't figure out what Septimus said to Octavius," rings out in a raucous voice that flutters the shocked leaves of many a venerable volume. Then Tay tells the odd joke or two; the door of the College Library bangs for silence; and the Sem Library goes back to sleep.

By the way, after some research, I have discovered why couples prefer the College Library to that of the Sem. Did you ever try to hold hands over that partition in the middle of the Sem Library table?

H. D. W.

University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

Faculties

Faculty of Arts Faculty of Medicine

Faculty of Public Health

Affiliated Colleges

Huron College
 Assumption College
 Ursuline College

Waterloo College
 Alma College (Junior College)
 St. Peter's Seminary

Western Ontario Conservatory of Music

The University was founded in 1878. It is co-educational. It has three faculties and seven affiliated colleges. Waterloo College was affiliated in 1925. There are now living more than four thousand men and women — many of them occupying positions of responsibility and influence — holding degrees. The total attendance averages between 2,300 and 2,500 a year. At present the enrolment is more than 3,000.

The University is entering on a new era of expansion. The organizing committee consisting of Western Ontario citizens have fixed as an objective for the present fund raising campaign \$2,500,000. This will help to build the following:

School of Nursing
 Physical Education Building
 Science Building for the College of Arts
 University libraries
 Men's residence — Medical
 Social Science Building
 Women's residence (Arts)
 Meek Laboratories

Temporary additions to relieve the present congestion are being made.

The University hopes that the time is not far distant when every capable boy and girl in Western Ontario irrespective of his or her economic status will have an opportunity to procure a college education of the highest quality.

On Sleep

Continued From Last Issue

Deficiency of sleep is followed by heavy fatigue which, in turn, results in serious inner disturbances.

Perception, memory, and reason are rendered less keen and less accurate. Not only do we forget easily when we have not had sufficient sleep, but also our endurance during labour of any sort is weakened and we cannot perform tasks demanding exacting motor co-ordination.

The importance of an adequate knowledge of sleep habits is being recognized by more and more people every day. The fact that the University of Texas has adopted courses on "How to Sleep" for all of its students who are under par physically, is in itself significant.

This is also borne out by a visit to any large department store for most of them now devote an entire section of their floor space to the maintenance of a so-called "Sleep-Shop." There, hundreds of aids for the sleeper are displayed. In fact they usually sell anything from electrically heated blankets to devices for the elimination of snoring.

See "SLEEP" Page 9

Neglected

He was in love.

When? Where? Why?

He knew not, but he knew that he was in love. Yes, he knew that he was in love.

She was unaware.

When? Where? Why?

She knew not but she was unaware. She was. Unaware.

His heart ached.

His heart ached when he saw her. His heart ached when he saw her with that other one.

She seemed gay.

She seemed gay when he saw her. She seemed gay when he saw her with that other one.

His heart ached, she seemed gay. His seemed heart, she ached gay. His gay she, heart ached seemed.

Would she?

Would she never?

Would she never look 'round?

But look she never 'round would. No, not she.

She seemed gay. She was unaware. Seemed gay she heart ached his. He tried others. Friends not loves.

He tried to forget.

He tried to forget her.

He tried to forget her seeming gay. But seemed gay she his ached heart.

Unaware she was. In love he was. That was she. And that was he. And this was life. Yes, life it was. This was life.

Journal

Here I am, back in Canada again, after five years of absence. The experience of soaking up all this home atmosphere is so acute, so gripping, that, for the time being at least, my days are one emotional ordeal after another. Quite well do I recall the remark in one of Dad's letters to me while I was in Italy: "... there are also many changes apparent in the character of the Canadian people, some for the better, some regrettable."

Today, in the crosstown bus, a queue of people at a factory corner filled the bus to standing-room capacity. These folk seemed average city types but with one additional mannerism: their way of entering the vehicle aggressively and of disregarding anyone in front of them. One matronly person of about fifty years paused close by me, with a hand reaching up to the anchor railing for support in the impatient crowd. At once with pre-war upbringing asserting itself, I rose and offered my seat to the "lady." She seemed taken aback for just a moment; then, with the least shrug of her buxom shoulders, she growled in almost strident tones, "O-Kay". My turn to be taken aback was now at hand.

To complete my confusion, the bus driver also whispered in much the same fashion, out of the corner of a sardonic mouth, "You're a durn fool for giving up your seat stuff went out years ago, when woto anyone these days. That courtesy men started doing a man's job."

Then there's the story of the layman who visited the art gallery, when he came out a friend meeting him asked him what he thought of it.

"Oh the pictures aren't bad but they forgot to post the gag lines under them."

Examlet

To pass or not to pass, — that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The perpetual agonies of labour
Or to take up the pen in belated moments
And by cramming, pass. To cram, — to pass, —
No more; and by a pass to say we end
The haunting fear of failing one more course
We need for credit, — 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To cram, — to pass, —
To pass! perchance with honours; aye, there's the dream;
For in that meagre pass what marks may come
When we have vainly tho't for furious hours
Must give us satisfaction:

But if for honours you thirst,
Here is a challenge true,
One student must be first,
If Kubla Khan, can you?

Mom's Cacti

Mom is a plant specialist. That is, for several years she attempts to grow only one type of plant or flower. First it was ferns. They died. Mom has several interesting theories regarding their death. One is that ferns cannot live in a house heated by a hot-air furnace, and the other is (we children were younger at the time) that they won't live if someone keeps pulling off their leaves, or whatever ferns have. Then there were umbrella plants. They died. Then African Violets. They lived and actually bloomed, but Mom became tired of her success and got rid of them. Now there are cacti.

She claims that cacti are ideal for a lazy housewife because they only have to be watered once a week. The truth is that the poor things are watered almost every day, and are thirsting for a nice, hot, dry spell. Their desert heritage is shocked by this unnatural deluge.

Have you noticed how pale I am becoming? That is because we don't get much light at our house. Cacti. The window sills are beginning to sag, too. Cacti. We can take cod-liver oil to get our vitamin K, but the cacti can't; so they have a priority on the sun coming through our windows.

There are little ones, big ones; spiny ones, smooth ones; round ones, long ones; green ones, grey ones; and no Pied Piper to lead them all into the Grand River. There are miniature cacti so large that a giant's colony had to be started in the cellar because they started to shoulder the chesterfield to the other side of the room. There are Christman Cacti, and Easter Cacti that have red and yellow flowers respectively. Mom knows they do, because it says so on page forty of the seed catalogue. There

is a Mother of Thousands cacti that is worse than rabbits. It started the size of a pea and now overflows from a great pot to block off a whole window with a briar patch. Then there is the Lily Cactus that is expecting. I am sure Mom will receive congratulation cards from all the neighbours when it finally does bloom (for only one night of course), and if I didn't know her so well I should tell her to start saving cigars now.

The smallest cacti are kept inside little china swans, elephants, and baskets carried by sleepy donkeys. There is one particularly obnoxious little cactus in the basket on the left hand side of the donkey standing on the front window sill. Its almost invisible spines fascinate me. Everytime I pass my hand reaches out to touch it. Only on days when my will is particularly strong can I resist the impulse to get a fingerful of barbs.

But this cactiarchy has gone far enough. Fellow slaves unite. We have nothing to lose but our pains. Let us throw off the yoke of these potted porcupines.

I must buy me a book on plant poisons. H. D. W.

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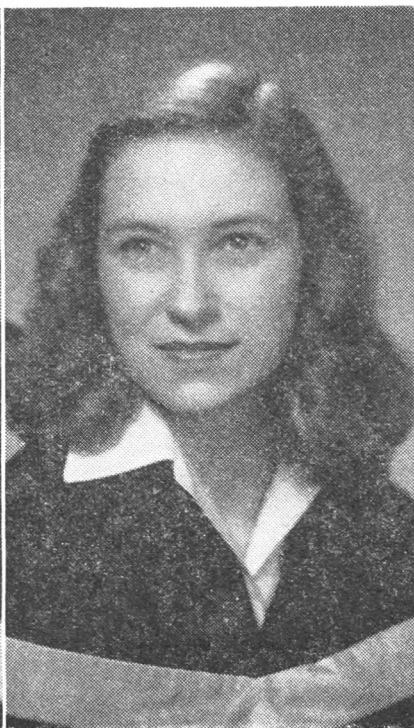
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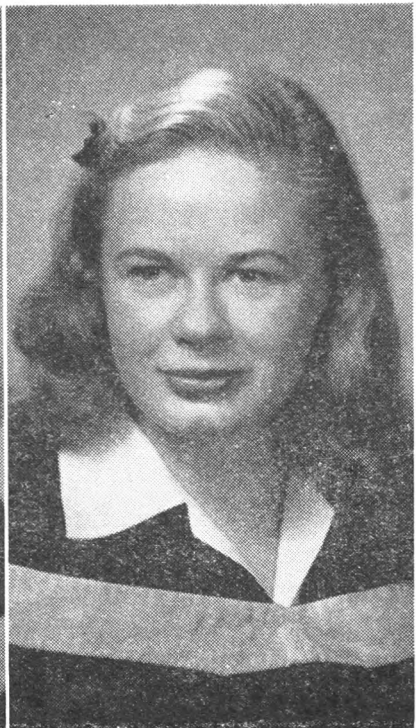
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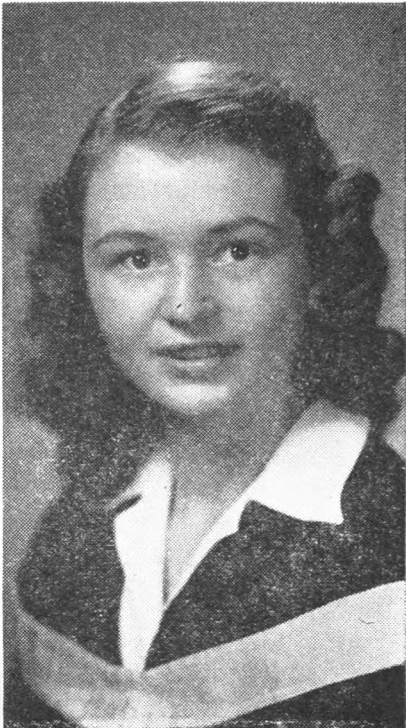
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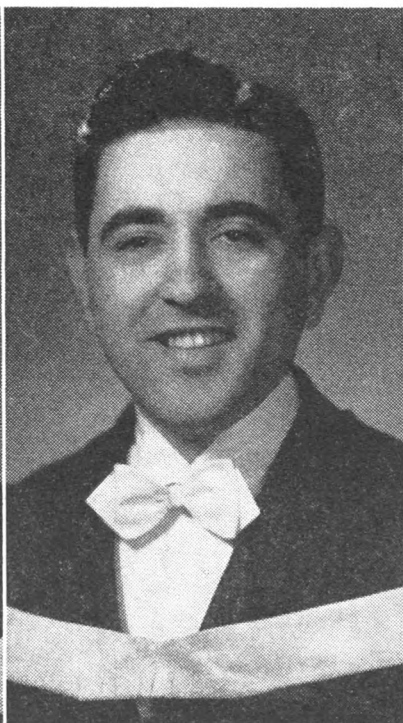
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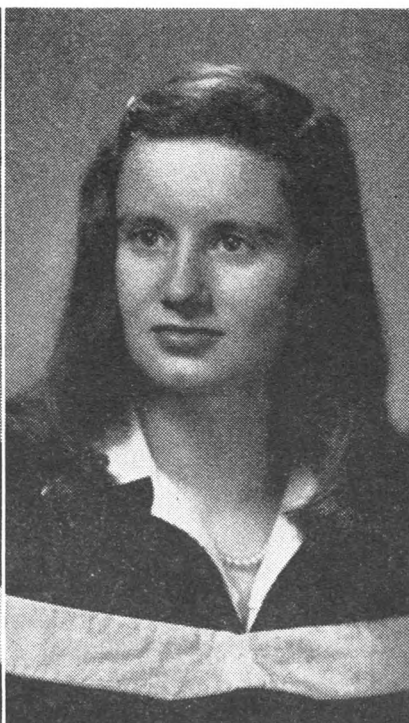
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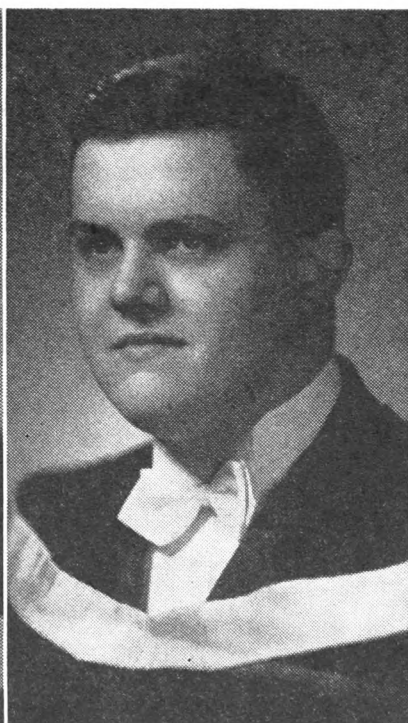
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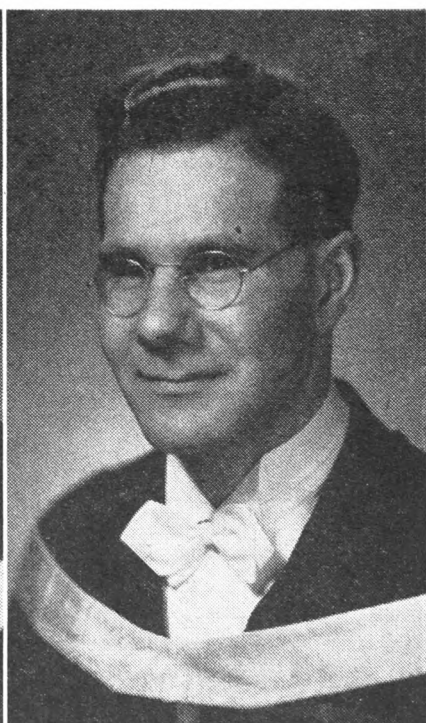
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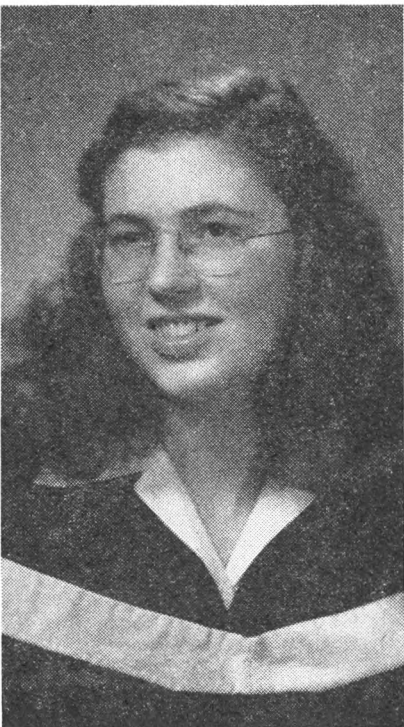
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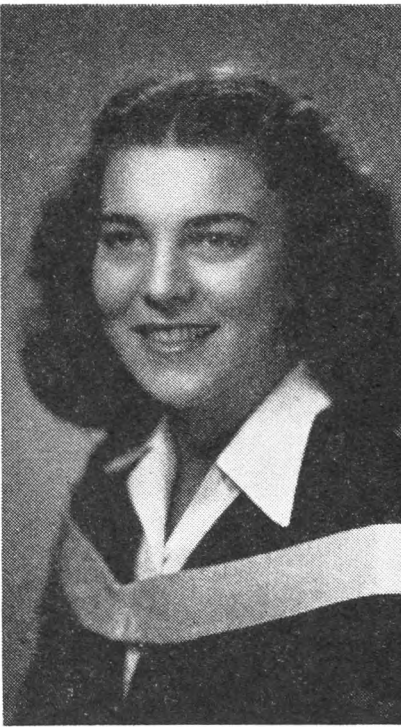
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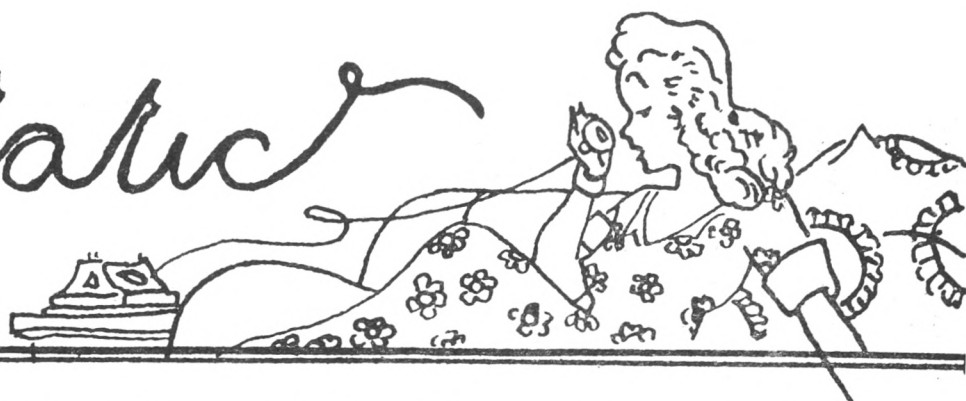


KATHRYN
LIPPERT

of '46



College Status



NOWADAYS the talk around the halls is all of "last" things. "Last assignment," "last exam," "last night," and here, we hope, with not too much ecstasy, is the last Cord for 46. Incidentally, this is this year's last time for the grouches and cynics to give vent to their opinions.

Merner, "The Waitress," has added another "this'll kill you" song to her repertoire. This new ballad is just full of bathos, except when sung by Tar Bush.

Professor Clawson met with disappointment when looking for an apartment. In one place the conversation went like this:

Prof. Clawson: "Yes, this is a nice little apartment, but I don't see any bath!"

Landlady: "Oh, pardon me! I thought you were one of those college boys wanting a place just for the winter."

Before we get too far in this column let us not neglect the contestants in the public speaking contest. Their speeches were all good and the winners deserve extra credit for winning.

Adria has gone southern on us, Texas to be exact, but considering the reason, we really don't blame her.

Halpern—the coach and umpire—says a Sophomore is one who uses big words. No doubt Reuben forgets the Freshman, Carlisle, whose loquacious spiels don't make sense but are definitely prolific.

Jim Huck: Hi son, what's new?
J. Carlisle: Listen, old man, I may be way behind you in years,

but when it comes to experience, you can't even touch me.

The young Sir Galahads of the College (and Seminary), who feature one-arm driving should take warning from the safety film shown here recently. Which reminds us:

"Hello, little girl! Want a ride?"
"No thanks. I'm walking back from one now."

Shyster Shantz (D.) is now giving lessons on how to chisel the P.U.C. out of 2½ cents.

With many Seminarians now nearing completion of many years' hard work, we wish to warn them against careless phrasing. For example "The dear vicar's wife had just died, and wishing to be relieved of his duties for the weekend, he sent the following message to his bishop:

"I regret to inform you that my wife has just died stop be obliged if you sent me substitute for the weekend."

Since this column wasn't handed in on time, we can include the banquet in our little discussion. Despite the absence of the Hon. Russell Kelley, all agreed that the Rev. Davies was indeed a suitable substitute. The entertainment was of high quality throughout. Claude Chislett's talented violin-artistry, Anne Nowak's thrilling voice, Ray Dedel's mellow, if I dare to use the word after Mayor Heer's definition, refrains, and fascinating piano solos of Doug Frank were indeed very conducive to an enjoyable evening.

And while we're in the mood for handing out orchids, we think one is long overdue to John Schneider. Not many students are aware of the fact that besides athletics, Johnny

finds time to do a grand job on Purple and Gold. The faculty adviser is Prof. Evans. The idea is a good one and if it can be handled as well in the future as it is now, then we predict many years of Purple and Gold.

As we recall, the Glorious Sophs man-tained their superiority on the softball diamond the other night. The success of these athletically-inclined intellects was in no small way due to Prof. MacIvor's pitching, and of course Nan's fielding in the last inning. Thanks for the game Frosh, and we sincerely hope that you'll practise during the summer so that you'll be able to uphold the tradition of the Glorious Sophs next year.

Which reminds me of that dictum of Bernard Shaw: "Youth is a wonderful thing — it's a shame it has to be wasted on children."

We predict for next year—trips for the boys of the basketball team—beauty scholarships—cocktail-bars replacing Daechsel's milk-counter—more bridge in a special room—Bock's reinstatement in the Boarding Club—the graduation of Benny Berscht—Class of 53—the unfortunate arrival of more brains from the Collegiate.

Well, we come to the time when we have to bid sad farewells. Saddest farewell goes to Charlie Hagen. His splendid work on the Cord will long be remembered. Good luck, Chuck, and may you be successful in all you undertake. And to all the other grads we extend our congratulations and best wishes for future success.

To one and all we bid a fond farewell as we totter out to enjoy a few last moments before the exams.

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Sports

With the ground still soft from the recent thaw, Waterloo College men tromped down to the Coliseum to play the first softball game of the season. There was gaiety and a spirit of levity in the voices of the freshmen, for they eagerly anticipated a conquest as they threw garlands of rose and forget-me-nots upon the float which bore the three pitching hopes of the Noble Frosh. But along the side of the road walked a quiet bespectacled gentleman burdened down with Economics papers. He was bashfully massaging his left arm and out of the corner of his eye he was looking for a shoelace.

As the crowds of eager combaturs (Fr.) and spectaturs (also Fr.) entered Waterloo Park, a line of sleek automobiles, amid loud beeping and knashing of gears, carried the rest of the Frosh Squad. At the end of the line "Softhearted" Hamblin, allowed several friendly Nut-Roll-eating Sophs push his car into the Stadium. From the farther extremity of the playing-field rushed a chap with a wooden cane. He probably thought the group was a company of scientists, taking samples of the ground for the new ice arena, for we were immediately chased off. With a gruff statement we were ushered from the champ de combat (Fr. again) and the scribe rushed among the throng trying to get a statement for the press. Some people said his words had the effect of verifying the hypothesis of Avagadros, which sets forth the cardinal point, as to why grass is green in summer, while in the spring there (here too) is only love.

Anyways, the undaunted troupe wandered several feet in a northerly direction, where they found the combined effects of the northern lights (Aurora Borealis to the ignorant) at night, and the beaming countenances of W. C. students had dried Central Field to such an extent that it was in an etat juste (looks like Fr. to me) for a rousing game of Softball. Immediately the three rose-bedecked Frosh pitchers started their preliminary warm-ups and three classy masseurs (Fr.?) from "Reub's Massage and Corsage Parlour" worked themselves into a lather as they patiently worked out the kinks and strains in the hurlers' arms. The lowly Sophs, upon the sight of such big-league stuff became perceptibly worried and sent out a man to help McIvor hunt for a shoelace.

And then the combaturs (") entered the forum. Brawny men, all of them, pitting their brains and resources in struggle which meant all to them. The sophomores, plus, took the field, McIvor giving up the search for a shoelace mounted

the dias. A soft murmur of muffled cheers rose from the "below 50" Eccies students. The first batter for the noble Frosh boomed to ignominious strike-out. The second batter, ja, and the third too, ach. Something's wrong in Denmark.

It would be uninteresting to the majority of the readers to relate how time after time countless numbers of sophomores pounded out lengthy hits. Chap by the name of Hannibal Q. Berscht hit on which resounded to the shores of Silver Lake. Aw yes, one could write at great length about the Noble Sophomores, but one would only be repeating the obvious. The outcome of the game left the Frosh on the short end of the score, with the Sophs and the rest of the school victorious. C.T.

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C.O.T.C. NEWS

Since the last report on activities within the local unit we have experienced two outstanding events, namely: The annual banquet, held at the Grand River Tea Rooms, followed by a dance in the gym; and the special parade on March 21 for the boys to collect their wages.

The banquet had a few brief speeches and an abundance of good food. Unfortunately for our second-in-command the outfit did not appear in uniform. If he had been sporting a couple of pips he probably wouldn't have had to wait so long for his steak. Bill Fischer also was near exhaustion, living on water only for the earlier part of the evening.

Then later the boys gathered a few of the fairer sex to enjoy the music of Al Kuhn and his Orchestra. Considering that most of the kids didn't start until after 10 o'clock, and that there was three-quarters of an hour intermission while a number of the lads under Stage-Director Tar Bush improvised the lighting, there was quite a lengthy stretch of dancing. If we had a few more workouts like it during the last week of examinations we should be in top shape for the march to Ipperwash.

The second event mentioned really rates first importance. It was one parade where no one was A.W.O.L.

The same evening a ball game was played between this year's cadets with a number of the ex-servicemen and the rest of the school including our famous south-paw hurler, Lieut. McIvor. The

freshmen said that they hoped to pass their economics. We'll give most of the credit for winning to Mac, but strictly on his pitching ability.

Another special occurrence we should have mentioned was the lecture given last week by a veteran in the true sense of the word. Lieut. Clawson. He gave us an interesting lecture on the Piat. He had a great deal of experience overseas with that anti-tank weapon.

EPILOGUE

In writing our final column, we look back on a successful year. The Waterloo College unit has maintained a strength comparable in numbers, if not in experience, to those in previous years. Only six chaps are spending their second year wearing the khaki. Some of the six will not be attending camp.

Waterloo College has always acquitted itself with distinction at the annual camp. There is every reason to expect a repeat performance this spring. The freshmen class of last year were in the winning D company.

The two professors in charge of our unit rate a salute from us all. The Q.M. has done a grand job. For the graduates, especially the ex-members of the C.O.T.C., we wish the best of everything.

As far as we know at present, we shall be leaving for Camp on the fifth of May. The Baccalaureate Service is scheduled for the same day. If we have time to be present, the unit might carry out the role of guard of honour.

The bugle sounds "Taps" for this year. See you at "Reveille"!

W. D.

Waterloonacy

Dr. Schorten: "Ya—he was richer then Rockefeller or all the other fellers."

Then penitently, "I'm sorry."

Dr. Potter was late for a lecture and the class had visions of a free hour until someone at the front warned, "There's the pitter-potter of little feet."

Prof. Evans: "To belong to that society one must arrange to have superior ancestors several centuries before—often hard enough to arrange."

Dr. Potter takes off on History 36. "He who pays the piper calls the tune, or as we might say 'He who puts the nickel in the juke box presses the button.'"

Chuck: Listen to my shoes squeak!
Stew Mank: You'd squeak too if you were pressed that hard.

"Speaking"

Continued From Page One

in first place Mac Putnam and second George Hopton. Congratulations to both of you and we all felt sure that you really deserved your successes. Some parish is going to be overjoyed to find you as its ministers we know.

While the judges were debating on the choice a one act play was presented entitled, "A Quiet Little Place," and which starred Marjorie Bryden, Edith Merner, Jonas Binghamman, Thomas Van Every and Helmut Binhammer. Alec Orzy directed the whole affair and did a very good job. My goodness what some men go through to propose, poor Jonas. Now you know how not to do it Jonas.

A light lunch was served following the proceedings by a committee in charge of Florence Little.

M. F. F.

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"Sleep"

Continued From Page Three

In these articles I have discussed some of the evil results of insufficient sleep, as well as given the reader a comprehensive working knowledge of a subject which is little regarded or noticed but, nevertheless, which plays an important and vital part in our lives.

Now I would like to advance a few suggestions for improving these abnormal slumber conditions.

The following are some proven devices and suggestions for aiding the regularity of your sleeping habits. They were compiled by Dr. Donald Laird, head of the department of psychology at Colgate University, after years of experimentation and study on the subject.

The prime considerations for good, wholesome sleep, according to Dr. Laird's conclusions, are, naturally enough, quiet surroundings and a good comfortable bed. The ideal size is a double bed or at least a wide single one. The reason is, a narrow bed causes an increase in muscular tensions and thus hinders relaxation.

Another important consideration for procuring sufficient sleep is to develop regular sleeping habits. Set a certain hour for your bedtime and adhere strictly to that time whether or not you feel tired then. By following a consistent bedtime schedule, you will have taken the first step towards the realization of good, refreshing sleep. Also try to sleep at least 8 hours a day.

Some people, though they adhere strictly to a consistent bedtime schedule, find they are unable to fall asleep once they have lain down. To these I offer the following prov-

en suggestions for improving that condition.

First there is that old standby—counting sheep. Taking a warm bath before bedtime also induces sleep. Drinking warm milk acts the same way. But, never eat before going to bed. Even the lightest food disturbs your rest.

Reading in bed aids drowsiness. However, the latest proven method for inducing sleep is to stiffen your entire body for a few minutes while lying in bed, and then relaxing it as completely as possible.

Finally, if none of these foregoing suggestions help you, if you find that you are still suffering from the ravages of insufficient sleep, there is only one other alternative cure—and the following, by the way, is my own suggestion and should not be attributed to Dr. Laird, the only thing left for you to do after all the previous methods fail, is to attend a dull lecture by some old-fashioned college professor. There is nothing more sleep-inducing than that. You see the average person tires of a dry lecture after ten minutes — of course, Waterloo College students manage to do it in five.

Here I must pause and explain that any similarity which my last few remarks may have had to professors at our college, living or dead, is purely co-incidental and should not be inferred. I have to pass in Economics somehow.

In closing, I would like to quote a few lines from Shakespeare's immortal "Macbeth", which, in my estimation sum up concisely the true importance of sleep in our lives:—"Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care; the death of each day's life; sore labour's bath. Great nature's second course; chief nourisher in life's feast.

AL. ORZY.

"Frosh"

Continued From Page One

quence, Jean Scheifle, in her usual talented way played "Rustles of Spring" and it was lovely. Perhaps it was a preface to the lovely spring weather we have been having.

Then the great Broadway producers, Doug Frank, Jack Bramm and Bob Tarbush presented the great boarding house sequence and operetta which they claim has never been equalled on Waterloo's stage. Incidentally several of the students have suggested various skin specialists you could consult, Bob. The sequence really rocked the house and the people were falling into the aisles rolling with laughter. Too bad that some of your best jokes were drowned out by the laughing, boys. The operetta "Donta Fenca Mea Ina" written by Jack and Doug was a masterpiece of musical composition and Max Putnam's solos were comparable to pure gold. Doug, of course, was his own incom-

parable self on the piano with his dazzling runs and variations. What would you rather do than sit back in a comfortable chair and listen to Doug play for hours?

And so after the bodies were cleared out of the aisles and the cereal unplastered off the walls, the Frosh proceeded to serve a very delicious lunch, which was topped off for a welcome bit of exercise about the floor to the tune of top flight orchestrations. And so another Frosh play was put to bed—wonder what next year's will be like? Have to wait and see. M.F.F.

Present Passion In Organ Recital

"St. Luke's Passion," by Bach, the story in music of our Saviour's suffering and death, was presented at St. Matthew's Lutheran Church by the A-Capella Choir of Waterloo College under the direction of Dr. U. S. Leupold.

Approximately 350 attended including a good representation of the student body.

The choir presented the music and words of the Passion in such a way as to create an atmosphere of reverence and worship for the drama of the crucifixion of Christ. The organ of St. Matthew's Church lent itself unusually well to the purposes and aims of Bach music as found in St. Luke's Passion.

Chief soloists were Max Putnam, Granville Taylor-Munro, Douglas Frank, Jack Zimmerman, Elmer Iseler and Leila Bier. Eldred Winkler was organist. Dr. John Schmieder, pastor of St. Matthew's, closed the presentation of the Passion with prayer and benediction.

Dr. Leupold, a specialist in church music, came to Waterloo College last fall as director of music. The choir rehearsed for three months for the presentation. It will be presented again on Sunday, April 7 at St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Preston, and at St. Andrew's Church, Kitchener.

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Chapel Service

What does it mean? A sufficient number of ecclesiastical invectives have been hurled, both within and without this news-sheet, to warrant our further need of Chapel Services. With so many swords crossed, the 'Create In Me a Clean Heart' should receive a response heretofore unsurpassed. Earthly bodies have still to yearn for the harmony of heavenly planets. In addition to what already has been declared in the name of the Chapel, kindly tolerate yet another dictum.

Chapel time has not been set aside, particularly, because of anything Martin Luther penned; nor was the meditation inaugurated against common rooms which might demonstrate an unusual number of vices. Your inerrant School Master has promised "where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." Is there a benefit for you in such a promise? The aim of the institution has always been to place Jesus Christ into the students' midst — thence to the student's world. The crowded timetable includes "a little space, from daily tasks set free."

Chapel time is your privileged opportunity to be alone with your God, yet together with fellow-students. It need not matter who conducts the devotion. Almost every word pronounced is Word of God pure and meaningful for you: Competent men have selected the daily Bible lessons: every section of liturgy ending with the Gloria Patri is wholly scriptural. That is why no Christian denomination can feel estranged under the Chapel roof. In the hymns, your God-created voice may return prayer and praise to its Maker.

Sometimes an unsuspecting absentee creates a noisome pestilence outside the Chapel door. Such instances can be remedied by the school's most constructive pugilist. Vater Schorten's fist can move closest to the competitor's nose without touching it. Or if the creaking organ stool distracts your attention, the organist might be constrained to become less active on his seat. But insofar as the mutual worship is concerned, we cannot come closer to the revealed Word of Truth, nor can we venture farther away. Our prayer before each service might be, "Sanctify us through thy truth thy word is truth."

Every Chapel Service with that Word has an applicable message for your life. Note where the psalmist was seeking for his higher education. He could never find enough Chapel time. "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple."

One of your Chapel servants,
HAROLD BROSE.

Seminary Notes

A certain solemn feeling pervades me as I look back upon the six years of my association with Waterloo College and Seminary. Naturally many and varied remembrances flood my mind. But there is one fact which always keeps asserting itself to me. It is this. My education was bought with a price that cannot be measured in terms of money. And so I feel that what follows not only concerns me, but all students who have the grand privilege of attending any college or university.

I entered Waterloo College when the recent war was a year old. At that time few had given their lives because it was still a phony war. The next few years told a different story. The youth of the land perished in the defense of king and country. They had offered themselves in order that their parents, young brothers and sisters, and sweethearts might never know the horrors of hate, famine, destruction and deprivation. Whether they knew it or not, they too were killed on the battlefields, in the air, and on the sea that I might be able to prepare myself in the ways of Christian living and peace.

I am now on the threshold of that service for which young men and women paid the supreme sacrifice. Somehow, I feel terribly unworthy of that trust which has been placed in my hands. It's a big world. And I'm a mighty small part of it. And I can do so little.

Not so long ago someone else gave His life for me; not that I could study to be useful to the world; but that I might have life eternal with Him. I know that His sacrifice was not only for me, but for all men without any reservations, without any preferences.

He has left the assurance that I can do all things because of the strength with which He sustains me. And though I most certainly do not merit any gift of grace, He always freely gives. So my life, should I perform but the most menial service, can be full and rich and happy. It is in this confidence that I suggest graduates of college and seminary are most capable of serving the cause for which our friends have died. Give thanks to God that we were spared. But let us hasten on to the tasks for which we are called in this present life.

ROY GROSZ.

"Banquet"

Continued From Page One

also was the deputy director of the R.C.A.F. chaplain service up to V-J day and has conducted the radio program "The Quiet Sanctuary" for 15 years over Canadian networks. Rev. Davies told us in his address,

that consecration of purpose and a holy cause are the two essential elements to success in life, and recommended such a purpose to all of us to carry away from college and into the world. We were all delighted with our guest of honour, who assured us that he was most pleased with us and that he was very glad to have come to be with us.

Alec Orzy, President of the Atheneum, presided at the dinner which was highlighted by addresses from Dr. Potter who introduced Rev. Davies, Dr. Lehmann who welcomed the students and guests, Dr. Klinck, Prof. Scott, the faculty advisor, Mayor Heer, Mayor Brown, and Reverend John Schmieder, President of the Board of Governors.

A musical program followed the dinner and included our own Doug. Franks on the piano and Claude Chislett on the violin. The outside talent was supplied by Ray L. Ded-

els and Anne Nowak who both sang beautiful selections.

The evening looked like a real success and everyone looked so glamorous all decked up in their best "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes. We like to see what people can look like when they aren't tearing around the halls, books under their arms, hair flying and fingers covered with ink. We think this banquet is quite a thing, don't you fellows? Let's keep it up and make it a truly annual affair — the top notch social event of the year, with all the trimmings.

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