

*Bramm*

# THE COLLEGE CORD

Vol. 22

WATERLOO, ONT., NOVEMBER 1946

AN UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATION

No. 1

## Frosh Are Bigger, Better — Ask Them



Freshmen Roast Wieners While Athy Sits

### Initiation

#### At Athy

Hi fellow inmates. Here we are again — another year has begun, another session of readin, ritin and rithmetic and last but not least a really terrific round of social events. Big plans are underway for this year's entertainments. Rumours of dances, plays, teas, have been reaching our ears and if they all come true Waterloo will be riding high on a giddy whirl of activities.

If the first affair is any indication of what is to come, the Frosh Night Athy predicts a sensational season. No one has ever seen a bunch of Frosh more eager to be initiated, until the night proper, than this year's class. Much to the amazement of the Soph class, the Freshmen appeared in the corridors bedecked with the usual initiation paraphernalia and a challenge to the Sophs on their lips and on signs on their backs reading, "Wot! No Sophs!" at least a week before Athy was scheduled. This challenge really hurt the pride of the Soph class and they immediately moved the Athy a week ahead and began whispered consultations of torture.

Came the night and amidst the hum of motorcycles and the blare of trumpets came the Frosh in a body defying the Soph class and hilariously burning an effigy of Lena the Hyena which the Soph class had adopted as their mascot. When the Frosh finally finished all their ceremonies and decided they would condescend to be initiated, the gym once again became the battle ground.

Lois Carter, the new president of the Athaneum, welcomed the group and carried out the business of the meeting whereupon it was turned over to Bob Tarbush, the president of the Soph class. And what a merry time followed with all forms of trials from feeding a gooey chocolate pie to a colleague blindfolded, to tossing eggs, to catching a greased pig out on the back campus under the lights. Such squeals have never been heard as when the not too dainty Mr. Augustine felled the pig and proceeded

### New Professors Outnumber Frosh?

The Cord reports no less than four full-time, and seven part-time additions to the staff of Waterloo College.

Miss Ruth Lazenby, B.A., is the new professor in philosophy and psychology. She was a gold medalist winner in the Honour English Language and Literature course which won her a B.A. degree in 1946 from the University of Western Ontario. Miss Lazenby minored in philosophy and psychology which she is now teaching. A senior saw her wandering about the first day looking for classes. He poked a friend in the ribs and said, "See, I told you the freshette situation was looking up." We accept no responsibility for any statements in this paper. We only report the facts.

Miss B. Marion Axford, B.A., is the new Registrar and Dean of

Women. She obtained her B.A. at McMaster specializing in mathematics. Since her graduation from O.C.E. Miss Axford has taught mathematics in Merlin Continuation School and Elmira High School.

John Edward Osborne, B.A., a native of Beamsville, Ont., is professor of economics and business administration. Mr. Osborne succeeds Prof. R. C. McIvor who has resigned to assume a professorship at McMaster.

Mr. Osborne was graduated from McMaster University in political economy in 1943. The same year he volunteered for active service and subsequently achieved the rank of lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Artillery. After nearly two years of service he transferred to the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders,

See "PROFESSORS" Page 5

### In Appreciation

Upon entering the halls of Waterloo College this fall, we "experienced" students were conscious of the absence of two bright spots in the economic and psychological fields, namely Professors R. C. McIvor and W. G. Scott. In the case of the former, Waterloo College's loss was McMaster's gain. We did not only lose a very capable head of the economics and political science department, but we also lost our registrar, our proprietor of the book store, our director of athletics, our Cord faculty adviser, our girl's basketball team coach, and an enthusiastic badminton and bridge player. No longer are the badminton courts reserved for that weekly McIvor-Raymond workout on Monday's from four to six.

I have had the opportunity of

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THE COLLEGE CORD

Editor-in-Chief Harry D. Weaver
Junior Editor Grant E. Kaiser
Literary Editor Edith Merner
College Static Lois Carter and Bob Dier
Social Events Margaret Fackoury and Margaret Nairn

Alumni Notes Eric Reble
Faculty Adviser Professor J. E. Osborne
Sports Carl Totzke
Business Managers Marion Hollinger and J. Bramm
Circulation Helmut Binhammer

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EDITORIALS

The College Cord slowly and not very surely starts to twine again. We have sustained heavy losses. That was not a pun, Charlie Hagen, because as you well know, such things are below the dignity of senior editors.

To prove how serious a senior editor we intend to be, we shall philosophize in the very first editorial. Is it not strange that the only words of praise an editor receives for hard work are from his successor?

Enough of this crying on shoulders; to work. First we should like to welcome the freshmen now that they have permitted the sophs to initiate them.

We should also like to welcome all the new Cord staff members and contributors. When former professional newsmen and editors of service papers toss ideas at us we feel like rank amateurs.

To all again; welcome. To all again; write.

H. D. W.

Last year's junior ed, Harry Weaver, has been promoted to the top of this page and to the position of editor-in-chief.

We would like to make special mention in these lines of a few 'news' around the school, sixty-five of them to be exact, vulgarly known as 'frosh', technically, as freshmen or freshettes.

For a while, the question of the hour seemed to be 'Where are the Soffs?' When the answer came, their spirits were somewhat dampened (to say nothing of their shirts), but not enough to keep

them from organizing their own prelude to the initiation 'Athy' (causing it to start a half-hour late, however). At the time of writing this article, plans have been almost completed for the first class party to be held this year — a frosh party.

On the whole, the frosh have undoubtedly held the limelight. Superiority of numbers? Certainly. No one would deny that. But let's also admit that they have a superb class spirit.

G. E. K.

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, founded in 1878, has been co-educational since its inception. It has three Faculties — Arts and Science, Medicine, and Public Health. There are eight affiliated colleges. Four of them (including Waterloo, affiliated in 1925) give a complete four-year course leading to an Arts degree.

The postwar urge for higher education has increased the total registration of the University in the last decade from 2,283 (1936-37) to 4,001 (1946-47), about 1,400 of the latter being veterans of World War II.

These drives must not be allowed to fail if the University is to meet the general educational demands of the area which it is its primary function to serve.



Mustard Hot, Sir?

### On Jazz Authorities

It must be wonderful to be an authority on jazz. You can play three bars of an old record to one, and before the fourth has started, he will report: "Wildcat Wail, Gulch Jordan's Octet with Stumpy Dickens on cornet, Joe Forgin' on bass, Pox Humpuler on the skins and Bees-knees Throggins on growl trombone."

He can even do it blindfolded. He will then launch into a lengthy monologue which includes a character sketch of Dicken's first wife, the complete personnel of six other bands in which Bees-knees played and a five-thousand word comparison of the Levee Roustabouts and Barney Bunson and his Blowtorches, who murdered them in Chicago in 1935.

If you can keep a jazz authority from getting back further than 1920 within the first five minutes of his discourse you are entitled to an award — maybe even a pair of earmuffs.

I have tried to recognize bands just by listening to them, but with little success. I can get those Spike Jones cowbells every time, and sometimes I can tell those Guy Lombardo sobbing saxophones, but that's as far as it goes. The other day, in the presence of an Authority, I took Hazel Scott for Tommy Dorsey.

"But Scott's a pianist and Dorsey's a trombonist," he pointed out in disgust.

"How's a gal supposed to know when she can't see what they're doing over the radio?" I countered.

The Authority went away weeping.  
A. F. K.

### Pennery From the Hennery

Much has been written in Latin and mystery  
Now for a bright spot in Waterloo's history.  
This era abolished and ignored all precedence  
And we lucky babes have been granted a residence.  
You all must have heard of our wonderful Hennery  
About which, dear reader, we give some pennery.  
Needless to say 'tis a haven adored  
Since nowhere in the vicinity could we find room and board.  
Thanks for the concessions of the Boarding Club.  
We know in your schedule we caused a hubbub.  
Breakfast is early, this may cause a roar  
And our theme song is now "Give us five minutes more."  
We enjoy all the meals; for they really are swell,  
But why take so long to ring the dinner bell?  
And as to our inmates of which there are few,  
We have Miss Axford and Miss Lazenby, both new.  
(Forgiveness we ask for the metre and time,  
But no other words could we make fit the rhyme.)  
"Hats o.i." to Miss Axford our genial Dean  
In a great many hearts she is already queen.  
Before coming to us she taught maths in Elmira  
And we are glad our board consented to hire her  
Our "pétit" Miss Lazenby needs no introduction  
For our "Athy" advisor she won the election.  
She graduated from Western — honourably too  
There's not much comparison, but she'll like Waterloo.  
You all know the twins, both Faithie and Hope,  
With distinguishing them we don't even cope,  
And so in the interim 'till we find something new  
When we address them we just say, "Hey You,"  
Then for the Guelphites, Lois and Gladys  
Will the Hennery ever boast that it had had us?  
To the three "R's" a new interpretation we've given  
Resting, Reclining and Relaxing — they give for Livin'.  
But to earn our credits this year is really our aim,  
Because the Eccies class next year just won't be the same.  
That's all of us now, but we hope to have more  
If they are "Frosh" there's a real treat in store.  
"Make your bed daily" that is the rule,  
But THEY will make it while we are in school.  
We actually are students with a great thirst for knowledge,  
But life in the dorm is more than life in the college.  
In the Hennery's beginning, furniture was rare,  
But we love pioneering and so didn't care.  
Although we experienced the odd chilly nite  
We would have welcomed some anthracite.  
To have endured this doggeral it must have been hard;  
We bear no comparison to the Stratford bard.  
We have tried to express in our own inimitable way:  
Thanks for the dorm — it's super swell we say !!!

G. D. F.



No Lack of Bows Here

### Normandy Beach 1946

Dusk reaches out its clammy, stealthy hand  
And draws its tattered aged veil up from the deep,  
The sullen tides embrace the silent, waiting sand  
The dark hills wrap themselves in dreamless sleep.  
The dying day gasps out its last chill breath  
In shivered whispers: down the length of shadowed sand,  
A murmured anthem to a frantic, fevered past  
No man can know, nor no man understand.  
So lately hell this precious desert lies  
A giant — blinded to the myriad petty hates of men  
The long night silence settles on the timeless strand  
And in the low uncertain west, the sun has died again.  
KEITH BAIRD.

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# College Static



So there's nothing new!! Think again people — it's a new school year, there's a new frosh class, the Cord has a new editor, and we have several new professors, not to mention the new columns in the Cord.

We wish Harry Weaver as much success with the Cord as he and his team had in winning the Provincial Jr. "A" Baseball Championship. Well done we say.

The initiation has so far been the highlight of the year. Proceedings were slightly delayed for one hour while the erstwhile leader of the frosh whipped his colleagues into a frenzie which was not abated until after Tarbush had a flat ear which bled profusely throughout the night. Order was restored as Frosh Fueher Von Wettloffer cracked his whip. Highlight of the evening was the reading of a brilliant lecture by our new Cord faculty advisor, Professor "Wheat from the Chaff" Osbourne. Two other good sports to participate were the two new feminine members of the staff, who fed chocolate pie to two wide-mouthed young men. Things went well until the announcement was made that the food was ready and then we ran into another slight delay.

We were shocked to hear of a Senior who forget to register. But all was forgiven as she brought her excuse to school (in uniform too).

Louis H.: "I have to leave school because of my eyesight."

Bob Rock: "How's that?"

Louis H.: "Oh I just mistook the Psychology Professor for a co-ed."

Trout Creek has crept to the fore again as rumors are flying of a proposed trip there for the opening of the hunting season this fall. But it's an all-girl party so just what they're hunting is as yet unknown.

The dormitory is really crowded this year. The addition of the Ladies' Residence has made the conditions in the dining room even worse. Not only that, but we understand that boys and girls have to use the same curriculum !!

We conducted a survey of the older students the other day, asking girls what they thought of the frosh boys, and the boys of the girls. Here are the answers we got:

First the girls on the topic of the boys:

Joe Hollinger: "The quantity is fine — as for the quality I haven't vet decided." Apparently Joe is

open to conviction.

Audrey Brock: "What I want to know is who's married and who isn't." We'll leave Audrey to do her own research.

Now the boy respond to the frosh girls:

Bob Tarbush: "Silence is golden." As most of you know Bob is pre-judiced.

Bachelor Bill Fisher: "There have been a lot of mistakes made in this world." This is not actually Bill's opinion. Down in his heart he is probably saying to himself "What a bunch of . . . !" Ya know what we mean ? ?

Well we felt we couldn't let even Seniors away with that so we asked some of the Frosh what they thought of Waterloo College. First, as always, the girls:

Mary Shirk: "Wonderful — everyone's so friendly." Mary wasn't here when the Frosh had their "picture" taken.

Dorothy Schiefely: "The freedom is remarkable." Remarkable for what?

And now a couple of stalwart young Frosh boys.

Mickey McLaren: "Not enough lush stuff." Ah yes, but we can always go to the collegiate rugby games . . . Yea Hamilton Central . . . Immortal Susy Q.

Bob "Peppie" Fleishhauer: "It's confusin'."

The rugby team seems off to a good start with a one-sided win over O.A.C. They should have no trouble with St. Jerome's, but both these games will be old stuff by the time this is printed so wishing the boys the best of luck we'll leave rugby to the sports column written by that 26 credit man, Carl Totzke.

Speaking of other columns, there are a couple of new ones which warrant your reading. The first is a column all music lovers will want to read. It's written by Jack Bramm. As yet we don't know what the name of the column is, but look it up and read it to get the latest news on records, bands, and jazz.

Another new column is "The Cadaver Speakers," written by a self-conscious young man by the name of Louis J. O'Hinschberger. This column will be extremely boring as it is to express the thoughts of the author, on whatever topic he can find in the Public Library pertaining to anything. If you think that last statement is confused read

"The Cadaver Speaks" and see what we mean.

Well never a "Static" column goes to print without some mention made of those sweet young couples who meander through the hall with star-struck expressions on their angelic faces, speaking soft words of mush. They are of course the Lovers. This year finds Rube without Helen, Elmer without Trudy, but in their place we have great new puddles of passion, deeper, wider, and just as pathetic. (Joe says if there are any puddles of passion, she wants to get in the win). Now don't get the idea that we're cynical, because anybody that can afford to go steady should do so, because after all it's a free world, as any woman will tell you, as she drags her male escort behind, by the ear. We shall omit names as we don't wish to embarrass Milt and Ruth. Little is as yet known about the love-life of the frosh, but we understand that some of the little ones are already going steady. More about them in the future.

Heard at the first rugby game:

"Helmet, get your helmet and get in the game!"

That reminds us of the second game of the day when K.C.I. played host to a powerful Hamilton Central team. Incidentally, just incidentally mind you, Hamilton had the most vivacious, the most original, the most gorgeous cheerleaders ever seen in these parts. As said before: "Hooray for Hamilton" . . . "Immortal Suzy Q.", and in the immortal words of Hinschberger . . . "What a rugby game !!!"

Poor Augustine had a tough summer. It seems he was taking his usual Saturday night ride one night in July and broke his arm. They left the door open and he broke his arm as he fell out of the patrol wagon.

We'll guess that's it for now. Be good, study hard, go to chapel, cheer for YOUR rugby team, and fulfill all the sacred duties of Waterloo College students and we'll see you soon.

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# The Cadaver Speaks

Dear fellows:

No doubt everyone wonders why an arts' school column should get a name like "The Cadaver Speaks." Cadaver is such a beautiful name because if one gazes around him he'll find plenty of cadavers mumbling and groping and passing themselves off as alive. The usual cadaver differs from this moving species only in that the latter type has not yet stopped to lie down.

In this column we will write on whatever we can find as suitably dead and fit for burial. There might be something to interest even the slowest moving cadaver. Maybe we can give some of these slower cadavers a transfusion and instill in them the semblance of life in the form of a changed opinion or even manage to chisel a smile on their marble visages and cause some flash of dental construction.

Obituary and Reproach — Re the case of Mrs. Evelyn Dick, "the Hamilton Mangler." In this case we join Mrs. Violet van de Elst of London and oppose capital punishment for this beautiful "femme fatale." Tsk, tsk, and to think she'll hang when there are too few beautiful women in the world now.

Especially after her famous dissection she'd go great with cadavers, being quite experienced in handling knives and saws. Why, on the basis of her noble dissection, she should be given a stretch at Burns & Co., sticking pigs or slicing beef, thus preserving art.

Most universal event of the month was the world series in which the Boston Red Sox booped. Beantown's chopping champ of swat, "mighty" Ted Williams, the temperamental tornado, swished his way right out of Baseball's Hall of Fame. Poor Joe Cronin and his cronies can spend the winter selling pencils in the Boston Commons or looking for talent in the bowling alleys of Scollay Square. Those Redbirds must have caused an awful wail up in New England and probably Boston's Mayor Curley will declare an open season on alley cats to spite Harry "the feline" Brecheen, hero of the recent festival.

A topic of current interest among cinema cadavers is some western epic produced by Howard Hughes called "The Outlaw." Understand it is booked at the Century Theatre for next spring. We beat the local celluloid dealers by seeing it this summer and it's quite a movie! It's the story of desperado, "Billy the Kid," played by Jack Beutel — and if you want to learn how to draw shooting irons, he's the boy to teach you. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell fill out the picture's roster of stars. They tell us it was censored, but believe me when we saw it the authorities still had plenty to work on. Oh yes, Jane Russell — a girl — is also in it. She's responsible for the movie's publicity but it is still a good movie without her. However, she does add one or two good things to the picture and, despite a crumby performance, she has some good points which can give her an acting future.

Perhaps, while browsing through this edition, you'll find some dribble entitled "The College Static" — static is a good name for in it you'll find some character named Dier spitting venom about college characters.

Louis John.

# Professors

Continued From Page One

remaining with his regiment until November, 1945. Since his discharge he has pursued graduate work in economics at the University of Toronto and expects to receive his Masters degree shortly in his field of specialization from this institution. Mr. Osborne expects some day to obtain his doctor's degree for his well-known work on the problem of separating the wheat from the chaff.

Mr. Bruce Kelley, B.A., is the new science professor. He is a B.A. graduate of Queen's University in Biology and Chemistry and has done post-graduate work at the University of Chicago. Mr. Kelley was principal of Smooth Rock High School from 1934-41. He served four years in the R.C.A.F., first as a link tester and then as a personnel counsellor in Labrador and Eastern Air Command. Since November, 1945, he has been with the Toronto Rehabilitation Training Institute. Mr. Kelley is married and has two children who are six and two years old.

Mrs. Elizabeth Christiansen, B.A., is the part-time librarian. She is the widow of Capt. Oscar Christiansen who was killed on active service. Mrs. Christiansen was formerly the assistant librarian at the Waterloo Library.

Rev. Roy Grosz, B.A., is the part-time lecturer in Greek. He is the assistant pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Kitchener. Rev. Grosz is a graduate of the College 1943, and of the Seminary 1946, and will be remembered as the efficient editor of the Seminary Notes in the last year's Cord.

Mr. Arthur Conrad, B.A., is the part-time instructor in Men's Physical Education and a student in the Seminary. Mr. Conrad is an outstanding track and field athlete, having won the University of Western Ontario's track meet last year and representing that University at the Inter-Collegiate Games.

Miss Alethea Johnston, B.A., B.L.Sc., is another part-time staff member. She lectures in Library Science. Miss Johnston is assistant librarian of the Kitchener Public Library, and is a graduate of the College and the Ontario Library School.

Mr. George Munro, B.A., is part-time lecturer in Business Administration. He is a B.A. and M.A. graduate of the University of Western Ontario and local manager of the Coca-Cola firm.

Mr. C. Hubert Spry, B.A., C.A.C., is also part-time lecturer in Business Administration. He is a graduate of the University of Western Ontario. Mr. Spry is a chartered accountant with the firm of Thorne, Malholland, Hawson, and McPherson in Kitchener. He is serving us by the courtesy of the manager, Mayor J. G. Brown.

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## SPORTS

## The Bull Pen

By Carlos

It was with a smile that I read an editorial in the "Western Gazette" in which the writer lamented the fact that the College rugby squad had, in keeping with the Inter-Collegiate rules, been cut down to twenty players. He stated in effect that it was murder for twenty well-conditioned, fully-equipped, expertly coached, keen, aggressive college rugby players to engage in an Inter-Collegiate rugby game. In other words, there were only eight substitutes with which the coach could juggle around in his line-up to give all a rest during the game.

Egad man!!! Witness Waterloo College.

The boys out there now are sure playing the game for the game's sake (to give that phrase another kick). Because they sure aren't struggling thro' a season in anticipation of the big turkey dinner being provided by the college, or the fine warm showers to bathe in and soak out the aches and pains. (In case you didn't know it, this is sarcasm, i.e. bitter irony. There ain't no hot water for dose guys).

But no fooling, the guys out there are really having fun. Maybe its because they like this razzle-dazzle college style of football, where the rugby squad gets the pick of the beautiful co-eds. As a roving reporter I approached several of the squad. One could tell they were college men by their coon-skin coats and the bulges on their hips. I asked one likely lad of rugby demensions, (5x5), what our chances of winning the league opener were. "Gee," he said, "They're good. We got some peachy plays. Wait until you see our criss-cross reverse flea-flicker with the cut-back and four laterals. We always use that one when we're pressed for a rest 'cause it takes seven minutes to untangle the guys."

There you have it fans. Waterloo College has the reputation of having more finely-timed plays in its repertoire than the whole Ivy League combined. So if you want to see precision plays reeled off like clockwork, c'mon out and root 'em home. And confidentially, if you want to see the fightin'est hardest tackling group of spirited ruggers cast your blinkers on Waterloo College Red Devils.

P.S. The reader is well advised to separate that which is classified wheat, being worthy of note, and the residue, know as chaff — which may be passed over once lightly.

Waterloons  
Hose Farmers

By Bill Fisher

"We're the Waterloons  
We shall not be moved,  
We're the Waterloons  
We shall not be moved . . ."

To the strains of their immortal school song, Waterloo College's Rugby Team marched off the field with a clean-cut victory over O.A.C. The Guelph College was a very big, heavy squad, but our stout front line certainly could not be moved. The Guelph visitors tried time and again to break through our front wall of defense, but with Co-Captain Tony Wilhelm leading Waterloo's charging line, the opposition soon found their bucking halves being thrown for a loss.

Since this was the opening game for both teams, it was only natural that there would be a lot of mistakes made. Both lines were charging offside and the game was slowed down by numerous penalties. But the slow going did not stop Waterloo, especially Hamblin, Totzke and McLaren, who ran the ball back for big gains behind perfect running interference. The big Guelph line was opened up on many occasions by Gram and Hirschberger, and by McMillan and Tarbush, allowing Waterloo's galloping backfields to romp for big gains.

Waterloo broke into the score column before the game was three minutes old. O.A.C. received the opening kick but couldn't do much with their three downs. Then Waterloo advanced the ball up to the Aggie Junior's 35-yard line, with a succession of bucks and extensions by Hamblin, McLaren, Fisher and Totzke. Quarterback Carl then threw a pass to Weaver who galloped the remaining yards for a touchdown.

The remainder of the first quarter was rather spotty, with fumbles occurring too frequently. The second quarter was all Waterloo, and near-

See "VICTORY" Page 7

## Track Meet

Carl Totzke with 27 points and Joan Pauli with 17 points were winners in their respective divisions at the Waterloo College Annual Track and Field Meet held on the afternoon of Oct. 10 at Woodside Park.

Other winners were: Men — Eric Reble, 14, Clare Brocklebank 14, Dale Beckstead 10, Bob Ferguson 9, Fred Little 6; Walter Donovan 5; girls' — Jane McGanity 17, Hope Weber 5, Peggy Nairn 5.

The meet was in charge of Virginia Wittig and Arthur Conrad, physical education instructors.

The results with first, second and third winners in that order, follow:

## Men

100-yard-dash, Reble, Ferguson, Beckstead, 10.5 seconds; 225-yd. dash — Ferguson, Reble, Totzke, 25.4; 440-yd. run — Totzke, Martens, Carlisle, 59.6; running broad jump — Totzke, Beckstead, Bauer, 16 ft. ¼ ins.; hop, step jump—Totzke, Reble, Bauer, 35 ft. 8¼ ins.; shot put—Brocklebank, Totzke, McMillan, 44 feet, 3½ ins.; javelin throw—Totzke, Hessel, Schmidt, 126 ft.; standing broad jump — Little, Reble, Bauer, 9 ft. 1 in.; running high jump — Beckstead, Giller, Ferguson, 5 ft. 1 in.; discus throw — Brocklebank, Nabert, Schmidt, 93 ft.; 880-yd. run — Donovan, Totzke, Mank, 2:56.

## Women

75 yd. dash—J. Pauli, M. Huehn, J. McGanity, 10.1 seconds; hop, step and jump—J. Pauli, J. McGanity, D. Deval, 27 ft. 3½ ins.; basketball throw—H. Weber, J. McGanity, J. Pauli; softball throw—McGanity, J. Pauli, L. Nabert; standing broad jump—J. McGanity, J. Pauli, A. Armbruster, 7 ft., 2 ins.; archery — P. Nairn, L. Baecher, K. Schweitzer; relay race—1st, J. McGanity, J. Pauli, B. Dillon, B. Harper; 2nd, L. Carter, M. Huehn, F. Little, D. Deval.

Officials — Referee, Dr. Klinck; directors, Miss Wittig, Arthur Conrad; clerk of course, Reuben Baetz; track judges, Prof. Evans, Dr. Potter, Reuben Haldern; field judges, Prof. Raymond, Prof. Kelly, Walter Donovan, Marion Hollinger; starter, Harold Brose; timers, Prof. Osborne, Howard Brox; scorers, Bob Langen, Miss Hazenby; announcer, J. Dier.



Ist Gut

Saints Hold  
Red Devils To Tie

The final score in this game was 11-11. It was unfortunate that several individuals, by some long stretch of imagination called officials, managed to forcibly display their meagre knowledge of Rugby Rules and Regulations in such a distorted manner as to make the game unpleasant. It would not be a long stretch of the truth to say the only proper decision they made in the game was that the oranges at half-time were slightly green. As the game progressed, it developed into an awful exhibition of poor officiating and as a natural sequence, an exhibition of poor rugby. Neither team could claim any credit for the manner in which this game was staged.

The score was certainly no indication of the way the play went. Waterloo College, with a strong front line, completely bottled St. Jerome's in their own end of the field. On only two or three occasions was St. Jerome's in possession of the ball while in Waterloo territory. After some fine ground plays and completed passes from Hamblin to McLaren, and Wilhelm to Hamblin, the line opened a big hole and Hamblin carried the ball over for a major score. The touchdown was converted by Hamblin making the score 6-0. St. Jerome's showed a fine passer, but a good defence set up by Waterloo, annulled his efforts. After several plays St. Jerome's crashed the line, broke up Fisher's kick, and ran for a touchdown. This was unconverted.

No further scoring occurred in

See "TIE" Page 9

Buy and Hold

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## Alumni Notes

ERIC REBLE

Well, Waterloo College is certainly flooded with many new faces this fall. One spends quite a bit of one's time trying to remember if the name so-and-so goes with the tall broad chap with the moustache, or if the name so-and-so belongs to the girl with the cute blonde hair (in view of the recent initiation, I nearly said "the girl with the moustache").

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But we do remember those that, after having roamed these halls the necessary number of years, left last spring for different and sometimes, distant fields. Maybe you would like to know what some of them are going.

Toronto has claimed quite a few. Attending O.C.E. are Doris Smith, Gertrude Mosig, Leila Bier, Jean Schweigert and, certainly not "the least," Charles Hagen. The New Hamburg trio, Doris, Truie and Leila, have managed to get together in one rooming house, in fact, in one room. Also in Toronto is Helen Sehl, who is taking a Library course. Everyone has probably missed Eldred Winkler, he of the booming laugh and for several years one of the building's mainstays. He too is in Toronto taking a three-year music course, connected with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Joyce Powell's family moved all the way out to British Columbia and naturally enough, much to Marvin Mickus' dismay, Joyce went along.

At the Kitchener Public Library it was a case of one Waterloo College 'grad' moving out and another moving in. Mary Shupe left to take a library course at the University of Chicago and Kathryn Lippert came into the library to take her place.

Jean Thompson can be heard nearly any day at five o'clock over the radio station CKCR, Kitchener, on the programme presenting "Women's Radio Magazine." And I might add, doing a swell job at it too. Just listen and find out for yourself.

Bill Shantz is in London, attending Western, completing the last year of his Honour History course. Bill was nearly going crazy worrying over six time-table clashes.

Away up in the north country above North Bay, Margaret Armstrong is teaching at Blind River. Rumours that have wafted down this way have it that "Army" was

in the midst of a minor revolution. Maybe with more detail we can tell the story.

Speaking of Marg reminds me that Ernie Brose, year '45, is teaching at Kenora, Ont. No doubt he and Jean Shantz, also a graduate teaching there, often get together to discuss the "good old days."

Some of you perhaps saw Mel King around the school the other day. Mel, who graduated in '44 in Honour English, is teaching English at the Ontario Agricultural College.

Not all of last year's class are included in the above report, but I hope to have news of them in the next issue, and of any others who at any time have rejoiced or mourned in these our halls and class rooms.

## Victory

Continued From Page 6

ing half-time they had advanced the ball deep into Guelph's territory. Captain Carlos then called for the "make-up" play. This is a very tricky play that has taken the Waterloo team many hours of practice to perfect. On this difficult manoeuvre the ball was snapped to Carl who faked a buck, and then ran out on the flat faking an extension; Carlos did a couple of about turns and at the precise moment, he rifled a long pass to Mickey McLaren who was deep in Guelph's end zone. It was perfect. Every part of the play came off according to plan and Mickey was the recipient of Waterloo's second touchdown. The convert was successful and the score at half-time was 12-0.

Just after the third quarter started, O.A.C. managed to move the yard sticks for the first time. Taking Waterloo by surprise for a few minutes they moved the ball up to Waterloo's 25-yard line. On their third down they kicked to Totzke who was rouged behind his line. The Waterlooans again started to press, and some fine runs by Ron Stewart and Bob Hamblin netted W.C. a couple of first downs. Harry Weaver, who was leading scorer for the day with two touchdowns, was robbed of a third when he dribbled the ball into pay-off territory, only to have it called back because of illegal interference. However, Harry, who is one of the best tacklers on the team, caught a long pass a few minutes later from Totzke, and side-stepped four Guelph tacklers for a fine display of broken-field running.

Guelph, in one of their spasmodic displays of rugby knowledge, caught Waterloo defence asleep and scored their first touchdown on a sleeper pass. This touch was not converted and so the score now stood at 18-6. It was only fitting that the hardest working player for Waterloo should score a touchdown. Bob Hamblin, the spirited workhorse of the team,

intercepted as Guelph pass and galloped 65 yards for the longest run of the afternoon. Bob put the finishing touch to Guelph by converting his touchdown and this made the final score 24-6.

Editor's Note: Bill Fisher, the dear modest boy who wrote the above, played a strong game at right half.

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## Your Opinion

The question this month is: "What do you think of Mrs. Dick? The opinions were as follows:

**CARL TOTZKE**, this year's athletic champion: "There's not much I can do about it now. She's a partner and all partners get it in the neck, I always say."

**HARRY WEAVER**, excels in baseball, rugby, and what have you?: "If she is not guilty, she's crazy."

**REUBEN BAETZ**, president of the grad class: "She should get it" (May we quote you on that?)

**GEORGE HOPTON**, president of S.L.E.: "I don't think the evidence was convicting. I'd have believed any one of those statements."

**WALLY EWALD**, imported from London: "I think she got justice; let's let it go at that."

**NICK**, the prof with the khaki smock: "The rope is too good for her."

**BILL GILLER**, plays rugby and studies Greek: "She's the kind that escapes jail before the execution. She should get something; give me a Ginger de Luxe."

**PETER K. SCHMIDT**, also studies Greek: "I believe in capital punishment and here's one place it should be applied."

**DANNY POWERS**, another rugby player: "Pretty, isn't she? I think it's a collective murder society. They are deviating from the dictionary meaning of a criminal. If she acted repentant, they'd probably lighten her sentence. Bohozuk is carrying the ball at the moment."

**VERDIE YATES**, hockey-playing Sophomore: "I want to hear the evidence at the next couple of trials." **WALLY D.**

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## Life Is Like That

W. W. EWALD

My pin-up girl is beautiful  
Upon my locker wall

But the satisfaction that she gives  
Is really none at all.

She has dimpled cheeks and eyes  
of blue

And hair of golden brown

Her smile is so enchanting

And I've never seen her frown.

But she can't dine or dance with  
me

Or pass the time of day;

All she does is hang around

And help me save my pay.

She's a moral uplift I'll admit

And I never can escape her

But how the devil can I get any  
love

From a blasted piece of paper.

## Rudy Rudolph's Moustache

Why? Here it was a new school term, new faces — pretty ones, too. But why this quaint phenomenon.

As we brushed aside the long golden locks, suddenly there was a shriek, "Egad, Rudy, Mother told me there would be moments like this."

Is he cold? Is he shy? Or is he ashamed? Why, then, the camouflage?

Whenever this spectacle of hair approaches, lowly Frosh inquire, "Is this part of our initiation or is this the true spirit of Waterloo? We hasten to assure these inquiring minds that we, too, ask why!

It is rumored that during the summer vacation Rudy hit a snag. His fair Jeannie no longer wished to "beat around the bush." So the mighty Frosh of old sought to help the fair maiden in distress. One autumn day they crept in the back-door — they can't come in the front — with lawn mowers carefully concealed. Stealthily they went out to stalk their prey. In a dark and gloomy alley — the Boy Rangers' Room — there cowered our villain. On bended knees meekly he cried, "I'm trying to grow cross-hairs for my microscope."

## Seminary Notes

**Continued From Page 10**  
laid down. God can and has used men feeble in body, of mediocre talent, but of a high order of earnestness, consecration and application. By the latter gifts and graces, they have in a measure overcome the drawback of the former. Divine grace can and has wrought wonders. But these are exceptions!

"As for spiritual qualifications, two are indicated.

"(1) A living, deep, and fervent piety based in a living faith in our Lord Jesus Christ is necessary. He who has not experienced the joys of justification cannot teach it. No one is called of God without it;

but not all who have it are called. "(2) The clear and heartfelt, sustained and growing conviction that it is God's will that he should serve Him in His holy office."

This is the call to the ministry.

May God be with and speak to those who contemplate the ministry. And may they allow Him to speak. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with us all!  
J. M. Z.

## Appreciation

Continued From Page 1

working with "Mac" for the past two years on the Cord and the Athletic Directorate and his helpful advice will be missed by all concerned. How the girls' basketball team will ever get to London without the McIvor Pontiac, I'll never know!

We will keep a close eye on the Silhouette, Mac, and all of us say good-luck to you, to Mrs. McIvor and to little Richard. We are anxiously awaiting the time when you bring the family back to Waterloo so we can all have a look at the "big boy." Even though Mac has left our Alma Mater he is still

contributing to the Cord in his little way.

Professor Scott has been granted a leave of absence for one year to continue his graduate studies at Varsity. To the Seniors it means that graduation will come one year too early, to the Sophs, who have had a taste of the good, it means anticipation for the better, and to the Frosh it means great expectations. We are looking forward to welcoming you back to our fold next year, Sir.  
M. R. H.

## Talk

Little murmurs in a joint  
Roaring voices in a cave  
Female twitters at a tea  
They are all the same to me  
Sessions — bull parties — hen,  
They all happen now again,  
Species, human at his best  
Getting problems off his chest.

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## The Music Box

JACK BREMM

If you have ever heard radio broadcasts by Walter Winchell, Jimmy Fidler, or any of the other so-called critics, you no doubt have heard at the end of the broadcast the announcer very apologetically stating that the opinions of the commentator are his own, and not necessarily those of the sponsor. The same conditions will apply to this column. I don't intend to quote or follow the opinion of any music authority or any of the numerous musical publications on the market. The few opinions I do express will be my own, and the bulk of my information will have been received through the usual reliable (?) sources.

In reviewing records, I am not going to attempt to cover all the latest releases or all the perennial favourites or even all the "immortals." I merely intend to give a spattering of each in the hope that you, the reader, may get an insight on what is best on wax.

When it comes to selecting recordings in Canada, the public are unfortunately limited to only a fraction of the discs that are pressed every month. Thus Canadian dealers usually handle only the records put out by the "big four" in the canned music biz — Victor, Columbia, Decca and Bluebird. This leaves the numerous smaller companies across the border pressing platters that we in Canada never hear, except maybe occasionally over the air. When these American records do happen to trickle into our music shops, their prices are out of the reach of the average record collector.

Many of the big bands who formerly were mainstays of Victor or Columbia have now switched to newly-formed companies whose records will be available only in the States. Bands like Artie Shaw, Hal McIntyre or Tony Pastor — only to name a few, will now be waxing exclusively for these smaller companies. Thus the record situation in Canada grows darker.

To those who catch their music over the airways, (most of us can play the radio), the situation is a little brighter. Our Canadian stations handle many of the American labels not available for sale, and so by record and transcription they make available a lot of good stuff. I should put in a plug here for Kitchener's own CKCR. Although often ridiculed by some "city slickers" for some of its rural characteristics, nevertheless it has on its staff some of the most musical-

conscious men in radio today. They have one of the finest collections of jazz recordings in the country and don't hesitate to play them. Many of the larger stations have good jazz on wax but hesitate to play them for fear of public disapproval. They prefer the commercial type of music that is plugging up the airways today. We get programs where pleasing of the sponsor is of primary concern and pleasing the public secondary.

However, we still listen to them — Keith Sandy, Ross Mulholland, and all the rest of the bright boys of radio. It is their programs that decide the fate of our so-called "popular" tunes of the day.

One other thing about radio, although we can buy Decca records in our musical shops and record bars, they are forbidden to be broadcast in Canada over any radio station. Thus we very seldom hear such artists as Bing Crosby, Johnny Long and Lionel Hampton from Canadian stations, yet they are quite common in juke boxes around town.

These are some of the many difficulties encountered in the field of recorded popular music today. In the next issue I'll review some of the latest popular discs that have made their appearance on the market in the last few months.

## Tie

Continued From Page 6

the first half, but Waterloo moved the sticks many times on fine bucks by Fisher, McLaren and Hamblin. The hard charging line lead by Gram, Wilhelm, Hinchberger and Tarbush opened big holes for long gains.

Tozke and Kopulos were banished for fighting, and by some strange interpretation of the rules, were allowed to re-enter the game at half-time.

In the second half, Waterloo again carried the ball deep into St. Jerome's territory. After several ground plays, Waterloo unloosed one of "those" plays. Totzke faded back, ran out on the right flat, then sent a long high pass in the general direction of Mickey McLaren. Mullins, of St. Jerome's, made an effort to intercept, but by laying a hand on the ball only directed it into McLaren's arms for a major score. Totzke failed in his attempt to convert.

Fitzgerald, of St. Jerome's, made several long runs on fake kicks, when Fisher took things in hand, throwing him for losses, and put an end to further attempts. The wear and tear was gradually showing on both the line and backfield, and lack of substitution showed on Waterloo. Still St. Jerome's was held to their own territory. Weaver made some fine downfield tackling and there were very few yards made by St. Jerome's on run-backs of kicks. Totzke picked up a kick-

off, and ran it through the entire St. Jerome's team till only one man stood between him and the goal line. Here he threw an offside lateral pass, and the officials, true to fashion, made a wrong decision and awarded the ball to St. Jerome's. After a few line plays, which failed to yield yards, St. Jerome's lost the ball, and Waterloo carried the play. An attempted flat forward pass was intercepted by St. Jerome's, and resulted in a touch-down which was converted, tying the score.

After an exchange of kicks, Waterloo in a position to score, made a questionable decision of strategy and elected to kick a placement instead of being satisfied with a one-point rouge. The placement went wide and the ball was carried out. St. Jerome's had the play for a while and kicked to the deadline, Totzke boobing it around till he found himself deep behind the deadline, with half a dozen St. Jerome's tacklers swarming down with blood in their eye.

Carl danced through most of the Saints' team to save a tie for Waterloo. The flag came down with the battered boys in purple and gold holding the ball on their own ten-yard line for three plays.

## Initiation

Continued From Page 1

to put it into a huge bag. The new faculty members did not escape initiation either and to their everlasting credit we certainly have a wonderful group and such good sports. Of course the Frosh were shown their attire for initiation days which incidentally were just two in number this year instead of the usual week.

Perhaps the climax of the evening arrived when amidst varied odours, Lena the Hyena arrived to take her throne accompanied by the head of Kilroy the mascot of the Frosh class. Such a gruesome sight has never been seen in the hall of Waterloo and please God never again. Her gracious majesty allowed the Frosh pledge to be read and affirmed by them.

At this point the initiation was over for another year and we have

a grand new bunch of Waterloans. We think a lot of this College of ours and we know they will be a welcome addition.

Victuals were served up by the Frosh following the ceremonies and dancing began — or should we say slipping? Please Helmut — the wax! But it was wonderful to be dancing down in the gym again.

Next Athy is on Halowe'en night and you know what that means. Exciting plans are being hatched for it. You'll want to be there—It's an event!!

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## Seminary Notes

Other years, we believe, it was the custom to have a seminary reporter; this year our readers will be having reporters. By common consent we, the Seminary students, shall edit this column collectively, consecutively, and sometimes individually.

For the large number of new Cord readers introductions are in order. We are five in number: three seniors, Harold Brose, Arthur Conrad and Jack Zimmerman; two middlemen, Eric Reble and Alfred Schenk; no juniors.

Here is how Sem' students are liable to spend their summers.

Harold Brose was student supply Pastor in St. Peter's at Ottawa during May, June, July and August in the absence of the regular Pastor, Rev. Lloyd Schaus, who was on leave of absence doing work for Lutheran World Action. Perhaps Harold will give a few intimations of the life of a student Pastor in one of his future columns. Indirectly we heard of thriving Luther League activities in Ottawa while Harold was there.

Arthur Conrad filled the same type of position in the Bridgewater parish of Rev. C. H. Whitaker who was seriously ill. Art was in his home country and must have had an interesting time in a three-church parish.

Jack Zimmerman supplied as student Pastor in the new, small mission of Redeemer in Toronto. Redeemer can be best described as a healthy, a very healthy infant. By the end of June the mission board called Rev. Henry Opperman from California to take full charge of the new mission. Jack spent the rest of his summer in his home town, Milverton.

Eric Reble had a taste of a different type of life. He and his brother John were doing survey work for the board of American missions, which means they made a house-to-house canvass for Lutherans and the unchurched in cities such as Toronto, Belleville, Kingston and Fort Erie. They tell us, after having seen such a varied cross-section of urban life, that the prevailing feeling toward the Christian Church, even though negligent, is warm, and there was comparatively little of any disdainful attitude. But they also tell us of vast areas of unchurched people, people with children, people willing and anxious to have their children put into a church home there to receive the Divine Manna which they themselves now lack in new wartime areas where the Church has not yet gone. Who said the Church has reached the limit of its expansion in Canada?

Alfred Schenk too was in Nova Scotia for the summer doing supply Pastor work in the Conquerall

Parish near Bridgewater. We hear Alf liked Nova Scotia and Nova Scotia liked Alf.

So much for student activities!

For the sake of the reading alumni, a word about the Seminary faculty. The faculty has been reduced in number by one due to Dr. H. Creagar's being called to Southern Theological Seminary in South Carolina. His Hebrew classes are being instructed by the Rev. S. Friedrichsen. His other subjects are being temporarily handled by Dr. Lehman, Dr. Leupold, and Dr. Little. We understand the powers that be are searching for an authority on Hebrew, Arabic and Syrian languages and literature.

In my studies the other day, this student came upon a chapter entitled "The Pastor's Call" which I thought may be of interest to some of the younger students in College. I well remember the dim, dark days of pre-theological training when the ministry was still so obscure, still so much of a question. Here are a few of the chief thoughts of Dr. Gerberding who writes "The Lutheran Pastor."

"Perhaps one has the call and doesn't recognize it. Perhaps one is training for the office of Pastor and hasn't the call. Perhaps one has yet to receive the call. Who is called into the ministry of Christ? The supernatural call of Moses from the burning bush, of Paul on the road to Damascus, is no longer given as it was in the days when God was in the process of revealing His Will and Word to the world. Yet His call comes, but it comes through His divinely appointed means, through His living word. In the devotional study of the Bible, in the hours of prayer with God, here and here only will one hear the voice of God from the realm of heaven calling the Christian into the Master's full-time service or else leading him into a secular but nonetheless divinely sanctioned position of life."

"The true inner call is more than a preference for the profession of the ministry to other professions. Further, one may feel moved and drawn to this work, yet it may be but a temporary emotion, a passing excitement, a delusion. Persons depending on this are often reluctant to enter upon a long course of training. If willing to study at all, they prefer the short cut. The fact is, that those whom God of old undoubtedly called often had no desire at all for the work, but shrank from it. True, there must be, in a sense, an earnest desire. But this willingness and desire does not spring from mere impulse or emotions. Neither are they inspired by worldly motives. The true call is a conviction, wrought by the Holy Ghost. And it is an abiding conviction and a demand of conscience which cannot be thrown off without the loss of inward peace."

Then Dr. Gerberding gives the qualifications or natural endowments involved. Listen!

"(1) A sound body — this to withstand the duties of the pastorate which are becoming more and more exacting as the forces of evil battle at the walls of the Kingdom of God.

"(2) A strong, vigorous mind. The Pastor is to be a student as long as he lives. He must grasp and master the deepest and highest subjects of thought.

"(3) Common sense, to think before speaking or acting; to adapt himself to various circumstances of life.

"(4) Moral courage; this is necessary to meet hardship, contradiction, and opposition. Like Nathan, he must be ready to face the king and say, "Thou art the man."

"(5) Earnest activity. A boy who is inactive, who prefers to loll and lounge about, who is a drone at home, on the play ground, and in

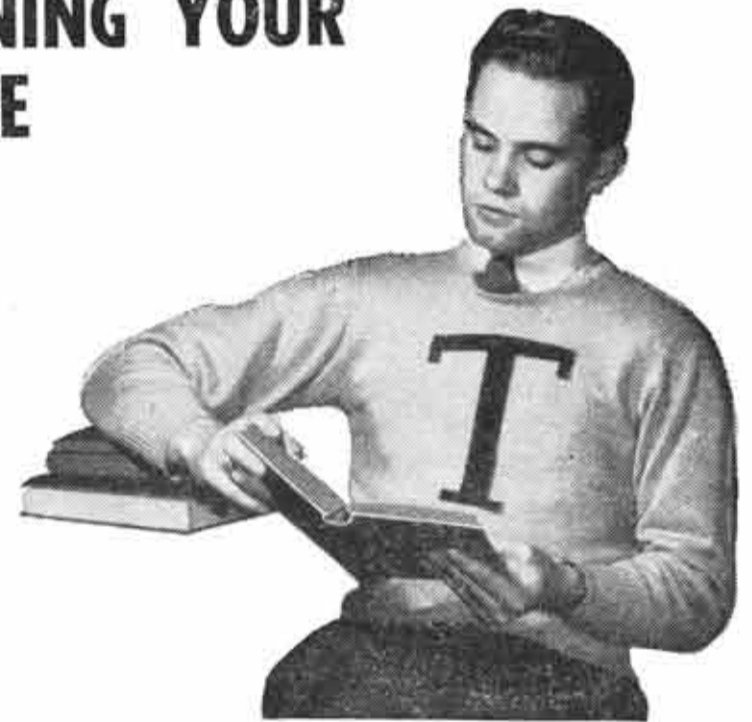
school, will scarcely make a minister. A minister is his own time-clock. He can do much or little. He who is constitutionally lazy may do well in feeding a machine which will tell on him if he misses a move. He is not wanted in the ministry.

"(6) A tender and sympathetic spirit. Some are hard-hearted and unsympathetic, having no time for the sorrows and joys or troubles of his fellow-man. But to be a real comforter he must want to impart the same comfort wherewith God also comforts him in his afflictions. Let the cold and selfish remain out of the sacred office. They are not called."

"It goes without saying that anyone having a natural or an acquired bias or tendency to a particular vice, anyone given to an immoral practice, is not fit for the ministry.

"But an absolute rule cannot be  
See "SEM" Page 8

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