

Athenaeum Society Entertains the Alumni

Alumni Enjoy Hallowe'en Party

Guests entering Waterloo College on Friday evening, October 30th, were greeted by the sight of a grinning skeleton rakishly suspended in the hall. The gymnasium was decorated with orange and black streamers, black cats and witches, and lighted Jack o' lanterns.

The Athenaeum Society took the occasion of a Hallowe'en party to honor the Alumni of the college. Dr. Klinck extended a welcome to the Alumni, and read a letter from Mr. Walter Koerber, president of the Alumni Association.

Professor Hirtle then recalled the awards which had been made on Class Night last spring. He also announced the winners of the scholarships for this year. Miss Jean Shantz received the Dr. Potter scholarship for proficiency in the Junior year, and Mr. Melvin King was awarded the Alumni scholarship for the Sophomore year.

Following these announcements, a sing-song was held. The singing was led by Mr. Ward Kaiser, with our new maestro, Ernie Brose, at the piano.

Mr. Roy Grosz was the master of ceremonies for the next part of the program. Mr. Grosz drew names, ostensibly by chance, out of a tin can held for the purpose by Miss Delphine Hartman, president of the Athenaeum Society. The first name drawn was that of Dr. Jefferis, who was asked to come to the platform and answer a question. Being unable to answer it, he was obliged to pay "consequences." He was asked to sing a song from "H.M.S. Pinafore," which he did, with motions, to the delight of all. In all sincerity, we consider Dr. Jefferis not only a hero, but an excellent actor. Among others called upon were Mary Huehnergard and John Buetz (as a team, quite appropriately), and one of our most charming alumnae, Miss Anne Kuntz.

Mr. Herb Gastmeier and his several trusty henchmen took us in hand next, entertaining us with the results of a post-mortem and dissection, complete with practical demonstration. We must commend their thoughtfulness in turning out the lights before handing around various parts of the anatomy—our eyes were not offended by the gruesome sights. If vocal reaction is a sign, we feel safe in saying that Mary Zollner got the most "kick" out of this affair. We are also assured that Mrs. Jefferis has a particular antipathy for the toes of dead men. Soon, however, the lights were turned on once more, and we were

Co-Eds Give Tea In Honour of Women's Auxiliary

On Tuesday, November 3, the girls of Waterloo College gave a tea for the Women's Auxiliary in appreciation of their efforts in re-decorating the Girls' Common Room.

The tea was held in the bright and attractive Common Room, so that the ladies could view their handiwork, enjoy all the comforts, and share the atmosphere of brightness and newness with the delighted co-eds.

Have I been calling it a tea? For a well-known and very good reason there was no tea at this tea. The co-eds cleverly substituted mulled cider, which was served hot and spicy, or cold and sweet, however the guests preferred it. With the cider they served teaballs.

Miss McLaren and Miss Dunham, our two lady professors, poured. Mrs. Creager, and Mrs. Gillespie, President of the Auxiliary, assisted in welcoming the guests.

Later in the afternoon some of the braver 'eds' peeked timidly in at the door. They were made welcome, and soon felt quite at ease when the ravenous History 20 class joined them. They said that the aroma of spicy apples up and down the halls quite distracted them from anything but current history, which they made by cleaning up the remains in record time and with amazing thoroughness.

invited to try our luck at eating apples suspended from strings. Mr. Jack Zimmerman and Mr. Edgar Stahl were the winners of this contest. Most of the others were content to be dignified and enjoy their apples in a civilized manner. And they certainly were good apples!

Dr. Klinck and Rev. Homer Berner showed us moving pictures of various college activities, taken at different times. There is a project for interesting potential future students in the college by means of a series of such motion pictures. We all found them most interesting.

Lunch time has turned out to be what we might call a "moveable festival," in the Hartman regime. Instead of sitting decorously in a circle to partake of the delicious cider and doughnuts, we moved about or gathered in small groups, everyone feeling more at ease. Indeed, to quote a platitude which, notwithstanding, fills the bill, "an enjoyable time was had by all."

WITH OUR ALUMNI

We were very glad to see quite a few of the Alumni present at our last Athenaeum. It is our hope that you will visit us again, and that you who were unable to come, will come and see the "New Waterloo!" I am sure some of you would hardly recognize the old Alma Mater.

And will you please remember, this is your column. We would be very glad to receive letters from you to print in the Cord, or even bits of news which have not reached us.

This year Waterloo College is well represented at the K-W Collegiate. We have three graduates on the staff—Helen Nairn, '41 who is beginning her teaching career, Elaine Smith, '39, and Julius Zeller '38. We are expecting you to tell the students our merits, and thus influence many of them to continue their studies at good old Waterloo.

Another of our former students has launched into the teaching profession. Patsy McGarry is on the Public School staff in Welland. Lots of luck, Pat.

Two of the class of '40 have changed their schools. Ilse Aksim is at Whitby this year and Mary McGarry at Delhi. Ellen Kellerman '38 is teaching in Woodstock.

The wedding bells have been chiming merrily for some of our graduates. Gertrude Daber '40 was married this summer to Dr. Ulrich Leupold. Art Moyer '41 and Jessie Cunningham '37 were married too this summer. Best wishes from everyone at Waterloo.

Academic Gowns Are Donned

Wednesday morning we tore into school in the last minute scurry. What should we meet in the upper hall but two black bats with a vast expanse of wing flapping on each side. We ducked, gulped and took another look — so sorry, it was we who were the bats. What we mistook for vampires were just Dr. Jefferis and Dr. Klinck in their black gowns. Later in the day Miss MacLaren donned hers also.

In English 48, Dr. Klinck informed us that the wearing of gowns was an old custom at the College which, it had been decided, should be revived. We thoroughly approve of the idea.

After the first few surprised encounters we quite liked seeing the gowns flitting down the halls, and watching the tails disappear around doors. We hope of course that no one is in such a hurry to close a door that he catches his tail in it. That would be amusing, but rather hard on the gowns.

Please continue to wear your gowns and do try and persuade the other professors to do likewise. We like the added dignity very much.

Athenaeum Holds A Bowling Party at the 'Y'

Time—Monday, Nov. 16.

Place—The bowling alleys; Y.M.-C.A., Kitchener.

Scene—The Athenaeum Society of Waterloo College is having a bowling party. There are Waterloons everywhere, and they're rarin' to go.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION!

There is plenty of action, and plenty of racket as the bowls go smashing down the alleys, and the poor little pin boys duck and dodge for their very lives. The eds seem to be afraid that their bowls won't go all the way down so they hurl them with fearful force — or perhaps they're trying to show the co-eds how strong they are. Eldred, the contortionist, winds up like a big league pitcher, tries to kick the bowl into line, and finally goes halfway down the alley with it. The place rings with shouts and cheers. Now and then someone manages to get a strike (accidentally), but all in all high scores are few and far between — Mr. Chadder seems to be having trouble getting any score at all. Over in one corner Prof. McIvor conducts his "Helping Hand for Baffled Bowlers" Club, and those who heed his advice find themselves stepping up the production of strikes and spares and all things good. Daddy Kennard smiles benevolently on the melee, chuckling at the antics of the gleeful frosh, and finally calling a halt to the proceedings when he sees that many are too weak to lift another bowl.

The scene changes—Recreation room, with chesterfields and chairs, and a piano.

Eds and co-eds are now investigating the contents of their box lunches. All have cokes, and there seems to be an abundance of grapes. Behold in one of the chesterfields, Kay, Eric, Helen and Ross, comfortable as bugs in a rug, eating suckers! After lunch new strength returns to tired limbs. Mr. Winkler sees the piano and heads for it like a duck for water. The carpet is rolled away, the floor is cleared, and dancing is the next order of the evening. The brawl lasts until it's too late to catch the last street car. The weak call taxis. The strong prepare to stagger home on their own pins.

Curtains—(for those who have an 8:50 Tuesday morning).

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THE COLLEGE CORD

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EDITORIAL

The Cord wishes to express its regret at the resignation of Margaret Rohe from the editorship. Ill health and heavy studies have forced her to give up her position. Marg. has been an excellent supervisor and contributor to the Cord and her absence from the staff has left a vacancy difficult to fill. We are sure the whole college wishes her health and further success in her course!

* * *

Well, here we are again. The winds are whistling, the autumn rains are changing to sleet, and college students are settling down to ledgers and declensions, labs and themes.

* * *

There is a tense air of industry about the halls of Waterloo College these days. The men who have returned from the West are busily getting notes of lectures missed while they were helping Canada's war effort. All the students, especially male, are laboriously studying, for any person of military age who fails in his examinations must answer his draft call. It is a privilege to be allowed to go to college in these distressing times, and the opportunity to take an Officers' Training course is an added privilege which could be withdrawn as a result of idleness.

* * *

We are happy that more students are contributing to this periodical, but there is still room for expansion. The staff has inside information that much talent is rampant on the campus this year. Come on Freshmen, and Sophomores, and Seniors, let's make the next edition a classic!—C. H.

* * *

We have had complaints from several different quarters about the absence of a school song. It has been pointed out in no uncertain terms that there are two different ones at least, and that we really should know one of them at any rate.

To tell the honest truth we did not even know there was a school song. We vaguely remember one of the sophomores last year muttering something about "Waterloo we praise thee ever" or something not unlike that. We wondered about it for a moment or two, and tried to figure out what it was meant for. However, understanding escaped us entirely at that point, and has done so until this fall.

At the girls' banquet for the Frosh, Miss Schorten informed us that we had two very good school songs, and that it was a shame that no one seemed to know them or even know about them. She said that she had copies of both songs and that she would be willing to make extra copies for us if we wanted to learn them.

We think that since we have the songs we should sing them. What better way can there be to express our school spirit than to learn our college songs and sing them often.

We think it would be a good idea to set the Freshmen class an example to pass on to future students.

How about it Miss Hartman? May we learn our school songs at some not too distant Athenaeum meeting? Miss Schorten says she will help, and all she needs is a little co-operation.—M. J.

University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

In these days of crises men of education and ability are everywhere required. This is true in the army, in the navy, in the air force and in civil life. It is certain that the demand for men of special training, particularly scientific training, will be increased many times when the present conflict ceases.

There are far too few young men and young women qualifying themselves for future responsibilities by taking a university course.—Only three per cent available—yet nearly everyone is agreed that such a course is essential in preparing the future citizen for his life's work.

The college graduate on the average earns far more than his less privileged competitors. His services are more valuable to his community and to the State. He makes more social contacts and forms wider friendships. A formal university course helps to enlarge and enrich the life of those who participate in it. The benefits are unmistakable and are far-reaching.

Canada should have more than twice as many young men and young women in the colleges and universities of the country as are now enrolled. What about you?

Ask for announcements, and information concerning scholarships, matriculation, courses of study, etc.

Write to THE REGISTRAR.

— LITERARIA —

On Realism By A
Would-Be Modern
Addison

At five minutes after three o'clock, my good friend Miss R— arrived in the building. Taking up our books, we repaired to a room at the end of the main corridor, where we found Mr. K—. Shortly after exchanging salutations with him, we were joined by Doctor Z—, the chief and guiding spirit of our circle.

Our interest in previous meetings had been occupied by a certain French comedy. Since we had left off in the midst of a discussion of realism in this play, we were all agreed to continue on this subject. Doctor Z—, a most methodical man, requested a definition of the term "realism." When none of us ventured to speak with authority on the matter, he enquired, whether we would tell him what the word meant to us. I admitted that it has always conveyed to my mind those sordid and unpleasant literary works which some are pleased to call "realistic." Mr. K—, who seldom is in complete agreement with anyone, was half inclined to support my thesis. Doctor Z—, growing a trifle impatient at the slow progress of our speculation, and realizing the need for explaining a point clearly and simply to us, his humble followers, stated with some profundity, that realism is essentially that which is real. Mr. K— assayed to look sagacious, I protested, with my usual incoherence, "Yes, sir, but—" and Miss R— contemplated us with a superior smile, whether spontaneous or assumed I shall not attempt to guess.

I am at a loss to relate, nor can I in any way recall in what manner, "by what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways," we arrived from this position to a discussion of art. Suffice it to say that, arrive at a discussion of art we did, beginning, I can safely conjecture, with Doctor Z— enquiring, "What is art?"

Miss R— claimed that a piece of work which depicts a scene or expresses an idea well, is a work of art. Your humble servant was in arms now, and battling upon familiar ground. "Art must be beautiful. We can imagine an ugly scene or an unseemly idea being represented truthfully. But is that representation to be called art?"

"That," Doctor Z— remarked, to my great gratification, "is a good question."

"It depends," Mr. K— suggested, "upon whether you are referring to art for the sake of art alone, or for a definite purpose—a social purpose, to take an instance."

"Can we call it art," I demanded, "when it has a purpose beyond the aesthetic, when it subordinates it-

self to some other cause?"

"That art itself is cause sufficient for its own existence, many would deny," said Doctor Z—. "I myself, notwithstanding, am much inclined to agree with you that art should be beautiful. Be it said that I have considered this matter seriously and at some length, and have reached a definition which satisfies me, let others accept it as they will. My theory is this—and I have meditated much on the subject before reaching my conclusion—the conclusion that — I arrived at this conclusion after much thought, that art—now, be it remembered that this is only my own opinion—but I feel that the best definition I can give, the one most satisfactory to myself, is, that art is eloquence!" By the finality of his tone we knew that there was no more to be said that day. We were dismissed with the period at the end of his last sentence.

He gathered up his effects and began to take his leave. But when almost to the door, he turned and said, "There is still one thing—have we decided what we understand by the word 'realism'? Will you consider it, Miss H—, for you are apt at giving definitions?"

In vain I stammered, after his retreating form, "Indeed, Sir, you misjudge me!" Miss R—murmured thoughtfully, "Art is eloquence," whereupon we all paused to consider the statement. But our meditations were rudely disturbed by the sound of a bugle. Mr. K— rose from his seat with a groan and departed hastily. I turned to Miss R— to ask her whether it would please her walk to the coffee-house with me?

A. M. H.

Cephus Cabbage

This is a story about an Indian, whose name is Cephus Cabbage. People say that Indians are wily, and Cephus won't disappoint you. Also one more point, every Indian looks the same with a hat on.

Cephus was broke, very broke in fact. He went to Paisley, borrowed ten dollars from a white man, and promised to pay it back as soon as he could.

Apparently "soon" in Cephus' language meant any length of time except a short time. The Paisley man became worried when his ten dollars didn't come back, and kept on not coming back.

At last Government payday for the Indians came around at the Saugene reserve. Since people aren't allowed to force payment of debts that an Indian may incur, the Paisley man thought he might be able to wheedle his ten dollars out of Cephus, while Cephus was feeling pleasantly well off.

Anyway, Government payday and the Paisley man turned up at the reserve at the same time.

The Paisley man saw an Indian coming down the road, and stopped to ask about Cephus.

"Do you know Cephus Cabbage?"

inquired the Paisley man.

"Yes," replied the Indian. "You no hear about Cephus?"

"No," answered the Paisley man. "What about Cephus?"

The Indian's face lengthened like an elastic band, and grew very sorrowful.

"Poor Cephus. He die. Buried yesterday. Too bad. Big funeral, people come from long way 'round. — Poor Cephus."

"Oh, that's too bad. I'm sorry to hear about him," said the Paisley man.

As he drove slowly off, the Indian quietly stepped into the bush. Farther down the road the Paisley man met another Indian, and decided to ask for further details of Cephus' sudden demise. He stopped and spoke to the second Indian.

"Too bad about Cephus Cabbage, wasn't it? I hear he died the other day, and there was a big funeral with people from quite a distance coming to it. What happened to him?" asked the Paisley man.

The second Indian looked at the man in wonderment. Then he looked down the road to the place where the first Indian had stepped into the bush, and back to the white man once more.

"You talk to that fellow down the road?" he asked.

"Yes. It was he who told me about Cephus' death," answered the Paisley man.

After giving the white man one disgusted look, the Indian grunted, "Him Cephus Cabbage," and walked away leaving the Paisley man alone with his own thoughts for company. What company!

EXCHANGE

Night Train

Outside the stars seemed small and lost above the hugeness of the fields covered with snow curved against the sky. Even the trees and the occasional houses seemed part of the scenes, just shapes, part of the snow and part of the night. The moving darkness of the night, which wasn't pitch-dark because of the dull gleam of the curved snow fields, but which was even bleaker and lonelier in its shadowy visibility, formed a shell around the railway car, and, because it was there, near, no one felt like opening a window although the atmosphere was hot and heavy with wisps of cigarette smoke. Some concentrated on crushed newspapers and magazines, but not many, only the old ones and the boys. The others leaned back, relaxed but wide-awake, and exchanged banalities which sounded serious with the night outside and the roll of the train underneath, or just went through the motions of talking from the sense of nearness to each other, though no words were spoken.

Now and then there was a stir in the warm leisure of the car as the airmen got up and went out into the corridor with bottles of beer carried in a brown suitcase. Once when the train jolted sharply, an empty beer bottle under one of the seats rolled down the aisle and

everyone, even the old ones, laughed, mutually and easily, linked by the night pressing in at the windows. Then the airmen went and talked to the girls who liked it and pretended not to, showing that they liked it, while the airmen lolled against the end of the car smoking cigarettes and conscious of their blue uniforms. The old ones looked up from their newspapers and their drowsing, and smiled with a sort of detached friendliness. The old man with the grey hair and the long, soft face crossed the aisle and joined two of the boys who were talking about something.

One of the soldiers who had been standing out in the corridor came down the aisle and they all looked up at him with interest and held the glance longer than usual. He asked the young man at the other end what the time was—not what he really wanted to know—and after the young man had told him he began to tell him that he had just got out of the hospital with a bad leg, and was on leave for the week-end; his leg still hurt like hell but it was good to be around again. He was very young and sweaty from the cramped heat, but he didn't seem to mind, and while he talked the young man nodded, knowing that it was better not to say anything, just listen. The fat man apologetically asked the soldier for a cigarette and explained that it was against his principles to ask people for cigarettes, but he was all out of them and he implied that now circumstances were somehow different anyway. The soldier quickly drew a crumpled package from his pocket and gave him one. He lit it and asked the soldier where he came from and when the soldier said Ottawa he said, with a chuckle, that maybe he would see him sometime and could pay him back. Sometime seemed even further off than usual.

The train slowed and came to a stop, but they knew that it was only a temporary stop not interrupting the sequence of the journey, and they didn't all get out. The station was an oasis in the fields of snow and the dark, but it was just a very little town not breaking the unity of the car. Some got out and walked along the platform. The night horizon was blotted out by the sharp contours of the roofs of the station sheds and a few stores along the track. The stars looked big and bright from the narrow platform between the station sheds and the great body of the train standing there like a jointed animal. There were a lot of people on the platform in groups, or singly walking up and down. It was pleasant, the night was cool there, but not cold, and there were the lights of the stores and the train which were accepted comforting realities in their objectivity, not glaring and too revealing. Then the train pulled out again into the timelessness of the night, the movement, the lighted car with the hum of voices, and the substance of vague faces. They leaned back in their seats again and the airmen drank some more beer in the corridor where the night was darker and nearer, and the moving train seemed noisier and faster.

After a while the train came to the outskirts of the city, and lights and neon letters shone through the windows of the car and reflected in

Continued on page 8



The Sign Post
Delphine Hartman

Here we sit, chewing a pencil over another Signpost. But the last one was written just a few days ago! No, the new editor says it was longer than that. Miss Jacobi, the aforementioned editor, is very firm about it, in a friendly kind of a way. We have been attacked by so many editors now, that we always watch the strategy of a new one with interest. Editor J. is still being kind to people, but she'll get over that, we fear. The next time she comes for copy she will be like a March wind or a ravening wolf, in the time-honoured manner of Cord editors.

That hazy feeling which makes one want to sleep instead of writing is no doubt connected in some way with the Athenaeum bowling party last night at the "Y." Ah, quelle affaire! It's an ill wind, however, that doesn't blow this column at least a little good. That same party provides some eligible copy, if we can stay awake long enough to write it down.

Probably no important records were broken by the bowlers, except maybe for the lowest score in one game, if such a record is kept. No one can deny that our collective bowling had spirit and ingenuity. Mary Zollner, for instance, bounced the ball down the alley several times with remarkable results. Maybe that was because Harold Marchand was wearing her hair-ribbon for luck. Very becoming, too.

On another alley Jean Shantz was

rolling 'em out with a deliberate skill which earned her the title of "Slow-Ball Shantz." Or maybe those tricky curved ones should have given her the name "Screw-Ball Shantz."

Farther along to the left was Jean Bier, doing a nice job of keeping one eye on Mel, another on the ball, and finding out what the score was all at once. Then came Roy Grosz and Eldy Winkler, making all kinds of new rulings in an effort to come out on top. Here, too, Ruthmarie Schmieler and the writer were locked in a deady struggle for the cellar position—only Ed. Chadder beat us both, once by rolling all his balls down the gutter. Were we disgusted!

After lunch there was dancing. Messrs. Schlegel and Beggs were asked to put on their celebrated jitterbug act. But they probably thought that the audience was not capable of appreciating their art, which is said to be colossal. Or maybe they simply ate too much lunch. Anyway, they showed no inclination to respond, even when Eldy took off his coat and promised them the hottest of all hot rhythm. Oh well, artists must be in the mood. Maybe they'll do it next time.

Oh yes, and here is a choice bit of gossip. We were dragged over to inspect a smudge of powder on Eric Reble's coat lapel, and to join the speculation about it. No one had any idea how it got there. Eric himself was quite at sea, he said. Now in a proper detective story some one should have seen Kay Barrie hastily repowdering in the vicinity—but as no witnesses were found the mystery will probably never be solved.

A river can run
But cannot walk.
A shoe has a tongue
But cannot talk.

Wagons can run,
But have no feet.
A comb has teeth
But cannot eat.

A glass has a stem
But has no root;
A bed, four legs
And just one foot.

Needles have eyes
But cannot see;
A pin, a head
Like you or me.

Hammers have claws,
But they never scratch;
A tree has a trunk
Without a latch.

Would you believe it? An apparently normal Senior carries the above poem in her purse. Every once in a while she reads it and laughs. That's what too much Cicero and Quintilian will do to you.

Here are some school-boy howlers collected by a professor in a college with which we are all very familiar:

"He sold his birthright for a mess of potash."

"... an ideal picture of Paul and Virginity."

"Chateaubriand is betwixt himself."

Today we have hash, as you may have noticed by this time. Here is a catchy line culled from the introduction to an Elizabethan play. It describes the sound of gunfire with an almost modern flair. Here it is: "Dub a dub dub, bounce, quoth the guns, with a sulphurous huff snuff." Read it once or twice. It gets you.

Professor — (writing the questions of a test on the board): "Now you may try two or three of these, as you like. What I want is quality, not quantity. But I wouldn't advise you to do less than one!"

Life is so exciting around here. You never know what will happen in this college, because of the exuberance of its inmates. One day we walked into the girls' room to find an impassioned performance of a balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet going on. Edith Simmons was perched up on top of the chesterfield artistically mantled in the afghan, and obviously lost in the beauty of her part. Janet was kneeling on the floor below, holding a small round cushion (to represent her hat) in one hand, and the book in the other. There was even a moon—the mirror on the opposite wall. Here's hoping Hollywood doesn't get wind of this or we may lose two of our freshettes.

The same old complaint has come up again about the audience which gathers upstairs in the gallery while the girls are having P.T. Helen Sehl has a novel idea — she says we should all wear hoop skirts to class. That would fix them. Anne Somerville suggests that the boys should be locked in their rooms for that hour. Someday something is going to be done about this, if these energetic freshettes have anything to say about it.

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Libya Revisited

By DAVE FOLEY

The Jackal and the Crocodile
Were sitting on the sand;
Saw the Jackal to the Crocodile,
"Pray let me hold your hand;

"That nasty Lion's here again,
He gives me such a fright!
But Adolph, you're so big and
strong,
You'll soon put him to flight."

Then sadly said the Crocodile,
"If I could, I'd shed a tear;
I can't, of course, because you know,
My weeping's insincere.

"And though I wept for Europe
once,
The times have changed, you see—
Between the Lion and the Bear
I'm sorry now for me!"
—The Silhouette.

Rain

Dead leaves,
Muddy lane;
Bare trees.
Dull day,
Stupid work;
Go away—
Studies irk.
Bare trees,
Muddy lane;
Dead leaves,
Rain.

Willy had a little lamb,
A lobster and some prunes,
A glass of milk, a piece of pie,
And then some macaroons;
It made the haughty waiter grin
To see him order so;
And when they carried Willy out
His face was white as snow.

A donkey has two feet before
And two behind,
But you have to be behind
Before you find
What the two behind
Be for.

"So you worked your way through
College? Your father must be proud
of you."
"Not much! He's the man I
worked."

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BITS OF EXCHANGE

A poem written for our boys back
from the West:

"Oh, wee li'l bidd'lin beardie
A 'sprootin' oot upon me chin.
All the lassies for ticklin' fear thee,
So I gotta shave thee off ag'in."

* * *

Peace conferences fail to abolish
war for the same reason that pray-
er meetings fail to abolish sin—
those who ought to attend them
won't go.

* * *

Chemistry Quiz

Carbon—Storage place for street
cars.

Barium—What you do to corpses.

Boron—A person of low mentality.

* * *

Similes:
Helpless as a cross-word puzzle
fiend without a pencil.

Unimportant as a new scratch on
a four-year-old car.

A secret is about as safe with a
woman as a police dog tied with
dental floss.

Mean as a barber who puts hair-
restorer in his shaving cream.

* * *

Lady of the House: "I don't need
none."

Salesman: "How do you know? I
might be selling grammars."

* * *

Love makes the world go round;
but then, so does a good swallow of
tobacco juice.

* * *

Pun of the weak—a neckerchief
is not the head of a sorority.

* * *

All hearts are sad,
All skies are gray;
All loves are false,
All years are nay.

The world is dull,
The seas are deep;
The roads are long,
The hills are steep.

Nothing is joy,
All is sorrow,
Yesterday haunts,
There is no morrow.

The past lingers on,
The present is dead,
The clouds are lurid;
What lies ahead?

Vox Pop

Won't someone please write to us?
We're horribly lonely and forlorn.

We also feel very hurt to think
that no one writes to us. Can't any-
body find anything to grouch about
at the College?

Honestly, we know everything is
lovely now the College has had its
face lifted, but we are required to
fill some space in the Cord, and to
have "Vox Pop" at the top of an
empty space looks awfully queer.

Please, we beg you, somebody
write us before we get an inferior-
ity complex.

—Vox Pop.

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What are you doing next Satur-
day nite?

—I gotta date.

And the night after that?

—I gotta date.

And the next Saturday?

—I gotta date.

Gosh, don't you ever take a bath?

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- WATERLOONACY -

Everybody seems to have just recovered from the flu or to be upon the point of taking it. What an unhealthy place the College is turning out to be.

Miss Shantz said she felt like the last rose of summer with bugs on it. Jean, did you really feel so awful? Gives us the creeps just to think of such a thing.

Gladys was sick most of one week and the second day she was missing, Marg was heard saying, "I guess I'll have to phone and find out what's with Gladys that she's not with us." Nice and complicated.

Somebody returned to school from one of those bouts with the flu, and remarked that they felt as if they had been run through a wringer feet first.

I've forgotten who it was that was "drooly thankful" for something or other, but if it's that bad I think a bib would be advisable.

Professor McIvor brought a revolver to Economics 20 one day. There was a general shriek from the female section.

A wail from Gladys: "Let me out of here."

Ruthie squeaked: "I don't want to die yet. Let me in the back row."

To all of which Prof. McIvor answered: "Don't worry. I'm not ready to run amuck just yet."

Please sir, give us fair warning before you do, so we can find some sort of cover or arrange ourselves to die in a decent position.

In French 30 Professor Evans is still calling the class at large "us girls." Does that include you too, sir?

French 30.
The class as a whole are reading the first Cord which has just come out. Prof. Evans walks in, sits down and prepares to lecture. Nobody pays any attention. He bangs a book gently on the desk. Still no result. Finally he utters a sharp "Ahem" and the class looks up at him rather vacantly.

Professor Evans: "Now are we girls ready to go on?"

Here is a parody on a song which describes the plight of most of us. "Like a little old-fashioned music box, With only one plaint to squeak, I keep growling, "I've got lectures Twenty-four hours a week."

This does not belong to us, but it certainly fits.

Marge Rohe was cuddled up to Delphine on one of the chesterfields one day. Quoth Delphine: "My you're nice and warm and comforting—just like a poultice!"

The German 1 class has had its just revenge. In all truth pride goeth before a fall. A certain student was misled by two "a's" in the middle of a word and forgot that "a" was always "a." The hoots and yowls that descended upon her burning ears were worthy of a zoo (zu). That will give you a very fair picture of the class. Dr. Schorten is the present keeper and holds them well in hand.

Physical Science —
Professor Hirtle: "Which would you rather kick—a tennis ball or a cannon ball?"

Fred Shantz: "The cannon ball. I'd get a bigger kick out of it."

Via the grape vine route we heard that someone referred to one of the male Frosh as "a streak of misery" and knowing whom she meant, may we congratulate her on the accuracy of her terminology. We give you three guesses as to who it was. (Don't mind the big words, we used the dictionary last night.)

Delphine (obviously hating the editor): "The Cord should be sunk in the deepest ocean with a rope about its neck."

Correction: The Misses Shantz and Rohe ought to have the above done to them instead.

There is also the tale about Reuben mistaking a hen for a rooster while he was out west.

June: "Now Reuben, how did you manage to do that?"

Reuben: "I don't know."

June: "I'll bet you were busy watching some girl."

Reuben: "No I wasn't. I was watching the chicken."

June: "It must have been a young hen then."

Overheard in the library.
Paul (industriously doing Greek): "What does 'epi' take?"
Chuck: "Gram."
That's the Frosh for you.

An example of Dr. Schorten's humor. He told this one to the German 41 class to put them in a good mood. Junior was misbehaving, so his mother proceeded to scold him.
Said Junior . . . "I'll be good, Mamma, if you give me a bicycle."
Mamma . . . "Now Junior, you

know that isn't right. You must be like your Daddy — be good for nothing."

Wilf was talking about the discovery of a kleptomaniac who stole only women's clothing. There followed quite a discussion as to whether or not the man was dangerous. Finally the opinion of most boiled down to — he was quite safe since he never harmed people but just stole clothing.

Said Alf (the Frosh one): "He isn't safe at large!"

One morning Gladys was having a bit of trouble doing her German in class, and Dr. Schorten asked her what was the matter.

Said Gladys: "Well, I'm hungry, and I can't do a thing when I'm hungry."

Eldy: "I can. I can eat."

At Home Nursing last week we learned about the care of a baby. Mrs. Klinck had shown us how to bath the baby and dress it. Then she asked Joye to come up to the front and show us how it was done again.

Joye: "Oh dear. I don't want to."

Mrs. Klinck: "Oh yes now, Joye. It will be good practice for you."

French 490.
Professor Evans: "It's about time for a mid-term test. We'll have it on Monday to give you an extra day to prepare your next lecture."

Jean Kramp: "Oh sir, I have a history test on Monday."

Professor Evans: (with a benevolent smile) "Oh, but they won't both be at the same hour."

Here is a little poem that the editor found in her mail box. The worst of it is, the thing was typewritten. We have no idea who it could have come from, for there are quite a number of people around the College who either have a typewriter or have access to one.

There are gowns that make us happy

There are gowns that make us blue;

There are gowns that add a little dignity,

And there are gowns that simply will not do;

There are gowns that are necessities,

And there's gowns that other people wear;

But the gowns that some professors show off

Are enough to make a preacher swear.

Funny things opinions are. Personally we like the gowns.

Miss Bier (at the bowling party): "Take your paws off me."

Mel: "They're not paws. They're mine."

Riddle: How is Eldred like Popeye?

Answer: Delayed action. Popeye socks a guy and five minutes later the guy falls over. Eldred hears a joke, and five minutes later he bursts out laughing.

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Remembrance Day Parade — Waterloo C.O.T.C.

C.O.T.C. NEWS

Both Time and the C.O.T.C. cadets have been marching on since the last issue of the Cord. Time, we suspect, is none the worse for wear; lacking its experience, however, the cadets have not fared so happily. In response to demands for physical fitness, route marches have been made very much more vigorous than in the past. But for a few blistered feet, however, the unit has suffered no casualties.

On Wednesday, October 7, the Waterloo College Contingent held its first night march. The manoeuvre lasted from 8 o'clock until 10, and covered about seven miles over country roads. The purpose was to bring reinforcements up to the "front" without the "enemy" perceiving the move. Strict silence was preserved throughout the whole movement. The unit moved by sections in anti-aircraft formation. Lieut. Jefferis congratulated the men upon their discipline and declared the scheme a success.

During the "break-off" at the end of the first hour, Cadet Minke

began to feel weak from hunger. Like a true Commando, he contrived to "live off the land." While the other lads rested on the roadside, he was seen to slip through a fence and into a farmer's field, in a few minutes he returned triumphant, bearing a turnip "chuck-full" of nourishment and mud. Having devoured it and replenished his supply of energy, he was his buoyant self for the rest of the march.

Lieuts. Bill Artindale, Bill Detenbeck and Dave Dooley have completed the Officers' Course at Brockville and will undergo further training at Camp Borden. Skelton and MacIntosh of last year's personnel have left for the Officers' Course at Brockville; the former is to be commissioned to the Scots Fusiliers, the latter to the Essex Scottish. Lance-Corporal Jack Schnarr of last year's unit is at Ipperwash Advanced Training Centre, where he is taking an N.C.O.'s course. His platoon commander is Lieut. Lloyd Winhold, a graduate of '41.

The unit now has some new equipment which includes respirators, gas capes, rifles, pistols and Reising guns. Lectures and drill are being given in the weapons, and Lieut. Jefferis announces that the results of the T.O.E.T.'s of each course will be entered into the students' military record. It is evident that the instructors have gained in knowledge and experience, and the unit may well surpass those of former years in proficiency.

This column welcomes any news concerning the location and activi-

ties of our boys in the armed services. Please communicate any pertinent information you may have to its editor.

Capt. Brock Is Transferred

On Monday, Nov. 16, the Waterloo contingent learned that Capt. Gordon R. Brock, officer commanding the unit, had relinquished his post upon his transfer to the Corps Reserve of officers. He has been in command at Waterloo since the unit's first parade in September, 1940. While under his command, the unit has turned out 26 officers now in the Active Army. In addition five men hold qualifications for Reserve Army commissions, and 12 others are in some branch of the services.

During the first year, Capt. Brock operated both the administration and instruction of the unit. He was assisted in instruction by Lieut. Bob

Boyer of the Toronto Scottish and Sgt. K. Peterson of the Scots Fusiliers of Canada. Last year, his work was lessened somewhat by the fact that the unit had produced instructors of its own from the previous year. In addition, aid was received from the instructional staffs of the 24th Field Ambulance, the Scots Fusiliers and No. 10 Basic Training Centre.

Until further arrangements are made, Lieut. J. D. Jefferis will be acting officer commanding of the unit. He and all the present N.C.O.'s were trained under Capt. Brock.

THOUGHTS

Modern verse gets worse and worse in the eyes of the guys what know.
But—
If you find a style that they think's worth while then get set and get ready to Go,
'Cause—
what they're looking for is more and more in the style of Ogden Nash
So—
as my name is Ken I filled my pen and produced this awful Trash.

—Exchange.

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SEMINARY NOTES

We are back at full strength again. The harvest has been reaped and the reapers have returned from the fields, and now it is the time of grinding. It appears that we have been coasting along awaiting the repletem of our briefly diminished ranks, and are now due to take up the schedule "as per syllabus"—but in earnest!

Sunday, November 8th, found the Seminarians quite busy again, although only "Daddy" had a full day as far as preaching was concerned. He was at Guelph in the morning and St. Mark's, Kitchener, in the evening. The other Seminarians were out on parade with the C.O.T.C. for the Remembrance Day observance held in Waterloo that afternoon, and Eberhardt was quite rushed in catching the afternoon bus to Guelph, where he conducted services in the evening.

We would like to mention, in passing, the deep religious note struck by Rev. Forsythe in his address on that occasion. We are glad to know that there are public-spirited ministers who can still eloquently proclaim a message of peace in a world of war, and that it is the exception rather than the rule to find ministers of the Church inspiring such songs as "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition."

Mr. Minke, in his trip to the western provinces, mentions that he was somewhat surprised and dismayed at the general religious attitude he found there, although he emphasizes the fact that, after all, his time was short and his observations in no way of the nature of a survey. He says "I found the odd person who did not believe in working on Sunday. Some said they did not like the idea, but were forced by circumstances, others even showed outright scorn for anyone who might have scruples about such a practice."

There was little evidence of religious life or consciousness in general. In one small prairie town on a Saturday night, where a little group of Gospel Workers had gathered to sow the Word, not only contempt and disregard, but actual mockery and disrespect, were shown for the believers.

"Never in Ontario," says the correspondent, "did I see such a cold attitude toward Gospel Witnesses."

We deplore such a condition and feel that if our national economy is to be successful, the Church must endeavour to reach the people in this "bread-basket" of the land and instill in them a more fervent consciousness of Christian fellowship and love. With our Seminary depleted as it is today, we feel helplessly inadequate to be able to do much about so great a problem. We urge that Christian young men and women in our college endeavour to equip themselves with Christian spirit and principles, so that, whenever their chosen vocation presents the opportunity, they may be ready to render a service to their country and their God in the vast expanse we call "The West."

Just before passing this on to the

editor, we are thrilled and happy to make the announcement that the Seminarians have initiated or revived the practice of wearing apparel in keeping with their high calling, and are grateful to the College Faculty, who, in taking up their academic gowns, instigated this revival. The Seminarians are also seriously considering the wearing of clerical collars. May this be the dawning of a fuller consciousness of the real purpose of our Seminary.

Note by the Editor: Our Sem correspondent has changed since last time. Daddy has found that he has too much work to do, so our thanks go to Mr. Minke for his kindness in getting copy for us.

Heard in Girls' C.O.T.C.:

Joye: Take out the magazine, Edith, so I can read it while you clean the gun.

Girls about her: Oh-h-

EXCHANGE

Continued

them. Then the car was small and hot and they stretched and began to get their things together, talking now in clipped taut voices and occupied with getting their things together. Suddenly impatient, they hurried, anxious for the train to meet the station so that they could get out of the hot disordered car with the old newspapers and the cigarette butts. The mood had changed, the closeness of the car was waiting now, anticipating its rejection. The train was small and void against the crowded streets and blazin shopfronts outside, too small for their restlessness.

In a few minutes the train rolled into the station and they shoved towards the exit and, without another look at the car or the others, stepped off on to the milling platform and were lost in the rows of raised faces.

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Paintings Are Presented To College Library

Two very fine water colours have been presented to the College by Mr. and Mrs. J. Charles Mueller of Waterloo.

They have been hung in the College library. Both are English country scenes painted by the artist, Harold Lawes. One scene is a quiet country lane in Sussex. The other a painting of Wargrave on Thames. They are done in soft tones of green mainly and while they are not eye-catchers they are most appealing to eyes that are tired of scanning the printed page.

We are very grateful indeed to Mr. and Mrs. Mueller for these two beautiful paintings. They are definitely an asset to the library.

Girls' C.O.T.C.

Well, we have finished map reading and the lectures on war gases, and have begun on guns.

We have more or less of an idea how to follow a military map. We'd probably lose ourselves beautifully, but that's a mere detail. One lecture we were all stumped when somebody asked what a small rectangle with a "C" beside it meant. After a great deal of mental activity it was discovered to be a cemetery. (Some of our brains were buried there we fear). Dr. Klinck would probably be disgusted if he knew how little we remember about map reading now. Never mind sir, we'll do our best (or worst) if we ever have to read a map, and we enjoyed the lectures.

The lectures on war gases and the army respirator were very interesting and slightly alarming. They were given by Dr. Jefferis.

We knew gas did horrible things, but we never dreamed it did some of the things we learned.

The lecture on the respirator was most enlightening, but we are sorry to say we still forget and call it a "gas mask." We don't do it intentionally, and someone is forever reminding us that it is technically a "respirator."

Guns! We are extremely interested and alarmed. You've probably heard the shrieks from Room 212 these last two Thursday afternoons. We are learning what a gun is, and how it works.

Most of us need both hands to pull the trigger, with the result that we'd never kill anybody except ourselves. Pardon us, we forgot that the editor was dubbed "Annie Oakley" by Miss Heimrich. Whereupon the editor was heard to remark that she wished the revolver had really been loaded. Have mercy, "Annie."

We liked the rifles, but can't they be made a little lighter? Miss Hedderick and Miss MacLaren had a violent tug-of-war before they got the "pull through" pulled through. —So did the rest of us.

It is our confirmed belief that the rifle element in the gentle (?) art of war is not for us. We'd be the casualties, rather than the enemy.