

THE COLLEGE CORD

VOL. 16

WATERLOO, ONT.,

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No. 4

College Hockey Team Reaches Semi-finals

Lose to Valentine-Martins

Our hockey team has been eliminated—but the boys went down fighting. In the first game of the Industrial League semi-finals, the Waterloo College team saw Val-Mars run up a three-goal lead in the first period. For a time, it looked as if the College boys were in for a good beating. But they rallied in the second period, and put on a determined drive in the third to score two goals, and leave them one goal down on the round.

In the second game, Val-Mars again came back to tie the game up in the third period. Val-Mars scored another, and again the College fought hard to get the equalizer. With only two minutes left to play, Waterloo scored its third goal of the game, and the round was tied up. But Val-Mars came back with a rush, and, in the last minute, shot home the winning goal. It was a hard game for our team to lose, but Waterloo College played good hockey and went down fighting.

Girls' Teas

All the College students have been clamouring for social life. Around the Girls' Room floated cries of "Poor Athenaeum has no president!" "We haven't had a party since the wiener roast." "There's not a thing doing around here!" Why, some of the Frosh do not even know which Professors are married! The boys have been heard to complain of hunger on C.O.T.C. nights and have mentioned the welcomeness of a cup of tea before the two-hour session.

The answer to all of these cries is: Teas! The first tea will be held on Friday, the fourteenth, in the Girls' Room. We can imagine a paragraph on the society page of Saturday's Record:

"Yesterday afternoon a tea was held by the co-eds of Waterloo College, with Misses Pinto, Quehl and Hedderick in charge. The room was decorated appropriately for Valentine's Day, with a red and white motif. College students, Professors, and Professors' wives were entertained from two-thirty until four-forty-five."

We wish to thank Mrs. Creager for her kindness in placing her home at our disposal, and we are very sorry that the measles got there before we did.

The girls intend to hold a tea each week. A silver collection will be taken to cover expenses. The profit (if any) will go toward the purchase of a new lounge for the Girls' Room.

A sincere invitation is extended to all. Please come!

O.T.C. Unit and Reserve Squad Inspected by Officers From London

Since our last issue of the Cord, our O.T.C. unit and reserve squad have been quite active. Besides our regular routine—foot drill and lectures—we have had a bit of extra activity.

Our first event of importance was our initial "night scheme" for the reserve squad. This was carried out in the fields behind the school, much to the consternation of the citizens of the district. Our orders were to take up a supporting position along King street, which we were supposed to reach without revealing our movements. That our efforts were successful was proved in the discussion after the completion of the scheme. We were told that we were within a few yards of our objective before we were detected. A few highlights of the evening were the expert camouflage job done by Charlie MacIntosh (at present in the R.A.F.) and the tendency of one forward scout to fall into snow drifts. It was our first attempt, however, and we were quite proud of it.

The next important date was our second inspection from the H.Q. in London. We were visited by the second in command, the quartermaster and the officer in charge of the reserve companies. The reserve squad had a drill inspection while the O.T.C. unit had dress inspection.

The hopes of the reserve squad were raised the other day by the presence in the lobby of a book containing uniforms and shoes. Rumour was rampant. Perhaps they were uniforms for the reserve squad! These might even be shoes for them! But then the box was explained. Certain members of the O.T.C. unit had not received uniforms in the first shipment. This box contained their equipment.

A word to the citizens of the Twin City—the soldiers you see down town with the distinctive white band around their hats are members of the Waterloo College C.O.T.C. unit. This novel means of identifying the College unit was decided upon.

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Former College Student Killed In R.C.A.F. Plane Crash

Leading Aircraftman Douglas Lowe, a former student of Waterloo College, was killed in an aeroplane crash on December thirtieth, 1940. The R.C.A.F. training plane in which he was flying crashed, apparently at high speed, into a stone house at Westbrook, near Kingston. His companion, Leading Aircraftman Henry Levy, was also killed.

Douglas Lowe enlisted in the Air Force last June. He received his elementary training at Eglington and then spent several months at the K-W Airport. Among the first class of pilots to enter the Collins Bay school, Lowe received his wings in December, about three weeks before his death. He had expected to be appointed instructor.

Waterloo Girls Successful in Badminton Win Two Out of Three Matches

In the badminton matches which followed the basketball game on February 10 Waterloo won two out of three.

Mary Fischer, who has won every game she has played for Waterloo, easily defeated Betty Trucott of Western 21-1.

Ruthmarie Schmieder lost her game to Ann Molmey of Western 11-21. In this game the players were more evenly matched, and the outcome was doubtful for some time.

In the doubles game Mary Fisher and Ruthmarie Schmieder defeated Mary Voelker and Peg Henneger of London 21-3.

Glee Club Plans Concert Of Folk Songs

The Glee Club held its first meeting of the second semester on Thursday, February fourth. The Club is preparing a programme of folk songs of many nations, among which there is a delightful Swiss song which shows admirably that the eastern Canadian throat is not made for yodelling. There is also a group of four negro spirituals, including the familiar "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho," and "Little David, Play on Your Harp." These four songs provided a great deal of entertainment at practice. They are very amusing, and they reveal excellently the spirit of the negro people.

With a programme of fifteen such folk songs, the Glee Club will give several concerts similar to the Carol Programme presented during the Christmas season. Out-of-town engagements which we hope to obtain will serve to "put our college on the map," and to let people know that there is a Waterloo College. With a little co-operation and support from those to whom we look for support, we stand a good chance of being successful.

Besides the folk songs, the Club will attempt the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "Patience." At the first meeting Mr. Hiron outlined the plot of the operetta. The role of the hero was immediately snatched up (by Alf Kennard, Bunthorne, Oscar Wilde, call him what you please). It is hardly possible that the practice on this work will merit a public presentation this year—but next, who knows? In the meantime the operetta will provide much amusement and will teach us a lesson which Mr. Hiron claims we need so much—"to learn to be laughed at."

Roland Merner Elected President Of Athenaeum

The Athenaeum held its first meeting of the second semester on Tuesday evening, February the eleventh, in the College gymnasium. As the meeting had been called for the election of a new president, no programme had been planned. Past President David Dooley presided. R. Merner was nominated by Bob Eby, and Helen Nairn by Anne Kuntz. The verdict of the ballots, which were collected by Art Moyer and Henry Nuhn, was in favor of Roly Merner. Herb Brennan was also appointed auditor in the place of Charles Greene who is no longer at the college. As there was no further business to be discussed, the meeting was closed with the singing of 'God Save the King.'

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THE COLLEGE CORD

Editors-in-Chief Angela Boehmer Alice Hedderick;
 Literaria Jean C. Kramp
 The Signpost Delphine Hartman
 Exchange Ilse Mosig; Marg. Rohe
 Sports Nora Eagar; Dave Dooley
 Alumni Helen Nairn
 Special Events Fred Shantz

Class Notes Herb Brennan
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 Make-Up Bob Wilson
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EDITORIAL

Like the rest of the world today we are interested in dictatorships and what to do about them. A dictator is not a gentleman, for gentlemen do not bellow demands at those over whom they have authority; they ask quietly and pleasantly, or suggest tactfully. Gentlemen rulers govern with the advice of their subordinates and in such a way as to serve their best interests; dictators frustrate the plans and ambitions of those under them, often with no greater purpose than to show their own importance.

A dictatorship is not a happy state, for there must be continual ill will, an undercurrent of resentment and suppressed mutiny which does not rise to the surface, but rankles in the minds of the people until they become obsessed with a desire to right their own wrongs.

But they do not know how to change matters. It is not possible in many cases to rise up in armed rebellion. Nor is it possible for a democratic power always to invade and set matters right. The people seethe inwardly and strive for means to help themselves. But whenever they have begun to formulate a weapon with which to fight their way to freedom and enjoyment of life, it is snatched away by the powers that be before they learn to use it.

Dictators never seem to use common sense. They are apparently unaware that there is more to living than working. Theirs is a cold, hard system from which there may be no deviation. Hard is the lot of him so bold as to alter that system. Insults and rebuffs are the reward of any who try to improve conditions.

Those who do not know the iron heel of dictatorship may well be thankful. It is a depressing thing which kills the spirit and warps the soul. And how terrible it is when it is done in the name of God!

We propose to publish information concerning graduates and former students of Waterloo College who are now on active service. These write-ups will appear in the next Cord. We regret that it was not possible to carry out plans this month, but we were unable to receive adequate information in time. We shall be very grateful to anyone who can help us to find out about the boys.

The least we can do for those who are working and fighting for us is to give them recognition, and show them that we are all behind them, that we are proud of them.

For the suggestion of this idea and for assistance in working it out we are indebted to Professor Klinck. We wish to thank him for his consideration, and we hope to fulfill his expectations.

Dr. Moellman, former faculty advisor of the Cord, has sent us a list of graduates who are serving in Ottawa. This will help

us very much in the work of our next issue. We are glad that Dr. Moellman has continued to be interested in the paper that he rescued when it had "one foot in the grave."

This month we are exhorted to purchase War Savings Stamps and Certificates. This is something we can all do to help win the war. Some are able to give much, others little, but it will all go together to promote success.

Appeals are made everywhere—there are banners on the streets, announcements over the radio and in the theatres. It is our privilege to make an appeal too—an appeal to all our readers to get behind the drive to win the war, and

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS.

University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

The University of Western Ontario is composed of three units: The College of Arts, the Medical School and the Institute of Public Health, affiliated with the University are four colleges: viz. Assumption College, Windsor; Ursuline College, London; St. Peter's Seminary College of Arts, London; Waterloo College, Waterloo; one Junior College, namely, Alma College, St. Thomas; one theological college, Huron College, London.

The University received its charter from the Legislature of the Province of Ontario in 1878.

The Medical School has maintained an unbroken existence since it was first opened.

The Faculty of Arts, for financial reasons, was forced to close from 1885 to 1895. Revived in the latter year its charter was so amended that it became undenominational and was permitted to receive financial assistance from the City of London. Later as the student body increased the Province assumed part of the load.

The Institute of Public Health was opened in 1912 to "aid Medical Education and promote instructional and practical work in Public Health." It became the Faculty of Public Health of the University in 1917.

The degrees at present conferred are: 1. Honorary degrees: Doctor of Divinity; Doctor of Science; Doctor of Laws. 2. Degrees by examination: Bachelor of Arts (B.A.); Bachelor of Science in Nursing (B.Sc.); Bachelor of Divinity (B.D.); Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.); Master of Arts (M.A.); Master of Science (M.Sc.); Doctor of Medicine (M.D.); Doctor of Divinity (D.D.).

The diplomas and certificates awarded are: Diploma in Business Administration; Diploma in Home Economics; Diploma of Public Health (D.P.H.); certificate of Public Health Nurse (C.P.-H.N.); Certificate of Instructor in Nursing (C.I.N.).

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For announcements and information concerning scholarships, matriculation, courses of study, etc., write:

K. P. R. Neville, Ph.D., Registrar.

— LITERARIA —

Dated: To-Day

Dear Jim,

When we met last night there was much that was left unsaid. A separation of five years cannot be bridged in a few brief moments. The strong, intimate clasp of hands can bring two minds into perfect accord, yet it cannot bring ideas to the lips nor make the tongue give expression to these ideas. We felt a common bond, experienced a mutual realization of strength, yet we could not speak.

You, too, must remember the days when we were boys together. Against all obstacles we placed a united front. Those were days of intensity—intense living, intense feeling, intense ambition. Have we changed? I think not. We have merely transferred this same quality to higher ideals and nobler purposes; the quality itself loses nothing in the change.

Our boyhood together — what memories that single statement conjures up. We were of the same age, and, as if that might be an omen, were of one opinion in all important matters. You liked red hair; I liked red hair; so we fell in love with the same girl. We were twelve years of age then, and our love affair was slightly perverted. We dipped Ethel's heavy auburn braids in ink-wells; we teased as only school boys can tease, to see the fire glint in her green eyes and the freckles stand out angrily across the bridge of her nose. Ethel, in the judgment of two boys, it was a singularly lovely name. However, love was but a passing fancy—now we might call it a passing thrill—and Ethel was indicted on a charge of immaturity when the new Grade XI teacher took up office. As though with one accord our two hearts turned to the new wonder. She was the very antithesis of Ethel—tall and slim, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, with a melodic voice, rich in overtones and reminiscent of Scottish brogue. Those were the days of unsigned valentines, of luscious apples, of mouth-watering redness and mysterious origin. But what days! Possibly the same charm might attract us to lectures even now if voluptuous lady professors were to replace their slightly uninteresting male co-educators.

Not only did our two hearts beat and love as one, but our minds, our very souls, were in harmony. We talked of intellectual matters as, in strictest privacy, we first sampled the wares of Lady Nicotine. (We might at least have made our first attempt with cigarettes, not cigars. I still contend that you were as ill as I.) In all seriousness it was decided that, in the interests of science, we should jointly purchase a chemistry set. You were the first—rather hesitantly, I admit—to speculate on the truth of the stork theory, and confided certain rather accurate observations concerning a newly-arrived baby brother. I do not think that we

were irreverent when we discussed the possibility of God being a young man after all, even a boy, a boy of fourteen. It was easier then to entrust secrets to each other or to a brother, than to a stern old gentleman with a beard and a sceptre.

Then suddenly, as swiftly as lightning rends the heavens, our lives were struck. Boyhood had passed; adolescence was upon us. How miserably life can treat a self-conscious youngster! He forever goes about knocking over vases and tea-cups. He apologizes for his ungainliness in a curious cracked voice of unpredictable range, and calls himself a fool in private. He stares imbecilically at all things feminine, blushes uncontrollably when favoured with a word or a smile. Shouting at his mother, pretending indifference to his father, he claims that no one understands him. Has a family the genius for understanding their boy? Finally the lad contemplates suicide. Death?—a grisly affair, a horrible nightmare. Let him compromise on running away from home. More likely he resigns himself to the supposedly eternal agony of life at home.

Girls mature beautifully. If they do grow tall and rangy, they do so before an adolescent boy will notice such things. When he first sees a young lady through any but indifferent eyes, he is conscious only of a softly-rounded body, hair of glorious sheen, lips of scarlet beauty that demand a caress. How exquisite is woman!

Since those memorable high school days we have drifted apart, Jim. You chose a career in medicine, I the ministry. In the eyes of science and religion we are worlds apart. Yet I cannot believe that we have forever lost that old camaraderie. During the holidays we have rediscovered some of its charm. However, you have your clinical work, I my boys. They are fine lads, some intent as we once were on the sheer joy of living, some teen-agers wrenched with an unhappiness that I can also understand.

Each of us has a splendid calling to buck him up and call forth a sense of the adventure of life. We have lists to enter, tournaments to fight with all the strength with which God has endowed us. For we are men. Ah—this is the theme of what I would say. We are men.

Once two boys lived as if with one life. They must do so again, to raise from ruins the torn earth and retenant it with Godfearing men of sound mind and body. The work is glorious. We must pledge our all to the cause, that out of evil good will erect itself. We have strength for the task and we have will. May we be given the courage to prosecute our destiny to the full.

Physician of the body, Jim, and physician of the soul. Is that too commonplace a phrase to carry much significance? We dare acknowledge no triteness. For us such sayings must be provocative, fraught with a

potency that again and again drives full into our hearts the realization of our noble calling. There can be no shame, no self-consciousness, no triteness where truth abides.

Let us cling fast to a splendid ideal. Our unity must be the old unity of heart and mind, tempered only by our individuality. Such unity will come to all youth. We need but a banner under which to fight. You and I have found such a banner, and the motto reads: "Until the day break and the shadows flee away." The dawn of that day will be the rehabilitation of the earth as a livable place for man's transient soul.

"Until the day break . . ."

TED.

Mrs. Schnapper

"There's Mrs. Schnapper vigorously digging up potatoes. I guess I'll have to speak to her. Perhaps, if I walk quietly, I can pass the garden without disturbing her."

But luck was against me. I kicked a stone. She ceased hoeing; with her fiery eyes she peered at me through the flapping hat.

"Hullo, hullo! Won't you come in? come in."

She tramped through the shabby flower beds and hobbled across the lawn.

"Millie, put the tea-kettle on. Ethie, Ethie, where are you? Go hunt the eggs. Come in, come in. Sit down, here-here-here's a rocking chair."

I sat down on the edge of the chair, for it was, as usual, dusty. I folded my hands and twiddled my thumbs.

"Did you hear about the accident last night, Mary? It was just awful, just awful. Goodness me, that's all young folks know nowadays. Go and get drunk, dance all night, then come home in a mist, drive 60 miles an hour on freshly gravelled roads and then wonder why they land in the ditch. Uh! They should spend their money! Their parents work from sun-up to sun-down. Right now, Papa Fritz ploughs, ploughs and ploughs! Papa is too old for the work; he should retire. But look at me! I'm almost sixty. Still I can milk cows and dig up potatoes with the best of you. Millie, hurry and fill the wood-box. I suppose you have cream-and-sugar living there in the Seminary. You sure knew what was good for you when you chose soft living. Like college?"

"Yes—no—perhaps."

A dull red covered my face. I had not heard a word she said. I did not know what answer she was expecting. But that woman never waited for a reply.

"If you had stayed on the farm, you would look like Millie and Ethie. Farm prices are too low. 'Tisn't worthwhile to raise hogs and feed chicks. The government should be boosted out. Ethie, did you get the eggs?"

I suppressed a grin. The Schnap-

pers were known as the richest farmers in our district. They had lately installed electricity in their house and barn. Mrs. Schnapper, now, washed her clothes the easy way—when she washed them. And yet she saved every egg and stitch of wood. Millie had, as her Sunday dress, the one the oldest daughter wore seven years ago. Ethel walked in shoes whose heels caved in. One must not waste good clothes! Mrs. Schnapper would not think of stuffing old prints into the rag-bag. For one could piece the remnants together and Ethel would have a "nice serviceable dress for school." The good woman quibbled over one cent. She had the reputation of searching the town on Saturday nights for stale coffee cakes (they're cheap, you know) and feeding her Sunday guests with these delicacies. She was counting the eggs now. Eggs meant money; money was her god.

While she lovingly packed the eggs into the crate, I rose, dusted my dress, nodded to the girls, and said good-bye. Still she lingered over the eggs. And thus I left her.

Too True

While wandering down the street one day,

I met a Frosh who looked downcast; I said "Hello"—and then, "What's wrong?"

He said, Results are posted and—" "

"And what?" I queried, quite alarmed;

"It's just that I'm afraid to look."

He looked at mine, and I at his, And we both prayed our own might be

Much better than the other's were.

They weren't.

And so most of the Frosh say just plain "Gee". But the odd one says "Wish I'd taken my Upper at Collegiate." And the rest don't say anything. At least we don't hear their comments. They aren't around anymore.

Some of the Sophs remark delightedly, "Oh is that how they mark honours." Others just say "Pass looks good to me."

Then there are those superior Honouring Juniors who look as blase as possible and pull a non-committal "Hm?"

While those Juniors who missed the joy (?) of being a Soph, say "I really like this year."

Seniors—some of them: "Me—going to graduate!" Others—"Well; if they think it's fair —."

Exchange

Students may come and students may go, but exams go on forever. We present a verse which has nothing to do with the above thought except that it, too, is about exams: I like an exam, I think they're fun, I never cram, I never flunk one, I'm the professor.

"THE GATEWAY."

R. S. McPhail

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**William Basie,
Count of
Kay Cee**

Any discussion of a jazz musician should involve an attempt to clearly set down the early influences that went into the formation of his present style. Thus in treating of Count Basie let us look into the elements of jazz in the southwest which, merging in Kansas City, were there perfected, and gave rise to what today is referred to as Kansas City style.

Just about the time jazz had migrated from New Orleans and was beginning to catch on among the younger Chicago musicians, there were in Kansas City two outstanding bands led by Benny Moten and George Lee. These two leaders were the first to play the style that was brought out of K.C. by their younger successors. They slowly and steadily developed their style until in 1928 jazz in K.C. was given a boost. In that year, Thomas Pendergast, a political racketeer, gained power and the city became notorious for its gambling dens and speak-easies etc. The operation of these joints led to demand for bands so great that the musicians in K.C. were not numerous enough to fill it. This condition led to musicians flocking in from all over the southwest. In this migration were some musicians who later became famous as exponents of Kansas City jazz. From Texas came Walter Page and his Blue Devils with a young pianist from Red Bank N.Y. now famous as "Count" Basie. From Oklahoma came Andy Kirk with his band that later became famous as the Clouds of Jay. Apart from this influx of organized bands many now wellknown musicians moved in, among them Cab Calloway, "Lips" Page etc. With this jazz talent K.C. really began to flourish after jazz had left Chicago and became centred in New York.

After hitting K.C. the Count joined the Moten Band and toured with it about 1930. It was during this period that the Count cut his first recordings. These included, for Victor: Blue Room, Milenburg Joys, Moten's Swing; (Toby) and one session for Okeh including Kater

St. Rag.

In 1932 the Moten Band broke up and the Count formed his own outfit using Moten men as a nucleus. Of this band Rushing, Lewis, Page and Washington are still playing for Basie.

From 1932-6 Basie, Kirk, Leonard, Jahman and Turner had pushed the older K.C. musicians including Lee and Moten into the background and were playing some of the finest jazz in America with only local recognition. In 1936 John Hammond heard the Count playing in the Reno Club with an eight-piece Combo. Hammond and Goodman interested William Alexander of M.C.A. and backed by them, the Count was launched on a tour that eventually brought his national recognition.

After that brief sketch of the developments of the bands themselves, let's go back and look at the musical development. To understand one of the most important developments of the K.C. period (a development especially important in the case of Basie) let's look at the instrumental set-up of the earlier New Orleans period. The original Creole Band, for instance, used trombone, cornet, clarinet, string bass, guitar and drums. Here, as in most of the other bands of the period, there is a complete neglect of the piano as an orchestral instrument. In K.C., however, there was from the first a definite emphasis on orchestral piano. This is borne out in early Moten recordings such as "Moten Swing" etc.

Another development of the K.C. period is the addition of a solid rhythm. The best example of this is no doubt the Basie band.

The most copied characteristic of K.C. style is the riff tune, that is the setting up of a riff and then letting the trumpet, sax, piano, and trombone play "go" choruses in front of jump figures played by the rest of the band.

N.B. I am indebted to Downbeat's articles on K.C. jazz by the Associate Editor Dave Dexter Jr., for my material on the early bands of K.C.

ROLAND MERNER.

**Dissertation
Upon Formaldehyde**

Apparatus—

Several white (?) rats, well steeped in formaldehyde; knives, tweezers; prongs; gallons of water; one science professor; a good healthy class of Frosh; three Sophomores.

Procedure—

1. Let the lab become pervaded with formaldehyde.
2. Carefully examine the insides of a white rat (after having cut it open.)
3. Add a long lecture by the science professor.

Observations—

1. The odour of formaldehyde mounts higher and higher.
2. The healthy Frosh are in high glee.
3. The Sophs are not.

Conclusion—

Three nauseated Sophs.

DITHERY DOX

Let Dithery Dox Be the Doctor

Dear Dr. Dox:

My situation is this. I used to go out frequently with an amiable young man. The latter seemed to enjoy my company and we were the best of friends. Suddenly, however, and for no apparent reason, he stopped going out with me, and offered no word of explanation for his strange conduct. Naturally, I am wondering if I have done something to displease him. What do you think I should do? Should I forget about the whole thing and regard all men as fickle, unsteady, and not worth bothering about?

Yours Sincerely
"PERPLEXED."

Answer:

I hate to have you pass so severe a judgment upon men. Yet, in a sense you are right. We are fickle. We are unsteady. But it is not because we want to be. When we view a situation from a safe distance we can always see the right thing to do. If we were to see another of our sex treating a girl as you have been treated, we would rise to our feet and pour forth many and varied expressions of our contempt for him. Place us in the same situation and we are cowards. Yes, we are just cowards. If the amiable young man you mention has a good reason for dropping you, outside of plain cussedness, he is probably afraid to mention it.

But have you ever thought of this angle. It may be just because you are such good friends that he feels he shouldn't see so much of you. He probably thinks he is doing you a favour. For if he is a college boy, it will probably be a good many years before he can feel that his future is secure. It really wouldn't do for him to get to like a girl too much.

My advice to you, my dear, cannot bring you a great deal of comfort. Don't get to like one boy so much that you will not go out with any other. If you take my advice in this you will find that you have a kind of insurance against this type of thing happening again. And remember this too. College boys are the least dependable of all men.

DITHERY DOX.

THE DEAN

The dean
he stuck his finger
out
and pointed it at me
and sed
in fashion quite devout
you're flunking bad
I see;
and then he shook
his index digit
underneath my nose
and sed that he was hurt
and shocked
at what
my grades disclosed;
and then
he sed with wrinkled frown
my lad,
my lad,
look here
you must bear down
and so I gathered up
my pluck
and sed
I can't,
I ain't no duck.
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THE SIGN POST

Well, is everybody happy? No? We thought not. Those exams are not to be forgotten so easily. The struggle was terrific, and the toll of dead and wounded was considerable. "Wooden Legs, Ltd." is working overtime to supply some of our mutilated members with the necessary quota of limbs. And "Glass Eyes, Inc." also has a large order from many students. At least there were a lot of glassy looks when the results were posted up.

Of course a few of our most brilliant souls were right in there with heavy armoured tanks and all machine guns blazing, mowing down "A's" right and left. And a few of us managed to struggle through the barbed wire, popping away at anything in sight with our rusty old muskets. Then there were a few sad cases among our ranks who got caught in a complete blackout, and were last seen scratching their initials on the nose-cap of a time-bomb. For these we drop a tear and the wish that they may rest in peace, or should it be pieces?

And now let us consider a certain kind of examiner, the coy type. He is afraid that someone might be able to tell him what he wants to know. Alors, he concocts a question something like this: "Give a complete account of the life and work of the friend of Einstein whose first cousin was valet to the king of Siam." In the vernacular this is called, "making it tough," in cultured circles it is often termed, "keeping the standards up." Of course this example is dreadfully exaggerated, but many students will be able to substitute a more lively one from their own experience. A paper may demand accurate knowledge but it should not include snares and traps. Before setting a paper an examiner should be sure that he knows the exact difference between a question and a riddle.

Give us enough Cord and we'll hang ourselves. So low has our humour descended that we even pun about the name of our poor old paper. Guess it's time to start gossiping again.

Sometime ago Stan was heard to remark that he was a satisfied bachelor, unattached, and intended to remain so. If the girls believe this, they cannot allow him to get away with it indefinitely. Such over-confidence deserves what it gets!

Dija Know: That no one can out-roll Roly where Ange is concerned? "What!" you cry, "is not even the editor immune?" "Nay," we answer, "Editors are the worst when they get started." No one can manage "the manager" like the editor, they say.

For want of other
Fish to fry,
Jean Kramp is learning
To bake a pie.
(Fragment translated from the original Hebrew).

What's cooking? That depends upon what she put in it. If poor Henry looks rather pale one of these days you'll know he ate some.

Why does a certain girl like to do her skating out of town on Saturday nights? But Lottie, Galt is no place to go if you want to escape observation. Try North Bay next time, and good luck to you.

Some girl in Toronto told the imitable A.McT. that she was just crazy about "The Thin Man". Hence he walked all the way from the McT. residence to the college the other day, in an effort to lose an inch or two. This kind of grim determination cannot fail to win through.

We Waterloons are certainly a rough, tough and nasty crowd. Just because we didn't like certain exams there are three injured professors about. It's true! One has his arm in a sling, another walks with a cane and a third is nursing a strained wrist. We hope that will be a lesson to them. Of course the slippery state of the sidewalks may have had something to do with the size of the casualty list. And, really, we do hope that they soon recover.

Another good friend of the college has been seriously ill. Everyone will be glad to hear that Mrs. Klinck is rapidly regaining her health, and will soon be among us again.

Late News Report: Wherever you find Dot Heimrich these days, you will probably also find that very elusive gentleman, Bev. Pugh. Curious coincidence, isn't it?

The Athenaeum has finally elected a new president. Roly Merner takes the leadership of the society at an undeniably crucial period. During his term of office its fate may be decided. Certainly he has the ability to fill his position ably. Everyone is grateful to him for having accepted this rather burdensome honour. Uneasy lies the head that belongs to the president of the Athenaeum, as Dave Dooley will be able to tell you.

To the retiring president also the

DEL. HARTMAN

college owes a debt of gratitude.

As long as those who are willing to accept responsibility are met with lack of co-operation, unfair criticism, and downright discourtesy, no college activity can be expected to succeed. If such activities fail, students will find interests elsewhere. And if the college is drained of its social life, its value will decrease rapidly. So here's to the new spirit of generosity which must arise!

The Glee Club is continuing to hold its position as the most flourishing group. The negro spirituals which are being considered at present have attracted much interest. A copy of "Patience" has arrived. The group is planning to have some fun with this Gilbert and Sullivan operetta some time in the near future. No performance is planned, however. Just fun.

Back, as usual, to gossip. Ilse Mosig is in again. A long slide in Central school grounds looks merely dangerous by daylight, but in the moonlight with a strong Seminarian to hold you up—exciting is the word!

Exchange

"I've a friend I'd like you girls to meet."

Athletic Girl—"What can he do?"

Chorus Girl—"How much has he?"

Literary Girl—"What does he read?"

Society Girl—"Who are his family?"

Religious Girl—"What church does he belong to?"

College Girl—"Where is he?"

"THE GATEWAY."

* * *

Confucius say: "If the exam paper of one be equal to the exam paper of the other, and the works be correspondingly similar, the seats must be adjacent."

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Waterloo and Western Girls Tie

Our Girls Play Their Best Game

Western was successful in holding Waterloo to a tie in the basketball game played on Monday, February 10. A basket scored by Western in the last ten minutes of play tied the score.

It was a remarkably interesting game to watch (as the five or six students who were there will tell you). At the end of the first half the score stood 4-6 for Waterloo—at three-quarter time Waterloo was still leading 14-10. The checking which was shaky at the beginning became more effective as play went on. The forward line of Kramp, Kuntz and Fisher also gave a good account of itself.

Jean Kramp is again on the injured list. Near the end of the game she fell and twisted her ankle. This injury will keep her out of the next few games. Tough luck, Jean, but you played a swell game.

The players:

Western—Betty More (8), Dorothy Wyells, Laura Doren, Doris Ellington, Ruth Horner, Mary Thompson, Mary MacDonald (4), Mary Patterson, Jean Fortner (2), Agnes Fisher, Ruth MacDonald, Mabel Brantus, Evelyn Miller, Marion Hughes, Roberta MacGregor, Ruth Barstin, Mary Burtin, Mary Galbraith.

Waterloo—Jean Kramp (5), Anne Kuntz (2), Mary Fisher (7), Marg Rohe, Ruthmarie Schmieder, June Brock, Violet Dorsch, Patsy McGarry.

Referee—Helen Carstens.

Results of the Brescia-Waterloo game played on Thursday, Feb. 13, were not available when this column went to press.

In the next issue we shall be able to publish the final standing of the basketball and badminton teams.

It May Not Be True But It Is Clever

You've seen the sign on the bulletin board asking the boys if they wanted to organize an Intermural Basketball League.

Last year Claire Pope wrote her impressions of a boys' basketball game. Now be prepared for what you'll see.

BOYS' BASKETBALL As We Saw It!

When you're feeling so blue,
'Cause work heaps upon you,
And you crave a hearty good roar:
Just follow the noise
To the game 'mongst the boys,
In the gym—on the basketball floor!

It was 4:15 p.m. and all steps were
SEE NEXT COLUMN

BOYS PLAN INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL LEAGUE

Each Year to Have a Team

Now that the hockey schedule is completed, the Athletic Directorate has decided to organize an Intramural Basketball League for the boys.

Present arrangements call for a team to represent each of the four classes—frosh, soph, junior and senior. The Seminarists will be divided up among the four teams in such a way as to have the league as well balanced as possible. It is hoped that a few members of the faculty will also play. There will be two games every Tuesday night.

The schedule:

Feb. 18—Seniors vs. Juniors; Frosh vs. Sophs.

Feb. 25—Senior vs. Sophs; Frosh vs. Juniors.

Mar. 4—Juniors vs. Sophs; Seniors vs. Frosh.

Mar. 11—Juniors vs. Frosh; Seniors vs. Sophs.

Mar. 18—Seniors vs. Frosh; Juniors vs. Sophs.

Mar. 25—Frosh vs. Sophs; Juniors vs. Seniors.

directed toward the gym. The boys were playing basketball—the girls went, too, for fun. How exciting—oh, what a game!

Eby, Green, Dooley in a huddle—no, we learned they aren't playing rugby but have their tactics mixed up a bit. By some strange manner or chance the coveted ball reaches Blinkhorn who promptly despatches it towards an excited combatant yelling "Blink! Blink! Blink!" The wall proved the only stop for the leather sphere, and, after a minor argument featuring such terms as "our out—you're crazy—where's the ref?" Moyer emerges triumphant with the ball. To the accompaniment of Minke's verbal encouragement and Brennan's pedal impetus, Moyer commences the action again. Referee Dooley breaks up the mad scramble with his officious "Jump Ball" and all is quiet on the western front until the Koehler-Menzies combination gives an exhibition of fair and foul body-checking, and Teddy, in disgust, leaves the floor.

The ball reaches the same end of the floor as one basket, strange to say, but the players, for variety, try a spot of volleyball around the ring. They shoot! Alas, no score.

Some unknown assailant boots the ball eastward and the game begins to prove interesting. With Brennan

and Minke playing hopscotch over each other, and King and Menzies engaged in a squabble. Moyer stages a private floor-show climaxed by several whirling leaps into space. Meanwhile Dooley, Eby and Green—they of the rugby ways—decide to resume the basketball and Dooley heaves the ball to Koehler who, tricky lad, attempts to hide it behind the backboard.

After very little ado, appears the ball again and now Blinkhorn awakes to take a new part in the game. On his way to the field of action he runs into Minke who is strutting up the floor. The Angel has just most carefully allowed the ball to pass between his upstretched arms. No, this is not a hold-up, but a basketball game, should you be wondering.

King is up the floor like a flash. Brennan comes in to assist and he scores! King, on a pass from Brennan! Pfeifer cleverly manipulates the next play. Moyer traps the ball and with it, Minke, but he has difficulty in scoring from floor level. The Angel (Minke) attempts next to practise some genuine wrestling with Koehler as victim.

Ah! a spectacular play! A series of passes from King to Moyer to Green ends tragically in the wall only to be redeemed through another argument. The password in this game seems to be "our out" and it really works.

After a violent skirmish between Boy Blue Brennan and Charlie Green with the wall providing additional opposition, both parties decide to stage a miniature football game on the side lines: Brennan has the foot, Charlie is the ball, and so, football. Meanwhile King and Minke alternate between pitch and catch over the basket and wrestling under the basket and display no mean skill in their chosen pastimes, disregarding the fact that the original basketball game is slightly held up. Blinkhorn, somewhat winded from recent vigorous attacks, struggles to regain the lost ball, but Koehler provides stiff opposition and Dooley announces, "Jump ball."

By this time Thurlow, Spohn and McTaggart can no longer withstand the lure to play and join their fellows in the game. The fray thickens. Feathers fly—ties fly—shoelaces fly—legs fly—even the ball flies and it's five bells. The history-making game is over, but will be remembered by all, especially by Blinkhorn whose sprained thumb prods his memory every little while with dubious thoughts of the scrappy team.

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VOX POP—

Dear Sir:

Perhaps I am just ignorant, but I should like to know whether the Students' Legislative Executive (the little gang with the big name) is doing anything, and if so, what?

It seems to me that there are a great many things around the College that the Students' Council might consider and try to improve. Please do not jump down my throat. I am not complaining about College institutions or ways of doing things. But sometimes things do crop up, and sometimes there is a lack of co-operation and understanding that gums up the works and creates ill-feeling. Could the Students' Legislative Executive not do something about these things?

UNSIGNED.

Answer:

Our unsigned friend has put forth a question which is very a' propos. As we have nothing to do with the Students' Legislative Executive, "Unsigned," we are in no position to answer you. Like you, we do not know what are the powers of the S.L.E. nor what difficulties it is up against. Perhaps a member of "the little gang with the big name" would like to take up your challenge and answer your question in the next Cord.

Dear Vox Pop:

We hear that Merner is going to pull the Athenaeum Society back on its feet again (??). "Advertising is the only thing which will make students realize that there is an Athenaeum Society at Waterloo College." Roly declared when we questioned him about the policy of the new executive. This gave us an idea! Would it not be a good thing for a poster club to be formed which would publicize all student activities. You who are handy with the brush give this some thought.

Class Notes

H. Brennan

The course of the Canadian Officers' Training Corps is divided into two sections. The first, Common to All Arms must be successfully dealt with before specializing in the second half of the course, Special to the Arm.

Those who passed the first examination, which they tried December 14th, are: Cadets Artindale, Armstrong, Campbell, Dcoley, Down, Grant, Gurton, McLaughlin, McTaggart, Merner, Menzies, Nelson, Snyder, Schmieder, Skelton, Stuebning, Sauder, Tilton, Wallace and Winhold.

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Seminary Notes

Henry Nuhn

The Seminarians have been fortunate to secure the services of Rev. A. W. Lotz, pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Kitchener, to deliver a series of five lectures on "Evangelism". Rev. Mr. Lotz will deal with these principles which are so basic in the life work of a pastor and in missions in general, and which he has found so effective in his own experience and work.

The first of these lectures will be held on Thurs., Feb. 27 at 3.00 p.m. An invitation to attend these lectures is extended to all College Students, especially those intending to enter the Seminary.

Missionary Services on behalf of the Cossman-Hayunga Missionary Society are still being held in various Lutheran Churches of the district. The response has been very gratifying. Details of the work accomplished will be given in a future issue of the College Cord. The Missionary Society would like to express its thanks to those pastors and congregations who have made the services possible.

What makes a book live on, become immortal? The Bible has endured through the centuries since Christ. The Pilgrim's Progress, while not so popular today as it once was, is still widely read and its circulation, like that of the Bible, is constantly increasing. Why this continued popularity?

One writer has declared, "Books, like everything else, have their appointed death-day. The souls of them, unless they be found worthy of a second birth in a new body, perish in the paper in which they live." The Pilgrim's Progress is still a long way from death—for it has been found worthy of a second birth.

Someone has given us the following explanation of Bunyan's hold on us:

What is the secret of its power? This English classic is the work of an uneducated man, the "little schooling" he received being, as he confess "almost totally forgotten" soon afterwards. His handwriting is an illiterate scrawl and his manuscripts had to be drastically edited before a printer could deal with them. Again, The Pilgrim's Progress did not gain its success by any striking novelty of theme. The idea of human life as a pilgrimage, suggested in the New Testament, had been developed by many allegorists; one such book, written by the voluminous Dr. Patrick, had appeared not long before Bunyan's. Yet there was a clear point of difference. In all the other allegories of pilgrimage the characters were merely conventional puppets of virtue or vice; in The Pilgrim's Progress they were most real men and women. Bunyan had seen and known them all and draws their portraits with astonishing deftness, with the most engaging blend of kindness and satire.

They have their counterparts too in every age. We still meet Mr. Byends, disdaining those who "are holding their notions though all

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

Alumni Notes

The Alumni Editor publishes a letter from Dr. Moellman, who has sent information about some of our Alumni in Ottawa.

Apt. 18, Connor Court,
250 O'Connor Street,
Ottawa, Ontario,
February 2, 1941.

Dear Miss Nairn:

I am sending you an item for the Cord which you can use for your Alumni Column, print as it is, or adapt otherwise to suit. I know the February issue is always a problem, so I have timed it accordingly. If you would like a further article dealing specifically with the Census just let me know for which issue, the length, time, etc. and I will see what I can do. Re the Census Enumerators, I shall be glad to give anyone interested further information if they will write me to the address as above or to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Remember me to students and staff.

Sincerely,

Albert Moellman.

Tempus fugit—yes, time flies. Here it is almost a year since my last lecture at Waterloo. Naturally I was pleased to receive the autumn issues of the Cord and to know that you are carrying on. All power to the editorial staff. Keep up the good work.

A number of Waterloo College boys spent an evening together in Ottawa on January 23rd last and renewed old acquaintances over a banquet table. All but one of them were at Waterloo before my time and I have no doubt many of your Alumni readers will be interested to hear of their doings. Rudolph Breithaupt is a major at National Defence Headquarters in Ottawa. Walter Hamm censors foreign mail at the post office; Lloyd Herman is a scientist at the Laboratory of Hygiene, Department of Pensions and National Health. Herman Little and Bob Mayers are in the Dependents' Allowance and Assigned Pay branches

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

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there are nine;
Nine little Cord columns—the staff
is working late—
The exchange turns up and then
there are eight;
Eight little Cord columns, dull and
without leaven,
Some committees commit and then
there are seven;
Seven little Cord columns still in the
sticks,
A Soph digs up a last year's theme
to make 'em six;
Six little Cord columns, looking
scarce alive,
The Sem comes across and then
there are five;
Five little Cord columns with no
more filler,
Someone writes a Vox Pop and then
there are four;
Four little Cord columns, empty as
can be,
The S.L.E. reports and then there
are three;
Three little Cord columns, and nothing
left to do,
The Senior class has notes and then
there are two;
Two little Cord columns, with nothing
done,
A basketball game comes to light
and makes one;
One little Cord Column—brows are
growing damp—
A genius suggests it—War Savings
Stamps!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

here; Ewart MacIntosh teaches in the Ottawa schools; Gordon Sim was for several years teaching in the Ottawa schools and is now somewhere in the Air Force; and Bing Whitaker announces daily over the Ottawa radio station CBO. Thus all but one are "working for the Government"; two in the Armed Forces, four as civil servants, and two in government enterprises.

As for myself, I likewise am in the Civil Service. We are busy getting ready for the coming decennial census. During June of this year somewhere between 16,000 and 17,000 census enumerators will collect information pertaining to every man, woman and child in Canada alive at midnight of June 1st, 1941. Many of these enumerators will be University students like yourselves. It is hard but interesting work and the monetary rewards are reasonable.

Ottawa is a busy place and getting busier as time goes on. There is evidence at every hand of a Nation settling down to serious business that lies ahead.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

other men are against them; but I am for Religion in what, and as far as, the times and my safety will bear it"; and Mr. Facing-both-ways, and the young woman whose name is Dull, and the heroic Mr. Great-heart, whom we could ill spare today. Beyond question, it is this company of living people met by Christian on his journey that give Bunyan's work its vitality and perennial charm, together with the magic of his style, felt by all who value English prose. He had read few books, but that which he had almost by heart was the Authorized Version of the Bible. Its idiom had become his own; its simplicity, clearness, and beauty of cadence reappear on every page of Pilgrim's Progress.

EXCHANGE THE EGG TRICK

The young woman from the college was explaining:

"Take an egg," she said, "and make a perforation in the base with some suitable pointed instrument, and a corresponding one in the open. Then, by applying the lips to one aperture and forcibly exhaling the breath, discharge the shell of its contents."

"Well, well," said the farmer's wife, who was listening, "It beats all how folks do things these days. When I was a girl we just made a hole in each end and blew."

"The Gateway."

"Worry is a thin stream of fear trickling through the wind. If encouraged, it cuts a channel into which all other thoughts are drained."

"THE GATEWAY."

WEEK-DAY LAMENT

Throughout the week
I feel real low.
I'm awfully meek
And dumb and slow
I go to lectures,
But just a few.
My imperfections
Cause a stew
Among my teachers,
Who get alarmed
And turn to preachers,
Who shout and scream
And cry and yell
While I do dream
But don't feel well.
All this lasts
For just six days,
Then dates amassed,
For which Papa pays,
Are met and feted
On the weekend
Funds are depleted,
Then off the deep end
Goes my daddy.
As he gazes
Weak and sadly
At the paper
Of my expenses
For my parties,
Shaws and dances
And then, my hearties,
Again I go
Throughout the week
Feeling low
And awfully meek.
"THE GATEWAY."

STUDENT UPRISINGS

The news that comes out of Nazi-dominated European countries these days usually contains little of the uprisings that are going on among patriotic citizens, but every now and then a story comes through about the difficulties of universities and their students—sometimes even

about trouble in the high school.

Last year stories were frequent about university students in Czechoslovakia and such countries escaping in groups to join the allied armies. Stories were also numerous concerning the wholesale imprisonment of students in those countries, who were ring-leaders of the mobs that revolted against Nazi rule. Actually their efforts did little good in the face of armed Nazi soldiers? How much, if any, they succeeded in bolstering the morale of their people is a different matter.

A few weeks ago stories from Norway told of young Norwegian children revolting against the German system of sending minor "Quislings," complete with uniform, into their classes among them. According to the report, the fledgling traitors were being severely beaten by the young patriots in the schools. If even the children refuse to take it, it should be a fair indication of what is going on among the mature populations of the conquered northern countries.

This week another report of student uprisings came from Holland—via Berlin. The Technical University of Delft has been closed for an indefinite period by German authorities, according to a report, as a sequel to a student strike which took place when a Jewish professor was dismissed. Student demonstrations have occurred at the universities of Leyden and Utrecht, but thus far only investigative action has been taken at these institutions. It must be remembered that these accounts of student trouble came from Germany, and probably tell only half the story. There is no doubt more to it than the Germans care to print.

Meanwhile, in France, students are faced with a different problem. From December, pupils crossing the line of demarcation between occupied and unoccupied France to go to school must have identity cards and special permits. And in the unoccupied zone students are having difficulty finding text books. Even in the case of such seemingly inoffensive works as digests of Roman law, booksellers explain that orders sent to Paris months ago still await shipment.

There are, in all probability, a great many more student uprisings in European countries these days than ever get into print. So far they have gained no material success and they probably never will, but in addition to adding to the troubles of the Nazis in their conquered but not subdued countries, these student revolts should be giving encouragement to the spirits of people who are badly in need of a little encouragement.

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