

THE COLLEGE CORD

VOL. 16

WATERLOO, ONT.,

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AN UNDERGRAD PUBLICATION

NO. 1

Students' Legislative Executive Holds Organization Meeting

S.L.E. To Centralize All Student Activity

The organization meeting of the Students' Legislative Executive was held on Tuesday, Oct. 15, with the president, Art Moyer, in the chair. The personnel of the executive has been appointed by the student body, each class having two representatives, as follows:

Senior,—Art Moyer, Jim Spohn.

Junior—Dave Dooley, Lottie Kellerman.

Sophomore—Charles Green, Angela Boehmer.

Freshman—Fred Shantz, June Brock.

Dave Dooley and Lottie Kellerman were elected secretary and treasurer respectively.

The purpose of this newly-formed body within our halls was discussed at some length at one of the Athenaeum meetings in February. For the benefit of the Freshmen and the other students who may still be rather vague on the subject, the reasons for its formation are stated briefly.

It has been organized in order that all student activities might be centralized under one administration. It has as its aim the advancement of the school and the interests of the students. Previously, matters could be discussed only in small groups. Now the S.L.E. has become the official body for the expression of student rulings passed which will definitely benefit the school as a whole. The Executive plans to meet regularly and will welcome suggestions from the rest of the student body. Your ideas will be their ideas.

Our college along with almost all other universities and high schools in Ontario is a democratic institution and the basis of every democracy is co-operation. The Executive is asking just that from every loyal student. The members appointed by you are merely representative. They can do nothing alone. So dig in and support the S.L.E. Remember success depends on you!

Lottie Kellerman.

FRESHMAN CONCEPTION OF INITIATION

OF NECESSITY ANONYMOUS.

Initiation is a college activity in which two groups of students play important parts. The former and more important group is the Freshman Class. The other participants are the Sophomores. I will refrain from discussing them.

With revenge in mind the latter
Continued on Page 8, Col. 3.

ADDITION TO FACULTY GRADUATE OF KING'S COLLEGE LONDON ENG.

There may be some of you who have not had the good fortune to meet the new professor of English, Edward Perry, M.A. Let me tell you something about him. He is an Englishman by birth. Before coming to Canada he attended King's College at the University of London. After coming to Canada he studied at Queen's University where he took his B.A. with honours in English and French. For some time he taught at various places in Ontario. Then his post graduate work at the University of Toronto brought him his master's degree.

Now we have him at Waterloo College. He tells me that he likes Canada (and he should, for he is married to a lovely Canadian). I

Continued on Page 8, Col. 4.

Freshmen Exhibit Sportsmanship In Enduring Spirited Initiation

Glee Club To Be Conducted By Bernard Hiron

May Attempt Gilbert And Sullivan

On Thursday, October 31, at approximately 7.30 p.m., a middle-C was floating along the venerable corridors and ivy-covered walls of Waterloo College. Five minutes later, the note was repeated, this time coming in "a bit more definitely" at the beginning. For your information, that noise was the Glee Club in the process of discovering that they could hum anote most beautifully without a single person in the whole group heaving in a gulp of air, in mid-middle-C.

Mr. Hiron believes that we
Continued on Page 8, Col. 2.

Smarting Initiates Already Planned For Next Year

"Hail Sophs of new-born fame—
The Frosh are itching to grab your name."

Unfortunately, we poor Sophs discovered more than mutiny within the ranks of the "Frosh" during Initiation week. The crown was hardly put upon our head when seditious mumblings were heard in the newly-formed ranks. The bright little Frosh girls have already discussed initiation for the still unborn Frosh of a future year. Our only advice is, "Think before you step."

What is most galling is the reputation we suddenly picked up in far-off cities, as far as Lilliput land. Actually, the rumours that have come back to us! A meek little old lady stopped me on the street car yesterday as I was about to drop my ticket, and reprovingly lectured me with a sympathetic shaking of her head.

"Now, really, you know — the girls will catch pneumonia if you make them walk so far in this cold weather!" We, the Sophs, wish to take this opportunity to say that the Frosh girls and gentlemen took their own responsibility when they decided to walk into the country with their particular companions during the week of initiation.

However, out of our great magnanimity and intellectual superiority (perhaps) we have decided to forgive and be kicked about. "To err is human; to forgive, divine."

As a natural result of the rebellions in the ranks of the Frosh, our stock has fallen in value. As we are sensitive human beings, "full of the milk of human kindness," we, the Sophs, felt very miserable about our loss of prestige. Our long-drawn-out faces are not marks of "burning the midnight oil" in the perusal of Pluto or Chaucer; rather, the puffed eyes result from the ingratitude of the Frosh. We were only trying to pass on our mature experiences to you. You know it hurt us more than it hurt you.

Whatever the case may be today we wish to say, "All is forgiven," "Forgive and forget," or any other ditty that pleases you. We are becoming accustomed to our important position in Waterloo College, and soon we will be able to wear the purple with ease. To tell the truth, we have discovered, much to our own embarrassment, that the Frosh informally voted their outfits as "ducky."

Nevertheless, the Frosh Class has proved its mettle and with the approval of the Sophs may from now until May be considered legitimate heirs to the throne of the Sophs.

WILL YOU SPEAK?

The perennial query, "What is wrong with the Athenaeum Society," has once more been heard around the halls of Waterloo. The fact that such an interrogation continually concerns us, presents ample proof to the majority of thinking members that all is not as it should be in the state of Student Social Life.

By this time of year the Freshmen have had quite sufficient time to review the activities of the various and sundry organizations operating within the college. It is to be hoped that they have drawn some conclusions as to the worth of our existing system of extra-curricular activities.

The Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors apparently are agreed on one fact in particular. Although our meetings of last year were good ones, those that have been held this year have already excelled those of the last College year.

However, some questions must be raised at this point. Have these good times been the result of improvement in Athenaeum program and co-operation, or is it true that students have been using Athenaeum meetings as an excuse to get out of the house on Thursday evenings?

Is the Athenaeum meeting used as a point of congregation before embarking on the real objective of the night — fun-producing escapades in the city and surrounding country?

Does the society exist purely for entertainment or does it still maintain some semblance of its initial purpose, specifically, the furthering of intellectual development among the undergraduates?

Should the president or should the members working on committees be responsible for programs at the meetings?

Is it desirable that talent should come from the student body rather than from outsiders?

Would students feel more at ease in a smaller meeting room?

Among the girls, is more freedom regarding the hour of dismissal from the building to be desired?

Does executive organization of each meeting perceptibly encourage irresponsibility in the members of the society?

These questions are no doubt pertinent to the welfare of an organization which merits your consideration and support. If you as an individual, a composite part of the membership of the Athenaeum Society of Waterloo College, consider it your duty to further the welfare of this organization, ponder these questions and come prepared to make a statement of your views when the next regular meeting of this venerable society is called.

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THE COLLEGE CORD

Editors-in-Chief Alice Hedderick; Angela Boehmer
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 The Signpost Delphine Hartman
 Exchange Ilse Mosig
 Sports Nora Eagar; Dave Dooley
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Class Notes Herb Brennan
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EDITORIAL

First of all, we have to apologize for the delay in issuing the "Cord." Since many of last year's staff did not return, re-organization was necessary. Also there was nothing to fill up the columns. There were no parties, no teas and very little excitement. Initiation was late in starting. The final delay was caused by the Hallowe'en Party. Again we apologize and promise that the next issue will be published on, or as close as possible to the day designated.

■

A college may be compared to a state, with its history and its future, its divisions and its unions, its disputes and its tactics. Naturally the college is not shut out from the rest of the world. It is keenly interested in all that goes on; it is eager to do its bit for the world of which it is a part. That is the purpose of college. In its little world we are preparing to meet the larger one outside its doors and make it ours too.

Each state has its newspapers, and this is ours.

We hope you will like it.

■

The Cord needs able and willing contributors to insure its success. It always seems that there are witty and capable writers in the College who hide their lights under bushels and are undiscovered until late in the year. If you can write, please do! Get behind the Cord and help make it the paper it can be. We need YOU.

■

We wish to pay tribute to last year's students who are serving in the R.C.A.F.

Jack Blinkhorn was formerly the Editor of the Cord, and a leader in many of school's activities.

Bill Thurlow participated in the sports of the College.

We hate to see these students leave the College because they were worthy representatives of both the Academic and Athletic Fields. But we are glad to have these boys from Waterloo actively representing our moral participation on the war front, and we wish them all kinds of luck.

■

We can picture some of the Freshmen asking themselves, "What are we doing here? What good are we getting out of the place?" They will go from class to class, mildly liking some lectures, being bored with others. They will attend or stay from the parties, meetings, and teas arranged by the upper classmen. They will have parties, meetings and teas of their own. Some day, without quite being aware of it, they will stop wondering why they are here. Some day, possibly, they will realize that they have become a part of "this place," and that they love it, and all that it stands for. When we entered as Freshmen, we listened scoffingly to Seniors who told us that "it would grow on us." Now we never think of our feeling for the College without realizing that it HAS grown on us. We feel sure that it will "get" you too.

Here's luck to you — Class of '44.

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1. There are three Faculties and Seven Affiliated Colleges.
2. Degrees Granted: B.A., B.Sc., M.A., M.Sc., D.P.H. (Diploma) and certificates C.P.H.N., and C.I.N.
3. The University of Western Ontario began its career as "Western University" in 1878. It was through the efforts of the Bishop of Huron in the Church of England that the charter was received from the Legislature. The first classes graduated in Arts and in Medicine in 1883.
4. The Medical School — present Faculty of Medicine — has maintained an unbroken existence since it was started. Until 1912 it was controlled by joint stock company, then it became an integral part of the University. In 1921 the Faculty was moved to its present building. For many years the Faculty has occupied a very high place in the estimation of the profession. In many quarters it is regarded as one of the best institutions of its kind.
5. The College of Arts began its career in 1878, but for financial reasons was forced to close its doors from 1885 to 1895. In 1908 the University charter was so amended that it became undenominational and was permitted to receive financial assistance from the City of London. Later the Province assumed part of the cost of operation. In 1917 the Kingsmill property of about 260 acres north of the City of London was purchased, buildings for the Faculty of Arts were erected in 1923. Since that date steady progress has been made.
6. The Institute of Public Health was opened in 1912 in a building erected and equipped by the Province. It was turned over to the University to "aid medical education and promote instructional and practical work in Public Health." It became the Faculty of Public Health of the University, the first independent Faculty of Public Health in the British Empire, in 1917.
7. The name of the University was changed from "Western" to "Western Ontario" by Act of the Provincial Legislature in 1923.

For further particulars with reference to matriculation standards, courses of study, etc., write—

The Registrar, University Post Office,
 London.

— L I T E R A R I A —

Another year—another Cord—another struggle for Literaria copy! In the past few years there has been a general reluctance to contribute to Literaria. This year, however, must surely bring a renaissance of Waterloo College literature.

The Freshman class has added a good deal of writing talent to that already possessed by the undergraduate body. In the hope that the upper classmen may be aroused from their literary lethargy, and that the Frosh may not lapse into such a state, this appeal is directed to eds and co-eds alike:

Literaria is open to all students. Your contributions will be gratefully received—still more, they will be as welcome as the proverbial "flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la!" And may we ask that you allow your writing talent to bloom through our page?

THE LAST STATION

Maynooth is the last station.

A spur of the C.N.R. which leaves the main line at Trenton runs straight north through the middle of Hastings county until it comes to Maynooth. A rough wagon trail running atop an abandoned road-bed as far as the south gate of Algonquin Park is evidence enough that at one time this spur had other ambitions than to come to an inglorious end at Maynooth.

Had these ambitions been realized the train, which now stops at Maynooth station and stays there over night three times a week, might have joined the great trunk line to North Bay and the West. On its steel shoulders it would have borne much of the wealth of the great mining region, and some considerable share of the golden harvests of the prairies. Then the wilderness it now traverses would have blossomed like a rose. But today Maynooth is the last station.

Maynooth station is one of the thousand drab structures of stock design set up in the days of the railroad boom on the nation's cross-roads a generation ago. An agent lives there, with a kindly and round bespectacled face and a withered hand. His potatoes were nipped by the frost on July first, and later threatened by the ensuing heat and drought.

Maynooth station is an unusual place. Tabby, the cat purrs approval to your observation and rises to stretch his lithe limbs. You wonder what happened to his tail. Or is it a wild cat? So far north that would not be surprising. The agent, however, informs you that all the cats about Maynooth station are that way. It is not a cruel and fashionable fad that the natives have. The ancestors of all the cats hereabouts were brought from the Isle of Man and everyone knows that Manx cats have had stubby tails from time immemorial. The cats at this station

would feel ashamed to slink about with long tails. They couldn't think of attending the moonlight excursions, which the warm tracks make so delightful, without this sign of citizenship. Nor need they fear the coming of the train. It is due to arrive every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at seven in the evening, but seldom does.

The hard side of the crew's heart is turned towards the railroad company. They probably know very well that the debt of the C.N.R. amounts to a staggering sum; also that the annual operating deficit is giving the minister of railways considerable concern. Nevertheless they are coolly and consistently late. The train whistle is seldom heard in Maynooth station before eleven o'clock. The crew reports four hours overtime, and collects wages from the C.N.R. for time and a half. This is not easy to do when an inspector makes the trip, but for reasons of economy inspectors are few.

Wickedness is not confined to the high places nor to the big cities. It is rampant at Maynooth station. On train nights the station holds a strange fascination for the Scotch and Irish lads of the village and farms. An open box car on a siding makes a convenient waiting room. Someone has a lantern. That is light enough for a game of crap until the train comes.

Over against the hillside that forms a part of Maynooth station is a log shack. The chimney of the lean-to kitchen is smoking although it is long past the supper hour. On the stove is a twenty-gallon milk can. Out of it issues a pipe made of pure tin for which the owner paid eleven dollars. It passes through a trough of cool spring water and at the end it delivers a tiny trickle of warm and potent liquid. To remove the poisonous fusel oils it ought to be passed through a filter. A syrup of burned sugar added to it would also give it the conventional amber colour, but all that requires time. While the soul of the wheat trickles in liquid crystals from the tin pipe, and while the moon shines without on Maynooth station, many a preliminary draught is drawn and sampled by the neighbours who have dropped in while waiting for the train.

In the distance a shrill cry is heard. It echoes from the rocky cliffs and re-echoes from the brush like the expiring cry of a wounded moose. Everybody knows that it is the train. Trailing a cloud of dust the mail truck comes thundering down the side of the hill from the village a mile away. It, too, has heard the cry. The mail is heavy. Eaton's catalogue, one copy for every settler in the district, has arrived at last. The baggage car disgorges six bulging bags. During the unloading the word passes through the crowd that the postmaster has gone to a wedding in Bancroft. There will be no

distribution of the mail tonight.

The little party at the log shack, the crap game in the box car, the promenade of bob-tail cats on the boulevard between the rails, have all broken up. The fireman banks his fire for the night and quiet descends once more on the potato patch behind the station. It has suddenly turned chilly, but perhaps the big black body that is so warm will once more protect the tender spuds that burrow so close to its side.

ON A LIBRARY

I feel at ease in a library. Not a public library, but a library in an odd corner of a house, a sanctum sanctorum approached only by the initiate. Here there are books with an air of being loved. Scuffed bindings betray long usage; pages are marked with faint tracings of ink; the scent of spring-time still clings to a faded violet pressed between the leaves. This is a true library.

There is something unimaginative about a modern library. The carpet is too soft; the chairs are too easy. Rows of books in bright bindings smell boldly of new leather. The library means no more than the cocktail bar—less, for its books are seldom touched.

Grandfather had a wonderful library. It smelled excitingly of old papers. Lord in his own household, grandfather never allowed his demure little wife to enter armed with a dust-cloth. He cared for his books himself, and they returned his love by growing more beautiful with age. I spent many hours with these books, learning to know them and their wonderful contents. Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe became realities to me, leaving their dark blue covers to perform on the stage of my imagination. I shall always respect grandfather for his love of books, and respect him too for his exciting library.

Some day I shall have such a haven. The room will be plain, but not dull. The walls will be lined with open cases, rich with the gleaming luxuriance of walnut. The windows will be hung with blue, and shaded. In the half-light the fine old bindings will beckon like old friends, and I shall be there to answer their call.

"IT — WHAT"

Reminiscences of English 21
To Professor Klinck

An aspiring young author
Sat down to write a theme;
"It was a lovely day," she wrote,
And "It was a dream!"
"It was bright and sunny,"
And "Later it began to rain;"
With cute description, vivid phrases,
She hoped an A to gain.
She handed it in on time—
The first one of the lot;
But when it was returned to her,
Each "it" was changed to "what?"
—A. M. H.

LITTLE OLD LADY

I have a portrait before me, the portrait of a little old lady. She is sitting in her armchair, her head turned towards me, with soft light resting like a halo above her high-piled white hair. As long as I can remember, that picture has been a reality in my life.

When I was a very little girl I used to visit Mrs. Seipel. I read the funny papers while her busy fingers worked at a bit of embroidery or crocheting. Sometimes I had the extreme delight of watching her bathe the bulldog. Buller received as much attention as a baby, and his weekly bath was a long-established rite in the Seipel household. There was a cookie jar, too, filled with the crispest of sugar cookies, the most delicious I have ever eaten.

In the evening all the children of the neighbourhood gathered on Mrs. Seipel's veranda. Not by prearrangement, you understand, but because of the fascinating prospect of a good story. For an hour or more we lived in a world of the past, hearing tales of childish pranks that belong to another century, thrilling to the reminiscence of an old lady.

Do you remember the winter of 1928? By the beginning of November the town was completely snowed in, and toboggans and sleds had come into their own once more. Each dawn brought a fresh blanket of snow, sparkling its good-morning to the first rays of the sun. I loved to watch Mrs. Seipel then. She stood for a moment on the steps, a snow-shovel in her hand, enjoying the beauty of new-fallen snow. Then, with an air of mentally rolling up her sleeves, she bent to the task at hand. Mrs. Seipel shovelled snow as she did everything else, vigorously. The winter of 1928 stands out particularly in my memory because of the huge drifts. On either side of the sidewalk drifts were piled high, higher than Mrs. Seipel. From the houses across the street nothing was visible save the regular deposit of shovel-loads of snow atop the drift. Her progress down the walk was punctuated with these little clouds of snow.

I think that my little old lady was at her sweetest, her best, in church. She loved God, and loved His worship. When I went to church with her, I watched her face to catch the look of adoration, the fleeting glimpse of sadness, the tender moment of yearning. With my hand clasped in hers, my mind tuned to her response, I could read a deeper meaning into the service; even I, a child, could understand.

She would have made a wonderful mother. I almost feel that the love she gave me was a mother's love, love that was left for me when her own child died. I'd like to think that she has her baby now, and knows the joy of holding close to her a little child who isn't borrowed for the day.

The Cord staff reports Miss MacClaren is ill and could not be interviewed but will have an interview for the next issue of the Cord.

R. S. McPhail

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CLASS NOTES

By **HERB BRENNAN**

After experiencing great difficulty the Senior Class have finally settled upon their Executive for the coming year. Two meetings were necessary to bring this settlement about. The first meeting was declared unconstitutional after there were several resignations and threatened resignations. Our worthy chairman, Bev Pugh, tried his best to keep order but finally gave up and entered into the general melee. After a truce of several days, a new meeting was called, under the chairmanship of Professor McIvor and an amicable settlement was reached.

Several weeks ago a very successful weiner roast was held under the auspices of the Senior Class. The party was to be held at Doon Pinnacle and after a difficult trek through a reforestation area the site was reached. Here the representatives of all the classes refreshed themselves with "Hot Dogs and Cokes." An impromptu male quartet led in a sing-song. There was one mysterious thing about that quartet—we never did find out who had the booming bass voice.

Perhaps a few freshmen will now understand that the Sophomores and Seniors really mean business when they lay down initiation rules. Porridge and shoe polish have a way of bringing the unruly into line. But one thing must be said in favour of the freshmen. They took it all in true sportsmanlike fashion.

A few weeks ago the dining room in the College was the scene of a party. A certain Freshette was celebrating a birthday. A tasty birthday cake was served to the patrons of the boarding club by the hostess. There was but one incident to mar the otherwise perfect party. A certain Seminarian was not present to join in the festivities.

REQUEST: Will English 48 students please change their brand of luncheon. Kindly use some form of nourishment that is not likely to be thrown. Signed

R. Merner.

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WE WANT HEAT

The day was dark, the wind was cold;

The corridors were thin and old,
The students' sole remaining joy
Was stolen by a freshie boy,
His overcoat so warm and new

He'd used it oft, when fires were few.

It had served as bathrobe, quilt and spread,

Had helped to warm his meagre bed.
With cheeks so blue, and nose a-glow
To the house-fathers' office see him go.

"Well, what for you?" in accents stern—

The student paler still did turn;
But firmly stood, beat no retreat,
And sadly muttered, "We want heat,

My coat is gone, the lights will go,
Soon now we'll face the freezing snow.

If I must study hard this year

My simple story kindly hear:

Just give us lots of heat and light
And help to make the hours bright.
We promise to be clean and neat,

But this our slogan—

We want heat."

DITHERY DOX

"Let Dithery Dox be the Doctor."

A word to the Freshmen:

Have you ever wondered why upper class men regularly come to class up to fifteen minutes late—and without fatal results, as Art Moyer will tell you—while you make it a point to be there one minute after the bell has rung?

Have you ever wondered what gives sophomores that sophisticated air?

Have you ever wondered where the sophomores buried that hatchet after initiation?

Have you ever wondered just where we keep the Seminary?

Have you ever wondered how a college student can keep from having a nervous breakdown?

Have you ever wondered why you come to college at all?

If these, or similar problems have been bothering you, let Dithery Dox be the doctor. Write to me immediately c/o the Editor, College Cord.

Dear Mr. Dox:

I am a student at Waterloo College; am eighteen years old, and would like to go out with a gentleman cadet at least 5 feet 7 inches tall. But they are not interested in me. Have you any suggestions as to whom I could snag?

LONESOME.

P.S.—Please hurry—have no dates next week.

Answer:

Lady, your problem is not "Whom could I snag," but rather, "How am I going to do it?" I have a couple of suggestions along this line. Why don't you take up wristlet knitting. Do this in class, and you will be sure to attract the attention of every cadet present. Or better still form an auxiliary corps for "the serving of tea to tired Tommies." I am sure that by doing this you would win at least one grateful heart. You'd better make it fast though, if you want a date this week.

DITHERY DOX.

THE CITY

Evening rush hour. It always comes now, perfectly timed like clockwork. Human automatons pour from the buildings and crowd the streets. Jubilant, self-satisfied, content with the day's work behind them, they are like one huge organization. They really are, although as separate cells they are unaware of it. The fat gentleman waiting for the street car thinks that he lives in the most beautiful and progressive city on the continent; so does the immaculate young young man with the ivory knobbed cane, and the elderly matron whose bosom juts forth like the prow of a ship. They also like Clark Gable and think that Hedy Lamarr is beautiful but dumb. They agree on many things without knowing it. But they pride themselves on their individualism and cherish their aloofness from the "common herd."

Girls go by wearing funny-looking hats and artificial faces. "Men are strange, aren't they? What a beautiful dress!" Lovers; he looks as if he really loves her, but he shouldn't show his emotions like that in public. It just isn't done. Yet why not? He is only obeying a natural impulse.

Neon lights, four feet high, pretty and colourful, but they all look the same and make similar comments on different things.

A theatre, "Love Me Again" playing idealism for thirty-five cents, but the spring will do it free. However, they say that it is a box-office attraction. Dazed and dreamy-eyed, people amble out. "Good show, he sure loved her a lot, how wonderful."

A restaurant pervaded with the drowsy languor of a contented crowd. Prosperous business men, smartly dressed women, and flashy college youths wearing the "We're-the-younger-generation-leave-everything-to-us" air, relax in a haze of cigarette smoke.

People go in and out of the drug-store constantly. White garbed waiters fill glasses of Coca Cola; Coca Cola, "the pause that refreshes"; Coca Cola, symbol of a civilization.

The evening paper is for sale at the corner. Late baseball scores and closing markets; it seems the Yankees won, 7-5, and Socony-Vacuum is down one and a half points. Pictures of the war, huge cannon and ponderous armoured tanks; they are marvels of machinery anyway. Great thing the Press—so educational. The Premier made a speech, "We're fighting to preserve civilization," he said. Civilization, neon lights, Hedy Lamarr's face, and Coca Cola. Night falls and the city lights twinkle on, penetrating its darkness.

"The College Times."

The sergeant needed a bit of help, and called on a cadet:

"You hold the hammer, I'll turn the wheel. When I nod my head, hit it."

The cadet did.

The sergeant is still in the hospital.

Jewellers  Watchmakers
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THE SIGN POST

In choosing a name for this new section we have tried to select one which would free us of most limitations. Of course "The Signpost" is the successor of "College Capers" and all the other gossip columns which have appeared in the Cord. As such it will keep an alert eye upon all college activities, noting especially the undercurrents and prevailing winds. In addition to this "The Signpost" may include observations, brickbats and bouquets, odds and ends of all sorts. Anything can happen! Letters, criticism, contributions, roses and bad eggs are all welcome. We will catch or dodge them as the case requires. And now to business.

For the benefit of anyone who does not know all about the great Book Shop affair we have written a new novel entitled, "Love at High Nuhn" or "June and the Javelin." It contains some valuable hints on approach and technique. On sale everywhere, one dollar per copy.

One of this edition's best bouquets is herewith handed to Ruth Corner. Her ambition and initiative took our co-ed athletes up to the London meet, whence they dragged home a first in volleyball and other honours. That's the real college spirit! Let's see it blossom out in other fields as well, especially in debating.

Freddie (the hermit) still has plenty of Faith, of course. Among seminarian idiosyncrasies we note that Baetz is very fond of Fish lately. (And we don't mean sardines.) Bob (Sport) Wilson has taken up Sculling. The exercise will do you good, Bob.

Some of the Frosh who removed their initiation decorations a bit early were spirited away one fine day, we hear. Hmm! It was too far away from Hallowe'en for ghosts. Never mind, sophs will be sophs. It was really a great blow to the co-eds when Artindale's moustache disappeared. Gosh, Bill, half a moustache was better than none, you know.

If there is a poet in the crowd, we now have two words which go together almost as well as Nuhn and June. They are, Anne and Stan. Guaranteed good companions in either verse or prose. Try a sonnet, won't you, and let me have it for the next issue.

Those sharp-eyed fellows on the staff of the Sheaf have recorded for posterity these deathless words on a theatre marquee: "Only Angels Have Wings—and Donald Duck."
"The Varsity."

To revert to ancient history, let's

talk about the wiener roast. It was rather fun, wasn't it? Three cheers for Prof. McIvor whose kind assistance put the thing over. In all it was a howling success, most of the howling being done by certain people.

INFORMATION PLEASE!

Further details are requested upon the following subjects:

1. We have not been able to find a certain Miss Beggs who is said to be in the school. The frosh know but they won't talk.
2. Is Dick Whitney's wave natural, or is it a permanent?
3. What was in those notes that Art Moyer passed to Peggy Selby, and vice versa?
4. What show did Jean and Connie see the other night?
5. What is Ilse Mosig up to? That girl gets around like confetti on a windy day. Anything we wrote about her would probably be out of date by press time.

MEN'S FASHION NOTES

Don't they look just too two in those uniforms?

With two Schmieders about I am a bit confused. I have graded them Schmieder 1 and Schmieder 2.

Go out the library door, turn left, Schmieder 1. He leans over the bango up two steps and you will find nister and gazes into the eyes of a damsel below. If you don't believe me go take a look. They're probably there right now. If not, try the other staircases. Schmieder 2 does not seem to have brother's weakness for stairs, but she and Marty get along very well.

Charlie Green minus glasses seems to be more than dangerous. At least two girls have discovered—quote: Gosh, isn't he handsome. Unquote. Look out, Charlie! Better get horn rims next time.

Dave Dooley learned a lot more than frying hamburgers at the beach this summer. He has threatened murder if we mention that dreamy look he has everytime someone plays Sierra Sue. He must have had fun after Windy had gone and there was no one to look after him.

Looks as if there might be a tea sometime next week. Gladys has

DEL. HARTMAN

been looking around for a pound of tea, left over from last time. It is supposed to be in the girls' room somewhere. Good luck, Gladys!

Did you see Herb Brennan in the gallery yesterday while we were playing basketball? He was almost cross-eyed from watching the referee.

VOX POP—

Dear Vox Pop—

Could you find someone who would lend me a record of Duke Ellington's Mood Indigo—one that was released before summer, 1935; his Jack the Bear; and a good arrangement of In a Mist.

Phonograph-in-car-carrier.

Is there a volunteer in the crowd?

Vox Pop—

We've no tuck shop. We've no chocolate bar machine. We've no coke machine.

Why. Annoyed.

P.S.—A juke box would be nice, too.

Answer:

Nick has informed us that he's now well supplied. Maybe you could convince him to provide you with your music.

Editor of Vox Pop—

It has been uncommonly noisy in the library recently. Someone says it's because the Cord copy has been coming in and there's nowhere to put it. It really is most annoying to have every table in the girls' room covered with papers, on top of which is a sign "Cord Copy—Private—Keep Out." Why can't there be a cupboard devoted to the Cord?

A Curious Freshette.

Answer:

We expect to have a Cord room before long. Efforts have been made to have the use of one of the empty rooms.

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SPORT

WATERLOO CAPTURES GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TITLE AT INTERCOLLEGE MEET

MARY FISCHER SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDS TITLE

The girls' volleyball team, a new organization at Waterloo, was successful in ousting the Western girls' team at the Intra-Varsity Field and Track Meet held in London, October 18. This victory brought them 5 points.

The track team placed third, winning 1 point, thus bringing the total to 6 points.

Next year the co-eds plan to enter both the archery contest and the tennis tournament.

CONGRATULATIONS!

Mary Fisher is to be congratulated on winning first place in the field and track meet held here recently.

GIRLS WIN VOLLEYBALL AT GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The basketball season has started again. There seems to be some good basketball material in the frosh class, and we are looking forward to having a good team. But don't leave it to the P.T. class, Co-eds! If you can play basketball, or would like to learn how to play, come out to practices. Watch the bulletin board for the practice schedule.

There will be an exhibition game with St. Mary's High School towards the end of November. The date will be announced later. On Dec. 2 we are to meet the girl of Alma College in the opening game. The basketball schedule for the coming season will be published in the next issue.

THE WIENER ROAST

Officially the freshmen were the guests of the other classes in the college. There was plenty of food, fire and fun. Unofficially we can best illustrate by the comments of some who attended.

Mary Fisher: "We only did one thing all night. Of course we came to Doon Pinnacle late."

Professor McIvor: "It was quite an affair. I think they enjoyed themselves."

Wallace Minke: "Oh, I enjoyed myself. Do you think the others enjoyed my singing?"

L.L.B.L.: "I worked." (So did many others.)

Helen Nairn: "O.K."

We leave other comments to you.

College To Play Industrial Hockey

Waterloo Unit Reviewed At Western

Waterloo College is going to have a hockey or a basketball team this year. The Athletic Directorate was advised at its first meeting that the faculty would allow one or the other, but not both. Military training, the students were told, takes too much time to permit any extensive program of boys' athletics this winter.

It is quite definite that the College will have a hockey team. In several practices last year, a great deal of enthusiasm for Canada's national game was displayed, both by the boys who stumbled up and down the ice, and by the railbirds who cheered them on with hearty shouts or feminine shrieks. Many of the players had not been on skates for several seasons, but all they needed was a little practice. They showed enough ability to convince the sponsors of the idea that the College should enter a team in the Kitchener-Waterloo Industrial League.

Waterloo College can hardly be classified as an industry, but this league offers the only suitable competition for our players. If we enter a team in the Industrial League, we will be sure of meeting teams of our own calibre, teams which will not be out of our class. Several of the League officials have intimated that they would welcome a Waterloo College entry, even though it involves a revision of the rules. The amount of interest in hockey at the College is ample justification for our entering a team.

But if we have a hockey team, we will not be allowed to have a basketball team. This means that the team which won the championship of the Twin City League in 1938 and 1939, and finished second in 1940, is to be disbanded. Just when basketball is "on its feet" at the College, it has to be given up. A basketball team would play its games on Saturday night — when no one has any thought of studying — and would require only two hours of practice a week. It would finish its schedule before the Christmas vacation.

Then on what grounds does the faculty object that a basketball team would keep the boys from their studies too much? The Twin City Basketball League has invited Waterloo College to enter a team, the students want to have a team, and there is no valid objection to our having one.

Military Authorities Comment Favourably On No. K Platoon,

When military training began at Waterloo College, it was indeed an awkward squad which tried to form a straight line and tried to keep in step. But hours of drill under the able direction of Lieut. Brock and Lieut. Boyter have brought about a great deal of improvement. The cadets have long since found out which hand is their right. No more does the sergeant sublimely wheel to the left on the command "right wheel." And the jumble caused on the command left wheel by half of the squad wheeling to the left and the other half executing a left turn no longer occurs. The cadets even manage to keep in step on route marches.

When the C.O.T.C. boys went to London on Sat., Oct. 26, they received uniforms and began to look like a military unit. The platoon participated in the battalion review, in which all the members of the C.O.T.C. from Western marched past.

It is significant that the commanding officer complimented our unit with the words, "Well done, Waterloo. Keep it up." It made us all quite pleased to hear these few words of commendation.

After the reviews the Western contingent marched into Little Stadium and lined up on the rugby field for the playing of "God Save the King." Then the cadets took their seats, and were treated to an exhibition of basketball as it should be played on a football field. The powerful Western team overwhelmed R.M.C. by a score of 65-0. Krol, Moore, Kennedy and the other Western backfielders razzle-dazzled down the field time and time again, eluding tacklers with fine exhibitions of broken-field running and lateral passes in profusion.

It was a rather enjoyable day for most of us. If it did nothing else, it made us realize that our military training at Waterloo College is proceeding at least as well as that at Western.

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WATERLOO

SEMINARY NOTES

By HENRY NUHN

The new school year of 1940-41 finds Waterloo Seminary with a somewhat reduced enrolment. There are seven students—two Seniors, Arnold Conrad and Martin Stockmann; four Middlers, Alvin Baetz, Clifton Monk, Fred Neudoerffer and Henry Nuhn; and one Junior, Alfred Kennard. All the above with the exception of Mr. Kennard are well known around Waterloo College and Seminary, having studied here for four or more years. The latter is a newcomer to Waterloo and perhaps requires some introduction.

Alf. is a married man and spends his weekends in Hamilton. He has had a wide range of experiences in both secular and church work. As one who is able to speak equally well on the experiences of a milkman or on the joys of being the president of a Brotherhood, he is a valuable addition to Waterloo Seminary.

The organization meeting of the Seminarians was held on Oct. 10 and the following officers were elected: President, Arnold Conrad; hon. pres. Prof. Creager; vice-pres., Henry Nuhn; secretary, Alf. Kennard; treasurer, Clifton Monk.

The first regular meeting of the Seminarians was addressed by Rev. Jacobi, Pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church. The speaker gave an interesting summary of the highlights of the Convention of the United Lutheran Church of America which was recently held at Omaha, Nebraska.

FROM RELIGION TO JAZZ!

FOUND—One classical musician who doesn't utter that horrid word jazz with a shudder, who quotes Pannassie and refers to Lombardo with a smile. The students of Waterloo were introduced to this rare type of musician on Thursday evening, October 17th, when Bernard Hirons informally addressed the Athenaeum Society. His subject was, "From Religion to Jazz." He professed a sincere liking for jazz and advanced several points in favor of it. Jazz has, he said, introduced a stimulus which had been lacking. Jazz is creative, especially when played by Ellington. In this connection he spoke of the famed Goodman Carnegie Hall concert and said the impression he got was that the musicians were merely going through a routine they had repeated often before. Jazz music puts both the audience and the players in a happy frame of mind.

—R. Merner.

OUR GRADUATES

—HELEN NAIRN.

The class of nineteen forty is well represented at O.C.E. this year. Five of the seven graduates, Ilse Acksim, Elsa Christiansen, Beryl Lake, Claire Pope and Mary McGarry are in attendance there. Mary McGarry had a rather unfortunate experience not long after her arrival in Toronto. Two days after commencing her new work she was whisked away to the hospital for an appendix operation. So glad to hear that you are better, Mary, and are able to return to school.

Gertrude Daber has separated herself from the ranks of her fellow graduates and is attending Stratford Normal School—with the prospects of becoming a school marm. Jean Kellerman is the sole representative of her class in the business world. From all reports we understand that "insurance" has many attractive features. We hope the Dominion Life appreciates the talents of our graduate.

We miss these seniors of last year. No longer have we set before us, as examples, those students, conscientious workers. No longer have we those willing, dependable girls to take the leading share of responsibilities in all phases of school life. Now that they have gone we begin to realize their worth. But we have not forgotten them. Our united wishes are sent for continued success in their undertakings.

ATHENAEUM NOTATIONS

By CHARLIE GREEN

First meeting introduced the Freshmen. The first Athenaeum meeting was held on Tuesday, September 24. A good crowd was present, among which were many Freshmen who apparently wished they had not come. The meeting was opened by singing "O Canada." Allan McTaggart was elected secretary-treasurer, and Professor Rikard, faculty adviser.

The meeting was turned over to a group of upper-classmen under the direction of Mr. Minke. Opinions concerning the questions asked of the Frosh were varied. We agree on the futility of asking some of the Freshettes for their phone numbers, since everyone present already knew them. Mr. Whitney gave a fine display of horsemanship. After the Freshmen had been questioned one by one, much to their discomfort, the situation was relieved by the appearance of lunch.

Following this finishing touch to a perfect party, the meeting adjourned with the singing of the National Anthem.

BUDDHAN GENIUS

It was high noon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning, "There is only one God and Mohammed is his prophet." A voice broke in, "He is not!" The throng turned, and amid the sea of dark brown faces was a small, round, yellow one. The priest straightened up and said, "There appears to be a little confucian here."

THE THREE AGES OF A WOMAN

At sweet sixteen the maiden fair,
With many lovers busy
Will lift her nose up in the air
And ask with quite a haughty stare:
"Who is he? Oh, who is he?"

At twenty-five she's more subdued,
With sweethearts not so busy;
The stronger sex must still intrude,
She asks, not wishing to be rude,
"What is he? Oh, what is he?"

But at the age of thirty-five
With hopes deferred quite dizzy,
She works on quite a different plan
And cries—when hearing of a man—
"Where is he? Oh, where is he?"
A. Kennard.

SWING

A long time ago in the Delta State
Swing music started, and grew to
be great.

The people, when they heard it
asked, "What's this thing?"
'Twas a syncopated rhythm today
called swing.

Beiderbeck's Band played swing a
new way
With its Dinieland style that is still
played today.

The neat thing was "ragtime," which
soon crazed the nation
And men like "Blind" Boon wrote
a new syncopation.

Today there are things which we
call "jitterbugs,"

Who "get in the groove," blow their
tops" and "cut rugs."

We have bands such as Crosby,
Miller and Kayser,

Whose college of swing makes the
jitterbugs wiser.

From the corny old tunes to the
sweet modern touch,

And through twenty odd years
swing hasn't changed much.

If you like it or not, as the "gators"
all say,

"Don't be an icky!" 'cause swing's
here to stay.

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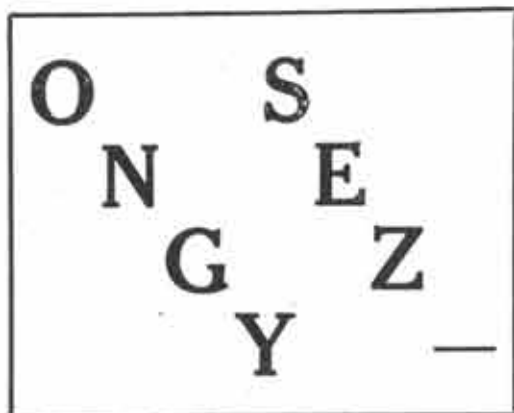
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We held up the printing of the Cord long enough to let those unfortunates who weren't at the Hallowe'en Party know what they missed.

As in "Bolero at the Savoy," it was "a killer with a new kind of joy," and we do mean killer and joy.

First of all, we watched Dick Whitney get bashed by Eddie Gartung, then we sat and tried to figure out whether 105 was a Buzz. It seems Ilse Mosig didn't know, and she was forced to eat a yard of string. Then Freshette Rohe missed on 133, and was rushed into the centre of the ring, to make a noise like a giraffe. The result was deafening.

Then followed a bag-swatting episode which no one won, and a Sadie Hawkins' Race (?) — Jean Shantz came out victorious with a bottle of perfume and twig with which to entice her victim. (Where was Earthquake McGoon?)

The late appearance of the Master of Ceremonies nonetheless impaired his entrance; he really came in with a bang. But no one, not even those who love him most, can forgive him for his Napoleon masterpiece, except we did love his feet.

The Scavenger Hunt was really a pleasant surprise; but five cars, and only one could win. Cars were driven by Eby, Whitney, Halwig and Gartung. Peg Selby, Anne Kuntz, Al Baetz, Jim Spohn and Herb Brennan won that delightful case of cokes—but don't think anyone believed they deserved to.

We were served coffee, sandwiches, doughnuts (which Whitney loved) and kisses. We left at 20 to,—how do I know? Well 20 to is all I'll say, and that's right.

Could we gossip about afterwards? Saw June and Hank, and Ruthie and Marty leave — but that's all we saw of them.

Jean and Henry were most conspicuous in their absence. Who'll offer to prove they weren't walking? But we did see the Rohe and the Pugh, with Helen and Herb; Mr.

and Miss Minke; "Miss" Corner and Ed. Gartung. But no Patsy and Bob — or should it be Charlie?

GLEE CLUB cont. from page one

should be able to progress from middle-C to Gilbert and Sullivan, during the course of the year. There should be some way of breaking it more gently; the fact that we are going to attempt an operetta. We shall climb the ladder to this goal on the rungs of folk-songs, rounds, and Christmas carols.

At the present time, there is a deficiency of male voices in the club. We extend a plea to the boys (men) to turn out for practice in greater numbers. There is no doubt that we, the girls of the college, are clever and talented, but even the best of us cannot sing bass. We need chiefly tenors and baritons. We realize that not many people know definitely whether they are tenors or baritones, but that is no great matter. The joy of discovery still awaits them.

In a more serious vein, we must mention Mr. Hiron, the new director of the Glee Club. As you know, he is organist at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Kitchener, and has consented to conduct our club, because he feels we would appreciate such a course in singing. With his magnetic personality and deep musical knowledge, he should, indeed, make a success of the Glee Club.

—Margaret Rohe.

FRESHMEN cont. from page one

group set about to gain their satisfaction. For they will remember the same time last year when they

themselves faced with equal awe the approaching event.

The curious Frosh were all gathered together in one room. Here the proclamation was read to them by a black-robed Soph, surrounded by hundreds—so it seemed to us—of other black-robed, frowning Sophs. That afternoon the male genoes lost their "he-mannishness" to assume the feminine role. Lipstick—a vile tasting substance if applied directly from the container—smeared their faces. One bright young Frosh was heard to remark: "This stuff tastes all right if properly put on, but not in this quantity." Next, a strawberry box was perched precariously on the side of the head, and a "pretty" pink apron was dangled from the waste, pardon me, waist. Each foot sported a different colored sock which showed up beautifully beneath the rolled pant legs. The girls were forced to abandon all makeup. It takes an occasion like this to make the gentlemen appreciate the tone value of cosmetics in their proper places.

No slam, girls! It really was a shame to see some of the beautiful hair done up in knots at the back of the neck. And the green ribbons which tied the hair matched so nicely with the pink bibs hanging down the front! Well, now that it is over I dare say some of the Freshmen are wiser than when they started. Army discipline may be strict, but Sophomore discipline has a way of enforcement all its own. One Frosh was heard to say, "I got a world of education in one night!"

Long live initiation, and Heaven help the Freshman Class of 1941!

PROF PERRY cont. from page one
found Professor Perry modest enough to be called reticent.

He said, "I have really done nothing startling." This information is hardly extensive enough to give a basis either for agreement or disagreement. However, any of us who have taken lectures with him can say unreservedly, "Professor Perry is a thorough student and an excellent gentleman with a delightful sense of humour."

But there were Spohn, Beggs, Whitney and Halwig dancing with some Angels. Anne and Art — Stan stood around alone and looked melancholy — put in an appearance; incidentally, Arthur looks divine in a too-big Bowler. That Bowler really got around.

Poor Ed. Hedderick lamented her fall over the post by the driveway; she held her elbow most pathetically. And besides, the dashed cat got away.

Do you suppose someone could tell Kenneth that it ain't neither perlite nor good policy to always be where Peg is?

By the way, why did Selby lie down under the good couch in near-hysterics, Friday morning, when a really good pun was pulled, and someone shrieked, "That's number five."—?

Do you know Wurlitzer's Joe Miller?

He has the most amazing stock of cute stories. Very amusing, Joe is. But we ain't suggesting you ask him for any of them.

We could really have had a good session—if you like your swing conventional.

One thing was lacking—Fish. Her absence was irrelevant, immaterial, and uncalled for. Also undesirable.

All in all, as you must have gathered, the Hallowe'en party was a success, and here's credit to Dave Dooley, Roly Merner, and Art Moyer for having the good ideas, and putting them over so well.

Here's to future parties.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

They find fault with the editor,
The stuff we print is rot,
The paper is as peppy as a cemetery lot.

The rag shows rotten management,
The jokes, they say, are stale.
The upperclassmen holler
The lower classmen rail,
But when the paper's issued,
(We say it with a smile)
If someone doesn't get one,
You can hear him yell a mile.
"The Southwestern."

A library is a lovesome spot
Got wot,

Book lined—

There one may read

Or waste a thought

On pretty girls

Why not?

But last week,

We must admit

'Twas not

So hot.

And we do mean it was cold!

"The Gateway."

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