

# THE COLLEGE CORD

VOL. 17

WATERLOO, ONT., NOV. 30, 1941

WINTERGRAD PUBLICATION

NO. 2

## Dr. Jefferis Addresses The Athenaeum Society

### Gives Delightful and Instructive Talk on English Public Schools

The third Athenaeum meeting of the year was held on Thursday, November 13.

The program began with a short business meeting, during which it was announced that our next Athenaeum would be in the form of a musical program, open to the public.

The feature of the evening was a talk given by our own Dr. Jefferis on the subject, "The Old School Tie." What he told us about the public schools of England, such as Eton and Rugby, was both entertaining and educational. In fact, his speech was so interesting that the next day some of the students 'sat in' on one of his lectures "to hear him talk some more."

When lunch time came, fresh doughnuts and steaming coffee were set before us — a suitable conclusion to a very pleasant evening!

\* \* \*

The day after Athenaeum, two of us wandered into one of Dr. Jefferis' lectures to hear him expound to Miss Eagar the principles of Greek Architecture.

Enter Dr. Jefferis —

Dr. Jefferis: You belong here?

We: We decided to accept your invitation, Sir.

Dr. Jefferis: Good! You will probably find it extremely dull.

Needless to say, we did not find it at all dull. We found it extremely interesting. Unfortunately, we could not resist experiencing the delight of attending a lecture without taking any notes. We are, therefore, unable to give you any authoritative material on Greek architecture. We can only tell you that if you wish to peruse this study we are sure that Miss Eagar will be glad to give you names of books on the subject, not omitting one written by "a gentleman rejoicing in the name of 'Gutch'."

Dr. Jefferis told us that we may see examples of all the main types of Greek columns on King Street, North, South, East, or West, in our own fair city of Kitchener-Waterloo. Who knows? Perhaps when our civilization has been destroyed and our descendants dig us up three thousand year from now, the poor benighted creatures will conclude that "This must be the remains of Troy: Look at the Greek columns."

At any rate, we are arranging for a date with Nora to go Greek-column-hunting down King Street some day in the spring.

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### Co-eds Defeat St. Mary's In First Basketball Game of the Season

The girls' basketball season opened with an exhibition game at the College with St. Mary's High School. After the first few minutes of play, our players took the lead and kept it throughout the game. The score at half-time was 16-6 and the final score 25-14 in favour of Waterloo.

Our players are as follows: Forwards: Ann Kuntz, Jean Kramp, Ruth Schmieder; guards: Violet Dorsch, Margaret Rohe, Lottie Kellerman, Elva Wildfong. The forwards piled up the following scores for our team: Jean Kramp 12, Anne Kuntz 7, Ruth Schmieder 7. Ruth Schmieder who played guard all last year, shows evidence of becoming an excellent forward. Our two new players, Lottie Kellerman and Elva Wildfong, played well for their first game.

St. Mary's team may be complimented on its efficient defence. In comparison our team displayed superior shooting ability and less effective guarding.

There was a large number of fouls called on players of both teams because of rather severe interpretation of the rules. However, as soon as players realize that rules are formed to improve their playing and not hinder it, they will have reached a finer understanding of basketball.

We like the way the referee, Miss Wilda Graber, interprets the game of basketball. If more referees would insist on clean, open play, the game itself would necessarily become faster and more skilful.

The interwestern badminton and basketball competition begins Nov. 25th. The schedule is as follows:

Nov. 25—Waterloo vs. U. of Western Ontario at London.

Dec. 5—Waterloo vs. Alma at St. Thomas.

Dec. 8—Waterloo vs. Alma at Kitchener.

Dec. 15—Waterloo vs. Brescia at Kitchener.

Feb. 16—Waterloo vs. U. of Western Ontario at Kitchener.

Feb. 26—Waterloo vs. Brescia at London.

### Badminton

More interest is being displayed by both boys and girls this year in the ever-popular game of badminton. To give the greatest satisfaction, this game requires the development of speed, good form, and quick responses. Let's work to build up worthwhile competition for a mid-western tournament in men's singles and doubles, girls' singles and doubles, and mixed doubles.

### The Parsnip

The parsnip, children, I repeat, Is simply an anemic beet. Some people call the parsnip edible; Myself, I find this claim incredible.

### With Our Alumni

The class of '40 will be known in the history of the college not only as a class of coeds but also as a class of "school-marms." It seems they liked education so well that all of them have taken it as a profession, except one.

Gertrude Daber is working with the little tots in Grade I in the Suddaby School in Kitchener.

Ilse Aksim, Beryl Lake, Mary McGarry and Claire Pope are teaching in various High Schools throughout the province: Ilse at Thessalon, near Sault Ste. Marie, Beryl at Leaside, Toronto, Mary at Kinkora, near Stratford and Claire at the St. Joseph's Ladies College in North Bay.

Jean Kellerman is working in the head office of the Dominion Life Assurance Company figuring out dividends in the Actuarial department.

Helen Nairn of the class of '41 is keeping up the teaching tradition at the College of Education in Toronto. Who knows? She may be a professoressette some day!

Art Moyer, also of the class of '41, is doing his duty for Canada and the College by training to be a Pilot Observer in the R.C.A.F. He is now stationed in Quebec.

From the seminary in '41 and the college in '39, Arnold Conrad and Martin Stockman are pastors in their own right at New Dundee and Warton respectively.

Henry Nuhn has the honour of being the assistant pastor at St. Peter's church in Kitchener. We understand he is doing exceedingly well. At the same time, he is continuing his studies in the Seminary.

Bob Tegler '39, and Herb Brennan '41, are working in the office of the Goodrich Rubber Company in Kitchener.

Betty Smith '39, has a new position in the office of the Seagram Distillery.

Margaret Pletch '39 is in her second year on the staff of the New Hamburg High School. Margaret was married in June to John Meyer of the R.C.A.F., now in England. Best wishes, Marg, from everyone at old W.C.

### Waterloo College Team Is Successful in Inter-Western Basketball

The first game in the Interwestern basketball competition was a decisive victory for Waterloo College. Our girls led the play throughout with a score at half-time of 11-2 and a final score of 15-8 in favour of Waterloo.

In our matches with Western last year one game was a tie and the other a defeat for Waterloo. The Western team in this game showed none of its past prowess in shooting and passing. The passing was ill-timed and the shooting negligible.

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 4)

### Athenaeum Holds A Party in The Gym

The gym was appropriately decorated with leering witches, fierce black cats, grinning pumpkins, and one very bony skeleton dangling eerily in mid-air. The lights were dim. Candles inside the pumpkins flickered and danced.

Into such a setting we, the partyites, were ushered. Mysterious pieces of paper were pinned on our backs and shivering with apprehension, we wondered what was to follow. But we were soon relieved to find that this was game night and not the witching hour.

We became children again, and very animated ones too, as we played a sort of glorified shuffleboard and musical chairs. Believe-it-or-not our little Miss Bier was the winner in the latter game. She seemed to have no trouble at all getting a chair every time, while many of our big, strong he-men were looking so funny sitting beside or under their chairs.

The treasure hunt was a wild affair. It really did our hearts good to see some of our professors, no names mentioned, tearing about madly and rounding corners at top speed in the wild search for those elusive little notes.

"Run Sheep Run" ended in a frantic search for lost sheep. Little Bo Peep certainly would have had an awful time with our woolly lambs.

The top of the evening came with the Grand March which was definitely GRAND, although nobody seemed to know what was going on half of the time. Lunch was served in novel form, the girls bringing out the box lunches prettily wrapped in orange and black, and the boys supplying the beverages.

Was it fun? You bet! Thanks to everybody who helped plan or present this very successful party.

### Jean Kramp, Ruth Schmieder, and Anne Kuntz Compete in Badminton

The first singles game, played by Jean Kramp and Mary Fisher resulted in a score of 21-7 in favour of Mary Fisher. Mary, formerly of Waterloo, is now representing Western in badminton. The second singles game, Ruth Schmieder playing Peggy Lang of Western, ended in a score of 21-4 for Peggy Lang. The Western doubles, Mary Scott and Peggy Hennigar, defeated the Waterloo players, Anne Kuntz and Jean Kramp, 21-13.

The badminton competition was a complete victory for Western. Our players showed a knowledge of the fundamentals of the game and played very well after a fatiguing game of basketball, which had rather more

(Continued on Page , Col. 4)

Founded 1926

# THE COLLEGE CORD

Editor-in-Chief ..... Alice Hedderick  
 Junior Editor ..... Margaret Rohe  
 Literaria ..... Jean C. Kramp  
 The Sign Post ..... Delphine Hartman  
 C.O.T.C. Notes ..... David Dooley  
 Social Events ..... Gladys Quehl

Alumni Notes ..... Lottie Kellerman  
 Faculty Adviser ..... Professor R. C. McIvor  
 Sports ..... Ruth Corner  
 Exchange ..... Jean Bier  
 Business Manager ..... Henry Schmieder  
 Circulation Manager ..... Harro Pfeiffer

## EDITORIAL

A "gazette," according to the Concise Oxford Dictionary, is a "news sheet, periodical publication giving current events." We hope the College Cord is not one. We hear that that word has been used, though we do not know in what spirit, in reference to the Cord. We wonder if, in spite of our efforts, our paper is too much of a "news sheet." The definition we wish to apply to the Cord is the same dictionary's meaning for "magazine": "Periodical publication containing articles by various writers." We want more literary endeavour, more originality. We want something startlingly different. But suppose — if it is possible to stretch our imaginations so far — just suppose that we received enough original literary contributions that we might dispense with Athenaeum writeups, sports accounts, alumni notes, C.O.T.C. news, and all the rest of it. Would we not be met by a burst of indignant protest? Perhaps we have been too conservative, perhaps it has never occurred to us to cut out accounts of organization meetings and other things which no one reads — editorials included. We have been considering revolutionary changes. But perhaps the very people who criticize would be the first to object if the old forms were altered.

Criticism offered frankly and with intent to help will be gratefully received by the Cord staff. The Cord belongs to all the students. It is their privilege and their duty to help and work for it. We welcome the kind of criticism that will help to fill our columns with fresh, interesting and worthwhile material. But we fear the kind of criticism that is uttered out of our hearing, criticism which is neither constructive nor sporting. We hope that there is no one who bears us so much ill-will and has so little interest in his Cord as to indulge in backstairs comments. We are sure we have no such enemies.

For we have been very much cheered by favourable comments. We must mention an encouraging letter from Dr. Neville of Western. Undoubtedly all those who read the last Cord formed some opinion on it, but only a few were so kind as to tell us of it. We shall not soon forget Dr. Neville's thoughtfulness and we shall try our hardest not to disappoint him and our other well-wishers during the rest of the year.



Professor Klinck and the editor of the Cord two years ago did some work in assembling back numbers of the Cord. Their plan was to have these Cords bound so that they would be in convenient form to be consulted.

Professor Klinck wishes to take up this project again. We think that the Cords in this form may be interesting to everyone and very useful to the present staff.

We should like our readers to note the following copies, which are still missing. Someone may be able to help us in locating them:

Volume 2, No. 8 .....	3 copies
Volume 2, No. 9 .....	2 copies
Volume 3, No. 9 .....	3 copies
Volume 10, No. 6 .....	4 copies
Volume 10, No. 7 .....	5 copies

Also

October, 1936 ..... 2 copies

and

June, 1937, (if one was published) ..... 5 copies

We shall be grateful to anyone who can help us to find these missing copies of the College Cord.

As you have probably noticed, there have been no Seminary Notes in this year's College Cord. You have probably wondered why. So have we. Since the Cord is an undergraduate publication, the writer of any contribution from the Seminary is not on the Cord staff. If you, Seminarians, want your activities mentioned in the Cord, you must do the mentioning. It is not our responsibility. We spoke to several members of the Seminary, but all declined the honour of writing Seminary notes. We will welcome any contribution which may be made.

## University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

The dictionary defines "education" as a process, a discipline of mind or character through study or instruction. It may refer also to a stage in the process of training such as a **college education**. The words "education," "training," "discipline" and "breeding" have, according to usage, similar meanings. They all refer to the various qualities that result from a good college course. A university graduate should show by his speech, bearing, manners, conduct, efficiency and character that he has received the benefits of a college education.

Sometimes, owing to the lack of adjustment of educational procedures to the needs of individual students, a college course fails of its objective. The purpose of administrative control is to correct any defect of this kind.

It is a reproach under which even the greatest institutions of learning suffer that sometimes their graduates cease to be students as soon as they leave college.

A university or college course is of high value when it enables the student who takes it to make the most of his opportunities in after life. It should help him to acquire the knowledge and ability necessary for him to render the greatest service to the community in which he lives.

In this stage of the world's development men of education and ability are more needed than at any time in the past.

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

**K. P. R. Neville, Ph.D., Registrar.**  
 University Post Office, London, Ont.

## — LITERARIA —

## Marie

The night was cold and damp. The moonlight shining through the window caused the small, bare room to assume a mystic appearance. Even the furniture, plain as it was, seemed unfamiliar and unreal in the light. Marie, not being able to sleep, had watched the transformation of her surroundings with awe and a kind of hatred. It was, she reflected, like the change that had come over France, when the Nazis had attacked the country in which she had been so happy — this country which had been so alive, so carefree, so full of careless laughter; the country which had become overnight a place of horror and fear, its inhabitants sullen and subdued, conquered by Germany, controlled by a lunatic with illusions of world conquest.

Pierre had been killed in that attack. Pierre who had been so good a husband, who would have been so kind a father, had been killed by a Nazi swine. How she hated them! Hated their shaven heads, their goose-stepping, their guttural "Heil Hitler!" She threw off the blankets which were damp with the sweat that had enveloped her body. And what of her child—her child and Pierre's—that had not yet been born? What would become of it in a world such as this?

If it were a girl would she, too, grow up and marry, only to have her husband killed in a war, and experience all the fear and heartbreak that she, Marie, was experiencing now? Would she, too, have her life ruined, just as it was beginning? Would she, too, lie awake at night wondering which was better, lifeless existence or death? The familiar dull ache began to form around Marie's throat, a hard knot of tears that would not become loosened.

And this child—what if it were a boy? He would grow into a fine, healthy man, just as Pierre had been, with eyes that were always smiling and with arms quick to comfort. And then he, too, would go off to give his life for his country, and be killed, just as his father before him had been killed.

If only that tightness around her throat would loosen! The ache in her chest was getting worse. Her body was becoming hotter, hotter, still hotter. The room was spinning. Her head was throbbing monotonously. It was the thud of Nazi boots marching across France. That ominous one, two; one, two — louder, louder, louder. The room was turning faster. In the corner something gleamed, gleamed with a cold brightness. She wanted something cold to calm the dreadful heat of her body. She rose shaking, from her bed. Everything was blurred except that one bright object. If only she could reach it before the whole room crashed down upon her. Something cold . . . Only a few steps . . . She was getting closer now. Why was everything whirling so madly! It was hard to keep one's balance. But she had al-

most reached it. Just one more step. There, she had it. So soothing cold! So beautiful in its coldness! Now maybe the room would cease its crazy turning —

The doctor told the owner of the pension that the girl had died instantly. She could not possibly have lived more than a few seconds after the knife had pierced her heart.

By Mary Huehnergarde.

## Mystery

A year ago I thought mystery stories were utter drivel. With my head in the clouds where, according to Matthew Arnold, Shakespeare is supposed to sit, I considered it beneath my literary dignity to look at a mystery story—to know even that such things existed in the realm of literature.

Then—what happens? A member of my family is given a couple of Agatha Christies to while — or is it wile—away the time on a train trip. So what do I do? I pick one up before lunch. I get interested. I read it. I finish it. I read the other one. Breathless, I stay up till midnight to finish it. I fetch another from the library, and another. I am a degenerate woman. I have become a mystery story addict. And I am not even struck with remorse. Rather, I feel as if I have suddenly seen the light after stumbling in darkness for a long time. After years of wading through good literature, I have at last discovered something thoroughly taboo, disgustingly common, and utterly delightful.

Our friend Mrs. — expounded her method over a coke in Bedfords' one day. After reading all but the chapter in which the mystery is unravelled, she retires to go over the plot and solve the mystery for herself. Then she finishes it next morning after breakfast. Mrs. — is an expert. I am too much a novice to have developed such a scientific procedure. Perhaps, like a mediaeval Institutional, I am unable to think for myself and must accept all as it is laid down in the book. I find it impossible to detect the murderer. Miss Christie always has at least seven suspects, and always makes the least suspected one turn up guilty. I cannot stop to trace the development. I am in too great a hurry to find out what happens. This, undoubtedly, marks me as a fake in the Sacred Order of Mystery Story Readers. But I am only beginning. I began late, but better late than — well, anyway, I began.

And if you experts should, by any chance, consider Agatha Christie poor stuff, I have made a prize fool of myself. But I am not an expert. And though I still cling fondly to Macbeth and The Spectator, I must say for the benefit of a gentleman who is here unnamed that the A—G—s did not produce anything to vie with the English mystery story — I hope.

## EXCHANGE

## Dear Mother

Your gentle son has gone nuts, mad, dithyrambically rabid, shattered, unhinged; in fact il a de diable au corps, bats in the belfrey, rats in the attic.

It all began last Friday night. No. It was Saturday morning. At about two-thirty on Saturday morning when the merry crickets were warming their merry backsides at the hearth, letting smelly hamburgers and gobby banana-splits ruin them. Figuratively speaking.

Yes, mother dear, your son shuddered at all the figurative ruin, pulled his cowl over his jowl and aesthetically dunked a shredded wheat biscuit in chocolate milk.

Said Thomas:

"Often, oh Michael, thou hast stopped my bootless inquisition with a "stay, not yet," but let us now set aside the senseless fripperies and gewgaws of modern life and be serious."

I could not help but stop from supping at my chocolate-dunked rusk to hear such eloquence. I put down my spoon and began to balance the ketchup bottle on the pepper cellar. The ketchup bottle nodded stupidly.

"Go on, Thomas."

"Now just consider what I said about "bootless inquisitions." Often have I sat at night tearing out paper swastikas and poking at them with a slide rule, poking, poking, ever poking . . ."

His voice dreamed.

"Yes, Thomas."

"Yes, Michael" he pursued me over the top of the ketchup bottle — "often have I wondered why Cinderella lost that dainty slipper. Could it be that it really had not fitted her at all but the prince, the sly dog, had picked it up after she slipped out of it and then pretended that she was the owner by size on that big marathon shoe fitting day. Or had Cinderella taken it off, Michael, my sweet, to ease her little footsy—wootsy while she and the prince were at the bar having a quick snort and had been forced to leave it when she heard the alarm clock? Or did the dainty prince step on it so often during the last waltz that my heroine . . ."

He mused and reached for the pepper cellar. The bloody ketchup is still on his suit. But I kept silent. I knew that the oracle would speak yet again.

You know, Michael, your affinity for shredded wheat and chocolate milk reminds me of Heraclitus' theory of the relation of opposites. For instance the relation, as he says, of the bow and the lyre . . . bow and the liar . . . liar and bow . . . beau and liar . . . do you see what I mean? Isn't Philosophy wonderful! You begin with something and just keep putting it on, putting it on forever. Just like face cream. And it will compose all your lines . . . all your lines . . .

"Michael, how much face cream do you think it took to compose Shakespeare's immortal lines?"

It was about then, mater mea, that the clock struck four and the cheery crickets stopped warming their cheery backsides at the cheery fireplace. And I, your humble son Michael, went mad. Kismet, mother dear, Kismet.

## Page From a Diary

Rolled out of bed at 7:55 a.m. Up rather early this morning, had lots of time to shave, comb my hair, dress, etc.; in fact, looked a real dude when I had finished. Ate breakfast at leisure, had a couple of extra slices of toast and an extra cup of coffee. It is a very pleasant feeling one experiences when one has all the time in the world to make the first lecture. In fact, in future I think I will go to bed fifteen minutes earlier so that I can get up fifteen minutes earlier, and in this way lose no sleep; the enjoyment derived from such expenditure will more than compensate for the energy expended. Would have made that one of my new year's resolutions had I thought of it in time.

Hit the first lecture with a couple of minutes to spare—should report that as outstanding news. The Prof was as surprised as the rest of the class, and told me to mark it on the wall as my major accomplishment of the academic year and then proceeded to disillusion me by handing back my paper. 'Enuf said.

Went down to the rotunda at the end of the period to see who was around. Couldn't see the blonde, so toddled off to my next lecture. At 10:40 went into the library to put in an hour's work. The place was almost full. The way people are working so early in the new year got me, so I left and joined the boys in Tuck.

We evolved a new plan whereby we can make a little cash and enjoy ourselves doing it. The plan involves a raffle of co-eds. The idea is first to find three or four gals, put their names up for certain dates at various times and places, make out a number of tickets and sell the tickets. Try for Tuck dates cost a dime, shows overtown a quarter, formals and the like 35 cents. The raffle or draw would take place at the beginning of each week, and the fellows who win the draw could then take the girl so named on his winning ticket to the place so named on the ticket. We would pay the initial cost of the entertainment. The remaining monies would be distributed among our newly formed company. I'll fix it so that the blonde is one of the girls picked for the raffle, and then by a little subtle engineering I'll be the lucky fellow and win her ticket; in fact, I'll promote the scheme and make myself president, and in this way kill two birds with one stone. Yes, the more I think of it the better its possibilities become.

I ran into a fellow this afternoon who claims he knows the blonde, and for consideration will introduce me. He says that she is an ideal girl; a good sport, lively, smart and intelligent. Her capacity for conversation is not limited to clothes, parties and what she did, but she can follow and discuss almost any topic. In short, he said she is the kind that you could "take home to mother." I'll have lots of opposition, he said, so I guess I'll have to look up and see what a gal expects in a man, and govern myself accordingly—wonder if I can talk the governor into raising my allowance.

Well, guess I better hit the hay. Have to get up early and do some work. Set the clock for 10.00 a.m.

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LIGHT LUNCHES  
AFTER THEATRE SUPPERS

Mrs. Jefferis has been elected "favourite of the month" by the girls of this college because of the delightful tea she kindly held for us in her home. With the assistance of Mrs. Klinek, Nora Eagar and Alice Hedderick, our hostess served sandwiches, tea-balls, an endless variety of little cakes, and, last but not least, steaming cups of brew from which the function takes its name, making a really bright spot in a long Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Jefferis, we salute you as our benefactor.

Wherever the editor leads, a gallant staff must always make a valiant attempt to follow. Therefore we cannot ignore the suggestion which appeared in the editorial columns of the last Cord, namely that someone write "an interesting, newsy letter" to the college alumni. There will probably be some bickering among the onlookers about the value of those two adjectives as applied to this particular letter. Any way, here are a few of the things we would like to say to the students of the "Old Brigade" at W.C.

Waterloo College,  
November, 1941.

Dear Friends,

Although we are supposed to be writing to you, it is really our intention to suggest that you write to us, through the Cord. You can gain some

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inkling of what we are doing from month to month from these pages, while we, in some cases, have lost touch with you almost entirely. For the alumni editor to maintain a correspondence with all of you would be an impossible task. Even finding some of you would require the combined forces of Agatha Christie's French detective and the F.B.I. Yet there is a bond between us which should not be broken. A letter from you would be warmly appreciated.

We would like to know what you are doing now, and where you are. We would also like to hear your recollections of your own college days, your professor-anecdotes, (every student has them), and all those stories you tell beginning, "When I was in college—etc." Please bring out some of your memories and dust them off for us. We'll be waiting to hear from you.

Yours sincerely,  
Undergrads.

With that much accomplished we settle back comfortably to wait for the mailman to stagger in loaded with replies.

An extraordinary contribution has been received for this column. We have left no stone unturned in the vicinity in our search for this unsung genius. Under the stones we found a variety of snails and some interesting striped beetles, but no genius. Long nights of pensive pondering and scrupulous scrutiny of script have revealed nothing—the lighter prints. Worse, he prints poetry. And his pen-name is ———! With a cry of anguish we desist. To copy it out once is enough—look at the end of the poem.

**PATTER TO PATER**

Here's a baby,  
Very tiny,  
Small and red.  
Cheers for baby,  
Tiny, shiny,  
Tucked in bed.  
Looks like Dad?  
Maybe so,  
Don't be sad,  
One does out-grow.

David's the name,  
Alfred then,  
Kennard's the rest.  
Great be his fame  
May decades ten  
Be his, and zest.  
Listen to Dad!  
Hear him crow!  
Wishes he had  
Dave here to show.

— Wm. Jinglespeare.

Well, Mr. J., your heart is in the right place and we are duly grateful. Do let us hear from you again.

College gossip is really in a deplorable state. There just isn't anything new. In vain we utter a furious cry—"Why doesn't somebody start something?" The status quo seems to appeal to almost everyone.

However, it might be fun to review the existing lineup. Faith and Freddie, our old reliables are still inseparable. By the way, Faith was a visitor at our last Athenaeum and a very welcome one. We hope to see her often during the year.

Two affairs have been more or less hampered by separation, but still seem to be flourishing. Bob is always going around looking for someone who isn't here any more. Everyone else misses you too, Patsy. Now there is one ex-student who really should write a nice letter to the Cord. How about it, Pat.

Ilse, too, has that forlorn air. Thank goodness its not too far to New Dundee.

In the seminary we find Mr. Monk growing daily richer and richer from the proceeds of the book business. The rumour is floating about that he takes up the floor boards every night to conceal his hoard beneath them.

If any coins should be found rolling around on the second floor, kindly return them to the bookstore. Thank you.

Baetz, the sad seminarian, is as unpredictable as ever. Wallie the irripresible can't make up his mind, as usual. Therefore he loves all the girls with generous impartiality.

The college night watchman, chaperon and general mischief maker is still Alf Kennard, who knows far more than tells, or maybe vice versa.

In the realm of intrigue, we find June Brock as busy as ever. To follow all the ramifications and entanglements involved in this case would require a good deal of careful research. However, one dominant note asserts itself now and then—she still believes in Don.

An interesting remark was heard from Dot Heimrich a short time ago. The scene: The girls' room just before the P.T. medical exams. Dot: "I'm sure there's nothing wrong with my heart, at least nothing a doctor would know about." Cheer up Dot. Medicine is making great strides.

Marg Rohe, our energetic little assistant editor, must have had a deep purpose in growing those bangs. Perhaps she hopes to glare all the more ferociously from behind that curtain of night when certain unhappy writers don't turn in enough copy. She claims that the editor makes her do the dirty work, but we think she likes it.

Have you heard the story about a certain very erudite doctor who caught fire in church one Sunday? The moral of this sad tale is: Never put a warm pipe in your pocket. Happily a colleague was present to offer condolences and to help extinguish the fiery one. The damage amounted to very little.

If nothing happens between now and the publication of the Cord (and something usually does!) there should be a brand new cut at the top of this column, made to order by the college artist, Mel King. If it isn't there now it will be next time, and thank you very much, Mel.

SONG

If you're anxious for to shine in the high esthetic line as a man of culture rare,  
 You must get up all the germs of the transcendental terms, and plant them everywhere.  
 You must lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of your complicated state of mind,  
 The meaning doesn't matter if it's only idle chatter of a transcendental kind.  
 And everyone will say  
 As you walk your mystic way,  
 "If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me,  
 Why, what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!"

Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days which have long since passed away,  
 And convince 'em, if you can, that the reign of Good Queen Anne was culture's palmiest day.  
 Of course you will pooh-pooh whatever's fresh and new, and declare it's crude and mean;  
 For art stopped short in the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine.  
 And every one will say  
 As you walk your mystic way,  
 "If that's not good enough for him which is good enough for me,  
 Why, what a very cultivated kind of youth this kind of youth must be!"

W. S. GILBERT.

Zum Hausvater

Es ist bei uns ein alter Herr,  
 'nen grauen Ziegenbart hat er;  
 Aus der Klasse springt er oft geschwind  
 Und flüstert laut, als wäre's der Wind:  
 "Die Halle ist nicht wie im Freien,  
 Man darf nicht pfeifen oder schreien,  
 Und man musz schweigen jeden Morgen."  
 Ja! so hat jeder seine Sorgen.  
 M.G.R.

VOX POP—

Dear Vox Pop:  
 For some time now people have been noticing the dingy state of the gym, which is sadly in need of paint. But there is a more serious aspect of the situation which has lately become evident. There is a very large crack in the side wall, extending from the top almost to the bottom, right through plaster and brick. It is even noticeable on the other side of the wall upstairs in the reading room. I am no building expert, but that seems to me like a dangerous defect, considering the jarring which takes place when the gym is used for strenuous games. Also the plaster on the side walls is in many places cracked or fallen.  
 Students of the college are aware of its limited resources and are unwilling to make unreasonable demands of any kind. If the authorities could be induced to make the necessary repairs probably the various societies which use the gym, including the Athletic Council, would find ways and means of raising money to pay for the painting. At any rate the matter should be given some consideration before long.

Yours truly,  
 Contributor.

This is not, of course, a letter that we can answer. But we do think someone ought to do something about it. We hope that the powers that be will not pass over this problem lightly. We do not know much about buildings either, but we do know that it is wise and profitable to keep them in repair and quite foolish to let them get into poor condition through neglect.

The gym is the only place we have for games and social events. We believe that all the students would support a campaign to improve it. Would not you all be glad to contribute to the cause of having the College gymnasium's face lifted?

VOX POP.

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Rain

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

Ed Boob: What do you mean by calling the Dean a fish?

Ed Burp: I didn't call him a fish. I merely said to Blub, "See that man over there? That's 'r dean."

Life is just one fool thing after another: Love is just two fool things after each other.

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# — WATERLOONACY —

No, your glasses don't need changing. That is just what it is. This column is an experiment. Its survival depends on whether we are "loony" enough to justify its existence.

We must give due credit to the founder: The title is not original with us. It was invented, as a matter of fact, by the first editor of College Cord. Apparently his unappreciative staff would have none of it and the idea was suppressed. He may regret the moment of folly in which he revealed the secret to us, and wish that he had taken out a patent on the name so that no rash editorial staff might overrule the former veto and make his brain-child the heading for a column of drivel unworthy of so dignified a publication as the Cord (we hope the editor won't censor that!)

Excelsior!

Marg: It is better to know where you are not than not to know where you are. (Not lunacy, perhaps, but profound philosophy, fully as unintelligible as that of Plato or Descartes — please do not be insulted, Miss R., by the latter comparison.)

Professor Evans: (This is no lunacy, but the best definition we have heard.) Pastoral poetry is the kind of thing in which all the animals have been bathed before being photographed.

Scene (In Library)

Gladdie: I am going to give up night life.

Luella (speaking from profound experience): Oh, but night life is so exciting.

Gladdie: Yes, and look at the rash I've got on my neck from it!  
Curtain.

Written in English 330

(Shortly after certain new hairdo) Expostulation:

Delphine,  
My queen,  
I wish that you  
Would cut bangs  
In your hair,  
I swear.

Reply:

Margaret,  
My pet,  
Bangs on me  
You'll never get.

Father William

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,

"And your hair has become very white;

And yet you incessantly stand on your head —

Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,

"I feared it might injure the brain;  
But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,

Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,

And have grown most uncommonly fat;

Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —

Pray, what is the reason for that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,

"I kept all my limbs very supple  
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box —

Allow me to sell you a couple?"

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak

For anything tougher than suet;  
Yet you finished the goose with the bones and the beak —

Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,

And argued each case with my wife;  
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw

Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, one would hardly suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever;  
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —

What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"

Said his father, "Don't give yourself airs!

Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?

Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

Lewis Carroll.

## Dr. Johnson's Hat

While perusing various tomes in quest of an English 30 essay, I discovered that Mr. Wordsworth disapproves of Dr. Johnson's delightful parody:

"I put my hat upon my head  
And walked into the Strand,  
And there I met another man  
Whose hat was in his hand."

In contrast he places the "justly admired" stanza:

"These pretty Babes with hand in hand

Went wandering up and down;  
But never more they saw the Man  
Approaching from the Town."

whose author I, in my ignorance, do not know. "The matter," says Mr. Wordsworth, "expressed in Dr. Johnson's stanza, is contemptible."

What, I ask you, is contemptible about putting one's hat on and walking in the Strand? Or why is that more mean and sordid than wandering up and down in the woods—except that God made the country and man made the town? Undoubtedly, if Dr. Johnson had wandered out into the country and met a — well, a leech-gatherer, for example, Mr. Wordsworth would have approved heartily. But since there are no trees and waterfalls—and leeches—in the heart of London, there can of course be nothing natural and true to life—no, "music of humanity" in the rumble of coach wheels and the shouts of newsboys. I wonder?

Of course I am getting off the subject. And who am I to rate a dull classicist dictionary-writer above the great Romanticist? But I haven't had to write an essay on Sam. Johnson yet.

Says Wordsworth of Dr. Johnson's verse, "it is neither interesting in itself, nor can it lead to anything interesting." Now, I am of sufficiently low taste as to find this stanza charming, and sufficiently imaginative to foresee very interesting developments from meeting a man "Whose hat was in his hand."

This outburst arises, of course, from a prejudice which is, like all prejudices, unsupported by any good arguments. I cannot bear the Babes-in-the-Wood type of thing, and that is all there is to it. Also, while I have due regard for alliteration in its proper place, it did for me when Wordsworth wrote, "perception perpetually renewed of language closely resembling real life." He should criticize anyone else's writing?

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

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

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

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

Cluck—I can't go to class today Sir.

Prof.—Why?  
Cluck—I don't feel well.  
Prof.—Where don't you feel well?  
Cluck—In class.

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Three hundred thousand of the brave,  
Struggling like a net-ensnared dove,  
Longing, hoping, dying, praying  
To one above.

Three hundred thousand fighting  
back to back,  
Fighting against a living wall of  
grey,  
Fighting for life, shooting, whirling,  
In that melee.

A gallant army of a nation proud  
Was keeping grimly to the task  
ahead,  
Aiming, loading, firing, charging,  
But no one fled.

It was a battle of man against  
machine,  
Puny flesh against the might of  
steel,  
Rifle 'gainst tank, pistol versus bomb,  
It was not real.

They prayed, as never they had  
prayed before,  
They fired, but it did not seem  
That this was true, for it could be  
Only a dream.

As shells dropped fast, and more  
and more  
Were dying of hunger, thirst and  
pain,  
Out of blue, cheering, shouting,  
The miracle came.

They cheered as never they had  
cheered before,  
They cheered though wounded and  
unfed,  
For they had fed the grimy fires of  
hell  
And were not dead.

A. SCHWEID.

# — SEMIDEMISEMIQUAVERS —

Behold another new institution! A column devoted to music. During the Hedderick regime the Cord seems to have blossomed forth in a veritable rash of new columns. This is a good sign. It shows that the present staff has an ambitious spirit and an eye for improvement.

Since Bernard Hirons has taken the College by storm the whole place seems to have become decidedly music-conscious. Last year the Cord tried to report all the Glee Club doings by printing in each edition an article which tried to convey all the news. However, the thing has gotten out of hand. Some things happen which, though interesting and worthy of report, are nevertheless not worthy to tread on the sacred ground of an article that contains the name of Hirons, Mozart, or Gilbert and Sullivan. The solution to this difficulty seemed to lie in giving over an entire column for the purpose of reporting the musical carryings-on of the school.

The Glee Club is humming along smoothly (literally and figuratively) again under the leadership of Bernard Hirons. Great plans are being made, but up until this time nothing could be published. There were two reasons for this. First, the plans involved people outside the College and therefore could not be shouted from the housetops until all the details had been settled. The Cord does not want a libel suit on its hands. Frankly we cannot afford to have any truck with lawyers. Secondly, every time ye scribe has written a beautiful write-up the Glee Club changes its plans radically, thereby rendering the afore mentioned beautiful write-up null and void. After writing and tearing up four different accounts one can only say "Oh H---! I'll wait until they make up their minds." Well, now it seems that they have made up their minds.

Did you know that Signpost is amusing in private life as well as in print? Last week Gladys and yours truly were playing an organ duo on the two organs in the chapel. It was Rondo from Mozart's A-major Sonata. Maybe you know it; it starts "Daddle daddle da, Daddle daddle

da." The Mozart version is good but the organs were badly out of tune. In mid-Rondo Signpost came walking in and said "Is this a duet or a duel?"

Last year you may have heard the word "patience" mentioned with suspicious regularity, until you perhaps wondered whether patience was something more than a virtue. It seems that "Patience" is also an operetta by Gilbert and Sullivan. The Glee Club has long hoped to be able to give a performance of this operetta, but there were many difficulties not the least of which was the problem of forming a chorus of twenty love-sick maidens out of eight sopranos and two altos. Now, however, all these problems have been settled by the simple solution of joining forces with the Collegiate. This is a stroke of good fortune for the College. The Collegiate will help with the singing and provide the orchestra. Naturally there is a good deal of work connected with putting on such an operetta and the club will not be able to present the finished product until some time after Easter.

In the meantime the club is preparing a Christmas programme which consists of Christmas carols of all nations. This program will be presented in a recital at the College. There have also been dull murmurings of going to Milverton and Baden but the dates have not yet been set.

This is essentially a music column but it is interested in voice culture as well. Also, we do not consider it below our dignity to give advice. In this regard we wish to suggest that certain people in the college could make Waterloo a much more pleasant place if they would change their method of announcing the arrival of the laundry. Regularly every Friday noon the ears of those on the second floor are wounded by a raucous bellowing floating down from the third floor "Loundree! Come and git your loundree!" We feel it is only our duty to inform the gentlemen from the great northland that they sound like a primeval expostulation and reply between a bull moose and its mate. A digni-

fied Gregorian chanting would be more effective and more pleasant.

On Tuesday, November the seventeenth, the usual rehearsal of the Glee Club was brightened by the presence of three guest singers: Miss Leata Walker, Mrs. Snider and Mr. Alvin Schultz, pupils of Mr. Hirons. Miss Walker sang the contralto solo in one of the Glee Club carols, Mrs. Snider and Mr. Schultz sang the soprano and bass solos in another carol. All three have charming voices and we hope to see them again soon. They have a standing invitation to visit the Glee Club at any time.

Mention must be made of the two remarkable new voices in the Glee Club, namely Laura Louise and Mel. Laura Louise sings soprano and has one of the sweetest, clearest voices in the Glee Club. She will take some solo parts in the Christmas cantata. Mel's tenor voice frankly slayed us. Until you've heard him sing "Bring a Torch, Jeanette! Isabella!" you just haven't lived.

Do you know of the transformation that has come over Violet? Last year she was the bulwark and first line defence of the altos. And this year she is a soprano but still a bulwark and first line of defence. Violet has been studying with Mr. Hirons for about half a year now and ergo the great change. In truth, Violet has become the most voice-conscious person in the school. Warning: Don't talk through your nose when Violet is around or your name is mud.

This column has a secret-service organization which is hard at work ferreting out copy for the next issue. By then we should be able to tell you who spilled the coke on the piano, what the basses really think of Mr. Hirons, and a frank statement of how much money is actually in the treasury.

And in conclusion may I quote Hans Von Bülow who said "Tenor is not a voice, but a disease." But please don't misunderstand, tenors. We really appreciate you. Do you remember the recital last year wherein, as a great tribute to you, all the sopranos sang tenor?

M.G.R.

## Basketball

Continued From Page One

In comparison, our passing was sure and our shooting effective. Our forwards made the following scores: Jean Kramp, 8; Anne Kuntz, 7. Our guards, who usually let the forwards do most of the playing, performed at last the real function of guarding. They took the offensive as much as possible. They brought the ball up the floor to the forwards, and saw that it stayed there until a basket was made. They broke up bounces beautifully, proving the principle that bounces in offensive play are weak and useless in most cases. Our guards—Margaret Rohe, Violet Dorsch, Lottie Kellerman, and Elva Wildfong, are to be congratulated on their excellent playing.

We expect much more severe competition in our next few games. To meet this successfully, an effort will have to be made by each player to improve in individual skill as well as in team play. Greater speed in starting and stopping should be acquired. Individual skill in shooting, feinting, and pivoting should become a part of each player's game.

On December 8th and December 15th there will be home games played at the Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate at six p.m. We welcome spectators. We extend an invitation to the professors, their wives and the students to attend these games. On previous occasions the audience has not been large.

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

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## An Editor's Nightmare

I woke up in the middle of the night, last night, with my hair standing on end and cold shivers running up and down my spine. I had had a nightmare. I dreamed that I was at my desk, working on the Cord. That was bad enough in itself. But as I worked the columns began to rise up and move around, shifting out of the places into which I had so carefully glued them with the paste I hooked from Dr. Klinck's desk.

"Hey," I cried. "What gives? You can't do that!" Instantly a hubbub arose, a babble that made me clutch at my ears. I was powerless to quiet the disturbance and sat there dazed, staring fearfully at the swarm of columns milling about me. But at last they were reduced to more or less order by the authoritative tones of a deep voice telling them to "shut up." I had one ally. The Editorial Page, outstanding for its girth and dignity of appearance, was standing in the centre, its chest thrown out, its hand raised, commanding the rabble to speak one at a time.

"I think I should have the headline," growled Girls' Basketball Game.

"You certainly should not!" Athenaeum writeup snapped. "The headline is fine just as it is. But my sub-heading is impossible. I know Dr. Jefferis won't like it."

"I protest against having Exchange on the same page with me," said Literaria haughtily.

"What's the matter with us?" Exchange demanded. "You know you need us to fill up space."

"That is true," I said, harassed. "You should not be so snooty, Literaria. Anyway"—gaining courage—"You stay where I put you!"

"Well of all the crust!" declared Sign Post. "I think it is downright revolutionary to put me over on Page Four. I have always been on Page Five."

"You have more room on the fourth," I protested.

"I don't care," said Sign Post. "I prefer Page Five."

"More in keeping with your fifth column activities, undoubtedly," sneered Literaria.

Sign Post bristled. But before a fitting rejoinder was forthcoming from the witty member, Vox Pop stepped in to heal the schism in the ranks by launching a fresh attack against me. "What's the matter with you?" It demanded. "Only one letter has come to me this year. It's disgraceful!"

Too numb to defend myself, I stammered weakly. "What am I supposed to do about it?"

"What does it matter about stupid Vox Pop?" cut in Semidemisemi-quavers, quivering with indignation. "As a new and cultural column, I think that I merit a much better position than Page Seven."

"Well," I said defensively, "It wasn't I who put you on Page Seven."

"Ah!" whooped Exchange. "The Junior Editor! She has said some nasty things about me."

"When we are through here," said Girls' Basketball, leader of the h-house element, vindictively, "we'll go and clean up on her!"

"Speaking of pages," Page Eight roared in righteous anger, "Just because I am the last page in the paper doesn't mean for you to treat me like scum. Do you realize that you are on a single line on me, this

"Your turn will come," I said.

"Anyway," the Editorial Page interposed loyally, "Why do you complain to her about it?"

"She is the editor—it is her responsibility—"

"Responsibility be hanged!" declared Editorial Page, forgetting its traditional dignity. "She always keeps me filled up. She is not supposed to write the whole Cord. Why don't you go and holler at someone else?"

"It is her duty to do the hollering," Alumni Notes cut in.

"I'm tired of hollering," I cried distractedly. "I'm fed up with the whole thing. Why don't you leave me alone?" Editorial patted my shoulder sympathetically with its inky hand, but the rest swarmed around for a fresh onslaught.

"Now," said Girls' Basketball Game, "you say you are going to hold the Cord over for the game in London. That puts me out of the

limelight."

"It jolly well serves you right!" I shrieked.

"It's time your nose was put out of joint," the Editorial Page agreed.

"You are no editor," said the article entitled "Mystery." "Why don't you go and read a murder story and leave the Cord to someone who has some sense?"

"I wish to heaven I could!" I said.

"We could probably run the show better without you," Vox Pop agreed.

"Then why don't you?" asked the Editorial Page.

In a burst of fury I made a grab at the whole Cord. The columns had sprouted spindly little legs and were running hither and thither. But I got them—all but that elusive Mystery—and crumpled them savagely in my hands. Hurling them into the waste paper basket, I paid no heed to their cries for mercy. I stood over them, gloating, exultant. But I had forgotten about Mystery. Before I could

turn around, the extra set of proofs, called to arms by the escaped one, had emerged from their envelope and were winding themselves around me, pinning down my arms, strangling me.

Then the crumpled mass in the waste paper basket began to untwist itself. Gradually the columns unwound and began to clamber up the sides of the basket and assail me on all sides. Frantically I tore at the encircling bands, and thrust at my attackers in a panic. But I was weak and helpless. My legs refused to move and I could not speak. They dragged me to the bed and threw me on it.

Then I woke up. I was in a cold sweat, and trembling all over. I lay there, shivering and frightened, not daring to move for fear they would get me again. At last I grew calmer and fearfully turned on the light.

There lay the Cord, all prim and pasted, just as I had left it, and the extra set of proofs tucked safely in its envelope. I switched off the light with a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness," I thought. "They must have forgotten about Marg!"

## BADMINTON

(Continued From Page One)

than the usual number of disturbing incidents and mishaps. Practice will overcome any deficiency in badminton. As we have most of our competitions before Christmas this year, would-be successful players should get busy. The Western players showed themselves superior in serves, long high clears, and general moving ability.

The camp did not teach us a great deal of military science, but it taught us quite a bit about soldiering. How much we learned there was made clear at a parade early this fall. During a mutual instruction period, one of the cadets gave the following order: "Platoon will move to the right—left—turn!"

"No, no," yelled the sergeant, "You got mixed up there. You can't tell them you're going to move them to the right, and then give them a left turn!"

The cadet nodded. He saw his error. He thought it over for a moment, then gave his order:

"Platoon will move to the left—right—turn!"

Loud guffaws from the seminar-ians—the sergeant patiently explained that left is left, and right is right, and you can't go both ways at once—

That cadet had better watch himself. If he always gives orders like that, he's too dumb to be a lieutenant. They'll have to make him a major.

The husband who had a great habit of teasing his wife was driving with her in the country when they met a team of mules. As they passed, the mules turned their heads towards the car and brayed loudly.

Turning to his wife, the husband cuttingly remarked, "Relatives of yours, I suppose?"

"Yes," said she, sweetly, "by marriage."

Huck: "What's the difference between a rich man and a tired dog?"

Puck: "I'm the sucker."

Huck: "One has a full suit, the other just pants."

## At Graduation Time



An exchange of photographs with classmates creates bonds of friendship you will treasure through the years.



## THE BELAIR STUDIO

Dunker Building

Kitchener, Ont.

## Good Advice To Youth From Men of the Hour

"If I had my way, I would write the word 'insure' over the door of every cottage and on the blotting book of every public man, because I am convinced that for sacrifices which are inconceivably small, families can be secured against catastrophes which otherwise would smash them up forever." . . . .

**WINSTON CHURCHILL,**  
Prime Minister of  
Great Britain.

"Life Assurance should be considered not as an expense, but as savings. It should be the first factor in any programme of investment. It should be the last to be let go. In hard times it is especially important, and we should make every effort to keep our old Life Assurance in force."

**FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT**  
President of the United  
States of America.

## THE MUTUAL LIFE

Assurance Company

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