

GAY PARTY ENDS ATHENAEUM SEASON

Miss Anne Kuntz Is Hostess

The Athenaeum Society closed this semester's programme successfully with a party at the home of Miss Anne Kuntz on King St., Waterloo. The guests were entertained with bridge, hearts, five hundred, various other games and dancing. To start things off each person was given a slip of paper with half a sentence on it and instructed to find the slip with the other half. The matching slips were pinned to curtains, lamp shades, hanging from chandeliers or fastened to the backs of chairs throughout the house. In the mad scramble which followed the owner of such a queer looking thing as "A policeman for —," would find "the crook of your elbow" pinned to the bottom of a birdcage or in some other unlikely place. Upon finding "the drum of your ear" to complete "A player for —," the successful seeker was instructed to write down the answer, sign his name and hand in the paper. Later several of these names were drawn, the lucky ones receiving prizes.

Next we were divided into four groups for the purpose of having our wit and skill tested. Let us follow the fate of, say, group number four. First we were given a list of scrambled words, all supposed to have something to do with the College. After the word "Latin" was written "sciscsla," or something, which turned out to be the word "classics" in disguise. Several French students were seen frothing slightly at the mouth, when, after long struggles, they found that elimero was just scrambled Moliere. Miss McLaren was particularly mystified by one word which looked like the Czecho-Slovakian name for a rare snake, but which when unscrambled, turned out to be simply "reformation," a subject with which she deals in History 30 every year.

When we were half through with this game our papers were rudely taken away from us, as someone claimed that we were holding everyone else up. At the next table we were given a line about Aunt Carrie's cupboard, which was stocked with cans of all kinds. With a few hints to work on we were to guess what was in each can. "Short sharp taps" turned out to be "beets," while "shoes plus relatives" gave us pumpkin,—get it But "a couple in the can" really had us stumped. One lad suggested that it must mean a man and his wife in jail. After disposing of him we decided on "pears."

At the next table we played flea. In order to be able to draw the first part of the insect, its body, one had to throw a "one" with the dice. As a result some had only half a flea drawn while others who were lucky were creating whole swarms.

Farther on we found a table covered with ads cut from magazines, name of product missing. "Hasn't scratched yet" with the picture of a

Continued on Page 8

Events of Graduation Week

SATURDAY, May 23, Alumni Dinner, Forest Hill Gardens, 6:00 p.m. Alumni and Seniors.

SUNDAY, May 24: Baccalaureate Service, St. Matthew's Church.

MONDAY May 25: College Picnic Seminary Graduation (evening)

TUESDAY May 26: Class Night, 8:00 p.m. Graduation Dance, Westmount Golf and Country Club.

Co-Eds Try St. John Ambulance First Aid Examination

The night of April 13 was a fearful one in the lives of the co-eds. Although we had had our 6 first aid lectures and 2 reviews, and so should have been prepared for almost anything, nevertheless, as the time grew near, we all seemed to have bad cases of jitters. This was chiefly because we knew the examination was to be oral, not written, which would be a new experience for most of us. We have become quite accustomed to "stringing a line" on paper, but how could we string a line in words to a pair of perfectly strange doctors who, not knowing us either, had no reason to expect such high-jinks?

Our two examiners were Dr. Macdonald and Dr. Turner. They were so patient with us and so considerate of our tremblings and frightened stammerings that, when it was all over, we wondered why we had been so frightened. Of course our faithful Mr. Connor, 'the man with the bandages and splints,' was a great help too. He came early and gave us a pep talk, assuring us that we had nothing to worry about (the flatterer!), and then stayed with us all through the examination. Many of the girls said it was his encouraging smile that pulled them through when things looked blackest.

Ah me! How happy we were when it was over, and we could go home for the first sound sleep in weeks. But now the suspense is as bad as ever. As we wait for the results we are just as wretched as we were before. Did I or did I not pass? Each one wonders. Oh, come and flatter us some more, Mr. Connor! or else just bring your first aid kit with you. We might suddenly need it.

G. Q.

Juniors Give Party in Honour of Graduating Class

The night of Monday, April 21, will always remain in the memory of the graduates, because that night the Juniors gave a theatre party for the eight Seniors. We doubly appreciated the bravery of the juniors in giving this party, since entertaining does not seem to be one of the functions of Waterloo College just now.

The Fox Theatre was the lucky place to be patronized by such an intellectual group. We saw a double feature, Edward G. Robinson in "Unholy Partners," and Rosalind Russell, Kay Francis and Don Ameche in "The Feminine Touch." The first picture showed Robinson, as the editor of a newspaper, not only getting news for the paper but guessing it before it happened. (The Cord finds it hard enough just to get news!) Don Ameche interpreted to us the psychology of jealousy and all its aspects—it must have been very deep and intellectual because only the two rows of College students seemed to get the joke(!)

After the show we were invited to June Brock's home on Pandora Crescent. In the panelled games-room we played ping pong (Dave showed himself quite adept at it) and pool (here Pfeiff displayed remarkable skill—possibly the pool table on the fourth floor of the College had something to do with it) or we sat in front of the blaze in the open fireplace eating popcorn and nuts.

The lunch committee, Ruth Corner, Jean Shantz and June Brock, served a wonderful repast, especially for that time of night. We had

Continued on Page 8

Alumni Endowment Fund Discussed

Mr. H. J. Heldmann, Principal of the Georgetown High School, and Mr. Walter Koerber, both members of the College Alumni, recently addressed a special meeting of the Junior and Senior students.

Mr. Heldmann, speaking first, told about the Waterloo College Endowment Fund, which was established some years ago. The object of this fund is to raise a sum of money to be spent upon a project which will benefit the college. Each graduate who is employed is asked to pay five dollars annually. Unemployed graduates may pay a token fee of one dollar a year until they obtain work. Mr. Heldmann said that most of the graduates have taken a great interest in this plan, and have contributed faithfully. He pointed out that many of them now have families and are looking forward to the time when their children will be old enough to come to Waterloo. For that reason, they are vitally interested in building up the College.

The College, moreover, needs to be brought out from under the shadow of the Seminary. It needs a widespread and intelligent publicity campaign of its own. It will need, at some future date, a substantial endowment fund to help in the construction of a new building or in the completion of some major improvement. Mr. Heldmann's spirit of loyalty to the College and his assurance that the other Alumni have the same spirit was very heartening to those of us who have thought seriously about the future of our Alma Mater.

The prestige of the College, he added, is slowly gaining strength. Only one thing can really contribute greatly to it: the success of the graduates. This is the measure by which many will judge us. We already have several prominent Alumni, among them Mr. Louis Hagey of Brantford, a noted lawyer and member of Parliament.

Mr. Walter Koerber then made several interesting additional remarks. He ended by inviting the Senior students to attend the Annual Alumni Dinner, which is to be held this year at Forest Hill Gardens, May 23, at 6:00 p.m.

The meeting then adjourned to the girls' common room, where a tea was in progress. Here Mr. Heldmann and Mr. Koerber regaled us with hair-raising stories about the good old days when the College had no co-eds within its doors. Apparently the ladies have added a decidedly civilizing touch. But we could still match a few of those stories—there's life in the old place yet!

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THE COLLEGE CORD

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EDITORIAL

Now is the month of Maying, but instead of dancing on the grass we are bent over books in stuffy rooms for hours which no labour union would countenance. But there are compensations. Even during examination time we steal a few moments now and then to enjoy the spring weather. And how we appreciate those moments when the painful, slogging thought processes are finally shut off! Then we lie on the grass in the warm sun and just live. Woe betide anyone who starts being intellectual just as we are drifting into that feeling of agelessness and timelessness which the spring sun gives. After a while we return to work feeling refreshed but still unwilling. That's what May does to one.

* * *

To many the fierce intensity of work, especially during the last semester, seems too great. But there is much to be done. These years must be busy ones. Just now we are so occupied with details that we often lose sight of the structure we are building. This is to be the framework upon which we shall continue our education after College. The finishing touches may be put on at leisure and decorated with care. But the framework has to be thrown up now. It would be a great mistake to leave off anything important.

* * *

After the May struggle it is no great surprise that many students prefer to work with their hands during the summer. Some are waiters or waitresses, mechanics, truck drivers, camp instructors or sales clerks. Some work at summer resorts, on lake boats or on construction projects. Doubtless this year many will go into war work. Often they can tell interesting and amusing stories by the hour about their various jobs and the people they worked with. Perhaps there is greater value in these laborious summers than might seem to be the case. At least they bring association with an amazingly wide variety of people in all manner of places. This should keep one out of mental ruts. And, as one co-ed put it: "It's such a relief to hear someone who does NOT speak good English, for a change."

* * *

This year a class of which we may be very proud is graduating from Waterloo. Each one of them has put much effort into studies and has made valuable contributions to other activities. Next year we are going to have a very empty feeling for a while until we stop expecting to run into one of them at every corner. We wish them luck and bid them goodbye.

* * *

In the freshmen, however, there are always new hopes and possibilities. They are an unknown quantity which will play a great part in determining what college life will be like next year. Let's hope that the new class will be large, friendly, and interested, with all kinds of different and valuable abilities.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorial	page 2
Literaria	page 3
Sign Post	page 4
Sport	page 6
Waterloonacy	page 7

University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

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

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

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

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

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

Write to THE REGISTRAR.

— LITERARIA —

TEAS

Anyone who enjoys gossip enjoys teas. Most teas have come to be known as institutions for the ruining of the reputations of any absentees who might, unfortunately for them, happen to be mutual "friends" of those present. There is nothing I would like better than to see this type of gathering abolished forever from the face of the earth. For when I am invited to one, I always have to decide whether I would rather put on my best bib and tucker (in order to compete with the other guests) and go and endure the ordeal of hearing any and every poor, absent, defenceless creature maliciously pulled apart, or whether it would be better to stay away, knowing that whatever claim I might possibly have to a decent reputation will be ruthlessly taken from me and replaced by just a reputation while I am probably sitting comfortably in a movie, enjoying myself and at peace with the world.

Of course all teas are not a gossip's paradise. Some, but unhappily not the majority, are decidedly enjoyable. These are the ones that are held for the sole purpose of bringing together a group of friendly people in order to make them better acquainted with one another. Here no one knows anyone else well enough to go up to her and whisper shrilly in her ear, "Have you heard the latest about Cecilia Smith? My dear it is simply shocking, but definitely. I can hardly wait until her husband comes home from his trip and hears about it. There'll be fire-works then! Of course Bob is really a dear, sweet lamb, but when his anger is aroused you had better look out! Personally, darling, I can't for the life of me understand how he has put up with Cecilia for as long as he has." And so on, ad infinitum.

No, at the friendly sort of teas nothing like that happens, and I for one have a much better time because of it. However, even these teas are not perfect for me, because the food is always so delicious and the atmosphere so comfortable that I have to watch my manners constantly and say "no" when the sandwiches are being passed for the fifth or sixth time, and this refusal is practically a minor tragedy as far as I am concerned.

Sadly enough, these delightful affairs are greatly outnumbered by the teas held for the promotion of gossip. I have to take my hat off to the noble person who, while passing some milk to a woman busily engaged in picking apart one of her so-called friends, said to the woman, "My dear, wouldn't you prefer to have this milk in a saucer? It would really be much more suitable to the occasion."

Spring Saturday

In the distance the slim gray spire of a white brick church is silhouetted against the startlingly blue sky of an early spring day.

The church looks deceptively close, but more than one innocent and unsuspecting person has found that it is, in reality, a good two miles away, a two miles of humping, freshly gravelled, white road.

Nearby, on either side of the road, newly ploughed fields fill the air with their special, damp, earthy smell. Back in a hollow near a clump of willows a frog choir can be heard practising its spring anthem of joy. A flash of scarlet in the soft green fuzz of a willow top advertises the arrival of a cardinal.

A flock of crows flap slowly towards the woods, half a mile away, and noisily decides which tree is the most comfortable to perch in. It takes some time, a great deal of cawing, and much thought and changing before all are settled.

Something small and black surrounded by many dark jumping specks appears over a slight rise in the road. Its equally sudden disappearance into the next hollow causes the observer to wonder whether or not he did see anything.

There it is again; but it has grown to the size of an owl and the specks have become mice. The crows in the trees nearest the road rise abruptly, and, squawking protestingly, fly swiftly to a distant field where the remains of a February rabbit hunt rest unburied.

The mice turn into children and the owl becomes a nun. The cries and calls echo loud and clear, and send a small brown bunny scuttling across a field.

The girls and boys eddy and swirl around the Sister as they reach the station platform. Several small girls sit down to empty the pebbles out of their shoes. An unsuspecting groundhog, who lives in a bank nearby, pokes his head out one of his doorways and accidentally gets clipped over the ear by a viciously discarded stone. He quickly pops down his hole. The next minute, after more cautious scouting, his inquisitive nose and beady eyes peep out another doorway.

A passenger train steams in, collects its mail, and hurriedly departs westward. Half an hour later a tail of gray smoke and a raucous hoot announces the approach of another train.

The children watch wide-eyed as the dumpy freight train comes into the yard, puffing and blowing like a grampus. It stays a short time, shuttles a few cars around for the children's amusement, then slowly groans and creaks its way westward. Some of the boys are nearly bursting with excitement as they try to tell Sister and the little girls what it felt like to ride in the engine.

The nun and the children once more become anonymous black dots vanishing over the rise in the road. The bunny sits up, wiggles his ears, sniffs the breeze, and hops slowly to the more interesting grass near the road.

M. JACOBI.

Twenty Years From Now

Do you remember the radio programme you used to listen to as kids, the one in which "time turned back one hundred million years"? We should like to turn time ahead for you, not one hundred million years, not one hundred years, but, say, twenty years. So be it—we are in 1962!

As you walk up the familiar street you will be sure to recognize the red brick, ivy-covered building just on the edge of the town. Why not go up that walk again, and peep in the window of the reading room. Why, look, there are eight people gathered. They are—but of course they can't be students—they must have all been through school twenty years ago. Yet there is something familiar about each one of them. They seem to fit into the picture. But of course they are strangers.

Yet look more closely. Do you see the one who has just come in, apparently late for the appointment, that tall, handsome woman, well-groomed and nonchalant? Remember the girl who, calmly and without batting an eyelash, used to slip into the back seat in History 40 at ten after ten every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning? Surely you recognize Anne?

Then there is the dignified, motherly woman at the window—a minister's wife, they say. Can you picture her as a harum-scarum co-ed in saddle shoes with a bow in her hair and a beau in New Dundee? I can.

The short man in glasses and a ministerial collar is unmistakable. You will all agree with me that time has not withered nor custom staled the cheerful countenance of Pfeiffer Primus.

There, we are told, is Professor Klinck's successor to the English department and all other ills thereunto pertaining. She is a worried-looking woman with spectacles on her nose and a list of books-to-be-returned - to - the - library - at - once ready to be pinned up. Does she, we cannot but wonder, remember the days when she took out books without signing for them?

The blonde, broad-shouldered man sitting on the table has resigned his leather jacket and goggles, but he still wears proudly on his lapel the medal as champion motor-cycle racer of the year 1947.

Who are those two chatting in the corner, apparently exchanging sallies of wit? How poised and accomplished she looks, the fair-haired woman with the limpid eyes. But think, was there not a girl, in the old days, with the same charming manner, the same philosophical attitude, the same quick tongue with its unconscious sting? Indeed, I think she will never change.

Notice the gentleman with the eyeglasses who is talking to her—a gentleman of very dignified manner, an eminent critic. It is not a personal resemblance nor any imagined liter-

ary affiliation—what is it, then, that makes us think, as we look at him, of Mr. G. K. Chesterton?

Completing the group is a plump, laughing lady toward whom all turn. Are not those the same sparkling eyes, the same bewitching dimples, that lit up the halls many years ago? Is not that the same gay voice that sent laughter tinkling through the rooms, that not even an economics text book or an alumni column could daunt?

Let us leave them there, as we see them, all changed, yet all the same . . .

Turn back again, time, and slip into your lawful rut again. We salute them, this noble group of twenty years from now! May their years be thrice twenty, and may success and happiness be theirs, and may they, and all of us, meet again within these halls, many, many times, in the future.

UNTER UNS

Jeden Morgen um neun Uhr dreissig,
Ist unser Hausvater schon fleissig.
Wer noch gar zu gerne mag
Schlafen, in den hellen Tag.
Aus dem Bette jagt er schnelle
—In zehn Minuten ist Kapelle!
Man moege wollen oder nicht,
Papa Schorten kennt seine Pflicht.

With Our Alumni

Through the kindness of Doctor Klinck we have received several more items about the Alumni.

Milton Reiner, who attended Waterloo College School and Waterloo College has been made a major in the R.C.A. overseas. This is his second promotion since he left Canada.

Reverend Floyd Freeston, a graduate of 1936, also a graduate in theology of Trinity College, Toronto, is now studying pastoral work in New York. He is at the General Theological Seminary working on his S.T.B. degree. He is also acting as assistant chaplain at the Bellevue Hospital.

Pilot Officer Morris Smith, one of our former part-time students, has arrived safely overseas. He is serving as a wireless operator in the R.C.A.F.

Dwight Kellerman is in the R.C.A.F. as a radio technician, stationed at Lachine, Que. Recently he was married to the former Miss Hilda Umbach of Waterloo.

The following are with the active battalion of the Scots Fusiliers:

Lieutenant Douglas Gurton.
Lieutenant Robert Menzies.
Lieutenant Jack Koehler.
Lieutenant Harry Snider.
Lieut. William Skelton is with the Reserve Unit of the Scots Fusiliers

Waterloo College War Record
(Active Service)

Graduates and former students:	
In Army	13
In R.C.A.F.	9
Deceased	1
C.O.T.C. Graduates:	
In Army	20
In R.C.A.F.	3
In R.C.N.V.R.	1
Total	47



The Signpost is becoming almost too weary to hold up that heavy board at the top. It must be Spring, or termites, or something. Or maybe the new editor job is too much. Alice, come back! There will be a light in the window for you. Hist, Hedderick, hear! But this is the last edition,—why falter now? With courage we proceed to the news of the day. Time marches backwards

The most inspired prank in many a long day was the hanging of Al Baetz in effigy,—his suit drawn up to half mast on the flag pole with a lampshade for a hat. Later that same day Jack Zimmerman's furniture appeared mysteriously on the roof. Some optimistic soul tried to give the weather a gentle hint by placing Jack's electric heater on the north peak of the roof. On the south peak appeared his armchair. In between were various pieces of furniture in artistic disarray. Oh well, at least he would have a chance to houseclean.

Found: On the back campus, carefully hidden under a tuft of grass on the archery range, one tiny cup-like nest, lined with down, almost invisible. Three greyish speckled eggs inside. Parent-birds please note: That is no place to bring up children. They will be in grave danger of being run over either by the archery fiends or by the C.O.T.C. Advise you move at once.

Archery, by the way, is a fascinating sport. Just as we were making progress the new sights arrived to complicate matters. What is more exhilarating than to see the arrows fly! Whoosh!—over the top! Whoosh again, under the bottom! Thud! This time you hit one of the legs. Well, that's variety anyhow. Three more whooshes, one high on the hillside and two hanging dejectedly from the paper around the target. Great sport this. But don't give us any more of that stuff about Robin Hood and the willow wand which he

could hit from half a mile out. We know better.

The graduating students are just about the busiest people for miles around these days. There are little things like the Occidentalia and the Graduation class to look after, and minor matters like sudden-death exams with no ray of hope from the prospect of writing supplementaries in August if one should fail now. There is a bright side too, though. The seniors are wined and dined and toasted, (not roasted!) everywhere. We want them to have a royal send-off. The Junior party in their honour started the ball rolling. We hear also that they are to be the dinner guests of Dr. and Mrs. Jefferis some time soon. And many other festivities are in sight.

Everyone will be glad to hear that one of our most popular freshmen, Arthur Conrad, is recovering from his recent illness. Arthur returned to his home in Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, at the beginning of the Easter vacation. As soon as he is well enough there is a possibility that he might take on light duties as an athletic coach at the Bridgewater High School. We are looking forward to seeing him again in the fall.

Who should turn up the other day, looking simply devastating in his naval officer's uniform, but Bev. Pugh, one of last year's graduates. The girls must have been very much impressed, because they lined up at the windows to watch him go by. Several boys in C.O.T.C. uniforms were looking rather sullen about it. Never mind, boys, it's just because they're used to you, not because you lack glamour.

The annual tea for the graduates took place, as usual, on the Thursday after Easter. This time is particularly suitable because then the high school teachers are still enjoying their vacation, while we industrious ones are hard at work again. The co-eds shared the expenses and most of them had a hand in the serving at one time or another. The ring leaders were, however, as well as I can remember, Jean Shantz, Ruth Corner, Jean Kramp, Violet Dorsch. Aside from one minor calamity which I probably shouldn't mention (the cake failed to arrive), everything ran smoothly. Almost everyone put in an appearance at some time during the afternoon. Among the ex-students we saw Ilse Aksim, Claire Pope, Elsa Christiansen, Mary and Patsy McGarry, Ellen Kellerman, Mr. H. Heldmann, Mr. Walter Koerber and others.

We had a preview today of the new College letters and crest which are going to be awarded to those lucky people who have made good in the athletic field during the year. Who they are our secretive athletic direc-

tress declines to reveal. But we'll probably know on class night, or some time soon. There are letters, honorary letters and crests, all smartly designed. This should give an edge to athletic competition in the future. Anyone would be proud to own one of these symbols of achievement. Rah, Rah, Waterloo!

Here's another bright thought for the day. Why doesn't someone write a few good new college yells? All we ever do is shout "W-A-T-E-R-L-O-O!" until probably everyone knows by now that we can spell. What we need is something tricky to dazzle them with when we go to London. And a new College song or two wouldn't hurt either. Something like "Buckle down, Waterloo, buckle down," would be very appropriate just now, with dead week staring us in the face. And does it ever look dead just now. How about it somebody? Come on Eldy, start composing.

We have been asked to advertise the College Dance, which is planned for the twenty-sixth of May. The committee is eager to have a large crowd present, because expenses are high. Also, the more the merrier. They point out with pride that the price is lower this year, only \$1.75 per couple. The Westmount Golf and Country Club is the favoured place and Willis Tipping is the happy orchestra leader. Dancing starts at nine-thirty, which leaves you lots of time to attend class night, which starts at eight and will not last more than an hour.

Although its inclusion in the time schedule causes a bit of crowding, Class Night has been declared indispensable by the faculty. It is usually a memorable occasion for the graduating class and also an expression of our loyalties and traditions. The Junior class is in charge of decorations for the gym on this occasion. If anyone cares to contribute spring flowers to help the good work along, we would appreciate it very much if they would let one of us know. The date, again, is May 26.

THE DOCTOR'S VERDICT

"I suppose it was necessary for you to visit me as often as you did, doctor?" queried the convalescent, studying the bill.

"My dear chap," replied the doctor, "you were in danger every time I visited you."

KEPT HIS PROMISE

I went into the grocer's shop on Friday and he asked me about paying the bill.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I can't pay you this week."

"But you said that last week—and the week before that."

"Well," I said, quite indignant, "and didn't I keep my word?"

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AFTER THEATRE SUPPERS

Waitress: Hawaii, gentlemen, you must be Hungary?
 Salesman: Yes, Siam, and we can't Rumania here long, either. Venice lunch ready?
 Waitress: I'll Russia a table. What'll you Havre?
 Buyer: Anything at all, but can't Jamaica little speed?
 Waitress: I don't think we can Fiji that fast, but Alaska.
 Salesman: Never mind asking anyone, just put a Cuba sugar in our Java.
 Waitress: Sweden it yourself. I'm only here to Servia.
 Buyer: Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who I am?
 Waitress: No and I don't Carribean. You sure Ararat.
 Boss: Samoa your wisecracks? What's got India? Do you think this arguing Alps business?
 Customers: Canada noise. Spain in the neck!

Monk: What fruit do you like best for breakfast?
 Minke: Well, it starts with "n".
 Monk: What would that be, a norange?
 Minke: No, guess again.
 Monk: A napple?
 Minke: Of course not! A napple for breakfast!
 Monk: A 'nana?
 Minke: You know I don't like 'nanas.
 Monk: I give up.
 Minke: A negg.

Sally—I suppose that's one of the horrible paintings you call art.
 "No. That's a mirror!"

Student Gives Talk on College

On Tuesday night, April 14, Miss Ilse Mosig addressed the Women's Missionary Society of St. Peter's Lutheran Church. The theme of the programme was "leaders of the future." Mr. Henry Nuhn of the Seminary, student assistant at St. Peter's, spoke about the Seminary. Ilse told them of the College in such a way that they will surely all want to send their young hopefuls here for an education. She outlined the advantages which Waterloo College has to offer spiritually, intellectually, and socially, and certainly gave them a shining example of Waterloo College public speaking ability. It is surprising how many of the ladies present knew little or nothing about the college, and how many of them thought of us as "the Seminary."

After the meeting we were invited to the home of Reverend Mr. and Mrs. Lotz, where Mrs. Lotz regaled us with ice-cream and coffee, and Mr. Lotz with stories of what Waterloo College was like in the days when men were men and women weren't. If the tales he told were true (and we would never doubt his veracity) we make bold to say that it is a jolly good thing for the reputation of Waterloo that they did let the women in!

But Mr. Lotz doesn't think so. There should, he says, be separate buildings for the eds and co-eds—that of the co-eds being, preferably, "at the other end of Kitchener." The men, he contends, have become "sissified" by their contact with the weaker sex. There may be arguments on both sides, but we decline to express them here. If there are any other former students of the days before "light came to Waterloo College" who would like to express an opinion, we should be very glad to hear it. How about it, Professor Klink?
 A.H.

A policeman dashed up to a man groaning and writing on the street. Inquiry brought nothing but the repeated mutter:

"I ate one too—I ate one too."
 "Poison!" thought the cop, and administered a suitable antidote. The man sat up like a shot and demanded to know why and wherefore.
 "What did I eat?" he raved. "I-812 is the number of the car that knocked me down."
 * * *

Wonder how many June bridegrooms already have forgotten how to drive with one hand?

CAMP

Have you heard the news? This year the meals are going to be really good. No, this year it will be different. There won't be any meals at all. Someone told me that the executive of the Boarding Club had been posted to make all arrangements for the men's mess. What a mess! And did you hear that they are going to run breakfast as they do on board ship, with two sittings? One for the O.T.C. and the other for Minke. There'll be no cheese for breakfast this year either—the rubber shortage, you know.

Have you heard the news? This year all parades will be over by four o'clock. No, that's wrong, stupid. They'll be over at four hours, I heard, which means four o'clock in the morning, and then reveille at five-thirty. Hardly worth going to bed, is it? Except for Baetz, of course. And they tell me that Schmieder is going to sleep in Kitchener and just commute to camp for parades. That must be wrong, though, because there's a gas shortage. Talking of gas shortage, what will they give us for coffee?

Have you heard the news? This year there will be compulsory church parade every morning, just like compulsory chapel at college, only you'll have to have your tunic buttoned up properly. Some of the boys from Western have written a hymn for it, but strangely enough, the editor won't let me print it here. Oh well, most of you remember the one we sang last year.

Have you heard the news? This year there won't be tents, but huts instead. No, that isn't quite right. This year there won't be tents, period. That won't bother the boys in syllabus A, of course, because they can do their sleeping during squad drill, or so I am told. But if there are no tents, there will be no canteen. Did you hear that Sauder had been arrested in St. Jacobs on charge of attempted desertion?

Have you heard the news? This year there won't be any sergeant-majors. This year there won't be any passes. This year Winkler is going to ride the colonel's horse. This year there will be night operations eight nights a week. This year there won't be any targets at the ranges. This year Beggs will be the butt party all by himself. This year—!
 Cadet Corkscrew.

Sparrow, to his battered friend: Whatever happened to you?

Friend: Oh I was flying low, swooping up and down when I suddenly got caught in a badminton game.

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SPORT

College to Get New Tennis Court

The annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held on April 16th. In the absence of Doctor Clausen, the honorary president, Alvin Baetz, presided. After the treasurer's report, which was given by Ruth Corner, Dave Dooley, the president of the Athletic Directorate for the last year, gave a brief summary of the activities engaged in by the students during the year 1941-42.

Then followed the election of student representatives for next year. Those elected were: Ruthmarie Schmieder for the Junior Class, Melvin King for the Sophomores, and Harold Brose for the Freshmen.

A discussion regarding the surfacing of a tennis court took place and concluded with a motion that the Directorate should attempt to obtain a contractor to place an asphalt surface on the one court as soon as possible.

Badminton Results

In the recent badminton tournaments held at the College the results were as follows:

Ladies Singles: Semi-finals, Violet Dorsch vs. Jean Shantz, winner, Jean Shantz; Ruth Schmieder vs. Jean Kramp, winner, Jean Kramp; finals, Jean Kramp vs. Jean Shantz, winner, Jean Kramp; consolation winner, Anne Kuntz.

Ladies Doubles: Finals, Ruth Schmieder and Ilse Mosig vs. Violet Dorsch and Jean Kramp, winners Violet Dorsch and Jean Kramp; consolation winners, Dorothy Heimrich and Anne Kuntz.

Men's Singles: Winner, Bill Armstrong; semi-finals, Melvin King vs. Fred Neudoerffer, winner, Neudoerffer; Stan Vincent vs. Bill Armstrong, winner Armstrong.

Men's Doubles: John Baetz and Bill Armstrong vs. Dave Dooley and Melvin King, winners, Baetz and Armstrong.

Mixed Doubles: Finals, Ruth Schmieder and Fred Neudoerffer vs. Jean Kramp and Bill Armstrong, winners, Ruth Schmieder and Neudoerffer.

Badminton was about the only sport offered to men students of the College this year. During the progress of the tournaments we discovered that we had some outstanding players in our midst. Racquet wielders such as Armstrong and Neudoerffer showed us that athletic ability is not lacking among our male students. Even those who had played very little displayed sufficient skill to justify their entering tournaments of this kind.

Among the girls there were, in addition to those who represented us at London, up-and-coming players who might well help to uphold the honour of the college another year, namely, Jean Shantz, Violet Dorsch and June Brock. Badminton as an intramural activity was popular among both boys and girls and had a highly successful season.

MEN'S ATHLETICS

War is bound to affect the annual programme of athletics in any school or college. C.O.T.C. has come to take the place of the compulsory physical education course for men. Yet is this any reason why interest in sports should be dropped completely, as has happened in the last year? Soldiers in active training are encouraged and urged to participate in competitive sport. Why? Physical activity, besides being a form of recreation, builds muscles, conditions the body, quickens responses, stimulates the functions of the mind and of the body and contributes to general health and morale. A sports program should be drawn up to supplement this military training. Such a program need not interfere with the pursuit of studies. Students get recreation somewhere, whether it be in night clubs, dance halls, theatres, or by joining badminton, tennis and ski clubs elsewhere. A college should be the answer to a student's needs in every phase of life.

The question arises, who should draw up a satisfactory program? Because of military training we have no director of physical education for men. However we have a student body called the Athletic Directorate whose function it is to foster sports among the students of the College. To fill the void left by the absence of an instructor, should not the Athletic Directorate assume full responsibility? And shouldn't the male representatives on the Directorate be especially interested? The importance of the contribution members of this body can make if they are willing to spend time and energy on it can hardly be estimated.

An energetic student body may offer a programme of seasonal activities. There are rumors that by next fall or even before we may have a College tennis court. Intramural tennis tournaments may be sponsored similar to the badminton tournaments which have just been completed. If it were decided to carry on intramural sports throughout the year an informal track and field meet might be held at the beginning of the next semester. During the winter a schedule might be drawn up for inter-year basketball or volleyball competition. The inter season might close with an intramural badminton competition again. In the spring, tennis and track and field are again in order and archery is offered to those interested.

Archery is not intended only for girls. If we view the situation outside we find that the Toronto Archery Club and archery clubs in American Universities attract as many men as women members. Knowledge of a few fundamentals and care of equipment (for it is expensive) is all that is needed to enjoy the sport. If you're interested, ask anyone who has done a little and they'll gladly show you how to build up a high degree of accuracy. Archery tournaments might be held in the fall if sufficient interest were evidenced. Waterloo College might become the centre of an archery club for the Twin Cities, since that sport was first introduced here. It is a popular sport in the United States and is rapidly gaining a foothold in Canada.

If the Directorate decided extramural competition might create more enthusiasm, the College could enter a team in a volleyball or basketball

Twin City league. Outside badminton competition might be arranged.

We should not hesitate to present sports to students because we believe we have no outstanding athletes. This is contrary to the aim of physical education. Rather, we should give as many students as possible the opportunity to participate in activity and develop their skill and interest, thereby gaining the maximum skill and enjoyment. The Athletic Directorate as an actively functioning body and not as a mere passive figurehead, can investigate the possibilities of entering leagues and can present a sports program to the students. After that the success of the program depends upon the co-operation and interest of the students.

Girls' Athletics

Because of the present war we may see in another year a number of changes in the girls' physical education program. Military courses might take the place of the present physical education course. Another year we might not be able to enter the inter-Western meet and the inter-Western basketball and badminton league which we have enjoyed so much and which has become an accepted part of our sports program. Gasoline rationing and rubber shortage may result in transportation difficulties. We may overcome these difficulties and shall do our best to do so, because this league offers an ideal competition with girls of college age.

In the event that we could not enter the league we should have to reconstruct our program to meet our needs. Our annual intramural track and field meet might be held as usual. To offset the inter-Western meet we might arrange a similar one with the K-W Collegiate Institute, St. Mary's High School and similar institutions. For the winter activities we might enter a basketball and badminton league with the above mentioned schools or with schools nearer than London. There is also the Twin City Industrial Basketball League in which the Y.-W.C.A., Forsyths, Arrows, Mutual Life and Dominion Life participate. A similar volleyball league might be arranged.

An intramural program with inter-year competitions in team sports might be drawn up, but the number of girl students makes this plan highly improbable. Intramural competitions, however, might be kept up in track and field, archery, tennis and badminton. To our usual track and field events we might add the discus throw, basketball throw for distance and a running broad jump.

At present the girls have a well-rounded program and in the future should not drop any of these sports, but rather add to them. Skiing, figure-skating, and ice-hockey might be introduced into the winter timetable. Girl graduates should be able to take the lead in Athletics as well as in other spheres.

The Duke—I say — er — are you dancing this one?

Maggie, a Wallflower (hopefully) —Why no!"

The Duke—Then would you mind holding my cigarette while I dance? I can't find a place to put the beastly thing.

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- WATERLOONACY -

It looks as if Sprig is here at last—and we do mean Sprig. As Professor Klinck remarked recently, "if you are wishing you had had your essays in before the weather got so nice, I just want to remind you how much nicer the weather is going to get." A word to the wise—but who can reproach us with being wise?

Strange things happened in the girls' First Aid classes—Mrs. Clausen and Emma Schorten are asking each other questions as set down by Mr. Connor. "What," says Mrs. Clausen, "would you do if you were bitten by a dog that had rabies?"

Emma, without even having to pause for consideration, replies, "I'd froth at the mouth."

Twenty points for that one, Miss Schorten!

"Hello, Bill, how are things?"

"Fine, thanks."

"How do you find business these days?"

"By advertising."

Many of the French and German colonial governors before the First World War, were, according to Miss McLaren, millinery martinets.

Discussing war rationing, Gladys remarked, wisely if not too lucidly, that "a lot of things aren't any more, aren't they?"

Scene—the Girls' Room.

Time—approximately ten minutes after the ten a.m. bell.

Enter Delphine, singing cheerily.

Ilse—Aren't you in class?

Delph—Yes, of course, don't you see me?

Marg. Rohe—Are you in class, though?

Delph—Yes, in a class by myself.

The curtain falls on a not to be reproduced splutter on the part of Miss Rohe.

According to a Seminarian, who ought to know, married men make the best husbands.

Gladys: Gee, look! Real snow! Ain't spring grand!

Dining-room incidents:

Ange drops her compact, spilling powder on the table. As a quick clean-up job, she blows it off across the table.

Gladys: Ange! The sugar!

Ange: Yeah! Powdered sugar!

We had a feeling that, with Angie back in town, this column was going to be given a lift.

Al Baetz, with his serviette around his neck, is reverting to baby ways. He told Miss Shantz that it was because she upset him so.

This is the last Waterlooony column for this year, perhaps for ever—but we mustn't extend too many empty hopes. It's all over but the shouting now and we Waterloons are ready to meet our Waterloo—three more weeks, two more weeks, Dead Week, and then it may well be the death of us. And if we survive Dead Week—oh well, why rake it up? Now is the time for examiners to do their worst, and for professors to take a well-earned revenge. May they be as unobservant of our faults as we have been of their lectures!

Good luck to us all, and don't let's forget our character as Waterloons—'We shall never bring thy name dishonour, Waterloo!' And if you do pop around, or if you write letters, you are still eligible for this column, if any.

Cheerio!

Young Man—Are you John A. Van Dorky?

Other—No.

Young Man—Well, I am, and that is his overcoat you are putting on.

Hotel Proprietor—"Did you enjoy your sleep?"

Fussy—Yes, except for a dead bed-bug.

Hotel Prop—How could a dead bed bug disturb you?

Fussy—He couldn't, but his friends surely gave him a rough funeral.

A woman was asked by the customs official at the landing post, "Anything to declare, Madam?"

"No," she replied sweetly, "nothing."

"Then, madam," said the official, "am I to take it that the fur tail I see hanging down under your coat at the back is really your own?"

"Eavesdropping again," said Adam as his wife fell out of a tree.

Speaking of First Aid, the humerus, Dr. Fraser tells us, is not the funny-bone!

And Mr. Connor says, "the bone in the upper part of the arm is called the humerus,—and it ain't funny, see?"

GUARD THAT WATCH!

A man travelling in South America entered a shop in the capital of a small state to buy a watch and chain. The watchmaker wrapped up the articles and with them a revolver.

"I say," observed the astonished traveller, "I don't want a revolver."

The watchmaker said: "Why, you've bought a gold watch! You mean to keep it, don't you?"

Ruth rode on my cycle car,

Directly back of me;

I hit a bump at sixty-five,

And rode on ruth-less-ly.

Another reason for confusion in these times, an exchange reports, is that you can't tell whether a man with his ear to the ground is listening to public opinion or just sizing up his tires.

Hickory, Dickory Dock. The mouse ran up the clock. The clock struck one, our story's done.

Because there only was one mouse and it sure got slugged!

Cannibal Soothsayer: Did you know that the chief had hay fever?

Medico: Serves him right. We warned him not to eat that grass widow.

Enthusiastic Englishman of R.A.F.—I say, deah thing, you are positively ripping.

Innocent Young Thing—Ripping? Omigosh, where?

A—Could I try that suit on in the window?

B—We'd much rather you'd use the dressing room.

She: "I hear Smith gave you a black eye."

He: "That's the way people exaggerate, I had the eye already. He only added the colour."

C.O.T.C. Officer (on inspection)—What's the idea of wearing your stockings inside out?

Cadet (proudly)—I have a hole on the other side, sir.

"I don't like her."

"Why not?"

"Her neck's dirty."

"Does her?"

Mary had a little dress, Dainty, chic and airy. It didn't show the dirt a bit, But, gosh, how it showed Mary.

Did you hear about the girl who went to a masquerade dressed as a telephone operator, and before the evening was over had three close calls?

Angry Pa: "What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?"

Gay Gadabout: "Had to be to work at 7."

Freshman—Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?

Ex-Freshman—That's a deaf mute with the hiccups.

Heaven protect the working girl—and heaven help the man she's working!

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Books

One of the most interesting of the newer books is "A Subtreasury of American Humor," edited by E. B. White and Katherine S. White and published by Coward-McCann, Inc., New York. The first-named editor wrote a very interesting preface to the book, a kind of essay on humor in general. The piece is splendidly done, by a man who has made a long and careful study of his subject. I would like to quote the whole preface—it is worth it—but it is also twenty pages long. Here are two paragraphs which especially interested me. If you like them get hold of the book and read the rest yourself.

"One of the things commonly said about humorists is that they are really very sad people—clowns with a breaking heart. There is some truth in it but it is badly stated. It would be more accurate, I think, to say that there is a deep vein of melancholy running through everyone's life and that a humorist, perhaps more sensitive of it than some others, compensates for it actively and positively. Practically everyone is a maniac depressive of sorts with his up moments and his down moments, and you certainly don't have to be a humorist to taste the sadness of situation and mood. But, as everyone knows, there is often a rather fine line between laughing and crying, and if a humorous piece of writing brings a person to the point where his emotional responses are untrustworthy and seem likely to break over into the opposite realm, it is because humorous writing, like poetical writing, has an extra content. It plays like an active child, close to the big hot fire which is truth, and sometimes the reader feels the heat.

The world likes humor, but treats it patronizingly. It decorates its serious artists with laurel, and its wags with Brussels sprouts. It feels that if a thing is funny it can be presumed to be something less than great, because if it were truly great it would be wholly serious. Writers know this and those who take their literary selves with great seriousness are at considerable pains never to associate their name with anything funny or flippant or nonsensical or 'light.' They suspect it would hurt their reputation and they are right. Many a poet writing today signs his real name to his serious verse and a pseudonym to his comical verse, being unwilling to have the public discover him in any but a pensive and heavy moment. It is a wise precaution. (It is often a bad poet, too).

EPITAPH

In memory of our father: "Gone to join his appendix, his tonsils, his olfactory nerve, his kidneys, his eardrum, and a leg prematurely removed by a hospital surgeon who craved experience."

Fuzzy—An' who are you taking to the dance?

Wuzzy—Well, I like Mary's form, Kay's lips, Ruth's eyes, Dol's hair, Marg's dancing and Patsy's — and Patsy's —. Oh, I guess I'll take Patsy.

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Miss Anne Kuntz

Continued From Page 1

baby chick was easy.—Bon Ami, of course. But the cigarette ones were bad. It is not clear in our mind yet whether Philip Morris or Camels or Players are "blended right," if any of them are.

As this was the end of the line we totalled our scores, added ten and handed them in. Without much regret we announce that there was much unlawful co-operation in these games,—but you can't call it underhand when people shout answers from one room to another. At any rate it was great fun, and we never did find out which group won, if any.

After a brief interlude during which the bridge players settled back into their corners, John Baetz gave a few original arrangements of popular piano pieces, and Angela beat out a few torried tunes, lunch was served. Meanwhile Lottie and Jean had discovered a record album of Strauss waltzes which they immediately played. Cake, ice-cream, cookies and coffee were supplied by Miss McLaren, the society's faculty advisor and general fairy godmother.

Later rugs rolled themselves back, furnitures moved aside, and people began to dance in two rooms, while the bridge players, still engrossed in the game, occupied the other room. There were plenty of modern recordings made by good orchestras to keep the dancers happy.

The executive, consisting of Gladys Quehl, president, Anne Kuntz, vice-president and Roy Grosz, secretary-treasurer, deserves to be congratulated for this and the other highly successful gatherings of various kinds which they have sponsored during their term at the helm of the Athenaeum Society.

Juniors Give Party

(Continued)

ice cream, cake and coffee—and the coffee was good too. "And why shouldn't it be?" said the committee, "about fifteen Juniors helped to make it." Dishwashing was enjoyed by all—the girls, I mean. The boys showed up, prepared to wash and dry, when it was all over.

Even if the boys were rather outnumbered,—there were seven boys and fourteen girls, we had a good time and lots of fun. After all, it isn't every year that the Seniors are justly honoured with a party by the inferior (!) Junior class.

HEADY ECONOMY

After much thought, an Aberdeen couple decided to adopt an orphan boy.

"I wonder, Mrs. McFie," remarked a neighbour, "that ye didna choose a lassie. Now you're up in years she would have been helpful tae ye."

"Maybe," replied Mrs. McFie; "but ye see, we had a guid glengary bonnet in the hoose."

FATAL SUBTRACTION

"Daddy, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?"

"Well, son, they are frequently referred to as such."

"Then if a man married twice, there wouldn't be much of him left, would there?"