

THE COLLEGE CORD

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WATERLOO, ONT., DECEMBER, 1943.

AN UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATION

NO. 3

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



With Our Alumni

In a recent subscription drive sponsored by our circulation manager among the alumni, many bits of interesting information have found their way back to the Alma Mater. James F. Vorkoper of the seminary class of 1926 writes from Corpus Christi, Texas:

"I have been enjoying the Cord, even though the names that I know are gradually getting fainter and fainter. The cloud of newcomers in the passing years has quite taken over the items from the weary, old, slow-plodding Oldtimers who seldom make the front lines any more. But occasionally my eyes fell upon a familiar name and memories rush in to take their place in a busy life.

"There are two Waterloo Seminary Grads in Texas. The Rev. Paul Bechter, president of the Texas Synod, ULCA, pastor at Yoakum, Texas, and myself. If there are any other college men here please advise me. President Bechter has a busy time of it these days when vacancies in the synod are many and distances are great.

"Occasionally I run across Canadian men training at our Naval Air Station here in Corpus Christi. Of course, I inquire about their home town. So far I have not found any from places about which I am well acquainted. They drop in at the Lutheran Service Center here, I note, since they are registered there.

"We have been starting a new mission from scratch in this busy, growing city. The port of Corpus Christi has experienced a marvelous growth in the last fifteen years. From a city of about 25,000 then, it is now 103,000. It was about 57,000 in 1938-40 after an immense oil boom and shipping boom, and then the immense Naval Air Station was built, which sent the population figure beyond all expectation. Our new mission has had the misfortune to have no building of their own so we are handicapped in that sense, but things are looking up. We have some thirty confirmed members now and a number on the way toward membership." Mr. Vorkoper's address is 1808 Palm Drive, Corpus Christi, Texas, for any alumni who might be interested.

(Continued on p. 5)

"Days" Defeat "Dorms"

Tuesday noon, Dec. 7, the day students challenged the dormitory students to a game of volleyball. Each group chose its own team out of the assortment of players. The "Days" team comprised Gastmeier, Berscht, Keating, MacLeod, Daman and Marchand, and their opponents were Reble, Mickus, Brose Secundus, Rhody, Eberhardt and Zimmerman. Brose Primus and Brother Minke refereed. The first game was close for a long while but suddenly the Days shot ahead to make a score of 21-11.

An innovation was introduced into the game: Rules were followed. But the temptation to touch the net was too great for Bubbles MacLeod, who almost suffered the fate of Absalom, as he tried to reach over the net. Various costumes were exhumed by the players. Herb wore his sleeveless pullover next to his body and looked remarkably like a 1909 bathing beauty. "Ace" Keating resurrected a pair of nondescript trousers that should have been left buried.

As usual Keating, for the Days, and Reble, for the Dorms, were the all-star players on their own teams. Reble managed to have his usual number of sprawls; i.e., every other lunge at the ball left him flat on the floor. But Herb too had his little moments of glory when the female spectators squealed their delight after he had made a brilliant play. We know now where "Bubbles" MacLeod got his nickname: He has the agility of a bubble dancer.

In the second game the "Days" again proved their superiority over the "Dorms." Brose Primus exchanged places with Zimmerman who then became referee. He upheld the Brose family's reputation of agility (meaning they get around).

Although the Dorms lost both games, they enjoyed the games as well as their opponents. Indeed both games were as full of friendly rivalry as they were full of action. This was the first game of its type this year. We should have more.

Will You Help?

To Complete Our Files of the Cord
The Cord staff will be grateful for
the gift of back numbers of

Vol. 16 (1940-41)

Issues numbered 2, 3, 6.

Vol. 18 (1942-43)

Issues numbered 1-6 inclusive.

According to the enjoyment of both players and spectators we will have more. The Dorms want to daze us next time.

C. A. H.

"Does This Mean You"

Large expenses have been entailed by "The College Cord" staff in order to bring the paper to the many people associated with the college, either as alumni or former students or friends of long standing. It stands to reason, therefore, that "The College Cord" needs greater support than it has received up to the present. We make no apologies for the content of the paper because we believe that we have done our best to make it interesting for all our readers. We understand, of course, that many of our readers are busy people, who have much on their minds, without being bothered with something like paying for a subscription to "The College Cord." But, if that is the case, would you be kind enough to inform us that you don't want it. On the other hand, if you want us to keep sending you a copy, we would greatly appreciate your subscription. The undersigned apologizes for the bluntness of this notice but hopes that you will realize that we are unable to continue sending "The College Cord" to those who have no intention of paying for it.

Yours in good faith,

Roy Grosz,

Circulation Manager
"The College Cord."

Dick Wellein Killed in Plane Crash

On Nov. 23 we were profoundly shocked to hear the news of the death of L.A.C. Richard Meredith (Dick) Wellein, a former student of Waterloo College and a member of its C.O.T.C. Dick was killed in a plane crash at No. 1 Service Flying Training School, Camp Borden, Ont.

He was in training as a pilot, and was to have received his wings in less than two months. He had been home the previous weekend and had talked to some of us. At that time he was pleased with his progress in training which was well above average. He said, however, that, though he liked flying, he certainly missed the College and its people.

Dick came to Waterloo in '41-'42 and soon won new friends among the students. Many of us still recall incidents showing his genial nature. At initiation, at school, at Thames Valley O.T.C. Camp and everywhere Dick showed himself a good-hearted fellow able to give and take with good humor. He began the '42-'43 term at Waterloo and in February of '43 enlisted in the R.C.A.F.

Dick was wellknown in athletic circles. He was more than proficient in such sports as rugby, track, basketball and gym work. He was one of the best swimmers in the district, his medals and shields representing victories at several centres, including Hamilton and Toronto.

Both the school and the community feel the loss of Dick keenly. A death such as his brings home the grim, destructive nature of this war. Perhaps the feeling of sorrow and resentment which his death inspired in us will help shorten the conflict which is sapping the country of its finest men. To his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Wellein of 35 Louisa St., Kitchener, and to his sisters, we express our deepest sympathy.

Founded 1926

THE COLLEGE CORD

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 College Static Janet Lang and Ward Kaiser
 C.O.T.C. Notes Mel. King
 Social Events Elaine Smith

Alumni Notes Jack Zimmerman
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Published by the students of Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ontario.

EDITORIAL

Carols are being sung in Chapel; the boys in the dorm are singing about a White Christmas; most of the girls are worrying about whether a certain guy will get leave, and the whole school is trying to make the writing of essays and the demands of Christmas shopping trips compatible. There is a buzz in the air about parties, the girls' banquet, the boarding club's brawl and the hope of another Cord before Christmas. All this goes to make up December and Christmas time at Waterloo.

* * *

It looks as if we are going to have a white Christmas after all. The discussions pro and con on the desirable type of weather at Christmas-tide have been varied and heated, but all seem to resolve into one final and unalterable decision — we want a white Christmas. A green Christmas just isn't to be tolerated, for everybody knows that clear skies, great pulsing stars, and snow are absolutely necessary for a completely Canadian Christmas.

The world is still at war, and the peace which we should have as our lot at Christmas is absent another year. Even so, we have much to be thankful for—good will, friends, and happiness are still unrationed; we do not have to fear the airplanes in our skies; no guns have blasted the beauty of our homes and country; instead we are able to look forward to this Christmas and the coming year with more courage and a surer hope that peace will come.

May we wish you, one and all a very merry Christmas and a happier New Year than ever, from our whole staff.

M. A. J.

* * *

THE "CORRIDOR SONG," OR "THE CALL OF THE RILED"

'Twas the Cord before Christmas, and all through the halls,
 Latin students were learning of Caesar and Gauls,
 English themes were compared to Hazlitt's and Lamb's,
 All partakers of Science were speaking of grams,
 The Lausbubengeschichten entranced German 10,
 Just as Byron made English appealing again,
 Syllogisms in Logic were lisped on some tongues,
 And Greek scholars declined at the top of their lungs,
 Seminarians were running to Dogma and R. K.,
 And the French devotees were embracing Bossuet,
 When along the choked halls steamed a figure in haste,
 With a glint in her eye, like a rabbit she raced,
 With a pounce she'd ensnare the unwary young man,
 Or fair maiden who stepped in her path as she ran.

Were the Iroquois martyring innocent souls?

Was a new Inquisition a-logging off polls?

Do not run, little children, in fear to the door,

She is looking for copy, it's our editor.

C. A. H.

University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

Faculties

Faculty of Arts Faculty of Medicine

Faculty of Public Health

Affiliated Colleges

Huron College
 Assumption College
 Ursuline College

Waterloo College
 Alma College (Junior College)
 St. Peter's Seminary

Western Ontario Conservatory of Music

The University was founded in 1878 and is coeducational.

Location: The University is located in the City of London, County of Middlesex, in the south-west portion of the Province of Ontario in one of the best agricultural areas of this continent. The fourteen counties of southwestern Ontario, popularly known as Western Ontario, have been set aside by Act of the Legislature as the University constituency. These counties have approximately one million people with more than 140 secondary schools. The vast majority of the students come from this area.

Support: The University is supported by legislative grants, an annual grant from the City of London, by student fees and by the income from an endowment fund.

The University may grant degrees in any department of learning.

The University offers courses in practically the whole range of liberal arts subjects, in pure science, in a few branches of applied science, in business administration, in secretarial science, etc. The University offers a standard course in medical science and in various branches of public health, nursing, etc.

The University conducts a summer school for the benefit of teachers who wish to widen their knowledge and for students who may wish to devote extra time to special subjects. Many students scattered over the province are taking courses extramurally, that is, by correspondence. The Extension Department offers systematic courses in a wide range of subjects, while lecturers go to various towns to meet classes each week. In addition, topical and other lectures are given by University professors to special groups organized for the purpose.

The Library services of the University are, at a nominal cost, at the disposal of any citizen of the Province of Ontario.

The University belongs to the people of Western Ontario and seeks to serve its constituency.

For further particulars apply to **THE REGISTRAR.**

Christmas Mosaic

Red paper. Blue paper. Silver balls and soft gleaming lights. Ribbon. Miles of ribbon. Silver ribbon. Red ribbon. White ribbon. Tags and stickers. Star-spangled paper. Striped paper. Shreds of glittering tinsel, winking and blinking multi-colored in the tree lights. Scissors and paste. Pins and tacks. Snow. Large white flakes blotting out the landscape. Snow—artificial snow—under the Christmas tree. The scent of pine needles. A whiff of the cologne you bought for Peggy. Cologne and pine. Christmas—that's it. Where are the scissors? Polished red apples. A few nuts. Oranges. Last-minute cards to address. The phone, ringing greetings. Carols on the radio. Sleigh bells. Tinsel-winged angels. The old cloth Santa Claus, slightly bow-legged. "Deck the hall with bows of holly . . ." The cathedral bells. A little girl laughing. Visions of sugar plums. The fire, warm and gently bright, like a good friend's smile. Laughter. Red ribbon. Tissue paper. White papers. Red paper. Blue paper. Starry paper. Round shiny balls, green, and silver, and crimson. The silent patter of the candle-flames when the door opens and sways them with wind. Snow piling up on the window-sills—heaps of purity. The slow gray descent of winter nightfall. Outside, dusk, cold, snow. Inside, rich light, warmth, scent of pine and cologne. Wreaths at all the windows. Mistletoe in the very centre. Tinsel cords. Popcorn. Strings of popcorn. Old-fashioned Gifts to wrap. Books—in blue with silver ribbon. Red ribbon? Red, white and blue combination? Home-made candy—sugar skimmed on for weeks—worth it. Children singing outside the window. The last gift wrapped. The last tinsel ball hung. One small stocking, looking very empty, suspended from the mantle. Will that golliwog doll go in it? Miles of ribbon. Paper. Red paper. Blue paper. Silver balls and soft gleaming lights. Smell of pine.

A Tearful Little Earful

A captured canary in a cage; a sullen murderer in a cell; a worried student in a quandary—all so different, yet so alike.

We are caught in the merciless clutch of exams; we are hemmed in on all sides by the need for study; we are tempted at every turn by entertainment and fun.

But we must not yield! We must put ourselves in solitary confinement with our books. We must study incessantly! In order not to lose any valuable time, we should always

have our notes handy. Studying on the street-car should become popular—only concentration is necessary to accomplish this feat. Then, we should study also walking from the end of the street car line up to college. With one foot on the road and the other on the curb, we should be able to guide ourselves wonderfully, without taking our eyes off our notes. Naturally, we must study between classes. In other words, we must study, study, study—and not even take time off to fill in the application for our inevitable entrance into "the Institution of the Feeble-Minded." This would, without doubt, be our fate.

But if we do yield—if we go out every night, if we just plain sit in the street-car, just plain walk up to college, just plain loaf between classes, in other words, enjoy life, what then? Then we must face the consequences. We must expect to be rejected from society. We must suffer endless agony and dream up countless excuses for the results of the exams. We must even evade our parents. We will become lepers.

Now the question is, which fate is better? That of a lunatic or a leper? A lunatic is a happy individual, knowing himself to be Napoleon; a leper is a lonesome outcast.

Yes, we all agree, we all desire the pursuit of happiness! There is no alternative, we must become lunatics. So study, students, study, study!

The Bard Barred

Or "a pox of that jest!"

Written in part by a sensitive adult under quarantine for chicken pox.

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes

I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,

And look upon myself and curse my fate."

Thinking I've played on this world's scanty stage

The infant, school-boy, lover, warrior, judge,

Assuming now that sixth part, childish age,

Or second childishness, in shame I trudge.

"That time of year thou mayst in me behold

When yellow leaves or none or few do hang

Upon those boughs," wrote Shakespeare, growing old,

And stroked the shining dome whence music sprang.

For me no manliness in beard or looks:

"It's only children that take chicken pox."

Even the Oxford English Dictionary speaks of it as "a mild eruptive disease, which chiefly attacks children."

Holy Night

Holy is the night,
And holy is the time;
The stars that prick the velvet blue of night
Are bright as angels' eyes
And sharper than many needles.

And in the East one star
Hangs, bright and exceeding fair,
And in the blue air is heard a heavenly chant—
Music distant and holy,
And the quick soft rustle of angels' wings.

Holy is the night,
And holy is the song;
The flames of many candles in many windows
Leap to greet the hallowed sound
Of midnight heralding a deep mystery.

And in the East one star,
And all the stars are afire,
And angels' wings brush over sleeping roofs
And the holy music draws near,
And all the candles leap—the Christ is born!

Frosh Party

'Twas the month before Christmas . . . and all the Frosh gathered at the Lyric for a gala theatre party. Meeting in the lobby at seven-thirty in the evening, the students were ushered to a special section, in the middle of the theatre, which was so thoughtfully reserved for them by the president of the freshman class, Carson Bock. The program was very entertaining for "Sahara," starring Humphrey Bogart, was co-featured with a revival of "It Happened One Night," with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable.

After the movies, all boarded the crosstown bus for Pandora Avenue and there one of our most popular co-eds opened her home for us to dance. There Audrey introduced us to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Brock, and to her cousin, Jack Fox. In the cosy, wood-panelled recreation room a cheerful fire was crackling in the grate and here we danced to the music of the victrola (operated by our chaperon, Professor Evans) and of the radio. The most delicious refreshments were served—tasty sandwiches, olives and pickles, excellent chocolate cake, shortbreads, salted nuts, butter-scotch candy, and for "the pause that refreshes"—cokes. We are certainly very grateful to the Brocks for their kind hospitality. It was a delightful evening—that of November 25.

Sketchings

Scene—Boys' room. Time—noon. Bell has rung. Mad rush for coats and hats . . . Marchand is parked in that big leather chair again—has a monopoly on it I think . . . Keating, book in hand proceeds to stuff himself with a bologna sandwich . . . Can't be fussy, a war is on . . . Koch defends his position with regard to the value of philosophy between bites of cake . . . Seems he always is in the minority which doesn't bother him in the least . . . By now the desk tables are laden with lunches and everybody is quiet—for half a second . . . There's Van Every smoking a cigarette . . . Never saw him do that before . . . Wonder if his mother knows . . . Alf Shenk comes rushing in and falls over Damman's big feet . . . Keeps his temper though . . . All he wanted was to know if the aorist of some Greek verb was such and fuzz . . . McLeod—he's the redhead, you know, McLeod tells a story about the girl who blah, blah . . . Usually pretty good, too . . . Kaiser is grumbling about the essays for which he still has to get up enough ambition to write . . . Poor Kaiser, if he would only quit chasing around at night . . . Hoffman looks grouchy today . . . That big bully Gastmeier is mauling one of the little guys again . . . Wish someone would give him a poke in the snoodle . . . Berscht has it all figured out how the Red Wings are going to take the Canadiens for a ride next Saturday . . . Winkler wouldn't agree though, I'm sure . . . Shantz is raising a rumpus because he can't clean his rifle while he has the time now . . . Brose sticks his snout in . . . Hollers, time to play volleyball, who is going to play volleyball? Time 12:30. Place—Boys' room. Occupants—None.

R. N. G.

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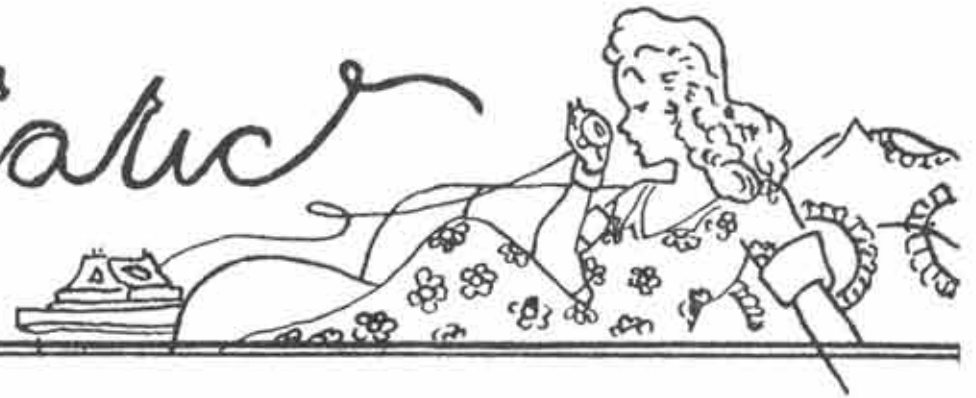
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College Status



Well here we are, only a few days away from the Christmas vacation. Think of it—a whole week's holidays—and it's not many weeks since we had two minutes' silence. Also, we hope you've finished all your essays, but then again may hope isn't everything!

Joanie writes compositions every night—who passes them, Professor Klinck or the Barrielfield censor?

Merry Christmas to all our professors and may the New Year give you better and brighter students.

Connie seems to be the answer to every little boy's prayer — the other day we found him up against the toughest team in the neighborhood—three six-year-olds. Didn't have time to check up on the final score, but we are sure he won the lollypops.

Contributed:—

Mary Shupe: My horse for a Kingdom to call my own!

The Seminary library was filled one day with students chatting and laughing. In comes the Rev. Roy with this brainy remark: "Is this the School for Scandal I've heard so much about?"

May we suggest that our popular baritone concentrate on singing notes instead of writing notes.

The examination conference is now a matter of history. All that remains now are those long nights filled with hours of study, gallons of coffee and with worry enough for seven ordinary mortals; those equally long days filled with periods of frantic writing; then that interminable period of waiting until the results are posted — and you wish they weren't. But—turning to a more pleasant subject, we wish to take this opportunity of wishing our readers a very Merry Christmas all day long and a joyous New Year—all year. Perhaps this little Scotch verse will convey the right sentiment:

"Oh, here's a toast an' a bit o' song,
And this way gae's the refrain:

May you ne'er complain wi'out cause,
And ne'er ha'e cause to complain."

Our big blond cutie nearly strangled not so long ago. Marchand, statistics really can't be that bad—or can they?

Audrey we hear your watch is non-magnetic—but only time will tell.

Rumor has it that we have a mechanized unit. General Schmiender, please tell us—who is the keeper of the bicycles?

And then there's that remark of Doris Smith's, after writing a Psych. exam: "Where do we put this junk, (meaning her paper)." Of course, she didn't see that Prof. Rickard had just entered the room, and was standing only a few feet from her . . . Wonder what kind of a grade she got?

Study has always been a problem to all normal college students. Here's our reasoning in connection with study —

The more you study, the more you learn,

The more you learn, the more you know,

The more you know, the more there is to forget,

The more you forget, the less you know.

So why study at all?

Eileen Scott is partial to "Wings"—and we don't mean cigarettes.

Cupid has been using a new secret weapon on one of our prettiest blondes—cards for darts—. Never mind, Elaine, if you need help just Haller.

Perhaps it's of no moment, but we think it the story of the moment. When Sgt. McIvor was calling the roll in a C.O.T.C. lecture, that famed (but for what?) Cadet Brose (Ernest) nonchalantly rose from his seat and walked across the room. Don't know what's hit that fellow, but he certainly doesn't seem himself any more . . . acts as if he's stunned or dazed, or something.

Somebody suggests it's a queer occurrence when he and Marg both appear to have lost their own rings, and then found each others . . . ?

We know St. Nick will pay his namesake a special visit—Merry Christmas from all of us too, Nick.

Joye and Paul certainly believe in the axiom two is company and three is a social error.

Here's the deepest, most profound bit of thinking we've heard in a long time. Everybody interested in the advancement of the human race, please take note. We believe this discovery of new truth may rank in importance with the discovery of the round wheel or with Einstein's theories. It's a philosophy of business, and was first set forth in the Economics 20 class the other day by Joye Waldschmidt. — In short, what she said was: "You know, Professor McIvor, I think it's silly for anybody to stay in business if they're losing money."

We notice Bill Shantz is still nursing that bashed finger. He says he got it caught in the door of a street car. We wonder—could it by any chance have anything to do with the new conductors a la femme?

Our blonde bombshell seems to be pulled in two directions—east and west. England is out of bounds so we suggest you go west, Jeanie. — O.K.??

Why was McMaster's pride and joy so gloomy at the theatre party? — Better find a paper doll in order to have a Mary Christmas.

A certain college troubador appeared at the Athy in all his splendor. After looking Brose over we assure you Lusius Beebe has nothing on him.

After Santa Claus, the little New Year pops in. Don't forget the good resolutions. Snow long—if you must linger be sure that it is under the mistletoe—(woops, we are breaking them already.)

JANET and WARD.

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With Our Alumni

Mrs. Margaret Meyer of '37, sends her best wishes to the Cord for a successful year and discloses that she is again teaching at Beamsville High and Vocational School and finds the work interesting and enjoyable.

Dorothy Tailby of '32, is evidently serving in the forces of her country as her address is W-1160, Sgt. Dorothy M. Tailby, District Payoffice, M.D. 1, London, Ontario.

The following headlines appeared in The Record on October 27: "Alles, Fired Ford Worker, Joins Army." According to the article, which was a Canadian Press bulletin, A. Nelson Alles, C.C.F. M.P.P.-elect for Essex North, has joined the Royal Canadian Armoured Corps, on October 27. He said his enlistment followed receipt of a call-up notice after he had twice been rejected by the armed forces when he previously attempted to enlist.

Rev. Walter J. Goos who joined the Royal Canadian Navy, September 15, 1943, is now stationed at Esquimault, B.C., as a Lutheran chaplain. The son of Mr. and Mrs. John Goos, Preston, he received his college education at Waterloo College. He was graduated from Waterloo Seminary in 1933 and served as pastor in the Lutheran churches of Maynooth and New Dundee, Ontario.

Rev. Elgin Grant Brubacher, 29, who left four years ago as a missionary for Nigeria, West Africa, died from pneumonia on November 27, according to a cable received recently by his parents, Rev. and Mrs. Isaac Brubacher, of Hespeler. Word of his serious illness had come only two weeks previously.

A native of Port Elgin, Rev.

Brubacher graduated from Stratford Normal School in 1935 and prior to this course has attended Lorne Park Bible School at Port Elgin.

He served his first and only school, Parkway, from 1935 to 1938. During this period the young teacher took an extension course at Waterloo College which led to his entry to Western University, London, in September, 1938, and subsequent graduation with a B.A. honor degree in 1939.

In June, 1939, he married Edna Fusee of Stratford, who had been primary teacher at Bridgeport School. Together they immediately went to Toronto to take a three-month medical missionary course. On December 15 of the same year they sailed from St. Johns, N.B., for Nigeria. The missionaries worked among the natives of the Housa Tribe. During the past year Rev. Brubacher erected three new churches in addition to several he had built previously.

He worked under the United Missionary Society of the Mennonite Brethren in Christ Church. While in this district, he attended Bethany Mennonite Church. The missionary's father said the young man would soon have been at the end of his first term in the Nigeria field and might have soon been home on furlough. Besides his wife and parents, he is survived by one brother, Sgt. Brubacher of London.

Wilton D. Ernst, in a letter of December 10, states that he has spent the last two years in organizing a baby congregation in one of the newest sections of Philadelphia. He states, "We have just started on a Building Fund Campaign to raise \$10,000 from November 14, 1943 to October 31, 1944—a big undertaking for 103 members, some of whom are earmarked already for Uncle Sam's Armies."

Violet Dorsch writes from Wheatley: "Life here is very much rushed most of the time. In addition to my teaching at school I have a Glee Club at school, sing in one choir in the morning and direct another at night. Then I also have private vocal pupils. I am, however, really enjoying this life—all but the climate. There is so much sickness here. We have not had school all this week because of colds, flu, measles, mumps, etc. The principal has the flu, one of the other teachers also has the flu and the new teacher that came here with me in the fall from O.C.E. took a chest cold last Thursday and went to the hospital in Windsor, her home, last Sunday and by 3.30 Monday morning she was dead. She was only 20 years of age. I don't know who will fill her place. So I am the only teacher in the High School still

functioning and I hope I can continue. I have been setting exams all this week while school is closed. I do not know whether there will be school tomorrow or not. The exams are to be on the 16th, 17th, 20th, 21st and 22nd of the month but with the school closed now they may be postponed."

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C.O.T.C. NEWS

News from Italy comes from two of our boys there, Lieuts. Bill Armstrong and Bill Artindale. The former is with the 12th Can. Tank Corps and has been through the Sicilian campaign. He describes the food as "not so hot," declaring himself ready to pay a dollar for a hot dog and a glass of milk. The winter rains are a nuisance, too, though the men can usually sleep under shelter. But Lieut. Armstrong's spirits seem pretty high, as his casual, dry humor is still to be found in his letters.

Much to his surprise and delight, Bill Artindale found himself landing in Italy on Nov. 22. His first letter home, a 22-page note, described the journey there in glowing terms. Bill is an officer with the H.L.I. and has been overseas since July of this year. Apparently his unit is still in England. Both "Bills" went on active service at the end of '41-'42 term and have, thus, seen action quite soon in their army careers.

Many of us remember Stan Vincent of '40-'41-'42. Stan enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Sept. of '42. He is now a Sgt. Observer and has arrived overseas. PO. Gord Burns, '41-'42, arrived overseas late in July of this year.

Fred Shantz, '40-'41-'42, enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Jan. '43. He is now an L.A.C. taking a Bombardier's course at Dafoe, Sask. Ross Beggs, '40-'41-'42, enlisted at the same time in the air force. He is an L.A.C. at No. 8, S.F.T.S., Moncton, N.B. He is specializing in aircraft instruments.

Bill Duffus, '42-'43, enlisted in the R.C.A.F. at the close of that term. He is now a L.A.C. studying navigation at St. Johns, Que. He writes: "St. Johns is a peachy station—brand new ALL the way through. Food, barracks recreation—AI. All M.I.

Ansons brand new. Montreal every Sat. night!"

Lieut. Jack Koehler of the Scots Fusiliers of Canada visited the school a few days ago. "I'm on my second embar Kation leave," he remarked, a trifle drily. He is stationed at Windsor, N.S., waiting for a boat ride. In a like situation are Lieuts. Doug Gurton, Leo McLaughlin and Roland Merner.

Congratulations are in order for Bill Schlegel, '41-'42-'43, who graduated from cadet to 2nd lieutenant at Brockville on Sat., Dec. 11. He will proceed to Ipperwash Advanced Training Centre after a short leave of absence.

Ross Dunford, with the Waterloo unit in '41-'42 also graduated as 2nd Lieutenant from Brockville recently. At present he is at Ipperwash. Both Bill and Ross made the grade as infantry officers, which is more than a good trick under the present rigorous standards.

Lieut. F. Harry Snyder, '40-'41, has transferred from the S.F. of C. to the Pictou Highlanders. He is now stationed on the west coast.

Training in our unit has been anything but spectacular in the past few weeks, from a reporter's point of view. Lecture follows upon lecture. Small arms, gas and military law are some of the subjects taught. Tests of Elementary Training are falling fast and furious of late; casualties are not infrequent. On the whole training is proceeding smoothly enough and according to schedule.

Athy Holds a Theatre Party

On the second day of December, to ring in the new month, the Athy had a theatre party. Meeting at the Lyric at seven thirty in the evening, we all trooped into the theatre en masse. Although the seating plan was arranged slightly a la Mennonite, we were most delightfully entertained by "Princess O'Rourke" (Olivia de Havilland)—and Audrey Krug especially liked Robert Cummings!

After the movies there was dancing at the Y.M.C.A., and it seems that although she said she behaved herself all evening Mary Shupe was having such a marvellous time that she didn't even know that there were games of pingpong and shuffleboard going on!! (And Roy and Alec were having such a good game too!)

Audrey Brock and Jean Thompson were in charge of the refresh-

ments which were so good—chocolate cake, white cake, cookies, and coffee. And they say that Connie is mighty handy around the kitchen too.

In all it was a very wonderful party, and we were only sorry that the professors were not there to enjoy it with us.

E. D. S.

Christmas

Christmas has rolled around again, and Santa Claus is foremost in the minds of us all. Minke heads the list with his desire for three things; a toupee, a bigger mail box, and a new pair of bedroom slippers. Harold Brose wants a new overcoat—his disappears every weekend. Janet Lang doesn't want anything—she's "got everything." Joye and Paul don't want anything either, but then, they have each other. As for Audrey Brock, she received her present a week ago. ("What time is it, Audrey?") Harold Marchand wants to have his hair dyed—he likes red so much better; and Wilf McLeod needs a new supply of

bubble baths. Elaine Smith's desires are quite obvious; she's HALLERING them all over the school. Carson Bock wouldn't tell us what he wants but we bet a beautiful blonde knows Eric can't make up his mind! Does he want free train tickets to Toronto; or a seal boat. Mary Zoellner would like a milk shake-bar in her own kitchen. "Frankly" Keating would like all night bus service to Westmount. Chuck Hagen doesn't want much, just a few new gas coupons and Connie says he would be happy with just a LITTLE present. Professor Evans would appreciate a book on the workings of the female mind, and Marg "Ye Editor," Jacobi is still hoping for a Cord that comes out by itself. Zimmie didn't actually tell us this, but we think he'd like a couple of nice quiet ties and a pair of Angora socks. And Schmieder wouldn't mind a bright shiny marriage licence. As for Ernie, we don't know what he wants, but he's not getting it anyway. . . . Well, I guess that's about all there is time for. Hope you all get what your'e after (if you know what I mean). G'bye now.

ARMY.

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- WATERLOONACY -

Alice (to Elaine): Have you got time for another editorial. Come across pronto?

Mary: Which-person?

. . .

Biology II

One of the girls wails miserably; Please, sir, I can't get the light in my microscope.

Professor Hirtle (getting the light in a split second): I don't see why you can't. The female of the species should be able to handle a mirror.

. . .

Somebody's History 20 notes:

The Arabs are a romantic race who live mostly on dates.

. . .

In the Sem Library one day we were talking about how things pick up vibrations from the air.

Minke: You know you can hear all sort of queer noises when you put your ear against a telephone pole.

Eberhardt: What night of the week was this?

. . .

Charlie came into English 30 one morning looking as if he'd been dragged through a knot hole.

Marg: What's the matter, Chuck?

Chuck: Ugh. The morning after the Latin before.

. . .

Eberhardt (muttering about girls in general): "You know it's a good thing there are no females in our seminary classes." Silence for a moment, light dawns slowly and he squawks, "Or is it?"

. . .

Did you ever wonder how Marg manages to get an editorial out of Chuck. Well, this is one of her methods:

Marg: Where's your editorial, mister?

Chuck: Where is last winter's snow, Miss?

M.: It is returning and so is the

time for another editorial. Come across pronto.

C.: Me no speaka da English!

M. Schreiben Sie mir ein Editorial oder du wirst tot sein. (Translation: Write me an editorial or you'll be killed).

C.: Morgen muss ich fort von hier! (Tomorrow I'm getting out of here.)

M. Es bringt graemen. (That will bring grief.)

Whereupon Charlie compared Marg to the Lorelei upon her rock in the Rhine and wishes wildly: "O waerst du da!"

M.: You're mean!

C.: Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,

When from the writing

Of an editorial

To C.O.T.C. I fly.

M.: O, no, 'tis not unkind,

Nor yet am I

When it I do demand.

BUT, the question is

Where do I, this editorial effusion find?

C.: In Xanadu with Kubla Khan A lovely editorial sleeps,

Where inspiration always comes

Like a naked, new-born child

striding the blast.

M.: Will no one tell me what he mean-?

Perhaps it wo's of

Old, unhappy things,

And an age-old battle.

That, for an humble editorial,

A familiar matter every month

A natural demand, desire and need,

That has been and will be again.

C.: O.K. You'll get it.

M.: A tiding more welcome ne'er was heard

In November, from a squirming junior ed.

Cuddles pops in here with:

Tigers, tigers, burning bright

In English 30 classroom light,

What immortal hand or eye

Dare frame thy fearful poetry.

Naturally this crack was completely disregarded.

C.: Lay that pencil down Babe, Lay that pencil down,

Pencil-pushing mama,

Lay that pencil down.

M.: I'll work and slave

Until I die

But ne'er lay

That pencil down.

Come on, my lad,

Jot on your pad

An editorial for me.

C.: The thunder rolled from pole to pole

The earth was badly shaken

A junior editor picked up his books

And ran to save his bacon.

. . .

Marg. J. with a bad cold, honking almost continually: Don't mind me, please, I've got a cold.

Shantz: Well stop blowing about it!

Chuck: Ow-w-w!

On the street car the other morning we heard a loud female voice say: "You know, the only thing about not going to school, that I miss, is the homework at night."

Several college students at the back of the car: Argh!

?????

Hello you guys and gals. Come with us and you'll see what the co-eds think about the eds and vice-versa. That means you, kids.

As to what the boys think about the girls Chuck Hagen says "they're indispensable." Our bashful (?) Seminarian Eberhart said "They're nice to have around," and another Seminarian, Schmieder, didn't say a thing, but girls, you should've seen the satisfied smile on his face. Benny thinks they're a nice bunch to associate with. Listen to a married man's (Roy Koch) opinion, "Of course I look at them with different eyes than you boys, but they're interesting and innocent." Harold Brose wasted a whole week to think it over. It's a cinch Ernie didn't take that long. Carson Bock (sitting beside Doris): "I'll tell you another time." Alf., after five minutes of deliberation, confided: "I love them when they leave me alone. Believe it or not I do." Mel King slyly whispered, "I like them," and then added, "Oh, I think they're here to stay all right."

Now here is what the co-eds think about the boys. Listen to Doris Smith. "I don't think about many of them." Elaine Smith said, "Well now, there are some nice ones and—gee I guess they are all nice." Doug, don't you object to that general opinion? A shy little newcomer said, "They're wonderful, but I think there ought to be a law against them going out stag." Jean Schweigert said, "For all parties concerned I will decline any comments whatsoever."

Well, we have to get those history essays in, so, we remain,

Yours quizzically,

Joye and Eric.

Advice A La Alf

Dear Alf: I have so many problems I don't know where to begin. What do you suggest that I do. — Frank.

Dear Frank: My advice to you is to concentrate upon one girl at a time. Life will be much simpler then.—Alf.

Dear Alf: I can no longer concentrate on my economics as I am desperately in love with one of the college boys. What would you suggest that I do about the economics. — A Conscientious Student.

Dear Friend: I believe you have already found a very neat solution to both your problems without my help. — Alf.

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Seminary Notes

Wally Minke asked me if I would write his column up for him this trip and being the obliging type, I guess, I consented. I shall deal with a subject that has been on my mind for some time, namely, the promotion of a closer association of the Luther League of the Twin Cities with the student body of the seminary at Waterloo.

Many stories have been related to me of how the Luther Leagues used to make use of the men up at the college and seminary in their organizations. I have also read minutes of the Luther League of what was then known as First English Lutheran Church, the prominence of students in the minutes was quite noticeable.

I view the present situation with not a great deal of pleasure. Of course, in the past month or so two of our students, Mr. Minke and Mr. Eberhardt, have given talks at the fellowship hours which the Luther Leagues have been conducting this winter. That is a beginning, but far from what I would like to see.

The Luther Leagues of the Twin Cities in particular have the privilege of asking the students for assistance in working out their programmes and in putting them into effect. If the young men at the seminary and the college are not fit for such work, then I would like to know who is? Here is an opportunity which the leaders of the young people have overlooked. The students need the practical experience and the Luther Leagues need the help.

I know all the excuses which both sides may offer for their neglect in this matter. But I am not interested in excuses. I am interested in getting things done. I think that both parties will benefit by getting to know each other better.

This is strictly my opinion, but I feel that I have some support among both parties. It remains, however, for the Luther Leagues to take action. GROSZ.

Sophomores Hold Second Party

Friday evening, Dec. 10, the Sophomore Class held its second party of the semester. Originally planned as a bowling party the committee had to resort to giving us another theatre party. The sophs met at the Lyric with their honorary president, Prof. Rikard and his wife. The movie was "Northern Pursuit," starring Errol Flynn.

After the theatre the class was invited to the home of the Secretary-Treasurer, Janet Lang. After about an hour's discussion of various subjects of world-wide interest (rationing, C.O.T.C., etc.) refreshments were served in the form of hamburgers and cokes. (Needless to say they were enjoyed). There followed an hour or more of discussion, jazz, music and cards. Ernie Brose, accompanied by Marg. Armstrong entertained on the piano and a few of the sophs joined in on the lusty songs.

When the party broke up thanks were extended to Mr. and Mrs. Lang for their kind reception of the sophs and friends. Approximately 30 attended, including one hangover from the Senior Class, Pudgy Gross. The sophomore class has decided to remain intact in the second semester instead of having an offspring junior class.

How I Study

Studying is one of the necessary evils of life. The teachers seem to think it is necessary, and all the pupils agree that it is an evil.

As examination time draws near, I find myself saying without much compunction, "It's SUPPOSED to be a wonderful show, and besides, I still have two weeks until the exams. In this way I put off studying until the night before the fateful day.

The family, of course, knows all about the approaching exams and has strict instructions not to bother me except for supper. So, after four I go up to my study and unload my books on the desk. However, I do not begin to study immediately. I

must go through a few preparatory steps. First, there is the little after-four snack (by this time it is nearly five o'clock). While I am still eating, the paper comes and I have to read the funnies before I can ever study. Another fifteen minutes (is) wasted and still no work done.

I go back upstairs to my study but, before I begin my work, there is one more step which I must take—I always put on lipstick extremely dark; it seems to keep up my morale when I study. Now that I am ready to settle down, I open my books and industriously read the first page of Zoology the amoeka. While I'm learning the life history of this one-celled animal and thinking how lucky it is to live such a simple life, Mom calls, "Supper." No second summons is needed. I dash downstairs happy to have this diversion. Of course, with all my studying to do, I cannot do dishes, so I return to my den with grim determination in my heart. I sit down. I open my books. I read again the life of the amoeka and this time it sinks in.

An hour passes. I have covered only about one-fifth of the work when I grow restless. Visions of those delicious apples down cellar thrust themselves before my eyes. They will not be denied. In a few minutes, I am back in my chair with four apples, six cookies, and a big, soft pillow. After munching thoughtfully on the apples for a while, and thinking of the freedom to come after the exams, I suddenly realize that time is flying. Once again I pore over my books.

Two hours pass. One by one, the rest of the family go to bed, each in turn poking his head in and sympathetically murmuring, "Well, how goes it? Almost finished?" In answering, I merely groan. "Mm. No, not nearly!"

Nothing can disturb me now. The house is silent; dark, save for the solitary light, illuminating my book. I am studying, intent.

Suddenly the stillness is broken by the solemn striking of our old clock. Slowly I count twelve. Once more I bend my head over my book, but the letters dance about and will not be still. The objects in the room grow dim; my head begins to nod.

I wake with a start to find it is one-thirty. Doggedly I remember that there are a few pages left. But I cannot finish them. I crawl into bed, my last thoughts being of the coming exam.

"I have done my part in studying; the rest is up to the exam!"

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