

# THE COLLEGE CORD

VOL. 18

WATERLOO, ONT., MARCH, 1943

AN UNDERGRAD PUBLICATION

NO. 5

## Dr. Maine Addresses Athenaeum Society

### With Our Alumni

As a result of the advertisement in the last issue of the College Cord, we have found out the addresses of some of the "missing" alumni.

Theodore Bretzlaff is in Sudbury selling insurance for the Great West Life Insurance Co.

Ruth Tuerkheim, now Mrs. Neve, is living at 614 West Farriss Ave., High Point, North Carolina.

John Vincent is teaching at Arnprior.

Leading Aircraftman Bill Hill is stationed with the R.C.A.F. at Trenton.

We have heard that Ernest Schroeder is living in Woodstock.

We should like to repeat our advertisements with the hope that anyone knowing the whereabouts of the following alumni will kindly send along their addresses.

Barclay, Weldon.  
Brubacher, Elgin G.  
Burkholder, Arthur L.  
Carter, Albert.  
Cooke, Carl H.  
Ernst, Gerald.  
Fusse, Edna.  
Griffith, James.  
Hamilton, Wesley R.  
Hartman, Alvin E.  
Legge, Elvin G.  
Malinsky, Wilfred A.  
(Doc Lindsay).  
Miller, Kenneth.  
Monk, Victor.  
Myra, Allen E.  
Peppler, Jack.  
Perkins, E. Harrison.  
Reiner, Walter R.  
Sadler, E. Doris.  
Schippling, Rev. Roy F.  
Schultz, Walter A.  
Shantz, Arthur.  
Shoemaker, H. Monica.  
Tegler, Esther.  
Thompson, Clifford A.

Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Margaret Meyer, nee Pletch, whose husband, Sgt. Pilot of a Halifax bomber, was reported missing June 25, after a raid on Bremen, and now is presumed dead for all official purposes.

News was received here about a month ago that Lieut. Bill Armstrong of the Canadian Tank Corps arrived safely overseas.

Lieut. Gordon Nelson of the Essex Scottish in the Canadian Army overseas writes: "Everything is fine over here, but hope it won't be long before we are all home again."

Major Milton Reiner is with the Royal Canadian Artillery overseas.

Lieut. Claire Kruspe is in an anti-tank regiment of the Royal Canadian Artillery overseas. He had previously been a high school teacher in Brantford.

Lieut. Laurant Reichard when last heard from was with the Royal Canadian Artillery at Petawawa. Previously he had been teaching in Westmount, Quebec.

We were very glad to receive a letter from Mrs. Agnes Hopper, who

is living in Niagara Falls, N.Y. She has two children, Barbara and John. She writes, "I have enjoyed very much receiving copies of the Cord."

We also received a letter from Ruth Johnston, '36. Ruth is in Toronto, employed as Children's and Boys' and Girls' Work Secretary for the Baptist Board of Religious Education of Ontario and Quebec. She writes: "I go around the country explaining why I, a Baptist secretary did not go to McMaster, and where and what and how good Waterloo College is anyway."

The Rev. Adolph Kappes is pastor at Luther Memorial Church in Milwaukee. The Rev. Arthur W. Jones, '33, is pastor at Port Dalhousie.

Two of our alumni are in the Army Postal Corps. Glen MacLeod is in Ottawa, and Sherman R. Miller is in Toronto.

Private Herman Little, '32, has been home on two weeks' leave from Camp Borden.

Evelyn Klugman, '35, now Mrs. Richard L. Moenter, is living in Regina where her husband is on the staff of Luther College. She has two children, Sarah Jane and Peter.

The Rev. Armin Schlenker, '33, is a minister of the Evangelical Church at Clifford. He serves three parishes, Clifford, Alfeldt and Ayton. He holds a B.D. degree from the Evangelical Theological Seminary, Naperville, Illinois.

Carl Ruppel, who is now living in Montreal, is appliance manager for Beatty Bros., in Quebec.

Lieut. Ewart MacIntosh recently graduated from O.T.C. at Three Rivers, and visited the school a few weeks ago.

Mrs. D. C. McPhail, nee Marie Louise Young, '35, is with her husband in Vancouver, B.C., and is a secretary at Kelly Douglas and Co.

Lieut. Jack Harper of 1st Battalion, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada, is stationed in Jamaica. When we looked at the snapshot you sent, Jack, with the beautiful palm trees, and the clear, blue sky, all we could say was, "We wish we were there."

Joseph Psutka is employed in war work in the Dominion Rubber Machinery Shops in Kitchener.

Conradine Schmidt, '38, is teaching at Ilderton, Ontario, which is not far from London.

Grace Schmidt, '37, the secretary-treasurer of the alumni, is teaching at Suddaby School, Kitchener. Her sister, Sally, '39, is teaching at Milverton Continuation School.

One of our alumni made the headlines a few weeks ago. We read: "Pastor Dons Skis When Roads Close. The roads were plugged. The old bone-shaker wouldn't start anyway, — and his flock needed some attention. So Rev. A. Conrad of New Dundee did the next best thing. He dug out a pair of skis and glided over the countryside to pay his pastoral calls. One home here was favored with a call by the Gliding Gossip."

### Athenaeum Society Has a Successful Theatre Party

On Thursday, February 11, the Athenaeum Society held a theatre party. The show we saw and enjoyed was "Pride of the Yankees." At 7:30 sharp a large crowd of enthusiastic Waterloons filed into reserved seats at the Lyric. We must have created quite a disturbance because somebody in the row behind us was heard to remark, "Ooooh, there are still more of them. What kind of a gang is this anyway?"

After the picture was over the "gang" paraded (it really looked like a parade) up to the Y.W.C.A. and took possession of the game room there for lunch and what-have-you. The "Y" had plenty to offer us in the way of amusement. After a delicious lunch which we were very happy to learn had been provided for us by Miss MacLaren—we know now that she likes us even though we don't always get our essays, etc., in on time—we got busy.

From all appearances we believe that Waterloons play even harder than they work. (!) In one corner of the room there was an industrious little group playing, or should we say working, at bridge. In another corner, a rough game of crokinole was in progress, with all "twenties" barred — at least we didn't see any. Here was a group gathered in silent fascination around a Ouija board. One of our co-eds, curious to know the worst, had just asked the mystic thing when her wedding day would be. It stuttered for a while and then refused to talk. At the other end of the room the table tennis balls were taking a terrific beating. All this activity around the edges of the game room left plenty of space in the middle for the favorite activity of Waterloons—dancing. Soon the bridge players were lured from their corner. Of course they couldn't concentrate on their game when they heard "Moonlight Becomes You," etc., etc. The breaking down of the music box was a signal for the breaking up of the party. "Just as well," we said, nodding our heads wisely, "we do have an early class tomorrow. Ho hum - - -"

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### Frosh Present Cinderella

On Friday, February 26, we had a long-to-be-remembered Athy meeting. Not only students but also friends of the College had been invited, and they came in heartening numbers until there was something close to a full house.

The first number on the program was a play, "Cinderella," written, directed and acted by the Freshman Class. It seems that the Frosh were so pleased that we didn't make them go through the horrors of initiation that they resolved to give us some entertainment. They certainly succeeded.

A few words of introduction were given by Janet Lang. She outlined the cast as follows:

Cindy—Herb Gastmeier,  
Fairy Godmother—Chuck Hagen,  
Prince Charming — Joye Waldschmidt,  
Cindy's Stepmother—Eric Reble.  
The three nasty sisters, Essie, Bessie and Messie—Frank Keating, Ward Kaiser, and Harold (Helen of Troy) Marchand.

Their three admirers, Ike, Spike, and Mike—Helen Sehl, Mary Zollner, and Anne Sommerville.

The Herald—Kay Barrie.  
The costumes were by courtesy of the Waterloo Salvage Committee, and hair styles by courtesy of Doon Twines. Janet acknowledged the assistance given by the rest of her class and by Nick, who had almost as little to work with when he started to build them a stage as the Fairy Godmother had when "she" undertook to streamline Cindy.

The play itself was a modernized version of the old fairy story we all know. Poor Cindy was the underdog. Her three sisters and stepmother went off to the prince's ball, but she had to stay home and watch the sugar ration. No wonder she was howling the Prisoners' Song when her good spirit, the Fairy Godmother, appeared, still grumbling because the street car she had had to take was so crowded. But soon she was revelling in good works as she provided Cindy with a beautiful gown, and "glamorized" a pumpkin so that it became a jeep. She graciously helped Cindy decide on her hair-do, which was to be the Veronica Lake type—the permanent wink. So poor Cindy was the star of the hop after all, and when the prince found her the next day he grew pale and weak for love of her. The touching scene was interrupted when the Herald, the prince's side-kick, came in with the news that his highness had been drafted. "Heavens," remarked the prince, "they've got to Category 4F!"

Like the prince, we still feel  
(Continued on Page 5)



Founded 1926

# THE COLLEGE CORD

Editor-in-Chief ..... Margaret Jacobi  
 Junior Editor ..... Charles Hagen  
 Literaria ..... Jean C. Kramp  
 The Sign Post ..... Delphine Hartman  
 C.O.T.C. Notes ..... Mel King  
 Social Events ..... Gladys Quehl

Alumni Notes ..... Jean Shantz  
 Faculty Adviser ..... Professor R. C. McIvor  
 Sports ..... Ruthmarie Schmieder  
 Exchange ..... Joye Waldschmidt and Edyth Simmons  
 Business Manager ..... Henry Schmieder  
 Circulation ..... Roy Grosz, Eric Reble

Published by the students of Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ontario.

## EDITORIAL

What do we of the editorial staff hear in these days?—"Come in out of the mud, dear." The mud—yes, that stuff we find in the flower beds and gardens at this time of year; the stuff into which we accidentally slide as we whiz 'round the corner of the walk at 8:49 en route to the College and an 8:50 lecture; mud—the stuff that comes with spring and exams. In fact that's the stuff our name will be if we don't write better editorials than this.

\* \* \*

The College has gone Hollywood. We're in the movies. Yes really, we're not being funny. Several weeks ago movies were taken of the students, the professors, and College activities other than the customary ones of going to class and looking blank for the space of an hour or skipping the lecture altogether.

These movies are to be used for advertising purposes. We hope they will be good advertising for we did our best to act as we usually do—with certain reservations—and to make our College appear the most desirable College to attend in the province.

We enjoyed the whole business, and got a great deal of fun out of our acting (?). We don't know which gave us more fun—watching other people try to act, or trying to act ourselves. The hardest thing we had to do was to try and look puzzled when Dr. Jefferis seemed to be doing his best to make us laugh.

Dr. Klinck has seen some of our finished production, and says that it is remarkably good. We hope it impresses potential students enough so that they will come here.

The Athenaeum Society expressed its intention of using the movies to entertain us at one of the meetings. The sooner the better we say.

M. A. J.

\* \* \*

There has been a rumour around the college halls lately concerning the possibility of having a Little Theatre group among the college students. Since the success of the freshman comedy produced at the last Athenaeum meeting, numerous suggestions have been made by members of the faculty, as well as the student body, to that effect. We have a stage and curtains, we have a world of drama to select from, and no doubt there is enough talent in the college. The student learns to speak in public, but does not have a chance to use his talents on the stage. Plays are studied in English classes, but there the study ends. In an era of world culture, where dramatics are part of every normal person's amusement, whether through the medium of radio or the theatre, it is deplorable to think of the inactivity towards that end in our Alma Mater. Surely the great wealth of drama which has been handed down to civilized races since the early Greeks deserves a better fate at the hands of the Waterloo Collegians.

C. A. H.



## University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

### Faculties

(Faculty of Arts (Faculty of Medicine  
 (Faculty of Public Health

### Affiliated Colleges

Huron College Waterloo College  
 Assumption College Alma College (Junior College)  
 Ursuline 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 Extension Department is responsible for the programme of educational work throughout M.D. No. 1 for troops on duty and undergoing training.

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.**





# LITERARIA

## FISHING

Fishing on a summer day is a glorious experience. When I go fishing, I lay aside all thoughts of pressing duty, and abandon myself to unreserved delight.

A fisherman is born, not made. He is born with a love for nature in his heart. My natural love of fishing was increased by my childhood environment. I was born on a farm overlooking the river. Whenever I walked to the barn or romped in the yard as a boy, I could see the flats with the curving, murmuring river flowing through them. Indeed, I often sneaked away to fish or swim in the river when I should have been working.

All my culture is laid aside when I go fishing. I lose all my decorum, and remove all my inhibitions as soon as I have rounded the last hill between me and the river; I run and jump and shout like a youngster. Rabbits and birds flee at my approach. The cattle stop grazing, and look up, mildly surprised to see a grown man acting like a boy.

I don't like expensive casting rods, flies and wicker fish-baskets. My paraphernalia must be simple. A bamboo pole with the line tightly coiled around the small end, an old can with a little earth in it for the worms, and a piece of string on a nail or a little pail to hold my prey constitute all my equipment when I go fishing.

I love to watch the cork bobbing in the water as the fish nibble at the bait, but my greatest thrill comes when the cork suddenly disappears under the surface, and violent tuggings at the line tell me that a fish is securely caught. Then with eager hands, I "land him." I appraise him when I take him off the hook, then fasten him to the string on the nail prepared for the purpose. What if my hands do smell of fish or my clothes get soiled! I am fishing, so nothing else matters!

I am a merciless fisher; I ask no quarter and give none to the fish. I match my wits against all their instincts, and openly gloat over them when I have worsted them at the game. The poor fish become a prey to my insatiable love of the sport. I don't like to eat my victims; I merely fish for the sheer love of fishing.

Not until the sun sinks behind the hills, and the tinkling cowbell announces milking time, do I reluctantly wind up my line, gather up my fish and go home.

R. S. K.

## TEAS

I am allergic to Teas. Whenever I chance to spot a "tea notice" on the bulletin board, my heart sinks within me. To me, teas are evils that must be endured; they are manufactured for the sole purpose of plaguing luckless boobies like myself; the sun goes down on my horizon until the tea is past.

I can never enter the room where tea is being served without the moral support of at least three or four of my best friends. I haven't the courage to walk in all alone; I must have someone to accompany me. From the moment I step into the room until I may safely slip out again without seeming discourteous to my hostesses, I am in mortal agony.

At teas, I must reverse my nature. I like to take huge bites, and cram my mouth with food. At a tea, one must nibble politely at sandwiches which are so small they would scarcely make a respectable meal for a full-grown mouse. One must eat daintily. One is also expected to be very affable and gracious. This requirement puts a severe strain upon me. I like to mind my own affairs while eating, and greatly appreciate when others don't disturb me. If I must converse, I want the liberty to talk while masticating my food. Furthermore, I like to "dunk," which, of course, may simply not be thought of, much less done, at a tea. Of course, eating is not the purpose at a tea, but sociability.

I am naturally reserved and shy, but doubly so when I must make conversation with the ladies. It makes me very uneasy to appear at ease. I rack my brains to say polite little things that are neither given meaningfully nor received thus. One of the most awkward moments of my life is when I should smile at some clever quip by a lady. It is then that I appear at my worst; my smiles always deteriorate into funny little quirks or silly grins. Girls I don't know and professors' wives who may be present add to my misery. I am sure they don't mean to make me uneasy, but the constant fear of saying something wrong or appearing ridiculous before them adds to my discomfort. The height of my torture is reached by the momentary expectation of seeing my cup crashing to the floor. Between attempting to be sociable, helping myself to the little, aspirin-like sandwiches, and balancing my cup on my knee, I have a hard time of it.

The whole combination of experiences I must endure at a tea makes me feel that I am being shriven in purgatory. At my first opportunity, I slink out of the room like a whipped dog once more to roam unhampered in my natural habitat. I don't like Teas.

R. S. K.

## A Review of Canada's Wartime Economics

By PROFESSOR R. C. McIVOR

Ed. Note: Professor McIvor has been kind enough to write an article for the Cord. Other members of the staff may write for us at a later date.

Following the outbreak of war in September, 1939, the Canadian Government was faced with the problem of transforming the country from a peacetime to a wartime economy. The new technique of modern warfare demanded not primarily a long-run policy of war economics, but the conversion of our resources to wartime ends with all possible efficiency and speed. The Government was therefore unable to depend upon traditional fiscal policies and a freely operating price system if it wished an efficient transformation of resources to wartime uses. Supplementary economic controls had to be introduced, involving the necessity for making many unpleasant readjustments.

The outstanding economic problems which face any country in time of war may, I think, be grouped in three parts: (1) Securing the goods and services necessary for carrying on the war; (2) Securing the funds required to pay for these goods and services; and (3) Providing for the economic needs of the civilian population. Both the size and complexity of all these problems have been greatly increased by the characteristics of modern warfare, and such are the specific problems which Canada has attempted to solve.

To a greater or less degree, all major wars in the past have been accompanied by inflation, a situation which contributes enormous difficulties to the successful prosecution of any conflict. Through the familiar spiral of rising prices and rising costs, efficiency in production of the goods and services necessary for carrying on the war becomes impossible, much personal injustice and hardship appears, financial chaos becomes an imminent possibility and national disaster may well be the final stage.

### FISCAL POLICY

At the beginning of the war, the Canadian Government announced that it would attempt to meet its costs as far as possible out of taxation, that it would tax as far as possible in accordance with ability-to-pay, and that what it had to borrow it would try to get from current savings. It was recognized that the limits to taxation were set by three principal considerations: (1) that if taxation is too heavy, it will discourage hard work, initiative and enterprise, and that economic incentives are necessary even in wartime; (2) that if taxation is too heavy, it encourages carelessness and extravagance in business, whereas economy and efficiency in the use of productive resources is vitally necessary in wartime; (3) that the Government could not adjust its taxation so closely to ability-to-pay that it could take from every man all that he could spare,

without working injustices upon many individuals. Having regard to these limitations on taxation, the Government has done a creditable job of maintaining its announced pay-as-you-go policy. Aside from its extreme value in combatting inflation, taxation is regarded as the fairest means of distributing the costs of war, in that everyone can be made to bear his minimum share of material sacrifices. Further, the Government wishes to avoid creating any more debt than necessary because the taxation needed to carry that debt after the war must discourage to some degree the enterprise and initiative upon which our economic progress and prosperity will depend.

In spite of constantly increasing expenditures, the Canadian Government has thus far been able to obtain by taxation and other revenue at least half of the money which has been required. The Minister of Finance estimates the total tax revenues during the current fiscal year to exceed two billion dollars, more than one-quarter of Canada's present national income. The financial problems which the war has imposed on Canada stagger the imagination. From defence expenditures of some thirty million dollars in the year preceding the war, we have arrived at the point where an appropriation of roughly five billion dollars will be made for the fiscal year 1943-44, including the billion dollar appropriation for aid to other United Nations. In addition, five or six hundred million dollars will be required for the non-war expenditures of the Government. Since total Government expenditures during the present fiscal year will approximate four and one-half billion dollars, it appears that this figure is one billion dollars less than requirements for the coming year. Such being the case, increased tax revenues will be necessary if the fifty-per cent pay-as-you-go policy is to be maintained.

This enormous war expenditure has been possible only because at the outbreak of war there was much room for the expansion of employment and production. That the extent of our reserve productive capacity was not generally realized seems certain, for due to the economic expansion that has occurred since the outbreak of war our national income has been doubled. Professor Plumtre estimates this figure at slightly less than four and one half billion dollars for the fiscal year 1938-39, and at six and one half billion dollars for 1941-42, and reliable estimates from other sources place the national income for the present fiscal year 1942-43 at eight billion dollars, over half of which the Government is spending for all purposes.

The increased yield from taxation in each successive year is attributable to three causes: (1) the increase in national income already indicated; (2) the increase in the rate of existing taxes, with extension of

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## The Sign Post

Delphine Hartman

voce): "What about the ball-bearing?"

At last dramatic art is surging to the fore in Waterloo College! The critics unanimously acclaim the 'frisky freshman players' for their moving presentation of the drama of Cinderella. The occasion was an Athenaeum meeting one happy Friday night. The freshmen also wrote the play, reworking (Shakespeare did it, too!) an old, old story. The dialogue was really clever—not a dull moment in the entire three scenes. Herb Gastmeier, as Cinderella, in a wig "by courtesy of Doon Twines," was a great hit. The three sisters, Essy, Bessy and Messy were played by Frank Keating, Harold Marchand and Ward Kaiser — but don't ask who played which. Ike, Spike and Mike, wearing attractive moustaches, were really effective. They were Helen Sehl, Mary Zollner and Anne Somerville—again don't bother who played what part, as it really doesn't matter. And the fairy godmother—ah! what an ethereal picture. This part was taken by none other than Charlie Hagen, a man of great good will. If you have never seen Falstaff play Titania, you cannot possibly understand how effective he was. Charles entered into the part with marmorean gravity, flitting about the stage with a truly elephantine tread, having been forced to come on in his bare feet. It did one's heart good to hear the earnestness with which he urged Cindy to abandon "that Bridgeport accent" when she went to the ball and the earnestness with which "Cindy" replied that if she could only do so, she would "chust chump for choy!" There was another pathetic note at the end when the prince (Joye Waldschmidt), learning that he had been drafted, fainted in the arms of his Cinderella, exclaiming: "so they finally got to class 4F!"

Isn't it strange what hidden talents lurk in innocent looking people? Who would suspect that beneath that calm exterior Marg Rohe is at heart a chess fiend? At every French circle meeting she inveigles Charlie into a game and would no doubt capture his last sou if Professor Evans would permit such a thing on his premises. While this is going on Mel is figuring out a bridge

hand in the latest copy of La Presse. Only, not knowing what a "V" is, he cannot make any headway at all. The Signpost, leafing furiously through an old copy finds that "V" stands for valet. From there on, she deduces by easy stages that valet is the French word for jack, and communicates the idea to Mel, in whose eyes a new light dawns.

Meanwhile, Alice is restrained from telling a terrific joke because she cannot think of the French word for travelling salesman. Miss MacLaren sits quietly in a corner, trying to find words in which to answer Professor Evans' question about the population of Spain. Jean Shantz is planning to tell us the story of Little Red Riding Hood as soon as she remembers the word for wolf. She may burst out at any moment. Meanwhile, Professor Evans has gone out to put the kettle on for lunch. Vive le cercle francais!

After the afore-mentioned Athenaeum the Freshmen descended en masse upon the kitchen to do the dishes, although they had already done more than their share of the evening's work. The weary lunch committee welcomed them with outstretched dish-towels. Of course, there was a sprinkling of other students as well. Jack Zimmerman presided with skill and zest at the brimming dishpan, suitably clad in a starched white coat which he had donned as a formal gesture. Now and then the stentorian voice of Harold Brose was heard, as carrying more hot water, he cleared a path through the hilarious mob. Once a shriek was heard from Helen Sehl as Harold Marchand approached with a carving knife and a glitter (she thought) in his eye. Actually he was only looking for the knife drawer. Heinz, who came out for air occasionally when the singing began to offend his esthetic sense, nevertheless used his towel with great vigor. Then Charlie popped his head in the door, screaming above the din: "Is Bill Shantz in here?" No, a few minutes later Bill looked in, asking for Charlie and looking baffled upon finding him gone. Here's hoping they finally got together.

The badminton tournament suffered a slight delay last week because the stage was set up in the gym, and also because so many people were preoccupied with the play. Now perhaps it will take a new lease on life and reach a speedy conclusion. Only the men's singles have been completed so far, with Benny Berscht the champion bird-bouncer in this field.

At last the co-eds have taken that long-threatening military examination. Any time after ten the other evening you might have seen a few bedraggled and grimy girls straggling wearily out the College door. After several hours of crawling about on the floor with the Lonsdale map the sprightliest among us were beginning to creak at the joints. Even the sympathetic noises occasionally made by Professor McIvor as he strolled about didn't help much.

The girls did many remarkable things on that paper—battalions facing one way were forced to march backwards willy nilly, and transports were driven up the sides of cliffs with no trouble at all. Maps were drawn to the scale of two thousand inches to the mile and a scale was defined as the armour-plating on a fish. Meanwhile the College phone rang, boys ran up and down stairs, called to each other or intoned the latest popular ballad, never suspecting that only a few yards away, beyond yonder door, the whole co-ed population was slaving its heart out and bestowing questionable blessings upon them as disturbers of the peace.

There is no doubt that Professor McIvor has fought nobly to get us to recognize the fact that figures don't lie, or shouldn't. One amazed co-ed remarked: "He has the patience of a saint!" Another, after hearing about the true bearing, the grid bearing, the magnetic bearing and the back bearing, asked (sotto

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# A TONSILECTORY

**Object:** The removal of Miss Thursa Dean's tonsils (which are quite diseased) and adenoids (which are only in the way).

**Apparatus:** One doctor, several nurses, a hospital, an operating room, one worried friend, a semi-private room and the usual hospital equipment, and a talkative convalescent in the next bed.

**Observations:** Thursday morning, June 18th., the following observations were made by Miss Mary Worth, the worried friend.

7:45 a.m.—Dr. Ross of Bannock-on-the-Griddle, collected the Misses D. and W. The journey from Petrified-petrograd to Kitchenlee is all too short.

8:00 a.m.—The victim, the worried friend, and the merciless doctor arrive at St. Margaret's Hospital, and are duly registered. The victim and her friend are escorted to a semi-private room by an unnecessarily cheerful nurse. Miss D. disrobes, dons a hospital gown which appears to have been meant for a pigmy. She ascends into bed and asks questions about everything new she happens to see. (Explanation accidentally overlooked — Miss W. has been in the hospital before as a patient and, so knows the ins and outs of the business, more or less, and mostly less. Miss D., however, is experiencing her first adventure in the hospital.)

8:20.—Miss D. receives her first hypo and objects forcibly to this doubtful overture of friendship on the nurse's part. Settles down again after expressing an unprintable opinion of nurses, hypos, and hospitals in general. (A word to the wise. She doesn't know a thing about it yet.)

8:55.—Miss D. is taken away in the direction of the operating room although extremely wide awake (she refused to get sleepy). Miss W. is left alone, except for the occupant of the other bed who proceeds to regale her with the symptoms, sufferings, and general discomfort before and after her recent operation.

9:45.—Miss W. is still endeavoring to read "The Sun Is My Undoing." At intervals she eyes the door, and wonders fearfully if all operations are as interminable as this one seems to be.

10:00.—Miss D. returns and Miss W. watches developments. Miss W. is left with Miss D., who sounds like a heavy horse and could accurately be termed a bloody mess.

10:30.—Miss D. gets restless and scares the wits out of Miss W. who rings for the nurse. The nurse arrives and calms both Miss D. and Miss W.

10:45.—Miss D. is now coming out and gurgles: "Mary, I love teacher. I love Mary, turn off that radio." The radio belonging to the other patient is obligingly turned off, at once.

11:30.—Miss D. has by now almost fully recovered consciousness and inquires what time it is. On being told, she groans and goes off to sleep.

12:00.—Dr. Ross returns and wakes Miss D. who promptly slaps him. Miss W. sympathizes. The doc-

tor leaves for the day. A nurse brings Miss W. a snack, and Miss D. objects to the lack of food in sight. She cannot seem to be reassured on the point. Miss W. finally persuades Miss D. that she wasn't hungry anyway and Miss D. drops off to sleep once more.

2:10 p.m. — Miss D. suddenly erupts from the bed, grabs a kidney basin and spits up a very large blob of blood. She feels much better after this and the nurse washes her and changes the bed. The bed has put up with a great deal and deserves a change.

2:30 p.m.—Miss W. leaves and Miss D. snoozes on.

Friday afternoon: Miss W. pays a call on Miss D. at Miss D.'s home.

Miss D. seems to have recovered fairly well from the previous day's unfeeling mauling, but begs Miss W. in anguished tones not to make her laugh. Miss W. having gone through the same process several years before, refrains nobly from causing that painful action.

Two weeks later: Miss D. is almost fully recovered and laughs and eats normally again.

**Conclusions:** A very interesting experiment indeed. Miss D. had a much easier time than Miss W., but there is no ill feeling on that score, wonder of all wonders.

**Note by the author:** This is a true story with very few details left out. Do not, however, confuse this with your own case if you have ever had the misfortune to have had your tonsils forcibly removed. Your case I am sure was much worse. It always is, I notice. Well, so was mine, so don't think you are the only pawn of malicious fate, 'cause you can't be, for I'm that!

M. J.

# Girls' C.O.T.C.

And still we struggle hopefully and otherwise with map reading. At times we are driven to tears at our abysmal ignorance, but that only makes the map look queer, blurs all the figures we have written down, and causes Professor McIvor to look seven ways for next Sunday—so we do our best to contain ourselves when he's around. We feel, however, that it is advisable to warn our professor that murder is in the offing, and his may be included with ours.

Our minds swung around like compass needles when we started trying to make sense out of all the bearings. Too many minds haven't yet settled where magnetic north or any other kind of north is. Professor McIvor informed us that back bearings would be quite tractable if we approached them gently. We tried that method first—and many others afterwards—but we are still unsettled about the drawings that go with them, and when you add or subtract 180 degrees.

If any self-respecting compass needle ever came within sight of the fearfully and wonderfully constructed drawings which are supposed to explain the problems we are given, it would immediately go completely haywire and have an error of considerably more than the three degrees it is officially allowed.

Now we are valiantly trying to understand all the notes we took, plus the drawings, plus the figures—plus anything else that resembles map reading. Truthfully, we are afraid. In fact the C.O.T.C. may expect shortly to spend an afternoon digging graves for our C.O.T.C. examination papers, if Nick refuses to cremate them. We'll bury them with the respect due mutilated bodies, and go into mourning for the remainder of the term over the sad death of map reading. Requiescat, etc.

Even guns we couldn't put together after we took them apart were better than this manner of torture.

• • •

We worked and we worked on that examination. We dealt in scales, gradients, distances, references, and what not until we were dizzy. Then we staggered home to bed, and if we never saw another map it would be too soon.

Well girls, it's over, let's celebrate — preferably by **NOT** visiting the Lonsdale district.

## SONG OF A CHORUS GIRL

(With sincere apologies to Ben Jonson)

Oh, woo me only with thy purse,  
And would thou might'st fill mine!  
Or leave a bill within my hand,  
And I will e'er be thine.  
The need extravagance doth raise  
Doth ask an income fine,  
And might I win a millionaire,  
I soon would change for thine!

I sent thee late a plea for cash,  
Not so much trusting thee  
As holding a vain hope that there  
My need would answered be;  
But thou didst only scoff thereat,  
Preferred a blond to me —  
Since when I live by bread alone,  
And curse all men and thee.

# ATHENAEUM MUSICAL EVENING

**MONDAY, MARCH 15th**  
at 8:15 p.m.

**At Waterloo College**

*Paul Berg*

with

*The Collegiate Orchestra*

and

*The Schneider Male Chorus*

**The Athenaeum Executive extends to all graduates a special invitation to attend this programme.**

**Silver Collection**

**Everybody Welcome.**

## Miss Susan Carol Makes Her First Public Appearance

Miss Susan Carol Rikard was the guest of honor at a charmingly arranged buffet supper given at the home of one of our most popular juniors, Miss Mary Huehnergard. Susan Carol, seated on her mother's lap, received the guests most graciously. She wore a long white dress and pink jacket which suited her youth to perfection. Her titian hair, inherited from her father, was her crowning glory. Supper was served from a beautifully appointed table covered with a lace cloth and centred with tulips and red candles. Mrs. Klinck and Mrs. Jefferis assisted the hostess in serving the guests and Miss MacLaren poured coffee. Since her recent arrival in Waterloo Susan Carol has won many hearts — she is not only the campus darling but she is also an amazing baby. She never cries.

The guests presented Susan Carol with a high chair. Miss Margaret

Rohe made a short speech in which she conveyed the good wishes of the students and the hope that Susan Carol would one day be a proud freshman of Waterloo College.  
J. M. L.

## Appeal for Magazines

The men of our armed forces are in great need of reading material and playing cards. The various schools and organizations of the Twin City are aiding this cause in every way possible. As students of Waterloo College it is your duty to lend a helping hand.

A box has been placed at your disposal in the outer hallway. Your co-operation will be greatly appreciated.

If you can't discover the box interview Benny Berscht.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

The Circulation Manager wishes to thank all those who have paid their subscriptions, and to remind any who have not but intend to do so that they should pay their subscriptions by March 31 of this year.

## Waterloonacy

Dr. Schorten: In Mediaeval times, it was on the night of Nov. 29 that the girls would go to the fortune teller to find out the names of their future husbands.

Gladys: Heck, we can do that any night with the OUIJA board.

Somebody's opinion of fame:

All you have to do is stick out your head an inch farther than the next person and you go down in history.

Alice (to Marg): I borrowed some paper from you, which I will return with interest when I get some money and Luther.

Freshman (to Herb): Are you cold? Or why are you hugging the radiator like that?

Eric: He's just hard up.

### COLLEGE BADMINTON TOURNAMENT

The students are showing a great deal of enthusiasm in the College Tournament. Although there is no

lack of enthusiasm there is a lack of spare hours in which to play off games. As a result, in this issue of the Cord, we can only report on the outcome of the Men's Singles.

There were quite a number of the results were as follows:

Semi-finals, Eric Reble vs. B. Berscht, winner B. Berscht; Mel King vs. Prof. McIvor, winner Mel King; finals, Berscht vs. King, winner Berscht.

Be sure to see the next issue of Cord for complete list of the Badminton results, including Men's Singles and Doubles, Ladies' Singles and Doubles, and also Mixed Doubles.

### To Be Considered At Your Leisure

Why is it that no man can see Merit in what women fancy?  
Robert Taylor, silly hats,  
Gents with accents, charm and spats,  
Formal parties, bargain sales,  
Little tearooms, scarlet nails,  
Guys who sing and lead a band,  
Oh, it's hard to understand  
Why it is no man can see,  
Merit in what women fancy.

—Exchange.

*This Space for Writing History Essays*



# VOX POP

Dear Vox Pop:

We wish you would suggest to the College chimney that it refrain from emitting small particles of very black and very adhesive soot. It is jolly indecent of it to adorn a gal's carefully made-up face with ebon spots that spread into dark gray smudges when she tries to wipe them off. It made this one late for a lecture the other morning. After all, one can't appear looking like a chimney-sweep, even in the interests of higher education, and we think that, in the interests of higher education, the chimney should do its desooting at night!

Respectfully,  
A. Co-ed.

Dear A. Co-ed:

We have suffered from that same habit of the chimney too, and bewail the fact as you do. We think, however, that the logical person to complain to, would be Nick. He has a better acquaintance with the chimney than we have at the present moment. We sympathize deeply though. The chimney is most unfeeling when it bedaubes a pretty Co-ed. leastways we think so.

Vox Pop.

Dear Diogenes:

Someone wishes to have a word with you via this column and here it is.

Vox Pop.

To Vox Pop:

As your column of the February issue gave considerable prominence to an article by Diogenes, part of which must have been distasteful to many of your readers, I venture to send you a copy of a reply, I should have liked to send to him personally.

It is as follows:

"I have read with interest your article distributed through the facilities of the College Cord on the subject of a new title for that paper. There are two sentences with which I should like to take issue.

"Do you really feel that the amorous adventures of the Freshman

class are likely to prove of any interest to the majority of your readers? Certainly they are of no interest to one."

"It might well prove that the number of readers who would favor these 'amorous adventures' is as large as the number that would favor a paraphrase on the translation of the works of your countryman Plato."

I have the honor to remain, Sir, amorously yours,

Cupid.

## Advice a la Alf

Dear Alf:

College life would be very interesting but for one thing — the weekly compositions we have to write. I do not seem to have any ideas. What can I do?

Freshette.

Dear Freshette:

Doctor Watsonozzle's plan for writing compositions is designed just for people like you. The first evening after the assignment has been given you write two or three sentences. The next day you think about what you have written, and what you might add to it. That evening you either discard what you have written and begin again, or you revise it or leave it as it is. This done, you add another paragraph. The next day you repeat the process. You keep this up until the composition is due. By that time you will have a composition worth at least an A. Doctor Watsonozzle also recommends that you get the boy friend to help you, for it is well known that two heads are better than one, providing that they are not block-heads.

Alf.

P.S. If your professor does not give you an A for your next composition, write me again. It may be that you have some psychological kinks which need straightening out.

Alf.

Dear Alf:

Why is it that a certain person feels sick whenever he sees two people holding hands?

Bubbles.

Dear Bubbles:

Can't say. Suggest you interview him personally.

Alf.

Professor: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Student: No wonder I failed in my exams.

## ATHENAEUM

Continued From Page One

weak, but in our case it's from laughter. As we hold our aching sides we gasp out this wish — Orchids to the Frosh for their initiative and talent.

After the play one of our co-eds, Violet Dorsch, sang two solos. The numbers she sang were "Ave Maria" by Mascagni, and "The Lass With the Delicate Air" by Arne. She was accompanied by Eldred Winkler.

Dr. Klinck, Dean of Waterloo College, was then called upon to introduce the guest speaker, Dr. Maine, Director of the Extension Dept. of Western University.

He spoke on the subject, "The Background of Our Universities," tracing their history to its very roots in the days of the Roman Empire. He told us about the decline of education after the Empire's fall; the efforts of the Church to keep it alive in the difficult times that followed; and, its gradual revival when the Medieval universities were being formed. He delighted us with stories about student life in the Middle Ages, and we were surprised to learn that students really haven't changed much throughout the years.

Dr. Maine impressed on us the importance of the traditions a university stands for. It is not a school's equipment, or its organization, or the endowment funds it gets, that makes it important. These are all part of it, but the great and significant part is its carrying on of our land's culture. Our universities must not become glorified technical schools. A practical education is of great value to us, especially today, but we must not let our great tradition, that of education for a disciplinary purpose, be pushed aside. Universities have brought something to the life of the community, and they must not desert their tradition or that "something" will some day be sorely missed.

Arthur Conrad, president of the Athenaeum Society, thanked Dr. Maine for his inspiring talk. After lunch had been served, the program ended with The King.

A sculptor is a man who makes faces and busts.

Singing teacher: You must sing louder than that.

Student: I can't.

Teacher: Well, let yourself go. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it.

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# — WATERLOONACY —

Somebody was talking about weddings and one of the girls remarked, "I'm going to have a long train, with a conductor."

Personally we suggest she catch the conductor first and worry about the train afterwards.

\* \* \*

Herb was at a party just lately and the girls were having a wonderful time tying his hair up in ribbons.

Herb: Lemme outa here.

Eric: Poor Herb, he's getting too much ribbin'.

\* \* \*

At the party the girls gave for Mrs. Rikard and Susan, Mary's little Scottie "Brandy" wandered in. The girls played with her and Alice was heard to remark that she wished she could pick up her dog and carry him around in her arms as Mary did with Brandy.

Mary: What kind of a dog is it?

Alice: A beagle.

\* \* \*

Also overheard at the same party.

Kay: Gee, you know I never get any phone calls up at school except from my mother.

Edith: Yeah, but look at all the ones you get when you're not up at school.

\* \* \*

One minute before R.K. 19 class.

Ernie: Where's Herb?

Marchand: Snowed in!

Eric: More likely snored in!

\* \* \*

An Economics test was in the offing.

Gladys: I'm not going to try hard for this test. It gives me a rash.

\* \* \*

Somebody in the Reading Room had a violent attack of coughing. Afterwards this was heard.

"Gee, I'll have to phone the San and see what time I have to be in."

\* \* \*

Economics 20.

Marchand (indignantly): When was that assignment given out? I've been to all the classes.

Professor McIvor: Some time ago. It probably passed you by in the rush, Mr. Marchand.

\* \* \*

At Home Nursing review.

Helen: Gosh, an oral exam. I've never written one of those.

\* \* \*

French 30.

Professor Evans was talking about one of the lovers in a French play. Professor Evans: He urges his suit. — Notice how I avoid having him press his suit.

\* \* \*

English 48.

Dr. Klinck: You will find in many Canadian poets, the tendency to call all creatures brothers.

Mel (to Delphine): Are you my brother?

\* \* \*

French 30.

Professor Evans: Like most classes of the "Art Poetique" you'll be able to catch up on your back sleep. Won't that be fun?

Alice coming down the hall with an armful of books meets Delph, who is flourishing a badminton racquet.

Alice: Are you playing badminton now?

Delph: Well not just at the moment.

A: Oh-h-h- (and raises the books suggestively).

D: But I'll begin at any moment; anything to please you.

\* \* \*

Freshman: Where's Edith?

One of the seniors: Downstairs. She'll be up in ten minutes. Don't go down or she'll kill you. She's talking to Doug Haller.

\* \* \*

Winkler: J'ever try the seven years' itch?

Mary: Yeah, you gotta be right on the bit. I mean the bite.

\* \* \*

Up in the Physical Science room one day we heard an awful howl from the dorm. Said Professor Hirtle: "Apparently somebody's atoms and molecules are not in harmony."

\* \* \*

In Girls' C.O.T.C. they were taking up the back bearing.

Professor McIvor: This isn't at all difficult if you approach it gently.

Jean Shantz: Are there any more? What about the ball bearing?

\* \* \*

German 1.

Dr. Schorten: Do you know how Rex is?

Ernie: He's not dead yet.

Dr. Schorten: How do you know?

Ernie: Well, I haven't heard the church bells ring yet.

\* \* \*

The night of the theatre party, some of the boys walked home after school. When they were almost to the Collegiate Bubbles slipped on some ice and knocked Ward's feet out from under him. Ward came down on top of Wilf with an awful crash. For a few seconds there was silence, then Ward said in a very small voice, "Does anybody know any first aid?"

\* \* \*

We heard from some source or other that the Latin 20 class stop long enough between words to change their shoes.

\* \* \*

German 1.

Dr. Schorten told the class to look up certain verb forms in the appendix. Voice from the class: I can't, I've had mine out.

\* \* \*

One day Marg accidentally got a shock from Eric.

Eric: It's the electricity.

Ward: Any relation to magnetism?

\* \* \*

Marg was fooling with the curtain that Nick put up for the play and she slapped Marchand in the puss with it.

Marchand: O.K. Babe. This is the end of the line.

\* \* \*

Kay (to Ernie): Tails on your writing means you have a wicked nature.

Ernie: Does eh? Hm-m-m-m. Nobody's told me that for a long time.

# C.O.T.C. NEWS

As the school year lengthens and draws to a close, our C.O.T.C. courses proceed smoothly and steadily. The N.C.O.'s seem to have their squads under control, and prospects are that the unit will be well trained in both the theoretical and practical side of basic military training when it leaves for camp.

At present the primary squads are taking a course in First Aid from Cpl. Schmieder; they are also beginning bayonet fighting, one phase at least, of training in which the Waterloo units have always excelled. Secondary has had some periods of advanced bayonet work and demonstrated such skill and aptitude as would indicate they can uphold the tradition set by squads of former years. The second squad is also taking an intensive course in L.M.G. (Bren). The Scots Fusiliers have very kindly permitted us to use their lecture rooms in the Dunker Building and to study from one of their Bren guns. They have done us many like favors in the past and the unit thanks them for their efforts. Among other subjects, the officer candidates are studying a course in the organization and administration of the army. They are also gaining experience in lecturing, a great deal of which they will have to do as officers. Cadet Winkler gave a lecturette on maintenance of tires, a topic vital to soldier and civilian alike; he was followed by Cpl. Berscht who discussed means of preventing leakage of military information. Both boys were a trifle nervous, (college students make a critical audience, after all); but they showed a knowledge of their subjects and general promise as lecturers.

Lieut. MacIntosh paid the unit a visit last week. A member of last year's personnel, he has recently completed his first three months in active service. He trained, not at Brockville, but at a new O.T. School at Three Rivers, Quebec. He reports that the infantry course there is extremely "tough." Physical fitness is the cry—officer candidates' stamina and agility are tested to the limit. Sickness, broken bones, bad sprains, etc., mean failure, the examiners' theory being that, if a man cannot look after himself, he will not be able to look after the men under him. "Mac" passed and has proceeded to Camp Borden for advanced training. Incidentally Capt. Al McTaggart is on the infantry officers' training staff at Three Rivers.

Officer Candidate John Baetz sends word from Gordon Head O.T. School in British Columbia. He has successfully completed two-thirds of his course in light anti-aircraft fighting.

Further changes in administration have been made in London. The U.W.O.'s C.O.T.C. has been without an adjutant for some time; this position has recently been filled by Lt. Crichton, whom many of us remember as Staff Sgt. Crichton. Cdt. H. H. Brose has been elected a member of the U.W.O. C.R.I. He represents the affiliated colleges on the canteen committee.

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**A REVIEW OF CANADA'S WARTIME ECONOMICS**

By **PROFESSOR R. C. McIVOR**

Continued from Page 3

their coverage; and (3) the introduction of new taxes. In levying the new and increased taxes, the tax system has been considerably improved. Before the war, taxes on incomes and profits constituted less than a quarter of total Government revenues. These progressive types of taxes now constitute considerably more than half of the total revenue. In addition, there is the hundred per cent excess profits tax, twenty per cent of which is returnable after the war. Luxury taxes have been sharply increased, but thus far the general sales tax has not been increased, although applied to a few articles previously exempt.

When we turn to a consideration of borrowing as a source of Government income, we find that the general policy has been to borrow as much as possible from wage-earners, farmers and other individuals of modest incomes. By so doing, the pressure of consumer purchasing power is most effectively eased, for the Government is receiving money that would otherwise be currently spent. This obviously is of much greater value in the constant fight against inflation than is money derived from the wealthier classes which might otherwise be lying idle in the banks, and constituting no part of the effective demand for consumer goods. A second reason for the Government's borrowing policy is that the accumulating war debt should be held as widely and democratically as possible.

The general method used in borrowing funds has been that of periodic campaigns, and to the present time, five general appeals have been made to the public, oversubscription resulting in all instances. The First and Second War Loans, floated in 1940, brought the Government approximately one billion dollars, the First Victory Loan, floated in 1941, yielded over seven hundred million dollars, while the Second and Third Victory Loans, floated in 1942, yielded one billion eight hundred million dollars, exclusive of conversions. Widespread subscription to this total of three and one-half billion dollars has been accomplished, and the Minister of Finance indicates that in place of the usual eight-month interval between appeals, it may be necessary to hold

the campaigns every six months in the future. In addition to these periodic loans, the sale of War Savings Certificates has been carried on continuously since the spring of 1940, and these have yielded to date income estimated at one hundred and fifty million dollars.

Thus the general public and financial institutions other than banks have been the most important source of borrowed funds. For such funds, an interest rate of roughly 3 per cent has been offered, much lower than in the first Great War. A second important source of borrowed funds has been the Central Bank of Canada, but supplied in special ways so as to minimize the expansion of credit. Finally, the commercial banks have played a smaller part in furnishing credit to the Government. Considering all sources of borrowing during the present war, the average cost to the Government approximates 2 1/4 per cent, whereas interest rates in the last war averaged more than 5 1/4 per cent. In addition, all public war loans in the 1914-1918 period were tax free, whereas the interest on all loans since that date has been subject to taxation.

**PRICE CONTROL**

The war having proceeded for almost two years, it was rapidly becoming apparent to the Government that reliance upon financial measures alone could not prevent inflation, not even with the selective control of prices being applied by the War Time Prices and Trade Board in the interests of protecting the consumer against undue advances in the prices of the "necessities of life." With increasing amounts of money to spend, but with less and less goods and services available on which to spend it, the cost of living was steadily increasing. Many war industries were nearing full production, and the income of workers was at the highest level in history. The official cost-of-living index stood at 100.8 at the outbreak of the war, and by November, 1941, it had increased to 116.3, with no indication of a break in its upward movement. With Canada approaching a state of full productive resources, the threat of an inflationary spiral was becoming very real. It was at this point that the Government started its renewed fight against inflation by imposing an over-all price ceiling, including the price of labor, the general feeling being that price-increases had become too general for any piece-meal treatment. The fixing of a few individual prices is almost certainly the wrong war policy to pursue, for such a system may be criticized on several grounds: (1) it is confiscatory and wholly impracticable; (2) it can have only a fragmentary effect upon inflation; (3) in theory it is basically unsound; and (4) it is much more difficult to administer than is general stabiliza-

tion. Thus as of December 1, 1941, prices were frozen with certain exceptions, at the highest levels obtained by the individual sellers during the stipulated base period, September 15-October 11. The scheme necessitated considerable readjustment as between retailers, wholesalers and manufacturers, because many retailers, for example, had not increased their prices by the end of the base period so as to conform with earlier increases imposed by the wholesalers and manufacturers. Thus came the process of "rolling back the squeeze," in an effort to distribute fairly the burden of the fixed prices among all the interests concerned.

Since if costs were allowed to increase, strong pressure would be brought to bear by producers for higher prices, it was vitally necessary that wages, the price of labor, should also be stabilized, since they constitute one of the most significant elements in cost. Accordingly, in place of any further increase in basic wages, provision was made for a cost-of-living bonus to be paid, the amount dependent upon changes in the Government's cost-of-living index, which were to be announced quarterly. By means of such control over prices and wages, the Government has been able to hold the cost of living to within two or three per cent of the level which it had reached before the system was put into effect. In the corresponding period of the last war, the increase in living costs was approximately twenty per cent.

There are numerous forces exerting an upward pressure on the price ceiling, aside from the influence of increased prices of domestic commodities which have been exempted from the general regulations for various reasons. One very difficult problem to overcome has been the rising costs of imported goods. The Canadian Government has no control over the price of imports, except by varying the price of foreign exchange. Since certain imports are necessary, and must be made in many instances from progressively higher cost sources of supply, the Government, through its Commodity

Prices Stabilization Corporation, has subsidized these importers in order that the goods in question may be obtained and sold under ceiling prices. The policy of subsidizing has also been used in certain instances to help "roll back the squeeze," where the various interests simply could not continue to operate at prices established in the base periods such a policy being regarded as preferable to the establishment of higher prices to consumers. Boots and shoes, milk, butter, tea, coffee and oranges are the chief items which have received such subsidies.

The adoption of an over-all price ceiling in the United States last March has served to lessen one of the great obstacles to effective price and wage control in Canada. But if the American ceilings fail to hold, Canada's own controls will be in jeopardy. Weaknesses in our neighbor's policy seem to be (1) that farm prices are not covered adequately; (2) that difficulties are being experienced in establishing a wages and salaries ceiling; and (3) that too large a share of war financing is being carried by the commercial banks, a borrowing system as efficient as Canada's Victory Loans and War Savings set-ups having not yet been effected. While the American system of price control is based largely on that of Canada, its failure to include wages in the set-up leaves much room for questioning its successful operation. Whether the United States' inflation controls will hold is thus a vital question to ourselves, for on the answer may well

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## SEMINARY NOTES

Another deadline—and we know something of the headaches and worries of an editor or journalist. It seems but such a short time ago when we were pounding out type for the last issue. But so it goes, and here we are again with our pennyworth.

First of all we would like to take this opportunity to correct a misprint that occurred in our column in the last issue. With sincere apologies to the Rev. F. W. Haak of Ayton, Ontario, who so kindly supplied us with the material for some of our copy and who somehow became the victim of a mistake, we would like to point out that the Rev. Hauch referred to in the last Cord was none other than the aforementioned Rev. Haak, who by the nicknames that are handed down, we have become accustomed to call "Fritz." We would also like to take this opportunity of thanking Rev. Haak for pointing out the error to us.

Well, our current Cossmann Hayunga Missionary Society seems to be getting off to a good start. On Sunday last the missionary appeal was presented to two congregations, Mr. Minke preaching in Stratford, and Mr. Kennard taking the pulpit at St. Peter's in Kitchener. Mr. Schmieder is slated for Hespeler in the near future and several of our northern parishes have extended their welcome, and we are but waiting until the roads open. We still have several congregations to hear from, but we have every confidence that the drive will be a successful one. We are glad to see this hearty response at this time that has been set aside by the Church as the season of missions.

Meanwhile, the services at Freeport Sanatorium have been continuing. Two weeks ago Mr. Schmieder conducted the service, and this coming Sunday (Feb. 28) one of our Seminary-bound College students in the person of Jack Zimmerman will take charge. We hope in the future to get more of these College boys who are intending to enter the Seminary to take part—especially now when the Seminary is so small. Our only regret in this regard is that there have not been more College students to go along with the boys and give them moral support and to assist with the singing. We would like to remind you that your transportation will be paid, and that if you can be available your presence would be appreciated.

At present the Seminarians are looking forward to the Pre-Lenten Retreat to be held at St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Kitchener, on Tuesday, March 9th. We look forward to these pastoral retreats with a great deal of anticipation for they give us a spiritual uplift, a feeling of partnership with those in the Gospel Ministry, and an opportunity to become acquainted with some of the pastors that we seldom ever see.

With the current episode of Dagwood and the squeaking mouse comes this interesting note from Eldred Winkler, our chapel organist, quote: "One of these days I'm going to fix that squeak in the chapel organ—but permanently." This correspondent recalls with considerable amusement that said organ has been

squeaking for quite some years with no signs of abating its intensity. We know from experience that it is most disconcerting at times, and we can well imagine how much more annoying it must be to the organist who must sit directly beside it every day. Perhaps now that we are getting so much of the building re-decorated and re-furnished some interested readers might do something about the situation by donating a nice new organ for our chapel. We feel sure that such an addition would be welcomed and appreciated by all, and that it would add a great deal to our chapel services.

And while we are on the subject, the chapel gowns are really in a deplorable condition, and anyone interested in our chapel services could certainly render a great service by donating a gown. It would certainly be appreciated by the Seminarians who are and those who are to follow in the future.

W. Minke.

## A REVIEW OF CANADA'S WARTIME ECONOMICS

By PROFESSOR R. C. McIVOR

Continued from Page 9

depend the successful functioning of our own price policies.

### SUPPLIES CONTROL

In addition to fiscal policy, and price-and-wage control, still another weapon employed by the Government in its fight against inflation is that of control of supplies. In general, the work of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board is tied in with that of the War Industries Control Board, which is responsible for war production, and the two bodies are closely co-ordinated. War production is given priority over civilian needs, and the War Industries Control Board takes the resources it re-

quires, leaving the remaining supplies for civilian consumption. The Board exerts a complete control over industry and may, when necessary, divert any goods or services from civilian to war use. The orders of its various controllers have, as previously indicated, drastically reduced the volume of commodities and services available for consumer purchasing. Even with the severest restrictions on the use of resources for civilian needs, serious war shortages have occurred in many instances, necessitating the development of substitutes to carry the program of war production into full operation. More recent than control of material resources has been the Government's freezing of labor, and its complete control over the disposition of the civilian labor supply in an effort to make the most effective use of the available supply of manpower.

With wartime supplies control intensifying consumer shortages, the introduction of rationing has become necessary. While the need for price control arises in part from the existence of these shortages, it does not ensure that the goods which are scarce will be distributed fairly with due regard for the needs of the population. In the first instance, rationing meant controlling the amount of productive resources which producers might use for the production of civilian goods. Secondly, rationing is coming increasingly to mean control of the amount and manner of distribution of such goods to the consumer. The Canadian Wartime Prices and Trade Board has striven to make its rationing plans as simple and understandable as possible, so that whenever rationing is announced and put into effect, the consumers will know what they are required to do, and the reason for such action. Thus far the consumer has fared well, although having to do without such luxuries as new cars, radios, and other similar products. He has experienced the rationing of gasoline, sugar, tea, coffee and butter, and has been asked to restrict his purchases of a number of additional commodities. But in general it may be said that as consumers, we have felt little of the burden of the war. However, leaner days may not be far ahead, for we have been living in part upon accumulated wealth, using up supplies of goods which had been produced in the early years of the war, and which are no longer being replaced. Increasingly we must therefore depend upon current production, which in turn must be held to a minimum in order that the war effort may not be impaired through the lack of necessary productive resources.

The Minister of Finance expresses the opinion that if the armed forces and war industry are to get all necessary man power, and that if agriculture is going to reach its new production goals, there will be a real shortage of labor and of consumption goods in the months to come. And as a logical consequence, increased pressure will be placed on the price-ceiling, indicating that the most difficult period of control lies ahead, when a supreme effort will be necessary "if inflation is to be held in check."

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