

THE COLLEGE CORD

Vol. 21

WATERLOO ONT., NOVEMBER 1945

AN UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATION

NO. 2

RUGBY STARS



CARL TOTZKE

Capt. Q-Back



DON SNIDER

Right Outside



HARRY WEAVEE

Left Outside

For More Pictures See Page 6

DR. H. CASSIDY ADDRESSES ASSEMBLY

Freshettes

Eat "For Free"

The Situation—Freshettes think Senior students are—to put it frankly—crumbs, (initiation hang-over).

Required — To achieve a good neighbour policy.

Method—Give a "for free" banquet.

Observation—On Thursday, November 8th, a most delicious banquet was given at the Pine Inn on the Bridgeport Road in honour of the sweet young Freshettes. Great pink slices of baked Virginia ham, soft fluffy clouds of mashed potatoes, tender emerald-green baby beans and "stuff like that there" delighted the eyes of the girls and, in very short order, their palates also.

Pouring on the guff and stuff about our delight in having all the Freshettes there, Helen Sehl gave the toast and it was replied to with more guff by Lois Carter on behalf of the Freshettes. By way of introducing everyone to everyone the Freshettes then proceeded to a round robin of name recitation.

See "EAT" Page 4

Athenaeum Holds Kid Party

All us chillen had a nice party on Hallowe'en. The witches and spooks were flyin' around, but we were safe in our li'l red schoolhouse. Of course, we all wore our best party clo'es—brief skirts and huge hair ribbons for the li'l girls, and short pants and floppy bow ties for the li'l boys. Even li'l boy Scott and li'l boy Raymond were there. Oh yes, an' there was a real family there too: Mama, Chuck Hagen; Papa, Evelyn Killian; Baby, "Jo" Hollinger; and some other chillen with their toys.

First of all we sat in a circle on the floor, while Mother Goose Edith Merner told us a lovely fairy story about Rapunzel, who had long, beautiful hair. We listened and

See "KIDS" Page 10

W. C. Marks Education Week

This year Kitchener and Waterloo celebrated Education Week (Nov. 11-17) with great activity. Waterloo College was out in front with the best as usual.

Previous to the actual week, the services of the local newspaper were used to give publicity to the celebration. Articles were printed concerning Waterloo's new courses, her returning veterans and excellent descriptions of the art and music classes.

All week long window displays were held in down-town Kitchener. Waterloo College had Dowler's window and a work of art it was. Prof. A. E. Raymond was in charge of the decoration in conjunction with the art lecturer, Mr. Cleghorn. The window was simple and forceful and evoked many a congratulatory remark.

All week Waterloo College was open to Secondary School students. Waterloo's already-filled halls were crowded by an influx of K.C.I. students. Many flocked to the psychology and English classes, a few to other subjects like economics and German, and even a hardy duo made it to French 490.

The week ended with a flourish Friday evening when a program was given over the local station C.K.C.R. It was in charge of Prof. W. G. Scott who M.C.'d as well as organized. Featured were talks by Harry Weaver who gave a thumbnail sketch of Waterloo's achievements and her potential future. Charles Hagen conducted a servicemen's forum in which three returned servicemen gave their views on education (Eugene Sulisz, G. Taylor-Munro, M. Putnam). The program was interspersed with selections by the A Capella Choir under the direction of Dr. U. S. Leupold and the Male Choir, also his protege.

Needless to say, orchids were flying all over the place.

Social Worker Seeks Recruits

Tuesday morning, November 27, an assembly of all the students and faculty of Waterloo College heard an address by the Director of the School of Social Work at the University of Toronto, Dr. H. Cassidy.

Introduced by Mr. Kaylor of the Waterloo County Children's Aid Society, Dr. Cassidy pleaded with the students present to consider seriously the vocation of social work. First he gave a history of social work in Canada and the U.S.A. and brought it up to the present time, referring favourably to the Family Allowance Act passed recently by the Federal government.

Dr. Cassidy went on to describe the wide field of opportunities open to eager social workers professionally trained. He emphasized the necessity for training and explained the set-up at U. of T. where a student with B.A. completes a one- or two-year course specializing in social work.

When asked, Dr. Cassidy expressed hopes that the salary for such workers would in the future be adjusted to a rate suitable for university graduates.

Dr. Cassidy spoke authoritatively for he not only took degrees in economics and the social work at the U. of British Columbia and U. of California, but he has had wide experience in personnel selection and instruction with U.N.R.R.A. before joining the faculty of the U. of T.

Coming Events

DEC. 12 Christmas Record Club.
Excellent Program on Yule Themes.

DEC. 19—
Athenaeum Christmas Party
Santa Claus, Etc.

Founded 1926

THE COLLEGE CORD

Editor-in-Chief Charles A. Hagen
 Junior Editor Harry D. Weaver
 Literary Editors M. Armstrong, A. Wilhelm
 College Static Lois Carter and Bob Dier
 C.O.T.C. Notes Walter Donovan
 Social Events Margaret Fackoury and Ruth Creagar

Alumni Notes Eric Reble
 Faculty Adviser Professor R. C. McIvor
 Sports Carl Totzke
 Business Managers Marion Hollinger and J. Bramm
 Sem Notes Roy Grosz
 Circulation Helen Sehl, Bill Fischer

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EDITORIALS

It were better to have surrendered something to the Cord and have it rejected than never to have offered aught; for the one is but imperfection, the other sloth. And as the sloth is greater towards the Cord, so the debt to posterity is greater. Slothfulness leadeth a man to paucity of wisdom; mere rejection doth naught but increase the cupidity of a man to strive to better himself. As saith well friend Will:

"Love goes toward love as school-boys from their books,
 But work for Cord, toward school with heavy looks."

Rejection spurreth a man onwards; but indolence hath been the blockbuster of many articles.

It is a strange and wondrous thing to observe how high a rate great thinkers do set upon the pages of this fruit whereof we speak. My Lord Byron, when he shall write, shall call words

"That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think."

Augustus Caesar when he did command Rome offered unto Q. Flaccus a high position because of his learning which the latter did refuse, and the former did a little resent thereat. But since the former (Q.) did contribute articles worthy of a Cord the latter (A.) waxed no longer wrath.

Though it seemeth that favour aids the worthless scribe in the paunchy person of the editor, think not so. It is want of material alone that forceth him to publish what is yclept by divers personages "Tripe" and "Twiddle." Neither hesitate to cast they pearls before swine. For betwixt the making public and the rubbishing of the document there may be other than suilline eyes. But that happeneth rarely.

Nevertheless let us do at Rome as the Romans do, to wit "cum insanientibus furere." Let us adjust our periwigs then, thrust aside procrastination and with Will's Harry cry

"Cord for Hagen, Weaver and Armstrong."

C. A. H.

As I clattered down the stairs into the entrance hall after a lecture, and puckered up to catch a few drops of life-giving water from the feeble flow of the fountain, someone placed his finger on his lips and said "Sh." My eyes followed his other pointing hand and my gaze fell upon the large black letters on the white background, "PRIVATE MEETING."

Being extremely curious to see the morning Globe and find out whether Toronto had at last won a hockey game, I tiptoed closer to the reading room. From beneath the door came an exultant chuckle. "I guess we foxed 'em. This is one place that is quiet enough to study around here."

I must confess, however, that the use of the sign is not always motivated by such commendable intentions. Once these honeyed words dripped through the keyhole, "Why, F— dear, I'd love to go with you." The F stands for Frosh, and he certainly was having a private meeting.

The sign came in handy to a few gentlemen of the Soph class during the initiation. They had a private meeting with a freshman who had unwisely wandered into the reading room alone.

I have a warning. Sometimes the sign means what it says. I once rushed into the reading room only to be stopped short by twelve pairs of questioning eyebrows above twelve pairs of scrutinizing eyes, all belonging to Lutheran ministers. The best plan is to walk quietly to the door. If you hear a cautious "I pass," you may walk in. The afternoon class in Bridge 20 is in session.
 H. D. W.

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. It is co-educational. It has three faculties and seven affiliated colleges. Waterloo College was affiliated in 1925. There are now living more than four thousand men and women — many of them occupying positions of responsibility and influence — holding degrees. The total attendance averages between 2,300 and 2,500 a year. At present the enrolment is more than 3,000.

The University is entering on a new era of expansion. The organizing committee consisting of Western Ontario citizens have fixed as an objective for the present fund raising campaign \$2,500,000. This will help to build the following:

- School of Nursing
- Physical Education Building
- Science Building for the College of Arts
- University libraries
- Men's residence — Medical
- Social Science Building
- Women's residence (Arts)
- Meek Laboratories

Temporary additions to relieve the present congestion are being made.

The University hopes that the time is not far distant when every capable boy and girl in Western Ontario irrespective of his or her economic status will have an opportunity to procure a college education of the highest quality.

Remagen

Rendezvous

"Hans, you must always do what you think is right and just in your own heart," said the aged Ludwig Hellermann, shaking his wrinkled face beneath a large crop of unruly white hair.

"This is a new and different Germany," he continued, "and we must look to the future. I've heard Bismarck's philosophies, and the new words of this Hitler about war and strife are fatal. At the university to-day they spoke of invading Poland. I'm afraid such a move would be disastrous. It will mean a war that will destroy our nation forever."

He slowly stood up and shuffled off toward the window where the tall towers of the cathedral shimmered on the hazy horizon. Then without warning the old man wheeled about and looked at the youth. "I do not hate the Nazis, but I hate only what they are doing to our Germany." It was spoken with fury and violence rarely shown by the old man.

Hans said carefully, "you must be more discreet, father, the Gestapo doesn't recognize age and—"

"You shall see, Hans, this Fuehrer will destroy Germany and we shall be helpless to prevent it."

A year later in the late spring of '40 Hans Hellermann graduated from university with his degree in constructional engineering. Germany was a cauldron of military might ready to boil over and engulf the little world around her. Paris had fallen, and England quivered helplessly alone. All Germany laughed and plunged into the wine of victory. All, that is, but men who foresaw the fate of world-conquerors—men like Ludwig Hellermann, history teacher at Cologne University.

Hans was inducted into the army but was refused a commission despite his high grades. Hitler wanted good Nazis for his army officers and Hans Hellermann thought too much and said too little about the Party. Hans wasn't a good Nazi.

He was drafted into the 39th Engineer Battalion, the finest in the Wehrmacht. He fought at Bengazi, Cassino, Budapest, Caen, Antwerp, Warsaw and Aachen. Destruction was the 39th speciality, and they were in action whenever defeats were taking place. Hans had become a "destruction engineer," and there was no hope, no pleasure, and no love in destruction.

Corporal Hans Hellermann saw only as the German armies drew back to Germany, this same destruction would follow and quite often he imagined his beautiful

See "REMAGEN" Page 7

Evening

The sun was slowly setting in the western sky,

Twilight gently softened the harsh light of day,

And the soft, caressing breezes of May

Fanned the earth and rustled the branches on high

The sun, a golden-red ball of fire lay

Behind the delicate, pink clouds, there to die

A hero's death, as a distant bluejay With mournful cry, called out a last good-bye.

The clear waters of the lake slowly darkened,

As the stars peeped out from their heavenly home;

While a faraway frog croaked his solemn tune

To which the newly awakened world harkened;

The mellow radiance of the rising moon

Reflected peace prevailing 'neath heaven's dome.

M.F.B.

Cake-Baking

My friends, let us bake a cake! Don't worry about the results because we can't fail. We're using the Encyclopaedia Britannica, volume 4.

Swathed in our aprons, and surrounded by our materials, let us follow the rules given by our cookbook which, in this case, is the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Really, it does sound easy.

We find that, in the preparation of tins, we must "grease the inside of tin, then dust all over with equal quantities of cornflour and icing sugar which have been sieved together several times. Any mixture not adhering, shake out." (Now, while this doesn't exactly sound like what Mama does, we will follow the directions explicitly, for we know that Mama is not quite as learned as the compilers of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. A little note reassures us that this is a less tiresome process than the old one, and so, much relieved, we proceed to the preparation of fruit. Here we are told to place fruit on a sieve with a tablespoon of flour. We can't see the point of the ritual, and, realizing that it is probably an old superstitious custom, do not bother with this superfluity. We are told to "cut raisins open and remove stones." And we find a hot little tip to "dip thumb and forefinger into hot water frequently while doing this."

Our tins and fruit prepared, we are now ready to cream the butter and sugar.

We are advised that with the butter we are to "beat in a basin." We read, and re-read this statement since a basin is not the most ap-

See "CAKE" Page 10

Vet. Verse

THE ARMY LIFE

A round of needles, drill and vitamin pills;

Until I don't even know myself.

The clang of mess-tins, filled; those army meals!

I'd do much better to forage somewhere else.

The whine of mortars, chilled, the crash of shells;

This hole I'm di-digging is for my health

The bang of guns, drilled, then hospitals;

Every blinking thing is for my health.

It's home for me, thrilled, just share my parcels,

For soon they'll put me on the shelf.

TAY, 1945.

ROD—A PERSONNEL OFFICER

While serving as padre to a field unit in France, received a shrapnel wound in the neck which left him with a slight difficulty in hearing, a fact he did not advertise. Strangely enough this difficulty enhanced his effectiveness as an adviser. The daily never-ending line of battle-weary men, coming to him with personal problems and for pass privileges, felt that here, in this very attentive listener was the most sympathetic friend in the whole world. Note: Turning personal difficulties to advantage.

FAMOUS ARMY SAYINGS:

"The impossible we do immediately; The miraculous takes a little longer."

Quote General Alexander to Mark Clark just prior to Casino.

Gran. Taylor-Munro.

Music Hath Charms

Last night I saw and heard the Hour of Charm All-Girl Orchestra. Thus a dream, cherished for several years, was finally fulfilled. The long period of anticipation had built up great expectations but in no way was I disappointed. The concert was superb. In fact, this orchestra appealed to me so much more than any other that I begin to wonder wherein lay the attracting powers.

True, this was an all-girl orchestra, and certainly the girls had personal charm, but I cannot suppose myself influenced to any great extent by mere appearances. No, when it is a question of music, something much deeper must be the deciding factor.

From the very moment the shrill trumpets first pierced the air in a medley of war songs, I realized that here was grandeur unexcelled. Flourishes and contrasts were the keynote of the evening. Musical numbers were contrasted among each other and within themselves.

See "MUSIC" Page 8

Boys

After a male baby has grown out of long clothes and triangles and has acquired pants, freckles and so much dirt that relatives do not dare to kiss it between meals, it becomes a Boy. A boy is Nature's answer to that false belief that there is no such thing as perpetual motion. A boy can swim like a fish, run like a deer, climb like a squirrel, balk like a mule, bellow like a bull, eat like a pig or act like a jackass, according to climatic conditions.

He is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite. A noise covered with smudges. He is called a tornado because he comes at the most unexpected times, hits the most unexpected places and leaves everything a wreck behind him.

He is a growing animal of superlative promise to be fed, watered and kept warm, a joy forever, a periodic nuisance, the problem of our times, the hope of a nation. Every boy born is evidence that God is not yet discouraged of man.

Were it not for boys, the newspapers would go unread, and a thou-

See "BOYS" Page 4

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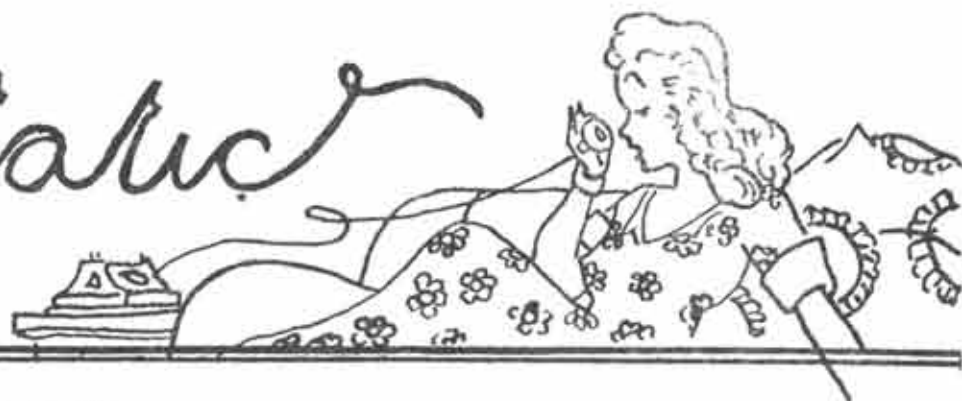
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College Status



Hello again—seems no time at all since the chief was war whooping for Cord copy so we've dug up a little dirt and now we're going to "move it over—"

A couple of the sophomores of the fairer sex have been duelling for some time for the attention of a certain "heart-smasher" of the Frosh class. M. Ecies we call that a monopsony,—ceteris Paribus that is, mind you.

Seems the twins aren't sure which of them is which, and in their confusion they have completely baffled Professor Evans.

We're expecting to see Miss Fackoury back at school any day now. Chuck Fabian was in the reading room the other day and poor Marg—so dreamy-eyed and befuddled.

Our choir has made a good showing lately at assemblies and over the radio, and is to be congratulated. It's new organizations like this that give the College a little more pep and spirit.

In our opinion that Hallowe'en Athy was one of the best in a long time. Every one was a good sport about dressing up so childishly. A great time was had by all—even Kibitzin Joe Miller. Of course A was actually walking on the left of B but then A — ah well, Charlie showed us how to run. Well many thanks to Tommy for her productive

efforts and may we say for the whole College that the members of our faculty are darn (to use a good Shakespearian word) good sports.

NOTE: When Professor Potter can't be found in the Professors' room, and isn't lecturing, he can be found in the Boys' Common Room. Refereeing bridge games you know, and as Fisher might say (in a moment of weakness)—anybody can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a hand, — as we said in a moment of weakness.

Well, we've had a look at the potential next year's frosh class and some of the fellows have decided to stick around awhile—major in badminton or something.

Surprising how the baby of the establishment has grown up in the past couple of weeks. We were afraid you would strain your tonsils Joe, and not be able to speak for awhile — oh this line's so obvious?

Well, a very successful rugby season has ended. The basketball season is well underway. But for detailed reports refer to that sensational new column written by that dashing young, handsome author—oh (whats' his name?—oh) well perhaps you could glance over the Sports column anyway.

As Van Every says — "Is this dance formal, or may I wear my

own clothes?"

If Tarzan Ripley spends many more week-ends in Toronto he'll fade away to the proverbial shadow.

TO VOX POP: Waterloo College rugby team seemed to thrive pretty well on the "impudence" supplied by a couple of sports-loving "gentlemen".

Looking through the last Cord we noted a great improvement in the paper. In our opinion the pictures of the track and field meet were a welcome sight. Let's have more pictures eh?

Playing badminton one day our comely Miss Kilian tripped and landed on a piece of glass. Quoth she: "I'm cutting quite a figure", unquoth.

So everything is pretty well underway and because of our good start, high optimism and sincere hopes are extended to Professor MacIvor. Perhaps this is the year he will find that position of comfort, which he is trying so hard to find, from which to deliver his lectures. Best of luck Sir!

"Tho it breaks our hearts,
To say "Adieu."
"Till we meet again,
Hubba, Hubba, Hubba.

Sincerely,
Lois and Bab.



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Boys

Continued from Page 3

sand picture shows would go bankrupt. Boys are useful in running errands. A boy can easily do the family errands with the aid of five or six adults. The zest with which a boy does an errand is equalled only by the speed of a turtle on a hot day.

The boy is a natural spectator. He watches parades, fires, fights, ball games, automobiles, boats and airplanes with equal fervor, but will not watch the clock.

The man who invents a clock that will stand on its head and sing a song when it strikes will win the undying gratitude of millions of families whose boys are forever coming to dinner about supper time.

Boys faithfully imitate their dads in spite of all efforts to teach them good manners. A boy, if not washed too often and if kept in a cool, quiet place after each accident, will sur-

vive broken bones, hornets, swimming holes, fights and nine helpings of pie.

A.W.

"Eat"

Continued from Page 1

from whence everyone adjourned to the Pine playroom for a bit of bridge, etc. (if you know what I mean).

Following the social evening the guests proceeded to their various homes in the cars so graciously driven by the various students—although and mind you this is confidential, a few rumours of some detours made by one particular car has reached the ears of your reporter.—I just called up to tell you—

Conclusion — Seriously, we hope all of you Freshettes enjoyed the feast and that next year you will undertake the task of the Freshette Banquet with happy memories of your own.

M.F.F.



DR. SCHORTEN INTERVIEWS JOHN BAETZ JR.

Record Club

A meadow and sheep; an old shepherd pipes a sad tune; the meadow is beautiful, covered with young green grass; a horn sounds from across a valley; the shepherd pipes again, the music is rich and full of beauty like the meadow . . . an elf dances gaily across it . . . the music becomes stern . . . perhaps a storm . . . then calm again . . . birds fly in the sky . . . their songs mingle . . . the sky becomes filled with their graceful bodies, they soar in waves . . . an ugly discord, discordant brass; life is not all beauty . . . a church bell rings in the distance . . . again the horn

from across the valley and the shepherd's song rises triumphantly . . . the perfect life? . . . now a company of elves, they dance . . . the music fades away along the meadow.

These broken lines are fading impressions made on a person listening to the third movement of Thaikowsky's Manfred Symphony.

Every two weeks in our college we listen to music such as this. We try to catch a thread of what a composer is pouring his heart into. The going is tough for some of us. Music is a language which is new and obscure. An understanding of it goes deeper than an understanding of languages and mathematics. We try to match our souls with that of the composer. We must strike that sympathetic chord; otherwise, we go away disgusted and disappointed.

Actually, the only way to listen to music is to listen to it alone. The presence of other personalities, the various noises of movements, the distracting sight of movement, all tend to deaden our hearing to the small phrases and softer tones on which the entire meaning of a passage depends.

The college record club was formed at the beginning of the first semester. It has been very successful. About ninety-five albums of symphonic records have been donated for its use. A typical program consists of an overture, a major work and several shorter compositions. The music is mostly classical, though occasionally lighter and

more comical pieces find their way into the program.

Dr. Leupold gives very fine talks on the composers of two of the selections. Our first meeting was held in the college but classroom chairs proved rather uncomfortable. Now the club moves to a student's house where comfortable seats are in order and a warm atmosphere prevails.

All of our appetites when satisfied are after all only a means of escape from the headache of petty annoying incidents we call everyday life. All of us have a natural, inborn love of some type of music. Music has no boundaries, it carries to infinity. It has a lot to say. Music is a treasure-house of beautiful pictures and impressions. What are some of these?

. . . A rushing torrent; a tiny brook; misty mornings; sunrises across long meadows; the lonely half-light of twilight; a sky full of wind-torn clouds; "the breathless hush of evening"; a bird-song; a feeling of freedom like walking barefoot on soft green grass; a girl's hair blown in the wind; armies marching; sorrow, pain, hysteria; happiness, ecstasy; shafted beams of sunlight inside tall cathedrals; all these are to be found in music.

But meet it half-way. We get nothing for nothing. Words are bare and hollow; listen to music.

E. ISLER.

In The Classroom

Prof. Scott (dashing into class after hearing the news about an apartment). "Will all those who are absent please raise your hands so that I can enter it in my attendance book."

Perhaps he was just slap-happy.

Dr. Klinck—You will notice two dates at the end of each poem. One is the date of writing and the other is the date of publication. I don't know which is which." Oh! brother!

Prof. Scott (in Psych 36)—"The infant uses his arms and hands in balancing. I always did say that babies walk like Salome dances."

Prof. Scott—"Chadder, who do you think are the great leaders in Canada to-day, besides the college professors." Oh! to have the self-confidence of that.

Prof. Scott (after the Athy kid party)—Miss Hollinger, you should have no trouble with the Psych 36 test. Just act as you did at Athy and you will be sure to make 100%—which she didn't.

Assemblies

The recent addition of assemblies to the school curricula has most certainly been enjoyed by the student body and a wealth of superb talent has been discovered especially in the Freshmen class and we do mean you Messrs. Franks, Chislitt, Putman, Stewart, Issler and all the rest of you oh so talented people.

The assemblies were begun with a bit of hesitancy and a "what will we do for them" feeling but as time goes on we find more and more things to do and find more and more talent.

To Harry Weaver, the new president of the Students' Legislative Assembly has gone the responsibility of the assemblies and we want him to know that we think he is doing a really splendid job.

Not only have we had people from the school attending the assemblies but we were delighted and honoured a few weeks ago with the visit of Prof. Wells of Columbia.

He expressed his pleasure with our program and agreed with our theory that assemblies are an integral part of the college curricula. We hope to have more well known guests at our assemblies this year.

Speaking of further plans of the Assembly, what do you think of the suggestion that the faculty put on a program some Monday morning. There certainly is a wealth of talent among our professors. We think it is a very good idea—don't you?

M.F.F.

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ROY ROBERTS

SPORTS

BY TOTZKE

The rugby season has come to a close. After this sport has been absent from Waterloo College life so long, this season was indeed a wonderful way to welcome it back. We now have a basis on which to build future gridiron squads to feature the Waterloo College name.

In five exhibition games, the team won 4 games scoring 68 points having 30 points chalked against them. The first game against Western Tech. of Toronto was a good season opener, ending with a score of 26-6. In 2 games with a heavy, fighting Guelph O.A.C. Aggies team, we won the first game on their grounds 17-2 scoring 2 major tries in the first quarter. In the return game at home, we again beat them 16-1. There were 2 games against the Western "Colts" of London. The first being played at London, proved the only defeat of the squad, 19-6. The score does not indicate the way the team played against these much-favoured Western boys. It was an unlucky day and the breaks were against us. In the return game we met this aggregation of huskies on a wet, muddy field. It was ideal for a team their size, but our gang out-fought them, winning by a 3-2 margin. The line played a wonderful game and twice staved off the Western squad while they were in our own ten-yard line. It was a good year and thanks to Ed. Devitt, our coach, Jonas, Reuben, Profs. Scott and McIvor for the effort they put on the team.

But as the glory of our rugby team fades away, a new team of fighting basketballers takes the limelight—already they have won 2 games in the current City Basketball League. On the team are Reble, Hamblin, Huck, Weaver, Dier, Rafferty, McCargar, Schneider, Baetz,

Totzke with Prof. McIvor coaching. Naturally, Reuben Halpern is in an important advisory capacity. The girls are out holding their first basketball practice in preparation for the league games with Western, Alma, etc. Coach McIvor puts them through their paces.

With snow comes hockey and it looks like there may be some good games between the Frosh and the School. Let's hope that there's not too much snow this winter but then we can always count on the help of the "Honest Citizen."

Zieg-Zags

The time has come, my sprightly frosh

To think of SERIOUS THINGS
Of eekies, psych, the sonnet's rhyme
The Merovingian Kings.

This will serve as a revelation
Consider: 42 more days before ex-aminations!

Breaking through a wall of text books into an aesthetic tower, I find Rhoda Daber sighing, "But I've only started to study."

Hubba Hubba Harrington: "Well, split me and call me Atom! You mean we write examinations after Christmas. It's every day new rules I'm learning!"

Jim Huck, who's been around for about 24 years, snarls, "Me? I ain't a-scared of nuttin'."

The Charity Duo (in unison):
"Nothing can put a cloud on our horizon, or destroy our joie de vivre."

Question: Does spirit like that come in a bottle?—You keep out of this Rafferty.

Helen Bulmer—"Can you live on black coffee and cigarettes for those 2 weeks?"

Elmer Isler: "Which brings up my argument. Girls should stay at home, learn to cook and develop the art of husband-keeping. Besides, only a girl would think up a silly thing like this—"

Hold on, Elmer, "sniff sniff", The curse of my grandmother's black cat be upon my head! I've burned the supper again.

Oh, to heck with the potatoes. Where's my Economics text?"

P.Z.

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PROF. EVANS: "CERTAINLY I'M ONE OF THE OFFICIALS!"

Remagen

Continued from Page 3

Cologne pounded to the pulp of Cassino or Budapest. This reality grew, not only in him, but in all the men. The words of Hans' father became clearer each day, "they shall destroy Germany forever, and we shall be helpless to prevent it."

Following Von Rundstedt's fatal drive into Belgium, which proved to be Germany's last major offensive, the 39th was called in to cover the numerous retreats along the

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Western Front. The Germans had finally been pushed to the Rhine where the waters of Hitler's hope, and Germany's history, sped through the banks of German civilization. The H.Q. of the German 10th Infantry Division was situated at Remagen when a young captain burst unannounced into the field tent of Colonel Von Klein, divisional commandant.

"Heil Hitler," snapped the captain as the colonel, ignoring him, sat sleepily at his desk.

"Yes, yes," said the bald, red-faced colonel with impatience and boredom.

"Herr colonel, the Americans have turned our flank at Heisse and they have cut off the 141st at Zinagen. General Goetz has advised all German troops in this area to prepare to evacuate."

"Well, what is that to me?"
"We have failed to build any pontoon bridges and all the others have been destroyed by the enemy. The Ludendorff bridge is the only structure still intact. We are to begin evacuating now and the bridge is to be demolished by 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"It's impossible to move 60,000 men on such notice," bellowed the colonel.

"Those are General Goetz's orders, he can't call because we must not let the enemy learn of our position."

"It will be done," said the superior officer, realizing the predicament he was in, "the 39th will destroy it at 3:50 tomorrow afternoon."

Cpl. Hans Hellermann received the telegram as the early March rain beat on the windows of the shattered Remagen Inn. In dim candle-light Hans read the familiar words: "We regret to inform you that Herr Ludwig Hellermann died serving the Fuehrer on the Eastern Front. The German High Command and the Nazi party extend sincere sympathy and respect for the glorious action of Herr Hel-

lermann in the Volksturm. Further information to follow."

Hans could not understand his father in the Volksturm, for the old man had been crippled by a club foot since 1917.

Through the long shadows of the night and the drizzling rain of the day, men and material moved steadily over the Ludendorff bridge. Tanks, guns, trucks and the tramp of the infantry raised a din as men slogged slowly through the artificial mist like an endless belt. At 3:00 the last trucks crossed as already sporadic fire and explosions came from the west bank where the German demolition squads and snipers worked to hold up the advancing American patrols.

That morning Cpl. Kellermann was detailed to wire the bridge. Hans directed the setting of the charges on the end piers and in the middle. The ten-man crew laid 1,500 lbs. of T.N.T. and dynamite under the span. The chemo-infantry had stopped generating the mist and as Hans wired the last charge one could see across the bridge. About 3:20 Hans dismissed all but three men and he waited for the lieutenant to inspect the charges. Around 3:30 the sun came out and the last Germans to cross were in a staff car which escaped the Americans at Zinagen.

The lieutenant was roaring drunk and he misread the orders, dismissed everyone but Hans, for whom he had a particular dislike. The officer was an incompetent, but fanatical Nazi. He decided to play with fate and glamour before he set off the charges. He wanted to wait until the Americans were crossing, but Hans argued, only to have his face slapped by the officer's glove. "You're like your old man," snapped the scowling officer.

"What do you mean?" asked Hans dryly.

"Why, you're both damned dirty

See "REMAGEN" Page 8

A Man's A Man

It is a generally accepted fact that we have passed the age where men were men. There are exceptions, however, to every rule, and we've found one of these exceptions in the Freshman class. Just to keep the rest of you fellows from blushing with modesty he is tall and blond and handsome.

To say that he enlisted with the Canadian Army in 1940 helps to explain the word "man." Previously he had completed his senior matriculation at Perth. Also in 1939 he played hockey with the Perth Blue Wings, an Eastern Canada contender. In 1942 he pitched the R.C.E.-M.E. softball team to the overseas championship, amassing 39 con-

secutive victories.

This chap is active in young people's activities at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Kitchener, where he is student associate to the pastor.

For the benefit of our readers outside college we say that he has a fine baritone voice (by "fine" we mean that Sinatra shouldn't be mentioned on the same day). He won the Peterson Memorial Scholarship from McGill University.

We mention now what is probably most important to the gentleman we have described and the most disappointing to all of our co-eds. During his service overseas he married an English girl who expects to arrive in Canada in the spring. For the freshman most likely to succeed, our money's on you, Max Putnam. "Lang may your lum reek."

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C.O.T.C. NEWS

The pangs of hunger have always been a source of annoyance to everyone, especially the bread-winners, but to a former student of our Alma Mater and member of the C.O.T.C. here, it meant the difference between life here and hereafter.

Captain Lloyd Halwig of Kitchener went on active service with the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps. After serving at Camp Borden, he was posted overseas from Ottawa. He was a liason officer in Belgium and was in Antwerp when the Germans were pouring buzz bombs into that city.

While on a short leave, he and a fellow-officer were heading for a moving picture show. Passing by an officers' club, they decided to drop in for refreshments and then continued to the theatre. Upon their arrival they found that a buzz bomb had just landed, killing the entire audience of over nine hundred persons.

On October 18 of this year an ex-student and C.O.T.C. graduate, Captain Robert Menzies, was married to a Dutch girl in the 300-year-old town hall of Vaarden, Holland. The ceremony was performed by the burgomaster. Captain Menzies is attached to the Highland Light Infantry.

Brothers who were once students of Waterloo College have been in the news recently. Lieut.-Col. M. Reiner, serving with the No. 5 Medium Regiment Overseas received

the D.S.O. for gallant and distinguished conduct in Italy. He was promoted from the rank of major in September this year.

Major W. R. E. Reiner, ex-student of Waterloo College, has retired to the Reserve of Active Officers after a military career of thirteen years. He was N.M.R.A. liason officer at district military headquarters, London, and formerly of Guelph and Wellesley.

Remagen

Continued from Page 7

traitors, disloyal to the party. You and that father are the ones losing the war. The filthy traitor taught me at Cologne. All he taught was English and American propaganda. You're both filthy and rotten. Get out of the way or I'll smash your face."

Hans seemed to feel his insides tighten into a ball and his eyes grew misty with hate and sorrow. Then two shots rang out in the afternoon air and the lieutenant clutched painfully at his stomach, and, gasping some indefinite words, he staggered menacingly toward Hans. Again the Luger spoke and Hans released the trigger only when he heard the dull clicking of an empty magazine. A large Sherman tank and a sergeant leading a platoon of infantry began crossing the bridge as Hans threw the smoking revolver down into the water below. The Americans ran across the bridge, firing at several snipers who were taking shelter near the bushes on the road-side.

Hans scrambled quickly over to the demolition box and seized the handles of the plunger. It needed only the pressure of a child to send the great steel bridge tumbling into the muddy Rhine. Yet Hans couldn't rally the strength to press the plunger home. Suddenly the words of his father echoed in his head and he released the handles, arose and ran from the place where the demolition box and the lieutenant's body lay. He ran toward the road and dirty, bearded and ragged, he emerged from the bushes and ran across the open roadway.

An American private went down on one knee and with his Thompson sub he sprayed the fleeing fig-

ure. Hans spun around and grasping his side tried to cross back to the shelter of the ditch. This time the tank opened fire and its machine guns whipped and lashed the dirt around the German youth. Then Hans was hit, again and again, until his bleeding body rolled into the ditch where it lay when the Sherman rumbled by. An American gave Hans a drink of water, but the drink did more harm than good and Hans died within several minutes.

Several German engineers in Hans' detail tried to return to set off the charge but they were killed in the attempt. Quick working soldiers of the 3rd Army removed the wires and dropped the charges into the river as trucks and tanks sped on to the east bank where they established the famous Remagen bridgehead.

They buried Hans the next morning in the village cemetery. A chaplain said a brief service and the unadorned body was slid into a shallow hole a stone's throw from the bridge. That week, the world spoke of the famous "faute de guerre," but no one realized it was a German youth who believed his father's words and lived by them.

"Hans, you must always do what is right and just in your own heart."

Music

Continued from Page 3

Imagine the piece "Hark, Hark, the Lark," soft, soaring and melodious, as presented by the soprano voice of Jeannie, accompanied by a flute obligato and followed in a moment by the sharp staccato of a rhythmic trumpet solo. See the different sections of the orchestra stand, as each in turn is featured in a part of the recent South American hit, "Amour." First the violins pick up

the tune in a semi-classical style, followed by the mellow saxophones, the "jazzy" trumpets, drums and finally culminating in an all-inclusive finale.

But do not be mistaken. I do not mean to imply that embellishments or contrasts predominated to the exclusion of what is usually looked for in "good music." No indeed, for who could over-praise the full, clear tone of Phyllis' trumpet, or the deep, "velvety" contralto voice of Francine? And surely no one would dare to classify the first lady of the All-Girl Orchestra, Evelyn and her Magic Violin" with any but the best of musicians, She can be favourably compared with either Rubinoff or Fritz Kreisler. Watch her whole body sway in time with the music. Notice the perfection of each note. Feel the spirit of the melody as she presents it—swing music with a soul.

I could thus mention all the soloists, but instead let me point out the ease with which individual personalities are forgotten, or rather blended into one—that of the orchestra. There is a complete spirit of co-operation, a feeling of unity so necessary to a composite body such as this. The music is heard, not as from forty-five different instruments, but as if coming from one unified source, even on the frequent occasions when Phil Sptalny, the conductor, walks away, leaving the orchestra without a leader for an entire selection.

Where is there a person with a soul so dead that he is not moved to raptures by such magnificence? He is indeed void of all feeling, that cannot say his soul lingered in heavenly realms as he listened to this concert.

"The music in my heart I bore Long after it was heard no more."

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Prof. Raymond: Now when we find a word like this with a short syllable and a long one we usually end up with a pair of shorts.

Dr. Leupold (as he struggled frantically trying to raise his music stand): We were getting much too low.

Ditto (as he counted those who gave the Community Concert as an alibi for skipping choir practice): Are there any more concert communists?

Time always flies except when you're doing it.

Chuck: If you want to write a sermon why don't you use one of your dad's old sermons?

E. Reble: But I want to get a good mark!

Dr. Schorten: I'll not take time to explain that. It would take two hours or more and maybe that would not be all and then you might not believe me.

H. Weaver: My mom still hopes I'll be a preacher!

J. Van Every: My mom still hopes I'll be a man!

1st Person: Linguistis, eh? That's where you learn about Grimm's law isn't it? How do you find it?

2nd Person: Pretty grim!

Dr. Klinck's notice on bulletin board: "English 21 in the Gymnasium. Bring a stiff-backed book so that you will be able to write on

your knee."

HISTORY CLASS

Dr. Potter: Think how bored you'd be if you had to eat dry corn all winter.

Trudie Mosig: Then you'd be corn-bored.

(Editor's note: Ugh!)

Carson Bock: I met the sweetest little thing in Toronto. Beautiful, intelligent and toujours la clinch!

Dr. Leupold (to A Capella Choir): Don't worry about the low notes. Drop them if you can't reach them. They can be swept up later.

Gems of Wisdom No 362704:

Fellows who drive with one hand are usually headed for a church aisle. Some will be walked down it, some will be carried.

Blows From Jo

Breathes there a "Hagen" with soul so dead, who never to my ears hath said: "If you don't want your life, liberty, pursuit of happiness, and needless to say, your reputation blown to all ten pages of the Cord, then start blowing someone else's." So I ask you, fellows, what choice did I have?

With the mess of a time-table that fell on my shoulders this term (namely, an 8:50 class and an 11:10 class), what am I to do between ten and eleven? Chuck had the answer—write Cord copy. If your name isn't dragged through this mess, kids, it will be through no fault of your own.

After having gone to chapel (please note!) I retire with my books to the library. It's surprising the education one can obtain between ten and eleven o'clock, by sitting in that book-worm's paradise, and keeping one's ears open. Speaking of the library, no truer words were ever spoken than those uttered by Prof. Hirtle in physical science and I'll quote:

"To do my mathematics problems at college, I used to go to a quiet corner in the library. Of course, they weren't like the corners of our library and furthermore, there wasn't any "love-making" going on in that library." Unquote. Well, that's one thing Waterloo has over Dalhousie. It's astonishing what those profs don't see. They even tell me that Prof. Hirtle knows about a romance before it starts. Think I'll have a chat with him and find out my chances.

Speaking of romance, have you seen those dreamy eyes of our El-

mira lass? She gave herself away one day in the common room while the girls were having a discussion on dreams. Said Millie, "I dreamt last night that Audrey Brock was out with my boyfriend. Boy! did I wake up with a headache."

The most stirring news reaching all Waterloons last week was FLASH!! Prof. Scott found an apartment. Boy are we relieved—however, the guys will miss you in the dorm, sir. No longer does our professor sulk into his Phil. 30 classes the break of dawn, with a sob on his lips and give forth with that perpetual query—have any of you kids found an apartment?"

Now he bounces through the door, throws his notes on his desk, calls the role (pardon me—he has lost his attendance book—so no more roll calls. Don't worry, Prof. Scott, none of us would try to miss "your" lectures. Well, that should at least get me a B). To get back to where I began—he throws his notes on the desk and vocalizes with more snap, crackle and pop, than a Rice Krispie.

Perhaps when the aforementioned prof. quits his bachelor apartment and gets back to family life, he will find less time to ponder over his ever-popular reading reports, and this no doubt will necessitate his cancelling them. Anyhow, it's just a suggestion—take it at its worth. Seriously, though, sir, we are looking forward to welcoming Mrs. Scott and little Peter into our domain and hope that they will enjoy being with us as much as we will enjoy having them.

Rumour has it that Carl Totzke plays rugby at a handicap when Hal Wallace referees. It seems Carl didn't like the way the referee called a play. Said Mr. Wallace: "Have you anything to say, Totzke?"

"Yes," answered Captain Carl.

"Say it, and you're off the field," was the reply.

It just goes to prove Carl, that you should have done your algebra homework at high school.

And now a word to the freshmen. It has been noised abroad that the poor little "freshies" are left to do the dishes all alone after Athy. We think it's high time that you fellows lent a hand at the little game

of cleaning up. Even Hirschberger dried dishes last year! We know you won't need any further reminding, fellows—see you in the kitchen.

A further word to the Frosh: Remember the glorious "Sophs."

I must speak of Edith, for speaking of Edith reminds me of the navy, which reminds me of sailing, which reminds me of saying good-byes, which I am now doing.

P.S.—Sorry I didn't get a dig in at you Mac, but there will be another time. Hope you weren't disappointed.

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Seminary Notes

Note 1. Freeport. The Cossmann-Hayunga Missionary Committee has arranged services to be conducted by the following seminarians: October 21st and 28th, Zimmerman and Brose; November 18th, Rhody; December 16th and 23rd, Brose and Grosz. Assistance is afforded by singers from the College and the local churches.

Note 2. Hanover. Rev. Wallace Minke of New Germany, N.S., was married to Miss Grace Miller of Hanover, on November 17th, 1945. Brother Minke was a graduate of our Sem of '44 vintage. Classmates of his took part in the ceremony, Rev. Eberhardt of Ladysmith—Swartz as best man, and Rev. Harry Schmieder of New Dundee assisting Pastor Sterz. Eldred Winkler was at the organ. We at the Seminary wish the couple every happiness.

Note 3. Open House. Once again Dr. Lehmann was host to the seminarians on the eve of November 13th. Roy Grosz presented the topic, "Morehead and Ecumenical Lutheranism." Many other things were discussed. Mrs. Lehmann served lunch. Two records of Bach's music were played. Then we went home.

Note 4. St. John's Waterloo. A conference of the Lutheran pastors of the Kitchener district was held on November 7th. The seminary faculty and seminarians were invited. Dr. Leupold presented a paper on the proposed revision of the hymnal in the Common Service Book. Much discussion followed. Rev. Alfred Kennard, a grad of Waterloo in '43 reviewed his work as an industrial chaplain in the American Mission field. Dr. J. Reble also gave a report of the general work of Synod.

Note 5. Seminarians in the Pulpit: We have been getting around considerably of late. Brose has been at Windsor, St. John's, Waterloo, St. Peter's, Kitchener. Conrad took services at Elmira and Sunnyside. He also preached one Sunday at St. Peter's, Kitchener, where he has been the liturgist for quite some time. Rhody has services for Windsor and Sudbury, and he preached the sermon at St. John's, Waterloo, for their Youth Service. Zimmerman has Elmira, Heidelberg, Zurich, Windsor and Sunnyside on his schedule. Winkler is kept busy at the organ of Knox Presbyterian Church, Waterloo. Jacobs, Schenk and Reble have been taking it easy as far as preaching is concerned. Grosz has sermons at Stratford, Toronto, and Kitchener during November.

Note 6. L.S.S.A. Conference. Students from Toronto, London, Hamilton, and Waterloo gathered on the weekend of October 20th and 21st at Waterloo College and Seminary. On Saturday Roy Grosz preached on the conference theme, "Christian Witnessing Today." Dr.

Harry conducted an open discussion in the afternoon. And Dr. Lehmann addressed the conference on the book of Philippians and continued the study on Sunday morning at St. Mark's, Kitchener. Saturday afternoon a grand banquet was held at St. Mark's. The evening program featured: Rev. John Miller, "The Cost of Christian Witnessing;" Dr. Carl Klinck, "An Account of the Hazen Conference;" College Cut-ups conducted by Charles Hagen and Fireside Singing by Gertrude Morig.

On Sunday the students attended church at St. Mark's, dined in private homes. Business session with election of officers took up the afternoon. Robert Langen was re-elected to the presidency of the area conference; Shirley Demerling of Western U., secretary, and John Reble of MacMaster, treasurer. Marjorie Wildfong represented the nurses in the Twin Cities and John Geiseler the Lutheran students in Toronto. Supper in the college and chapel closed the conference.

Note 7. Waterloo College. St. Matthew's Luther League received an invitation to attend an L.S.A. meeting on Thursday, November 15th. Bible Study of the Gospel of St. Matthew was conducted by Roy Grosz. Fellowship, sing-song and lunch is part of the program. Featured also is the Male Octette under Dr. Leupold.

Note 8. Intersynodical Lutheran Conference. At St. John's Lutheran Church, Waterloo, a conference was held on November 20. The guest speaker was Dr. Fendt of Capitol University, Ohio. He spoke on Luther and predestination. A very enlightening discussion followed. Seminary faculty and students were in attendance. ROY.

"Kids"

Continued from Page 1

shivered at the doin's of the awful ole witch. O-o-oh!

And then we played all sorts of lovely games—London Bridge, I Wrote a Letter to My Love, Charades, and had just oodles of fun.

Some kids bobbed for apples. Two of them were masked, and kept us wondering. Guess who? Professor McIvor and Mrs. Mac! Again we flopped on the floor to hear Mary Baetz tell a murder story—not a whodunit but a whydunit.

By that time we were ready to eat. We had hamburgers, chocolate milk, an' ice cream cones. We just ate and ate until we were ready to burst and had to exercise some of it off to the tunes of the juke box.

Ah, let's have another kid party some time. It's such fun!

R.E.C.

"Cake"

Continued from Page 3

petizing thing we could imagine to beat in with our butter. However, we still have complete faith in our authorities and we do as we are informed.

Next the Encyclopaedia warns us that if more than three eggs are used, the butter is apt to curdle. To check this we must add a spoonful of sieved flour with each extra egg. Of course, we must continue to beat madly, while we wonder whether the authors of the article have ever tried to beat butter, egg, raisins, and sugar as swiftly and efficiently as they advise.

We continue: "Rub the flour and baking powder with salt through a sieve. For very light cake dry the flour in the oven before sifting." We are also told that "to ascertain

if a cake is done" we must "insert a skewer gently into the centre, if it comes out clean the cake is ready." We get a mental picture of a diamond drill being rammed into the cake, and sensing that this is incongruous we look up the word "skewer" in the dictionary.

Then we stick a tooth-pick in the cake.

Satisfied that it is cooked, we turn on to a sieve to cool.

Now, wasn't that easy? And look at the cake! Isn't it a master-piece of culinary art?

NOTE: What in xz-zx is a sieve?
EDITH.

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