

FROSH PRESENT GALA PLAY

ALUMNI NOTES

It is quite interesting to see where a war-torn world can direct the various talents and abilities of our Waterloo College students and grads.

Capt. J. C. McLelland, of 98 Brubacher St., Kitchener, has been engaged in the special task of studying the aptitudes and capabilities of army personnel. He has interviewed countless numbers, studied the documents of thousands of others, and is home to say that there is none better on any front than the Canadian soldier.

Capt. McClelland attended Waterloo College in 1936-37, '39-40 and was on the teaching staff of Courtland Ave. School prior to enlistment for active service on Sept. 4, 1940.

The Kitchener officer states: "I would like to stress the wonderful adaptability of the Canadian soldier. No soldier of any nation has proven more adaptable." He commented that the Canadian Army man has a surprising ability to perform efficiently in any of the numerous and specialized branches of the service. Capt. McClelland admits things are moving swiftly for the blow and the loud call is for infantry. Therefore, scope of service insofar as selection of the army branch is concerned, is definitely limited today.

"Take a man, born and reared out West. It's second nature for him to fix up that broken-down tractor with nothing but a pair of pliers and a piece of wire. Where can you find a better motor mechanics man for the army?" (No reflection on army repairs) "Then take the hardy miners and lumbermen from Northern Ontario. There you have the kind of a man who often fits like a glove into the work of the engineering corps."

Capt. McClelland pointed out that soldiers are being interviewed by personnel officers who frequently unburden problems ranging from military matters to a sad lack of mail from home. On the latter point he emphasized that "nothing is more important to soldiers overseas, or a greater builder of morale, than regular, cheerful mail from home." So let's keep writing and be sure to keep out the gloom and make those letters cheerful."

Fred Ahrens, '28, is serving with the Intelligence Section of the U.S.

Army overseas. Before the war Fred was a professor of German on the staff of the University of Richmond.

Major Jack Harper, '39, and his wife visited the College early in February. Jack has been in the army almost five years and has seen service in Canada, Bermuda, England, France, Belgium and Holland.

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Lt. Clare Kruspe Back, Wounded

Wounded in France last summer, three weeks after he had gone into action, Lieut. Clare Kruspe, who has been in hospital in England since that time, returned to the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kruspe, 74 George St., on Saturday. Overseas three years and in action as a liaison officer with an



LIEUT. CLARE KRUSPE

anti-tank regiment, the former Brantford high school teacher felt that what he might have to say "has been told many times before." After a short leave Lieut. Kruspe will go to London for further hospitalization.

Prior to 1941, when he enlisted, Lieut. Kruspe had been in a reserve unit in Brantford where he was on the staff of Brantford Collegiate for two years. Previously he had been with the Blenheim High School for three years. Lieut. Kruspe is a former student of Waterloo College.

We Went To The "Arts Ball"

Ever shoot a hole in one . . . ever make a grand slam . . . ever hit a bull's eye . . . cause if you have, you know how we feel about the Arts Ball . . . yup, we had a marvellous time.

Friday, February 16th was a big night in London . . . the night of the Arts Ball of the University of Western Ontario—the season's biggest event. The S.L.E. of Waterloo College were invited to send two representatives—we happened to be chosen. The dance was held in the Crystal Ballroom of the Hotel London—supposedly from 10 until 2. The orchestra was excellent—Ted Walker. Several of the players were students at the university—they could really send it. Ticket sales were limited to 250. Thus with a fixed supply but elastic demand, the market didn't reach its point of equilibrium until the unofficial resale price rose to \$5. (Professor McIvor and students of economics please note). In simpler terms—there was a large crowd. Representatives were also present from the various other Canadian colleges—and Kitchener and Waterloo were

See "ARTS" Page 4

Boys Play Basketball Too!

The boys' basketball team, despite a lack of publicity, has been doing very well in the Y.M.C.A.-Industrial Basketball League. During the season we won four out of five games, and only lost the fifth one by two points.

We are now playing a two-game, total points to count, semi-final series with Goodrich. By the time this report reaches print we will either be in the finals, or all will be over but the cheering. We are now two points down with one game to play.

It is perhaps significant that we played our best game of the year before the only group of fans that we have had from the College. A "home crowd" certainly helps to win games.

And now to introduce you to the team—why here's Carl Totzke now. Carl does just about an even half of all our scoring, checking, and play-making. He is also very good at telling the referee where to—well anyway he handles the refs well. Bob

See "BASKETBALL" Page 8

"Romeo and Juliet" Rehashed

On the eve of March 1st, Waterloo College found itself transported to the Elizabethan era in an atmosphere of grandeur and intense drama, as the Frosh presented their annual play. The play chosen was none other than the immortal "Romeo and Juliet." Truly, such a masterpiece of drama has never before been seen on the Waterloo College stage.

It was obvious that a great deal of work, a great deal of suspense and excitement and a great deal of midnight oil was spent on this play. Many of the Collegians were surprised to find that a real stage with a beautiful curtain, finally produced from the depths of storage, was in the possession of the College.

The leading parts were taken by Edith Merner as the dashing Romeo and Louis John Hirschberger as the beautiful Juliet. Any member of the audience will vouch for their wonderful characterization of the parts. Louis John's costume was so superb that the audience gasped and shouted as he appeared on the scene. Miss Merner was attired in costly garments of multi colors which caused much envy from the male section of the audience who no doubt would attempt to copy them if they were living in the sixteenth century.

The fiery Tybalt was portrayed by that equally fiery character Robert Rock who held the audience in the palm of his hand with his indomitable temper and flashing repartie.

Grant Kaiser as Mercutio drew the admiration of his audience especially in his death scene. Everyone's eyes were riveted on the character as he writhed in pain and fell to the floor spaghettily wounded. (Note to Editor—"Spaghettily" is proper).

The gentle Benvolio was played by the young ingenic Robert Dier who digressed a bit from the actual play to put enthusiastically original touches into it with the aid of Carl Totzke as the benevolent Friar Lawrence. This pair executed graceful dance steps, clever repartie and sang amusing songs in keeping with Shakespeare's idea of presenting a light scene when the action is becoming intensely dramatic.

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THE COLLEGE CORD

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EDITORIAL

PRO VESTIMENTIS

Wear gowns, or not wear gowns, that is the question:
 Whether 'tis Waterloo's bright destiny
 To wear the prestige lending vestments here,
 Or stubbornly to continue undraped
 And try to stifle hope thus? To slumber on:—
 Ay that, and, slumbering on, hope to end
 The issue and the myriad proponents
 Of refining robedom — 'tis a soporific
 Of which they are addicts. To slumber on:—
 To slumber, ne'er to change — ah, there's the rub,
 For change to other garb is what they fear!
 But 'tis no change! Indeed 'tis a return
 To former days of glory, virtue, honour
 Which they abuse with such contumely.
 They sigh for freedom from traditions old,
 But what's a college sans tradition?
 "The price! The waste! No practicality!"
 They sigh and shriek like Furies wild withal.
 But what's the price divided thrice or more,
 One part for each dear year at Waterloo?
 But what's the waste? Indeed economy
 Is what the robes afford (and we can too!),
 Concealing shiny trousers, saving wear
 And tear from oaken thrones, those students' props.
 But price and practicality aside,
 They still would cry with ire congenial
 Against the uniformity of gowndom.
 They'll filibuster day on end against
 The gowns, the symbol of collegians
 Till their garrulity shall win the day
 From those who calmly voice their cherished hopes,
 Who in their filial love, methinks, will bring
 Some day to Waterloo her former age
 Of gold, with gowns and all their honour.

C. A. H.

JUNIOR EDITORIAL

March. The lion is roaring and the lamb is nowhere in sight. The wind sweeping down Church Street is damp and raw. The lowering sky can't decide whether it will send us cold, freezing rain, or wet, clinging snow. The trees look more forlorn without their leaves than they have all winter, and the starving snow drifts are becoming dirtier and dirtier as they slowly waste away. Cars are getting stuck in the ruts, and are taking runs at puddles so they can splash us poor pedestrians slipping on the sidewalk. Little boys are in league with the cars, for they are making dams that produce bigger and better puddles for the automobiles to splash. The squirrels on Albert Street are making preliminary excursions into the desolate world but soon return in disgust to their cosy nests. Winter has lost her charm, and spring has not yet had time to assemble hers.

The mid-term exams are over. Cord copy is demanded. The

term essays will soon be due. With quickened pulse we realize that the second semester exams will commence in a month, and we have not recuperated from the ones of the first term. And so, completely overwhelmed by the disagreeableness of the weather, and the gravity of the school situation, we shall hie ourselves off to Galt to see a hockey game and try to recapture a bit of winter. March, how we love you — nuts!

H. D. W.

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 extra-murally, that is, by correspondence. The Extension Department offers systematic courses in a wide range of subjects, while lecturers go to various towns to meet classes each week. In addition, topical and other lectures are given by University professors to special groups organized for the purpose.

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

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

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

HOW TO PLAY GOOD BRIDGE

Necessary: Four people, and 104 cards.

The person who hands out the cards is the dealer, and he has to make quite a good one to get it.

Dealer gives himself, and the other three players, 13 cards; the remaining 52 cards constitute a second deck.

All right, so you're holding your cards, and ready for a few rules of bidding.

- (1) Do not bid without 13 cards.
- (2) Do not open with a bid of three of any suit in which you hold three cards. This is NOT what is meant by "informative bidding."
- (3) Do not raise your partner's bid if he says, "Well, I guess I'll say one heart. No—oh, all right, a spade. . . . No, I said hearts, didn't I?"

(4) Never outbid your opponents into a grand slam, unless you have blanks in the three suits they have been bidding. As a matter of fact, in my system, never go a grand. Stick steadfastly to three. And throw your cards down in disgust if your partner keeps bidding with gay abandon.

LEADING

(1) Always lead the highest of your partner's bid, unless you hold the ace, queen, jack. Under those circumstances, lead the jack. This will force partner's king, and enable you to take two more tricks, one of which should have been your partner's. However, if you hold the ace, queen, jack, of partner's suit, you should be in seven no trump, instead of defending against two clubs.

(2) If your partner has not bid, lead out your aces. Then follow with your kings. This will clear your hand, allowing you to read the magazine on your left, and will also inform partner that you can take no more tricks.

(3) Never lead a singleton, or from a doubleton, for on return leads you will be unable to follow suit.

PLAYING THE HAND

(1) Have you and your partner at least 12 of the trumps? If not, draw them out. If possible, force your opponents' attention elsewhere, and discard from your hand, thereby avoiding playing two of your trumps while drawing theirs.

If, however, you and your partner have four or fewer trumps, let your opponents play the hand.

(2) Make sure of your finesses. The most successful methods are either to peek casually into the hands, or to ask. Frequently, if you say, "Who played the queen?" it will be the one who holds the cards who will say, "It hasn't yet been played . . . has it?"

ETHICS OF THE BRIDGE TABLE

- (1) Never begin an argument unless you're right.
- (2) When playing with your habitual partner, don't make it a point to announce every signal, as such. Each remark to the effect that your bid was "just part of our system"—whether you smile cozily or not—tends to make an opponent nervous . . . to say the least.
- (3) Don't, after the first successful rubber, decide to find out the stakes. Wait till you have two or three in your favour.
- (4) Above all, don't trust the scoring to your opponent. Anything could happen that way.
- (5) Be sure to announce your hundred honours within four hands of having held them.

HOW TO PLAY GOOD BRIDGE

There's nothing like a lesson, kids,
Just every now and then:
It shows you how to bid a hand,
And how to not, and when.

- You'll learn, (one) lead a neutral nine,
(Two) Third hand plays an ace,
(Three) Keep to rules religiously,
(Four) Wear a poker face.

Pip's Pipe

A FAERIE TALE.

One bright, sunny morning in the month of June, I was walking through the woodlands with my little brown terrier, Pepper, frisking at my side. As the path dipped to the right, we crossed a rustic bridge over a narrow brook, while orioles and bluebirds were twittering in the trees to see the breezes crinkle the waters there.

I was merrily whistling a tune, and then, suddenly, just beyond some ferns, behind a mossy green shrub, we saw faint smoke whitely curling through a rosy and golden haze. My curiosity was excited by such an enchanting sight, and so, carefully gathering up Pepper into my arms, we dared to peep around the billowy bush—and—what do you think it was!

On a huge, white mushroom stool, a pretty, little fairy, with a tiny, pink, wind-puff bonnet upon her light, silken hair, was watching a spritely, wee elf smoke a great big pipe. But out! The little fellow was coughing and wheezing, and wheezing and coughing, and his face was turning all red like a crabapple.

Then his fair, tiny companion fluttered over and tapped him on the back to help him stop his blustering. In a silvery voice she said,

DORMITORY LIFE

"O dear! O dear! I told you not to smoke that, Pip! Now what will the Fairy Godmother say? O my goodness!"

Poor Pip (for I guessed that was his name) just moaned and groaned. I felt so sorry for the wee fellow that I dropped down to my hands and knees and crept over to the toadstool, Pepper right behind me. The delicate, pink fairy with the golden hair opened wide her lovely blue eyes. She was frightened at seeing such a big lad as I, and with a shriek, she spread her fragile wings and disappeared in a flutter.

The little elf was too ill to notice anything and so he was left alone with us. Pepper gave a short yip at a passing whiff from the smoking pipe. Gradually then, Pip came to himself.

"Hi-o there, who are you?" and he stared up at us. Then he asked:

"Where is Crystal?"

He was a friendly little creature clad in green leggings and a tiny jacket of horseback brown. As bright as a bit o' the sun, he cocked his head to one side, and noticing Pepper for the first time, he said,

"Hello!"

"My name's Bobby," I explained, "and this is my pal Pepper."

"I am Pip—and I live in Fairyland," came the frisky reply.

Fairyland! I was very excited at this notion and my little dog wagged his brown, woolly tail.

"Do you know where that is?" he asked us proudly.

"Why, no. O Pip, will you take us there?" I asked.

"Well—if you give me the silver ring on your finger—I might," Pip answered with a teasing twinkle in his beady black eyes.

I was so delighted that I tugged at my finger—and I tugged and I pulled and I pulled and I tugged—but alas! the ring would not come off. Then I felt a soft hand tousling my curly, blonde hair and I heard a voice saying,

"Come on, little sleepy head—wake up! The sun is up and it's time to play."

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO

REMEMBER?

High up above the plains of sloth and error,
Stand thou steadfast upon thy wind-swept hill,
Inspiring youth for Christ, for Truth, for Canada,
O Waterloo, our dearest Alma Mater still.

C. F. K.
Occidentalia, 1932.

If all you readers of the Cord were fortunate enough to be taking English 19 this semester, you would have been told some of the activities of the third floor students by two of the boys themselves, namely: Rock and Pruess.

As you perhaps read in a recent issue of the Cord, the president and provider of the boarding club is Mr. Winkler. "Wink" has been around the dorm. for a number of years, and he has many blood-curdling stories about how our predecessors lived. We don't let him talk too much about the boarding club's past history because then the rest of us feel like sissies.

We have an honorable member belonging to the dormitory. No, it is not a student. This member has the privilege of coming up to the third floor and asking such personal questions as "Bett gemacht?" When we answer in the affirmative he looks in the door, with a nod of approval and "Das ist gut," he walks down the hall to see that everything is in order.

Now let us start at the north end of the dormitory with room 301. Probably this room sees the most work of any in the entire school. Its occupant is that steady freshman,

See "DORMITORY" Page 7

EGGS — PLAIN

I would bet the cook delights
to scramble
Love and fears and happiness and
tears,
To fry man's laughter, sunnyside
up,
To sizzle gloom 'til the pan jumped
up.
Then the smoke its way
Wends upstairs and evanesces.
E. D. S.

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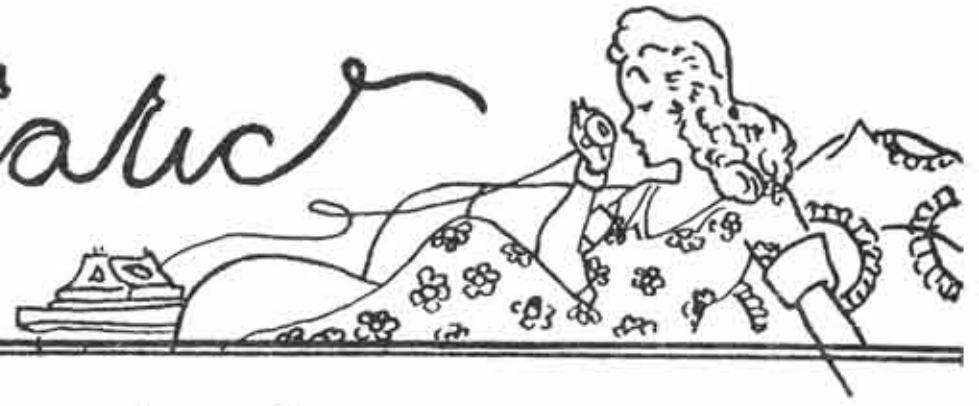
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College Status



We're off—not the way you think either—we're off on a ride. Or should that read, "Be taken for a ride?" "Of course if you don't read this column, you won't know what the others know about you — and besides who else is there to read our scandal?"

Rumor has it that certain individuals have been cutting in on other people's property. We know he hath charms—he's for sale — our advice—"hands off."

Some people collect stamps — others collect black eyes. Mac collects basketball players — he's got a dozen now who'd elect him premier — or anything else if they got the chance, for as the familiar tune goes—"He's the Tops."

And now, leave us gander at our poetry section. And two lines rhyming are purely accidental.

Girls, have you found it necessary to "cut your way" into the girls' room lately? Why Mrs. Merner . . .

Dick Whitney sailed into the home port a couple of weeks ago. We hear he has successfully established a beach-head in London — precious cargo you know — "good luck sailor."

If you want to hear any weird and thrilling stories just ask Nick. He knows them all — undoubtedly he knows your past, present and future — better be careful, eh kids?

Latest excuse for celebrating is

Jack Koehler's arrival in Canada. He looks like a million dollars. Same grin—same laugh—same Jack. We hear the city will have to put traffic lights on Pandora to keep the situation under control.

Helen and Sheila put on a very good show in London. Reminds us of the good old days when the Union Club ruled supreme.

FLASH!! Leila Bier (you can pronounce Dier the same way if you like) the thoroughbred from New Hamburg ran first in the College Derby. The prize was a million dollar date with that tall, dark, and studious (that lets me out) Bob Langen 8. (P.S. Her legs must be in good shape).

Say Alf—Did you enjoy the play? Who was that pretty young lady you escorted here? Way to go!!

When a Scotch lassie and an Irishman go hand in hand, there's bound to be results—for further developments consult your Cord next month.

Angela has crashed the big time with a poem. There must be something in this name "Merner."

WHETHER

Each year we have four seasons,
Spring, summer, winter, fall;
Why all the world is like that —
No, no dear, not at all.

In summer we have sunshine,
In winter, sometimes, too;
Why, everybody has that —
No, not in Waterloo.

In winter we have flurries,
So cool and crisp and sweet;
Why everyone has breezes —
No, here we have Church Street.

Oh, daily how we struggle
To scramble up from Church;
We vainly strive for Albert
And stagger, reel and lurch.

What we should have, believe me,
Is longer street-car tracks;
Or taxis, tow-ropes, pulleys —
We'll gladly pay more tax.

And even in the summer,
When we are faint with heat,
The Waterloo folks still freeze
From blizzards down that street.

Some places have sky-scrapers,
Or race-tracks, or great halls;
But Waterloo's great claim to fame:
The wind that never falls!
No column would be complete
without mentioning Marg and Ernie
Seems they were "cutting up" in
biology class last week.

And with the lingering aroma,
created by that last egg, we leave
the pathetic scene of the PO Valley
and wander down the path. Why
darn'd if we're not going down the
long trail!

Janet and Bob.

Alumni

Continued From Page 1

Major Harper has told the story of the death of **Major Gordon Sim**, '37, another graduate of the College. Although it was beyond the demand of his duty, Major Sim frequently insisted on joining patrols. One day, while accompanying a group of his men reconnoitering a Germany party holding a road-block, he came under fire and was compelled to drop down by the roadside a few yards from the safety of a ditch. Death came thus to a gallant officer whose brilliant mind had served him well in peace and war.

Lloyd Winhold, '41, serving overseas, has been promoted to the rank of **Acting Major**.

Lieut. Leo McLaughlin is still undergoing treatment in this country for wounds received in fighting overseas.

"Arts"

Continued From Page 1

well represented.

We'll take a crack at describing it—so close your eyes and let that soul of yours wander. You are dancing in a long ballroom—overhead are gleaming chandeliers—you are keeping time to that tricky tune "Rum and Coca Cola"—you are very much aware of white and purple streamers, mirrors and clever posters, to say nothing of cute waiters, much partying, gals galore and a "black market on mens."

Many of Western's renowned "Cover Girls" were there, but just take our word for it—they haven't a thing on our Waterloo girls. Yes, we came back thoroughly convinced that Waterloo co-eds can hold their own against any opposition.

We had a peachy time and we'll cross our fingers that next year you and you and you will be the lucky ones.

JANET and WARD.

Point of View

Of course the College has changed; you can't expect it to stay the same forever, can you? Well what you expect and what anyone else would expect is at least seven different things.

First of all, the whole interior of the place has been renovated. For instance the girls' rooms—yass, I said room plural—there's a room for coats and a room for sitting. And a shower yet. Remember the fight you had with Ralph Tailby, the night I was having a shower downstairs, and he insisted it was Charlie Green? Well, now we can have a shower in privacy.

The Library's redone, too. No more wiggly chairs and tables, or flickering lights, or scrambled card-files. And there's no more hiding behind shelves to hold hands. Pardon? . . . Maybe it is a disadvantage at that.

But the chapel! . . . The Lady Professors' Room has taken the place of See "POINT OF VIEW" Page 5



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Guff'n Stuff

Well whaddy a know? — back again!! My goodness you people certainly are suckers for punishment. But we'll do our worst—and see if it isn't better than our best.

Many things are under discussion at the school right now, and there is much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. One sprightly young co-ed remarked the other day that we should have a tuck shop,—so we can "tuck" away a few cakes

between classes! (oh that Powell woman!)

Not that we want to hurt anybody's feelings or anything, but we'd like to bring up a little matter that's been tossed around the school for the last week or two,—namely: Gowns. We of Guff 'n' Stuff have definitely decided that with gowns it should be a matter of "all or nothing at all"; either every student—or every Senior—should wear gowns, or no one at all. So herewith we go into the question with reasons for (if any) and against.

Those that wear, and want to wear gowns say that they add dignity to the school, that they save clothes, and that they have tradition. These are the only grounds that we have been able to discover for wearing them. May we say that we fail to see the dignity of a loose, unpressed gown drooping off one shoulder, and drooling off the other. As far as saving clothes is concerned, the initial cost of the gown far exceeds the money that theoretically could be spent due to depreciation of skirts, sweaters or suits, and as for tradition,—well! Might we ask, what tradition? The tradition of Western University, which is the example we should follow? Decidedly not! The tradition of gowns has descended from the upper crust colleges of England, and has been followed here in Canada by a few colleges who desire to cling to English ideas, certainly not by a democratic university like Western. The tradition obviously is not Canadian — not if Canada means to you what it does to us.

And aside from all this we think gowns are just plain silly. We've asked the opinion of others around these here halls, and the commonest descriptions of them are that they are messy, (you'll have to admit that they are terribly sloppy), sordid, and other things here unprintable. (See Bettina Robinson). Can you imag-

ine our editor in a gown without giving vent to a wee (?) smile. (Don't hit us Charlie!) Or how about any of the C.O.T.C. uniforms under a black mantle? And to close up this one-sided argument, Totzke looked mighty dignified in his gown the other night, didn't he? 'Nuff said!

Big question of the hour: Who wrote the article on coupl'ing? Seeing as how it's no business of ours, (in fact it's nobody's but theirs), who cares? Let 'em couple. They're happy (we hope!). As a matter of fact, one member of this partnership is an "offender" and enjoys it immensely!

We liked the way our blonde, curly-haired bottle baby dismissed his C.O.T.C. class early to watch the Alma crop come in. Shows real school spirit, that!

That's all for this time fellas. See you at the basketball games—if you don't see us first!

Be good and be generous. It takes a lot of licked stamps to get one licked Hitler.

Yours 'til Charlie catches us.
ARMIE & TOMMIE.

Point of View

Continued From Page 4

the rear end of the chapel. Yeah—that's where all those stuffed birds used to be. My first day at Waterloo, I thought that was the Nature Study Room.

There are still volleyball games at noon, and hockey. . . . But how the manners in the Boarding Club have improved! Remember the plates of vegetable soup lined up on the window-sills? Nevermore. Either they don't serve that kind of soup any more, or this generation has a different appetite. Remember the battles staged daily to see how many desserts you could purloin? Nevermore. Say, I can repeat myself as often as I like . . . The Raven did it for verses on end.

And no Tuck Shop with cent marshmallow eggs, and cokes, and no Blink. Let me reiterate, nevermore.

But one thing will never change: The first day I was here this year, as I walked along the hall, the phone rang, and rang, and rang AND RANG. Just as I decided to answer, a girl came ambling up the steps yelling, "Aw shut up," at the phone. I thought I'd wait till after she came out of the sentry box to ask directions of her.

Thirteen minutes later she emerged, and howled up the stairs. A boy came down and asked "Who is it?" The gal, "How should I know?"

Which all shows to go you that the building may be improved, but everything lese? . . . well, it's still the same old Waterloo.

But, of course, that depends on your . . . point of view.

Dear Mr. Editor:

A few editorials ago, Harry Weaver wrote about "couples", but he didn't go far enough. He did not enlarge upon this deplorable situation as he should have.

"Erne-e-e". Yes, you've heard it and so have I. The sound of that and the sight of other couples

See "POINT OF VIEW" Page 6

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C.O.T.C. NEWS

VETERANS ARRIVE HOME

We take pleasure in welcoming home this month two former students of Waterloo College, members of the C.O.T.C., Flight Lieut. Gordon Burns and Lieutenant J. E. Koehler.

Burns was here at Waterloo and took the training offered by the C.O.T.C. in 1941-42, after which time he enlisted with the R.C.A.F.

Lieut. Koehler, popularly known as "Jack", also enlisted in 1942, after having completed his sophomore year at the College. He was soon commissioned in the infantry. In France, he was in command of a platoon of the H.L.I. when, stepping on a German S-mine buried in the ground, he suffered leg and hip wounds that took him out of action. The Canadian hospital ship Lady Nelson returned him to Canada, and he is now undergoing treatment at Westminster Military Hospital, London. Certainly worth repeating is the fact that he received nine blood transfusions—the exact number of donations his father has given at the Red Cross Blood Donors Clinic. "The boys who have been wounded certainly appreciate what the blood donors back home are doing for them," says this officer, who owes his life to the precious plasma.

C.O.T.C. SOCIAL

Back here at Waterloo plans will soon be ready concerning the event the local detachment plans to sponsor with its share of the profits from the unit's canteen. Everybody who bought a bag of peanuts or a "coke" during the camp period last May has contributed to these profits and has, therefore, (considering the essentially democratic nature of the army, where any buck private is allowed to think he is as good as his sergeant) a voice

in the way they are to be used. If you have some particularly good plan for spending this money, see one of the following members of the committee in charge—

Commanding Officer (ex officio) Maojr Raymond, Lieut. McIvor, Cpl. Keating and Cadet Kaiser G.

Those of you who were with the C.O.T.C. last year will remember, of course, the "graceful" dinner that was held. Rumor has it that something different may be in the offing this season . . .

ANNUAL CAMP

Other plans now underway include those for the annual training camp. As in the past two years, it will be held on the campus at the University, in London, and those who are veterans of previous camps held at Thames Valley in the spring keep telling us how lucky we are. Well, maybe so, but it wouldn't be the army (or the C.O.T.C., at any rate) if there were no griping; if we can't complain about the board that lies right under our heads being too hard or about the way the tent leaks, we'll have to complain about the training syllabus or the officers, or the fact that we get dessert only twice a day. Or, failing that, put our knowledge (if any) of chemistry to work in producing a super-stink bomb that will fill the whole building with its fragrance, and then complain about having to listen to Reble's jokes.

"BABES IN THE ARMY"

Three of our N.C.O.'s—"Shorty" Damman, "Ace" Keating, and "Blondie" Marchand—have recently taken medicals at M.D. 1 headquarters in London. If successful in this and further tests they will become officer candidates with a view to being commissioned in the Canadian Infantry Corps. What's more, you may see them any day now running as if they wanted to show the whole world that Pheidippides and Glenn Cunningham and Gunder Haegg were nothing but amateurs. Or, if we may take a leaf out of Cadet Hirschberger's book, running as if they had just seen the Bursar! Here's wishing you luck, boys.

FIRST AID COURSE

Groups I and II—otherwise known as sophomores and freshmen—have begun a series of lectures on First Aid from qualified N.C.O.'s of the second 24th Field Ambulance, Kitchener. These lectures, along with practical work, are held each Monday evening at the 24th's armouries, and replace the usual Friday training for these groups. W. L. K.

Point of View

Continued From Page 5

around Waterloo College sometimes makes a person wonder what our colleges are for. I thought the aim of Waterloo College was to educate and equip people to take their places in society. It seems that I am mistaken. Dan Cupid goes to Waterloo College.

On the other hand, a person certainly must develop socially. Individuals of one sex cannot completely ignore those of the other sex. But take a look into Room 315 after English 48 and see a few socially over-developed students—and they are only a few examples.

What to do about it? I don't know. I suppose each person guilty of this crime will have to realize for himself that he is doing wrong and devise a scheme of his own.

I will probably hear a lot about this in the halls, but when I do I'll just remember that the fellow yells loudest whose shoe pinches most. "DISGUSTED".

"Play"

Continued From Page 1

The versatile Walter Donovan played not one but two characters—widely differentiated characters—the handsome "man of wax"—County Paris and the rough and ready nurse. Both parts were portrayed excellently. The feminine half of the audience swooned as he serenaded Juliet and the eyes of the male half gleamed as he appeared as the nurse—pretty, wasn't he?

Marg. Fackoury and Bob Langen portrayed the Lord and Lady Capulet—Juliet's parents, although the resemblance was very remote. Do you remember

"Spring is here—the grass is riz,

I wonder where my daughter is."

The role of the prince fell to the dashing and much pursued Hartwig Pruess who flayed the Montagues and Capulets with his bitter denunciation of their actions. He also doubled for Juliet in the serenading scene—another versatile man. Hartwig certainly has shown that he has many hidden talents. Perhaps

See "PLAY" Page 8

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Prof. MacLaren: The people formed about nine-tenths of the population of France.

Alf. S.: I'm looking for a cute little chicken for Easter.

Jo Hollinger: I'm looking for a man, that leaves you out!

G. Kaiser (assembling Bren gun): This is the gas block, no—the gas locking nut, no, the gas regulator—
Lieut. McIvor: Gas again, Kaiser!

Doris Smith: How can you feel through your heart. The heart can't feel.

Professor Evans: Ask Rousseau!
Elaine Smith: Ask Carson Bock!

Weaver (seeing two Sem. boys coming in with parcels): Look, the Sem. is bringing home the bacon!
Uffelman (noticing the parcels were repaired shoes): No, they're bringing home the soles!

Lieut. McIvor (on hearing prompts while Dier assembles the Bren): This sounds like Bergen and McCarthy. (Turning to Dier) No personal reflections, mind you.

Jo Hollinger (dashing into French class "en retard"): Well, I'm here!
Weaver: And what are we supposed to do about it, stand up and cheer?

Prof. Evans: What does Sedaine think—Oh goodness, there's Papa Schorten shovelling the snow off his roof. Thank goodness he's going back in—in his "Philosophe Sans Le Savoir."

Winkler: I'll have some of this year's Hebrew class with me next year, even if I did flunk.
Zimmerman: Optimist!
Winkler: Yeah! I dropped out at Christmas. Some of the others aren't smart enough to fail the first sem-

ester. They go all through the year and then flunk in April.

Lieut. McIvor: What part is this?
Grant Kaiser: I don't know. Maybe it's the place to keep liquor.

Lieut. McIvor: That's right, it's the oil compartment.

Scene: Men's Common Room.
Topic: Chances on Judgment-Day.

Winkler: There ought to be a special course for shovelling coal for those who don't make the grade.

R. Rock: I'm going to be good and get a higher category. I'm going to get an oil burner!

Keating: The best way to wipe lipstick off is to use your fingers and then wash your hands. Don't use a handkerchief.

Winkler: Let's see your hands. I'll bet they're worn off up to the wrist.

Little Jo Hollinger came up to Chuck the other day saying that she made a remark worthy of the Cord. So here goes:

Ernie B.: I'm going to play the organ at Marg's wedding.

Jo: Oh, no you aren't. You're going to play the fool!

I sipped sweet nectar from her lips,
As under the moon we sat,
And I wondered if any other chap
Had drunk from a mug like that!
(Courtesy of Joyce Powell)

Chemical Analysis Of a Co-ed

Symbol, WOW!
Accepted atomic weight: 120.

Occurrence: Found wherever man exists, seldom in a free state.

Physical properties: Boils at nothing and may freeze in a minute; very bitter if not well-used.

Chemical Properties: Very active, possesses a great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and all precious stones. Violent reaction when left alone. Able to absorb great amounts of expensive food. Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen. Ages rapidly.

Uses: Highly ornamental(?). Useful as a tonic for acceleration of low spirits, etc. Equalizes distribution of wealth. Is probably the most powerful (income) reducing agent known.

Caution: Highly explosive in un-experienced hands.

J. P.

"Dorm"

Continued From Page 3

Delton Glebe. He and Bob Langen were the only two in the dorm, receiving an A grade in Library Science.

Coming toward the stairway, we reach Marvin Mickus' room on the west side of the hall. Marvin comes from Galt and his musical talent is known throughout the school. Every day, immediately after dinner, he enters the boys' common room with the greeting "Volley ball," and leads the day students down to the gym for the daily workout.

The next room is occupied by the most solid piece of humanity you will see in a long time. He hails from Brodhagen which seems to be in the general direction of Mitchell or Stratford. When arguments arise, Bob is like the wise old owl. Asked by one of the Seminarians why he didn't take part in discussions, Rock said slowly, "I'm not like you fellows whose tongues get in high gear before your brains start working."

Wilf McLeod has the next room but is not here permanently as yet. His closest neighbour is none other than that man from Hanover High—Hartwig Pruess. Prussie is probably the shyest member of the boarding club with the possible exception of Baetz. Since the next room belongs to a Sem. student, we shall pass by on the other side.

Here we come to the musician deluxe of the dorm. There is only one spot on Ernie's good reputation. Twice each night and three times on Sunday we poor frosh rush down to the phone and are greeted with "May I speak to Ernie Brose please?" "Nuff said."

Returning to the west side, we see room 314. This room is the scene of much study and its proprietor comes from Saskatchewan via the North. Bob Langen is one of those strong, silent men and the favourite of the frosh class.

Crossing the head of the stairway, we run smack into Eric's room. Mr. Reble has the misfortune of possessing a large room with an open door, conveniently situated for anyone coming upstairs. This room 315 might be called the common room of the dormitory. Reb. is a senior now and the College's loss will be the Seminary's gain.

We almost forgot to mention Brother Baetz who holds the key to room 313. Reub. is known very little throughout the school because, as we mentioned before, his shyness draws a cloak of unfamiliarity around him. It is to be hoped that, when he comes out of his shell and becomes accustomed to his surroundings, he will fit in with the gang. One day, a bunch of the fellows caught Reub humming a tune. It was in the shower and he believed that the running water drowned the noise but when he came out, we

pounced on him and made him teach us the song. Now, all the students know it in the revised version "We're the Waterlooans."

Upstairs on the fourth floor is one of the hardest working students of the college. He is Werner Draechsel, another Western product.

As for yours truly, the less said, the better. He started writing this chapter to crowd out any material such as that which goes into the Vox Pop section unsigned. He'd sign his name, only he is afraid Charlie would misspell it. So just call him
IRISH.

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Seminary Notes

Note 1. At a meeting of the Cossman-Hayunga Missionary Society duly called and held on the 27th of February, the following recommendation was adopted upon motions of Eric Reble and Reuben Baetz. 1) The Lutheran students of Waterloo College and Seminary shall be organized as one body henceforth to be known as the Lutheran Students' Association of America group of Waterloo College and Seminary. 2) All Lutheran members of the faculty of Waterloo College and Seminary shall be advisory members of the above organization. 3) The Cossman-Hayunga Missionary committee, whose membership is composed of the seminary student body, shall be a branch of the above organization. 4) This branch shall be represented on the L.S.A.A. group executive by one member known as the chairman of the Cossman-Hayunga Missionary committee. He will automatically be the vice-president of the L.S.A.A. group executive of Waterloo College and Seminary. 5) The executive of the above organization shall include a president, secretary and treasurer elected from the college and seminary student body. The vice-president shall be the chairman of the Cossman-Hayunga Missionary committee, elected by the members of that committee. 6) The treasurer shall attend to the interests of both L.S.A.A. and Cossman-Hayunga projects. 7) All Lutheran students in the College and Seminary shall have equal rights and privileges in the L.S.A.A. group. Since L.S.A.A. does not have a constitution, this is to be regarded as a guide in the government and conduct of the L.S.A.A. group at Waterloo College and Seminary. From this time until such a time as other recommendations are adopted, this guide is to be regarded as valid.

Note 2. Two meetings of the L.S.A.A. group are scheduled for March, one on the 13th and the other on the 27th. Our guests will be the Lutheran nurses from the local hospitals. Dr. H. T. Lehmann will give a series of two addresses on the subject "The Canadian Lutheran Church, its development, its disruptive forces, its cohesive elements." At the first meeting Robert Langen will give a report of a dinner meeting of Toronto University Lutheran students to be held on March 7th. Three delegates are representing Waterloo on that date. At the second meeting we will hold the annual election of officers under the new guide. Of course, at both of these meetings we will have chapel conducted by Jack Zimmerman and Roy Grosz respectively; and lunch in charge of Selma Lemp and Florence Weicker. Wally Donovan will sing for us on one occasion, and

"the girls" on the other.

Note. 3. March is a month of memories and moods for me . . . memories of many things I've taken for granted and never really appreciated . . . memories of a million and one things I'd like to remember through the years and yet I know soon will be forgotten . . . and moods in which I look into the coming days with hopeless despair of my inability to do all the things I was going to do; but which will never be done because there is so little time . . . and in between short, happy moods when I think everything will turn out all right in the end. Now as I think of March in this way of memories and moods I want to do something about it. And yet what? I want to get the most out of chapel these days; to get my homework done to the best of my ability; to attend the remaining Athenaeums and do my share in the other organizations.

And I want to study and be ready for the examinations in mid-April, so that I can enjoy the Easter season as everybody should. Spring will really have come by then. And I will be thinking of the summer ahead. And after that my memories and moods will be stored up for awhile. ROY.

"Play"

Continued From Page 6

we shall discover even more as the year goes on.

Romeo's parents, Lord and Lady Montague were portrayed by Nan Wiley and Delton Glebe. Delton was adorable in a deep red robe and stove pipe hat.

Marjorie Bryden, Bettina Rakenso and Gladys Foran played the "thumb biters" at the beginning of the play and Marg also played the glamour girl in the wallsequence. Remember the ogle eyed Dier?

"Joe Hollinger was the heckler in the audience. Every good play has some heckler we always say.

Basketball

Continued From Page 1

Dier is our steadiest guard. He is an expert at making passes, and his one-handed pivot shots give our team "class," even though they don't always give us points. Unfortunately, some pink pills have been slowing Joe up a bit. Reuben Baetz has perfected the art of "snaking." That is, he sneaks up the floor when no one is looking, and waits for a long pass. He does quite well in expressing himself after missing a clear shot, too. I have noticed that on occasion there is an almost blood-curdling shriek from someone in the gallery when Reuben scores. Eric Reble has developed a great deal since the first of the season. He is now our best jumper under the basket, and his dog shots in basketball are becoming almost as deadly as are his glances around our halls. Professor McIvor is a steady forward. He makes all his passes count, and if someone shouts, "Betcha a quarter you can't sink it," he is very likely to make a basket from centre floor. Carl Totzke shouts "Sir" at him when he wants a pass, but the rest of the team, it seems, have satisfactory marks in business. Paul Uffelman plays a good game on guard. He broke the score sheet in the first game of the playoffs, and I think that he was a trifle surprised when the ball entered the basket. Uffy claims basketball is not his sport. He is better at pitching baseballs, hay, or woo. Marvin Mickus plays forward on our basketball team as well as piano at the Athies. He has a shot that he claims is controlled by radar. He stands with his back to the basket, and just throws the ball over his head. Wonderful thing, this radar, when we perfect it. Frank Keating is another of our stonewall guards. "They shall not pass," is his motto, and he adds "If they do we will intercept." He is one of those shy Seniors who like to hide their light under a bushel, but we have managed to get him out to some of the games. Harry Weaver finds it difficult to make the transition from hockey to basketball. He can't realize that there is no such thing as a clean body check in the cage game. Last, and perhaps most important, is our coach, Reuben Halpern. Reuben has numerous plays worked out that we are never able to complete, but he still has faith in us. In one game we only had four players left eligible to play, so Reuben ran downstairs, and returned, not a coach, but a player. Since then he has had more sympathy for us.

There is our record, and that's our team—the team that is hoping to bring another basketball championship to Waterloo College.

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