

THE COLLEGE CORD

Vol. 22

WATERLOO, ONT., DECEMBER 1945

AN UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATION

No. 2

W.C. To Have First Junior Prom

Congratulations To Prof. Osborne

Congratulations to Professor Osborne who on November eighth at a special convocation received his Masters Degree from the University of Toronto on the thesis "Recent development in the taxation of incomes in Canada." I hear from a reliable source that the aforementioned thesis is notable for its characteristic absence of chaff.

John Easton Osborne graduated from McMaster University in 1943 securing his B.A. degree in Political Economy. The same year he joined the armed services, securing his honourable discharge in Nov. 1945. Prof. Osborne came to Waterloo College after completing postgraduate work at the School of Graduate Study, Department of Economics at the U. of T. While at McMaster Prof. Osborne was business manager of the McMaster publications. We are indeed fortunate in securing a man of his experience as our Cord faculty advisor. Jo and Jack (Bramm, that is) have a strong bulwark to turn to when any business difficulty concerning the Cord arises. May we again extend our congratulations to you Sir. Here's to the Wheat and may the wind blow the Chaff wheresoever it wishes.



JOHN E. OSBORNE, M.A.

Mrs. Ting Speaks

Chinese students are an unprivileged, unfortunate, disappointed and disillusioned group, Mrs. K. H. Ting of China, now on a travelling and speaking tour under the auspices of the Student Christian Movement of Canada, told Waterloo College students and faculty at their assembly Nov. 26.

However, she said, the students also are a privileged group because of their being able to get an education. But it is a privilege only to a comparative few. One out of 100 Chinese children has the privilege of attending primary school; one out of 1,000 high school; one out of 10,000 goes to university and only one out of 15,000 has the privilege of completing his college education, she explained.

See "MRS. TING" Page 9

Awards Night "As You Like It"

Awards and Scholarships galore!! The night that the intelligentsia look forward to with mingled feelings of terror and anticipation—that is award night. To console we not so intelligent members of the school this year, the very amusing Shakespearean play "As You Like It" was also presented with the dashing Lawrence Olivier and the charming Elizabeth Bergner. You must admit that Mr. Olivier is a very satisfactory consolation prize, girls.

Award Night was very well attended this year which was a very gratifying sight. The gym was crowded to overflowing with students, friends and parents who thrilled to the sound of their dear-one's names mentioned as prize winners.

The Athaneum president Lois Carter opened the proceedings whereupon she turned the meeting over to President Lehmann, who proceeded without further ado to award the prizes to the respective students. He was assisted by Dean Klinck who added his congratulations to the winners and thanked the audience for attending. Those prizes are certainly well worth having and some-

See "AWARDS" Page 6



Rev. Lloyd Schaus New Seminary Prof.

Rev. Lloyd Schaus, pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Ottawa, has been engaged as professor of the Old Testament at Waterloo Seminary to succeed Dr. Harold Creager, Dr. H. T. Lehmann, president of Waterloo College and Seminary, announced today. He was a former assistant pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, Waterloo.

Rev. Mr. Schaus is well known in the Canada Synod and in this community. His home congregation is St. Matthew's in Hanover where he received most of his primary and secondary education. He graduated from Waterloo College in 1933 with a bachelor of arts degree.

See "REV. SCHAUS" Page 8

Fides Dianae Feast Freshettes

The big event of the Fides Dianae, the new name for the former Women's Organization, took place this year at the Grand River Tea Room on the Preston Highway on Nov. 21. Of course I am referring to the annual Freshette Banquet which it sponsors. It certainly brings back memories of our own Freshette Banquet where about one-third of the Old Mill Tea Room was enough to accommodate the veritable handful of

See "FRESHETTES" Page 5

At Highlands On December 18

Waterloo College will come into its own socially on the night of December 18 with the first "Junior Prom" in its history. This major social event of the year is slated for the palatial "Highlands" on the Galt-Kitchener highway with Hal Davis and his very fine orchestra supplying the music.

Just picture the scene. . . All the scintillating belles and dashing gallants of the college gathered to enjoy the cadence of the dance. . . the world alive with the "joie de vivre" that typifies the spirit of the Purple and Gold. . . verry a night to enshrine itself in your memory. What more could one ask? (Note: the last few lines were lifted lock, stock and stopper from a perfume ad.)

The dance is sponsored by the combined Freshmen and Sophomore classes with the proceeds in aid of the Memorial Fund. Members of the dance committee comprise Jack Bramm, Jonas Bingeman, John Boothby, Ross Morrison and Sande Baird with Bob Tarbush and Jack Wettlaufer as co-chairmen. No effort has been spared to make it a really gala night and one long to be remembered.

So come one, Callege . . . Dust off your social graces, put a new crease in your coonskin coat and join the "400" at Waterloo's first "Junior Prom."

And herewith a not-so-secret letter from a student to his "mater" which will perhaps confuse things even more.

Mrs. Horace Tocatta,
510 Woolworth Rd.,
SILVER BANKS ONT.
DEAR MATER:—

You will recall that when I left Silver Banks and all that it holds dear, I did so with grave misgivings. It was only because of Pater's business connection with that dear entrepreneur fellow who dispenses confections and ices that I consented to come to Waterloo College. From the first moment I had conditioned myself to the ultimate contacts to be made with the dull peasantry of this edifice.

See "LETTER" Page 10

Founded 1926

THE COLLEGE CORD

Editor-in-Chief Harry D. Weaver
 Junior Editor Grant E. Kaiser
 Literary Editor Edith Merner
 College Static Lois Carter and Bob Dier
 Social Events Margaret Fackoury and Margaret Nairn

Alumni Notes Eric Reble
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 Sports Carl Totzke
 Business Managers Marion Hollinger and J. Bramm
 Circulation Helmut Binhammer

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

"Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa"

EDITORIALS

Watch the birdie. More and more people about Waterloo are doing just that. Badminton has become so popular that you are almost a social outcast if you haven't a working knowledge of the game. We warn, however, that even the student who plays is open to the same fate if he has to rush to a class without making use of the shower facilities.

The sport has so many followers that the list for the annual tournament looked like a petition for trolley busses in Kitchener. It is even crowding out Bridge 20 as a spectator sport. Kibitzers feel so safe behind that screen above the gym and besides, bridge isn't played in shorts.

Nick tells us that some enthusiasts come and play on frosty Saturday mornings "even before the streetcars are running." Totzke, a bit of a sports enthusiast himself, claims that anyone with such ambition should be given extra subjects to keep him busy. Carl will gladly share a few of his 26 credits.

We have noticed that badminton birds at Waterloo have an uncanny homing instinct. As soon as one is hit it flies straight to the little cages that keep the lights from falling on the gym floor. They don't appreciate being denested either. The birds hop away from the pole, and when they do come down, are definitely ruffled about the whole matter.

Badminton has crossed us. Before its arrival the town boys enjoyed beating the dorm fellows every noon in a game of volleyball. If we can keep the birds off the court for just one noon in the near future, that last remark may lead to a challenge. We are lonesome for a sharp "Up, up—spike!" as a change from the panted "Nice shot."

And just think; twelve of us can be late for classes instead of the usual two or four.

H. D. W.

Do you have an inward gnawing sensation half way through the morning and afternoon? If it isn't your soul deteriorating (when were you last at chapel?), it is probably one of entrepreneur Daeschel's gremlins coaxing you down to the Tuck Shop. Getting out the two dollars which should have been used to buy a book from Professor Evans, you gaze at the wonderful assortment of edibles and drinkables, finally buying a chocolate bar and milk shake.

Perhaps the frosh don't realize that last year such a scene could not have taken place, for the Tuck Shop has been a part of the school only as long as they have. Starting as an experiment in September, the enterprise has shown such remarkable development that we thought it suitable to list here the reasons which mark it as being in the "big-business" category.

1. The ice-cream cooler is now cold.
2. The number "1" tacked on the outside of the door. Where are the branch stores located?
3. The knowledge on the part of the management of the fundamental principle that where there is a consumer demand greater than the supply, or which can be filled by only one entrepreneur, said entrepreneur can act inde-

pendent, setting down his own terms of sale and in general making the consumer come crawling to him. Did you ever try to return an unwashed milk bottle?

The manager isn't the only person becoming rich through this enterprise (It is rumored that Werner plans to take the six-year General Course in order to stay with the business, then retire). Nick has already collected enough milk bottles from the classrooms to put him up one tax bracket. And now, having given the Tuck Shop this publicity, we'll go and collect the advertising fee, one "coke."
 G. E. K.

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, founded in 1878, has been co-educational since its inception. It has three Faculties — Arts and Science, Medicine, and Public Health. There are eight affiliated colleges. Four of them (including Waterloo, affiliated in 1925) give a complete four-year course leading to an Arts degree. One (Alma) is a Junior College offering the first two years' work only. Two offer music (Western Ontario Conservatory and Music Teachers' College) and one is theological only (Huron).

The postwar urge for higher education has increased the total registration of the University in the last decade from 2,283 (1936-37) to 4,001 (1946-47), about 1,400 of the latter being veterans of World War II. This expansion demands a corresponding expansion in buildings, equipment, and staff; hence the current drives in all divisions of the University, the constituent colleges and affiliated colleges alike.

These drives must not be allowed to fail if the University is to meet the general educational demands of the area which it is its primary function to serve.

Lewis (Christmas) Carol

'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the mines,
Not a creature was stirring
Except for the signs
Which swung in the wind
Like the corpses on a gibbet
Announcing "We'll Fight"
(Tis the colliers' exhibit)
When up at the House
There arose such a clatter
"Harry" returned to see what was
the matter
(Now Harry S. is a whiz on the keys
So they say
But this sight made him stop;
Hasn't played to this day)
For there was John L. "The Brow"
if I may
He resembled St. Nick in a fatherly
way
(At least people say he raised old
Nick from a boy)
His suit was of Red
He'd a round little porch
Acquired from failing to carry the
torch
Flung to people like him from across
the sea
Whence came the cry, "Guys like
you
Helped to bury me."
Oh 'tis true (if you stretch it)
He helped Santa Claus
Just look at your own stoker's
empty maws
And consider the arrival of St. Nick,
sans soot
Or the more painful entrance upon
a hot foot
With no coal for our hearths
Warm hearts will beat few
(We'll forego our anthracite
If the de'il gets his due)
What a pity we can't burn that fat
little elf
But alas! he has made an ash of
himself.

D. G. POWERS

Hallowe'en Party

"The spooks was spookin, the
ghosts was ghosten, and Waterlooans
was Waterlooin (whatever that
means") on October thirty-first. The
cause of such "goins on" was the
Hallowe'en party at Athy.

The chief spooker for the night
was Russell "Bromo" Seltzer, pres-
ident of the Athletic Society. He
was just about to announce the
Grand March when "Miss" Bramm
entered the portals of ye olde gym.
Needless to say "she" or rather "he"
well anyway "it" won first prize, fol-
lowed by Bette Dillon and Helmut
Binhammer. We were entertained
by some Frosh talent, Kay "the lark"
Sweitzer, and Margaret Anne Hoff-
man later as Kay sang and Margaret
Anne "tinkled the ivories." Not to
be outdone, the senior class was
represented by the very talented
Edith "Edie Wedie" Merner, who
thrilled the crowd with her tale of
horror and horrified them with a
little ditty all her own.

Needless to say the gym floor be-
came quite clean with people rollin
on the floor in fits of helpless
laughter. We gave vent to our Hal-
lowe'en spirit in relays and yelling
—pardon us, singing.

Perhaps the climax of the evening
came when someone suggested
square dancing (as if it hadn't all
been arranged before) and Doug
Frank and his "Goldeen Bantam
Cobblers" materialized out of the
air to set the pace. Amid shrieks
and laughter we careened around
the gym in "Turkey in the Straw,"
"Virginia Reels" and "Swing that
girl, that pretty little girl." Heavenly
days, how could our grandmothers
stand it?

After these antics, with our ton-
gues hanging out, the cider, dough-
nuts and apples were really appre-
ciated. Thanks, lunch committee.

Of course this repast fortified us,
and we continued dancing in a more
—what shall we say—sophisticated
manner? Anyway we had a wonder-
ful evening and are looking forward
to the next one. They're fun.

M. N. N.

-----Somewhere in our meander-
ings we picked up a little poem,
yes with a moral, that sort of makes
you think when things are erking
you and you feel that you could
scratch someone's eyes out or pull
those auburn-dyed roots out of her
head. This is it:

Life is like a journey, taken on a
train,

With a strange passenger at each
window pane,

I may sit beside you all the jour-
ney through

Of I may sit elsewhere never know-
ing you

But if fate decrees that I sit by your
side

Let's be pleasant passengers
For it's oh! so short a ride.

M. F. F.

A Spare

Ah ha! A spare. A whole hour in
which to study and do homework
but first I'll run down to the mail
box and peek in everybody's cubby
hole. Of course I'm not expecting a
letter, as I don't know anyone who
has enough money to buy a stamp
etc., but any way it's fun seeing who
else is getting mail. While I'm down
here I might just as well take a
gander in the kitchen and compare
the boarders, dinner with my lunch.

Now on to the bulletin board to
see just what is happening in my
fair alma mater. Big signs and little
signs, some with opinions of our
professors and others with the opin-
ions of the intelligentsia (the stoo-
dents.) Reading!! On to the read-
ing room where Li'l Abner and his
local yokels reign supreme while
Johnny Hazard skips around the
world making conquests. Of course
I can always look through the
National Geographics and look at
the "purty pitchers." Speaking of
"purty pitchers." I hope Santa
leaves a subscription of Esquire in
the reading room.

Well I had better adjourn to the
library and commence my home-
work. Look at the ballet dancers
(some of them butterflies and some
of them elephants) on the gym
floor with badminton racquets in
their hands swingng at a "bird." I
certainly can acquire a kink in my
neck in no time just watching the
flight of that little "bird." I wonder
how the rest of the boys are making
out in the common room. Every
available chair and table is taken,
every boy has an expression of deep
thought written on his face until
someone yells "Two trump." I'd
love to join you fellows but I'm
going to work this period. So I had
better sit on a window ledge and
rest. There's no sense in working
myself to death. Boy the traffic in
front of this window is terrific, I
bet if the toll tax was still in ex-
istence I'd become a wealthy man, if
I were a collector.

Now I had better go on up to the
library. What an inspiration the
library is. The books sitting stately
on the shelves, and the long table
in the "sem" library with girls and
boys on both sides, all busy little
beavers, and on the other side the
people eagerly looking through
books in order to a ----- to a-----
find material for essays. So I sit
down and set to work.

As the bell rings for my next
period I close my books and look at
what I have accomplished.

"The North American Indians
settled in the Highlands and when
the settlers came they were greeted
with "Oh I'm just waiting for Milt."
After much fighting the "Kaisers"
will get the car the night of the
18th." The Indian chief and warrior
was "Johnny Carlisle." The mother
country suggested that "Ferguson be

in charge of refreshments-----!!!"

With such "Lufty" characters in
the world I wonder if I should con-
tinue my school year?

Rumours

Oak trees do of acorns grow,
But rumours grow much bigger.
Oaks may come, and oaks may go,
The rumours but increase in vigour.

Anon. (at least he won't admit it)

Have you ever rode the crest of
a rumour? It carries you higher
and higher until finally it breaks
and casts your broken, derelict re-
putation far up on sands of dis-
honour

Warming up to the subject, I
wax eloquent. A rumour is as easy
to start and as hard to stop as an
avalanche. One careless misstep and
the victim is covered with a wall
of snow that gathers size and speed
as it rumbles downward, dragging
him with it. I know.

You ask me why I know. (Be-
ware, oh reader. When a writer uses
that approach, you may well divine
that you have neither asked him
nor doth he know. Oh but re-
member the parables of the finger
in the dyke and the toe in the
door). I will tell you. (I warned
you, foolish one. You can do
naught now but make yourself com-
fortable).

Last winter I played hockey. The
objection is overruled; that is what
I choose to call it. At one of the
games, a man asked some friends
of mine what they thought of my
playing. These friends being afraid
to admit that my showing that
night was my best, blandly replied
that I could be playing much bet-
ter, but for the fact that I was
three-quarters drunk.

Within a week the rumour had
hit the church, the school, and the
family. Just about then, "Lost Week-
end" came to town, and in two
days, I was a confirmed alcoholic
(Clacking of tongues, shaking of
heads — and such a young boy,
too).

A rumour has you in its clutch?
'Tain't true I know but never-
theless it's got you deep in Dutch.
Shall we skip down together?

Also Anon.

I wonder when the next train
leaves for Kukomungo!

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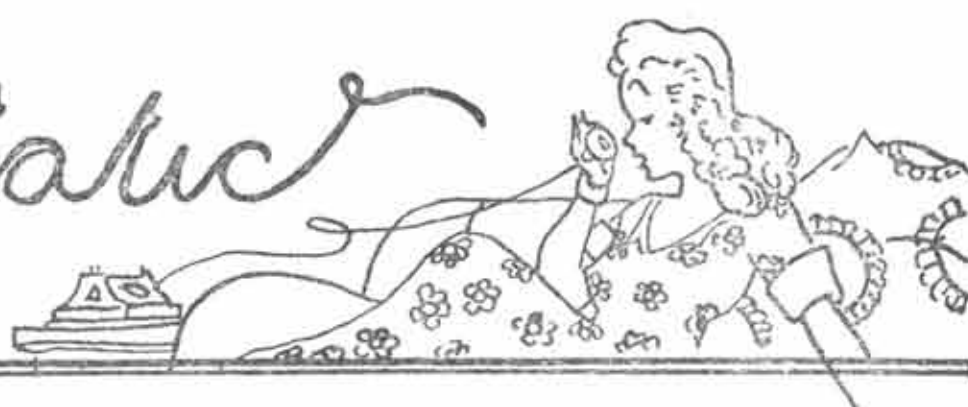
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College Static



Greetin's Goons . . . at the top of an impressive list of must do's, including term papers, tests, bridge games, and tournaments, comes that perpetual problem . . . diggin' dirt for the Static column. . . So here we go with more slander, scoops on student's love-life, and as the introverted author of "the Cadaver Speaks", column says, more drivel.

There's no end of activity in the gymnasium this year. Let's start with the Halloween party. Who can forget the cider! ! certainly not Pruess, who was seen bending his extremely flexible elbow all evening, stopping only to join Shantz, and Tarbush, who supplied music for the square dance. Those with the worthy intentions of purchasing a new piano for the school would do well to keep the relic now in use, for just such riotous occasions as Tarbush's impromptu, and really "solid", renditions. No less worthy structure could have survived the "beating" (this is used in the musical sense) which Bob gave our gymnasium model. And who can forget the poverty-stricken group of characters, the super piano rendition by Miss Fischer, the impromptu speech by "Lunch Ticket Rock" which went round and round and back again, (Bob was later seen to join Pruessy at the cider jug) . . . Both were heard later that night pattering their way down the dormitory corridor headed for you know where and of course no one can forget the debut of the sensational hubba hubba girl Miss Jackoline Bramm. Miss Bramm later won the unanimous decision of the college boys to journey out West to compete in the East-West feud, over which had the most beautiful coded's. There is no room for dispute in the fact that Miss Bramm is the most beautiful girl at Waterloo College, and certainly the most coy. But back to the Halloween Dance. Who can forget it? Not us, not Pruess, not Tarbush . . . of course Rock can't remember very much, but he is excused.

Then the Gymnasium is also used for the Tuesday assemblies. It amuses us to see the whole school tramp down there in their street

shoes for these assemblies, and Athenaeums, and yet if you venture onto the floor with street shoes to take a couple of shots with the basketball it takes Nick approximately 63 seconds to come from the bowels of the cellar, race down the gymnasium steps, past the crowd at Warners', and grab you by throat, poke his nose into your eye, and demand in a voice that would sound better in the jungle, what you think you're doing on the floor without your white-bottomed, lace-trimmed, satin-lined, plush-covered running shoes. If you feebly reply that you forgot, you are the subjected to a long pathetic tale of woe of the errors and faults of college students of the last seven years and dismissed with a gentle kick in the seat.

Now that rugby season is over, Wilhem can devote his time to preparing his back-seat Eccies lectures, which are, we quote, "for home consumption only." We eagerly await the day when Tony's syndicate takes the discussion, and Tony, old man, I wouldn't wander from the subject if I were you.

It looks as though the English 36 class is in for a longer year than anticipated. IT may well run on into the summer months. The reason is that in the plays on the course, someone dies from apop . . . ap . . . apopopop . . . ap . . . an apoplectic fit, and this means of disposing of some of the surplus characters is quite common. Our sympathies are extended to Dr. Klink who is "Going to keep at that until I get it." And so English 36 may be quite a long course. Good luck sir! May your pronunciation be infallible before too long!

Faith in the postal authorities has reached a new high. It seems one little helper in the Registrars office (this is a true story,) believes that if you send out stamped unaddressed envelopes, they will be delivered. This almost equals Helen Sehl's trick last year of sending out notices with four-cent postage, when one-cent would have done very nicely. (It is rumoured that this is one of the reasons Professor MacIvor left Waterloo. Indeed it is just as well he isn't here to pull his hair out over this one.) in the future Binhammer, get Ma to help you.

A new club has been formed in the college. The members? . . girls only. Its name? . . Fides Diance

(courtesy professor Raymond) Its purpose? . . . an excuse for the girls to get together and chew the fat, have big banquets and exchange recipes . . . "recipes" that's a Latin word meaning "how to get your man and cook his goose".

Once again we return to the gymnasium to remind you that the school basketball teams are working out now. The boys team is in a league with Guelph Aggies and . . . Oh We're sorry Carl . . didn't mean to steal your thunder . . . guess you'll have to read the Sports column to get the dope on the startling new developments in the world of sports. Now isn't that odd?? of all the places to put sports news . . . Jim Coleman was never like that.

FLASH!! Another sensational new club has recently been started. Its history is brief. The John Carlisle Fan Club sprang into existence over-night. John made a dynamic appearance at awards presentation night and the spontaneous applause for this plucky lad brought tears to John's eyes. In a rally at the White Rose the students assembled pledged their loyal support to John and many were seen to throw their Van Johnson, buttons away. For once in his life Loguacious Carlisle was speechless with sentiment . . . (and one Large mouthful of a pork Barbeque) . . . and after much fighting over who would ride home with Carlisle . . . our boy . . . the first meeting of the club disbanded.

Apparently "The Outlaw" is only a sample of the movies to come. "The Wicked Lady" is supposed to have it all over the afore mentioned even after it was returned to England for a re-shooting of some scenes. From now on we'll be expecting to see more of you at the cinema. That is, more of the student body, quite a lot turned up at the Summer Gardens the other week to see that sensational band led by Randy Brooks. On a Saturday night quite a few of the boys are to be found there, especially those gentlemen from the boarding-club. Pruessy told me that he was there in the interests of psychology — studying the cross section of life . . . profiles we take it.

Since this is the last Cord before the Holiday we take this occasion to wish you all a merry Christmas.

LOIS AND BOB.



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The Cadaver Speaks

Dear Fellows—Greetings from the grave. Today I am going to introduce to you my bosom pal and good friend Meristophanolia.

Meristophanolia is my girl friend and a very nice one too. She's got a face like a well peeled potato and her figure looks like Grand Coulee Dam. But she's a sweet personality and every time people look at her two-hundred and sixty pounds they think of mountains.

The other night Meristophanolia and I were speaking about radio and I decided there's a thing fit for burial. Besides radio has its share of cadavers—at least ten are produced every night on any series of network mysteries. However there are several things wrong with modern radio. Never in history have people been subjected to a more constant nauseating series of shocks than is provided by modern radio advertising. Every half hour, fifteen minutes or less a group of hungry individuals mouth the merits of their half-baked product. The verse or rhyme by its forty-ninth time drives you to purchase the product or just drives you nuts. For instance: Burspi Boola hits the spot
12 oz. bottle thats a lot
Twice as much of this here goo
Will turn your stomach ocean blue.

Then some broken down musicians get together and with some nunger drive crowd voiced harmonizers to scream:

Gooper Cuds, Gooper Cuds
Loes more chews from Gooper Cuds
knicker, pastier, chomping new
They're the cuds with super chew.

These groups of singers ploughing themselves into your living-room sound like a cement mixer running on one cylinder.

Singers are another bad thing in radio—most crooners or groaners are worthy of instant burial. It all began with Sinatra who is still top man in the vocal world. But the new wartime models, Como, Johnny Johnston, Andy Russel, Jack Smith—these are the stinkers. Perry Como sounds like a lonely heifer in mating season he has the most unemotional voice in radio. Cheap imitations like Smith & Johnston are only two of many in the field. Andy Russel sounds like he's dying to lay an egg when he handles a ballad, but top singer in this group is Vaughn Monroe who sounds like an empty beer keg rolling down the Freeport Hill.

M. C.'s or masters of ceremonies are another grim result of radio's evolution. Their job is to sneak in subtle, clever commercials. They usually appear about as subtle as a tooth ache and sound as clever as a moron reading Shaw. Nowadays everyone has a programme. Even Vaughn Monroe has managed to get his own programme. This means there's either a dreadful scarcity of talent or these guys buy their own time. Sometimes you hear Guy Lombardo and his Bleeding Hearts moaning for a "trip on a Greyhound Bus." I'd like to give Guy Lombardo a ride on a bus all the way to Kokomoko. Sammy Kaye says, "how'd you like to lead a band?—Anything for money, eh Sam?"

Intelligence plays a big part in modern radio—note all the quiz programs. There are so many of these that they vie for Crosley rating through the prizes they award their unfortunate contestants. If you win once you can retire for life. The best quiz on the air is "It Pays To Be Ignorant," a really intelligent show, with no prizes, no contestants

and lots of laughs.

The soap operas are the real cheesecake of radio. I hear people really listen to them too. These charming little vignettes of life pack more trouble and consternation into the lives of their character than a student has at exam time. If you want a twisted understanding of life listen to Our Gal Sunday grapple with the insidious hands of evil trying to wrest her happy family from her or listen to how Doctor Brent misplaced a forceps and then discovered he's left them in someone's abdomen. And Helen Trent; she's been trying to prove romance can exist beyond thirty-five for the past twenty years. She'll either fail to prove it, or die of senility trying. TSK, TSK, and this is radio.

But Meristophanolia and I do like some things in radio—we like Bob Hope, Inner Sanctum and Suspense; the Kate Smith Show, and strictly for the laughs we listen to the old weeper Gabriel Heater. Well its time to get the car cleaned for the big Junior Prom so as Meristophanolia says when you gotta go—you gotta go. By the way if the coal strike catches you without a good fire—you might use Dier's column. He's got so much gas in his column its liable to explode before it ignites. I hope the best cadavers don't let rigor mortis set in on New Year's and get too stiff. Formaldehyde will help your cause if that happens.

LOUIS—JOHN

P.S. The insertion about the dance is a paid commercial advertisement.

FRESHETTES

Continued From Page 1

co-eds in attendance. Things are surely looking up.

And the Banquet this year I think topped them all for wonderful food, friendliness and the wonderful appreciation which the Frosh expressed in a huge cake with purple and gold trimmings and "Thanks" written in huge letters on the top. Thank you Freshettes on behalf of the Fides Dianae and may you make next year's affair a gala event for the new Freshettes who come.

And thanks also to Marj. Bryden and her committee for the arrangements—they were perfect.

In spite of the soupy fog that covered the roads, the girls turned out in grand numbers and were greeted by the President, Phyllis Zeigler, as they arrived. And what a delicious chicken dinner followed! When we had all eaten and got to the very mellow stage, the formality of the introduction of the Freshettes was carried out, the presentation of the cake and the very few and very short speeches were made.

Following the Banquet the entertainment which usually closes the evening was curtailed because of the Class Night Athaneum at school and so proceedings proceeded to the school for the awards and the movie "As You Like It."

The Freshette Banquet is always a very enjoyable affair and one which is typically Waterloo. We do hope it never gets lost in the rush—we really like it!!! M. F. F.

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SPORTS

The Bull Pen

By Carlos

On Saturday, Nov. 9 Waterloo College brought to a close another successful Rugby Season. It was short and sweet. Short because we only played four games and sweet because we retired undefeated. It was impossible to arrange a larger schedule because of the lack of a playing field. There is a good possibility that this will be remedied next season.

Five of the team played their last game for Purple and Gold: Hamblin, Fisher, Hinchberger, Carlisle, Tar-Bush. If they find time from their studies, they could certainly add a lot of zip to the Western Rugby squads. In Hamblin, Fisher and Carlisle, we have some fine buckers and 'hipper-dipper' broken field runners. Hinchberger and Tar-Bush could hold their own with any lineman in the league. We wish them every success in their future rugby careers.

While their loss weakens the team there is still a strong nucleus left with which Coach Devitt could build another strong squad. Weaver, Wilhelm, Gram, MacMillan, Janke, Luft, Steward, Dier, constitute a first-rate line. In the backfield McLaren, Giller, Wiley, Binhammer are a potent scoring aggregation. If Waterloo Park grounds are secured for next season, the Friday Nite Floodlight Football would certainly draw crowds and a very successful season would be assured. We can certainly look forward to great things in Waterloo Football.

College Basketball has taken the limelight. A large squad turned out at the first practice and indications point to a good season. The Directorate is trying to arrange to have the Collegiate Gym every Friday night and make it Basketball night.

Verd. Yates, of Junior 'A' fame is handling the Hockey team and should have a good team. The Noble Frosh have made the first efforts towards a rink and with favourable weather and the aid of the 'Honest Citizen' we can count on a good ice surface. It is planned to play some games in the Waterloo Arena when it reaches completion. With good administration and proper support, this activity could put Waterloo College on the Athletic Map. Kitchener-Waterloo are hockey towns. There is a good supply of high class hockey players of Junior 'B' and Junior 'A' calibre. C'mon, student body, let's upt everything behind this activity. If you can't play, support! Go to the games! Freeze your toes for good old Waterloo.

It's certainly good to see the in-

See "BULL PEN" Page 10

Waterloo Ends Season Undefeated

On Saturday, Nov. 9/46 with baited breath, sports fans awaited the outcome of two major gridiron tussels, staged on the far flung "champs de combat" of New York and Western's Back Campus. The Army Irish outcome thrilled millions with a O-O stalemate, but the dark horses from Waterloo (no offence to the equines) surprised millions with a 13-0 upset. Indeed, it was a glorious finis to thrill-studded schedule.

Rival coaches poured last minute strategy into the eager ears of their quarterbacks. In New York Col. Earl Blake coached his quarter Ag Fuson to use Blanchard and Davis only when more than 50 yds. was needed. Coach Leahy for the Irish pulled Lujack aside and told him to "give 'em the woiks." Metras had Yuhatz and Devitt and Totzke. Ah! the Irish (O'Totzke, that is.)

As Waterloo lined up tensely for the kickoff, Luft and Binhammer relaxed easily and their calmness spread among the squad, and grim determination typified their features. The shrill of the whistle, the thud of the kick, the crash of the blocking, with a biff and a bang. Weaver, Wilhelm, Gram brought down the first Western ball carrier. Western scrimmaged and after two line plays moved the yardsticks. Another line play gained six yards for Western. Then the Waterloo line tightened. The next play was stopped dead, and Coach Devitt's quadruple secondary was proving its worth. On the third down with three yards to go, a high snap on a kick formation was fumbled. Divers hoards of battling Waterloons crashed through like the wolf on the fold, and recovered the bounding oval. With Waterloo in possession a determined attack resulted in yards on ground play. On the next down Fisher faded over to the left and received a pass from Totzke for the first major score. The attempted

See "UNDEFEATED" Page 8

Red Devils Beat O.A.C. in Moonlight

The Waterloo College gridders marked up their second win of the season by scoring an 8-6 triumph over O.A.C. on the latter's campus on Monday, November 4th. The O.A.C. Seconds having been badly beaten by Waterloo earlier in the season called upon many of their first teamers in their efforts for victory in the return game. The Aggies outweighed Waterloo nearly 15 pounds per man but still were able to earn only 4 singles and a safety touch. Waterloo's 8 points consisted of a converted touch and two singles. The game was clean but hard fought and Waterloo were full value for their win.

Waterloo started out in this game as they had in each of their two previous games by driving deep into opposing territory shortly after the opening kickoff. A Totzke-Weaver pass carried the play from centre-field close to the Aggies' line. The same combination paid off again as Harry took a pass over the short end behind the line for a major score. Totzke made no mistake on the convert, splitting the uprights with his placement attempt. The Waterloo squad continued to press and added two more singles on kicks by Fisher before the Aggies managed to score. This was made possible on a beautiful second down quick kick which travelled some 60 yards in the air and rolled the rest of the way back of the line where Totzke was rouged. O.A.C. added a safety touch and another single before half time bringing the score to 8-4.

The Aggies took the ball from the kickoff at the start of the third quarter and after a brilliant run-back and two successive first downs had the ball on Waterloo's 25 yard line. Here Waterloo's defence stiffened and a third down pass was grounded and Waterloo gained possession to avert any more trouble. O.A.C. added two more single points but were unable to get near the Waterloo line to score again. This left their total two points shy of that of the Purple and Gold.

The defensive play of the Waterloo team was outstanding in the second



The Star Winks

half, especially in the third quarter when O.A.C. had possession of the ball nearly all the time. As darkness fell and the moon rose at the start of the fourth quarter the Waterloo stalwarts became stronger and play remained in the centre of the field until O.A.C. were forced back. Waterloo gained the ball on the Aggies' 25 yard line after three bucks had failed to produce yards. Totzke held the ball for two downs and the game was over.

Featuring in the Waterloo victory were Fisher, Totzke and Hamblin in the backfield and Gram, Wilhelm and Weaver along the line. The whole team, however, came through with a very commendable performance.

JOHN CARLISLE

AWARDS

Continued From Page 1

thing to work for in future years.

Following the presentation of awards, "As You Like It" was presented to a very interested audience. Hollywood should really get busy and make some more, or should I say some, Shakespearean plays because they most certainly go over very well. The acting was exceptionally good and we would like to see more of it.

The evening was a decided success proving once again that if it is top notch entertainment you want Waterloo is the school that can give it to you. Come to all our events—you won't regret it!!!

M. F. F.

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Alumni Notes

ERIC REBLE

Before I go any further in this column, I had better put Mary Shupe on a train bound for New York. In the last issue I incorrectly reported that Mary was studying at Chicago whereas, actually, she is studying at Columbia in New York City.

It has been announced that John G. Blinkhorn, who was attending Waterloo College at the outbreak of the war, and is a former resident of

100 Pandora Avenue, Kitchener, has received the Croix de Guerre with silver star as an award of the Air Ministry of the French Government. The presentation was made to former Flt. Lieut. Blinkhorn of the R.C.A.F. at an investiture at Winnipeg by Lieutenant Governor R. F. McWilliams.

Accompanying the award was the following citation: "As a result of successful pick-up operations in occupied China, Flt. Lieut. Blinkhorn has rendered an appreciable assistance to the resistance movement in Indo-China."

The award was made after the Twin City flier made two trips into that country, landing behind enemy lines on open fields. The first trip was to pick up wounded men and he states that they were so covered with bandages that it was impossible to tell their rank or race.

Jack spent six years in uniform and is now residing in Dauphin, Manitoba, engaged in the real estate business.

News has come to us concerning Margaret Armstrong by way of a special communique from the north country, addressed to Dr. Klinck. Marg writes to say that the arrival and reading of the Cord made her homesick, and that she is bound to straighten us out as to the location of Blind River. To be exact, Blind River is half way between Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie, situated on Lake Huron. It is the centre of a vast hunting district complete with everything from moose to wolves. Marg claims she hasn't shot a deer as yet but has landed several fish.

The town boasts quite a French population and Marg writes that the French kids go to their own school and come out at a different time to prevent fighting. She is learning to speak to the storekeepers in a French patois "of a sort."

Marg says going to Blind River is like stepping into a wilderness. No wonder! One night, in town, the

power went off, and in the darkness, someone took a pot-shot at some of the school boys. And right on the main corner too!

Margaret is teaching English and History to all grades at the high school, including Grade 13.

One of the grads present at Awards Night was Mildred Mohr, Class 46. Milly is now Secretary to the Personnel Manager, Naugatuck Chemicals, Elmira. Mildred, on completing her B.A., graduated from a course at Euler's Business College. In the wise words of Dr. Potter, it is the broad mallet of a general arts education that hammers home the sharp chisel of specialization.

To Thee

My love for Thee is like ocean depths unfathomless;

How soon I seek to leave this dreary place;

To rush into Thy arms and there caress

Again Thy loving and adoring face. But many things unknown to Thee are here,

That keep me like a slave to book and pen

I must content to gaze on Thy picture

And wish with longing heart for Thee again.

But soon in time when snow has softly come,

And boys in Dorm. sing carols long and loud,

From everywhere re-echoes through the drum

Of people jostling in a noisy crowd, I'll come to Thee as straight as lover's call

To worship Thee my love, my life, my all.

We hope you realize why the above was not placed on the literary page. It has no literary value. (As if selections have to have this elusive quality to make our literary page.) This poem was printed because of its psychological value. It shows to what depths of frustration a boy can descend when he must leave his loved one to seek a higher education. Here is pure Pathos. Yes, indeed, pathetic is the word.

This---poem---was penned by one Harold Gram while gripped by the fiery hand of an undying passion. It was then sold by the aforementioned rugby hero at fifty cents a shot to eight Romeos of the dorm who would like to keep the wolves away from the doors of their sweet-hearts back home.

For half an hour we puzzled over the eleventh and twelfth lines. We tried every possible punctuation; we made all the objects subjects; we turned them inside out and upside down. And yet we failed to make sense. Perhaps the original M/S. would have thrown light on the subject. You see our version is only a pirated one, and the pirate, Helmut Binhammer, was subsequently beat-

en up by his poetic roommate. The original was then cut into strips and ended its life in the form of spit-balls. For a close-up of the combatants see the sports page.

If anyone can throw more light on this — we just counted the lines, it must be a sonnet — please inform the editorial staff of the Cord.

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Your Opinion

This month the girls are on the giving end of Information Please, and the question is "What do you think of John L. Lewis?"

The answers that we thought would pass the censor are below. Most of the girls admitted that they didn't consider themselves final authorities on the question although the first two deliberated for more than twelve hours before allowing themselves to be quoted.

MARG FACKOURY, the Cord's social editor: "He is undermining the national economy as well as the prestige of the U.S. government. He's showing that one man can rule the U.S. No lights on the Christmas trees this year. Poor Santa Claus."

PEGGY NAIRN, Freshette electionist: "He's very unpatriotic."

GLADYS FORAN, Guelph's contribution to the girl's dormitory: "I don't wish to be quoted." (Just for that you were, Gladys.)

MARY ANN WILEY, seniors' representative to Athletic Directorate: "He's got enough power that if he directed it in the right channels he could do a lot of good."

RUTH MARY HAGMEIR, who isn't too specific: "I think he's sticking his neck out. Frankly I don't think he knows what he's doing."

ADRIA KUNTZ, another Sophist, the vague type: "I don't think he should get away with it." (Neither does Truman)

DOROTHY MACEACHERN, like all Seniors, a little more to the point: "He's definitely wrong. He's overstepping the mark, and trying to see how much power he really has."

MARJORIE BRYDEN, Seniors' representative in S.L.E. "I think he's had it when he tries riding over everybody. He's not working for the

nation as a whole, but for his own group."

JANE MCGANITY, only a part of whose opinion we quote: "He has too much to say. As far as I can make out he has more power than the President. He could be a Communist."

EDITH MERNER, short but far from sweet. (We describe your opinion Edie.) "He's a dirty dog."

Next time we hope to have opinions on both sides with a more familiar question. You girls sound like out-and-out capitalists.

IRISH

REV. SCHAUS

Continued From Page 1

After attending the Ontario College of Education in Toronto, he taught at Simcoe High School. In 1934 he entered Waterloo Seminary and graduated in 1937. While attending the college and seminary he won numerous scholarships and prizes and served as physical training instructor. He was one of the founders of the invitation games.

In the same year in which he graduated from the seminary, Rev. Mr. Schaus went to Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University to do graduate work in the Old Testament. He received his M.A. from this university in 1938. In 1940 he received his bachelor of divinity degree from the University of Western Ontario.

Upon completion of graduate work at Columbia University, he accepted a call to be assistant pastor of St. John's, Waterloo, where he served in that capacity for a little more than two years.

Since 1940, Rev. Mr. Schaus has been serving St. Peter's Church in Ottawa. During his pastorate the congregation has become debt-free and self-supporting and is now making plans for the erection of an impressive church building.

He has been an executive director of Canadian Lutheran World Relief during the past year, an undertaking which has given him wide experience in the administering of relief shipments for Europe.

Rev. Mr. Schaus is married to the former Ethel Dietrich and is the father of two children, Philip and Elizabeth Anne.

UNDEFEATED

Continued From Page 6

placement was wide. From the kick-off with Western in possession, Waterloo showed its strength along the line. Hinchberger and MacMillan stopped the plays dead and Wiley, Dier and Weaver bottled the back-field in on the ends, annulling their efforts at extensions. Hamblin came through with some fine run-backs in particular one which he carried twenty-five yards, shaking off six assailants (tacklers) Ozarko, Douglas (of pre-war fame) and Yuhatz were the big drives for Western.

TarBush, playing secondary in execution of Coach Devitt's strategy was a tower of defensive strength. Wilhelm made some crushing tackles that jarred the supporters. With the exchange of ends after the first quarter, Wiley intercepted a forward and ran it 60 yards only to be brought down hard by Douglas. From scrimmage, Fisher shifted around the short end driving hard, pushed off a secondary with an atomic-packed straight-arm and crashed the line for the second major score.

In place of convert, a pass was attempted and Weaver made a spectacular attempt on an impossible heave only to be robbed by the fickle finger of fate. Robbed that is!

(If Harry weren't Editor I'd say he muffed one that was right in his mitt-you can cut this, Harry!) It was the only half-decent pass thrown all game by that hot and cold quarterback Totzke (self humiliation for the soul.) As the half-time whistle sounded, Waterloo left the field slightly optimistic but none the less determined, and arranged themselves in a semi-circle eating oranges and receiving words of en-

couragement from their coach.

In the second half, play was more even with neither team threatening. Waterloo's play was marked by frequent extensions which often went for yards. They played defensively, protecting their lead. Western was held to ground work which made no great headway. McLaren and Carlisle showed up well defensively. Fisher added a point on a kick, and an attempted placement by Totzke went wide for one point. Western broke loose on an extension only to be brought down on the yardstick where a Western ball carrier was injured. On the last play of the game Western unloosed a peachy play featuring about a dozen lateral passes which may or may not have been offside, and after a razzle-dazzle existence the play was smothered after about a 60-yard gain. Score 13-0.

This was the last game of the season for Waterloo and with a happy heart the men hung up their cleats for another season (those fortunates who had cleats, that is.) These cherished moments will be relived and replayed at the big banquet and other sequent alumni do-downs.

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The Music Box

The latest big name orchestras to occupy the roster at the Queen St. Hacienda were Duke Ellington and Randy Brooks. After making numerous inquiries in order to get some sort of public opinion on these two bands, it begins to look as if the Duke is in for a lot of panning and Randy for a lot of praise. Being a loyal Ellington fan, I'll merely go into my corner and sulk, refusing to cast any aspersions in the direction of one of Jazzdom's greatest composers and arrangers. However, I think the whole matter boils down to one word—enthusiasm. The Ellington aggregation is loaded with talent—Johnny Hodges, Lawrence Brown, Cat Anderson and Ray Nance, only to name a few; yet the only hip boy in the band that night was little Ray Nance, fighting hard to prove the oft-repeated statement that the negro is the best entertainer in the world. On the other hand Randy Brooks, a comparatively new band, has an object in mind, namely to get to the top. To do this, they've got to do everything but turn cartwheels on the ceiling to please the public; for what they haven't got in talent they have to make up in enthusiasm. The music has a lot better chance of getting across if the musicians act as if they actually enjoy playing it, even though they are dead tired from one night stands and sick of playing the same old schmaltzy dream music every night.

Note to Kenton fans, (all three of you.) Vido Musso, star tenor man who cut from Stan to build his own band, gave up his plans and has returned to the fold. Kenton and the King Cole trio can be heard direct every Saturday, 6:45 EDT, on NBC for Wildroot. (adv.) Stan's throaty thrush June Christy is not included in these Sat. sessions—darnit!!

Notes on new bands—Claude Thornhill's new post-war work is definitely in there. Thornhill's piano has not only not lost it's touch, but has improved. Latest newcomer to hit the big time is young (he's 21) Elliot Lawrence. Lawrence, who plays a simple, restrained piano, has fortified his work with such instruments as French horns in the brass section, and in the reed section the bassoon takes it's place among the aggregation. All this array of symphonic stuff makes for suave, colourful effect in the very slow ballads which he specializes in doing. Two up-and-coming new bands deserve mention here,—Bobby Sherwood and Boyd Raeburn. The former, a very young crew, has copied the most

big College dates this Fall and is becoming increasingly popular among the youngsters. Boyd Raeburn's band, minus Johnny Bothwell's alto, is attempting some sensationally new ideas in jazz, which if nothing else, certainly are original.

New recordings this month bring back some old favourites that have been recorded again due to popular demand. Decca brings us the most noteworthy of these remakes on two of Johnny Long's most famous sides, "In a Shanty in Old Shantytown" and "Blue Skies." The former, considered a collectors item by many, features the Ensemble telling about life on the other side of the tracks. The other remake is on Victor where Erskine Hawkins features his brilliant pianist Avery Parrish in "After Hours." This is definitely the best stuff Hawkins has ever recorded.

The latest work to sign with Victor is Herbie Fields. All the fans of d' Hamp will remember Herbie's sensational clarinet work when he was with the Hampton crew. Now fronting a band of his own, his first attempts are only fair. "Jalousie" features the soprano sax of Fields in slow swing tempo; reverse side "Among My Souvenirs" has some of his erratic clarinet.

While we're still with Victor, Tommy Dorsey's boy Stuart Foster is still putting across the pop tunes of the day. "That's My Home" and reverse "Gotta Get Me Somebody to Love" is his latest effort.

Latest Les Brown on Columbia is a brand new ballad "If You Were There" that to me will become one of the prettiest of the season. Doris Day handles a convincing vocal in this tune.

Also on Columbia label, Nancy's Dad again comes through with a twosome that will please the most fastidious characters. Backed by Axel Stordhal's superb orchestration, Frank sings "The Things We Did Last Summer" in sincere Sinatra style, while on the reverse side he lilt through the tricky "Coffee Song"—"Hey Pedro, get ze flashlight, I cannot find ze sugar!!"

Honourable mention of the month go to the following platters: Elliot Lawrence—"Five O'Clock Shadow." "Apple Blossom Time."; Les Brown—"Lover's Leap." "The Best Man."; Harry James "This Is Always."; Sammy Kaye—"The Lamplighter." "Sooner or Later."

The Booby Prizes of the month, (one silver handled cob of corn) go to the following: Perry Como—For his new Album and records like "One More Vote" and "If I'm Lucky," all reek strongly of schmaltz. Shame on you Perry!! Vaughn Monroe—For the way he hams up a perfectly good tune like "The Things We Did Last Summer," and many other numbers he's been putting out as regular as clockwork—and just about as rhythmic.

JACK BRAMM

MRS. TING

Continued From Page 1

In a country of 450 million there are only 50 universities and of these only 23 are Christian, Mrs. Ting said. The speaker before coming to Canada was assistant to the welfare officer of UNRRA at the Shanghai office. She was a former correspondent with the Central News Agency in China and taught for a number of years at a Chinese university and high school.

Mrs. Ting said the students were an unfortunate group because of the unsettled conditions and inadequate equipment and accommodation at universities. They are unfortunate, too, she said, because of the poverty in China although the students are better off than others. But most students have to do part-time work to survive.

The health of the Chinese student is very poor, the speaker explained. About 60 per cent of them are susceptible to T.B. because of malnutrition.

They are a disappointed and disillusioned group, she said, because of the corruption, graft and inefficiency in the country. They see the real suffering of the Chinese people. The Government allocates only about four per cent of the funds for education while about 60 per cent goes for military purposes. Many students, she said, are put in concentration camps or killed if they speak in disfavor of the Government. And unless they know a high official their chances of getting a public job are nil, Mrs. Ting told the assembly. Education, ability, personality do not enter into it. What matters is what kind of relationship the student has.

The Christian influence in China is far more deep-rooted and permeating than statistics show, she said. Although there are only 23 Christian universities and a similar number of Christian high schools, many of the attitudes in life are those of Christians. They have confidence that God's hand works slowly but surely. The social service work in China has created a strong impression on students, she said.

Mrs. Ting elaborated on the Student Christian Movement and the

aims of the organization. She said 60 per cent of all the students may not be Christian but they are fired with Christian ideals. Two of their chief objects are the cessation of civil war in China and the instalment of a democratic government.

"They are ready to offer their life and blood for these things," Mrs. Ting concluded.

The speaker was introduced by Miss Marion Axford, College registrar, and thanked by Lois Carter, president of the Athenaeum Society. The men's choir sang two numbers, directed by Dr. Ulrich Leupold.

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Seminary Notes

The seminary students have done a bit of supply preaching since the opening of the school. Harold Brose has conducted services at Ottawa and Peterboro. Arthur Conrad has supplied for Reverend L. Kalbfleisch at Elmira and he has spoken to the Young People of the Evangelical Church in the same town. Eric Reble has preached at Sunnyside and at Sudbury. I have gone to Hespeler and to Sudbury. We have found the people very friendly and hospitable at all of these places. Dr. Lehmann has informed us that we shall have to supply in two vacant parishes this winter. We ask you to pray for God's blessing upon our work.

At our first "At Home" in Oct. we were the guest of the Rev. and Mrs. Roy Gross at their apartment on Lydia St. At our second meeting the Rev. George Durst gave us an informal illustrated lecture on "Church Architecture." We enjoyed both meetings very much. We are very sorry to lose Dr. Lehmann as a lecturer at the end of this semester. We are happy, however that he will continue to teach us Homiletics. His patience with our humble efforts at sermon writing encourages us to do better.

On Monday, Nov. 18, the seminary students were the guests of the Inter-Synodical Conference for the pastors of the Ev-Lutheran Synod of Canada and the Ontario District, Missouri Synod. The guest speaker was Dr. E. E. Flack, the dean of Hamma Divinity School, Springfield, Ohio. He dealt with "The Lutheran Approach to the Word of God."

During his lecture he brought out these points: The Word of God is primarily the Gospel of Christ. Apart from Christ the Bible has no authority. As God gave the oral message he moved faithful men to record it. The Word of God is a means of grace. The Scriptures are the vehicle of living truth apart from which the Holy Ghost does not operate. The Sacraments are efficacious because of the Word accompanying them. The Church as a living organism in Christ is the sole guardian of the living Word. Hence the Church must be kept pure. The ultimate authority of Scripture rests upon the operation of the Holy Ghost "as he calls, gathers, enlightens and sanctifies the whole Christian Church on earth and preserves it in union with Jesus Christ in the true faith." All Lutheran bodies feel the need of presenting to the world a common front on such matters as "Justification by Faith." The doctrine of a standing or falling Church is "Justification by Faith."

We hope to have the privilege of hearing more lectures of this nature.

We have just learned that the Rev. L. Schaus of Ottawa will be our new professor of the Old Testament. We welcome him to our midst.
A. J. S.

LETTER

Continued From Page 1

At first I thought to remain quite aloof, as the chairs in the beastly bungalow's lecture rooms are readily movable. Imagine my chagrin, old girl, when I discovered that all the lodgers dined at common tables. I was further tried by the assinine prospect of two to a room. All in all old dear, things have been frightfully rugged, or rather, to coin one of their bourgeois phrases, the incidents are sufficient to occasion the decay of one's footwear—or some such silly thing as that. However, Mater dear, a bit of convincing on my part has had a decidedly telling effect. (These masses are so easily swayed.) In the past few weeks I have toiled earnestly in an endeavour to lift these poor dolts to a higher level. I expect to reap my social harvest before Christmas, December 19 to be exact, when the scholars will present the public with an upper class version of la dance, a Junior Prom no less!! Truly Mater the old country would be proud of her son who has done so much to advance her cause.

But to her I say—a Pox be on the Old Country—and to you Mater,—Mother from now on—the same to you if you persist in reviling your so-called peasants. For behold, your son is a true "peasant" now and I'm glad, glad—For the first time in my life I'm beginning to realize that social position is a state of the mind. Now any one can have class if they have a mind to. If you think not, drop in to the district December 18th, and watch a dance promoted by commoners with class, attended by class or cash customers (no difference) and satisfying the classy masses. You won't get lost Maw; you can't miss the place. Its the Highlands and you'll be guided by the light of hundreds of happy hearts as they dance to Davis.

Your loving and dutiful son,
THERWILBY "RUGS" TOCATT

BULL PEN

Continued From Page 6

terest in Badminton. The outcome of the present tournament will probably be out when this Cord comes off the press.

With the passing of Benna Bersch from these hallowed portals, a fine tournament bridge player was lost. Many of his brilliant plays are cherishingly endeared in the minds

of his disciples. His actrafuged methods of "kicking it around" and optimistic bidding being somewhat imitated by Augustine and his "Cheese-more-binding" school of bidding. It sometimes goes amiss, as Baird and Wilhelm will vouch, as they put him 7 down in a one bid.

BY CARLOS

Tea

....The afternoon of the twenty-sixth found most of the co-eds of Waterloo scampering madly out of school and slowing down to a polite trot outside the new Girl's Residence. The goal being a very lovely tea which Miss Marion Axford the

Dean of Women was giving for the very charming Mrs. Ting. Mrs. Ting spoke to the Assembly in the morning on conditions in China following which she spent the day and the next day on the campus and thereabouts speaking in various classes and giving private interviews. The tea was given in honour of Mrs. Ting and gave us all the opportunity to meet her and to be impressed by her graciousness.

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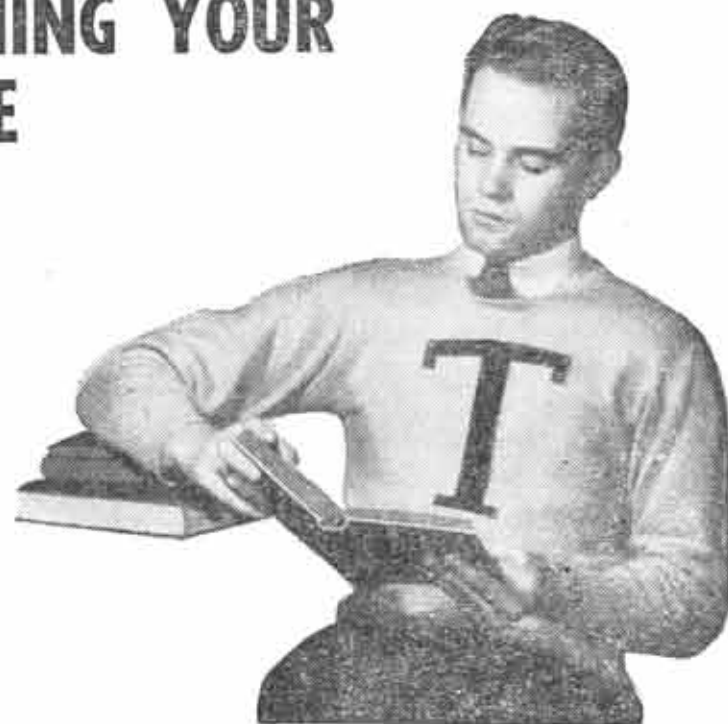
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