

Betz R.

THE COLLEGE CORD

Vol. 22

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No. 3

Our Junior Prom is Smash Success

Women's Auxiliary Is Doing Great Job

resident students, have heard mentioned the name "Women's Auxiliary of Waterloo College and Seminary, and have wondered, no doubt, just what that lengthy name implies. First of all, it might be well to give some information on how the Aux. is organized.

It all began in Feb. of 1913, when Rev. Lincke, the first President of the Evangelical Lutheran Seminary, approached several of our women and suggested the formation of a Women's Auxiliary. You see he realized that the support of the women of the church was necessary if the new enterprise was to be successful. For a period of 18 to 19 years, the same women acted on the Executive of this organization and carried on a wonderfully faithful service. During this time, with the co-operation of the women of the various churches, much was accomplished.

Dormitory rooms were furnished, all the bed clothes were supplied, and they saw to it that they were kept clean and in repair. It was the Ladies' Auxiliary who bought the dishes for the Boarding Club, and who furnished the kitchen. They gave an annual grant to the Science

See "WOMEN'S AUX." Page 6

Fides Dianae Tea Helps Piano Fund

A new organization, a new name, new activities — the newly formed Fides Dianae club of Waterloo College had justly taken its place among the organizations of the college in its first social event, a very successful tea for the parents and friends of the students. The tea incidentally is the first held by the girls in several years and we hope that it will be continued as at least an annual affair.

The object of the tea was to have our parents and friends visit our school and enjoy its geniality and hospitality and a donation from the

See "TEA" Page 7



Ross Morrison, prom treasurer, gives Marge Bryden \$83.00 for memorial piano.

Male Chorus Makes Northern Tour

On December 1st, 1946, the Waterloo Collega Male Chorus, which in case you didn't know, is composed of twenty-five members under the direction of Dr. Leupold, went north. By north in this case we are referring to Chesley, Hanover and a country parish, Normanby.

In all three churches the choir was greeted with capacity congregations. In St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Chesley, the choir received its introduction to the public. Surprisingly enough the chorus outdid itself and sang its three anthems in a very capable manner. Max Putnam's solo was done in his usual exceptional style. For the noon meal the choir members again outdid themselves, this time to nobody's surprise. After their hurried meals the choir left for Normanby township, some twenty-five miles away and presented the same program in the afternoon service. After the service the choir gathered at the parsonage where the choir of the

See "CHORUS" Page 8

Santa Pedals Gifts At Christmas Athy

On a typical winter evening, "rain all over the place," "the Waterlooans" gathered for the annual Christmas Athy. The chairman for the occasion was as usual, the capable Lois Carter.

The big item of the evening was the election of new officers for the executive of the "Athy" for 1947. The outcome was: Jack Bramm, president, "Edie" Merner, vice-president and Lorraine Uffelman, secretary-treasurer.

A group of learned (?) professors gave us an insight into a typical exam conference. If the questions even remotely resemble yours, fellows, we'll all pass out. (We probably will anyway, but thanks a lot for some wonderful laughs).

No Christmas evening would be complete with carols, so "Wally" Donovan led us in some of our favorites.

Ah, and then the big moment had come. Joy, joy! Old St. Nick (in the person of Bob Rock) arrived, very

See "CHRISTMAS ATHY P. 7

Frosh and Sophs Score Again

There charged with romance and excitement, all combined to make Waterloo's first Junior Prom a really spectacular event of this year's and all of Waterloo's past social history. The Freshmen and Sophomores are to be highly congratulated on this affair and through an enormous amount of work and energy they co-operatively put this dance over with the greatest success. I am sure it would not be at all wrong to say that it was the event of the Christmas season, and furthermore that Waterloo has never seen a better example of efficiency at any event. The whole affair was managed perfectly — not a flaw could be found in the result.

But to describe the result — the Highlands on the night of December 18th saw a beautifully attired crowd of college students and their friends arrive at a beautifully-decorated club to spend a wonderful evening in the most friendly and congenial atmosphere ever achieved at a dance we have attended. The decorations were really lovely, huge murals which covered great panels of the walls and gave the Highlands an exciting Yuletide flavour. Jack Bramm and his committee, especially Grace Hall, are to be congratulated on this task. It was outstanding.

In the receiving line at the entrance to the ball room were Dr. and Mrs. H. Lehmann, our president and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. C. Klink, our dean and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Weber, the chairman of the board of directors giving the desired college faculty touch to our dance and lending it a great deal of the desired dignity. We are proud of our faculty and their co-operation and help at every college event. It is certainly appreciated by the students.

The music was supplied by Hal Davis and his Highlanders. Hal, at his regular "spot" seems to outdo himself. The music was lovely and their rendition of our school song

See "JUNIOR PROM" Page 8

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THE COLLEGE CORD

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EDITORIALS

We hope you pause at the front page this edition before turning to the "Static" to find out the dirt about yourself or to the "Cadaver" to read our connoisseur's treatise on women. Read the report of the work which has been done, and is being done by the Ladies' Auxiliary of Waterloo College.

Perhaps some of you did not even know such an organization existed. It operates so smoothly and quietly behind the scenes that nothing is audible or apparent but the results. We students accept these results without knowing whence they come.

We should like to thank the ladies for their interest in us and for their excellent and oft unappreciated service. But this is not enough. Do you students know ladies of the Auxiliary? Make a point of thanking them personally. Thank them for the girls' rooms and the kitchen; for — well, read the newspaper account and find out for yourselves.

The Junior Prom was a smash success. All debit-propheying Seniors may go and bury their heads in English 48 books and pretend they are not listening. We won't list the names of the students on the committees (we'll get you reading that front page yet), but they certainly deserve congratulations.

Go to it, Frosh. There are still a few "impossible" things around the college waiting for your golden touch.

H. D. W.

For several years people have been talking about the post-war expansion programme of Waterloo College. Rumours were flying thick and fast but no one seemed to have any authentic knowledge of what the future plans were. The conjectures varied all the way from simple additions to the building to several new structures which would leave the present one in the background and would involve tearing down houses, buying property and ending up with a landscaped site similar to that of the mother college at London. How much truth there was in any of these reports, we are not prepared to say, but of one fact we are certain: Waterloo College does need to be expanded! The need was present several years ago but until this year it has not been felt seriously.

Probably most of you were as surprised as we were to hear that the college was casting covetous eyes on the property formerly used as a C.W.A.C. camp in Kitchener. We have heard many favourable comments about this site as a good permanent situation for a university.

It is to be hoped that when the plans are finally completed, no matter where the buildings are erected, there will be sufficient funds to allow for the things a growing college should have and which Waterloo College lacks. Included here would be a larger gymnasium, showers and dressing-rooms, an assembly hall (to go with the new piano), a larger chapel (for the first two

weeks of the school year), larger common rooms and, of course, more classrooms.

Unofficially it has been said that the objective for the campaign to begin this spring, will be \$200,000, part of which will come from the city treasury. Although this may sound like a huge sum of money to be raised through donations, we are confident that with Dr. Lehmann as Campaign Chairman, the objective will be reached.

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.

Noel Nostalgia

Put up the holly!
Stow the glitter
The day that "X" marks
Has come and gone!
The house is no longer
All atwitter-----
But the memory lingers on.
Were the presents
Satisfactory
(Christmas ties withstood)?
Or do they rate as
Matter-of-factory,
(Assembly-lined through the neigh-
bourhood)?

To Dr. Potter
Let me say
Christmas was your cue
To request of Santa
A "nice balance,"
You've "striven for it,"
—It's your due.
Ah, Mr. Osborne,
(Civic Soul)
Separating wheat
From chaff by hand
If you didn't ask
For a threshing machine,
Our minds'll be bare
As Sally Ra--
Miss Lazenby,
(You ain't no fool)
If you stuck by
The golden rule
Your demands were met
With a "Child Psychology"
It's "The Lecturer's Last Chance
To Prevent Criminology"
From replacing Woodworth's
Only slightly used texts.
(Either you or the students will be
nervous wrecks.)

And what have we here--
A bound volume of praise
To authors of American lays?
Dear Dr. Klinck,
It warms my heart
To find that you
Have given them part
Of the blessings you heaped
On England's bards.
Where once your sarcasm
Knew no bounds,
You've found it within you to pur-
chase the clowns.
For those that I've missed
No joy ever after
I'll remember one day
And change to hissing your laugh-
ter!

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A Fisherman's Faith

Let wise men search their lofty tomes,
To find the faith of Calvary,
I've searched the wind and asked the sky,
And they have answered me.
Tho' the wise may scoff and fools deride
The simple faith I bear:
They have not seen the ageless depths
Reach up their whitened hands in prayer.
They have not watched the silent tide
Crawl forth at its appointed time,
Or seen the gleaming birth of day at sea,
Or glimpsed its fiery death sublime.
They do not know that Him they seek
Once loved the same things long ago,
The wise seek logic that the mind may grasp,
I sought the faith that simple hearts may know.
And the wise may scoff and fools deride
These simple truths I claim,
But let them live as I have lived,
And then deny His name.

A FRESHMAN.

Sonnet

Fain would I pierce the grim and shadowed veil,
That subtly shrouds the void of great celestial night,
Fain would my mind the infinite deeps assail,
And bare the secrets of omnipotent might.
It is men's fortune to wonder and dream,
Upon those ageless truths now hid from view,
We are but waftings in life's ceaseless stream
To drift at length into that tideless blue.
And men may ceaseless meditate their futile state,
And ponder anon what in those sacred precincts stand,
Beyond this petty span, the hoary arm of fate,
Beckons the weary traveller into Erebus land.
Wrapt in our pensive mood, creeps on the twilight of our day,
E're we have time to live, our empty lives are idly dreamt away.

SANDE BAIRD.

The Way to a Man's Heart

I read an article once
'Twas writ by Dottie Dix
In answer to a letter
From a poor girl in a fix.

This girl wished for a husband
She'd used every trick she knew
But still the men avoided her
Like they'd avoid the 'flu.

Well this poor girl asked Dottie
(And this story's true, I'll vow)
How could she get a husband
And Dottie answered "Chow!"

And taking this advice to heart
I asked a man to dinner
I said it was a business call
('Twas lying like a sinner!)

Well once I had him there dears
I regaled him with my cooking
In hopes that by this method
I could do a little hooking.

I brought in crepes suzettes kids
I whipped up lovely batter
But the only thing that happened
was
That I got slightly fatter.

THE BARONESS

On Questionnaires, An Essay

I like to fill out questionnaires but
I think whoever planned their
spacings was a pixie at heart or a
practical joker.

Take for example the kind of
questionnaire that deals with your
health. There are all those tempting
questions which you'd just love to
answer in full but there's no room
whatever, to do so. There just isn't
room for anything. This is madden-
ing enough to the average person
who just wants to write down
chicken pox, mumps, measles —
with perhaps an additional chatty
paragraph about the time they took
out his tonsils.

It is maddening enough for him
because there's no room for his ton-
sils at all by the time he gets to
them. He is lucky if even his measles
haven't gone straggling off the edge
of the paper. But the picture of
chagrin, the very epitome of en-
raged frustration, is a hypochon-
driac who has spent a lifetime in

medical offices and on hospital op-
erating tables and is now required
to state, "have you ever been treat-
ed by a doctor or surgeon? If to, for
what? Duration? Results? — and is
given one line for his answer.

I have often wondered what a
Tommy Manville does with ques-
tionnaires which say, "give maiden
name of wife or full name of hus-
band." It says this firmly, (for
plural marriages are frowned upon
in questionnaires), and leaves space
for one name. Date and place of
marriage, it adds quickly — clinch-
ing that. And also, "names and birth-
dates of children." You are allow-
ed quite a lot of children. But there
is simply no use talking, you are
only allowed one wife or husband.

Another kind of questionnaire
that asks questions and questions
and has no room for any kind of
sensible answer at all is a general
or biographical questionnaire. This
type insists on knowing where you
were born and it will not give in
until you tell it; there is no use try-
ing to dodge or dissemble.

There is always plenty of room
for this answer. It is also eager to
have you list the schools and col-
leges you went to — providing you
only went to one, and that one
Alma to judge by the spacing pro-
vided. Or Ridley at a pinch. In-
stitutions such as McGill and Wat-
erloo are definitely difficult if not
downright impossible. Anyone wish-
ing to declare that he attended Saint
Andrew's College, for instance or
Moose Jaw High School, or Univer-
sity of Western Ontario at London
Ontario, must just write out a rider
and stick it with glue to the margin
and hope for the best.

As a corollary to the above, the
questionnaire suggests in passing
that you mention the degrees and
honors conferred upon you by your
Alma Mater — but this is man-
ifestly a mere pleasantry, or jolly
little wisecrack, made with the ques-
tionnaires tongue in its cheek. It
knows very well that you didn't get
any, so it wastes no space at all
here (fearing back talk,) but rushes
right along without a pause to the
next question. This says "Have you
any remarks?" It would seem that
I have made mine. I can think of
only one more to add. That would be
"Aw Nuts." AUDREY KRUG.

Use

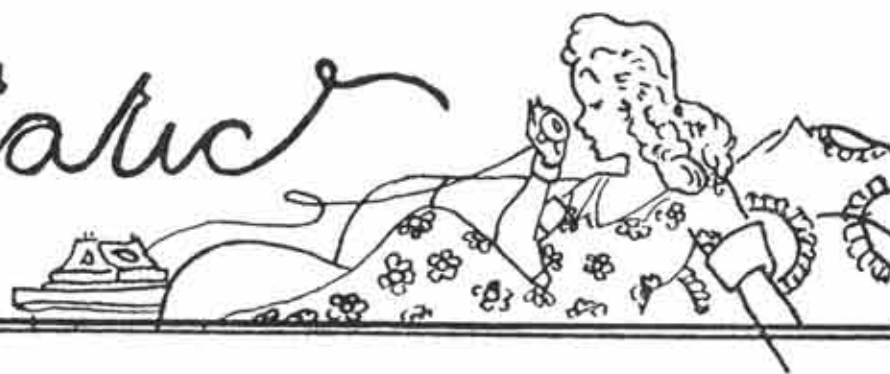
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College Status



Hello again yo' all. A call for Cord copy coming after 2 weeks holidays presents the problem of trying to remember way back to 46. Of course Harry warned us to dig our dirt before the holidays, but that would be shockingly unethical. So we retire to gaze into last year's crystal — and also our new 47 model. And what do we see — hear — guess — fabricate?

Starting way back after last Cord we recall a gay night when all the co-eds donned their gay frocks, borrowed \$3.50 from their mothers to buy a corsage, borrowed \$3.00 from their fathers to buy a ticket, and then phoned one of the College's gay dogs and went to the gayest dance of them all, the Junior Prom. This huge success was not only the first Prom of the College, but rumor has it that there was a superfluous amount of cash collected! Just in case you're wondering where your dividend went to, the money was donated to the worthy cause of buying a new piano. We're sure you all had a good time and are already looking forward to attending the Second Annual Waterloo College Junior Prom.

Congratulations to the old Athenaem Executive which supplied us with many enjoyable evenings. May your successors be as successful. And from the line-up of new names on the executive it looks like they will. All the people who voted Jack Bramm into office are expecting Athies to be held at the Summer Gardens when American bands are featured, or at the cinema on appropriate occasions. . . e.g. . "The Dorsey Brothers."

Memo to Meristophanolia; Better check up on your auspicious boyfriend. Rumors reaching these ears have it that Louis J. was not entirely faithful to you over the festive holidays. For instance Christmas Eve. . . or New Year's Eve. . . eh Louis?

Everyone seems to have had a merry Xmas, but we're willing to bet that no one got a nicer present than Prolific John received at the last Athy. What a party that was!! The "Bitter Thitter" made its debut, and the night also marks the first time Santa arrived on a bicycle and worked at union wages. . . oh yeah . . . the French accent too. Waltzes were the favorites of the night, unfortunately, but the FREE lunch made up for this, quite adequately. Friend Augustine came to the

Junior Prom loaded (keep reading) with ice dice and turned out to be quite a slippery character. As fast as Augie took the ice cubes out of his pocket Carlisle and Carlos put them back. No intense offended Augie.

Seems many of our hale hearty Waterloons brought in the New Year in worthy style. Festivities ranged from shows, dances, house-parties to Luft staying out all night to get a free ride on the trolley-busses. He should also be complimented on the masterly, courageous way in which he raided his piggy-bank to get to the dance. But with the date he had, who wouldn't? That was really a smoky evening, wasn't it, Red?

Taint often people are as lucky as our one and only Dave Shantz when it comes to celebrating. Are you sure those reservations in the Industrial City just happened to be cancelled?

J. "Music Box" Bramm is to be severely reprimanded for the significant omission in his column of the greatest band of them all. The band which has played the best arrangements in the land since 1939. The band which lost its famous, quiet-spoken leader overseas, when the plane he was flying in, disappeared from the face of the earth. Now the band is an orchestra with a 20-man string section and led by one of the best sweet sax men in the business, Tex Beneke. Just for spite Jack probably has the band written up in this issue, but no hard feelings Jack. Your column is one of the best additions to the Cord this year.

The Cord would not be complete without quoting something from the lips of that M.A. man, Professor Osborne. The scene: eccies 20, Dialogue: "We were speaking last year!" oh Sir!!

Johnny O'Connor (or anybody)" I just got a new book on How To Make Love. It's a wonderful book. You just take your girl by the hand look into her eyes, and say, "I love you, Dorothy."

Dale B. "Ah, that's no good. My girl's name is Audrey."

Speaking of Audrey brings us back for a belated look at New Years and a certain "Sentimental Journey" — Ah, yes! The East and January 1st go well together for some people.

FLASH! We now have proof that there is hidden talent in our illustrious institution. The latest find

is a new waltz king in the person of? — of course, Antonio. Congrats, Tony. We feel that the old chestnut "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie" could be very appropriately revived. Too bad the prize contained too many diamonds, but what's three sizes too large in a free pair of sox?

Finally we quote the words of Foran, the wit of the women's residence' on the occasion of her dusting the ice under the very nose of the Dean " Well, I never thought I'd fall for the Dean."

But oh, nough of this stuff, so we say so long, and be seein' you come February — if we're still around, that is.

LOIS AND BOB

Obituary

On January 1st, at 2:30 in the afternoon one of the oldest couples in the Twin Cities passed on to eternal rest or damnation (probably the latter). The deceased were known as Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Streetcar, but at one time or another they were called many different names, depending on how close you got before Mr. or Mrs. pulled away.

When the couple arrived in Kitchener in 1922 from Cleveland, they made history as our first steel cars with centre exit doors. They served the Community faithfully and alone until May 1, 1939, when cross-town busses were introduced. Our departed friends, however, cannot take all the credit for transportation along King Street, because every noon hour they were helped by Mr. Streetcar's mother who came to Kitchener from Preston in 1910.

We can't say the late Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Streetcar will be sadly missed. The new trolley busses are nice, they say, if you ever manage to get on one, I started walking one night, but I got discouraged easily, so, after the fourth one passed I decided it wasn't worth it.

A point made much of is that the new busses are another first for Kitchener in Ontario. But that isn't extremely important. What really counts is this: that cold corner on Albert Street which has shivered generations of Waterloons will no longer play a part in the history of the College. Now we can ride a block closer to the School in comfort, for the same price (I hope).

DONALD F. LUFT



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The Cadaver Speaks

Tidings from the tomb-where it is damper than the windshield of a car in a snowstorm and despite the humidity it was a pleasant Christmas loaded with laughs and expenses. Except for the gruesome reaper, "Examinations," all might remain pleasant despite a big head and little money. But lo, the summer will bring a job, and mazoola to quicken the pulse and replenish those coffers depleted by a yuletide economy.

My bosom comrade, Meristophanalia, has departed to visit her darling mater up in the tundra. I guess she'll be up in Blind River or some other forsaken village for quite a while. It seems she tried to phone but got her nose caught in the telephone dial, and since no one's got a wrench to fit her nose and the telephone men can't get in until after the August thaw she's there to stay. Oh happy day! She gets on my nerves telling me how sweet she is — about as sweet as a glass of straight lime juice.

But so long as Meristophanalia is up with the Eskimoes, where she can chew the blubber without coupons I may as well take this chance to discuss those wistful companions of men — women.

"A woman's a woman for all of that Tall and pretty, ugly or fat In tailored suits of baby blue Sweaters, slacks and bathing suits too, Or you'll find her all adorned in furs Bent on the hunt to make you hers."

This is an excerpt from that poetic

achievement "The Goldigger" by Jonathan P. U. Penscratcher, noted authority on wine and women.

Woman is a strange creature usually found buried under several layers of Max Factor's canned sun-tan. Designed by nature on a graceful curvaceous pattern, this animal proves elusive to some men, more elusive to others. Science has managed to control the atom and classify the worm but since the dawn of history no one has managed to tame the woman while only a few fools have tried to classify her thus setting themselves up like clay pigeons in a shooting gallery. Woman is nature's personification of unpredictability. On occasions she is as sweet and helpless as a spaniel puppy; it takes only a run in her nylons or a broken fingernail to arouse in her a ferocity that puts Gargantua to shame.

Many men have conquered the world only to fall victim to a little blonde wench with come-hither eyes. Let us bow our heads in loving memory of simple Sampson, the brush-cut kid, and Louis XVI who lost his head over a woman. 'Tis said every great man owes his success to a woman who stood behind him (probably with a whip). Methinks he did his great deeds to forget the woman behind him and to meet the ones in front of him. Women are charming, deceitful, demure little creatures steered by a dollar sign, impressed with a maternal instinct to save the world, and on them men gamble and place their trust. Ah, how the dimly lit corridors of time are littered with the huddled forms of shattered lovers and disillusioned men.

The sages from their niches of wisdom say woman is that mysterious and alluring being who hoots and hollers for Frank Sinatra, ignores Bugs Bunny for Van Johnson and favors a strawberry social to a Bowl game. The woman is found foraging through life for a husband and from femme to femme the only rule is "to thy goal, to the devil with the rest" — a rule that makes law of the jungle seem like a minor breach of etiquette.

Classification of women is difficult but some types stand out and

prove very interesting. For instance, there's the gum chewing type, the female who spends her life developing her jaws. Observe her sitting on a trolley bus in the early a.m. cracking gaily on her new daily wad of Specially Springy Spearmint. They used to blow bubbles until one of the chickadees smothered herself when the bubble broke. Closely associated with the cud clacker is the grammar grinder — the dame what don't know how to talk proper English nohow correctly. She ain't just satisfied alone with her gum but it is enamored to mangle to language no little bit somewhat. Both types make delightful dancing companions.

There is the sophisticated type — a deadly female who won't risk her make-up with a smile, and who sips a Martini with the delicacy of a surgeon making an incision at a meeting of the Medical Convention. The sophisticate wears only the most exclusive clothes often travelling to New York for a hat, inverted bannana-split style. Being a connoisseur of the arts and life she is heard discussing such momentous subjects as her latest fling with the Van der Washnots, or how she lost two hundred rasputnikbucks on a palamino filly at Belmont or Saratoga. The sophisticates dine on caviar until they look like the sturgeon; 'tis known these femmes mercenaire can put on more canine than Lassie. If you want to run in her circle, you'd better carry a social register, an edition of Emily Post, a pekinese, a Vogue, and a

wallet stuffed with Government skins.

Another type is the common garden variety of clatteris chatteris — a woman who can make more noise than a cage of Rhemus monkeys scrambling for peanuts. Or she can be found on the north side of a bridge table trying to understand how the Smiths bought a new Sani-boy on a fifty dollar income. Or often she is found in the back seat of a car telling hubby how to drive. The chatterer has the Lounce of a yo-yo, the brains of an amoeba and the popularity of the measles. Long live the chatterer.

The ordinary reader will gather that cadavers are women haters, but contrarily cadavers usually like women except that a woman is much like an elephant; exciting to gaze at but too expensive to own. But even cadavers have opinions about women and so on behalf of these unfortunates, We'd Like More Women — to wear their hair long — to use a brush in putting on their lipstick — to learn more about sports — to wear more becoming and sharper clothes — to have parties — to say thank you when men try to perform small chivalrous acts like opening doors etc. — to use exciting perfumes — to learn to cook — to wear high heels and few coats — to stop putting on the dog and act naturally. Now that we declared our stand toward women and received the bronx cheer or the rhu-barb leaf cluster, so be it.

LOUIS-JOHN

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"Then let us look for
SIGNS OF SPRING
among the new fashions
which, they say, are
now putting in their
appearance on the
QUEEN STREET FLOOR"

SPORTS

The Bull Pen

By Carlos

"Quand le Nickoli dorme, rien ne se passe"

Felicitations of the season to y'all. I know I express the unuttered feelings of all when I say, it's great to be back at school after the boring holidays. Gee Nick, wish you'd keep the little kids off the rink, their little footprints on the snow spoil a perfect picture of undisturbed serenity. It's very artistic.

With the new Waterloo Arena nearing completion, it's likely that it will be available for rink facilities in the future. It's hardly worth while — the expense and bother of putting our own rink in shape, when the Arena time can be obtained so cheaply. The many drawbacks and uncertainties of outdoor rinks hardly make it plausible.

The Athletic Directorate has made many improvements under the new co-ordinator of Athletics, Ed. Devitt. He has introduced several practical ideas which will prove very beneficial to college Athletics. A budget has been set up for the allotment of funds and this is a much-needed step towards a more comprehensive athletic program.

As soon as exams are over, the hockey and basketball teams will renew activities. A league has been formed with McMaster, O.A.C. and Western. The basketball schedule will be opened on Feb. 7 against O. A.C. Games will be played in the Collegiate Gym. Most of the games will be double-headers with ladies' teams from the colleges playing the first game of the twin bill. O.A.C. and Waterloo will also engage in Inter-College Badminton with a team of four, two men and two ladies representing each college.

Verd Yates has put his hockey stalwarts through one practice and after exams will round them into shape. It is generally agreed that these exams disrupt our athletic program terribly and several outspoken "critics of the common-room" have advocated reforms such as "dropping exams altogether — after all which is more important, school or sport." Several of the more extreme leftists have even suggested abolishing lectures. At any rate, we can certainly count on a good brand of hockey from this year's team.

Tribute must here be paid to one of our outstanding athletes at W.C. He has displayed his ability on the Rugby field, the basketball floor, and now on another floor. This chap is "waltz-king" Wilhelm, who copied first prize in the over 190 lbs. division of the Beginners Waltz Class. He displayed fine footwork, good timing and good balance. His partner also was in fine form.

See "BULL PEN" Same Page

Cagettes Organize And Beat London

Once again the dashing Waterloo Cagettes have stepped onto the basketball floor and the badminton courts to bring new fame to their Alma Mater. Many new faces have appeared on the floor to take the place of our "graduated" players. The team has lost the excellent services of Helen Sehl and Janet Lang. Marg Fackoury has left the strenuous (I speak loosely) game to take on the task of assistant referee. Not only has the team lost players, but it also lost its able coach — Prof. McIvor and the Pontiac, to whom we owed our transportation. However, Miss Wittig has gracefully stepped in and taken us in hand. Still with us, we find Hedy Armbruster, Lois Carter and Jo Hollinger (all three aiming hard at the basket) and Nan Wiley, Darlene Duval, Dorothy MacEachern and Gladys Foran guarding our opponents with superb skill. The team enlisted Faith Weber from the Sophomore class and Jean Rhody, Lorraine Uffleman and Jane McGanity (all Freshies) to help the forward line. Jane brought all the sharp-shooting knowledge with her that she learned at K.C.I. We captured Mary Shirk from the championship Alma team — at last we have a tall guard — and Betty Harper, who also hails from K.C.I.

The first game was played against Western at Waterloo on December 17. We showed our mother college how the game should be played, defeating them by a score of 28-5. Hedy Armbruster and Jane McGanity shared the scoring honors, each scoring 8 points. Faith Weber collected 6, Lois Carter getting 4 and Jean Rhody 2. In the badminton play Western shared honors with us in the singles, but Waterloo was victorious in the doubles match.

At present the team is studying and anxiously awaiting the arrival of new uniforms — so come on out, gang, and cheer them on to victory. Your team is red hot.

WOMEN'S AUX.

Continued From Page 1

Department and when the new building was built, they donated a large sum of money to furnish the Chemistry Laboratory and to equip the Gymnasium. The library was increased through the generosity of the Women's Auxiliary; more than \$1000.00 was spent for necessary books. They furnished classrooms and offices. For years they gave an annual grant to the Board of Governors towards the maintenance of the Institution. They served not only in big things but in a multitude of smaller, less conspicuous ways. During this period thousands of dollars were raised and expended on furnishings and equipment for the school as well as the grants to the Board of Governors for maintenance.

In the year 1931, the Auxiliary was re-organized and a Constitution was drawn up and approved by the Board. Since the year 1931, the Institution passed through and weathered those very lean years of the depression. The Auxiliary at that time was willing to do their share in helping defray expenses. Renovating of any kind was unthinkable for some years. During those ten years, the Auxiliary turned over to the Board of Governors, for debt reduction and maintenance, the sum of \$10,000.00.

Since 1941 the Auxiliary launched out on a renovating program and have accomplished much in these last few years. Dormitory rooms were completely redecorated and re-furnished; a new rest room, complete with new shower, was furnished for the girls; the Men's Faculty Room was supplied with furnishings; the Ladies' Faculty Room was tastefully furnished; offices for the President and Dean were equipped with suitable floor covering and furniture; the Boys' Common Room was redecorated; the Reading Room was redecorated and furnished with venetian blinds; the kitchen was completely remodelled, redecorated and new equipment purchased; a suitable root cellar was provided; a vacuum cleaner was purchased; each dormitory room was furnished with a pillow and a wollen blanket.

The Auxiliary was also asked to

assume the responsibility of re-modelling the kitchen in our President's home. They were able to supply the Board with \$500.00 towards this project.

The latest project of course, has been the furnishing of our present Girls' Dormitory. The Auxiliary furnished three double, two single and the Dean of Women's room with comfortable beds, study-tables and chairs, chests of drawers, study lamps, draperies, etc. The living room was also suitably furnished and a minium amount of equipment purchased for the kitchen. Our Girls' Dormitory is a small beginning but definitely a step in the right direction.

While the Women's Auxiliary, does not play an important part in educating our youth, yet we feel they are performing a Martha Service in Kingdom Building and are to be congratulated for the splendid work they have done.

We should like to express our appreciation to Mrs. W. Gillespie, President of the Women's Auxiliary for having supplied us with this report on the activities of the Auxiliary and also for the information she gave concerning its organization.

R. L.

Bull Pen cont'd.

In case this be my last column, I would like to say that it's been great working with all youse folks on the "Cord" staff. My one wish is that I may continue to serve in the New Year. It's been wonderful. I think all the professors up here at the school are wonderful too. They certainly have the welfare of the students at heart. I think every twenty-six credit man has a mighty warm spot in his heart for his understanding instructors. May the New Year bring them Happiness, Contentment, Prosperity and may every one of their students pass successfully. That is my humble wish for our dear professors.

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Alumni Notes

ERIC REBLE

Quite a few months ago, in the spring to be exact, it was announced in the Ingersoll newspaper that Major J. C. Herbert had been unanimously chosen as principal of the Ingersoll Collegiate Institute by the Board of Education.

The newspaper clipping goes on to say, "in resuming his connection with the educational affairs of the town Major Herbert will bridge a

gap of four years during which time he was in military service and served with distinction overseas."

Major John Herbert is a graduate of Waterloo College. He had been teaching at the Ingersoll Collegiate before entering the service. He saw about a year's overseas, joining the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders just after they crossed the Rhine. At the time of his appointment, Major Herbert was at the No. 1 District Depot in London, Ontario, serving as an army counsellor and he says that it "was with a feeling of pride that I interviewed some of the graduates and under-graduates of Waterloo as they passed through this depot on discharge." He also writes that, "I tried to use my influence where possible to direct ex-service men and women seeking further education to the College." I'm sure that we too can feel proud and also grateful that Major Herbert would and did take time out to recommend Waterloo College.

Now for a little information which probably everyone has known long ago — about two of last year's graduates. Janet Lang is in Toronto attending Osgoode Hall. No one would (not that anyone has) doubt Janet's ability to talk persuasively had they heard her speak so charmingly and convincingly on Hawaii in the public speaking contest of 1943. She won a silver medal for that.

Eileen Scott is working at Waterloo Trust and Savings in Kitchener. Eileen is an elusive girl. The writer lives only a block distant from her and he never manages to wait at the bus-stop at the same time as she does.

CHRISTMAS ATHY

Continued From Page 1

appropriately, considering the weather, on a bicycle. He distributed gifts to, ah — deserving (?) members of the college. Johnny Carlisle re-

ceived a big basket with "A Hubba, hubba, hubba, and out popped Dot." "Binny," circulation manager of the Cord, received a boost for his ego, when Santa gave him some letters — all for him too. The Star Weekly was presented to Prof. Osborne, Gee, I bet he can influence "Influence" in his new play — economically, that is.

Barb Eckersly was in charge of refreshments, and very fine they were too. The perfect evening ended with dancing in a darkened gym. Jeepers, we all had a wonderful time, didn't we? It really was a "pukka effort."

*R.A.F. slang for good show.

M.N.N.

TEA

Continued From Page 1

proceeds was to be given to the Memorial fund for a new piano.

Through an amazing amount of co-operation from all the girls a beautiful display of lovely linens, tea services, treasured china and a very delicious assortment of lunch appeared on the day appointed, transforming the gym into a very lovely drawing room where gracious hostesses received and served the hundreds of guests who arrived. At the one end of the gym a long table stretched almost from wall to wall covered with a beautiful cut work banquet cloth, Centering the table were vases of colored water forming a very beautiful and novel centerpiece flanked by high red tapers in silver candelabra. At either end of the table a beautiful silver service was placed from which tea was poured by Mrs. C. Klinck, Mrs. E. Raymond, Mrs. W. D. Evans Miss Emma Schorten, Mrs. B. Kelly and Miss Marion Axford at various hours from three to six o'clock.

Highlighting the tea at various intervals the guests were entertained by the very lovely voices of Kay Sweitzer, Max Putnam and Dorothy MacEachern, and piano selections by Margaret Anne Hoffman and Doug Frank. This talent was a very definite contribution to the success of the tea as many of the guests commented to the hostesses. We are fortunate in our wonderful talent and in their readiness to contribute to college functions. Thanks so much all of you!!

It really gave all the girls a very glowing feeling to see the number of ladies who turned out for the tea and who contributed so generously, and they wish to thank especially those ladies who were unable to attend but very kindly sent their contributions. They were truly appreciated.

The tea was under the general convenorship of Margaret Fackoury with a decoration committee in charge of Peggy Nairn, a contact committee headed by Nan Wiley and a kitchen committee in charge of Faith Weber. The success of the

tea was surely due to the wonderful co-operation of each and every one of the girls. This was a fine example of the spirit of "everyone digging in to help" which is found at our college.

And so the Fides Dianae move on to conquer in other fields — good luck girls and may you have a long and prosperous life in the years to come.

MARG. F. F.

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Your Opinion

This time the question is exclusively for the stronger sex. We thought of asking for New Years resolutions but decided they'd all be broken by the time this reached print. Until we conducted this survey we thought the boys were still modest and the age of chivalry had not passed. The surprise left us speechless.

"Why do people say that you are the smartest-looking fellow in Waterloo College?"

ROBERT ROCK, retiring secretary-treasurer of the Athy: "Probably because I am" (No conceit in his family.)

DALE BECKSTEAD, Williamsburg's contribution to Waterloo: "You're off the beaten track." (Are you just learning now?)

BOB TARBUSH, Sophomore class president: "Why? Do they say that? They're crazy." (I'll not argue, Bob.)

HELMUT BINHAMMER, the Cord's circulation manager: "It must be my personality." (What about your rugby, Binny?)

"BUD" WILEY, needs no other introduction than "Nan's brother": "I have a nice mother." (Seriously Frank, we believe you.)

JONAS BINGEMAN, needs no other introduction: "Women love to be tickled by my moustache." (To use slang, Haw Haw, as they say in France.)

DON LUFT, you can't miss his red hair: "They all believe my mother." (But why does she think so?)

FRED JANKE, a Sophomore, the strong, silent type: "It must be that I have dark rings under my eyes. They think I'm always studying." (We meant the vernacular meaning, Fred.)

BILL GILLER, Sophomore Ath-

letic Directorate representative: "Who said that? I'll remunerate him." (Like to hear it, eh Bill?)

ERIC REBLE, writer of the alumni notes: "Now lookit." (Didn't really believe it, did you Eric?)

ALLAN SANTO, the moustached Freshman: "I shave every morning; that helps." (That's what the man said.)

WOODROW FOELL, second year Business: "What's the joke?" (Your modesty is astounding, Woody.)

HERBERT GASTMEIR, Graduate-to-be in the S.L.E.: "Aw shut up!" (Guess he thought we were kidding.)

LOUIS HINCHBERGER, well everybody knows Louis: "The sharp clothes I wear and the way the people ignore me."

BACHELOR BILL FISHER, rugby player, etc.: "I really haven't given it much consideration. Maybe because Louis Hinchberger lends me his make-up every day."

JOHN "THE LOOK" CARLISLE, rather suspiciously: "If they say that, they're still suffering from a New Years hangover."

IRISH

JUNIOR PROM

Continued From Page 1

was a pleasing addition to which all of the students responded with vigour. We also noticed a lot of ex-students adding their contributions. It was nice to see them there.

A "Grand March" especially suited to a college dance, which was led by Mrs. H. Lehmann, was a lot of fun and our drum majors, Dale Beckstead and Jack Wettlaufer were a very picturesque sight in their colourful red and black outfits. The lovely shimmering skirts of the beautiful evening dresses swung out as the couples went through the intricacies of the march adding to the picturesqueness.

A spot dance which was won by Herb Bertsch and Shirley Hannon and a waltz contest won by Tony "Arthur Murray" Wilhelm and his sister Doris, were two interesting features of the evening. Tony, waltz lessons are being requested from all sides — there is your career son!

The climax of the evening, Doug Frank tells us, was when he pulled the myriads of sheets of music which he just happened to have with him from under the tablecloth, for Hoagy Carmichael's new song "My Christmas Song For You" which we believe has not been previously sung in Canada, and the Glee Club burst into song highlighted by the golden voice of Max Putnam in the solo parts.

And of course we danced — oh that lovely feeling of long swirling skirts and the glamorous appearance of tux and tails. It does things to you.

The people responsible for the

leadership supplied at the dance were the general chairmen, Jack Wettlaufer and Bob Tarbush, Jack Bramm in charge of decorations, Ross Morrison, finance, John Boothby, program, Sandy Baird in charge of publicity and Jonas Bingeman taking care of transportation. They all did their work with the greatest amount of efficiency and turned out a really fine dance. Congratulations fellows!!!

Note to seniors — Really the Highlands is a perfect place for a dance. It has an atmosphere which is superior to anything around here. The tables arranged around the floor, the cabaret dancing gives that luxurious big-city effect that is really swish. What do you say seniors — is it or is it not the ideal spot for our Grad dance — all in favor say aye. The ayes have it.

MARG. F. F.

CHORUS

Continued From Page 1

local congregation played the hosts. The loaded tables at this meal are well described by Mr. Luft in his column. Shortly after this "banquet" the choir left for St. Matthew's,

Hanover, where they sang well despite the limited space in the anatomy which the lungs now occupied.

In addition to the tour to the north the Male Chorus has participated in the broadcast service of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Kitchener, and has also helped in the monthly college broadcast.

From all reports coming from the visited districts, the choir, and as a result the college, gained renewed admiration from the people who heard them. While this is supposed to be a factual summary I cannot help add that this, at least in my opinion, is a most splendid way for the College to win friends and influence people." Male Choruses are infrequent organizations. The number of good singers among the men of the College at the present has hit an all time high. In other words, the time is ripe that we, the students of Waterloo, should take full advantage of this golden opportunity to make John Public sit up and take notice that Waterloo is an up-and-coming young college. In this respect, plans are now in the embryonic stage to do something really "big" to put Waterloo College on the map. You will hear more of this at a later date.

R. B.

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The Music Box

Highlights of the Musical World, 1946. . .

January . . . Woody Herman with his sensational new band copped all honors in swing music poll. Glen Miller's death was declared official. Tex Beneke makes his debut with his Army Air Force Orch.

February . . . Johnny Bothwell, ex-Raeburn tenor man fronts new band . . . Herbie Fields and Ray McKinley, both fresh from the army, also organize.

April . . . Jose Iturbi's daughter commits suicide. Elliot Lawrence takes his leave from WCAU Philadelphia, to begin his climb up the ladder of success.

May . . . Chubby Jackson, bearded bassist, leaves Herman crew . . . Otto Hardwicke, tram man, leaves Duke after 20 years association. Claude Thornhill's new post-war band opened.

August . . . Charlie Barnet breaks up band . . . The Joe Mooney Quartet takes music world by storm . . . Woody Herman records Stravinsky's Ebony Concerto.

October . . . Victor cuts its billionth record . . . Bing Crosby and Glenn Miller led the Decca and Victor most popular all-time lists.

November . . . Artie Shaw marries Kathleen (Amber) Winsor and promptly gets into a mess about her previous divorce . . . Big bands were shuffling. Benny Goodman breaks up ork.

December . . . Les Brown, Woody Herman, Tommy Dorsey all dissolve their orchestras . . . Ziggy Elman rehearses new band . . . "My Xmas Song For You," recorded by Doug Frank and his all-star choir . . . Down Beat picks Ellington as band of the year. Metronome picks Kenton as band of year . . . Billboard finds "The Gypsy" was top pop of 46. Perry Como's "Prisoner of Love" sold most vocal recordings and Frankie Carle recorded and sold most band recordings . . .

This column's own personal poll, found that . . . Stan Kenton was "the" band of the year . . . Elliot Lawrence was most up-and-coming band. Frank Sinatra — best male vocalist. June Christy — best girl vocalist. Art Lund — most up-and-coming vocalist. Disappointment of the year — Duke Ellington.

This and That . . . Rumor has it that big plans are going ahead towards organizing a four man combo at Waterloo next semester. Piano, bass, drums and clarinet will make up the group. Any person who plays guitar would be welcomed.

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JACK BRAMM

Going Places

By DONALD F. LUFT

Well as the butcher said when he backed into the meat-grinder, "Gee, I guess I'm getting a little 'behind' in my work." That is where we stand right now in reporting the fine work done by our College Male Choir in their recent tour of the churches of Hanover, Neustadt, and Chesley. If this wondrous piece of literature ever gets past the censors (Ed. Note — It didn't) and gets printed, I would like to express my thanks and that of the Choir for the wonderful time and food we had while on our sojourn through "them thar parts." Also thanks for the box of sandwiches Wetlaufer managed to wangle for his pal "Bromo."

The only reason this article did not appear in the last issue of the Cord was that no one could get close enough to a table to write it, and, being a light eater myself I guess I was the first one to revive and write down the gory details. I never saw so much food go down in such a glorious defeat in my life. Yes sir, if you want pumpkin pie about one inch high with one and a half inches of real whipped cream on top just join the male chorus on their next trip. It seems that because of so much snow up there at Christmas time some of the families hold the big dinner a number of weeks ahead of time. I walked into one by accident and when we left it sure was a wreck.

Gee I wish the editor would tell you how many words he wants in these literary wonders (wonder if they take it). He just says, "Write the story of the Choir's trip up North." I don't know whether I should keep on or not. Probably half of it will be censored anyway, (Ed. Note — It was) so I'll gas some more. I'd tell you about the big dance we attended (Walter and I) in Chesley on Saturday night, but it seems some of our noble students were at this dance a number of weeks before. When I had the first dance, we talked about different subjects, like "how many potatoes did you get this fall," and, "got any new cows lately." I said "I'm from Kitchener and I attend Waterloo College." The conversation suddenly came to a dead stop. She looked me carefully in the eye and says "oh another one, ha?" and I was left alone. So we won't mention the dance. I think they played every new number there was, but it all sounded like "Rosalie" to me.

I see that I have used up about five hundred words trying to tell you what the Choir did on Sunday and I haven't got around to it yet so I'll end this tale of woe before it gets much further. But if anyone

would like to hear about the Chatsworth Continuation School commencement, or the hanging of storm windows on some other school, or how Walter D. made election speeches for his dad from the City Hall steps in Desborough, or even what the Choir did on Sunday, I'll sure be willing to publish a book. Until then, this is it.

On Snapshots —An Essay

"Watch the birdie." Click. "That's the end of another film." And so with mixed feelings of wonder, hope, anxiety and relief, it is taken to the nearest drugstore to be quickly developed. For the next few days we carry about with us an air of excitement as well as the necessary piece of paper to redeem the "snaps." Finally the day arrives when we can see how poorly we look on snapshots. Now the moment has come! With feverish fingers and high expectations the package is opened.

"Oh! (shriek) Why didn't someone tell me my mouth was open?"

"Look at the putrid picture of me beside the city dump!"

"Percival's hair and ears were really blowing in the wind." And on, and on.

However, the thing that bothers me about the whole matter is why people waste good money, energy, raw materials and time, in order to put on permanent record the queer expression that happened to cross their features at some particular moment. Or overlooking that, why have sixteen pictures of the same face with slight changes in the background (probably the most interesting part of the picture)?

Recently a friend of mine had a film developed which, to judge by his remarks, must have contained some unusually excellent photos. It did. Three didn't turn out. Three were pictures of distant buildings. The other ten were of his girl-friend, but her facial expression varied on every picture. One was a beautiful Pepsodent smile against a background of dead branches. Another was a beautifully-formed evergreen with a gloomy face in the

foreground. What variety! How interesting it will be forty years from now to look on these rare gems and tenderly recall the past.

"Oh look, the branches have no leaves and Grandma has teeth."

"Grandpa must have hit grandma again. She looks like she's going to cry." And on, and on.

Sum up all I have said and you have the average results of a film. A few pictures don't turn out; some are just good enough to make you wonder what you really tried to photograph; one or two, taken of something silly like a house or a car, just to complete the film, turn out excellently; and the others are all of one person or object. But don't be discouraged. Something good can be found in the poorest picture. The opinions expressed above are only snap judgments.

G. E. K.

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Seminary Notes

On Friday evening, December 20th, the Seminary students and their lady friends gathered at Dr. and Mrs. Lehmann's home for a Christmas social. We listened to a recording of Dicken's "A Christmas Carol," and sang Christmas carols while Mr. Eldred Winkler, a former Seminary student, played a portable organ. A delicious lunch was served by Mrs. Lehmann. It was an evening which will be long remembered.

On January 7th Rev. Richey Hogg addressed the Seminary on the topic, "The Inter-Seminary Movement." He traced its history and present status.

On January 8th Rev. Henry Yoder, the religious counsellor for Lutheran students at the University of Michigan, discussed the topic, "Unity in the Church." One of the things deplored by soldiers in the armed forces was the disunity of the Christian Church. Rev. Mr. Yoder showed that functional unity rather than organic church union was the only step which could at present be taken toward co-operation between church bodies. A. S.

Assemblies

Let us look in on the activity which is taking place in a hallway of Waterloo College at nine-thirty on some Tuesday morning. To speak the truth, if it is precisely nine-thirty, there probably won't be much in the way of activity here at all. But let us have patience and wait.

In a few seconds we hear the pitter-patter of little feet charging down stairways and through corridors, finally bringing their owners to the hallway in question. The pattern of action for most students is fairly regular once they reach this meeting-place — a look at the bulletin board, and then a drink at the fountain, and then a decision-making glance into the gym. Here they see the even rows of chairs which Dale Beckstead and his willing Freshmen workers have arranged for the Assembly. Then they shuffle down stairs and take their place.

It might be highly interesting if we could, a la Jim Coleman, catch a glimpse of what goes on in the mind of an average Waterloo College student as he approaches the hall above the gymnasium on a Tuesday morning. And so, tuning in on John Q. Student, we adjust several levers on our highly technical mental wave receiver, and hear the following:

"Ho hum! This English is really a cinch course. I don't see why they couldn't transfer the period to ten o'clock, though. I have a spare, and I could really use that extra hour

in bed. These stairs are really crowded. I wonder why someone doesn't clean that window ledge. Of course I guess it's kind of high.

"There's Carlisle. Look at him grinning all over. I'll pretend I don't see him. Thinks he's smart just because Meeker scored five goals last night.

"Assembly this morning eh? I wonder what's on. It couldn't be very good. I'm not in it. I really should go up to the library and read Cloake. I'm getting behind. Wonder what Leo and the boys are doing. Oh well, I might as well go down to the gym. There goes someone I know. Maybe if I'm lucky I can get a seat beside. . ."

I guess you've heard enough to realize that this student is not the ideal type of student. The ideal type should be eager to attend and enjoy all Assemblies, and if he's not satisfied, he should make suggestions to those in charge.

Our Assemblies should be something to tell our grandchildren about. And with very little in the way of exaggeration, I think we won't easily forget.

Remember that first Soph Assembly. Max Putnam sang a few songs. Doug Frank made astonishingly beautiful music with our poor piano. And then Reuben Baetz taught us our school songs.

Then there was a Frosh Assembly that I can remember quite clearly — Margaret Ann Hoffman at the piano; Betty Harper singing; John Johnston performing amazing feats of magic.

And that Senior Assembly when Nan Wiley introduced the bashful bruisers of our Rugby Team to the students, and Walter Donovan led them in singing some of the old College standbys — remember it?

We had our serious moments too. I think we all will remember Madame Ting and her appeal for the S.C.M. and for the students of China. Captain the Rev. F. G. Stewart, when he told us of "The Common Man's Sacrifice," brought a great message and challenge to us as we remembered our war dead. Andreas Schanke, another S.C.M. speaker, brought us an interesting picture of the life of students in European Universities.

Remember Bill Fisher as "The Highwayman," and Jack Bramm as Bess, the landlord's black-eyed daughter? Perhaps you didn't know it, but Bill's sturdy steed wasn't a real horse at all. Actually it was Harold Gram and Fred Janke in horse camouflage.

Then there was that skit promoting the sale of tickets for the Junior Prom. Luft, Fisher, and Hinchberger were devastatingly alluring as the devoted admirers of one J. Carlisle.

Just before Christmas we had some really good programs. Roy

Donner's "Night Before Christmas" was a pantomime acted out by a few of the characters of the Frosh class. And the Assembly of Dec. 17 was one of the finest yet. It was a trifle unusual in that it looked as if it had been rehearsed. It was. Doug Frank gathered a small choir together and started to teach them a new song of which he had made his own arrangement. "My Christmas Song for You" was the title. Mr. Cleghorn showed a short movie in which Marion Anderson sang "Ave Maria." The singing of Christmas carols and the reading of the Christmas Story by Jack Bramm seemed to make the atmosphere just right. G. H.

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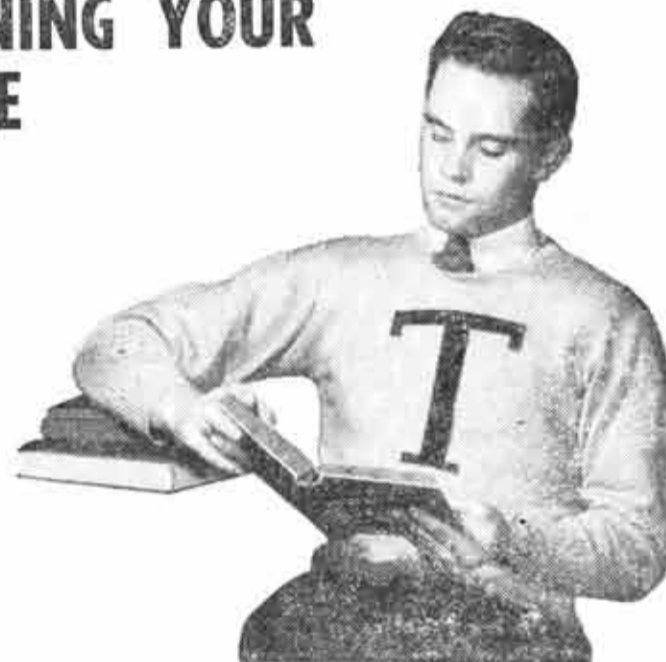
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