



The College Cord



Vol. 7

Waterloo, Ontario

Saturday, February 4, 1933

No. 14

Richard Ruch, '34, New Editor Of The College Cord For 1933

Reporters To Be Chosen In Near Future; One To Be Promoted To Assistant Editor.

Richard Ruch will edit the College Cord and lead the activities of the staff for the ensuing year as a result of the election of the new staff on January 11th. "Dick" first took a position with the staff a year ago when he entered as a reporter. A vacancy in the editorial staff was the cause of Dick's promotion early in the fall. He has since held the position of assistant editor.

At the election the retiring members of the staff submitted their nominations (with suggestions) of the officers for 1933, which with but few exceptions were accepted by the remainder of the staff.

The result of the election was as follows:

Faculty AdvisorDean W. C. Froats
Editor-in-ChiefRichard Ruch
Business Mgr.Harvey Goos
Ass. EditorMiss Audrey Froats
Ass't. EditorMiss E. Klugman
Sports EditorH. Scherbarth
Advertising Mgr.C. Kruepe
Ass't. Advertising Mgr.P. Eydt
Circulation Mgr.Miss W. Obenhack
Ass't. Cir. Mgr.E. Gomann
Head ReporterO. Reble
SecretaryM. Lepisto

The staff has created a new office in the form of head reporter. The head reporter will now make all assignments to the reporters and will thus relieve the editor-in-chief of a great deal of work.

M. Lepisto, who was elected Seminary representative by the Seminary students has been elected secretary of the staff for the ensuing term.

The reportorial staff has not been filled as yet. Applications are being called for at the present time. One of these reporters will be promoted to assistant editorship shortly.

—W—

Local Professor Ill

Mr. O. Ferdinand Bale, assistant professor of Classics at Waterloo College, underwent an operation of a rather serious nature at the Kitchener-Waterloo Hospital several weeks ago. He is recovering favourably and expects to be back to resume his lectures in the near future.

Professor Receives Award

The Reverend H. Henkel, local professor of philosophy, has been awarded a silver medal by the "Deutsche Akademie" of Muenchen, Germany. Professor Henkel received this medal in recognition of his endeavours to further the study of German in Canada. Others to receive this award were the Rev. Father Kierdorf of Winnipeg and H. H. Ewart, principal of the Mennonite School of Gretna, Manitoba.

—W—

Germania Elects It's New Officers

First Meeting of Second Semester Held on February 2nd.

Dr. Schorten was again unanimously elected honorary president of the Germania Verein at the meeting held on January 5.

The other officers elected are as follows: president, H. Scherbarth; vice-president, O. Reble; secretary, E. Dietsche.

A vote of thanks was extended to the retiring officers.

There was a discussion regarding the taking of the picture for the Occidentalia and it was left to the decision of the old and new executives.

The Germania held its first meeting of the second semester on Feb. 2nd.

Following a short business discussion, a short program was given. Miss C. Pullam gave a short humorous reading. E. Schroeder gave a talk on Heine, the German poet, telling of his life, his poetical and prose works and explaining his position among the German writers of the romantic period and the period following. He closed his speech with one of Heine's numerous poems. Hubert Casselman gave a humorous reading and Walter Hamm read the "Klateradatsch", a paper which customarily consist of humorous, satirical and ironical situations. Dr. Schorten passed favorable comments on the program.

A debate will be the major part of the program to be given at the next meeting on February 16th.

Waterloo Material For Occidentalia Complete

All the material for the "Occidentalia" has been collected by the senior class and forwarded to London from whence it will be sent on to the engravers with the rest of the material.

The Waterloo College section will consist of the photos of the entire faculty, messages by the president and dean of the college, a message by the honorary-president of the class, photos and write-ups of the graduates, group pictures of the various societies and athletic organizations, campus shots and a picture of the building.

The Occidentalia will be ready for distribution at the end of April or beginning of May. Although orders already have been taken, those still wishing a copy can get one by notifying the Waterloo College reporter of the Occidentalia. This should be done in the near future. If orders are delayed for any length of time, the price will be considerably higher.

—W—

Co-eds Make Merry

The co-eds opened their social activities of the holiday season, by introducing Santa Claus to the professor's wives and mothers at a Christmas party on Tuesday, December 20, held in the co-ed room.

Miss Hannah M. Haug, Dean of Women, welcomed the guests. The room was decorated in festive colors and a beautifully decorated tree held a prominent position in the girls' room.

Games were enjoyed by the guests and the girls, who entered into the spirit of the day with supreme abandon. While the assembly was joyfully carolling "Jingle Bells", old Chris Kringle entered with his face wreathed in smiles. Patting some of the school-kids on the head, and kissing one little girl, old Santa distributed presents to all those present.

A box lunch was served after Santa had departed. Lottie Pullam was chairman of the party, while Evelyn Klugman headed the lunch committee. Great credit should be given to Marge Cooper, through whose untiring efforts the party proved a success.

F. Doering President Athenaeum Society

Henry Enns Gives Interesting Talk on Conditions in Russia, Past and Present.

The last meeting of the Athenaeum Society for the first semester was held on January 12, 1933.

A lengthy business meeting was held before the program. Changes suggested by the faculty were read and explained by Professor Klinck. These changes were voted upon and the constitution will again return to the faculty for revision.

The list of nominees drawn up by the nominating committee was adopted. The following were elected: President, F. Doering; vice-president, L. Lawson; secretary-treasurer, A. Schlenker. The honorary positions have not yet been definitely decided upon.

Ferris Loth played two numbers on the piano.

Henry Enns gave a talk about Russia, discussing the situation in the past and in the present. He pointed out the future of present-day Russia and its possibilities.

—W—

Fred Ahrens Secures Temporary Position At University Of Maine

Graduated From Waterloo In '28; Studied Abroad.

News has recently been received that Mr. Fred Ahrens, graduate of Waterloo College in '28, has accepted a position with the University of Maine for the second semester of this past academic year.

Mr. Ahrens is well qualified for his appointment as he studied at Columbia University, to secure his M.A. degree, for a period of three years, holding the position of instructor at the same time. From there he went to Germany where he spent considerable time studying at the Universities of Berlin and Heidelberg.

His many friends at Waterloo College wish him the best of success in his new work.

—W—

Gold mining and good men are much alike. The deeper you dig into their value, the more values you are sure to find. Get acquainted with men.

THE COLLEGE CORD

Published biweekly by the students of Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ontario; subscription 75 cents a year, single copies five cents.

Editor-in-chief William C. Nolting, '33
 Business Manager Karl J. Knauff, '33
 Faculty Advisor Dean Willis C. Froats
 Associate Editor, Dorothy Tailby, '33 Advertising Mgr. Harvey Goos, '34
 Ass't. Editor Audrey Froats, '34 Ass't. Adver. Mgr. Clare Kruspe, '35
 Ass't. Editor Richard Ruch, '34 Circulation Mgr. R. Casselman, '33
 Sports Editor H. Scherbarth, '34 Ass't. Cir. Mgr. Otto Reble, '34

REPORTERS

Evelyn Klugman, '35, Winnifred Obenhack, '35
 Ernest Gomann, '35, Paul Eydt, '35.
 Seminary Correspondent, Mathew Lepisto



Have We Succeeded? With the publication of this issue, another milestone has been passed in the history of the College Cord. The publication of the next issue will be in the hands of the newly-elected staff.

Glancing back over our work during the past year, the question naturally arises if or if not we have lived up to our expectations. We shall let others be the judges in this matter; all that we wish to do is give a statement of what we have endeavoured to do. Whether or not we succeeded, others will know better than we.

Since the College Cord is primarily a student publication, we have tried to present articles which were of special interest to the student. Chief among these were student activities and articles, essays, both serious and humorous, written by local students. In our discord column we have tried to present jokes and humorous incidents which actually took place in the halls or class rooms of the College. On the editorial page we have presented our views regarding conditions in the College and on the campus and also regarding general literary and intellectual pursuits. If the letters to the editor were not published, we considered the matter presented too trifling for publication. The literary columns were usually reserved for local talent and for contributions by friends who are taking a great interest in the institution. To keep the public in touch with the activities of the local Seminary we published Seminary notes. In short, we have endeavoured to confine our articles to matters of immediate interest to the student and the many friends whose interest in the institution has been an incentive for them to subscribe to our paper. We leave it to our readers to judge how far we have succeeded in attaining our objective.

We are now handing the responsibilities over to the new staff with the hope that it will continue to work for the interest of the College. We hope that our successors, through this publication, will further strengthen the tie that makes for friendship and support of our institution.

The Business Staff. In the above editorial we have spoken only of the editorial part of the paper. The business managers have done excellent work during the past year, taken into consideration the obstacles which confronted them. The many advertisements which were discontinued were not lost through neglect of their duty but through the necessity of advertisers to cut down on their overhead expenses because of economic conditions brought on by the depression. The advertising manager, also, made efforts to increase the subscriptions. We presume that only the depression is to blame if he did not succeed in getting as many as he wished. The work of these men is to be commended.

Concords

We hope that Professor Bale will soon be well enough to be in our midst again.

The new editor-in-chief, "Dick" Ruch, will soon be looking for new reporters. We wonder if he will encounter difficulties in trying to get the required number; the editors in the past have. It seems that the freshmen do not realize that the College Cord affords a splendid opportunity for literary achievement. One is never as careful and precise with one's writing as when one knows that it is meant for publication. In our opinion the freshmen should vie for a position on the reportorial staff of the Cord instead of trying to shirk it.

Most students were glad when the examinations were over. We doubt if that could be said regarding the seniors. For them it means that there is only one semester left of their college days. We imagine that it was with reluctance that they handed in their last paper of the first semester's examinations, knowing that before long they would be numbered among the alumni and would no longer be partaking of the joys of college days.

There was a grand rush for the bulletin board when the results of the examinations were posted. Some gave a sigh of relief, some a sigh of satisfaction, others—

Winter sports enthusiasts were certainly cheated by the weatherman this season. Apart from several days' skating on Silver Lake, there is practically nothing worth mentioning. Skis, toboggans and snowshoes were of no use whatsoever.

Since this is our final issue, we wish to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have contributed towards the Cord during the past year. We appreciated the interest shown.

Rugby enthusiasts, who padded their arms and shoulders in order to look like he-men, and presented a face that could not be mistaken to be that representing a gorilla's,

Five Years Ago

The Cercle Francais held its initial meeting. Officers in charge of the Society are: Honorary-president, Dr. O. Potter; president, Earle Shelley; vice-president, Rowe Cunningham; secretary-treasurer, Lloyd Schaus.

Lady Foster, wife of the Rt. Hon. Sir George Foster, one of the Canadian delegates at Versailles and the first Canadian representative at the League of Nations, addressed the faculty and students on "The League of Nations."

Dr. H. Rimmer, president of the Research Science Bureau of Los Angeles and curator of the Museum of Natural History of the Kansas State Teachers' College, gave a series of lectures to faculty and students on "The Theory of Evolution."

Carl F. Klinck left for Columbia University, New York City, to pursue his studies toward an M.A. degree.

Second semester Germania elections resulted as follows: Honorary president, Dr. H. Schorten; president, H. Kalbfleisch; vice-president, W. Goos; secretary, L. Schaus; censor, A. Zilliax.

The following officers were elected at the Athenaeum; Honorary president, Rev. S. W. Hirtle; president, G. W. Roberts; vice-president, F. Ahrens; secretary-treasurer, W. Goos; librarian, H. Crouse; censor, A. Herbert.

when the rugby picture was taken, will no doubt be disappointed to hear that the picture will not appear in the Occidentalia. The Athletic Directorate claims to have run short of funds. The same might apply to the basketball team.

One advantage in taking a General Pass course is that one gets one's results of the examinations shortly after the last exam is written. Those who are fortunate or unfortunate enough to be taking honour work, are obliged to wait quite a length of time before they receive their results. But then there is the anticipation.

THE COLLEGE CORD,
 WATERLOO COLLEGE.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find in payment of subscription to "The College Cord" published by-weekly by the students of Waterloo College.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Mail to Bus. Manager.

Price 75 cents a year.

N. H. Letter & Son
FURNITURE DEALER
and
FUNERAL DIRECTOR
WATERLOO

U. R. Next
Soft-water Shampoos.
E. GINGERICH, Barber,
Opposite Post Office
Waterloo

SPECIAL COLLEGE
BOYS' SUITS
\$25.00

Geo. Hoelscher
The Merchant Tailor
Upstairs
65 King St. E. - Phone 1070

Service. Not Salesmanship,
Is Our Motto.

Geo. W. Gordon

Registered Optometrist

Maker of

**GORDON'S
GOOD
GLASSES**

The kind that satisfy.

48 Ontario St. S. - Kitchener
Phone 2777w

SPECIAL DISCOUNT
TO STUDENTS.

You can't be optimistic
with misty optics.

Phone 2905w Evenings by
Appointment

DR. C. E. STOLTZ
DENTIST

33 King St. E. - Kitchener, Ont.
Woolworth Block

College Stationery and
Envelopes.

**COLLEGE SUPPLY
STORE**
Room 303

ALL FOR SELF

Santi Deva, the great Buddhist, saint, declared that what is wrong with the world is that we all make self the centre round which life revolves; that we think for self, and act for self, and live for self. Now, said he, I am going to cast out this self, and put the love of others in its place, will make my life revolve round that, will henceforth think for others, act for others, live for others, making them myself.—A. J. Gossip.

Man Of Metal

(By Graham Campbell)

Russia 1940; a world of inhuman accuracy and precision, land devoid of emotion, a cold forgotten realm where men slaved and died to feed the hungry metal monsters that ruled their lives. The Second Five-Year Plan was in progress and day after night it went marching onwards, gigantic, gruesome, awful, a Plan that crushed the souls out of men and women to drown them in their own stagnant blood. This was the Plan that robbed mothers of their children, the mothers that had stood in the valley of the shadow of death; but Russia came first and the old way was triumphant. No laughter or joy was there but only the countless ranks of the living dead that breathed not knowing why, simply because the Creator willed it.

A harsh metallic bell screamed loudly and Boris Larnog awakened, not to greet the cheery light of day but to wince before the cold blue light that flooded his little cell. There were a thousand such cells in the great stone structure known as The Metal Workers Home and in them nightly slept a thousand men with warped souls and lifeless eyes. Boris Larnog uttered a low gasp of pain. His tired body cried out in protest against another day of work. To his mind came the picture of that cold desolate City of Despair out on the snows where the useless workers were sent to perish by slow starvation. He groaned and struggled into his black clothes that proclaimed him of the Metal Workers' Class. He must keep on till the end of the road even though heartbreak and sorrow lay upon it. For a moment Boris forgot the present and his mind carried him back to his childhood days at home. His eyes dimmed with tears as he thought of —. The vision faded as the metallic ringing of the bell again burst out ordering him to breakfast where, he knew, would be a host of weary men trying in vain to make conversation and to laugh as they had laughed in years gone by. He bowed his head and went his way not showing the pain that was within.

Boris entered the low dining hall and seated himself in that place of which the number coincided with that on his black coat. Two slices of coarse bread and a glass of strong wine were before him. The frail looking little man across the table looked furtively about, slipped his two slices of bread inside his coat, drank his wine at a gulp and prepared to leave. Boris knew that the bread was for his child and he extended a portion of his to the man across the table. The little man ate the bread hungrily and, with tears in his eyes, reached across the table to squeeze the hand of Boris Larnog. Abruptly he released his grip and walked away. Boris wondered if he too had felt the pounding of ma-

chinery and the screaming of sirens coming back to haunt him and lash him on to work.

H.M.S. Dreadnaught Seven ploughed her way ahead in the rolling trough of the North Atlantic, turning up great sheets of greenish water with her prow and churning the sea foamy white with her propellers whilst clouds of black smoke belched from the stacks. Upon the bridge, clad in immaculate white, stood Captain Boris Larnog, native of Russia, enlisted in the services of His Majesty, King George V. Four years of bitter, relentless war passed away and then Boris had returned to Russia to play his part as an invisible cog in the history of his country.

How pathetically different he looked today as he trudged on to work through the snow, hand pressed to an aching side and grey hair blown in the chill wind. Something deep within him told him that his days of toil would soon be over. But now the grey walls of the Metal Workers' Plant frowned down upon him. Slowly he climbed the slippery steps and entered. He made his way to the checking office and submitted his card. The checker examined the card and did not return it, instead he said,

"This is your sixtieth birthday, you will not come again."

Boris shuddered as the City of Despair loomed, bleak and grim before his eyes. He was of no further use to the Masters and now they were going to murder him. Why should he fear death? He was a man of metal, a soulless robot inferior to machinery. Tomorrow he went to the scrap heap. The sound of pounding machines seemed to laugh at him, saying repeatedly, "They are going to murder you. Murder you. Murder you!" Even though death awaited him on the morrow yet must he work today, the plan of Russia must go on.

Boris Larnog watched the whirling wheels before him, huge steel wheels that had been floated into position on human blood, wheels that had become a part of him and pounded in his empty soul. At intervals of twenty seconds he pressed a small red button before him which regulated the heart beat of the metal horde by feeding them with an additional twenty tons of coal. Far below in perpetual darkness were a host of half-naked half-men that were destined to shovel coal into the red maw of a hundred furnaces till death should free their souls. Thump! thump! thump! pounded the glistening pistons. The whistles shrieked and screamed to lash his cringing brain to the edge of that deep dark abyss of insanity. His eyes were dull and haggard lines furrowed his bearded face. Tick! tick! tick! Press the button! All day he watched that clock, counting the seconds as his life dripped away. To-

At The Theatres

... **CAPITOL** ...
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
"Life Begins"
and
"Uptown New York"

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
"Robbers' Roost"
and
"Men Are Such Fools"

... **LYRIC** ...
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Claudette Colbert
Frederic March
"Tonight Is Ours"

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
Paul Muni
in
"I Am a Fugitive
From a Chain Gang"

Hooper's Grill

Opposite the Capitol.

LIGHT LUNCHEES
After Theatre Suppers.

Jones & Thompson, Mgrs.

W. P. FRANK

Jeweler

14 King St. S. - Phone 58
WATERLOO

Watch, Clock and Jewelry
Repairing

morrow he would be sent to the City of Despair. He was tired, terribly tired. The sounds of the racing machinery seemed to blend into some weird symphony of doom that kept chanting, "They are going to murder you! Murder you! Murder you!" Press the button! Tick! tick! tick! "Murder you!" Boris screamed in mental torment as he saw myriad eyes that swam in and out about the roaring machinery, cruel staring eyes that mocked him in his plight. Boris leapt to his feet and cursed the machinery with all his heart.

He laughed madly and pushed the button five times. One hundred tons of coal! That should give the hungry machines something to digest! The wheels whirled drunkenly and the pistons flashed like light. Something snapped and the machinery became berserk in unchained power. Steel tore steel and the crashing and rending of massive metal filled the building. Steam began to hiss from a broken generator and to veil the
(Continued on Page 4)

Dauntless Doughty Dignitaries Drub Dapper Dashing Denizen

"There he goes," cried Bennett, "get him Mahatma."

"He's dead," said Ghandi as he jumped on Bennett's hat, but he had missed him by a mile. "Whee!" he cried as the enemy ran over his foot and his sheet fell to the floor.

Mussolini struck furiously with a broom and broke the handle.

"Gee! I'll get it now."

"Halt! if you are a Nazi," commanded Hitler as the sly enemy marched across the floor on all fours.

"Where is he now? There he is."

"No, he can't be there according to the theory of relativity," said Einstein with great authority.

"I say, pardon me," apologized MacDonald as he stepped on Ghandi's big toe.

DeValera brushed his tuft of hair back from his forehead, rolled up his sleeves and with great fierceness threw a book at the enemy and slew him.

Then they all sat down and laughed. Ghandi laughed too—and his teeth glittered fiercely

"It's only a mouse!"

"I thought it was a Communist or a Jew," gasped Hitler.

"I thought it was an Englishman," snorted DeValera with a fierce grin.

"Come on Mac. and Ben., let's go back to the Round Table Conference," sneered Mahatma.

All the rest left too, and the supposedly dead mouse looked for a hiding-place.

—W—

RESOLUTIONS

Perhaps each and everyone of us has made a resolution, plus a promise that he would reform and make the Golden Rule the norm. The new year and the second sem. are always pretty full of them. Alas! Our wills are weak and small; we do not follow them at all. The New Year's resolutions shot, we pile still others we have made, to veer and rock and then to fade. The smoker's fingers without stain are now as ever brown again. That is the doom of all of those that have been made 'neath Janus' nose. But wait and see what will befall to these here new ones one and all: "I'll study Botany and Math. and never stray from that there path. I want to pass my final test and have a good old summer's rest. French and Hebrew, Latin, Greek are subjects I will always seek to master well for e'er and aye and never fear exams next May. I'll make all A's and not a B—just be patient, wait and see."

—W—

TRUE WORK

All true Work is religion; and whatsoever religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbor.—Carlyle.

MAN OF METAL

(Continued from Page 3)

screaming machinery in obscurity. Boris Larnog ran blindly through the falling metal, stumbling and reeling but always laughing wildly. He heard the shouts of people so with frantic haste he reached a rear door and staggered out into the night and snow.

If he should be caught now it would not be to the City of Despair that he would go but down to the lightless coal fields where stinging lashes drove the unfortunates to killing work. Cautiously he crept along the shadowed streets and fear clawed his heart when he heard the metallic voice of a speaker proclaim to the world, "Get Boris Larnog, Metal Worker 3522. Bring him before the Rulers!" Just ahead was the Building of Forgetfulness where the workers smoked the poppy petal and for a few brief hours drifted to a new world, a world of happiness and pleasure. He would defy the Rulers, tonight he would live indeed. His side ached as he rushed into the towering stone building. Into an elevator he rushed and was soon speeding upwards at sickening rate. No, he would not chance being trapped in any of the great marble halls. We would go to the roof. Again he sped upwards. Boris Larnog staggered onto the moonlit roof and walked drunkenly to the edge from where he could see the blue lights shining coldly. The night was cold and clear and Boris drank great gulps of the fresh air into his lungs.

He looked up into the starlit heavens and two songs fought for possession of his soul. He tottered on the brink of the roof and passed his hand over his face. Gradually the harsh screaming of machinery was engulfed and consumed by the sweet song of serenity and peace that had throbbled in his heart of old. His eyes shone with tears, his grey hair ruffed in the wind and his soul was born again. His mind went back over years, back to one night before the war. Dark, liquid eyes and a bed of violets came to his tired mind. She, gentle thing of loveliness had been crushed by the iron shod heel of Russia and her soul had fled to paradise. A voice cleaved his most inner being and caused gentle love to surge and swell within him.

"Remember, Boris, I'll be waiting and praying for you—fill—eternity."

Till eternity. Not long to wait now. His shrunken body shuddered with emotion. He thought only of a pair of fathomless dark eyes and tender lips and of the dear girl that had waited till—eternity.

He sprawled forwards, hurtled through space and struck the pavements far below, a pitiful little bundle of man. A crowd assembled about him without emotion. Yes, he was a metal worker, in truth a man of metal. In his open eyes shone a light that seemed strange to them

The Waterloo Trust & Savings Co.

4% On Deposit

KITCHENER - GALT - WATERLOO - PRESTON

BOOST EMPIRE TRADE

Burn

Welsh Anthracite

For Furnaces and Blowers.

Sold by

KITCHENER COAL COMPANY

217 - Phones - 2463

"OUR COAL MAKES WARM FRIENDS"

WATERLOO COLLEGE

(An affiliated College of the University of Western Ontario)

REV. F. B. CLAUSEN, D.D.—President.

PROF. W. C. FROATS, M.A., B. Paed.—Dean of the College.

PROF. R. J. E. HIRTLE, M.Sc.—Registrar.

PROF. HANNAH M. HAUG, M.A.—Dean of the Women.

REV. C. H. LITTLE, D.D., S.T.D.—Bursar.

Waterloo College offers (a) A General Arts Course leading to Pass B.A. degree (b) Honor Courses leading to the degree of Honor B.A., and Specialist's Standing. (c) Courses to M.A. (d) Courses for Students with Theology in view. (e) Courses preparing Middle and Upper School students in Greek, German, etc., for Provincial Departmental Examinations. (f) Extra mural assistance in German, Greek, Latin, etc. The College offers each year summer sessions of 7 weeks doing regular college work; examinations for credits.

The Men's Residence is under the direction of Prof. H. Schorten, D.D.

Waterloo College Graduates are found (1) Teaching in the High Schools and Collegiates of the Province of Ontario. (2) Studying in Osgoode Hall. (3) Training for High School Teachers. (4) In our Seminary. (5) In the Ministry throughout Canada and the United States. (6) Pursuing Graduate work leading to Ph. D. degree in Universities abroad. (7) Pursuing Post Seminary work for B.D. degrees.

For information, please write the College Dean or College Registrar, Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ontario.

but they said nothing. No longer did the scream of machinery lash his soul in torment. No longer could the cruel hand of the Masters crush his soul.

For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,

And his lifeless body lay

A worn-out fetter, that the soul

Had broken and thrown away!

—W—

MISSING THE POINT

It is often a positive duty to cultivate an incapacity to see and to hear. For here is such a thing as seeing and hearing a great deal too much; and we make ourselves and others miserable when we do this.

There are unkind things, for example said to us or about us, evidences of others' dislike or antagonism, or—what is harder to bear—their indifference to us, or their desire to snub or humiliate us; and when any of these things come within our range of sight or hearing, we are

very likely to devote ourselves to the disagreeable aspects of the case with considerable intensity. That is because self—wounded, suffering, indignant or angry self—is allowed to take control of us just then and give back "as good as we got"—which always means worse than we got. Then follow bitterness and heart-burning, indeed.

The only safe way at such a time is to strive to be blind or deaf. Self must be roughly treated to accomplish this; crushed, ignored, trampled under foot, killed. Only when we ourselves thus treat self can we learn the art of not seeing and not hearing: to be so indifferent to the word or act that hurts, that an on-looker would suppose, if watching our face, that we had quite missed the point of what was said or done. The self-mastery that will not see or hear an affront is possible only to one who is Christ-mastered. All enemies are helpless against one who thus insists on missing the point.

:: SPORTS ::

Wrestling Becomes Favourite Pastime

"Mac" Ault Ably Fills Position As Promoter Of Bouts.

Wrestling has become a popular sport throughout the whole continent and is bound to rise to higher heights. The interest shown in this sport well illustrates that it is on a par with, if not surpassing, many of the other sports.

Wrestling, according to statements of many sport promoters, takes second place in the realm of physical development. Practically every muscle in the man's body is developed and that to a high degree. In Canada as in the U.S.A., it has been seen that a great many of the professional wrestlers were former football stars. These wrestlers usually specialize in that famous flying-tackle. It takes a good man to play football; it takes a good man to wrestle. But can the wrestler play football? Well, he would be of some use to a team.

Some of the students at Waterloo College have realized these facts and wrestling is now fast becoming their major winter sport. Their style may at times be far from that of amateur wrestling, but it is by no means professional. M. F. Ault, in his capable capacity as promoter, has given his fans some interesting bouts. He has kept the sport within the bounds of fairly clean wrestling. He has the bouts fairly evenly matched and has given them unbiased referees.

Inexperience of the enthusiasts may at times give the spectators something to laugh about. The participants biting their own toes, or giving themselves the good old "tying-mare," applying the hammerlock on their own arms or getting a scissor on their own heads, may all look foolish to the spectators. But how were they to know; they thought they had their opponents in their clutches.

These ambitious young men will

Sport Comment

Boxing has taken a prominent part in the sports of a few of our enthusiasts. Almost any Saturday afternoon we can see fists flying down in the gymnasium. There are some real good bouts.

We have plenty of rough sports now. How about digging up those badminton birds and getting down to a finer sport? Those rackets haven't been used for months.

With the beginning of the new semester the co-ed P.T. classes began with a new instructor. Miss Charlotte Pullam will lead the class in their activities for the coming semester. She takes over the duties of Miss Helen Willison, who was supervisor of the class during the first term.

The parallel-bar and mat teams are again occupied in practices for the coming event, the Physical Training display. Let's have some co-operation.

The basketball game called for Saturday evening has been cancelled. The game was to have been against Huron College at the local Y.M.C.A.

—W—

First Semester Lectures Stopped January 14th

Honour Students Still To Hear Results Of Examinations.

Lectures were discontinued at the College on Saturday, Jan. 14th. The first semester examinations began the following Monday, Jan. 16th and continued till Saturday, the 28th. Registration for the second semester took place on the morning of Wednesday, February 1st and lectures for the second semester began in the afternoon of the same day. Although the Pass students have received the results of their examinations, the Honour students are obliged to wait till their results are returned from London.

not be kept down; regardless of the many comments about them. Stiff necks, mat-burns and sore muscles are all in the game. They are watched with anticipation. Some day they may come forth as another Earl McCready or a Frank Spears.

WANT OF COURAGE

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making the first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great length in the career of fame.

The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risk and adjusting chance. It all did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousin, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends that he has no more time left to follow their advice.

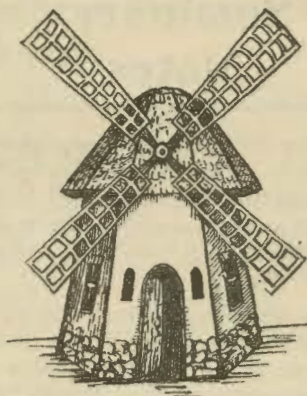
There is so little time for over-squeamishness at present the opportunity slips away; the very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.—Sydney Smith.

—M—

FAULT FINDING

The fault-finding discontented individual is a perpetual cloud, constantly coming between us and the sun, we all try to give him or her a wide berth, for there is no more disagreeable companion; but perhaps most of all he is his own worst enemy, and so long as he wears the crooked spectacles of dissatisfaction he will see everything and everybody distorted, and the only thing on earth that is right or does right is himself, for the simple reason that himself he cannot see. He gets no happiness out of God's beautiful world; all things are either too long or too short; there is no satisfying the fault-finder. Are you inclined to put on these spectacles? Then don't. Some are born with them, others begin to put them on in fits of ill-temper, but beware how you put them on, they have a knack of stopping and it requires a severe wrench to remove them. I never yet knew a fault-finder to be a loveable person.—M. K.

The Finest in Cakes and Bread.



YE OLDE WINDMILL BAKERY

Phone 999 - Waterloo

For Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Silverware

and

High Class Jewellery

Try

ALF. HELLER

Queen St. S. Walper Block Kitchener

NEW SUITS
NEW OVERCOATS
NEW HATS, CAPS
And Furnishings
For Young Men

L. R. Detenbeck
"THE MEN'S SHOP"

MacCALLUM'S

82 King West
Kitchener's Sport Store
Spalding's
and other good lines.

Sporting Goods
Hockey
Golf
Baseball
Track
Badminton
Tennis
Softball
Basketball
Swimming
Fishing
Rugby

WESTWORTH
Radio & Auto Supply Co. Limited
155 - 159 King St. West
Kitchener

C
Capling's
Clothes for Dad and Lad.

Try our College Specials
SUITS \$12.90 & \$17.90
O'COATS & TOPCOATS
\$10.90 & \$14.90

Newest Ties 55c. Fine Shirts \$1
WE ALLOW 10% OFF
126 King W. Kitchener
Next to Lyric Theatre.

Seminary Notes

Bishop Derstine, the pastor of the Mennonite Church of Kitchener, addressed the Seminarians on January 9th at their semi-monthly meeting. His subject was "The Lodge Question."

This question had been discussed at a previous meeting of the Theologs, but by the recommendation of the program committee, Bishop Derstine was asked to speak on the subject in order to give the ministerial prospects an outsider's viewpoint on a question that is very vital today, and is undermining our church organizations and leading to an inevitable ruin.

Bishop Derstine, who is well known as a forceful speaker and for his convictions on the question of Lodges, spoke very convincingly, denouncing the Lodges as organizations opposed to Christianity and based on pagan ideals and pagan societies. He did, however, admit that there was something good in the lodges, but that does not justify them, for their detriment to Christianity and the church completely offsets any good there might chance to be in them.

He said, Lodges claim to be religious organizations. That may be, but what is their religion? The word religion does not refer to the Christian religion alone, but includes the beliefs and worship of all different races of man on earth. Religion is a general term, therefore, the claim of the Lodges that they are religious organizations does not infer that they are Christian organizations. Judging by their ritual, their customs, and by what they stand for, they are much closer to the pagan religions than to Christianity. Since many Lodges have excluded Jesus Christ and worship a different god from the God of Revelation, it is utterly impossible for a Christian to be true to his God and the god of the Lodge at the same time.

The speaker claimed the Lodges are a parasite on the church and on the government, that they tamper with government and courts, draw people away from church and shatter the very foundations of the church with their lies and false oaths; that they also revive the old cast system and are more of a liability than an asset to society.

The whole Lodge Question, said the speaker, can be summed up in the following words: a Christian, to be true to his God and to himself, cannot afford to expose himself to the degradation that Lodges cause in its members. He owes it to the God of Revelation, from whom all blessings flow, to devote his time and energies to Him alone and not to the demigod of the Lodges.

English Vesper services will be held on Wednesday and Friday evenings of each week, to displace the usual German Vespers. This change was brought about by a number of the students requesting that this change be made for the reason that, while German vespers are hardly ever used in our churches, English Vespers are used quite regularly. Therefore, it is necessary that we acquaint ourselves with them already at College. Another reason is that, as there are so many students who do not understand the German language, it is but fair that occasional English Vespers be held.

We have heard some comments by some of the students concerning this change, but we hope that all objections will soon be dispensed with. Chapel services have a definite place in the life of a school. They keep the spark of Christianity aglow and give each and every one a change for his daily devotions. If one were to ask some older people, who have attended a Christian institution, what occasions in their college days do they recall most vividly, one would be surprised to hear many of them say, the chapel services. In later life one looks back to those daily occasions of worship. Begin your day with prayer and worship, and end it the same way, and it will surprise you how your heaviest burdens are made much lighter.

Microscopic Evidence

This issue of the "Cord" finds Armin Martin Schlenker's career, habits and eccentricities under the omnipotent, omniscient microscope. Heaven help the poor individual!

Armin Schlenker was born in September, 1905 in Zuffenhausen, Wurttemberg, Germany; lived in the land of William Tell for three years (Did not, however, shoot any apples); then, came to Canada in 1914, living at Quebec for a year and a half. It was here that Schlenker developed his aggressive temperament due to the influence of Wolfe and Montcalm. It is rumored that even at this early age Armin had extremely radical philosophical ideas. Schlenker reasoned that a little boy could attain greater prominence if he screamed at night instead of during the daytime. It is probable therefore that many of Schlenker's migrations were enforced.

Tired of being buffeted around big cities by people who did not understand his philosophy, Schlenker packed his bags, and moved to the Metropolis of Bridgeport, which lies in the peaceful Grand River Valley. Here this noted savant, embryo-preacher, would-be philosopher and world-renowned chemist, now resides in perfect bliss—at least he dwelt a life of peace and quiet until about three years ago. You guessed

it!—a woman. Whether the Grand River Valley now possesses fond or sad memories for Armin is a matter of metaphysical speculation unsuited to a biography of this nature.

Several years ago Schlenker made some astounding discoveries in the Waterloo College Chemistry laboratories. All this occurred after he had received two science prizes while attending the College School. Schlenker, to the astonishment of the masterminds of scientific endeavour at the College, discovered that when cold water and hot glass are brought together, there is a chemical reaction which has disastrous effects upon the glass. The only difficulty encountered by Schlenker in his experiments was the fact that Pipex test-tubes and Florence flasks are quite expensive—another astonishing discover. And how! Et comment! Et quo modo! Y como!

But Herr von Schlenker missed his calling. He should have been a radio artist and capitalized his famous laugh, comparable to that of Ed Wynn "The Texaco Fire-chief". These outbursts generally reach the acme of perfection during philosophy lectures. On one occasion, however, the lesser philosophers gave Armin the "hoss laff" when he stated "1588 was Hobbes birthday", to which the professor replied "a pretty long birthday, Mr. Schlenker".

Schlenker thinks that Locke's classification of substances is all wrong, and that it should be thus: 1. God; 2. spiritual substances; 3. material substances; and 4. Armin Martin Schlenker (this Locke omits). What a man! Egotistic?—Oh no! Just a great philosopher.

It has been reported that Schlenker, following a meeting of the graduating class, counted the number of

(Continued on Page 8)

SHOE REPAIRING

When your shoes need attention it will pay you to stop at
EDWIN HOUSE Shoe Repair
 27 Erb St. W. - Opposite Town Hall - Phone 941

TRY THE BERDUX MEAT MARKET

CHOICE FRESH AND CURED MEATS
 If a clean market, clean market products, choicest of quality and right prices appeal to you, then buy your meat at our market.
 34 King St. North - Phone 513 - Waterloo, Ont.

PEARL LAUNDRY

DRY CLEANERS & DYERS
 "A Mother's Care with All You Wear"
 90 Queen St. South - Kitchener
 Phone 4100

R. E. HAHN

Superior Chain Grocer
 SERVICE - QUALITY
 Phone 1100 - WATERLOO - 37 King St. N.

W. H. E. SCHMALZ

ARCHITECT
 129 King St. W. - Phone
 Kitchener - 1904

MEMBER
 Ontario Association of
 Architects
 Royal Architectural Institute
 of Canada

DOERSAM'S

Bookstore
 SCHOOL SUPPLIES
 Loose Leaf Books
 All Sizes.

Phone 252 - Waterloo

DEVITT'S

DRUG STORE
 And Soda Fountain

Opposite Post Office.
 Phone 990 - Waterloo

KABEL'S

COLLEGE CLOTHES
 FOR COLLEGE MEN

(Special Discount Allowed)
 78 King St. W. - Kitchener

PRAYER FOR A STUDENT

The supreme prayer of my heart is not to be learned, rich, famous, powerful, or good, but simply to be radiant. I desire to radiate health, cheerfulness, calm courage and goodwill. I wish to live without hate, whim, jealousy, envy, fear.

—W—
 Patronize College Cord Advertisers.

Literary News

BOOK REVIEW

(By Clara Bernhardt)

"THREE TITANS"

By Emil Ludwig

Three Titans—three immortals who attained the highest heights, and ploughed the bottommost depths in the realm of human experience. This is their story, sympathetically but never sentimentally portrayed by the eminent biographer, Emil Ludwig. Michael Angelo, Rembrandt and Beethoven were closely akin in character, and as a result their fates were similar. Misanthropical, suspicious and enigmatical, these three geniuses strove throughout their lives for that which they could not acquire; the Italian sculptor for power, the Dutch artist for luxury, and the German composer for love. At some period, each was declared mad by his fellow men, and each died practically penniless.

All three of these men were physically unlovely, and worshipped beauty with the white heat fire known only to those who have been denied a quality within themselves. Although he was handsome as a lad, Angelo had his nose broken as a direct result of his arrogance. This disfigured him badly, and he carried the mark to his grave at the age of 89. In later years, he had the discernment to realize that his ugliness had helped him to rise above himself—for it is true that a classic profile or bewitching dimples receive favors from life, that a receding forehead or a vanishing jaw, know nothing of. Rembrandt's countenance testified to the voluptuous life he lead, as the years passed and penury persistently pursued him, it became more bloated and lined. Beethoven too, was overlooked when the fairy dispensed beauty; for he was a stocky, pock marked little man with a belligerent brow above small eyes.

Italy was in a chaotic political state during the sixteenth century, when Michael Angelo chiselled his marvellous figures on the precious slabs of marble he was put to so much trouble to procure. As a boy, he was brought up in the palace of his patron, Lorenzo, of the reigning Mediceis. When the Florentine nobleman's house fell, Angelo went to Rome, where he received his first commission from the Pope, then Julius the second. Devoid of awe of rank or wealth, the fiery Italian did not hesitate to quarrel with the pope when their opinions of art differed, as they often did. Throughout his life, Angelo was at loggerheads with the people who commissioned him, for they dared to have ideas about the art of which he was master. Like Beethoven, he never married,

RECOLLECTIONS

A little shaver trots with a quick incessant patter in the path alongside of a pair of striding legs that just now form the most tangible portion of a certain well-known personage who is a mighty inexhaustible authority on all things.

All about clouds he knows, and turtles,

And skipping stones on the river, and muskrats,

And building fires, and catching snakes

So one may hold them by the tail,

And he can find

Heavy slippery clams and shiny clam-shells

Can pick up crabs and not get pinched, big long crabs

That swim up backwards underneath the stones,

Can trap wee minnows with his hands,

And then he puts them in the springs along the bank—

They are pretty to watch there, prying through the cress,

And he can pull long wriggley things Out of the shiny brook, trout,

And they are nice and cold to touch When they stop squirming so one may hold them,

And they have beautiful colours all over them,

And he knows where the wild strawberries grow,

And the black cherry trees, and the tall Juneberry bushes

That are all full of sweet blue berries,

He can swim away across the river And carry me away across on his back

To the yellow willow trees in the gravel there,

In the lagoon there he catches mud-puppies

Which one doesn't dare to touch, they look so ugly,

Because they have whiskers just like the cat-fish there,

One doesn't dare to wade there in the lagoon—

The water is all black, Only he isn't afraid to wade there,

He isn't afraid to do anything,

—Julius S. Neff.

and is known to have associated intimately with only one woman, Vittoria Colonna, a widowed poetess. He did, however, have strong attachments for more than one youth who was as shallow as he was physically perfect. There is detailed information about the figures he executed for various tombs and cathedrals, and a human picture of the old man approaching eighty, mounted on a scaffold in St. Peter's plying his art with deft hands.

The Dutch painter was born at the beginning of the seventeenth cen-

University of Western Ontario

LONDON, CANADA

ARTS - MEDICINE - PUBLIC HEALTH

WATERLOO COLLEGE IS AFFILIATED.

Courses leading to the degrees of B.A., B.Sc. (in Nursing), M.A., M.Sc., LL.B., M.D., D.P.H.

General Courses in Arts with liberal choice of electives in all years.

General Course in Secretarial Science.

General Course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science in Nursing (B.Sc.)

Six-year Course in Medicine.

For entrance to the above Courses at least Complete Pass Junior Matriculation is required.

Honor Courses in Arts leading to Ontario Specialist Certificates, including new course for Commercial Specialists.

Honor Course in Business Administration.

Honor Course in Science and Medicine combined.

For entrance to these three groups of Courses Pass Junior Matriculation and Honor Matriculation in four subjects are required.

One-year Course in Public Health for graduates in Medicine (D.P.H.)

One-year Courses in Public Health for graduate nurses.

While preference is given to students who are residents of the University constituency, i.e., the fourteen counties of Western Ontario, it is wise to ask for reservations, pending complete registration, as early as possible. Many more applications are received each year than can be accepted.

Numerous Matriculation and Undergraduate Scholarships are offered.

A wide and interesting programme of physical education and athletics is provided.

For Regular Course, Summer School and Extramural and Extension Department announcements and information, write

K. P. R. NEVILLE, Ph.D. - Registrar

H. J. GIFFORD

PORTRAIT AND COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

TWIN CITY LAUNDRY

Cleaners and Dyers

Phones:

Kitchener 2372 - Waterloo 499

Dr. S. Eckel

Dentist

King St. S. - Waterloo

Bank of Montreal Bldg.

Phone 174

ture, at Leyden, a town on the Rhine. His father was a miller. In his early twenties, Rembrandt went to Amsterdam where he fast won prominence through portrait painting, fell in love and married a wealthy noblewoman, Saskia von Ulenburgh. For fourteen years she served as model and wife, and then the unhappy woman died. Rembrandt had the faculty of destroying the woman he loved, for the same fate befell the sixteen year old peasant girl, Hendrikje Stoffels, whom the law refused to recognize as his wife. Unlike the luxurious years with Saskia, their life together was financially scanty, and when she died, the debt harassed painter had to sell his first wife's grave to bury her. Spurned now, by those who had feted him in his affluent days, the sardonical beggar died in Amsterdam, his only possession an illegitimate daughter who faithfully tended him.

But it is the life of Ludwig Van Beethoven that is most moving. Born with an affectionate sociable nature, and an overwhelming passion for

music, it was doubly hard for Beethoven when his personal relationships were unhappy, and when the great tragedy of deafness overtook him at a comparatively early age. He was inordinately sensitive of his debility, and isolated himself from society, becoming taciturn, morose and suspicious. The circle he had moved in

(Continued on Page 8)

And Now All This

And Now All This. By W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman. Illustrations by John Reynolds. 120 pp., London: Methuen & Co.

(By William Hitchins)

The Messrs. Sellar and Yeatman, who, the reader is assured in a mystery postscript appended to their latest book, are real persons and not mere nom de plumage, created something like a masterpiece in their "1066 and All That". "And Now All This," which is announced as Vol. I of the Hole Pocket Treasury of Absolutely General Knowledge, is an attempt to capitalize on the outstanding success of the parody history of England. The result is a medley of really humorous, half-humorous, and simply ridiculous dissertations upon such subjects as geography, knitting, mythology, ornithology, and golliwology. The book is not consistently amusing but for one chapter that provokes nothing more than a feeling of approaching insanity, there is always another that relieves the reader by sending him into an hysteria of laughter.

The first section, which deals with the art of cooking, contains little food for thought but there are some dainty little recipes designed, if not to appease the appetite, at least to leave the critical soul quite "fed up". For instance, the menu for Tuesday is Tangerine Tour de Force which is made in this way: "Order a crate of tangerines. Make a hole in crate. Swallow hole". If that is not so easy to digest, some advice on Polar Exploration might be acceptable. The authors tell us that there are "various kinds of painful polar ice, such as hummock ice (which holds explorers up for days), hammock ice (which lets them down at nights) and the dangerous stomach ice (which causes the frozen waists on which so many explorers perish)". That may leave the reader cold but, in the words of the writers, "worse hardships are in store."

In a most delightful chapter on Archipelagoes and All Those, the authors reveal the great secret of Geography. "The secret is that without Geography you would be quite lost: you wouldn't know where you were, or whether you were a native or British, or where the nearest mangrove swamp was, or anything; you wouldn't even be sure whether you lived on an alluvial plain or not!" After this introduction, Sellar and Yeatman proceed to teach astounding facts about geography the like of which cannot be found even in Van Loon's recent and picturesque volume. Consider such spicy bits of information as the following: "The globe is an Obsolete Spheroid, and, as Senior Geography Mistresses so wisely insist, it's Geography, not Love, that makes the world go round"; an isthmus is "a bit of

The William Hogg Coal Co. Ltd.

SOLVAY COKE	::	PETROLEUM COKE
D. L. & W. "Blue Coal"		Imperial Fuel Oil
SCOTCH ANTHRACITE	::	WELSH BLOWER

— Phones —

KITCHENER 57	WATERLOO 250
--------------	--------------

Phone 260 Waterloo, Ont.

CONRAD BROS.

Hardware, Plumbing, Heating, Fancy and Ordinary Chinaware
Dinner Sets a Specialty.
Estimates for Hot Water, Steam or Warm Air Heating cheerfully given.

land that juts into two other bits of land"; glaciers are "huge rivers of ice that come rushing down from the mountain-tops at the rate of two inches a year and engulf whole villages during the night; and a hemisphere is "any one half of the earth which has been led astray from any other half or for any other reason has got jugged on to the opposite page of the Atlas."

The article on Knitting (or Wooly) is hilarious; in fact, the reader is likely to get a stitch in the side from laughing and may even lose the thread of the story. There are some lovely illustrations of the surprising results that may be obtained by frenzied knitting; these include a white endless comforter (the type the soldiers at the Front used to receive), a pull-over for a dromedary, and a golf ensemble for an octopus. The advanced students are taught how to knit a ten-foot sock. This is how the heel is turned:

"Cast off 2 plain;
Cast them on again;
Now is the critical moment. Look carefully about you:
It's no good casting off purl before swine.
If all is well, cast off one purl.
Look again;
Cast off purl rapidly in all directions.
Breathe again.
After this, it's all plain knitting, therefore—
Drip one, drop one, Drop the sock . . ."

Under the heading of Conceivable Countries, the authors tell us something of the life and customs of countries sufficiently typical to be classified as General Knowledge. For instance, they found that "there is no generally known difference between China and Japan, except, of course, Manchuria; that Tibet has deliberately refused to have any Geography at all (Bravo) and that Persia and Arabia are just one vast inscrutable Nomad's Land containing all the sand you can't find at Brighton." They also find "that there is now no hope of scrutinising Russia in the old way (viz.

steppe by steppe) and Russian Geography has therefore been, quite rightly, suspended altogether until it becomes safe to scrutinise it again."

There are many interesting remarks about birds. One short extract will show what the pun can be at its worst: "As for birds' eggs, they are all ovoid, i.e. egg-shaped, which is fairly consoling; and as a consequence all birds are avoid, i.e. bird-shaped. (These scientific terms are unavoidable). It follows inevitably that there are no square eggs since there are no square birds to lay them (jolly bad luck)."

In short, as the quotations may, or may not, have shown, "And Now All This" is a highly amusing little book. If anyone fails to find humour in it, he is to be pitied. Nonsense has its place in the life of even the sophisticated university graduate, as Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll have demonstrated. A parody on history of literature or science is an excellent refuge when text-books become insufferably boring. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Sellar and Yeatman will complete their encyclopaedia of General Knowledge and that future volumes will conform to the high standard set by "1066 and All That" and the best parts of "And Now All This."

—Western Gazette

—W—

BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from Page 7)

prior to this, had been Viennese cultured society, where he met, admired and was repulsed by more than one titled gentwoman. If Beethoven had fallen in love with a woman of the people with simpler tastes and a more sympathetic heart, his story might have been a different one. But he led a womanless, erratic existence, struggling with slattern domestics, eating badly cooked, irregular meals if he ate at all, and moving in a vast realm of loneliness.

Into his music, the deaf musician was able to translate all that was unrealized in his own life, and because of his very solitary condition, his

Discords

Bing: "You're the eighth wonder of the world."

Sue: "Don't you let me catch you with any of the other seven."

English Prof.: "Surely, Mr. Doering, you know the King's English!"

Doering: "Of course I do. I've never thought of him as anything else."

After hearing that the Egyptian pyramids are covered with millions of hieroglyphics, Neeb has decided to go to Egypt to sell insect exterminator.

First Prof.: "What are you reading?"

Second Prof. (marking exam papers): "Words! Words!"

Graham: "What the difference between funny and comical?"

Skelton: "Perhaps you'll understand if I tell you that you are funny most of the time but comical all the time."

Mueller, while driving his car over icy pavement, lost control and turned over in the ditch. He called the nearest garage.

"Hello," he said, "I've turned turtle. Can you do anything for me?"

"I'm afraid not," came the feminine reply. "You've got the wrong number. What you want is the zoo."

—W—

MICROSCOPIC EVIDENCE

(Continued from Page 6)

photographs he was going to hand out for Christmas presents. Thus he counted: "One for her, one for her, and one for her." With this he departed. A few minutes later he returned "in a great sweat" and added "and one for HER." Wouldn't that have made even King Solomon blush with shame?

To summarize, Schlenker is a fine student, of even temperament (except when angry), of quiet disposition (except when ruffled), an ambitious and diligent worker and last but not least a lover of "Die Geschichte der Philosophie".

work was more great. There he could express the thousands of ideas and emotions for which there was no receptive, friendly ear. His finest scores were composed after he became deaf, and it is one of those things in life that make you wonder, when you realize that Beethoven never heard his magnificent Pastoral symphony, for instance, except in his own mind. Lack of medical attention and faulty diagnosis hastened his death in 1827.

Emil Ludwig has done a real service in interpreting the "Three Titans." Though more than their share of hardship and suffering was theirs during life, their work is a lasting monument, centuries after-ward.