


# The College Cord



January, 1936

State-Socialism



Saturday Night



Athenæum Miracle

# University of Western Ontario

London - Ontario

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# The College Cord

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JANUARY, 1936

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The death of

## GEORGE V

By the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India.



# Editorial

## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Editor:

It is regrettable that the article entitled "Are Wars Morally Justified?" appeared in the November issue of the *College Cord* under editorial approval. The author of the article may hold whatever opinion he chooses, for the principle of academic freedom tolerates almost anything. But this author should not be allowed to print anything he desires, unless the editor makes it clear that his paper and the group he represents do not accept this author as their spokesman. This is precisely the point of our disagreement with the author of the article and the reason why we regret that his words ever appeared in the *Cord*.

It may safely be affirmed that the opinions expressed in "Are Wars Morally Justified?" vary greatly from the opinions held by most of the Seminarians and by all of the students of Waterloo College. One could go so far as to say that not one of the College students—we include the editor also—that not one agrees with the author of the article in what he says and implies in defence of war, Naziism, Fascism, and the aggressive nationalism of those nations who now threaten the peace of Europe.

That there is something to be said for the Italians and for the Germans few of us will deny. But most of us are also able to realize what must be said for Ethiopia and for those intended victims who stand in the way of Hitler's formidable and elastic "honour". Moreover, there are none of us so narrow that we will permit the position of the peace-makers of Europe, to-day, Britain, France and the League of Nations, to be branded as "idiotic". Britain, France and the League, mistaken though they may sometimes be, are "idiotic" only in the eyes of those who are attempting at the present time to justify the wars of the dictators. The students of Waterloo College, I am convinced, do not want to be associated with un-British and undemocratic doctrine.

Carl F. Klinck.

This last editorial of mine, I must confess, is the hardest of any of my effusions to write. Not that tears are blinding my eyes, in fact I suspect that that may be

the reason why I am having difficulty. To be honest, I would like to give vent to a very loud shout of joy and relief.

The editorship of the *Cord* is largely a very thankless task, at least any thanks that one does receive happens to present itself in a very intangible form. Then one is always plagued by the thought that the whole thing really does not amount to a row of pins. Anything that one says, not pertaining to the School and its policy, is simply disregarded and dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders, accompanied by a quiet smile and the tolerant words, "Oh, well! He's only a student!"

On the other hand, if one ventures to pick up enough courage to say anything really critical, not burying it beneath a mass of allegory, stern authority steps in, blackly frowns upon you, and says in a sepulchral tone, "None of that, my boy, else we will suspend your publication". Yes, an editor of a College publication is really twice trapped—once before and once behind. If one attempts to become international, one is accused of being undemocratic. If one becomes too local, one is advised to broaden out a bit. Perhaps the best policy is simply to toady.

I hope you do not think that I am so simple as to believe that all this really matters a great deal. I know that in ten years or so I'll pick up these *Cords* that I've had the honor to edit, and say, "Well, Doctor, you certainly were adolescent in them thar days."

I do hope that the next editor won't make the mistake of trying to run the *Cord* all by himself, because it has been learned from bitter experience that such a policy isn't exactly wise. Don't you see that in such a case the editor has no one upon whom to place the burden of responsibility for his errors? Perhaps in exceptional cases he may blame his Board of Revision, but they, in reality, accept no responsibility, because they are members of the Faculty, and the Faculty has outlawed the *Cord*, at least from a monetary point of view. I do hope that the next editor will see to it that he has someone handy to act as a goat in cases of necessity. Of course, if he toadies, such a course of action won't be necessary.

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# Saturday Night

Eric Reed

It was Saturday night. Bill Powers paced the floor of his room in the two-story lodging house. He was restless. Not that he expected the phone to ring before ten, because it never did. Bill had dressed at supper time. It was near ten now. Finally he flung himself on the bed and reached for a cigarette. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in."

"Say Bill, want to go out to Woodland?"

"Why, what's up, Jim?"

"Special orchestra to-night, got a whole car full outside, you remember Charlie and Art, Jean's there too, need another guy, how about comin' along out, ought to have a smart time?"

"No thanks Jim, I'm waiting for a call at ten. Have a cigarette?"

"Thanks." They lit up.

"Punchin' a time clock eh? And who's the skirt?"

"Vera—Vera Broadley. Met her last summer. Works in a department store down in the city, sells hats."

"H-a-t-s?" Jim raised his left eyebrow.

"Yes, HATS!" Bill glared.

"Sorry, old man, didn't mean a thing. Going to be a smart dance, hate to see you miss out on it." Jim shrugged his shoulders. "But I suppose if you are—" "Say, why not bring Vera along? We'll pack you in somewhere?"

"Thanks a lot, but it's impossible. You see Vera works in the city, isn't out 'till ten, and it takes forty minutes for that trolley to get up here."

"So what?"

"So then I go to meet her."

"And—"

"We have a ham sandwich in the Lunch, if it's too late to do anything, then we go home."

The car honked in the street below.

"Must be going now. I'll be seein' yuh." Jim was away. But the door reopened enough to admit Jim's grinning countenance.

"Let me know when the wedding comes off, I want—" Bil threw his shoe horn at the slammed door. "The-son-of-a-gun".

Jim was down the stairs and out the door. Between the parted curtains Bill saw

him dive into the car. But not without a hooked thumb gesture and a nod toward the house. Bill knew Jim well enough to know what that meant.

"So Bill Powers is a sap, Bill Powers is goofy over ONE dame." Bill murmured as the car left the curb. And as the curtain dropped from his hand Bill felt his neck.

He didn't like to leave the gang flat like that. After all, he did have some good times with Jim and the crowd. It was Jim that had welcomed him two years before when he was a stranger. It was Jim who had said, "Come along with my crowd, I'll fix it." And Jim always did fix it.

Lounging back on his pillow Bill pictured the road at Woodland winding down slowly through the grove of lofty elms. The soft lights glowing among the trees, the throb of saxaphones, the beat of drums and the happy laughter mingling with the soft sighing of the night wind in the trees. He saw the Moorish villa gleaming white before him with its spiraled staircase leading to the balcony above; out in front, the orchestra mirrored on the polished floor. It would be beautiful dancing beneath the stars to the sophisticated rhythms of the orchestra, circling about the fountains in the middle of the floor, the rising cairn of stones, while the fountain played down over the rocks of the lily pond below.

He thought of all the old sights—the crooners with their patronizing smiles, the dazzling arc lamps, the mirroring reflections. How happy everyone would be there! So young and full of life. How he would love to—

The phone rang. It was ten o'clock. Bill sprang to his feet and hurried down two flights to answer.

"Hello—Bill, yes."

"I'm leaving now."

"Yes, dear."

It was Vera.

The confusion of the downtown department store at closing time all but shut out her small voice.

Bill put the receiver down with a sigh. He huddled into his coat, jerked up his tie, and was out the door and down the steps. He walked slowly to the end of the little street where he turned down the main avenue.

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# Athenaeum Miracle

C. F. Klinck

A number of cynical students have been heard to remark over their books in the profound "silence" of the library: "Perhaps we are missing something in not going to the Athenaeum. The society is showing signs of life." Such an evidence of enthusiasm is unprecedented. It appears that we were growing too pessimistic about the good old Athenaeum. Now the Editor comes bubbling along, happy about the "new deal" in Athenaeum programs. **Mirabile dictu**, the society seems to have become news.

A miracle has been performed; the dead, or at least the dying, has been restored to life. But, like most miracles, this one can be explained as an unexpected fulfilment of natural laws. The law in this case is of the simplest.

The law is this: When an organization devotes itself whole-heartedly to the purposes for which it was founded, it will prosper.

Had we forgotten the objects of the society? That "we" stands for most of us. Had we forgotten that the Athenaeum "shall call forth and give expression to the efforts of its members in the various departments of the humanities, the arts and the sciences. It shall aim at the **highest standard** of literary, scholarly and cultural achievement."

Had we forgotten that a program must be planned for in advance, that nothing worth-while can be accomplished without wise selection and careful preparation?

Had we forgotten that no student organization can flourish unless it is directed, inspired and made to function by the students themselves? Had we misunderstood the purposes of those who made the constitution of 1924 provide for an Honorary President, who should be merely honorary, and of those who made the revised constitution of 1932 provide for a Faculty Adviser who should be merely an adviser?

The Athenaeum has not been without excellent programs in the past. The efforts of conscientious officers of recent years has paved the way for what may be called the triumph of the semester now ended. Never until now have we seen such a sustained series of programs worthy of a college society. Never have so many students been given opportunities to cultivate their

abilities in such a variety of ways. Never has the Athenaeum so completely lived up to the purposes for which it was founded.

The miracle was performed by an executive of students who dedicated themselves to the objects of the society, who laid their plans carefully and who took upon their own shoulders the responsibility for turning those plans into action. The names of Ziegler, Montgomery, Oliver and of Schaus, a graduate, will go down in the roll of honor at Waterloo. May their tribe increase!

—W—

## Editorial

(Continued from Page 2)

I also hope that the next editor won't be so bold as to again change the make-up of the Cord. In that case, he certainly will have those at his throat who are keeping the Cord in nicely bound volumes. Let him also beware that he does not further decrease the number of Cords published, else his subscribers and advertisers will surely strangle him.

Above all, let him not take the Cord too seriously, even if there are about four hundred dollars involved. After all, the Cord is really only a student publication, reflecting student opinions, and in ten years all this tripe will be thankfully forgotten.

But I must say in justice that the Cord has had a very successful year. Strange to say, we have managed to wipe out all debts incurred in our year, and there is no doubt that we will be able to wipe out some of the debt incurred by several former staffs, a debt which they have kindly left for us to assume, at least morally. This monetary success I attribute to the kindness of the Chronicle, an aggressive advertising campaign, and reduced expenditures. Our play has also had an extremely successful presentation and reception. The splendid co-operation of my staff has as well been highly gratifying.

The Cord feels especially indebted to the Chronicle. Not only has the Chronicle carried our debt for years, but it still continues to trust us. It produces the Cord at cost price, not because that's good business tactics, but because of pure generosity.

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# New Year's Resolutions

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Peggy Conrad

The editor asks for something on New Year's Resolutions. That must be the subject. What it all should be about is rather difficult to say, since I have just picked up my pen. However this is a beginning. Let us only hope that there will be an ending.

New Year's Resolutions! I've made them but I don't remember ever keeping them. But then that is the customary thing as far as I have been able to make out. New Year's Resolutions, like cups, are made to be broken. And so I—in a very superior manner, of course, and when everyone else with fervent determination is thinking of turning over a new leaf—I merely say loftily:

"I never make any resolutions. They are only made to be broken."

New Year's eve has never inspired me with any particular awe and reverence. It has always seemed a night to be regretted with many a deep yawn the next day. Twelve o'clock, the futile hour itself strikes. The Company one is in goes wild. So does the radio. Various whistles and bells wake up the dogs who believe the world is surely at an end and justify this belief by throaty barks interspersed with thin howls. The boy next door has a gun and uses it.

Thursday, Jan. 1st, the New Year, when all of those weighty decisions must begin to be put into practise, is howled, yelled, shot, indeed, ushered in with a bang. Somehow this has never seemed a good start for the clean page one hears so much about. A lot of noise! Such an empty beginning! There is nothing in that which inspires one to a high ideal.

The 31st of December—a cold night, snowy with a stiff wind and a moon, pale behind moving clouds. We had wondered how to celebrate it, for of course the New Year must be celebrated. We struck upon the happy idea of a cutter-ride. The farmer thought us crazy. But the horse was a willing one. Jimmie he was called. He had to be held in, he was so eager to go. Bundled up in many layers of clothing and blankets, we flew along the country roads. The farmhouses were all dark and the wind sang rather a weird accompaniment to our talk.

Otherwise, no sound except the dull pound of the horse's hoofs, the dim moon, the only light. The wind made us hide our faces in the fur of our coats. Then the New Year, in the midst of all this silence, came.

"And a New Year's Resolution! What is yours?"

The familiar reply of "I never make any", rose to my lips from sheer habit. Somehow it didn't come out, so I remained silent.

"Mine is . . ." and a glowing account of the hopes and ambitions of one person, given with a sincerity of voice and gesture, followed. Here was a resolution that would be kept.

Such utter determination is catching. I suddenly felt in myself so many contrary ideas struggling for eminence, so many deep emotions unable to find relief in actual words, so many hopes and desires in the picture of what might be in a future, unknown, yet able to be fashioned by me. The thought of that unknown future, its possibilities, my life, all depending upon what I did—surely the future was worth an effort.

What should I resolve to do? I was in such a state of mind that anything seemed possible. My mind, so unsettled, was unable to express itself. Perhaps tomorrow I might know more clearly what resolution to make, for suddenly I felt ambitious for something!

We turned Jimmie homeward, and back we went through the deep stillness, early in the morning of Jan. 1st—the New Year.

It was strange how a good sleep, a hearty breakfast and common every-day affairs seem to chill the hasty decision of a yesterday. For when I sat down to consider what resolution might be best, I began looking at things in a saner light. My old prejudice sprang up anew with greater force. My conservative nature forbade any revolutionary change in my ideas. The old refrain stuck. Resolutions are made to be broken, hence I shall make none!

The editor has something on New Year's Resolutions. Just what it all is, is difficult to fathom. But this is the ending to which we have so patiently been looking. We are glad that there is an ending!

# State - Socialism

By Arthur E. Kaspereit

Out of the inability of leading circles of ancient Rome to work creatively, out of their effeminacy and demoralization, their desire for riches and high living, arose the Roman conception of the state; paid officials in a centralized state were charged with the responsibility of state-administration which formerly had been in the hands of free men in a well-balanced self-administration. In the Roman Empire developed the army of state—and private slaves who all could be bribed in the end. Gangs of slaves formed parties which gave the cause for the continual civil war between Optimates and Plebeians. Army leaders offered their services to the quarreling parties and so fought their own countrymen. The slave-rebellion under Spartacus (73-71 B.C.) was the culmination of that trend. The once so powerful Roman Empire never recovered from these happenings; it fell to pieces and finally disappeared. Not even that new conception of state could check the decline.

The Roman conception of a state found its way to Northern Europe by the way of Gaul (France). Instead of the free lords—leaders by birth—their subjects placed themselves into the foreground and as the lords had become too weak, due to luxury, excessive living, etc., the former soon reigned supreme.

The French Revolution did away with the rest of such petty rulers who had become a public nuisance. The idea of a centralized state with professional officials laid its hold upon Europe. In England and Germany matters went on quite alright for a few more decades; this was due to the fact that the men—material taken for the service to the state were selected from circles which still guaranteed justice, order and incorruptability. The state offered its officials an elevated position, pensions and other comforts of which the working classes did not know anything; but the price was bitter: it cost liberty and personal responsibility.

Now the state-official came to the foreground as the supervisor of his fellowmen. The transition from an agricultural to an industrial and commercial state necessitated an extraordinary augmentation in the number of officials, more administrative

offices and a steadily continuing centralization.

Finally the state became an organ which interfered with all vital questions of the people; the number of laws increased constantly and thus the citizens were deprived of their liberty and thus also of creative power. Conditions became hard to survey. Industry and commerce went their own ways, overpopulation and political rivalries could not be checked by the state to an extent which guaranteed the welfare of the people as a whole.

Such conditions naturally caused constant frictions which necessitated more laws. State-administration became a structure which for its upkeep demanded heavy sacrifices on the part of the individual. These expenses caused further taxation and thus more officials. These enormous armies of officials on the other hand necessitated supervision and control. Frauds of officials, mistaken laws, and unlawful actions on the part of administrative offices prove that. It was furthermore necessary to restrict the political liberty of officials as historical facts prove. Thus the officials, supposed to be custodians of the people's liberty, suppressors of state-enemies and peace disturbers, had become suppressed themselves. But the state, their employer, the ministers of the ruling parties, hardly knew anymore how to meet the expenses caused by their executive organs. Economy is forced to look for dubious solutions in order to continue its work. But the state, formed to supervise their extremes, must retreat before economy, for the powerful capitalists have become financial supporters of the state which now by its constant need of money, has made concessions and thus become dependent upon the financiers. No more is the state able to avert social damages and needs of the people. No more can tariff-walls save the farmers, the army of unemployed grows and all the time it becomes harder to feed the starving masses. The demoralization of the people by press and movies can not be checked, for if this were done, the financiers—having invested their money in these undertakings—would stop their credit to the state.

The state, no matter if monarchy or republic, which develops these forms of ad-

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## College Notes . . .

Germania had its semi-annual meeting on Thursday, Dec. 12th. The newly-elected officers are as follows: Hon. President, Dr. H. Schorten; president, Miss Ruth Weichel; vice-president, Miss Margaret Conrad; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Martin Stockman.

There was a short Christmas program and a few games to complete the evening.

Since through various circumstances, the French Circle could find no available night for its regular meeting, the December meeting was confined to a short business discussion at the close of the Germania.

Thursday, Dec. 19th, the Juniors presented the third act of "The Barrets of Wimpole Street", as their production in the dramatic contest which the Athenaeum is sponsoring. Mr. Fred Dreger, president of the Little Theatre Group of Kitchener, gave the report of the judges, who awarded the prize to the Junior play in preference to that of the Seniors, "A Portrait of a Gentleman in Slippers". Following the program the semi-annual election of officers took place, and the following were elected: Hon. President, Mr. Norman Berner; Faculty adviser, Prof. C. F. Klinck; president, Miss Ruth Johnston; vice-president, Miss Lyla Pirak; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Wilton Ernst.

The social spirit which has been in evidence among the Co-eds all fall, blossomed into a full-fledged banquet and party on on Tuesday, Dec. 17th. The girls divided the labors of the evening, the Seniors looking after the banquet, the Juniors the decorations, the Sophomores the exchange of gifts—yes, there were gifts, a Santa Claus and everything—and the Freshies were in charge of the games.

Under the capable direction of Miss Mary Tait a movement was started for the re-decoration of the girls' room. To raise funds for this purpose a bridge party was held on Saturday, Dec. 28th—and judging from the appearance of the girls' room, the party was most successful. Congratulations are certainly due to Miss Tait and those who helped her.

Friday, Dec 13th, the girls' basketball team played the team of Brescia Hall in London, and won the game, 21-4. The next Wednesday, the 18th, they played Western's "B" team, and won 28-24.

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Waterloo College basketball team played its first Central Ontario Amateur Basketball Association game, January 11, in the Kitchener Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. The game was played with the Stratford team with a score at the end of the game of 31-24 in favor of the visiting team. Galt has entered a third team in this league.

Waterloo College will play its next game in Stratford on January 29.

The College play, "Hayfever", will be presented under the auspices of the nurses of the K.-W. Hospital in the Collegiate auditorium on the night of February 7th. The cast will present the play on February 6 to the patients of the Freeport Sanatorium.

— W —

## Seminary Notes . .

At their regular meeting on Thursday, Dec. 5th, the Seminarians had the good fortune of having the Rev J. Schmieder present an address on "American Lutheran Hymnody". After a brief introduction in which he sketched the subject of hymnology from Reformation times, the pastor traced the development of the hymn in America, pointing out that it is only of late that the Lutherans are coming into the rich heritage that is theirs, and that previous to this they were content to use the hymns of other denominations. He ended with a plea to the Seminarians to make a greater study of the Church hymn and Church music. At the close of the meeting the speaker presented a copy of the Common Service Book with music, which fell by lot to A. Christensen.

No further meeting of the Seminary Class was held during the month of December. The meeting, scheduled for Thursday, Dec. 19th, which was to take the form of a question box, was postponed till a later date.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank President and Mrs. Clausen for the delightful evening spent at their home on Wednesday, Dec. 18th, when the Seminarians were their guests at the annual Christmas banquet.

Through the kindness of the Rev. A. G. Jacobi, the Cossman-Hayunga Missionary Society was permitted to hold a service at the new house-church on the corner of King and Green streets. The service

held there on the evening of Sunday, Jan. 5th, was in charge of K. Knauff. One of the objects of this society is to make our people more missionary-minded, to make them realize that

"This hast Thou done for me,  
What have I done for Thee,  
Thou Crucified?"

During the holiday season Student Strand was engaged in mission work among the Scandinavian Lutherans in Kipling, Ont. Mr. Strand reports that, although the Lutherans in that district have been sorely neglected for a number of years, very few of our Lutheran people have joined the ranks of the other denominations. We hope that he met with every success in his recent work in that community.

—W—  
**Editorial**

(Continued from Page 4)

sity. The co-operation of the staff of the Chronicle with the Editor has been absolutely splendid, and the quality of work produced only excellent. We thank you, Gentlemen of the Chronicle.

Reduced expenditures have been effected by practically cutting the Cord in half. This was done, not to cheat our subscribers or advertisers, but because the Cord simply had to cut down, if it hoped to ever wipe out its debt.

To my staff I owe a special tribute. Whenever there was need for absolute co-operation, the staff was there "with the goods". Whatever success the Cord may have had, is largely due to its efforts.

I would also like to take this opportunity of thanking the advertisers for their patronage, realizing that such patronage is largely a measure of good-will, for which we owe you double thanks.

To anyone else who has in any way helped us along the stoney road, we extend grateful thanks.

I wish to extend my best wishes to the next editor and his staff. While I don't envy him, I wish him the best of luck and much success.

—W—  
In a four month tour of Europe, Hungary was found to be the only country where corn was served on the cob.

—W—  
Raccoon coats cover a multitude of sons.

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## **Saturday Night**

(Concluded from Page 3)

"Rather a dull evening ahead." Bill was beginning to wonder. He was beginning to have doubts about this same thing over and over again. And every Saturday night. And on this particular Saturday night Jim's invitation to the dance at Woodland had inspired thoughts that had never fitted there before.

Bill walked on and continued to wonder. "Perhaps I should have taken Vera as Jim suggested. But her feet are always tired on a Saturday night." And Saturday night was one night when Bill had always danced. Now he missed that dance. And Bill Powers COULD dance. He was a past master of the art. He reached the terminal and waited and waited. At last the trolley came.

Vera stepped off alone. Her little hat turned up at the brim displaying her lovely face. She wore a jersey suit, with tea dance stockings and white shoes.

"Waiting long?"

"Not very long; hungry Vera?"

Upon which Vera tried a tired smile and answered, "Yes, Bill." A few steps brought them to the "Lunch"—the same little lunch, with the same little waiter.

"My feet are so tired." She sat down, sighing as she told him so in the same quiet way.

Bill knew the lunch program by heart. It had been repeated—repeated—repeated on a dozen gross of Saturday nights. Sitting opposite, Vera enjoyed a sandwich. Bill watched every bite, not the least bit hungry but glad to see Vera satisfied.

All through the bites Vera reviewed the day just ended. Bill proved a patient listener. He knew it had to come and he knew he was there to listen to it. He mustered up courage. He threw out the bait. And she took it. "Busy to-day?" This was all he had to say. He propped his chin on his elbow prepared to listen.

"Oh yes, quite. We're selling out that last lot of picture hats, the off-the-face type, at a dollar ninety eight—that's the dearest hat on the counter—sold a few of the crepe and straw for summer wear, and the dollar forty nine, you remember, don't you Bill? Last's year's style, the plain sport type with a close bank and a wide front."

"Y-e-s, Dear." Bill got it in, but he

didn't know just how. "The cheap dollar hats, a crown with a brim on it. . . ."

HATS! HATS! HATS! Bill had heard nothing but hats! And on Saturday night. He had even dreamt about hats.

After the last bite they took their leave. Vera was a little more tired than usual and poor Bill was weary to death of 'large head sizes'. The short walk home might have been enjoyable to both. It was one of those beautiful spring evenings when the moon above—but Vera didn't even see the moon. Nor did she ever notice that Bill had a new tie on.

Just Hats—Hats—Hats! Every step was Hats! And Bill listened. This girl wanted that hat and such and such a girl had wanted another. And so the manager, Mr. Schmaltz had told her—yes, Mr. Mr. Smaltz had told her—yes, Mr. Smaltz said this, and Mr. Smaltz—that. Mr. Smaltz, Mr.—what the devil did he care what he said. Good Heavens! Bill had never even seen the man.

On reaching her home Vera hurled herself on the chesterfield. This was the cue for Bill to take off her pumps and place a pillow under her feet. Vera murmured something like,

"Thank God!"

A cigarette or two later and Vera was asleep, or ready to sleep. That was the grand finale of a magnificently exciting evening.

Bending over her to say good night Bill saw her face. It was a lovely face. He saw there the expression of frankness that he loved so dearly. Her eyes were closed. But the vision of them—tired and strained—remained with Bill. He didn't mind the lines in her face from the 'sales-smiles'. He loved them.

Bill left her. Out the door he walked and slowly, slowly, to his rooming house. He climbed the poorly lighted stairway and closed the door behind him. He was alone—thinking.

Would they ever be happy together? Would she always be too tired? Would it be the same every Saturday night?

A week passed.

(To Be Concluded Next Month)

—W—

Co-education was once a race for supremacy between the sexes, but now it's neck and neck.

—W—

An oculist is a man who has an eye out for business.

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## A Valedictory . . .

We found this unique, original, and interesting Valedictory in the *Quimby Times*, which newspaper published it in the interests of truth and reform on the occasion of the convocation exercises of *Quimby College* in the state of Michigan.—Contributor's note.

"We are led to believe a lie  
When we see not thro' the eye,"

How aptly this quotation from Blake's *Auguries of Innocence* illustrates the general conditions in our own beloved *Alma Mater, Quimby College*! Just how closely these two lines apply to general conditions in *Quimby College*, and to the influence which *Quimby College* sheds about herself so indiscriminately, and to the general regard in which *Quimby College* is somehow held by the public not "in the know", it will be my duty to prove to you at this time.

"I realize that the aspect which this dissertation threatens to assume is not at all fitting to it, especially in a discourse of this kind which is generally packed with tearful reminiscence, fond regret, and fervent resolve. But, nevertheless, dear Listeners, I know that in your heart of hearts you will pardon one who threatens to be carried away by zeal, perhaps misplaced.

"In order to bring you all to a proper state of attention, I am going to first of all make this perhaps revolutionary statement—revolutionary, at least, when 'tis stated in public. I am heartily glad to be quit of dear, old *Quimby*! I am heartily glad that I need no longer be party to leading people to believe a lie when they see not thro' the eye. I am sick of all this pretence and folly, this backbiting and hypocrisy. I am happy that at last I can throw this grimy cloak from my shoulders, and stride forth into the world, honest and free.

Now that you have all caught your breath again, I am going to tell you why I feel so clean and free, why I believe *Quimby* to be living a lie.

"Before I do this, however, I wish to recall to mind the little I have received from dear, old *Quimby's* hands which might be termed of permanent value. Don't begin to fidget—it won't take me long.

"I have made several friendships which I hope to be permitted to cherish until we all return to the clay from which we sprang. I have been given the opportunity

to study the foibles and strengths of humanity as displayed by several of its representatives here in Quimby, and as these representatives all belong to but several types, this knowledge may be useful to me now in identifying the representatives whom I shall probably have the pleasure to meet from henceforth. I admit that even at Quimby I have met individuals who permit of no classification. These I have ventured to class as friends to be studied at a time of further leisure.

"I have been permitted to taste of the world's learning as revealed in its books, the cup being proffered by several who have been pleased to be called professors, but whose sole purpose and station in Quimby seems to me to consist in acting in the capacity of guides, not professors or interpreters. The reason for this paradox seems to be due to the fact that these so-called professors have not as yet interpreted aught.

"This little. I am ashamed to admit, seems to be all I have acquired at dear. old Quimby. You will notice that I have failed to include my degree in this category.

"Now allow me (I hope I haven't bored you) to return to my subject proper, which I shall attempt to deal with by enumerating what I feel I have missed at Quimby in these four years. This recital perhaps may be more interesting.

"Something which is of prime importance, but something which I have failed to acquire at Quimby has been the ability to think straight. No one, in four years, has even hinted to me that this ability may be even remotely important in life. And in the manner affairs have been conducted at Quimby, no example has been shown me. In fact, judging by the results revealed by the marks on examination papers, this ability in a student seems rather to be laughed to scorn, a mere repetition of facts gathered from a text-book seemingly being rated of much greater importance in the process of education.

"Furthermore, I have made the acquaintance of no man outside of Quimby College who is of the least value to me in helping me to place myself in the world I am about to contact, that is, through any effort of Quimby College. I rather believe that this should be one of the duties of an institution of higher learning. Why, even business colleges, and correspondence schools at least make an effort to place their graduates in remunerative positions!

ARNOLD

HARRY A.

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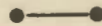
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This object might be gained if the College would put influential men in the way of making and cultivating the acquaintance of students.

"This apparent omission in the program of higher education leads me on to a still graver omission. I have gained not a whit of culture or social deportment during my four years at Quimby. I am still the ungainly, boorish creature I was when I entered the then inviting portals of dear, old Quimby. What little culture and social grace I flatter myself to possess, I have gained elsewhere.

"Now kindly allow me to enumerate several small matters which rather gall me, and which are peculiar to Quimby alone, I hope.

"Quimby professes to be a Christian College, I believe. In fact, Quimby, in the four years in which I have had the pleasure to be associated with her, has made several public declarations to that effect, notably to the Christian people upon whose support she relies. And yet, dear Listeners, and this is why I believe Quimby to be living a flagrant lie, and yet, within her walls, Quimby not only fails to uphold her public declaration, but even has the audacity to sneer at it, and cast doubt upon it, and, I might say, thereby thoroughly confusing and confounding her poor bewildered protégés. I would in this connection like very much to ask a perhaps foolish and insane question. Why so publicly make such a definite confession, when there seems to be no intention of adhering to it? Why bother making a confession at all? Is it, perhaps, merely for purely monetary and practical reasons?

"I also rather detest the suspicious attitude which the administration of Quimby assumes toward any and every effort toward progress, expansion and reform, especially when such effort emanates from the perhaps more practical brains of the students themselves. I might be so bold as to hint that perhaps this attitude is due to an indisposition of some sort, which might not be able to bear the light of day, somewhere in the offices of administration of dear, old Quimby.

"In addition, I do not like the sloppy way in which the finances of dear, old Quimby are handled. Perhaps that's one reason why so many of the professors of Quimby, especially those who are totally reliant upon her, have of late contemplated applying to the offices of the Quimby re-

lief-officer in order to be able to make a decent living. I really believe that the immense sums which flow into the coffers of Quimby College yearly are entitled to a bit more respect than that measure of respect with which they have been honored of late years. I also do not desire to see my name appear upon the public bulletin board proclaiming to all and sundry that I am in arrears to Quimby College. Especially do I detest this vile and rude practice when I reflect that the sums in which Quimby herself is in arrears to all and sundry, modestly never make such a public appearance.

"But I weary of this smutty tale, and I fear that you, my dear Listeners, are likewise weary. I have heaped upon you, I fear, a surfeit of "tales out of school". Forgive me. In closing, I am emboldened to state, strengthened by the light of sympathy and horror I see shining in your eyes, that you, too, if fortunately placed in my position, would say in accents of deepest conviction, "I'm heartily glad to be quit of dear, old Quimby!" And, as a final salutation, may I say—Good-bye, dear, old Quimby, and may the God whom you profess, bless you!"

Adam Smith—Valedictorian.

—W—

## State - Socialism

(Continued from Page 6)

ministration has no vital power. It does not matter under what flag it sails, be it Soviet star, swastika or fasces, these are only external forms of the same evil.

Such state-socialistic systems might temporarily be in order for people with low standards of living, but they are not of lasting value; besides that, they are bound up with a dictator (Russia, Germany, Italy). After his death such states disappear and expose the people to new troubles, new civil wars and finally to decline. The history of the Roman Empire with its rivalries among the Caesars gives the best proof of this fact. State-socialism, no matter under what camouflage, is an unnatural construction and thus it carries within itself the bacillus of destruction after which usually follows a period of anarchy.

State-socialism brings no gain to people of high individuality, for such people want liberty and they can subordinate themselves only to an ethical and moral order which they recognize as meeting their

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needs; they are not willing to endure any guardianship leaving this to the animal kingdom.

The whole of the people is interested in the preservation of many economically independent existences which are not supported by the community or state and thus need constant supervision. One exception may be admitted and that is in case of water and power supply, transportation and mail service.

To-day we have come so far that the state, not knowing the solution of the social question, interferes with the life of citizens to an extent which suppresses real liberty. Thus weak natures are led to a lack of independency, but free, independent men are led to indignation. The people as a whole must consist of free, self-conscious independent men and not of mere numbers if an upward progress is to continue. Man does not live by bread alone; and spiritual and mental needs can not be rationalized. But a state-socialism degrades men to numbers and does not lift them up spiritually and mentally. The fights of the gladiators in Rome, bull fights in other countries, mass gatherings of party-members, never supported spiritual, cultural, ethical and economic uplifting of the people. The term "state" is doomed to die; the terms family, clan, nation, race are craving to take the former's place. But they can unfold only if an order arises which takes them into account

Then it will be no longer: "Equal rights for everyone" or "self-interest before common-interest" but "to every one his own!"

—W—

After Schweitzer and Ernst had bought the Hungarian clock, Ernst, regarding it thoughtfully, remarked to his room-mate:

"It's funny they cover up clocks so that no one can see what makes them go!"

Schweitzer: "Well, you see, if this clock wouldn't be covered and struck, it would hit you in the face!"

—W—

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