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The College Cord

Waterloo College

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THEOLOGICAL COURSES FOR DIVINITY STUDENTS

Editorial

Greetings to our readers from the Cord staff. We are happy to be your mouth-piece for the coming year. But remember that we are **only** your mouth-piece: from you must emanate the ideas, the opinions, the beliefs expressed in the Cord. That being the case, the success or failure of our magazine depends entirely on your co-operation with the staff. Only if we get plenty of good material can we bring out a truly literary Cord.

Now of course opinions expressed by contributors, though published, are not necessarily the opinions of the Cord, or of the student body as a whole; therefore **the editor feels justified in declining to be held responsible for any ideas expressed in any article except the editorial.**

A matter which forcibly impresses itself on my mind when I reflect on our student life, is the enormous amount of time wasted. Most of us spend more time in foolishness (your editor is no exception) than we do on work. This is a very illogical situation. What we do now will leave an indelible impression on our life after College. Consequently, if we shun hard labor now, we will certainly not cater to it later.

The most common manner in which we waste time is in ceaseless chatter. We pass countless hours in animated discussion—and generally end with nothing said. We frequent one another's rooms, the library, the reading-room—and talk: sports, politics, religion, women, and what not. And where does it get us? If we have our own ideas on politics—if we believe Mr. Hepburn is earnestly seeking the welfare of the country, or if we consider him a glib-tongued liar—we usually continue to believe as before. Such discussions have little effect on our opinions, even if original and intelligent thoughts are expressed—which often are not. William Gilette, who, when he was learning stenography, took down every evening all that was uttered in the drawing-room of the boarding-house where he stayed, said that when he later went over his books, he found that over a period of four months of incessant conversation, no one had said anything that made any difference to anybody. And so it is with much of our talk.

Now a certain amount of small talk is

beneficial: a lively discussion sharpens the wits, and provides recreation for the mind. But such talk should be limited to recreation; it should not be permitted to usurp the place of the more important things of life. If we would only taste of the sumptuous repast provided for us on our library shelves; if we would but drink of the silver stream which gurgles from the cool depths of Milton, of Shelley or Tennyson; could devote the occasional hour to quiet meditation on the eternal truths of the universe—if we could comprehend the value of these things, how much fuller would our lives become. How much broader would be our views! And there would be not only contentment of mind, delight of heart, but also, in the soul, that peace which passeth human understanding.

As we go to press, the news comes to us of the decease of our beloved Professor, the late Rev. H. L. Henkel. A write-up of his life will appear in the next issue of the Cord.

The smart new cover, of which we feel justly proud, and which we consider much more modernistic than the previous one, was designed by our artist-musician Max Magee. We wish to take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation and thanks for the time and talent he has expended on the devising of this design.

We are happy to have received a couple of 'Letters to the Editor'. Some of these, however, are a bit harsher than we would wish. Personal vituperation and abuse is not fitting to our magazine. We solicit criticisms of articles—not of persons writing the articles.

We have received a letter from the Canadian Student Peace Movement with the request that it be reprinted. We quote:

A national conference of students was held at Toronto on December 30th and 31st of last year at which the "Canadian Student Peace Movement" was formed. The object of the new organization is to coordinate the activities of students throughout Canada in their efforts for world peace. At this conference were present delegates from universities in Eastern

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Saturday Night

Eric Reed

Ten o'clock found Bill waiting for the phone call from Vera. He didn't know why he did. He knew he was glad when it came.

"Hello!"

Yes, she was leaving now. And now he was disappointed in himself because he had waited for it. Would she never realize he **might** be tired of it all? Wait half the night for her to phone, wait for the trolley, wait for the ham sandwich, wait for her to eat it, and then to watch her fall asleep!

"What a large evening!" Bill was disgusted.

He wasn't sure he would go to meet her; he wasn't sure when he left the rooming house; he wasn't quite sure he would meet her; no, he wasn't sure not even when he found himself waiting at the same terminal station. Not even sure when he waited and waited for the trolley. Finally.

"What a sap I am!" He said it aloud.

He threw away his cigarette.

Impetuously he resolved that all could be so different! It would be different. When? To-night. "I'm through. I'm going to that dance." He muttered as he strode away from the terminal station. Away from the place where he had met Vera on a dozen gross of Saturday nights.

Bill walked south on the main avenue. He planned to catch the cross town bus to Woodland.

"To sit there and watch Vera eat a ham sandwich when a fellow is ready to go, ready to do things—it's too much to expect." So he reasoned as he walked.

The conception of another repetition of the previous Saturday night squelched him. He was ready to go; he was going. Yes, going now—to-night! His own way. This would be HIS Saturday night—the old Saturday night that he had so loved. He'd played square with Vera. But now he was through. Never again. He was tired of the 'dumb-boy-friend-role'. It was just a habit. And he'd break it now and forever.

His step quickened as he rubbed shoulders with the crowd. But somehow he was aware of being alone. Still, rather feel that way than—married perhaps! No. Not Bill Powers.

He consoled himself with thoughts of the dance. Jim would be there, Jim and

his crowd. Girls that wanted to go! Go anywhere! What kind of a dumb racket had he gotten himself into anyway? He saw himself a perfect sap for the year past; he was convinced of it.

But now he was free! He could go, and do as he wanted to do, as he had so often felt lately that he would do. Why had he stuck so long? Perhaps because he had been lonely away from his home town. Vera wasn't anything to him. Why, he'd had steady girl-friends before, lots of them. But he came and went as he pleased, and this could finish like all the rest. Would finish like the rest. So he argued.

He crossed thirty-seventh street. In the business section all life was motivated. The crowd was becoming dense. He saw many of the weaker sex. Unconsciously he compared them. Some were fair, others homely, often even ugly. Yes, Vera certainly was pretty. Well, what of it? There were lots of pretty girls. Anyway he didn't think Vera had class. She wore the oddest things sometimes. But not so very often though. And they did make her look cute. He made another crossing.

He recalled her pretty face. So many of the chaps stared at her. Sometimes she returned a smile. And Bill had been thinking lately that she was almost too attractive. He didn't like their admiring glances, and he was jealous when she favored them.

"And Vera's got darn pretty eyes," he told himself. And she did have lovely hair too. It was nice and dark and glossy. It curled in little ringlets at her cheeks and down her neck.

He crossed thirty-fifth street. "But she isn't always so pretty", he checked himself. "At least not on a Saturday night." Bill tried to feel careless. "That trolley will be along now, soon anyway."

"Just then he passed Dr. Burt's dentist office. Once he had waited for Vera there. He recalled how Vera came out smiling—how the doctor had said, "A beautiful set of teeth." Now Bill was thinking as he walked, fine, even, snow-white, beautiful—a lovely smile.

He saw the "Mode Hat Shop" just ahead. Passing, he glanced at the hats on the mahogany stands. "It must be very tiresome," thought Bill, "to stand on one's two feet all day long. To say nothing of

(Continued on Page 9)

To the Editor

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am sorry to state that I can not take Mr. C. F. Klinck's letter in the February issue of the Cord as seriously as he perhaps thinks that I would. His criticism is aimed more at myself rather than at the contents of the article. He criticizes under the supposition that I am a defender of Naziism. Asked if he would have given the same criticism if he had not known the author, Mr. Klinck kept silent. After the publication of my second article Mr. Klinck was not so sure anymore that I was a Nazi. That speaks for itself. Now as a matter of fact, my article was written and first published in June, 1931; at that time there were no dictators whose wars I could have attempted to defend. I had no particular nation in mind, but war as such and its effects upon mankind. My observations here and abroad have led me to a wider outlook than anyone has whose narrow and nationalistic views do not reach beyond the Atlantic Ocean.

I never have claimed to express the views of the student body; that reproach is therefore ridiculous. I am broad-minded enough to let others have their opinions too. But Mr. Klinck tries to enforce his biased view upon the student body; for I have found that he has not by far the majority of students behind him as he boasts. He has used "undemocratic" principles himself in this matter when he set himself up as a "dictator" of the sentiment of the students. I almost feel inclined to say, "Oh democracy, what crimes are committed in thy name by those who confess thee!"

Mr. Klinck further accuses me of being "un-British" If this charge were not so serious, I would ridicule it; but as the case is, I shall deal with it in a stern manner. Only too frequently I have observed that subjects living in dominions and colonies of the British and other empires want to be more British, or whatever the case may be, than those in the British Isles, etc. Especially is this true in the case of those persons whose names reveal that their forefathers' favourite dish was Sauerkraut and pigs-knuckles.

I appreciate more my British citizenship for which I had to apply and pass examinations than perhaps Mr. Klinck does, whose citizenship was gained through no

effort on his part. Whole-heartedly I stand for my adopted country and for my sovereign. But that does not oblige me in any way to shut my eyes before existing defects. Where would progress be in this world if there were no honest, unbiased criticism? I always stand behind my views and I rather suffer than deny what I am convinced to be the truth, unless a final proof is offered to me that I am wrong!

Mr. Klinck's letter seems to reveal that he is an unconditional pacifist. Why try to **enforce** such views upon others. I shall fight for Canada if reasons—such as stated in my article—arise, and I feel that all those who truly love their country will do likewise.

Years ago I used to reply to biased and narrow-minded opponents, "Si tacuisses, philosophus mansisses!" but—of course—I am not saying that anymore. "Academic Liberty" around here is interpreted differently by every individual—one does not know therefore where it begins and ends.

It leaves a very bad impression with the students, if a person—who wants to be taken seriously—uses the student's publication in order to offer not a criticism of an article, but a personal attack upon the author; and all this only out of prejudice toward the administration in a foreign nation of which the undersigned is a descendant and proud of that fact.

Arthur E. Kaspereit.

Dear Sir:

I have been told that Mr. Kaspereit intends to reply to my "Letter to the Editor of the Cord", in which I deplored his article entitled "Are Wars Morally Justified", published under editorial approval in the Cord.

I trust that, as a gentleman, he will keep his defence on a level above personal vituperation, and that, as a scholar, he will stick to the point at issue.

The point at issue is simply this: Are Mr. Kaspereit's views held by such a large number of students of Waterloo College that his views should receive the seal of approval by the representatives of the students?

Permit me to define my own motives. I bear no malice against Mr. Kaspereit, for I have never had the pleasure of know-

(Continued on Page 12)

Reply To Quimby

The Quimby Times recently published an article "A Valedictory" in the interests of truth and reform. In the interests of fair play it also published the following among the letters to the Editor, which we believe might be of interest to those who read the "Valedictory".

The Valedictorian of Quimby College must have been worked up to a tremendous heat to let off so much steam all at once. No doubt poor Mr. Smith felt justified in his tirade, but it seems to me that fully as much hot air came off as steam. And what is more, Mr. Smith exhibited no small amount of bad taste in painting in vermilion colours for the public eye his personal dislikes of his Alma Mater. Being moved by a sense of fairness and a feeling of compassion, to take up the cause of Quimby against this one-sided denunciation, may I at least give my opinions in refutation of some of Mr. Smith's statements?

Mr. Smith takes exception to so many things that it is difficult to know quite where to start. His attitude towards the education proffered him at Quimby smacks rather strongly of the "student" who is anything but sincere in his pursuit of knowledge—the student who objects to the importance "of a mere repetition of facts gathered from text-books" in the process of education, chiefly because he is not at all inclined to learn the aforesaid facts. He sounds piqued by the fact that others, who give the examiners the desired "repetition of facts", have made a better showing on the examinations than he, who has doubtless tried to make up for his lack of concrete knowledge by spouting a lot of stuff on the spur of the moment "No one, in our years," wails Mr. Smith, "has even hinted to me that this ability (to think straight) may even be remotely important in life." But isn't it usually taken for granted that a person who has reached university age doesn't need to be TOLD how important this ability is? If he isn't capable of doing that little bit of serious thinking for himself, telling him its importance would scarcely make an impression on him. Perhaps Mr Smith would like Quimby College to offer a four year course in learning how to think. Even then I'm afraid he would be compelled to learn facts from some one of the much-despised texts. The ability to arrange one's thoughts in an

orderly and logical fashion—that is, to think straight—is bound up essentially with the ability to concentrate. And Quimby can't give you that, Mr. Smith, you get it for yourself. What you need is a little practice. And please don't be so pointed about the methods of "those who have been pleased to be called professors". After all, they're only human, and you might be surprised to know how difficult it is for them to transfer their knowledge to students past a stone wall of complete indifference or the bright shell of collegiate smartness and sophistication. . . I hope I may be forgiven if I am misjudging the worthy Adam, but it seems to me that he has been unnecessarily harsh in some of his judgments.

I do not, however, disagree with everything that Mr. Smith has to say. The point he makes about the establishing of influential contacts for the benefit of graduating students seems to me to be well taken. Also I don't blame him for objecting to having his debts to the College made public. Yet I think his phrase "the immense sums which flow into the coffers of Quimby College yearly" is erroneous, and that perhaps the method of publishing the names of the debtors is a last resort on the part of Quimby to collect the money owing to her, wherewith she may pay, at least partially, some of that which she owes. I don't understand his allusions to the hypocrisy of Quimby as a Christian College since I haven't the inside knowledge on this matter that he seems to have.

Our Adam modestly confesses—"I am still the ungainly, boorish creature I was when I entered the then inviting portals of dear, old Quimby."—(perhaps that accounts for the bad taste I mentioned at the beginning) and bemoans the fact that Quimby doesn't teach social culture or deportment. Poor Adam! He should have gone to a finishing school. Indeed, since he seems so thoroughly to dislike Quimby, why did he attend there at all? Wasn't it rather foolish of him to continue there for four years, when he felt it to be such a waste of his time? Quimby has her faults, Mr. Smith, but she is no doubt as heartily glad to be rid of you and the spirit you represent, as you profess to be glad to be rid of her.

Tom Brown.

Book Reviews . . .

CERVANTES

Reviewed by Elizabeth Spohn

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra—poet, soldier, slave, king's commissary, author; a man who began his career in Madrid as Spanish teacher to a Papal legate, and ended it in a Spanish prison, writing *Don Quixote*. In the intervening thirty years he served at Lepanto with the glorious Don John of Austria, spent five years and a month as a slave in the pirate kingdom of Algiers. Every attempt he made to earn a living seemed doomed to failure, and yet to-day his name shines undimmed through the centuries.

This is the man whose undaunted march through life Bruno Frank paints for us in his latest book, "*A Man Called Cervantes*", a biographical novel. Because of the scarcity of facts known about Cervantes' life Mr. Frank's book is a novel, based on the few available details, and treated in such a way as to show us Cervantes the man, as he depicts himself in his own masterpiece. Mr Frank has woven his material so skilfully that the reader does not realize until the very end that the book is not merely a tale of adventure. The author has a true gift of words, a fluent and vivid power of description that make his scenes and people stand before us alive and glowing.

At the last we find Cervantes alone in his prison, old, worn-out, and unknown, penniless, yet unconquered in spirit: "Above Triana the sky was still a little bright. Against it he saw his knight's gaunt form riding, always after the gleam, through space and centuries; his horse's hoofs stumbling across Spanish soil, but that noble and fantastic head of his among the stars."

"*A Man Called Cervantes*". By Bruno Frank. Viking Press, New York. \$2.50.

—W—

RETROSPECT

Be with me memory, when the flames burn low,
So I can laugh the dancing shadows down,
Send me your Echoes everywhere I go
And let me wear Remembrance for a crown.

There is no peace for me if I must give
To cold oblivion all my tinsel flowers,
(They look so nearly real); so let me live
In a bright garden of remembered hours.

Poetry . . .

AGONY IN STAYING

(With acknowledgements to A. B.

Walker in the *London Mercury*).

I saw you standing there—just standing—
And my mind reached out a tentative finger
Trying to touch your casualness;
It hesitated, wavered and drew back—
Shy and trembling.
You were there, calm, aloof, polished,
Quirking an amused eyebrow
At my awkward, stumbling halting phrases.
Why did you?
Could you not see what you were doing?
There I sat fidgeting, uncomfortable,
Nervously twining one foot about the other,
Envyng you your poise, your self-control,
Outwardly polite, observing conventions,
Inwardly raging, shrinking,
My mind in a furore.
What would you have thought
Had you known what I longed to do?
In my mind I rose in all my anger,
Rose and towered above you,
Grasped you by your smooth silken shoulders,
And shook and shook and shook you
Till your immaculate, gleaming hair
Fell into your eyes.
Then you looked at me with new wide eyes.
A little bit of fright,
Contempt shaken into respect.
And my heart glowed
And I smiled at you breathless there,
Coolly, slightly superior
Then through a cloud I heard your voice
Slide with a cutting edge,
And my heart grew chill and I was still
myself.
I answered as I sat:
"No more tea, thank you."
—Elizabeth Spohn.

INTERPRETER

Grey veils blow out along the wind,
Luring me on through mist and dew;
A vagrant road and we shall find
Amid the dusk a rendezvous.

There will be music when you come,
The sullen earth will throb with song
Mere sunset will be fife-and-drum
And moonrise like a silver gong

But when the flowers close their eyes
And suddenly the air is wan
And nothing friendly in the skies,
I need not turn to know you've gone.

College Notes . . .

The activities of the various societies which were suspended during the month of January have been resumed.

On Tuesday, Feb 11, Mr. E. S. Hogarth of Hamilton delighted the French Circle gathering with his easy "causerie" on "French and How it is Spoken".

Mr. Erhardt Schlenker, who has given of his talent to the College on various occasions, presented a full evening's recital under the auspices of the Athenaeum Society on Thursday, Feb. 13. In spite of the bitter cold a large number of visitors were among those who enjoyed his varied program.

Dr. Schorten addressed the Germania on "Schiller", Thursday, Feb 20, and Miss Emma Schorten gave several vocal numbers.

The fine new curtains in the girl's room have improved its appearance greatly. All credit for them is due to Miss Mary Tait.

The annual Cord banquet and party took place on Monday, Feb. 17, at the Forest Hill Gardens. Short speeches were given by Wilfred Malinsky, retiring editor, and Wilton Ernst, the new editor.

The girls gathered in almost full force for a skating party at the Auditorium on Feb. 25. Lunch was served, through the kindness of Miss Grace Schmidt, at her home on Queen St.

On Feb. 28th our Girls' Basketball team defeated Brescia Hall girls with a score of 22-13. This is our team's third victory in this league, having previously defeated Brescia Hall and Western's "B" team. One more game with Western's "B" team will complete the series. All power to you, girls! We're behind you ad unum.

—W—

SONG IN SPITE OF MYSELF

Now if I had a daughter

I'd teach her to be wise,

I'd try to keep the star-dust

From getting in her eyes;

I'd teach her Love is folly,

And Glamor mostly shame,

And thus keep her from being

The sort of fool I am.

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Seminary Notes . .

The meeting of the Seminary Class held on Thursday, Feb. 13th was in the form of a Question-Box in which both students and professors took part. Some of the interesting problems submitted and discussed touched upon the Lodge question, the powers of a synod, theses for graduation, war in self-defense, and liturgy. A very instructive and enjoyable hour was had by all members of the class.

That the Seminarians and professors do not always wear a countenance of academic solemnity, and that they too can on occasion become as light-hearted as children, was evidenced at the social evening held on Friday, Feb. 21st. After several hours' play at Sturm's Bowling Alley in Kitchener, the Seminarians adjourned to the home of Prof. and Mrs. C. H. Little, where luncheon was served. At the Bowling Rink the students had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Paul Kirsch of New York, assistant executive secretary of the U.L.C.A. Mission Board, and of inviting him to join their play.

Students of the Seminary and College are very grateful for the instructive talk and the helpful advice given them by the Rev. Paul Kirsch when he addressed the student body after chapel on the evening of Tuesday, Feb. 25th. It is always a pleasure and a source of great satisfaction to have a message from a man of his ability and experience. We are sure that he has sown the seed for much inspiration on the part of those students in the Seminary and of those who are preparing to enter the same.

Throughout the week of Rev. Kirsch's visit to Kitchener several students in the Seminary have had the opportunity to secure real practical experience in Home Mission work by giving their hearty co-operation to the pastor in the work of canvassing to which his visit is due.

Through the kind permission of the pastor, the Rev. C. S. Roberts, a service was held at St. John's Church on the evening of Sunday, Feb. 23, in the interests of the Cossman-Hayunga Missionary Society. The sermon was delivered by Mr. Lloyd Schaus.

Editorial

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Canada and as far west as the University of Manitoba.

Our immediate objectives for the remainder of the session are:

I) to set up Student Peace Movements on all Canadian campuses, or cooperate with bodies already existing for such a purpose.

II) to prepare for a National Peace Hour for students to be held in March.

III) to send as large a delegation as possible to the annual meeting of the League of Nations Society at Ottawa in May.

IV) to send a representative Canadian delegation to Geneva this summer for the World Youth Conference on Peace.

V) to publish a monthly bulletin containing information pertaining to the Movement.

In order to attain our ends we need the full support of Canadian students in all parts of the Dominion and in particular those whose hands are the organs which express student opinion. We welcome suggestions and criticisms from students individually and in organized groups.

—W—

Saturday Night

(Concluded from Page 3)

listening to the gossip of undecided females."

"Poor kid," he muttered. "No wonder she gets tired."

Bill crossed thirty-third street. And never had she attempted a sale until the hat was suited or as nearly so as the price of the small stock would permit. Vera had told Bill that too. And he knew she was truthful. She had a strong sense of right and wrong. Sell a hat when it didn't suit? Not Vera! She wanted the hat to look right. She was human. Perhaps she was too human.

"I'm on my way to the dance," Bill curbed himself. "And now is not the time to think about HATS!"

Would he miss her at the dance? He had never gone without her. Vera and Bill were seen together always. It would be rather different now. Would he enjoy holding another in his arms? Would someone else suit? Vera looked nice on the dance floor. Much nicer than the average. Away

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ahead of the average. "In fact," he concluded, "rather different—distinguished."

He crossed thirty-first street. To-morrow would be Sunday. They always spent their Sunday together. And now on those hot July afternoons they swam all day and lunched from a picnic basket. Vera paid attention to details. She had the lunch just right. Everything was so tasty. They ate it together stretched out in the sun for a tanning. Boy, he'd miss Vera! He knew he would!

THE TROLLEY PASSED!

Bill began to picture himself alone. Good Heavens! What had come over him? Why was he leaving the only true friend he had? And what was a dance, one silly little dance compared to that friendship? After all, she meant so much to him. And he hadn't so much as realized it. Perhaps he needed her. Perhaps she was his whole life. Without her there would be—

Bill stopped short in his tracks. He dove into a standing cab.

"North Terminal Station," he snapped. "And fast!"

The driver startled from a drowsy doze. "Er—where's at you say?"

"North Terminal Station!" Bill fairly shouted.

The driver stirred in his seat. People on the sidewalk stopped and stared. The engine was in motion. A shift into second. A screech of brakes. Bill nearly went through the wind-shield.

"Get that d— wagon out of the way!"

The lazy delivery horse with long plop-plop strides finally cleared to the side. The taxi swerved out.

"Can't do any more than this or I'll be pinched, sonny." The driver appeared quite unconcerned: most people do when anything is urgent.

Bill began to see that he could scarcely expect to make it. A half a mile away, on a Saturday night, with several stop lights against them. And here was the first one. It was green. He saw it from a distance. He prayed and it didn't change. The cab pushed through the maze of motors.

"Thank God for that one." Bill sighed and heaved back into his seat. And now he began to think of Vera waiting for him. How she would look up and down. How she would worry. He imagined he could see her stepping off the trolley—expecting his arm for support. And he wasn't there. What would she do? How could he do a thing like that to Vera, His Vera? Why

had he listened to Jim? What wouldn't he do to him!

"I must have been crazy," he concluded hastily. Would they ever over-take that trolley?

"Say, won't this old crate go any faster?" Bill urged.

"There's a ten dollar fine goes with speedin'."

"I'll pay it."

The driver put his foot on the accelerator. Another stop light. It was red.

"Shucks". Bill breathed as they slowed down. One, two, three, and it was 'caution'—Go!

"Where was that trolley?" Bill peered ahead into the busy street. He thought he saw it a few blocks away. He couldn't be sure. Forty miles was fast travelling in that jam. But Bill wanted to go faster—for Vera. If only he was behind that wheel.

If I was driving this buggy, we'd get there!"

"Shut up! I'm doing all I can. If you were driving we'd end up in H— or jail!"

Why hadn't he realized before that he loved her? Life had been a song with Vera. She'd been so kind to him. He'd taken so much for granted—too much. All the little things she had done. He had overlooked all, till now. Now he realized how much she meant to him.

And there was the trolley ahead! Four blocks to go, and if the trolley stopped they could beat it. Would they? Another light. Red again. As they slowed to stop a large van loomed to block the traffic.

Horns were blown. It cleared. The light turned. Go! The cab swerved out and headed the truck. Bill watched the trolley ahead. It held everything that was so dear to him. She would be looking for him soon. It stopped. A group of passengers hurried to the side-walk. The cab spurted ahead and reached the terminal.

"Thanks". Bill payed the driver.

He hurried to the station platform, straightening his tie. He brushed back his ruffled hair as he strode up. The trolley was already discharging its passengers. "Would she notice that I'm—?" Bill was nervous. Vera stepped off. His own little Vera. So quiet, cool, collected, and that same lovely calm reassuring smile to greet him. There was loveliness in her simplicity, her little white sandals, the full pink crepe skirt, the puffed sleeves—she was a lovely person. The very open frankness of her

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face held in its sanctuary a heaven of hope to Bill.

He felt ashamed. He knew he must be blushing. He gulped, bit his lip, and—as his eyes were not quite steady he looked away, away to the other side of the street. He couldn't suppress the feeling within. That emotion had to show itself. His eyes filled with tears as he said,

"Are you—hungry—Vera?" he gulped.

"Why Bill dear, what is it?"

"Oh nothing."

Then as regularly as the electric clock, as on a dozen gross of Saturday nights—they ended up in the same little Lunch with the same little waiter, and at the same little ham sandwich. Her feet were tired and she told him in the same quiet way.

—W—

To the Editor

(Continued from Page 4)

ing him well. I do not object to his holding opinions, for that is a matter of personal liberty. I have nothing to say about his second article in the Cord, for he evidently did not make that article strictly intelligible. I have no desire to challenge the loyalty or belittle the services of the talented former editor, for we are friends even if he knows that I believe him to have overlooked something important in this instance. I do not wish to oppose the principle of free speech and free printing among the students, for I object, not to academic freedom, but to unwarranted assumption of the right to speak for a group.

I do most emphatically deplore the wrong impression which Mr. Kaspereit's defense of war as a means of increasing the territorial possessions of any nation may give to readers outside of the college group.

May I ask one question of any Canadian who may be misled by certain specious arguments: What will be your opinion on this subject when Britain will be forced to place herself squarely in Hitler's path as the latter threatens to reach out for colonies? You will be forced to choose whether you will lend moral and possibly other support to aggressive German nationalism or to the ideals of your own country and empire.

Waterloo College cannot afford to be wrongfully under suspicion as a source of foreign propaganda. The younger students may not realize what those of us who have been at Waterloo a longer time have had to

witness. We have seen a young man use the name of Waterloo College, without any authority to do so, to support his campaign for the conversion of the people of this district to alien principles. It is the duty of some member of the College body to prevent anything like that happening again. To assert loyalty, as I have done, is not to infringe upon academic freedom but to remind the guests who enjoy the protection and comforts of our land that we will allow no trifling with our principles.

I should be glad to debate the subject, "Are Wars Morally Justified?" before a tolerant academic group. But I see no necessity for arguing publicly against Mr. Kaspereit's statements here. Any one of my readers, even a Canadian school-boy who has a Christian back-ground, can readily formulate the necessary rebuttal. We believe in this country in fair play; I refrain, therefore, in worrying an adversary who has no chance to win. As long as Mr. Kaspereit's articles are signed and sealed by himself alone, I have no quarrel with him. I merely wish to save my own college from receiving a black eye.

Yours sincerely,

Carl F. Klinck.

Dear Sir:

It seems that, although I have attended for some few years this College which is connected with a Lutheran Seminary, there are still a great many questions in my mind about Lutheran practice. For example, could you tell me why there are two candles on the chapel altar, and why they are never lit? On what point of doctrine does this having of two unlit candles on the altar rest. The reason for the number may not be a point of doctrine, but simply that only two are given, but still, why unlit? Surely it can not be due to the cost of beeswax, for, as the source of Lutheran learning in the district, our chapel ought to be the model. I would appreciate some light on the question. H. B. Morton.

Dear Miss Morton:

For the Lutheran usage of candles I refer you to Strodach's "Manual on Worship" pp. 30-31. This work presents the moderate Lutheran viewpoint on questions of ritual, and is accepted as an authority even at our seminary.

Quoting from Strodach: "Two altar candles are the normal use. These should never be looked upon as mere ornaments

ARNOLD

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but should be used. There is nothing quite so strange as to see candles upon the altar, conveying the symbolism of our Lord, the light of the world, and behold them not lighted. More than two candles is solely a matter of choice, and too many is worse than none at all. A combination of two large single sticks and a five or seven-branched stick of smaller size on either side of the cross is both proper and beautiful. The large single lights are known as sacramental lights, and the smaller as vesper lights."

To defend our breach of proper usage by calling our altar candles sacramental lights would be paradoxical since the Holy Eucharist never to my knowledge is celebrated on our chapel altar.

I might add that questions of this nature do not involve doctrinal issues. All external forms are adiabaphora in the Lutheran Church but everything in the historic Catholic Church which is not contrary to the word of God is retained in Lutheran usage.

Pro Ecclesia Lutherana.

—W—

Graduate Ill

We have just received word of the serious illness of one of our prominent graduates, Herbert Kalbfleisch.

Mr. Kalbfleisch graduated from Waterloo in '28 after an active College life, in the course of which he held the offices of President of the Boarding Club, President of Germania Society, Secretary of the Athenaeum Society, and Editor-in-chief of the College Cord. To his untiring efforts the Cord owes much of its success, and for this we are indeed grateful to him.

After graduating from Waterloo College, he took post-graduate work at New York University, obtaining his M.A. degree in '29. Then he accepted a position at 'Western' as instructor in German. In all his duties he has shown himself to be the "guide, philosopher and friend" of his Waterloo days.

The latest information we have received is that he is steadily improving. The Cord takes great pleasure in expressing to its former Editor its deepest and most heartfelt wishes for a speedy convalescence.

—W—

The literature of an age is but the mirror of its prevailing tendencies.—Nation.

Rudyard Kipling

Nelson Alles

"But to-day I leave the galley, shall I curse her service then?

God be thanked—whate'er comes after, I have lived and toiled with men!"

Truly we may say, that Kipling has lived and toiled; and now finally he has won his freedom from this galley-ship of life. His cremated remains lie in peace in that historic poet's corner of Westminster Abbey.

He was a king too, amongst the writers of our world, a true son of the British Empire and a faithful servant to his king. But when the King of kings called, Rudyard Kipling answered, as every mortal must, and rallied to His side.

Rudyard Kipling was born on December 20, 1865, in Bombay, India. He lived his boyhood in that land, until the age of six years. Then he was sent to England to the United Service College, at Westward Ho, North Devon, but owing to poor health, he was delayed in attending school until he became eleven years of age.

His book *Stalky and Company* was a long story of his many experiences which won much appreciation from his old admirers.

At the end of his term in the United Service College, he was given the opportunity of pursuing his studies further, or of returning to India. His choice of the latter reveals to us that he still held the love of his native land far above that of his motherland. On his return to India he was successful in obtaining a position on the Civil and Military Gazette.

By dint of hard work, he rose to the assistant-editorship of that paper and soon his articles were being read throughout the colony. Not long afterwards his successes were caught up by the British presses and echoed around the world.

Kipling married Miss Caroline Balestier, an American girl and settled in Brattleboro Vermont, where his children were raised.

His love of children is clearly depicted in his novel, "*Without Benefit of Clergy*", in which he describes the father, Mr. Holden, as "Very cautiously Holden touched with the tips of his fingers, the downy head."

In another mood we read these lines written in honour of a particular tribe of warriors with whom he came in contact,

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"So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your
'ome in the Sowdan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a
first-class fightin' man!"

Above all he loved his India, and to his
"clean green land" he dedicated the well-
known poem Mandalay.

"By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin'
eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know
she thinks o' me."

As well as an author, he was a traveller,
soldier and gentleman. His entire life was
devoted mostly to his writings, which held
the air of freshness and originality due to
his active spirit. He made countless mil-
lions of friends, who, all over the world,
thrill to the springtime verdure of his
poems. His was the mighty pen that kept
pace with the ever-writing hand of time,
but now it is stilled and his name goes down
in the annals of history as a man who ran
his race well.

Kipling was a man in every sense of
the word. He had tasted life to the full
and had retired in a quiet seashore village
in Sussex, England, when death overtook
him.

He alone stands out as a fixed star in
the heavens, and although temporarily
dimmed by the appearance of another,
whose orbit will carry it far into the veil
of the future, out of the sight of all, yet
he will always remain with us, in the same
steady light.

—W—

NONCHALANT

She bowed her head in pretty melancholy
And drank my pity in with many sighs
And quite enjoyed herself: she'd loved and
lost;

I knew the story—courtship, love, and
lies.

I watched her tears and felt a little bored.
Advised her not to fret about the man
Told her the sea was full of better fish,
And shrugged my shoulders—let them
weep who can.

She said, "My dear, you wouldn't under-
stand,

You who are always carefree as the lark,
You jest at pain who never felt a wound!"
—I smiled and went on whistling in the
dark.

—W—

Teach me to be obedient to the rules
of the game.—Kipling.