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# The College Cord

## Waterloo College

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MAY, 1936

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# Editorial

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## WHERE ARE YOU HEADING?

Consider the humble tack—pointed in one direction and headed in another! Such conflict invites the treatment it suffers; a succession of blows which drives it in one direction and forces it to remain put. Behold the great multitudes, heading, they know not where. Result: compelled to accept any job offered at any price with economic insecurity, social inferiority, personal embitterment—a wasted life. How many young people without definite aim, just drifting; into what?

If you are satisfied to be just a "hand" or an inconsequential cog in the great machine, do not aspire to definite, technical knowledge; do not waste (?) years and considerable capital to make yourself highly efficient. But remember: You reap what you sow, and he that soweth sparingly reaps sparingly! Just be a scow, bearing heavy burdens of little value and be pushed and pulled at the will of others. But if you will to larger responsibilities, leadership, satisfying success, there is only one way—that of a higher technical or professional education.

You have been endowed by a beneficent Creator with certain aptitudes, flairs, talents. Discover them by self-study and with the aid of competent advisers. This is your raw material, which nature gives you without asking and for no price. But

these gifts remain static until you develop them; then they become dynamic. Colleges and universities exist for the express purpose of assisting capable and ambitious individuals to enter into the fullest possession of nature's generous endowment. 85% of all leaders in Canada are college and university graduates. Figure out for yourself the percentage of chance for you to be a leader without a complete education.

Waterloo College has helped many young men and women to satisfactory, secure, and promising positions. Graduates of Waterloo today are ministers, lawyers, teachers in high schools, colleges, and universities, nurses, advertising experts, secretaries, office and business men. Waterloo has only one course, the liberal arts, leading to pass and honor B.A. degrees. By affiliation with the university of Western Ontario the ability and efficiency of its staff of professors is assured and the degree is accepted and honored everywhere. The liberal arts course is recognized as the best foundation for every technical and professional occupation. Waterloo offers honor courses in English, German, French, History and Classics.

Extra-curricular interests and activities are offered in athletics, dramatics, public speaking, college paper, socials. Due to the small number of students there is an opportunity for every individual student to participate.

Any student with junior or senior matriculation can enter Waterloo. The cost is only \$350 including all fees and books and board for an out-of-town; \$150 a year for a student living at home. Scholarships are available for capable students. You can pay much more for the same education, but you cannot get a better education anywhere than that offered at Waterloo.

F. B. CLAUSEN, President.

—W—

The Cord wishes to take this opportunity, on behalf of the College, of expressing its deepest appreciation for the loyalty and interest shown in the unsparing efforts exerted in bringing to a successful termination our 2nd Annual Invitation Games. Whatever part you have played, whether you were Referee-in-Chief or merely helped to carry chairs, we thank you.

# Invitation Games Results

After the successful termination of the track meet, a most enjoyable Buffet supper was held in the College gym. Track contestants, coaches, principals, track officials, and College students numbering over two hundred and fifty were present. Short addresses were given by Dr. F. B. Clausen, President of the College, and by "Tiny" Cunningham, a graduate of '28. Presentation of awards followed, beautiful little engraved cups bearing the College crest to the individual winners, Banners to the various relay teams, and the Goudie and Hainsworth Trophies to the Collegiate and High School respectively carrying off the the greatest number of points. Last year these Trophies were won rather easily by the K.-W. Collegiate and by Hanover High School. This year competition was much keener and the results somewhat different. These results are as follows:

## TROPHIES

### Goudie Trophy

1. Guelph Collegiate .....	54 points
2. Galt .....	50 "
K.-W. ....	50 "
3. Owen Sound .....	19 "

### Hainsworth Trophy

1. Paris High School .....	31 points
2. Hanover .....	30 "
3. Meaford .....	27 "

## RELAYS

**Collegiate Relay** — 1. Guelph; 2. Galt; 3. Kitchener. 1.45.1\*.

**High and Cont. Reay** — 1. Milton; 2. Wingham; 3. Hanover. 1.44.3\*.

**Medley Relay** — 1. Owen Sound; 2. Galt; 3. Guelph. 4.09\*.

**Girls' Relay** — 1. Guelph; 2. Durham; 3. Paris. 1.01.1\*.

## BOYS

### Collegiate Boys:

**100 yd. Dash**—1. Pattison, R., Owen Sound; 2. Ganci, Jim, Kitchener; 3. Lund, John, Galt. .10.2\*.

**220 yd. Dash**—1. Broomfield, C., Galt; 2. Pattison, R. Owen Sound; 3. Steubing, Ken, Kitchener. .24.1\*.

**440 yd. Dash**—1. Morgan, Harold, Guelph; 2. Chapman, Keith, Galt; 3. Fromanager, A., Owen Sound. .56\*.

**880 yd. Run**—1. Chapman, Keith, Galt;

2. Stohl, Jack, Kitchener; McAlpine, Charles, Guelph. 2.22.

**1 Mile Run**—1. Hinton, Louis, Guelph; 2. Eccles, John, Galt; 3. McAlpine, Charles, Guelph. 5.16.4. .

**Running Broad Jump**—1. Detweiler, Jim, Kitchener; 2. Lund, John, Galt; 3. Enns, Rudy, Kitchener. 19' 9"\*.

**High Jump**—1. Morgan, Harold, Guelph; 2. Detweiler, Jim, Kitchener; 3. MacDonell, Jack, Kitchener. 5' 1".

**Pole Vault**—1. Kellough, Jack, Owen Sound; 2. Detweiler, Jim, Kitchener; 3. Spohn, Jim, Kitchener. 8' 6" equals.

**Shot Put**—1. Main, Harvey, Galt; 2. Bruder, Wilfred, Guelph; 3. Fischer, Ross, Guelph. 39' 1"\*.

### High and Continuation School Boys:

**100 yd. Dash**—1. MacNab, Bruce, Milton; 2. Class, Roy, Elmira; 3. Waram, D., Wingham. .10.2\*.

**220 yd. Dash**—1. Waram, D., Wingham; 2. Class, Roy, Elmira; 3. Rutherford, R., Fergus. .24\*.

**440 yd. Dash**—1. Winkler, Eric, Hanover; 2. Fritz, Stanley, Listowel; 3. Cooper, Leonard, Hanover. .62.1\*.

**880 yd. Run**—1. Hickson, Donald, Paris; 2. Lunan, Ed, Georgetown; 3. Howard, Jo, Fergus. 2.18.1\*.

**1 Mile Run**—1. Hickson, Donald, Paris; 2. Saddler, Merner, Elmira; 3. Wettlaufer, Lester, Tavistock. 5.13.4\*.

**Running Broad Jump**—1. Brown, Wallace, Meaford; 2. Brown, Harold, Meaford; 3. Geberdt, Arnold, Hanover. 21' 4"\*.

**Running High Jump**—1. Brown, Wallace, Meaford; 2. Miller, K., Paris; 3. McDermott, Stanley, Tavistock. 5' 4"\*.

**Shot Put**—1. Brown, Harold, Meaford; 2. Duncan, Ross, Georgetown; 3. Waram, D., Wingham. 38' 7".

**Pole Vault**—1. Barber, Paul, Georgetown; 2. Duncan, Ross, Georgetown; 3. Schaefer, George, Hanover. 9' 4".

## GIRLS

### Collegiate Girls:

**100 yd. Dash**—1. Shonk, Betty, Guelph; 2. Bryden, Lois, Guelph; 3. Hatton, Myrtle, Guelph. .13\*.

**220 yd. Dash**—1. Gordon, Loreen, Galt; 2. Schreiber, N. Galt; 3. Hatton, Myrtle, Guelph. .32.2\*.

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# A Tidal Wave

Elizabeth Spohn

It was in the fall of 1919, sometime in September. We, that is Mother, Dad, Mary and myself, had only been back several months from overseas, having been held back by slow demobilization. We were living in Corpus Christi, a Texan city on the Gulf of Mexico. Our home was in the beach section of the city, not more than two hundred yards from the water.

We were just getting settled after an absence of three and half years. All the tarantulas, scorpions, centipedes and other insects had been carefully cleaned out, and Miguel, our new cook, was waging a busy war with the cockroaches. (Texas cockroaches are about two inches long and possess a very offensive smell.) We were readjusting ourselves to cool, starry nights, and hot, hot days, spent in the water or drowsing in the shade of the pergola. There seemed to be an inordinate amount of heat and sunlight after three years of fog and four o'clock lamp-lighting. However we were all rapidly becoming properly lazy and tanned and comfortable.

Just to make us feel more at home, the newspapers were carrying headlines about a tornado which had been wandering up and down the coast for some days but had finally lost itself somewhere out in the Gulf. It was almost a pleasure to hear about some really active weather for a change. But we hoped the tornado would stay lost.

One morning we were roused rather early by what sounded like the whole town tearing past the house, waving pots, pans, kettles and dishes of every description. Our natural Canadian curiosity overcame our acquired Southern laziness and we all followed suit. All, that is except Mary, who was only a year old, and our Mexican cook whom nothing short of a cataclysm or Mother could arouse.

On reaching the shore we witnessed a very strange scene. People were lined up all along the shore, rapidly gathering up innumerable smallish fish, which were wildly leaping out of the water right up on the land. Nothing similar had ever been seen by any one there, and many were the conjectures offered. The most popular theory was that the fish had been driven in by some larger species, possibly sharks. However the subsequent scientific explana-

tion declared that there had probably been a volcanic disturbance of some nature several hundred miles out in the Gulf.

Almost immediately the weather began to change. Storm signals were flown at the weather bureau and reports from all along the coast pointed to the return of the tornado. At first no one was overly excited because one tornado more or less was nothing unusual. But by early evening of the next day Mother had become rather anxious because the weather reports were more and more threatening, and she was far out on the beach with two small children and a convalescent husband. After repeated phone calls to the weather bureau she was advised to leave at once for one of the hotels. By the time the taxi arrived the wind had increased to a point where it was almost impossible to walk to the car without falling. The driving was very bad, poles were beginning to fall, shingles and parts of roofs were flying through the air.

We reached the hotel at last, to find that so many people had taken similar precautions that we were forced to share our room with another family, near neighbours of ours.

Then without a moment's warning the real storm burst upon us. A wave of water fifteen feet high struck the hotel with such force that the whole building shook. Immediately the lobby was filled with dirty, foaming water dashing against the mezzanine floor. There was no sleep that night for any but the children. Windows shattered outward into the vacuum created by the terrific wind which reached a velocity estimated at one hundred and sixty miles an hour. The concrete walls cracked and heaved under the strain. The noise was so terrible that no one could speak. All night this lasted and in the morning the waves were still lashing at the surviving buildings. A little distance out from shore were several islands on which there had been cattle ranches and oil tanks. At the first sweep of the storm these were completely demolished, and to the horrors in town were added bodies of dead cattle and hundreds of tons of oil.

For two days and three nights we were there, practically marooned with little food and no drinking water. Someone did

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# The Romanov Bell

Myrtle Walsh

He was a Russian gentleman of uncertain age and he was dying of tuberculosis. A plump, pink-cheeked nurse bent over him with something more than professional care.

"Tonight I die," said the gentleman with a great deal of satisfaction.

The nurse protested. He was looking unusually well this evening, his temperature was almost normal, he—

The patient seemed not to hear. He was smiling, his black eyes flashed, he was a little delirious perhaps—and yet, his forehead was cool.

"Tonight I die, and then I shall know all." He threw the nurse an almost mischievous glance and smiled. She sat down beside him and stroked his long nervous hands. He was her favorite patient. She liked these foreigners, there was something romantic about them.

"Do I make you curious? Ah, then I shall tell you a story. No, not one of my—what is it you call them?—not one of my tall stories. This one is true. I swear it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Many years ago, when Peter the Great was Tsar, a young prince of the Romanov family was wandering through northern Russia. His name was Nicholas Michaelovitch. He was a handsome young man but rash and too fond of drinking with the common people. One night in a little village on the Techora he struck the innkeeper a blow in the face. There was, I think, a girl involved. The innkeeper was bold with much drink and he struck the Prince down upon the straw-strewn floor. What an insult for a prince!

The Prince whipped out his sword and challenged the innkeeper to a duel. The innkeeper ought to have considered it a great honor to cross swords with a member of the Royal House but he merely cursed the more. He was very clumsy with a sword and Nicholas could have killed him a hundred times.

All might have ended happily enough had the innkeeper not waxed bolder and made an unpleasant remark—about the girl, I think it was. Before anyone knew what had happened Prince Nicholas had sprung upon his opponent and run his sword down the unfortunate man's throat with a single thrust.

The Russian blood is quick to boil. In a moment a dozen men had sprung upon the Prince and they swore that he must die.

Yet no man dared strike the blow. Finally they decided upon an ingenious plan. Outside the village was a deep pit, a dried-up well; into this they would throw His Imperial Highness and leave him to starve or rot. The Prince made no murmur of complaint but asked that he be allowed to pray a few moments in the village church. This he was allowed to do. Then he asked that the church bell be tolled for him seven times. But the villagers laughed and mocked at his piety.

So they threw him into the pit. His legs must have been broken for he never rose to his feet again. Yet he did not groan. His voice could be heard muttering prayers in a low tone.

Every day the villagers came and mocked Prince Nicholas. They showed him food, sometimes they lowered it almost within his reach, then jerked it away from his clutching hands. For forty days he lived in that slimy pit. After a time he paid no more attention to their taunts. Once he even laughed at them, but most of the time he prayed.

Then one evening the bell in the church steeple began to toll. It tolled seven times and ended in a long shuddering sigh. The church was quite empty at the time. **No one had tolled the bell!**

The next morning some of the villagers went as usual to torment their prisoner. But they saw at once that he had passed out of their control. Someone had thrown a huge rock into the well. The Prince's body lay quietly beneath it. His eyes were upturned to the sky and he was smiling.

Years later a black-veiled lady came to the village. She was accompanied by only two servants but everyone knew that she was of the royal house. She went straight to the pit and stood there for a long time looking down. Many shovels of earth hid the body of Nicholas Michaelovitch but she stared and wrung her hands as though she saw him there.

That night the church bell again tolled seven times. Again a crowd flocked to the church and found no one there. In the morning the lady, Marie Michaelovna of

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# He Was Tired

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G. D. S.

This was the end he decided, as he threw down his heavy text-book. What was the use of plodding on through these dreary pages, for the sake of a far distant goal. There was a philosophy essay to do, history pages to summarize, many pages of English poetry and psychology to read, and he was completely worn out. He looked at the college pennant hanging above his desk and laughed cynically. It was a happy day for him when it was placed there, but now—he was through. Well. . . why should he worry about it? Hadn't he done more than most of the students in the first term? Even if he did quit now he'd still be ahead of most of the fellows. It was foolish to worry about it, so why not go out and enjoy himself? There was a good symphony playing at Massey Hall. Music. That was the thing to make him forget his worries and soothe his tired nerves.

Quickly he dashed out of his old clothes, and, with a triumphant smirk at the pennant went down stairs. It was good to be in his car darting swiftly through the traffic, dodging trucks and speeding past yellow traffic lights. Finally he reached the hall and hurried to his seat.

The concert had started and the orchestra were playing some modern music by Debussy. As one unusual harmony followed another it seemed to represent the very jargon of modern life. Here was all the rush and hurry of mankind and underneath it all the seething turmoil of a worried mind. He stirred restlessly in his seat and hoped that it would end soon; but the next number brought him no relief. It was Ravel, and the pounding beat of the Bolero brought the perspiration to his brow. The haunting thought of his work came back to him and he forgot about the concert.

Suddenly he realized that there was a change in the music. What was it that made the people so quiet? What had gripped them? A number of singers had joined the orchestra, and as he listened intently he heard the majestic theme of Wagner's Pilgrims' Chorus. As the great music poured out he saw in his imagination a tired group of pilgrims trudging over hard cruel roads. Their way was hard and the Holy City was far off, but what

were they singing? It was not a song of despair or gloom, it was triumphant hope and the power of a "vision splendid" overriding all difficulties. What victorious music! As he listened his own troubles seemed very small and unimportant. Nothing could stop such inspiration, and as the chorus slowly faded into the distance he hurried from the hall.

The ride home took only a few moments and soon he stood once more in front of his desk. There was his Browning, and quickly he turned to the words of, "One who never turned his back but marched breast forward  
Never doubted clouds would break. . . ." That was it—march breast forward towards his goal as the pilgrims had. . . . Now he could work.

—W—

## Alumni Association Meeting

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Lloyd Schaus, '30, was elected president and representative on the Senate of the University of Western Ontario at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association on April 18. Other officers are: James Lohead, '33, vice-president; Norman Berner, '35, secretary-treasurer; Miss Dorothy Tailby, '33, corresponding secretary.

Important business included plans for continuance of the work of the field secretaries, the voting of \$25 to the Invitation Games Committee and the guaranteeing to the College Cord of \$50 each year for two years for the purpose of cancelling the publication's old debt.

This College Cord debt was contracted several years ago **by students who are now alumni**. The present staff, with alumni assistance, plans to clear it off in two years. All that you, as an alumnus, are asked to do is to subscribe to the Cord at the special rate of \$1.00 a year. Send all subscriptions through your field secretary or direct to Norman Berner, Waterloo College.

—W—

Men are not judged by their looks, habits, and appearances; but by the character of their lives and conversations, and by their works. It is better to be praised by one's own works than by the words of another.—L'Estrange.



# Dormitory Life . . .

Arnold Conrad

Only six months have passed since I left home and came to Waterloo in order to obtain a college education. During this time many events have taken place in my life which I shall not quickly forget. But there is one thing, which I shall always remember, that is, living in the dormitory of Waterloo College.

Since I have been enjoying dormitory life for only a short time, and since I know of only one dormitory on which to base my opinions, I feel that my point of view may be limited. However, if these limitations are not agreeable to you, and, if there is evidence of one-sided opinions which may or may not be fair to the subject in which I am about to reveal the advantages of dormitory life, I hope, as sympathetic readers, you will overlook these shortcomings.

Rooming in a college dormitory undoubtedly provides a great deal of convenience. Convenience is that which adds to comfort, and makes work easier. We, as resident students, enjoy a great convenience in attending classes and socials which are held in the college; and above all we have the satisfaction of having a room in which to study in quiet between classes. Then there is the college library which is always available. There is a danger, however, that these conveniences may tend to develop a lazy attitude, which indirectly may lead to the neglect of our health. But therein lies the question of responsibility and self-reliance.

Responsibility is stressed a great deal in dormitory life. I am not ignoring the fact, however, that a spark of an argument lies hidden within the shavings of this rather forward statement, but I am going to continue, in hopes that I may be able to remove the chances of such an argument. We all have little things to look after, such as keeping our rooms orderly in appearance, seeing about our laundry, etc. Many will say "these are only trifles", but they are not. If we can't take care of little things, how can we take care of greater things. There is no better place than in a dormitory to cultivate the habits of self-discipline and self-reliance which form the foundation on which our responsibilities will lie.

Let us now look on dormitory life from another point of view, viz., co-operation.

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## College Notes . . .

At the meeting of the Athenaeum Society, March 26, Mr. Mitchell of Kitchener showed several reels of moving pictures which he took on a trip to the Orient recently. The scenes of life in the cities and countries of the East, together with the accompanying explanations and descriptions by Mr. Mitchell, provided a very interesting program.

Thursday, April 2, the Germania held a "Spring Meeting" with readings and recitations of various students, and several musical numbers. Then on April 15 a one-act comedy, "Die Kleinen Verwandten", was presented by the society.

The annual public speaking contest was held Thursday, April 16th, with five students participating. The winner of the gold medal was Mrs. Myrtle Walsh, who speaking on "George Bernard Shaw", displayed a thoroughly intimate knowledge of her subject and a pleasing ease of delivery. Miss Winnifred Rae, whose subject was "Health Problems in Rural Schools", was awarded second place. The other contestants were Miss Ruth Weichel, and Messrs. Nelson Alles and Floyd Freeston.

The first presentations of the newly-formed drama club, The Waterloo College Players, were given in the Waterloo Town Hall, Tuesday, April 21—three one-act plays. The success of the first effort bodes well for the future.

The College Choir elected its new officers at the annual meeting, April 23. The new executive is as follows: President, Miss Margaret Conrad; vice-president, Mr. Nelson Alles; secretary-treasurer, Mr. H. Strand; librarian, Mr. Arnold Conrad.

Thursday, April 30, the Athenaeum Society presented Dr. Hinds, Ph.D., of King St. Baptist Church, Kitchener, who addressed the society on "The Religion and Philosophy of Coleridge".

Following the meeting, the semi-annual meeting took place, with the election of new officers. Those elected were: Faculty adviser, Dr. W. H. Johns; Hon. president, Mr. Norman Berner; president, Miss Enid Willison; vice-president, Mrs. Myrtle Walsh; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Dwight Kellerman.

The annual meeting of the College Players was held on Friday, May 1, with the election of the following officers: Faculty adviser, Dr. W. H. Johns; President, W. Ziegler; vice-president, M. Conrad; secretary-treasurer, R. Schippling.

—W—

## Seminary Notes . .

Five students will, God willing, graduate from our Seminary this year to enter the Gospel ministry. They are: Arthur Kaspereit, Karl Knauff, Arvid Kuitunen, William Nolting, and Julius Turcsanyi. Of these, Mr. Kaspereit will proceed to Saskatchewan where he will take up work in Woodhill district near Prince Albert; Mr. Kuitunen will begin his labors among the Finns in South Porcupine, northern Ontario; and Mr. Turcsanyi will accept a call to serve the Hungarians in the city of Buffalo. Prospects for the placing of the others look bright. For each one of our graduates as he enters upon his field of work in God's Kingdom we offer our sincere prayers that God will abundantly bless his labors with success.

Two meetings of the Seminary Class were held during the month of April. The first, held on the 2nd, was a revivification of the old "Luther-Abend" which had long been discontinued. Papers were presented as follows: "Little Known Facts About Luther", A. Little; "Luther as a Hymn Writer", H. Strand; "Luther as an Author", K. Knauff; and "What Others Think About the Lutherans", A. Kuitunen.

The second meeting held on the 23rd and being the last official meeting of the Seminarians for the year 1935-6 was one of extreme interest. Four students presented brief but pointed sketches of Lutheranism in their native countries: A. Christensen, "Lutheranism in Denmark"; J. Turcsanyi, "Hungary"; A. Kuitunen, "Finland"; and H. Strand, "Norway".

The annual meeting of the Cossman-Hayunga Missionary Society was held at 8 p.m. Tuesday, April 28th. Election of officers for the coming term resulted as follows: Hon. President, Prof. C. H. Little; Hon. vice-president, Prof. H. M. Haug; president, Mr. H. Strand; vice-president, Miss Ruth Weichel; secretary, Miss Margaret Conrad; treasurer, Mr. F. Haack.

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## **Responsibility of the Church College**

Writing in the October 1935 issue of The Christian Review, a "Pastor of a College Church" contends that the obligation of the denominational college is to the past, the present, and the future. The obligation to the present is to the students, the homes of the students and the home parishes. The most vital phase of the duty to the students is "the production and development of Christian character." His position is very clearly and definitely stated:

"Students who have not begun the Christian life are to be won to it. Those who are already Christians are to be more fully established and developed in Christian thought and life. If these things are not done by the denominational school there can scarcely be found any justification of its continuance. And if these things are done, then certain factors in the life of the institution must be very carefully guarded. Campus life must be kept strongly Christian and proper connections must be maintained with church and community life. Very pertinent and practical questions arise: Shall the students be required to attend church services? Shall there be 'compulsory' chapel? How many religious services shall be held on the campus and what shall be their nature? Shall the proportion of non-Christian students be limited? If so, what shall be the percentage? Shall membership on the faculty be expected to attend and support the church faithfully? Shall the prime consideration in selecting faculty members be scholarship and teaching ability or Christian character and influence? Is a denominational college meeting its obligation to its student body and its constituency if any member of the teaching and administrative staff fails to exercise a genuine and effective influence for Christ and His church? Satisfactory answers to these and similar questions must be diligently sought before a denominational college can be regarded as having begun to meet adequately its obligation to its student body."

—W—

Cheeriness is more to be thankful for than for the brightest genius or brilliant talents.

—W—

Necessity is the mother of convention.

## To the Ladies:—

Here is a reply, not from an unreliable source but from ancient mythology, to that bit of diatribe about men in last month's Cord. This story of "The Creation of Women" will explain many things.

In the beginning when Twashtri, the Almighty, came to create woman he found that he had exhausted all his solid materials in making man. Retiring in deep meditation he resolved on the following procedure. He took the roundness of the moon, the curves of the creepers, the clinging of the tendrils and the trembling of the grass. To these he added the slenderness of the reed, the bloom of the rose, the lightness of the leaf. Then he gathered the weeping of the clouds, the joyous gaiety of the sunbeam and the fickleness of the wind. With these he placed the glances of the deer, the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock, the softness of the parrot's bosom, the hardness of adamant, the cruelty of the tiger, the hot glow of fire, the coldness of snow, the chattering of the jay, the cooing of the dove, the hypocrisy of the crane and the fidelity of the drake. Mixing all these elements together he made woman—and gave her to man.

A week later, man came to his creator and said, "Lord, this creature which thou gavest me makes life miserable. She chatters incessantly, teases me beyond endurance, never leaves me alone, requires attention all the time, weeps about nothing and is always idle (R.V.—playing bridge). Please take her back."

"Very well," said Twashtri, and took woman back.

Another week later man returned and complained, "Lord, my life is lonely since I gave up woman. I remember how she used to dance for me, sing to me, look at me out of the corner of her eye, play with me and cling to me. Her laughter was music in my ears, she was beautiful to look at and soft to touch. Pray give her back to me." So Twashtri gave her back.

Within three days man was back again, saying, "I know not how it is, but woman is more trouble to me than pleasure. Take her away."

But Twashtri was angry at this and said, "Be off with you. I'll have no more of this nonsense. You must manage as best you can."

"But I cannot live with her," lamented man.

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"Neither can you live without her," retorted Twashtri.

"Alas", sighed man, "what am I to do, for I can neither live with her nor can I live without her."

So here's to Woman—like the ancient man, we can't . . . and we can't.

—W—

**Invitation Games Results**

(Continued from Page 3)

**Running Broad Jump**—1. Woodman, Joyce, Galt; 2. Shonk, Betty, Guelph; 3. Smith, Margaret, Galt. 13' 6".

**Standing Broad**—1. Jones, Alice, Kitchener; 2. VanGeel, Ruth, Kitchener; 3. Caldicott, Bernice, Guelph. 7' 5¼".

**Running High**—1. VanGeel, Ruth, Kitchener; 2. Spry, Dorothy, Guelph; 3. Spohn, Mary, Kitchener. 4' 5"\*.

**Shot Put**—1. Fisk, Isabel, Guelph; 2. Jones, Alice, Kitchener; 3. Spohn, Mary, Kitchener. 28' 9"\*.

**Basketball Throw**—1. Woodman, Joyce, Galt; 2. Spohn, Mary, Kitchener; 3. Kampman, Rose, Kitchener. 74'.

**Baseball Throw**—1. Webb, Lilian, Kitchener; 2. Hill, Mildred, Brantford; 3. Kampman, Rose, Kitchener. 173' 1".

**High and Continuation School Girls:**

**100 yd. Dash**—1. Bohnert, Reta, Hanover; 2. Kitchen, Frances, Paris; 3. Dawson, Frances, Preston. 12.4 same.

**220 yd. Dash**—1. Bailey, Jean, Listowel; 2. Huber, Marian, Hanover; 3. Gilks, Georgina, Elmira. .31\*.

**Running Broad Jump**—1. Bohnert, Rita, Hanover; 2. Hoelscher, Jean, Elmira; 3. Telfer, Barbara, Paris. 13' 6¾".

**Standing Broad**—1. Kitchen, Frances, Paris; 2. Arnold, Mary, Elmira; 3. Sippel, Joyce, Elmira. 7' 7"\*.

**Running High**—1. Weston, Elaine, Tavistock; 2. Telfer, Barbara, Paris; 3. Perks, Jean, Meaford. 4' 3½"\*.

**Shot Put**—1. Prues, Luella, Hanover; 2. Chittick, Marj., Hanover; 3. Kinder, Mary, Preston. 23' 10¼".

**Basketball Throw**—1. Perks, Jean, Meaford; 2. Arnold, Peggy, Elmira; 3. Salyerds, Erla, Preston. 61' 3".

**Baseball Throw**—1. Baleman, Doris, Paris; 2. Mutrie, Helen, Meaford; 3. Hoelscher, Jean, Elmira. 155' 2"\*.

\* denotes new record.

—W—

The tree must be bent while it is young.

—W—

Life depends on the liver.



## First Graduation Dance

Since the announcement in the last issue of the Cord of the Graduation Dance to be held on Friday, May 29th, at Westmount Golf and Country Club, many students have shown a decided interest in this coming event by submitting names of friends to the Invitation Committee. Every effort is being put forth to make the First Graduation Dance of Waterloo College an unqualified success. Hal Davis and his music will be in attendance. Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Fox of London, President and Mrs. F. B. Clausen, Miss Haug, Professor and Mrs. C. F. Klinck will act as patrons. This promises to be one of the biggest social events Waterloo College has ever had and in all probability it will become an annual affair.

—W—

### SPRING SONG

It may be now that Spring has come  
My heart is one eternal sun—  
Why do I feel so joyous?—Joyous the  
world now is to me;  
I am surrounded in a warmth, an inward  
warmth, that makes me thrill to see  
How banners of the sky are flung  
In one continual playful flight  
Across the blue of heaven, hung  
With cool beams of a bright cool sun,  
A sun which may feel cool without  
But oh! that inward warmth of might  
That makes me feel I want to SHOUT!  
I wonder is it you? Surely clouds and sun  
could not bring on  
This rapt joyous me. Ne'er have I felt  
like this since you are gone.  
It may be just the thought of you  
And then to realize, love is true!

—W—

### SPRING, YOU ARE A FLIRT!

Spring—  
Why are you such a frivolous thing?  
Sweetly caressing or suddenly cold,  
Virginal, flame-buoyant, cheating or bold.  
Fooling us, hiding or running away,  
Gracefully lending your charms for a day.  
Scattering sun-kisses, tempting our reason,  
Giving us hopes beyond your season.  
Proud as a queen in your sky-colored  
vesture,  
Sweeping the world with a generous gesture;  
Moving to tears a winter-stained earth,  
Spring you are a flirt!

ARNOLD

HARRY A.

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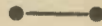
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**A Tidal Wave**

(Continued from Page 4)

manage on the second day to get some condensed milk from the drugstore across the street. For a while the wind abated and the worst of the storm seemed over, but with the true perversity of a tornado it turned right around and raged through the town for another twelve hours.

By noon the next day we were able to leave the hotel, picking our way over piles of oil-seaked wood. I can remember feeling very sad about ruining a new pair of shoes. We went to stay with some friends who lived just above the bluffs, but were forced to move out almost immediately as the water had dangerously undermined the house. Later that day Dad went out to see just how much damage had been done to the house. But he never found it.

Like all the smaller houses in the beach section it had been washed away. It must have been a heartbreak to Mother and Dad, this loss of their home that they built just before we went to England. I shed tears for a favourite teddy-bear I had left behind in the confusion of the departure. The town had suffered terribly, the beach quarter was entirely wiped out and fifteen hundred drowned. Martial law was declared at once, and all men were commanded to clear the wreckage. As soon as possible communications were made with parts of the state that had suffered less. Aero-planes dropped crates of oranges, and, for days, until trains could get through, we lived on them. There was no fresh water, for twenty-five miles inland there wasn't a well that was not filled with salt water.

At last help came through and the town was slowly cleared up. After a few weeks in which Dad tried to make what settlements he could, we left for the north with absolutely nothing but the clothing on our backs.

—W—

By tracing backwards the courses of planets in the sky above Palestine, scientists find that at the birth of Christ, three stars are supposed to have united their light in one above the manger in Bethlehem. These stars were Venus, Saturn and Jupiter. The recurrence of this phenomenon is computed to take place in A.D. 2408.

—W—

He who has conquered doubt and fear has conquered failure.—James Allen.

## The Romanov Bell

(Continued from Page 5)

the house of Romanov, was found by her attendants with a knife through her throat.

The village people were overcome by superstitious terror. They rushed to the church and tore down the bell. They pounded it into a shapeless mass. They poured holy oil over it in an effort to wash away the curse. Then they threw it down the old well and buried it deep. They removed all traces of the well so that people in after days might not find either the Prince or the broken bell.

For many years nothing more was heard of the bell. People had begun to regard the whole story as a legend. Then one day a peasant returning home from the fields heard a sighing sound just over his head. It startled him because there was not a breath of wind. Then he heard very clearly the sound of a bell. It tolled slowly, seven times. The peasant crossed himself and hurried home. In the village the people were all praying.

Weeks later, for news travelled slowly, came word of the assassination of the great Tsar, Alexander II.

Ever since that time the Romanov bell has tolled seven times for each member of the Romanov family who died by violence. It tolled for the late Tsar Nicholas II and his family on the night of their murder far away in Siberia. And now I come to the most important part of my story.

On the night of the murder of the last Tsar of Holy Russia the Romanov bell awakened not only that little village on the Techora but many other towns in that part of northern Russia. It tolled seven times, then died away in a sigh, then seven more times and stopped. And it tolled thus for each member of the Tsar's family—**except one.** You remember that the Tsar and his five children are all said to have been shot that night. (The Tsarina, of course, was not really a Romanov). Very well, then, the bell ought to have tolled seven times each for six people. **It tolled for only five.**

You think the whole idea is absurd. Ah, but do any of us know? The bodies of the Tsar and his family were destroyed, you will recall. Identification was impossible—a few scattered bones and some ashes alone remained. There could have been only five.

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One does not dare speak of all this.  
People would think one mad.

But we—we who knew—and loved—  
ah, those Grand Duchesses, they were beau-  
tiful—where was I?—ah yes, I believe and  
I trust, but soon I shall know—  
\* \* \* \* \*

The nurse crossed the Russian gentle-  
man's thin arms on his chest and covered  
his face with the sheet. Queer ducks, these  
foreigners, but darned interesting. She'd  
miss his stories.

## —W— Dormitory Life

(Continued from Page 7)

Every resident student should realize what  
an important part co-operation plays in  
dormitory life. Our College dormitory is a  
little world by itself in which Canada and  
other nations are represented. It may be  
called a miniature League of Nations.  
What an opportunity for residents to de-  
velop a mutual friendship between all!  
One of the chief drawbacks to this end is  
the emphasis of nationalism and provin-  
cialism. First when I came here this was  
very noticeable, but, as the days rolled by  
and as the residents became more intimate  
it gradually disappeared, so much so that  
now I fail to see even the slightest inclina-  
tion toward such a feeling. Thus, living  
in a college dormitory is of great advan-  
tage. Everyone learns to have a thought  
for others. Many people through the lack  
of opportunity for this learning during  
early life, may pay dearly for such learn-  
ing in later life.

Dormitory life is an education in itself.  
It enables us to come into closer rela-  
ship with our fellowmen. Here is the place  
where we can observe qualities in man  
which may not otherwise be revealed; here  
is the place where we can learn to under-  
stand man—everything tends to train the  
powers of observation, to reveal the value  
of co-operation and to help one experience  
responsibility.

During college life every male student  
should live at least one year in our dor-  
mitory. I am sure that that person will  
never regret it and will go forth better  
equipped to meet life face to face.

—W—  
That day must be considered lost in  
which one has not laughed.

—W—  
Rare as is true love, true friendship is  
rarer.—LaRocheffoucauld.