

# THE COLLEGE CORD

## Addresses Athenaeum



### THE CENTENARY OF LORD DURHAM'S REPORT

On Friday, Dec. 1, Harry Brown, a member of the K-W Collegiate staff, addressed the Athenaeum Society. He gave a popular talk on Lord Durham's work in Canada. One hundred years ago, on January 31, 1839, Lord Durham's report was brought before the British Parliament.

Lord Durham was born John George Lambton. Before coming to Canada he had been British ambassador to Russia. He had a peculiar love of ceremony, bringing his own private brass band with him to aid him in the ceremonial task of landing upon Canadian soil. He landed as the governor-in-chief of the five British North American provinces, having full powers to deal with the critical situation resulting from the Rebellion of 1837 in Upper and Lower Canada.

Lord Durham found serious conditions in the two Canadas. Irish-American Fenians were raiding the southern frontiers of Upper Canada. Durham sent a mission to President Van Buren to provide for more effective guarding of the frontier and to avoid violence along it.

He had to deal with political prisoners. The jails of Lower Canada were filled with the leaders of the Rebellion of 1837. He realized that not all these men were guilty, that they should be soon brought to trial, but that it would be impossible to find a jury which would be unprejudiced. What was to be done with them? Finally he had a clever idea. He told them that, if they were tried in a court they would be found guilty and hanged. He thus secured their confession of guilt. He banished eight of the more vicious leaders to Bermuda, granting complete amnesty to the rest.

This action resulted, however, in severe criticism of Durham by his political opponents in England. They said that he had exceeded his authority; that he had no power to banish men to Bermuda without a jury trial. Lord Durham first heard about this criticism from a New York newspaper and promptly resigned, leaving Canada on November 1, 1838.

## THE YULETIDE MESSAGE OF OUR PRESIDENT

It is a Waterloo tradition that the president write this message for the "Cord." The present "encumbrance" gratefully accepts the opportunity afforded by this custom. The theme is  
**A Star-Controlled Destiny.**

Ancient Babylonia was the home of the original star-gazers who gave the world the questionable art of astrology. The basis of astrology is the thesis that the life and eternal destiny of every person is controlled by a star which chances to be in the ascendancy at the time of the birth of an individual. Greek intelligence adopted this concept and used it to rationalize its fatalism. It was assumed that the whole action of a man was determined for him beforehand by an overmastering fate. He was encompassed by iron forces from which there was no escape. This sense of an inevitable destiny governing man's life contributed, perhaps more than anything else, to the mood of hopelessness which oppressed the mind of antiquity. It was the ancient counterpart to that pessimism which affects much of the thought of today as a result of modern scientific theory. The world is interpreted now, as it was then, to be a network of mechanical laws which hold man completely at their mercy. This view persists in spite of man's unquenchable desire for freedom.

How superstition persists! It flourishes in this age of free thinking and self-determination which are supposed to be the quintessence of democracy. The horoscope is the Bible and astrology or kindred rackets the religion of the intelligentsia and the run of the mill men. If a person was born under an "unlucky" star he finds in this circumstance a good alibi for his ineptness, mistakes, assininity and ornery moods. Shakespeare passes judgment on this escape mechanism: "An admirable evasion of a man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star."

Christmas takes this superstition as a point of contact to emphasize the positive and creative conviction that every man has been born under a "lucky" star, the grace of God which appeared in its fullness when Jesus Christ was born. Not an unpredictable, capricious fate but a loving Father rules the universe and offers a plan of grace and a way of salvation to everyone who responds in faith. Nothing, nobody can harm us if we are followers of that which is good. God is for and with us.

My prayer for all of us, at Christmas and every day is this: that we may follow the gleam of the star of the grace of God revealed in His Son Jesus Christ and, like the Magi, worship at the manger and open to Jesus the treasures of our abilities and influence. May our lives become radiant with the personal experience that Christ has been born in us and that He lives in us and we in Him.

"Light of Life that shonest 'ere the world began,  
Draw Thou near and lighten every heart of man."

F. B. CLAUSEN.

Dear Santa Claus:

The following people have submitted to me their wants and needs for the coming Christmas season. Would you please oblige them by bringing for each respective person the following items.

- Veitch—a "B.A." please.
- Greene—a bicycle built for two.
- Minke—A hair-transfusion.
- Pfeiffer, "Primus."—A good book on logic.
- Monk — a left-handed "monk"ey wrench.
- Prof. Moellmann—"100,000,000 Guinea Pigs."
- Dietsche—a "comeback" for every occasion.
- Pfeiffer, "Secundus"—a good Latin "pony."
- Wilson—How to pass Library Sci-

- ence in 5 easy lessons.
- Neudoerffer—a few music lessons.
- Nuhn—a few "Mosig" lessons.
- L.L.L.—"Veitchie."
- P. McGarry—a pillow for a pillion.
- Prof. Rikard—a violin.
- Conrad—"Glad-Eyes."
- Stockman—How to be a "he-man;" a book about "Tarzan" will do.
- King—a book on how to be a play-boy.
- The Latin 10 Class—Some "tips."
- The Janitor—a "Sherlock Holmes" detective outfit.

## DR. CARL HAUCH WINS RECOGNITION

Honored by American College of Surgeons.

A fellowship in the American College of Surgeons, in recognition of post-graduate work carried on in the operating room, has been accorded Dr. Carl Y. Hauch of Owen Sound, a former Kitchener resident and son of a veteran Evangelical clergyman, Rev. J. P. Hauch of St. Jacobs.

The degree, which was conferred on Dr. Hauch at a recent convention of the college at Philadelphia, comes as a result of his post-graduate work in surgery carried on at the New York Hospital where he was a member of the staff prior to going to Owen Sound in the fall of 1938.

Dr. Hauch graduated from Western University in 1931. He then went to Owen Sound for three months' practice after which he went to New York. He was resident surgeon at the New York Hospital from 1936 to 1938 and at the same time surgical instructor at Cornell Medical School.

Dr. Hauch received his early education in Kitchener although he was born in Japan where his father was a missionary at the time. He is a brother of Dr. Paul Hauch of Preston.

## MRS. RIKARD HEADS NURSERY SCHOOL

In the Kitchener Y.W.C.A. a pre-school kindergarten was opened recently with Mrs. Rikard in charge. We interviewed Mrs. Rikard who described to us the work and purpose of the school.

There are 16 children registered from 3 to 4½ years of age. They meet every school morning in one of the Y.W.C.A. rooms. They play games together, learn nursery rhymes and songs; are given a chance to develop a sense of rhythm; are told stories; taught simple handicrafts; this language is watched and they are taught the rudiments of good manners. Their mornings are broken by a short rest period and a light lunch.

The nursery aims to teach the children self-reliance and the ability to get along pleasantly with each other. Many children who enter have not learned to do things in a group, and it is important for their future development that they do so early in life. As a member of the group each child learns to be considerate of the others.

The Y.W.C.A. offers the nursery as a benefit to the community. It is intended particularly for underprivileged children. Since it is not founded on a money-paying basis, it depends on donations for the necessary materials, such as blocks, paints, toys, picture books and fruit juices for the lunch. Directors of this school look for your support in this project.

A Merry Christmas To All

Founded 1926

# THE COLLEGE CORD

Editor ..... Jack Blinkhorn  
 Sports ..... Dave Dooley, Nora Eager  
 Exchange ..... Delphine Hartman, Alice Hedderick  
 Special Events ..... Melvin King  
 Seminary News ..... Alvin Baetz  
 Literaria ..... Jean Kramp

Alumni News ..... Ilse Aksim  
 College Capers ..... Claire Pope  
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 Faculty Adviser ..... Dr. Moellmann

## EDITORIAL

Many of you will no doubt agree that the interval separating one Christmas from its successor seems to grow shorter in direct proportion as the years pass over us.

Who can have forgotten those long December days followed by seemingly endless nights when tired from play, yet unable to sleep for excitement, we used to lie wide awake speculating with anxious eagerness upon what St. Nicholas might have for us this time?

The memory of those wonderful days and nights cannot but throw into sharp relief the complete change in attitude toward Christmas that has come with our advance from childhood through adolescence to early manhood and womanhood. Of late years we have come to accept the approach of Christmas as a fairly matter-of-course event.

We suddenly become aware, some bright September afternoon, that leaves are changing colour and falling from the trees. A few more days and we are partaking of Thanksgiving turkey. Soon football yields place to hockey and, almost without warning, the Christmas holidays are with us.

Mid-December brings to Waterloo a respite from lectures, a farewell banquet or two, and hurried preparations for spending the coming two-odd weeks with "the folks."

Upon this occasion the feeling of sadness which naturally accompanies a parting, even a short one, from those we have learned to value as friends serves only to chasten what would otherwise be uncontrollable joy at the prospect of returning home for Christmas.

"Christmas at home."

Our common heritage of a great religion and a fine literature has bestowed upon the English-speaking world no other phrase half so capable of arousing that which is best and tenderest in us.

The birth of our Saviour—the supreme expression of God's love for us—could be celebrated in no more fitting company than that of those whom we love best in the world.

Let us not forget, however, that, as we profess to be Christians, it is our duty and should be our joy to share this divine affection with all of God's creatures.

As we spend the sacred Christmas hours secure in the love of those who mean so much to us, should it not behoove us, then, to pause for a moment to offer an honest prayer to the end that every man's Christmas may be as blessed as our own?

May the spiritual experiences of this holy season enable us to banish from our hearts all feeling of malice toward those unknown millions who, sharing with us a common humanity and a common hope of salvation—however strangely expressed—are also God's children.

It is our honest hope that this Christmas may be for all of us a season of reflection from which we may emerge as better men and women.

Please accept from each of us on the "Cord" staff our sincere wishes for a Full, a Merry, and a Blessed Christmas.

Jack Blinkhorn	A. Moellmann
Dave Dooley	Ilse Aksim
Nora Eager	Claire Pope
Delphine Hartman	Henry Schmieder
Alice Hedderick	Bev. Pugh
Melvin King	Harro Pfeiffer
Alvin Baetz	Jean Kramp
Al. McTaggart	Angela Boehmer

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

## — LITERARIA —

## TROPICAL INTERLUDE

(Continued from last issue.)

I found that at times I became subject to periods of depression which increased in frequency and duration the longer I stayed in the Tropics. A feeling of hopelessness caused, I believe, by a weakening of the nervous system, accompanied these periods. At first the mystic atmosphere of the Tropics appealed to me, but after a while the aesthetic appeal was replaced by one of extreme heaviness which produced a haunting and hounding effect.

I shall never forget my first Christmas in the Tropics. I had been there for almost a year. A heavy, blinding rain ushered in the dawn of

Christmas Day. No mail had arrived. No letters, no cards, no gifts, nothing but heat, flies, rain and mosquitoes. I felt thoroughly dejected, and I can clearly remember stalking through the bush that afternoon, ready to shoot at anything that might cross my path. When I returned, soaked to the skin, with my white suit covered with mud, a native boy handed me a note. It contained an invitation to dinner for that evening. Still feeling disgusted I bathed in the household tub, (a wooden contraption, three feet in diameter and about six inches deep.) Donning the usual stiff-bosomed shirt and dinner jacket, I reached Mac's home about seven o'clock.

What a surprise awaited me. A real Christmas tree with candles stood at one end of the large room. Wreaths of holly were hung over the pictures and the table was beautifully decorated with red and green candles which caused the silverware to sparkle as the lights flickered. Mrs. Mac came up to me, put her arm around my shoulder and wished me a merry Christmas. As I stood there in a mental daze she handed me a small gift. That was too much and I burst into tears, but what a relief those tears brought. Then I realized the true beauty of home. That one act of kindness meant a great deal to me. From that time on I was treated as if I was Mrs. Mac's son, and nothing that they had was too good for me. This incident may make you smile but it meant a great deal to a young fellow who was feeling pretty tired and lonely. Thank God for people of the calibre of the Mac family.

Depression seems to be the average white man's greatest enemy in the Tropics. Various means of relief are sought. Some bury their troubles in the wineglass and slowly but surely sink to the native level. The occasional one who lacks stability of character ends his life. The majority seem to adopt the philosophy that life is what they make it and thus are able to survive the abnormal conditions by which they are surrounded.

Social life among the white people was, of necessity, clannish. Despite the heat, dancing, tennis, golf and riding were carried on. In fact the latter recreation was the cause of me having my interior opened up.

A rather attractive girl had arrived from England a few days previously. She was very fond of riding and asked me to accompany her on a jaunt. Despite the fact that I had never been on a horse's back before, I agreed to ride the fine white gelding she had in the stables. I suppose that if I were writing fiction, the effect of having two young people riding on two fine horses would inevitably lead to a pleasant climax. Unfortunately this is not fiction. The horse that I was riding, (Comet by name), decided to race after the other horse. Horrified, I dropped the reins and hung on to the horse's mane. It was only natural that when the horse reached the edge of the bush he should turn. He did this, but I did not.

As I lay in the hospital during the next two weeks, I realized how Don Quixote must have felt after his memorable charge. Once again Eve had brought about the fall of man.

I spent many a pleasant evening ionally a couple of us would go "slumming" and were often able to catch some of the spirit of native life.

One of my best friends was a Spaniard. He was a perfect gentleman and it was through him that I attended a beautiful fiesta on the

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## Christmas Peace

It was Christmas eve. The whole world seemed wrapped in a pervading sense of "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." In the East there shone a star, a star exceedingly bright, shedding a soft radiance. The moon shone softly down over the snow-covered hills, and the old man, standing in the open window, wondered if that glory which "shone round about" the shepherds on the hills of Palestine could have been more wonderful than this. A few flakes of snow, silvered in the moonlight, drifted down, to adorn the green arms of the great spruce trees with crystalline gems.

The old man raised his head, gaping on the landscape so peaceful and lovely. The room within was aglow with the soft light of the fire and the gay Christmas tree. The young girl, who had been seated on the hearth, rose and crossed the room.

"It is such a perfect Christmas eve, Grandfather," she murmured. "It is lovely — so lovely it — hurts." The old man made no reply. "What are you thinking of, Grandfather?" she asked, resting a slender, brown hand on his shoulder.

"One night," he said, "a night just as beautiful as this, more than twenty years ago, the guns in France ceased firing to honour the birth-eve of the Prince of Peace. The next autumn, the war came to an end, and those of us who were left came back feeling that perhaps it had not been in vain — that lasting peace would be established. And now — I wonder if they are thinking of Christmas, and of peace, and of our vain sacrifice, now."

"Grandfather," said the girl softly, "the Christmas moon is shining over our Canadian hillside and here we can forget all sadness. It is Christmas, Grandfather, and look, how brightly the star is shining!" Even as she spoke, the star seemed to glow brighter and brighter, and a stranger radiance suffused the old man's face, as he said:

"You are right, child. Tonight we should say only this: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, goodwill toward men!'"

## A STRANGER CAME TO WATERLOO

Down the windswept highway he trudged. "I must hurry," he thought to himself, "if I wish to reach the College in time. Tonight is Christmas eve."

By the side of the road he came upon a heap of snow. Unthinkingly he kicked at the mound as he passed. The mound stirred, groaned and rose; 'twas a snow-laden human figure.

"Who are you and whither bound, stranger?" demanded Snowy.

"I am hoping to reach Waterloo College before nightfall," replied the stranger as he shifted a large box from his right to left arm.

"Excellent," beamed Snowy, "I am a student of Waterloo. I lost my way whilst skiing and relaxed for a little nap before attempting to find my way back. It seems that I have somewhat overslept."

"Amazing," muttered the stranger. "Shall we ask some passerby the way to the College?"

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## Reflections

*The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it in turn will look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.*



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O N G Y S E Z

TO SANTA

Here it's almost Christmas  
And we should be feeling gay;  
The city's decorated,  
Please don't let Fall weather stay.

The holidays mean dances;  
Skating, skiing in the snow.  
But how to enjoy these sports  
When we have no place to go.

So Santa please bring Winter.  
Autumn is nice for some,  
But Christmas calls for lots of snow  
Well, I guess it soon will come.

Doesn't a poem like that affect you?  
I was affected while I was writing it.  
(I must have been very strangely affected to have even thought of the thing.)  
But "heigh ho the holly,  
This life is most jolly."

One day, just after the "first" United States Thanksgiving, Buehman of WGR remarked that he had seen an advertisement in a newspaper which read, "Do your shopping early. Who knows, tomorrow may be Christmas."

The confusion which raged south of the border seems to have affected our College too. For, one morning, what should we find in our room but a gift — a radio. Gosh, even to see it standing there silent was satisfying.

Everyone began to wonder (1) on whose account it had been given; (2) where we'd put it; (3) to what type of program we'd listen; and (4) who was going to give us  
(a) the license;  
(b) the juice;  
(c) permission.

The last meeting of Le Cercle Francais for 1939 was held chez Mlle. Twietmeyer. There's nothing like an order to "Speak French, please" to keep us quiet. We're going to learn to sing French songs. Everyone braved the games nobly, and the lunch was consumed with enjoyment, which goes without saying. Lunch of course was very nice.

Incidentally, if you ever have any suggestions (or attempts) you'd like to submit, please do. (Boy, would they be welcome!)

It's the end of one semester,  
My how wise we all should be!  
Half our year is now ge-finished,  
Heaven save us: so are we.

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VOX POP

One day someone said to the editor:

"Say, you're always looking for copy—why don't you set up a Vox Pop? That'll bring in more copy than you'll know what to do with."

"Sure, that's a swell idea; in fact that's a great idea — why, one might even say that a Vox Pop is just what this paper has needed all along . . ." An uncertain pause — then a bold plunge.

"I suppose that a Vox Pop would be quite expensive though. You know — intricate machinery and everything. . ."

The editor stopped abruptly. It was plain that he was being sneered at.

"Perhaps," hissed the suggestor softly, "you don't take Latin 10."

With head bowed and breast heaving the editor fought manfully to keep down the sobs of shame welling up in his throat.

"No-o-o-," he finally managed to murmur, "I, miserable fellow that I am, have abandoned the Classics in order to pursue profaner over stud-

"In that case you probably think that a Vox Pop is some sort of a conveyor belt or 'perhaps a three-handled wheelbarrow — in fact, you're pretty dumb."

By this time, the editor, having dried his eyes and blown his nose twice, found voice to inquire meekly as to the true nature of a Vox Pop.

Imagine his surprise and joy upon discovering that it was a system whereby one merely hangs a box upon a wall somewhere and, free thenceforth from copy cares, hies oneself downtown for recreation in the local theatre.

So the Cord is to have a Vox Pop. Upon receipt of certain eagerly-awaited hammers, nails, boards, walls and semi-skilled labour this project will be instantly and enthusiastically carried through.

We are very fortunate, however, in having had some of our patrons anticipate our designs in this connection, and we are happy to print the texts of two letters of criticism received by us a short time ago.

The Editor,  
The College Cord  
Dear Sir:

Permit me to voice a small complaint. In the last number of your valued publication there were eleven quotations from Latin writers (including, incidentally, two misprints); but all quoted in English. At the present time, sir, over half of our full-time students are studying Lat-

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in, and no less than 15% are taking honour courses in that language—a percentage probably not surpassed by any university on this continent. So, may we in future take our Latin neat, and not diluted with English?

With every hope that you will lend your assistance to the revival of classical studies at present gaining momentum in North America. Believe me, sir, yours sincerely,  
E. Pluribus Unus.

Dear Sir:

On page one, column one, of your first issue, under the heading "Satura," you ascribe to Chronicle XVIII a remark for which the credit should surely be given to Homer, as the idea is exactly that of Iliad I, 106-8.

Now sir, this sort of thing will never do. You cannot permit inaccuracies of this description if you expect us to push your circulation among the boys of the Expeditionary Force. The whole thing seems to me to have a nasty smell of enemy propaganda. We cannot allow this slackness on the home front.

I can assure you that I know what I am saying as it was I who addressed the remark in question in Chalcas.

Yours, more in sorrow than in anger,

Agamemnon.

Greek H. Q.  
Somewhere near Troy.

When the present editor took office early this past October he realized that pitched battles with censors, printers, staff writers and business managers could hardly be avoided. Little did he expect, however, to find himself embroiled by mid-November in a bitter struggle with the Greeks and Romans.

We feel that you will agree with us when we say that Agamemnon the Mycenaean king who led the embattled Greeks against wife-snatching Ilium, is a formidable adversary for any editor to encounter. But the prospect of a duel with the valiant Argive, allied as he is with that lurking Roman. "E Pluribus Unus" is enough to make even the bravest tremble.

If, however, we do yield to superior force, it will be only after a battle so desperate that the poet may well sing of us:

"Thundering he fell; and loud his armour rung."

Continued on Page 8 Col. 2

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# COLLEGE CAPERS!

by Claire Pope.



Christmas parties, Latin lectures, basketball games, French circle, afternoon teas — as if we haven't enough to occupy our leisure moments without the additional recreation resulting from the proclamation: "Cord Copy Due Thurs. Dec. 7th"! However, ye Blinking editor-in-chief has made us more resigned to the inevitable by spouting at us his cleverly-timed pep talks, and so he has convinced us that we must "play the game." We have already had two strikes and feel confident that this third crack at the column will not find us "out". Anyway, batter up.

Christmas parties are the order of the day. The co-eds are making vague plans to hold their traditional Christmas gathering during the coming week. Don't tell the Frosh, but maybe Santa will be there, too. (The one with the white whiskers, not the one that brings the radios.)

All the French students are dated up for Tuesday evening, Dec. 12th. L'endroit . . . chez Mlle. Twietmeyer. L'heure . . . huit heures. L'occasion . . . une soiree de Noel. Although the Cord will have gone to press before the party, we feel sure everyone will heartily enjoy the evening and join us in this vote of thanks to our kind hostess: — "Thanks immensely, Miss Twietmeyer. We loved it."

A pretty birdie told us that those lucky Seminararians are saving up for a "grandicious" banquet to be given this week by Dr. and Mrs. Clausen. "Oh to be a Seminararian, now that Christmas is here."

Well, co-eds, here's your chance. That handsome, dark Hanovarian wants somebody to fill his mailbox in the reading room. The word is billets, not bills, if you are wondering what to send.

Can you imagine a party at Waterloo which is neither directed by co-eds, patronized by co-eds, nor executed by co-eds and is still a success? The one and only Boarding Club banquet provides the answer to that riddle.

On Monday evening, Dec. 4th, your rambling reporter was privileged to interview two members of the Western U. girls' basketball team. The victims were the Misses Doris Ellenton, captain (and in Honour French and Latin which makes her still more interesting), and Peggy Ferriss, a new player on the team. Here's the scoop:

Western featured a Sadie Hawkins week. So what?

The girls had lots of fun.

The boys had still more fun.

Some ultra-popular eds were left out in the cold.

They appreciated future dates more.

Fraternity boys kept girls waiting on dates.

Sorority girls no longer keep boys waiting on dates.

The girls staged a big wind-up dance.

The boys voted 100% for Sadie Hawkins week. So what?

Well, just so what?

Santa Claus Art not to give the co-eds presents for Christmas without permission because so far the radio has served only as a table and space-filler.

We like to see that our former co-eds still keep up interest in our doings here and there. Among the spectators at the girls' basketball game we met Sally Schmidt, B.A., Betty Smith, B.A., and Florrie Wilkinson. Elva Wilfong called in to see us, too, one day and left us a tricky little note. Yes, Butch, we miss you, too! Elaine and Marg Pletsch (they also belong to the titled Alumnae) have Waterloo's interests way down deep and are bravely preparing the way for us who shall follow. How about an Old Girls' Reunion?

Graduate co-eds — Why not a word or two from you as encouragement to those of us who are still plodding our weary way along the paths of higher learning?

We are not accustomed to telling family secrets, but we cannot refrain from presenting this occasionally-heard remark: "I think you had better go now, Charlie, because I don't want you to have to walk home."

Patsy always feels so much at home when she's Bobbing around about Eby street. It is probably just the familiarity in names, so don't become alarmed.

We envy Victoria her distinctive name. A little bit "victoriae" would be most welcome around the middle of January. What say?

If we cannot manage to see more of Evelyn, we should at least like to see Evleyn More.

Mary McGarry confided that Prof. Jefferis complimented her recently on her change since last year, meaning, of course, towards higher academic achievements. Well "for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer," we all change sometime or other, don't we?

Here are a few of our secret desires as gleaned from Santa's mail bag:

Miss Haug, a private maid to do her coiffure.

Miss Twietmeyer, a ban on 8:40 lectures.

Esther, a few less worries.

Elsa, a win for the girls' basketball team.

Helen Nairn, an alarm guaranteed to go off at 4 a.m.

Ilse A., a summary of Epicureanism.

Beryl, less to do and more time to do it.

Claire, ? and an Honour B.A. for good measure.

Jean Shantz, just Osk'er.

The afternoon teas are proving quite a tease where the eds are concerned. "Why the great rush Wednesday or Thursday afternoon?" they ask. Here is the wherefore.

As you know, during the greater part of last year we co-eds used to hold informal weekly teas at school. This year, however, new arrangements have been made and the teas have been held in private homes with these kind hostesses: Mrs. Clausen, Mrs. Creager, Mrs. Jefferis, Mrs. Rikard, Mrs. Klinck and Miss Schorten.

We know no way of expressing our enjoyment and thanks more effectively and sincerely, than with these words:

Thanks for the tea-times!  
The cosy atmospheres,  
(No need for shakes and fears.)  
The chatter and the fellowship  
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Yes, thank you so much!

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Continued from Page 3

"Assuredly," responded Snowy, "for methinks I am still befuddled."

The two pushed on in silence till they came to a farmyard. The old farmer ceased grubbing in his beard when he saw the two coming toward him.

"Don't want any," he growled as he intercepted our friends with an offensive splash of tobacco spittle.

"Would you please direct us to Waterloo College?" demanded the stranger.

"Never heard of it," answered the farmer. "Where's it s'posed t'be and what d' yuh want there?"

The student was helpful. "It is the College at Waterloo, Ontario, out near the end of Albert St."

"Why didn't yuh say the Lutheran Seminary?" countered the farmer.

"But there is a College on the same grounds," explained poor Snowy.

"Then I ain't seen it yet." This decisive remark was accompanied by more spittle.

"Would you please tell us the shortest route to Albert St., Waterloo?" interrupted the stranger.

The farmer seemed slightly offended as he pointed. "Take the first road right, go over one concession and turn left. Then you go straight into Albert St. I always go that way myself. The road's good and open and the cutter don't tip."

"Thank you," answered both wanderers as they turned to go.

They had just made the above-mentioned left turn when Snowy broke the silence: "It's getting dark. I hope the moon is clear tonight. In two more days it will be full moon. I like a nice, full moon over sparkling snow."

"Oh," grunted the stranger without enthusiasm, "I ruined my eyes reading by the light of fair Diana."

"How foolish," ventured Snowy.

"I had no other light at that time," said the stranger, sadly shaking his head.

"Oh dear," cried Snowy, "I left my skis buried in the snow where you found me; we must go back for them."

Several hours were wasted while the two companions returned to retrieve the skis. Snowy and the stranger were a scant half mile from the end of Albert St. when they heard some bells. A large sleigh hove into sight. Solemn, silent people were seated against the lazy-backs, men along one side, ladies along the other.

"We must be nearing the College," explained Snowy. "That is a formal sleighing party."

Some few minutes later the stranger stopped, loosed one arm from his box and pointed: "Look, I see a light."

Snowy shifted on his skis. "No, 'tis not the College."

The stranger nodded. "I understand," he said.

At last the companions came upon the College.

"We are here," announced Snowy.

In true Scandinavian style, he planted his skis upright in a large snowdrift in the driveway. The friends approached the sombre building.

As Snowy opened the door he warned the stronger, "Watch the landing."

The stranger groped his way forward. There was a crash! Suddenly, the hallway was ablaze with light. The stranger was kneeling on the floor, arms outstretched, the mysterious box resting on his extended palms. With the force of the fall the box had burst asunder and its owner's secret wars revealed.

He had brought light to Waterloo College.

INTERLUDE

(Pfeiffer is noisily siphoning the dregs from a "coke" bottle. Mr. Baetz and his associates enter the tuck shop.)

Baetz—Hold there. You have disturbed us, even we the fourth floor, with your resounding slurpings.

Pfeiffer—I question your use of the word slurp.

Baetz—(Unctuously) — And who are you to question my English usage?

(At this minor victory the fourth floor roars with glee.)

Pfeiffer—You know well who I am and that I have the right to interrogate you.

Baetz—Ah, an erudite young man. (Again his comrades convulse with laughter). On what grounds do you claim the right to talk so freely?

Pfeiffer—I have my inalienable rights as a citizen of a democratic country. I may say the things I will, when, where, and how I wish to say them.

Baetz—Is it a question then, of your rights?

Pfeiffer—Indubitably.

Baetz—Define the meaning of right in order that we may have a common basis on which to argue.

Pfeiffer—But I am not arguing.

(The fourth floor, thinking that Pfeiffer has yielded, bray loudly.)

Baetz—Then you no longer believe in your rights, let us say, in your statutory privileges as a free citizen?

Pfeiffer—I do not have to believe. I know.

Baetz—At last you have committed yourself, you now pretend to know something.

Pfeiffer—Are you insinuating that I know nothing?

Baetz—Yes.

Pfeiffer—And yet you would argue with me?

Baetz—No, I would not talk to an ignorant person. (His voice is drowned by shouts of merriment.)

Pfeiffer—Then you are arguing with these other gentlemen?

Baetz—No, I was not talking to them.

Pfeiffer—And you were not talking to me, because you would not converse with an admittedly ignorant person.

Baetz—That is right.

Pfeiffer—You must have been talking to yourself.

Baetz—But only idiots do that. (When he sees his friend's ridiculous position, Mr. Monk interrupts. He is a man of action.)

Mr. Monk—I suggest we "tub" Pfeiffer.

Pfeiffer—Fine, I need a bath. (Mr. Monk relapses into silence after this disconcerting reply.)

Baetz—Why do we waste our talents, arguing thus?

(No answers are forthcoming. Everyone proceeds to slurp "coke.")

DITHERY DOX

"Let Dithery Dox Be the Doctor"

During the past two weeks many letters have come to me, but, of course I shall be unable to publish answers to them all. However, I have chosen one which, I feel, speaks of a difficulty which many of us have had at some time.

Dear Dithery Dox:

Whenever a certain young man phones my house, I cannot bring myself to talk to him. Every time this same young man rings my doorbell, I cannot force myself to answer the door. Yet he does not drink, he does not smoke. What is the matter with me?

Undecided.

Dear Undecided:

I would be inclined to ask you, "What is the matter with the young man?" It seems to me that any normal young man would have lost patience with you long ago. A man who doesn't drink, doesn't smoke and doesn't resent such treatment! Think of it girls! I would suggest, my dear, that you grab him before someone else does. He must be in love. Perhaps that is your trouble, too, my dear Undecided, since people in love are given to acting so queerly.

It may be, however, that you are merely shy. The other day I received a letter from a young man whose problem is very much like yours. This youth, who signs himself Bad Boy B. seems to have an overdose of bashfulness in his character. Or perhaps it's a large-sized inferiority complex. He complains that when he meets any girl he can't bring himself to talk to her, and that in spite of himself he is forced to turn his head the other way. His case, my dear, is worse than yours, and you can comfort yourself in this, that whereas you find it difficult to talk to one person, he finds it impossible to talk to any.

Dithery Dox.

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The dramatic details connected with the birth of Jesus, which have helped to captivate the interest of mankind, have not merely a picturesque or a sentimental appeal—they have also a deeper significance.

The humbleness of the Nativity suggests, among other things, the divine desire to come close to the masses of mankind. This purpose, indeed, had been revealed centuries before through the prophet Micah

Continued on Page 8 Col. 1

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# College Eliminated in Twin City

Semi-Finals by St. Mary's Quintet

On Saturday, December 9, the Waterloo College basketball team bowed out of the City League playdowns, but the boys were glorious in defeat. A week before, their opponents, the smooth-passing and sure-shooting St. Mary's quintet, defeated the College by eighteen points. It was a far different story in the second encounter, although the game took place on St. Mary's home floor.

Waterloo scored first, but the St. Mary's squad began to function smoothly and soon took over the lead. At the end of the first half, the score was 16-9 in favor of St. Mary's.

In the second half, the College team rallied strongly and outplayed its opponents. Conrad played a fine game under the St. Mary's basket. Waterloo tied the game up with one minute left to play but, with 30 seconds to go, Mazurk sank a flip shot to give St. Mary's a victory by the score of 29-27.

Points were rather evenly divided among the St. Mary's players. For Waterloo College, the forward line of Neudoerffer, Conrad and Dooley accounted for 24 points. The latter two scored ten points each.

St. Mary's now meets Dumarts in the City League finals. We who were so unfortunate as to encounter this very good aggregation in the semi-finals wish the best of luck to St. Mary's in its quest for the league championship.

St. Mary's, 29—Zinger 8, Mazurk 4, Meyer 3, Schell, Strub 4, Rellinger 4, Arnold 6.

Waterloo, 27—Conrad 10, Dooley 10, Neudoerffer 4, Merner 2, Baetz 1, McTaggart, Green.

## WATERLOO WALLOPS WESTERN Girls' Badminton Team Chalks Up First Win

In the first game of the badminton season, Mary Fisher and Dorothy Whitney showed that Waterloo intends to retain the championship won last year. Both girls won their singles games with apparent ease, and then teamed to gain a win over the Western duo. Both these girls had played full time in the basketball game which preceded the badminton contest, yet they were able to defeat a fresh Western team. Keep up the good work, girls! We're counting on you to bring home the championship again this year!

### Saints Lick Waterloo Co-eds

In two exhibition games the girls of St. Mary's High defeated our girls' basketball team.

The first game was fought on our own floor and Waterloo managed to hold the Saints to an 8-8 tie in the first half. But although in the second half our girls outplayed Saint Mary's they were unable to make the baskets, and the game ended with the score 18-13.

The return game was played at St. Mary's on Nov. 29. Our team was much improved but lost many opportunities to make baskets. With the action under St. Mary's basket most of the time the co-eds should have been able to raise the score, but they couldn't get together on their plays. The score at the end of the game was 18-14.

The Lineup for both games was the same.

St. Mary's: Gert Cooper, Betty Wey, Margaret Powers, Aileen Pope, Bernice Wunder, Marg. Rohe, Anne Conner, June Ashley, Mary Wey, Helen Stumpf, Adele Reinhart, Barbara Braniff.

Waterloo: Mary Pope, Mary Fisher, Elsa Christiansen, Nora Eagar, Jean Kramp, Anne Kuntz, Dorothy Whitney, Patsy McGarry.

### Western Mobs Waterloo Co-eds

On Dec. 4 in the most heart-breaking game of the season, the Western girls' team defeated Waterloo by the score 23-7. Although our guard was much improved the Western forwards managed to break through too often. The London girls brought three full teams with them and were able to substitute often while our team, tired out by the end of the first half, was forced to carry on until the end of the game. With a little more practice, however, we expect that Waterloo will become a greater threat for the championship.

Western Players: Mary Scott, Betty Moore, Peggy Perris, Doris Elenton, Dorothy Irwin, Mary Thompson, Marion MacDonald, Mildred Homuth, Olive Pratt, Roberta MacGregor, E. Mathewson, Mary Burton, Mabel Branton, Denise O'Brien, Muriel Skinner, Betty Mandell, Jean Linton, Betty Marshall.

Waterloo: Mary Pope, Jean Kramp, Elsa Christiansen, Nora Eagar, Anne

Kuntz, Mary Fisher, Dorothy Whitney.

### Girls Go to St. Thomas

On Thursday Dec. 14 the basketball team travelled to Alma College. The results of this game are not yet available but will appear in the next issue.

### Waterloo Enters Team in O.A.B.A.

The members of last year's City championship team wanted to continue to play basketball together. When the convener of an Intermediate B grouping of the Ontario Amateur Basketball Association invited the College to enter a team, the boys responded with enthusiasm. Prof. Klinck consented to manage the team, and Ralph Tailby to coach it. The nucleus of the team was this year's entry in the City League, and to this squad were added Ralph Tailby, Mervyn Neeb and Jack Harper, all of whom starred on former College teams. Coach Tailby believes that he has a good contender for the league championship, but he realizes that the opposition will be of very high calibre.

### Guelph Y 31 — Waterloo 18

In its opening game, our O.A.B.A. team met last year's league champions. The game was played on a very small floor, and the Guelph team used a defense system which turned this lack of space to good advantage. The Waterloo team was unable to pierce this defense, and all its plays were bottled up as soon as they started. For Guelph, a ponderous gentleman named Wyles, who was six feet, four inches tall and weighed well over two hundred and fifty pounds, was outstanding. He was the margin of victory for his team. Ralph Tailby was the best of the Waterloo players. He was particularly good on the defense.

The lineups:

Waterloo, 18—Harper 2, Neudoerffer 2, Neeb 3, Baetz 2, Tailby 4, Conrad 4, Dooley, Wilson, McTaggart, Spohn, Merner.

Guelph Y, 31—McArthur, Blackburn, Cowan 7, Wyles 15, Atkinson 2, Palmer, Tischler, Pearson 7.

### Waterloo 32 — O.V.C. 22

Our O.A.B.A. team registered its first victory at the expense of the Ontario Veterinary College squad from Guelph. The locals led 18-11 at half-time, and the outcome was never in doubt. O.V.C. was handicapped to a certain extent by the large floor of the Kitchener Y, where the College team plays its home games. Waterloo College found its opponents' zone defense easy to penetrate. In the second half, however, the Guelph team rallied and threatened for a time.

The line-ups:

Waterloo 32—Tailby 10, Harper 6, Neeb 6, Baetz 2, McTaggart 4, Neudoerffer 4, Conrad, Wilson, Dooley, Merner.

O.V.C. 22—Cowan 6, Prest 1, Martin 6, Kidd 8, D. Schroder, J. Schroder, Chamberlyn, Newby, Palmer, Campbell.



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WATERLOO

Cont. from Page 3

island of San Pedro. Even Hollywood fails to capture the spirit of the fiesta. Gaily clad girls and young men danced to the vibrating rhythms of the native marimba band. I took part in some of the dancing and enjoyed the fascinating glamour of old Castillian Spain. As the guest of Appolonio, the son of the district commandante, I felt singularly honored. I must admit that the effect of hot tomares and old Mexican wine was rather disconcerting, but I did envy these people their freedom of expression.

On travelling through the bush I came across the occasional snake and alligator but unfortunately I did not see a puma or jaguar at close range. These are quite plentiful and also large and wicked fighters. I did see the primitive conditions under which some of the bush people lived. Mud floors, walls made from palmetto trunks, and thatched roofs. I found these dwellings to be rather fascinating but felt sorry for their poor owners.

The Spanish influence in most sections of the country was predominant. In many villages Spanish was the only language spoken.

My first acquaintance with Spanish life was made when I sailed down to Punta Gorda. I stayed with an American mahogany exporter. His home was located fourteen miles up the river and on the trip up we were treated to a series of very beautiful Spanish songs. That afternoon we made a tour of his mahogany concession but while we were on the top of a rather high hill examining some rubber trees, a tropical squall broke in all its fury. Drenched to the skin and using our machets to steady ourselves we slid through mud and water holes, often being up to our hips in muck. Our clothes were ruined and I had to make a quick trip down river to get some new ones.

Concluded next issue.

Cont. from Page 6.

— whose familiar prediction of the coming Messiah pointedly ignored the royal court in Jerusalem with its magnificence (and its corruption), and placed the ideal Ruler among the common people.

From this deliberate association with the humble and ordinary folk, with the simplest and most fundamental aspects of humanity, the universal scope of the Saviour's mission follows immediately. And, since the gift of saving love establishes also the right of moral and spiritual lordship, this One who was born in a stable is indeed to be the Ruler of the world.

This result, however, is not accomplished automatically. Carrying the blessings of the Gospel and the authority of truth and righteousness to all mankind is a co-operative enterprise. "Keeping the Christmas spirit through the whole year," of which we often speak, includes a devoted activity in echoing the "glad tidings of great joy to all the people." To this end our Cossman-Hayunga Missionary Society in common with Christians everywhere, is consecrated. Making Christ King means a Merry Christmas to all the world.

VOX POP

Continued from Page 4

And now to the fray. Our first opponent, according to the list, is that ubiquitous fellow, E. P. Unus.

As we have remarked elsewhere, we feel that his ("us" is, we believe, a masculine nominative ending) point is extremely well taken. We agree with him that the mailed hand of Latin still lies heavily upon the scholar's head, and will further bear witness that the study of this language — like income tax, poll tax, thumb tacks, and syntax can hardly be avoided — even by the most radical among us.

The percentage of honour Classics students in this College is indeed one of which we may well be proud — more especially as many of our graduates will be in line for good jobs should Signor Mussolini succeed in some day rebuilding the

old Roman Empire.

Then, too, when one realizes that enormous numbers of "Requiescat in Pace's" are yearly inscribed upon tombstones—that practically everyone says "Amen" with the long "a"—and that even the comparatively uneducated consistently refer to an overgrown automobile as an "omnibus" — one can appreciate that Mr. Unus' talk about "the revival of classical studies now gaining momentum in North America" is no mere drivel.

So we promise that in future (and we, too, feel that this business of dilution can be overdone) we shall (providing we are successful in enrolling an honour classics student in our proof-reading corps) spurn translations, and shall, to our undying credit and our readers' unmitigated bewilderment, present the Latin masters "au naturel."

—The Editor.

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The voice of Agamemnon, leader of men, for all that it belongs to a shade, is one that a mere editor cannot lightly refuse to heed.

We have, therefore, consulted several authorities regarding the probable time of Homer's sojourn upon earth and the proper translation of "Iliad," Book I, Lines 106-108.

For the first, we freely admit that even at a conservative estimate our distinguished correspondent's well-taken remark to Chalcas easily antedates Chronicle II, 18. Furthermore, we have discovered that the Lines 106-108 in question may be translated:

"Prophet of evil, never yet hast then told me anything good. Always it is a delight to thy heart to prophesy evil."

Just, however, as the Scourge of Troy reproves us in a spirit more of sorrow than of anger, so did we trespass more in ignorance than in malice.

Never let it be said that Canadian editors have far forgotten themselves as to ever contemplate flooding the Elysian Fields with subversive propaganda—a task before which even the accomplished Dr. Goebbels could well be excused for quailing.

Therefore, dear Agamemnon, we promise to be more circumspect in future and, to the end that your exalted shade be completely mollified, do hereby promise to pour libations of ink to your honour upon the appearance of every subsequent number of our humble paper.

—The Editor.

REPORT

Continued from Page 1

Although he resigned because of this bitter destructive criticism he completed his report. He had been in Canada only five months. Yet in this short time, he had made a remarkable and detailed analysis of affairs together with constructive suggestions. He condemned the whole system of government in Canada. He recommended complete responsible government, with the cabinet responsible to the majority in the Lower House. He recommended the union of Upper and Lower Canada under one government. Among several minor recommendations were the development of municipal laws and government and an inter-colonial railway, a railway which would make possible a future union with the rest of the colonies.

The wisdom of Lord Durham's report, though not appreciated at the time, has been shown by events in the past hundred years. His report, which makes a sizable book, has been carried through almost to the letter.

Durham's last words were: "The Canadians will one day do justice to my memory." In that hope he has not been disappointed.

Following the address, Mr. Monk thanked Mr. Brown on behalf of the Society.

STREAMLINED LATIN

Pebeco in lux cuticura pepsodent  
Carborundum ex postum fabricoid  
Resinal in cutex odorono  
Sic transit pepsi cola.

—The Manitoban