

Miss Lillian Stroh Waterloo
101 Charles St



The College Cord



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Saturday, March 10, 1934

No. 2

Shakespeare Returns To Earth In "The Broadway Malady"

Clever Comedy Presents Dean of
Dramatists in 20th Century
New York.

Words fail to adequately describe the ludicrous contrast between the stately Elizabethan speech of William Shakespeare and the colloquial dialect of Max Steiner as fancifully presented in "The Broadway Malady" written by Ed. Neigh and Emil Andersen and staged before the Athenaeum Society in the College Gymnasium. Three acts of such clever repartee as "a curve is the most beautiful distance between two points" and "Handsome is as handsome does—What is handsome going to do?" kept a large audience in continual uproar. A summary of this play, written, directed and acted by Waterloo College students follows:

Act I—Heaven.

Ben Jonson (W. Malinsky) and Christopher Marlowe (A. Hartman) are discussing conditions in Heaven. Enter Shakespeare (W. Ziegler) dialogue and diatribe. Shakespeare announces his intention of returning to earth to sell his play on Broadway.

Act II—Office of Max Steiner (O. Kononen) on Broadway.

Enter Queen Elizabeth (E. Spohn) now Queen of Broadway. Mae West scene.

Enter Shakespeare with his plays. He does not recognize Queen Elizabeth.
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GERMANIA HAS GOETHE ABEND

Karl Gerhardt Speaks.

Goethe Abend, with a life of the great German poet by E. Goman and a discussion of his works by K. Gerhardt, was held by the Germania on March 1st. Mr. Gerhardt, to illustrate his remarks about the effectiveness of Goethe's poetry, gave an eloquent reading of several of his shorter poems. A novel guessing game, Hangman, conducted in German, was enjoyed after the regular programme. During a short business session, the Society decided to send flowers to Prof. Henkel, who has been a faithful and interested member.

Jacob Stroh Speaks On Prehistoric Man

Athenaeum Hears Interesting Talk.

The Athenaeum Society was highly favoured on the evening of Thursday, Feb. 22nd, when Mr. Jacob Stroh delivered a most instructive address on "Prehistoric Man". Mr. Stroh, who is 85 years old, has made a lifelong study of Indian relics, and he has a unique collection of them, most of which he has found in the vicinity of Kitchener on former Indian camp grounds. He related many interesting and amusing little anecdotes regarding his hobby. He told of how his grandparents had come to this vicinity in 1820, and how he himself had made his first finds of Indian pottery in Feb. 1877. He had on display many samples of things he himself had found and also some that had come into his possession from the United States, such as a beautiful example of Mexican pottery and some little Mound Builder idols found along the Mississippi. After his talk was concluded the audience was invited to come forward and examine his display, and Mr. Stroh obligingly answered the many questions that were plied.

Cossman-Hayunga Society Hears Missionary Schultz

Interesting African Slides Shown by
Missionary on Furlough from
Liberia.

An interesting lantern-slide lecture was given by Mr. W. E. Schultz of New Hamburg at the regular monthly meeting of the Cossman-Hayunga missionary society on the evening of Tuesday, March 6th. Mr. Schultz is at present home on furlough from his mission station in Liberia, Africa.

Mr. Schultz first gave an account of his trip back home, showing the different modes of travel used in Africa. He gave a general description of the conditions which prevailed in that tropical country where the temperature ranged from 104 to 120 degrees in the shade. He illustrated his talk with numerous slides showing the manner of dress worn by the natives, the nature of their houses, their method of cultivation and also the kind of cattle and vegetation found there. Of particular in-

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Dr. F. B. Clausen Addresses Students

Speaks at Chapel Service.

During the Lenten season, the Wednesday morning chapel services have included short sermons by the members of the Divinity Faculty. On March 7, Dr. F. B. Clausen addressed the students on the subject, "Power in the Hands of Love?—or Selfishness." Speaking of the powers that each person possesses and may use either for good or for evil, Dr. Clausen put this thought-provoking proposition before his hearers—"You are here because God has given you capacities of intellect above the average and yours is the laudable ambition to develop your powers. But before you go a step farther, wrestle with this problem and get a clear answer to this question—how will you apply your powers? For self or for the good and benefit of your fellow men? I had sooner see these halls deserted, yea reduced to ruins, before contributing one more selfish brute to the packs that are going about seeking whom they may exploit and devour."

Dr. Clausen used as the text for his address Mark 10: 45.

Introducing--- Prof. T. A. Goudge

New Professor Takes Charge of
Philosophy and Religious
Knowledge.

A new face has been noticed lately in the halls of Waterloo College—Prof. Thomas A. Goudge, who is substituting for Prof. H. L. Henkel in Philosophy and Religious Knowledge. Mr. Goudge whose home is in Halifax, attended Dalhousie University securing there his B.A. in 1931 and his M.A. in 1932. Since that time he has been pursuing further studies in Toronto.

While still at Dalhousie, Mr. Goudge conducted lectures in psychology. He was also much interested in sports, playing on both rugby and basketball teams.



PROFESSOR and MRS. CARL F. KLINCK
whose marriage took place recently.

The sympathy of faculty and students of Waterloo College is extended to Emil Andersen whose mother passed away recently in Toronto.

THE COLLEGE CORD

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Boost The College By Boosting The "Cord"

The Editor's Chair



OBITUARY. Waterloo College Spirit has been pronounced dead. Sometime during the past year, College Spirit wandered away from the Campus and (despite the frantic searchings of a few) has never since been seen. For a number of years College Spirit had been in failing health and frequently given to long absences. Despair and grief are believed to have caused her to commit suicide.

Requiescat in Pacem—till we meet again.

College Spirit. "Despair and grief are believed to have caused her to commit suicide." Suicide—tragic word expressing a sad ending, College Spirit is no more. Why has College Spirit fled our presence? Some maintain that College Spirit has been driven off by the extreme academic impositions of the institution. They point an accusing finger at students permitted to carry too heavy a schedule or at the irregular timetable which allows the College as a whole no time for extra-curricular activities—except after 8 p.m. Others say that many W. C. students, especially those in the intellectually gifted freshman class, are too deep in study to care much about what else is going on around the school. Still others would condemn those who seem to do nothing but play bridge, go to the show, or attend a social affair but never have time to attend a worthwhile programme presented by one of the College societies.

It is well, here, to correct an often mistaken idea about school spirit. It is manifested not merely when the athletic prowess of the institution is at stake, but also when its academic standing, the welfare of its societies or its good name are in question. The student who refuses to support his College teams is no more to be condemned than the student who neglects his studies, or the student who ignores the efforts of his College societies, or the student who disgraces his College by getting "tight" and telling everyone where he is from. One and all are indicted by their attitudes and actions.

Sometimes, when a College team is winning games or a big event takes place in the school, College Spirit seems to be much in evidence. The students gather in numbers and are loud in acclaim, quick in praise. But is this fever, which rises to a high pitch only to die overnight leaving its "victims" cold and lifeless, is this passing enthusiasm true College Spirit. No! True College Spirit does not need the artificial bolster of athletic victories or "super" programmes by College societies to keep it alive. Rather it burns loyally at all times seeking whereby in any way it may better the institution which it will some day fondly call "Alma Mater."

CONCORDS

As a tangible testimony of their good will and best wishes, the students of the College and Seminary purchased a beautiful Sheffield tray for Prof. and Mrs. Carl F. Kinck. Congratulations and may the union last for as long a time as the silverware is guaranteed.

Misses Alethea Johnston and Korene Schnarr are taking charge of the Library during Prof. Henkel's absence.

The condition of Prof. H. L. Henkel, who a month ago suffered a severe stroke, has shown considerable improvement. He is still, however, confined to the hospital.

There seems to be an epidemic of class party postponements. The Freshmen have cancelled their sleigh-riding party and the Juniors have twice changed the date of their theatre party. The Seniors did manage, however, to get theirs in on Feb. 10.

Earl J. Treusch, popular member of the Freshman class, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. He is recovering rapidly and will, we hope, soon be back with us.

Initiations are taking place in the Seminary—initiations in conducting chapel services. K. Knauff conducted his first chapel service on Thursday, March 8. W. Nolting and J. Turscany, the other members of the Junior class in the "Sem." will have charge of services soon.

Among the many comments heard concerning the Neigh-Andersen "Broadway Malady" was the following rather ambiguous statement: "I thought the play was pun-k." "That's my 'opinion, too."

A Clod In Heaven Sang:

If you've never felt a gladness
 run dancing through your veins,
 At the sight of opening blossoms
 all wet with April rains;
 If you've never felt the winter
 of a love that died unborn,
 You'll never see the splendour—
 of the Kingdom in the Morn.

If you've never known the heartbreak
 of a smile that passed and died,
 If you've never known the friendship
 of a comrade by your side;
 If you've never seen God's temple
 in a drop of earthly dew,
 You'll never find His heaven—
 there is no hope for you.

If you've never sung your song
 with an open heart and true,
 If your soul has never melted
 to swim in the boundless blue;
 If you've never dreamed and drifted
 and waking wept with pain,
 All the ships you've sent to heaven—
 have all been sent in vain.

No matter if each Sabbath morn
 you rise at break of day,
 And walk the streets with solemn
 tread

to hear a preacher pray;
 If you've never bent to lift a man
 and still his sobbing cry,
 You'll find no hand to raise you up
 when you fall down and die.

If you've never seen a sparkle
 like stars in frosted skies,
 Of ageless, blushing springtimes
 in a pair of laughing eyes;
 If your heart has never joyed
 to the thrill of earthly bliss
 You'll never know a heaven—
 or feel an angel's kiss.

To live and love and sweat and die—
 man's lot since time began—
 is the heritage of earthly flesh—
 the shape God gave to man.
 Why scorn each bright, sweet thing
 that this green heaven gives?
 In them He smiles and laughing
 points

to where our Father lives.

—Graham Campbell.

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The Women's Page

I Do - I Don't

Following the example of those who have been listing their likes and dislikes for one of our daily papers, certain of the co-eds decided to discuss theirs with your reporter.

"What do you like, Miss Spohn?"
"Deep apple pie with ice cream, and sitting on tables," was the reply, and then she added rather vehemently: "And I hate hats and stockings as a (w)hole, darn it!" A chorus of assents showed her dislikes to be unanimous.

"Miss Polzin?"
"I like pie, any kind of pie, but blueberry especially, and nuts, and I abhor fish with bones in."

"Your likes and dislikes seem to run to food, Miss Polzin."

"Well, I like little girls with blonde braids, and you can't eat them," she added.

"Miss Young?"
"Rudolph, and peanuts and our cat," replied that young lady with a pensive little sigh.

Miss Brown when questioned had quite a long list: "I adore jazz and frills and travelling and summer, but deliver me from dentists and western pictures."

Miss Alethea Johnston confessed an aversion to soft-boiled eggs and dentists, but said she liked immensely the sensation of finding old pencil stubs. Her sister Ruth, told the writer she liked star-gazing, and cats—little cats and big cats, fat cats and thin cats. Miss Cherry likes chocolate cake and going to bed late. Miss Klugman likes pop-corn and taking a bath. Miss Spohn remembered a secret weakness for sliding down rocks, sitting down, in the rain.

And so the discussion went on. One like was unanimous, a queer one. All the co-eds present confessed that they liked feeling sorry for themselves and making private little moans about their real or fancied troubles.

Not So Dumb

Genius is seldom recognized by those in closest contact with it, and a prophet is not accepted in his own country. Thus the students are not aware that they have in their midst an outstanding business woman. However, a few days ago, one of our co-eds was called to the phone and a masculine voice informed her that, as one of the twenty-five most prominent business women of the Twin City, she had been granted a free two-year subscription to a certain Canadian magazine. The only charge to her would be the postage amounting to four cents an issue. But the said co-ed evidently did not appreciate the signal honour for she replied curtly:

"That would be almost a dollar! Well, I haven't got it!" and hung up.

Social and Personal

Miss Helen Willison spent Sunday, Feb. 25 at Miss Lottie Pullam's home in Hespeler. The day's enjoyment was increased by a skiing expedition with two Hespeler swains.

Miss Iria Mueller motored to Toronto March 3 for the week-end.

Misses Jean Brent and Grace Bowers were among the many present at the banquet given for the C.G.I.T. girls of Waterloo and Kitchener in the Evangelical Church, Wednesday, Feb. 28.

Mr. M. Morrison and Miss M. Hoelscher attended the Collegiate Valentine dance.

Klinck - Witzel

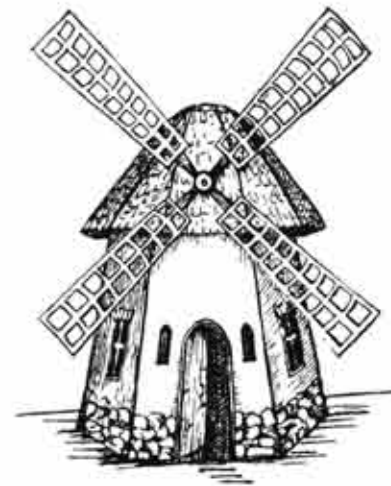
Considerable interest was manifested in the recent marriage of Prof. Carl F. Klinck to Miss Margaret Witzel, R.N., of Kitchener. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. J. Maurer in First English Lutheran Church on Feb. 27. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Kathleen Witzel. Mr. John Klinck of Leamington, brother of the groom, acted as best man. Following the wedding a dinner was served at the Chicopee Tea Rooms. After a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Witzel, Francis St., the young couple left for Detroit. They are residing at present at the Parkview Apartments, Albert St., Waterloo.

Modern Madame Defarges

Knitting is not, like spinning, a lost art, nor is it restricted to old ladies, but it is a valued accomplishment of the modern girl. Among the co-eds of Waterloo College there are those who are very proficient in the art, and daily discussions take place concerning the latest pattern and newest fad. First it seemed to be sweaters. Dark blue wool and bright yellow wool were very much in evidence. Even a piece of red and white striped knitting made its appearance at one time. Then, at one stage, infants' sweaters were to be seen. Of late it has been sweaters again, but lately a ball of purple wool and a crochet hook with a long, thin rope of crochet hanging from it announced the beginnings of a cushion. And those co-eds who are not forced to spend so many hours at school seem to employ their time similarly at home judging from sundry hand knit sweaters which appear now and again. Evidently our girls are proficient in more than Latin or Philosophy.

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Busting the Archives

The Archives are dealing with a strictly truthful subject this week when they give you the true story of Alethea Johnston.

Alethea, as you perhaps know, is the Greek work for "truth". The young lady to whom this moniker belongs, is not of Grecian origin therefore there is no need to fear her, even while bearing gifts.

Alethea was born in Kitchener and received her entire education in the same city. She has always done her work quietly and without grumbling and ranks among the more clever Waterloo College celebrities.

In the Collegiate she won fame as a debater but now she is known for her Johnstonian style of posters and

caricatures. She unmercifully puts down on paper all the worst features of a person and does not stop at students.

Due to her very original ideas on a wide range of things, Alethea has been on various committees, has been president of the Athenæum and a member of the Athletic Directorate. She has proven herself a very willing, loyal and untiring worker.

Alethea has only one bad fault... the unfortunate habit of mumbling in Economics. Unfortunate for those who haven't read the assignment, but of late she has been improving.

Alethea will always be remembered by her fellow associates for her dependability.

THE LITTLE MATTER OF "TAKING IT"

The name of that famous Grecian runner who covered the twenty-five odd miles between the site of Miltiades' victory over the Persians and his waiting countrymen has for 2,423 years been an acknowledged constituent in the immortal essence of sport. The new school of "O, boy, can he take it" sports has a movement underway by which it hopes to erase this titan's name for the simple reason that although he did run twenty-five miles over rough ground and although his feet were annointed in his own blood, nevertheless he showed his lack of "taking" power by falling dead almost before he had clearly pronounced the last syllable of his message.

To be a good sport one must be able to "take it". The person who is being subjected to the "taking" test must be prepared to smile or better, laugh out loud—that is if he wishes to "go over". He must be willing and even eager, to turn first his right cheek and then his left cheek and so on in rapid alternation till he drops limp in his own giddiness. The longer a man can stand before falling is the index whereby his "taking" capacity is estimated.

"When the "can't take it" cry is raised, if one wishes to see the best athlete, sport, and man, one should turn his eyes in the direction of the person who is under derision. Observation leads to the conclusion that those of us who cry "can't take it" stand condemned by our own mouths of the very trait we would see in others.

The "can't take it" cry is that of a warped sense of good sportsmanship and instead of being a healthy cheering encouragement to contestants, rather seems to be a creation of that kind of inspiration that a song writer was thinking of when he wrote "The Call of the Freaks".

In the field of sport, those who are proclaimed members of the "can't take it" class are those who have

Behind The Scenes—

Waterloo Looks Back to Morrisburg.

It was the late afternoon of a beautiful spring day. Two boys, each with a schoolbag thrown over his shoulder, were standing in the centre of a country road. Apparently they had just come from a nearby building which anyone within a radius of fifteen miles would proudly have told you, 'is the Morrisburg High School.' But it isn't the building in which we are interested but rather the dialogue that is taking place between the two would-be marksmen; each was trying to hit the glass insulators on the telephone posts but without success.

"Mr. Froats was in good humor tonight, eh Lynden? I thought he'd fly off the handle when you translated, "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres" as "Gaul is all divided into parts of trees."

"Well what should it have been, Hubert? I don't think you know so much Latin."

"Well I'd have said 'Gaul is all divided in parts three.' At anyrate I'll know my stuff for tomorrow night. It would be a fine thing if he started to drum his book with his pencil especially since he's been so decent in taking us two after four so that we might have a chance to pass that Middle School Latin paper."

"Heck, it's you that needs the extra coaching. I could pass anyday. Boy, when he said that someday one of us might take a classic course, I nearly laughed out loud. Though I imagine that you might be able to cultivate a Roman frown."

"You needn't talk about knowing Latin, Lynden. To-day in class you couldn't give the future indicative active of 'amo'."

(Continued on Page 7)

attempted something—they have fought and tried, they have done their best—and this is the sole test of a good sport.

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

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

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

S-P-O-R-T-S

Co-eds Win 29-14; Defeat K.-W. Girls

Waterloo College Co-eds won a fairly easy victory over the girls of the K.W. Collegiate Institute in an exhibition basketball game played Thursday, March 8. Unaccustomed to a large floor the girls were slow in getting started but by the end of the first quarter had managed to secure a one point lead which they steadily increased to win 29-14. Graber and Spohn starred as forwards, Polzin as guard.

Fair Sex Stage Floor Show In Gymnasium

Galt Beats W. C. Co-eds 27-25.

The little women of Galt Collegiate and Waterloo College by mutual consent agreed to have a battle. And this is why, on the evening of Monday, March 5th, the college rooters turned out en masse to witness one of the cutest little games of the season. The game was rather slow in starting owing to the presence of five referees, but Bill Bean was awarded the desired office. The Neeb just stood by the netting and stared, murmuring at intervals, "Shucks, I never knew wimin were so good—wimin—and is that ever somethin'—". Mac Ault who had seen things of this kind before merely smiled on his less fortunate school-friend and sent up many a cry of "give the little girl a big hand", that is, until one of the

Sport Comment

Neeb and Whitteker no longer strut the halls shedding rays of glory for the simple reason that humiliation, deep and awful, has entered into their young lives. These lads issued a challenge to two badminton players of Saint Johns. The Reverend Roberts and his partner more or less took the local boys to camp in a big way. The actual loss of the tournament did not trouble Neeb or Whitteker, but the surprise, the bitter shock, the unlooked for reality left them cold—to think there really were better badminton players, ah, the heartbreak of it all.

In recent days a new hockey team has suddenly budded into being—"The Reverentials"—. It's a good name for a team and the members are all good boys. How they behave or would behave on skates is a matter for conjecture since the new team has died unborn. "The Reverentials" issued a challenge on a picked date to the rest of the school. The challenge was not accepted as Ault was out of town.

The "Braggarts" proved the inferiority of the senior class to the satisfaction of all—all but the seniors—in a basketball battle of some days back. The seniors bit off a little more than their baby teeth were capable of munching when they massed all other members of the school to-

visiting girls stopped playing to look up at the gallery, exclaiming, "O, Marg., look at the moustache all by himself". The game was fast from start to finish each team alternately was winner and loser. The College drew first blood as the bullshide was deftly sunk by Betty Spohn. From this point onwards the game became "wicked" and the young ladies went at it tooth and nail. But seriously, the play was of such a kind that it sent little shivers along the backbones of all spectators masculini generis. Wilda Graber played a remarkably fine game, counting on a number of spectacular shots. Critics proclaimed Miss Janet Cowan (10) and Miss Margaret Homuth(2) the best on the Galt team, though all the members of the visiting team, as of our own, played an excellent game. The final score was 27-25 in favour of the invading team—another chronical of college history had been written. The Neeb, smiling now, looked into the empty gym, "My, my, what a game—ah—it was beautiful."

College Wins Ice Battle

Despite the fact that the play was to a high degree in College territory in the hockey clash staged at Kitchener Arena, Tuesday, March 6, the "Collegians" succeeded in defeating their opponents from the Veterinary College by a score of 2-1.

In the opening moments of play the "Vets" carried the puck well into the neighborhood of the "Collegian's" net, in vain. Mac Ault cradled the rubber disk in the enemy's goal on a pass given him by Lawson. The "Vets", bent on retaliation, charged up the ice and for a while things hung by a Hartman. It was precisely at this point in the play that Ault chose to show his ability as a stick-handler. With an uncanny motion that has since earned for him the name of "snake-hips Ault" he wormed his way through a maze of dazed opponents and did general rings. "General" Hamm scored the second goal for the "Collegians" as the result of good combination playing between Reble, Lawson and himself. Another campaign was launched by the "Vets"—a play that culminated in the scoring of a goal by Ready, right winger for the "Vets". The first period closed with the score anchored at 2-1 for the "Collegians" and thus it was destined to remain.

The second period, following immediately upon the first with no time out, naturally began slowly. However, after Mac had sizzled in a few goal-post benders the game began again in earnest.

The remainder of the game consisted of a series of attacks by the "Vets" and fewer by the "Collegians". At times, however, the local citadel stood in grave danger and it was chiefly due to efforts and ability of goalkeeper Hartman that no more goals were scored against us. His saves in this period were sensational, marvellous, and wonderful, toned down with a gentle flavouring of the colossal.

gether, christened them "Braggarts" and challenged them. The seniors immediately after this game proposed a similar venture in the realm of hockey—well, we're waiting—.

Before going into the "Veterinary" game, Ernest Goman '35 made the following statement: "Boys, it's going to be a tough game. It's going to mean hard pushing. Fight,—every inch of the way. Yes, it'll be no child's play—it's going to take men, fighting men—but I've got faith in you fellows, in the game, and in the survival of the fittest. I think I can do it, boys."

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? The Enquiring Reporter ?

The most useless subject on my curriculum is Latin. And this statement is made in view of the fact that Latin is acknowledged the foundation of modern Western languages and must therefore be acknowledged a place in an Arts Course. But its uselessness can be attributed to the amount of time spent on the subject being directly out of proportion to its final usefulness to an undergraduate and more especially, the graduate.

My most useless subject is Chemistry. Whenever I think of 7,200 seconds to be spent in the laboratory amongst choking, foul-smelling gases, broken flasks, and hot, smoking chemicals that have boiled over onto the desk, I wish the whole laboratory would be fractionally distilled a thousand times.

A test-tube breaker. No wonder we have such difficulties in holding ourselves together after trying to understand Anaximenes who enlightens (?) us that "air holds us together." There is such a lot of "hot air" about Philosophy that I hesitate to waste my breath (air) in discussing its uselessness lest people take me for a Non-Thinking Being which might make me Non-Existing.

In my opinion, Classics entails a ridiculous waste of time. Accepting the statements of all classic professors that their subjects are a fine training for the mind and a great help in our own English grammar, I still contend that too many hours of hateful drudgery have to be indulged in before any proportional returns are achieved.

What we want is a competent knowledge of world conditions in our own day,—of the difficulties that will face us in the future,—and some sound advice as how to prepare ourselves for those difficulties.

The reason I dislike English 21, and so value it least, is possibly because I am too lazy to do sufficient proper preparation.

Latin, I regard as my most useless subject. To me it is dead and monotonous. It is the driest and most detestable brain-racking subject in the College. I am not interested in Caesar's sorties and retreats or Cicero's orations. Are you?

Personally, I think that P.T. is the most useless subject on my curriculum. I make this assertion for very obvious reasons. I just detest having to walk around for days after a P.T. class with a painful stiff-neck. Such a disability involves many nasty thrusts about having been out the night before, and painful allusions to all the complications therein involved.

Chemistry. I cannot see why a year of science (7 hours of protracted misery with nothing worth learning) should be inflicted on an Arts

ALUMNI

A new experiment is being tried in the Alumni News Column. Each issue will contain news of the members of one class—in this issue the first graduation class in 1927. Following issues will be devoted to classes '28, '29, etc. Each graduate will receive in the course of time, a letter asking for news. Please cooperate if you wish this column to survive.—Ed.

Albert W. Lotz, president of '27, first president of the Alumni Association and business manager of "The Cord," writes: "No doubt you are aware of the fact that I am Pastor of a Missionary Congregation (Maynooth) in the Northern Country. I find the work outstandingly interesting. One must necessarily visit this country and its people to be able to appreciate them." Rev. Lotz assumed charge of this pastorate in July 1930 and since that time has had 86 adult accessions. Besides conducting his own services, Rev. Lotz preaches for other Protestants who have no church in Maynooth. People in this district often walk 8, 10, 12 or as many as 24 miles (return trip) to church services.

Carl F. Klinck, first editor of "The Cord" and member of the W. C. teaching staff, gets such frequent reference in "The Cord" that his name seems out of place in the Alumni Column. But he is a '27 graduate and deserves a great deal more mention than this passing comment.

John E. Miller is serving two congregations in Berne and East Berne, N.Y. (Berne is a village situated twenty-five miles west of Albany—is named after Berne, Switzerland, from the fact that it nestles among the beautiful Helderberg mountains). Rev. Miller began his pastorate on Aug. 19, 1928. He re-opened the East Berne church and established both a Sunday School and a Luther League. Besides making many local improvements these congregations are paying their full pledge to Synod.

Three other members of the class of '27 are also in the ministry. Harry Baetz, of college hockey fame, is in Chesley; Garnet Schultz is in New Dundee. Norman A. Keffer for several years in Windsor, recently moved "nearer home" when he accepted a call to St. James Lutheran Church, Hespeler.

Ernie (canvassing for "The Cord") "I'm looking for some financial success."

Business Man: "Well, it wont be me."

student. Perhaps I am too severe. I have already learned two things—hydrogen sulphide gas smells like rotten eggs and people under the influence of laughing gas lose all sense of propriety. "Oscar".

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SHAKESPEARE RETURNS

(Continued from Page 1)
beth. Clever punning on Shakespeare's plays.

Enter Joe Henderson (M. Ault) who makes plans to revise Shakespeare's plays for Broadway use.

Act 3—Queen Elizabeth's Room.

Enter Shakespeare—M. W. Scene.

Enter Joe Henderson—exit Shakespeare behind screen. Painful scene in which Joe describes Romeo and Juliet revamped as "Forbidden Fruits." Shakespeare denounces Joe and departs. Elizabeth flees. Joe also goes leaving stage deserted. Re-enter the Queen dressed a l'Elizabethan, then Will similarly dressed Will recognizes Elizabeth. Finale with the Queen leading Shakespeare back home to heaven.

Underlying the whole comedy may be seen the fine knowledge and appreciation of Shakespeare possessed by the authors. W. Ziegler's portrayal of the Dramatist and Betty Spohn's of the Queen were excellent. Other members of a fine cast also performed to perfection.

During intermissions the Scharr Ensemble gave some exceptionally fine musical numbers.

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Literary News

When Gods Fall

(Vox Populi)

A light breeze caused the darkening ripple to run along the waters. The breeze quickened into a stiff gale, the forerunner of Aolean wrath, which stalked like impending doom. Dark ragged clouds scurried beneath frowning heavens. A low moaning grew into a wall as a line of foam whitened surf assaulted the tiny island.

Buried deep in a mountainous maelstrom of raging waters, a tiny trading schooner gallantly fought. With the tenacity of a wild thing it bucked and plunged; furiously driving its head above the waves. With a crash that shook her from stem to stern, tons of raging water hit broadside. The main-mast split like match wood; spars, yard arms, capstans, sails in an inextricable wreckage bore the schooner over. Agonizing timbers burst, great rents gaped like mortal wounds, and she sank fighting to her last breath.

Grim death reaped with lavish hand; surging billows hurled still forms from their vitals glutted with human gore. Amid the chaotic upheaval one alien creature fought the clinging water. A herculean giant of a man he was. His white skin glistening like some repulsive monster of the deep. He breasted the waves with an animal's impotent terror.

Perhaps it was a mere whim of the sea, one of those freaks nature loves to astound us by; or else Neptune refused to receive so vile a wretch to his bosom—but be that as it may, the man reached land. Unmercifully battered, bruised and bleeding, but with vital flame glowing tenaciously he crawled to a haven of stability; he felt firm supporting sand under his body.

Pale moonlight peeked from storm wrapped clouds, and timidly laid bare the devastated universe. The violence of the storm had dissipated itself. Winds wearied by the raging contest, reluctantly retreated. The light brightened; a frosty beam animated the beach. Froth beaten billows like tidal waves threatened to engulf the shattered isle and when lalked of their prey shook the world in their frenzy of disappointed rage.

The white man heard them or perhaps the moonlight woke him. Impatiently he struggled to flee—the sea, that monster, ah! He fears it! It shakes the foundation of his soul. It unbalances his mind. The men, the ship—he sees them still; deep within the troubled sea they lie and wait. They wait for him—they beckon—they are impatient.

The white man arose, unconscious-

ly, he dominated the scene. He was man, the ruler, the conqueror of nature, the demi-god. His splendid physique drank in the life giving sunshine. His chest rose and fell like a mighty bellows—it was good to be alive, to feel, to see. At his first movement a group of savages sprang to attention. The white man turned, superimposed upon an arrogant Jove-like body was a countenance that dispelled the deceitful chimera of superiority and character. A vindictive light gleamed in small blood-shot eyes. Fierce, passion scarred, his face revealed a weak willful nature whose impulses ran rampant and uncontrolled. Treacherous, untrustworthy, he was a malignant fiendish beast, a thing of evil to be crushed without pity or remorse.

The natives approached curiously; growing wonder and admiration mirrored in their soft black eyes. From the village a veritable horde of aborigines poured; surging crowds of close packed humanity palpitated with eagerness. The guards could scarcely keep the people back; they wanted to touch the white man—to feel him—to see if he were real. The wise ones whispered, the old ones said he was a god. The people cowered, they trembled and made obeisance.

The aged chief arrayed in his garments of state, straightened his withered shoulders and with calm dignity that age and breeding alone can bequeath, greeted the stranger with kindly condescension and gracious civility. Behind him stood the princes of royal blood, armed with swords whose glittering blades were woven with bizarre tracery of symmetrical beauty. Craning forward in undisguised amazement were the warriors in barbaric splendor.

To one side and a little back of the king stood a figure alone. Motionless among the swaying mob, his eyes lived; they smoldered and burned, then like dying flames fixed in an expressionless stare. He saw much. Eons came and faded in the gloom. Stealthy shadows rose on impalpable mist; only to disintegrate and crumble. Dismembered souls whispered dark secrets. Sorrowful wails filled his ears with the susurrus of death and pain. Sounds—faint, palpitating—formed themselves into words and flowed monotonously around him. All whispered evil premonitions of horror: they feared the white man.

The old wizard stood unflinching not a muscle twitched or an eye lash quivered. The grinning skulls about his neck alone grew jubilant and seemed to wink at one another.

Gently the old king took the white man by the hand assuring him in the vividly picturesque phrasing

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of the east that he was his slave, and his kingdom at his command.

Day succeeded day in somnolent pacificity. At night the natives gathered around their cheery camp-fires. It was then, when the darkness slowly oozed between the tree trunks, and dark shadows quivered and flew, the old wizard sat and smiled.

As for the white man, the flickering flame of gratitude, which his deliverance from the sea had kindled, subsided, leaving him cold and dissatisfied. As time went on his natural taciturnity increased. Strange fits of madness possessed him for days. He craved the companionship of former acquaintances, their hoarse voices and spicy oaths; the long hazardous sea voyages; the wild night carousal in foreign ports. He would stare at the sea with bitter rage eating his heart. This was the obstacle, vast, unreasoning, and incombatable—he beat it with his hands, he tore it; but it returned—all his efforts were fruitless. With shaking hands he pushed the thought from him. It came again a grim spectre beckoning. He saw himself alone on a limitless expanse of seering blue. No shadows fell, only the sun beat with vehement fury. The waves spurned him, a dead thing on a dead sea—ah! no, not that; he feared the sea.

Then a great restlessness would seize him. Doggedly he tramped the steaming valleys or plunged through trackless jungles whose greeping vines gripped him and held. Always he struggled on until worn out by his exertions he fell exhausted. It was on one of these excursions that he burst upon a sequestered valley which nestled between two giant mountains who stood like sentinels—one on either side.

(To be Continued)

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BEHIND THE SCENE

(Continued from Page 4)

"Well I might never be able to give it in Latin but someday I'll be able to give it in English—I will love, you shall love. Say, Hubert, mother's giving me a birthday party on Saturday. Can't you come? I'll be wearing my first long trousers. Fifteen and long trousers, whoopee!

"Thanks, Lynden, I'll come. Say, how about playing hockey from school tomorrow and we'll go swimming."

"Wait until tomorrow and I'll see. Will see you in the morning."

"So long."

The two parted; the one going up the road the other walking in the opposite direction.

—W—

Rye—Harvey, your car is at the door.

Harvey—Yes, I know. I hear it knocking.

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Den 4 March, 1934.

Lieb Vater un Mutter,—

Ihr wundert vielleicht vo waess ich eich net schreiba du. Vell, du waest ja waess gehappened hat wann der cousin "Johnnie" do am Waterloo College war un haem schreiba wollt. Die Kerls die am College Cord staff wara, haba ihm jedesmol den Brief gestolla un in ihre Zeitung geprint. Es war a schant wie sie ihn geused hen. Un ich hab immer bang dass sie watcha jutzt bis sie a chance greega fuer aens von meine Brief nehma. Ich schliess meine Tuer ganz tidt zu wann ich eich a Brief schreiba will.

Vell, ma es is jetzt gehappened. Unser English professor hat geheiert. Es hat ihm ae lange Zeit genomma fuer sei mind ufmacha, aber er hat's jetzt gedu. Aber ich dauer unsere co-eds. Sie laufa jetzt rum mit so lange Gesichts. Forher hen sie immer a bissle Hoffnung gehat, aber jetzt is alles vorbei. Aber vielleicht geva sie jetzt a dael von uns Kerls a chance. Mir hoffa so enniweg.

Vell ma, ich bin ganz froh dass ich do im Waterloo College bin. Ae ding aber gleich ich net. Mir hen a dael Kerls daas sich "crooners" haessa. Sie ain Kerls die denka dass sie singa kenna. Ich kann dir net saga wie schlimm sie sin. Wan du sie juschtamol hoera daets, ma. Du waest ja wie unsera Katz dahaem greischt wann sie ihr Schwantz zwischa die Tuer gricht. Vell, die Kerls lauta schlimmer wie sel. Sie gaenna rum and singa "Alles was ich hab is deins," un wan du sie frogst fuer a halva dollar dann hen sie nix. Un wann sie die Watta jutzt wissa daet, daet es net so schlimm sei, aber immer halb weg durch das Lied vergessa sie die Watta un dann hoers du nichts wie a furchbares gejammer wie wah, wah, wah.

Vell ma, ich denk ich muss uf-herra. Die Essa bell hat geganga un ich muss mich dumalla schonst gree ich nix zu esea.

Dei Klae Buble.

Thru The Keyhole

These people who will persist in cluttering up the girls' room with crochet hooks and balls of yarn in the pretense of making a cushion or prayer rug are bound sooner or later to be caught wool gathering. One of the classicists was caught squirming around in a History class and when the Dean, who could no longer stand seeing the poor girl squirm like a fly in ointment, asked what was the matter, she received the answer, "I'm in the wrong class." The Dean immediately gave the bright light of the class a chance to go out and then asked the tempting question, "Is there anyone else too bored to stay?" What would you have done? . . . They didn't.

Some of the Freshmen may not be able to take it but they certainly can give it—in the way of excuses. The prize excuse for 1934 is, "Professor—I feel that I ought to remain in my warm room to-day because my cheek is going down nicely, so will you please excuse me from—" . . . Some "cheek" I calls it.

It isn't often the boarding club president leaves himself open to a razzing, although he seems to get plenty, but one day he looked rather sheepish when he went down for breakfast and found himself locked out. He evidently is not as ingenious as the fellow who sits at the head of the other table and calls on the sinner of the day to say grace. This fellow's (not the sinner) sixth sense or what have you, told him the dining room door would be locked so he trotted in through the kitchen door with his laundry and gave the cook a Slim Summerville grin. There's no use beating around the bush some men have a way with women.

Two co-eds have found new pegs to hang their hats on but one of the co-eds, affected by spring no doubt, kept on going and nearly went to the old boarding place. Imagine her embarrassment if she had gone in. She would have had to copy Juliet, I guess, and ask for her cigarette lighter.

The bulletin board has been a great source of interest for the past week during which time, the Dean has kept us posted on the gradual approach of a mysterious Mr. Goudge who rumour has it, will teach Philosophy. The question rampant in the minds of everybody (only a few have had the courage to voice it) is, "Is he young and handsome?" and now we all know the answer. Here's luck to the new "prof."

In the rush of getting the keyhole information in the last issue I didn't get any time to toes any orchids, so this week I'll give them to Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Klinck with the best wishes of the Collegians.

I'll be seein' you.

—W—

Don't be content to be yourself, be your best self.

Discords

On noticing the absence of the "Discords" from the last issue of "The Cord", one wit remarked, "The jokes have been put where they belong, in the 'discard' column." Discarding the discords caused discord among the "Cord" readers therefore discarding the 'Discords' has been discarded. Here they are—

Male Students Please Note

Miss Elizabeth Sarita Spohn, B.A. (Waterloo '32), emphatically denies that she is pursuing post graduate work at Waterloo College with the view of getting her M.R.S. and asks for the retraction of the "discord" making this delicate insinuation against her character.

(Our apologies and retraction.—Editor.)

Laboratory Lapses

"Some people get all the breaks", lamented Enid Willison as she dropped another test-tube on the floor.

No Matter How You Boil It.

The aspiring young writer had just presented a story to the Editor of "The Cord" for approval.

Editor: "Sorry, too long and rather weak."

A. Y. W.: "Perhaps I could boil it down."

Ed.: "No good. Boil down a gallon of water to a pint and it would still be water, wouldn't it?"

—W—

COSSMAN-HAYUNGA

(Continued from Page 1)

terest was a series of slides illustrating the different steps taken in building of a house. These houses are round, the walls consist of baked clay and the cone-shaped roof is made entirely of straw woven together into mats.

The tribe among which Mr. Schultz labours, is independent, self-governing and self-training. When a church is to be erected, the work is done entirely by the members and the material is furnished by them.

The speaker stated that although the older members of the tribe have no intention of becoming Christians and do not believe what the missionaries tell them, they nevertheless appreciate what the missionaries are doing for their children.

Head-hunting and the offering of human sacrifices has been greatly suppressed by the government, Mr. Schultz stated, but occasionally it is still carried on in secret. Only several months ago fourteen children were buried alive, having been placed into large earthen pots and the top then sealed with clay.

Mr. Schultz also displayed a great number of curios, among which was a snake skin eighteen feet ten inches long. Other articles were: knives, pots, beads, purses, hoes, charms and fans.