

# The College Cord

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## WATERLOO COLLEGE

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THEOLOGICAL COURSES FOR DIVINITY STUDENTS

# Editorial

CHRISTMAS has again sped on its way, not to return until many days have rolled by. Our holiday season is past, and we press forward into the New Year. None of us know what is in store for us in the coming months; happy are we that the silver veil of the future shows us its bright side only, and shuts our eager view from the vista beyond,—perhaps bright and spotless, but more likely somewhat cloudy and grey. To live in the present time with the knowledge of such events in the offing would be almost unendurable.

But there is one event which needs no unveiling, and which stands before us in all its naked reality, viz. examinations. Examinations are indeed "the fly in the ointment,—a blot on one's scutcheon,—a Lazarus at the door,—a frog in one's chamber,—a haunting conscience,—the perpetually recurring mortification," (to use Lamb's phrases) of College life.

For those who have passed the term in blissful loafing and idle dreaming, examinations come as a rude awakening. But even to the model student they are a nerve-wracking experience. The tendency of the average student is to leave practically all homework until just before examinations, and indeed this attitude is encouraged by the present system where usually no test is made of the student's knowledge until the end of the term. The result is last-minute cramming.

Now cramming is at best a very faulty way of acquiring knowledge inasmuch as most of the facts thus picked up, having no direct bearing on the practical life of the student, are seldom completely digested, and indeed are generally merely regurgitated in the form in which they have been swallowed. Thus the professor often gets merely his own point of view thrown back at him, unaccompanied by constructive thought on the part of the student himself. In this way the student not only neglects the development of his own grey cells, but even the facts he had memorized slip from his mind as the proverbial water from the duck's back.

What remedy have we to propose to this festering sore? To be perfectly frank, a satisfactory substitute for examinations is difficult to find. One suggestion is that essays and exercises be required in the various courses, weekly or biweekly as the subject required, on the material received. Each succeeding essay, having its foundation set in the work covered in previous essays would result in an accumula-

tion of organized knowledge and not mere disjointed facts. At the same time the student would be obliged to keep up his outside reading from day to day or from week to week in order to capably perform the weekly assignments. Or again frequent tests might ensure term work being done at the proper time. At any rate, if exams were replaced by some such method the student would be relieved of the nervous strain, the feverish plugging which is their inevitable accompaniment.

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AS we proceed to write our last editorial an indescribable sense, not of relief, but of loss, almost even of loneliness fills our heart, as a father feels when his son has left home for the first time.

It is true our experience with the Cord has not always been pleasant. Countless difficulties, financial and editorial, have beset our paths. We have put much hard labor into our undertakings. Our editorial effusions, falling far short of our aspirations, sometimes hopelessly inadequate and barren, have yet been the product of hours of concentrated effort. We frankly admit that in this as well as in many other extracurricular activities we have buried many precious hours which might more profitably for ourselves have been spent in preparing lectures. Yet no regrets torment us. As much as we have sacrificed in book-learning, we hope we have gained in practical knowledge. Besides we feel it is the duty of every student to make some other contribution to his Alma Mater than merely to pay fees and attend classes. Extracurricular functions are just as essential to College life as is the theoretical knowledge received. We must play our part in these activities, giving our wholehearted support where it is most needed, yet not in blind devotion, but with a conscious realization of their claim upon our time and ability. This ideal of service we have ever endeavored to hold before us, striving to make our actions fall in line.

For the efficient manner in which the business of the Cord has been run during the past year all credit is due to our capable and earnest staff. As a result of their efforts, we hope to not only meet all our own expenses, but also to make a substantial payment on the old debt.

We wish to extend our deepest appreciation of the kindly patronage given the Cord by  
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# Ferien Auf Dem Lande

by LILLIAN JOHNSON

"Kennst du das Land?".....aber waere ich der Dichter, wuerde ich nicht "wo die Zitronen bluehn" hinzufuegen, weil nur der Norden und nicht der Sueden mich inspirieren kann. Obgleich ich immer in dem Norden gewohnt habe, werde ich rastlos wenn die Ferien des Sommers oder des Winters kommen, und die Sehnsucht erfuehlt mein Herz. Also, das gegebene Thema "Ferien auf dem Lande" fuehrte meine Gedanken sogleich zu "Ferien in dem Norden." Man hat sich oft gewundert, warum wir den Norden lieben und welche Schoenheit wir in den Seen und Huegeln—schwarzen Huegeln—und in unendlichen Waeldern sehn koennen. Aber, wenn Leute einmal uns zu besuchen kommen, gewoehnlich sehen wir sie wieder. Ich erzaehle nicht die Geschichte von besonderen Ferien, weil die einen ebenso gut wie die andren sind.

Neben einem schoenen See in der Natur den ganzen Sommer zu leben—entfernt von Staedten und Menschen Mengen—das sind Ferien!

Des Morgens kann ich nichts mehr wuenschen als mit dem Gezwitscher der Voegel zu erwachen, die mir sagen, dasz ich faul bin, wenn es so wunderbar vollkommen und lebendig ist. Jetzt brauche ich keine Weckuhr! Nach einem kuehlen Bad, verschwindet Sorge und Schlaefrigkeit und weder "Guten Appetit" noch "Gesegnete Mahlzeit" ist noetig den Genuss des Fruehstuecks perfekt zu machen.

Den Nachmittag kann man mit Musse verbringen—vielleicht mit einem Buch, das kein Professor fuer ein Examen vorgeschrieben hat und welches man nicht lesen muss, wenn die Traeume oder die Wolken interessanter sind.

Auch kann man in einem Boot langsam ueber einen ruhigen See gleiten. Ich erinnere mich besonders eines Morgens, als der See wie ein Spiegel war—mit keinen Wellen die Schoenheit zu verderben, und wir ruderten zwecklos die Kueste entlang, die Wasserlilien pflueckend. Nicht ein Blatt ruehrte sich und wir konnten nichts als das Geraeusch der neugierigen Bewohner des Waldes hoeren, die zu sehen kamen, wer ihre Einsamkeit beunruhigte. Die Schoenheit der Landschaft war gedoppelt, weil jeder Baum, jeder Stein und jede Farbe in dem Wasser reflektiert war. Als wir das Bild ansahen, bildeten wir uns ein, dasz es ein Elfen-

reich war, das wir sehen aber nicht erreichen konnten. Spaeter gingen wir an einem indianischen Dorf vorueber und sahen die Turmspitze der alten, grauen Kirche. Hier war ein Ort, worin man wirklich anbeten konnte wo jeder Tag die heilige Ruhe das Sabbats hatte. Von Zeit zu Zeit sprang ein Fisch aus dem Wasser uns einladend unser Glueck im Angeln zu versuchen. Auf einmal hoerten wir einen lauten Schrei—dumpf und geheimnisvoll. Meine Freundin, die niemals in dem Norden gewesen war, war erschreckt, gewiss, dasz jemand ertrank und Hilte brauchte. Als wir aber uns naecherten, brauchte ich nichts erklaren, weil "der Ertrinkende" unr ein Vogel, ein sogenannter "Loon" war. Als er uns sah, schien es, dasz sein Geschrei in ein wildes Gelaechter auf unsere Kosten sich verwandelte und dann tauchte er unter das Wasser. Die Indianer erzaehlen eine Geschichte von einer alten Frau, die mit ihrem Boot in einer sturmischen Nacht verloren ging und, die wie ein "Loon" schreie und lache wie verrueckt, wenn ein Retter kommt.

Oft wandere ich mit meinem Hund durch den dicken Wald und da sehe ich wie majestaetisch die Natur ist und wie klein und unwichtig ich bin! Da sind so viele Farben, die den Kuenstler heraus fordern, die Blumen, die kein Verfertiger nachmachen kann—und die Foehren, hoch und grazioes, die ihre langen Arme himmelwaerts strecken und ihre alten Geheimnisse einander zufluestern.

Besonders aber ist es erfreulich am Abend, wenn man in gluecklicher Gesellschaft neben dem Feuer sitzt, wenn—

"Der Mond ist aufgegangen  
Die goldnen Sternlein prangen  
Am Himmel hell und klar."

Wenn man diese Sterne sieht, die  
"Gehen da, hin und her Zerstreut,  
Als Laemmer auf der Flur  
In Rudeln auch, und aufgereiht  
Wie Perlen an der Schnur."

—muss auch der Unglaeubige zugestehen, dass ueber allem eine Kraft ist, die die Wissenschaft nicht erklaren kann. Meine Freundin und ich sass in einem Boot auf dem Wasser, welches der Mond aus schwarz in silberne Kristalle verwandelt hatte: nichts ruehrte sich die Sym-

*(Continued on page 15)*

# The Fascination of Science

by R. HORNSTEIN, M.A.

IN recent years the daily newspapers have been featuring an ever-increasing number of articles in which are presented sensational developments in the various branches of science. Probably though, the bald statements appearing in headlines do not permit the reading public to catch a glimpse of the fascinating history which lies behind the story which finally emerges in print.

For science, although an arduous taskmaster, can and does offer a rich reward of satisfaction to he who, through periods of buoyant anticipation and bitter disappointment, follows the thin and sometimes almost imperceptible thread which marks the path of advance; a path which is often devious and which has many branchings, all of which must be carefully explored, for who can tell in what casual byway facts of the utmost importance may be found? Certain phenomena may have appeared insignificant to many investigators. To one who pauses to wonder, and then possibly struck by a flash of intuition, they yield new truths, first, as at the headwaters of a mighty river, in a feeble trickle, then more and more rapidly, until finally, with a mighty rush, a bewildering amount of data confronts the curious scientist. Amid this mass of accumulated facts he might well be lost and needs must wait until someone else, with the mental stature of a genius, happens along and with a few master strokes brings order out of chaos.

A contemporary example of this had its origin in a nearby institution. Scientists at the University of Toronto noticed that in a charged electroscope there was an unexplained leak. With this simple observation, which incidentally had been noted before but had been disregarded, they unknowingly ignited a fuse. This sputtering fuse has led to a magazine of information which is still exploding. Its echoes have been heard completely around the world, from the north pole to the south pole, in the thickly-populated centres of civilization and on uninhabited desert isles, high up into the heavens and deep down into the bowels of the earth. For it was from this very humble beginning that has grown that vast field of research which revolves about the greatest mystery of our age, the mystery of cosmic rays.

A consideration of the history of the study of cosmic radiation offers a picture of the in-

triguing possibilities which are the lot of those working in the realm of pure science. For from those early days when Prof. McLennan pitched a tent in the frozen surface of Lake Ontario, and with his students at Varsity made measurements with crude equipment; through the period when Regener experimented far below the surface of Lake Geneva or deep down in salt mines; while Millikan climbed high into the Rockies to work in snow-fed lakes, or again with his co-workers released, in Texas, test balloons carrying equipment almost unbelievably minute and delicate, but exceedingly accurate withal; later, on the expeditions outfitted by Compton which garnered data at stations in every part of the world; more recently during the spectacular stratosphere flights made into regions higher than man has ever flown before; through these and many other sources information has come which, piece by piece, is being fitted into a unified story.

At the moment there are two different explanations as to the ultimate structure of this extremely penetrating radiation. Facts there are aplenty to back each theory, but neither one can accommodate all the facts. So the time is ripe for the arrival of a coordinating genius. His job it is to paint a simple picture which will account for all that is known, a picture which will probably show that the theories now existing are not so much contradictory as they are complementary. That, at least has been the experience in the past.

"What," you may ask, "is the eventual good of all this accumulation of facts, this postulation of theories?" Shall we neglect the obvious answer that man has always been intent upon acquiring knowledge for the sake of knowledge alone? Yes, if you will, we shall disregard this explanation, although this urge for a better understanding of our universe may itself be a justification. Let us also not use as an argument the fact that the discovery of cosmic radiation has given philosophers the opportunity of debating the possibility that these rays may be messengers which indicate that the Creator is still on the job.

No, let us consider the material, the practical results that can be achieved through a knowledge of cosmic rays. They are immensely powerful, and possibly through a further study

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# Ol' Abraham

by ROBERT THOMAS

THE rosy glow from the great barrel-like stove in the general-merchandise store at Cross-Roads reflected warmly upon ruddy faces of "old-timers." Forgotten was the raging December storm whose howling gale lashed the needle-like snow with the sting of a whip against the rugged faces of venturesome beings. All was cheer and comfort within; smoke rose languidly from a dozen pipes; everything appeared to doze in the drowsy warmth emitted by the great heater.

This peaceful reverie never endured for long: "Spinning yarns" and "swapping stories" was the elixir of life to these grand old pioneers.

Finding business dull after the Christmas rush, the young clerk joined the jovial group and listened intently to the glamorous tales of a life he had never known.

"Did you ever hear tell of Ol' Abraham?" piped up a querulous, cracked voice from the depth of a cosy arm chair.

The owner of that voice was a striking example of a sturdy race of men fast becoming a thing of bygone days. Twinkling eyes peering from beneath bushy brows gave his broad open face, furrowed and seasoned as it was, a merry aspect. A thick-set neck and broad shoulders supported by a chest like a black bear's were suggestive of his one-time great power. Stubby legs which swung a few inches from the floor completed this grand old gentleman's "make-up."

"Wal," he continued, "it runs this way."

"Folks was jist moving into these parts then; I were about knee-high to a grasshopper. There was a sight o' bush all 'round then too, as would gladden the heart of any lumberman. But it had ter be cut down t' make room fer homesteads. The best 't were kept fer logs an' rails; the rest was food fer fires. And there was plenty of 'em! Man, I can see yit the hun'reds o' fires blazing up into the night.

The Injuns prowled around sullen-like, 'specially a great un, tall and straigh as a pine and powerful as a ox. He wore a fierce scowl and carried a long rifle. Some unspoke o' him as "Ol' Abraham" and glory be ef it didn't stick.

"Wal, by the time cold weather hit us the cabins was up and everyone settled down fer a spell o' winter.

"Most all the folks had a few hun'erd dollars to live off'n till their clearin' would raise

enough to keep 'em. But there was times when we lived off'n "pertaters," only we kipt a loaf o' bread in the house, like a lookin'-glass in case o' company!

"Then Ol' Abraham started appearin' in the settlement. Folks felt jist a little uneasy in their boots when he were around, 'specially the wimmin', and they had a reason to.

"There was a trader there as gave Abraham brandy fer his furs. One day the Injun breezed into the settlement, eyes blood-shot and scowl darker'n a murky night, and he looked real dangersome with that long gun o' his'n. Then the trader appeared; up went that gun! Bang! And that 'er trader was down an' kicking. Then Abraham, his brain befuddled with brandy, dropped his gun and put fer the bush.

"A posse of us went fer him; he were a tough customer to handle but we trussed him up and took him in ter the sheriff.

It were only the brandy in Abraham as had made him miss a vital spot; Poor trader! Wal, he recovered. As fer Abraham, the judge let him off, but he couldn't not more carry a gun o' any sort on pain of imprisonment.

"You might think that were some blow fer Abraham but man o'man he was a hunter. He used to trail around in winter on snowshoes perty as long as hisself.

"When the snow was deep with mebbe a little crust he would hunt deer.

"Without a gun or dog', you say?"

"Yessir he run 'em down! He'd pick up a fresh trail and lope along with long strides, far faster'n any I ever saw afore—or after. That deer, after it saw him, would plunge ahead about a half mile, sinking at every step to its belly in the snow, an' then turn 'round and look back at Ol' Abraham. He came along with a great easy stride an' soon that deer started off again.

"About two hours later I saw the deer drag itself through the clearin' and drop at the edge of the bush. In a minute or two the Injun was there and finished it with his knife. Off he tramped with that deer slung over his broad back. Howsom'er his huntin' didn't keep him from beggin' in the settlement.

"He used ter come up to a cabin, open the door, poke his head in, and grunt, 'Abraham hungry!' If he saw the men were not in, he'd

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# *The Study of Latin* by WALTER H. JOHNS, PH. D.

C O N T I N U E D F R O M T H E L A S T I S S U E

Thus the study of Latin requires a development of the critical faculty to an extent not exceeded by mathematics or science. In other words it trains students to think and the student who cannot think for himself naturally finds Latin difficult. The more difficult he finds the study of Latin the more he needs its benefit influence, if he is to possess a trained intelligence.

A less obvious value of the study of Latin lies in the training it gives to the finer perception of differences in "mood" or feeling. Not even Greek with its optative mood is more sensitive to changes of mood than Latin. In English practically all feeling for differences in mood has vanished, while in Latin all statements which admit of doubt or probability are put in the subjunctive and their nature clearly indicated. This trains the mind of the student to a fineness of perception and understanding which is not obtainable in any other way. The value of modern languages for this purpose is much less.

The very fact that Latin is a "dead" language gives it added importance to the student of language. It has passed beyond the influence of growth and decay. And yet it exhibits various phases of growth and development as well as of degeneration which make it useful as an example of the whole process of language change. Its usefulness in the study of the Roman languages is too well known to need discussion and yet perhaps we realize too little the inspiration and stimulation to thought which it provides. It is fascinating from a dozen points of view, physiologically, and historically, to see how the old common Roman word for horse or nag - *caballus* - has given us words so varied as *cheval* and *caballero*, not to mention our own word *chivalry*. How did *vetus* develop into *vecchio* and what processes of thought change have made the Latin *ratio* become confined to the single meaning found in the English *ratio* while the word *ration* has a far different meaning and the English *rational* alone serves to keep alive any vestige of the old Roman meaning? Anyone who finds the study of Latin dull and tedious has made an utterly wrong approach to it or is blind to the immense possibilities of interest and training which it contains.

Of course much of the difficulty found in the study of Latin is due to a lack of know-

ledge of English grammar. No subject of equal importance in our whole curriculum suffers from such neglect. Opponents of Latin may urge that the substitution of English grammar for Latin will be an advantage. More stress must be laid on English grammar undoubtedly, but Latin has too many other uses to be cast aside. It trains the critical faculties of the mind, it is an aid in logical thought and in the delicate perception of thought differences in all their gradations and it enriches the vocabulary, "gives that discriminating use of words that makes men masters in discussion." And it provides an easy approach to the intricacies of English grammar and that of modern languages. Robert Maynard Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, has this to say of English grammar in his article "What is a general Education" in the November Harper's Magazine: "In order to read books one must know how to do it. The degeneracy of instruction in English Grammar should not blind us to the fact that only through grammatical study can written works be understood. Grammar is the scientific analysis of language through which we understand the meaning and force of what is written. Grammar disciplines the mind and develops the logical faculty. It is good in itself and as an aid to reading the classics. It has a place in general education in connotation with the classics and independently of them. For those who are given to learn from books, learning the art of reading would seem to be indispensable." Almost all that he says here of English grammar applies with far greater force to Latin.

All that has here been said in defence of Latin is only a small fraction of what might be said, but time and space do not permit of broader treatment here. To those who find it dull and difficult the best advice would be directed toward urging a greater attempt to understand it. Greater acquaintance with the language can only lead to greater appreciation of it and vice versa. No doubt the teaching methods in vogue at present are partly at fault and it is to be hoped that these may be improved to meet the changing conditions of the day, but that is not the fault of the language or study of Latin. The fault lies not in our task but in ourselves if we fail to give or receive the study of Latin. The fault lies not in our task

# Ontario Older Boys' Parliament . .

by DWIGHT KELLERMAN

THE Ontario Older Boys' Parliament has just completed its 16th session, which met at the University of Toronto, Dec. 26-31. The Editor has requested me to give a short explanation of the organization.

Approximately one hundred fellows gathered as representatives of the Tuxis and Trail Ranger groups of the province, to hold their annual convention. They enjoyed one of the most successful sessions that the movement has ever sponsored. The program was highly educational and entertaining. The opening caucus on Saturday, Dec. 26, included the address of Welcome and the election of Premier. Further business was postponed until Monday to permit the group to attend the professional hockey match between Boston Bruins and Toronto Maple Leafs. On Sunday, the assembly visited two prominent churches, en masse.

Monday morning saw the beginning of the business sessions. Of course, the outstanding feature of any Parliament is the legislative assembly where the House meets to discuss and enact bills and resolutions in Parliamentary fashion. The legislation in the Boys' Parliament does not follow the style of the Provincial or Dominion governments but is primarily in the interests of Boys' Work. For instance, bills were passed on the formation and extension of Summer Camps; promotion of Athletic contests; Boys' Conferences; Leadership Training classes and the organization of the Finance Campaign. Some of these sessions proved to be just as exciting and unorthodox as any of the political parliaments. The attempts to adhere to regular Parliamentary procedure sometimes lead to complications but it helped to add enthusiasm to the proceedings and at the same time gave the members training in debate and public speaking.

Before the legislation was brought into the House, it had to be drawn up and worked over in committee session. This was done in various sittings during the day, by the members assisted by an expert on the subject and an adult counsellor.

Sir Robert Falconer acted as Lieutenant Governor at the Formal sessions, which created dignity and respect in the House as well as in the large gallery.

Far from the least important feature of the Parliament was the fellowship enjoyed by the members in the boarding house and during the meal hour. The program at these times included music appreciation, sing-songs, pep talks,

tricks and wise-cracking. Taken as a whole, Boys' Parliament is an experience never-to-be-forgotten by the members attending. Its purpose has been expressed as a training ground for boys' leaders. It is that in its fullest sense. It serves to give them an education which fits into the program of Christian Citizenship, and to prepare them for Leadership in the many aspects of the work-a-day world.

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## REFRESHER COURSES

by OTTO REBLE

It has recently been the privilege of the students of the College and Seminary to hear addresses from two prominent men of our church: Dr. Wickey and Rev. Kirsch. This unexpected pleasure has revealed a need which is lacking not only here in the College and Seminary but also in our Synod.

It has always been the wish of the Seminarians that at least once a year the Board of Governors would invite a prominent minister or professor of theology to give a series of lectures or addresses on a vital present day subject. However being aware of the expense entailed in such a matter we realize that for the present such a privilege must be denied us. Why, however could not this be a part of the programme of the Synod? The Synod meeting itself has always been essentially business meeting: thus it is that the Conferences have used their yearly meetings for the discussion of social and theological questions. The treatment of the subject-matter at these meetings can only be very superficial.

We would suggest that the Canada Synod establish a self supporting camp similar in organization to the Lutheran Boys' Camp so successfully established in the past year. The programme would consist of a series of lectures and addresses on pertinent and timely theological subjects presented by noted guest speakers.

We feel such refresher courses would reawaken interest along theological lines, add a freshness to the intellectual side of our church, and make us workmen who need not be ashamed.

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# In The Field of Sport

Basketball togs are laid aside for the present due to the proximity of Christmas and the examinations following immediately after. They will not be taken from the hooks until the last of January or the first of February, when sports as well as other extracurricular activities will be resumed as usual. However, before closing our sport page for the semester, let us consider a few of the more recent games.

In our last issue of the Cord we stated that our Boys' Basketball team held second place in the Industrial league. This was the condition until November 28, when our boys received a decisive defeat at the hands of the Y. team whose speed and smoothness it was very difficult to check. This left our team tied with the Mutual Life team for second place. An unfavorable flip of a coin awarded second place to the Mutual Life, leaving our team in third place, to meet the Y. team in the Semi-finals. This game was a repetition of the previous game, magnified by the absence of several members of the regular team. Score 32-8. This completed the schedule as far as our team was concerned, as well as our basketball activities for the semester. For next semester a schedule of games, not yet definite, with Western's Juniors, and Huron, is eagerly anticipated.

Our Girls' team, last year's Interfaculty champs, is also definitely below standard. No doubt this is partly due to the loss of several regular players, perhaps partly also to lack of practice in team-play, perhaps even to a slight overconfidence, a sense of security created by last year's victories. At any rate they have not yet recovered their former zip as is shown by the loss of two games in their league, against Western and Brescia teams. The scores were something like 15-25. Come on, girls, don't let us down!

Badminton matches were also played after the Girls' basketball games. Against Western teams played; Singles E. Smith, L. Johnson; Doubles: M. Conrad and M. Hoffman; against Brescia: Singles: E. Smith, M. Conrad; Doubles: L. Johnson, M. Hoffman. A very good showing was made and several victories gained. We are looking forward to many more successes in Badminton as well as in Basketball.

# College Notes

Those present at the Athenaeum meeting of December 3, had the pleasure of hearing Rev. Walton, an Anglican missionary among the Indians and Eskimos of northern Canada. Rev. Walton illustrated his subjects with lantern slides and gave a more complete knowledge on a little known people and work.

The College Choir included a number of selections, and introduced the new College song composed by Dr. Johns and set to music by Max Magee.

The executive of the Athenaeum for the coming semester is as follows: Faculty Adviser: Miss H. Haug, M. A.; Honorary President: O. Reble; President: E. Dietsche; Vice-President: E. Smith; Sec'y-Treasurer: R. Tegler.

At the regular meeting of the Germania on December 4, the members were whisked away on a magic carpet of song, poetry and word pictures to Germany. Miss E. Schorten carried us along on the wings of melody of "Zu Lauerbach." Mr. A. Schweitzer described "das Lorelei Fels" as we passed on our way to that American of German Universities so aptly described in a poem "Auf Heidelberg" as read by Miss H. Duering. Then soaring away we circled Berlin with Mr. M. Stockman acting as guide.

The poetry in the essay "Ein Tag auf dem Lande," written and read by Miss L. Johnson brought us back to the beauties of our own north country, and to the conclusion of a most entertaining evening.

At the meeting of the Cossman-Hayunga held on December 1, Rev. Neudoerffer gave us an insight into the Lutheran missionary work in India. After the meeting a social was held in honor of Rev. and Mrs. Neudoerffer.

"Rethinking Missions" was the subject of Dr. Nikander's address at the meeting of the Cossman-Hayunga meeting of December 15. Dr. Nikander showed that the true spirit of missions can only be found in the living faith of the believer in God through Jesus Christ.

The Co-ed's vocabulary, according to competent authorities, consists of five adjectives and a verb:

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Ideal  
Marvellous  
Magnificent  
Exquisite

Read downwards (first letters) for the verb.

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# Donations to Our Library

Waterloo College and the Lutheran Seminary are indebted to the following friends for recent donations to the library:

Dr. G. E. Hayunga: Hammerton's *Wonders of the Past*, four beautifully illustrated volumes.

Board of Education of the U. L. C. A.: *Going to College*.

Mr. Elias Snider: Gascoigne's *Chansons of Old French Canada* and Gagnon's *Chansons Populaires du Canada*.

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Mr. J. K. Pickett: Spurgeon's *The Treasury of the New Testament*, four vols., Reisner's *Disciple Winners*, Evans' *Personal Soul-Winning*, Moule's *Epistle to the Romans*, Conant's *Every-Member Evangelism*, Zahniser's *Case-Work Evangelism*.

The Library of the University of Western Ontario, Prof. Landon, Librarian: Sir Walter Scott's *Works*, six vols., Thackeray's *Works*, eleven vols., Carlyle's *Works*, thirteen vols., Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, Fowler's *Rome*, Tyrrell's *Correspondence of Cicero*, vol. I, and *The Correspondence of King William and Earl Grey*, vol. II. Also various copies of *La Nouvelle Revue Francaise*, *Mercure de France*, and *Revue de Literature Comparee*.

CARL F. KLINCK, *Librarian*

*All that is at all*

*Lasts ever past recall:*

*Earth changes but thy soul and God stand  
sure.* —BROWNING

Here's to women: Noted for untold ages.  
It's a long lane that has no parking spaces.

**Atheist's Epitaph**

All dressed up and no place to go.

# Christmas Meditations

ONCE again Christmas has come and gone. What has it meant to you and to me? Has Christmas been for us, following the modern tendency, merely a stereotyped affair composed of an exchange of greetings and of gifts? In short, have we followed the world in commercializing Christmas, or have we considered this joyous season in its true light? Let the world celebrate as it may, we as members of the Church Terrestrial should not lose sight of Jesus the central figure of the great drama of Christmas. Nineteen hundred and thirty-six years ago, allowing for discrepancies in the reckoning of time, there was born in Bethlehem of Judea, He who was to come for the propitiation of all the sins of men, the Saviour of all mankind. Well might we give gifts if we retain in our minds consciousness of this greatest gift. Well may we rejoice and be glad during this season; but let us not forget to look further.

To get a true appreciation of what Christmas should mean to us we must follow Jesus from the time of his birth, follow his flight into Egypt with his parents, his return into the land of his birth to live in Nazareth, where, with the exception of a few journeys such as down to Jerusalem, he spent the first thirty more or less uneventful years of his life. Then we must follow Him to that upper room in Jerusalem where he celebrated the Last Supper with his disciples and behold his sadness when he said, "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." Let us continue with Him into the garden of Gethsemane where he poured out his soul in anguished supplication to God, saying: "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done." Continue with Him to the judgment hall of Pilate, thence to Calvary, where, nailed upon the cross for our sins, he uttered the heart-rending cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me," and again, "It is finished." Follow him to the tomb, where for three days he remained sealed within the bowels of the earth. And then, behold! "the Risen Christ."

If we have kept all these facts before us we will have celebrated Christmas as it should be celebrated, i. e. make the focal point of the happy season Him to whom that place rightly belongs, namely, Jesus Christ.

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## SCREEN VILLAINS

With all due respect to Shirley Temple, Dick Powell, the Dionne Quintuplets, and the other purveyors of movie sweetness, it must be admitted that screen honors of late have gone to such "dyed in the wool" villains as Charles Laughton, Victor McLagen and Edward G. Robinson. True hundreds still flock to hear Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy sing to one another, to see Janet Gaynor as a homeless waif; and Robert Taylor is so to speak still "packing them in"; but the real acting honours must go to the screen meanies.

Screen meanness may include a heart of gold, a death-bed repentance or just plain yellowness. It doesn't matter. These hard-boiled villains still stir our blood and make us afraid to go out alone at night. A good thing it is too, for we were very near becoming a nation of Elsie and Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Who will ever forget Victor McLagen in "The Informer"? Admitted, he was driven on by a never relenting fate, and his performance did include a death-bed repentance. Nevertheless he was a cheating, lying scoundrel. In his more recent "The Magnificent Brute" he was just what the name implies—a magnificent brute.

Rosiland Russell's "Craig's Wife" was a piece of superb venom. I heard someone near me whisper "I hate that woman," which came very near my own feelings. The movie apart from Miss Russell was rather feeble entertainment, but not one moment was begrudged after she came on the scene.

Each new Charles Laughton picture is awaited with bated breath. Will his malevolence reach a new high? It all began with his sadistic Mr. Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," when he subjected Norma Shearer to untold anguish. It reached a high in his relentless, unforgettable Javert in "Les Miserables." The climax however came with his Captain Bligh in "Mutiny on the Bounty." There is perhaps no character in the history of the screen who has aroused so much intense dislike and personal hatred as Captain Bligh. Captain Bligh was an average man with an average background and a fairly good education. He was nevertheless a wicked horrifying man and has become what might be called Public Enemy No. 1. It is proof of Mr. Laughton's superb acting ability that a man who could play a character like Captain Bligh could also play a comedy role like "Ruggles of Red Gap."

These screen villains whether they have been given star billing or not, have become the men of the hour.

## SOLOLIQUY

*To crib or not to crib; that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The tens and twenties of outraged examiners,*

*Or to take arms against a sea of quizzes  
And by cribbing pass them? To write; to  
crib;*

*To pass; and by a pass to say we end  
The pep-talks and the fears of going home  
The flunk is heir to: 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To write, to crib;  
To crib; perchance be caught: ay there's  
the rub*

*For after we've been caught what wrath  
may come*

*When we have shuffled in to see the Dean  
Must give us pause: There lies the catch  
That makes us honest though against our  
will:*

*For who would bear disgrace of flunking  
Them*

*Of dropping German and repeating Math.  
The sneers of brilliant men, the Coed's stare  
The meaning look of him who sits aloft,  
Whose manner seems to say "I told you so!"  
When he himself might make a second rank  
With an old note-book? Who would plug  
all night*

*To grunt and sigh while burning midnight  
oil*

*But that the dread of subsequent disgrace,  
The old familiar home-town from whose  
bourn*

*The guilty ne'er return, changes the mind  
And makes us rather toil and do our best  
Than smuggle in our worthy room-mate's  
notes.*

*Thus college doth make cowards of us all;  
And thus the slothful turn to industry.  
About the end of bright October's days  
And deep-laid schemes for pulling down a  
rank*

*With these reflections crumble into dust,  
And we are forced to action.*

—Xaverian Weekly

Never say, "It is nobody's business but my own what I do with my life." It is not true. Your life is put into your hands as a trust for many others beside yourself. If you use it well, it will make many others happy; if you abuse it, it will harm many others beside yourself.

Seldom comes glory till a man be dead.

—HERRICK

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## EDITORIAL

*(Continued from page 2)*

our advertisers. Some of these have been faithful to us ever since the founding of our paper in '26. We urge upon our readers the obligation of repaying this kindness as far as possible with their business.

To our subscribers also, some of whom have been with us from the beginning, we express our heartfelt thanks. We hope we may continue to present our College to you to the utmost of our ability, and that you may always feel a deep and sincere interest in our publication as in our Institution.

We wish Godspeed to our successor, and hope he will strive in all sincerity to improve our paper. With perfection as his ideal, and unstinted effort as the medium for attaining this ideal, there is nothing that can hold him back from new levels of achievement. In spite of adversities, which are sure to come, we hope he will follow Browning, as we have ever striven to do, as:

*One who never turned his back but marched  
breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,  
wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight bet-  
ter,  
Sleep to wake.*

To the pure all things are pure.

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## FERIEN AUF DEM LANDE

(Continued from page 3)

phonie der Natur hatte ihre Abendlieder gespielt und auch der Wind hatte sich eingelullt. Keiner von uns sprach und doch niemals war unsere Freundschaft mehr vertraut und schoener gewesen. Es schien, dasz "Jemand" — unsichtbar— mit uns war und spaeter sagte Margarete. Niemals war ich naeher an Gott. Wieviel will Gott uns geben und wie oft vergessen wir es! Wir hatten dies erfahren und es erfuellte uns mit der Furcht der heiligen und schoenen Gemeinschaft, die wir mit dem Schoepfer solcher Schoenheit gehabt hatten.

"Dann saget unterm Himmelszelt  
Mein Herz mir in der Brust:  
Es gibt was Bessers in der Welt  
Als all ihr Schmerz und Lust."

Kann man sich also wundern, dasz wenn man ueber Ferien auf dem Lande spricht—ich den Norden erwaehle, weil.....

"Dahin—dahin—geht mein Weg!"

## THE FASCINATION OF SCIENCE

(Continued from page 4)

of their structure, sources of power greater than any heretofore tapped may be revealed. Through their secondary effects, and from branch fields revealed by them, the hope becomes gradually brighter that they may lead to weapons to be used to combat cancer. While at the same time research in the field of pure chemistry may lead us to the cause of this same dread disease.

Consequently, from the laboratories, in which scientists are working at problems apparently far removed from the actualities of to-day, may come results which will produce the actualities of to-morrow. For it was from such an abstract source that came the marvel of radio. Fifty years ago a young experimenter sent a radio wave some few feet in his laboratory. Last week a former king of the British Empire sat in his castle in England, and the words uttered by his lips were heard by some 200,000,000 people in all the four corners of the world.

Such is the uncertainty and the fascination of science!

The only difference between a rut and a grave is that the grave is deeper.

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## OL' ABRAHAM

(Continued from page 5)

take off his long snow shoes, lay 'em on the roof above the door and stalk in.

"The wimmin were in mortal dread o' him and in nearly every case gave him everything to eat that he asked for, while the kids whimpered behind their mother's skirts. Ginerally when he left the house, all the eats went with him. What was left after he had stuffed hisself to busting pint, he put inside his coat in some pocket he had there.

"I said in nearly every case. Wal, Abraham was tricked once, the only time I kin remember, by Mrs. Milne. She was perty plucky. Abraham poked his head in the doorway, with a most vile frown and a fierce look from his eagle eyes and grunted in his usual fashion.

"'You get out o' here or—or I'll call my husband.'

"'Where your husband?' grunted the Injun. When told that he was in the barn threshing peas, the Injun cocked his ear in that direction.

"'No hear um' he grunted.

"'You get out or I'll call him,' and with that Mrs. Milne uttered the well-known dinner call that could be heard fer miles on a calm day.

"Abraham left, swift and silent as a snake—Mr. Milne was really miles away at the time.

"Wal, the winter passed by and with it the terrifying visits of Abraham with his savage looks, his angry grunts and tremendous appetite.

"Summer came, and with it the long-looked-for grain harvest. The blackbears sure spoiled a sight o' grain. They'd wallow in the wheat, eat their fill and then roll in it. I've seen a field o' wheat completely ruined in this way.

"Wal, winter rolled 'round, again reviving the old fears of Abraham. The women folk waited daily in a fearful stew o' anxiety. Day after dragged by; the suspense was nigh unbearable.....Still no Abraham turned up! What could of befall'n him?

"Wal fer days and days the chief talk o' the 'hol settlement was the probable fate o' the ol' Injun. He might 'a perished in that late spring blizzard whin five Injuns lost their lives; or he might 'a took the small-pox last summer, fer it was ragin' in his tribe. Whatever took 'um he niver came back that winter, an' a wave o' relief swept over the settlement."

At this moment an ancient clock hammered out the hour of noon and with much scraping of chairs, these hearty pioneers set out for something more substantial than idle tales.