

# THE COLLEGE CORD

Vol. 22

WATERLOO, ONT., APRIL 1947

AN UNDERGRADUATE PUBLICATION

No. 5

## Invitation Games Committee Frantic

### From Our College? Exams to be Ousted

Waterloo College has lately been the centre of an exam controversy. Some student, or group of students (or it might even have been a professor) posted a notice asking for comments on the system of exams now in use in Canadian universities.

The broad conclusion reached was that exams as they exist are certainly not perfect and are even "a bad thing." However, Dr. Klinck's statement "What are you going to put in their place?" seems to sum up the difficulties faced.

We have listed a few of the scribbled students' opinions, and have consulted a few other experts on the problem.

#### What Students Say:

"With tears in my eyes."

"... our examination system is a bunch of rot..."

"As a genius, I find the exams at Waterloo rather amusing."

"Why must a student humiliate himself with such common things as exams?"

"Written final exams are a farce."

"Exams should be designed to test knowledge—not trick the student with questions on insignificant detail."

"Abolition of all true and false tests."

"We should have a conference to discuss this."

#### What The Faculty Says:

"The best comment I have ever heard regarding examinations is that examinations are a bad thing. What are you going to put in their place?" Dr. Klinck. "Examinations are like anything in life, they are not perfect. Ex-

See "EXAMS" Page 9

### Dorm Is Serenaded By A Capella Choir

Every Tuesday evening the boys of the dormitory are serenaded by "Voix Celestes" coming from below in Room 319. These voices comprise the A Capella Choir, rehearsing faithfully. Often the boys will hear raucous laughter caused by Dr. Leupold's descriptions of the choir's

See "CHOIR" Page 10

### Belles Bounce at Athy Sleighride

Shades of the past! As per every year when Athy plans a sleigh-riding party, the day dawned with a flourish of wild winds and freezing weather. But, and breaking tradition, this year instead of adjourning to the movies, the brave populous of Waterloo actually hopped on the sleighs and went for a wonderful — It really was — ride, defying Old Man Winter. They returned with a few bruises, swollen knees, etc., but none the worse for wear.

With everyone dressed quite literally to the teeth, the sleigh started off down the snow-drifted roads to the tune of numerous thuds as less energetic people were dragged off the sleigh by the inevitable slap-happy "let's get her" individuals, who take great delight in hearing the crunch of bones hitting the road. All went well until a great drift of snow almost enveloped horses and sleigh and had to be dug out. But it was really a lot of fun, and adventure; adventure, the spice of life. Did you ever try cutting down a drift with your hands or sliding

See "ATHY" Page 9

### Dier to High Jump In Helena's Husband

If you find Bob Dier busily leaping over tables and climbing gracefully through second-storey windows, or Lois Carter kicking Marg Fackoury across room 212, please pay no attention. This is drama! Or at any rate it is the English 36 class practising for their production of "Helena's Husband."

The preparations of the class for this play are reaching stupendous proportions. The library is filled with budding designers of sets, costumes, and special coiffures for Helena. We almost had a nervous breakdown watching Louis John working on a surrealist set which included everything from a shepherd's crook to the atomic bomb.

"Helena's Husband" is based on the ancient tale of Helen, Paris, and

See "DRAMA" Page 9



REUBEN BAETZ — Chairman of Invitation Games

### Frosh Sweep Public Speaking Laurels

Waterloo College held its annual public contest on March 13. Presiding over the evening was Jack Bamm who made a very gracious chairman.

The laurels of the evening went to the Frosh class with Kay Sweitzer in first place and Frank Wiley in second. Kay gave an inspiring speech on "Accent on Youth" and "Bud" spoke on the late F. D. Roosevelt. Other contestants were Betty Harper, Edith Merner, and Bill Fisher. Rumor has it that Miss Lillian Snider, one of the judges, laughed for the next twenty-four hours after hearing Edie's speech on "Trout Creek." Better luck with your New Capitalism in the House of Commons, Bill; and Bette, no doubt we will see you head Bolton Camp some day.

Three of Waterloo College "Bitter Twitter" group presented a satire on "Popular Public Speakers" while the judges were making their decision. Bob Rock portrayed the politician, Bob Tarbush, the "Slap-you-on-the-back" speaker, and Louis Hinchberger as "Mr. Now Voyager."

After the suspense of waiting for the judges' decision, lunch was served by Dora Mae Nixon and her committee.

Our congratulations are extended to Mrs. Seymour who sponsored the contest and all who participated in it.

M. N. NAIRN.

### Plans Roll Slowly After a Late Start

The Eighth Annual Waterloo College Invitation Games will be held at Woodside Park, Queen Street South, Kitchener, on Saturday, May 3, 1947. The committee in charge is as follows: Reuben Baetz, chairman, Marion Hollinger, secretary, Howard Brox, treasurer and Mr. E. H. Devitt and Miss Virginia Wittig as faculty advisors. The committee heads are Harry Weaver, meet; Jack Wettlaufer, publicity; and Nan Wiley, entertainment.

The Games, first held in 1935, were discontinued during the war, from 1941 to 1945. They were resumed in 1946 with attendance at an all-time high: 337 contestants representing 28 colleges, high schools and continuation schools.

This meet sponsored by Waterloo College has always enjoyed the full approval of physical instructors in this part of the province. The excellent high-and-dry athletic field at Kitchener's Woodside Park, a better than eighty per cent "break" in weather conditions, the orderly conduct of a varied programme of field and track events, and the certainty of a spirited competition have given teachers and students confidence in a sporting event which became an institution—a recognized feature in the athletic schedule of a large number of secondary schools in Central Western Ontario.

Since these Games pioneered successfully in large-scale inter-scholastic competition for girls in this part of the province, it has been considered advisable to make substitutions for the most strenuous events without sacrificing the competitive spirit. An increase in the number of meets sponsored by smaller high and continuation schools for themselves and their district rivals may be traced to the Invitation Games. It has always been the Waterloo policy to ensure success and recognition for even the smallest schools by a strict division of all competition into two classes—Class A, Collegiates: enrolment 300 and over; Class B, Collegiates (under 300) and all High and Continuation Schools.

The aim of the Invitation Games is still the development of individual

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Founded 1926

# THE COLLEGE CORD

Editor-in-Chief ..... Harry D. Weaver  
 Junior Editor ..... Grant E. Kaiser  
 Literary Editor ..... Edith Merner  
 College Static ..... Lois Carter and Bob Dier  
 Social Events ..... Margaret Fackoury and Margaret Nairn

Alumni Notes ..... Eric Reble  
 Faculty Adviser ..... Professor J. E. Osborne  
 Sports ..... Carl Totzke  
 Business Managers ..... Marion Hollinger and J. Bamm  
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## EDITORIALS

Professor W. G. Carleton of the University of Florida said recently that the greatest opportunity a college offers the student is leisure time. "Never again in your life will you have so much time — time to browse, to think, to dream, to discuss, to argue, to question, to create, to construct." He tells us to beware of educators who would like to make us account for every minute of our waking hours. "Those educators do not want a university; they want an army."

We agree. The student should not have to organize his time so rigidly that he feels guilty if he does not race into the library and start working as soon as a lecture is over. Why, then, are some students so busy they don't have time for an education? A friend has shown us a list of executive positions he holds which is at least a foot long. Are the jobs about our college too often concentrated in a few people?

Perhaps part of the trouble at Waterloo is that the majority of us are day students. Thus we still carry the responsibilities in the church, sporting and social circles of our own communities. Perhaps this is why the dormitory is now the only place in our college where one can start a "bull session" (a very essential part of our education, according to Prof. Carleton) almost at will.

We do not suggest that there are too many student activities at Waterloo. On the contrary we feel that as a small college we have an opportunity of giving training in leadership and organization to a greater percentage of students than is possible in a large school. Why not use our opportunity? Why not limit each student to one or at the most two executive positions at any one time? Then the overworked students could have more leisure time and more real education, and Waterloo could come closer to the ideal of having every graduate a trained leader.

H. D. W.

To prepare, the task,  
 But not to cram. — Our fears in tests still  
 Stick deep; and in th' exhaustive cram-craz'd brain  
 Is that which should be feared: And greatly so;  
 For by the last-hour study we but stuff  
 The coarse-hewn facts into our minds, soon  
 To be forgotten. There is a circumstance  
 Which we should all avoid: for under it  
 Our time is merely wasted, as 'tis said  
 Is that of many students. They study not  
 When first the work's assigned but when near doom  
 They bid Good Fortune bring insight divine  
 Of which parts should be learned, and thus they pass.  
 Upon the heads of th' other few they heap  
 Taunt and scorn and uncouth epithets  
 As "eager beaver," "brain" and others not

Here mentioned. If't be so (as it surely is)  
 Follow not th' accustom'd path, for therein  
 Lies not glory, nor in the hollow boasts  
 Of the little thou hast worked, yet graded  
 With modest A, but start toute de suite to prepare thyself  
 For th' onslaught soon to come. Now is the hour!  
 Now the time which, used to vantage will yield  
 Results of still remembered joy!

G. E. K.

## University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

### Faculties

Faculty of Arts    Faculty of Medicine  
 Faculty of Public Health

### Affiliated Colleges

|                                       |                               |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Huron College                         | Waterloo College              |
| Assumption College                    | Alma College (Junior College) |
| Ursuline College                      | St. Peter's Seminary          |
| Western Ontario Conservatory of Music |                               |

**The University**, founded in 1878, has been co-educational since its inception. It has three Faculties — Arts and Science, Medicine, and Public Health. There are eight affiliated colleges. Four of them (including Waterloo, affiliated in 1925) give a complete four-year course leading to an Arts degree. One (Alma) is a Junior College offering the first two years' work only. Two offer music (Western Ontario Conservatory and Music Teachers' College) and one is theological only (Huron).

The postwar urge for higher education has increased the total registration of the University in the last decade from 2,283 (1936-37) to 4,001 (1946-47), about 1,400 of the latter being veterans of World War II. This expansion demands a corresponding expansion in buildings, equipment, and staff; hence the current drives in all divisions of the University, the constituent colleges and affiliated colleges alike.

These drives must not be allowed to fail if the University is to meet the general educational demands of the area which it is its primary function to serve.

## The Cadaver Goes Skiing

All summer long he guarded  
The feeble swimmers in distress,  
He stalked the hard cement with  
Bold and graceful steps, spilling  
His words of wisdom over all the  
sunny hours  
Till soon, he was regarded  
As an oracle—a veritable Cadaver,  
A boon to this small town.  
He had learn'd in his travels wide,  
Strange customs of manner and  
dress,  
And of stranger tongues. His jargon  
Became as one possessed,—queer  
To humble folk, yet overflowing  
With well-advised philosophy.  
In sooth, he was regarded as an  
Oracle,—a veritable Cadaver,  
A boon to this small town.  
Came winter with its chilling blasts  
And drifting snow piled deep.  
Our hero chanced to hear a tale  
That sent his heart a-leap.  
Here was talk of a strange new  
sport  
That had thrills and spills galore;  
Something to try the strength and  
skill  
Of a heart that was brave at the  
core.  
So on the morrow, sure enough  
Cadaver kept his promise;  
Complete with harness and with skis  
And everything that goes with  
He braved the hills of Chicopee.  
'Tis true he found it hard at first,—  
He fell more than he stood.  
He sometimes laughed, and often  
cursed  
At his blunderings so crude,  
But soon he found, by practice  
And observing how the graceful  
pros  
Conquered the tricky slopes;—  
Discovered he too, could glide,  
And swoop, and race with  
The rugged winter wind. He loved  
The thrill of the graceful telemark  
And the feel of cold crunching snow  
Under his slender skis.  
Here was a sport he must tell  
To all the world,—a sport for all.  
So he spilled his words of wisdom  
Over all the waking hours, till soon  
He was regarded as an oracle—  
A veritable Cadaver, a boon  
To this small town.

J. BRAMM.

## Bricker Street Ballad

They say, "The road to learning is a rocky one at best,"  
And since we've come to Waterloo, we've put that to the test.

Now here's our little tale of woe  
Which, though it's bright and breezy,  
Will show that, next to Bricker Street,  
Commando training's easy.

The mud that lies on Bricker Street is deeper than the slush,  
And, past the brink, our rubbers sink, with one last gasping squish!

So on the gravelled side we plod,  
With curses mute or raving  
Directed at these egg-sized stones  
They use instead of paving.

The wind that blows on Bricker Street, beginning in the Fall,  
Is the roughest and the toughest, the worst wind of them all.

And as for slush and water holes,  
And snow that really has yuh,—  
Well, after reconsider'ring, friends,  
I think I'll go down Ezra.

Grace Hall.

## Dead-line

Cord copy is due,  
This is the deadline!!  
And here I sit  
With nary a headline.

Edith wants another poem—  
Does one just drop a dime in my dome  
—After all, poetry comes from finer stuff  
Than a head holding only "danderuff"!!

Perhaps I'd gain some inspiration—  
Reading the labels on bottles inserted;  
(Though no doubt I'd gain much more  
If the labels were inverted.)

Now,  
Here comes Harry down the stairs  
Looking very "Go-to-pressy",  
(Look the other way, my dears,  
This promises to be very messy).

Why,  
Hello, Harry, — been looking for you,  
(Migosh his jaw is really set,  
"Well, where's your copy? It's overdue!!  
(Another louzy poem I'll bet)"

So  
On the strength of the statement  
That I will produce,  
I am granted a 2 or 3-hour reprieve  
"Till finally crying aloud,  
"It's no use!!"  
I leave it—  
And that's what you, reader, receive.

D. G. Powers.

## Concerning Compliments

"How nice you look today!" This is such a commonplace expression, such an ordinary courtesy; yet have you ever noticed how different are people's reactions to a compliment?

For example let us take little Jimmy and his sister Emily. If you say to an Emily, "My what a pretty dress, Emily. Is it new?" She will nod a solemn yes. She will preen and primp and smooth her skirt. She will be a peacock whose delighted back you have smoothed. She will fan her fine feathers and prance about so that you may see her all the better.

Now try complimenting Jimmy. Just say "What lovely, long eyelashes you have" to a Jimmy. He will immediately become self-conscious and silly. He will suddenly decide to be a billy goat and butt his head against your unsuspecting stomach, or he will be a Tarzan emitting lordly yells and turning somersaults while he kills a lion with his imaginary knife. You will, upon complimenting Jimmy, find that you have nothing short of a wailing fiend, a veritable madman, on your hands.

Let us pass on now to one of those people commonly referred to as bobby-soxers. Tell her how pretty her new sweater is (you will never see her in anything else, so you might just as well make the best of things and tell her she looks lovely in a sweater.) She will do one of two things. She will either blush furiously, hang her head and rub her bare legs nervously together while she scratches an imaginary spot from her skirt; or she will yell "Thanks drip, you're a dream child really," and dash madly off to swoon over — Frankie.

But the worst offender, the person to whom you should never pay a compliment, is that character known as a man. Just try to say something nice to him, that his tie is good looking, or you just love his new crew cut. He will respond with one short sentence followed by a dirty look. He will glare at you and roar, "Okay, okay, what d'ya want now?"

A. F. K.

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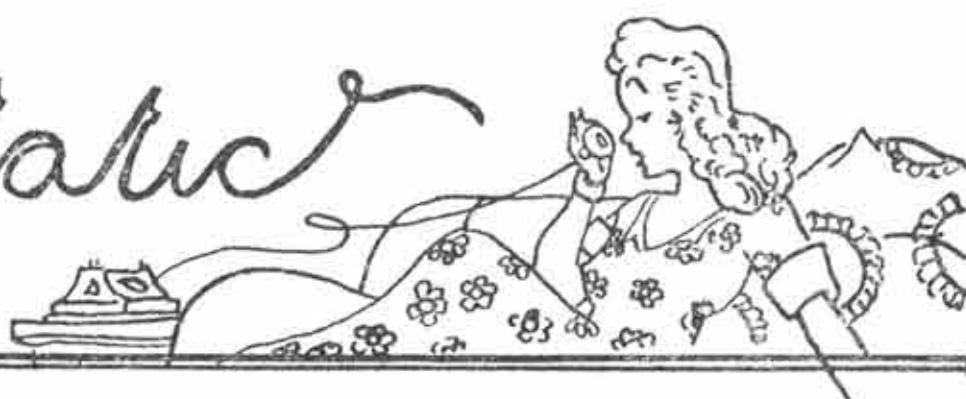
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# College Status



Top o' the semester to you one and all. (We're still seeing green from all those ties that blossomed forth this month). Yes, people, it's March again. That means spring—spring means Easter—Easter means a holiday—and that prompts us to extend to yo'all the wish that the rest from labor will revive that flagging morale. . .

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who has not feared to look ahead . . ." at this point in the year and dread the deep gloom that will soon settle in the familiar halls as we "stoodents" cram for that Eccies, Phil or Biology exam. But cheer up fellas. This year we may not have exams if those people who can't resist seeing their names and opinions in print would give us a little more action and a little less scribbling. Of course these remarks are directed at the recent bulletin board controversy. Exams seem to some of the Waterloo "intelligentsia" (?) to be absolutely "de trop." The answers to the question "Why did you come to college?" should be really enlightening.

The last two Athy programs are deserving of mention. The sleighing party held a few weeks ago was very poorly attended (the quality rather than quantity principle y'know) but those who braved the blasts found it all worthwhile. The highlight? . . . if getting mired in a gigantic snow-drift could be termed thusly . . . this recalls the efforts of the shovelers, and heroic Tarby who held the lines. (In this instance referring to the kind connected with les cheveaux.)

While bouquets are in order, we mention the winners of the Athy-sponsored public speaking contest. Kay Schweitzer a freshette emerged victorious from the war of words, and Bud Wiley succeeded in capturing second place. On the same evening the "Bitter Thitter" group made their second appearance. A new character made his debut on that occasion . . . none other than "Mozart" Tarbush in person delivering a eulogy on Music Depreciation.

Although the basketball season is over Jonas is still wearing the halo he was awarded for driving the girls' team to St. Thomas, and rumor has it that he's working for an extra light bulb for it.

In the field of hockey our boys have performed admirably and are to be congratulated heartily. Of course with players like "Syl" Car-

lisle, who in the game against Clinton proved himself indispensable as co-goalie how could they miss. On that occasion the hero's fan club turned out in full strength to cheer him on, and of course a victory for Waterloo was the result.

The score of the Waterloo-Western game will appear complete with gory details in another section of the edition, but here we pause to give honorable mention to the star, Al, alias "Speed" Santo. Who will ever forget his brilliant performance of poke checking? Nice going, fella!

In the season's broomball tournament where competition reached the highest peaks, the city boys were forced to bow to the conquering "Barbara Ann's" of the dorm. Do you know how to skate? If not we have many competent teachers at Waterloo. No doubt it will be found that the fray was a little hard on the dorm supply of pillows.

Up until a few days ago the world could boast of seven wonders. Now there are eight in the world in general, and one in Waterloo in particular. The eighth? . . . a certain door in the dorm which when after being violently assaulted by a rugby-playing dormitarian still remains standing to tell the tale. If a door could talk we could

write a new dictionary.

Rumors from Cupids Corner have it that the double B combination of the lovers list have set the date. Going to take post grad work at Waterloo Audrey?

FLASH! Latest reports have it that speculator Binhammer is considering buying out Daechsel with the pot of gold he won at the recent hockey pool. That last 20 seconds was really lucky. Our condolences to Stewart (Ron) who lost the said fortune by another 20 secs.

The Sophs and Seniors await with impatience the presentation of the Frosh play which according to the director "Cuddles" Wettlaufer is supposed to be really sumphin'. Of course it will have to be good to equal last years effort.

At this point we've just about had it, so we say so long and see you next month. Ye old editors.

LOIS AND BOB.

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## The Cadaver Speaks

It seems as if spring has arrived and if you have doubts just take a stroll past the local mausoleum and you'll see Meristophanalia's red flannels hanging out for their April airing. The latest news in the old haunted house is the big strike the cadavers are going to call to enforce their demands for a new back-to-the-earth policy. All those who are interested might contact Local 107 U.C.A. (Unused Cadavers of America). Mr. L. A. Mort will coldly supply you with all information.

Meristophanalia and her li'l nephew, Alphonso Julius Bascopulos, came home from the cinema raving about a new matinee idol in a wonderful picture they'd seen. I found out later it was the life story of Larry Parks starring Al Jolson. All this makes me think someone ought to pan Hollywood for a few of its more perennial errors.

First there are these movie fights, where two or twenty palookas get into a barroom brawl and spend half a reel bashing each other lustily in the molars. Alan Ladd, for instance, takes on some big behemoth who has all the drive of Doc Blanchard against Notre Dame. After a series of crushing blows Ladd sneaks in a feeble roundhouse and the big brute crashes to the floor like a Redwood tree. Ladd dusts off his Stetson and



**THE CADAVER TAKES A PRIVATE LESSON** — Picture printed by request despite risk of drop in Cord circulation.

calmly saunters out of the bar looking as dapper as a high school kid heading for his first formal. In reality his visage would look like a salami sandwich smothered in ketchup — that is if you could scrape up enough of Mr. L. to fill a salami sandwich.

Another feature of Hollywood fights are the furniture funnymen, that group of third rate schmoe who love to break tables, stools and pianos over each other's heads. This time Humphrey Bogart is slugged on his cranium with a saloon stool. Imagine yourself being dusted with a Morris chair; why even Primo Carnera or the Angel would stagger; but not Humph. He flexes his biceps, adjusts his tie and gaily proceeds to beat ---- out of seven over-worked truck drivers.

Best of all are the gentlemen pugilists who engage in a rousing bit of fisticuffs, dancing a samba and parrying like a couple of banty roosters, when a well placed kick would finish the fiasco and John Q. Public could go home three minutes earlier. The closest movie fights come to realism is the close resemblance they bear to the fraud and phony of a championship wrestling bout.

Another Hollywoodism that raises the eyebrow is the way everyone always leaves uneaten food or half-consumed drinks. It's not uncommon to see two people sit down for a dinner, drink their cocktail and then leave a ten dollar order of hors d'oeuvres in the waiter's arms while they up and make for the Leaping Hare Club in search of Black Barney the villain. Or you'll see enough half-filled glasses left thru one feature to set Ray Milland up for a lost month. Brother, when

you don't eat it's O.K. but don't leave those undrained drinks around the set like that. What if Margaret O'Brien should have to use the same scene.

Then finally there is the pathetic love scene. Boy meets girl in the Gobi Desert and nothing around but sun and sand. He says "I love you" and immediately out of nowhere an 80-piece orchestra strikes up Pole Corter's "It's Raining Dear and Your Face is Running." (Ed. Note: by permission of James C. Petrillo)

Or there is the more tender scene, say in a Lama monastery or on a crowded subway car. There is the usual kiss, about as romantic as dropping a stone into a smudge pot, after which neither contestant says a word — then some joker up the aisle bites into an apple and shouts "f%&%" 'cause he just broke his upper plate. Couldn't we do away with those periods of silence, say with the roar of a B-29 or Wallace Berry wiping his nose?

So you see fellows, there is still room for improvement. But don't worry, Meristophanalia thinks movies are here to stay. Who cares anyway? I think I'll put on my shoes and stroll downtown. The speckled cubes are dancing at the local lodge (Bodies at the Bar, that is) and if I'm to get some moola for my date with Miss M. I'd better get rolling.

LOUIS JOHN.

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## The Bull Pen

By CARLOS.

It was only with the greatest amount of quixotic endeavour that Rube Halpern arranged to have the Waterloo Arena (No Smoking Please) completed in time for the gala opening night of the Intermediate Inter-Collegiate Hockey Schedule. Even the players on seeing the undying efforts of their manager caught the spirit of the game, threw away their contracts and donned their blades for the glory of the game. Even the Waterloo Arena Management threw away their contracts which we had so painstakingly negotiated in order to have practice hours at a feasible time. However, they gave us a couple practices at 7 in the morning. It was a joy to the heart of our dear Coach Yates as he watched his proteges practising diligently, giving their all, trying to round out into shape. Even Augustine and Totzke threw their everything into the fight for the cup. Nothing was too good for the supporters.

On the eve of the opening game, long lines of eager fans poured into the new Arena (No Smoking Please). The first twenty-four had a fine choice of seats, the rest fought it out with the rafters to see who would get the best view. The bands were on hand, the music was deafening. It wasn't very loud, but it was still deafening. The mayor of Waterloo spoke—"so glad the college would stay. Waterloo needed it for the wind-break." Dr. Lehmann dropped the first puck and the game was on.

McMaster Rams were our guests that evening, and the first blazing five minutes saw the team going hard both ways. Another five minutes they were only going hard one way. At the end of the period they were hardly going. Condition was beginning to tell. Between periods the trainer went around administering itsy-bitsy two-bit pieces of oranges. Man! You might know a guy needs a couple good sized oranges to stand the rugged pace of college hockey. That's the whole reason for our defeat. The oranges were neither large nor numerous enough to sustain the terrific pace we were setting.

Nevertheless, the boys put on an exceedingly creditable show in this their first game. At times they completely carried the play, although it was evident that this was their first game. The passing lacked finesse but now and then there were flashes of brilliance. Crushing body checks were in order as the defence ruggedly wrought havoc among the rushing Mac forwards. But a lack of condition seemed to be the main trouble. McMaster came through with a 6-3 victory.

The second game with O.A.C. was a different story. Having acquired Weaver (of Jr. "B" fame) to replace Yates (of Jr. "A" fame) who suffered a shoulder injury in the first game, Waterloo set up a determined attack on the Aggie boys and skated rings around them. Occasionally one of the boys (just to break the monotony of the exacting figure skating) would rap in a goal. It didn't matter who it was, Weaver, Putnam, Sehl, Hamblin, Fisher, any-

body who happened to be handy with the puck. I might add this finer brand of hockey was due, and directly proportional, to the finer, more sound, more delicious type of orange that was meted out during the rest periods. The score was 11-4.

An exhibition game with Clinton Air Force was arranged as a tune-up for the big Western game. Although Clinton was an intermediate team, the boys were undeterred and built up a 7-2 lead by the 3rd period. Then the coach said "Take it easy on 'em" and doggone if the goalie didn't take him literally and watched the Clinton boys pour half a dozen goals past his bewildered pads. The final score 9-6.

And so the big night approached. Rumors drifted down from Western about their potent hockey squad. Why, their net-minder only let one goal in every five games, or was it one every five minutes. I don't recall. And they had "name" players too — McFarlane, Ballantine, etc. — big bruisers. Confidentially, our boys were a little nervous. But not for long. The drop of the puck started them off on an amazing checker-board pass system that dazzled the crowd. Time and again our punch line drove in on the net, outmanoeuvred the defence, out-foxed the goalie and scored. "Big Bill Barilko" Carlisle came rushing in from the blue-line, and only the swooning of the crowd deterred him from blasting a sizzler into the open corner of the net. Tuffy Hamblin wasn't even thinking about hockey, when he picked up a loose puck, stick-handled through the defence, drew

out the goalie and banged home another score. The defence played magnificently. They played "heads up" hockey as they saved many a goal by clearing the puck from the open goal mouth.

And the good old Waterloo College fans were right behind the team. There — peering from behind the rafters was the "Spirit of College Endeavor." That old "do or die." And there—down on the ice, were the boys, playing their hearts out, — playing the game for the game's sake — playing for the privilege of kicking at the Athletic Directorate — playing for the privilege of getting a picture of their beloved team as a memento of their glorious hockey days (price \$1.00). How can you beat a team with that spirit? You can't!

And so — the final score was 5-3 for Waterloo. You won't find the account of this game in the Western "Gazette". No! It is not theirs to print the facts, but theirs to print the glory. And for the third time a Waterloo team triumphed over their Western rivals. Last year on the rugby field they beat them 3-2. This fall on Western's own "champs de combat" they were taken into camp, and defeated 13-5. And now, in the Waterloo Arena (No Smoking Please) they were again humiliated. Ah, a new star has ariz!

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## Alumni Notes

About two months ago, January 26th to be exact, two girls arrived in New York for the beginning of a five-day visit. One was Sister Florence Weicker, a Waterloo College student two years ago. Sister Florence is in training at the Baltimore Lutheran Motherhouse, Baltimore, Md., and will graduate this spring as a full-fledged deaconess. Upon graduation she will be coming to Kitchener to serve as parish

deaconess in St. Matthew's Lutheran Congregation. Sister Florence says, "It will be nice to live at home and be with my friends." "Home" is 281 Wellington North.

The other was Selma Lemp. Selma, who hails from Baden, is also in training at the Baltimore Motherhouse. She attended Waterloo during the two school years '44, '45 and '46. Selma will return to Waterloo next fall for the completion of her course. She will then be a qualified parish worker ready to enter into the social and educational work of the church.

But it seems to me we were talking about a trip. We'll tag along and see what happens. It begins on a Sunday high-lighted by the hearing of an address by Dr. Martin Niemöller at a service from which more than a thousand people were turned away. Also, late Sunday evening, there were a few moments of confusion in the New York subway with the result that two girls were separated for a short while. Now Selma can say with pride that she was in New York's Time's Square all by herself on a late Sunday evening — even though she was under it down in the subway.

Monday, among other things, Sister Florence and Selma saw the opera "Il Trovatore". Tuesday saw a grand inspection tour of Rockefeller Centre, including the witnessing of a program of the National Broadcasting Company. Tuesday night our busy sight-seers marvelled at the Sonja Henie's Ice Show in Madison Square Gardens.

Wednesday they went to the Radio City Music Hall, and saw The Yearling, followed by an extravagant program of orchestra, ballet, organ and trained puppy dog. They also visited the Hayden Planetarium. By this time the two had eaten in several exotic restaurants including the Stockholm Smorgasbord Restaurant and the Miyako Japanese Restaurant.

Thursday they attended the memorial service for Grace Moore at the Riverside Church. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick gave the address and Lawrence Tibbet and Dorothy Kirsten sang solos.

From New York they travelled back to Baltimore thus ending a busy holiday. A wry foot note at the bottom of their report reads: Mileage: Train, bus, subway, elevated, and foot — all lost count of.

## GAMES

Continued From Page One

athletic ability by friendly competition of girls and boys, of small schools with small schools, and of collegiates with collegiates. The quality and number of awards is unexcelled. The Collegiate in Class A amassing the largest total of points receives the large Goudie Trophy, donated by Mr. A. R. Goudie of Kitchener; the small collegiate, high or continuation school in Class B with the best aggregate wins the no less handsome Hainsworth Trophy, donated by Mr. George Hainsworth, who needs no introduction to hockey fans.

Winners of individual events receive handsome trophies. There are thirty of these trophies divided equally as awards to boys and girls of the two classes. Minor awards go to second and third-place winners, and team awards to the schools successful in the various relays and in volleyball.

On the calendars of many physical training instructors in this district there will be a ring around the first Saturday in May. This comparatively early date was selected because it does not interfere with final examinations in the schools and because it affords preparation under actual competitive conditions for contests sponsored later by the various secondary schools' associations.

The meet has the official sanction of the Ontario branch of the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada, whose rules are used. Trained officials headed by representatives of the A.A.U. of C., provide efficient supervision.

Waterloo College does not compete. It is not a secondary school. A degree-granting institution of higher learning, affiliated with the University of Western Ontario, and training young men and women for the B.A. degree, the College plays the part of host as its students and professors do everything possible for the comfort and entertainment of the visiting principals, coaches, competitors, and spectators.

Any student, boy or girl, under 20 years of age, May 3, 1947, in regular attendance at a secondary school in Central Western Ontario is eligible to compete, provided that application is made with the consent, and over the signature of his or her Physical Director.

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## Your Opinion

It is time for an apology. Our column has degenerated to the depths. We have ceased the practice of asking the opinion of the fairer sex. However, it is difficult to even converse with the male students who suspect an ulterior motive behind any trivial question this reporter may ask. Furthermore we believe that one of the girls should be given the opportunity of recording the feminine point of view.

Seriously, we are attempting reform. Henceforth we resolve to omit our own comments because, as the name indicates, this article should be composed of your ideas.

The question of the month: "What do you think of the proposed moving of our college to Kitchener?"

### Those who live in Waterloo said:

DAN POWERS, Sophomore: "Taken from a communications angle, I think we should stay here. Actually perhaps Kitchener has more to offer. With the building plans as they are, we could have a smart-looking site."

FRED LITTLE, Freshman: "I'm against it. What will they call it? There are people in Waterloo who have contributed to the upkeep of the college and we shouldn't let them down. Perhaps I'm just prejudiced."

BILL FISHER, Sophomore: "Kitchener is hardly worthy to hold such an eminent institution as our college. Not that I'm from Waterloo . . ."

JOHN CARLISLE, Sophomore: "Waterloo citizens helped the college when the going was tough. The college should stay."

### Those who live in residence said:

HOWARD BROX, Sophomore: "I'd

it's closer to home (Elmira). Besides, I don't imagine it would be pleasant studying in barracks."

REV. GEORGE DURST, House-father: "I certainly hope they do. Of like to stay here. In the first place course we couldn't move for nothing. However it would cost a great deal to landscape the property to King St. This is a rather isolated location. Besides I don't like Waterloo."

### Those from Kitchener said:

LOUIS HINCHBERGER, Senior: "Take away the college and what has Waterloo left? If the plans work out as they have them now, I think they should stay. Kitchener has more to offer than Waterloo will ever have and would be the logical choice if they were starting from scratch. You couldn't procure a better location than here if they can get enough land."

HARRY McCLEMENTS, part-time: "They should have had the foresight to have the present building face King St. Kitchener is a much more logical location."

ROBERT DIER, Senior: "It might be that the Board of Governors were putting a bluff to get some land from Waterloo, gratis that is."

BILL GILLER, Sophomore: "Kitchener would do much more for the students. Kitchener always goes ahead with that 'get things done' attitude . . . Memorial Gardens and that sort of thing. Also, it would be closer for me."

SANDE BAIRD, Freshman: "It's rather a difficult question. They should have a conference among the Councils of the Twin Cities, the faculty, and some of the well-informed students." IRISH.

## Exam Suggestion

Excerpt from an English 21 assignment written and corrected during 1945-46 term entitled "Let us face the facts," dealing with the problem of a modified plan of lecturing and examining in the various subjects at Waterloo College.

For what purpose were examinations first instituted?

Common sense tells us that examination results should be indicative of how well prepared the student is in a particular subject.

Who decides finally upon that qualification?

A professor is entitled to know about the progress which each student is making in his subject. A student is entitled to know whether his studies will serve the purpose for which they are intended. Why should professor and student have to wait until the end of the semester to answer questions that, if answered earlier, would save much needless worry, time and effort? The faculty body will inform the student body quite frankly that there is not the time to do otherwise.

Let us imagine a five-year plan at our college in which the satisfactory alternative to term-end examinations has been found and instituted. The crux of the whole matter has been in creating time for much increased liaison between student and professor. The student still attends lectures. But they are not stereotyped affairs to which everyone must accommodate himself even though the time is usually wasted in hasty and inadequate scribbling or in semi-somnolent listening. As an example, (a subject in which the material is straight-forward dictation) the student slips into a sound-proofed study cubicle at a time when he is fresh and receptive, selects the labelled dictaphone-records of lectures in which he is interested and must qualify. The machine speed is set for dictation, for review or for initial learning. The lecture may be repeated indefinitely for any of the above-mentioned purposes.

The professor is no longer a slave to lecture time. He no longer wonders if he is creating an effective subject-interest in the student mind. The professor is intimately acquainted with each student-attitude. He sits in a comfortable of-

fice equipper with all modern recording and reference-file equipment. Where visual animation is advisable, small film libraries, each with its own built-in sound projector, are provided. (This project promises to replace, to an ever-increasing extent, the present reference libraries, which in far too many cases serve as a museum for the preservation and recognition of excellent though largely unappreciated, works of literary art.) The professor is most content in his capacity as consultative advisor to a large number of individuals—interested students whom he has the leisure to interview at frequent and regular intervals. This plan takes care of the matter of oral examinations and intelligent practice in the art of constructive and congenial discussion. Laboratory research for undergraduates in chemistry and psychology now has unlimited possibilities in the additional time made available.

Isn't it wonderful what can be accomplished in the way of a cultural education when there is time to do things properly! Examinations, as we knew them in 1945-46, with their attendant nerve strain for both professor and student, are eliminated. GRAN.

## At Graduation Time



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## The Music Box

When I think of Movies and Music I think of big Dooley Wilson as Sam, gasping through a chorus of "As Time Goes By," while Ingrid and Humph. sit making goo-goo eyes at each other in a small cafe in far off Casablanca.

I also think of Sterling Holliday, as Lana's sugar daddy in the "Postman Always Rings Twice," strumming an antiquated guitar and singing "She's Funny That Way", while John Garfield and Lana sit there trying to figure out a convenient way to give him the chop.

Then I remember Gilda roaring through four verses and five choruses of "Put the Blame on Mame", while Johnny, alias Glen Ford, walks around glowering at everyone in sight.

Most of all I remember the first time I saw Laura, and watched Dana Andrews as the hard-boiled detective going batty over a portrait of "Her", and hearing that never-to-be-forgotten background music. I realized then, the important part music plays in a motion picture.

In thrilling melodramas particularly, where music can do a great job in pointing out suspense, terror and other dramatic qualities, the British and French movie-goers are craftsmen of the highest order. The "Seventh Veil" and "Henry V" are good examples of this. Melodramas like "The Big Sleep", "Notorious", "Spellbound", and "The Killers" are among Hollywood's outstanding current examples of shock musical scoring.

The success of "A Song to Remember", based on the life of Frederick Chopin, has given new impetus to productions in a more or less classical vein. Before the year ends, the film capital expects to have filmed the lives of such notables as Mozart, Liszt, Beethoven, Tchaikowsky, Schumann and Brahms.

Republic Pictures went all out this year to produce their most expensive picture to date "I've Always Loved You" which features the music of Arthur Rubenstein; it has a large musical score, boasting a total of seventeen classic recordings woven into the story of a world famous pianist who falls in love with his pupil.

With "Rhapsody in Blue" came the lives in rapid succession of Cole Porter and Jerome Kern. Next slated for the celluloids are Song Writers Vincent Youman and Joe E. Howard.

To produce all these musical films, Hollywood has assembled the greatest group of composers, arrangers, conductors, and musicians in America today, who work behind the scenes, producing the music you hear on the sound track of your theatre. Probably the warm climate and large salaries have a lot to do with it. Scores of the countries' leading songwriters are now located in Hollywood. Broadway, at the height of its glory, never boasted such an array of musical creators.

Broadway's Big Five — Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, Oscar Hammerstein II, Richard Rogers, and Sigmund Romberg, find it very difficult to resist the temptation of the big dollar sign of Hollywood. Concert artists like Jose Iturbi and Lauritz Melchior have jumped to the big money because they discovered they could act as well as perform musically. Why! Even Hoagy Carmichael thinks he can act, — and sing too!!! — and gets away with doing both.

The latest returns from this column's trotting poll, (I was too tired for a Gallup) conducted among the students of Waterloo, shows that the Major — Glenn Miller, won the Favorite Band contest in a sensational landslide vote that put him ahead more than forty points over his nearest rival Elliot Lawrence. While Miller has been among the top three on Billboard Magazine's Annual College Poll for the past five years, the Lawrence crew, a relatively new outfit, have hit the big-time with a bang.

The following are the results by points and by votes:

Points: — 1. Glenn Miller, 60; 2. Elliot Lawrence, 17; 3. Stan Kenton, 15.

Votes: — 1. Glenn Miller, 24; 2. Tommy Dorsey, 11; 3. Elliot Lawrence, 9.

It is interesting to note the second place choice of the boys in contrast with the second choice of the Co-eds. The men have the big, noisy Kenton crew in second slot, while the girls have chosen that fellow who sings like Fisher — Vaughn Monroe, his voice (?) and his orchestra, (?)

In the next edition of this much-criticized paper, we will publish the results of the next trotter poll — the battle of the crooners.

JACK BRAMM.

## DRAMA

Continued From Page One

Menelaus, offered, however, with a brand new twist. And honestly, we haven't cut a line! In fact we are thinking of advertising it as "strictly adult entertainment" — which should assure us a full house.

"Helena's Husband" is being offered as one of the Little Theatre's three one-act plays on April 15 and 16. There will be a special perform-

ance for the College, when you can see Bob in all his "Appollonian beauty" really leap over that balcony.

The play is being produced by Audrey Krug and directed by Mr. Charles Tuck. Co-director is Reuben Baetz. The cast includes: Lois Carter as Helena, Marg Fackoury as a Nubian slave, Bob Dier as Paris, Danny Powers as Analytikos, the king's secretary, and Louis Hinchberger as Menelaus.

## ATHY

Continued From Page One

down it madly to wear it down — we did — it works!

And so full of robust life and energy, the crowded sleigh arrived back at W.C. where hot coffee and doughnuts awaited to be leisurely devoured while a very entertaining movie was run off by Professor Cleghorn. What a blissful feeling to relax in a nice warm room, in dry clothes with a hot cup of coffee, congenial companions and a good movie. That's life, even if you can't walk when you get up.

Those who didn't spurn their comfortable homes for a wild joust with nature that night really missed something. Speaking of missing, we especially missed Louis and Meristophania. Poor old Meres must have had the flu and Louis never goes anywhere without Miss M. One person who was there with bells on was Bud, "I'm taking lessons now" Wiley. Maybe he can manage to have the flu for the next sleighride so that people won't have to limp for the next few weeks. The football team will be passing up a big bet if they don't latch on to "Down the road a piece" Wiley.

Maybe we can have another sleighride this year — spring doesn't seem to be in a hurry — lots of fun!!

MARG. F. F.

## EXAMS

Continued From Page One

aminations are an annoyance and a nuisance to the professor. The day might arrive when groups attending college lectures

are composed of students who will seek out facts for themselves and will not have to be "spoon fed" with information. Then it will be possible to abolish written examinations for through the year there will be ample time for the professor to assess the student's ability." Dr. Potter.

"There is no doubt that it is recognized that our present system of examinations is not perfect but until some really adequate method is devised for testing knowledge it would perhaps be unwise to discard this present system." Professor Kelley.

\*What Claudesley Brerton Says:

"They destroy natural interests and concentrate the pupil's attention on the subjects of the examination to the exclusion of others."

"They are apt to furnish the pupils too exclusively with ready-made opinions."

\*Life, March 3.

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## Seminary Notes

Mr. Harold Brose, senior Seminarian, has received and accepted a call to be Assistant Pastor at St. John's Lutheran Church, Waterloo, his work to begin immediately after graduation and ordination. Harold's home is Pembroke, Ontario. He came to Waterloo College six years ago, graduated from the College three years later, and then entered the Seminary.

Mr. Arthur Conrad has also received a call from St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Ottawa to become its Pastor. Arthur is from Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, and began his college and seminary years of study at the same time as Harold Brose and Jack Zimmerman.

The Cossman-Hayunga Missionary Society has been working. On Sunday evening, March 23rd, the C-H Missionary Society conducted a service in St. Peter's Church, Milverton, with the assistance of Dr. Leupold and his A-Capella choir. The choir sang a half hour of Bach chorales before the service began, and sang again during the service. Jack Zimmerman delivered the sermon to this, his home congregation. The choir was well received as evidenced by the quantity and quality of the lunch-with-cream-puffs served after the service. But the choir badly needed the lunch in order to brace them for the battle through the miles of mud, water and fog between Waterloo and Milverton.

Other preaching engagements are being arranged in the interests of the Missionary Society.

This will be one of the last, if not the last, issue of the Cord which will carry such names as Brose, Conrad, and Zimmerman, not under the alumni column. Conrad will win no more red ribbons for Waterloo; Brose will bother no more Waterloo girls in his own quiet way (or maybe he will); Zimmerman won't be able to show off his loud ties any more (Grosz would say, "or shoot off his loud gab"). We have been here six years, but the time has gone quickly. We would not be surprised if a tear blinded the e'e next September.

We feel indebted to those former classmates who left the pen and the book to take up the rifle while we remained at home. May we repay the world in some small part in future years for our past opportunities.

A word to first-year students: You are on the threshold of the best years of your life. No matter what has been your past experience, education, and particularly a Christian education, can add to your stature, mentally, spiritually, and physically if you let it. We can only say, it broadened our outlook and our personalities; it set us on a firm foundation; it gave us a mo-

tivation. We hope you can get on the same strong radar beam.

Study and play for the old school as she goes through her growing pains; study and play for your own sakes; and study and play for Christ's sake.

The best to all of you! J. M. Z.

## CHOIR

Continued From Page One

singing. Dr. Leupold believes in regular attendance at rehearsals and makes them very enjoyable.

The results of rehearsals are performances of which the A Capella Choir can be proud. In the course of the year they have given four broadcasts over CKCR. Each broadcast has featured a speaker and guest artists from the school. The publicity afforded by these broadcasts is invaluable to the college.

Besides these radio appearances the A Capella Choir has had two out-of-town engagements. They visited the Presbyterian Church in Hespeler in aid of the Brotherhood of the Lutheran Church, and on Sunday, March 23rd, they overflowed the choir pews of St. Peter's Lutheran Church of Milverton in aid of the Cossman-Hayunga Missionary Society of the Seminary. The choir discovered that Milverton should be on the map if for no other reason but its scrumptious cream-puffs. Naturally the choir loves singing; how much it loves the food afterwards only those who are kept busy supplying it know.

Dr. and Mrs. Leupold, feeling that the choir needed cheering up on the evening we received our examination results, invited the choir to fill their apartment. There the suffering students drowned their sorrows in cocoa, food, and music. After the last broadcast Margaret Wettlaufer provided a delicious lunch at her home for the choir and guest artists. The choir, as usual, fulfilled their duty by eating everything in sight.

Their reputation as connoisseurs of food is only exceeded by their versatility. As an unaccompanied choir they are well-suited to Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century choir music. Bach and Handel receive a lot of their attention, but they dabble in Elgar, Brahms, Sibelius, English and French tunes, and even Southern airs.

On April 22nd the choir is making its final appearance of the year. On that date the Record Club is sponsoring a musicale at which the A Capella Choir will present St. Luke's Passion by Bach. This will be a great musical evening, and the choir is practising every week to bring their contribution to the programme up to perfection. Watch for further announcements about the concert.

The choir executive, consisting of Don Stewart as president, Rhoda

Daber as vice-president, and Delton Glebe as secretary-treasurer, deserves much credit for keeping the organization running smoothly. However, as Dr. Leupold says, you can't make a choir without many voices, so every member is important. Keep up the good work, singers, in keeping A Capella music alive at Waterloo College.

M. E. G. J.

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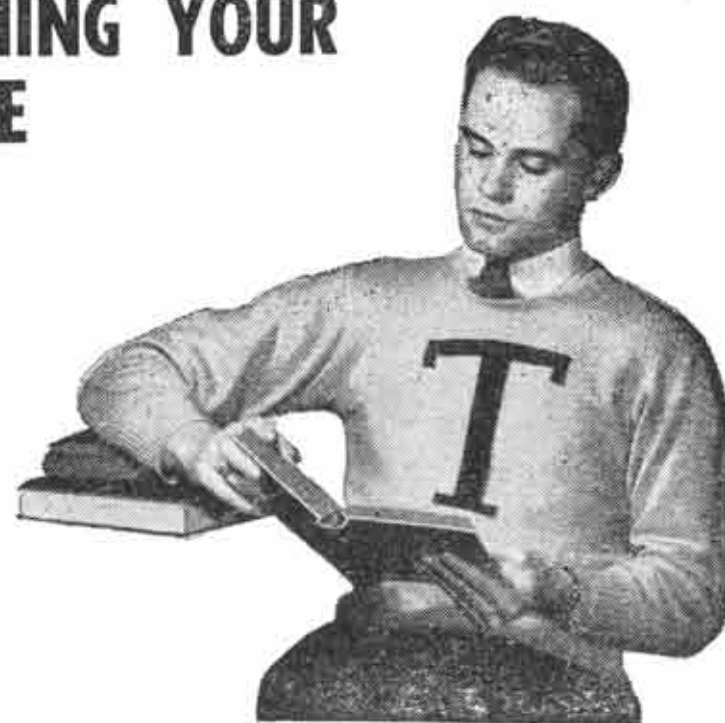
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