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Joyce Ingersoll
3D.
The

Blue & White



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Blue and White

APRIL - 1940

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APRIL - 1940

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Our Principal - Mr. J. L. McNaughton

Message from Mr. McNaughton

The British Empire is at war and most Canadians are asking how best they can serve in the struggle for the preservation of Democracy.

It is clear that all cannot serve overseas, but there are many duties which are equally important and for most people these are the every day tasks which must be done. For pupils in school these duties are the daily routine of lessons and extra-curricular activities. Do they become drab and dull at times? If so, remember that success will only come after a sincere individual effort.

In a Democracy the individual is the unit of power and if such a unit fails the structure will not stand the test. To-day as never before the chief corner stones of this structure—individual liberty and security—are threatened and must be preserved. Will Britishers everywhere, old and young, accept the challenge that efficiency demands and do as Nelson suggested—every man his duty? Let us heed the call for service, whether it be in the home, the shop, the school or the ranks.

J. L. McNAUGHTON.

BLUE AND WHITE

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Assistant Editors - Judith Davies, Thornton Strickland.

Business Manager - Gordon McGorman

Advertising Managers - Peter Crassweller, Norman Crapper.

Treasurer - Mr. W. N. Ball

Society Editor - Jo-Anne Carr

Sports Editor - Ernie Musgrave

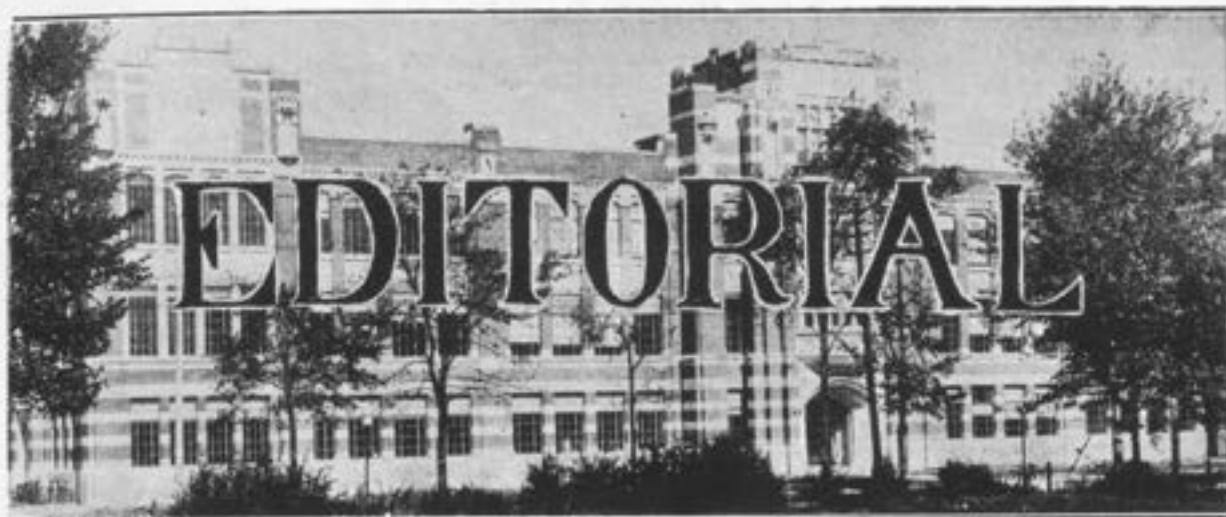
Advisory Committee - Jack Lawrence, Ken Ewing, Jack O. Young.



Front Row: Jo-Anne Carr, Gordon McGorman, Mr. Ball, Peter Hauran, Judith Davies.
Back Row: Thornton Strickland, Jack Lawrence, Ernest Musgrave, Ken Ewing, Norman Crapper, Jack Young.

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Dorothy Wyeth	Jim Henry	Gwen Roach	Joyce Whipple
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WE, the Editorial Staff, the compilers of this magazine, here present to you, the reader, the 1940 edition of the Walkerville Collegiate "BLUE AND WHITE".

Last year's "Revival Edition" was so well received by you that we take pleasure in offering you this second edition, in the hope that it will bring you many hours of enjoyment, all through life. In later years, you will be able to look back upon your high school days, with the aid of this publication. What fond memories will be awakened by the sight of some article you had written! In a moment, recollections of incidents, both amusing and sad, will take possession of you, and make you live again those happy years spent in Walkerville Collegiate.

We may venture to say that you will never lose this magazine, for in it you will have perhaps the only material legacy of the time you spent in high school. Nothing else can be such an excellent record of any period of your life.

And if, sometime in the future, you are parted from your school chums in the mad rush along life's highway, what a joy it will be to you to see at least some of the work they had done with you before you were separated from them. How you will cherish those thoughts of the many friendships you had made while in school! As long as you live you will remember those friendships, and this magazine is an excellent means of refreshing those memories which seem to grow fainter as the years go by.

With this end in view, the members of the editorial staff have given much time and effort to make this magazine prosper, and we sincerely hope we have succeeded.

THE EDITOR.

BLUE AND WHITE

Teaching Staff



Front Row: Mr. Ball, Miss McLaren, Miss Brown, Miss Robbins, Mr. McNaughton, Miss Dickey, Miss Bergoine, Miss Auld, Mr. Hartford.
Second Row: Mr. White, Miss Post, Miss Tape, Miss Black, Miss Evans, Miss Tunks, Miss Saunders, Mr. Breeze, Miss Murdock, Miss McGrath, Mr. O'Brien, Miss Vining.
Third Row: Mr. Swanson, Mr. Carter, Mr. Hugill, Mr. Burr, Mr. Malania, Mr. Allison, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Bunt, Mr. Young, Mr. Klinck.

Acknowledgements

The Blue and White staff wishes to thank all those who contributed to the success of this magazine.

To Mr. Ball we offer thanks for his aid in every department. He it was who looked after finances and gave us all valuable advice. We thank Miss Dickey, Miss McLaren and Mr. Malania for their helpful criticism of the material submitted, and to all teachers who unselfishly gave up several periods to their students for the writing of articles.

Thanks are offered to Kenneth Ewing and Jack O. Young who, although not on the staff, helped the members a great

deal in sorting out material and in proof reading, and also to the advisory committee for its excellent advice. We are grateful to Donald Spence and Murray Reed for giving so much time and effort to the typing of all the material, and to John Kerr and Henry Arnold for the candid shots.

Lastly, we heartily thank Julius Klinck, a graduate who wrote several articles, and all those undergraduates who submitted a seemingly boundless amount of material. It is a pleasure to know that there is such interest in a school magazine among the students of this school. Again may I thank all!

Editor.

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: Joyce Whipple, Clair Bennett, Thornton Strickland, Mr. Hartford, Mr. McNaughton, Ernest Musgrave, Judith Davies, Melba Griffith.

Second Row: Cliff Rose, Dorothy Southerst, Mary Arnold, Peggy Hutchinson, Jo-Ann Carr, Gwen Roach, Bill Maitland.

Third Row: Army Ellis, Murray Mephram, Steve Hughes, Bill Hodgkinson.

AGORA

The Agora's executive for this year was elected by the student body immediately after the opening of school in September. From the class representatives Ernest Musgrave, Thornton Strickland and Judith Davies were chosen president, vice-president and secretary, respectively. Since most of the executive were experienced its activities were promised to be carried out in an efficient fashion.

During the year the Agora brought about some innovations and changes in the school's functions—among these a plan of presenting special pins to those pupils who obtained 75% or more on the year's work. Trophies to be held for one year were purchased for the athletes who are to be chosen by their teammates as the best players in senior football, basketball, hockey and track. A ser-

ies of tea-dances was staged in order to raise funds for graduation pins. It was the Agora which was responsible for the selection of the staff of the Blue and White. The finances of the organization were never in a better state and our bank balance reached a new high.

However, our activities could never have been carried on without the wholehearted support of the faculty and the members themselves. An organization which controls the interests of a school must have the complete backing of the students and the co-operation of the staff in order to carry out its duties. It is our sincere hope that each and every pupil will do his duty by securing a membership card as soon as they are placed on sale. Remember that we are here to support your interests, so give your suggestions to your form representatives; we will give them our consideration.

BLUE AND WHITE



CROSS-CUP KISS CAST

Front Row: G. Roach, S. Gubb, S. Hughes, Miss Evans, Miss Robbins, Miss Tape, Mr. Burr, M. Smith, M. Hambly.

Second Row: R. Doidge, C. Austin, E. Vizzard, J. Davies, E. Musgrave, B. Green, B. Sale, J. Braidford, J. Turner.

Third Row: H. Moore, V. Gaskin, J. Henry, G. McGorman, L. Wright.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Hon. Prs: Miss H. Evangeline Robbins
 Pres. Ernest Musgrave
 Vice-Pres. Judith Davies
 Secretary Evelyn Vizzard
 Treasurer Miss Frances Tape

This year the Senior Dramatic Society put on "The Crosscup Kiss". This comedy of three acts was very well received when it was presented on Feb. 23. Due to popular demand, the play was put on again on April 18 and 19. This second presentation was in aid of the Army-Legion-'Y' Appeal.

The cast was as follows:

Robert Crosscup	Gordon McGorman
Margie Foster	Judith Davies
Cyrus Crosscup	James Henry
John Parker	Stephen Hughes
Emma Crosscup	Betty Green

Kathryn Russell	Evelyn Vizzard
Albert Roscoe	William Flint
Everett Randall	Ernest Musgrave
Andy Jackson	Victor Gaskin
Leona "Lee"	Margaret Hambly
Laura "Lolly"	Marguerite Smith
Miss Fielding	Shirley Gubb
Radio Announcer	Leonard Wright

This year it was decided to offer a School Pin, and one year's membership in the Windsor Theatre Guild to the boy and girl who were judged to have rendered the best performance. These prizes were awarded to Judith Davies and Gordon McGorman, with honourable mention going to Betty Green and Jas. Henry. All the cast gave very creditable performances, and the judges experienced difficulty in making their decision. All in all, the Senior Dramatic Society has enjoyed a most profitable year, with indications of many future successes.



Betty Samson, Enid Greenhalf
Albert Angus, Ken Ewing

ORATORY

This year there were three senior boy speakers and about the same number of girls. The juniors, however, seemed to be more interested in public speaking, for several of their number entered.

Betty Samson, following in the footsteps of her sister, Blanche, won the senior girls' competition with a talk on "What a Student Thinks of School". Her impromptu was "The Modern Kitchen". A close second was Joyce Parker, who gave us her impressions of "To-day's Fashions".

In the senior boys' contest Kenneth Ewing, a newcomer to this school, carried off the honours with his talk on "Science in Crime Detection". For an impromptu he chose "My Ambition" and spoke of his desire to become a crimin-

ologist. Jack Lawrence, speaking on "Canada and Britain", was the runner-up.

Albert Angus was adjudged winner of the junior boys' contest for his story of "A Man I Admire—Sir Malcolm Campbell", and his impromptu on "Summer Pastimes". George Moor ran second with his talk on the "Evolution of the Press".

The laurels in the junior girls' competition went to Enid Greenhalf, speaking on "A Member of the Royal Family—Queen Elizabeth", and "The Last Book I Read". Audrey Duddy, the runner-up, spoke on "Marihuana".

We congratulate these winners and wish the contestants more success next year. It would indeed be a pleasure to see again, after a lapse of several years,

(Continued on page 77)

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: A. Angus, G. Croft, P. Wright, Mr. Malania, M. Code, E. Neal, I. Sigul.
Second Row: P. Hauran, G. Wilson, W. Shipitalo, J. Fuller, J. Lawrence, T. Strickland,
D. Gardiner.
Third Row: J. Purdy, K. Stewart, W. Hodgkinson, A. Swanson.

THE ORCHESTRA

During the current school year, the Student body of Walkerville Collegiate has not seen nor heard much of the school orchestra. This does not mean, however, that the orchestra has not been active.

All school orchestras and similar organizations build up from year to year, till a peak is reached, after which there is a slump in performance. Last year we were able to boast of one of the best orchestras in the history of the school. This year, however, due to the fact that many of our star performers graduated, the orchestra fell below the standard of last year.

Let no one suppose that the year has been wasted, however. We have much good material among the newer members of the orchestra. There are several

who need only experience to make them into good musicians, and part of this experience has been gained during the year.

To date, the orchestra has made several appearances. The first of these was at the Graduation Exercises in December. The most important event of the year was the Music Festival. Here our orchestra compared favourably with those of the other Secondary Schools of the city. The orchestra also assisted at the presentation of the school play.

The future of the Walkerville Collegiate orchestra is a bright one. We have enough students in the school who play musical instruments that we should never lack material. It is safe to say that in the near future we shall have an orchestra which compares favourably with those of previous years.

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: G. Verway, S. Scherbank, C. Bontront, K. White, H. Sheppard, I. Kulman, Miss Saunders, M. Code, C. Howarth, J. Henderson, E. Metcalfe, F. Medel.

Middle Row: M. Morrill, E. Wallace, M. Vail, V. Kewley, E. Greenhalf, D. Turner, J. Marwood, D. Woods, R. Renaud, R. Wilson, D. Vanstone, M. McArthur, K. Jenkins, M. McDowell, M. Lavis.

Back Row: C. Rennie, H. Weston, H. Pridham, L. Peacock, L. Jackson, R. Mayes, B. Sibbald, D. Broadley, B. Lucier, F. Kempson, M. Allan, R. Rawlings, C. Marshall, M. Watton, D. Burnell, M. McCallum, S. Starker.

GIRLS' CHOIR

The Walkerville Collegiate Girls' Choir made its first appearance at the Music Festival, held in our own collegiate on March 14th. We feel particularly proud of this performance, because it took a great deal of courage, both on the part of the girls and certainly on the part of our director, to appear on a program which included so many other choruses, much more experienced and much larger than our own. However, it was with heartfelt gratitude that we received the applause of an appreciative audience; (but confidentially, we are still puzzled as to whether that applause was meant for our songs or for our director, Miss Saunders.)

Miss Saunders, although new to our school this year, has quickly won the hearts of all the students, and her untiring efforts on behalf of our choir has

endeared her especially to us, its members. A great deal of credit also belongs to Margaret Code, our accompanist.

After a few practices, the apparent discord which came from our throats made an appearance at the Music Festival seem only a dream. However, to Miss Saunders' amazement and to our own amusement, when the announcement was made that we would be unable to sing at the festival if we did not improve, our voices blended in perfect harmony. However, this was not the end of our worries; it took a great deal of practice to prepare the two numbers, "Kentucky Babe" and "Ciribiribin" for the festival.

There are approximately forty girls in the choir and at present we are divided into two parts, soprano and contralto. The choir could be improved tre-

(Continued on page 74)

BLUE AND WHITE



First Row: A. Schalgo, R. Nagorson, P. Ferlick, Miss Tunks, Miss Saunders, J. Jackson, J. Pillon, G. Greenhow.
 Second Row: J. Purdy, B. White, N. Crapper, J. Fuller, W. Patterson, W. Smith, J. Norris, R. Hutton, F. Hawkesworth.
 Third Row: M. Koval, P. Greenhow, D. Hand, H. Shotton, W. Hawkesworth, R. Jacobs, A. Forsyth, E. Suttak, L. Wright.

The Boys' Choir

This year at Walkerville, a boys' choir was started under the guiding hand of Miss Saunders. Lack of experience did not keep the boys down. They practised at noon hour, and if you were to stroll by the library you would see Miss Saunders waving a baton and the gentlemen in the choir straining their vocal chords.

They are scheduled to sing in the Music Festival which is held annually at W. C.I.. They also sang at commencement exercises. Their favourite song is: "Jeany With the Light Brown Hair". Andy Forsyth does the solo work for the choir. Who knows? There may be a Crosby or an Eddy in the crowd!

EDGAR HAMPTON.

He: "You sure think you're good-looking, don't you?"

Nancy C.: "No, but what's my opinion against that of hundreds of boys?"

* * *

Mr. Carter: "Now, what did you learn from that experiment?"

The Average Student: "Those beakers cost 50c."

* * *

It takes 10,000 nuts to hold a car together, but only one to scatter it all over the countryside.

1st Former: "Which is more important, the sun or the moon?"

Wise 2nd Former: "The moon, because it shines at night when we need the light."

* * *

Mr. Swanson: "How do you remove air from a flask?"

Charles Spurgeon (all in one breath): "Fill the flask with water, pour the water out, and put the cork in quick."



CANDID SHOTS
by
HENRY ARNOLD & JACK KERR





LITERARY

Aimee Dubue de Rivery

Aimee Dubue de Rivery. Few people have heard the name; fewer history books contain the name. Aimee Dubue de Rivery was born on a Martinique sugar plantation near the plantation where Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie was born. Both girls were born in 1763. The parents of each were French of pure and noble birth. Aimee's striking blond beauty was to raise her from a Martinique sugar plantation to the throne of Turkey.

As children the two girls were very good friends. When Aimee was thirteen she was separated from Josephine and sent off to France to complete her education in a convent at Nantes. For eight years she remained there, prevented from visiting her native island by the wars raging between France and England. But at last, in 1784, when Aimee was twenty-one, now an arrestingly beautiful young woman with pale gold hair, she started for home which she had not seen for so long a time.

Aimee did not reach Martinique, nor did she ever see it again. Her ship was set upon by Algerian Corsairs, a fierce race of pirates which inhabited the Mediterranean Sea and eastern Atlantic Ocean. Among the captives Aimee stood out at once; the Corsair Captain, realizing that he had found a rare prize, delivered her over to the Dey of Algiers himself.

The Dey happened to be under great obligation to the Turkish Sultan for money and munitions. In this beautiful Christian captive he saw a chance not only to pay back, but to win for himself new and special favours from the capital. So Aimee was taken to the Sultan.

The Sultan took one look at her—and his heart stood still. He had a score of wives already, but they were mostly untutored houris. This girl could read and write. She had come from the great world. In fact, she was by far the most intelligent wife he had ever had.

Aimee immediately became the Sultan's favourite, and in due time bore him a blond son.

She had long since given up hope of escape, all hope of ever seeing Martinique and Josephine again.

Meanwhile Josephine was having a few adventures of her own. She had married Vicomte de Beauharnois and borne him two children. But during the French Revolution her husband went to the guillotine. Not long after, she married again, this time a wild young genius from Corsica named Napoleon Bonaparte, six years her junior. Her husband was winning one military victory after another for France, and as his wife she was receiving honour equally with him.

But Aimee found herself even more occupied. Here the question of royal succession had arisen. She and her son Hahmoud, who was the third in line, were becoming involved in deadly intrigues that seemed to be the natural order of things in Turkish seraglios. The first and second Princes were sworn enemies, and their respective mothers even more hostile. Each mother tried to poison her rival's child, to undermine the other's influence by fair means or foul. Aimee had the best wits of the three. Consequently she managed to keep her son away from the poison cups being handed around.

The Sultan died in 1789, and Prince Selim, the rightful heir, succeeded to the throne. The mother of the second in

line succeeded in dethroning Prince Selim, and having Mustapha crowned. This angered a certain faction of Turks. They stormed the harem to murder Mustapha and replace Selim. Meanwhile Mustapha's mother was rushing assassins to slay both Selim and Hahmoud. Mahmoud escaped by way of the roof but Selim and Mustapha were killed. At last Aimee had command. Now the Hahmoud was Sultan she became his entire ministry.

Because Aimee was French, Mahmoud threw all his political weight towards France in that country's wars against the rest of Europe. French officers trained his army. French seamen manned his warships. French gunners drove off the British fleet from Constantinople. French fashions, French schools, the French language displaced existing Turkish ones.

This curious situation lasted until 1809. Then suddenly the dramatic news came from Paris. Napoleon had divorced Josephine!

Aimee became resentful. Napoleon would pay for this. Aimee had been a secret ally who gloried in his glory. Well, that was ended. All she had done for him she would now do against him, and revenge her cousin. In 1812 she perceived, with a far-seeing vision that was inspired, that her opportunity to strike was at hand.

For some months Russia had been at War with Turkey and had a major part of its army in Turkish territory. Napoleon chose this moment to make his celebrated march on Moscow. He offered Mahmoud extravagant rewards in return for even more vigorous action against the Russians.

Mahmoud promised nothing. But the day Napoleon's army left Dresden headed for Russia, the Sultan signed a secret treaty of peace with the Czar giving him everything for which he asked. The treaty released fifty thousand Russian veterans, who at once started north to cut the French lines of communication to Paris.

Battle after battle was fought. Thou-

sands of men perished on both sides. When at last Napoleon did reach Moscow, over two-thirds of his forces were gone.

Moscow had been deserted and he captured the deserted city. He had hardly made himself at home ready to spend the winter preparing for further conquests in the spring when Moscow was set on fire by the Russians themselves.

And now came the last, the final blow. On September 30, a messenger reached Napoleon's headquarters with the disastrous news that fifty thousand Russian holdiers, supposedly in Rumania, had appeared four hundred miles west of Moscow, cut the French supply line, and established themselves on the west bank of the Beresind River waiting.

Why had the Turks, apparently his staunchest allies, played so treacherously? He never thought to look to Josephine's cousin Aimee for the answer.

Aimee received no public official other than her son, but through him she ruled Turkey.

If the release of the Russian army was Aimee's strategy—and who can doubt it?—the move succeeded beyond her wildest hopes.

One hundred thousand French soldiers retreated from Moscow. The merest handful of Napoleon's followers broke through at Beresina River. Napoleon himself escaped capture only by a fluke.

Aimee—and Josephine—were avenged.

AMY WILLSON.

A Rainy Day

Puddles brown, and dripping leaves,
Raindrops dancing everywhere,
Water gushing over eaves,
Bright umbrellas here and there.
Diamonds of crystal bright
Falling from the moody clouds,
Ev'ry one a playful sprite
Dropping on unguarded crowds.
Suddenly the sun shines through
The clouds, now rising high,
And there, in all its promise true,
Smiles a rainbow in the sky.

LOIS JACKSON.

A Basketball Game

The whistle is blown, the players are tense;
The people cheer and crowd up to the fence,
Their eager faces all straining to see Walkerville making the other team flee.

Dashing and bounding along the floor,
The ball goes flying as the crowd gives a roar,
The curved sphere goes gliding up in the air
And comes down in the basket—an inch to spare!

Now Rose is running along the side,
His great husky shoulders the ball seem to hide;
He passes to Camlis, running down fast,
His face determined as an iron-made cast.

Camlis reaches the basket and turns like a cat,
And the ball is shot forward as if hit by a bat!
It teeters and totters on the very thin rim—
And then slowly and unwillingly drops right in.

Thatcher and Musgrave and others take part,
And play for Walkerville right from the heart,
Until the winning basket is scored,
And Walkerville's victory is chalked on the board.

The sweat-caked victors rush off for the shower,
And return as fresh as a morning flower,
Picturing the WOSSA cup drawing in sight—
Their hopes and ours at a very great height.

JOE TOMSICH, XI-F.

* * *

Confucius say:

"Laugh and the class laughs with you,
but you serve the detention alone."

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

What Kind of an Age Are We Living In?

Imagine skating on the same ice year after year! Well, believe it or not, a new substance called Iceolite has been invented that when melted and poured an inch thick on a floor, will harden into a smooth surface so durable that it will last for years. It has been tested at Toledo, Ohio, by professional skaters and they state that it is as fast as natural ice.

The girls think it amazing that silk stockings are made from rayon; I wonder what they will think if they start wearing stockings made from Nylon, a plastic, comprised of coal, air and water. This substance is more elastic than any natural fibre and will knit into sheer, elastic stockings. This product can be fashioned into lustrous filaments as fine as a spider's web, yet said to be as strong as steel of the same diameter.

The ordinary conception of water is that it is wet, but water can be made wetter by adding a few drops of a new alcohol. It instantly soaks anything it touches. The new alcohol is made from waste gas and was developed by the Mellon Institution.

This is truly an odd age in which we are living. In Sweden an appendectomy can be had for only five dollars, including hospital care. If it is cancer or a contagious disease, treatment is free.

There are all kinds of beaches in the world. At Palanga, a Lithuanian coast resort seven hundred years old, there is one of the safest sandy beaches of the Baltic. You can wade out ninety feet on the sandy ocean floor before the water reaches your knees. It is a paradise for children's play.

Surprise! Around the lakes of Killarney, in Ireland, grow cedars of Lebanon, the Mediterranean strawberry tree, found nowhere else in the British Isles, wild fuchsia, arbutus, the scented orchid, and other plants common to Spain and Asia Minor.

MURIEL WHALLEY.

FINLAND

Finland is the land of beauty,
Where men and women feel their duty
Is to stand for what is right,
Even though they have to fight.
Gliding swiftly on skis of pine,
Through the silent night, sublime,
Risking that which all men love,
Trusting only in Him above.
Some will perish—but not in vain,
Freedom, religion, must always reign;
People with such high ideals
Will ne'er be crushed by foreign heels.
Finland, Finland, never flinch,
God will help you, inch by inch
To drive the invaders from your land,
And He, with you, will triumphant
stand.

ROY MacKAY, 13A.

IS IT ALL WORTH WHILE?

Is it worthy of the parties
That we miss to do our work
Thoroughly from day to day,
For never do we shirk?
Does it leave us with a fortune,
Or does it put us in a hole,
When we stay up till the morning
Just to appease our soul?
By answering all the questions
With which we're loaded daily?
Or is it better just to spend
Our time in pleasure gaily?
It is worth all the pains we took
To do our work as told;
When we land a whopper of a job
That is worth its weight in gold.

JOYCE PARKER, 12B.

TO A CHATTERBOX

You may always be happy,
You may always be gay,
But that's no excuse
For your chattering this way.
When all others are quiet
And working away,
You just go on prattling
With nothing to say.
I've seen many a talker
And all full of vim,
But when you start to chatter
You make my head swim.
One might call you good-looking,

With your dimples and all;
Will you open your mouth
And expose that pit-fall?
Now there's just one solution
For you to apply,
To admit that it's difficult,
But it's well worth a try.
When you come to class
And are tempted to talk,
Put in this potato and
You won't utter a squawk!

FRANK PYATT.

The Curse of the East

Jenkins cursed himself for ever having mentioned the subject to his boss. In the first place he hadn't wanted to take on the responsibility; and in the second place it was suicide. But as long as mankind continues to exist every human being will have someone above him whose will he must obey. So it was with Jenkins.

As head of the archaeological department of the Royal Geographical Society it was his duty to travel to all parts of the globe at the behest of the editor-in-chief and to bring before the reading public the latest in archaeological endeavour. To have refused to do his editor's bidding would have meant the loss of his job; but yet he was sorely tempted to do so.

It all started three years before when he had been on an expedition in Egypt. So firmly had he cemented a friendship in the cold hearts of the wandering Egyptian tribesmen that they had led him to the ancient pyramid of a former king whose influence had been so great that never once, in three thousand years, had his tomb been entered. Legend had it that death was certain to befall all those who attempted to break through into its sacred interior. So greatly did all the tribes of Egypt respect the memory of this great king that they saw to it, with brutal efficiency, that any foreigner who once laid eyes on it never went far with the tale on his lips.

And so it happened that one short month after he had chanced to mention

the secret to his boss, Jenkins found himself in Cairo at the head of the only expedition he had never wanted to lead. He was fully licensed to enter and bring forth to the leading museums of the world all treasures he might find. But to Jenkins the task was sorely distressing . . . not because he believed in the mysterious death which was doomed to befall those who neglected to hold sacred the tomb of the great king, but because he was loathe to tear down the sincere friendliness which he had built up for himself in the tribes of Egypt.

It took a week across the pathless desert to reach the pyramid by camel. Another week was spent in making an aperture through the massive stone foundation. All the while guards were posted as a precaution against an attack which Jenkins greatly feared would be made by the natives. On the eighth day after the beginning of work the party broke through into the musty dimness of the tomb.

They were admitted into a veritable labyrinth of chambers which crossed each other in every imaginable manner throughout the whole eleven acres of ground which the pyramid occupied. The treasure which now lay exposed was enough to swell even Jenkins' loathing heart with the pride of achievement. From the stone walls hung bowls of libation and golden chandeliers which, through all the years, had remained untarnished. Heaps of papyrus with their history-making records were all about the tomb and wherever the eye chanced to rest there were vases, tall and short, with their strange hieroglyphics. Several of the chambers were filled with hard, dry wheat, and at frequent intervals were the dried remains of all manner of animals which had long since perished at the ends of golden chains. In addition to this there was a profusion of arrows, spears, swords, primitive cannons, and gilded chariots to say nothing of the implements of agriculture and the luxuries of the palace which lay through the pyramid.

For three weeks the entire expedition

was actively engaged in cataloguing and packing the wealth of the old Egyptian king. It was only after a prolonged search that Jenkins and his chief assistant, Murphy, chanced to stumble on the subterranean vault in which the mummy was entombed. As Jenkins' hand touched the case to open it, his blood suddenly froze in his veins, for at this moment the black, ominous shadow of a cat floated across his hand. At the same instant a shrill, piercing din reverberated throughout the depths of the pyramid.

Jenkins and Murphy rushed out of the vault and the sight that met their eyes filled them with a chill horror. Every last member of the expedition was lying face downward with a glistening knife standing upright in his back. And on every side they chose to look they were entirely hemmed in by a slowly, stealthily advancing circle of implacable Egyptian tribesmen.

Once more the shadow of the cat floated past their eyes. There was a gentle whirr; Murphy fell lifeless on the ground, his back pierced by the same sort of knife that had killed the others.

Again the shadow of the cat floated through the air; again there was a gentle whirr. At the same instant that the Egyptian tribesmen closed in upon him, Jenkins felt the cold blade of a knife cutting into his back.

His eyes fluttered open; a flood of relief spread over his face as he withdrew a hidden pin from a newly-purchased pair of pyjamas.

JACK O. YOUNG, 13B.

A WISH

May fortune follow your path,
A happy lifetime through,
O'er sunny ways, through merry days,
Where pleasant dreams come true;
And love go with you wheresoe'er
Its trail may onward press,
For where love is, there, too, is peace
And joy and happiness.

JACK GLENDON, 11F.

It's Tougher Than Tennis

Autumn winds and snow-filled, leaden skies used to forecast the finals until spring of activities for many amateur athletes. A few exerted their muscles on the bowling alleys, others took up basketball and indoor swimming; but for the tennis-loving company who could not adjust themselves to the minute pellet and fly-swatter-sized paddle of table tennis, the coming of winter presented an enigma.

A growing number of these are now finding winter diversion in the game of badminton. They are finding that it offers all the thrills and exercise of tennis. And it is not an unwelcome change from the outdoor court game.

Many a tennis match has stolen the headlines since the days when the game was an object of derision. No longer do men of muscle condescendingly appraise the sport, nor urchins salute the tennis player with a falsetto cry of "Love game". The Tildens, Vineses and Budges have changed all that.

But mention of badminton, which has been called "tennis' third cousin on a collateral branch", but might better be called its half brother, still causes a raised eyebrow among the unacquainted sports fans. "A kid's game" they call it sometimes. Followers of badminton are neither indignant nor dismayed by skeptics. Rather than harbor resentment, they craftily maneuver scoffers into a tussle on the indoor courts. Almost without exception, their victims wobble out within half an hour. The reason? A few games of badminton are as strenuous as a five-set tennis final. It's no game for "sissies".

The implements of the game belie its viciousness. The little bat, like a tennis-racket, is light and fragile. It looks more like the tool of a lady's parlor pastime. The feathered shuttlecocks, "birds" to the badminton fan, are little different from those bandied about by the youngsters of yore.

A string net stretched across the center of a bit of level footing indoors—or outdoors, for that matter—is all you

need to play the game. All, that is, except a pair of especially good lungs, nimble feet and strong wrists.

Sports histories are pleasantly vague on the subject of badminton's origin. English chroniclers of the game say that about seventy years ago, a desperate house party, stormbound at Badminton (a Gloucestershire country estate) conceived the game by stretching a rope across the main hall and commandeering the "kiddies' " battledores and shuttlecocks.

The next record of the game comes from an obscure British Army Post in India. Karachi, the first club to organize in Queen Victoria's overseas empire, established certain rules which lasted more than thirty years. As the chamber which served as their court had center doors, there was less width at the net line than at the ends of the room. The court, consequently, took the shape of an attenuated hour-glass. This feature was retained in future layouts.

Before the outbreak of hostilities in Europe last fall, there were about 1,000 clubs in England and some 600 more in Ireland, Scotland and Wales. An important event since 1899 has been an All-England Championship, and during recent years there have been as many as seventy open tournaments annually, exclusive of inter-country matches.

Canadians, of course, have long swung the racket, and cross the border frequently into the east and far west to match skill with American fledglings. As yet there is no national organization, nor as many open tournaments as in England. But more may be expected, for the game is spreading into remote territory.

Besides the simplicity of the game, the inexpensive equipment, the physical benefits to be derived from it, badminton has still another virtue. You can make your own rules without impairing the character of the game. Badminton is one of the best all-around family games. But don't let any scoffer make "puss-in-the-corner" remarks about the sport. Hand him a racket and give him a workout.

MURRAY REED.

MY GARDEN

I have a little garden,
That grows by a shady glen,
And all the birds do love it,
The robin, rook and wren.
And in my pretty garden
Grow flowers of many a hue,
The pink, the rose, and the tulip,
Glistening with the morning dew.
And in my tiny garden,
Run many streamlets gay,
That pass the rose and tulip,
Who seem to want to play.
Through many hours of pleasure
I idly wander there,
To enjoy the merry streamlets
And the crimson rose so fair.

RUTH DUNN, 9E

LOVE AFFAIR

I think I'm good!
I think I'm grand!
I go to the shows and hold my hand;
I put my arm around my waist—
If I get fresh I slap my face.
With myself I make a date
To meet myself at half-past eight;
If I'm not there, I'll always wait—
I'm wild about myself.

The Skater

Over the ice like a bird on the wing,
She glides with the song that her skates
seem to sing;
She twirls and she turns, with a lithe,
graceful motion,
And sails on her way, like a skiff on the
ocean.
The swift silver blades whistle shrilly
and clear—
"Oh, winter's the very best time of the
year!"
The skater's sweet musical laughter
vibrates
As this Queen of the Ice charms the
world on her skates.

DOROTHY WOODS, 9E.

* * *

Philosophy:— Lives there a student
with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"Homework be darned, I'm going to
bed."

Visits with the Army, Navy and Air Force

I think the three most interesting days we spent this summer, while touring France, England, and Scotland, were those with England's Fighting Forces. Through the kind invitation of the War Ministry we visited Aldershot, the home of the 2nd Hampshire Regiment, Hendon Airport, and that important naval base, Portsmouth.

A short train ride brought us to Aldershot, where we were met by Major John Dill. We then divided into groups to visit the different sections of the barracks. After the inspection tour we trooped off to the parade grounds to watch the training of a group of recent conscripts. The gymnasium was the next stop. Here we witnessed the physical training drill of the recruits. After lunch we witnessed the annual presentation of the Silver Spoon. This spoon must have been about a yard long and it was presented yearly to the poorest shot in the Regiment. Its present owner had had the somewhat doubtful honour of winning it three times straight. In the afternoon we were taken to Outrigger Firs, which was just another hill, where the whole Regiment was drawn up in preparation for the war games that were to take place for the benefit of some Officers of the Indian Army. We were first turned loose for about half an hour to inspect the various units. Then the Regiment staged a mock counter-attack on a group of woods about a mile away. From our vantage point on a nearby hill we were able to see clearly how effectively the British Army worked.

The day with the Air Force was every bit as interesting. Even a drenching London rain did not prevent us from thoroughly enjoying ourselves. There were six Canadian Flying Officers stationed there and they took us in hand for the day. The morning was spent in examining the latest types of fighting planes, including the speedy Hawker Hurricane and the Blenheim Bomber. It's a miracle they didn't have to send

all the planes back to the factories for repairs, for they just stationed an officer in each plane to explain the details of the operation to us, and told us to go to it. Needless to say it was a fascinating morning. During lunch we were surprised to see the waiters setting a bottle of beer at each place. We were more surprised when the commanding officer apologized to us for the limited supply of the beverage and that he could only offer us one apiece. I think he was a little surprised not to see us with a couple of six-shooters in our belts. That afternoon a squadron of Hawker Hurricanes went through formation flying drill for our benefit. A trip through the hangars completed the day.

Even more interesting than both these days was the day we spent at Portsmouth. Upon our arrival we were immediately stripped of our cameras as we were at Hendon Airport. Our first visit was to the "Victory", Nelson's old flagship. There were on the ship and in the nearby Nelson Museum many interesting relics of the Battle of Trafalgar, including several of the original cannons. Following this we boarded the "Hood", largest fighting ship in the world. A thorough tour of inspection took up the rest of the morning. Starting with the engine room we worked our way up through the kitchens, sleeping quarters and various other sections of the ship until we saw ourselves in the officers' dining saloon. Here we were served lunch before our inspection of the gun turrets. These are protected by two-foot armour plates and are controlled from the central control tower. The shells have to be raised from the magazine in the hold and are handled by three different crews of men during their trip from the bottom of the ship. Despite this they can be fired at the rate of two a minute. A trip to the control tower concluded the tour of inspection. From the top of the tower we could see the much talked-of "Ark Royal". The Royal Oak was riding at anchor about half a mile away. We were then taken to the docks to see the arrival of the Royal

Family on their yacht, "Victoria and Albert", from Dartmouth Naval Academy. From there swift harbour boats took us to the submarine base. Here the Davis escape apparatus was demonstrated to us. It was the artificial lung that saved the lives of four people aboard the ill-fated "Thetis". A trip through one of the newest mine-laying submarines brought the visit to a close and as we boarded the train at Portsmouth station we all agreed that it was by far the best day we had spent and were likely to spend that summer.

PETER CRASSWELLER.

Three Cheers for Walkerville C. I.

From the district 'round about our
students come,
And trot through the school from nine
until four;
Some come here to learn and others to
fool,
And some come to break all the rules
of the school.
Now don't get me wrong, we're very
nice kids;
You'll find no friendlier school in the
world.
Though we may not all have money and
clothes,
Who cares for trivial things such as
those?
I'm coming now to the end of my story
Of Walkerville Collegiate and all its
glory.
Three cheers for her, students, you all
know how
You're lucky to be here to cheer for her
now.

ANON.

The Fountain

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morning till night.
Into the moonlight,
Lighter than snow,
Waving so flower-like,
When the winds blow.

HANNAH CARTER, 11F.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen

Long ago in the year 1866 when Occidentals regarded China as the mysterious East, there was born in the hamlet of Choy Hung, not far from Canton, a man-child named Wen. Who could surmise that a boy born in one of the tens of thousands of the Chinese villages would be destined to free the Celestial Empire from the grasp of the ancient dynasties?

Wen is the childhood name of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, a graduate of the Canton Medical School and the Hong Kong Medical School. As is expected, Dr. Sun, being divided between his medical profession and his aim of revolutionizing the government of China by overthrowing the all-powerful Manchus and creating a Republic, rarely afforded himself any relaxation. To the latter task the doctor devoted his whole life, never sparing himself.

Any foreigner to China, who has endeavoured to write a biography on Dr. Sun, expresses his utter inability to do justice to Sun's character and personality. Dr. Sun Yat Sen is best described as a patriot of the highest degree. He is silent, sincere, wholly unselfish, kindly, forgiving almost to a fault, and to top off all these fine qualities, is peerlessly modest. He is endowed with the gift of oratory, his voice being soft and gentle, but clear as a morning bell. His magnetic personality is enhanced by the very sincerity and simplicity of his character.

Although the Liberator of China had been imprisoned again and again, and a price had been placed on his head by the Manchu Government, he was not daunted in the least but continued to follow his mission to the last gasp, seeking refuge in turn in Honolulu, Japan, England and America. In these foreign countries he gained much sympathy but little material support. He urged the Chinese youths of America to join his cause and thereby gained many supporters. Even in exile he devised means of organizing the future Republic of Chi-

na with undimmed ardour. In order to throw the secret police of the Manchus off his track, Dr. Sun was obliged to disguise himself almost continually; nevertheless he was willing to risk his life or even sacrifice it for the benefit of his native land.

It was not without great difficulty, hardship, suffering and danger that Dr. Sun Yat Sen finally transformed the miserable, crumbling Empire to a Republic before whose newly-raised portals stood the Angel of Hope. On December 29, 1911, Dr. Sun was elected the first president of the Chinese Republic. The leader of China effected countless reforms, but more important than that he served as an inspiration and a model to his fellow patriots. It lies in the Chinese youths of to-day under the stirring leadership of Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek and his American-educated wife to carry on the noble work begun by Sun Yat Sen.

I have made a feeble attempt to present to you Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the gentleman who has been responsible for unveiling the shroud of mystery hovering over the Far East. To-day, China is in her closest communion with the West. After her defeat of Japan, China will have as much interest in foreign affairs as any other nation, and when she develops her boundless natural resources she may even provide opportunities for youths of the Western World, thanks to our benefactor, Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

MAY HONG, 13A.

The Prayer of A Sportsman

Dear Lord, in the battle that goes on through life,

I ask but a field that is fair;

A chance that is equal with all in the strife,

A courage to strive and to dare;

And if I should win, let it be by the code,

With my faith and my honour held high,

And if I should lose let me stand by the road

And cheer as the winners go by.

Pat Sherman, 3C.

OUR JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM.

Let's give a cheer for our hockey team,
The hockey kings of the realm;
What prowess they showed as to victory
they rode
With a capable coach at the head.
With might and with main take up the
refrain,
The Walkerville champions still be
praising;
Recall with a thrill their bountiful skill,
Their record of victories amazing.
So strike up the band and give a big
hand
To the lads who brought home the
bacon.
May their place in the sun be second to
none,
And their memory never forsaken.

ROSS WALTON, 12D.

At The Ball Park

"Put it down the groove" we heard him
say,
Out at the ball park, one sunny day.
The pitcher pitched a wide, high curve,
But the catcher said, "Of all the nerve,
I told you to put it right down here,
And not where the ball would scratch
my ear."
The pitcher saw red but, of course,
'twas a fit,
And could be credited to nothing but it!
The catcher and pitcher then started to
boil,
And it looked as if it might end in a
coil;
But then came the umpire and soon
cooked their goose,
By persuading them to cool off in the
"hoose".

BILL McNAUGHTON, 9E.

If I were Queen of Babylon,
I'd wear a splendid silver gown;
I'd never dust, nor sew a seam . . .
On golden sands I'd lie and dream!
Slave-girls would do my bidding then—
I'd never work at school again.
If I grew tired of all this play,
I'd let my sister rule one day.

DOROTHY WOODS, 9E.

TO A GIRL

Tall she stood and fair
Like a Grecian goddess of old,
With her pale golden hair
Tumbling softly about in folds.
Deep in her eyes there glowed
An unquenchable fire
That leaped and flowed
And clambered higher and higher.
Stately and proud she carried herself
Down the long, straight road;
Onward she moved, nor tarried,
And soon she reached her goal.

BOB GREEN.

On My Future

When I consider how my days are spent
In this large structure that is called a
school,
I wonder if, some day, I will resent
These days spent under very lenient
rule.
For when I leave to face the big wide
world,
Where life is cruel and taxes often high,
I'll think of all the joy I saw unfurled
And all the friends I sadly bade good-
bye.
I will not think my knowledge useless
then,
As I do now while I am writing this;
For who know? I may not, like the rest,
Complete my life in a state of wedded
bliss.
And if, in years, I am a real success,
I'll thank this school for so much
happiness.

RACHEL CORNETT

Travel in The Orient

The best and only way to enjoy a trip
to the Orient is to be prepared for an
entirely different life. For example, a
Canadian must not forget that he is liv-
ing in a modern century and travel back
to the past. There are many things for
which he must prepare himself.

Oriental modes of travel are an educa-
tion in themselves. Passengers disembark-
ing from fast luxury liners at Port
Said are humbled at once by being driven
to their trains in open springless

cars. These small, dusty trains may be going to Cairo, Alexandria or Palestine. They consist of a series of small compartments, each accommodating six or eight persons. Four unfortunates must ride backwards while the remainder put up with the results of the engine smoke pouring through the window. Woe to the thoughtless tourist who has appeared in spotless white linen.

In Ceylon one has not even the convenience of a train. Europeans who visit Colombo and who wish to visit the tea plantations at Kandy are driven out in long black hearse-like cars, which almost turn over at every corner. If one wishes to see the city only, there are rickshaws in abundance, waiting to be hired. These vehicles are drawn by thin brown Indians who do not appear strong enough to pull a toy wagon, much less a rickshaw containing a well-fed Englishman! They are, however, anxious to be hired and because of this the tourist forgives himself for his apparent cruelty.

After being jostled and bumped about the countryside in such novel ways, one is pleasantly surprised to find modern hotels, refreshing, cool and clean, in most Oriental cities. Weary travellers are met at the door of a Cairo hotel by a swarm of coolies who seize all the baggage in sight and carry it triumphantly to the tourist's rooms. The bedrooms and sitting rooms are decorated in pale, cool colours and, during the heat of the day, the shutters are closed. A few moments after arrival one is surprised to hear a knock at the door and to see a coolie entering with a tray bearing tinkling glasses of ice cold lime juice. What a reward for a day busily spent!

Hotels of Palestine and Syria stand out in contrast to those of Egypt. Especially in Syria, as one climbs the Lebanon mountains in late afternoon, a gradual coolness is felt. Mt. Hermon in the distance shows its cap of snow to make travellers forget the heat of the valley. The inns are small, resembling oversized cottages more than hotels. Tourists must find their own way in, look around for the manager, and secure

rooms. No lime juice is offered, nor is it necessary, as the temperature has fallen considerably. There are no shutters or even screens on the windows, but the beds are heavily draped with mosquito netting.

Women who live in these fascinating lands have ideas about clothing which would make a European lady's hair stand on end. Whereas the latter arrive in the Orient with fashionable, expensive dresses, presumably to impress the natives, the former are oblivious to fashion and often even to cleanliness. The higher the temperature the more clothing they wear, until they almost resemble small mountains moving slowly along. Their faces are covered with thin, flowered veils so that their faces may not be seen by the public.

The men are just as picturesque as the ladies are drab. Arabs from the country wear long, white robes, sandals and flowing white headgear, held on by a black rope, wound around the head. Underneath the head-dress is a piece of red flannel which seems to protect the wearer from sun stroke.

Men of the towns wear either grey or reddish trousers, with coats to match. Many of them try to imitate the English, though their own dress is more practical. Their heads are covered by tar-booshes, which are brimless, red felt caps, with silk tassels at the side.

To compensate for the heat of the Orient, its charm is breath-taking. Day dawns soon after 4 a.m. and, from a train one can make a shadowy camel caravan crossing the sand in the dimness. The heat of the day is made gay with the cries of the street-vendors calling out their wares in many tongues; or one may enjoy a quiet hour of siesta in a darkened room.

The night is a time of enchantment. Stillness reigns and palm trees silhouette themselves against a sky more beautiful than any one can imagine. Lazy fishermen loll against their graceful boats, while from somewhere across the water a deep-toned bell tolls a call to prayer.

We Westerners are fortunate in many ways, living as we do in our ultra-modern land, but without doubt we miss something which is found in these old, exotic countries. We have speed, economy and invention, but they have a thrilling beauty, an ancient charm, and at the close of day, peace.

LOUISE ARMERDING, 4B.

A Tight Spot

My job is that of radio announcer for a very small station in a small town. I also serve as advertising manager, assistant engineer, telephone operator, stenographer and general repairman. In addition to all this, I run the phonograph turntable. One of my most unpleasant duties is sitting up all night, three nights a week, playing swing records which are requested. I am the fellow who says "This program comes to you by means of electrical transcription"—in other words, "We are going to play a bunch of old phonograph records for you".

There is another guy at the station. He is the owner and chief engineer, and does all my duties when I'm not there. We don't have an easy time of it like announcers in large stations do. We can't just sit around and announce every fifteen minutes. Whenever we aren't announcing, we have to type letters, weather reports, news, advertising script or else we have to solicit advertising.

One evening we were carrying a lovely opera from New York. There must have been a bad storm raging along the way some place, because the telephone line carrying the program was blown down and the program went off. I got up to the mike and said: "Due to conditions beyond our control, we are forced to discontinue this program. We now bring you a transcribed musical interlude." That is the way they do it on all the big stations, so that's how I had to say it. Most people would have understood me better if I had said: "The wire carrying this program broke, so we will play some records for you".

I got up and went over to the turntable, put on a record, and turned it on.

There was silence—absolute silence. I tried to shake it into action, but to no avail; the turntable just wouldn't turn. There was nobody at the mike and I couldn't leave the station in silence while I tried to fix the turntable motor, so I walked back, desperately trying to think of something to say.

First I said "Due to more conditions beyond our control, we are not able to present the transcribed musical interlude". Then I looked out of the window at the weather conditions and gave the audience a hastily-formed weather report. Next, I looked at my watch and gave the audience the correct eastern standard time, but the trouble was that I think my watch was five or ten minutes fast. In desperation, I started discussing the European situation, a subject of which I know little or nothing.

I was finally going to give up and tell the listeners exactly what happened, when I remembered that I had some commercials and news reports typed out. I left the mike for a moment to get them. For a seemingly endless ten minutes, I read every bit of news—up-to-date news, state news, any kind of news, over the air. Then I began reading commercials. I plugged Lux soap, Luckies and Camels, and different brands of patent medicines and home remedies all in the same breath. I think I was beginning to lose my loud and excited-sounding voice which all announcers have, in order to rush their listeners into buying the product.

Just then, I remembered the government restriction which prohibits advertising over three minutes in length. I decided to say goodnight to the audience (if there was any audience left by this time), pull the main switch, and go home, when suddenly, the good old opera came on again, loud and clear. Opera has always been the kind of music that I have hated most, but I was certainly overjoyed to hear this one.

I'm sure that I let out a "whew" that the mike picked up, but I didn't have to worry about where the next words would come from.

ART BLAKELY, 13B.

Association of Ideas

Hector Berlioz, the great "Father of orchestration and tone-colour", used to become entranced and raised to an extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm by the tone qualities he employed. His "Autobiography", as well as his "Treatise on Instrumentation" give examples of this. Sometimes his own sense of humour is turned upon himself. In the "Autobiography" he tells how he was going home dreaming of the wonderful effect of brass instruments in his first big orchestral work, the overture "Les Francs-Juges", and so rapt was he that he slipped and sprained his ankle. "For a long time afterwards," he said, "that passage gave me pain in my ankle when I heard it; now it gives me a pain in my head."

Bayreuth.

On May 22, 1872, Richard Wagner's fifty-ninth birthday, the foundation-stone of his "Festival Playhouse" was laid at Bayreuth, a quiet Bavarian town off the main lines of traffic, yet large enough to be a place where people could gather. This had been the dream of Wagner's life—to establish a home for his art free from the cramping conditions of the ordinary opera-house—a place where he might found a "fellowship of all the artists", and draw together a new and appreciative public.

The auditorium, instead of being built in the old fashion of circular galleries, is fan-shaped, sloping upwards from the stage at the narrow end in regular tiers which reach, in a slight curve, from side to side of the building. This plan gives a maximum of seating room, and also has the advantage of giving to every spectator a clear view of the stage which is practically identical from every part of the house. The rows of doors on each side of the fan make it possible for the audience to reach their seats without a crush. The orchestra, placed between the stage and the auditorium is sunk below the level of both and is screened from view by steel shields. This has a very appreciable effect upon

the tone of the orchestra: it softens the outlines of the phrase and blends the instruments into a sonorous whole. The result is a great beauty of tone with, however, some diminution of strength. The conductor behind the outer shield sees both the stage and his players, but the audience cannot see him, and this is perhaps one of the greatest advantages of the plan, for everyone who has seen an opera knows how annoying are the conductor's waving arms between the stalls and the stage.

The stage of the Bayreuth theatre was planned to accommodate the most elaborate scenery, machinery, lighting and other equipment according to the most modern ideas of the day before electric power was in use.

In 1876 this "Festspielhaus" was sufficiently finished for use, and the first Festival was the first performance of the whole of Wagner's opera "The Ring of the Nibelungs", which took place from August 13 to 17.

PHYLLIS WRIGHT, V.B.

On Taking Modern History

When the question of whether or not you should take Modern History presented itself to you, perhaps you remembered your Ancient History teacher's warning "Don't take Modern History unless you are prepared to do a great deal of work. It is without a doubt the most difficult Upper School subject".

However, nothing is worth having that is not worth working for, and Modern History is no exception to this rule. For, although it requires more reference work, more concentration, and more serious study than the average subject, it rewards the diligent student with an excellent foundation for future study or a background which helps to clarify current events.

By studying the growth of a nation, its struggles, the mistakes of its leaders in the past, we are in a better position to understand the problems which confront the leading powers of the world to-day. We see time and time again that

history repeats itself both in the problems facing the governments and the decisions that are reached.

We can see why war has been inevitable in the past and is inevitable to-day. We can understand the growth of hatred between nations which by their proximity and similar interests should be the closest of friends. It is not difficult to trace the desire for wealth, power and glory of leaders in the past and then compare them with the leaders of to-day, some of whom are motivated by similar interests and share like ambitions.

Let us then change the warning to—"Do not take Modern History if you do not have any interest in what has happened in the past, what will happen in the future and what is happening at the present time."

GWEN ROACH, 13C.

Advice to the Bored

No one ever needs to be bored. Boredom is only a sign of lack of ability to invent some way to entertain yourself. I have therefore endeavoured with much difficulty to gather together remedies for boredom while at such places as church, dining rooms and Latin classes.

Dr R. U. Bored has given to us a very effective cure for boredom at church. He advises to pick from the congregation a large, over-grown man and concentrate on him throughout the service. Amazing results are obtained. He develops a great interest in his hands and feet, which he examines closely. The eminent doctor also gives us a more drastic method of ridding ourselves of boredom. This is to see how many times you may drop your collection without being asked to leave. However, the first method will be found the more dignified. To these I might add my humble suggestion, "one sleeping pill before leaving".

If you have the misfortune to have a small appetite, no doubt you have been attacked by boredomitis while waiting for the others to finish their meal. So, for your benefit, Dr. I Amusu has given

us these remedies: pick up a full glass of water and turn it upside down over the table, counting the number of seconds needed for the water to leave the glass. Although this experiment may be repeated many times, strange to say, the results remain the same. Dr. Amusu also recommends a very interesting guessing game: With your eyes firmly closed, kick your feet around the table and try to guess whose shins you encounter. Strangely, this game rarely meets with the appreciation of the others present.

About the Latin classes, I must admit defeat. Not one successful method has yet been developed. But bear up, life cannot be all roses, and try to remember the time when we can leave school and forget about the genitive plural.

With this pleasant thought I must conclude, hoping I have helped you with these suggestions. If not, I would suggest the river!

JAMES BARTLETT 10A

The United States and Imperialism

"The United States has no imperialistic policies". This statement has been firmly maintained by all leading statesmen of our neighbouring country since that country first came into being in 1783, when thirteen states bound themselves together to form the framework of what is now one of the world's leading powers.

On first considering that statement you may be quite willing to agree with it, and I cannot say that I would entirely disagree with you before I had the pleasure of delving into the history of the United States. First take a moment to consider, if the United States had no imperialistic ideas, how in the space of some hundred and fifty years has the country expanded from a group of thirteen states huddled along the Atlantic seaboard to a great republic including not only forty spread across the North American continent from the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west, and from the Gulf of Mexico in the

BLUE AND WHITE

south to the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the north. Could this great expansion possibly take place without a single idea of imperialism having entered the minds of the statesmen? Your answer would undoubtedly be "no" and here is the proof to back up your answer.

With the influx of immigrants from Europe and the growing cotton and wheat industries requiring more and more land, expansion was bound to take place. The settlers pushed westward both in the north and in the south until they reached the Louisiana territory which belonged to France. In 1803 this land was purchased from France to add to the growing country of the United States. Not long after this the territory which was later to become the State of Florida and which belonged to Spain was added. In 1818 Andrew Jackson led troops into the country to put down the Indians who were troubling United States citizens. Not only were the Indians quelled but in 1819 the territory was ceded to United States by Spain when pressure was applied.

Still the settlers pushed westward, taking their slaves with them, lured on in the south by the prospect of cotton-growing in the rich land belonging to Mexico which is now the State of Texas. The United States government attempted to buy this territory but Mexico refused to sell. The break came in 1836 when Mexico abolished slavery in these territories, causing the revolt of the United States settlers and the declaration of their independence. Thus was Texas belonging to Mexico annexed by the United States. But this was not all of the land taken from Mexico. From 1845-49 Polk the president continually spoke of the "manifest destiny" of the United States to expand to the Pacific coast. Mexico was therefore again asked to cede territory, the land which now extends to the northern boundary of California. As this demand was also refused, war resulted in 1847 by which the United States acquired the territory including New Mexico, Utah and California. A sum of \$15,000,000. was paid

to Mexico, but it seemed a small amount for such rich territory when in 1849 gold was discovered in California.

Now only the territory of Oregon remained, but this, too, was destined to become part of the United States. The land had been explored by Britishmen and forts had been established by them but since it had been settled for the most part by United States citizens in 1846 the cry was raised "54-40" or fight. However a peaceful settlement was reached and by the Oregon treaty the forty-ninth parallel was settled as the boundary. The United States was now complete within itself but they did not stop there.

Without any imperialistic ideas the growth of an empire outside the actual boundaries of the United States was begun. Alaska was purchased from Russia in 1867. In 1898, after a revolt had taken place in Cuba, the United States intervened and a settlement was reached by which Porto Rico, Guam, the Philippines, after a struggle and against the wishes of the natives, and the Ladrones Islands became part of the United States while Cuba was to remain independent but a virtual protectorate. Expansion continued in the West Indies with San Domingo, Haiti and the Virgin Islands next being added. Hawaii, which had been a naval station, had also been annexed.

Perhaps the greatest addition during these years was that of the territory around the Panama Canal. President Roosevelt attempted to buy enough land from Colombia to complete the construction of the canal which had been unsuccessfully started by the French. Colombia refused to sell this land but a revolt was instituted and part of Colombia broke away to form the new Republic of Panama, thus enabling the United States to buy the necessary land and the canal was completed.

Thus by 1914 the United States had become an empire without having acquired any ideas upon the subject of Imperialism.

DOROTHY WYETH, 5A

Tragedy Lurks in The House of Usher.

Thick, grey clouds were massed against the heaven when I was riding on my horse. As dusk drew nigh, I was in sight of the stately House of Usher.

The dreary sight of the mansion made me shiver. I was rather disappointed and almost dreaded the thought of entering. As I walked up the flagstone pathway, with a premonition of some future dread event, I felt as if I were leaving my freedom behind me. Only yesterday I had received a letter written by an unknown uncle who had invited me to live in his House of Usher.

After the death of my father, a month ago, I had thought that my last relative had died. And then I was given a letter, written by an uncle whom I had never known to exist. However, I decided to accept his invitation and place my future hopes in his House of Usher.

I lifted the thick iron knocker and brought it gently against the heavy, ponderous door, causing a muffled sound to reverberate with a low moaning tone. As this sound died away, the huge door opened, and what surprised me was not the sight of the Oriental who answered, but the thick, drowsy odour of incense which floated out.

"Tell your master that his nephew is here", I said, handing the boy my riding cane and hat in an attempt to assume nonchalance.

"Yes, sir," he replied as he left. "Master has been expecting you. I will inform him immediately."

I wandered into the front room, and instead of finding it furnished with Elizabethan furniture as I had expected, I found the room filled with antique Chinese furniture belonging, perhaps to the Ming Dynasty.

"Hmm!" I mused, "Uncle must have felt homesick."

When I sat in one of the lavishly carved chairs, which was a masterpiece in itself, I felt uncomfortable and out of place, for not only did my imported Persian angora sweater clash in contrast to

my surroundings, but also the fine carvings on the chair stuck into my back. Nevertheless, I did not mind it so very much. I was too engrossed in this Oriental room.

Richly embroidered hangings, worked with gold and silver thread, stretched to the thickly-carpeted, glossy floor. In one corner was the benevolent statue of worldly-wise Confucius, beside which lovely white lilies rose from the highly-polished mahogany table which sparkled and gleamed in the faint light. This room was really bewitching, not at all like the rooms Pearl Buck describes in her books.

For fifteen minutes I waited patiently with a continual droning and mumbling which seemed to come from an inner room. When I began to feel that the boy had failed to convey my message to his master, one of the doors creaked open, and an elderly man, dressed in a Mandarin robe, entered. He was middle-aged, with hair slightly greyed at the temples. His face was very kindly, but his eyes were cold as steel. When he half-closed his eyes, however, he had the appearance of a true, loving, and sincere father. His nationality, I should say, was perhaps American.

I rose and was about to ask him if he knew where my uncle was, when he greeted me with, "Nephew, I am so happy to see you. Welcome to the House of Usher."

Nephew! He had called me nephew! Was it that I was related to this - this - white man, this barbarian? It was almost an insult. Why, I thought to myself, I am a full-blooded Chinese. My father was a Chinese. My father's father was a Chinese, and so was my father's father's father. It was simply ridiculous! Just before my father passed away, he had given me proof that I was a descendant of the blue blood of China. Think of it! My ancestors had once ruled the mighty territories of China. And this white man was trying to have the honour of being related to me. But I locked up my fury and smiled cordially,

for after all, wasn't he offering me this lovely home in which to live? If I had looked astonished, he didn't seem to notice it.

"I am sorry I kept you waiting so long, but you see, I was speaking to your ancestors," he continued.

"Huh! I mean I beg your pardon, sir," I said, quite bewildered.

"I said I was conversing with your ancestors," he repeated.

"My ancestors! Why, I thought they were dead," I uttered, puzzled.

"Of course they are, silly, but perhaps you don't understand. I was speaking with dead, your long-gone ancestors."

He led me to the room which he had just left and there I beheld an enormous gilded figure of Buddha sitting cross-legged upon a lotus. A fabulous fortune of pearls, rubies and sapphires lay at his feet as an offering.

"Just a few minutes ago," my would-be uncle began, "I conversed here with your ancestors, the once mighty rulers of China, with the aid of divine Buddha. Perhaps you find it hard to believe. Your mind has become too practical and too westernized, but you must believe me when I say some of these old Oriental powers still exist."

I thought he was insane, and according to what little knowledge I had of psychology, I grinned to humour him.

"I know you think I'm insane," he said as though reading my thoughts again, "but in time you'll understand what I am saying. Right now, I think it best that you retire. The journey must have been a fatiguing one. Your room is upstairs, the first one on the right."

I thanked him and slowly mounted the flight of stairs, when I heard Strauss' "Tales of the Vienna Woods" burst forth and then the beautiful voice of a woman singing passionately. Never before had I heard a voice so full of warmth and quality. As the haunting, vibrating notes filled the house, the rich tones reverberated and I imagined myself in the woods, listening to my favourite waltz, sung as never sung before.

When the last chords had faded maj-

estically away, uncle broke the spell and said, "Beautiful, wasn't it? My secretary sang it. Would you like to meet her?"

"Yes, please," I answered.

This time he led me to a wide, white-walled room. A huge window filled the whole of one side, thus spreading before our feet a vast, never-ending view of the countryside. In the corner, leaning on the grand piano, the slim form of a woman shook in silent sobs.

"Mai Ling," my uncle called a little severely.

Immediately she regained her composure and as I looked into her eyes, I thought I caught a glimpse of tragedy. To say that she was beautiful would be unjust, for she was more than beautiful. She was charming, ravishing, unique. She was dressed exotically in a black velvet gown, which was form-fitting from the neck to the waist, suddenly spreading to a full skirt which folded richly about her delicate, sandalled feet.

"I want you to meet my nephew, Mai Ling," uncle said. She politely acknowledged the introduction and in a low, husky voice making an excuse of some forgotten duty, left the room. During those few fleeting moments, I believe I experienced the sweetest sensation in the world. I felt towards Mai Ling, as Mark Anthony must have felt towards Cleopatra, as Alessandra towards Romeo, and as Romeo towards Juliet.

Late that night I lay restlessly in bed. I was greatly disturbed by the day's events, and there kept appearing forever before my eyes, the vision of the goddess-like face of Mai Ling.

I rose and decided to take a walk in the garden. The night air was so sweet and so inviting. Myriads of stars studied the heavens around the almond moon, which beamed enchantingly. In the intangible sweetness of the night, under the thick shade tree in the mellow moonlight, I saw Mai Ling, wearing a billowy, white chiffon evening gown. She looked like a picture with her fine, silk-like hair brushed in a youthful

page-boy fashion. There in the sombre shadows, I frankly confessed my love. In those short moments, we found that out love for each other was more than a passing fancy. It was so perfect that it seemed as though God and God Himself must have created it. Suddenly Mai Ling turned around as sorrow pressed convulsively against her heart.

"I've something to tell you and I must tell you now," she whispered, with her face as pale as death. "That man isn't your uncle. He's nothing but a mad scientist."

"Every minute you're here, you are in danger. Do you know what he wants to do? He wants to take your heart out of your body and make it perpetual. He believes that if he can make your heart beat as your ancient ancestors' once did, he can make your heart beat forever, and you will be his slave, always."

"Now, you can't expect me to believe that, can you?" I asked.

"No, perhaps not. But come, I'll prove it. That scientist isn't home to-night, so we shall not be found," she replied.

Swiftly she led me down stairway after stairway. As we passed a door marked "Danger", I asked her what was in side.

"Dynamite", was the answer.

At last we reached the experimenting room and there on the shelves were hundreds of bottles, each containing a gruesome-looking heart. That was proof enough for me.

"Let's get of here at once," I suggested, half panic-stricken, but she told me that was impossible. My would-be uncle had secretly guarded the house, and if we did escape we should surely be soon caught. She told me to trust her and I should thus be safe. Love always finds a way.

All the next day I waited in my room like a condemned prisoner waiting to be electrocuted. As night came on, I heard a single knock and a note was slipped under my door. Mai Ling wrote me to meet her where I had met her the previous night. "Go immediately as it is urgent," the note said.

I instantly obeyed, and in the garden, pinned on a tree, I found another note containing details for my escape. In the end the note said, "By the time you read this, I will be far beyond human help. I know you'll keep sacred our love, and you must forgive me for what I am about to do, as it is the only solution to our problem."

At that instant a terrific explosion sharply rent the air and in a few seconds the stately mansion was nothing but a pile of bricks and broken timbers. What a supreme sacrifice it was! She had blown up the house, destroyed the mad scientist, to make possible my escape. As I did not have the courage to look for her mangled body under that heap, I turned my back to the fearful scene of that dreadful tragedy, and walked silently down the road.

JOE HONG, 12B.

Attention, All Lovelorn!

A Song Love Letter

Oh Johnny, My Own:

They say If I Didn't Care would I
Pour Out My Heart Into a Song. To-
night's the Night and I'm In the Mood
because I Have a True Confession.

Last night, All in Fun, I Was Care-
less about All the Things You Are. I
Will be Faithful Forever to My Reverie
on the Isle of May.

Remember the Angel Serenade we
heard At the Chapel in the Moonlight?
Day In, Day Out, I walk with Billy, but
when I'm in a Melancholy Mood I dream
of You.

It's My Turn Now because It Was
Written in the Stars that I Must Have
One More Kiss. Why is it All Over Town
that we are parting? What Can I Say
after I say I'm Sorry? I Promise you
that I'll Surrender, Dear. I'll keep on
loving you No Matter Where or When.
Now you know but There'll be Changes
Made. Every Little Moment that you
are with Rose Marie I'm Fit to be Tied.
Does your heart beat for me? Darn
That Dream of you, Scatterbrain. I'm In
the Mood for Love in a Little Dutch

Garden. Last Night, with you Running Through My Mind, I Didn't Know What Time It Was. Would j'a Mind If I Didn't Care? So Ain't 'Cha Coming Out When They Begin the Beguine? I've Got to Get Some Shuteye., so Goodnight My Beautiful.

I'll See You in My Dreams.

* * *

Three Sleepy People

Helda Leucher, Pat Bordeaux, Muriel Binkly. 10A.

A Heart-Breaker

How many of the students in Walkerville Collegiate have ever felt really heart-broken? I do not expect to take a count, but I can guarantee there are at least twenty-four boys and three men in Walkerville Collegiate who have felt heart-broken. These twenty-four boys and three men are the Junior Rugby Team and the three coaches, Mr. Bunt, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Allison.

As a few of you may recall, last fall on a brisk, cool, November day, Walkerville Collegiate Juniors played Kennedy Collegiate Juniors in the City Rugby Finals. You, also, might remember that Walkerville was down two points at half time. The coaches were sore at the players and the players were sore at themselves for not doing better. Then the second half started and before long Walkerville had scored a touchdown. This made the score 5 - 2 in favour of Walkerville. I am sure every member on that team had visions of a W.O.S.S.A. championship and all its glory. Every coach must have visioned the honour of coaching Walkerville to its first W.O.S.S.A. title in Rugby. But owing to a couple of bad breaks and a few errors on my part Walkerville lost the game. I shall not explain how it happened, for that does not matter. What does matter is the fact we lost and that twenty-seven hearts were broken.

I know beyond a doubt that every sub, every player and every coach experienced for a few minutes at least, genuine heart-break. There are some, myself in-

cluded, whose disappointment lasted longer. And that is why I say twenty-four boys and three men in Walkerville Collegiate have suffered real heart-break.

A Downhearted Player.

Ludwig Van Beethoven

Ludwig Van Beethoven was born in Bonn, a little German city on the Rhine river, in 1770. Beethoven's father, who was a professional singer, was a drunkard and often a very cruel man. Had it not been for his mother, who had a very sweet disposition, Ludwig would have suffered greatly from his father's harsh severity. His parents were very poor and his father's sole interest was to make money out of him. He forced him to practise so hard that the boy soon hated practice, although he loved music.

Beethoven could play when he was four and became a composer and a conductor when he was thirteen. A year later he earned his first money as assistant court organist to his teacher, Neefe. When he was seventeen he moved to Vienna where Mozart, after hearing him said, "He will make a noise in the world."

He was a very earnest student and formed the habit of keeping note-books in which to jot down his ideas. With untiring patience he worked over and over these notes, and it is said that this habit led to his greatness. Everything he played he understood. This enabled him to give the right artistic expression to every measure of music he played.

About 1800 Beethoven became totally deaf. His last years were also made miserable by the disgraceful life of his brother's son, of whom he was guardian. In spite of his deafness he continued to compose. He was a lover of nature and once said, "I love a tree more than a man."

Beethoven wrote only nine symphonies. His Heroic Symphony was written for Napoleon, but when he learned Napoleon had declared himself Emperor of France, he destroyed the dedication. His last or Choral Symphony took five

years of hard work to compose. He wrote an oratorio "The Mount of Olives" and several smaller works for orchestra and chorus, and over two hundred and fifty songs, only a few of which are sung now.

Beethoven's music is so grand, so firmly founded upon sound musical laws, so full of great musical skill, that no musician of any time can be declared greater. The Viennese people had great respect for Beethoven and looked upon him as one of the greatest men of the country. He died in 1827, of dropsy, resulting from a cold. His funeral services were almost as elaborate as those given to kings and emperors.

KATHLEEN COX, 13A.

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

April 1. This being April fools' day, I spent most of my time playing jokes on my friends. I changed the labels on the tins of vegetables and fruit. Dessert doesn't taste very good when mixed with meat and potatoes. I don't like vegetables for dessert either. Retired early because I didn't feel well. It must be indigestion.

April 2. Felt better this morning and so I dined out (protection). We went out in Deacon's car at night. We didn't come home in it. It won't run on orange juice. P.S. It won't run!

April 3. Today we retrieved Deacon's car. Necessity is the mother of invention, but not this invention. We got 10 cents worth of Joy gas. A thing of beauty is a joy forever. Well, you can't have everything!

April 4. School was very uninteresting today so we had a chalk fight. Tsk! what a mess. White polka dots don't fit in very well with the colour scheme of our class room. Neither do we now.

April 5. Mr. McNaughton requested our presence at one of his frequent but necessary get-togethers. Our marks sure took it on the chin. Gee, I'm glad it's not near Christmas!

E. COOKE.



Naou son wuz goin' on thutty,
He'd never seed a gurl;
But jest the same I thought he should
Give married life a whirl—
"But Paw", he sed, "I don't know how
A man should treat his wife;
You know I ain't seed one o' them
All thro' ma rustic life".
And bein' as I wuz his paw,
I tried to make it clear
That 'wuz as easy as makin'
Moonshine er "Mountain cheer".
"You know the way to treat a hoss,
You've owned enough of 'em.
Well, when you get thet wife o' yourn,
You treat her jest the same".
My son asorta pondered,
Then he to me did say:
"I reckon I'll meander off
And git one right away."
So off he went down to the town,
And got hisself a spouse
Who, considerin' the odds
Did well at cleanin' house.
Two weeks ago she disappeared,
But son wuz unconcerned,
And when I ast him where she wuz,
This is what I learned—
"We went awalking t'other day,"
He said, and topped a keg,
"And while we wuz astrollin' 'long,
Pore thing, she bust her leg."

" 'Treat her like a hoss', you said,
On the day that I fust got 'er—
Well, like a hoss she bust her leg,
So like a hoss, I shot 'er."

PHILIP MONTGOMERY.

PROBLEM

You may allow yourself two and three-quarter hours to solve the following problem. There is positively no catch to it. Every fact is relevant and must be considered. If you are exceptionally intelligent you can solve it in five minutes.

A train is operated by three men named Smith, Jones and Robinson. They are fireman, brakeman and engineer, but not respectively.

On the train are three business men named Smith, Jones and Robinson.

Mr. Robinson lives in Detroit.

The brakeman lives half-way between Chicago and Detroit.

Mr. Jones earns \$2,000. per year.

Smith beats the fireman at billiards.

The brakesman's nearest neighbour, who is one of the three business men, earns exactly three times as much as the brakeman who earns exactly \$1,000.

The passenger whose name is the same as the brakeman's lives in Chicago.

Who is the engineer?

Who is the fireman?

Who is the brakeman?

(Answer on page 73)

Sacred Love

There, yonder by our lovers' lane,
Beneath the clear blue sky,
Where nature sings and calls and plays,
Where Whip-poor-wills doth cry.

There lies in sacred solitude,
My love of long past days.
There, in the precious dark cold earth,
In silent sleep she stays.

All through these dreary summer
months,
I dream of her alone.
I see again her face, her form,
I hear her haunting tone.

PAGE FORTY

How soft her lips and mine did meet
In long sweet clinging kiss!
Those big brown eyes! That sleek
black hair!

Oh, how my cat I miss!

JOE HONG, 12

On Some Hints on Reading

The university to-day is not the only source of learning in this age of extreme and rapid progress. The books, which there is a tremendous and varied abundance provide, if properly used, a vast field from which knowledge of any type or description may be culled. Johnson once said that an educated man was one who knows something about everything and everything about anything; but to-day, I believe, other things being equal, an educated man is a well-read man, who knows something about many things but specializes in one particular field. To be the master of a subject, and to be thoroughly the master of it, comes only from long, intensive training in which reading plays a vital but definite part. Any person who intends to train his mind along paths of penetration and discrimination must, of necessity, build a fundamental base from which he can go forth, looking ever upward, endeavouring to better himself, his fellow man, the world, and this fundamental cornerstone about which he intends to build his pyramid of knowledge is an analytical, discriminating and sound reading practice. The classics in one's native tongue are certainly an inspiration to any who wish to think independently for themselves, for any number of ideas can be formulated from a classic and not from a single idea, prevalent among the fictionists and lower class writers, that the author wishes one to think. Truly, the science of reading shall be as the Phoenix—immortal—for works of merit shall live long after the author's demise. The greatest purpose that a book can fulfil is to make the reader think logically for himself.

K. H. EWING, 54

The Black Population of North America

This is a story of the wild aborigines of Africa who have scaled the heights from uncivilized cannibals into law-abiding citizens in a period of little over one hundred years. No other people on earth have made such progress in such a short period of time as the Colored Folks of North America.

First brought to this continent by the original settlers, a few slaves were brought from Europe as servants with their masters. But the big percentage of the negro population in early years made the terrible trip in the slave ships direct from Africa.

These slave ships are one of the blackest spots of cruelty in the annals of history. Captives taken prisoners by the wild tribes of Africa were brought to the coast and traded for merchandise to unscrupulous whites. These poor people were jammed into the holds of sailing vessels and forced to go to another continent. Many of them died from malnutrition and disease before they reached North America where the remainder were taken to the markets and sold at auctions.

Public opinion over the world was gradually changing. The British Empire in 1833 passed a bill, that all slaves should be freed in the Dominions. In this way Canada was first to see these people living a normal life as free men on our continent.

At the same time our neighbour to the south started to agitate for the liberating of the slaves and in 1819 some of the northern states came out for abolition and the Mason Dixon line was drawn with eleven states in the south still having slavery.

Canada became a haven for slaves who had escaped from their cruel masters. One of those responsible for helping the slaves escape was John Brown about the period of 1840 to 1859. Negroes who escaped and were captured in the Northern states were returned to their original masters. By means of the underground railway many of the poor blacks

made their way into Canada and could not be sent back to the horrors from which they had escaped. These people became free men and respected citizens in their new homes.

The United States has a different story to tell of four long and bloody years of Civil War starting in 1861 before the south would do away with the fiendish system of holding human beings in bondage.

The poor negro was the pawn in this gigantic struggle for his freedom, and being illiterate he was taken advantage of by some of those who were his masters, as well as by some who made the pretense of helping the cause of freedom. An Act of 1868 finally abolished all slavery and gave the negro of the South the franchise. Since then, problems due to the racial differences between whites and blacks have caused many rifts. However, their differences are being ironed out, and it is apparent that in the near future all the difficulties that have arisen due to the Black Population will be removed from America.

MAVIS SMYTH.

The Students of W. C. I.

They come to school, and before nine,
Copy homework just in time
To get to class, and start to clown,
But finally they settle down.

Some are slick, others are late,
And some play hookey and go to skate;
They write their excuses with practised
scrawl,
And hand them over to Mr. Ball.

There are, however, the studious kind,
With here and there a master-mind.
They pore o'er books while others play,
And excell the class on 'Judgment Day'.

When it comes to Assembly they clamour and shout,
While each tries to push the others about;
They sit where they please to be with some friends,
And rush to the door when the meeting ends.

JANE FARROW.

BLUE AND WHITE



CADET OFFICERS

Front Row: N. Crapper, K. Stewart, M. Mephram, G. McGorman, W. Flint, M. Musselman.

Second Row: C. Pennock, J. Lawrence, R. Doidge, P. Crassweller, E. Roemmele, W. McLennan.

Third Row: E. Musgrave, D. Bruce.



CADET BAND

Front Row: W. Johnson, H. Chittim, R. Beauchesne, N. Crapper, Mr. Allison, J. Price, M. Boyd, M. Koval, A. Forsythe.

Middle Row: J. Carroll, B. Pollock, M. Hawkins, N. Gaskin, R. Cole, B. Hawkesworth, C. Rose, V. Gaskin.

Top Row: E. Neal, F. Pyatt, R. MacKay, B. Dulmage, W. Purdy, E. Brown, A. Hartley, P. Hauran.

CADET News

The members of our Cadet Corps, the Walkerville Collegiate Cameron Highlanders, have every right to be proud of themselves.

The Corps was organized by our principal and friend, Mr. McNaughton, in 1924. When Mr. McNaughton became principal, the late Mr. L. A. Philp succeeded him, and now our own Mr. O'Brien is handling the instructions in as capable a manner as possible.

Since its organization our Corps has won the district competition twelve out of sixteen times. Every lad in the tartan conducted himself in a first class soldierly manner and all are to be congratulated on their fine show of prestige. The band, better than ever, the signal section still performing perfectly, and the ambulance corps, still standing the test in a fine manner, strengthened the already fine precision of our four companies.

Our instructors, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Allison, Mr. Bunt, Mr. Young and Mr. White must have felt satisfied knowing that it was their extra effort that played the greatest part in our success. Every officer and cadet is to be congratulated. It's not your cadet corps, not his, not mine, but it's our cadet corps.

Our efforts in P.T. classes and on the parade ground won Walkerville the physical training trophy for the first time this year. Our standing in the past was always excellent, but this year we were in a class of our own.

On the arrival of their Majesties, our Walkerville Cadets were among the first to welcome the royal visitors to our fair city. Our boys lined the C.N.R. tracks

near the Ford plant and "did themselves proud" in the long wait for our gracious Sovereign and his Queen.

Each and every lad wearing the Cameron plaid has a tradition to live up to. The Clan Cameron was described as "fiercer than fierceness itself". The green, black, yellow and red of Cameron of Euach have been borne in battle for

(Continued on page 77)



The question every cadet officer should ask himself: "Am I as offensive as I might be?"



FORM 5A

Front Row: J. St. Pierre, M. Aitken, M. Leithead, J. Hutchison, K. Cox, Miss Dickie, B. Jarvie, A. Luxford, M. Luxford, D. Wyeth, M. McGrath, M. Black.
 Middle Row: I. Ritchie, M. Hong, A. Mooney, H. Dunning, B. Sibbald, M. Patterson, E. Vizzard, R. Davis, K. Ewing, B. Taylor, S. Hughes, Dave Morley, C. Spurgeon, J. Lawson, R. Liddell.
 Top Row: P. Hauran, S. Beauvais, G. McGorman, J. Cassidy, M. Luborsky, Dick Morley, B. Baldwin, R. Williams, R. MacKay, G. Kocela, W. Dickie, J. Seltzer.



FORM 5-B

Front Row: A. Daniels, S. Kiborn, H. McClymont, M. Howie, J. O'Loane, F. Kempson, M. Cunningham, P. Cobbett, M. Caple, M. Cornwall, E. McKenzie, P. Wright, M. Spitkoski.

Second Row: M. Brewer, M. Griffith, T. Trimble, R. Woonton, T. Bradley, Mr. White, I. McCrindle, J. Henry, J. Glos, J. Lawrence, J. Fuller, F. Thatcher.

Back Row: L. Wright, P. Awad, P. Montgomery, G. Balint, J. R. Young, A. Blakely, J. O. Young, T. Strickland, B. George, W. Davidson, A. Ellis.



FORM 5C

Front Row: M. Harvie, A. McGrath, G. Greenshields, J. Tackaberry, H. Heffernan, G. Stokes, M. Beckett, E. Stevens, G. Roach, I. Lees, W. Dower, M. Leyden, A. Wilson.
 Middle Row: D. Spence, J. Noakes, K. McGrath, M. Reed, C. Pennock, N. Mitchell, Miss McLaren, O. McMillan, P. Crassweller, G. Sansburn, E. Martin, M. Musselman.
 Top Row: R. Gelinas, J. Braidford, J. Price, D. Warren, B. Patterson, L. Camlis, D. Hand, A. Lutzak, J. Brode.



SOCIETY COLUMN

By Jo-Anne Carr

After a tiresome siege of Christmas exams came the commencement exercises, which brought to a close the first term—a term filled with rugby games, soccer games, tea dances, inter-collegiate tennis matches and lots of hard work. To some this day was merely the last day of school; to others it was most significant, for merit pins, athletic awards, graduation diplomas and scholarship awards were given out. And just note this! This year pupils from Walkerville Collegiate won nearly **three thousand dollars** in scholarships. Earl McAlpine alone won scholarships valued at \$725., including the Carter scholarship for the highest standing in Essex County. The valedictorian chosen from the graduating year was Ray Samson. Mr. Daynes, chairman of the Windsor Board of Education, acted as chairman.

Each year Walkerville graduates go farther and farther afield. This year Julius Klinec, who won the Athletic scholarship to Lawrence Tech. is attending that school. Ruth Gregory, Joyce Owen, Tom Robson and Walter Little are studying at the University of Toronto. Lasse Pahjola, who won a scholarship to study music at the Sherwood School, is in Chicago.

Not always is the Windsor climate all that is to be desired. Too many times we have thought that Winter was here, only to find that within a few hours the lovely snow had turned to slush, the longed-for ice had melted. It is always the exception, however, which proves the rule and this year was indeed the exception. Day after day Mr. Klinck's brigade was busy keeping the school rink in condition. What a treat it was to have inter-form hockey games and

(Continued on page 75)

FORM NEWS



Fifth Form

5A French Lesson

Nine o'clock has ushered in
The start of another day,
And bad or good it must be lived
By the pupils of 5A.

"Who put this sentence on the board?"
Is now the questioning cry;
The answer comes in halting tones,
"Please, miss, I think 'twas I".

" 'Tis plain to see why you didn't confess,
You should be in form three,
For I've repeated and repeated this,
Until it sickens me".

"Which sentence was I reading?
I seem to have lost the place.
Surely, class, you see the mistake—
You are a hopeless case!"

"They tell me you are an A-1 form,
But that I cannot see,
For wherever they got their opinion,
They didn't consult me."

"Well, there goes the bell again,
And, as usual, we are not through;
But take the next two lessons,
That isn't much to do."

Anon.

Romanis Latinium

Penthisilia invito Dumnorix to super-
are tonitrus and he rapto at the portus
and cum celerriter. She parcere him at
the tablum and federi him amo and ego
and for desertum pietas and cecidi and
jam, which he et gladius and vina which
puto him unde the tablum with the pup-
pis and amicitiam. He also had reddis-
haetio. She sed, "Leti ussi ambuli into
the frontis rumor". They densus to the
radiator. They then venti and setti on the
saphus. He puto his armis around her
and she said, "nix, you mugio, quid id".
He sed, "Afui, cum, cum, my petere".
And he venti to hia ni on the carpo and
sed, "mare mihi, my honi". Interea pos-
osii! He sed, "Levi quicquam, or I will
socius you". Dumnorix entum.

Can It Happen Here?

The date, to be exact, was Feb. 22,
1940. It, in itself, will perhaps have little,
if any, memories for those not fortunate
enough to be in our select class—those
not privileged, that is, to hear the gentle
but definitely argumentative discussion
on why India should have self-government.
A tame topic for an Upper School debate,
you remark as you settle down for that
badly-needed half-hour's rest. Little did
you realize that this same topic, not much
later, was to have the teacher accused of
communistic principles and the pupils in a
frenzied state of bitter rivalry. The battle
waged strong.

and furious; first hand information was brought to the fore by our shining founts of wisdom; our usually silent girls surprised us by expressing opinions; unusual discoveries were made about our fellow students—when in the midst of all this bedlam rang the bell. Did this stop us? No! To the immense surprise of the onlookers, we continued—yes, down the hall, in spite of one teacher's "Watch your line there, you're out of step", until we were recalled from the future of our elocutive aspirations by "All right, class".

J. HUTCHISON.

FLASH!

Northern Universities in the United States in 1939 came into the limelight with their goldfish-eating students.

W. C. I. goes them one better in 1940. The Biology class in its first year of existence in the school can proudly boast of one George Balint who expressed his liking for preserved earthworms. With a broad grin and a watering mouth George held the worm in position to be dropped down his gullet—when the bell rang!

Cliff Pennock, Bill Paterson, 13C

* * *

"Oh, yes," reflected Miss Dickey, after hearing a 5A debate, "No wonder I was warm at the back of the room. There was so much hot air circulating about."

* * *

Wright (on sentry duty): "Halt! Who goes there?"

Camlis: "You shut your mouth or I'll come and knock your block off!"

Wright: "Pass, friend!"

* * *

Gordon Sansburn: "I had a beard like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look, I cut it off."

Bill George: "I had a face like yours once, and when I realized I couldn't cut it off, I grew this beard to cover it up."

5A 5-Minute Interviews

- 1 Weakness
- 2 Favourite Food
- 3 Whom I admire most
- 4 What I did last summer
- 5 My ambition.

Steve Hughes: (1) Girls; (2) Welch's Grape Juice; (3) S. B. G.; (4) Ate; (5) Own a fruit store.

Amy Jean Luxford: (1) Teachers; (2) My own make; (3) Mary Jane; (4) Baked; (5) Chief chef in Royal York.

Ken Ewing: (1) Spouting; (2) Caviar; (3) Sherlock Holmes; (4) Knitted socks (5) Be a detective.

Betty Sibbald: (1) Oldsmobiles; (2) Rye Crisp; (3) Mr. Ball; (4) Well? (5) More Oldsmobiles.

Bill Baldwin: (1) Laughing; (2) Scones; (3) Miss Dickie; (4) My usual; (5) To bother Williams.

Evelyn Vizzard: (1) Trumpets; (2) Crumpets; (3) Trumpet players; (4) Listened to trumpets; (5) To marry one.

Roy McKay: (1) Weight lifting; (2) Spinach; (3) Tarzan; (4) Weight-lifted; (5) To lift 2,000 pounds.

Charles Spurgeon: (1) Tinker toys; (2) Pablum; (3) Baby Sandy; (4) Played with my tinker toys; (5) To have No. 5 Erector set.

* * *

Teacher: "A boy who laughs loudly at old, feeble jokes is probably of low intellect."

Thornton Strickland: "Not if a teacher tells the jokes."

* * *

Mr. Ball: "How far are you from the right answer?"

Bob Liddell: "Two seats."

* * *

FOUND

Wad of gum under seat in Mr. Ball's class. Owner may apply for same by calling at office and giving full description.

A roll of \$5. bills. Owners will please form a line at the front entrance of the school.

Fourth Form

12C's Contribution to Walkerville's Realm of Sport

Senior Soccer: Al Scorgie,
Gord Chambers.

Mr. Klinck's Senior Soccer Team set our sports year off well by reaching the city finals, losing unfortunately to Vocational Rough Riders. Our Soccer team defeated a C.I.L. team two games out of three in exhibition matches.

Senior Rugby: Wilson Montrose, Norm Crapper, Max Koval, Ed. Lowther.

Our Senior Rugby Team had rather a poor season this year despite lots of fight on the part of the fellows and good coaching under Mr. Allison. They did, however, manage to lick the league-leading Vocational Team in their final game.

Junior Rugby: Bob Mitchell.

Our Junior Rugby Team under the capable coaching of Mr. Bunt played a good brand of football, and were defeated in the City Finals by the Kennedy Clippers only after a bitter struggle.

Senior Basketball: Al Scorgie.

Mr. Allison had another fighting team but they were doomed to failure. They won some games but not enough to win the championship Walkerville craves.

Junior Basketball: Pete Ferlick.

Mr. Young's Junior Team played basketball and played well but unfortunately they ran into tough opposition. They, too, are out of the running but only after a stiff fight.

Senior Hockey: Gord Chambers,
Howie Giles.

Mr. Bunt sent another team to the City Finals. This team played excellent hockey and went under only after giving the irresistible Purple Raiders some real competition in a total-goal series.

Song Dedications of 12D

Rosalind Renaud: "Chew, Chew Your Bubble Gum".

Jeannette Jackson: "I'm Just Wild about Harry".

Method Janik: "Dreamer's Waltz".

Vernal German: "Prelude in C# Minor".

Milton Featherstone: "Ain't 'Cha coming Out?"

Dot Chandler: "I Must Have One More Kiss".

Ron Doidge: "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

Cam Myers: "Cuban Boogie Woogie".

Cam Evans: "Conn's Clothes".

Ross Walton: "Beer Barrel Polka".

Don Munroe: "Little Brown Jug".

Evelyn Wyeth: "Oh, Johnny."

Judith Davies: "Jumpin' Jive".

Ed. Cooke: "The Little Man Who Wasn't There".

"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" Bill Featherstone.

"If I Knew Then" Albert Schalgo.

"Ma! He's Making Eyes at Me" Kathleen Jenkins.

"I've Got My Eyes on You" Mr. Klinck.

Philosophy of 12A

The more you study, the more you know.
The more you know, the more you can forget.

The more you can forget, the more you do forget.

The more you do forget, the less you know.

So—why study?

* * *

Stranger Than Fiction

Sybil Watts with no homework done.
Bob Bennett getting into trouble.

Rita Mayes not at a Senior Hockey game.

Shirley Southerst behaving herself.

Jack Panabaker not wearing eye-filling socks.

Mr. Burr saying "There'll be no homework for to-morrow's class."

Can You Imagine

Rosie Renaud not chewing gum?
 Walter Podolsky doing any work?
 Vernal German with straight hair?
 George Patillo talking to a girl?
 Margaret Mears as an "Oomph" girl?
 Doug Shields causing a commotion?
 George Slobadanuck not talking?
 Forbes Thompson answering English questions?
 Ernest Musgrave as a soprano?
 Barbara Kelly not talking?
 Dorothy Chandler winking?
 John Kerr without his camera?
 Ross Walton on a diet?
 Mr. Swanson with a new joke?
 Fraser Houston without gaudy socks?
 Robert (Slapsy) Maxwell as Robert Taylor?
 Jeannette Jackson without Philip Morris?
 Emerson Williams without Claribelle?
 Ronnie Doidge commended for punctuality?
 Jo-Anne Carr as a red-head?
 Milton Featherstone as a ballet dancer?
 Method Janick as a jitter-bug?

FROM A PUPIL

Mr. Hugill dear, please stay and hear
 What I am going to tell.
 What my opinion is this year
 Of your electric bell.
 The circuit's closed, the current flows,
 The coil it magnetizes.
 The bell, it rings—no whistle blows;
 What! No end to earth's surprises?
 Just now Miss Tunks is concentrating
 On a creature called index;
 Perhaps a thorough fumigating
 Would cure that lousy X!
 Around the World in Eighty Days,
 It should be heavenly.
 But after forty minutes,
 No, I can't agree.
 Now teachers, please don't punish me,
 Just laugh, don't take off marks.
 But then you wouldn't punish me,
 For your bites aren't as bad as your barks, I hope.

MARGARET VAIL, 12A.

12A FORM NEWS

Claire Bennett—
 She's tall and kinda thin;
 She can giggle and make you grin.
 Jim McCubbrey—
 Here comes Jim with his wobbly gait;
 He never hurries - but he's never late.
 Dorothy Vanstone—
 She wouldn't be good if she could,
 And she couldn't be good if she would.
 Virginia Langlois—
 Her life is like a story-book with a new hero in every chapter.
 Mary Jane Harvey—
 The only way she can keep a secret is in circulation.
 Betty Gray—
 Good goods in a small package.
 Ruth Font—
 When she has nothing else in the evenings, she studies.
 Marian Seaton—
 Marian, we are here to say,
 Will really be someone, some day.
 Doug. McGrath—
 He's always feeling at his best
 When he can be the constant pest.
 Herbert Todgham—
 Has both hands on the wheel,
 His eye on the road to success.
 Joyce Whipple—
 She keeps early hours . . .
 The wee, small ones.
 Russel Kinghorn—
 God bless the man who invented sleep.

* * *

Mr. Bunt told Betty Gray that a faint heart never won a man, but it did in Betty's case. Mr. Robb, one of the inspectors, thought Betty a very shy—but delightful and clever—blushing maiden, when he questioned her in the Physics class. All the girls now want to know her technique.

* * *

Miss McLaren: "The world belongs to the energetic."
 Jack Woodrow: "Who wants the world anyway?"

Third Form XID GOSSIP

What is more interesting than to accompany the XID class around for one day and see the many interesting things that we see? One never fails to see Jane M. talking to two young men in front of Mr. Fletcher's room every morning. It is a thrill to sit and listen to Nellie S. and Mr. Fletcher in a debate about some geometry question or to see Alan Weatherhead jump when Miss Robbins exclaims "Levez-vous"! Where does Warren S. get those preposterous answers that he gives to Mr. Swanson in the chemistry class? We all wonder how Margaret H. can get fifty out of fifty in her chemistry test. Mary B. seems to be enjoying the Latin class much more since she has been moved into her present position. It is a sight for sore eyes when Stan B. walks into the classroom with one of his dazzling, yellow striped ties. What other class in the school can bring forth such a miscellaneous crowd as XID?

MAC HAWKINS.

Eleven D

We, the pupils of eleven D,
Are just as good as we can be;
Although we always have lots of fun,
We usually have our homework done.
The teachers never yell at us,
Because we never make a fuss,
That we are clever we'll have to admit,
But we don't like to boast of it.
Mr. Malania reads us Socrates,
A play that tells us about Ancient Greece;
And he is very anxious that we
Use the English language properly.
From Miss McLaren we learn Ancient History
Which, to most of us, is all a mystery.
We learn what the republic of Rome
used to be
Way back in 509 B.C.
We take extra Latin from Miss McGrath,
And Mr. Allison teaches extra Math.

From Mr. Swanson we learn Chemistry,
And Mr. Fletcher teaches Geometry.
We don't know if school does us any good,

But the way we study it certainly should.

We try our best to be good students,
But sometimes school is just a nuisance.
And all of us think that it is cruel
To make us do homework after school,
But we notice the teachers never try
To omit our homework . . . we wonder why?

MARIE PARTRIDGE, III

SCHOOL LIFE

Dashing footsteps here and there,
Books so jumbled: do you care?
Classes start at nine you know,
Don't delay, must hurry so
Tidy up and answer call,
Then dash straight across the hall.
Noon has already come to pass.
Time for dashing out of class!
Bits of bread and bits of cake
Gobbled down with quick intake.
Hear the footsteps outside the door,
Ah, it is time for classes more!
Tic, tic, tock; the time goes fast,
Four o'clock has come at last.
Stumbling, tripping, gathering books,
Taking coats from off their hooks.
Oh yes, school life is what we need—
For knowledge is a friend indeed!

SYLVIA SCHERBANK, 11F

An Ode to XID

I hope that I shall never see
A class as smart as XID.
We study hard and work all day,
And for this job receive no pay.
Our homework you'll find is always done,
But this can't prevent us from having fun.
There never is a pupil late,
Our work is always up-to-date.
All our pupils are clean and neat,
To meet these students is sure a treat.
They're the smartest class in Walker-ville High,
Pity the one who dares deny!

RUTH RAWLING

Second Form

Grade 10 Minute Interviews

- 1 Hobby
 - 2 Whom I admire most
 - 3 Ambition
 - 4 Favourite food.
- Lucy Cavanaugh: (1) Collecting jokes; (2) Jack Carol; (3) Waitress; (4) Garlic.
- Betty Lanspeary: (1) Eavesdropping; (2) Mr. Ball; (3) Public speaker; (4) Ice cream.
- Joyce Bullen: (1) Shows; (2) Mr. White; (3) Actress; (4) Spinach.
- Pat Long: (1) Criticising; (2) Muriel Binkly; (3) Get married; (4) Lipstick.
- Margaret Wiseman: (1) Swimming; (2) Miss Brown; (3) Boxer; (4) Peas.
- Eunice Storey: (1) Latin; (2) Mr. Hartford; (3) To pass; (4) Sugar.
- Murray Findlay: (1) Jitterbugging; (2) Won't tell; (3) Marry; (4) Soap.
- Bob Keith: (1) Trouble; (2) Mr. Allison; (3) Loafing; (4) Beans.

La Classe Francaise

Miss Evans - Teacher

When there are four periods in the morning we can hardly escape the third period.

"Let words be unconfined."

We enter "La Classe Francaise" for a hectic forty minutes. There we see what! ? Dick Carr is sitting in the corner facing the wall already and Carole Glasby has started talking, too. As the class continues Ron Johnson lets out with a long session of nose-blowing sounding like the Queen Mary's foghorns in action. There's George Bake editing the "Daily Drool", the paper which advertises those notable little novelty name-plates and school shields sold by Ken Rutherford for only five cents. All models are properly shellacked. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

I wonder if "Goose" Goslin knows this is a French class? There's George Moor back for about the fifteenth time. Sometimes I wonder why Betty Woodruff

seems to always forget her French book. Maybe it's because she can look on with Bob Langlois. We can't forget that little lady who walks around the room writing the names of the lazy and those who talk too much. There is Charley Priestley's Basic French hidden in his desk and he's looking on with Godfrey Greenhow. Look closely and you will see chalk drawings on the desk or smell burning rubber during sunny days, but the magnifying glass suddenly disappears as our teacher appears in the aisle writing down more names.

There's Dot Smith chewing gum again . . . or is it tobacco? No, it's gum; and she's been seen. Oh, Oh! Five marks off. As we read a French sentence together out loud we always find Allan Roach at least two words behind. There are Dave Biggar and George Bake fighting over Helda Leuchter and Barbara Nix is writing down her name on Annabelle Waymouth's autograph blouse as Mlle. Evans goes to the door. A tremendous shout fills the room and echoes through the hall as our honourable teacher announces an assembly for all grades nine and ten, and George Moor is sent to the office for drowning out the rest of us. We all wait for Stan Allison's fitting wise-crack but all remains silent.

This was Georgie's last chance. Look at Bob Langlois making eyes at June Laidlaw. They've recently discovered that they're cousins.

There are only two minutes left to the French period and we can't leave Jim Jenkins' pants unheard of. I've never seen a wilder set of coloured checker boards thrown together to make one pair of pants!

Ah! There's the bell! All of us walk out of the room leaving many a famous game of "X's" and "O's" behind, and wondering whether our names are down on that little pad; but Eric Potter lingers behind to pile thirty-five dictionaries in one wobbling pile or to write hastily "foo" on the blackboard, better known as the tableau-noire.

Godfrey Greenhow, 10B.

Ode to 10F

I looked into the crystal ball
As clear as clear could be;
Saw a vision of 10F
And the future that would be.
Saw Ronald Payne in sky blue tights,
Doing somersaults in the air;
While down below saw "Stud Soumis"
In the cage with a polar bear.
Saw Thelma Wighton on the radio,
Telling jokes "that used to be";
While Walter Johnson in the next studio
Giving lectures on democracy.
Saw Chucky Laing, a barker,
When the circus came to town;
And Jim Ouellette, the tatooed man,
In colours pink and brown.
I then saw Jimmy Howard
Lifting three hundred pound weights;
While coy little Ruthie Johnson
Is trying to keep track of her dates.
Mabelle Nantais as the "Singing Lady",
Telling stories to the kiddies;
While Audrey Duddy in her kitchen
Is singing tuneful little ditties.
Doreen Brooks behind the camera,
Getting tested for "Society Pull";
While in the next studio Bob Johnson
Is getting tested for "Ferdinand the Bull".
Saw Jean Postill doing the hula hula
On the golden Hawaiian shore;
While Barbara Hutchinson in the city
Is modelling furs in a New York store.
Saw Bryce Grant in a bell boy's uniform,
Irene Kutcha clerking in a ten-cent
store;
Saw Bonnie Huson on the stage in
Broadway,
And Gordon Smyth outside the bar-
room door.
Saw Melvin Carriere, little lad,
Digging ditches out in Puce;
While Louis Gould, whose art is bad,
Is crying out "Oh, what's the use?"
Saw Murphy McKinley with a silver cup
Miss Western Ontario, she;
And Ella Dupuis as a bridesmaid
At Dorothy Green's wedding to be.
Saw Genevieve singing in opera
In Germany, Italy and France;
While Margaret in a new tartan plaid
Was doing a new Highland dance.

Well, there are lots of others I could
use,
And I certainly would if I could;
So I'll have to remember the next time
And scram while the getting is good.

DOROTHY SOUTHERST.

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Mr. Burr: "Sit up."
Miss Tape: "Put your name on the side
board."
Mr. Fletcher: "Now for your home-
work."
Miss Post: "Put those chairs back
where you got them."
Miss Evans: "Keep quiet."
Miss Black: "That's the last time I'll
tell you."
Miss Saunders: "The basses of the boys'
choir will practice at noon to-day."
Mr. Allison: "Now, when I was in Ger-
many . . ."
Mr. Carter: "No, that argument won't
hold water."
Mr. Young: "Some day I'm going to go
in next door and clean up on some
of you boys." (Referring to Miss
Evans' class.)

WE WONDER:

If Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Allison pract-
ised much ping-pong at home before
daring to play in school.

What Mr. Carter has in his little
brief case every day.

Why Miss Post always stands in the
rear of the room between Thelma Wigh-
ton and Dorothy Southerst.

Whether Miss Black knows what she
is getting into when she tries to teach
10F to dance in P.T.

Why Miss McGrath doesn't forget to
give homework in Latin and French to
10F even once a week.

Why teachers always scold 10F for
being so dumb.

Why teachers don't tell jokes (or at
least funny and new ones).

* * *

50,000 people died last year from the
effects of gas; 1,000 died from breath-
ing it, while 49,000 stepped on it.

TEACHERS

We wonder what some of the teachers would be doing if they weren't teaching us?

- Mr. O'Brien—Street Cleaner
- Mr. Allison—Fuller Brush Man
- Mr. Carter—Professional Wrestler
- Mr. Bunt—Selling Shoe Laces
- Mr. Klinck—Mail Man
- Miss Black—A Happy Housewife
- Mr. Ball—A Store Detective
- Miss Auld—Conducting a jazz orchestra
- Miss Post—Artist's Model
- Mr. White—A high pressure salesman
- Miss Robbins—Directing the play 'Gone With the Wind' for Walkerville students
- Miss McGrath—Working in Five & Ten
- Miss Brown—Too Bad!
- Mr. Swanson—An Opera Singer
- Mr. Hugill—In the Navy
- Mr. Malania—Giving speeches on world affairs
- Miss Vining—Writing books on what's wrong with the world.
- Miss Saunders—Lady crooner on Amos and Andy
- Miss Dickey—Back in Ireland
- Mr. Fletcher—W. P. A. Worker
- Miss Bergoine—Working on a newspaper
- Miss Tape—Writing poems
- Miss Tunks—Jitterbug
- Miss McClaren—Ballet Dancer
- Mr. Hartford—A bass in a boys' choir.

T. W. 10F.

Song Dedications

- 10F "Are you having any fun?"
- Murphy McKinley at 8.59 $\frac{3}{4}$: "I didn't know what time it was".
- Leonard Perkes: "Scatterbrain".
- Barbara Hutchinson: "Chatterbox".
- Eleanor Saunders: "An Apple for the Teacher".
- Bob Yates: "Careless".
- Leslie Coulter: "Holy Smoke, Can't You Take a Joke?"
- Dorothy Southerst: "Stop, It's Wonderful".
- Thelma Wighton: "In the Mood".

FORM 10A INTERVIEWS

1. Alias.
2. Age.
3. Characteristic.
4. Ambition
5. Weakness.

Huber Strickland: 1, Gabby; 2, Older than you think; 3, Talking; 4, Join the circus; 5, French.

James Bartlet: 1, Bottle; 2, Too young to know; 3, Flirting; 4, Trying to look handsome; 5, Wimmin'.

Walter Jones: 1, Jonesey; 2, Considerable; 3, Really an "A" pupil; 4, Chief garbage collector; 5, His hair.

Margaret Bartlet: 1, Meg (nut-meg); 2, Too big to spank; 3, "Um", "er" and "well", 4 ?; 5, That would be telling.

Margaret Coulter: 1, Peggy; 2, Old enough; 3, ?; 4, Prima donna; 5, Boys whose names begin with "B".

Familiar Sayings of 10A Teachers

Miss Tape: Outside rows to the board, please.

Mr. Burr: Have you done your homework - by yourself?

Miss Robbins: Morceau de dictée.

Miss Saunders: Girls, where did we leave off last day?

CAROL EVANS.

Homework Calls!

The sun is sinking in the west,
For now the day is done;
And I turn to thoughts of homework
Instead of a night of fun.
A feeling of sadness and longing
That captures me each night,
Is the thought that I have mentioned
When I feel so gay and bright.
It glues me down to the seat of my chair,
And I take my pen in hand,
I think not of my homework,
But of pleasure in the land.
I think of music and gay lights,
Of happiness sublime;
And then I turn to homework . . .
But no thoughts can I find!

M. JOHNSON, 9A

First Form

GRADE 9 FORM NEWS

Heilo reader, and how are you,
This small book belongs to you;
And its stories, all that's in it
Is for you to enjoy each minute.
The Blue and White will try to be
The book for you, the book for me;
Full of essays, stories, jokes,
Just the thing for all the folks.
DICK LARKIN, 9C

Some Nautical Definitions

Stem—Motive power of stemboats.
Reef—Plural of roof.
Hull—(See Ottawa).
Keel—To murder or to slay.
Ships—Coloured red, white and blue
and used in poker.
Sloop—Noise made when eating soup.
Yawl—Pardon my Southern accent.
Knots—Short, snappy retort, as in "Aw
knots", or "knots to you".
Helm—Not a nice word.
Tow—You most always stub it when
you try to sneak into the house
without being heard.

Famous Sayings of 9-D:

Al Carriere—I forgot my book.
Ralph Calaguire—But, Mr. Bunt!
Pearl Tiller—I'm just crazy about him.
Mr. Young—Get to work.
Nick Saad—How do you do it?

Who is the girl who haunts the door
at the opening of every period? We
know, don't we, Gloria?

Definition: A kiss is an anatomical
juxtaposition of two orbicular muscles
in a state of contraction.

HISTORY

James I died? (When, oh, when!)
Was London Tower built by Wren?
What if Columbus sailed the sea—
What really does it mean to me?
Then "Charlie" died upon the block,
And Guy Fawkes' plans went on the
rock.

Aboukir, Trafalgar, and old Toulon
Come to remind me of "Poleon".
When sovereigns war upon the foe,
I wonder if they really know
The trouble that they bring to me,
As I strive to learn my history.

— M. M. and L. P., 9D.

* * *

Sports

We were hooked!
The boys of 9C and 9D want to know
why they can't swim.
Attention, Mr. Bunt!

* * *

Our Members Ten Years From Now.
Tom Hornsby—Catching up with his
Science notes.
Gordon Shaw—A professor.
Beth Crittenden—Married.

* * *

Does Beth drop her books on purpose
so that Bob will pick them up?

Do you know why Don Sinclair washes
his ears so carefully these days? Well,
it's because he wants to hear some of
the whispered answers of the exam
prompters. Now, Don!

Here are some miracles that could
happen in 9-D:

Laura Bromley being caught not talk-
ing in Math. class.

Lois Peacock making a mistake.

Gordon Shaw pouring over the last of
his encyclopaedia to find some larger
words.

Pearl Tiller finally getting a good mark
in Math.

Tom Hornsby handing out detentions as
a teacher.

Bob Millmun leading a happy bachelor
life.

Marj. Ward becoming bald.

Lloyd Kennedy on a soap-box in New
York preaching Socialism to the
people.

* * *

Lois Peacock, who gets the highest
marks in class, doesn't like exams. We
wonder what the boys who get 30% and
40% think of them?

You should ask Ken Ouellette to smile
some time. He has the cutest dimples
you ever did see.

9A Looks Ahead

It seems that 9A has quite a few promising young people in it. Tom's hockey record assures us that he will be a great hockey star. Roy's ardour in choir rehearsal presages him to become a great singer. Also Beverly W. has already at this early date shown promise of rivaling Paul Robeson. Kazimer we are sure will bring fame to our midst by the melodious exquisite sounds we hear produced on his "Ethiopian Piano"—mouth organ.

Marilyn Johnson undoubtedly will pen her way to fame while our Shirley may sail in matrimonial seas humming Marilyn's lullabies. Did you know that Guy Patton has hobbies galore but that we picture him ranking high in aeronautics? George Morrison we see in gown and cap, laden with books hurrying to that next lecture. Jane and Eunice we are sure will find success in the literary world. Don Kilpatrick will be singing merrily while he surveys waste mountain regions and builds bridges such as we have only dreamed of.

Willie O'Neil and Joey Grant will certainly make for the wide open spaces. Bob H. aims to get his M.D., but we do not recommend six movies a week. Helen will prove the perfect hostess serving Soble Tea and Coffee. Gladys and Margaret R. we vision excelling at the Olympics. Margaret Smith, our popular representative, will charm her way into someone's heart ere long, we know. Pat and Norman, those bushy pals, will box their way to utmost joy. Daisy . . . Well, Daisies won't tell, but we believe that she and Sadie, in their quiet way will shine in the Hall of Fame.

George Turnbull will shine in journalistic spheres with Betty Thompson running him a close race. Eleanor and Pearl, Anne and Louise, our petite members have kept hidden the picture they may seek. Bill Allan and Frank will write the "Now" column we are sure if present actions and words count. Warren and Bob haven't decided what course to pursue but we wish them luck. David, dark and handsome, should out-star

Clark Gable. Doris, Betty and Emily, our "Jeanies with the light-brown hair" we feel certain will put Home Economics to very good use.

Good luck to all of them!

It Can't Happen in 9B

Don Geddes not flirting with someone.
Betty Downie not winking at a certain someone.

Stuart Johnson without his dimples.

Yvonne Weston not posing.

Roy Hutton with any work done.

Brock Jones not singing.

Enid Greenhalf not working.

Lenore Batters not looking angelic.

Jean Snyder not talking.

Bruce Wilson not wiggling his ears.

Day Roberts not teasing Miss Evans.

Walter Patterson without his red wig.

Don Bennett not looking for trouble.

Marie Lavis without a big word.

Shirley Gible not being a bad girl.

Jack Creed not looking for a new way to put a curl in his hair.

Gloria Verway not making eyes.

George Mall and Jack Small being sensible.

Bill Gillet with the key to his locker here.

Ted Waffle being the school Romeo.

Gordon Vail not looking silly.

Fred Hawkworth not asking personal questions.

Joyce Gladstone not trying to wink.

Jack: Why is love like an apple pie?

John: Some crust and a lot of apple sauce.

* * *

A lecture is the process by which notes of the professor become the notes of students without passing through the minds of either.

* * *

An egotist is a man who insists on talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself.



SPORTS



Front Row: E. Musgrave, Mr. McNaughton, Mr. Allison, C. Rose, A. Ellis.
Back Row: J. Gubb, N. Crapper, P. Brydges.

Boys' Athletic Executive

President	Cliff Rose
Hon. President -	Mr. J. L. McNaughton
Vice President	Percy Brydges
Secretary	Army Ellis
Treasurer	Mr. A. Fletcher
Publicity	Ernie Musgrave
	Norm Crapper - Jack Gubb

The boys' athletic executive is elected by the student body to carry out the extra activities concerning sports. This year's boys' athletic executive continued

the sale of school crests begun last year. The executive sponsored a few tea-dances after the basketball games and arranged for bus transportation for the students so that they would be able to see football and hockey games. The addition of a publicity group to the boys' athletic proved to be a great asset this year. This group advertised all the games and tried to foster more school spirit in the school. We are sure that this year's executive has carried out its work proficiently and will continue its fine work for the remainder of the term.

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: D. Munroe, W. Hamilton, Mr. Allison, C. Rose, E. Musgrave, R. Green.
Second Row: M. Koval, D. Hand, W. Dulmage, A. Forsyth, W. Featherstone, C. Pennock,
E. Lowther.
Third Row: V. Gaskin, W. Montrose, R. Morley, L. Camlis, N. Crapper.

SENIOR FOOTBALL

Last fall our football team had to fight all the bad breaks that came along. The number of breaks against our team seemed to outnumber the ones they received and thus their morale and destiny were broken.

They had a good, fast back-field; but ineligibility played havoc with it and they lost two reliable performers in Len Camlis and Alastair Barron after the first game.

In the first game against Sandwich the boys just couldn't seem to get going and with many set-backs, they came out on the short end of a 20—1 score.

The second game against Kennedy Clippers started out with a spurt, but soon wilted and ended up with another loss of 21—2. Although the score seemed tremendous it was a bitterly fought struggle with our Tartans fighting to the very last whistle.

The Purple Raiders of Assumption were the next opponents to run up against our sturdy lads, who gained mom-

entum in this game and gave a good account of themselves. In this contest they managed to pull up to their opponents' goal line, but, their bigger, heavier rivals repelled them with a score of 11—8. Aside from the one-sided score this was their second best game of the year.

The Patterson Panthers provided heavy competition for the next game, for they repelled our valiant gridders 10 to 3, after a fierce goal-line stab made by our team. Our boys were on their goal-line. Three times the ball was snapped back and three times the team was squelched by the heavy Panthers.

The next game was the climax of our football season. It was played against the Vocational Rough Riders with the absence of their back-field twins. This fact injected a high spirit in our club which outplayed and outscored the W.O. S.S.A. champions 5—1. This was the only game in which the blue and white warriors seemed to have any breaks and they took advantage of them.

(Continued on page 74)

BLUE AND WHITE



Back Row: R. McDonald, G. Moor, G. Goslin, D. Kidd, G. Malott, S. Walsh, G. Childerhose, K. Rose.

Middle Row: T. Hornsby, J. Broveshuk, F. Kamp, R. Doidge (Capt.), T. Johns, R. Payne, J. Norris, D. Mitchell.

Front Row: J. Morris, J. Panabaker, R. Evans, Mr. C. Bunt (Coach), D. St. Denis, J. Woodrow, E. Roemmele, R. Mitchell.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Walkerville turned out a junior football team that gave a very creditable showing in the league play, winning its way to the final playoffs. Much credit is to be given to Mr. Bunt, the coach whose interest in the team never lagged.

Walkerville dropped its first game 12 to 1 to Kennedy, who later became the W.O.S.S.A. champions. This was a hard-fought battle, but the Blue and Gold gridders were just a little too much for our Tartans.

The boys hit their stride in the next game at Stodgell Park and trounced Assumption 13—0. The Tartans were masters for the whole game and the outcome was never in doubt.

At Kennedy Stadium Walkerville and Patterson battled 60 minutes for mastery that day, but deadlock reigned. The final score was 0—0. True sportsman-

ship and team spirit were shown in this game.

Walkerville's fight for the supremacy of the junior league was helped by her victory over Sandwich 6—3. The Tartans romped away with this victory in fine style, avenging the defeat that the seniors suffered from Sandwich. Panabaker accounted for 5 points and Evans for 1.

Walkerville ended the scheduled season by defeating Vocational 3—0. Evan's field goal in the second quarter accounted for the 3 points.

In the semi-final game against the Panthers of Patterson, Walkerville showed her supremacy by trouncing them 6—1. In the final game against Kennedy, the Tartans dropped a heart-breaking game due to poor officiating. The final score was 6—5. Good luck next year, junior Tartans!

(Continued on page 74)

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: H. Giles, D. Munroe, Mr. Bunt, P. Brydges, T. Patterson, J. Braidford.
Back Row: D. Kerrigan, G. Chambers, C. Pennock, P. Montgomery, D. Spence.

SENIOR HOCKEY

Hockey proved to be the most popular sport this year. Our seniors were in the play-offs, but a strong Assumption club nosed them out to win the W.O.S.S.A. championship. Mr. Bunt again coached the boys and carried out his job very proficiently. This was the first time in years that a Walkerville senior hockey team has been in the finals. The boys' athletic society bought new hockey equipment, and more money was spent on the team than ever before in the history of the school.

The Tartans opened the season by soundly whipping Patterson 7—0. There was no opposition shown in this game. Braidford, Giles and Robinson led Walkerville with two goals apiece, and Don Munroe with one goal.

In an exhibition game against Cranbrook School of Bloomfield Hills, Walkerville romped off with another victory, 3—1. Mingay, Patterson and Brydges shared the honour with a goal apiece.

In the second game of the series, Walkerville met the favoured team and the Tartans' old rival, Vocational. Walk-

erville took Vocational in her wake with a 4—1 victory. Giles led the Blue and White pucksters with two goals to his credit.

Walkerville tasted her first defeat at the hands of Assumption, which won the city championship later. The smooth-working Purple lads scored 3 goals to Walkerville's 1.

Walkerville won her third game against Kennedy by the score of 4—3. This was a clean, hard-fought game that proved Walkerville's hockey ability. The honours were shared by Giles, Mingay, Cooke and Braidford.

The next game was a deadlock at 3 goals. Vocational and Walkerville both deserve credit for this outstanding game. True sportsmanship was shown even at a deadlock. This was a semi-final game. In the following semi-final game the Blue and White pucksters showed their supremacy by trouncing Vocational 4—1.

Two evenly matched clubs met for the final round, and after a hard-fought game, Assumption topped Walkerville 6

(Continued on page 74)

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: I. Steele, G. Childerhose, G. Mallot, Mr. Klinck, J. Woodrow, W. Kerrigan, D. Laing.

Second Row: R. McDonald, P. Crassweller, E. Brown, R. Doidge, D. Wilson, E. Roemmele, E. Williams.

Third Row: R. Daniels, T. Vandelinder, K. Echlin, P. Mudry, L. Huntingford, J. Gooby.

JUNIOR HOCKEY

This year's junior hockey team was the best the school has ever seen. It was a well-balanced club that gave a marvelous exhibition in each game. The team did not suffer one defeat all season and mounted a total score of 39 with 4 against them. This is a remarkable average and Mr. Klinck, the coach, deserves much credit for his capable coaching.

The games are as follows:

Walkerville vs. Patterson	-	6—1
Walkerville vs. St. Cecile	-	17—0
Walkerville vs. Vocational	-	4—1
Walkerville vs. Kennedy	-	7—1
Walkerville vs. Assumption	-	5—1
Semi Finals, Walkerville took Kennedy		14—1 9—1.

Finals, Walkerville beat Vocational
2—0 4—1.

W. O. S. S. A. Semi Finals, Walkerville defeated Petrolia, 6—1 10—1.

W. O. S. S. A. Finals, London defeated Walkerville 5—3.

In the second game Walkerville took London 4—3, but lost in the total game series, 8—7.

Junior Hockey Players:

Goal—B. Kerrigan, G. Childerhose.

Defence—Woodrow, Malott, Mudry, B. MacDonald.

Forwards—Laing, Steele, G. MacDonald, Williams, Crassweller, Wilson.

Rest of the squad was composed of: Vandelinder, Brown, Roemmele, B. Daniels, Ecklin, Gooby and R. Doidge.

* * *

Student: It was terrible, Miss Dickie. There were eleven Norwegians and one Irishman killed in the wreck.

Miss Dickie: Oh, the poor man!

* * *

Angry Father: Say, it's two o'clock. Do you think you can stay here all night?

Daughter's Beau: I'll have to telephone home first.

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: P. Montgomery, G. Chambers, Mr. Klinck, J. Braidford, A. Ellis.
Second Row: M. Mephram, F. Thatcher, I. Steele, J. R. Young, D. Wilson.
Third Row: G. Peifer, Al. Scorgie, W. Davidson.

SENIOR SOCCER

Despite the lack of interest in this sport at Walkerville, the Blue and White Soccer Team made a determined bid for the W.O.S.S.A. Championship and was very nearly successful. Mr. Klinck succeeded in drawing Patterson and Kennedy into the competition, and also did a splendid job of coaching. The boys spent long hours in the park, under Mr. Klinck's guidance, and consequently Walkerville produced the best soccer team since 1932.

Walkerville 2 — Patterson 0

Good teamwork and fine goal-tending led Walkerville to victory in their first game.

Walkerville 3 — Kennedy 0

Although it was Kennedy's first year at soccer for some years, they put up a stout battle against our boys.

Vocational 3 — Walkerville 0

The Blue and White eleven put up a stiff opposition but were outplayed by the strong Vocational squad.

Walkerville 3 — Patterson 0

Strengthened by practice, our boys kicked their way to an easy victory in their second game with Patterson. Both Kennedy and Patterson dropped out after this game.

Walkerville 1 — Vocational 1

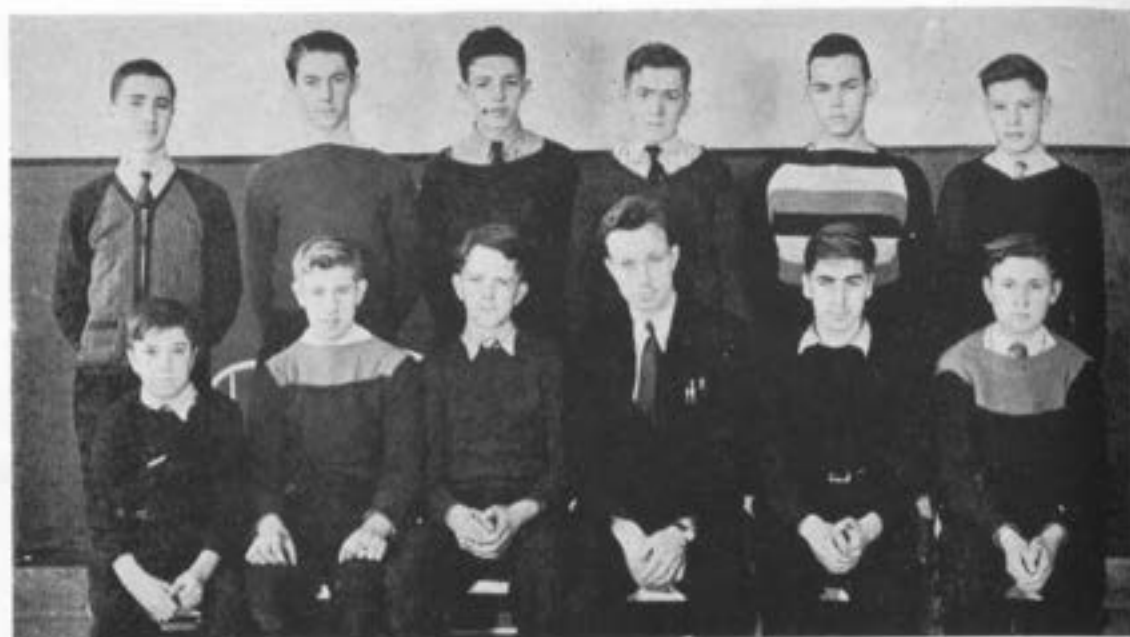
Vocational met their betters in the final game, but two would-be goals bounced off the goal-posts, and the score ended at 1—1.

Of special note is the fact that our soccer team put down a team from the C.I.L. plant in a two out of three game series.

The team is as follows:

Philip Montgomery, goal; Allister Scorgie, Ed Cooke, Don Wilson, fullbacks; Murray Mephram, Bill Davidson, Grant Peifer, Bill Gask, halfbacks; Johnny Braidford (Captain), centre; Fred Thatcher, Army Ellis, Gordon Chambers, insides; Ian Steele, Ross Mingay, Jack Young, wings.

BLUE AND WHITE



First Row: R. Peifer, G. Larking, C. Reece, Mr. Young, E. Sahagian, J. Martin.
Second Row: J. Gooby, D. McElroy, J. Green, W. Patterson, L. Gould, W. McColeman.

JUNIOR SOCCER

The Junior Soccer team lined up as follows:

Goal: Clare Reece, George Larkin.

Full-backs: Doug. Metcalf, Chas. Rowe, Bev. Lounsbury.

Half-backs: Walter Patterson, Louis Gold, Wilf. McColeman, John Green.

Forwards: Don McElroy, Chas. Cherie, Jack Gooby, Robt. Peifer, Joe Martin, Ed. Sahagian.

The team had rather a colourless season, with several losses to the various teams in the league. However, much valuable experience was gained during the season, and the players will make valuable additions to the Senior team in the very near future.

Sayings of Famous People:

Doris Broadley—Oh happy day!
Don Munroe—Sometimes even hundreds
Howie Giles—I've got a way all my own
Ann McKinley—I haven't got it done
Alex Hartley—I don't understand—
Robert Fox—But can't you do that
another way?
Cliff Rose—Ah-h-h!

* * *

Physics

Lights and batteries and stuff like this,
Poor Mr. Hugill talks about—
But personally
We like our lights when they're all out.

Popular Songs

and Whom They Remind Me Of.

Chatterbox — Huber Strickland.
Faithful Forever — Jim Bartlet.
Scatterbrain — Peggy Coulter.
Confucius — Jack Graham.
My Prayer — Meg Bartlet.
Darn That Dream — Ronnie Evans.
It's a Blue World — Hugh Porter.
Small Fry — Ray Pillon.

* * *

Question: Why is it unlucky to quote poetry while lying on the beach on a sunny day?

Answer: You begin by Browning and end with Burns.

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: A. Scorgie, W. Dulmage, C. Rose, C. Fisher, F. Thatcher.
Back Row: E. Musgrave, Mr. Allison.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

At the first of the season Coach Allison had high hopes for the squad, but on account of bad breaks the team did not live up to his expectations. Although Walkerville did lose most of her games, she proved herself to be a tough opponent.

The season opened with a home game in which Vocational outscored us 30—14. Even though the score was high against our boys, they never stopped trying.

The second game was played at Assumption and proved to be a hard-fought battle in which Assumption finally emerged with a 29—25 victory. Freddy Thatcher led the Walkerville lads with 10 points, but it was of no avail.

The Walkerville club, still looking for its first blood, went to Patterson the next week and suffered a 29—13 defeat. This must have been an off-night, because Walkerville received her revenge later on in the season.

On Tuesday the next week Walkerville paid a visit to Cranbrook in Bloomfield Hills and trounced the Cranbrook

boys 33—29. Rose led our lads with 12 points. Walkerville held the lead the whole game and Cranbrook never came close to threatening Walkerville. This proved that Walkerville could win a game and that bad breaks did have a hand in some of the games.

Walkerville then entertained Kennedy at a hard-fought battle in which the score was close all the way. The final score came with Kennedy at the top with a score of 23—21.

The next week Walkerville was host to Sandwich who came with a very fine club that surpassed our seniors by 4 points. The score was close all the way and Sandwich pulled through with a 28 to 24 victory.

Vocational entertained Walkerville in the following game with a defeat that did not flatter Walkerville. The final score was 23—17. Rose led Walkerville with 6 points.

During the next week Cranbrook returned the favour and came to Walkerville to gain revenge for the drubbing that Walkerville administered to her at the beginning of the season. Cranbrook

(Continued on page 75)

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: A. Hartley, R. Evans, Mr. Young, P. Ferlick, R. Dunlop.
Middle Row: A. Scorgie, O. McMillan, D. Kidd, R. Cole, R. Doidge.
Top Row: J. Martin, E. Sahagian, K. Rose.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Mr. Young again took over the junior team this year and has done an excellent job. The fine showing of the team justifies Mr. Young's work.

Vocational 25 — Walkerville 17

The young Tartans lost their first game to Vocational 25—17. Doug Kidd led the way for Walkerville with 10 points. It was a hard-fought battle, but Vocational was just a little too much to topple over.

Walkerville 37 — Assumption 23

In this game the juniors hit their stride. Led by Rutherford who accounted for 13 points the Tartans soundly defeated Assumption 37—23. Assumption put up a stiff battle but never threatened Walkerville's lead.

Patterson 37 — Walkerville 11

The following week Patterson entertained Walkerville but stole the victory 37—11. This defeat was to be expected, the Patterson juniors having won the W.O.S.S.A. titles for three consecutive years.

Walkerville 28 — Kennedy 25

Led by Ronny Doidge the blue and white hoopsters succeeded in defeating Kennedy 28—25. It was a stiff battle, with the score 10-all at quarter time and 17-all at half time. Walkerville put on a spurt and emerged victorious.

Walkerville 26 — Sandwich 18

Doidge again led the Tartans to victory with 8 points. The young hoopsters had no difficulty in defeating Sandwich 26—18. At no time did the red and white boys come near our boys.

Vocational 29 — Walkerville 24

The blue and white hoopsters lost a heart-breaking game against Vocational. At half-time the blue and red boys were winning by 9 points and the Tartans climbed the ladder to tie the score, but lost after a valiant game. Final score was 29—24.

Assumption 25 — Walkerville 19

In spite of the Walkerville snipers, our boys dropped a victory to Assumption. This was a tight, hard-fought game with Alex Hartley leading the Tartans with 9 points.

(Continued on page 77)

BLUE AND WHITE



JUVENILE RUGBY

First Row: B. Radford, B. Wilson, Mr. Young, W. Patterson, J. Jenkins.
 Second Row: R. Podolsky, G. Moll, J. Stodgell, J. Ogg, K. Echlin, R. Keith.
 Third Row: H. Soumi, G. Smythe, J. Howard.



FIELD DAY WINNERS

Front Row: A. Duddy (Jr. Skater), M. Pougnet (Tennis Doubles), P. McClymont (Sr. Skater and Inter-City Track), M. Lethbridge (High Jump), A. Daniels, (Tennis Singles), R. Gooby (J. Skater).
 Back Row: I. Martin (Jr. Swimmer), D. Biggar (Relay), W. Aitken (Relay), J. Carroll (Jr. Rifle), W. Baldwin (Sr. Rifle), J. Ogg (Relay), C. Priestley (Relay), R. Pougnet (Tennis Doubles).

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: A. Daniels, J. Davies, Miss Black, Miss Robbins, Miss Saunders, C. Bennett, Peggy Hutchinson.
Second Row: M. Hambly, R. Greenhow, M. Arnold, M. J. Luxford, A. J. Luxford, Dorothy Wyeth.

Girls' Athletic Executives

Honorary President	Miss Robbins
President	Judith Davies
Vice President	Claire Bennett
Secretary—	

This position was occupied by Alice Anne Muir until the latter part of October, at which time she moved from the city. Peggy Hutchinson was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy.

Treasurer	Anne Daniels
Tennis	Margaret Hambly
Swimming	Ruth Greenhow
Baseball	Mary Jane Luxford
Badminton	Amy Jean Luxford
Track and Field	Mary Arnold
Volleyball	Dorothy Wyeth
Basketball	Betty Stewart

PLAYDAYS

This year a new policy has been adopted in an attempt to make the athletic facilities of the school available to a greater number of girls. This new policy took the form of a number of playdays which were booked to take place at various times throughout the school year. Instead of direct competition with the other schools, it was decided that it would be friendlier if representatives

from each school were chosen to compose each team.

The first playday was held at Walkerville Collegiate and consisted of several exciting sets of Tennis. All schools were well represented in these games.

Following that, Vocational entertained the groups and Baseball was the main feature of the afternoon. Four games were in play at once, and each team was composed of one or two girls from each of the following schools: Sandwich, Patterson, Kennedy, Vocational, Gordon McGregor and Walkerville.

Patterson Collegiate's Playday took the form of Relay games, and only the lower schools were invited to participate.

Soccer, a new sport for the girls, has recently been adopted by the schools, and is proving to be extremely popular. Sandwich took the opportunity to use this sport at their playday.

The last of a series of playdays was held at Kennedy Collegiate, at which six teams played Volleyball. On each team there were members from each of the various schools as in the previous playdays.

(Continued on page 69)

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row (Girls' Basketball Inter-form Champs): J. Hunter, M. Atkins, H. Pridham, M. Lethbridge, J. Parker, P. Atkins, M. Kemp.

Back Row (Group Basketball Champs, Team 16): K. Baird, M. McIntosh, Miss Black, D. Wilson, E. Bell, G. Verway.

Recipes

A June bride asked her husband to copy a radio cooking recipe one morning. The husband did his best, but he got two stations at once; one was broadcasting the morning exercises—the other, recipes. This is what he copied:

Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and wash thoroughly in half a can of milk. In four counts raise and lower legs and mash two hard-boiled eggs into sieve, repeat six times.

Inhale one half-teaspoon of baking powder and one cup flour, breathe naturally, exhale, and sift. Attention, jump to a squatting position and bend the whites of three eggs backward and forward over the head and in four counts, and make a stiff dough that will stretch at the waist. Lie flat on the floor and roll into a marble the size of a walnut. Hop to a standstill and boil in water to a gall-up afterwards. In ten minutes, remove from the fire and dry with a towel. Breathe naturally and dress in warmannels and serve with fish soup.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC

(Continued from page 68)

Approximately seventy-five girls took part in these playdays, either as participants or as officials; whereas only eighteen girls could have taken part in a baseball series. Baseball is the sport which, until this year, took the place of playdays.

* * *

Two little fleas sat on a rock,
And one to the other said:
I have no place to hang my hat,
Now the old dog is dead;
I wandered the wide world o'er,
And further shall I roam,
And the first d--m dog that shows his
face
Will be my "Home, Sweet Home".

JACK LEONARD, 10A.

* * *

Ken Stewart (in School Orchestra):
I wish the other boys would play what
I'm playing!

Sisters, Brothers and Members

A division of the Collegiate social life which has probably been observed but not discussed in any detail is the groups of girls and boys who have organized into sororities, fraternities, or clubs. Although their meetings often come on a school night, they do not commence until an hour when each individual has had time to complete his assigned school homework.

The main purpose of these clubs is to unite its members more closely in friendship which may and usually does continue past high-school and college age. A second is that of becoming a social and charitable asset to the school and community.

There are numerous clubs in Walker-ville Collegiate which I shall now list. (My humble apologies if I overlook any) Among the sororities and girls' clubs are the Et Cur Non sorority and the Sub Deb club. The Et Cur Non has no club outfit. They have given one successful afternoon tea. The Sub Deb club is the younger of the two. They have aqua-marine sloppy-joes, dubonnet skirts and Eton collars.

The boys' fraternities and clubs are five in number. The largest and perhaps most successful of these is the Delta Theta Gamma Fraternity which is now sporting new navy-blue sweaters and maize letters. They are staging, in conjunction with the Sub Deb club, the Delta Deb Prom on April 12 at Sandwich Collegiate. Let's be there. The second club, the Iota Theta Kappa, had The Nameless Dance in January. The other clubs are the Kappa Beta Chi who flaunt grey letters on emerald green, the Sigma Tau Nu with their grey letters on maroon sweaters, and the Top-Hatters who display a black top hat on a yellow crest.

Although these clubs are frowned on by teachers they soon hope to be the pride of and a credit to our school.

RALPH COLE, 12B.

HOME NURSING CLASSES

Early in the school year Mr. McNaughton announced that plans were being made for the girls to attend a series of Home Nursing classes. Enthusiastically many girls enrolled for the first few lectures, but unfortunately, due to other school activities, the attendance rapidly fell very low at these meetings.

However, the girls who were able to continue this course wish to thank, first, Mr. McNaughton for having made it possible and last but not least, Mrs. Lownds whose untiring effort and sacrifice of time and energy has made it a success.

These classes conducted under the auspices of the local Red Cross consisted of twenty meetings held at the school and a series of very valuable lectures, given at Patterson Collegiate. These lectures given by the most distinguished physicians of Windsor, were most informing and appreciated greatly by those who were fortunate enough to be able to attend.

Mrs. Lownds has been working under great difficulty in the lack of sufficient equipment, but she has given us a new insight into practical nursing. We do not profess to be accomplished nurses, but we hope that in the case of necessity, we may be able to make use of that knowledge we have been given here at the school.

There are approximately fifteen girls who have successfully completed the course and are eligible for the Red Cross Home Nursing cards. Our only regret is that more girls were not so privileged as we in our association with Mrs. Lownds and the local Red Cross. Again may we thank everyone who has made this Home Nursing Course possible in our school.

FLORENCE KEMPSON.

* * *

Camlis: It must be hard to drink with a moustache.

Musgrave: Yes, quite a strain.

Alumni

Robert Arner: Western University Art School.
 Clarence Bates: Mysinger's Art School, Detroit.
 Bob Brown: Assumption College.
 Dorothy Carthas: Employed in a library.
 Betty Christianson: Business College.
 Roosevelt Cory: Employed in a Drug Store.
 Elsie Couchman: In training for nurse, Orillia.
 Frank Creed: Assumption College Institute.
 Bob Dixon: Lawrence Institute of Technology, Detroit.
 Jack Duncan: Working at the Ford Co.
 Elsie Dunn: Holy Names College.
 June Goodwyn: Windsor-Walkerville Vocational.
 Ruth Gregory: University of Toronto.
 Irene Hancar: Residing in Regina.
 Bill Jarvie: Assumption College.
 Barbara Johnston: Walkerville Collegiate.
 Douglas Kennedy: Assumption College.
 Abigail Lees: Normal School, London.
 Earl McAlpine: Employed in a bank.
 Aurel Magda: Working.
 Audrey MacGrath: Walkerville Collegiate.
 Joyce Owen: University of Toronto.
 Florence Pennington: Training for a

nurse, Toronto.
 Lasse Pohjola: University of Chicago, Music.
 Ken Porter: Ford Company office.
 Ernest Reader: Western University.
 Doug Southerst: Lawrence Institute of Technology, Detroit.
 Bruce Wamsley: Windsor-Walkerville Vocational.
 Phyllis Wyeth: Normal School, London.
 Henry Baxter: University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.
 Miriam Cox: Western University.
 John Fetter: Employed on a farm.
 Clair Fisher: Walkerville Collegiate.
 Jean Fox: St. Mary's Academy.
 Roland Gelinas: Walkerville Collegiate.
 Marion Greenhow: Art School.
 Bill Ham: Houghton University, Mich.
 Kitty Hare: MacDonald Hall.
 Julius Klinec: Lawrence Inst. of Tech.
 Walter Little: University of Toronto.
 John Lawson: Walkerville Collegiate.
 Betty Magee: Employed in a library.
 Fred McGrath: Assumption College.
 Tom Robson: University of Toronto.
 Ray Samson: Windsor-Walkerville Vocational.
 Philip Schwemler: Assumption College.
 Bob Stevens: Western University.
 Murry Waghorne: Queen's University.
 Orville Zavitz: Working.

—Judith Davies.

THE BADMINTON CLUB

Every Saturday afternoon from two until five the Badminton Club has the exclusive use of the gymnasium. The club at the present time is not very large in members, but it is steadily increasing. The officers elected at the beginning of the badminton season were: Ralph Cole, president; Betty Green, secretary-treasurer. For every afternoon that you play, there is a fee of five cents which enables the club to buy shuttlecocks. A teacher must be present at the

school on the Saturday afternoons the club plays, and we would like to thank the teachers who so generously and kindly gave up one or more of their Saturday afternoons to come to the school for badminton.

* * *

Teacher: Do you know that a fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer?

Pupil: Is that why I failed in my exams, sir?

In Memoriam

JAMES DOAN CODY

PILOT OFFICER - ROYAL AIR FORCE

Born February 9, 1918 - Died October 31, 1939
In the service of his king and country.



The sympathy of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute is extended to Mrs. F. B. Cody and Margaret, the mother and sister of James Doan Cody who died in the service of his country flying in England.

James, "Jim", was a gifted son of Walkerville. Born in the community and educated at the Public and Secondary schools of the city, he grew to an outstanding place in every field of his endeavours. A good student, a keen athlete, and a friend of all, gave more to him than is given to the ordinary youth. He is missed by all who knew him.

Heine, his dog, must feel this loss because they were inseparable friends, and they understood each other.

He has passed the first mile-stone, and in passing leaves memories fragrant with their goodness.



R. I. P.

The Teachers vs. Seniors Basketball Game

The game with which this poem deals
Was filled with "ohs" and "ahs" and
squeals,
The boys said "oh" when Archie
fumbled,
The girls said "ah" when Allison
stumbled.
One teacher was dressed in bright,
yellow shorts,
Another in yellow and green,
But the beau of the evening was one
dressed in purple—
I'm sure you all know who I mean.
The Seniors were dressed in white and
blue,
But were not quite so handsome as
many of you.
They had played many games with
other school teams,
But never before with such vigour and
steam.
The Seniors were leading but the
teachers were sly,
And when half-time came, the score was
a tie.
But when the game ended, the score
was ahead
Full four points for the teachers who
led.
At the end of the game the pupils dis-
persed,
The boys, being gentlemen, let the
ladies go first;
The teachers went home with triumph-
ant faces,
Thinking of entering the Olympic races.

RUTH McINNIS, II-A.

Proof for Problem on Page 40

Mr. Robinson lives in Detroit and the
passenger with the same name as the
brakeman lives in Chicago. Each is equi-
distant from the brakeman. Therefore
the third business man must be the
brakeman's nearest neighbour and he
earns \$3,000. per year. But this third
business man cannot be Mr. Jones who
earns \$2,000. per year, nor can it be Mr.
Robinson who lives in Detroit. There-
fore it must be Mr. Smith. Since Mr.
Robinson lives in Detroit and Mr. Smith

somewhere nearer the brakeman, then
Mr. Jones lives in Chicago. Therefore
the brakeman is Jones. Since Smith beat
the fireman at billiards, Smith cannot
be the fireman. Therefore Smith must
be the engineer. Therefore Robinson
must be the fireman.

Two fifth form students solved this
problem in three minutes. How long did
it take you?

* * *

Mr. Allison: (football coach): "What's
his name?"

Manager: "Osacawenskiewicz."

Mr. Allison: "Put his name on the first
team. I never did like the newspapers
in this town."

* * *

"Say, paw, you surely got me in bad
with my teacher."

"What's the matter, son?"

"Remember last night I asked you how
much a million dollars was?"

"Yes."

"Well, 'Helluva lot' isn't the right an-
swer."

* * *

English Teacher: "Johnny, parse the
word 'kiss'."

Johnny: "The word is a noun but is us-
ually used as a conjunction. It is nev-
er declined and is more common than
proper. It is not very singular as it is
usually plural. It agrees with me."

* * *

My mother says I must not smoke—
I don't!

Nor listen to a naughty joke—
I don't!

They say I must not even think
About intoxicating drink—
I don't!

I kiss no boys—not even one,
I do not know how it is done.
You wouldn't think I have much fun—
I don't!

AMELIA.

* * *

Mr. Ball: Findlay, are you smoking?
Murray: No, sir, that's the fog I'm in.

BLUE AND WHITE

SENIOR FOOTBALL

(Continued from page 59)

This was a fitting climax for the Walkerville club. It was a revenge on all the other clubs as we were the only club to beat the current W.O.S.S.A. champions this year.

The Team

Cliff Rose (Captain): Halfback. On offence Cliff was a good line buckler and a fierce tackler on defence. He received honourable mention for his efforts on the All-city team.

Jack Sherman: Quarterback. Whenever a pass was needed to gain yards, Jack always pulled through by catching one.

Bill Hamilton: Halfback. Bill was a good line plunger and a conscientious player.

Dick Morley: Halfback. Dick did a good job of passing this season. He and Sherman had the best pass combination in the city. Dick also did the kicking.

Andy Specht: Flying wing. This was Andy's first year at playing football for Walkerville. Andy carried the ball on end runs.

Andy Forsyth: Left end. Andy was a fast end this year who could always be counted on to bring down his opponent.

Don Hand: Left middle. Don was one of the biggest men on the club this year. He was a steady worker.

Milton Featherstone: Left inside. Milt was our only representative on the All-City squad. On defence he played centre secondary.

Ed. Lowther: Right inside. This was Ed's first year at football and he was a valuable asset to our team.

Ernie Musgrave: Right middle. Ernie played a good brand of football this year. He was picked on Tech's All-Opponents team.

Bob Green: Right end. Bob played good football. His opponent rarely went past him.

Jimmy Gates: Right end. Jimmy was one of the best tacklers of the club.

Allan Slote: Snapback. Allan was a steady consistent worker who took a

conscientious outlook on playing.

Norm Crapper, Wilson Montrose, Bill Dulmage, Vic Gaskin, Cliff Pennock, Ed Deschesne, Jim McCubbrey, Max Koval, Don Munroe and Len Camlis completed the squad. Joe Brode and Percy Brydges, two valuable men, were benched on account of injuries.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

(Continued from page 60)

The team: Captain Ronny Doidge was supported by Glen Goslin, Jim Johns, Jack Woodrow, Doug Kidd, Paul Morris, Grant Malott, Ronny Evans, Jack Panabaker, Doug St. Denis, Bob Macdonald and Eddie Roemmelle.

Alternates:

Keith Rose, John Brovchuck, Bob Mitchell, George Moor, Jack Morris, Sherwin Walsh, Don Mitchell, Jack Hornsby, Jerry Childerhouse, John Kamp, Ronny Payne, Jack Norris and Murray Luborsky.

SENIOR HOCKEY

(Continued from page 61)

to 5. The final game of the season for the city championship ended with Assumption on the top after defeating the Tartans 4-2.

The team lined up as follows:

Goal: Gates.

Defence: Mingay and Patterson.

Forwards: Robinson, Brydges and

Braidford; Cooke, Giles and Munroe.

Alternates: Spence, Pennock, Featherstone and Montgomery.

None of these players could be chosen as being more outstanding than any others. Each of them performed his duty to the utmost.

Ernie Musgrave.

GIRLS' CHOIR

(Continued from page 17)

mendously by the addition of more voices, which would enable us to attempt a three-part harmony, so if you are interested and enjoy singing, join the girls' choir. We hope we may be given an opportunity to sing at an assembly in the future, in order to prove that the boys of Walkerville Collegiate are not the only ones who can sing.

FLORENCE KEMPSON.

BLUE AND WHITE

SENIOR BASKETBALL

(Continued from page 65)

was justified in her trip; after a hard-fought, fast game, she took the decision with the score 37—33. Thatcher led the way for Walkerville with 16 points.

Our senior boys came through with a 24—12 victory over Assumption. Walkerville was now in its stride and soundly trounced Assumption with her high-class basketball.

In the next game Walkerville took Patterson in her stride in a home game by defeating her 27-23. Al Scorgie led our Tartans with 8 points. Although tempers ran high and the game became fast and furious Walkerville emerged victorious.

Kennedy entertained Walkerville in the highlight game of the year. For years the Clippers and the Tartans have had close rival games. This is a good example of this rivalry. The score at the end of the game was 25 all, and two overtime periods had to be played in which Kennedy finally gained a point, defeating the Tartans 26—25.

The season ended with Walkerville at Sandwich, in which Sandwich won by a score of 24—21.

The Team

Cliff Rose: Cliff is playing a fine game at guard. He possesses natural ability and is very fast on his feet. Cliff is captain of the team.

Jack Sherman: This was Jack's first year at Senior basketball. He and Cliff made a good combination.

Claire Fischer: Claire plays a smart game as a forward, setting up some good scoring chances.

Al Scorgie: This is also Al's first year at senior basketball and he is making a very good job at centre.

Fred Thatcher: Fred is a very fast-breaking forward with a good eye for the basket.

Ernie Martin: Ernie as a forward plays an excellent game. He can be depended upon to get his share of points.

Ernie Musgrave and Bill Dulmage completed the squad.

SOCIETY COLUMN

(Continued from page 47)

lots and lots of skating. Even the girls got a lot of fun playing a spectacular (?) hockey game.

Nor was skating confined to the school rink. Many a time our junior and senior hockey teams could be found at the Arena at SEVEN O'CLOCK in the MORNING! And what hockey teams we have had this year! The junior team so far has not lost a game and the seniors have done almost as well. Congratulations!

The season was one of many dances, coming at appropriate times. The "Hic Hop" on October 19 was the first real dance of the new term. Pupils old and young came dressed informally, renewed old acquaintances and made new ones. On December 22 came the "Terpsichorean Strut" in which the art of dancing was displayed in all its modernity. The gym was decorated in colours of emerald green and royal purple. Larry Ben-sette provided the "Swing and Sway". One of the most successful dances held this year in our gym was the Third Annual "Gamblers' Gambol", sponsored by the Agora. The room was gaily decorated in blue and white, the school colours.

Flocking to the school gym at four-thirty on many an afternoon came pupils anxious to liven the school day by dancing to the music of Bill Kerrigan's orchestra—Bill is one of our own pupils and we have been indebted to him for many delightful dances. Basketball games were enjoyed by many and to add to the entertainment we again found Bill and his many boys helping us pass the "wee hours" away. Sometimes, when Bill was unable to come, we had music supplied by the nickelodeon.

Of course, there are always the fortunate ones. Virginia Isaacs, Walter Little, Peter Crassweller and Tom Robson saw Europe—Europe as it was before the War, last summer holidays.

Formerly the social activities have been climaxed by the colourful Military Ball and we are looking forward to a repetition of this outstanding event.

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JUNIOR BASKETBALL

(Continued from page 66)

Patterson 19 — Walkerville 13

The Tartans again lost to the smooth-working Patterson team. Walkerville put up a great showing against these conquerors of the hoop and gave them a game never to be forgotten. Doidge led the blue and white boys with 5 points.

Kennedy 22 — Walkerville 18

Our boys just couldn't find the hoop in this game, but Kennedy deserved their win after a game which saw many fouls.

Sandwich 24 — Walkerville 22

Sandwich entertained Walkerville in the last game of the season and after a stubborn, hard-fought game topped Walkerville.

The Team

Ronny Doidge: Ron is captain of the team and can always be depended on for his share of points.

Ron Evans: Ron is a forward and plays a strong defensive game.

Alex Hartley: Alex plays guard and will prove to be an asset to the senior team next year.

Peter Ferlick: Pete is also a guard who plays aggressive basketball.

Doug Kidd: Because of Doug's height he proves to be an asset to the team. Doug plays centre.

Roy Dunlop: Although Roy is one of the smallest men on the club, his fast breaks count for many points.

Ken Rutherford: This is Ken's first year at basketball; but it doesn't alter the fact that he is the team's best forward. Ken plays a steady aggressive game.

Bill Suhan, Jim Scorgie, Osman McMillan and Ralph Cole complete the squad.

ORATORY

(Continued from page 15)

an oratorical contest in which ten or twelve students are entered, instead of just two or three. So, next year, let's show that Walkerville Collegiate really has a great number of speakers of which it can boast.

CADET NEWS

(Continued from page 43)

centuries. The fiery courageous Cameron warriors have distinguished themselves in battle since the Jacobite Rebellions. At the present time descendants of the original Camerons are serving with the 79th Regiment Cameron Highlanders and the Black Watch.

Any article on our 1939 Cadet Corps would be incomplete without special mention of Walter Little, our capable O.C., and Tom Robson who succeeded him for their Majesties' visit.

Our congratulations and best wishes go to Gordon McGorman, our new O.C. and Norman Crapper our new bandmaster. We feel sure they will fill their responsible positions with the smartness and geniality becoming our senior cadet officers.

To Jim Fleming, Irwin Richards, Doug Dalgleish, Roy Dickie and Alvin Cormier of the Essex Scottish C.A.S.F., Bill Davidson, R.A.F. and Ray Littlehale, Royal Canadian Navy, cadets who have "graduated" from the ranks of our cadet corps to the Active Service Forces we extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes. The best of luck, boys.



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