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Walkerville Collegiate

1946

1946

Dorothy Thorpse

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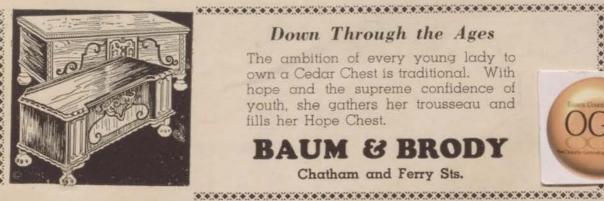
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Page One

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John Crew, D.F.C.

Edward Deschaine, D.F.C.

Walter Dominey, U.S. Air Medal with two silver oak leaves, Presidential Citation, Distinguished Flying Cross.

Ronald Evans, D.F.C.

Robert Fox, African Star and Clasp

Donald Grant, M.C.

Kenneth Heath, Mentioned in Despatches

Alfred Hodges, M.C.

Roaldo McKenney, D.F.C.

Robert K. Mitchell, D.F.C.

John Morris, D.F.C.

D. Charles O'Brien, M.B.E., E.D.

C. A. Prosser, D.F.C.

Bruce R. Soper, U.S. Bronze Star

John Stephenson, D.F.C., M.B.E.

Douglas Sheperd, Mentioned in Despatches

Howard D. Wardle, M.C., D.F.C.

Charles S. Wass, M.C.

(This is not a complete list. Anyone who knows of others please notify the school.)

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BLUE AND WHITE

Killed In Action

"And having each one given his body to the commonwealth, they received in stead thereof a most remarkable sepulchre — to be remembered evermore."

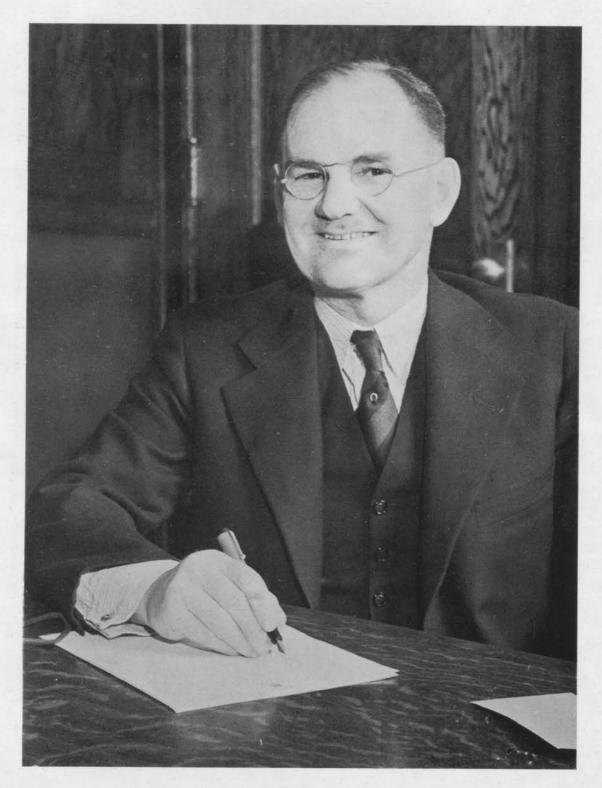
—Pericles.

Robert Adair Philip Awad Donald Awrey Charles Bake Richard Baker Charles Beaton Kendall Begbie Giles Bisson Douglas Brown Harold Brown Jack Brush Bill Bucheski Hugh Chittim James Cody Alvin Cormier Ernest Creed Owen Crump Frank Deacon Leo Deschamps Ronald Doidge James Drew Robert Elwin Cameron Evans = Ronald Evans Bill Flint Bricker Forman Andy Forsyth Bill Gardner Ronald Gaskin Francis Gatacre Jack Godfrey Jack Gooby Doug Green Jack Gubb Joe Hong Jim Howard

Alex Hutchison Bob Jacobs Herb Kinghorn Ed Lowther Alex MacMillan Osman MacMillan Earl McAlpine Doug Magrath Tom Martin Harold Mason Jack Milliken William Moran James Murphy Cameron Myers Doug Nageleisen John W. O'Neil Robert Parent

Cliff Pennock Frank Pvatt Harold Queen Doug Reynolds Iim Riddell Robert Riddell Jack Ross William Ruddy James Sibbald Donald Spence Emil Suttak Rowland Urie Sherwood Walsh Doug Watterson John Whitemore Robert Whitley Robert Wright





Mr. J. L. McNaughton

In Memoriam

Two years ago, in December, 1943, the students of Walkerville lost their beloved principal and friend, Mr. J. L. McNaughton. His death meant a great sorrow to all who knew his cheery smile, and his place in our hearts and lives can never be completely filled. We students who knew him cherish the memory of the kind, upright man who was always eager to lend a listening ear to student problems, and who made it his business to go more than half-way when dealing with puzzled or erring students. The girls, as well as the boys, felt that his keen active interest in student sports and especially his patient, devoted work with his own Cadet Corps, made him an ideal Principal who would be long remembered and revered. New students at Walkerville now can learn only from others of his sincere and honest treatment of all our problems, his close contact with every student, and his constant devotion to the highest principles. but from this they will know that the name of Mr. McNaughton is one that will be forever honoured by Walkerville students in our own hearts as well as remembered in the written annals of the school.

DOROTHY WOODS.

TEACHING STAFF



BACK ROW: Mr. Klinck, Mr. Bunt, Mr. Brown, Mr. Breese, Mr. Waddell, Mr. Burr, Mr. Nighswander, Mr. Hugill, Mr. Green, Mr. Forman, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Young.

MIDDLE ROW: Miss Westlake, Miss Tunks, Miss Robbins, Miss MacIntyre, Miss McLaren, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Thorpe, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Saunders, Miss Lawton, Mrs. Walter.

FRONT ROW: Miss Bergoine, Mr. Krause, Mr. Hartford, Mr. Lowden, Mr. Ball, Mr. Allison, Mr. Swanson, Mr. O'Brien, Miss Auld.

Acknowledgments

The staff of the Blue and White wants to thank all of the contributors to our magazine. The willing help of so many students made our job much easier. Miss MacIntyre and her committee have kindly and effectively criticized our literary efforts, and, in fact, all the teachers volunteered their assistance. Mr. Krause, Mrs. Alexander and the Commercial students have been invaluable in their typing assistance. Whenever we had difficulties too great to solve ourselves we turned to Mr. Ball.

We are grateful to the friends of Walkerville Collegiate who made the magazine possible by their advertising, and we ask you, our readers, to thank them by patronizing them.

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OUR PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

For the past six years our country has been at war. Fifteen of our teachers and twelve hundred and eighty-three of our former students have served in the Active Service Forces. We regret that 70 paid the supreme sacrifice. These have been very difficult times for our students because the future was so uncertain for them.

Most of our teachers have returned and we are pleased to welcome many of our ex-students back. Most of them call at the school to thank us for the Christmas parcels and cigarettes we sent them. They are anxious to continue their education or return to their former positions. It is encouraging to note the enthusiasm they show in their return to civilian life.

It is not only our duty to welcome these returned veterans, but we should also prepare ourselves to serve our country. The youth of to-day needs a good education, stability of character, a desire to work and co-operate, and a pride in his school, church, home and country. I am proud of the students of Walkerville Collegiate because I feel that they are doing their best to prepare themselves to serve Canada and to uphold the traditions of their school.

W. N. BALL

1. Latin

8. French 9. Morth Study

Page Eleven

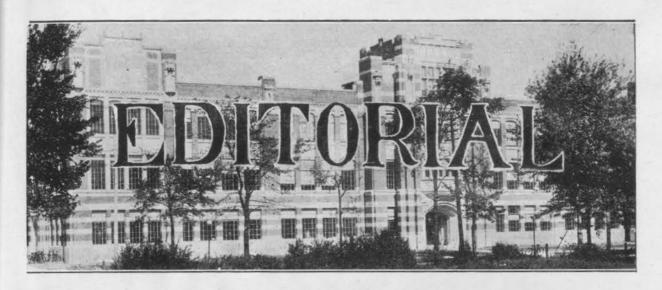
Blue and White Staff



BACK ROW: Mr. Lowden, K. Davies, N. Morrison, W. Ord, E. Crispin, G. Neely. FRONT ROW: I. Wilkie, M. Moray, A. Thistlethwaite, (Editor), D. Harwood, G. Croft.

BLUE AND WHITE EXECUTIVE

Editor	Anne Thistlethwaite
Assistant Editors	Ed. Crispin, Dorothea Harwood, Bill Ord, Ian Wilkie
Treasurer	Mr. Lowden
Business Manager	Neil Morrison
	Margaret Moray
	Dorothea Harwood, Gerald Neely
Art Editor	Don Richard
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	Herb Schofield, Andy Reid, Vicky Lavis, Fred Clarke, Ollie



The senseless waste of war has ceased. We who are young are preparing to take our places in a new world where co-operation and tolerance must be the guiding principles.

In the years to come we shall be the workers and the leaders of Canada. It will be our job to try to make our community, our country, and our world a safe and pleasant place in which to live.

This is the first peacetime issue of the Blue and White, and it is fitting that we make it a memorial to our late principal, Mr. McNaughton. He was an example of the very qualities which we are convinced we must cultivate and practise.

Those of us who have the privilege of writing our senior matriculation this June are looking back over our five years at Walkerville. Four of those years were spent under the unusual circumstances of war.

Many of the teachers enlisted; the staff seemed always to be changing. One of our new teachers said that after she had been here a year she felt like a veteran. Our courses too were affected by the war. Defence Training was taken rather light-heartedly at least by the girls, who wondered whether knowing how to use a stirrup-pump would really add to their usefulness in an emergency.

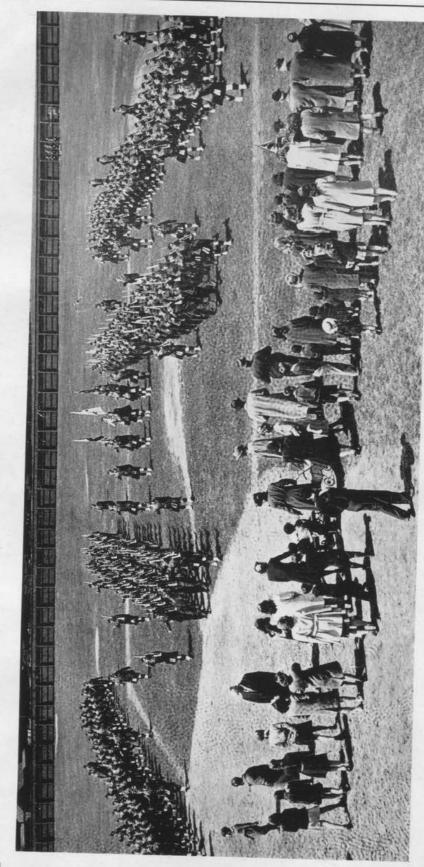
The biggest week of the grade nine year was that of our salvage drive. Tons and tons of waste paper were hauled on little brother's wagon. Old water heaters were dragged out of basements to adorn the corridors of Walkerville C. I. The interclass rivalry was bitter and oh, the outrage of seeing an alien second-former carting away our next door neighbour's salvage!

In grade ten our mental wizards were Esther Green and Sylvia Fedoruk, but hard-working Norm, Marshall came first in the end.

Never will we forget Barbara Lees' speech on her summer's experiences as a nurse's aid. She was the W.S.S.A. champion that year.

In the fall of our grade twelve year the students of Windsor took a lesson from their fathers and called a strike. W. C. I. seniors (Miss McLaren was proud of us) set the example by coming to school.

Now our last year is nearly over; how we wish it were just beginning! But we know we leave the school's reputation in capable hands; next year's fifth form promises to be as bright as we are!



The Walkerville Collegiate Cadet Corps Inspection 1945

Page Fourteen

THE CADET CORPS

Walkerville has a cadet corps of which it may be justly proud; at least, if we accept the words of Major J. Young, District Cadet Officer, after he had completed the 1945 inspection—"Your officers are second to none, and the N.C.O.'s and cadets are a credit to your school. I have inspected a number of cadet corps in this district, but this is the finest corps I have seen." Knowing and respecting Major Young as we do, we accept this compliment with the greatest pride.

Walkerville C. I. has always taken the lead in cadet work, has always been the corps to set the pace for other schools, keeping alive the spirit even through the years of attempted abolition of cadet training. We attribute a great part of our success to the inspiring affect of the generous gift of the Cameron Plaid by Walker Road Industries in the year 1922-23. There can be no greater stimulus to esprit de corps than a smart distinctive uniform. The tradition of our corps has spread its fame throughout Ontario and during the twenty-four years of our existence we have won the general proficiency trophy twelve different times, our last, in 1944, being the third successive victory in three years.

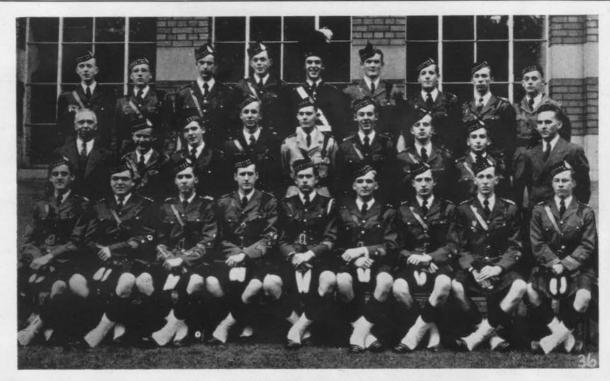
Soon after the Second World War began, we lost to the army two very able leaders, Lt. Col. D. C. O'Brien, M.B.E., E.D., and Major Ian Allison. Mr. Bunt, who has now attained the rank of Major in the Cadet Services of Canada, then took over the Corps to guide it with remarkable ability and sure judgment to the successful completion of our duties to our country throughout the war years. His was a mighty task, requiring the utmost time and effort. Those of us who have been here through all four years of Mr. Bunt's leadership know and appreciate the magnificent job he did. We wish

him continued success at Walkerville Collegiate.

This year, we welcome back Col. O'Brien as chief cadet instructor, and Mr. Allison who is now instructing the band.

An added impetus to competition within our Corps this year has been the generous gift of two trophies, the Bryn Davies Memorial Trophy by Rev. M. C. Davies to be presented to the best cadet in the Corps every year, and the MacMillan Trophy by Magistrate A. W. MacMillan for the best company each year.

The commanding officers who led their Corps to Victory through the war years, helping to turn out hundreds of well trained cadets for the armed forces, and other essential war tasks, will not be forgotten. We have been fortunate in our line of commanding officers. Cadet Lt.-Col. David Bruce who commanded in 1941-42, later becoming a naval officer, enjoyed the perfect confidence and respect of all his team. Cadet Lt.-Col. Jack Stodgell, who also became a naval officer, was second to none. Berien Easton, our Lt.-Col. for 1943-44 had the honour of leading all the Windsor Royal Canadian Army Cadets as Brigadier in what has been termed the greatest Cadet demonstration ever put on in Canada, the Gymkhana. Walkerville played an important part in this display under the leadership of our second in command, Dick Larkin. 1943-44 was perhaps the greatest year in our history, the culmination of all our efforts. Cadet Lt.-Col. George Turnbull, our handsome, extremely popular young commander last year, was everything that could be desired in a commanding officer. Although we of the Cadet Corps had to share him with many other school organizations such as the Agora, of which he was President, and the Rugby team where he twice made all-city, we



OFFICERS OF THE CADET CORPS 1945

EACK ROW: E. Crispin, M. Whelpton, D. Gibson, B. Girling, T. Bartlet, J. MacLachlan, B. Mapes, D. Gimson, H. Thompson, MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Ball, H. Longmuir, B. Davies, J. Upton, T. Waffle, B. Meeke, G. Hope, B. Spring, Mr. Bunt. FRONT ROW: N. Morrison, F. Hull, N. Marshall, W. Young, G. Turnbull, J. Wigle, F. Marchand, W. Ord, G. Neely.



BUGLE BAND 1946

BACK ROW: D. Graham. H. McArthur, L. Brown, A. Reid, L. Cory, R. Morris, W. Fellows, J. Cholvat, L. Swan. MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Allison, S. Sigal, P. Mansfield, G. Harper, T. Sapoleff, G. Marr, S. Orshinsky, E. Hawkins, Mr. Ball. FRONT ROW: F. Clarke, J. Magyar, J. Dulvick, J. Cookson, W. Peterson, R. Cooke, D. Jones, R. Martin, M. Stasko.

enjoyed the full benefit of his leadership. George, now at the University of Western Ontario, has been asked, as our last Commanding Officer to honour us with a few words for the Blue and White:

"It has been a long time since I last had an opportunity to speak to the School, and especially the Corps. I wish to congratulate the Agora for the success which it has had with this year's activities Also the best of luck to the revived Blue and White.

"Last year I had the honour of being Commanding Officer of the Corps. I cannot express how proud I am to have held that post. On inspection last year, the Corps in my opinion was perfect. I wish to thank all the cadets for their grand co-operation. Of course this includes the officers and N.C.O.'s who really shaped the Corps into the unit of perfection it was.

"Although it did not win either the general proficiency cup or the P.T. Shield, it did put forth some championship teams. I wish to congratulate the R.M.C. Rifle team which won the Dominion Championship and the Champion Moyer Cup Signalling team.

"Now that the war is finished, advocates for the dissolution of Cadet training are arising. Cadet training does not make a cadet military minded. It gives him self-assurance and the ability to assume responsibility. It teaches him teamwork and helps to create good manners and good carriage. A Cadet Corps makes a boy proud of himself and his school.

"Best of luck to this year's Corps. The Corps has one of the finest groups of Officers and N.C.O.'s, so that it should bring much honour to Walkerville Collegiate."

(Signed)

GEORGE TURNBULL

We of the Cadet Corps especially feel the loss of our beloved Principal, the late Mr. J. L. McNaughton. He was strongly interested in Cadet work, doing everything he could for his Cadets. He was the guiding hand behind all our endeavour, and we salute him with deepest gratitude and sincere respect for a truly great man.

Last year's inspection, held at Stogell Park, will long be remembered in our school. Our bugle band under the leadership of Cadet Lieut. Ted Bartlet, and supervised during training by Mr. A. C. Brown contributed much to its success in their smart colourful appearance, precision drill, and inspiring music. A new addition to our Corps was a pipe band instructed by Mr. "Jock" Copland who is well known as a producer of incomparable bands. Bill Peterson commands the Bugle Band this year, while Ted Bartlet, in charge of the pipe band, commands the band as a whole.

The signal corps always claims the credit for winning inspections. Be that as it may, however, we all know we would be in a bad position without it. In last year's inspection, the Moyer Cup team displayed Morse Signalling with flags. An outstanding feature of the signal platoon's show was the demonstrating of the operation of the switchboard to which the D.M.K. 5 army Field telephones are attached.

At the beginning of the war, the Canadian Army was rather poorly equipped. However, it soon added much to its equipment and fighting ability. Our signal corp, if we may be allowed to draw the comparison, followed right along behind, matching achievement with achievement. During the year 1941-42, the platoon was under the able command of Howard Moore. When Howard graduated, and entered the army, Bernard Rondot took over, and with the help of new equipment supplied by the Essex Scottish, whipped the platoon into the best signalling group in the district. Although our corps did not win the Mover Cup that year, we attribute this in all frankness to the fact that our corps won too many other awards and, therefore, could not take this one too. When Cadet Major Rondot left for the army, it was Bob Girling's turn. Our equipment then included lamps, field telephones, "buzzers" and flags, with the Essex Scottish lending us their switchboard and telephones each year to enable us to put on a snappy display at our annual inspection.

In 1945 we won the Moyer Cup, most coveted honour among signalling enthusiasts. Our signals group is still one of the best in Canada and has a great future. Major Young hinted, on a visit to the school last year, that there was talk of setting up Cadet radio stations across the entire breadth of the nation. If and when this project gets under way, it will certainly be something to which future signalling cadets can look forward.

The ambulance corps under the command of Cadet Major Frank Hull, Cadet Lieut. Don Gibson, and Cadet Lieut. Bob Mapes put on a very commendable show last year. This section of the auxiliary Corps, directed by Mr. W. Young, has progressed more rapidly than any other unit. The Ambulance Corps of 1940 was composed of about thirty boys with very little equipment, but since then Mr. Young has personally trained over three hundred cadets. At last year's inspection, the Ambulance Corps consisted of two large platoons which for the first time used roller bandages and Thomas splints and made the only demonstration in Ontario of the propeller splints for a broken neck. Last year's class consisted of sixtyeight juniors, thirteen seniors, and eight vouchers. Don Gibson, Art Havnes and Frank Hull received their Medallions. Murray Whelpton received the first Label ever presented to our Corps. This year's class has proven very popular with over eighty cadets passing their examinations.

An indication of the thoroughness of our corps' training was given at the 1945 inspection when eighteen of our cadets were presented with master cadet stars. A master cadet wears five chevrons with his star indicating the number of subjects he has studied and in which he has become proficient during his training. The first gold chevron is given to any cadet who completes the senior basic syllabus, a course of five subjects. For his other four chevrons and gold star, he

must complete six more optional subjects, each additional chevron being awarded as options are completed.

Those who received the title of master cadet are:

H. Longmuir, R. Mapes, D. Gibson, E. Crispin, G. Dewar, B. Davies, T. Waffle, B. Spring, H. Thompson, R. Girling, J. Wigle, M. Whelpton, T. Bartlet, F. Hull, F. Marchand, W. Ord, N. Marshall and W. Young.

Cadet Lt. Col. George Turnbull, and Cadet Major Bill Young, second in command, received the traditional old English W's.

Our cadet instructors present at last year's inspection were Major Bunt, Captain William Young, Captain Green, Lt. Allen Brown and Lt. Martin Young.

Last year's physical training inspection was led by cadet officers for the first time in our history. Cadet Captain John Wigle, Cadet Major Bill Ord, Cadet Major Norm Marshall, and Cadet Captain Murray Whelpton each took one of four tables of exercises. John Wigle was awarded a "W" by Major Young for being the best P.T. instructor on parade. Although we did not win the shield, the proficiency of our cadets left little to be We were rather unfortunate, desired. however, in having to hold our inspection in the gymnasium rather than on the campus, because of rainy weather.

The year 1944-45 was a very successful. riflery year. Our teams, under the coaching of Mr. Martin Young, came near the heights of perfection according to cadet Showing genuinely expert standards. marksmanship, our team won the Royal Military College Dominion championship with an average of 98.1%, and came an unbelievably close second in the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association (second in the Dominion of Canada) and Provincial Challenge competitions. Our average scores in these two competitions were D.C.R.A.—"A" team, 97.33%, "B" team, 93.47%, and Provincial Challenge 97.53%.

Medals were presented to the ten cadets whose targets were among the ten



DOMINION CHAMPIONSHIP R.M.C. RIFLE TEAM 1945

BACK ROW: Mr. Ball, D. Webster, B. Cator. J. Lossing, E. Chop, Mr. M. Young, R. Montrose, N. Grabb, J. Brown, S. Johnson, Mr. Bunt, J. Kurylo.

FRONT ROW: B. Graham, J. Upton, T. Poore, E. Crispin, D. Gimson, F. Marchand, W. Ord, G. Dewar, M. Whelpton.



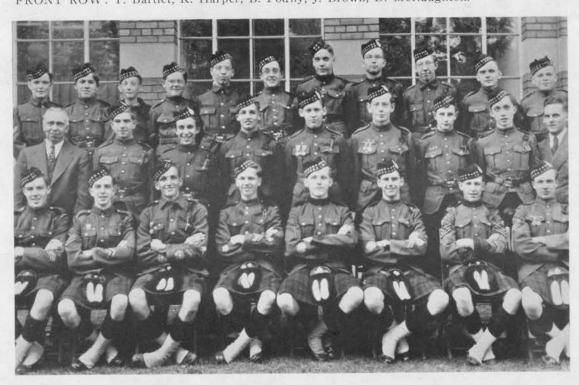
CHAMPION MOYER CUP SIGNALLING TEAM 1945

BACK ROW: Mr. Bunt, J. Colwill, G. Dewar, B. Gard, J. Stankov, Mr. Ball. FRONT ROW, N. Marshall, B. Ord, B. Girling, E. Crispin, H. Longmuir.



PIPE BAND 1946

BACK ROW: Pipe-Major J. Copeland, D. Forsyth, B. MacMillan, A. MacMillan, G. Cumming, B. Gibbs.
FRONT ROW: T. Bartlet, K. Harper, B. Podhy, J. Brown, D. McNaughton.



SENIOR N.C.O.'s 1945

BACK ROW: W. Hull, S. Musgrave, J. Catlin, D. Stankov, W. Gard, C. Pollard, W. Adsett, A. MacMillan, W. Woodruff, R. Cosier, H. Pike.

MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Ball, K. Taylor, S. Koloff, D. Holmes, G. Dewar, R. Montrose, B. Stevenson, R. Ray, Mr. Bunt.

FRONT ROW: N. MacPhee, D. Webster, N. Grabb, J. Stankov, G. Gilliland, S. Bruce, R. Spence, T. Poore.



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that won the R.M.C. championship. They are:

W. Ord, 99; T. Poore, 99; F. Marchand, 99; M. Whelpton 98; G. Dewar, 98; J. Kurylo, 98; D. Gimson, 98; B. Cator, 98; J. Upton, 97; D. Gibson, 97. Other members of the team were:

N. Grabb, D. Webster, E. Chop, D. Horne, R. Montrose, S. Johnson, J. Brown, J. Melnick, J. Lossing, E. Crispin.

Rodney Montrose won the D.C.R.A. gold medal for the highest average, 98.3%, of the three targets of the competition. The Strathcona Trust Medal for the highest average in all competitions of the year went to Bill Ord whose average for seven targets was 98%. D.C.R.A. first class silver medals for 97% or over in D.C.R.A. were won by Jack Upton, Gordon Dewar, Robert Graham, William Ord, and Stuart Johnson.

Already this year, our riflemen have met with success, winning the Ontario Rifle Association Challenge Trophy for Secondary School Cadet Corps with an average of 97.6%. Rodney Montrose has again displayed his skill by walking off



Cadet Lt.-Col. Marshall and Gen. Crerar

with a silver medal for a perfect score of 100%. Rodney, so far this year, has fired four consecutive perfect competition targets—something of a record, we believe.

Other members of the winning 1946 O.R.A. team were awarded bronze stars. They are Jack Upton, Bob Graham, Bill Ord, John Kurylo, Doug Gimson, Nick Grabb, Bruce Cator, Gord Dewar, Frank Marchand, Harry Aston, and Stuart Johnson.

At the O.R.A. cadet matches at the M.D.1, R.C.A.C. Camp, Cedar Springs, Walkerville shots won \$15.00, coming second. Those who won prizes are: R. Montrose \$6.00, R. E. Mapes \$3.00, F. Joyce \$3.00, F. Hutton \$2.00, and W. Ord \$1.00.

Our rifle coach this year is Mr. Bunt. Everything points to another successful year.

Our city was honoured this Fall with a visit by General H. D. G. Crerar who spoke to the cadets of this city in the auditorium of one of our larger schools where Walkerville Collegiate was represented by our officers and N.C.O.'s under the command of our new O.C., Norm Marshall. He had the coveted privilege of meeting the general on behalf of our Cadet Corps. We were proud of Norm, who was, by far, the smartest Cadet Officer to meet the Commander of the Canadian Army.

Norm holds the respect and loyalty of every cadet at Walkerville Collegiate and we will support him to the limit. Under his leadership, we shall go forth on inspection day, confident in our ability to carry on the traditions of our Corps, striving to maintain our record of proficiency. This year holds forth great promise in cadet work, and we aim to put on the best show yet in all fields of our endeavour, keeping in mind always the main purpose of cadet training given in the words of the Royal Canadian Army Cadet Motto "ACER ACERPORI" — as the maple, so the sapling.







CADET CAMP

The 1945 Cadet Camp, held at Cedar Springs, Ontario, stands out vividly in the memories of the forty odd officers and cadets who represented the Walkerville C. I. Cadet Corps as number 18 Platoon, E. Coy., the company commanded by

our own Mr. Bunt with Mr. William Young in charge of stores. Although they often refer to it as "The Battle of Cedar Springs", claiming full battle honours (one glance at some of the illustrations shows why) our cadets certainly do not regret attending the camp, and, indeed, would return if given the opportunity. They had rain, and oceans of mud, were burned by the scorching sun by day, and frozen by the cold at night, in spite of many blankets; but it was all part of the game and they never had more fun in their lives.

Walkerville's company twice won the













pennant for the cleanest and best lines in the camp, and their spirit was always high as they took part in all of the camp activities, both work and play. When its turn came, our company, always the smartest on parade, turned out, under the command of Norm Marshall,

one of the best guards and fire pickets to perform the colourful retreat ceremony. After the duties of the day were completed, and during rest periods, our cadets made full use of the ample sports facilities, playing baseball, football, horseshoes, volley-ball, swimming, boxing, and participating in the track and field meet. A special feature of the camp, was the huge rifle range where our cadets fired "22" rifles, 30 calibre army rifles, Bren Light Machine Guns, and Piat Anti Tank Weapons to win a total of fifteen dollars in prizes for their expert marksmanship.

(Continued on Page 70)



AGORA EXECUTIVE

BACK ROW: A. Mate, H. Marchand, H. Schofield, W. Ord, W. Bell, G. Neely, D. Richard, S. Musgrave.

MIDDLE ROW: B. Lees, B. Searle, J. Little, M. Adams, M. Chortos, D. Haley, J. MacDonald, M. Miller.

FRONT ROW: A. MacMillan, H. Happy, Mr. Hartford, Mr. Ball, N. Marshall, S. Fedoruk, M. Niskasari.

AGORA

The Agora, which is the Student Council of Walkerville Collegiate, has been very successful in all of its many undertakings this year. Much of the success is due to the wonderful officers leading this year's organization and to the advice that both teachers and students have given.

This year the Agora has sponsored two very successful dances "The Gamblers' Gambol" and the "WO.S.S.A. Wiggle", and is now making plans for a bigger and better "Military Ball." Much credit for the success of these ventures should go to the Social and Publicity Committees for the fine work they have done and are doing to make all Walkerville's activities a success.

Another very successful effort of the

Agora was the sale of Christmas cards under the direction of Mr. Waddell, Mr. Hartford, Bill Ord and the financial committee. A great deal of time was spent by all concerned in making this venture a profitable one.

Through the Agora the students of Walkerville have helped the Cadet Corps in its aim to build a Cadet library; they have kept up the McNaughton Scholarship Fund and have represented the student body in numerous other ways.

This year's officers are: Mr. Ball, Honorary President; Norm Marshall, President; Angus MacMillan, Vice-President; Helen Happy, Secretary; Mr. Hartford, Treasurer; Bill Ord, Financial Chairman; Don Richard, Publicity Chairman; and John Wigle, Social Chairman.

IAN WILKIE

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GIRLS' CHOIR

BACK ROW: E. Wiseman, P. Wiseman, H. Vladich, M. Feneck, C. Brailean, A. Balint, N. Blair, M. Loggan, H. Evan, M. Roddy, Z. Sawish, M. Morris, M. Warren, J. Graham, M. Houston, H. Rock, A. Johnston, E. German.

3rd ROW: M. Sampson, D. Cake, P. Morrison, J. Potter, S. Henderson, V. Sedlar, A. Yasney, V. Atkins, E. MacMillan, B. Wamsley, O. Camille, N. Cybulak, N. Hays, P. Martin.

2nd ROW: D. Mathieson, D. Woods, B. Horne, L. Hillis, B. MacMillan, B. Tait, P. Cook, M. Payne, A. McLardy, H. Rumble, D. Bowes, B. Davidson, W. Auld, L. Schaljo.

FRONT ROW: O. Evan, S. Fedoruk, M. Chortos, M. Werte, Miss Saunders, J. Sparrow, S. Branch, B. Marcoux, J. Hugill.

THE GIRLS' CHOIR

Although the girls in our choir have not had many opportunities to display their talents to the public, we have nevertheless been practising eagerly at our Tuesday afternoon sessions up in Room 301. We were certainly glad to welcome back Miss Saunders, who returned to us after two years with the Wrens, and who we are confident will continue her splendid record of choir work at Walkerville Collegiate.

Our first appearance this year was at the Christmas Commencement exercises, when we sang "Lullaby of the Dwarfs," and "Lift Thine Eyes," the well-known selection from Mendelssohn's "Elijah". A performance of several new numbers scheduled for the Open House program on February 8 failed to materialize, because of unforeseen difficulties, but rehearsals went forward with the usual enthusiasm in spite of our disappointment.

We began the year with an impressive attendance of over eighty singers, but of these only about forty have appeared regularly at rehearsals. Credit is certainly due these girls who gave up other activities to attend faithfully, and our deep appreciation also goes to Margaret Werte, our able and understanding pianist. Miss Saunders, Margaret, and the choir all work together so harmoniously that gratifying results are quite justified.

The choir's social life was not ne-(Continued on Page 29)



ORCHESTRA

Mr. Brown, Instructor

W. Peterson, D. Kilgour, F. Weir, O. Murray, B. Fenton, M. McKinnon, N. Seiler, J. Darrock, P. Murphy, J. Mann, B. Gulak. Absent: M. Parsons.

ORCHESTRA

For the past two years the orchestra, which had been dormant for some time, has been under the direction of Mr. Brown, and has been playing strictly as a dance band.

The band holds regular practices and a large library of dance orchestrations has been accumulated. The practices have proved very worth while, for the band has done some exceptionally fine work at the Tea Dances and at the Graduation Dance.

A number of students with outstanding musical ability who have given their help to the orchestra have added greatly to the success of this organization. The band now features ensemble effects and also vocal and instrumental solos.

A second group of instrumentalists is now practising the same music and it is hoped that in another year the orchestra can be expanded along the lines of a symphonic aggregation, as has been the practice in past years.

A vote of thanks should be given Mr. Brown and the various student members of the band for so willingly giving their time and talents to after school practices in order to reach the high standard of efficiency now enjoyed by the band. The mastery of the music has not only given great pleasure to the members of the band but has been a source of entertainment to everyone connected with the school.

IAN WILKIE



DRAMATIC SOCIETY

BACK ROW: Mr. Burr, D. Haley, P. Barnby, W. Hull, G. Croft, H. Schofield, S. Johnson, Mrs. Alexander.

FRONT ROW: J. Little, M. Werte, Miss Robbins, Miss Auld, E. Lee, B. Lees.

ABSENT: B. Mapes.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Walkerville Collegiate Dramatic Club elected the following officers for the year 1945-46:

Hon, President	Miss Auld
President	Ed Lee
Vice President	Margaret Werte
Secretary	Jean Little
Treasurer	
Property Mistress	Barbara Lees
Stage Manager	Bob Mapes

Our only public offering this year was the short comedy, "Courage, Mr. Greene," which was presented at the Graduation Exercises December 20. The play was directed by Mrs. Alexander and Mr. Burr, and the cast included Herbert Schofield, Stuart Johnson, Donna Haley, Pat Barnby and Gordon Croft. During the past two years the Dramatic Society has produced two of its most successful plays, "She Stoops To Conquer", a costume play which was rated highly by all who saw it. Mary Gregory, Jack Creed, Tom Beckett and Bill Grundy, won the awards for their performances. Our play of last year "The Whole Town's Talking", delighted our audiences with its rollicking humour. The annual awards were presented to Mary Gregory, Anne Thistlethwaite and Tom Beckett. Both these plays were directed by the "Guiding Light" of the club, our own Miss Robbins.

Because of the lack of directors we did not present our annual three-act play this year, but we have hopes for such a play next year.

Secretary,

JEAN LITTLE

Page Twenty-Seven



ORATORS
Janet Hugill, James Zeron, Barbara Tait
Absent—Donald Ryan

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Our oratorical efforts have been extremely noteworthy, although none of the W.S.S.A. championships came to Walkerville this year. Many of the participants were new to the game, and their speeches deserved a great deal of credit; several had entered the contest before and showed marked improvement in material and delivery over their previous efforts.

From the four Senior boy contestants, Jim Zeron carried off the honours with his excellent speech on "Local History", and an equally noteworthy impromptu on "The Life of Tomorrow". Second place was awarded to Howard Thompson who gave as his main address, "The Cadet Camp," and also spoke in an interesting manner on "The Best Book I Have Read."

The remarkable number of Senior girls speaking this year was certainly inspiring, and the quality of their speeches made that contest an interesting event. Janet Hugill, the winner, showed splendid oratorical ability both in her main speech on "Winston Churchill" and her laugh-provoking impromptu on "My Favourite Subject—Mathematics." Runnersup were Donna Haley, with "Canadian Parliament" and "Progress in the Girl Guide Movement", and Dorothy Woods with "Careers for Young People" and "The Life of Tomorrow", the latter two tying for second place.

The Junior orators were surprisingly good this year, with Don Ryan taking tirst place laurels for his address on 'Atomic Power" and "Dogs". Jamles Muir was a close competitor, speaking on "Puppets" and "Places I Would Like To Visit."

The Junior girls also showed great promise of future ability. The winner, Barbara Tait, gave an excellent speech on "Customs of India" and a successful impromptu, "Airlines." Second p'ace went to Margaret Martin who spoke on "Alaska" and gave as her impromptu, "Why I Like Music."

All these speakers, both winners and competitors, have gained valuable experience in this year's contest, and we are certain that future oratory will keep up Walkerville's fine record, or even surpass it.

DOROTHY WOODS

ASSEMBLIES

Assemblies this year have showed a marked improvement over those of last year. This year the students have been much more interested in assemblies than they have in the past.

Credit for the improvement must go to Mr. Ball who has worked hard picking out talent and to the Agora Assembly Committee.

Assemblies this year have provided a great deal of enjoyment to students and teachers alike. It is to be hoped that the fine work done on them now will be continued in the years to come.

With performers such as Marilyn Miller, Margo MacKinnon, Bob Fenton, and Herb Scofield, assemblies are sure to be a success. Other star performers were found among the teachers with Miss Saunders, Miss MacIntyre, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Allison taking a place on the stage several times throughout the year. If this co-operation between students and teachers continues, our assemblies will always be enjoyable.



F. Hull, E. Lepa, L. Laakso, Mr. Ball, W. Young, G. Turnbull.

SCHOLARSHIPS

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In 1945 Walkerville students earned seven scholarships.

The J. L. McNaughton Memorial Scholarship was awarded for the first time last year. Lillian Laakso received it, and is now studying Honor Science at Toronto.

Eugene Lepa won the third Carter Scholarship worth \$40. Three Carter Scholarships are given in each county of Southern Ontario for the highest standing in ten papers which must include English Composition, English Literature, Geometry and Algebra.

George Turnbull is studying Business Administration at Western with a Dominion-Provincial Scholarship worth \$400 a year for four years.

Bill Young won three scholarships, the Edith Bowlby Chapter I.O.D.E. Scholarship of \$100 for the highest English mark in Windsor, the second Carter Scholar-

ship of \$60, and the Irwin Hilliard Scholarship in English and History at Victoria College, University of Toronto which is worth \$625.

Charmaine Humphries won a \$100 Dominion - Provincial Scholarship for Grade 13.

We are proud of these students, and hope that this year's graduating class can live up to their fine example.

(Continued from Page 25)

glected, in spite of such arduous rehearsing. In December the Boys' and Girls' Choirs combined to give a Christmas party in the school library where dancing, games and box lunches were enjoyed, and small surprise packages distributed by Santa himself! The pleasure of our guests proved the party's success, and we are all eagerly anticipating another such event in the future, as well as our future musical programs.

DOROTHY WOODS

RETURNED

From the Armed Forces

MR. I. A. ALLISON

On April 25, 1941, Ian Allison enlisted in the Canadian Army. He spent about a month at the O.T.C., Brockville, whence he emerged a one-pip wonder, and after a fe v days' "visit" at Camp Borden he left for England. By the end of June he had joined the Calgary Regiment of the First Canadian Army Tank Brigade and after training and manoeuvres in England he received his second pip (February 1942). In August, 1942, Lieutenant Allison was fighting with the Calgary Tanks and the Essex Scottish at Dieppe, and the Calgary losses and casualties were terrific.

From Dieppe Lieutenant Allison returned to England to train new Canadian reinforcements, and at this time received his captaincy. Before he joined his unit in Italy he had received his crown, and with them fought through Cassino, the Liri Valley, the Hitler and Gustav lines and North of Florence where he was wounded. He was again with his regiment when they landed in Marseilles. They fought up through Belgium, had a three-week rest, then pushed through Germany and back—this time into Holland. After the last two battles, Arnhem and Ede, a truce was called, lasting two weeks, for the purpose of transporting food to the starving Dutch by the Calgary Tanks.

On July 29, 1945 Major Allison left for England and on October 13, 1945 he became "Mister" Allison once more.

MR. F. BECKLEY

Mr. Beckley, a member of the Essex Tank Regiment, was once a cadet at W. C. I. In 1942, he joined the army taking his training at O.T.S. in Brockville, then at A 27 Training Centre at Dundurn, Sask. In 1943, he went overseas, serving in the front lines in France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. Captain Beckley had many harrowing experiences. While

across the German lines, his armoured car blew up. He was in the same house with a 500 lb, bomb during the German bombing of Falais. At one time, he was trapped for 36 hours about 25 miles behind the German lines.

MR. A. FLETCHER

In 1941, Mr. Fletcher joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. He was trained at Rivers, Man., and then served as an instructor until 1945. Ft. Lieut. Fletcher, as a navigator, had the misfortune to make a mistake in his calculations and found himself flying over the then neutral United States. When asked to relate some of his thrilling experiences overseas, Mr. Fletcher said that the only thing that he did in England was to fly around in the fog.

MR. C. M. FORMAN

Mr. Forman joined the air-force in March 1942 and left for Manning Pool where he received his basic training for the air-crew. After leaving Manning Pool, he entered about eight other schools in Canada and finally arrived at Regina A.O.S. where he completed his training. As flying officer (navigator). he spent two years overseas and participated in bombing missions on the continent in the famous Lancaster bombers. While he was on one of his missions, his plane was shot down near Paris and only he and two others out of seven escaped alive. The skipper was captured by the Germans. Mr. Forman and the rear gunner, both behind enemy lines, managed to outwit the Germans and obtain help from a French family who were part of a well-organized underground. three weeks later they were rescued by the Third American Army who had broken through the enemy lines. In October 1944, Mr. Forman came back to Canada and his discharge was complete in February 1945.

MR. D. C. O'BRIEN

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Mr. O'Brien was 2 1/C of the Essex Tank Regiment before enlistment. He commanded the Active Service Company at St. Luke's Barracks from May 1940 to October 1940 whereupon he was called to headquarters M.D. No. 1 as G.S.O. III. In February 1941, he joined the Ontario Tank Regiment and in June of the same vear proceeded overseas as squadron commander. He then remained with the First Armoured Brigade until he was appointed chief instructor at 2C. A.C.R.U. in February 1943. Later he commanded a wing at 2 C. A.C.R.U. with the rank of lieutenant colonel. After V-E day Lieutenant Colonel O'Brien commanded a repatriation depot until his return to Canada in August 1945. Discharged in October 1945, Mr. O'Brien came back to Walkerville to teach again. He was awarded the M.B.E. and E.D. Welcome back, Mr. O'Brien. Your job was very well done, indeed!

MR. H. NIGHSWANDER

In 1942, Mr. Nighswander signed his name for his country and the following year was called to serve it. For a year and a quarter he remained here in Windsor on the H.M.C.S. Hunter and became a petty officer. He says that during his navy career his most interesting experience was "being guard of honour for the Governor-General in Ottawa." His discharge was complete in October 1944, whereupon he resumed teaching at Walkerville Collegiate Institute.

MISS O. E. SAUNDERS

On March 25, 1943, Olive Saunders entered the Wrens and soon worked herself up to a lieutenancy. She was sta-

tioned at Halifax for 20 months and in Newfoundland for eight months. Among many of her thrilling experiences in the Wrens, Lieutenant Saunders ranks her nine-hour operational flight in an airforce bomber over a convoy as the most exciting. She also had the opportunity of spending two days on a frigate observing submarine detection devices under conditions at sea. While in Newfoundland. Miss Saunders had the opportunity of meeting and chatting with Frank Sinatra. She has a picture of herself shaking hands with Frankie. Lieutenant Saunders received her discharge papers on August 1, 1945 and returned to Walkerville Collegiate Institute.

MISS G. I. TUNKS

Miss Tunks enlisted in the Wrens in December 1942, and by New Year's Day 1943, found herself one of a group of Wrens travelling over the Rockies to Vancouver. Here, Vancouver played host to its first group of Wrens. Ottawa was Miss Tunks' home station, and from here she visited various places — Sydney for ten days, for example. While in Sydney she was fortunate to be one of two Wren officers a lowed to go to sea. On board, they worked the powerful Oerlikon guns and witnessed a good deal of minesweeping. They had the thrilling experience of boarding Merchant Ships, and on one Tanker, talked with an engineer who was a survivor of three torpedoed tankers. While at sea, they had the self-satisfying experience of seeing the Captain take seasick pills while the two Wrens found no need for them.

Miss Tunks feels that her years in the Wrens were almost the most educational of her life, and while we know navy life is wonderful, we are glad to welcome her back to Walkerville.

Patronize our advertisers



WINNERS OF THE BLUE AND WHITE PROSE CONTEST

First Prize

SUSIE OF THE TEST TUBES

The girl who sighs with envy after rereading "Arrowsmith," "Disputed Passage," or "Microbe Hunters" hopes to achieve some day the glory of being the valued assistant of the great Dr. So-and-So, the world's outstanding research worker in some field or other. Perhaps she has even been inquiring about training courses to fit her for this great career; undoubtedly she will be anxious to find out a few of the details of her future life.

Let us say she has completed her training and is accepted in a famous research lab.—assistant to Dr. Smith's chief technician! Down to the lab. she comes, eight o'clock sharp, all crisp and white in her new uniform. Anxiously sitting on the edge of her chair she watches the various staff members drift in, exchange casual remarks, and briskly begin their work of the day. Minutes trudge past, and finally the newcomer approaches a dignified gentleman who is vigorously swirling a flask of muddy yellow liquid. and ventures, "Please, sir, where will I find Dr. Smith's head technician? I'm his new assistant."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know why Jones needs an assistant—he can't keep busy himself. But you can help me if you like, while you wait. Jones never arrives before nine. I'm Smith."

Susie views with awe this farnous

scientist, and nervously stands ready to do his bidding. To her surprise, her first task is to wash a dozen racks full of miniature test tubes containing sticky white jelly, and it takes her nearly two hours, since each tube must be shaken upside down, prodded with a glass rod, and immersed in a huge pot of hot green soap. Poor Susie! her hands are now sacrificed to Science! Meanwhile, the tardy Jones arrives, and promises her a job in the animal room as soon as she has vanquished the sticky test tubes. This she finally does, half expecting some comment on their glistening cleanness, but the doctor merely indicates Jones waiting next door.

A peculiar odour greets Susie as she opens the door. Rows and rows of metal drawer-like cages fill this room, and the clamour of sharp little squeaks informs her of the presence of thousands of tiny white mice. To her dismay, Mr. Jones calmly pulls out a cage, takes a handful of mice and nods to her to do the same. "Just drop them in this glass jar. weigh each one and keep the ones from eighteen to twenty grams. When you've put the rest back, bring the good ones to me in the lab."

"But . . . how do I . . . pick them up?"
"Haven't you ever worked with mice?
Simply take hold of the tail, like a handle.
They don't often bite!"

Susie cautiously approaches one meek little mouse in the corner of the cage, picks him up gingerly, but finding that he squirms, frantically drops him, not in the jar, but on the floor! She scrambles madly after him, diving under tables and penches but he disappears along a drain-

Page Thirty-Two

pipe. Visibly shaken, Susie turns to the next problem—how to make mice stand still while she weighs them, since they prefer strolling around on the scales and inevitably tumble over the edge. At last she comes back with her jar of mice, little dreaming she is the victim of a ritual endured by every novice in the lab.

And so goes the first week of her new life. Weighing mice, washing glassware, holding guinea-pigs for injections, filling racks of test tubes with graduated volumes of standard solutions-Susie tries her increasingly capable hand at countless new jobs. One unforgettable day she is taught to run the forbidding boiler-like autoclave, or steam sterilizer, and to her horror is left alone with the thing, told to "open this valve if the pressure rises too high, close this one if the temperature drops, and don't blow us all up!" By the time that half-hour has crawled past, poor Susie is frantically chewing her nails and muttering, "What happens if I forget to turn something?" But she can now sterilize her own equipment, which is a blessing both to her and to the overworked "wash-up women."

Finally Susie is given a whole set of tests to run every day. She carefully sets out her shining glass plates each morning, prepares new batches of reagents, and follows a definite routine each day so that her test results will be uniform and reliable. Absolute precision becomes automatic: the slightest deviation from the usual pattern, even the tiniest error in measurement makes the whole test meaningless. Of course Susie soon is very efficient and leaves far behind her the stage of forgetting to keep cotton plugs in sterile flasks. Her experiments are suggested and decided upon by others. but little Susie has the great satisfaction of knowing that she is the one who transforms their theories into practical fact. She is the research worker's right hand-the girl behind the experiment.

DOROTHY WOODS, 13B

Second Prize

MUSIC MILLIONS LOVE

When our scholarly brows are furrowed with the cares of unsolved Math. problems, unfinished French exercises, and neglected supplementary reading, we like to kick off our loafers, drop into a comfortable armchair, and just sit back in utter relaxation. Our hand automatically reaches for the dial of the nearby radio, because we want to hear something soothing and interesting. We hurriedly dial past the phoney comedians, the nerve-racking detective mysteries, and the boring news commentators, until a sudden surge of sweet music meets our ears. Ah-at last, the perfect sound for fatigued minds and tense nerves! Let's listen!

Now a mellow-voiced announcer is inviting us to spend a half-hour with Andre Kostelanetz and his Music Millions Love. "This great maestro should keep us well entertained," we muse, settling ourselves comfortably in the chair, and banishing all worry from our minds. The programme starts off with a dreamy Strauss waltz, which immediately begins the task of lightening our hearts. Before we know it, we are tapping out the lilting rhythm with our foot, and humming along with the orchestra.

Our genial announcer next gives us a pleasant introduction to the guest artist of the evening, whether it be Marian Anderson, Ginny Simms, Lily Pons or John Charles Thomas. This introduction stimulates our interest so that we find ourselves eagerly waiting for the number to begin.

The song is always perfectly suited to the singer's voice. Marian Anderson, with her vibrant contralto, may sing us a stirring Gypsy Song from Carmen, or Lily Pons, with her lofty soprano, may take our spirits on a soaring trip as she trills through a French aria. If Ginny Simms is supplying the talent we can count on a lively evening indeed. Her clear, sweet voice is especially adapted to the popular and semi-classical selections. For these, too, the Kostelanetz orchestra provides excellent accompaniment. Her rendition of "Slowly" or a Gershwin melody has a charm quite different from that of the operatic singers, and is just as capable of transporting us to a world of musical dreams. Now perhaps it is the virile tenor of John Charles Thomas beckoning us with a rousing Vagabond Song or wailing a plaintive Negro spiritual.

Besides the vocal numbers, there are a few performances by the orchestra itself. In these Andre Kostelanetz and his artists exhibit to the full, the outstanding characteristics of their music-a rich. sweeping flow of tone and an abundance of creative imagination. There is always one special number on the programme devoted to pure imagination. This may be either a popular hit tune or a classical excerpt, but in either case, the musicians create a magical atmosphere cleverly suited to the title or theme of the song. For instance, "Strange Music" or "Laura" may be presented with an appealing new touch of the bizarre, while Tchaikowsky's "Dance of the Flutes" may be treated with added vigour and vivacity. the most skeptical of us see the mental pictures suggested by the music.

Now the guest artist comes back for one more performance, adding the finale to a very enjoyable half-hour. But it does not seem nearly that long. Surely we have been listening for only ten minutes! Though we hope the music will continue for ever, Alexander Scott is bidding us a pleasant "Good evening," with a few well-chosen words in favour of Chrysler dealers.

Andre Kostelanetz is now off the air. The heavenly music has ceased, and the singer's tones are heard no more. The spirit, however, is still with us, making us feel gay and energetic. The furrowed brows have given way to dimpled smiles and the depressing worries have been replaced by peaceful thoughts. Refreshed and invigorated by the half-hour of

sparkling entertainment, we go to work and solve the Math. problems, finish the French exercises, and complete the supplementary reading.

Thus we have proven to us the age-old truth that music hath charms. As one great music lover once said, "The real test of all great art is its power to give pleasure to the largest number of persons capable of appreciating it, for the greatest length of time."

Vive le Kostelanetz.

MARGARET WEST, 13B

Third Prize

LIFE'S VICTIM

Robert Jones was born on Friday, September 13 on a spiritless, wintry night. Whether this was an omen of ill luck, or a trick of fate, I do not know. As the story continues, you may determine for yourself.

When he was five years old, his mother died of pneumonia, leaving Robert and his drunkard father to the mercies of the world. His father was a good man, but like a narcotic dope fiend, he could not resist the temptation of liquor. He tried to take care of Robert, but his craving for liquor proved to be master over him. Drifting from one job to another, and always being fired because of his passion, he soon became disgusted. So one night, penniless, friendless and unhappy, he took his own life by hanging himself.

Thus, at the age of eight, Robert, left without mother or father, was sent to an orphanage. Here, there was no limit to the cruel sufferings that he underwent. The master, as the owner of the orphanage was called, forced Robert, along with the other children, to do the work of a man each day, but he fed them hardly enough to keep them standing up. At the age of fifteen, Robert had gone through more, and knew more about the hardships of life than most of us do at thirty.

One day, when he could no longer stand the torments of his master, he decided



First Prize in the Art Contest-Peter Abramoff, General McNaughton. (Copy)

to run away. His preparations made, he waited until it was dark. Then, while everyone was sleeping, he left the dormitory, and approached the gate. He stopped, horror-stricken and bewildered. He could not believe his own eyes. There, standing in front of him, was the one person he dreaded—the master.

What was he to do? Was he to give up all hope of freedom? Robert lived through a million years in that one desperate moment. No, he would never go back to that dreaded place. Somehow he must escape.

While Robert's mind had been racing, the master had been standing in front of him, his expression a combination of anger and smug satisfaction.

"I'll teach you to try to run away from me," he cried producing a whip which Robert knew only too well. He lashed it furiously down upon Robert's shoulders. Stunned, Robert fell back, and the master raised the whip again. In that brief moment Robert's hand fell upon a cold object lying on the ground. It was a lead pipe. He grasped it and leaped up at the master with the fury of a tiger. He might have hit the master once, or he might have rained a dozen blows upon him. He did not know. His mind was blank except for that one thought, to escape.

But, after touching the cold body of the master, he knew one thing for certain, that he, Robert Jones, at fifteen years of age was a murderer.

You may find it hard to believe that a boy fifteen years of age could be a murderer, but I think that you could not find it as hard to believe as Robert did. Robert was scared, there was no denving it. He thought to himself, what can a murderer do in this case? Run away? No, he would first get rid of any evidence. He buried the lethal weapon then dragged the now cold, limp body of the master to a clump of bushes and hid it. Satisfied that no one could find the body, he turned around to take one last look at the only home he had ever known. Then he set out down the winding road to seek his fortune.

He hopped a freight train for the wild, windy city of Chicago. As soon as he arrived he started on the wrong foot. Joining a gang of killers he helped them operate a series of robberies, kidnappings, and murders, and soon became a full-fledged gangster. He was getting more money than he had ever dreamed of, and at the age of twenty, he thought that he had experienced everything that life could offer a person. Robert was very much mistaken, for he had yet to experience the most wonderful thing in life—love.

Laura Garson was her name. She was a stenographer in the Acme Furniture Co. Robert met her at a party, which she was attending with her fiancé, Fred Acme. Although he did not mention her to anyone, all he thought of from that day on was Laura Garson. His colleagues in crime noticed a change in him, and began to distrust him.

Robert had taken Laura out a few times, but had never told her how he felt about her. One day, on the spur of the moment, he proposed. When she told him she was engaged to be married, he was stunned. He left immediately. Entering his car, he drove around for a while in a daze. He could not believe that the person he loved, loved someone else. He felt hurt and cheated. He had never known any happiness before, and now that it was so close to him it did not seem fair for him to give it up without a fight. He decided that if he could not have happiness, Fred Acme should not have it either.

With this thought in mind he drove to his gang's hideout. He found them planning to kidnap Fred Acme. Fate, he thought, was on his side. For every person the gang had kidnapped had been killed sooner or later.

The kidnapping, strangely, took place on Friday, September 13. Acme left his office with Laura Garson. When they reached the sidewalk, two of the mobsters approached and ordered them to enter a car waiting across the street. They were then driven to the hideout and placed in a large, dimly lighted room. Robert did not know that Laura had been brought along with Acme, so you can imagine his surprise when he walked in.

Laura pleaded with Robert for their release, but Robert was not going to be cheated of revenge on the one person who was in the way of his happiness. At last, in desperation, Laura begged him to let Acme go, and kill her. When Robert heard this a change immediately took place in him. Laura was risking her life for the man she loved. He would show his love for her by risking his. Untying them quickly he told them to leave. As soon as the back door closed the gang walked in. Robert tried to hold them off till Laura and Acme got away. He succeeded, but was killed in the attempt. And thus ends the story of a man who lived in tragedy and died in tragedy, a man who was a victim of life.

FRANK KRAMIRICH, 9E

WINNERS OF THE BLUE AND WHITE POETRY CONTEST

First Prize

FLIGHT

The airscrew whirls, the engine coughs, and whines,

Then bursts into a roaring sea of sound, Yearning the prison earth to leave—all signs

Of bonds to lose.

Forward, inch by inch it crawls at first— Faster,—the stick pushed forward—tail is up—

Faster, the ground shoots by—for flight I thirst—

I'm off the ground!

The craft gains height in leaps and bounds, and flies,

A thing of grace, a bird set free to seek Ethereal freedom in the windy skies, To live again!

Soaring up and up through heavenly blue Of timeless, boundless, weightless space,

all mine.

I'm free to fly, forgetting grief I knew When bound to earth.

Flying high, so high above the earth Immune from all the cares I knew below, Untouched by strife I've known since birth,

"Tis then I live!

BILL ORD, 13B

Second Prize

THE LONELY PINE

On a high and rocky mountain Stands a tall and gnarled pine— Her branches of green, many sights have seen

As she grows on the mountain alone. Her friends one by one have fallen Beneath the blow of the axe. But alone now she stands And guards her lands Like a sentinel at a gate.

The winds have slashed at her branches,

The storms have torn at her sides. But she stands and laughs at their mighty staffs

As she grows on the mountain alone. In the quiet cool of the evening The birds come to rest on her boughs, And she lulls them to sleep In the quiet deep Of evening, when all is at rest.

ANNE SILITCH, 11A

Third Prize

ODE TO OUR TEACHERS

Their's is a job most tiresome,
One that's fatiguing and hard.
They have to battle the jokers,
Those guys who are quite a card.
They try to control their tempers,
But alas, quite often they don't,
When opposed by some dumb student,
Who seemingly can't or won't
Do all the homework assigned him;
He gives some flabby excuse,
Like forgetting to take his book
home,

Or living away out in Puce.

Page Thirty-Seven



Second Prize in the Art Contest—Beatrice Wilkinson, 9H. Scratch Work.

Yet despite all these complications, They manage to carry on, Still taking off marks for talking. Gum-chewing or crossing the lawn. Though underneath they are human, Even they must have gone to school once:

Where now they have their B.A.'s, Perhaps, long ago, they were a dunce. So a feeling of mute affection Exists 'tween teacher and student, Though they never would admit it— It seemingly wouldn't be prudent. And thus their lives are wended. These mortals whose standards are high;

These beleaguered men and women, The teachers of W.C.I.

HERB SCHOFIELD, 12B

MIDNICHT LAKE

If one were to view Midnight Lake in the sunlight of broad daytime, one would be completely mystified as to the origin of its name; for the sun penetrates its translucent depths in broad bands of gold to play gaily on the white rock bottom. Sandy white shores reflect the light with blinding brilliance, and the surrounding vegetation strewn with beautiful flowers, bears no resemblance to the blackness of midnight. In fact, one can search for hours amid beautiful surroundings and find no suggestion of nocturnal qualities.

It is only in the midnight stillness that one begins to realize the peculiar aptness of the name, for midnight is an hour of darkness and mystery.

When I first entered the vicinity of the lake, all was darkness—nothing could be seen. Then out of the night shrilled the eerie, terrifying cry of the loon, and a white haze, followed by the rim of a great silver ball, appeared in the east. As the moon sailed slowly over the tall spear-like tops of darkly silhouetted pines, a silver path reached out of the blackness and extended across the polished ebony surface of the lake. Little waves rippled in regular patterns over the otherwise dead-calm surface, causing it to glimmer in the light of the silver

path that seemed to beckon the observer to step out onto the jewelled trail. In the air was an atmosphere of tenseness. Sparkling pinpoints of light reflected from tiny stars, stared up from the deep water like thousands of sentinel eyes watching for the one who dared intrude upon this scene of perfect solitude. Then, suddenly, the moon dipped out of sight and darkness enveloped all. No vestige of former beauty remained — nothing but inky blackness.

T.W.O.

ORPHEUS

He had nothing to be afraid of; that was certain. Certainly, no one could discover his crime until long after he had left. Yet the feeling clung to him, as it had many times before, that somewhere, somehow he had made a mistake—a mistake that might cause him to lose his life. True, he should have been hardened against such ideas, but he had never been meant to lead such a life as he was leading. Yet, he was glad to do such things, because it meant keeping "her."

She had married him with the impression that he was moderately wealthy, but soon found otherwise, to her discontent. Since he could not have borne to have her leave him, he went out that first night to gain money any way in which he could; and the quickest, easiest way to wealth is crime!

At first the pitiful convulsions of his victims' dying bodies had sickened him somewhat, but when he arrived home and saw the happiness in "her" eyes when she saw the money in his hand, he decided anything was worth going through to gain her love and content.

He soon found himself climbing a familiar flight of stairs, walking down a familiar hall and entering a small, homely apartment. He opened the door noisily and stood on the threshold waiting for a salutation from his wife but none came. He called—no answer! He listened—unmistakeably he heard a faint cry of despair. It was she; he knew it. Only "her" voice could sound so much like the tink-

ling of silver bells, only "her" ruby lips could have emitted a cry so full of pain and remorse. He raced from room to room, vainly searching, until at last he hit upon the idea of searching her closet. He rushed to the wardrobe and pulled open the door.

A wave of oppressive heat met his chest, volumes of choking smoke met his nostrils and a brilliant red light met his eves. He coughed and gasped and gazed with watery eyes into the interior of the closet. There in the floor, as though a trapdoor had been lifted from it, was a flight of stone stairs from which poured forth the smoke and glare. Again he heard "her" voice, but not crying now, laughing a horrible, maniacal laugh, and another voice laughed with hers. That other voice seemed to harness all the evil of the universe in its inane roars. A desire to have "her" back burned in him. He descended the stairs.

There at the bottom of the stairs "she" stood with her **real** husband, with the boiling brimstone bubbling at their feet.

ROY ASTON, 12A

CARRY ON!

Beyond the wide, vast, open sea, Brave men fought and fell; They fought for you, they fought for me.

They died in living Hell. And on the sea itself they fought, And on the sea they fell.

The flag of freedom waves aloft, Battle days are done, We must carry on where they left off Although the war we won, Take up the torch and raise it high— We have not yet begun.

BUD JACKSON, 13B

A PRAYER

Thank you, O Lord, for this domain, Which stretches from the East to West, From mountains garnished with purple hues.

To harbours calm, our steamers' rest, For golden wheat, and furrowed fields, For lakes, clear blue, and earthly yields. Thank you, O Lord, for peace once more Which reigns o'er us like heavenly hands, For fearless nights—no bombings here To raise Hell's fire unto our lands—For glorious freedom (our heritage) To speak and worship as we wish. But give us strength and courage fast To live Thy way, to do Thy bid, To give unto our Canada A life full free of tyrants rid, To help all peoples as before, Gain what we have forever more.

OLGA EVAN, 13A

YOUTH IN SPRING

When Spring is in the air, I like to watch the stare Of youth whose one ambition Is to go away off fishin'.

Then when the sun is bright And fishin' is just right, He has a hurried hunch 'To run off with his lunch.

The reason is of course, A certain long discourse On Pope or Aristotle, Or hydrogen in bottle.

For what are dusty books
Or teacher's gloomy looks,
Or even eyes of women,
Compared with goin' swimmin'?
FRANK KRAMERICH, 9E

NURSING IMPRESSIONS

When I first went in training at Grace Hospital, I didn't know quite what to expect. Of course, I had a vague idea about things in general, but I had a lot to learn about a nurse's life.

I don't know whether all "probies" act like scared bunnies, but our class certainly did. To begin with, our uniforms hadn't been washed enough to take up the extra length allowed for shrinkage, and we tripped over ourselves every time we went up or down stairs. The first two or three weeks in the hospital seemed

like a dream in an endless maze of halls and rooms, with here and there a staircase to add to the general confusion. Then gradually we became able to find our way around.

After two weeks in the classroom, we were sent to work on the floors. It took some time to become accustomed to carrying bedpans and emesis dishes; at first we held our breaths each time, but we did it so often we were fairly gasping at the end of the day!

Our day begins at six a.m. when someone at the hospital rings our phone to waken us. (One morning I counted fiftyfour rings.) We have breakfast at the hospital at six-thirty and prayers at sixfifty. Then we are ready for work at seven. Until ten or ten-thirty, the floors are in a state of confusion, as we try to "do up" our patients in between doctors' visits, taking patients to the operating rooms, admitting and discharging and doing a hundred other things. In the afternoons when we aren't so busy (we hope), the nurses have two hours off. (Beside one half-day a week, we have four hours off on Sunday). At seven p.m., if everything is done to the satisfaction of the supervisor on each floor, we are free to do what we like, as long as we are in the residence by ten, and have the lights out by ten-thirty (it says here!) One night every week we may sign for a late leave until eleven fifty-five.

When we work nights, we begin at seven p.m. and finish at seven a.m. I still get mixed up when I work nights, because I go on duty one day, and come off the next. Since the night staff is not half as large as the day staff, we help clean up the dining room after midnight supper, and the case room. It doesn't do to have too much imagination in doing the latter. Emptying the linen hamper in the dark is gruesome when you grab hold of a bundle of warm, blood-soaked cloth. All the corridor lights are turned out at night, except for a few night lights at the floor. Every time I walk down the hall, I trip over half a dozen flower vases,

(Continued on Page 53)



Stately and tall, The palm-tree stands, Offering rest and shade To weary travellers, In heat-held lands, After the busy day.

B. RAPINCHUK, 9G

A MIDNIGHT DREAM

I sat upon a midnight bank Beside a midnight*stream, My soul into the river sank And drifted in a dream.

Then came the visions to me So wonderful to spy, I was a captain on the sea Beneath a tinted sky.

Then I was the king of France
In all my grand array,
Before me all my beauties danced,
"The best on earth," they say.

A fish grown tired of the deep Splashed the vision clear, It woke me from my dreamy sleep That no more would appear.

There are people, now I know, Who never, ever dream, That know not the land below, How beautiful it seems.

So, if you're by a midnight stream
Just let your conscience be,
And you, too, would have a wondrous dream,
You just watch and see.

L. A. MARLOWE, 12B

Page Forty-One

"A VICTIM OF ADOLESCENCE"

I wish that I could demonstrate The way I always feel, Without making my Mom and Dad Think that I'm a heel, My Mother says that I am sick Because I sit and mope, My Father says I'm as good as dead, That there isn't any hope. Myself? I can't explain this stage That scientists call youth. And surely, I'd be more than pleased If I could know the truth Of all that ails and bothers me, And keeps me in the dumps. And makes me glare at everyone Who says I have the grumps. And so to end my little poem And keep our home "sweet" home, Would everyone be kind to me And please leave me alone?

BILL FELLOWS, 11C

ON THOUGHTS PROFOUND

I speak on thoughts profound.
Of worlds beyond, and little known,
Of greater things than sky and ground;
Of stupendous spectres that have
grown

From infinitestimal thoughts and phrases
That come from deep and darkened
hazes.

And minds have tried for years in vain To search out knowledge, whence it came

What is my soul? Where doth it berth?

Be it hell or heaven, or here on earth?
I compare my soul to the night,

And to the darkness in its flight.
The dawn is comparable to the death

That reveals my soul, and steals nfy breath.

BOB GIRLING

THE UGLY DUCKLING

Penelope Porter was by no means a pretty girl. She would never make any hearts throb faster when she entered the room. In fact Penelope was very plain and some might call her ugly. Her auburn

hair was pulled tightly behind her ears and held down with a clip Penelope was never allowed to wear any make-up.

"It will ruin your girlish complexion," said her sister who did not use it sparingly. Penelope's sister Jane was considered very beautiful and since their mother had died, Jane had full charge of Penelope.

The doctor had told Penelope she did not need to wear the heavy gold-rimmed glasses, but her sister had always insisted she should. So day after day Penelope went to school wearing her flat oxfords and unstylish clothes.

Penelope was always very lonesome. She didn't have any close friend to talk with between periods about the date last Saturday (as if she ever had any) or about what to wear to the prom. Oh, the prom! How Penelope had wanted to go, but who would ask her, Betty Thomas and Anne Johnson were going, but they were so different. They always went to dances and things. Penelope heard two girls snicker and giggle as she passed them, Her brown eyes filled with tears behind those horrible, horrible glasses.

Penelope was always glad when four o'clock came and she could go home to Matty, the house-keeper. Matty was Penelope's only and best friend.

When Penelope entered the kitchen Matty was very excited.

"Here", she said in gasps, "it's for you,

BRYN DAVIES

Walkerville Collegiate this year suffered a great loss in the death of Bryn Davies. His name has been permanently inscribed in the records of our school, for he was outstanding in every phase of school life—in sports, in cadets, in The Agera, in social activities and in the classroom. By those of us who were privileged to know him he will never be forgotten.

honey, and it isn't a girl."

Penelope took the phone almost too scared to answer.

"Hello," she said timidly.

"Hi", came a cheery voice from the other end, "is this Penny?"

Penelope had never been called Penny before, but she liked the name immensely.

"Yes, it is," she answered.

"Well," he returned, "this is Dave Benson; would you like to go to the prom with me?"

Penelope was too nervous to answer, but she finally managed a weak "yes".

Penelope did not tell her sister of the invitation, because she knew she would not let her go.

Matty and Penny put their money together and bought all the necessary things for the dance.

It was the night of the dance and to everyone's astonishment Penny looked beautiful. Of course Jane did not see her, for she had a date.

As Penny was waiting for Dave, the

phone rang.

"This is Betty Thomas," came a familiar voice; "I thought it was my duty to tell you that Dave only asked you because it was a "frat" initiation."

"Thank you," said Penny quietly, "I am

very glad you called."

Before the tears that were rushing to her eyes could come Penny heard the doorbell. She opened the door to Dave.

"Is Penny ready yet?" he questioned looking over the pretty girl at the door.

"Yes, I am."

Dave's mouth fell. "Are you Penny? I don't believe it—you look so different. Come on, honey, let's go."

"I'm sorry, I can't go with you Dave,

I found out why you asked me."

"Oh," said Dave turning a brilliant red,

"well, so long."

Penny watched him as he went down to the car. Then she let go and just sobbed and sobbed.

"You'd better dry those pretty eyes if we're going to be on time for the dance, Penny."



Third Prize in the Art Contest Jack Lossing.

Penny looked up to see her handsome cousin Jack standing in front of her.

Jack helped Penny with her coat. Then, taking her arm, he guided her out to the

When Penny walked in with Jack, envious heads turned to look at the couple.

Penny had a wonderful time that night and she was no longer the ugly duckling.

MARILYN FENECH, 10A

SUPPLEMENTARY ESSAY ON SCHOOL SPIRIT

Our school ,tis of thee,
Shackles of slavery,
Of thee we sigh.
Sad, oh, the moron's plight,
In the grips of thy might—
Thy halls and grounds a sight,—
Oh, might we die!

Thou noble faculty,
Obeisance unto thee,
"Mercy!" we cry.
Long may thy world be bright
With intellectual light,
And pupils who do right—
After we die.

E. C. GREEN

THIS IS UNIVERSITY

The taxi lurched to a stop. We paid the driver, picked up our bags, turned, and walked through the archway into the college. Tom Beckett—the star of some of Walkerville's best plays—and I walked into a year of confusion, happiness, and work (this last took up the least of our time).

To tell of everything that happens in a year would require reams of paper. Perhaps one or two events, however, would serve to show you a few of the memories that accumulate so quickly in the few

vears at college.

Initiation was the first event that came hurtling down on us. This year, because of the large number of servicemen in first year, initiations were light. We woke up one night just in time to see our door broken open. We were pounced upon and dragged, in spite of our struggles (which seemed only to add to the hilarity), down to the basement and dumped into tubs of cold water. Our beds, meanwhile, had been tossed, piece by piece, out of the window.

Then, of course, there was the time Tom and I took a friend's bed apart, hid the pieces, and then staged a Treasure

Hunt.

College, however, is not all fun. There is some work. Indeed, there is a lot of work-much more than you ever get in Walkerville, even with teachers like Miss Robbins and Mr. Lowden. One of the easiest things to do in college is to get behind in your assignments and then be snowed under at examination time trying to get them done. The sophs — those creatures who get up at eleven every day and go around with a superior smirk and a vacant stare - insist that if you keep up your work there is nothing to fear when the hectic days of May roll around. Be that as it may, you will find college a place of work and play.

To those of you who are going to college, and especially to those daring souls who are going to venture into the sacred halls of Toronto, I wish good work and

good play.

WM. J. YOUNG (W.C.I. 1945)

Page Forty-Four

ON BEING CALLED DOWN TO THE OFFICE

The telephone rings and we shake like a leaf,

And crossing our fingers, we make not a sound;

"Yes, he is here," (the girls sigh in relief.)

"Right now? O.K. Pete, I'll send him straight down."

Then Archie turns to the trembling class And clearing his throat he begins, "There is a boy here with a past Who now shall pay for his sins.

John, we've all liked you pretty well, So sorry that you must go." Shaking his hand he bids sad farewell; "So long, you've had it you know."

John drags himself out into the hall, His heart is thumping like mad, The thought of facing Mr. Ball Makes him very sad.

"Did he see me smoking on the way to school?

Was he told that in French I copied my test?

Does he know that on Monday I played pool?

And to fake a note I did my best?"

The office now looms in gray, "Oh, why did I not pay attention When Miss McLaren told me the day I was to have served my detention?"

Back in the classroom the clock ticks slowly,

While at each other with dread we look. The door bursts open; John grins happily, Pete gave him his lost History book.

CAMILLE WHELPTON, 13A





Page Forty-Five



GRADE 13A

BACK ROW: G. Croft, J. Casement, A. Waters, M. Boles, N. Grabb, D. Gibson, N. Marshall, G. Neely, E. Crispin, M. Zuefle, A. Lavis, H. Fisher, G. Cullen, G. Dewar, K. Davies.

MIDDLE ROW: S. Johnson, D. Bulmer, B. Scorgie, J. Little, M. Werte, C. Humphries, M. Bates, J. Bourassa, A. Martin, L. LeFave, S. Noakes, B. Graham, D. Copland.

FRONT ROW: E. Kennedy, D. Harwood, M. Moray, M. Chortos, O. Evan, Miss McLaren, S. Fedoruk, C. Whelpton, M. Ransom, B. Martin, B. Brough.



GRADE 13B

BACK ROW: H. Longmuir, M. Whelpton, P. Robson, T. Bartlet, F. Marchand, D. Turner, E. Lee, N. Morrison, B. Spring, B. Ord, W. Bell, J. Kurylo, J. Reece, G. Elliott, K. Harper, L. Ross, J. Morrison.

MIDDLE ROW: P. Snyder, D. McBrayne, D. Myers, P. Lugg, D. Dunn, E. Awrey, D. Fortier, D. Woods, A. Thistlethwaite, M. Ulch, B. Handbridge, B. Markle, D. Graham, R. Spence.

FRONT ROW: C. Wilson, S. Smith, F. Thomson, M. Bennett, D. Pilipchuk, Miss Robbins, H. Scott, B. Lees, A. Wilson, E. Last, P. Doner, M. West.



COMMERCIAL II

BACK ROW: K. Brush, G. Wyatt, B. Brock, D. Drennan, G. Smith, M. Love, M. Hillman, B. Wilson, J. Karalis.

MIDDLE ROW: S. Scratch, M. Fowler, V. Rossoni, B. Woodall, N. Woodall, A. Hall, E. Kraviak, V. Dobransky, L. Wilson, J. Lossing.

FRONT ROW: N. Poole, M. Mihoren, M. Niskasari, Mr. Krause, M. McCormick, N. Blair, M. Loggan.

ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS!

Have you ever felt the urge to sing, to almost raise the roof of your class-room, especially when you have tackled and overcome a geometrical deduction? Or have you the desire for a few moments of leisure after school? If so, come and fill your place at Christian Fellowship.

For the benefit of you who have the idea that we are just a bunch of long-faced old fogies, and preach long, dry sermons, excluding all fun, I must say that you have the wrong opinion of us. We have "singspirations" which are difficult to surpass. There are regular "squashes", banquets, social get-to-gethers, conferences, and camps.

From time to time, we have special speakers. For instance, recently, we had speakers and professional singers from Tennessee and Georgia. When we do not have speakers, we have discussions on portions of Scripture.

It is a world-wide organization. Affiliated with the Christian Fellowship is the Scripture Union, a world-wide fellowship for daily Bible reading, having approximately one million members, who read the Scriptures daily in more than ninety different languages.

Just as basketball or hockey needs your support, so, we need your support. How about it! Come to our next meeting and enjoy the fun and fellowship.

ELVA LAST, 13B.

Page Forty-Eight

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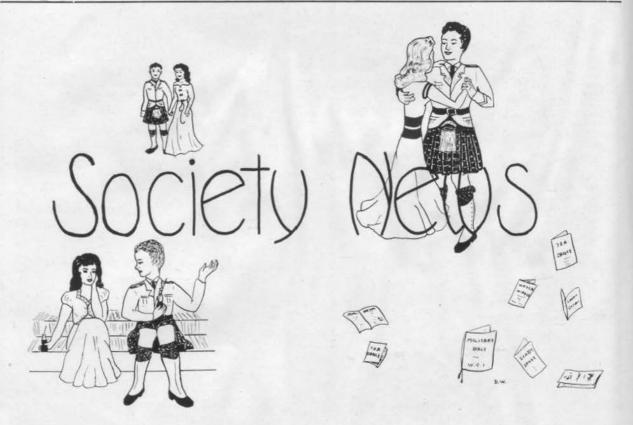
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When the leaves of the trees begin to fall to the ground—Autumn is here. With Autumn comes the opening of the new school year. The first couple of weeks at school are a hustle and bustle with everyone buying new books, selling old books, settling down to the grind of homework, electing students for school organizations, making new friends and meeting old chums.

During the first few weeks of school this year the halls hummed with the joyous tales of summer. They told of Shirley Branch's trip to the lumber mills in Northern Ontario and Quebec. They echoed Olga Evan's enthusiastic tale of her trip to New York and Alice Martin's travel to Winnipeg. Summer is the time for hitch-hiking and Harry Marchand, Harry Longmuir and Glenn Gilliland took advantage of this. Harry M. "thumbed" his way to Florida and back while Harry L. and Glenn went to New York. Many of the girls joined the "farmerette" corps, as did Pat Barnby, Beverly Brough and Dorothea Harwood. Ann Wilson was swimming instructor at the Lampman Camp at Morpeth, Ontario. Margaret Werte enjoyed being a counsellor at Camp Wathana, Michigan. Others enjoyed swimming all summer at their cottages—Camille Whelpton at Belle River, Lois LeFave at Rondeau—while some, such as Helen Scott, Shirley Noakes, and Beverly Markle stayed in Windsor for a lazy time.

When everyone had finally settled down to school work, the Girls' Athletic Association sponsored a tea-dance. It was a "get acquainted" tea-dance to welcome newcomers to W.C.I. The music was supplied by the school orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Brown. The "spot dance" was won by Jack Reid and Shirley Branch. Miss Cherry Blossom (Mildred Smorong) was discovered by Bill Meeke, while Winnifred Auld spied Mr. X. (John Kurylo).

The day before the Essex Scottish came home, the Agora sponsored a teadance to aid the J. L. McNaughton scholarship fund. The popular music came from the records of a juke box.

Football games occupied our Friday evenings for a while, but on November 16. the annual Gambler's Gambol was held. This dance has always been delightful but this year it excelled itself. Blue and white was the dominant colour scheme. The windows and ceiling were covered with blue and white twisted streamers. Big cards—ace of spades, king of clubs, queen of hearts, jack of diamonds-were hung about the gym. On one side big cards spelled out the words "Gambler's Gambol" while "Come with me, my honey" hung over the staircase to the balcony. Two huge dice hung in the baskets at each end of the gym. Donald Kilgour who escorted Frances Thomson was admitted to the dance for one cent.

After the hectic Christmas examinations the commencement exercises came. A short skit preceded the exercises. Winnifred Samson, class historian, gave an interesting account of the graduates. Frank Hull was the able valedictorian. W. C. I. Scholarship winners were George Turnbull, Lillian Laakso, Eugene Lepa, William Young and Charmaine Humphries. Following this the school gave a dance for the graduates. The decorations for this "home-coming" dance were in accordance with the holiday season. Pictures of Santa Claus and winter scenes decked the walls while a gaily lighted Christmas tree stood in one corner.

Also in December, the boys' and girls' choirs united to give a very successful party in the school library. Sid Tarleton acted well as Santa Claus.

When the holidays were over, everyone settled down to school work but not without a few parties. Around the end of January the pupils of 9F had a sleighride party at Haines' and 11B had a skating party at Stodgell Park with Jack Colwill acting as host for refreshments afterwards. On February 23, 12B had a party at the home of Marion Malpass.

Mid-winter brought exciting basketball games to fill our time on Friday nights. On a "bye" night, February 8, a dance was given in honour of the soccer team which won the W.O.S.S.A. soccer championship. Multi-coloured streamers covered the windows with drawings of soccer balls with white lettering spelling out the appropriately named "Wossa Wiggle." During the dance the soccer team presented Mr. Young, their coach, with a gift. Mr. Young retaliated by treating some of the players to a "coke" after the dance. Before the dance, the senior girls volleyball championship team challenged the senior boys — the girls won.

The school's activities will reach their exciting climax with the Military Ball when all the lads with their pretty lassies will enjoy the best dance in the world!!!

MARGARET MORAY



So lovely a lass
With such charm and class,
No fellow can pass her by.
The boys all clamour
For Walkerville glamour,
And this is the reason why.

BLUE AND WHITE POLL OF STUDENT OPINION Conducted by Bill Ord

During the winter term, one hundred students, twenty from each grade, were asked the following questions:

aske	d the follow	-			0 10			
		Gr. 9	Gr. 10		Gr. 12		Average	
(1)	Do you think too many of our teachers wear moustaches?							
	Yes	*******	15%	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·		50%	13%	
	No	100%	85%	100%	100%	50%	87%	
(2)	Boys only:	Are you	in favour of	continuing 1	oost-war R.C	.A.C.?		
	Yes	100%	100%	42%	100%	76%	83.6%	
	No	*******	*******	58%		24%	16.4%	
(3)	Do you prefer male or female teachers?							
100	Male	96%	65%	20%	60%	75%	63.2%	
	Female	4%	35%	20%	40%	25%	24.8%	
	Undecided			60%			12%	
(4)	Do you think the Agora is performing all its duties satisfactorily?							
(1)	Yes	85%	95%	50%	95%	30%	71%	
	No -	17.210.4	5%	50%	5%	70%	29%	
75				3070	3/0	1010	2970	
(5)	Do we hav			F.C/	100/	1 701	440	
	Yes	30%	5%	5%	10%	15%	13%	
	No	70%	95%	95%	90%	85%	87%	
(6)	The last to the la		vill be anothe					
	Yes	70%	65%	70%	100%	80%	77%	
	No	30%	35%	30%		20%	23%	
(7)	Would you like to have a third major annual dance, held in the winter term?							
	Yes	80%	65%	80%	85%	95%	81%	
	No	20%	35%	20%	15%	5%	19%	
(8)	a—Girls or schools?	nly: Are	the boys at	Walkerville	as handson	ne as those	at other	
	Yes	100%	95%	75%	25%	55%	70%	
	No	*******	5%	25%	75%	45%	30%	
	b—Boys or schools?	nly: Are th	ne girls at W	alkerville as	good looki			
	Yes	75%	20%	63%	33%	23%	42.8%	
	No	25%	80%	37%	67%	77%	57.2%	
700							37.270	
(9)	Do you thi	nk too mai	ny "W's" hav	e been awar			= 467	
	Yes No	15% 85%	15% 85%	1.0	85%	50%	54%	
				85%	15%	50%	36%	
(10)	Are there too many extra-curricular ac ivities in our school?							
	Yes	5%	********	5%		15%	5%	
	No	95%	100%	95%	100%	85%	95%	
(11)	Are you in	telligent?						
	Yes	15%	25%	35%	10%	50%	27%	
	No	15%	35%	65%	90%	20%	45%	
	Undecided	70%	40%		*********	30%	28%	
(12)	Are you satisfied with our school motto, "Nil Sine Labore"?							
-	Yes	100%	95%	80%	90%	90%	91%	
	No		5%	20%	10%	10%	9%	
Page	Fifty-Two							

When Doug. Tomlinson was asked about teachers' moustaches he replied (and we hope Mr. Forman, Mr. Bunt, Mr. Ball, and Mr. Burr aren't listening): "If moustaches hide their faces, we certainly do not have too many moustaches in our school" . . . Our heartiest congratulations to you, Mr. Vice-Principal. Shirley Smith asked, "Why not have all men teachers-like Mr. Lowden?" And Marg. Chortes liked Mr. Fletcher. What have they got that we haven't, men? . . . Why is a large percentage of Grade 13 critical of the Agora? . . . Neil Morrison, when queried about assemblies, replied in a dumb tone, "What's an assembly?" Oh, well, we can't all be smart . . . It is too bad that so many students think there will be another war. This is a negative attitude which will undermine our striving for peacz . . . When confronted with Question 8 (b) Norm Marshall, to our very great surprise, answered, "I'm only interested in one!" To Question 8 (a) M. Bates returned, in all seriousness, and nodding in the direction of our beloved O.C. and Agora President, "No - except one!" Marty Ransom wants more extra-curricular activities for girls, and fewer for the boys . . . Grade 12's seem very modest about their intellectual capacities! John Kurylo told us to consult Miss McLaren and Mr. Lowden about his intelligence; their ideas on the subject are, we are sorry to say, unprintable . . . And someone in Grade 11 thought our motto should be "Nil sed labor"-more appropriate.

THE COSMOPOLITAN NEWSPAPER

Le Français

L'ANE ET LE CHIEN

L'âne, accompagné du chien, allait de pays en pays avec son maître. Leur maître s'endormit et l'âne se mit à paître. Il aimait beaucoup l'herbe du pré. chien mourant de faim dit à l'âne, - Cher compagnon, laisse-toi, je te prie, et je prendrai mon diner dans le panier au pain qui est sur ton dos. Mais l'ane fit la sourde oreille et continua de manger. Enfin il répondit, - Ami, je te conseille d'attendre que ton maître se réveille pour qu'il te donne ton diner. A ce moment un loup Il était affamé aussi. sortit du bois. L'âne appe a le chien aussitôt à son secours. Le chien ne bougea pas et dit. -Ami, je te conseille de fuir en attendant que ton maître s'éveille. Cours vite. Si le loup t'atteint, casse-lui la mâchoire avec ton pied et tue-le. Pendant qu'il parlait, le loup étrangla l'âne. La morale est qu'il faut qu'on s'entr'aide.

CAMILLE WHELPTON, 13A

"ON FAIT CE QU'ON PEUT"

-Student Boners

1—Une bonne mainière d'envoyer de l'argent par la poste est dans une enveloppe. 2—J'ai envie de personne parce que je suis très, très content de ma vie.

3—Avant de sortir nous mettons notre parapluie,

4—Je recommercerai à vivre aussitôt que j'aurai fini cet examen.

5—On achète des habitudes dans un magasin et des veuves dans une boutique.

6—Je préfère le printemps parce que c'est la saison d'amour.

7—Un horaire de chemin de fer est une vache parce que cette bête marchait sur le chemin de fer et était tuée.

(Continued from Page 40)

set on the floor to be watered. Shoes develop a loud squeak at night and elevator doors have a bad habit of screeching on their hinges just when everything is quiet.

The only time I ever wish I were still attending school is at six a.m. when the phone wakes me up, and I think back to the good old days of sleeping in until eight every morning. However, when I really wake up, I never regret my choice of a profession, and I realize nursing is the finest career any girl can have.

BEVERLEY WOODS, Student Nurse, Grace Hospital. (Former W.C.I. Student)

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THE BLUE AND WHITE



Page Fifty-Four



Page Fifty-Five

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Page Fifty-Six

THE W.C.I. CADET CORPS

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orm News

Philosphy of Life

C. Whelpton: When a student gets too old to set a bad example, he becomes a teacher and starts giving advice.

Frank Marchand: While every man has his wife, only the ice man has his pick.

N. Morrison: A wedding ring is like a tourniquet—it stops your circulation.

Soldier: Shirley who was that man I saw you kissing last night?

Shirley: What time was it?

GRADE THIRTEEN

Beverly Handbridge is Arthur's sweetie, To be with him is all-reetie.

Dorothy and Margaret, compositions love to write,

We wish them success with all our might.

Helen Scott has auburn tresses, But a golden heart is what she possesses.

Frances Thomson, our little blonde lassie, Is the lucky owner of a classy chassis.

Jim R, Bob H, George L, and good old Lyle,

Play sporting hockey and win by a mile.

Frankie Long, so timid and shy, Despite the fact, he's a super guy.

As for Winnie and Evy—what shall I say, Hmm, they seem to have interests in 13A.

Jimmy Zeron, the mad musician, Would play us a tune if we'd only listen.

And everyone else not mentioned here, As Miss Robbins says, "Is a sweet wee dear".

Thus ends the tale of 13B, To me the finest class I'll ever see!!

BARBARA LEES

What A Class!

13B is a wonderful class,
No one ever seems to pass.
We have an actress, Barbara Lees,
Who jumps at every man she sees.
Also have a guy named Lyle
Who plays football in great style.
Our young Romeo, Wright Bell,
Has all the girls thinking he's swell.
Helen Scott, our skating star,
Has a smile which sparkles near and far.
Ian Wilkie, our sleeping pal,
Won't even open his eyes to look at a gal.
John Kurylo's the little tanker,
If he ever catches Ev, he's going to spank
her.

Our basketball star, Frank Marchand by name,

Will surely end up in a hall of fame. This is the end of this pitiful rhyme, I really should be shot for such a crime. IAN WILKIE, 13B

Crispin: Where have you been?
Marshall: In a phone booth talking to
Marilyn but someone wanted to use the
phone, so we had to get out.

Names

I wonder who Marilyn baits? Does Iris burn? Why is Jean little and Jessie bigger? Does Nick grab? Could Mary become a parson?

Page Fifty-Seven

Things You'll Never See

Jim Zeron reading a comic book. Lois LeFave ignoring Gordon Croft. Sylvia Fedoruk taking orders from a man.

Margaret Werte opening another window in French.

Camille Whelpton coming early to school.

Neil Morrison at peace with Bob Spence.

Doris Betty McBrayne looking glum.

Famous Sayings of Famous Teachers

Mr. Green-Y'See!

Mr. Waddell-Listen, people.

Mr. Young—I'll wrap this right around your head.

Miss McLaren—I have a circular from the Department which says—,

Mr. Krause—That reminds me of a little story.

Mr. Nighswander—Please quiet down to a respectable boiler factory.

Nick Grabb (reading an essay to Mr. Fletcher): What is more beautiful to behold than a pretty girl.

Mr. Fletcher: Such grammar — you mean to be held.

Mr. Swanson now coura you?



H. Longmuir: Are you the man who cut my hair last time?

Barber: I don't think so, sir—I've only been here four months.

A VIEW INTO THE FUTURE June 5, 1956

There is indeed a large crowd at Brother Ord's "Marry you in a minute" bureau. Some of the notables to be seen are: Dr. Harold Fisher, D.D.T. (dentist); Dr. Ed. Crispin, M.D.; Lawyer Zeron (known commonly as Shyster Jim); Monsieur William Adsett, proprietor of Adsett's Wig Restorer Salon; D. J. Harwood, president of Your Hearts and Men Retreaded Society; Wright Bell from the Morticians Union; John Wigle from the Puce Dairies Incorporated. (I'll give you a hint, these people are only here in search of business). The notables stand and doff their hats-those without hats. wave their bandanas, for in walks Marilyn Bates in a gown designed by Evans and LeFave. It is a gorgeous white sarong with cap sleeves. N. Marshall, Can. Open Snooker Champ, is led into the room. In walks the hero of the day, Murray Boles. Just as Murray slips the ring, which is made exclusively by Ross and Son, on Marilyn's finger, Norman-who is giving Marilyn away-collapses.

The scene now changes. The air is dank from the bubbles of champagne. We are at Kurylo's Red Dog Saloon where the wedding party is in full swing. Al Lavis is featured with his Uranium Five (radioactive) with Bernie "Hot Licks" Spring on the drums. Sharing equal billing are Marg. Moray and her fanless Fan Dancers. There is a big smile on Johnny's face. He likes weddings and the police as yet haven't discovered the still underneath the bar. As the scene closes, we see Norman crawling from under a table singing, "The Blues in the Night" or "Where, or where, is my Marilyn?"

SYLVIA FEDORUK

GRADE TWELVE THE STUDENTS OF 12A

Roy Aston-Oh no, not THAT! our

bogey-boy.

Pat Barnby—Our favourite sight is Patsy faithfully pedalling to school at 8.59, doing her homework as she dodges traffic.

Blair Baxter-"Good-bye Bl-a-ir!"

Eric Bjorkquist—The only person in 12A with naturally blond hair.

Norm Briant-Our gift from Johnny

Murray's Murderers.

Frank Cassidy-Otherwise known as

"Hop-a-long."

Stuart Eckmier — "Little brother" Wright Bell pays him 25c every Saturday night.

Eleanor Ellingwood — Her favourite saying "Hi——potenusi" (Ask Mr. J.

Lowden).

Nancy Gibson—Having trouble? See Nancy. Geometry done by the hour.

Donna Haley—Poor kid! She had to

proof-read this stuff.

Llwellya Hillis—How did she get into the "A" class? Guess!

lanet Hugill-Our poet-laureate.

Bill Hull, Stuart Johnson — Our two assistant sub-pencil sharpeners. What would Walkerville do without them?

Edith Kayln-Our authority on great

men and women in history.

Charles Krayacich — "Willistead" because we have all borrowed his books.

Neil MacPhee—M.A. (not Master of Arts).

Nelson McKelvie-"Atom smasher."

Don McNaughton — Our only true Scotsman (Bagpipes)? Apologies to MacPhee and McKelvie.

Rodney Montrose — Also known as

Black Road and Wojischlitutz.

Doreen Murray—12A's gun moll (she must be related to J. Murray of the Murderers).

Burt Patkau — Einstein's right-hand

man.

Leslie Pond—Her favourite colour is green—we wonder why?

Thelma Rowe - Big Sister, but she

can't find a sponser.

Vicky Rudich—Our speed whiz — 70

w.p.m. (words per minute).

Toli Sapoleff—We long to see him tenderly remove a violin from a violin case.

Anne Sauchuk—12A's answer to the Harlem Globe Trotters. A one-girl basketball team.

Lydia Schaljo—The all-day sucker kid. Ruth Scott—"Jane" from 'the comic strip.

Joe Stankov—12A's only perfect character (this line by special request).

Howard Thompson—Mr. Hugill's pet

peeve; haircut-bowl, 7 3-8.

Bill Woodruff—Our sad-sack, he ad libs for Bob Hope (12A).

FAVOURITE SAYINGS OF 12A'S DEAR TEACHERS

Miss MacIntyre (before 9 o'clock) — "Will you people please be quiet!"

Miss Lawton-"Give him the mark,

but it's charity."

Mr. Lowden—"Now go over that proof again."

Mrs. Closser—"Everybody look at the Latin."

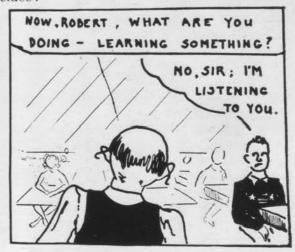
Miss Robbins—"Leave those windows the way you found them."

Mr. Klinck—"What was the ending on that adjective?"

Mr. Hugill-"Now, is that clear?"

Mr. Krause—"Type as fast as you can accurately, but never faster."

One of these days Mr. Fletcher is going to assign the homework to the wrong class!



Page Fifty-Nine

12C CLASS POEM

The teachers' faces light up with glee, At the sight of their favourite class 12C. Ah, there is a class of students gay, Attention to the teachers they never pay. They laugh and giggle the whole day through,

And to help you understand, here's a list

of a few.

The card of the class is our friend Earl Keves.

Students and teachers alike does he tease. Mary Adams, our Agora Rep.,

Is doing a swell job, keeping us hep. George Irimescu, his hair cut like a brush, To get out of school is always in a rush. Donna (tyata tyata) Cochrane

Our blue eyed beauty, always talkin'. Phil Murphy is in continual debate

With Lorraine Hamilton, over rhyme, reason and date.

Kathleen Mills is really a peach. A natural blonde, absolutely no bleach. Pete Marcovich

On his curly hair must use Fitch. Madeline Murphy, a young Irish miss It's been a long time since she and Bill kissed.

Our home room teacher is Mr. Hugill. To get our attention he should use a bugle.

Vivienne Atkins still has a mania For you know who in Pennsylvania. Peter Abramoff, with his youthful beard. Early in the morning does he look weird. Peggy Stevenson makes the French really flow

While the rest of us think "Boy, am I slow.

The kid of the class is Homenick Walt When he played with his yo-yo, Mr. Hugill said "halt".

Margaret "Jeff" Houston and Aileen "Mutt" McLarty

Seem to think two really make a party. Ah, the man of the class is casanova Don Porter

Because in the moonlight, wow, does he court her!

Peggy Nichols is a bundle of tickles Never saw such a girl for such silly giggles.

We must not forget sophisticated Joan Sparrow

Oh, how we all in the History class wish That little Bill Smith would stop saving

Who keeps her nose pointed up like an arrow.

In Betty Wamsley's head, Math never sticks.

But for Robert Walker, she really clicks. A real beauty is Hariet Rumble

And on her music scales she never makes a stumble.

Early every morn pity Ray MacLachlan If his Physics he's forgotten. A shy little miss is Gloria H.,

And, oh my goodness! How Physics she hates.

A jolly young thing is Norine B., For only the handsomest boys does she

The artist of 12C is Beulah Marcoux The pictures she draws, woo, woo, woo. Florence Anderson and Ruth LaBute In their similar green suits look cute.

BETTY WAMSLEY, 12C

HOW TO PRESERVE A HUSBAND Recipe Submitted by Llwellya Hillis, 12A

Be careful in your selection, do not choose too young, and take only such as have been reared in a good moral atmosphere. When once decided upon and selected, let that part remain forever settled and give your entire thought to preparation for domestic use.

Some insist on keeping them in a pickle, while others are continually getting them into hot water. This only makes them sour, hard, and sometimes bitter.

Even poor varieties may be made sweet, good and tender by garnishing with patience, well sweetened with smiles and flavoured with kisses to taste; then wrap them in a mantle of charity, keep warm with a steady fire of domestic devotion, and serve with peaches and cream. When thus prepared they will keep for years.

Page Sixty

GRADE ELEVEN FAMOUS SAYINGS OF 11 TEACHERS

Miss Bergoine—"There is no reason why you can't be just as good as the B class."

Mrs. McLeod—"May I see your notes please?"

Mr. Waddell—"How do I know? — I learned it."

Mr. Burr—"That'll cost you five vocabularies before class tomorrow!"

Mr. Fletcher—"About 20 more pages and we'll be up to Mr. Hartford's class."

Mr. Swanson—"It's right there in front of you—Look at it."

Mr. Hartford—"I don't think this hint will spoil it."

Mr. Forman—"Well boys, a treat to-day—rifle drill."

Mr. Nighswander—"Why go to Detroit by way of Sarnia."

FAMOUS LAST WORDS OF WALKERVILLE STUDENTS

"I can go sixty."

"My father wrote this note."

"Go ahead, the light won't change."

"Who do you think you're shovin' Ross?"

"Oh! he's not so tough."

"Gee honey, we're out of gas."

"Let's light up here."

"But I was two blocks from the school." FLOYD WEIR, 11F

"CATASTROPHIC CHEMISTRY"

Ammonia gas + Lois Hipwell's nose excess amount of coughing + hysterics from Mr. Swanson,

Glasses + Alice Moore — an excess amount of rubbing (very good exothermic reaction)

Jack Colwill + freedom of speech -

almost anything.

Second bell Thursday noon—disappearance of Alice, Carmen and Jane + a sudden gust of wind headed toward the library.

Jerry Brown + Mr. Klinck's side board —an occasional artistic masterpiece.

Carol Angus + Angus MacMillan + a couple of pieces of chalk—an exhibition of marksmanship.

MEMOIRS OF 11A

It is morn; ere the hour of nine
We stalk in all feeling fine
Mrs. McLeod greets us with a frown
Telling Hugh Thompson to kindly sit
down.

Sorting our books as we do daily Out of the pile emerges, Disraeli; From the paragraphs all so dense We will strive to make some sense.

The period over, our books we lift And casually next door we will drift; Chemistry Manuals we grasp for life's sake

For in an experiment we're about to partake.

While standing at tables all in a row Down fell a bottle of we thought H₂O, But low and behold there ain't no floor For the bottle contained H₂SO₄.

All through French, German and History we strive

In Geometry and Latin some sense to derive

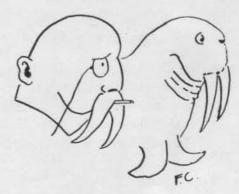
Poor Mr. Hugill nearly fainted away 'Cause Bill Weiss did his homework to-day.

Slowly but surely the time it does pass, We barely can wait 'till the end of the class

The bell has gone, from the school we roam;

So all dear students, there's no place like home.

GEORGE MARR, 11A



Page Sixty-One

POLL OF A PERFECT GRADE 11 GIRL

Figure—Marg Wilson.
Hair—Natty Cybulak or Wilma Allen.
Hands—Milly Smorong.
Personality—Helen Happy.
Vitality—Vicky Lavis.
Eyes—Helen MacPhee.
Complexion—Margo Master.
Smile—Mai-Lisa Laakso.
Athletic—Marg. Bulmer.
Clothes—Rosemary Pogue.

QUESTIONS

How many names has Mr. Swanson recorded in his little black book?

What kind of "rinse" does Jack Arbuckle use?

Does anyone know of a reliable hair tonic? Mr. Fletcher might catch a cold!

Will Pat Donnelly ever stop talking?

Will Len Brown ever stop putting his hair up in curlers?

Will Margo Master ever stop fighting Hugh Thompson?

As Mr. Klinck says, "Will Andy Read choose the girls or the marks? Andy wants both.

VICKY, MARGO, and NATTY, 11A & D

SONGS WHICH REMIND US OF STUDENTS

Bill Fellows—Little Curly Head In a High Chair.

Olive Murray-I Got Rhythm.

Ken Story-Shy Guy.

Bobbie Thornton-Blonde Sailor.

Bob Allison — Here Comes Heaven Again,

Bob Snyder—These Foolish Things. Bill Peterson—In The Mood.

Esther German-I Was So Young.

Jamie McDonald-Share The Meat.

Ross McBride—Let's Take The Long Way Home.

11C & F

POLL OF A PERFECT GRADE 11 BOY

Physique—Leo Postovit.
Humour—Bill Baker.
Eyes—Bill Peterson.
Clothes—Ron Graham.
Personality—Bob Allan.
Hair—Stan Orshinsky.
Smile—Hugh Thompson
Brains—Angus MacMillan.
Voice—Bill Fellows.
Vitality—Harry Marchand.
Athletic—Tony Techko.
Fun—Bill White.

GRADE TEN

Mr. Forman: Why dont you answer me?

Eddie: I did, sir, I shook my head. Mr. Forman: But you don't expect me to hear it rattle 'way up here, do you?

Madeline Mitchell:

Occupation: Watching the Tartans win hockey games.

Idol: Sinatra.

Weakness: Malted milks. 1960: Raising a family.

Don Forsyth:

Occupation: Mother Goose book-worm. Ambition: To own a No. 2 Meccano set. Whom I most admire: Professor Einstein.

1960: Taster for Pablum Company.

Mary Penteluk:

Occupation: None.

Ambition: To retire after leaving school.

Weakness: Food. Idol: "My dad."

Foster Hutton:

Occupation: Doing Science Homework. Ambition: To learn how to say "yuh seeeee."

Whom I most admire: Mr. Green. 1960: Making a new "Law of Lever."

LA CLASSE DE FRANCAIS (10F)

We est whipping into Mr. Waddell's française classe et il est saying;

"Faire mai le text et le cahier."

We est fairemaying le text et le cahier. Next some méchant garçon who est toujours fooling around est getting it dans la seat of his pantaloons.

Next il est saying to some malheureuse

fille, "Ecrivez dans la boîte."

Nobody est knowing about quel il est ditting so il dit, "This class had better sharpen up."

So nous est sharpening up, savez bien?

I thought not.

Excuse le français. Je parle le français très peu.

Au revoir,

DON BROWN

I'D LIKE TO SEE (10C)

Sam Cooper get low marks in Latin. Isabelle Simpson about 6 ft, tall. Bunny Weir with straight hair. Bob McIntosh not wolfing.

Betty Payne answer a question in His-

tory.

Shirley Branch not giggling. Bill Darocy with a brush cut. Bill Gibbs not blushing.

Nancy Hays without Bob A.

Don Forsyth with a Roman nose.

Mr. Nighswander wait until he gets into the room before asking questions. Foster Hutton do his rough history.

Lyall Swan not stepping on someone's feet.

A "certain" table of girls in Mr. Green's room keeping quiet.

Dick Gibbs in a pair of "bell-bottom

trousers."

Dick Gibbs, a former classmate of ours has left the school to join the R.C.N. Good luck Dick!

TRUE CONFESSIONS Ollie Camile

Fletcher, Archibald Irving: born in Tilbury East.

Asked about 10A he said "pretty fair class", but realizing he was speaking to

a 10A student he corrected himself, "It's a very good class and I enjoy teaching it". We all know Mr. Fletcher left the school to serve his country and of this we're very proud. He told me he is really glad to be back as he enjoys teaching in this school. He said his favourite pastime is playing basketball, yet his ambition is to retire.

Green, Findlay: born in Elgin County.

He said, "Walkerville is the best Collegiate in Windsor and Ontario because it has a good class of students and good teachers." He likes 10A as they have ability and are good workers. He teaches Science and that explains why gardening is his hobby. His dislikes "are many." He stated that he had already reached his ambition.

Forman, Clement Murray: born in London, England.

He thinks "10A is noisy" (confidentially, so do a number of other teachers.) He prides Walkerville as being "tops." He enjoys teaching Mathematics, although he is a "whiz at Geography." Sports are his favourite pastimes. This was proven by the great shows the rugby team put on. He states he dislikes "people who talk too much." Naturally, he was speaking to a 10A student at the moment. He hopes to re-visit France. Bon Voyage, Mr. Forman!



Page Sixty-Three

GRADE NINE

FANTASIA

Lo! In a dream I looked ahead And 9A's future clearly read. Now Robert Bell, a lawyer wise, While Nancy tall and fair, Of bacteria and harmful grubs, She sure had learned her share. Now Mary, Pat and Helen, Fine nurses had become, And tended Dr. Bettridge Who'd swallowed chewing gum. Bernice, a journalist of note, Astounded one and all, While David lectured chemistry In a palatial hall. Red-haired Joanne and Barbara small, Were actresses, at last, ah me! No wonder John dashed thro' the air These beauties, just to see. Aha! Jack, Glen and Brady At college—flirting with his lady. Thelma, Lee, Frances, Pat, Were happy housewives, fair and fat. George, Nelson, and Byng boys, twain, Climbed mountains high, a-seeking fame; I glimpsed Albina with a rolling pin, And nearby, Bob Bullen with a mocking

Jean Bell made music for all dancing feet, While Bev. sang songs, that were hard to beat.

Doreen and Sally, so charming and sweet, Had wooers many kneeling at their feet. Gloria and Sally, in cap and gown, Listened while Raymond, a doctor pro-

found.

Dispensed theories, that Burge on the air, Broadcast loudly, to all who care. Blackburn and Bond in a sign of gold Told of a food shop, the best in the world. Last but not least, I saw Burdon, A radio expert! Wont he have fun? Suddenly the vision went, By a 9A teacher, away it was sent; "Dreaming, Eh? Well—You've lost your percent."

DREAMER 9A.

BLUE MONDAY WITH 9B

Mary Cameron

'Twas Monday morning, and all through the school

The children were taking their seats, or their stools

Shirley was putting her Math in array,

Buzz sputtered a spray as she cackled away.

The second bell rang and we rushed to our seats.

Then in sailed "Checkerboard" like the whole fleet.

The attendance was checked and all was serene.

Then Jerry and Jim messed up the scene. We struggled through Geography, and then in P.T.

We frolicked around as gay as could be. Through English we listened quite carefully,

While Miss Auld explained all very clearly.

The third bell rang; we rose from our seats,

Alas came the order, "Pronouns Complete!"

We strode with caution to Mr. Ball's room,

Who thinks we get answers from the man in the moon.

No sign of our teacher? "Shall we retreat?"

But—hush! 'Twas he coming; we knew 'twas "de-feet."

Then, as we staggered out of his room.

Still echoed these words that were charged at each goon,

"Personality?—Character? — Too slow, sit doon."

Hence to Math we dolefully crept,

Where Joyce thro' open door suddenly swept,

Declaring, so bravely, "It's x+2 more!"
"Your signs are all wrong; report here
at four."

(Continued on Page 65)

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USE YOUR HEAD

The woodpecker pecks,
Out a great many specks
Of sawdust, while building his hut.
He works like a slave,
To cut his small cave;
And he's sore if his cutter won't cut.
No bother with plans of cheap artisans
But one thing can truly be said,
For the whole excavation,
There's one explanation,
He made it by using his head.
ROBERT BULLEN, 9A

9A

The sofa sagged in the centre,
The shades were pulled just so,
The family had retired,
The parlor lamp burnt low;
There came a sound from the sofa,
As the clock was striking "two",
And Nancy slammed her textbook
With a thankful, "Well I'm through."

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Stanley P.—Well I thought— Donna P.—Now Carol, don't make me blush.

Carol P.—Oh look! Isn't he cute? Ian O.—Well, ah, um, huh, er, well now, etc.

Jim M.—My puppets Charles N.—Well, I think

Jim P—Hey, Carol, can I see your history notes?

Rosemary P.—"Yes, Mr. Fletcher, No, Mr. Fletcher."

David P.—. ?

Marilyn M.—Oh my gosh! Pat M.—Fiddlesticks!

(Continued from Page 64)

The morning was over; afternoon had begun.

We struggled, through French, and l'histoire too

Where we cornered Napoleon at Waterloo.

The victory won; another day was done.

Page Sixty-Six

HANDLING WOMEN ELECTRICALLY

9C

If she talks too longInterrupter
If she is picking your pocketDetector
If she will receive you half wayReceiver
If she gets too excited
If she goes up in the airCondenser
If she wants chocolatesFeeder
If she is too fatReducer
If she is a poor cookDischarger
If she gossips too muchRegulator
If she becomes upsetReversor
If she wants something new-

Just Watt her

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

Norma Douglass -- came to school on time?

Ronald Eves—didn't always "wanna bet?" Mary Drennan—was good in Math? Bernard Deschamps — couldn't make

paper dolls?

Bob Gibbs—forgot his "hardware" box? Shirley Fountain—talked loud enough? Harley Forden—never turned around in Science?

Margaret Dean—didn't have to write 200 lines?

Marilyn Evans—didn't talk to Margaret? Carl Glos—ate in the lunch-room? Terry Delany—didn't know any jokes? John Dutkywich—was short? John Dowler—sat in a front seat?

Ian Main, in 9D
Is as smart as he can be;
Of course he has been studying,
Since he was only three.
In all his sports, I must confess,
He's really on the beam,
Especially when he scores two points,
For the opposing team.

fn N.C.O.'s he's at the top,
But track's the thing to make him hop.
And when he sees the girls around,
His head grows big, and his eyes just
pop.

BOB HAIDEN

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Last September, at the beginning of the school year at Walkerville C.I., one of the first things to be accomplished was the organization of the various societies. Not the least among these was the Girls' Athletic, whose members have done well in organizing and seeing through to a finish the different interform games.

The following are the members, elected by the student body:

President-Sylvia Fedoruk. Sylvia is one of those people who can't be outdone when it comes to accomplishing anything. She will tackle any job and doesn't rest until she sees it through. She has handled her executive position in a most efficient manner.

Vice President—Donna Haley. Here's another girl who does a good job. It seems she is entrusted with the care of

the equipment of the different sports. Ask her how she likes it. She was also the managing spirit back of the girls'

Secretary—Dorothea Harwood. As she is also the writer of this article it seems that Dot was chosen because of her ability to write so that she herself, at least, can understand it.

Basketbal!—Ann Sauchuk. You can't be surprised to see Ann heading this sport especially if you've ever seen her whiz around the floor in a basketball game. She has really done wonders taking care of the inter-forms.

Volleyball-Helen Happy. We had a very successful Volleyball league this fall. Helen is proficient in just about every sport we play.

Baseball—Betty McCormick. Nothing much to report on baseball vet but there's plenty about Betty-another versatile girl. We're expecting wonderful things to happen to baseball when she takes over.

Swimming—Pat Barnby. Definitely the right person for this sport. If you've ever seen Pat in the water you'll know exactly what I mean. She's a most enthusiastic member of the society.

(Continued on Page 73)



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

BACK ROW: P. Barnby, H. MacPhee, A. Sauchuk, H. Happy, B. McCormick. FRONT ROW: A. Wilson, D. Harwood, S. Fedoruk, Miss Saunders, D. Haley, M. Moray.



GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM 1945

BACK ROW: A. Wilson, M. Brough, J. Barnby, M. Werte, B. Brough. FRONT ROW: I. Burns, L. Pond, P. Barnby.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: P. Baird, M. Brough, A. Sauchuk, M. Bulmer, B. McCormick.
FRONT ROW: H. Happy, S. Fedoruk, D. Harwood, Miss McClymont, A. Wilson, O. Shandro, M. Smorong. Absent: J. Damashe, J. Hicks.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

At this writing, the girls' inter-form and inter-school basketball leagues are undecided. The inter-form league is still anyone's battle. The inter-school team is practising diligently in hopes of capturing the W.S.S.A. Championship and eventually that of Western Ontario.

There are many good players on the team. The forward line is very efficient and with such good players as Ann Wilson and Ann Sauchuk heading the line, we are counting on them to sink many baskets. The team is fortunate in having a strong defense. The girls don't seem to be afraid to get in there and face their opponent; considering some of the teams they have met, they certainly deserve a lot of credit.

The first game was the one against Tech. We're not yet quite certain whether we were good or Tech was out of practice. Nevertheless we did hand them a good trouncing. The team swept through the rest of the season in much the same manner until they met Sand-

wich. They left us two baskets behind in the final score. We may have a chance to meet them again and we certainly hope that by the time this magazine is printed, we shall have turned the tables on them.

No matter who does eventually win, we know that the girls played hard and enjoyed every minute of it. Much of the success of the team goes to the coach, Miss "Pete" McClymont. She always had an encouraging word or pat on the back that made the girls determined to give their best.

(Continued from Page 23)

As they became familiar with the army life, cadets saw all types of equipment used and received valuable training.

Only one thing was missing at camp, and that was mail. Nothing in the world was more welcome than a nice perfumed letter from somewhere at home in Windsor. Please do not forget our boys this year. They think of you when they're away.



GIRLS' TRACK TEAM 1945

BACK ROW: P. Barnby, L. Cullen, J. Barnby, E. Scorgie, M. Bulmer, G. Bullen. FRONT ROW: B. Marsh, M. Moray, S. Fedoruk, B. Marcoux, J. Hicks.

Another sport of interest in W.C.I. is bowling. This particular sport has not been very successful in past seasons, but this year it has been revived by a very able leader. Many students take full advantage of this opportunity to show their skill. Miss Saunders, the instigator of bowling in Walkerville, is back at the school again. For this reason we expect success for the years to come.

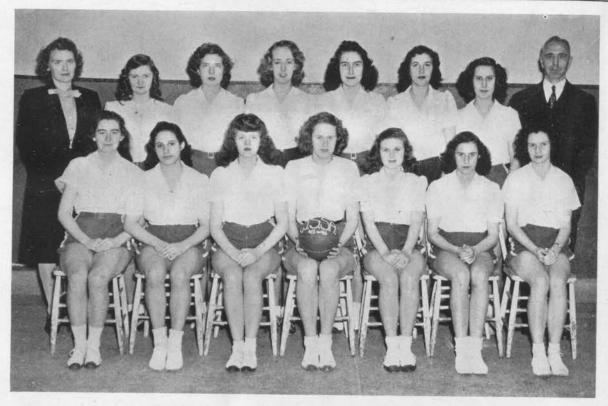
A game that is gaining attention here is hockey—yes, girls' hockey. There is real enthusiasm shown for this sport, and the girls outdo themselves to show the boys that they too can play this game. The league has only recently been started, but we hope that it will attract more girls, and develop better and better players.

Badminton is what we term the "Saturday" game. Several students come to the school on Saturday to play. I have heard it reported that so far this year it has been quite a success.

Girls' Track 1945—For the first time in many years, our girls failed to take first place in the W.S.S.A. competition. The team bowed gallantly with a mere 28 points consisting of only one first. Sylvia Fedoruk broke her own record as usual. It's quite a habit around here, you know. For interesting conversation why not ask Dorothea Harwood how she felt after running the 440 relay. However, we do hope the girls will be back on the winning streak for this spring's W.O.S. S.A. Meet.

If you drop in some Tuesday or Thursday night at the pool, you'll see the girls getting ready for the Swimming Meet which will be held sometime in April. They are practising in earnest and hope to walk off with all possible honours. We had a good showing at the meet last year and hope to have an even better one this year.

Page Seventy-One



GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM, W.S.S.A.

BACK ROW: Miss Saunders, V. Sedlar, D. Harwood, M. Werte, S. Fedoruk, H. Happy, O. Shandro, Mr. Ball.
FRONT ROW: A. Wilson, D. Haley, M. Adams, B. Scorgie, (Capt.), B. McCormick, M. Bulmer, D. Bulmer. Absent: A. Sauchuk.



GIRLS' INTERFORM VOLLEYBALL CHAMPIONS

BACK ROW: O. Evan, B. Scorgie, L. LeFave, C. Humphries, D. Bulmer, A. Wilson, D. Harwood, B. Martin.

MIDDLE ROW: M. Chortos, J. Little, S. Noakes, S. Fedoruk, M. Werte, M. Bates.

FRONT ROW: D. Pilipchuk, H. Scott, M. Moray, B. Brough.

Page Seventy-Two

VOLLEYBALL CHAMPIONS

Take a good look at them. These are the girls who swept through the city league without being handed a single defeat. There were times when they left the enemy far behind and had to slow down. I imagine that being captained by Betty Scorgie had a lot to do with their victories and eventual triumph. I really don't think that there was any one particular player who outshone the others for all the girls were working for the welfare of the team. They were hoping to go out and conquer bigger battles in the W.O.S.S.A. but volleyball was not a W.O.S.S.A. sport during the past year; maybe we will have an opportunity to enter next year.

Across we behold the Inter-form champs. Don't think that they didn't work hard for this coveted position because every battle that they fought looked to them to be their last. There was a great deal of interest shown in this sport during the past year and we hope to be able to keep it an enjoyable one for future athletes.

(Continued from Page 68)

Bowling — Barbara Lees. Here's a young lady who is doing wonders with a very temperamental job. She's so enthusiastic about everything she does that we know she is the right person for it.

Badminton—Ann Wilson. Need I say more? I think that Ann has been just about everything on the Athletic Society and yet here she is doing something new. Don't worry; she knows what it's all about.

Track—Margaret Moray, Marg, really burns up the track when she gets going. Could be that's why she was chosen for this particular sport. We expect to see her flash by at any minute.



11D GIRLS' INTERFORM BASKETBALL
CHAMPS

BACK ROW: Mary Edwards, Helen Happy, Betty Davidson.

FRONT ROW: Vicky Lavis, Lila Totten, Ioan Reid.

Athletic Awards—In order to stimulate interest in athletics, the girls' system of awards is based on a point system. A large "W" is awarded to a girl who earns 25 points or more on the year's activities. Those with 15 to 25 points are awarded small "W's". When a girl has earned enough awards, she receives an athletic pin, while 5 large letters entitles the holder to a gold ring. Last year's large "W" winners were Ann Wilson, Sylvia Fedoruk, Dorothea Harwood, and Diana Pilipchuk. A recent winner of the ring is Kay Baird, one of the best athletes to graduate from this school.

Page Seventy-Three



BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Honorary President	Mr. W. N. Ball
President	Lyle Ross
Vice President	Wright Bell
Secretary	Harry Marchand
Treasurer	Mr. A. C. Brown
Assistant Treasurer	Harry Longmuir

The above executive was elected by the W.C.I. boys by ballot in September, 1945. Because of the many activities in which these officers of the society take part, regular meetings have not been held, but a meeting has been called whenever there was a matter to be decided. Posters were obtained to advertise the W.S.S.A. games, cheer leaders were secured for the football games and the ticket sales for all games have been handled by the society. House leagues have been operated for soccer, football, basketball and hockey. A search for a larger school trophy case, begun last year, was continued this year but without success and now a built-in case is to be supplied by the Windsor Board of Education. The W.C.I. Injured Athletes' Fund was revived last year and the proceeds of one of the semi-final play-off hockey games, and of a Senior Boys vs Teachers basketball game were added to the benefit fund this year.

Page Seventy-Four

FOOTBALL

This year's football team was a team of which Walkerville can well be proud. Starting out the season as the underdog this team went as far as the finals in the city championship series. A great deal of this success was due to the spirit that the fellows on the team showed-time after time the Walkerville Tartans came from behind to win the game. Another and even greater factor in the success of the team was the wonderful job of coaching done by Mr. Forman. There is no doubt about it, Mr. Forman did a remarkable job of rounding out a good team, for, unknown to a lot of people, Walkerville Collegiate had about the smallest squad, numerically, of any school in the city. Very often Mr. Forman found himself without enough players at practice to run a scrimmage.

LYLE ROSS (centre half). Lyle was our big gun this year. He did most of the plunging and kicking and was a mountain on defence. Lyle was selected for this year's All-City Team.

RODNEY (ROD) MONTROSE (centre). Rod was line-captain this year and he was both a defensive and an offensive player.

DONALD GIBSON (middle). Don was one of the best tacklers on the team and was always a thorn in the side of the opposition breaking up play after play.



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE BACK ROW: G. Neely, N. MacPhee, R. Montrose, J. Wigle, J. Newby, H. Longmuir. FRONT ROW: H. Marchand, Mr. Allison, L. Ross, Mr. Ball, W. Bell.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

BACK ROW: J. MacLachlan, P. Abramoff, D. Bell, D. Montrose, L. Marlowe, E. Kornacki, P. Mrakovich.

3rd ROW: J. Dowhaniuk, R. Montrose, D. Holmes, N. Grabb, N. MacPhee, G. Hope, H.

Marchand.

2nd ROW: S. Yanchuk, V. Kulman, I. Wilkie, (Capt.), Mr. Forman, W. Bell, H. Aston, R. McBride.

FRONT ROW: D. Gibson, S. Cipparone, L. Ross, E. Crispin.

Absent: Wilf Day.

He missed the All-City Team by only one vote.

SAM CIPPARONE (right half). Sam had an educated toe and was the highest scorer on the team because of his accurate kicking from placement.

WRIGHT BELL, (left half). Wright was the fastest man on the team and he showed the opposition he could use his speed to full advantage.

WILF DAY (end). Wilf is a little fellow with a lot of spirit. He pulled down many passes for long gains.

JOHN MacLACHLAN (middle and end). John was a real power on the line. Defensively and offensively Johnny ranked among the best.

DON (200 lbs.) BELL (inside). Don was the heaviest man on the team and let the opposition feel the full force of his weight. Don will be a lot of help on next year's team.

HARRY ASTON (end). Harry was another of the small chaps on the team but size meant nothing to him, he would tackle anyone. He also pulled down many passes.

HARRY LONGMUIR (quarterback). Harry was the smallest fellow on this team. He was speedy and shifty and always a player the opposition had to watch.

SOLLY SIGAL (middle). A big fellow with a lot of drive. A fellow with a lot of fight and plenty of team spirit.

IAN WILKIE (flying wing). Ian played a steady game both on defense and offense. He was this year's team captain.

Other members of the team were: Ed. Kornacki, Doug. Montrose, Peter Abramoff, Glen Hope, John Dowhaniuk, Harry Marchand, Neil MacPhee, Peter Mrakovich, Ed. Crispin, Larry Marlowe, Ross McBride, Serga Yanchuk, Nick Grabb, Dave Holmes, Vic Kulman, Bob Mapes. Stuart Johnston and Bill Hull were the best managers a team could hope to have.

In one of the most thrilling football games in the High School league, Walkerville defeated Assumption by the score 12-11. In the final game Vocational edged Walkerville out of the championship of the city.

SOCCER

Soccer was the first sport to bring home to W.C.I. a W.O.S.S.A. championship. The team, under the able coaching of Mr. Young, went through a ten game schedule with only one loss. In the finals for the city, Walkerville nosed out a hard-fighting Patterson team by a score of 2-1. Then the Tartans defeated Chatham in the W.O.S.S.A. semi-finals by a score of 3-0.

London was the scene of the playoffs for W.O.S.S.A. honours between Walkerville and Hanover, a large and extremely well-padded team. Their extra padding was to no avail for they lost to Walkerville by a score of 4-0.

Throughout the season the team scored thirty-two goals and had only seven goals scored aginst it. These figures are indeed a tribute to the ability of the defence in protecting our goal and to the forwards for getting the goals.

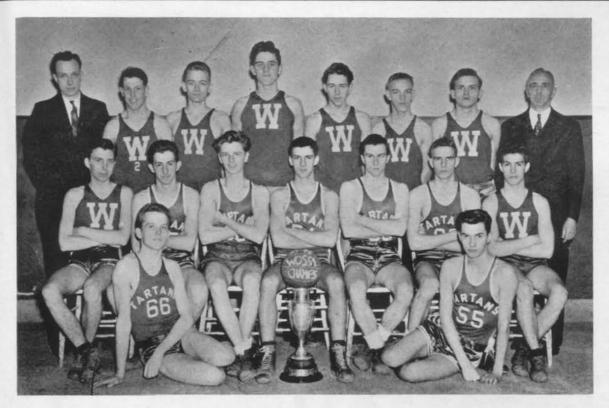
A great deal of the credit for the team's showing goes to our coach. Mr. Young spent a lot of time and hard work in turning out a winning team. Credit should also be given for the fine spirit and co-operation displayed by the boys during the playing season.

GERALD NEELY — Outside Left. Hard working Gerry never quit trying and this type of player influences his team-mates.

EARL KEYES—Captain—Inside Left. Besides being a good leader Earl is an excellent shot and a good team player—the best inside left in W.O.S.S.A. this year. We hope Earl will be back with us next year.

GEORGE IRIMESCU—Centre Forward—George is one of our fastest developing players — played his position almost perfectly and scored many a goal this year. George has another year with us.

FRANK LONG—Inside Right. Quiet steady player, a handy man to have on a forward line.



SENIOR SOCCER TEAM

BACK ROW: Mr. Young, R. Spence, H. Schofield, N. Morrison, M. Kozma, E. Skarbek, G. Cullen, Mr. Ball.

FRONT ROW: F. Long, G. Irimescu, J. Stankov, D. Ryan, G. Neely, M. Daypuk, N. Briant. SEATED: G. Gilliland, N. Marshall. Absent: E. Keyes, (Capt.), N. Carlan, J. Reece.

DON RYAN—Outside Right. Lacked experience at his position this year but he made up for this by lots of try and some fine corner kicks and crosses.

N. MORRISON—Left Half. Hard tackling half who improved with every game.

ED. SKARBEK — Centre Half. Ed. handled the toughest job on the team better than any other centre half in the W.O.S.S.A. We hope Ed. will be with us next season.

JIM REECE—Right Half. Jim, a stubborn checker and possessor of a long kick which fits our style of soccer perfectly.

GRANT CULLEN—Right Back. One of the two best full backs in the W.O.S. S.A. League. Grant will be a tough man to replace next year.

NORM MARSHALL—Left Back. The second of the two best backs in W.O.S. S.A. We will be mighty sorry to see Norm go.

MIKE DAYPUK-Half. Mike did very

well at a strange position this year. He may greatly add to his laurels in a full back position next year.

JOE STANKOV—Forward. Joe could be put in any position on the forward line without weakening it. This speaks for Joe's ability.

MIKE, KOZMA—Half. Mike didn't get much chance to show his skill this year but we are counting on him for next year.

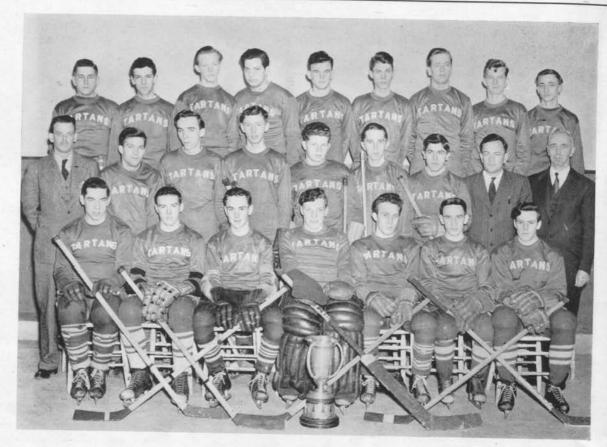
ROBT. SPENCE—Forward. Bob was one of our handiest alternates for the forward line.

NICK CARLAN—Half. Nick broke into our team late in the season and proved a strong check with a long kick. Nick could make a fine fullback.

GLENN GILLILAND and HERB. SCHOFIELD our two goalies. Two of the best in the league.

ANDY INCHOWICK—Half. One of spare halves whose long kicking should make him an excellent full back prospect.

Page Seventy-Seven



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

BACK ROW: V. Spakowski, D. Ryan, B. Baker, S. Cipparone, G. Sale, J. Kennedy, W. Ure, H. Thompson, J. Cooper.

MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Allison, H. Marchand, B. Huggard, M. Lynn, R. McBride, J. Reece, S. Musgrave, Mr. Klinck, Mr. Ball.

FRONT ROW: L. Ross, N. MacPhee, E. Keyes, (Capt.), L. Wilson, B. Allison, R. Switzer, G. Livingston: Absent: S. Yanchuk.

W.O.S.S.A. HOCKEY

Our hockey team captured the W.S.S.A. championship for the fourth time in five years and then went on to capture the W.O.S.S.A. championship. In the semifinals for the city, Walkerville easily defeated Patterson. In the finals, a hardfighting Assumption team was not able to stand against us, and we won the city title. In this two game total goal play-off with Assumption, we got 16 points to their 7. After winning the W.S.S.A. honours, our team defeated Chatham by a score of 10-1. In the finals, both Brantford and Woodstock, feeling that they did not have strong enough teams to compete against Walkerville, forfeited their games. During the past two years our team has not lost one game.

It was under the able coaching of Mr. Klinck that our team went on to Victory. His coaching and his constructive criticism to "Cover that man in the corner" undoubtedly helped our team.

Credit should also be given to that important factor of all great teams, the co-operation between the players. Without this fine spirit and team play, we might not have had a winning team.

For those who saw the games, it would be difficult to pick the stars, but here are some of the notables. Harry Marchand, Earl Keyes, Lyle Ross, Sam Cipparone. Bob Allison, George Livingstone and Lorne Wilson, our goalie. There are also those, who, though they may not have scored many goals, with their great pass-

(Continued on Page 81)

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SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: Mr. Allison, B. Meeke, E. Tustanosky, F. Marchand, G. Gilliland, M. Daypuk, Mr. Ball.

FRONT ROW: G. Elliott, A. Bondar, J. Newby, (Capt.), L. Postovit, B. White.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Bingo; Walkerville triumphs again as the W.C.I. senior boys' basketball team won a third major city league champion-

ship in one school year.

The Tartans, who, at the beginning of the season were not even rated as having a chance, scored an upset triumph over the pre-season favourites, the Assumption High School Raiders in a sudden death tilt to decide the crown on March 9 before 2,700 screaming, cheering fans at Kennedy Collegiate. The team was bolstered at the start of the season by the return from the wars of Major Ian Allison. He moulded together a team that had only three players who had previous senior competition experience into an aggregation who, though they did not look so brilliant in regular season play. suddenly came to life in the playoffs to completely outclass their rivals and win the crown. Continuing into the W.O.S. S.A. playdowns Walkerville defeated Leamington in both games of a home-and-home series and received a bye into the finals with London Central. The score of this game was 18-15 for London.

Facts and Figures On Players

FRANK (LEGGY) MARCHAND, centre, height 6.3, age 17. Walkerville was fortunate to have the best city league centre on their team. He is one of the greatest offensive forwards Walkerville has ever had. His scoring average was 14 points per game. Aside from being a great offensive star he is also a good player on defense and an expert ball handler. He was the only unanimous selection to the All-City basketball team.

BILL MEEKE, left forward, height 6.0, age 17. Played regular forward and teamed with Marchand and Gilliland to form one of the best forward combinations in the city. Meeke has a very dan-

Page Eighty



BACK ROW: F. Clarke, J. Urie, J. Dowhaniuk, J. Mann, A. Inchowich, R. Morris. FRONT ROW: T. Techko, J. Sagovac, Mr. Forman, C. Vernes, M. Kozma. Absent: S. Wasylyshyn, E. Schepanovsky, I. Main.

gerous left hand shot and is always counted on to capture at least half of the rebounds off either backboard in a game.

GLENN GILLILAND, right forward, height 6.0, age 17. Glenn was the third member of Walkerville's offense and operated from the pivot most of the time. Gilliland was a dangerous shot from the corner and could always be counted on to make a good share of the points in a game. Gilliland narrowly missed out on the All-City first team but landed a second team birth with ease.

LEO POSTOVIT, rear guard, height 5.09, age 17. Leo is the youngest and smallest member of the Walkerville quintet but if good things come in small packages this boy must have got a double dose. He possesses a very good one-handed shot and scores more than a guard usually does.

JACK NEWBY, left guard, height 5.10, age 19. Jack is the mainstay of the Walkerville defence and although he does not score many points has a crack long shot and at times has flashed form befitting a forward. This is his last year at senior basketball and he also just missed out in making the All-City guard but made the position on the second team.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

This year's team, coached by Mr. Forman, played good basketball to finish the schedule in first place. Unfortunately, in the playoffs, the team lost to Kennedy who went on to become W.S.S.A. Champions. All but three of this year's team will be seniors next year, and so Mr. Forman must build all over again.

(Continued from Page 78)

ing and co-operation, cleared the way for those who did score. A few of these are Reg. Switzer, Jim Reece, Bob Huggard, Murray Lynn, and, of course, George Sales, who did such a good job when needed to replace Wilson. All these boys deserve a large amount of credit.

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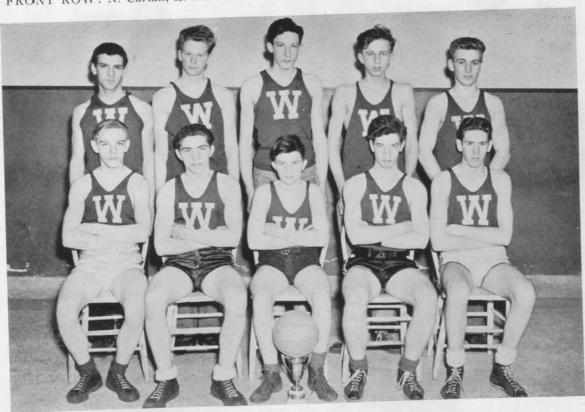
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12B SENIOR BOYS' INTERFORM BASKETBALL CHAMPS BACK ROW: A. Puskas, M. Kozma, Mr. Burr, B. Sonik, E. Toldo. FRONT ROW: N. Carlan, L. Marlowe.



JUNIOR BOYS' INTERFORM BASKETBALL CHAMPS, 10F
BACK ROW: D. Ryan, J. Darroch, D. Browne, G. Budak, R. Ogg, J. Magyar (absent).
FRONT ROW: E. Skarbek, G. Puioll, D. Gray, C. McCullough, J. Mann.
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MIKE KOZMA, the team's leading scorer, was devastating around the other team's basket with his one-hand shots.

ANDY INCHOWICK, the hardest worker on the team, played a good ag-

gressive game at guard.

TONY TECHKO, changed from guard to forward in mid-season, helped win many a game with his timely baskets.

CHUCK VERNES, a "first-former" with two more years of junior left became the most reliable scorer on the team. A shifty, aggressive player.

FRED CLARKE, played a very good defensive game and could be relied on to

hold his man well in check.

ED SCHEPANOVSKY, another player back next year with the juniors has learned a lot in his first year, and should do well next year.

Johnny Dowhaniuk, John Sagovac, Jim Mann, Bob Morris, Jim Urie, Stan Wasybyshyn, Ian Main, Ed Skarbeck also played this year.

TRACK

Last spring, at the annual track meet held at Kennedy stadium, the track team of W.C.I. won enough events to give Walkerville second place in the final standing, with 96.5 points, and, in proportion to the size of our track team, we did far better than the winning school. M XzK. -vaeon b,x

SENIORS

Frank Marchand was high man in the senior group, getting first in the 100yard dash and the board jump and a second in the high jump. Frank was tied with a Vocational student for individual champion of the city in his group. Wright Bell was next, with three seconds: in the 440 yards, the pole-vault and the broad jump. Boris Sonik placed second in both the discus throw and the javelin.

Wilf Day took the high jump and Andy Melnik came second in the discus and

third in the javelin.

At the W.O.S.S.A. meet, Frank won the 100- and 220-yard dashes and took a second in the broad jump.

INTERMEDIATES

In this group, we have John Cuddie,

another boy who was individual champion for the city. At Kennedy stadium, he collected first in the 100- and 220-vard dashes, in the hop, step and jump and a third in the high jump. Next came Neil MacPhee, who won the discus and took fourth place in the javelin throw. Gerry Neely ran second in the 120-yard low hurdles and Mike Daypuk placed third in the 100-yard dash. The intermediate relay team, composed of Cuddie, Brown, Daypuk and Neely took second place in the 880 relay race.

At London, the intermediates representing Walkerville captured the Intermediate Boys' W.O.S.S.A. championship. Cuddie was again high man, with a first in the 100-yard dash and a third in the hop, step and jump. Neil MacPhee also won the discus and placed fourth in the javelins.

JUNIORS AND JUVENILES

In the Juniors, Joe Prpich was runnerup for the city in his division. He captured two firsts, in the high jump and the hop, step and jump. Clark placed second in the pole-vault. The relay team won second place.

At the W.O.S.S.A. meet, Prpich won the hop, step and jump and captured second place in the high jump,

The Juveniles, who were not as strong as usual this year, captured one third place event. R. MacIntosh was the man who did this.

The relay team also placed fourth in the relay race. Its members were: R. Mate, E. MacIntosh, Cam Anderson, and R. Stevenson. The teachers who coached the track team were: Mr. Krause, Mr. Green, Mr M. Young and Mr. Wallen.

J. L. McNAUGHTON TROPHY

This trophy is presented by the Boys' Athletic Society in memory of our late principal. It is awarded annually for outstanding athletic ability, sportsmanship and co-operation. A smaller trophy is given to the winner, and his name is placed on the large trophy. This is the third year that it is to be presented. It was won last year by Frank Marchand, and the year before by Murray Binkley.



9G-GRADE 9 BASKETBALL CHAMPS

BACK ROW: G. Sasic, G. Rumble, W. Subocz, B. Rapinchuk. FRONT ROW: B. Stadnecky, W. Studak, T. Sikich, G. Robinson.



HOUSE LEAGUE RUGBY CHAMPS

BACK ROW: John Cominsky, Ron Ogg, Charles Lee, Walter Ure, Harry Patterson, George Marr, Bob Brady.

FRONT ROW: Bill Napier, Murray Lynn, Bill Coulter, Mr. Hartford, Herman Kuindersma, Fred Clarke, Bud Dalrymple.

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