

**THE BLUE & WHITE
WALKERVILLE COLLEGIATE
MAY, 1933**

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WAL

LOCAL
HISTORY

The
Blue & White



Wakerville
Collegiate

May, 1933

Why Not Now?

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Louis A. Philp

In Memoriam

His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world "This was a man".

In the passing of Mr. Louis Philp our Collegiate-Institute has suffered an irreparable loss. Although Mr. Philp was a member of the staff for only a few years, 1927-33, he had made for himself a unique place in his relations with both the pupils and the teachers. His kindness, his ever-ready courtesy, his unflinching patience permeated the atmosphere of the whole school like a fugitive fragrance.

In his death the boys of the school, with whom he had established a particularly close relationship on account of his leadership in their sports, have lost a counsellor, friend, and guide that it will be impossible to replace. Mr. Philp's best memorial will be the loving gratitude of his pupils and the fruits of the abiding influence he exerted upon their lives.



The duty of giving thanks is a very pleasant one when there really is cause for it. You have given the editors of the "Blue and White" so many stories and essays of merit, so many evidences of your interest, that it has been a pleasure to prepare the magazine, and it is a pleasure now to return thanks for such generous aid.

Miss Robbins and Mr. White, the critics for this issue of the "Blue and White", kindly took over the judging in the different contests. In the short-story contest, they gave the prize to Ted Bacon of V-B, and in the essay competition, Lydia Trimble of 5-A was declared winner. The limericks turned out rather unfortunately; either their metre was incorrect or they showed no appreciation of the characteristics or peculiarities of the person about whom they were written; so, no award was made. The best of them have been put in the form news. Perhaps another year some of the English classes will be told what a limerick is.

By some stupid oversight, we neglected to thank Miss McLaren, Miss Brown, and Mr. Huggill, the critics of our last issue. We hasten to do so now and assure them, as well as the critics for this issue, of our appreciation. Several of the other teachers cooperated in connection with their composition classes, and a part of our success in the contests can be traced to this source. Miss Dickey was especially helpful. We are also deeply indebted to Mr. Ball for cordial and vigorous assistance, Mr. McNaughton gave his loyal support as well.

Another helper who gave generously of her time was Mrs. Goodrich who did all our typing for us and assisted in the arrangement of the

baby pictures which had any fit-to-see look "beat a mile". Two cuts, one for our short-stories and the other for the essays, were furnished by Harry Colthurst and very welcome they were, too.

In our last issue, we were forced to cut our form news almost to shreds. In this issue we are able to give the form reporters more space and more opportunity to really show their ability. Of these, Everett Reid of 4-A, Dorothy Kester of 1-B and Fay Bomar of 1-E deserve credit for the high quality, originality and systematic arrangement of their material.

An innovation this year in our magazine was due to a kindly suggestion from Miss Rahn. This was the inclusion of the baby pictures of our graduating class. Betty Evans and Margaret Sinclair energetically gathered together these amusing and altogether "too cute" babies. We felt a little dubious about including them, because of the cost of printing them, but we hope that the added support we get from you will justify the expense.

Your editors hope that the present issue of the "Blue and White" will serve as a reminder of many amusing and many profitable things through the school year. Your generous and kindly help has made it a pleasant task to put together the material which you gave us, and we hope you will enjoy it in print, as we did in script.

To our successors next year we leave the best of good wishes. May our kindly public of schoolmates give the paper as friendly support next year as this. And so, we spread our skirts and make our formal curtsy. VALETE.

THE AUDITORIUM

In going back over the issues of the "Blue and White" of previous years, I find that in all of them there is a corner devoted to "Society" news, relating how Miss Jane Jones entertained delightfully at an afternoon tea at her home on January the twenty-second, and so on. Now Jane undoubtedly did give her friends a delightful tea, but except for Jane and her guests, the incident holds no interest for the rest of us at school, except perhaps for Polly Pringle who now becomes aware, for the first time, that she was left out of something, and accordingly feels hurt. Such news holds no place in the "Blue and White". Let us substitute an account of purely school activities, and, in particular, the assemblies.

Looking back on our assemblies this year, I am struck by the fact that music has featured quite as often as speaking on our programs.

As I remember it (you must be lenient if my memory is poor), our first guest was quite a small girl, but a very accomplished pianist, Miss Evelyn Stein. Evelyn played several numbers, whose names have gone long since from my mind, but I distinctly remember that I thoroughly enjoyed them, and that every one about me seemed very enthusiastic and appreciative.

On two other occasions, two of our own student body, also pianists, Mr. Ernest Creed and Miss Betty Appleby, played for us, and very well too.

Early in February we were given something rather out of the ordinary, when Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey M. Goodrich and Mr. Arthur West came to play some trios for us, one of which was a Haydn trio, whose lilting tunes seemed to meet with much favour. Last year the cello and piano visited us one morning, but this year the flute joined them and won the honours of the day, to judge from the thunderous applause when Mr. West played his two flute solos.

We have had four guest-speakers this year, and they were all entertaining, though in different ways.

Mr. Foreman was the first one to come, and although a reverend gentleman, and, as he told us, inclined to let his speech run away with him and turn out to be a sermon, yet on that day he certainly did not preach, until the very end; and then no one held it against him, for he did it rippingly. Mr. Foreman spoke here once

before, and the likable thing about him both times, was the fact that he was straightforward and friendly, and told of a few personal experiences which made it delightfully informal.

Another speaker who visited us quite informally and even unexpectedly, was Mr. Kingston, a Professor of Western University. He apparently was self-invited, but if I were the Principal, I should see to it that Mr. Kingston had a standing invitation. His speech and picture slides on Astronomy were so interesting, that several of us went down to hear him speak again that same evening at All Saints' Church, which is mighty high praise! (It cost us two bits apiece.)

On another occasion, Mr. Russell Farrow, our newly elected Mayor of Walkerville, was the speaker. This gave us an opportunity of making his acquaintance, as it were, and instead of being a mere name, he became a flesh and blood person, with whom we can now work sympathetically, in the way he pointed out to us.

Our last guest speaker was the Honourable Mr. Macauley, Minister of Highways in the Provincial Legislature, so we felt it quite an honour to have him address us. Some of the Board of Education, as well as several other distinguished guests, formed a volunteer entourage for Honourable Mr. Macauley, and acted as bodyguard on the stage, adding much to the impressiveness of the occasion. In his address Mr. Macauley emphasized how important were a love and thorough knowledge of Canadian and British History, to all Canadians. In expressing her appreciation to the speaker later, Mrs. Van Loven pointed out that she felt that the audience had learned things from the speech that afternoon which it could not learn in text books (and she's right, for the text books maintain that it was Charles the First, not Charles the Second, who was beheaded). And while we're trying to be funny, here's something else. Mr. Macauley, in emphasizing how close we were to the United States, said that we could throw a biscuit or a piece of dry goods across the river and into Uncle Sam's back yard. I feel sure that this was just a slip on the speaker's part, or he would have said wet goods. And now, to become sober and sensible again, if Mr. Macauley ever reads this, let me assure him that in spite of our frivolity, we really did, in all seriousness, appreciate his talk, and his good sportsmanship.

BLUE AND WHITE

in coming to speak to us without any preparation, as he did.

Aside from these guest speakers, we have had some budding orators of our own try their hand on the platform, in connection with the W.O.S.S.A. Public Speaking Contests. Among the senior girls, the contestants were Cora Kerr, Peggy Sheriff and Margot Goodrich, the winner, whose speech was on "Recent Advances in Medical Science". Our senior boys were Henry Wald and Everett Reid, who came in first and spoke on "Recent Advances in Electricity". The junior girls speakers were as follows: Patricia Miliken, Phyllis Townsend, Elsie Brideson, Betty Lord, Irene Gowland, Helen Kerr and Margaret Braidford, the winner, who spoke on "Just an Id-a". The two junior boys were Chester Eves and Jack Mackenzie, who won with his talk on "The Hudson Bay Company". Sad to relate, all our speakers of Walkerville were defeated in the district championship. Let us hope we have better luck next year.

On St. Patrick's day, Miss Doctor carried away the laurels, with the splendid work done by her

gym classes in their dances. The audience, quite appropriately, called for an encore of the Irish Dance by her first-form classes. The sailors and pirates danced as well, perhaps, but their non-Irishness gave them a severe handicap. If Miss Doctor does as well in other spheres of gym work as in dancing (and she does, to judge from student gossip), we can thank the Gods for an extraordinarily good instructress.

A former pupil of the school, Mr. Hugh Soper, jazzed some jazz for us on the piano. Those who like jazz now know where to go for a good teacher.

This account of the assemblies would be incomplete without some mention of our singing, and the difficulties attaching thereto. There has long been a difference of opinion as to the songs we should sing. And one Friday morning not long ago, the question was brought up again and "there arose a dissension between the Pharases and the Sadducees and the assembly was divided". One of the suggestions made was that we should sing "popular" songs. Unfortun-

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Debating and Oratory Teams



Back Row, left to right—R. Lyons, E. Reid, P. Roemmle, P. Sherriff, D. Lowry, J. McKenzie.
Front Row, left to right—M. Braidford, E. Katzman, M. Goodrich, B. Evans, M. Fox,
W. Jolliffe, M. Griggs.

SHORT STORIES



The Story of a Tennis Ball, a Lunatic, and a Girl

Sally Hopkins had the "blues". She swung at her tennis ball as if she would like to drive it three or four inches into a stone wall. To all outward appearances she was practising her returns, and trying to improve her game; but she herself knew she was trying to recover her usually sunny disposition by sheer physical exertion.

Suddenly she stopped. There was no ball to be returned. The last vicious swing had sent it sailing merrily over the wall and as it disappeared two sounds greeted her ear almost simultaneously. One was a very indistinct "plop" and the other a very distinct "hey"! Sally was curious, even for a woman. She jumped on a lawn seat, and vaulted up on to the top of the wall.

This was what met her curious gaze. An open basement window supplied the frame for the head and rugged shoulders of a youth about twenty years old, supported by a prominent nose, an indignant face and white shirt well spattered with bright red wet spots. What would you have done if you had been Sally? Well, that's what Sally did, too. She laughed and when Sally laughed people said nothing could resist her. Nothing did resist her. The young man's face relaxed and a faint smile began to play around the corners of his mouth. Then Sally spoke:

"Um-m-er—did you happen to see my tennis ball?"

The young man replied and as he did so his good nature broke through and he smiled wholeheartedly.

"I believe I have seen your ball and er—I have also witnessed its arrival."

As he said this he looked down with such a look of utter dejection that curious Sally thought it necessary to jump lightly from the wall and run to peer in at the window. She followed his gaze to a marble topped bench upon which all sorts of chemical apparatus were lying. Directly

under the window sat a beaker of a bright red liquid in which floated, almost guiltily, the truant tennis ball.

"Oh, Gee! I'm sorry my ball did that," said Sally with a genuine air. "Will the spots come off your face?"

"Oh, I think so," he replied and as he did so he reached for a bottle labelled "Benzine" and picked up a piece of white cloth.

In an instant Sally was down on her knees and reaching for the bottle and cloth. He smiled and as she removed the cork he obligingly stretched an already too lengthy neck and stuck his head out of the window. With deft fingers Sally went to work and soon the victim's face resumed its natural colour except for its redness due to rubbing—or perhaps it all wasn't due to rubbing.

Sally didn't get up immediately. Instead she plied him with questions.

"What's this for? What's that for? What are you trying to do? Don't you think it ought to be cleaned up?"

He answered her as best he could and told her he was trying to make synthetic rubber from weeds. She rested her chin in her hands and listened rapturously while he told her of his ideas and what he hoped they would mean.

Suddenly Sally glanced at her watch and remembered she had a "date" for seven o'clock and it was now five-thirty.

"I must go now," she said, "but may I come again and watch you?"

"Certainly you may," he said a little eagerly, "but you needn't come over the wall. We also have a gate, you know."

"All right," she said with a little smile, "but I really must go now."

She walked towards her gate and as she did so she spoke, half to herself and half aloud.

"So that's the new neighbour. He's queer but—well—I always did like queer things."

She turned in at her own gate and went upstairs to dress, still thinking.

At seven, Bill Anthony, a wealthy youth, called for her in his expensive car. They talked very little at first but finally Sally broke the silence.

"Say, Bill, do you know who that new neighbour of mine is? I think he's a sort of chemist."

"Sure I do," Bill replied. "His name is Newton Smith. We called him Newt at College."

He was our pet chemistry lunatic. I guess he's still just as bad. Better leave him alone; he wouldn't suit you at all."

She danced all evening, but occasionally there appeared before her mind's eye the picture of a bespeckled face, and huge black rimmed spectacles. Sally arrived home quite late, but she noticed a light burning in the basement laboratory. She wondered, while entering the house, if she really ought to go over there again.

Several days passed. They were days of the happiest companionship for two certain neighbours and days of scheming for Bill Anthony. Newt, he remembered, had a mania for collecting old chemistry manuscripts, no matter how useless they were. While inspecting the attic of the old Anthony mansion, Bill had found some old sheets of paper, yellow with age. He put them in an old envelope, and the whole he put in his pocket.

The next day as Newton and Sally were walking in the orchard, Bill Anthony came up and spoke.

"I just stopped a minute to tell you that I've just found some old chemistry manuscripts in the attic of our old home. I knew you were interested in that sort of thing and I thought I'd let you look at them. If they're genuine, I'll give you the first chance to buy them."

Newt was rather surprised at Anthony's affability but he took the papers and walked out into the sunshine to see them properly.

Sally seemed to sense a rather false tone and she looked at Bill very keenly. As she did so Bill's eye winked almost imperceptibly and his eyes twinkled. Then Sally knew that everything was not as it seemed, but her pride in Newt's judgment wouldn't let her warn him.

Finally, Newt walked back to them and spoke to Bill.

"Mr. Anthony," he said, "I find these manuscripts quite genuine and I'll offer you ten dollars for the set."

Bill accepted and in a minute ten dollars changed hands and Newt had pocketed the manuscripts.

Then three things happened in rapid succession. Bill Anthony broke into an uproarious, mocking laugh. Sally Hopkins cried out, "Oh! Newt, you've been tricked." Newton Smith opened his mouth.

"I'm sorry, old fellow," Bill said, "but I just wanted to test your knowledge. You see I made up those formulae myself."

Newt's face, still a little red, broke into a triumphant smile and he began speaking.

"Oh, that's all right, Bill. I knew those formulae in brown ink were all rubbish. It was the faint, half-finished one on the back of this paper I wanted. It happens to give me the key to my own formula that I've been working on so long."

The End

Everett Reid, IV-A

A Surprise

(Prize Story)

Well, five days was quite some time to be off alone in the wilds of the Yukon; particularly when you had a comfortable cabin, warm and cheery, not to mention a perfectly charming young wife and a tow-headed tot of three summers waiting to smother you with affection and joy at being together again. Still, he could not complain; the traps were his livelihood; his, and Violet's and young Tow-head's; they paid him quite well, in fact, and he had to make this journey only once a month.

He had always been a little fearful of leaving Violet and the youngster home when he went on these journeys, with only Wahcheeka, the Indian house-keeper, to keep them company, but every time he mentioned it, Violet laughed and said: "Nonsense, you silly boy. We're perfectly safe here. I've lived in this country all my life; why should there be any danger? There is no one who would care to harm us."

Yet always he felt that same misgiving. But he supposed she was right, as usual. Still, his heart beat faster, and his flesh tingled as Spike, the lead dog, crossed Dry Bone Gulch, swung around Death's Head Knoll and guided the team into the home trail. Even after five days on the trail, the time between the knoll and the Brooks estate was much less than on the outward journey. Both dogs and man would be glad to rest up.

Almost three hundred miles in five days is no pleasure jaunt. They would not have arrived home for another two days, if there had been any recent snow. As it was, the trails were all broken.

Usually, Violet came dashing out at the sound of the huskies' joyous barks; this time nobody appeared. His fears made him begin to visualize—what? But, of course, he was two days early. She might not even be home. And Wahcheeka was rather hard of hearing.

When he opened the door, surprise riveted him to the threshold. The cheery greeting died on his lips. He stood aghast, gazing at the scene of devastation which confronted him. The parlour appeared as if a cyclone had struck it. Gazing on into the house, he followed with his eyes the path of the storm. Everything was disarranged; chairs out of their places, the books piled on the floor, papers spread about.

"Violet," he called, fearing the worst. "Violet, where are you?"

"Here, dear," her voice floated back from the upper regions. "You're home early, and right in the midst of my cleaning. Come up here, dear. I want this bed moved, and when you get that done—"

His worst fears were realized. She had been threatening this for some time.

Ted Baron, V-B

Surprise Riveted John to the Threshold

Surprise riveted John to the threshold. His ordinarily calm, blue eyes fairly bulged from his head. His cheeks blanched, looking pasty yellow under the deeply tanned skin, and tiny beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. Horrified, he raised his left hand to the rotten door-jam at his side and steadied himself. There before him, in the shadow of the inner cabin wall, petrified from fear, stood a small native lad, mouth agape, too terrified to utter a sound. The inside of the cabin was dark and musty from age, and old, rudely constructed bits of furniture lay scattered about the floor. An old rusty stove, with its door hanging by a hinge, occupied the centre of the room. A hole in the rickety rain-soaked roof above, served as a chimney-of-sorts, through which smoke had often found its way when cooking was being done. The cabin had, of course, long since been vacated, and held nothing of any value. All this, John observed in less time than it takes to tell.

There on the floor, between John and the little boy, crawling gracefully and cautiously towards its victim, was a huge, beautifully coloured, poisonous lizard. John's mind worked like fury. If he shot instantly he had a chance of saving the lad's life. If his shot only injured the lizard, nine chances out of ten it would get to the boy and bite him before a second shot could end its life. If John were to wait and see if the lizard would disregard the boy, the poor little native would surely faint from fear when the lizard got close to him, and the reptile would attack. There remained only one hope. John acted. He tapped his foot on the side of the door and pulling off his hat as the lizard whirled about, dropped it between the creature and himself. As the menace flashed across the floor at John, the man fired as fast as he could pull the trigger of the pistol, which he had drawn on arriving at the door of the cabin. John scarcely had time to leap into the air as the lizard streaked beneath him and disappeared. Whether he even hit the reptile or not, John never knew. He had, however, saved the life of the little native boy, and that was what really mattered. The poor little fellow, thus delivered from the hands of death, quietly fainted away. The strain had been too much for him.

Bill McClymont, V-B

The Rain Fairy

All week Jean had been looking forward to the arrival of Saturday, for on Saturday she was going to the Zoo. Jean knew this meant peanuts for the animals as well as popcorn and all sorts of good things for herself. You can imagine her disappointment when Saturday turned out just as wet as a day could be. Of course Mother said they could not go, although Jean pleaded and pleaded and even cried a little. Then she became angry, and, running to the window, started making faces at the rain. After a time this became tiresome, so she pulled a chair close to the window and stared sullenly out at the dripping trees and wet ground.

As she looked, an extra large drop plopped on to the window-ledge and out of it, much to Jean's surprise, stepped a tiny fairy dressed from head to toe in some shining silvery material. She came in the moment Jean opened the window. But instead of the happy, pleasant little fairy Jean expected, the visitor wore an angry look and frowned very hard.

Jean enquired what the trouble was. Much to her surprise, the fairy said she, Jean, was the trouble. Before Jean could reply the little visitor continued to tell her how the raindrop fairies were kept in prison except when it rained. Then and only then were they allowed to go free. She denounced all mortals for their selfishness in grumbling every time the poor little rain fairies were released.

Jean said she was very sorry but had never known of the fairies' imprisonment before. The fairy curtly replied that she had never tried to find out. When the fairy saw that Jean was really sorry, she said that she would forgive her.

The little girl thanked the fairy and asked her to stay for lunch, but as the rain was clearing the fairy said she really could not, and waving her hand to Jean tripped out of the window and away.

Fay Bonnar, I-E

Just a Sample

This earth is full of men who go about the dull, dreary tasks of their work-a-day world with their heads in the clouds. The grocer's clerk pauses, with a can of salmon in one hand, as his mind fills with rosy dreams of the great out-doors. Rushing torrents, the sigh of the wind through the fragrant pines and the softness of the starry western night slowly clear from his brain as the harsh jangle of a telephone bell awakens him from his reverie.

Bill Tidridge, V-B

(Extract from "The Biter Bitten")

Street Scenes

"Well, folks, this is station W.J.R. Today we are going to take you to the front of the Michigan Theatre and describe the people as they pass.

"Well, well, well, what have we here? Aha, a man with a fruit push-cart. There it is with all the apples, pears, coconuts, and so much colour. He is in front of the Gray Goose bus station. Maybe you would like to hear his bell.—Ting a ling a ling—There you are folks, hot off the griddle.

"There comes the answer to a maiden's prayer. Brown derby, brown suit, brown overcoat, brown socks, tan shoes, white shirt, brown tie and small tie pin. Sorry, girls, he's the answer to a coloured maiden's prayer. Puttin' on the dog, eh, what!

"Well, if dis ain't Madame Queen and Ruby Taylor, I've fit to be hanged. Baby, am dem gals dawd! Talk about a fireman just out of the smoke trying to catch a black cat in a tunnel at midnight. Well, they've got it beat seven times eleven. I'll bet they're after that cullud boy that just went by.

"Here's the college boys' car. Three fenders, one headlight, four tires (?), no windshield and roofless. Six racoon coats with part of a head sticking out of each. All this is dipped in the Ann Arbor College song and it comes out dripping with lost chords. Brave boys. Man alive, they've got a magnet tied on behind to pick up all lost parts. By the looks of things, they'll soon be riding on the magnet.

"Here comes a man that reminds me of a big ball—all waist and he sort of rolls along. Funny people make up the world.

"If this isn't the marvel of the age, it isn't his fault. Cross-eyed, bald-headed, canlidower-ears, broken nose, hair-lip, pigeon-toed, knock-kneed and bow-legged. My gosh, I'm looking in a mirror. After that mistake I'm going to get even with Bob. He's going to talk now.

"Lo folks, Phil says that all reporters have to be nertz to give descriptions. Well I'm not nertz, I hope.

"Across the street there is a little old lady selling newspapers. She is old and withered. Her hair is nearly white. As she calls, her voice quavers. Her clothes are parched and worn, but all are clean and neatly sewn. She makes her living on the streets selling papers, and she has enough to send her boy, who is in

the sanatorium, something nearly every week. I was talking to her while Phil was broadcasting. She says that she makes about nine dollars a week, which is very good for an old lady. Maybe some of the sales are from sympathy. Don't pity her. She says that she is happy and that her son is coming home in about six weeks. He will be able to take care of her then.

"Here comes the Grey Goose bus. The passengers pile out. First a lady, a man, two girls, a young lady, arms piled high with packages. I'll bet they're from New York. They are still coming out of the bus. Too fast for me to describe them. What's this! My gosh! It's my wife. She just came out of the bus. Take it, Phil.

"Yes, folks, that was Bob's wife. Young and pretty. She was in New York to visit her parents. Bob was going to meet her at the New York Central Station at 8:05 tonight, but she surprised him. Gee, does he love her. Right out in front of the Michigan theatre, too.

"Well, our half-hour is up. I s'pose we'll have to sign off. So long. See you next Saturday night.

"Folks, that was Phil and Bob that you have been listening to. They have described to you the happenings in front of the Michigan Theatre. This is W.J.R., the Good-will station. The next program follows immediately.

"—Buy Purple Monoco Gasoline, the getaway is—"

Bill Roddy, J.C.

School Bores Me

Oh! what a plague is school—

I cannot bear it;

It will my downfall prove,

I greatly fear it;

It so oft tortures me

That my heart faileth;

It fetters the health of me

As a mouse gnaweth;

Please it the best I may,

It loves still to dismay.

Alack and well-a-day!

School bores me.

In French the other day,

As I tried to translate,

All the pupils were gay.

The cause? Against me—late.

I scanned the line,

No sense was in it;

"J'ai couru les magasins,"

"Jim carried his magazines."

Then, all the class laughed—

Even the teacher laughed,

Oh! could I have but laughed!

School bores me.

Ethel Broadwell, 5-A



ESSAYS

A Book Review

(Prize Essay)

The time is Autumn, 1928. The first oblique rays of a rising sun are casting fantastic shadows on the streets. All London seems asleep. Then one lonely little car turns slowly northward from a London square. H. V. Morton is on his way towards Scotland where he will explore the Border land, the Lowlands and the Highlands, will seek to recapture the spirit of the country in times long past and, returning, will bring to us a tale which in its class, I feel must rank among the very best.

To my mind there are few more interesting forms of literature than the travel stories which, in recent years, have gained such warranted popularity. The English reading world is thrilled by the exciting stories of Richard Halliburton's adventurous journeys. It gasps with genuine wonder and admiration at his dare-devilish exploits and praises his reckless courage. Yet, to me, something, somehow, has always seemed lacking in Halliburton. That something, I think, is the personal interest. You and I cannot follow him to the top of the Matterhorn or into a Gibraltar jail. There is where Mr. Morton excels. This book of Morton's could never be termed exciting. You do not gasp with wonder at the things of which he tells. Yet strangely, somehow, he takes you with him on his journey. With him you see the beautiful Edinburgh War Shrine; with him you attend an Aberdeen wedding; with him you are awed by the amazing Coolins on the Isle of Skye, and with him you sing the songs of Burns in a quaint, old Dumfries bar. It is because he transports you to the land of which he tells that Morton succeeds in grasping and holding your interest and enthusiasm. He seems to have entered entirely into the spirit of the country, to have absorbed the Scottish atmosphere into his very soul and, by meting it out to us in suitable places throughout the book, he helps us to love and appreciate the Scotch (a truly lovable race who are perhaps not appreciated enough), as he has learned to do throughout the course of his travels.

There is another merit of Mr. Morton's work which, at least in the realm of my experience, is quite ingenious. There is nothing, perhaps, more closely related to travel than history, for so many of the great show-places of the world have attained that distinction through some historical connection. Morton's skill in relating the historical background of the places which he visits is unique and surely there is no place

where such ability could be given a better opportunity than in Scotland. Had you never heard of Mary Queen of Scots you would feel a personal anxiety for her welfare as he describes her escape from Lochleven. How vividly he paints the picture of poor Bonnie Prince Charlie's last night in Scotland—a night of pouring rain with Charlie in borrowed clothes, soaked through, fleeing from his hiding place on the Isle of Skye, back to France and safety and bitter disappointment! Though you be as painfully ignorant of Scottish History as I, you still will understand these stories as he mingles history with travel in this fascinating yet simple and charmingly narrative way. It is this very simplicity that gives the book its charm.

"In Search of Scotland" is not Morton's first book, nor is it his last. Its sister volumes on England, Ireland and Wales and his other numerous works, I have not read. Still if they be comparable in any way to his book on Scotland, I heartily believe you would find them worth your while.

Lydia Trimble, V-A

An English Boarding House

I am sitting on my bed at number 7 King Street, York. Perhaps I should say, I am sitting in it for it is of the feather brand and collapsible. After a discouraging reception at the "Station Hotel" we were forced to resort to the tender mercies of the "Misses Pollard's Lodging House for Refined Ladies and Gentlemen". On reaching the door with its polished brass letter box we searched vainly for a bell. There was no such article. But there was a long handle attached mysteriously to the wall which, when pulled, produced a faint tinkle somewhere in the interior. (It proves to be the passage on further acquaintance.) With the greatest of ceremony, the older, we presume, of the Misses Pollard, ushered us into the front parlour papered in a dark flowered pattern. The table is decorated with a turkey-red plaid cover and a centerpiece of glass fruit. On the walls hang railed pictures of weddings, and numerous relatives. Several card albums adorn the low, heavy desk, while at the far end of the room is a large round mirror hanging over a false fire place ornamented with China figures and a marble clock. The side wall is most appropriately covered by a huge, framed "Sacrifice to Bacchus, or the follies and vices committed through wine on and at such solemn occasions as births, baptisms, marriages and deaths". Passing through the narrow hall with its two stuffed dogs heads flanking either side of the door one is ushered up the carpeted stairs, (cunning mats of imitation fur are carefully placed here and there), and into "Number Four". An iron bedstead, a dresser, and an antiquated washstand

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plus soap-dish and tin basin, are the staple characteristics. In addition, a charming painted glass wall ornament, a rush-bottomed chair (very small), three more marriage photos, two scenes, a motto and a little wooden cupboard for candles, sea-shells, and three atrocious vases, complete the artistic furnishing. Even so, I have neglected the striped Victorian window-blind and the white curtains suspended from a painted pole. But what are these small discomforts? I have just had tea, a real English tea, and now, if I can gently turn down the gas, without smothering myself, I shall sleep in feathers, and dream sweet dreams of crumpets and jam-seed-cake, and Devonshire cream.

Leila Duck, V-A

Larger Feet For Women

Women! Women! Women! I am not the voice of one crying out in the wilderness, but I do aim to make the crooked ways straight, to fill up the valleys, and to plane the rough until it is smooth! I am here in the name of comfort and common-sense, and not revolution and social upheaval. My war-whoop is not "Down with old; up with the new!", it is much more homely and yet more drastic. Listen all ye who suffer and act accordingly—"Larger feet for women."

If, in acting accordingly, you are still reading this daring article, I know you are a sufferer, and ready to flock to the banner of one who will lead you to cooling springs wherein to bathe your persecuted pedal extremities. This opus is not a result of a short-lived flight of imagination. Oh no! As far back as my reverend mind will carry me, I can remember having this idea in my head. Frequently have I been in a theatre when an example of female massiveness would seat herself serenely in the seat before me, then furtively reach down and, under the pretence of feeling for a lost handkerchief, proceed to unfasten her shoes. I have seen women hobble down the street in shoes that should have belonged to the Spanish Inquisition. I am sure that had the shoes squeaked less, I would have heard her tortured 'tootsies' gnashing their teeth and tearing their hair. Frequently have I gone into houses with women whose first act on entering was to wrench off their shoes and put on a pair of old floppy slippers. This procedure was always accompanied by a sigh of relief, and the changing of hard facial lines into smooth smiles. Thus women have been suffering in silence for years. Silence is golden, I admit, but many countries have abandoned the gold standard. Come, let us put this air of deceit behind us, let us declare openly, so that all may hear, "We want larger feet for women".

Now, if it were fashionable for women to have normal feet, the world would benefit not only physically but also materially. How? Just like this. If women had larger feet, that would

mean the wearing of larger shoes, and stockings with larger feet. Logical? Larger shoes would necessarily require more leather, more cloth, and more work. Similarly the stockings would require more silk, or cotton, depending on your station in life. That, too, is logical, is it not? Think of the results! More crocodiles, alligators, cattle, silk worms, and cotton would have to be produced; more men would gain employment. But I do not need to go any further. My audience of intelligent women will at once grasp the significance of my words. Then, may I hope that they will be still more intelligent and cry "We want larger feet".

Of course I realize that small feet may be dainty—but how costly is that daintiness! Over in China the women bind their feet to stunt growth, but no civilized Westerner would tolerate that. Instead of binding their feet they go out and buy a pair of shoes two sizes too small with heels three sizes too high. How we Westerners like our comfort!

Now, if all women would simultaneously proclaim their desire for larger feet, small feet would be passé. Tiny feet would be laughed at, and no woman would envy them. Women, can you not see it is only your petty human ideas of style that stand between you and comfort? We laugh today when we think of the women of yesterday who pinched their waists until they resembled wasps. Perhaps the people of tomorrow will laugh when they think how you women are pinching your feet. Fashions in clothing are subject to change (and who should know this better than a woman), so why not change this one now?

This article is not intended for those diminutive creatures who have been endowed with small feet by a non-too-bounteous Nature. It is for those who are typical of robust womanhood. I offer my plea to the woman who would like to buy a shoe which is size four on the outside, but whose inside is as roomy as a year-old slipper. Goodness knows her number is legion! It is to these that I cry, in the name of comfort and common-sense, to flock to my standard on which is impressed in words of purest gold:

"Larger feet for women," followed by an "I".

Jack McCann, V-B.

Triolet

Zu schreiben bin ich nicht gewohnt,
 Ich thu' es gar nicht gerne;
 Ich glaube kaum dass es sich lohnt;
 Zu schreiben bin ich nicht gewohnt,
 Ich plaudre lieber unter' m Mond
 D'rum bleib' nicht in der Ferne,
 Zu Schreiben bin ich nicht gewohnt,
 Ich thu' es gar nicht gerne.

Five Minute Interviews

1. What are you going to do this summer?
2. What do you intend to do on leaving school?
3. By what name do you like to be called?
4. What is your hobby?
5. Whom do you most admire?

JANE CONSIDINE

1. You'd be surprised.
2. Put away my books.
3. "Chico."
4. Answering the telephone.
5. A handsome brunette.

LEILA DUCK

1. Shuffle off to Buffalo.
2. You've got me crying again.
3. My darling.
4. Mountain Music.
5. Two Buck Tim from Timbuctoo.

MICKEY JOHNSTON

1. Shovel.
2. Collect an Old Age Pension.
3. Susie will do.
4. Chewing gum.
5. I just can't remember.

MARY KEITH

1. Rusticate.
2. Procrastinate.
3. Just plain Mary.
4. Learning to drive a car from a rumble seat.
5. Gracie Allen, of course.

HUGH HARRISON

1. Go to Grand Bend.
2. Rest.
3. Less.
4. Fixing tires.
5. My car.

JAMES FYDELL

1. Sleep.
2. Shivel up and die.
3. Grandpapa.
4. Hunting big game at night.
5. It's hard to say.

NOEL CAMPBELL

1. Mountain climbing in the Sahara.
2. Mountain climbing in the Sahara.
3. Mountain climbing in the Sahara.
4. Mountain climbing in the Sahara.
5. One who climbs mountains in the Sahara.

JIM CODY

1. Romp in the Vermont woods (with rompers).
2. Go to Jack Miner's and learn how to handle ducks.
3. Pug. (It's cute.)
4. Well, I've got six cats.
5. King Kong (what a man!).

JOHN STEPHENSON

1. Pick cherries.
2. Pick cherries.
3. Pit.
4. Cherry picking.
5. Cherry pickers.

WALT MCGREGOR

1. Nothing.
2. Retire.
3. Mac.
4. Answering foolish questions.
5. Mahatma Ghandi.

GORDON LITTLE

1. Swimming.
2. Loaf.
3. Babe.
4. Arguing.
5. Baron Munchausen.

MARGARET SINCLAIR

1. Reminisce.
2. Have a good time.
3. Peggy.
4. A party in London.
5. Statue of Liberty.

BETTY EVANS

1. Stay home.
2. More school.
3. I wonder.
4. Bridge or talking?
5. That would be telling.

BILL BRYCE

1. Chisel my father out of spending money.
2. Join the great army of the unemployed.
3. Dinner is ready, Bryce.
4. Saving programmes of all kinds.
5. Why boast?

Fifth Form



NONSENSE

Form Representatives

5-A—Betty Evans	2-A—Bergoine Connery
5-B—Bob Van Wagoner	2-B—Ruth Farquharson
4-A—Everett Reid	2-C—Jim Cody
4-B—Donald Gordon	2-D—Donald Brown
4-C—Don, MacDonald	1-A—Douglas Copeman
3-A—Donald Elsey	1-B—Dorothy Kester
3-B—Robert Heath	1-C—David Bernhardt
3-C—Charles Carter	1-D—Harvey Westover
3-D—Eleanor Hare	1-E—Fay Bonnar

Baby Pictures

1—Leila Duck	23—Joe Wiseman
2—Dorothy Craig	24—Brock Andrews
3—Mary Hein	25—Alice Cheeprum
4—Ernest Creed	26—Kathleen Leahy
5—Lydia Trimble	27—Thelma Hyland
6—Roy Aytoun	28—Helen Staugh
7—Betty Evans	29—Margot Goodrich
8—Miss Dickey	30—Mr. Ball
9—Phyllis Roemmler	31—John Jenkins
10—James Fydell	32—Susie Parnell
11—Harry Colthurst	33—Glen Sherman
12—Ethel Broadwell	34—Margaret Pratt
14—Margaret Sinclair	35—Bill McClymont
15—Margaret Crichton	36—Edith Jeffries
16—Ray Lyons	37—Jim Ronson
17—Elinor Miner	38—Ruth Fydell
18—Eva Katzman	39—Jean Johnson
19—Margaret McKenzie	40—Janet Elliott
20—Noel Campbell	41—Bob Van Wagoner
21—Jean McCallum	42—Joan & Gail Ferriss
22—William Ainslee	

V-A

Motto: Never put off till tomorrow what you can put off till the day after.

• • •

There is a young lady in V-A,
Who has taken to goggles by day.
It really's a sin,
For now she's no twin;
We can tell 'em apart right away.

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Our chief editor eds in absentia
Which ought to give others dementia;
But the rest of the board
Go cheerfully for'd,
And the Blue and the White is now sent ya.

There is one of the girls in our class,
Who is easily picked from the mass,
If you want to know how,
It's a cinch, you'll allow:
Just look for her boots, as they pass.

M. E. G.

1000 YEARS AGO AESOP SAID:

Many a girl thinks she is a star because she stays out all night.
Men are like aeroplanes. They're no good on earth.
Poverty is no disgrace but it's all you can say in its favor.
Another good place for a zipper would be on pea-pods.

WE WONDER—

Why Ernest Creed bothered to enroll here at Walkerville at all?

Why John MacArthur is so shy about giving us his baby picture; or did he leap full grown from his father's brain, like that Goddess of Wisdom we've read about? Perhaps you've notice the resemblance between them.

Why it takes Mrs. Hoey so long to mark papers?

Why the secretary of the Girls' Athletic Association took six months to buy her athletic ticket?

What happened to Lydia Trimble the other day, when she became so obstreperous and broke a piece out of the window?

What happened to Ray when he went three days without a detention from Mrs. Hoey?

What Gail (or is it Joan), Ferriss is looking for, now that she needs glasses to see?

Why Betty Evans, in spite of her robust appearance, is so weak that one can't read her writing on the board?

BLUE AND WHITE

V-B

"Stone walls do not a prison make." Evidently Miss Dickey let something slip. The other day in "Ancient Mariner" remarks were being passed on iron bars at prison. Miss Dickey, quote: "Perhaps you students have never been there, but I have." Unquote.

Witnesses—V-B.

Colthurst—Hey, Glen, what's a blizzard?
Glen (brightly)—The inside of a chicken.

Mr. Hugill—Roy, what is gravity?
Roy (concentrating)—Gravity tells us why apples don't go to heaven.

K. Leahy—Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you're talking about.

Miss Dickey—Give one characteristic of King Henry VIII.

Speedy—Henry was a very cruel man, especially towards Anne Boleyn, because he ironed her.

Miss Dickey—How can you say that?

Speedy—The history says, "Henry pressed his suit on Anne Boleyn".

V-B Cynicism

Some boys are born great. Some achieve greatness. And some just grate upon you.

Is he conceited? Well, I'd just like to buy him at my price and sell him at his!

A bore is the kind of a boy, who, when you ask him how he is, tells you.

Kissing a girl is just like opening a bottle of olives—the first may come hard but it's a cinch to get the rest.

Sign in U.S.A. cafe: We know your check is good, but we don't trust the banks.

The modern home is one in which a switch regulates everything but the children.

Even the best of friends must park!

Co-education was once a race for supremacy between the sexes, but now it's neck and neck.

The more westudy, the more we know;
The more we know, the more we forget;
The more we forget, the less we know;
The less we know, the less we forget;
The less we forget, the more we know;
So why study?

IV-A

The pupils of IV-A are **supposed** to be the "brainiest" in fourth form. So far they have had little chance to prove it. I, the form reporter, have given them the chance by these test questions that I have presented to them and which they have answered as follows:

1. What do you consider the best method of saving the United States Banks?

- (1) Art Polhill—Shoot the depositors.
- (2) Archie Howie—Put a cheque on 'em.
- (3) Violet Truman (studying Latin)—Use "ot" and subjunctive.
- (4) Mac Graham—Lock up bankers instead of banks.
- (5) Patricia Lamers—You can't bank on anything.

2. What do you propose as a cure for the depression?

- (1) Don Lowry—Bigger and better blondes.
- (2) Roy Balkwill—Industrial Evolution.
- (3) Winnifred Joffe—More beer, wider sidewalks.

3. What will the well dressed lady wear next summer?

- (1) Jack Ross—Bathing suit and a new paint job.
- (2) Gord Little—I'll have to look into it.
- (3) Helen Young—Clothes, we hope!
- (4) Walt MacGregor—What did she wear last summer? (innocently).

4. Should Mahatma Ghandi be rewarded or penalized, and if so by what means?

- (1) Art Goodwyn—He should be presented with a brick house—half a brick at a time.
- (2) Herb Ronson—Give him a sheet—of lightning.
- (3) Isabel Barron—Present him with a card of safety pins.

5. What do you think about Technocracy?

- (1) Lawrence Ewe—I don't.
- (2) Bill Orved—"T" isn't Technocracy, it's Tech-no-crazy.
- (3) Joe Brozdekis—Aw, gimme n'other question.
- (4) Kathryn McCallum—Algebra gone mad.

6. When and where will the next war be?

- (1) Doug Nageleisen—Now! If Miss McLaren doesn't change our seats.
- (2) Jane Walker—In Scotland, if they close the banks.
- (3) Phyllis Helps—Here and now if you don't leave me alone.

BLUE AND WHITE

7. What is your opinion of Walkerville Collegiate students?

- (1) Willie Logan—I've never met one.
- (2) Jack Godfrey—Can't be made public.
- (3) M. Podolski—Woe is me! I can't find the telephone directory.
- (4) Etta Murray—You couldn't put that in a magazine.
- (5) Barbara Holderman—Are there any?

IV-B

There was a young man named Carr
Who caught the 3.3 for Forfar,
"For," he said, "I believe
That the 3.3 does leave
Far behind the 4.4 for Forfar."

An old man who'd just bought an Austin
Found driving it rather exhaustin';
His elbows and knees
He got in with ease,
But his stomach, it had to be forced in.

Ron. Thatcher—Did you see a protractor laying around here?

Mr. Hugill (seriously)—I haven't seen any protractors laying.

IV-C

Why is a goat nearly? Because it is all but.

Mary Keith—What do you think of Bob's moustache?

Ruth Carr—Oh, it tickles me immensely.

RADIO STARS AND OF WHOM THEY REMIND US:

Ed Wynn	Don Stephens
C. C. Bradner	Don Jackson
Eddie Cantor	Ron. Wakely
Whispering Will Collins	Bill Linderose
Kate Smith	Mary Margaret Mackenzie
Gracie Allen	Jean Brewer
Madam Queen	Betty Garrick
Warner Lester	George Barker
Michael Axford	Jack MacGaffey
Honey Boy	Clarence Bezaire
Sassafras	Jim Pratt
Skippy	Lloyd Margern
Little Orphan Annie	Isabel Green

III-A

A DRAMA

Don Graham _____ Abercrombie (hero)
Harold Kling _____ Herman Zich (villain)
Marg. Pearson _____ Hortense (heroine)

There is no scenery to this drama, because it takes place on the top of a cliff, so the villain can be shoved off. There is only one scene of which there are none.

SCENE I

Herman (running up to the edge of the cliff. He is out of breath)—Puff, Puff. (Hiss.)

Abercrombie and Hortense (running up to the edge of the cliff. They are out of breath)—Puff, Puff, Puff, Puff, (respectively).

Abercrombie—Herman, where are you going with these papers?

Herman—Hey, hey, I am taking them to the blacksmith to get them filed.

Abercrombie—Oh, no you're not; you're taking them to the blacksmith to get them forged.

Then rising up in his bed, and smacking Mar in the ear, Don Graham woke up.

Marg. G.—Say, Bev, I saw you taking a tramp through the woods the other day.

Bev.—That was no tramp, that was Speedy.

Mr. Swanson—In this bottle I have some very poisonous gas, Martin, what steps would you take if the gas escaped?

Tom—Long ones.

If hot air rises, Jo Tuttle should be up in the clouds.

Mr. White—Miss Black, what is the meaning of a monomaniac?

Beverley—A monomaniac is a man who has one wife.

Miss MacLaren—Jones, what is your explanation of a chisler?

Jimmie—A chisler is a sculptor.

We have in our school a Clark Gable

Who stars on our team when he's able;

He's handsome like Clark,

And his eyes are so dark—

Yes, Speedy's our handsome Clark Gable.

To S.S. from B.B.

BLUE AND WHITE

III-B

JUST IMAGINE

Willie Hurwitz looking serious.
Mary Brose with her Latin done.
Ed O'Connell with his hair tamed,
Beatrice Macdonald dropping her eyes modestly.
Eva Tessier not talking.
Worobess not telling a joke.

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW

Horen getting his Junior Matriculation.
Eleanor Atkinson and Helen Moore gossiping over the back fence (as they now do in Latin class).

O'Connell getting his third form Geometry.
Wardle telling his sons about the year he played rugby for his Alma Mater.
Keith barking for a side show.

Mr. O'Brien—Didn't you hear about turo?
Clark (meekly)—N-u-no, sir, what about him?

New version of an old joke:
Who was that ladle that I saw you with last night?
That was no ladle, that was my knife.

Miss Dammann—That composition on your dog is the same as your brother's.

George Wittus—Yes, ma'am, it's the same dog.

Mr. Swanson—What do you know about nitrates?

Baxter—Well-er-uh they're cheaper than day rates.

Miss Brown—Why didn't you comb your hair today?

Euer—No comb.

Miss Brown—Why didn't you use your father's?

Euer—No hair.

The following took place when the inspector was in the history class:

Miss Brown—Who broke the Quebec Act?

Stone—I didn't. (Loud laughter from the class.)

Inspector—Call that boy back; I believe that he did do it.

Before the depression signs read: KEEP OFF THE GRASS. Now they read: DO NOT EAT THE GRASS.

Believe it or not—Helen Moore wanted to know if they played bridge at the Boston Tea Party.

III-C

Miss Tunks—Can anyone tell me what water is?

Lloyd—Please, Miss, it's a kind of stuff that turns black when you put your hands in it.

Teacher—How would you punctuate this sentence: A pretty girl walking down the street turned a corner just as I saw her?

Art—I would make a dash after her.

First Student—What part of the body is the fray?

Second Student—Fray! What are you talking about?

First Student—This book says that Icarus was wounded in the fray.

Bob Kelso—Some one just told me I looked like you.

Hugh Harrison—Where is he? I'll give him a good hiding.

Bob Kelso—Don't bother; I've done it already.

Pearce (to Tom Rogers)—How on earth do you expect to drive a nail into the wall with a clothes brush? For crying out loud use your head!

Miss Tunks—Mason, what is a cannibal?

Mason—Don't know, ma'am.

Miss Tunks—Well, if you ate your father and mother, what would you be?

Mason—An orphan, ma'am.

Florence M.—Don't act like a baby!

Jack Lord—Aw, I can't help it; I was born that way.

Mr. Robert Patterson and Marion Rawlings at a hockey game. (Marion's nationality is Scotch.)

Marion—Who is the man in the net (at)?

Bob—To keep the little rubber disc out.

Marion—An how much do he get paid?

Bob—Oh! a couple of hundred dollars a night.

Marion—But, wouldn't it be cheaper to board it up?

Mr. O'Brien—Do you know how to execute squads right?

Art, Desmarais—Stand 'em up against a wall and shoot.

Florence—Can you understand me if I talk in French?

Joe Smolinski—I couldn't understand a woman even if she talked in English.

Mr. Swanson—What is a vacuum, Bill?

Bill—A vacuum is—well, I've got it in my head but I can't exactly explain it.

III-D

ON MURDERING POETIC LICENSE

In writing poems all things must rhyme,
That is to say part of the time.
But there's a thing poets get called license,
Whereby they make themselves a nuisance,
With misspelled words, and shortened forms,
Which do my marks all sorts of harms.
Their grammar is quite bad I hear.
This license costs five bucks a year:
I'll get me one, and use it when
My grammar marks mount up to ten;
And if the teacher won't kick through
According to demands, I'll sue
'bout these attempts to quell my dear
Sweet voice, that rings out loud and clear.
Hand me the cup me boys! What cheer!

Neville Clement.

A girl called Marion Sterling
(According to M. Klink) has acquired a yearning
For that Hindu, Herr Gandhi,
In a sheet she'd look dandy.
That girl with a hero named Gandhi.

Doug Brown.

I wonder what the man is doing up that tele-
graph pole? quoth Mona.
He's after fruit, said Vera.
What kind of fruit can he get up there?
Electric currants!

Who left college because all the girls wanted
his pin?—Ghandi.

Desmarais—There was no one home last night,
so I just sat and sang to the clock.

Brown—What were you trying to do? Kill
time?

Freshie—Say, Mister, hold these books a
minute.

Principal—Little boy, don't you know I'm the
principal of this school?

Freshie—Oh, it's all right, you look honest.

Miss MacLaren—What is an idea?
Thatcher—Sorry, I don't know.
Miss MacLaren—Well, Clement, tell him,
Clement—Well, as I see it, it's like a dream,
only you don't wake up.

Miss Brown—Aubin, your history is worth
nothing.

Aubin—Oh, that's O.K. I'm not trying to
sell it.

II-A

Hubert—Why don't you stand up and fight
me?

Pat—Wait till I get a little boulder.

Boss—I'm looking for an office boy. Do you
smoke?

Jack—No, but I'd like an ice-cream cone.

Gordon—I got my moustache on the install-
ment plan.

George—The installment plan?

Gordon—Yes, a little down each week.

Wallace—I'll give you a dollar to do my
worrying for me.

Don—You're on. Where's the buck?

Wallace—That's your first worry.

Miss Bergoigne—I hear you're on the football
team, Walter.

Walter—Yes, I do the aerial work.

Miss Bergoigne—What's that?

W. D.—Blowing up the footballs.

Dear Sir (wrote a fond mother to Mr. Mc-
Naughton), don't whip our Pat. He's not used
to it. We never hit him at home except in self
defence.

Traffic Cop—What's the matter with you—
get going.

Jim C. (very polite)—I'm fine, thanks, but I
think my motor's dead.

George R. (fresh from the city)—That cow
over there, why hasn't she any horns?

Farmer—Well, it's this way. Some cows are
born without horns and never grow any; some
shed theirs; some we dehorn; and some breeds
aren't supposed to have horns at all. There are
lots of reasons why some cows don't have horns,
but the main reason why that cow over yonder
hasn't got horns is that she's not a cow—she's a
mule.

How They Strike Me

Simclair Clarkson—Thy modesty is a candle to
thy merit.

John MacArthur—Five years he grew, and
what a growth.

Margot Goodrich—If I rest, I rust.

Eleanor Menard—The best of all ways to
lengthen our days is to steal a few hours from
the night.

Brud Stephenson—Oh why should life all la-
bour be?

Rusty Brown—Much study is a weariness to
the flesh.

Betty Evans—I'll die, if I can't talk.

Bob Van Wagoner—These nights have no
length to them.

Brock Andrews— —and sure he is an hon-
ourable man.

By Beverly Black

II-B

The boy that made good—Robert Nagelstein.
(He made the rugby team.)

Timid Soul—Alfred Hind. (He gives his Latin
homework to every one.)

Bridge—Gordon Adams. (He has an alibi for
everything.)

Life's Darkest Moment—Asking Alex McMil-
lan a theorem or problem.

Poker Portraits—Tom Wilson. (He even
argues when cheated out of a pencil by Mr.
Hugill.

Do you know Amos?—Amos who?—A mos-
quito.

Do you know Phyllis?—Phyllis who?—Fill his
fountain-pen.

Do you know Francis?—Francis who?—France
is across the Channel.

Do you know Tarzan?—Tarzan who?—Tar's
a nasty black stuff.

Question—How can a farmer stop his pota-
toes from having eyes?

Answer—By planting them in an onion patch
where they will cry their eyes out.

Miss Auld—Sir Joshua Reynolds was able, with
a single stroke of his brush, to change a smiling
face into a frowning one.

Jack Duck—That's nothing—my mother can
do that, too.

Mabel—How do you like my new hat?

Ralph—Really pretty. Suits you beautifully.
Dear. It almost covers your face, doesn't it.

Mr. Hartford—What is the difference between
lightning and electricity?

Ruth Farquharson—Well, you don't have to
pay for lightning.

Marjorie—Is your new boy friend a good one-
arm driver?

Pauline—Oh, he's not that slow. He takes a
taxi and uses both arms.

Mr. Hartford—What is an island?

Jack Duck—A place where the bottom of the
sea sticks up through the water.

Mr. Hartford—If one maid can clean a room
in two hours, how long does it take two maids
working together?

Catherine Platt—Four hours.

A pedestrian is a man whose wife has gone
out in the car.

II-C

AMBITIONS OF II-C

Raymond LaBute—To be the heavyweight
wrestling champ.

Lillian Cook—To be known as "Lil", the trap-
eze artist.

Joan Duck—To be a doctor (a horse doctor).

Roger Johnson—To keep on being a farmer.

Harvey Cantelon—To be a street cleaner.

Clarence Savage—To be "two" street clean-
ers.

WHAT IS IT?

Luke has it before, Paul has it after, Mathew
can never have it, all girls have it once, boys
have never had it, old Mrs. Mulligan has it
twice in succession, Dr. Lowell has it before and
after and has it twice as bad after as he has
it before.

Answer—The letter L.

Mr. Hartford—Your methods of cultivation
are hopelessly out of date. Why, I'd be aston-
ished if you got even ten pounds of apples from
that tree.

The Old Farmer—So would I. It's a pear tree.

City Visitor—Are you milking the cow?
Farmer Johnson—Naw, just feeling her pulse.

Then there's the football fan who didn't have
the price of admission so he acted dumb and
walked in with the rest of the newspaper men.

Tom—Everybody where I live, Red, likes me.
Irene—I didn't know you were a hermit.

Bob—Is Beth Thompson's hair red?
Edna—Oh, no, just slightly scorched.

Remember when Miss Robbins said: John
(Chevrolet) Easton, you're not as dumb as you
appear.

Elder—Are you going to the store for your
mother, my little girl?

Red Thomson—Naw, you sap, for groceries.

Liza—Ah wants a pair o' shoes foh ma little
gal.

Clerk—Black kid?
Liza—You'll just mind yo' own business an'
get me dem shoes.

Bellhop (after guest has rung ten minutes)—
Did you ring sir?

Guest—Heck, no! I was tolling; I thought you
were dead.

Don't say Mary Kelso! Say, Mary Lou Kelso!

II-D

WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE

Adrienne Beebe—A little fatter.
 Bill Reid—A wing player for the "Ball Dogs".
 Charles Gilbert—A woman-hater.
 Denzil Moreland—A little Lord Fauntleroy.
 Eileen Coulter—A little smaller.
 Francis Dickey—A regular on the junior basketball team.
 Grace Oliver—A matron in a girls' boarding-school.
 Herbert Herage—A doctor like Frankenstein. I ain't got none for this space.
 Jack O'Neil—A be-man like Buster Crabbe.
 Katherine Knight—An actress like Marie Dressler.
 Leonard Levin—A Paderewski.
 Morgan Lyman—A platinum blond.

Mr. Hartford—And why are you so small, Orval?
 Orval—Oh, my mother fed me on tinned milk, sir, and I'm condensed.

Private Jim Dixon was shaving himself in the open air, when Sergeant D. C. O'Brien came along.

Sergeant O'Brien—Do you always shave outside?
 Private Dixon—Of course. Did you think I was fur-lined?

Mabel Goodwyn—Mr. Swanson, there's a fly on the ceiling.

Mr. Swanson (delving among the germs)—All right, Mabel. Just step on it and leave me alone.

Inspector Benson—My boy, tell me the opposite of misery.

Morley Eaves—Happiness.
 Inspector Benson—And sadness?
 Morley Eaves—Gladness.
 Inspector Benson—And the opposite to woe?
 Morley Eaves—Gee up.

Dr. Deans (calmly)—I must kill the nerve of your tooth.

Ed Lyons—Then I must go out of the room; I am too tender-hearted to stay while you are killing it.

Professor W. N. Ball (in high-powered motor car careening madly round the bend)—We've got it at last!

Professor H. A. Klink—G-G-Gee! w-w-what?
 Professor Ball—Perpetual motion, I can't stop this car.

Mr. McNaughton—And what is your name, my boy?

New Pupil—Jack Whitehead.
 Mr. McNaughton—When addressing your master, you ought to add "Sir". Now I will ask you again: What is your name?

New Pupil—Sir Jack Whitehead.

I-A

There was a boy named Tait;
 For his dinner he never could wait;
 He ate bread and paste
 Till you should see his waist,
 He covers the whole darned estate,
 Doug Copeman.

There was a boy called Tait;
 For school he was always late,
 Until Miss Cooney,
 Whom he almost drove looney,
 With lectures sealed his fate,
 Betty Jackson.

There was a midget named Card,
 Who acted tough and thought himself hard,
 Until a fat boy named Tait
 Sat down and sealed Bud's fate,
 And that was the end of Bud Card,
 Dawson Wright.

Dawson Wright—The Statue of Labourers said all them there pheasants weren't to get higher pay.

Professor—Why are you so far behind in your studies, John?
 John—So that I can pursue them better, sir.

Winona Sherman—I got 75 in geography; what did you get?

Dorothy Sherman—Only 73; I should have got more but Pat was sitting so I could not see her paper.

Draper certainly lives up to his initial in examinations.

Evelyn Goslin—Jim, where do you keep your goldfish?

Jim Austin—In a cool, dry place.

Herb Childerbose (supposed to be juvenile track champion), left school at four o'clock and walked three blocks to his home in one hour. Is he fast?

NOTED TEACHERS

For jokes—Mr. Klink and Miss Brown.
 For patience—Miss Cooney.

For homework—Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Klink.

Memory is a great thing. Ten years ago a benevolent London lady fed a poor tramp and lent him a quarter. He told her he would never forget her kindness. Last week, after years of searching, he found her again. He wanted to borrow another quarter.

I-B

POETRY

All the students in I-B
 Always work intelligently;
 Except a few who fool and play.
 But of these people I will not say,
 Especially in the Algebra room,
 That's where the brains get out of tune.
 It may be me, or it may be you,
 But nevertheless, I'll not say who.

May Senior.

Margaret Finnie, so meek and mild,
 When answering a question she's like a child;
 Elsie Bridson with giggles galore;
 Dennis Harris gets a guy sore,
 Bob Austin, always so late,
 Should certainly learn how to skate,
 Then on time he might be
 For, he might hurry you see.

May Senior and Dorothy Kester.

WE WOULD LIKE TO DONATE

To Catherine Learne—A self-pronouncing French dictionary.

To Grace Moore—A talking machine to keep her company.

To Harry Brown—Something to liven him up a bit.

To Billy Cassey—The will power to refrain from asking foolish questions.

To Victor Brown—A pair of rubber heels.

To Elsie Bridson—A brand new laugh.

To Peter Ambery—A book entitled "How and when to flirt."

To Jack Voy—Eyes that won't see things written on the board.

To Irene Burkenshaw—The power to laugh once in a while.

To Margaret Thompson—The ability to understand Algebra.

To Bob Austin—A little pep.

To Dennis Harris—The genius to clearly express himself.

To Fred Morgan—Some giggle tonic.

A mother in the year 2050—Willie, you have been a naughty boy. Go to the vibrator, and give yourself a good shaking.

Take a Scotch tip; Stay home and let your mind wander.

An optimist is one who doesn't become pessimistic over Latin.

Love is just two fool things after one another.

I-C

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Floyd McAlpine getting below 80%?
 That Donald Bezaire went to school before?
 Arthur Cook being six feet tall?
 Jim Pillon without a laugh?
 Bob Riddell sitting in the back row?
 Ferguson Duncan answering a French question?
 Gerard bring his French book?
 Dorothy Hebert taking Latin seriously?
 Fred Sauve not asking questions?

Arthur—Don't you ever cry when your father whips you?

Percy—What's the use? The old man's deaf.

Gordon—This liniment makes my arm smart.
 Miss Brown—Why not rub some on your head?

Betty—I think I'll take up horse back riding. It will increase my social standing.

Edna—I don't know about the social part, but it will increase your standing.

Dorine—Is your boy friend an artist?
 Edna—Yes, every time he comes he draws the shades.

Dorothy (as car sputters and stops)—What's the matter now?

Gordon—Engine's missing.
 Dorothy—Well, for the love of Pete. Walk back and find it.

Ferguson—How do you spell sense?
 Roland—Dollars and cents or horse sense?
 Ferguson—Well, like I ain't seen him sense.

Mrs. White—And so Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden.

Don O'Connell—Couldn't Adam drive his own car?

Make me a child again, just for to-night. Once said a Scotchman (and Scotchmen are right).

I'm leaving tonight on a boat trip to Ayr; Make me a child again and I'll travel half fare.

BLACK

Your Jeweller

70 Wyandotte Street

I-D

THE BUTCHER'S LOVE SONG

I never sausage eyes as thine,
And if you'll butcher hand in mine,
And liver'round me every day,
We'll seek some hamlet far away;
We'll meat life's frown with love's caress,
And cleaver road to happiness.

There are eleven red heads in I D without Mr. O'Brien.

Approximately 50% of the boys of I D borrow either pens or pencils.

Margaret Braidford possesses the one and only genuine Exercise Book labelled Work Book.

I D has had only one form detention yet.

Charles Webb's desk was entirely loose for a day.

I D started the year with three pairs of sisters.

SLIGHTLY MIXED

I have motored, said Bert Duncan,
O'er all the Seven Seas,
Where the penguins sing in Burma,
'Mid the blazing Arctic trees.

The wild and warlike Tundras
In their torrid wilds I've known;
I've heard them chant the Kremlin
In a vodka built of stone.

Where flowed the stately Pyramids,
By gushing deltas fed,
I chased a fierce felluca,
And cut off claws and head.

But the strangest sight of any,
As I walked across the deep,
Was a pink-eyed pandemonium,
Drinking whitewash in his sleep.

OUR WAY OF EXPRESSING THINGS

Alice Millar—Oh, he's a dill.

Frances Craig—Beg your pardon.

Margaret Braidford—Gee Winickers.

Jack McKenzie—Plus how.

Art Wright—Guess that'll hold'er!

Lillian Delaney—Holy Hannah!

I-E

THIS AND THAT

Caroline Jell got 100% in Latin and French last week and still survives.

Lorraine Wood has had a complete stock of colds this season, ranging all the way from sneezes up.

Elizabeth Lockhart's neck was very stiff the other day, but needless to say it did not affect her vocal chords.

Since Ann Hayward has left school, Leone Baily has been consoling herself with Vivian Clark.

If Dennis Yure is not a model of cleanliness it is certainly not Miss Brown's fault.

After many delays and painful moments, Audrey Ryan has at last parted with her tooth to the dentist.

What is terra cotta?—Greek for firm ground.
What is a horoscope?—An instrument used to magnify insects.

Who was John Bunyan?—The inventor of corn-pads.

Why was Adam tempted to bit the apple?—For want of a knife.

What is an aquarium?—A man who collects old things.

When is the Union Jack flown correctly?—When it is flying in the direction of the wind.

What is furrier?—An man who takes you across a river in a boat.

What is the cause of dew?—Dew is caused by the earth revolving on its own axis and perspiring freely.

Miss Brown—You have no good excuse for being absent yesterday, Thomson.

Thomson—Well, it ain't my fault; I tried to think of a good one.

A balky mule has four wheel brakes,
A billy goat has bumpers,
The firefly has a bright tail light,
And rabbits are pudle jumpers.
Camels have balloon-tired feet,
But still I think that nothing beats
A kangaroo with a rumble seat.

Sam—You know Agnes is so dumb, the other day she asked me why telephone poles grew in such a straight line.

Ivy—What is a waffle?

Edna—A pancake with a non-skid tread.

Co-ed—Now that you have kissed me, what do you think of me?

Teacher—You'll pass.

SPORTS

Girls' Basketball



Back Row, left to right—M. Crichton, M. McKee, V. McWilliams, F. Bridson, C. Stewart,
M. Bridson, J. Barron, Miss Cooney (Coach).
Front Row, left to right—F. Brocklebank, A. Whitney, M. Begbie, J. Barron (Capt.), M. Fraser,
A. Holding, E. Crichton.

Many girls turned out for our basketball team at the first of the season and Miss Cooney deserves a great deal of credit for her good selection and training of our team.

The team was almost entirely new this year, except for such players as Isie Barron (captain) and Mary Begbie who, we expect, will be back with us again next year. This is Mildred Fraser's first year with us and she worked in very well with Mary and Isie. Our guard line was all new, consisting of such excellent players as Alice Whitney, Florence Brocklebank and Annie Holding; Harriett Corlett and Emily Crichton

also did good work on this line. Such players as Mona Bridson, Molly Stewart, Emma Barnes and Isie Bridson also won distinction on the floor.

Our team came out several this year, and next year, after this year's experience together, we ought to win, don't you think?

Perhaps you should like to know their individual scores. They were as follows:

Isie Barron 54, Mildred Fraser 33, Emma Barnes 4, Mary Begbie 32, Mona Bridson 4, Molly Stewart 4.

Mary Begbie

Boy's Basketball



Back Row, left to right—W. McGregor, B. Raven, J. Stewart (Coach), D. Stewart.
Front Row, left to right—J. Ronson, S. Crocher (Capt.), J. McMullen, B. McClymont.

Senior Boys' Basketball

Walkerville's senior basketball team finished its schedule in second place. First position was held by Technical School, the team which recently became Wossa Champions. Sylvester Crocker was one of the outstanding players in the league, due to his scoring ability and aggressive style of play. Two valuable players were lost to the team early in the season. They were Stephenson and Riddell. Walter McGregor more than made up for their loss.

One will have a better idea of just what the team did, after considering the following scores:

Sandwich	8	Walkerville	13
Kennedy	32	Walkerville	38
Patterson	19	Walkerville	20
Tech	17	Walkerville	15
Assumption	10	Walkerville	18
Kennedy	12	Walkerville	11
Sandwich	13	Walkerville	25
Assumption	19	Walkerville	13
Patterson	22	Walkerville	25
Tech	27	Walkerville	32

Jack McCann.

Junior Boys' Basketball

The junior team was very unfortunate this term. At the beginning of the season, we had what promised to be one of the best, if not the best team in the league. But it was the same old story—percent. Trimer and Harrison were forced to leave the team while McGregor was moved up to fill the vacancy in the senior ranks.

After losing these three stellar players, the team did not win a single game. This is shown by the following:

Sandwich	22	Walkerville	27
Kennedy	5	Walkerville	20
Patterson	16	Walkerville	13
Tech	20	Walkerville	19
Assumption	19	Walkerville	7
Kennedy	13	Walkerville	9
Sandwich	25	Walkerville	17
Assumption	15	Walkerville	4
Patterson	22	Walkerville	11
Tech	21	Walkerville	17

Jack McCann.

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Senior Hockey



Back Row, left to right—J. Pratt, J. McCann, Mr. O'Brien (Coach), D. Lowry, W. Horen, P. Brophy.

Front Row, left to right—G. Cooke, D. Robertson, G. Bishop (Capt.), H. Wardle, W. Holmes.

This year Walkerville Collegiate's senior hockey team had the most successful schedule in its history. Out of six games we won two and tied one. The three games in which we were defeated were lost by very small margins. The tie game was played with Patterson, while Kennedy was the team that suffered two defeats at our hands. This season the teams were more evenly matched than ever before, hence the games were more interesting and competition much keener.

Much credit goes to Bishop and Horen. The latter was our spectacular goal-keeper. Bishop who played center position, did not take part in

every game. This was because he also was a member of a team in the M.O. league. Perhaps we should have won more games had he been in them.

In a post season tournament, under the auspices of the Windsor Veterans, the teams of the Border Cities again competed. Walkerville lost a 1-0 overtime game to Kennedy. Kennedy then went on to win the cup.

The members of the team were: Horen, Lowry, McCann, Pratt, Holmes, Brophy, Cook, Bishop, Wardle and Robertson.

Jack McCann.

Junior Hockey



Back Row, left to right—A. Wright, P. Ambery, Mr. Klink (Coach), A. Desmarais, S. Reddick.

Front Row, left to right—E. O'Connell, E. Keith, J. Spencer, J. McKenzie, R. LaButé.

Our junior team was unable to follow the example set by the senior team. They were defeated in each of the few games they played. This is not surprising when one considers that Walkerville's team was composed of lighter and

more inexperienced players than any of the other teams. The players included: Spencer, Wells, Reddick, Reid, O'Connell, Mackenzie, Keith, LaButé, Ambery.

Jack McCann.

Limericks

I sat with the Duchess at tea;
She was nice as a duchess could be.
But her rumblings internal
Were something infernal,
And everyone thought it was me.

Don't think this a meaningless croak,
An editor's life is no joke;
When the darned thing comes out,
Some kick it about
And every one gives it a poke.

Page Twenty-Seven

CADET NEWS



Back Row, left to right—S. Crocker, Mr. O'Brien (Coach), B. Wright, W. Coatsworth,
Front Row, left to right—B. Sherman, A. Desmarais, J. Bryce, B. McClymont.

The King George Cup, which Walkerville Collegiate won last year, is presented by His Majesty King George V. To this are added ten silver and ten bronze medals, donated by the Directors of the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

The Challenge Cup, and medals, are awarded annually to the Military District having in the competition for the King's Trophy and Imperial Challenge Shield, the highest percentage of fires of enrolled Cadets.

The cup is held for the year by the cadet

corps of that district having the highest figure of merit. The ten silver medals are presented to the cadets of this corps, who make the highest scores in the competition. The ten bronze medals are presented to the cadet corps next in order of merit, for award to the cadets making the highest scores in the competition.

The winners of the silver medals are: J. Bryce, A. Harrison, B. Wright, J. Brown, W. McClymont, S. Crocker, B. Sherman, A. Desmarais, W. Fritz, W. Coatsworth.

Jack McCann.

First Aid

First aid is a very interesting and much needed study. You need first-aid on any playgrounds, whether you are playing rugby, soccer, baseball or basketball. It is a great help to you at all times, in case anyone is injured. If you are on a trip and another person is injured and you have not studied first-aid, the person may suffer considerably or possibly die before medical aid can be obtained.

This year our school had a class attendance of thirteen girls and twenty-two boys. Seventy percent of the girls passed and ninety-one percent of the boys passed.

A SENIOR team comprised of Barry Langmaid, George Morgan, George Walker and Clarence Bezaire entered competition for the Wallace Nesbitt Shield, and obtained second place. Sarnia Collegiate was the lucky school. Walkerville has now held second place for the last four years and the boys are always willing to improve.

In the whole of Ontario, there were one hundred who tried and received medallions this year. Walkerville Collegiate is credited with having two of these boys who got their medallions. They were Barry Langmaid and Clarence Bezaire.

Practically all of the credit should go to Mr. Penzer, our Instructor.

Clarence Bezaire, IV C.

The Auditorium

(Continued from Page 4)

ately, a principal feature of these "popular" songs is that they seldom remain popular for more than a few weeks, and as Miss Auld pointed out, it is entirely out of the question to think of keeping up with the style in these. Personally, I think we ought to have a few good songs by Schumann, or Grieg, or Brahms, whose tunes should be well known, as well as some semi-popular songs whose tunes are well known. If there are any of you who know of some song you think would fit our need, get hold of a copy of the song itself, or at least of its correct name, and make your suggestion to Mr. McNaughton or Miss Auld, or both. But do not, on any account, jump up in assembly and say you want this song or that song, and expect us to burst forth into its unfamiliar strains, unless you have at least already named it.

Some public-spirited young men have already done something to remedy our plight, at our assembly on St. Patrick's day, when they made slides of several songs.

If we all co-operate and give constructive instead of destructive criticism, we can straighten our difficulties out quite easily, and make our auditorium a "bigger and a better place in which to live".

M. E. G., Asst. Editor.

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Curtain Raiser

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Dinky, }
Tunka, } (A) Feminine witches,
Hoocy, }

Ballast, }
Hugeous, } Masculine (B) witch-us.

Ray Tigers, }
Petty Heavens, } Members of 5A.
John Jumpkins, }
Lydia Tumble, }

Fairies, peasants, soldierers, gunmen, chorus of aristocrats and frogs, etc.; the others in 5A.

Scene—A dark cave. In the foreground, rows of school desks, draped in black. At the back of the stage, near the centre, a large iron pot, fiercely boiling: it is painted blue, but some of the blue has flaked away.

Time—After the term examinations, before the marks have been given back.

(Enter feminine witches.)

Dinky (querulously)—Well, the women are here on time, anyway. Acheron only knows when those men will come. Tunka, are you sure you told them half-past eight?

Tunka—Well, I think so.

Dinky—What do you mean—you think so?

Tunka—Well, you see, I met Ballast drawing circles around the moon last night, and it made me so nervous. I may have forgotten to tell him. (apologetically.) Circles always make me nervous. I just cannot draw them without string and things.

Hoocy (sympathetically)—Why don't you ask him to show you how, dear? I'm sure he would.

Dinky—And while you're at it, you might as well have him show you how to draw free-hand straight lines.

(Enter masculine witches.)

Dinky—Well, here you are at last. You didn't forget anything, did you?

Ballast—No, we've brought everything.

Dinky—Then let's to work, and make our stew.

All (singing)—Here we go 'round our pot of stew, our pot of stew, our pot of stew, here we go 'round our pot of stew, so early in the morning.

Ballast—

Abracadabra,
Abacus pocus,
Sine of an angle worm,
Plot of a locus.

Hoocy—

Felis sedit by a hole;
Ad, inter, propter, quo,
Intenta she cum omni soul
Caudam capere, O.

Dinky—

Apocope diaeresis,
And anacoluthon too;
I call upon your awful names,
Erin go bragh in the stew!

Hugeous—

There's a porpoise close behind me,
And she's treading on my tail;
And the female of the species
Is more savage than the male.

Tunka—
So dip your brooms within the kettle
And mount and ride around,
For we'll put the lot in the jolly old pot
And turn them out well browned.

All (singing)—Here we go 'round our pot of stew, our pot of stew, our pot of stew, here we go 'round our pot of stew, so early in the morning.

(Nine o'clock bell rings.)

Thunder is heard and 5A. is seen in distance, in chain step. The children scatter toward their desks.)

Ray Tiger—Do you suppose they've got our marks ready yet?

Petty Heavens—My hat! I should think so. They've had over a month to look at our papers.

John Jumpkins—If you ask me—

Petty—We don't.

John—Well then, if you don't ask me, (he lowers his voice) I don't think they even look at our papers. They just give us any old marks they like.

Lydia Tumble—That's what I say. I know I should have had a hundred in that other Algebra exam, and Ballast only gave me fifty.

Ray—Let's revolt if they don't give us decent marks.

All the pupils—Yes, let's revolt!

Dinky—Well, when the row is over, just let me know.

(The noise subsides, but the silence which follows is brittle, and full of foreboding.)

Dinky—All your loving teachers have gathered here this morning to give out the results of your examinations.

(class stirs uneasily)

Dinky—To save time, we shall announce just the average of each pupil.

(class grumbles.)

The witches in chorus—Class!!

Hugeous (he has been stirring the ingredients of the pot)—Shall I begin fishing out the marks, Miss Dinky? (She gives assent.) (Hugeous draws forth the marks, one by one, and hands them to Hoocy, who reads them out in a clear precise voice.)

Hoocy—Petty Heavens, 32%; Eva Pussyman, 26%; Alice Hey-day, 17%; John Jumpkins, 18%;

(the class begins to look threatening)

Ray Tigers, 11%; Lydia Tumble, 28%;

Lydia—Well, I'll be!

Petty—Come on kids, Let's raid'em.

(The class rushes forward and engages in unequal battle with the witches. Darkness descends, purple and green flashes rend the thick gloom, and enable the audience to see the struggle, which ends, when the teachers have thrown, with the utmost difficulty, all the children into the pot.)

FINIS.

M. E. G.





Santa brought me

"Hey—Mother"



A Watch. Where's the



Screwdriver ?

How to Study Your Exams.

Probably the best method in beginning this awful task is to turn on the radio. Who has not been satisfied by the soothing music of "Look What You've Done to Me" or, "Sing You Sinners" on the eve of an important examination? As the lovely strains of one of these pieces of modern music drift softly through the air, let your thoughts drift with them to your childhood days, to the night you could not sleep because of the impending examination in spelling on the morrow. But we are entirely off the original theme. After an hour and a

half of this entertainment, gently turn your radio off and pick a book to study—but no—why not take a nice hot bath before your toils? Who has not been buoyed up by a nice hot bath? In order to throw off the thoughts of the oncoming exam, take a nice magazine in the bath tub with you. What if you spend an hour and a half in the bath tub, you still have all night to study.

After the bath is finished and your appetite has improved, go to the pantry and secure for yourself a nice slice of bread luxuriously spread with jam. If this succeeds in hitting the right spot, take another and another if necessary. When this small matter has been completed, lie down a while as an aid to digestion. After a few minutes you begin to feel slightly drowsy; remain in the same position for a few moments, in hope that the drowsiness will pass off. If you can't get rid of this drowsiness, go to bed, as studying is extremely hard on the eyes when tired. Moreover you can get up as early as six o'clock in the morning.

If in the morning you still feel tired, lie in bed. It is almost impossible to do an important examination when tired. When you do get up,

probably at eight o'clock, take a cold bath. There is nothing like a cold bath to restore lost energy. Eat a hearty breakfast. It is utterly impossible to do any important exam on an empty stomach. If you look at the clock and see that it is almost nine o'clock, it is advisable to run to school. When you reach school, you will probably realize that you have not yet studied. But don't let this dismay you. The Department of Education will probably set an easy exam this year, because it was a hard one last year.

If when you have completed your exam you realize that you have not passed, why worry? It only cost a dollar, and it was your dad's dollar anyway.

When you have completed your whole set of exams in this manner, don't be discouraged and down-hearted. You are young yet, with all your life ahead of you. Who knows, you may be star student next year, and win a lot of scholarships. Carter and all and cover yourself and your school with

glory. So why worry?

Dawson Wright, I-A

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Paradox

A Russian Writer and Poet, C. Hulewicz, places the following poem, very graceful tribute to the French language, at the end of his book "Paradoxal", which is written in French: Si j'écris le français, et je l'écris bien mal, C'est qu'on l'a ciselé d'azur et de cristal; Si j'écris le français, c'est qu'il est pur et tendre, Et que, sans le savoir, le coeur peut le compren-

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