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The
Blue & White



**Walkerville
Collegiate**

1928

1928

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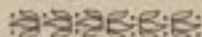
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Blue and White



APRIL, 1927



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FRONT Row—Isobel Leishman (assistant editor), Robert Young (editor-in-chief), Jean Churchill (society editor).

ABSENT—Miss Jean L. Allison, B.A. (critic).



The Students
of
The Walkerville Collegiate Institute

Desire the Honour to Inscribe this Book

to

Principal Robt. Meade, M. A.

In grateful recognition of the Confidence and Friendship
with which he has honored them.



This edition, as you all know, is our second year book, and we hope that you will like it.

We feel that great praise is due to those of the editorial staff who have handled their duties so well this year.

Those of you among the students to whom assignments were made, have responded loyally and well. In the case of the form representatives, some of them have fallen down badly in the execution of their duties. In fact quite a few of the reporters omitted to contribute anything. This is serious, because without contributions a school book is impossible. In other words the work was left to a few individuals instead of to many, as it should be.

This year we have added more departmental headings and half-tones. As yet we are not able to afford cuts in the form of caricatures, etc., but, after having the foundation well built, those will come in the future.

* * * * *

"The Choice of a Life Work"

I wonder if you have heard about that absent-minded professor, who, when walking down the street the other day, met a friend. After chatting a few moments, he suddenly exclaimed, "Say, which way was I going when I met you?"

The friend told him.

"Thanks," replied the professor, "Then I have been home to lunch."

It would be a mistake to treat so lightly, or indifferently, our direction in life. For what question is of more vital importance to us, than the one that I have selected. "The choice of a life work."

If you had a million dollars to spend, you would be very careful about it. You would study methods of investment open to you, and would seek expert council and advice from well known financiers. You would try to invest it so that it would be safe, and would yield you good dividends. Our lives are worth infinitely more than a million dollars to us, and we are investing them day by day, and week by week. It is obvious then, that we should be studying the different methods of investment open to us, and taking council to help us decide just what investment we had better make, in order to get the best returns from our capital.

Efficiency and success are largely dependant upon adaptation. We must learn what we are best fitted to do, and get started in that line. But it is a difficult problem that we have to solve. A real knot that has to be untied. Equally as hard as the famous Gordion Knot. And too, we must be guarded, never in a fit of impatience to draw our knives, cutting the knot to pieces, and then claim that we have made an honest decision.

But how must we go about the solution of this problem? What are some of the things we must have or get? Emerson in one of his essays says "get health." No labour, pains, temperance, poverty, nor exercise that can gain it should be grudged, for sickness is a cannibal that eats up all the

life and youth it can lay hold of. It does not matter how ambitious you are, nor how determined to get on in the world, physical weakness is a perpetual handicap. Will power cannot overcome it, persistence cannot compensate for it. You cannot afford to sacrifice any considerable portion of your life, merely for the sake of gaining a coveted position, making a little more money, or making it a little quicker. Wealth is not everything. All is not gold that glitters.

Make growth, not wealth, your aim. The youth who starts out in life with wealth as his ideal is a foredoomed failure. If he would succeed, he should let growth, expansion of mind and heart, wealth of character, not money getting as the principle thing, be his aim. There is really very little connection between the accumulation of money, and real success. Success is a growth, is expansion, is the unfolding of the Divine nature of man, of all that is God-like within him. A man may succeed in piling up millions, and yet fail in this higher development, fail in the supreme object of his life on earth. Some of the most pitiful failures in U.S. and Canada are millionaires. True success is many sided, and consists in the symmetrical development to the highest possible extent of all the higher qualities of man's nature. The highest type of man may see his property swept from him his hopes blasted, his ambitions thwarted, yet his spirit will remain undaunted. His success is beyond the reach of every fire, of accident, or of any temporary disaster, for the foundation of his success is laid upon the eternal rock of truth, of square dealing. No floods or misfortunes, or commercial devastations can reach him.

No man is strong enough to fight against his Creator and win. What God has planted in a man's heart and brain, he must read and follow, or he will never find life's meaning, never perform his allotted task. In making a decision as to what his work in life shall be, the man who would woo success should heed the God given message that speaks in his blood. His natural inclination, developed by encouragement and education, and controlled by conscience and reason, is the surest guide to an employment most likely to be rewarded with success. Be true to your ideals. Obey the hand that beckons you on, which none but you can see, the voice that is audible to you alone. The importance of following your natural bent cannot be stressed sufficiently. Only too much heartache is already prevalent because of misfits. God never made a man who could not fit in somewhere. No matter how peculiar our constitution, we can surely find a place where our special abilities may be utilized. The trouble is, however, that we don't care to use the powers which we possess, but, instead, we persist in trying to do something which we could by no possibility do, if we were to try for a thousand years. People who have unhappily wandered into places where they should not be, or into situations where they are manifestly uncomfortable, are sometimes said, in terms borrowed from the church, to have "got into the wrong pew." They fail to achieve anything. Matthew Arnold says:

"Most men eddy about Here and there,—eat and drink, Chatter and love and hate,	Gather and squander, are raised Aloft, are hurled in the dust, Striving blindly, achieving nothing."
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

No profession or calling is devoid of its hard knocks and bitter experiences. The only achievement that will ever give you great satisfaction will be that which comes from attaining your own place in the world. That which is done for you will not help you grow, it is what you do yourself that counts. Your real achievement will be measured by the number of obstacles you have overcome. We resemble very much the mighty oak. The stronger the blast that sweeps against those outspreading branches, the deeper and surer fixed grow the roots. The more barriers we knock down, the more obstacles we overcome, the stronger we grow. Don't undertake a task merely because it's easy. Anything that is worth while is hard to accomplish. It is Roger Babson who says, "The really big men of America have won their spurs by doing what they didn't want to do when they didn't want to do it." The remark reveals one of the secrets of most successful lives. The man who rises to the top does so as a rule by starting far down at the bottom. The man who rules men today does so because he was willing to give hearty obedience to someone else in earlier days. We fall to rise. We reach still waters by outriding the blast. We achieve rest only by hardest toil.

Quite often in the minds of youths there is some doubt whether the vocation they are choosing is honorable. A boy who was the son of wealthy parents had graduated in law. For three years he had practised unsuccessfully, but his parents wished him to remain in that position. He soon could bear this no longer, so consulted vocational councillors, who advised him to go to the country, take up a plot of land, and try his hand at agriculture, as this was his natural inclination. To-day he is one of America's most noted botanists. Any honest vocation is honorable. We can't all be lawyers, doctors, or philosophers. We may have some favorite past time, some special characteristic, which, if developed, will lead us to our niche in the hall of fame. I call to mind a young boy, who enjoyed studying automobile occupants and licenses. One day his suspicions were aroused, and accordingly he

notified the police who in turn effected an important arrest. This lad became a successful detective. Here's another boy who could not get along at school, but, he was keenly interested in what we know as chemistry and physics. His questions were so numerous, and of such order, that the neighbors considered him foolish. But he kept on, and what others couldn't answer, he found out for himself. I wonder what these same neighbors say of Thomas A. Edison to-day. If we're interested in a project, we'll be so wrapped up in our work, as to entirely forget the flight of time. That is one of the secrets of the successful life. Our interest will lead to research. Research to the piercing of the unsolved mysteries. There is no limit to our possibilities.

The privilege is ours of laboring during the greatest years the world has yet known, and of striving manfully to realize its blessings for all men. In so doing, the truth will come home, that even amid factory smoke, on hurrying train, or in busy counting house or store, that the fullness of life has been found. Not only has vocational success been yours, but you have fought the good fight, kept the faith, and lived largely and well.

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Championships

Although, for the past four years, I have been a member of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute, and have watched with pride the various honors conferred on the school, there has never, to my knowledge, been a year which started with more promise than the present.

Our soccer team, which, by virtue of its splendid record and wonderful accomplishments, may claim pride of place among boys' sports, inasmuch it was the first boys' team to win a championship, have once again captured the cup emblematic of the championships of Western Ontario. This year, however, while we failed to preserve our unbeaten record, proved that the present team could accomplish that which none of its predecessors was called upon to do—come from behind to win a game—fighting gloriously and gamely—a man short, to win on the stroke of time.

Our cadet corps, under the capable direction of Captain J. L. McNaughton, and commanded by Grosvenor Shepherd, won the General Proficiency Shield.

The newly-organized golf team greatly distinguished themselves by capturing the championship of the Border Cities.

With regard to features which are more academic, our orators, Miss Jean Norbury, Mr. Anson Moorehouse and Mr. Arthur West, all won their district championships, and, while unlucky in the final contest, won great distinction.

The debating team, which, by reason of their great ability, have won their way into the finals, covering themselves with glory, will, we firmly believe, be ultimate winners of the contest.

When we fully realize the greatness of our achievements, as, sooner or later we are absolutely bound to do, it is inconceivable that we should not realize the true greatness of our school.

Despite the fact that we are practically the smallest institution of our kind in Ontario, we have, in the realm of sport particularly, made Walkerville famous. We have carried the familiar blue and white colors throughout the province, and have never sustained a defeat.

To those who remain at school is the charge of upholding our traditions entrusted. We have done our best. To them is accorded an even greater privilege, inasmuch as they may succeed where we have failed.

Four years ago we began our triumphant career. A great many of those who were with us then have since passed into the world. A few remain to further aid us.

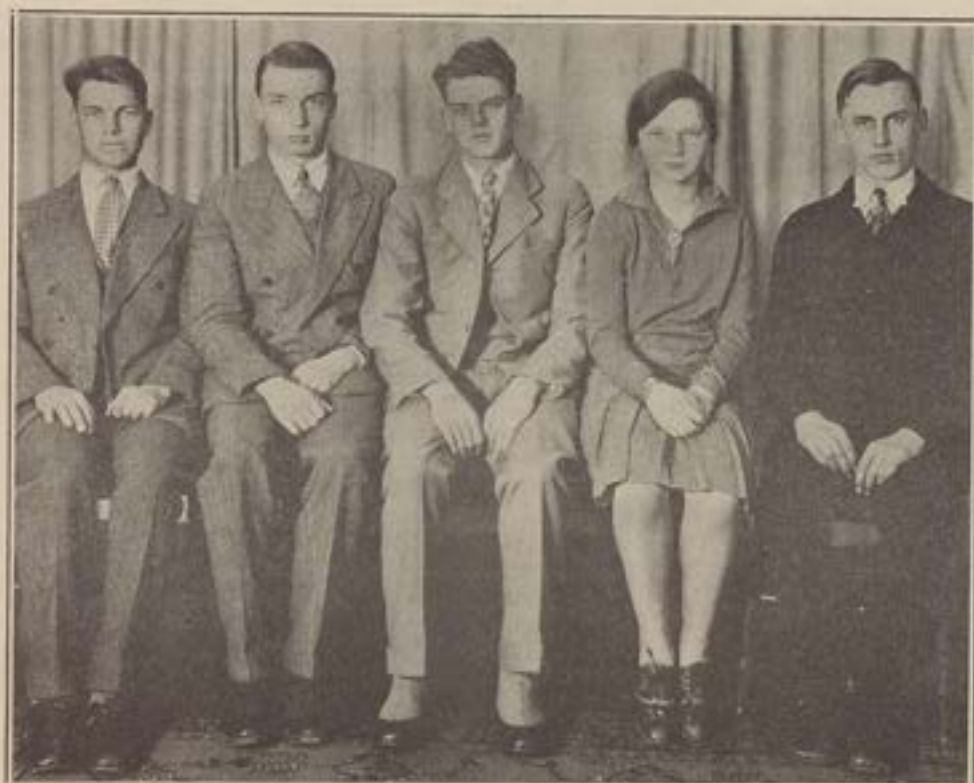
Four years from now we earnestly hope that Walkerville will have upheld her glorious traditions, and have risen to even greater heights, although, by that time, some of us may have passed on.

The memories of the championships which we held will be carried through life as very pleasant memories, and from them, it is to be hoped, we will obtain fitting strength and courage in our after life.

During the years in which we have obtained honour after honour, it is inconceivable that our aspirations, our hopes, and ambitions, have not been shared by our teachers. Reserved and dignified as they seem to us at times, it is only reasonable to assume that in the years they pass with us, coaching, helping and advising us, they form a certain attachment for us, as we undoubtedly do for them. As we are the results of their teaching, such our success in life is, to a large extent, dependent on their instruction, we still have a deep regard for them, even when we are no longer under their immediate control. Their interests centre round us, and it is an assured fact that the bullet which kills a boy, fresh from school, on the slopes of Afghanistan, on the plains of The Deccan, will hurt a great deal more his old teacher, thousands of miles away.



LITERARY NOTES.



Literary Society Executive

GROSVENOR SHEPHERD, HENRY BULL, IAN A. ALLISON, MILDRED GORDON,
ARTHUR WEST. ABSENT—MR. R. MEADE, M.A.

The Literary Society of the School was re-organized exceptionally early in the fall with the following executive at the helm:

Honorary President, Mr. Meade, M.A.; President, Ian Allison; first vice-president, Henry Bull; second vice president, Arthur West; Secretary, Grosvenor H. Shepherd; Historian, Miss Mildred Gordon.

The executive immediately concurred, and drew up a programme for the year, in which the forms were arranged in pairs; each group being responsible for a literary meeting at a specified date.

Unfortunately, however, the first meeting had to be postponed until commencement, when the two fourth forms, under the direction of their form teachers, Mr. Harwood and Mr. Donaldson, were to provide a part of the evening's entertainment.

The spirit of the play was quite apropos, as an additional item of interest on that memorable evening, inasmuch as the levity, relaxation and entertainment it occasioned constituted a fitting climax for the evening.

The ghost story, put on by these forms, depicted in a graphic manner what some might call the home life of modern youth, others the way of youth in love, but in any case it was an accurate portrayal of that most sacred of human emotions.

The heroine, charmingly and realistically taken by Miss Irene Flint, has, for several years, been the idol, and joy of the hero, Jack Steiner, a bashful college youth of a somewhat retiring nature and self-conscious personality.

On this particular night he schemes to arrive early at her house to lay his life at her feet. However, after trying for about an hour to broach the subject nearest his heart,—he was just a little bashful or reticent,—they were interrupted by the other members of the set coming in.

Unable to be rid of the unwelcome guests, by any means whatever, he finally, in desperation, cast his all upon the telling of a gruesome ghost story.

The story had to do with an old, decrepit man's mania for killing cats, his death and plumbers work-

ing in his old, deep, dark basement, by the light of a flickering candle. Weird shadows were flitting here and there,—the teller's voice was hushed and awed, the listener's faces strained,—there was a slow, soul maddening, drop — drop — drop, of something falling. Something warm splashed on a plumber's hand. Frightened, he jerked the hand into the wavering light—the sight of blood and the continual splash — splash — splash. In an involuntary movement the man swung an axe, it thudded into the ceiling, the candle spluttered out,—utter darkness, a groan, a gasp, and then — stillness.

The heroine went into hysteric which only quietness and solitude could cure, so everybody had to leave. The hero came sneaking back through another entrance and,—all's well that ends well. At least she and he certainly considered it so.

The presentation of the annual play "Let's Go," forced a postponement of all literary activities until January the twelfth, 1928.

Forms Two A and One D then had the privilege of putting on the second meeting of the literary society.

Miss De Arosamena's form had the preference, and opened the program with the presentation of "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," or the French version of "Little Red Riding Hood." This was followed by a folk dance, accurately even if humorously costumed, to depict the happy habitants of old Quebec.

Two A took up the burden of the programme in which they portrayed the writing of Beethoven's moonlight Sonata.

The boys, as a chorus, sang, "Well may the Keel Row," and the girls concluded with the school favorite, "Do Ye Ken John Peel."

Mr. Donaldson, as critic, congratulated Miss Auld and Miss De Arosamena on their excellent programme, and in all gave a favourable criticism.

On January the sixteenth the student body was favored by a presentation of humor from Fifth Form.

The form orchestra began with the popular selection, "My Blue Heaven," under the leadership of Henry Bull. The event of the afternoon was a shadow pantomime, the chief feature of which was an appendix operation by Dr. McEwen, who employed as an anaesthetic, the hammer, and in the course of his work removed several yards of intestines, alligators, teeth, skulls, etc., but overlooked the appendix.

A humorous sketch by Jean Churchill and Marion Gibson, portrayed a woman in all her glory of undecision.

Then followed reading of Leacock's typical humour, after which the audience was entertained by an impromptu Dutch dance.

As conclusion the orchestra played "Dawn of Tomorrow."

Mr. Philips criticism was beyond reproach. The fourth meeting was undertaken by forms One E and One A, on March first.

A piano duet, "A Military March," opened the meeting. Then followed an historical sketch based on the episode of Laura Secord, rendered in several scenes.

Scene I: The interior of the Secord's home in 1813. Scene II: The parade of the wooden soldiers. Scene III: Chorus of girls who sang Heidelberg. Scene IV: Laura Secord passing the American sentry. Scene V: Laura Secord meeting the Indians, and her arrival at Fitzgibbon's headquarters at Beaverdam. Scene VI: The victorious Canadians singing a soldiers' ditty around the camp fire, and, the capitulation of the Americans.

The programme was concluded by a chorus of both forms singing, "Sing Along."

Mr. Hartford gave a favourable criticism.

President Ian Allison presided at the fifth meeting of the literary society, March fifteenth, given by the Third Forms under the direction of Miss Burgoyne and Mr. White.

The girls of Three A opened the meeting with a play, "The Revolt," in which Grandma Gregg, founder of the Academy of Household Science, attempts to teach her pupils how to bring up a husband in the old-fashioned loving way, by instilling in them the principles of obedience, and subservience, as well as love. However, a suffragette appears, and leads the revolt which almost counter-checked Grandma's purposes, since their boy friends have apparently neglected them. But it all comes out right, and the suffragette's dreams are shattered.

There followed a short sketch by two boys, an impersonation of, "Two Black Crows."

Three B then portrayed a sort of family life, in which the husband has an obsession for hypnotism, but their new maid proceeds to demonstrate that his powers are only superstition.

The programme was concluded by a rendition of the girls of both forms, "An Old Fashioned Garden."

GROSVENOR H. SHEPHERD.

* * * * *

Canada, the Tourists' Paradise

(By Arthur West)

Canada is known all over the world as a tourists' paradise. The annual number of visitors to our country by auto alone, exceeds our entire population. Canada, because of her excellent transportation facilities —she has more miles of railway per capita than any other country in the world—is able to accommodate the tourists. Canada's many excellent highways are also a potent cause of her popularity as a tourists' paradise. One of the essential qualities of a tourists' paradise is wide open spaces. Canada's small population is considered a handicap in most respects, but her small population distributed over her vast area leaves thousands and thousands of square miles of virgin country, and this attracts the tourists.

In order to find out whether or not Canada is entitled to the name of tourists' paradise, we must find out whether or not she has those things which the tourists desire most.

And what do the tourists desire?

For one thing they desire sport. Canada has far better opportunities for sportsmen than any other country in the world. Even Grantland Rice, the famous American sportsman, after spending his vacation in Canada admitted, "For a combination of magnificent scenery, endless hospitality and any type of fishing you may like, Canada is unexcelled. I have never heard in Canada the old alibi that 'You should have come last week —or last month.' The fish are there when you arrive and the scenery does the rest." Northern Ontario is a maze of rivers and lakes. Among the most famous are the Muskoka Lake, Lake Temagami and Lake Nipigon. These lakes are unrivalled for boating, bathing, fishing, and other pastimes. When speaking about fishing, Nova Scotia must not go unmentioned. This province, because of its irregular coastline, its myriads of countless rivers and innumerable lakes, cannot fail to attract the sportsman tourist.

For the tourist who likes hunting, British Columbia and the Yukon territory have much to offer. In their trackless wildernesses roams almost every type of big game a huntsman could ask for. The giant moose, the lordly elk, the nimble deer, the wary mountain sheep and goats, are found there plentifully. More

than a dozen types of bear are found in the Canadian Rockies, ranging from the huge polar bear and the savage grizzly, down to the common black bear. Smaller game is also abundant.

New Brunswick, Northern Ontario, and Northern Quebec, are also famed for their abundance of wild game. So, we see, that as far as sport is concerned Canada is unequalled as a tourists' paradise.

Another thing which attracts a tourist is something which is interesting, or unusual, such as some spot famed in history or legend. The spot where Brock fell, and the place where Wolfe died, are interesting places. The Muskoka region is famed in Indian lore. The very name, Muskoka, is derived from the name of a valourous Indian chief, who distinguished himself in the War of 1812. One of the lakes, the Lake of a Thousand Islands, is connected with the story of Hiawatha. The Indian legends add greatly to the charm of the lakes.

The Niagara Falls have the reputation of being the prime attraction for tourists, and they will never lose their interest, for they are one of the seven wonders of the modern world. Every Canadian should see them if he possibly can.

The Reversing Falls of the St. John River are very interesting and bewildering. They never fail to attract the tourists. In these falls, at high tide, not only is the descent overcome, but the water rushes inland like a mill race.

These spots, and dozens of others, are very interesting; but perhaps the most potent attraction with which Canada lures the tourists is her exquisite natural beauty. As I have mentioned before, Canada's population is very small in proportion to her area. Consequently, although most older countries have had their beautiful plains and rivers replaced by towns and cities, Canada still retains almost all her virgin beauty. Canada is a land of many beautiful rivers.

"The St. Lawrence, whose wide water laves,
The shores that ne'er have nourished slaves!
The swift Richelieu of lillied fame!
Niagara of the glorious graves."

Northern Ontario, if not the most beautiful, is one of the most beautiful districts in the world. One of its most striking features is its beautiful blue lakes, foremost among which are the Muskoka Lakes. These lakes have a type of beauty which is all their own. This is best described in Pauline Johnson's poem, "Under Canvas in Muskoka":

"Fair Rosseau slumbers in an atmosphere
That kisses her to passionless soft dreams,
The velvet air, stirred by some elfin wings,

Comes swinging up the waters and then stills
Its voice so low that floating by it sings
Like distant harps among the distant hills.
Across the lake the rugged islands lie,

Fir-crowned and grim, and further in the view
Some shadows, seeming swung 'twixt cloud and sky,
Are countless shores, a symphony of blue."

Nothing could be more peaceful, or restful, than to sit beneath a tree and look out on the still blue lake, dotted with green islands, or to paddle a canoe slowly through one of Muskoka's winding rivers or lakes; to look down into the water, and see the sky and foliage mirrored perfectly; to hear the quiet lapping of the water on the shores; or to look up into the sky—for Muskoka is famous for its clear skies as well—and see a blue which fades, and blends into many alluring shades with a fleecy cloud, here and there, or to watch the sun set behind a wooded island and leave its glorious afterglow emblazoned all over

the western sky, in every hue and colour.

Farther north we have Lake Timagami, Lake Nipigon and Lake Nipissing and the surrounding districts. These lakes are paradises for every tourist, whether he be sportsman, or beauty lover, or both, for the same things that are true of Muskoka, hold good for them. Their surfaces are dotted with small islands, and their shores are very irregular. Lake Timagami is almost unbelievably indented. It resembles a huge octopus, whose tentacles stretch into that beautifully wooded district, the Timagami Forest Reserve.

Although this Northern Ontario Lake-Land is beautiful beyond words, there are other places in Canada which demand mention whenever any description of Canada's beauty is attempted. British Columbia, among the Canadian Alps, is the equal of Muskoka for beauty. Azure skies, with fleecy clouds above, rugged mountains in the background, with snow-capped peaks and slopes wooded with evergreens and a shallow, swiftly running stream in the foreground, present an ideal picture to the tourist. Many such scenes are to be found in British Columbia.

Sometimes an island-dotted lake takes the place of the stream in the foreground, and reflects the image of the mountain, the evergreens and the sky. Such a lake is Vermillion Lake, with Mt. Rundel in the background; but I haven't time to enumerate all the beautiful lakes of British Columbia, so I'll name one more, and then change the subject. Lake Louise is incomparable. It is known as the most perfect bit of scenery in the world. "Lake Louise," says Walter Dwight Wilcox, "is the realization of the perfect beauty of nature beyond the power of imagination." The gentle breeze causes fleeting ripples to quiver across its turquoise surface. Its shores are adorned by all types of fragrant flowers. The pine-clad slopes of the rugged Mount Lefroy, rise from the shores of the lake, and, father back Mount Victoria of the eternal snow looms up. If the time happens to be evening, the purple, red, and orange, of the dying sun in the west, complete the picture. Thousands and thousands of tourists visit this heavenly lake each year, and most of them come back the following year, for the charms of Lake Louise are inexhaustible. It is a view once seen, never forgotten. It is a tourists' paradise in itself.

But Canada's lakes do not occupy all the limelight of Canada's beauty. Canada's forests are unexcelled. Her national parks and forest reserves, give the tourists a paradise of natural beauty. In these places the forests are preserved in all their primeval wildness, and wild animals can be observed.

Canada has the greatest, most beautiful, and most popular mountain range in the world. I refer to the Canadian Rockies. A tourists' paradise would be incomplete without lofty mountains to charm the tourists with their beauty, and afford them exercise in the form of mountain-climbing. British Columbia and the Yukon seem to have a monopoly of most of Canada's mountains. I haven't time to describe many of these famous mountains, but, some are so attractive that they simply must be mentioned. Such a one is Mount Assiniboine. It rises steeply, and majestically, from the earth, like a gigantic white wave in the earth's crust, almost entirely covered with snow. At its foot there is a pretty little lake, and the effect of the reflection of the mountain and the sky is irresistible. Mount Robson is even more impressive. It is the monarch of the Rockies, a giant among giants. Its almost perfect symmetry is wonderful, and its canopy of snow adds to its charm. It goes without saying, that this giant is a great attraction for tourists.

Canada's beautiful waterfalls certainly contribute toward making Canada a tourists' paradise. I shall merely mention a few of the more outstanding. Besides Niagara Falls, there are the Twin Falls of the Yoho Valley, and the Emperor Falls, which are exceptionally attractive.

Up to this time most of the Canadian beauty spots which I have mentioned, with the possible exceptions of the Muskoka Lakes and Niagara Falls, are too far away for most of us high school students of Western Ontario to visit. However, Essex and Kent counties

are not without their beauty spots. In Essex County, only about 40 miles from here, is Point Pelee. This point is the southern extremity of our great country. The road winds in and out of a forest that is filled with fragrant flowers, small animals, and beautiful birds. Kent County has Rondeau Park, another paradise of trees, and wild life. It is situated on the shore of Lake Erie, and has a good bathing beach.

The writer hopes that all true Canadians will have been inspired to see more of Canada, the Tourists' Paradise.

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Oratorical and Debating Group

BACK ROW—LEO MALANIO, ANSON MOOREHOUSE, ARTHUR WEST, EDGAR CLEMENT, GLENDEL SHAFER
FRONT ROW—HELEN O'NEIL, JEAN NORBURY.

Great progress has been made this year in the field of Oratory by students of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute. The class of '28 has produced several orators of no mean merit. Most especially to be complimented are Arthur West, Edgar Clement, Luther Clarke and Leo Malania—the members of the debating team, who won first place in the Wossa Debating Contest.

Arthur West and Edgar Clement, the affirmative team, won each of the four debates in which they contested—against Assumption High, St. Thomas High, Sarnia Collegiate, and London Central High. As the opening speaker in each debate West never failed to impress his audience with his intelligent grasp of the subject and the clearness and force with which he stated his arguments. Nor did Edgar Clement do any

less than his half in establishing the unbroken line of victories. Edgar has a knack of seizing on an aspect of the question which would never occur to any one else, and establishing such a clear case that even his opponents agree with him. Walkerville seems to be destined to produce at least two great lawyers.

Although the record of the defensive half of the team is not quite as brilliant as that of the offensive, it is in no way less glorious. However slight it may be, the affirmative almost always has some advantage over the negative side of a debate, and it is a great credit to the negative team that they defeated two out of four of their opposing teams—Assumption High and Sarnia. Moreover, their two defeats, at the hands of St. Thomas and London Central, were in no way ignominious, especially the latter, on the subject of

Oriental Immigration. Both judges and audience agreed that this debate was one of the closest they had ever heard.

The negative team is decidedly formidable. Luther Clarke, the leader, is a most enthusiastic debator. He always seems to believe implicitly in his side of the topic. Moreover he has a flair for picking the weak spots in his opponents' argument, while Leo Malania, Walkerville's "silver-tongued orator," holds his listeners enthralled with the strength and fire of his words. To quote *The Border Cities Star*, "he has the poise of Mussolini and the eloquent gestures of Billy Sunday."

A tremendous amount of work must have been put into the preparation of their speeches by all four boys, who are all carrying a full Junior Matriculation course. As representatives of the collegiate they have upheld the name of Walkerville proudly, and the school is proud to own them as students.

* * * * *

Oratory

Public speaking is at last coming into its own. It is a far cry from the days when Lee Begg and Wallace Slimmon fought a losing, yet a valiant fight as debaters and orators for Walkerville. Since then, up till now, public speaking held little interest, and, if anything were ever accomplished, anyone speaking of school affairs, would say, as an afterthought, "and on the intellectual side, too, our school has won such and such an honour." Now, however, oratory and debating take their places with the major topics of the day.

Public speaking, contrary to popular belief, is not to be shied at. Once a person has overcome his or her first stage fears, public speaking is a pleasure. We must not overlook the fact that debating and oratory are of vital interest in the framing of one's success. It gives one a free and easy manner of address, one's self-composure is strengthened and whether one aims to become a man of the world or not, there is practically nothing to be lost, and everything to be gained.

The first to be complimented must be Miss Dickey, who has spent endless hours with the debaters and orators.

Miss Dickey has the sincerest thanks of the speakers themselves, and of the school as a whole. The speakers are also grateful to Mr. Meade, the teachers, and the pupils, for the interest which has been shown this year.

Miss Jean Norbury, while not commanding the same vehemence as many speakers, yet has a style which is at once eloquent, charming, and interesting. Her enunciation, her idealistic thoughts and cultured voice and manner, set her far above the average. Jean has done splendid work, and the school is justly proud of her. She entered as a junior in the W.O.S.S.A. contest this year, and, after defeating the other schools of this district, she represented Walkerville at the finals held here. Though Miss Norbury was defeated, she received honorary mention and was highly complimented by the neutral judge.

The senior girls' oratory was contested by the Misses Helen O'Neill and Mildred Gordon. Miss Gordon's subject was, "Jeanne D'Arc, the Heroine." She handled her subject in an entertaining manner and ran closely on the heels of Miss O'Neill, whose subject "The New Ireland," dealing with existing conditions in Ireland, won first place in the school elimination contest.

Helen followed up this success by coming second in the district contest. Miss O'Neill, we understand,

spent considerable time preparing her address. The school recognizes and appreciates Helen's work and while we did not win we thank Helen and Mildred for their loyal attempt.

The junior boys school elimination for oratory was wrested, after a hard tussle from Brock Andrews, whose subject, "Pioneer life in Canada," gave way to "The Future of Canada," an address delivered by Arthur West, the other contestant. Arthur also won the district championship, but, was later forced to change his subject to "Canada, the Tourists' Paradise." There is always difficulty in getting a report of the out-of-town speakers, so we are unable to give you an account of the finals in speaking at Sarnia. Although Arthur lost, of this much we are certain—he did his best and is a credit to Miss Dickey and the school.

The same difficulty existed in the senior boys' oratory at London. Anson Moorehouse, after a healthy fight at home, was selected to represent Walkerville in the finals, and while he won the district contest yet he was beaten by a slight margin in the finals. His easy flow of words, his ready gestures and composed manner, make him a most interesting speaker.

In the home elimination contests for the senior boys' contest several other boys addressed the assembly. Leo Malania spoke on "Russia, Past and Present," Luther Clark on the subject, "The Future of Canada," Edwin Hawkeswood on, "The St. Lawrence River Ship Canal," and Anson spoke on "The Choice of a Life Work."

The Toronto Star is at present sponsoring an oratorical contest for the entire Dominion on the subject, "The Future of Canada." The winner receives a free trip to Europe. A comparatively hidden star suddenly burst into light in the person of Glendel Shafer. During the school eliminations he thrilled the audience with his masterly speaking and manners.

Glendel has a confident manner and ready tongue. He hopes some day to practice law after attending Osgoode Hall, and, is even now working in a lawyer's office. We are certain the school wishes him hearty success, both in this contest and in any project which he might launch.

* * * * *

Why Canadian Homes Should be Heated with Canadian Coal

Canada's coal problem is national, and vitally concerns every Canadian citizen.

The main issue from the consumer's point of view is the cost. Can Canadian coal be marketed at a reasonable figure? According to statistics compiled by the Produced in Canada Committee, it is possible by government assistance, reduced freight rates and your co-operation, to successfully compete with other brands of coal.

Canadian coal is produced in the provinces of Nova Scotia, British Columbia, and Alberta. Of these Nova Scotia and Alberta stand highest in annual tonnage production. Nova Scotian coal, being bituminous, is suitable for industrial purposes only. Therefore it remains that Canada must look primarily to Alberta for her fuel supply.

Alberta coal has proven to be a suitable substitute for domestic anthracite. By domestic anthracite I mean hard coal used in the homes, which comes mainly from the United States. It is true that Alberta coal is slightly inferior in regard to the relative heat per ton generated, but this deficiency is counterbalanced by the fact that Alberta coal is more readily combust-

ible and more easily controlled. The time and energy expended in caring for a fire of Alberta coal is practically negligible in comparison with domestic anthracite. These advantages, coupled with a reduction in price, will make the coal a favourite in Canadian homes. Alberta's coal reserves have been barely delved into, and it is estimated that the coal deposit is sufficient to last over three thousand six hundred years.

Alberta's richest market will lie in the provinces of Central Canada, namely, Ontario and Manitoba. Alberta coal fields are situated approximately two thousand miles from its more easterly market. Thus the item of transportation figures prominently in Canada's coal question. The physical and geographical aspect of the country offers concrete hindrances. The Alberta coal region lies in a rocky, hilly country of a nature that makes freight rates exceedingly high. The Canadian National Railway, however, has stated that the transportation charges for one ton of coal to its Eastern market would be nine dollars and three cents. This figure has been derided an over estimate, and R. McIntyre, an eastern journalist, claims that it could be done for five dollars and thirty three cents per ton. It is agreed that this figure represents the lowest possible cost without causing a direct loss to the company. In order to secure such a rate it would be necessary to amend the Railway Act. Other interests would demand proportionate reductions in their rates which would be fatal to the company. Here is an occasion where our government can show its tact in the administration of justice to all. During the winter months the work in the mines and on the railway would have to be partially suspended owing to the weather. This period of inactivity would tend to cause the mines and railway to accrue large debts. To overcome this, the concerns would have to operate on a scale that would overcome winter loss. This method would necessitate "dumping" surplus coal at advantageous points throughout the country, preparatory to winter consumption. American concerns at the present time use Canada as an outlet for their surplus coal by "dumping" it in Canada, and using it as necessity demands. Parliamentary action would terminate this practice, and Canadian producers and Canadians would benefit.

Have you ever considered what a coal strike in Pennsylvania would mean to the Province of Ontario? The United States would cut off our fuel supply for her own needs. Ontario's growing industry would be seriously crippled, her factories would stop, railway connections would be poor, and the labour situation would be so acute as to affect the whole of Canada. A serious drain on the country, as you can see. Canada would have to open her mines and supply fuel to her industries and populace. Is it wise, then, to wait until some such condition arises to force us to develop this resource? Let us do it now, and so avoid the possibility of such a catastrophe.

Canada's foreign coal purchases total close to one hundred million dollars annually. That sum leaves the country entirely and goes to back up foreign enterprise and to benefit foreign industrial and economic development. That sum turned over in Canada exclusively would be, as you can readily see, an immense benefit to the country.

The problem of development has yet to be solved. Great sums of money are required to put the mines on an operating basis. To do this it is necessary to interest capital in the product. No better way can be found than by showing your heartfelt approval of the idea, and the assured assistance of the government. A combination of the two is bound to invite "capital"

to invest in a project that has every assurance of success.

Some would contend that the day of coal, as a home heating fuel, is passing and its place is being taken by gas, fuel oil, and hydro. It is improbable that such will ever be the case, for a great demand for them would cause their value to soar far above profitable use in the home. Under present plans Canada could never expect to export coal, but the benefit derived from providing coal to her own industries, and households, is immeasurable. Can we, as Canadians, afford to let such an opportunity pass unchallenged?

Consider that the mines are operating extensively at a profit. In that case it would be necessary to import foreign labour to operate both mines and railways. Who will contend that immigration is not beneficial to the country? Increased population means an increased demand for produced-in-Canada necessities, ushering in a period of prosperity in all trades. The demand for food, manufactured articles, and sundries, would involve the more extensive use of our transportation facilities. Farming would become a more profitable business, attracting more people to the soil, opening up new country, and enabling Canada to stand among the greatest exporting countries of the world.

In conclusion let me say: Canadians, Canadian industry, and everything Canadian, cannot help but benefit from a project that Canadian pluck and enterprise is bound to make successful.

(By Jim Rapsey)

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Historian's Report

(By Mildred Gordon)

After being silent for a little over two months the corridors of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute again resounded with the merry laughter of returning students, on opening day, September 7th.

The principal, Mr. Robert Meade, welcomed us, and then we went to the various classrooms where our former teachers with the exception of Miss D. Bergoine, Mr. Horwood and Mr. Philp, who were new members of the staff, greeted us.

The school had just settled down to work about a week when nominations were held for the different offices in the Literary Society and the Blue and White, the school journal.

Another interesting event of the autumn school days was the presentation of a beautiful silver tray to Miss Leavitt, who was retiring from the position of school nurse. Mr. Meade made the presentation on behalf of the students and teachers of the Collegiate.

On the evening of November 27th, the pupils of the school attended the Lincoln Road United Church at the invitation of Rev. J. W. Magwood. Mr. Magwood preached an inspiring sermon on the subject "Running away from a Crown." The school quartet consisting of Hugh Soper, Robert Young, Henry Bull and Ian Allison sang the hymn "Shall You, Shall I," and Donna Stephenson rendered a delightful solo.

The visit of Inspector Rogers from December 13th to 15th pleasingly provided a new interest in the dark wintry days.

The commencement exercises were held on the evening of December 15th. Addresses were given by Rev. G. S. Hersey, chairman of the Board of Education, Principal Meade, and Inspector Rogers, the guest of the evening.

Certificates and diplomas of proficiency were presented to the high school pupils, and, graduating di-

plomas to the graduating class. Medals and awards for athletics in its various branches, were also presented to the winners.

The outstanding items on the program for the evening were: the presentation of the second Carter scholarship, by Inspector Rogers, to Arthur Aylesworth; the presentation of the shield to the Walkerville Collegiate Cadet Corps, which took first place in the province. Mr. McNaughton received the shield on behalf of the school. The presentation of a medal to Artur Scott, as senior champion of the Border Cities' Secondary Schools field meet; the presentation of a medal to William Young for rifle shooting; the presentation of medals to Vesta Brooker, Dorothy Francis, William Young, Joseph Bethlehem, and Sylvester Crocher, for Field Day honors; the valedictory address by Marion Allison.

Delightful entertainment was provided by the school orchestra and the school quartet. The presentation of a play entitled, "The Ghost Story", by the fourth form students brought the evening to a happy conclusion.

On December 22nd the annual school dance was held in the school gymnasium which was prettily decorated for the occasion. The members of the Board of Education and their wives, assisted by the members of the staff, were the hosts and hostesses.

There was great bustle and bustle at school for the first two weeks in February while Mr. Desire J. Bourque of the National Producing Company was rehearsing the students for the musical revue, "Let's Go," which was very successfully staged on the evenings of February the ninth and tenth.

The school orchestra improved splendidly this year, and we are indebted to it for much of our musical entertainment. It was ably directed by Mr. Angelo Russo.

The soccer team showed its mettle again this year by retaining the W.O.S.S.A. honours, after a hard battle.

Walkerville is justly proud of her boys' basketball team which carried honours last year for eastern Canada and which has not lost a game so far this year. We hope the boys will keep up their excellent record until the end of the season.

The girls' basketball team may also be congratulated. The girls had the unique influence of being the only team to have defeated the W.O.S.S.A. champs.

Besides winning honours in athletics, Walkerville has made a very creditable showing in academics this year.

The inspector's report on the work in the school was excellent indeed, and our teachers should be congratulated for the large part they have played in bringing such compliments to our school.

Having defeated teams from Assumption College, Sarnia, St. Thomas, and London Central Collegiates, the debating team is in the W.O.S.S.A. finals. We heartily congratulate Arthur West, Edgar Clement, Luther Clark, and Leo Malania, for the distinction they have won for our school.

We have been in the lime-light too, in the oratory competitions. Walkerville carried three district championships and was represented in the finals by Anson Moorhouse, senior boy champion, Jean Norbury, junior girl champion, and Arthur West, junior boy champion. We are proud of our orators.

The year 1917-28 has been a "banner" year at the Walkerville Collegiate. We sincerely hope that each year will carry with it added success and glory to her name.

Russia, Past and Present

(By Leo Malania)

Mr. Chairman, Hon. Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen: The subject "Russia, Past and Present," is one of primary importance in international affairs.

For almost a full century Russia has held the attention of the outside world, as the theater of one of the greatest revolutionary movements in the history of mankind. It will be my purpose to give you a brief sketch of that revolutionary movement; to show you its aims, its achievements, its results.

In order to understand the social, political and economic significance of the Russian Revolutionary movement, one must remember, that for a period of more than two hundred years, Russia had been under the Tartar yoke, as a result of which the country was cut off from Europe, and European civilization, and subjected to Oriental influence.

From the very beginning of the Romanov dynasty, that is from 1613, the Tsars had believed that Russia, in order to be secure and stable, must be placed upon Nationality, Orthodoxy, and Autocracy.

Peter the Great, and Alexander II, were the only Russian rulers who recognized the need for internal reform.

By establishing a definite contact with Europe, by building a great fleet, and by overcoming Sweden, Peter the Great gained for Russia an important position among the military powers of Europe. But it was Alexander II who first introduced any internal reforms which were necessary for the future development of the country. In 1861, he granted freedom to the serfs, but failed to give them any land. The land hunger of the peasants was poorly satisfied, and even aggravated by the terms of this Emancipation Act, which still left them to all intents and purposes, economic serfs. The Czar was about to promulgate some constitutional reforms, when he was assassinated, and the kingdom passed over to his successor, Alexander III.

Both Alexander III and Nicholas II, his successor, pursued a most reactionary policy. Every attempt was made to suppress the different creeds and the use of different languages in the Russian Empire. Massacres against the Jews were instigated by the Czar's own police, stirring the civilized world to protest at the terrible outrages.

In his determination to hammer the varied racial groups into a homogenous nation, the Czar adopted terrible measures, and so roused the hatred of the Finns, Armenians, Georgians and other subject peoples, stirring among them passionate resentment, and a desire for revolutionary action. In 1905, at the close of the disastrous Japanese War came the First Revolution. There was no freedom of speech, or of the press, and no freedom of assemblage. The peasants were discontented because, as I have said before, they did not have any land. The labor classes were discontented because they did not enjoy healthy working conditions. They demanded shorter hours and higher pay.

As a result of these conditions general strikes took place all over Russia. Conflicts between the workers and the police were frequent. For the first time in Russian history, all classes with the exception of the bureaucracy wanted the abolition of Czarism and the establishment of a constitutional government elected by the people, on a basis of universal suffrage, and directly responsible to the people. Accordingly, on the 17th of October, 1905, the Czar issued a manifesto which

created the Imperial Duma, or Parliament, gave freedom to the press and granted religious freedom in Russia.

The suffrage upon which the elections to the Duma were to be based, was most undemocratic and unjust, giving to the landlords and the prosperous peasants, together with the wealthy classes of the cities, an enormous preponderance in the electorate. However, it was overwhelmingly a liberal and progressive Parliament that had been elected.

One of the first acts of this Parliament was an agrarian reform. It proposed that the government should buy the land from the landowners and distribute it among the peasants. But Nicholas II refused to listen to this plan and with all the former arrogance of Absolutism dissolved the Duma and instituted a policy of vigorous repression.

In 1907, the Second Duma assembled. It was a still more progressive body which had been elected and when it presented the same reform as its predecessor had done it was likewise dissolved, after but one hundred days of Parliamentary session.

At the same time the Czar, without consulting either the Imperial Duma or the Imperial Council changed the electoral laws, thus greatly decreasing the representation of the city workers and peasants and greatly increasing the representation of the rich landowners and capitalists.

Shortly after, the Third Duma assembled. It proposed that specially formed banks should buy the land from the owners and give it to the peasants, and that the peasants should repay the bank in a given term of years. This proposal was not suited for the great majority of the peasants because they were very poor and could not pay for the land.

In 1914 came the Great War. It is not necessary for me to dwell upon this period of Russian history. A greater passion than that of revolution swept over the nation and it turned to present a united front to the eternal foe.

All classes in Russia desired victory for the Allies, for they felt that if Germany, the bulwark of Autocracy and Despotism in Europe could be crushed, the Russian monarchy would therefore be weakened and a responsible government would be granted.

Conditions in the Russian army during the first part of the war, however, were very bad. Edmund A. Walsh, writing in the Atlantic Monthly says: "Food supplies were insufficient; transportation paralyzed; the supply of ammunition was not only inadequate but systematically sabotaged. Shells were manufactured in Russian factories, that fitted no Russian ordinance; soldiers were sent to the front barefoot."

As a result of these conditions, municipalities all over the country formed a "Union of Cities" to furnish food, clothes and other necessities to the army. They organized hospitals, ambulance stations, and other services, which the administration had absolutely failed to provide.

Even the nobles and the wealthy capitalists united with the people in its demand for a responsible government. But Nicholas II, influenced as he was by the Czarina, who you will remember was a German princess, persistently refused to grant any concessions. The exasperated nobility went so far as to assassinate a notorious favorite of the Russian Court, Rasputine, who, it was said, was a German spy.

Then in February 1917 came the second Revolution. As a result of Rasputine's assassination, Nicholas II appointed a most reactionary ministry. This ministry kept constantly postponing the meeting of the Duma

until, in February 1917, the members assembled of their own accord.

A few days later, general strikes of workers and peasants took place all over the country. Soldiers joined them. The Czar's favourite guard was the first to rebel. All Russia united in its aim to abolish Czarism.

On March 15, Nicholas II, under pressure from the Duma, signed a formal abdication of the Russian throne. Immediately, a Provisional Government composed of representatives from all parties and groups, was constituted, and arrangements to elect a Constituent Assembly which should determine Russia's system of Government were made.

The Provisional Government was confronted with two urgent problems, on whose solution depended Russia's future as a democratic nation, namely: land and peace.

The land question is probably the most important of all Russian problems. As John Spargo says: "The land question is the core of the Russian problem." Since 1861 the land-hungry peasants have been clamoring for land, and an immediate distribution was necessary. However, the Provisional Government failed to provide any scheme for the distribution of land. This was the mistake of the Provisional Government which later resulted in the Bolshevik Revolution.

The other problem was that of Peace. Russia was war-weary. Exhausted as the country was, through internal strife; her army demoralized by Bolshevik propaganda; having no ammunition; her people on the verge of starvation; an immediate peace was necessary. This the Provisional Government failed to do. It wished to remain loyal to the Allies and their cause.

The failure of the Provisional Government to distribute land, and to conclude Peace led to the Bolshevik coup d'etat, which took place in November, 1917.

"Bolshevik" is a Russian word meaning "one belonging to the majority." In 1903, at a convention of the Socialist Party, in Geneva, the party split, the majority or the Bolsheviks believed that Socialism was to be attained by a military coup d'etat; whereas the minority or the Mensheviks believed that Socialism was the outcome of social evolution.

In November, 1917, the Bolsheviks adopted the slogan, "Land and Peace." They proposed an immediate separate peace with Germany, and an immediate distribution of land among the peasants. The Bolsheviks organized a Red Guard, and these, directed by military leaders overthrew the Provisional Government and arrested its members. A new government was formed called the Council of People's Commissaries, of which Lenine was president, and Trotzky minister for foreign affairs. The "undecent" peace of Brest-Litovsk was signed, and the Bolshevik plan of Communism was begun.

The right to trade was abolished. Except government-owned stores or co-operatives, no one could trade. All systems of money were abolished.

The amount of land granted to each peasant was determined by the size of his family. The peasants were to keep only the amount of grain they themselves required, and turn the rest over to the government without any compensation. They could not sell any grain.

The experiment in Communism, as subsequent events have proved failed disastrously. The peasants began to plant only the amount of grain they themselves required. They did not wish to work for nothing. As a

result of this there was a deficiency in the supply of grain throughout the country.

Lenine saw the failure of his plan of Communism in Russia, and, in 1921 he promulgated the great "New Economic Policy" decree.

Under the New Economic Policy, or NEP as it is called, freedom of trading, buying, and selling with money was granted. Private enterprise was encouraged. A stable money system was established. The period between 1921 and 1924 was a period of reorganization. Russia was fast resuming her former place among capitalist nations.

In the social and political field the Bolsheviki had also introduced extensive reforms.

Russia's system of Government is a "dictatorship of the proletariat." There are two official bodies, the Soviet, or Parliament, and the Council of People's Commissaries, or Cabinet. The electoral laws for the Soviet are so arranged as always to give the majority to the proletarians, the proletariat constituting but 4 per cent of Russia's entire population. Y. A. Sack, in his study of Bolshevism, tells us that "even the proletariat is not ruling as such, but only in so far as some of the proletarians are in the membership of the Communist Party."

Only members of the Communist Party are allowed to sit in the council of the People's commissars, and these are scrupulously carrying out the policies dictated to them by the Political Bureau of the Communist Party.

Thus we see that it is not the dictatorship of the proletariat which constitutes the government of Russia today, but rather the dictatorship of the Communist Party, which is in turn dominated by Mr. J. V. Stalin.

Leon Trotsky, for many years one of the foremost Bolshevik leaders has recently stated:

"We have today a strong regime as ignorant of foreign psychology as the late Czarist bureaucracy. The clique of men, which calls itself the Russian government is as vicious and devoid of principle as the Czarist hirelings. Those who oppose the will of that clique are in as much danger as, and even more so than were those who opposed the Czarist edicts."

The dramatic expulsion of Trotsky from the Communist Party, and his subsequent exile from Moscow within the course of last month, was the culmination of a long struggle between the Opposition elements within the Communist party, headed by Trotsky on the one hand, and Stalin on the other.

Stalin recognizes the failure of Communism in Russia, and his present policy is a continuation of Lenine's. Private enterprises are encouraged and Russia is gradually brought back to the ranks of capitalist nations.

On the other hand Trotsky believes that Communism is yet possible in Russia and he accuses Stalin of retreating.

It is my belief that the failure of Communism in Russia has been conclusively proved, and, that in order to regain her former place, Russia must change her form of government from a dictatorship to a democracy.

The development of Russia within recent years, as well as her position in the world, points to the inevitability of Russia's emerging from her present transitory state—a stable democracy with capitalist economics.

Cheaters

(By Joe Burns, Form IIIA)

There are innumerable types and classes of cheaters, but probably the most despicable is the black-mailer. This villain generally practises his art most successfully and profitably on respectable, wealthy victims, though he does not scruple to deal with those who are often comparatively poor, draining their financial resources, much in the manner of a weasel who sucks the very life blood from its victims. A cheater of this description takes no risk because he knows that fear of detection or publicity will keep the subject silent.

Unlike the blackmailer, the burglar takes a good deal of risk, hence, he does not seem so despicable as his brother in crime. The gambler and forger are among those who take little chance of detection. As a rule they are of a roving disposition, and their crimes are not aimed at individuals with malicious intent.

Then there is the man in the street, who poses as being blind, crippled or unemployed, and the meanest of this kind is the one who has sprung up during the last decade posing as the badly treated war veteran, soliciting alms from the sympathetic poor who have had such sad experiences, as having lost those near and dear for their country's cause.

This rogue very often does more harm than the generality of people realize, especially inasmuch as the really honest, needy, down and outer, who is anxious and willing to work, often does not obtain a hearing when he asks for help.

Gambling is often responsible for cheating on a large scale. For instance, a competition is arranged in the sporting world, which, to all appearances seems square and above board; but, in reality, it is cut and dried, and both promoters and competitors know how to make their book while the bookmaker and public are literally fleeced. From what has been said it will be clearly seen that none of these people know how to "play the game," and just as "the child is father to the man," it is in our schools where the right spirit is and ought to be fostered.

Thank goodness there is no cheating in our Canadian and International Schools' Sports, where boys and girls are on their mettle, out to do their utmost for the honour of their schools, taking victory or defeat nobly; urging their side to "play up," but always willing and eager to cheer the victorious and admire opponents.

The same cannot always be said of classwork, where cheating of another kind often occurs. I mean copying. Of course it is not very grievous to use a fellow student's notes for homework where marks are not given, but it is decidedly mean to do so if marks are allotted to the work. It is stealing the results from one who has probably worked most diligently, whilst frequently the culprit has idled away his time, and gets as much credit as though he had worked too. The same applies to those offenders who use notes at examinations, or overlook another's papers, thereby endangering one who has worked honestly.

This cheating in school takes us to the more agreeable subject of classroom courtesy. The first rule in classroom courtesy is to be polite and respectful to teachers, especially lady teachers. Often boys take a delight in annoying a teacher whom they think is lenient, little knowing how this hurts and worries the teacher. These same boys are always on their best behaviour when a strict master is present, a fact which makes the impertinence more pronounced. In many

cases these practical jokers are dismal failures in their studies, which only goes to prove that fooling does not pay in the long run. Another, and perhaps the most caddish form of discourtesy is that of sneering at, or snubbing, fellow students who are apparently not so well off as others.

Walkerville is not entirely free from some of the faults mentioned, still it is a very good school, and, is to many students the best they have known.

In conclusion I will say that, when tempted to "sass" the teacher, or annoy a classmate, one should say to oneself, "He who laughs last laughs best." In many cases one takes this hint and stops in time, but the fool goes on, and earns his just reward.

Arthur Aylesworth

One of the outstanding events of Commencement was the presentation of the Second Carter Scholarship to Arthur Aylesworth. He came to us from Windsor last year and soon made his presence felt along academic lines. Outside of classes, his unflinching humour, and bashfulness, was a source of entertainment to the whole school. We should like to take this opportunity of congratulating Art and of commending his efforts during the past year.



"Say, why do they call some women amazons, Red?"
 "Well my dear, you remember our geographies said the Amazon has the biggest mouth....."

Miss Dickey (who has just lectured on a shepherd who covered a sick lamb with his own coat).—"Have any of you heard of a similar act of devotion and humanity?"

Willie.—"Please Miss, I've heard of a man who put his shirt on a horse that was scratched."

Cnite.—"I've heard that Soper is a finished pianist."
 Shep.—"Good! Who finished him?"

A man rushed excitedly into the smoking compartment of a train.—"A lady has fainted in the next car, has any one got a drop of brandy?"

Instantly half a dozen flasks were proffered. He took the nearest and partook of a good, healthy swig.

"Thanks," he said, handing the bottle back, "It always did make me feel bad to see a lady faint."

Preacher.—"I thought you were going to send me a chicken for my Sunday dinner Harold?"
 Red.—"I was sir, but it got better."

The colored minister had just preached, and then passed his hat around. It came back empty.

Whitmore: "Say fellows, I think Mr. Meade's losing his eyesight."

Mahon: "Why?"

Whitmore: "Well, when I was in the office just now he asked me twice where my hat was, and it was on my head."

"Wer'e going to travel through France incognito."
 "Really? we have a Revault."

Sharp.—Was the audience moved by Jack's singing last night?"

Flat.—"No, but Jack was."

Hen-pecked.—"Im going to call you Holeproof."

Fond Spouse.—"And why, shrimp, are you going to call me Holeproof?"

H .P.—"Because you're always socking me."

He.—"Didn't you say there was something about me you liked?"

Girl of To-day.—"Yes, but you've spent it all now."

Dazed motorist (awakening after a spill).—"Where am I?"

Nurse.—"This is 116."

"Room or Cell."

Co-ed. (as they danced).—"I believe in a girl having a will of her own; I, for one, am not easily led."

He (between the dips).—"So I perceive."

Doctor.—"I'm sorry, but I can't cure your husband's talking in his sleep."

Wife.—"Can't you give him something to make him talk more distinctly?"

Mother.—"Do you want to hear a story about a good little girl?"

Small Daughter.—"Maybe, what was she good at?"



MUSIC



Canadian Folk-Songs

A folk-song may be defined as a song of the people, knowing no definite composer, and belonging to a nation. To define Canadian folk-song is not easy. Canada is so comparatively young and has such a heterogeneous population that there are really no folk-songs, but at the present time the chansons of the French-Canadians in Quebec are considered the national songs of the country.

The majority of the so-called French-Canadian folk-songs have their origin in France not later than the seventeenth century. The early settlers brought the songs of their country with them and passed them down as a heritage until the songs became so incorporated in the life of this country, that they may be rightly called Canadian folk-songs.

It is through these old songs—several thousand of which have been collected in Quebec—that we may understand the temperament of the French-Canadians. There is a charm of simplicity about them that is not to be found elsewhere. The different walks of life are clearly reflected in the varying types of song, some reminiscent of court life, some of pioneer life, and many of the habitant. A number of the old imported songs have been adapted to the conditions of the new land.

A great service has been done for Canada recently, in that a fine English translation of many of these songs has been written by J. Murray Gibbon. He has had the rare ability to keep their true atmosphere. His collaborator and assistant in this work has been Mr. Charles Marchand, who sings this music in true traditional style.

Many Canadians in every Province were privileged to hear some of this interesting national music under Mr. Marchand's direction when it was broadcast from Ottawa last summer at the Diamond Jubilee Celebration of Confederation.

The folk-song of Quebec is not merely a thing of the past but is a living force today. Wherever French-Canadians are gathered there you will hear singing. Who has not heard "En roulant ma boule roulant," "Hier sur le pont d'Avignon" and "Vive la Canadienne?" As Mr. Gibbon says of the love of music in Quebec, "It has done more than anything else to maintain their solidarity amid disintegrating circumstances for over three hundred years."

H.H.B.

Franz Peter Schubert

As the biography of Franz Schubert appeared in last year's issue of the Blue and White it was not considered necessary to give a detailed account of his life again. Nevertheless it was thought expedient to call to our attention the fact that this year is the one hundredth anniversary of his death.

The name Schubert ranks among the first in musical history and brings to our minds the songs, "Hark, Hark the Lark," "The Erlking," and "The Wandered." Franz

Schubert in his short span of life, thirty-one years, wrote a greater volume of music than any other composer. His name will last through the ages as the greatest song-writer the world has ever known.

H.H.B.

Let's Go

On the ninth and tenth of February the annual school play was staged. This year the performance took the form of a musical revue entitled "Let's Go." This revue was under the able direction of Desire J. Bourque. He rehearsed and arranged the performance to perfection in a remarkably short time.

Much credit is due Mrs. Donna Stephenson for her excellent work as pianist. The minor roles were enacted by the pupils while the more important parts were taken by older and more experienced artists from this community. Peter Ryan and Chris Ryan were perhaps the leading characters. These two added much variety and zest to the revue. Other roles were played by Louis Stanley Ball, Ivan McKellar, Charles Neil, Bernice Wilcox, Ethel Farrell, Ian Allison, Norma Millard, Lillian Ball, Margaret McDiarmid, Phyllis Huber, Mary Hodge, Walter Rettenmier, Mr. Philips, and Desire J. Bourque.

All these soloists were assisted by the various choruses, among whom were represented: Smiling Girls and Boys, Bridesmaids, Sailors, Black and White Girls, Orchid Girls, Passing Dancers, Indian Maids, and Bachelor Gay Girls. The gay colorful choruses were enthusiastically received and enhanced the delightful presentation of this year's entertainment.

Frederick Francois Chopin

One of the most mysterious and poetic appearances in the history of music is that of Frederic Francois Chopin, born on the 22nd of February, 1810, in the village of Zelazowa-Wola, Poland. How to explain the haunting perfume, the astonishing perfection of his art? It seems like an improvisation, until you examine it, and find under the surface a structure, delicate but logical, and durable as tempered steel. Chopin, apparently without any effort, achieves a masterpiece. His talent was manifested very early and he had to beware of hallucinations which music frequently caused him—visions, sometimes beautiful, at other times terrible, and painfully distinct.

Chopin kept, when composing, to dance forms, such as the Polonaise and the Mazurka, and within their limits did entirely new things. The waltzes are not dances for the ballroom, but the emotions of the waltz—the waltz spiritualized. The one in E flat, with its brilliant opening, its gaiety and caprice, its sentimental dialogues, is surely a ballroom scene. The conclusion is very poetic, when the initial melody is heard once more, as in a dream. Greatest of all the waltzes is the one in A flat major. The poetic style of Chopin is most gracefully displayed in these waltzes, and in the

nocturnes, which express the dreamy side of his genius.

The nocturne in E flat is in the manner of a serenade, a simple melody ornamented profusely with varieties of delicate arabesques, which are woven about the principal theme. The Berceuse (cradle song) one of Chopin's compositions, is the treatment by an inspired master of a very simple melody of a few notes, accompanied by a bass which is practically unchanging throughout the entire piece.

After Poland's downfall Chopin settled in Paris in 1830. Here he dipped his pen in his heart's blood, composed pieces in which he chanted her fame. The A major, or "Military Polonaise," is a picture of pomp and panoply, the gallantry and heroism of a chivalrous people going forth to war.

The B flat minor sonata, which contains the great "Funeral March," needs no description. It has been heard at a thousand ceremonies for the dead, on a thousand occasions when the fate not only of men, but of nations, hung in the balance.

In the summer of 1838 he became ill, and accompanied George Sand to the island of Majora. In this place he wrote some of his most dramatic and imaginative compositions. Among them were the greatest number of the short pieces which he called "preludes." The one in A flat is idyllic, a dream-picture of a far off, wondrous land. It might be a memory of Majora with its glowing skies and gorgeous flowers.

Let us consider the conclusion of Chopin's career. In 1848 and 1849 he visited England and Scotland.

The following year he died of lung disease. He died surrounded by friends, pupils, and one or two women who loved him. So passed the supreme poet of the piano. "Poets," once said Percy Bysshe Shelley, "are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

Modern English Composers

Since the early days of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, a new and progressive spirit has made itself felt in English music. There is now a group of young men, among them William Wallace, Fritz Delius, Granville Bantock, Joseph Holbrooke, and Cyril Scott, who are experimenting boldly in untried paths, and greatly enriching contemporaneous musical literature. Belonging properly to an older generation is Sir Edward Elgar, who might appropriately be called composer laureate of England. He was knighted in 1902, following the profound impression made by choral work, "The Dream of Gerontius."

Samuel Coleridge Taylor, born in 1857, was a native of Sierra Leone; was educated at the Royal Conservatory of Music. The music of Coleridge Taylor continually hints at something barbaric and splendid. It has a style characterized by color and a pleasing richness of harmony which make his best works stand out among those of his country and period. His most famous composition is undoubtedly "Hiawatha's Wedding," it is a melody of warm and romantic beauty.

Francesco Paolo Tosti is one of the most successful song writers of recent years. He was born in 1846 in Ortona, Abruzzi, Italy. In writing song Tosti's knowledge of the voice serves him well. His gifts of melody, his facile technic, and his instinct for the surest manner in which to play on the heart strings of the public, place him far in the vanguard of successful composers. Some of Tosti's songs, more particularly those which have been inspired by English texts, show that the composer assimilated with exceptional facility the spirit and the manner of the English drawing-room ballad. He was one of the most gifted of modern composers in this style, and such songs as "Good-by" and "Beauty's Eyes," need no description of their familiar beauties.

Tosti was knighted by King Edward in 1909, and died in 1916.



SIMPLIFIED BRIDGE RULES.

1. Pick up your cards as dealt. You will be ready to bid ahead of the others.
2. If your hand is rotten mention it. It will guide your partner in his bid and play.
3. If your partner bids first don't hesitate to raise. He has to play it.
4. Never hurry. Try several cards on a trick until you are sure which one you prefer.
5. Occasionally ask what is trump. It will show you are interested in the game.
6. Don't show lack of interest when you are dummy. Help your partner with your suggestions.
7. Walk around the table when you are dummy and look at the other hands. Tell them what cards are good and how many tricks they can take if they play right.

8. Talk about other subjects during the game. It makes good fellowship.
9. Feel free to criticize your partner. He will do much better as a result.
10. Always trump your partner's cards. Never take a chance.
11. Don't try to remember the rules. It is too confusing.
12. If it is a money game always stop when you are ahead. It will leave a lasting impression and folks will remember you.
13. Always explain your plays particularly when set. It shows your card knowledge.
14. Disagree with established rules and conventions. People will know you a person of independent mind.
15. Eat chocolates, caramels or other adhesive candy while playing. It keeps the cards from skidding.



POETRY



To Autumn

(By Helen O'Neil)

Majestic Autumn, in thy robes of gold
And crimson, garlanded with rustling leaves,
Thy symbol, bounteous grain in amber sheaves,
Thy voice, the whistling of the north-wind cold,
The moon, beneath the heaven's o'erhanging caves
Suspended, is thy shield. Thy royal hand,
Outstretched with benediction o'er the land,
Blesses the fruitful fields with wealth untold.
And yet, with all thy colour and thy strength,
Mature in the ripe vigour of thy prime,
There comes a whisper, with a chilling breath,
That, after harvest-time, there comes at length,
Stark Winter, and that, ruthlessly, dread Time
Sweeps strength and weakness on alike to Death.

* * *

From The Eyes of Fifth Form Men

(By Joe Burns IIIA)

Intended for the young school boys
Alas, we're getting older now,
We tell you, all abash
The girls have put their hair up,
And some boys have a moustache.

But yet we're mighty jolly,
We carefree village lads,
The torture of our teachers,
And the worry of our dads.

Our eyesight is much weaker,
Our brains are in a whirl
Though we can still appreciate
The sight of a nice girl.

What keeps us at this high school?
What keeps us at our work?
The answer we will tell you,
Though you may laugh and smirk,

The answer is, "The Girls," good friend,
Who brighten up our lives,
And we will still adore them,
Until we all have wives.

We bid you "Au Revoir," good friend,
And hope you'll never die,
Through paying too much notice,
To a sweet-faced passer-by.

The Spare

(By Hugh Moorhouse, 3A)

'Tis Composition period,
The teacher is away,
And Walkerville's droning industries
Sound far this humid day.

The breeze through open windows
Is spring-like, soft and sweet;
A dreamy rebellious feeling
Seems ruling in every seat.

Some doze to the medley of sound
Which acts as a lullaby,
Or watch the clock o'er the door
As slowly, the minutes tick by.

A rustling, murmuring stir
Prevails throughout the class,
Till the bell announces noon
And noisily out they pass.

Form 2A

(By Mary A. Hickman)

If one day on your travels
Along the north-west hall
You find a form presided over
By a teacher named Miss Auld,
You'll know that you have found at last,
The form that can't be beat.
And if our advice you will accept
You'll walk in and take a seat.

In Latin, French, or Geometry,
With us none can compare,
And even at Arithmetic
We haven't "much" to fear;
And the only fault the teachers find
With our smart IIA
Is, no matter what the circumstance,
We've got too much to say.

But even though we are so bright
We have our bad points too,
And if you tried to count them up
They wouldn't be too few.
So, please don't think I'm boasting,
Because of what I say,
It's only 'cause I am, you see,
A student of IIA.

Latin

(By Mary A. Hickman)

Latin may be right, Latin may be wrong,
But why when Caesar's dead and gone,
Should we his language have to learn,
Or try its mysteries to discern.

They say it is a language dead,
But yet they make us use our heads,
To see if "dum" takes past or present,
And other things still more unpleasant.

They say it helps your brains to grow,
But it seems to me most brains are slow,
And if on Latin our height depended,
Some folks' growth would be suspended.

But like all things that are, you know,
Latin has its good points, though—
We often find it hard to see
Why such subjects have to be.

Just think, when you go up to Heaven,
The chances are that one to seven,
You will Julius Caesar meet
Walking down the Golden street.

And if he speaks in Latin lingo,
Then, Oh Gee! Oh gosh! Oh jingo—
Wouldn't you feel sort of small,
If you couldn't speak to him at all?

So, perhaps, when all is said and done,
Although it isn't always fun,
In future years when we look back,
For thanks Miss Albison will not lack.

Rowing Against the Stream

(By Anson Moorhouse)

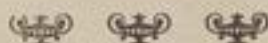
Oh! some folks talk of "drifting with the tide,"
And some of grasping currents as they flow;
But I have found if the stream I would ride
My course points upward, I must grasp my oars and
row
My own small craft, past shoals in waters full,
My progress slow, my efforts often checked
By rocks and shallows, as we strongly pull
With might and main, lest in my course I'm wrecked.

But I am thankful that along the shore
The friends who cheer me, as I row are such,
That I push sturdily onward—more, and more.
Learning the joy through struggling of both, life
gives so much—
If luxury, and ease were offered me,
I should be loath to take them on my lot,
Lest in their smoothness I perchance might be
Set drifting from the oar I've dearly bought.

* * *

POEM

A few more years away will roll,
E're Doctor Shepherd takes his toll,
Or Doc. McEwen, on this earth,
Of we poor mortals, cause a dearth.
Our auburn friend, in course of time
While Willie, in a foreign clime
An engineer, will flourish well,
Will doubtless be a very great success, or what have
you?



Mr. White: Don't call these receptacles pitchers
Buchta. Ther're ewers.

Clarence: Oh they are, eh, and are all these test tubes
mine too?

Taylor: I'd like to get Helen something for her birth-
day. Can you suggest something? Something that will
remind her of me.

Mahon: Sure—a puppy.

First former: (to Bob Young) What are those stripes
for?

Bob: "Why that's my rank."

F. F.: "Well, why has Shepherd such a lot?"

Bob: "Well he's commander—higher you know."

F. F.: "Oh, I see! The higher you get the ranker you
get."

Waiter: "Pardon Sir, but the money you gave me for
your bill includes nothing for the waiter."

McColl: (absent-mindedly) "Of course not, I didn't
eat one did I?"

Doctor: "So Douglas gave up smoking—I'm glad to
see that—That requires a strong will."

Buchta: (finding a dead cat in the back seat of his
fliver) "What will I do about this officer?"

Officer: "Well, you know the law, dont you? Take it
to the post property office, an' if it aint claimed in six
months it's yours."

Cady: "Hey, waiter, this steak's burnt as black as a
cinder."

Waiter: "Oh yes sir, a mark of respect to our cook.
She died yesterday morning."

Henry: (campaigning from soap box) "And gentle-
men, humble as I am, I am a fraction of this great
institution.

Willie, from rear: "Yes, and a vulgar one too."

Game-keeper: "Well, my lad, I thought you said you
weren't poaching. How did that rabbit get in your
pocket?"

Beaton: "Well I am surprised! she must have crawled
in and got suffocated while I was sleeping under the
hedge."

SHORT STORIES

May The Best Girl Win!

(By Robert S. Critchell, IVA)

"I'm in love again—do de oh d eoh do,—darn that phonograph! It must have the croup! besides, its philosophy is all wet," announced Eustace Ravenal Scripps IV, senior-to-be, at Williams. Enconced in a huge, over-stuffed, red leather chair, (which, by the way, was the only piece of furniture in the room not in a complete state of dilapidation), God's gift to college appeared to be very much at his ease. Two iron cots, a few miscellaneous pennants, a photograph of the most popular screen star of the day in a rather alarming state of undress, and the inevitable, decrepit phonograph, completed the picture—a typical dorm. room. "Yes, its philosophy is all wet," reiterated Mr. Scripps.

"Huh! Don't agree with you at all, and as far as I can see, his lordship, the Professor, never gave you much credit for any knowledge of philosophy whatsoever, much less allowing you to render any opinions on the subject," quoth George Quincy Adams Mulligan, a blonde, sallow-visaged young man, who, with a cigarette dangling between his lips, was more or less suspended in the air, one leg firmly entwined about the iron bed-post at an angle of about forty-five degrees, the other stretched out in front of him, while he had thoughtfully placed a pillow on the floor for his head. "Moreover, the phonograph is correct! I am in love again!"

"Goodness!" groaned Scripps IV, rolling his eyes heavenward, in piteous supplication. "Presume I'll have to listen to a lengthy account of that young lady's virtues, physical and mental, with a plentiful supply of your well-worn adjectives to boot. Well, commence—get it out of your system! Tell me, is she married?"

"There's no necessity for you to be insulting, Scripps. She's the sweetest, purest girl in all the world,—and her name is Mary."

"And she sings in the choir, teaches Sunday school, helps mamma with the housework, and, of course, she hasn't bobbed her hair," snickered Scripps IV.

"Am I telling this story or are you?—and as far as that goes, you'd better discard this would-be cynical attitude, pronto!—or you won't get another word out of me," was the haughty retort.

"Dear me, I don't think I could bear it. You'll drive me to drink!"

"Scripps, please don't be so facetious. I've been seeking an opportunity to tell you about this for days. Don't you understand? ...I'm deeply moved! I'm in love! This is the crucial point in my life, Scripps! She's divine! Why Scripps, she's—"

"That so, Quincy Adams? How about that little blonde at the Mardi-Gras in New Orleans last year, or the sloe-eyed, surpentineing damsel out in California, not to mention a half-dozen others," pursued his tormentor, relentlessly. "Let me see, if I remember correctly, we bought four engagement rings in as many weeks on that trip, and succeeded in retrieving three

of them. One girl was lucky."

"Scripps, don't be crude," remarked the smitten one, with an air of injured hauteur. "This girl is different."

"They always are," murmured Eustace Ravenal.

"Oh, well, it's useless to discuss such reverent matters with one of your temperament. I expected as much. I'm going out for a walk."

George Quincy Adams Mulligan grew sullen and uncommunicative. He stalked to and from classes, strictly alone,—a man living in a world apart,—greater than common clay. But he continued to grow more morose day by day, until his room-mate, Scripps, became genuinely worried.

At last the blow fell! Quincy Adams came into his room, hurled his books to the floor, glared at his astonished room-mate, and—suddenly—he stopped,—cocked his head on one side, listening intently—there was no doubt about it, he was right—rippling down the corridor came the strains of "I'm in love again—do de oh de oh do,"—

"Scripps," said he, with a murderous glint in his eye, "unless you want to act as star witness to the sudden demise of a well-meaning phonograph, be so kind as to have them shut that darn thing off!"

"What's on your mind?" inquired his brother-arms, with admirable calm under the circumstances.

"Scripps, I think my heart is broken. It's Mary, Scripps! She's left me flat! Mary, Jones, the most wonderful girl in the world. I'm cured! And all for a fellow with a fancy horn on his roadster! I'm through with women, absolutely disillusioned! To think that she could be so heartless! Mary Jones! All they care about, Scripps, is the number of dates you give them, the kind of car you have, and whether you know enough to take your hat off in the house! They're nothing but cold-blooded gold-diggers, Scripps! Promise me, old fellow, that you will profit by my experience and never fall in love. Give me your word, Scripps, it's the only safe means," said Quincy Adams, dramatically.

"Anything you say, George. Don't take it so hard. You'll get over it. There are other girls."

"I shall never recover from a blow as deep as this," groaned his room-mate. "My life is nothing but utter ruin."

The summer vacation came two weeks later. Scripps went to Boston, while the heart-broken Quincy Adams returned to his home in California.

A month afterwards, Scripps received the following missive from his friend:

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hunt Peterson announce the wedding of their daughter, Patricia Hunt, to Mr. John Quincy Adams, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Pryor Mulligan, on Friday, July the twentieth, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight.

Thus endeth the first lesson.

Cherchez le chien

By for the greater number of people who write about dogs, are fond of the species. Well, I'm not. In consequence, this dissertation may be somewhat out of the ordinary.

I hate little dogs, I loathe midde-sized dogs, and I'm afraid of the big ones.

Despite this fact, in my own way, I remain a lover of the lower animals. The octopus appeals to me as being a very handsome creature. Besides this, I am informed that it is of great practical value, as it can be used in the manufacture of ink; tigers have a charm all of their own, while sheep, dead or alive, I find of more than passing interest.

But these remain in their proper and natural sphere. They don't fight duels in public streets, or loll around in reckless extravagance or drawing-room carpets. My friends, and intimate acquaintances, don't expect to share the davenport with the family octopus. Neither do they tie blue ribbons round its neck, and request me to have my picture taken with it. I have never been asked to leave the larger portion of my roast beef that the family sheep might benefit thereby; nor, does my sprint for the morning street car ever involve me in a tangle with a lusty full-grown tiger, imbued with the virulence of youth, and the idea that I want to play with him.

As far as I can gather, there seems to be a sort of understood tradition that the rights of man are a secondary consideration in comparison with the rights of dogs, and an idea that where man can go, there may dogs go also. I resent this especially.

My idea of an ideal pet is a serpent, for which animal I have a very great regard. They are, I'm told, satisfied to eat once a month, and, once having satisfied their hunger, sleep for days at a time. They don't bury bones in gardens, or chase cats up trees. Neither do they annoy the neighbors with incessant barking, nor assail every friend of the family who visits the house. They have never been noticed to form a habit of chasing automobiles, or passing cyclists, nor do they require a license; nor a kennel to sleep in. Moreover, during the period of coma, which I am told, results after a hearty meal, they may be used in a practical manner, by being converted into a razor strop, or should one desire, may be looped artistically round the chandelier, as an ornament.

Their upkeep would not be expensive, as they are wholly carnivorous, and could exist splendidly upon dogs. After their demise, the skin can be converted into a rug or belt, or what have you?

For another matter, the appellation "dog" implies a wonderful variety of animals. A kangaroo is unmistakably a kangaroo—short-necked, with a pouch and a tail and are always painted brown. I respect kangaroos. I know one when I see it, and never confuse it with a herring or an ant-eater. Ducks, dongkeys and dromedaries can also be reasonably defined, but any object on four legs, which is the possessor of a back, biting fleas, in more or less abundance, and a cold nose, can be termed a dog, and inflicted as such on humanity at large.

It may be a microscopic creature, bearing a pronounced relation to a feather duster, a creature which I with the greatest of equanimity could drown in Poisson's "derby," or it may be an animal of magnitudinous proportions, with all the physical attributes of a tigress, and none of her good-nature.

It may be a small spoonful of hairy jelly, of doubtful origin, but of Chinese nationality, or it may be a long gaunt creature like a hunk of cotton. In any

case, irrespective of size, colour and breed, one has to endure it in silence, as comments upon it may lead to disruption among friends.

Naturally, I have heard all the old arguments of dog-worshippers and devotees. Many times have I been bored by hearing "Red" Kidd proclaim the intelligence of dogs. Dogs, he avers, are more intelligent than many men. In fact, his grand-mother has one like that.

Men, I maintain, are intellectual, not intelligent,—dogs are neither. Moreover, the dog in question, whose ability he boasts of, almost devoured me on two occasions. This, of course, seriously impressed me.

Friend Alton, who inhabits the same locality as yours truly, was the possessor of a dog. The colour of which was closely related to iodine. I have, upon occasion, stepped very fiercely on its neck with perfect equanimity. On these occasions, it very frequently emitted a yelp. It being of German extraction, according to Alton, I presume it yelped in German.

I now regard Mr. Pepper as being extremely impatriotic. In my estimation a beaver, or a caribou would make an admirable pet, and would be representative of his native band.

The cleverness of these two canines, has never yet dawned on me, but even should it exist, with equal justice can the claims be made for many other animals.

There have been elephants, seals, and performing fleas, whose mental dexterity have astounded the world. But, in view of this, no person to my knowledge has ever willingly given his house over to fleas or elephants; and most people prefer goldfish to seals.

People aver that the dog is faithful—a friend of man. The dog is faithful to one person only—the man who gives him his meat. So, for that matter, are poets and cabinet ministers.

The real truth, in my estimation, is that the dog, to lovers of his tribe, is a sacred animal, although these self same people regard with more or less disgust the coloured gentlemen of tropical climes, who set apart the bull or serpent as objects of their veneration.

Similarly, should I delight in seeing Alfreda Begbie on roller-skates, being towed by her faithful puff-adder, whilst the sight of Alton, gravely admonishing the family rattle-snake for dragging bones under the victrola would be illuminating. The bull too, is a very excellent animal, and is closely associated with round-steak, jellied tongue, and roast beef. In consequence, I could put up with bulls. But no one ever heard of a dog producing anything.

When I am awakened at two o'clock in the morning by a musical canine's rendering of "Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata," I feel in no manner enamoured. When a particularly offensive looking creature, safely esconced in some woman's arms, yelps at me in fluent Chinese, I must bear my humiliation in silence. Were a rabbit twice the size to make such impertinent faces at me, I should be fully entitled, by all the laws of human nature, to shoot it dead upon the spot.

Dogs, however, are the possessors of an inborn right, to treat any man with contempt, and they fully exercise this privilege.

When a galloping "police dog" knocks me over, steps on me, ruffles my hair and rolls me on the ground, it is of no immediate consolation or satisfaction to be assured by its owner that it was "merely playing." Such an excuse, in my eyes, certainly does not exonerate the dog. Neither I am particularly enthused, when a couple of healthy airedales sniff at my heels, with evident disdain, and suspicion.

I have sought many remedies for the malady. I

have, on divers occasions, been informed by persons of great intellectual ability, that the South American puma makes an admirable pet, and devours dogs with relish. I have often contemplated the purchase of one of these excellent animals, but have been dissuaded on the grounds that I should be personally held responsible for the creature should it come to live at our home. The puma, I am informed, is extremely susceptible to cold weather, in consequence I should have to give up my bedroom to it, and take up my abode in the basement. As a result, the suggestion while admittedly good, rather falls flat in some respects.

I have also learned on good authority, that dogs hate the smell of a skunk, and that they will not suffer being in the vicinity with one. Consequently, a skunk carried around in the overcoat pocket would prove adequate protection. Unfortunately I am none too keen on the smell of a skunk myself.

Being now practically at my wit's end, I should be very grateful for suggestions, which might supply a solution to the "dog" question. No person, however, need submit an answer, who is not in perfect sympathy with my creed.

—Wm. M. Duncan.

* * *

Yang-Tse Kiang in the Eyes of the Tourist

(By Catherine Cox IVA)

Leaving the ocean liner at Shanghai the tourist has his first glimpse of China; yet this is not China proper, but an international city, where East and West are mixed to an extent which can be found in few other places. There, travelling side by side down the street is seen the automobile, the horse carriage, the rickshaw, the sedan chair, and even the humble wheelbarrow. On the narrow sidewalks people of every race and nationality jostle each other; each attired in his own particular dress. The hustling European pushes his way through the crowd, while the sauntering native lazily shuffles along, seemingly without a worry. Then the Japanese in his gay apparel clatters alongside the Hindu women with her sari.

Boarding the steamer at Shanghai for Hankow, which is a distance of 650 miles up river, the tourist passes through the least interesting part of his trip. Here the river is about three miles wide, the banks are low and wooded, many picturesque towns and tall pagodas are seen as he passes. The dirty yellow river is crowded with craft of every description. Thousands of smoky junks of every size and shape swarm up and down this highway of Central China.

At Hankow the tourist changes to a smaller steamer, for above this point the river becomes shallower and narrower. The land gradually rises into low hills which are well cultivated. As the steamer stops at different cities along the river, he has passing glimpses of the life in these places. The professional beggars come out in their large tubs crying their uncanny cries. Many of these people make their homes on the boats, and it is not uncommon for a family of even nine or ten to live in this way. Nearing any city the tourist notices the pagoda, which the superstitious Chinaman builds at either end of the city, as a means of safeguarding the city from evil spirits. The idea being that the spirits when trying to enter the city are caught on the projecting points of the pagoda. These pagodas are usually built on the top of hills.

As he travels up, the tourist notices the natives pulling up the junks and small boats. These men are known as trachers, and are considered the lowest class of Chinamen. There are usually eighteen or twenty

men needed to pull one boat. These men, at the end of a three hundred foot or more bamboo rope, are the motive power for the clumsy, flat-bottomed boats. Should this rope break or the boat strike a rock in the rapids, the result would be disastrous.

At Ichang the traveller boards a still smaller boat, but with an engine of much greater horsepower. Above Ichang the beautiful but treacherous gorges of the Yang-Tse begins. If the tourist so far has been delighted, he is now enraptured by the scenery. The hills are covered with trees, grass, and flowers, in profusion. Where possible, these hills are terraced and cultivated. The hills slope gradually up from the banks of the river; nesting in the valleys are pretty little villages set in feathery clumps of bamboo. Here the steamer is obliged to stop at nights, as the river is so treacherous and narrow. The tourist, if he goes ashore, is sure to attract a curious crowd of men, women and children, who swarm out to have a look at a white person, because in this district foreigners are few. Returning to the steamer at dusk he meets with another superstition of the Chinese. Floating down the river are miniature boats of bright red which are made of bamboo and red paper, lighted by candles. This sight is but short lived as the water soon extinguishes the light.

The next morning, continuing his journey up the river, the tourist passes through the Wind Box Gorges, so called because of the peculiarly carved coffin shaped boxes high up in the side of the cliff which is almost perpendicular. The reason for these strange boxes is still a mystery. After the Wind Box Gorges and nearing the end of the trip the countryside is similar to that which was passed through previous to the Wind Box Gorges. The remaining scenery is much the same and by noon the next day he reaches Chungking, a typical Chinese city, where he no doubt spends little time but much money buying souvenirs from the shrewd Chinese pedlar, who knows his customer to be ignorant of the real value of his wares.

* * *

Attic Whispers

(By Ellen Bennett)

Manor Lodge was an old-fashioned mansion, which boasted an attic so crammed with such a variety of discarded articles that any second-hand man would have considered it an ideal shop just as it stood.

On a very cold night the wind had sneaked in through very tiny chinks and narrow cracks, and it whistled a most provoking tune to the shivering occupants of that dreary attic. The crippled grandfather clock, peering into the darkness, listened for as long as it could, and yawned a lazy tick-tock, tick-tock, as it fell asleep.

In one corner where there seemed to be more chinks than elsewhere, a few shivering books were complaining:

"This is perfectly outrageous!" moaned a faded volume of David Copperfield. "Just because everyone thinks I'm old, and worn, and old-fashioned, I am shoved up here, and a beautiful new modern novel is purchased."

"Yes," wailed an ancient book of etiquette, "it is cruel. Why, only a few days ago that poodle decided to rip me up, no more, so Susan brought me up here."

"How mean!" groaned a dusty volume on the Boer War. "I've been up here for several years now. I suppose they are such peace lovers downstairs that they couldn't bear me around. Since I've been here the nice have found great sport hopping all over me. I think they called it a 'jig'."

"Well," piped a voice in the corner, "I can't com-

plain. You know Barbara isn't a child now, and we could hardly expect her to enjoy me."

The books all turned and saw a volume of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" with a beaming smile on its face.

"You always were impossible," snorted a very dilapidated edition of that famous "Mother Goose." "Imagine a book that couldn't complain shoved in a corner of such a miserable attic."

"Good land!" exploded a Primer. "None of you have anything to complain about. Why when Barbara and Susan were little mites they destroyed me, and then they giggled and giggled, as though it were a very bright thing to have done."

"That's about what Jim did to me," groaned an old Arithmetic. "One day he couldn't think of a new excuse so he just ripped out a couple of pages and told the teacher they weren't in his books. By the time the term was over I was beyond repair."

"Oh!" complained a Chemistry text. "My pages do

ache so. It was Jock Jones who owned me. He never even poked his nose inside my covers nicely, all the time he had me. I never had any exercise. My covers and pages ache so painfully that I could scream."

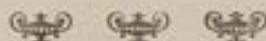
"Well, a silly girl owned me," said a Zoology book. "I felt very silly and out of place because she always laughed at the pictures in me. I couldn't help it, and I wished I belonged to someone else."

"Oh, what a complaint," said an old Geography. "If I were—"

But here the books hushed their conversation because the grandfather clock awakened from his sleep and demanded quietness.

The next morning while cleaning the attic, Mrs. Danvers decided that the old books were of no use and sent them to the furnace.

The clock grinned joyfully as the mistress rid the attic of the noisy grumbling books.



TODAY'S HEALTH HINT

It is considered extremely unwise to sign one's "nomine de plume" to a cheque.

SCIENTIFIC NOTE

The piece of cheese which Willie put in the cupboard last spring is beginnin' to show signs of life. Up until press time however, it was still in a partial coma.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

Shep: "What do you know about that?"
 Red: "What do you know about that?"
 Willie: "What do you know about that?"
 Cutie: "What do you know about that?"

COMMENTS FROM THE PRESS OF "1950"

Doctor G. H. Shepherd, the celebrated Canadian surgeon, has further added to his name by a successful tonsil operation on an aged bagpipe.

Mr. H. C. Kidd, the renowned engineer, has recently patented a device of extraordinary ingenuity, for shelling peanuts.

Mr. Wm. M. (etc.) Duncan, the trusty village constable of Peshawar, has arrested another criminal. This makes the third in twenty years. Business is lookin' up.

Dr. K. McEwen, late of Kingston, Ontario, successfully removed a set of false teeth, a meerscham pipe and a Christmas tree from an elderly weiner.

SPORT PAGE

Keith McEwen cut Marion Gibson's photo out of the "Star" the other day and Red hung it up over the aquarium as an inspiration.

OBITUARY

In loving memory of our pet turtle "Demosthenes" who died some time ago. Gone but not forgotten.

STOP PRESS COMMENTS

None.
 Well, what do you think of our execution? "Enough! we see you are in favor of it."

Quoth the Raven—"Nevertheless!"
 or was it
 "Nevermore!"

Cutie, (discussing the integrity of a friend) "Oh, he's all right, why I'd trust him with my life."
 Willie: "Yes, but suppose he got his hands on something valuable."

Shep, (suspiciously) "Have you submitted this poem before?"
 Cutie (budding poet) "Why no?"
 Shep. "Well where did you get that black eye then?"

SCOTCH JOKE

Red (in restaurant) "Will you have a doughnut now, or a meringue?"
 Willie: "No, No, you're quite right."

Cutie: Yes, everything about our house has its story. It's a fine old place."
 Red: "Well! I don't doubt it. What's the legend connected with the piece of cheese I had for supper?"

"It looks like rain."
 "Yes, but they call it coffee!"



ALMA MATER

To The Alumni

Are you not weary in your distant places
Far from the Collegiate of your youthful days,
You who are learning of acids and bases,
Of maths, of moderns, or scientific rays,
When into your studies you plunge with a heartache,
And after a while your mind seems to roam
Isn't it queer that the road it will take
Is to the dear old Collegiate at home?

Loudly chatter the students through our halls
The teachers speak, their words come echoing back
When to exams each month we answer the call
To study, cram, or solve each fact.
We bear the load of many classes
We are seniors, we strive, we endure.
God's pity for you dear Alumni
Who are far from our blue sky demure.

—I. Leishman.

Valedictory

I wish first of all to express my appreciation on being asked to give the valedictory address this year. I certainly consider it an honour to have been chosen from the many graduates of '27 to speak to you tonight, and on behalf of these graduates, I wish to thank you, one and all, for your interest in our work of the past, as well as for that shown on this occasion, and also, for the educational advantages with which you have favoured us, in helping to build and maintain this lovely school.

We graduates who have left the collegiate, return warm thanks to our teachers, who have striven to prepare us for our future welfare. They have laboured faithfully with us, and have helped us in every possible way to obtain success in our studies. At times they have remained after school, or have come early in the morning to help pupils who were behind in their studies, and in many cases, we never would have passed in our exams if our teachers had not come to our assistance. Our principal, Mr. Meade, also deserves great credit for the way in which he has carried out his duties, both in regard to academic work and sports.

As we look back upon our high school days we cannot restrain the thoughts of regret that rise in our minds. We who were once classmates, who shared the same studies, fun and frolic, and who worked to gain the same end, are going out now into various walks of life. From now on our paths will be in different directions, and the ties which have long bound us will be broken, but wherever we may be, we shall always remember our days in the Walkerville Collegiate as the happiest of our lives.

Many of us have been in the Collegiate since the opening of 1922, and we have seen it grow from a

high school to a collegiate. Walkerville, unlike many schools of its age, has won a name for itself, both in academic work and in sports, and I am sure that we all hope to see it attain even greater success in both, in the near future.

But we must say farewell now to our school, and former classmates, and, harder than all, to our teachers who have tried so hard to make our school life one of pleasure and profit, and not a drudgery. Yes, we must say farewell, the time of parting has arrived at last.

So, to our school, our teachers, and our classmates we say goodbye, and although we leave with many regrets, we shall always carry in our minds pleasant memories of our high school days, to cheer us on our road through life. And may all the graduates always take keen interest in the work of the school and its pupils who will be the graduates of the future.

I thank you all for your kind attention and extend best wishes from the graduates of '27 to all future graduates under the Blue and White colours.

—Marion Allison.

Choosing Your Vocation

Perhaps as you have gone on your merry way to school, day after day, free from cares and anxieties, you have had little thought of what Dame Fortune has in store for you, or what your place in the world would be in the future. Perhaps there has never yet come a time in your life when you have had to choose for yourself—when your future depended on your decision.

For many, this is the last year in school, and to you, and others, will come these questions, which you alone can answer. Is this my vocation in life? Is this my talent? Will this mean success for me in later life? Remember as Phillip Brooks once said, "The man who aims at the stars comes nearest hitting the tree tops." When the time comes for you to choose your life work, try to choose wisely, and take up the work for which you are best fitted.

After you have made your choice, adapt yourself to the situation at hand, and whether at your vocation or your avocation, always do your best. Do not be satisfied with your first endeavors. Compare them with others, and keep striving for a higher ideal.

The following poem states my idea clearly, and seems to be a most suitable one to quote here:

"To every man there openeth—
A way, and ways and a way,
And the high soul climbs the high way
And the low soul gropes the low
And in between on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro;
But to every man there openeth—
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go."

—Mary Ferris.

History of the W.C.I.

A date never to be forgotten by many is that of September, 1921, when the Walkerville Collegiate Institute was first organized under the name of the Walkerville Continuation School.

In a few rooms of the King George School with ninety-three pupils, under a staff of three members, Mr. Meade, M.A., as principal, Miss Toll, B.A., the head of the commercial department, and Miss Auld, head of the English and Art, the Walkerville Collegiate

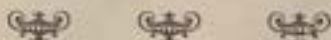
began, as an infant school, and has steadily grown until today it ranks as one of the best in Canada.

But so small a space could not forever hold the growing multitude of students, and in September, 1922, the new Walkerville Collegiate was officially opened.

Perhaps it would be interesting to become acquainted with the first staff of the Collegiate. The staff consisted of the principal and nine teachers.



First Staff of W.C.I.



Mr. Robert Meade, M.A., principal; Miss A. McWhorter, B.A., Moderns, English; Miss J. Beasley, B.A., H. Science, French, P.T.; Miss M. Auld, Art, English, P.T.; Miss M. McKnight, B.A., Science; Miss M. Runians, B.A., Latin, History; Mr. Day, Manual Training, P.T.; Mr. Donaldson, B.A., Mathematics; Mr. McArthur, B.A., History, English, P.T.; Mr. McNaughton, B.A., Geography, English, P.T. Miss V. L. Leavitt, school nurse; Dr. J. Martin Deans, school dentist; Dr. A. Phelps, school doctor; Mr. W. Thorburn, Secretary-Treasurer, Board of Education.

Since this time household science and manual training have been abolished, but the attendance has become so large that it has been necessary to increase the staff to fourteen members. It is an acknowledged fact, that, throughout the province of Ontario, the Walkerville Collegiate Institute ranks exceedingly high. This honour, without doubt, reflects the high standard and excellence of the teaching staff, and this is fully demonstrated by the efficiency of the present staff.

BLUE AND WHITE



Staff of 1927-28

Principal, Robert Meade, M.A.; Miss M. Auld, Art, English, P.T.; Miss M. Brown, B.A., French, C. History, P.T.; Miss A. Dickey, B.A., English, Moderns; Miss J. Allison, B.A., Latin, History, English; Miss L. de Arosamena, B.A., French, English, P.T.; Miss D. Bergoigne, B.A., French; Mr. H. T. Donaldson, B.A., Mathematics; Mr. J. L. McNaughton, B.A., Geography, History, English, P.T.; Mr. J. J. Hartford, Mathematics, Science; Mr. W. O. White, B.A., Science; Mr. W. M. Ball, B.A., Mathematics; Mr. L. Philp, B.A., Latin, Botany, P.T.; Mr. W. Horwood, B.A., Latin.

The Collegiate at the present time consists of twenty-two ordinary class rooms. Besides these there are special rooms for the teaching of Biology, Art, Physics, Chemistry and Cadet Corps.

Besides the above class rooms the school has an immense gymnasium, library, apparatus room, armory, auditorium and swimming pool.

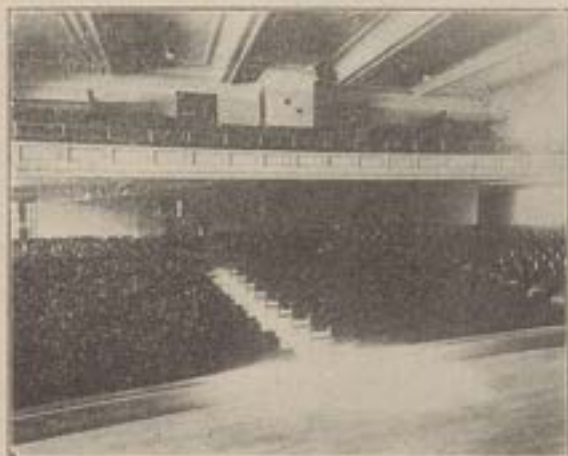
A full Collegiate course takes five years and is divided into three parts: a lower school course of two years, a middle school course of two years, and an upper school course of one year.



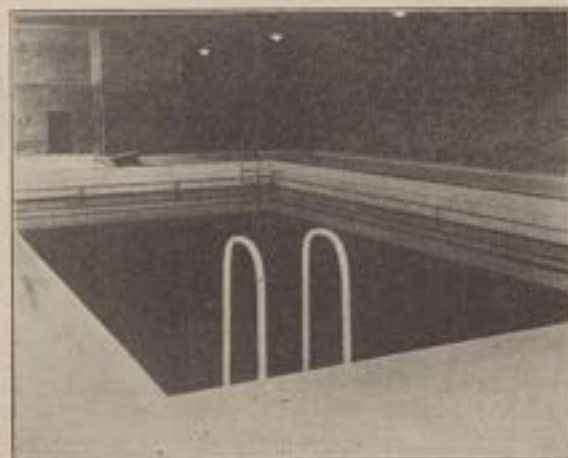
The library is situated on the second floor above the main entrance to the building. It is equipped with excellent books, pleasing for all students. It is also used as the board room.



The gymnasium is fairly large having the dimensions of eighty feet in length and forty-eight feet in width. It is well equipped with every apparatus necessary and has an excellent seating capacity.



At the front entrance to the Collegiate is situated the auditorium having a seating capacity of eight hundred people, equipped with modern appliances to be used by the students. The stage is considered one of the best built in any Collegiate due to both its depth and width. The operator's room is situated at the back of the balcony and is equipped with the latest type of moving picture machine.



The swimming pool is regulation size and is one of the most up-to-date plunges in the Border Cities. There is an excellent diving board at the deeper end of the pool while the other end is kept for the beginners in the art. The water is kept clean and warm. The plunge is always in the care of an instructor during school hours.

Hello People:—

I sat at my desk by the window—pen in hand. Perhaps I was meditating a vast epic—a story in which I might recount in stately measure, the wonderful history of my country—the noble deeds of its generals and admirals, the accomplishments of its scientists, the progress of its citizens toward universal enlightenment.

And I sat at my desk by the window—pen in hand. Perhaps I had some musical score in my mind—a sonata that would rival Bach or Beethoven, or a melodious opera that would vie with Verdi—but alas, fate was unkind. It was, as the truth must be told, looking backward, day-dreaming and seeing those happy visions of the few years I spent at the Collegiate.

How great I thought it would be to be away from exams and homework, but as I look back to those carefree days, I cannot keep back the thoughts that flood my mind. We grads have left the school but 'tis only in body not in thought. Oft in my spare moments I think of my school life, my friends who shared my fun, my classmates who shared my studies.

To you who are still enjoying this life, make the best of it, for you will never regret it. It is only at this time when we have taken the responsibility of life on our own shoulders that we realize the faithfulness of the staff; alas we have not their kindly advice to guide us in our chosen course, but we may remember with gratitude their best wishes.

And now upon turning to your studies, do not neglect them, but choose your profession early, and stick to it. This letter, dear people, may not be cheerful for you, but wait until you are a graduate and asked to write a letter to the students, then you too will: "Sit at your desk by the window pen in hand."

—Bill Thorburn.

• • •

Hello Folks:—

May a comparative stranger shuffle in? Thanks. I suppose none of you people know me, but please consider that my misfortune, and take this opportunity of meeting a graduate, and a staunch moral supporter of my old school.

Do you remember that line, "O for a muse of fire"? Well, that is my cry now. What shall I talk about, since unasked for advice is never heeded; soap box speeches are imbecilic; moral sermons are boring and lastly—just where do your interests lie?

Let me take the liberty of an old friend and ask each of you to turn the spotlight of your minds within yourself and pick out your greatest fallacy; look closely and with the unattached eyes of a bystander. Do you see—procrastination? Then repair that fault for it is a common one and one easily corrected. Do you see physical cowardice? Are you a good player until the grinding crisis, and then, a craven—well, that too, is easy, grit your teeth, tense your muscles and crash that line. Or is it a mental complex that is retarding your destined progress. Do you feel that "you" are always the cynosure of all eyes,—the goat of all jokes, and the dumbbell of all classes. If you do—you had better "snap out of it." Slangy? No doubt, but nonetheless true and, at once very emphatic. And if you have a superior complex—student, your days are numbered. What boy wishes to play with another boy who is the bully of the crowd, what girl wants to chum with one whose very person radiates supreme self-satisfaction? Then the bully reaches manhood and has written over his face and possession, "Ego." Turn your eyes to the girl. The years have fulfilled the promise of her youth and we find her domineering and arrogant. The tragedy of it all is not in the result but in the fact that no one tried to lead them to the light in a purely friendly manner.

If you aren't asleep by now won't you try to remember to subdue your bad points? If necessary, forcibly eject them and set up your strongest virtue as the king in your own private little democracy of "Self."

Good-bye students, if I haven't annihilated the entire school, will the survivors ask me back again soon?

Sincerely,

Jessie M. Churchill.

Graduates 1927

- Ted Brewer, last year's sports' editor, we hear, is now working in a Windsor Bank. We are astonished—he never did before.
- Norma Myles, our former classmate, has found employment at Farrow's, the Customs Broker. We all hope that Norma succeeds as well in the business world as she did while here at school.
- Daniel Cassey, last year's language friend, is working at the Bridge Works. He is frequently seen biking to work.
- Mary Ferris, the girl with the "million dollar smile" is finishing her education at the Windsor Business College. Good luck, Mary!
- Bert Mahoney is now attending the Windsor Collegiate and is conspicuous among our rivals at basketball games.
- Evelyn Butler is training to master the typewriter at the Windsor Business College. Here's hoping she succeeds!
- Hugh Munday, strange as it may seem, is working and his evenings are spent at Night School.
- Grace Bull is following in her sister's footsteps and learning all there is to know at the Windsor Business College.
- Richard Ortvad is pursuing his studies at Michigan State College. It is rumoured that he has been seen riding horseback Prince of Wales style!
- Edna Service—Everyone will be interested to know that Edna Service has gone to the Windsor Business College after having completed her course at the Walkerville Collegiate.
- Jack Rankin, our late ten second man, is now at Chryslers. His reputation for speed now lies along different channels.
- Jean McKinnon only stayed with us a year, now we hear that she is attending the Windsor Business College.
- Donald Scaman is at the School of Trades. He is said to be starring on a local basketball team.
- Blanche la Bute is another of our graduates who has gone to the Windsor Business College.
- William Thorburn spends part of the day at the Windsor Business College. The rest of his time is spent here in the scenes of his childhood.
- Edith Thomason, after having completed her course at the Walkerville Collegiate is taking a business course at the Windsor Business College.
- Norman Williams, "Duke" we hear is wasting his talents in a drug store. What a voice for an auctioneer!
- Margaret Lowry is attending the Windsor Business College preparing for a business career.
- Arthur Aylesworth, who in former years was somewhat of a landmark around these parts has betaken himself to positions new. Arthur is attending the University of Detroit. Our loss, however, is Detroit's gain, for Arthur was one of the most brilliant students Walkerville has ever produced.
- Marion Allison, our gem at basketball, is now employed at the Traub Manufacturing Company. "Shrimp" is now a star on the Lincoln Road Cardinals.
- Douglas Jackson, who has occasionally paid us a visit since last September, has now taken up his abode at Assumption College.
- Edith Bunclark can boast a peculiar distinction. She was the only pupil in Modern History last year and got honors in it too. She is now continuing her education at the London Normal School.
- Dave Mitchell is according to rumour the vice-president of the Imperial Bank of Canada, and has been a permanent member of that institution since last July. Banking must be a profitable occupation these days, at any rate Dave is sporting a new suit and "derby."
- Margaret Flint, we hear, is now doing her daily dozens on the typewriter at the McCallum's Business College.
- Charles Pollard, who in days of yore, was a member of this great institution of learning, has disappeared from the eyes of man. Anybody here seen Snub?
- Elinor Wortley is now attending McGill University. We hope that she is just as successful in her new work as she was at the W.C.I.
- Cameron Scott is now a member of Assumption College where we understand he is doing extremely well. The only trouble there, he says, is that cigarettes are hard to get, as very few of the fellows smoke, while most of the priests chew.
- Alfreda Begbie—We hear that Freddy is becoming quite adept at bouncing the old typewriter over at Tech. Atta girl!
- Jeremy Walker, who for several years studied at Walkerville, at present is working at a well-known local firm. He is to be congratulated on his success as he obtained all his subjects last year.
- Ethel Goodwyn has given up school work and has become a lady of leisure. Pretty soft, eh!
- Myer Witus, whose company we enjoyed for four years is at present attending the Detroit City College, where he is doing very well.
- Valena Mifflin is another one of these stay home girls. We don't think it a bad idea.
- Walter Chadd is at present a gentleman of leisure. This life is evidently suited to Chadd as he is putting on weight.
- Margaret Paul has resumed her studies at the Detroit Business Institute. We wish her all kinds of luck in her attempts in the business world.
- Archie Dennison is employed in the office at Fords where he licks the stamps, fills the inkwells, and puts the cat out at night.
- Mary Potter is at Tech. Mary, who was one of the regulars on the Girl's Team is still loyal to her old teammates. That's the spirit!
- Bill Hallman, who was once a person of some importance around these parts has taken up abode in Cleveland, Ohio.
- Lucille Sansburn is now enrolled at the Art School in Toronto. Lucille may some day be artist at the Royal Court. Who knows? Anyway we wish you all kinds of luck, Lue!
- Roy McDonald, who graduated last year, is working in his father's office. Though Roy seems a little thinner, he says he's feeling alright. Too much work, maybe?

SOELETY

September seventh the school year began. The halls were simply alive with ruddy-faced freshmen, glowing with animation and hope, and here and there one could pick out an upper classman, worn with care. All were glad to see their old and new friends again. Each pupil was assigned to his own form, then dismissed for the day. The following day school began in earnest, and everyone settled down to a hard year's work.

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The first meeting of the Girl's Athletic Association was held in the school auditorium on Thursday, September the fifteenth, at 4.15 o'clock.

The constitution was read, members enrolled, and officers elected for the ensuing year. The new officers were: Honorary President, Mr. Robert Meade, M.A.; President, Vesta Brooker; First Vice-President, Miss Jean L. Allison, B.A.; Second Vice-President, Marion Gibson; Secretary, Elinor Kester; Treasurer, Shirley Bennett; Manager, Marion Gibson.

Miss M. Ada Dickey, B.A., spent the Christmas holidays in Toronto, where she was the guest of friends and relatives.

On the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth of December Mr. G. F. Rogers, Inspector of Collegiate Institutes and High Schools of Ontario, visited the Walkerville Collegiate. He inspected the school and the work. The report Mr. Rogers gave was very favorable.

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At the annual commencement exercises on December fifteenth Mr. Rogers addressed those present. He gave the school an A-one standing in everything, and was highly complimentary of the staff and its work.

• • •

The annual commencement exercises were held on December the fifteenth, nineteen twenty-seven, at eight o'clock. Reverend Mr. Kersey acted as chairman for the evening.

The newly-organized school orchestra, under the able direction of Angelo Russo, charmed the audience with a number of pleasing selections.

Presentation of High School Entrance Certificates to King Edward and King George Schools pupils by the principals of the schools took place. The Lower, Middle, and Upper School Certificates were presented by Principal Meade.

Presentation of the Medals and Cadet Shield took place, the various members of the Board doing the honors.

Arthur Aylesworth, a graduate, was made the recipient of the second Carter Scholarship. This was presented by Inspector Rogers.

Miss Marion Allison, one of the graduates, in a very charming manner gave the Valedictory Address for the graduating class of twenty-seven.

Other parts of the programme were contributions by Daniel Cassey and the Walkerville Collegiate Octette.

The programme was brought to a suitable close by a one-act play, called "The Ghost Story." This was enacted by the fourth form students.

• • •

Many of our graduates spent the holidays with their parents. Some of these were: Catherine Young, Lucille Sansburn, Elinor Wortley, Edith Bunclark, Edith Gunther, Eleanor Courtney and Richard Orved.

• • •

When the Boys' Soccer Team went to Chatham to play off with London, a number of the fairer sex accompanied them along to victory. Among those noticed were: Misses Bernice Blow, Lillian Bull, Mary Hickman, Jean Churchill, Mary Ferris, Isabel Leishman and Nora Low.

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Miss Lillian Bull attended the annual "J" hop at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, on Friday, February the third.

• • •

Miss Elizabeth de Pencier Coatsworth recently had as her guest Miss Dorothy Stewart, of Kingsville.

• • •

The Girls' Basketball Team delightfully entertained the Sarnia girls on Friday afternoon, February the seventeenth.

The Walkerville team served the Sarnia girls a dainty lunch in the cafeteria before the game. The long tables, neatly arranged, were very striking with their decorations of blue and white.

After the game the Walkerville girls had arranged a dance at the school in honor of the Sarnia team. Everyone had a very enjoyable time.

W.C.I. Dance Was Gala Function

The W. C. I. annual dance, held on Tuesday, December the 27th, in the Collegiate gymnasium, was one of the most colorful and most enjoyable functions of the school year.

A feature was the presence of a considerable number of graduates who were home from various schools and colleges for the Christmas holidays.

The gymnasium was beautifully decorated and made an ideal setting for this occasion. Decorations of an elaborate nature had been arranged. The interior of the gymnasium radiated in a bright hue of harmonizing colors. Blue and white were used extensively. Blue and white streamers radiated from the artistically-arranged chandelier. A huge English "W," charmingly contrived in blue and white, formed an effective setting. Palms, and ferns served as a suitable background for Williams' Orchestra.

For those who did not care to dance, Chesterfields and comfortable chairs were arranged around the gymnasium.

The floor was specially finished for the occasion, and no detail was overlooked in order to make the dance a big affair.

The gowns of the young ladies gave many a gay touch of color to the lively scene. Youthful enthusiasm, the holiday spirit, and good music combined to make the affair a memorable one.

Lending their patronage for the affair were the members of the School Board and their wives.

Many pupils of the W. C. I. spent their vacation abroad. They were the guests of Mr. King's touring party which visited many European countries. Included in this party were: Elinor Wortley, Geraldine and Patricia Cooper, Isabel, Charles, and Edward Penny-father, and Donna Stephenson.

Stewart Young is hard at work once more after having rapidly recovered from his accident. Everyone was glad to see him once more in his old place in class.

Dr. Deans, from all reports, is leaving as soon as school is dismissed for an extended motor tour by way of the States. He is expecting to motor across the continent to California.

On Friday, March the ninth, many of the Collegiate pupils left by motor and by train for London, to see the return game between London Central and our own boys. All through the game the team was enthusiastically cheered on to victory by the great number of Walkerville supporters.

Douglas Drake, and Bill Sansburn spent their Thanksgiving in Toronto. They were the guests of Miss Lucille Sansburn, who is attending Toronto Art School.

The annual convention for the benefit of editors and reporters of the various high schools and collegiate institutes of Ontario, was held in Toronto, on November the twelfth. Miss Jean Allison, B.A., critic, and Robert Young, editor, were our representatives at this convention.

Friday was devoted entirely to addresses by prominent newspaper and magazine editors. These addresses were thoroughly instructive and educating. The next day was open for discussion among the representatives. Various difficulties were brought forth and suitable

explanations and answers were given. They not only had a very enjoyable time, but received many new and helpful ideas, which will be of great assistance in the editing of future Blue and Whites.

Mr. Jack Gregory spent his Christmas holidays in Port Huron. He was the guest of relatives.



Fashions

Those who are interested in fashions will find that flowered georgette, washable prints, and voiles, are fashionable for the summer season.

Circular skirts are very popular this year, and the ensemble suits are to be worn more than ever this spring.

Jewelry is no longer purely ornamental, and accessory to a chic costume. It is now a real part of the gown, according to showings in Paris. For evening, as a means of introducing a sharp note of color, Chanel uses long chains and matching bracelets of disc-shaped jewels. The waist line is ornamented with a liquid aqua-marine, or frequently a belt of Rhinestone strands. Jenny, one of Paris' leading designers, has an amazing way of heading the pocket of a sport blouse with an animal pin, a dog, cat, elephant, or a squirrel of cut-out silver.

Mitzi Tells Us—

This season, to be fashionable, one must have a little hat for each outfit. Felt, visca, and ribbon hats, will be most popular. For the young ladies who are letting their hair grow, Mitzi tells us about close-fitting "dance caps," elaborately ornamented. These are, of course, for evening wear, and serve to hide the nasty ends of hair.

The double-headed pin is being removed from the millinery line, and is now found as blouse decorations.

Footwear for Spring

The latest reports from Paris tell us that colored shoes are again the vogue, blue kid predominating. Low cut, ties, and built-up slippers, are all fashionable. Cuban heels are displacing the high French heels with the fashionable women. All kinds of reptile leathers are popular for spring.

What The Young Man Should Know

Smart cuts and colors will again be the vogue in spring styles for Mr. Fashion. The two or three button sack coat will still retain its popularity. The colors will

By Gerald Cooper

be the light greys, tans and browns, with tweeds predominating. The shoes should be of brown with the lighter colors, and black with the more conservative suitings. His new spring top coat should be the same model as his suit coat, and should incline to the moderate in color. His cravats should harmonize with his suit, and under no condition should he wear a striped tie with a striped shirt. His hat will be the most radical change in his wardrobe. The new spring models are narrow-brimmed with a higher tapered crown. The color will be grey, or brown, depending on the color of the top coat.

The question of appropriate golf clothes permits a much wider latitude in the selection of the type of clothes, as well as, their color. Golfers to-day go around a course in slacks or knickers, and either is correct. Loud colors and bizarre patterns in sport clothes, as well as accessories, are never worn by men of taste. Sweaters and golf hose, to be smart, should be of plain colors or heather mixtures, and where a pattern is introduced into the weave, it should be so small in size, and restrained in color, as to be barely discernible. White linen knickers are very smart for the unusually warm days, while those of wool contain the necessary

warmth to exclude the cool winds of early spring.

A question that is never amiss is how Mr. Fashion should wear his dinner clothes, and what is proper for the formal function. The cuts for the popular dinner jacket vary with the mood of the younger crowd. They have reduced the coat from the old uncomfortable square cut, to the well-rounded short coat which looks so smart on young and old. The white vest is now being worn, and, while it is quite correct, it is not nearly as smart looking as the black silk vest with a small pattern running through it. The trousers should never break upon the shoe, but just brush the top.

Shoes have changed, too. The old patent leather, while it is still worn, is gradually giving way to the newer and much better looking gun metal. The shoe itself should have a plain toe cap, and be conservative in shape.

In ties, the new French bow has become very popular. Black onyx is appearing instead of mother-of-pearl for cuff links and studs, although it is not nearly as smart. The pleated shirt is coming forward, and to those who prefer comfort to absolute correctness it is making a strong appeal.

W. T. WHITE.

THE BIOLOGY LAB. MANUAL

Compiled by Members of B.L.A. (Biology Lab. Association)
MEMBERS

NAME	Nickname	Favorite Sport	HEADING FOR
Grosvenor H. Shepherd	Shep	Girl	"McGill" and medicine.
Thorold C. Kidd	Red	Girl	"Western" and lots of fun.
William M. Duncan	Willie	Dodging girls	"Bonn" and the British C.S.
Keith McEwen	Cats	Girls	McGill and more medicine.

Colours: Blue and White

Party Song: "The more we are together, the merrier we'll be."

The Biology Lab. was extraordinarily well represented at London last week—during the basket ball finals. Several rumours of the activities of certain young men have reached our ears. Having tactfully broached the subject, we received the following epistles.

My Dear Fellow:

The fact that that guy who slides down the bannisters of the Hotel Fraser, at three o'clock in the morning, minus his shirt, looked like me, is merely a very peculiar coincidence—I was in bed at the time. However as I have no desire to have any infamous report or rumour associated with my name, I will be pleased to see you at the "Capitol" some night before long. Whenever you want to take in a show, just give me a ring.

Sincerely yours,
Willie Duncan

P. S. I trust the enclosed ten spot may correct any erroneous impressions.

Dear Editor:

I have heard it rumoured that you have insinuated that the reason I remained up all night was because I was interested in a certain young lady. This, of course,

is another mistake—everyone knows I suffer from insomnia. I shall call you up some of these days, before going to Varsity; and if you ever need a saw-bones, I shall be pleased to oblige, gratis, Sincerely

Keith McEwen

Sir:

I understand that you have given credence to an unfounded rumour, to the effect that the reason I stayed out all night was because I met a young lady from the "City of Trees," with whom I struck up an acquaintance. The enclosed cheque, will I trust, correct this impression.

Sincerely,
T. C. Kidd

The only reason we have nothin' to say about Shep, is because he remained at home.

Society Note:

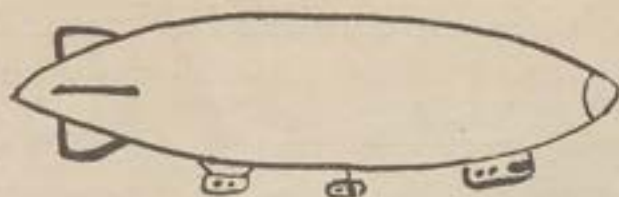
The leather-back turtle, our most recent acquisition to the aquarium, is now quite at home.

ECONOMIC BULLETIN

Helen O'Neil was quite complimented when our turtle came to the surface when she looked into the water. She needn't pat herself on the back because of this however, for a piece of linen had the same effect last week.

HITHER

THITHER



EXCHANGE

EXCHANGE

This issue of the Black & White Magazine shows an increase in our Exchange Department.

An Exchange Department is an important part of a school magazine. It provides helpful advice and criticism. We shall appreciate your opinion of this number of the Blue & White, and hope that you will accept our criticisms in the spirit in which they are given.

The Collegian

We like your magazine. It shows originality.

St. Andrews College Review

Above our criticism.

Trinity University Review

A splendid magazine.

The Howler - North Toronto C. I.

An excellently planned and well written little paper.



ALONE, ALONE, ALL ALL ALONE!

Christmas dance at school. A gym floor converted into a ballroom. Handsome men and pretty girls. Dancing couples almost as stately as in the days of the square dance. Flashes of color from the girls' dresses contrast with the dark of cavaliers. A scene of beauty and quiet sophistication in jazz age.

Suddenly an immaculate youth groomed with distinction, broke from the stag line and stopped before an alluring wisp, so fragile, and yet so virile, the prettiest and most popular girl on the floor.

"May I break," he said.

The girl nodded and spoke, "Do you know who you are dancing with?"

"No," the immaculate youth replied.

"You are dancing with Martha Mayo, God's most divine gift to man."

"And do you know whom you are dancing with?"

"No, whom am I dancing with?" Martha Mayo asked.

"Not a darn soul," and our hero turned and left her in the middle of the floor.

Acta Victorianna

Your reading material in the form of essays and fiction is of the best.

Oakwood Oracle

A genuine pleasure to read and very helpful.

The Screech Owl - Bowmanville C. I.

A good magazine. How about a few more pictures?

Tech Tatler (Rivedale Tech) Toronto

Your department headings are well done.

Windsor-Walkerville Tech.

Nicely arranged and written. We commend your number of pictures.

London Central Collegiate Review

One of the best it has been our pleasure to read.

BUSINESS IN WALKERVILLE

According to the beggar is poor.

According to the undertaker is dead.

According to the druggist is vial.

According to the musician is sound.

According to the author is just write.

According to the horseback rider is falling off.

And according to the bootlegger it is corking.

Show girls?

Of course.

"Just fancy Jim refusing to marry you. Didn't you tell him about your rich widowed aunt?"

"Yes."

"And didn't that make any difference?"

"It did, Jim's my new uncle."

McEwen: "Yes, my hair's falling out badly. Can you give me something to keep it in?"

Barber: "Yes sir, how about a nice cigar box."

AROUND THE ROOMS



Form IVB

'Tis the Voice of the Schoolboy

"All the world except the United States lies in the temperance zone."

"The sun never sets on the British Empire because the empire is in the east and the sun sets in the west."

"Finally James II. gave birth to a son, so the people turned him off the throne."

"The Minister of War is the clergyman who preaches to the soldiers."

Queen Elizabeth rode through Coventry with nothing on, and Sir Walter Raleigh offered her his cloak."

"Henry VIII. was very cruel to Anne Boleyn, and ironed her." (The history had said "He pressed his suit on her.")

"Shakespeare lived at Windsor with his merry wives."

"The king wore a scarlet robe trimmed with vermin."

"Wolsey saved his life by dying on the way from York to London."

"After twice committing suicide, Cowper lived till 1800, when he died a natural death."

"The Immortal William is a name applied to the former German Emperor."

"Barbarians are things put into bicycle wheels to make them run smoothly."

"A soviet is a cloth used by waiters in hotels." (A serviette.)

"Polanius was a mythical sausage."

"The masculine of vixen is vicar."

Mr. Meade (in study period): "Jack, could you tell me the meaning of the word 'horse-power'?"

Jack (thinking hard): "It is the amount of weight a horse can lift with his foot. I don't know whether it's the front foot or the back foot."

Teacher (showing the class a picture of a deer): "Johnny, could you tell me what the name is of this animal?"

Johnny: "No, teacher."

Teacher: "Well, Johnny, what does your mother call your father?"

"Well, teacher, it doesn't look must like a jackass."

Mr. Horwood (in Latin space): "Miss Lanspeary, will you please leave the room?"

Marion: "I wasn't going to take it with me."

Teacher (coming into room in the midst of loud noise and uproar): "Order! Order!"

Adkin (suddenly waking up from after-dinner nap): "Ham sandwiches and a cup of coffee."

"No home-work prepared over the week-end again?" (Surely every teacher knows all home-work is prepared by the weak end.)

Miss A.: "I see only three pupils who seem to know their work."

Ted: "Please, who are the othe trwo?"

Teachers—and Teachers!

Miss Blank, who wished to become a candidate for the position of teacher in the public schools, went up for her examination recently. She was called upon to read a passage from "Macbeth," which closes with the words which Macbeth speaks to Lady Macbeth:

"Prithee, come with me."

"And what," asked the examiner, "do you understand 'prithee' to mean?"

"I understand it to be a corruption of 'pray thee,'" replied the would-be teacher, surprised at so trivial a question.

"I am glad," said the examiner. "The lady who came just before you assured me that it was the Christian name of Macbeth's wife."

Form IVA

What some members of IVA will be doing in 1948:

Luther Clarke: Still arguing.

Wrigley's walking advertisements: Irene Flint, Ivor Cross.

World's heavyweight champion: Edwin Hockswood.

Isobel Hallman: Still preumping and giggling.

Art West: Walking down the street scratching the air about eight inches from his head meets a friend:

Friend: "Why Art what are you doing?"

Art: "Nothing, just scratching my head."

Douglas Vaughn: The human gramophone.

Miss Burgoine (pointing to little scraps of paper under desk): "What are those things under you desk, Clement?"

Clement (blushing): "My feet, ma'm."—The Hermes.

We didn't know of Mildred Gordon's attraction for Gordon Patterson. But it must be so as Mr. White proved it by the Theory of Magnetism.

Glendal Shafer (throwing gum in basket):

Dear chewing gum, I weep to see

You thrown away so soon,

You haven't lost your flavour yet,

For I bought you just this noon.

—The Hermes.

Mr. McNaughton (reading): "And the stately Austrian Ambassador was dragged from his coach so that the angry mob might chalk on his boots number 45."

Feminine Voice: "Was that because his shoes were

so large, Mr. McNaughton?"—The Hermes.

Mr. Ball: "Now where is the centre of this circle, Roy?"

Roy (awakening sleepily): "Oh——"

Mr. Ball: "Correct."—The Hermes.

Mr. McNaughton (in IVA): "I shall now give you a few minutes in which I want you to run over Europe."—The Hermes.

Form V

Cliff McKinnon (when he had just run down a pedestrian): "Hey! "while you are under there, take a look at my brake rods."

Mr. Philp: "Now tell me, Bob, when is the proper time to gather fruit?"

Bob Young: "When the dog's chained up, sir."

Hugh Soper: "After my death the world will realize all that I have done."

Ray Beaton: "Yes, but you'll be out of harm's way by that time."

Songs and Whom They Remind Us Of

"Baby Feet Go Pitter Patter"—Joe Turton.

"My Wild Irish Rose"—Helen O'Neil.

"Forgive Me"—Ronald Todgham before Miss Dickey.

"Sleepy Head"—Keith McEwen.

"Varsity Drag"—Anson Moorehouse.

"Red Lips Kiss My Blues Away"—Jan Allison.

"Among My Souvenirs"—Cliff McKinnon looking at one of his public school report cards when he used to stand first in the class.

"The Sheik"—Mr. Donaldson.

Bill McColl: "Now, what would you do if you were in my shoes?"

C. McKinnon: "Take them off before I'd trip over them."

Newsboy: "Great swindle! Seventy-four victims!"

Mr. Meade (buying paper): "Hi! I can't see anything about a swindle."

Newsboy: "Great swindle! Seventy-five victims!"

Miss Dickey appeared in class with a badly dilapidated optic. The question which was immediately circulated chanced to be "I wonder whose key-hole it was?"

Jean C.: "What's the matter, Keith?"

Keith M.: "Eyes tired."

Jean C.: "Such terrible grammar! You should say 'I am tired.'"

Miss Dickey (making the slip): "Any other absentees here?"

A Little Physics

The number of questions a co-ed answers in class varies inversely as the number of times she answers the telephone at home.

We Wonder Why

Historians have never mentioned the girl who walked home from Paul Revere's midnight ride.

Miss Dickey: "What mood is the author in, in this poem?"

Isabel L.: "Same as Lawrence Alymer."

M. D.: "Yes, the same as Alymer in the brook."

First Husband: "How did your wife take it when you won the Christmas sweepstakes?"

Second Husband: "All at once."

Where the Dirt Shows

Teacher: "Surely you know what the word 'mirror' means, Tommy. After you've washed what do you look at to see if you are clean?"

Tommy: "The towel, sir."

A Scotsman and an Englishman went into a restaurant for tea. When this was served the Englishman caused some amusement among the people by saying loud enough for them to hear: "Now you be mother and pour it out."

The Scotsman did so. At the end of the meal he reached for his hat and said "Now you be father and pay."

Henry Bull: "I quarrelled with Bill Young. I should have beaten him black and blue if I hadn't been prevented."

Isabel Leishman: "Who prevented you?"

Henry: "Bill."

Specialist: "I assure you, madam, my course will make an entirely different woman out of you."

Client's Husband: "That settles it. Take it, Margaret—never mind the cost."

The Welsh soldier was accused at a court martial of showing cowardice in the face of the enemy.

"Run I did," he said in defence, "but the colonel's fault it was. 'Strike for home and country,' he said. 'Right,' I said, and struck for home. They are all there yet who struck for their country."

First Loafer: "I hear all the men have gone on strike."

Second Loafer: "What have they struck for?"

First Loafer: "Shorter hours."

Second Loafer: "Luck to 'em. I allus did say that sixty minutes was too long for an hour."

Miss Dickey (in Oral Composition Class): "Beaton, can't ou speak out louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself in."

Cady: "I went to a stag party last night."

Morrow: "Yes, I saw you staggering as you came in last night."

Stue Young: "My father is a doctor, so I can be sick for nothing."

A. Moorehouse: "My father is a minister, so I can be good for nothing."

Mr. Donaldson: "Van Wagoner, it gives me great pleasure to give you 85 on the exam."

Van Wagoner: "Aw, give me 100 and enjoy yourself."

Jean Churchill: "When it comes to using the tongue, a woman can generally hold her own."

Winston Mahon: "Well, I wish to gosh she would."

Willie Duncan: "What's a dry dock?"

Keith McEwen: "A thirsty physician."

Alvin Crouchman: "Let's see who can make the funniest face."

Bill Young: "Nothing doing. Look at the head start you've got."

Rules for Willistead Park

Couples making love will beware of the rubber plant. While driving through the park don't speak to your horses. They carry tails.

All the animals are not in cages. There are some dandelions on the lawn.

* * *

"Did you know that Xanthippe, wife of one of the greatest ancient philosophers, was a great scold?"

"Certainly; but just think what a great tease her husband was."

"A great tease?"

"Yes, Socrates."

* * *

Doug. Finch: "I went to bed last night and dreamed that I died."

Irvine Simpson: "And the heat woke you up?"

* * *

A little boy was sitting behind a bald-headed man at church, who was scrotching the fringe of hair on one side of his pate. The old gentleman kept it up so long that at last the boy became interested, and, leaning over, said:

"Say, mister, you'll never catch him there. Why don't you run him into the open?"

* * *

Dumb: "If a guest at a restaurant ordered a lobster and ate it, and another guest did the same, what would the latter's telephone number?"

Bell: "8-1-2."

* * *

Who the boy was who got a face massage the night of commencement?

* * *

Who is the teacher who owns that dilapidated old Ford we see standing out in front of the school occasionally?

* * *

Stewart Young: "Something's falling from the ceiling on my clothes."

Willie Duncan: "You've got dandruff. Use Listerine."

Notes Form 2B

Gretchen Lenox has suggested to Miss Auld that the girls' team wear Lenox overalls instead of the present suits, but in spite of the fact that she offered the premium of a pitchfork with each suit the proposal was rejected. However if anyone would like a pair she will exhibit the latest styles on appointment.

* * *

Mr. Ball was heard to remark that "there's no crook like an educated crook," so you can't blame me for my low gradings—Erring Emma of 2B.

* * *

It has been rumored that Nora Low is taking Latin seriously.

* * *

It has been suggested that our budding young orator, Brock Andrews, be made Class Historian.

* * *

Rushbrooke's hot air might be of some use in the Bugle band.

* * *

Bob Boyer has cultivated the habit of chewing "horsefeathers."

* * *

Gordon Hall's idea of an optimist is a boy of IIB who comes in the morning hoping to get out at four.

* * *

Oh, well, when you consider the matter in Walkerville Collegiate and Form 2B the Border Cities have

a lot to be thankful for.

* * *

POEME

A boy I like
Is Kenneth Kribs
He never pokes you
In the ribs.

But one I don't
Is Benson Toll.
He looks at girls' stockings,
And spots a hole.

Another one
Is Harry Wogott
His face reminds me
Of a maggot.

A dangerous girl
Is Liz McLaren,
Some shiek will take her
To his harem.

A girl with a look
Is Norma Low,
It knocks fresh he-men
For a row.

A darling child
Is K. K. Kribbs.
On Sunday he wears
Red Silk Bibs.

A desperate man
Is Robertson.
We hear he has
A new cap gun.

A handsome guy
Is Joe De Rush.
His hair would make
A wire brush.

Another one
Is Stanley Van
We know he is
A wild, wild man.

Some characters I've tried to pen
In verses only four lines long.
So now I'll sign I.P.E.M.
And hope that I have done no wrong.

* * *

M. Belanger: "Do you know that lazy man's song?"

O. Bunt: "No, what is it?"

M.B.: "Moonbeam, kiss her for me."

* * *

Mrs. Hawken: "And is my boy really trying?"

Miss Allison: "Very."

* * *

"Wanna buy an apple, Mister?"

B. Patterson: "No thanks, I have one—of Adam's."

* * *

B. Toll: "There must be something wrong with this paper, sir. I don't think I should get zero."

Mr. Hartford: "Neither do I but it's the lowest I'm allowed to give."

* * *

A New Yell for Walkerville

.....(the names of three Russian battle-
ships) sis-boom-ba(names of two
Chinese generals) Walkerville.

Hints for Teachers Who Wish to Prevent Copying on Exams

1. Search each student before writing, noting especially the cuffs and ruler.
2. Place each student two seats apart.
3. Furnish each student with blinders, ear muffs and gags.
4. Call out the reserves and station a guard over each student.
5. Don't set exams.

Some of the Gang in 3A

- Breeze, commonly known as "Breezy." A wonder at selling advertising space.
- Don McGorman—Clever chap, though he manages to hide it successfully under a drawly, bored exterior.
- Shirley Bennett, jolly, good sport, popular, a friend to everybody—that's our Shirley.
- Rutherford Clarkson, looks like a prize-fighter, chews

gum like a trouper—darn good fellow when he's asleep.

- Joe Burns, the artist in embryo. He can produce caricatures of our worthy instructors that will set the gentle inmates of 3A into convulsions.
- Jimmy Stewart, crack basketball player. That's about all we know of him, though. He's not around much.
- Carl Witus, he's about big enough to stuff in your ink-well. But can he grin! Don't ask.
- Daisy Bean, the one redeeming feature of 3A. The perfect scholar—and yet she's a good sort, too.
- Art Hall—Well you know Art! He's a blonde—need more be said!
- Phyllis Love—An awfully sweet girl—ask anybody—especially Don McGorman.
- Gordon Hall, the disturber of the peace according to the Authorities.
- Andy Leishman, just a pint of Scotch, but with a kick in it!
- Miss Bergoine—She manages to be a teacher and a good sport at one and the same time—mighty popular with us 3A-ers.



INFORMATION

"Wonderful monument over there. Whose is it?"
 "The University's."
 "No, I mean what is it of?"
 "Marble, I guess."
 "But what does it represent?"
 "About ten thousand dollars."
 "Thanks."

Servant: "There's a man to see you, sir."
 Mister: "Tell him to take a chair."
 Servant: "He has sir. He's taken them all, and they're moving the piano out now. He's from the furniture store."

Officer (examining recruit): "Have you any scars on you?"
 Recruit: "No, but I can give you a cigarette."

"Do you file your finger nails?" "No, I just throw them away after I cut 'em-off."

Have you heard about the Scotchman who blew out all the tires on his Ford at a free air station.

How to turn your spare hours into profit:
 Go over to the railroad yard. Keep your eyes open, after an hour or so remove the cinders and sell them for emergency fuel.

He: "How many students are there at this school?"
 She: "About one out of every ten."

David: "Do you like the Songs of Solomon?"
 Saul: "Not as much as Irving Berlin's."

Irishman: "You're a Canadian, you were born in Canada."

Scotchman: "No sir! My mother and father were Scotch, so am I Scotch."

Irishman: "You were born in Canada, so you are a Canadian even if your parents were Scotch."

Scotchman (heatedly): "Well, if a cat had kittens in an oven, would you call them biscuits?"

Willy—"..... and I might add that I intend to blow my brains out."

Nilly—"Well, you'd better go into the kitchen where the linoleum is."

Living Skeleton—"What's become of the India rubber woman?"

Dwarf—"The boss just bounced her."

Taxi Driver—" \$16.50."

Victim—"All right, just put it in the garage."

"Gimmie a match Bill."

"Here it is."

"Well here it is."

"Well, can you beat that? I've forgotten my cigarettes."

"S too bad; gimme back my match."

"I'm banking on you my man," said the grave digger as he threw in another shovel of dirt.

"You certainly do slay me" said MacBeth to MacDuff

SPORTS

HOCKEY

In this, the King of Winter Sports, the Walkerville Collegiate was not as successful as in other departments. The Blue and White puck chasers had, however, the pleasant task of aiding the Windsor-Walkerville Technical rink artists in their successful drive for the Junior W.O.S.S.A. Hockey Championship. This year's squad consisted of George Crabtree, goal; Bill Bryce, Doug, Leseur (Capt.), Harry Roberts, defence; Ed, Pen-

father; Achie Stinchcombe, J. Petruniak, Harold Atkins, Ivor Cross and Gordon Ashley, forwards. The most outstanding figure of the season was George Crabtree, whose excellent net tending was a feature of every game. Although Mr. Ball and Mr. Phelps worked the Walkerville team in every possible play they were unable to outguess the Junior W. O. S. S. A. Champs.

Hockey Team



BACK ROW—R. CLARKSON, W. N. BALL, B.A. (COACH), D. LESUEUR (CAPT.),
H. ROBERTS, I. CROSS, MR. L. PHILP, B.A.
CENTER ROW—W. BRYCE, G. ASHLEY, H. ADKIN, J. PETRUNIAK,
E. PENNEFATHER.
FRONT ROW—G. CRABTREE.

Soccer

The fall of 1927 meant just another season for Mr. Ball to pilot Walkerville's Soccer Squad to the championship of Western Ontario's Secondary Schools. Mr. Ball's task was considerably lighter this year due to the fact that he had to break in only three new men. As most of last year's champions returned to fill their respective positions, the few vacant berths were eagerly sought by the large field of substitutes. By a series of eliminations the best were found, and we congratulate Mr. Ball on his choice.

The Blue and White eleven went through the local group without a single defeat. Having thus won the honor of representing this section, Walkerville remained in the home camp, and London Central attempted to dethrone the W. O. S. S. A. kings. Walkerville won this tilt, but when they invaded London's territory a different story was told.

As games were the deciding factor, a tie resulted and a third game on a neutral field was necessary. Chatham was the site of the deciding battle, and, supported by a large crowd of rooters the Walkerville boys booted their way to a 4 to 1 victory and again the trophy, emblematic of W. O. S. S. A.'s Soccer championship, remained to decorate our halls.

This year's squad carried a new goalie in the person of Al Carley, who has made his debut in the Old Country game. Al's guarding was very good, as shown by the two lone goals scored during the season. The back field held familiar faces, those of Bill Young and Archie Stewart. Due to the strong kicking on the part of both of these boys the Walkerville goal was never in danger. Roy Fox, Doug. Vaughan and Doug. Drake constituted the half back men. Captain Jimmie Stewart and his running mate Ray Beaton, were the right wingers and never was the enemy goalie at rest when these boys were in a scoring mood. Stan. Venning was the pivot man, and executed the task quite efficiently. Ian Allison and Willie Duncan were the left forwards, and were never outdone by their right hand mates when it came to scoring. Keith McEwan, Neil McClymon, and Jim Hawkins, were the new men who did substitute work often enough to win the coveted "W's".

The following are the scores of the season:

LOCAL SERIES

Walkerville 5, Technical 0, at Walkerville
 Walkerville 3, Windsor 0, at Windsor
 Walkerville 6, Technical 0, at Technical
 Walkerville 1, Windsor 0, at Walkerville

FINALS

Walkerville 0, Sir Adam Beck 1, at London
 Walkerville 4, S. A. Beck 0, at Walkerville
 Walkerville 4, S. A. Beck 1, at Chatham

Conscientious Cop (to the frantic father returning from Bob-Lo with 8 children.—"Hey, stop."

E. F.—"What's the matter now?"

C. C.—"What have you done?"

F. F.—"Nothing officer."

C. C.—"Well, what's the crowd following you for?"

Cadets

Last year the Walkerville Collegiate had one of the largest cadet corps in Western Ontario. The loyal spirit which has characterized our school, again came to the front and enabled us to win the much coveted Cadet Trophy.

With the invaluable help of Capt. McNaughton, who was untiring in his efforts, Cadet-Commander Grosvenor Shepherd and his officers turned out this splendid battalion. Well over two hundred boys were enrolled, and for several weeks before inspection the officers were busy turning raw recruits in smart cadets.

On May the seventeenth, we had our annual inspection, which was held at Stodgell Park. The battalion marched there, and drew up in line for the General's Salute, and the march past. It certainly was an inspiring sight. We were inspected last year by General Armstrong, his aide-de-camp, Capt. Lawson and Lt. Col. Gillespie.

The battalion, company, and platoon drills, were excellent, as were the performances of the auxiliary units. The result was that a few weeks later we received the news that we had won the W.O.S.S.A. Cadet Shield.

An important feature of the program was the presentation of the flags by the I.O.D.E. The service which was rendered by the Rev. Battersby, and the presentation by Mrs. Stodgell were very impressive.

Golf

Another championship came to the Walkerville C.I. last October, when our golf team, consisting of Howaro Ryan, Archie Stewart, Jimmie Stewart and Douglas LeSeur, drove their way through the pouring rain to the golf championship of the Border Cities Secondary School. Thanks to Mr. C. A. Rosier of the Little River Golf Club, this branch of sport has been made possible. The Walkerville boys proved themselves capable to meet any weather, and steadily crept ahead of the Windsor and Technical School golfers. Howard Ryan was the outstanding player of the day, and, due to low score, he was awarded the privilege of one year's play upon the Little River Golf Course. We wish to take this opportunity of congratulating the boys who are somewhat of pioneers in this branch of sport in the Walkerville Collegiate.

"Brudders," he said, "let us pray! Oh Lord, I thank Thee, that among such mean rotten people I have got my hat back safe."

Shep.—"What have you got in the shape of cucumbers?"

Dealer.—"Bananas!"

Willie.—"How much for the plums?"

Clerk.—"Twenty-five cents a dozen sir, and fifteen cents a dozen for the bruised ones."

Willie.—"Bruise me a dozen then please."

Cutie (looking at his plate).—"What the duce is this?"

Waiter (interested in lunch).—"That's a bit of the 'Merry Widow,' sir."

Soccer Team



BACK ROW—Douglas Drake, Willie Duncan, Archie Stewart, Mr. W. N. Ball,
B.A., (coach), Willie Young, Ray Beaton.

CENTRE ROW—Keith McEwan, Stanley Venning, Jimmie Stewart (Capt.), Ian
Allison, Douglas Vaughan.

FRONT ROW—Jim Hawkins, Albert Carley, Neil McClymont.

Athletic Group



BACK ROW—BILL YOUNG, SYLVESTER CROCKER, JOE BETHLEHEM, ARTHUR SCOTT.
FRONT ROW—DOROTHY FRANCIS, VESTA BROOKER.

FIELD AND TRACK EVENTS

As autumn was working out its colour box on the leafy monuments and Mother Nature was pouring her bounties over the land, the Walkerville Athletes were drawing the rewards of their faithful training. This year has been a high light in Walkerville's track and field history, in so far as Arthur Scott won for Walkerville the senior boys' championship of the Border Cities. Although he was nosed out by Bill Young for the school championship, Art went into the intercollegiate meet and carried the Blue and White colours to first place in the mile, half mile, 220, 440, and running hop step and jump, thus totalling 20 points.

Due to the combined efforts of the Walkerville representatives, the Blue and White banner was placed in second position, another achievement of which we are

justly proud.

At our own field day at Stodgell Park, Bill Young again carried off the honors for the senior boys' division. Walkerville will lose one of its most versatile athletes when Bill graduates this year. Prospects are bright, however, in the case of Joe Bethlehem, who won the intermediate championship. Joe has three years ahead of him and, judging by past performances, will continue to do great work for the Blue and White.

The junior division was copped by Sylvester Crocker, in whom we can see great promise, and for whom we wish every success.

In the girls' section, Vesta Brooker, who last year shared the senior girls' honors with Isabel Leishman, this year had the leading position. Besides guarding the hoop, Vesta proved herself quite at home on the cinder path and jumping pits. Dorothy Francis won the

BLUE AND WHITE

junior girls title. Dorothy's strong points centered in the weights and jumps.

The following is a summary of the results at our field day at Stodgel Park:

* * * * *

SENIOR BOYS

Shot Putt.—(1) W. Young; (2) L. Clarke.

Mile.—(1) L. Clark; (2) W. Young; (3) A. Craig.

440 yds. Dash.—(1) A. Scott; (2) L. Clarke; (3) D. Finch.

Half-mile.—(1) W. Young; (2) L. Clarke; (3) D. Finch.

220 yds Dash.—(1) A. Scott; (2) W. Young; (3) A. Carley.

100 yds. Dash.—(1) A. Scott; (2) A. Carley; (3) W. Young.

Running High Jump.—(1) A. Carley; (2) W. Young; (3) L. Clarke.

Running Broad Jump.—(1) I. Allison; (2) A. Carley; (3) W. Young.

Pole Vault.—(1) A. Craig; (2) W. Young.

* * * * *

INTERMEDIATE BOYS.

Half-mile.—(1) J. Bethlehem; (2) H. Ryan; (3) W. Bryce.

440 yds. Dash.—(1) J. Bethlehem; (2) H. Ryan; (3) R. Ryan.

220 yds. Dash.—(1) J. Bethlehem; (2) L. Tidridge; (3) V. Lewis.

100 yds. Dash.—(1) V. Lewis; (2) J. Bethlehem; (3) D. LeSueur.

Shot Putt.—(1) J. Bethlehem; (2) D. LeSueur; (3) K. Swan.

Pole Vault.—(1) A. Waite; (2) J. Bethlehem.

Running High Jump.—(1) A. Waite; (2) J. Bethlehem; (3) D. LeSueur.

Running Broad Jump.—(1) N. McClymont; (2) D. LeSueur; (3) A. Waite.

Running Hop, Step and Jump.—(1) D. LeSueur; (2) N. McClymont; (3) J. Bethlehem.

Relay Race.—(1) D. LeSueur, J. Hawkins, J. Bethlehem, H. Ryan; (2) R. Ryan, F. Stearns, W. Bryce, N. McClymont; (3) L. Tidridge, V. Lewis, A. Hall, M. Young.

* * * * *

JUNIOR BOYS

220 Yd. Dash.—(1) S. Crocker; (2) R. Parent; (3) W. McClymont.

100 Yd. Dash.—(1) S. Crocker; (2) R. Parent; (3) M. Fursey.

Shot Putt.—(1) R. Agla; (2) S. Crocker; (3) R. Aytown.

Running Broad Jump.—(1) R. Parent; (2) W. McClymont; (3) M. Fursey.

Running Hop, Step and Jump.—(1) W. McClymont; (2) R. Agla; (3) R. Parent.

Relay Race.—(1) W. McClymont, T. Ryan, R. Agla, A. West; (2) W. Oliver, R. Aytown, W. Spiers, M. Jacqueman; (3) B. Wilson, D. Brown, B. Stevenson, J. Considine.

SENIOR GIRLS

100 Yd. Dash.—(1) Vesta Brooker; (2) Lela Dudley.

Running Broad Jump.—(1) Vesta Brooker; (2) Elinor Kester; (3) Louise O'Neil.

Running High Jump.—(1) Vesta Brooker; (2) Frances Clinton; (3) Eileen Selly.

Shot Putt.—(1) Jean Churchill; (2) Isabel Leishman; (3) Hilda Cornwall.

Throwing Ball.—(1) E. Widdus; (2) Isabel Leishman; (3) Jean Churchill.

Throwing Basketball.—(1) Vesta Brooker; (2) Anna Turton; (3) Hilda Cornwall.

* * * * *

JUNIOR GIRLS

75 Yds. Dash.—(1) Ellen Cutts; (2) Dorothy Francis; (3) Gloria Pillon.

Running Broad Jump.—(1) Norma Atkinson; (2) Ellen Cutts; (3) Jessie Stewart.

Running High Jump.—(1) Elita Paul; (2) Jean Burt; (3) Betty Collins.

Shot Putt.—(1) Dorothy Francis; (2) Ruth Howe; (3) Ellen Cutts.

Throwing Baseball.—(1) Dorothy Francis; (2) Jean Genamel; (3) Jean Burt.

Throwing Basketball.—(1) Francis Kropski; (2) Gloria Pillon; (3) Ada Vaughan.

Basketball

SECOND BOYS' TEAM

Another championship was added to Walkerville's already heavily laden belt when the Boys' Second Basketball team brought home the intermediate basketball championship for the Border Cities. Besides furnishing reserve players for the first team, these boys present some very brilliant games, and prove that Walkerville is developing a fine crop of aspirants for future engagements of the senior type. During the course of events the Walkerville boys piled up 190 points, while their opponents' total came to only 127. The big guns of the season were the two Joes: Bethlehem and De Rush, who collaborated to account for one half of the team total. Howard Ryan and Merv. Cady were in the fight just as much, but did not locate the hoop as many times officially. The rest of the squad, consisting of Doug. Vaughan, Stan Venning, Ted Hawkeswood, Alex Craig, Gerald Greenwood, Bob Parent, Bob Wild, Van Lewis, Martin Young and Bill Zimmerman, were all responsible for the play which brought home the title. We take this opportunity of congratulating the boys on their splendid work.

She.—"Never do that again John."

He.—"Heh!"

She.—"Never honk for me to come out of the church."

Boys' Basketball Team



BACK ROW—DOUG. DRAKE, STANLEY VENNING, ARCHIE STEWART, DOUG. VAUGHAN, MR. J. L. McNOUGHTON, B.A., (COACH).

CENTER ROW—AL. CARLES, JIMMIE STEWART, WILLIE YOUNG (CAPT.), IAN A. ALLISON, RAY BEATON.

FRONT ROW—DOUG. THOMSON (MASCOT).

When a Hen Cackles

SHE usually has something to talk about, and in presenting our new spring shoes we feel much the same way; as they possess all the pep and smartness plus fitting qualities one could wish for. New styles for milady; snappy oxfords for men; see them and be convinced.

WOMEN



They're here! All that is new and chic: short vamps, spike heels, all the chosen colours in most any desired styles, as well as a smart range of sport shoes in all fitting and popularly priced,—

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Hosiery —

Hosiery in every shade and quality in either service weight or chiffon full-fashioned made. Men's socks in all the new patterns and checks, silk, wool or lisle.

See
Them in
our
Windows

Trott's Shoe Store

352 OUELLETTE AVE.

A
New Pair
if They
Don't Wear

BLUE AND WHITE

SENIOR BOYS' TEAM

The name of Walkerville was again kept in the basketball limelight this year, due to the splendid work of the eager artists playing under the Blue and White banner. This year's squad of regulars consisted mainly of the same players who last year brought the W. O. S. S. A. championship back to adorn Walkerville's hall of fame. Not content with the championship of Western Ontario, these boys went farther afield and by consistent play at the Toronto tournament, brought home the trophy emblematic of the cage championship of Eastern Canada, for its first visit to this district.

This year the same boys donned the Blue and White togs and were again giving the inflated sphere a masterful handling, the Walkerville students knew that the old "W" would be carried far into the depths of the basketball territory. By six straight victories of the Windsor C. I., Assumption High, W. W. Technical School, the local loop was won, and then as district representatives Walkerville won the semi-finals from London Central by two victories. They are now to enter the finals with Aylmer and at press time these games have yet to be played. Walkerville's forward line which consists of Ray Beaton, Ian Allison and Jimmie Stewart shared the scoring honours quite evenly and due to their tricky play, opposing teams were unable to set up a suitable defence. The Walkerville hoop was well watched by Captain Bill Young and Archie Stewart and their fine work is clearly shown in the low score of their opponents.

Doug. Drake, Doug. Vaughan, Stan. Venning, Merv. Cady and Al. Carley were the relief men and worked into the machine quite easily whenever they were called upon. Although these boys names were the high lights in the newspapers the person who loomed in the background was Mr. McNaughton whose fine catching was in no small way responsible for the fine brand of playing. We feel sure that we have the support of the whole school when we take this opportunity of thanking and congratulating Mr. McNaughton. Another

figure, though small, was connected with the cage squad this year when Doug. Thompson stepped out as official mascot. An official record of Doug's pre-game scoring was not kept but we are sure that it ranks with the best of mascots.

With only very rosy visions of the future the Walkerville supporters look for another W. O. S. S. A. championship. Should this materialize the boys will go to Montreal to partake in the tournament for the championship of all Canada. We wish the boys every success in their task which if carried to happy conclusion will not only bring honour to good old Walkerville but will reflect on the community as a whole.

The following is a table of the local group results:

	Won	Lost	Positions
Walkerville C. I.	6	0	1
Assumption High	4	2	2
Windsor C. I.			3
W. W. Technical			4

LOCAL GROUP

Walkerville 30, Windsor 11, at Windsor
 Walkerville 22, Assumption 16, at Walkerville
 Walkerville 12, Technical 9, at Technical
 Walkerville 34, Technical 12, at Walkerville
 Walkerville 33, Windsor 13, at Walkerville
 Walkerville 29, Assumption 20, at Assumption

SEMI FINALS

Walkerville 25, London Central 17, at Walkerville
 Walkerville 26, London Central 19, at London

This string of victories gave Walkerville 211 points over the 117 total of opposing teams' scores. A number of exhibition games were also played, the victims being Holy Rosary, North Eastern, Walkerville Alumni, Live Wires, and St. Joseph's Commercial High School. During the course of these tilts, the Blue and White clad boys rang up 172 points while their opponents trailed with 89 to their credit.

PLAYER POS.	Windsor		Assumption		Technical		Technical		Windsor		Assumption		L.C.C.I.		L.C.C.I.	
	F.G.	F.S.	F.G.	F.S.	F.G.	F.S.	F.G.	F.S.	F.G.	F.S.	F.G.	F.S.	F.G.	F.S.	F.G.	FS
M. Cady, F.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
R. Beaton, R.F.....	4	0	2	0	0	1	4	2	2	1	3	0	2	0	3	0
J. Stewart, L.F.....	5	0	4	2	2	2	5	0	5	4	3	0	2	1	3	0
I. Allison, C.....	5	0	4	2	2	2	3	3	4	1	4	2	5	2	4	1
A. Stewart, R.G.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
W. Young, L.G.....	0	1	2	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	3	1	2	0	1	0
D. Drake, C.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
A. Carley, F.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Girls' Basketball Team



BACK ROW—VESTA BROOKER, FRANCES CLINTON, MRS. N. IBBETSON (COACH),
LOIS COX, ALITA PAUL.

CENTER ROW—DOROTHY FRANCIS, JEAN GEMMEL, ISOBEL LEISHMANN (CAPT.),
JEAN CHURCHILL, AUDREY ROHER.

FRONT ROW—JESSIE STEWART.

“Distinctividuality”

That's a new word

It Means

Style, quality and economy
with service

all of **Hermans Furs**

COLLEGE BRED—is the Key-note of our Sport Coon Coats. At hockey matches, on the Football field—or in the Gym when the cheers rise to the rafters.—Don't you want to feel swanky and “It” in one of our Boyish Coon Coats.



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Windsor, Ont.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Again we may only offer the Senior Girls Basketballers heartiest congratulations. That they were unsuccessful in their drive for the title, which was for a long time associated with the name of Walkerville, is no fault of theirs. This is plainly shown by their victories over each of the opposing teams. When the girls were at home it meant victory, but when they

appeared on a foreign floor, the odds which naturally face a travelling team, mounted and they were unable to beat the "jinx." Walkerville's team play was inspiring, and whenever the Mistress of the Courts cast pleasing glances towards the Blue and White clad lassies, opposing teams were unable to hold them in check. Considering the fine crop of substitutes who this year adorned the Walkerville bench we have only rosy visions of next year's possibilities.

(Continued on page 66)

.

AT LAST

Burglar—"One sound from you and I will squeeze you to death."

Antique Maid—"Remember, that's a promise!"

On his tour of the district, an inspector of high schools came before a class of girls. He wrote upon the blackboard: "LXXXXX," then, peering over the rims of his spectacles at a good-looking girl in the first row, he asked:

"Young lady, I'd like to have you tell mewhat that means."

"Love and kisses," the girl replied.

The Bride (at the telephone)—Oh, John, do come home, I've mixed the plugs in some way. The radio is all covered with frost and the electric icebox is singing, 'Way Out West in Kansas!'

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

And they lived happily ever after.

"Sam, I sho' was sorry to hear dat your sister am sick."

"What yo' mean sick? My sister ain't sick."

"Is dat so? Well, when I was down to yo' house yesterday I saw a sign on de door: 'Bell out of order!'"

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Oysters
and
Game
in Season.



It was Ash Sunday morning and Pat brought his shaving tools out on the back porch. A neighbor asked:

"Mrs. Murphy does your old man shave on the outside?"

"And what's bothering you," said Mrs. Murphy, "did you think he was fur lined?"

Wife—(to returned husband at mountain resort.)
"Oh, darling, I'm so glad you've come; we heard that some idiot had fallen over the cliff and I felt sure it was you!"

"Which would you rather be in Casey—an explosion or a collision?"

"In a collision," replied Casey, "Because in a collision there yez are; but in an explosion, where are yez?"

Weary student (trying to write a comp.)—"What shall I write on?"

Smart student—"I know!"

W. student (brightening)—"What?"

S. student—"Paper!"

Ezra went to the doctor to learn what ailed him, and the doctor said:—"You ought to take off flesh. Get a car and get out more."

"And so I got a car got out more," says Ezra. "I got got out six times in one block and took off a little flesh in different places. The last time I got out was through the windshield. That was the time I took off the most flesh."

Professor—"I forgot my umbrella this morning dear."

Wife—"How did you come to remember you had forgotten it?"

Professor—"Well, I shouldn't have missed it, dear, only I raised my hand to shut it when it stopped raining."

In a small town a road company was giving a performance of grand opera in Italian. The tenor and the soprano were singing an impassioned duet. The scene was tense. Suddenly an Italian in the audience began to laugh. He laughed so heartily that an American friend had to lead him into the lobby.

"What on earth are you laughing at, Tony?" asked the friend, knowing the respect that all Italians have for grand opera.

"Why that Soprano, she sing, "This is a very poor house we have this evening; and the Tenor, he respond: "Yes, I have not the money to get my laundry out."

Gray (waking up from his newspaper)—"I say, Jim, what is the Order of the Bath?" "Well, as I've experienced it, it's first the water's too hot, then its cold, then you haven't a towel, then you step on the soap, and finally the telephone bell rings."

Reformer—"Young man do you realize that you will never get anywhere by drinking?"

Stewed—"And ain't it the truth? I've started home from this corner five times already."

Pastor (addressing church fair)—"My dear friends, I will not call you ladies and gentlemen, since I know you too well."

Friend—"What a devoted motorist your husband is!! Fairly lives in an automobile every hour he's awake, doesn't he?"

Wife—"Yes, and even honks with his nose when he's asleep."

INDEFINITE

"Is this the hosiery department?" said the voice over the phone.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady.

"Have you any flesh-colored stockings in stock?" asked the voice.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady, "What-da-ya-want—pink, yellow, or black?"

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WINDSOR, ONT.

Jokes (Continued)

"I looked up into the mountains," declaimed the preacher, who had talked for an hour, while some of the congregation shuffled on the pews and the rest slept.

"I looked up into the mountains and I thought, beautiful as you are, you will be destroyed, but my soul will not. I looked out over the forests and the fields and green pastures and I thought, at the last you will be shrivelled and dead, but I shall live. I gazed upon the ocean and cried: 'Mighty as you are, you will eventually dry up, but I will not!'"

A blank form was handed to a candidate for citizenship. On it he read: Name?

Born? Business?

This is how he filled it in: Name? John Levinsky; Born? Yes; Business? Rotten.

"If hens weren't intelligent," said Mrs. Newlywed, "how could they lay eggs that exactly fit our egg cups?"

Miss Allen—"Turn to page 154."

Ebgar Clement, waving frantically—"Did you wish me to read?"

Co.—"What a beautiful statue! It's alabaster isn't it?"
Ed.—"Goodness no! That's Aphrodite."

Visitor—"How did you like the new cook you got last week?"

Hostess—"She was all right as cooks go—"

Visitor—"Yes and where is she now?"

Hostess—"Well as cooks go, she left."

He had been trying all the evening to summon up the courage to tell her. It was a thing that really required a great deal of trepidity. She was his ideal girl, then brown eyes, beautiful golden hair. As he gazed at her he finally made up his mind.

"Darling," he said, "I love you. If I asked you to be my wife what would be the outcome?"

"It depends," came the reply, very much on the income."

We call him Ingersoll because he's always watching.

Sue—"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

Lou—"It all depends on who has the first sight."

"What on earth is the matter with George?"

"Oh, don't worry about him, he's just learning the Vienna Roll."

WILLING TO OBLIGE

He was rushing through the station when a pretty woman stopped him.

"Would you please help the Working Girls' Home?"

"Certainly, but I haven't much time, where are they?"

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Jokes (Continued)

Indifferent golfer (on the links at Baumochburn)—
There seems to be quite a lot of Englishmen here to-
day."

Caddie.—"Aye mon!" an' if ye dig deeper, ye'll find
a lot more."

Red (in music store).—"Have you 'Two Tender
Souls.'"

Clerk.—"No sir."

Fed.—"Or 'The Place of my Dreams.'"

Clerk.—"No sir, but 'There's a Fish store two doors
Down.'"

Willie.—"Say what do you call those things people
get in their heads?"

Shep.—"Ideas"

Willie.—"Oh yes! Well there were some in that rabbit
we dissected last week, and they're running all over the
table."

From Willie Duncan's Latin paper.

Hegatos ad Caesarem mittunt. They sent invoice to
Caesar.

Soper: "Do you know how to play golf Morehouse?"

Anson: "Why no! I don't even know how to hold
the caddie."

Cutie (practicing speech) "I want reform, I want
housing reform, I want educational reform, I want—
Willie (from afar) —Chloroform."

Cutie (driving past the jail at London, on a sight-
seeing tour) "Well Red, where would you be if the law
only had its due?"

Red: "Drivin' alone I guess."

Mr. Horwood (in Latin class): "Hey there, Bill, waken
McEwen up"

Willie (grumpily) "Do it yourself, you put him to
sleep."

"Yes," asserted the bore, "I always call a spade a
spade."

"Well," said the man who had travelled, "I once saw
a man carried out feet first for calling a spade a club."

Judge: "What brought you here, my man?"

Soase: "Two policemen."

Judge: "Drunk I suppose?"

Soase: "Yeah, both of them."

She.—"Will you leave me when I'm old and ugly?"

He.—"Darling, you may grow older, but you will never
grow uglier."

"George dear," said the young wife, "You're growing
more handsome every day!"

"Yes darling," replied the handsome George, "That's
a habit I have just before your birthday."

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The School Orchestra

The school orchestra is at last taking shape. This year has seen the formation of a splendid orchestra.

Every year Mr. Meade has been trying to make up an orchestra, and this year, with the able co-operation of the musicians, he has been able to do so.

Mr. Angelo Russo has been conducting and instructing the pupils. Mr. Russo is an accomplished artiste and the musicians are proud to have him conduct them.

The orchestra has assisted in many entertainments and plans to give a concert of its own some time in April.

Many Collegiates in Ontario have taken up the school orchestra idea. In the United States it is the regular thing. Don't let Walkerville get behind. Mr. Russo has been kind enough to do his work gratis. The proceeds from the concert will go towards compensating Mr. Russo and securing equipment and music for the further activities of the musical ensemble.

The orchestra consists of the following musicians: Miss Donna Stephenson plays the piano; Misses Jean Churchill and Isabel Leishman and Mr. Sam Nelson play the banjo; Miss Shirley Bennet, Leo Malania, Allan West, Clyde Gilbert, Winston Mahon, Horace Reeves, Jack O'Connell, Douglas Jackson and Dan Souchuck play the violin; William Much plays the saxophone; Curtiss Potter, the trombone; Tom Fraser and Gordon Philpots execute on the trumpet; Richard West plays the clarinet, and Edgar Clement the flute; Arthur West plays the bassoon and Louis Clement is the drummer.

It is hoped that the pupils of the Walkerville Collegiate, famed for their spirit and sportsmanship, will stand loyally with the orchestra by turning out themselves and by bringing their parents and friends to the concert in April.

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WALKERVILLE

Jokes

* * *

First girl: My boy friend took an awful tumble while we were skating last night.

Second girl: Break anything?

First Girl: No. He left it in the car.

Allison: My girl is divine.

Drake: Your girl may be divine, but mine is the berries.—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

Niblick: And what did you make today?

Mashie: Ah, a sixteen on the first, a fifteen on the second, a fourteen on the third, and then I blew up.—Illinois Siren.

Col. Ramsay: Ah'm a southern gentleman, Ah'll have you understand, suh.

Yankee Go-Getter: Don't kid me, boy, where's your goatee?

Col. Ramsay: Ah singed it off on one of you' dahned Yankee cigah-lightehs, suh.—Stanford Chaparral.

Judge: The policeman says that you were going 60 miles an hour.

Prisoner: But, your Honor, I stole the car.

Judge: Oh, that's different, case dismissed.—Caroline Buccaneer.

Cop: Who was driving when you hit that car?

Drunk Driver: None of us—we was all on the back seat.—Virginia Reel.

Padre: Do you take this woman for butter or for wurst?

Hardre: Aw liver alone, I never sausage nerve.—Virginia Reel.

No matter what joke or story you put in a paper there's always someone who will say: "Oh I've heard that one before."

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Jokes

She Loved Him Well

He: Do you know, it's very peculiar, but I have a brother just exactly three years older than myself—right to the day, but in every way is my opposite. Do you know him?

She: No, but I certainly would like to!

Ted: "What shall we do now, Miss Allison?"

Miss A.: "Well for gracious sakes, people, get to work and learn something. Goodness knows, I don't want you again next year!"

Son: "Father, will you do my homework for me?"

Father: "No, son, it wouldn't be right."

Son: "Well, try it anyway."

A hundred years ago, if a man missed a coach from one city to the other he was contented to wait three or four days for the next, but now—he lets out a holler if he misses one section of a revolving door.

Miss Allison: (to 3A) "Tomorrow morning we will take the life of Burns. Please come prepared."

Mr. Donaldson: "Have you proved this exercise in geometry?"

McGorman: "Well proved is rather a strong word, but I can say I have rendered it highly probable."

Mr. White: (in Chemistry class): "Now class, one little slip with this material would blow us all sky-high. Come in closer, everybody, so you can follow me better."

Clarkson: "Do you think that picture of the team will turn out well?"

Photographer: "The answer is in the negative."

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Sports (Continued)

W.O.S.S.A. Championship

After the two successful games against London Central Collegiate, the Walkerville boys, in order to claim the W.O.S.S.A. title, were compelled to compete against the Aylmer High.

The games both proved to be interesting, but the Aylmer boys could not keep up the speedy pace of the W.C.I. and were downed in both games by exceedingly large scores.

* * * * *

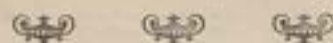
Eastern Canada Tournament

The first game of the Eastern Canada tournament, held at Montreal, was played by the Blue and White boys against the University of Toronto. This game was to decide the team which would enter the semi-finals for the Ontario Championship. The sturdy lads of the W.C.I. proved too strong for the University team and were able to bring them to their downfall with a score of 20-12.

In the second game of the tournament which was to decide the Ontario champions the Walkerville boys were billed against a much stronger team than that of their first game. The Glebe Collegiate, of Ottawa, proved their knowledge of the game by their splendid efforts, but were unable to compete with the perfect combination of the Walkerville laddies. This 39-27 victory gave the Blue and Whites the Ontario Championship, and the right to compete with the sea champions for the Eastern Canada championship.

The third game of the tournament proved to be an easy victory for the Walkerville Collegiate boys, who were able to defeat the St. John's High, of New Brunswick, with a score of 39-12. This victory decided the team which would compete against Montreal High School in the final game of the series.

The most exciting game undoubtedly for the Walkerville players was the fourth and deciding game of the tournament. In the earlier games their opponents, the Montreal boys, had proved to be a strong outfit, and not easy to defeat. Unfortunately for the Montreal High the Blue and White boys were anxious and ready for a strong game, and so were able to oust their opponents by an easy victory of 59-15.



On Patronizing Our Railways

He wast jostled and pushed in
the street car,

And his senses were drowned
by the din;

Then he gave a deep groan as
he felt his hip bone,

For he'd lost his last bottle
of gin.

He reached in the bulging coat
pocket

Of the gent who had just
bustled in;

And he breathed a deep sigh as
he closed his right eye,

For it felt like his bottle of
gin.

He was only a poor college
student,

And to lose his last drop was
a sin;

But the angels now sung him
sweet music,

For he rescued his bottle of
gin.

Napoleon said there was no
such a word as "can't." I wonder
if he ever tried to scratch
a match on a cake of soap.—
Oregon Orange Owl.

A play entitled "A Woman's
Word," was produced lately.
Appropriately, it lasted nearly
three hours.—Passing Show.

Another Scotch Joke

A Scotchman stood in line to
purchase seats for "The Mir-
acle." Behind him stood a
Jew.

"Have you two dollar seats
for this show?" inquired the
Scot when he reached the win-
dow.

"I am sorry, sir, we are all
sold out of two dollar seats,"
was the reply.

"Then give me two four doll-
ar seats," said the Highlander.

When the Hebrew heard this
he immediately left the line.

"I vill keep my money—I
haf seen de miracle," said he.

Did you ever realize how
hard we are to please?

Breese: "Ugh! That nut had
a worm in it."

Art Hall: "Here's a glass of
water to wash it down."

Breese: "Wash it down? Not
much! Let him walk!"

Miss Allison: "Is this work
original?"

Andy Leishman: "Yes, even
the spelling is my own."

The scars on most fraternal
wrists were not won in duels
defending a lady's honour —
tout au contraie, sub, they got
them reaching for the butter.—
Nebraska Awgwan.

Claude: What are you doing
up there, building a bird house?

Chick: No, foolish! I'm
erecting a service station for
flying fish.



Watches for Students

The Collegiate student needs a good personal time-piece as an aid to punctual regulation of the hours of classes, sports and social engagements. It need not be expensive, but it must be dependable. We have just the right watches.

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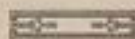
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Cathie
"H. M. E. Bell"
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Marian

Betty Colthurd

Clara Widdis

Jack O'Connell

Lois Bennett
Hazel
Marian

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Margaret McKenzie
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