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THE BLUE AND WHITE-1930

WALKERVILLE COLLEGIATE YEAR BOOK

WALKERVILLE COLLEGIATE YEAR BOOK



THE BLUE AND WHITE-1930

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THE BLUE AND WHITE STAFF



STANDING, left to right—Kenneth Heath, Joe Burns, Fred Krallo, Gordon Hall, Sylvester Crocker, Brock Andrews, Van Lewis, Bill Bryen.

SEATED—Lois Bennett, Ruth McMullen (Editor-in-chief), Don McGorman, Jean Burt, Ellen Bennett.

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HAIL TO THE CHIEF

This picture of our new principal Mr. J. L. McNaughton was taken in 1917 when he was a lieutenant in the famous "Princess Pats."

Writing a message for the "Blue and White" gives me an opportunity to compliment the past and present staffs of our young, but already flourishing school magazine. Our editors particularly, though untried have proved worthy masters of its affairs.

The literary art though universally practised is not so universally esteemed. Work and speed foster an impatience, which discourages a search for language to convey an exact shade of meaning or

express a mood. I earnestly hope that the "Blue and White" will encourage those with natural gifts for vigour and charm, in literary and artistic expression.

I am not unmindful of the historical value of our magazine flavoured as it is with humour and criticisms, both of which are useful in moderation.

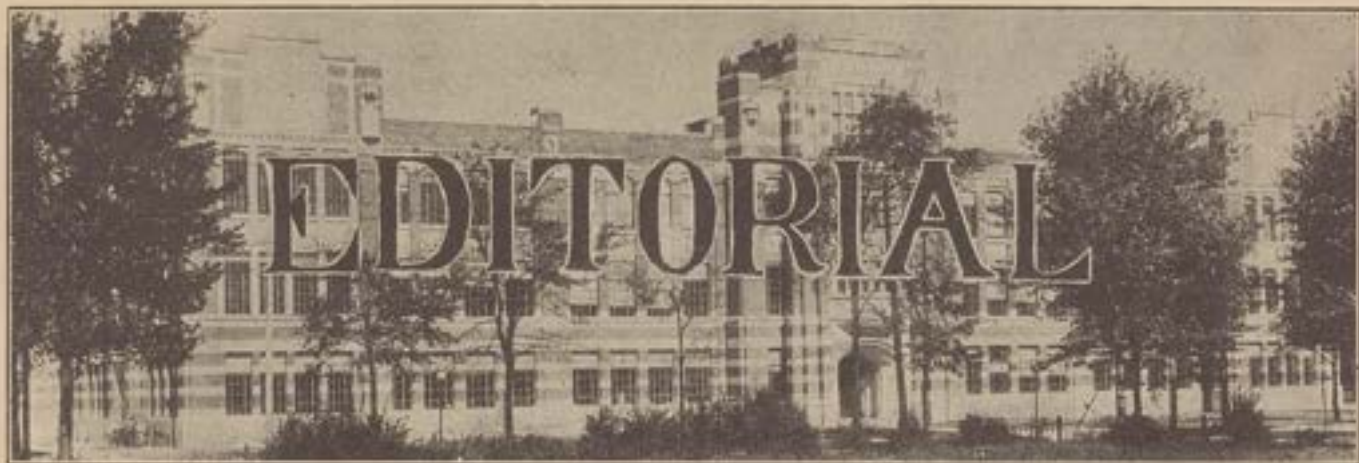
More strength to the "Blue and White."
—J. L. McNAUGHTON.

AN APPRECIATION

Dedicated to Mr. Robert Meade on his retirement as principal

On, ever on, the mighty tide of time doth roll,
While we, the flotsam, carried on its wave,
Come to be washed upon the rocks or shore;
One to be lordling; one to be slave.
With drifting years we soon forget the past,
Each bloody war, each hero's famous deed;
But we shall not forget one splendid man
Who led us to great heights, our Mr. Meade.
On the onrushing tide with kindly hand
Has he steered us, on to our haven—the sand.
For us has he worked with unceasing toil,
Given us encouragement when we were blue.
Long may he live to enjoy his earned rest;
God bless him and keep him, our good friend and true.

—JOE BURNS, Form V.



PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT

As the end of the school year approaches strange thoughts begin to crowd upon us—persistent thoughts of all that the old school has meant and visions of what the future will bring forth. Some of us are about to cut the ropes and buck the hard old world, while the luckier ones are straining at the bit for more scholastic worlds to conquer. Never again will we be those painfully green first-formers, watching the god-like seniors with awe, in their elaborately casual and dignified passage through the halls. Never again will we gambol down to the Assembly to sing the Cheery Song or to see Bill Bryce—more power to him—turn himself inside out and back to front in his prodigious efforts to develop our lungs—or hear the fervid oratory of the Leo Malanias, the Luther Clarkes and the Arthur Wests.

Now we have come to the parting of the ways and speculation is in order as to where the ways will lead. Some years hence may we, for instance, run across Bill Sansburn in Egypt, solemnly sitting on top of one of the pyramids, or Lois Cox leading the new China to its place in the sun?

If this were the 18th Century we could pretty well count on Ruffy turning pirate. Here's the picture—a plump, terrified merchant ship—with us aboard—scuttling along just ahead of the black-flagged buccaneer. Then the capture.

Just as we are about to walk the plank, a small though exceedingly bloody-looking pirate (one Carl Witus) pipes up:

"Strike me dead, if it ain't me old schoolmate!"

Whereupon the black-browed, ruthless pirate (J. Rutherford Clarkson) with a mighty oath claps us on the back, leads us down to the cabin in heavy style, bellows for rum and questions us eagerly for the latest news of Miss Dickey.

But here we are back in the 20th Century so there is no doubt that Ruffy will have to be satisfied with some trade more prosaic—say a doctor or plumber.

And by the same token we will have to become more prosaic ourselves, or there is no telling where these flights of imagination will lead.

If we could only be permitted to vision a class reunion some ten years hence, what tales there would be to tell—tales of eventful, fascinating lives and many more of modest homes in the suburbs—mowing the lawn of a summer evening. It's all in a lifetime.

But whatever happens we will all have happy memories and a warm place in the heart for Walkerville Collegiate. When the plain fact stands out that our life here will soon be over, we begin to get a different view point.

After seeing our teachers day in and day out through the years—knowing their every gesture—exactly the expression they will assume when they get angry—precisely the right place in which to laugh at something they say—well, you know it is hard to think that these things are about finished for us. We even dislike the thought of giving up the privilege of being lectured on such subjects as day dreaming.

Our school is always ready to give others their due. But down in our hearts the old feeling sticks—"Where is there another like Walkerville?" It is useless to enumerate all the good things—our space is limited—all that we are trying so inadequately to say, is that we are proud of our school and glad for the years we have spent in it.

"Sic Transit Gloria Mundi." —The Editor.

TO THE STUDENTS

The staff of "Blue and White" takes this opportunity to extend grateful thanks for the large quantity of excellent material submitted by the students this year. We only regret that it has been impossible to include all this material, much as we would have liked to do so. Eight pages have been added to the original size and the expense account would not permit us to do more.

We especially regret that the clever contributions from forms 1C, 1G and 2A were omitted. We had every intention of using them, but at the last moment lack of space made it impossible.

THE EDITOR.

STUDENT CONTROL

Student control means, as the title signifies, control of school affairs by the students. The students elect a parliament or jury and this sage body administers all rebukes and penalties; decides whether or not a teacher is justified in detaining a student after four; whether a student must be punished for skipping a class and, if so, what punishment is required. In short they are to act as a "buffer" between the students and the teachers. This idea is, of course, ridiculous, and, although it has a pleasing sound to the casual observer, it is as unpractical as communism and like foolishness.

Let us start with the beginning of the reign of student management. First a body of students must be elected. If these students are not taken entirely or almost entirely from the fifth form the fifth formers will refuse to obey their rulings. If they are chosen from the fifth form exclusively, claims of being undemocratic and general dissatisfaction would issue from the middle and lower forms. But let us suppose that the election of this board of control solely from the Upper School is satisfactory to everybody, are there twelve or fourteen people in the Upper School who are competent to administer impartial justice and are willing to give up several hours a week to this business? Certainly not. Only a few would be willing to undertake such a task, and most of these would be incompetent or would let their school work suffer for the sake of this alleged judicial training.

But in discussing Student Control we must be broad-minded, so we will consider the Board duly elected. It is composed of twelve students who are fully competent and totally unprejudiced and whose school work will not suffer. Let us say furthermore that this board is satisfactory both to the pupils and

the staff (for if it were not satisfactory to the staff it would be nipped in the bud, of course), and also that it possesses the power to force the students, staff and school board to abide by its decisions.

Now we will see this committee in action. From the first it must adopt a policy in regard to order in the halls and class rooms, punctuality, attendance, and general deportment. If the council makes strict rulings and enforces penalties on all law-breakers it will speedily become very unpopular, its members will find themselves objects of great abuse in private life and at the next election the council will be completely changed. On the other hand the council may decide to let the students use their own judgment, if any. They may come on time, they may come at any time or they may stay at home, as the spirit prompts; they may talk in the hall or behave riotously as seems fit, they may stay in after four, or they may leave at 3.30 or earlier, to avoid the Latin class for which they have or have not their homework done, depending on what they wanted to do the night before, with the result that the council will be extremely popular with the majority and extremely unpopular with the minority of the students, and school will become a cross between a Sunday School picnic and a debating society.

In a word if the school is to function as a school its affairs must be administered almost exactly as they are by the teachers. In doing this as I have pointed out, the students on the council would waste a large amount of time and become extremely unpopular (because students will take orders willingly from a teacher whereas they would object strongly to being commanded by a fellow pupil) all for no purpose.

—D. McGorman.

YOUTH

It is somewhat difficult to assume a completely impersonal attitude in regard to youth when one is still in that stage of development. It is only possible to put down one's thoughts such as they are.

Youth is, older people tell us, the most glorious, the most precious possession in the world. If youth could be purchased—why, millions would be gladly, eagerly spent for it. It is not merely the young tissues, the racing blood, but the mind of youth that they want—the fearlessness, the keenness, the love of adventure, the *joie de vivre*.

Dorian Gray it was, I believe, who said that the years up to twenty-one are the richest in life; that youth must be lived gloriously, fiercely, fully before that time or never. After that one slips gradually into duller maturity, the pulses run slower.

It is not pleasant sometimes to think of growing old—to think of losing your enthusiasms and illusions, your recklessness and ceaseless quest for new things.

But nature has provided an insidious relief from that thought. As you grow older the passion to be young again is not so strong as you would expect for the reason that, having lost your former verve, your former vitality, you have lost too the desire to do the exciting, gallant, daring things of youth.

Speaking generally, it is in the hands of young people that the world progresses. It is they who conceive the new ideas—it is they who experiment with fresh theories—it is they who keep the world advancing. The world would become stagnant if it

(Continued on page 25)

SPANISH MOON

On February 12th and 13th, the students, and alumni of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute presented the musical romance entitled "Spanish Moon." The play consisted of two acts, the first being staged in New York, and the second near Barcelona, Spain.

As indicated in the title, the greater part of the action of the comedy took place in Spain, the land of enchanting signoritas, and dashing toreadors. The story centred around the affairs of "The Apex Advertising Agency," operated by two partners, Larry Austin and Howie Boynton. The former was portrayed by Ernest Mill and the latter by Ian Allison, who, as the hero's partner in business, gave an excellent performance. The female lead was enacted by Lillian Bull, who, as Claire Lewis, played the part of the girl of Larry's heart.

Claire, deciding that Larry could not give her the deep love for which she yearned, jilted him, and was courted by Gerald Babbington Brookfield, a romantic English poet, played by Edgar Clement. Larry, to mend his broken heart, went to Spain, unaware that Claire had journeyed there, too.

A serenade beneath the Spanish moon, as is the Spanish custom, resulted in success, and Claire and Larry were reunited to provide the conventional happy ending.

Apart from the interest and humour of the plot, the performance was full of splendid musical numbers, one of the most beautiful of which was the duet, "How Happy We'll Be," sung by Lillian Bull and Ernest Mill. Jim Rapsey, as Freddie, the office boy, provided a large share of the laughs, and Alton Pepper, as Flash, the janitor, was very comical in his numbers with Howie and Freddie. Ethel Farrell played the part of the sophisticated stenographer, Agda Drayton, and sang "What Is Love?"

One of the highlights of the show was the dance by Isabel Hallman and Alvin Crouchman, which they executed in Spanish style. Reginald Service and Dan Bawtenheimer as Jose and Juan, serenading toreadors, gave a novel duet, with Mr. Bawtenheimer accompanying on the piano-harp. Ted Hawkeswood provided several laughs as the jovial Spanish inn-keeper. Another musical highlight of the show was the duet, "Spanish Moon," sung by the two principals.

The show included a number of fine choruses made up of the students and alumni of the school, all costumed. Miss Donna Stephenson played the piano accompaniments while music between acts was provided by the school orchestra under the direction of Angelo Russo.

—Ronald Hogan.



OUR ADVERTISERS

The success of any publication is necessarily dependent on the value of its advertising. Again this year as in the past years, the merchants and business men of this community have readily responded to our soliciting and made possible the publication of this year book. Therefore, since these people outside the school are willing to help us, do you not

think that we, as students, should patronize our advertisers? I would also like to thank those who through their untiring effort are directly responsible for the financial success of this book—S. Crocker, advertising manager and his able assistants, Brock Andrews and R. Elwin.

—Kenneth Heath.

ORATORY

GRACCHUS · CATO · DEMOSTHENE S · CICERO · AESCHINE S



Louis Clement, Ruth Best, Margot Goodrich, Ray Lyons.

ORATORY

Margot Goodrich is the Junior Orator. She is in first form and came to the school without any experience as a public speaker. Margot chose a very interesting topic—"Recent Advances in Chemistry." So well did she handle her subject that she captured the school honours, defeated the other brilliant orators of the district and went on to honour in Sarnia where she was proclaimed Champion of Western Ontario and presented with the Waterloo shield.

Ray Lyons is that little boy in second form who won the Junior Boys' Contest speaking on "The Heavens Filled With Commerce." Ray was successful in the district defeating representatives from Kennedy and Central C. I. He competed in the finals with boys from all over Western Ontario. Although he did not win, he did his best and we were proud of him.

Ruth Best is the Senior Oratory Champion. Ruth spoke on "The End of the Rainbow." She treated her subject in an absolutely original manner. Her rainbow colours were compared to characteristics of man. The pot of gold was the welfare of humanity. Although Ruth was not chosen as district Champion she spoke like a true master.

Louis Clement spoke on "The End of the Rainbow." His material was entirely different. His rainbow was the League of Nations and he called world peace the pot of gold. After gaining honour to represent the school he defeated the district competitors and went to St. Thomas to compete for the W.O.S.S.A. Championship, where, though losing, he did exceedingly well.

—Ellen Bennett.



RECENT ADVANCES MADE IN CHEMISTRY

Advances in all fields have been so rapid of late years that it is almost bewildering. This is especially true, in Chemistry, both in the way of new processes and of new compounds which daily contribute to our comfort and safety. My time is short and so I shall speak of only one of these recently discovered compounds—celluloid.

We are all familiar with collodion; the "liquid cuticle" we daub on our cut fingers. As you know, it forms a dried film over the hurt place, a "new skin" as it were.

In Albany, New York, a young printer with a sore finger resorted to the use of collodion and was led to a great discovery. This young man, John Wesley Hyatt, finding his trade of type-setter none too profitable, spent his spare time in making billiard balls, not the sort of thing one would expect of a young man of the name of John Wesley.

Hyatt had seen an offer in the paper of ten thousand dollars for the discovery of a good substitute for ivory in the making of billiard balls. This was because the game of billiards was becoming more



and more popular, while the game in the African jungle was growing scarcer, especially in the case of elephants having tusks more than two and seven sixteenths inches in diameter, the size of a billiard ball. In seeking for a substitute Hyatt tried compressed wood, but though he failed to make satisfactory billiard balls he did build up a considerable business in stamped checkers and dominoes.

Setting type as they did it in the sixties was hard on the hands, and one day, Hyatt, finding his hands were getting raw, went to the cupboard for some collodion. He found the bottle tipped over and the liquid cuticle solidified on the shelf. The young man, however, did not display much annoyance; he merely pulled away a bit of the dried film as big as his thumb nail and examined it with that "insatiable curiosity" as Kipling calls it, which is characteristic of the born inventor. He found it tough and elastic and it occurred to him that it might be worth \$10,000. It turned out to be worth many times that sum.

(Continued on page 23)

DEBATING

The debating talent of the Walkerville C. I. has not been idle this year since it has carried the girls' team into the Wossa finals and was defeated only with great difficulty and a very small margin in the boys' semi-finals.

Everyone knows how impossible our debating teams would have been without the untiring efforts and coaching of Miss Dickey. It is our wish that she may be proud of our efforts.

The girls in their competitions met teams from Sarnia, St. Thomas, Kitchener and Owen Sound. The subjects have been varied. The first debate, with Sarnia, on the subject "Resolved that annexation with the United States would be in the best interests of Canada" was not totally successful. Shirley Bennett and Ellen Bennett won at Walkerville while Sarnia took the honours from Ruth McMullen and Lois Bennett in Sarnia.

The second debate "Resolved that trial by judge is preferable to trial by jury" was with St. Thomas. Madeline Hyland and Eva Hill won their side in St. Thomas and Ellen Bennett and Nellie Adams were also successful in Walkerville.

Walkerville having lost only one out of four debates entered the semi-finals against Kitchener. The subject was "Resolved that parents who demand strict obedience from their adolescent children are wiser than those who allow them to act on their own

judgment." The affirmative team Eva Hill and Nellie Adams was defeated in Kitchener but Ruth McMullen and Catherine Cox captured the honours at Walkerville and Walkerville entered the finals against Owen Sound, debating on "Resolved that western influence has been more beneficial than harmful in China." Catherine Cox and Jean Norbury debated in Owen Sound while Shirley Bennett and Ada Vaughan remained at home.

The first obstacle in way of the boys' team was Assumption College. Don McGorman and Livingstone Bain went to Assumption while Hugh Moorehouse and Carl Wharton argued at Walkerville. The subject was "Resolved that Canada offers better advantages to the immigrant settler than does the United States."

The next debate was with St. Thomas on the subject "Resolved that Asiatic immigration into Canada should be prohibited." Art Hall and Joe Burns won in St. Thomas and Kenneth Heath and Jim Rapsey defeated their opponents at Walkerville.

The boys' teams were then in the semi-finals against Sarnia arguing on "Resolved that government ownership of public utilities is in the best interests of the community." Art Hall and Joe Burns defeated Sarnia while Don McGorman and Kenneth Heath were defeated at Walkerville.

—Ellen Bennett, Literary Editor.

THE DEBATERS



STANDING, left to right—Ada Vaughan, Hugh Moorehouse, Catherine Cox, Joe Burns, Nellie Adams, Jean Norbury, Arthur Hall, Shirley Bennett, Donald McGorman, Eva Hill.
SEATED—Lois Bennett, Carl Wharton, Ellen Bennett, Kenneth Heath, Miss M. Ada Dickey, Ruth McMullen, James Rapsey, Madeline Hyland, Livingstone Bain.



ALMA MATER

GRADUATES

Albert Aylesworth—Our last year's electrician is now continuing his studies at the University of Toronto. A fine future in science has been predicted for him.

Dora Banwell and Audrey Rohrer have been having their good times in London instead of Walkerville this year. Incidentally they are going to Normal School.

Edgar Clement—Who hasn't missed Edgar's cheery flute around the corridors of school? Edgar is livening up Assumption College.

Arthur West, our Valedictorian, and Bill McColl, our last year's editor-in-chief, have transferred their activities from the Chemistry Laboratory to the University of Toronto. Here's hoping they both win a Rhodes Scholarship.

Alda Maurice—Alda is attending school at North Bay in preparation for teaching the younger generation their three R's. We are sure Alda will be as great a success as a teacher as she was a student.

Stuart Young is following in his brother's footsteps and is now enjoying the environs of Kingston while he is enrolled at Queen's University.

Leo Malania, last year's Ontario Champion orator is now attending the "U" at Toronto. Nobody is going to forget Leo, our silver-tongued orator.

Winston Mahon and Howard Morrow, two of last year's debaters, are displaying their talents at the University of Toronto.

Ted Hawkeswood, one of our representatives in basketball, is now amassing a fortune at the Truscon Steel Co.

Another of our debaters, James Hayward, is attending the University of Michigan, this year. James was popular around the school and we wish him well.

Among our fellow-classmen who are preparing to follow the legal profession are Robert Young, Luther Clarke, and Frank McCarthy. There is still a very strong attraction for Bob at the Collegiate....

Dorothy Parnell, after attending Windsor Business College, is now helping Lillian Bull with the heavy burdens of looking after and pleasing everybody at school.

Bill Rowland and Lawrence Brennan have taken up their residence in London, where they are continuing their studies at Western University.

Henry Bull and Glendal Schaeffer, two Latin sharks, are showing those on the University of Toronto campus what good preparation can be obtained at the Walkerville C. I.

Doug Vaughan—Perhaps you have noticed that Doug is reporting Sports for the Border Cities Star? Only one who really knows, can cover Sports as well as they are being taken care of in the Border Cities Star.

Archie Stewart, last year's basketball captain, is a gentleman of leisure this year. Lucky boy, Hatchet.

Harry Roberts, we hear, is attending Central Collegiate Institute but we know we can still count on his loyalty.

Isabel Hallman and Vesta Brooker are equipping themselves for the Business world at the Border Cities Business College.

Daisy Bean, Helen Fry, and Buelah Donnelly are attending the Windsor Business College.

Gordon Patterson: holding up the stock market down in the offices of King, Boug, Stodgell & Co.

Mrs. Airey, an extremely popular member of our class, is now a lady of leisure.

The Crowd: "We want a touchdown! We want a touchdown!"

Small Voice: "Papa, I want a sack of peanuts."

"Why are you crying, Johnnie?"

"My brothers have holidays and I haven't."

"How is that?"

"I don't go to school yet."

"Did you hear about the Scotchman who went down to the Black Sea to fill his fountain pen?"

* * *

The teacher said to her class: "Words ending 'ous' mean 'full of'; as joyous means full of joy and vigorous means full of vigor. Now, give an example of such a word."

Tommy raised his hand and said: "Pious."



POETRY



IRISH DAYS

All the days were Irish days,
With their skies of Irish blue,
And all the star-lit summer nights—
Sure they were Irish too.

On every hill a fairy ring
Where the fairies came to play,
And all the little elfin men,
To dance the hours away.

On Killarney's lovely silences
The sunlight fell in bars,
And tender-hearted lovers roamed
Beneath the twinkling stars.

And all the friends were Irish friends,
With Irish hearts and true,
With a cheery word and a merry laugh
And a smile to welcome you.

And Ireland's ever calling me,
And it leaves an aching pain;
O, glorious day when I return
To Ireland again.

—Carl Wharton, 4A.

PARODY ON "UP AT A VILLA— DOWN IN THE CITY"

(Apologies to R. Browning)

Had I but plenty of money,
Money enough to spare,
I'd buy myself an aeroplane
And then I'd take the air.

I'd fly high over the housetops
And over the city square.
O, what a life. O, such a life
That I could lead up there.

Little to hear, by golly;
Something to see at least.
There, up in the sky, the whole day long
I'd have a perfect feast.

I'd flit from cloud to cloudlet
As light as a cake of yeast
Then I'd look down upon the earth
Where life isn't fit for a beast.

Would it not be much better, I ask you
To ascend to the heavens toute suite
And loop-the-loop above the clouds?
There's a pleasure that cannot be beat.

Beggars can hardly be choosers;
But, had I one wish for a day,
I would wish for plane to go flying.
There is no greater pleasure. Hey, Hey!

—L. Bain, V.

MEMORIES

—Carl Wharton.

The wind and the driving rain
And the heavy grey billows of sea,
The sound of desolate shore
Are memories you bring to me.

The blue of a summer sky
The drowsy drone of the bee,
The first fresh fragrance of morn
Are memories now dear to me.

The hours we spent together
By meadow and hill and lea,
And the loving touch of a loving hand
Were precious hours to me.

The faint cold rays of the moon
And the stars that laugh in glee,
The breath of the cool night air
Seemed all a part of thee.

And now you think I sing
Of a maiden dear to me,
But instead you've all been fooled
'Cause I sing of my BOOKS you see.

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road your treading seems uphill,
When your marks are low and your friends are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When detentions are keeping you in a bit,
Sigh, if you must,—but don't quit.

School is queer with its languages and maths,
Things we all must know if we hope to pass,
And many a failure turns about,
When he might have passed had he stuck it out.
When they all seem hard, don't give in.
Just take your books and dig in with a grin.

—Phyllis Keane, 3B.

DREAMS

I would I were in a Gondola;
A-sleeping in the stern;
With all the Memory Work I've got to learn,
Learned.

I would I were beside the sea,
Or sailing in a boat,
With all the French I've got to write
"Wrote."

I would I were on yonder hill,

TO A MEADOW LARK

O, meadow lark,
Echo of spring,
What joy and happiness you bring
Into my heart
When I hear you sing.

O, meadow lark,
Your note so clear,
Full rounded melody, full of cheer,
My weary heart
Delights to hear.

The wet brown field
By your merry song
You fill with delight all day long.
Impart to me
Your cheering song,
Sweet meadow lark.

—Hugh Moorehouse.

A-basking in the sun;
With all the Latin I've got to do,
Done.

Ernest Hazen, 3D.



BLUE AND WHITE

TEACHING STAFF



STANDING, left to right—Miss Cooney, Mr. D. C. O'Brien, Miss Auld, Miss Bluett, Miss Bryan, Mr. Hartford, Miss McLaren, Miss McWhorter, Miss Dickey, Miss McDonald.
SEATED—Miss Robbins, Mr. Philp, Miss Bergolne, Mr. Hall, Mr. J. L. McNaughton (Principal), Miss Brown, Mr. Stephens, Miss Crow, Mr. Swanson.

NEW ADDITIONS TO OUR STAFF

MISS BLUETT: A graduate of Western and a Gold Medallist in Mathematics. Besides being an excellent teacher Miss Bluett has such a sense of humour that she is very popular with the students.

MISS BRYAN, who is from Queen's and a specialist in the Classics. Miss Bryan looks so much more like a student than a teacher that it quite takes one's breath away to hear her rattling off Latin like nobody's business.

MR. STEPHENS, who taught for several years in St. Catharines. He is a graduate of Varsity and the son of a minister. We hear that Mr. Stephens was a famous track-man. His coaching has been invaluable to many of our athletes.

MR. SWANSON: We consider ourselves extraordinarily fortunate in having been able to obtain Mr. Swanson as a Science teacher, for he is quite famous and has a wonderful reputation as a scien-

tist. He, too, is a graduate of Varsity and an M.A. He was principal of Smithville C. I.

MR. O'BRIEN taught in Picton and Port Colbourne before coming here. Toronto University is his Alma Mater. He has trained some champion rugby teams, and we are hoping to develop a fine one under him.

MISS COONEY: Our very popular gym teacher. She is from Toronto and a specialist in Physical Culture. Miss Cooney has proved a marvelous coach for the girl's basketball team. She is such a good fellow and so peppy that it is great fun taking her classes.

MISS CROW: From Toronto, and another M.A. She taught for a year at Madras University in India and is a specialist in Physics and Maths. She is very much liked at Walkerville.



MUSIC



BACK ROW, left to right—Michael Bunt, John Jenkins, Fred Dillon, Jack Girty, Louis Clement, Neville Clement,
 Richard West, Dorace Gilbert, Robert Heath; SE COND ROW—George Venuta, Alex Elliot,
 Clyde Gilbert, Patricia Lamers, Herschel Stafford, Verlyn Saylor, Edgar Clement, Dorothy Loums, John MacArthur, Helen
 Hanson, John Jackson, Jack O'Connell, Chester Eaves, Alan West, John Dickson; SEATED, first row—
 Verna Galloway, Alice Whitney, Velva Merrifield, Alma Gulak, Shirley Bennett, Angelo Russo, director; Marion McGrath,
 Lillian Menard, Josephine Barber, Barber; SEATED, at front—Gilbert, Gordon Philpotts, George
 Rumney, Harold Gray.

WALKERVILLE COLLEGIATE STUDENT ORCHESTRA

On the afternoon of September 14th, 1927, a group of eight music-minded students met in the school auditorium with Mr. Robert Meade, and a formal organization of the first Walkerville Collegiate Orchestra took place.

Since that date, the orchestra has grown and advanced steadily under the capable and sympathetic direction of Mr. Russo, to whom unlimited credit for the success of the orchestra is due.

Leo Malania, who was for two years student director with Mr. Russo, has also contributed much to the success of the orchestra, as has Mr. Meade, the former principal of the school. The orchestra will always be deeply indebted to Mr. Meade whose real interest and support first made its organization possible.

The orchestra has already presented four successful concerts and is now preparing for a fifth.

The fourth concert on March 6th, was well re-

ceived by music critics of the Border who were especially enthusiastic in their praise of the orchestra's interpretation of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" and Rachmaninoff's "Prélude in C Minor."

Mr. Russo is now working on selections from the "Bohemian Girl" which will be featured in the program of the next concert to be presented early in May, with the assistance of the newly organized Glee Club.

At present there are forty-two members in what is promising to be one of the finest orchestras in the Border Cities; the executive of the orchestra consists of:

- Angelo Russo—Conductor.
- Donna Stephenson—Ass't. Conductor.
- Clyde Gilbert—President.
- Verlyn Saylor—Secretary-Treasurer.
- Edgar Clement—Advertising Manager.
- Shirley Bennett—Scenic Artist.

HAWAIIAN MUSIC

Hawaii is the land of music and flowers. Hawaiians must sing if they are to be happy. Their souls are full of poetry and they must overflow in song.

The ancient instruments of Hawaii are gradually giving place to more modern instruments. Of the true Hawaiian instruments there are three that were very popularly used in connection with the original hula dancing. The Pahu is a drum made from well-seasoned wood and covered with the skin of a shark. The Puili is a bamboo stick divided at the top so that it spreads out like a hand and was employed by the musician for marking rhythm by striking different parts of the body, making a sort of swishing sound. The Uli-Uli is a small gourd with a long stem which is decorated with feathers and filled with canna seeds. This instrument is rattled in a rythm which has the effect of speeding up the dance.

The distinct characteristic of the Hawaiian chants is the monotony of the melody and therefore a great deal of the beauty of their music depends on the emphasis that is put on the sentiment of the song.

There are three distinct and interesting divisions of the old Hawaiian chants. The Mele Kohonura or royal chants were composed and sung for the

high chiefs only. The Mele Olioli were love songs and the Mele Hula were their dancing songs.

Much of the beauty of Hawaiian songs is lost in translating but to the native Hawaiian the beauty must be there, for two elderly singers with very bad voices, chanting many verses of exceedingly monotonous music, while several hula dancers went through motions that seemed to have little variation, kept up tremendous enthusiasm and interest in an audience of men, women and children for several hours.

The older people seem perfectly content with their native music, but, in accord with the trend of the times, the young people want more melody and more spirited rhythm.

LET US SING!

*Brothers and Sisters, take
heed unto the teakettle
Though up to its neck in
water, yet it singeth.*



THE GLEE CLUB

One of the most interesting school organizations is the Glee Club. This is its second year of activity in Walkerville Collegiate and it is quite evident that it is becoming more and more popular. We feel sure that this year it is going to be a great success if every member will do his share to boost it and be faithful to it. To accomplish as much as we would like in order to ensure real success it is essential that we get started in the early fall rather than after Christmas.

Most of our former officers graduated last June so this year we have a complete change of officers. We were very, very sorry to lose Mr. White, one of our last year's officers, but hope he is enjoying his new home and school. We miss Henry Bull, too, both as president and leading bass.

We consider ourselves privileged in having Miss Auld and Miss Brown for our directors this year. They are the best one could find anywhere around here. Our president is Arthur Hall (you all know Art); our vice-president is Virginia Frink, our secretary, Jean Burt; and the music committee consists of Lorraine Scott, Thelma Hyland, Joe Burns and Brock Andrews. They all promise to be very efficient in their respective offices.

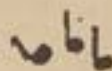
This year we are singing some of the popular mel-

odies beside many of the old favourites. The part songs promise to be very interesting. We have secured a number of beautiful selections for this work.

You have all seen the Glee Club pin, no doubt. This is one of the daintiest of any of the school pins and we are very proud of it. If you have one hundred percent attendance you will be given one of these pins. This is a great inducement but I really think that it is a love of good music and a little fun that attract the students.

So boost your Glee Club "sky-high" and listen to us sing.

—Madelon Beebe.



"THE DUNSTEAD GHOST"

A blanket of velvety snow lay without.
 We looked at each other with fear and doubt.
 There really was nought, but our hearts seemed to
 freeze
 At each mournful sigh of the wind in the trees.
 Of course no ghost was in Castle Dunstead.
 It's not true to say folks return from the dead;
 But a shadow that strongly resembled the cowl
 Of a ghostly old monk almost caused us to howl.
 But it vanished and then we all started to laugh,
 And with nerves on edge tried to prattle and chaff;
 But a cold chill of fear had a grip on each heart,
 So that each gentle stir made us tremble and start.
 We were all seated thus, when we heard the stairs
 creak,
 Then a groan and a clanking caused a terrified shriek
 To burst from the ladies, and with scarcely a breath
 We waited in silence, a silence like death.
 We saw the door open and there in a cloud
 Stood the ghost of a friar, encloaked in a shroud.
 There was sorrow and wrath in the long and strange
 look
 That he gave us; he pointed a finger that shook.
 "T'was the Norman Le Grège put me into that cell,
 And vengeance I'll have though his soul be in hell.
 I'll punish his family, his children, his race,
 And all those who dare to inhabit this place."
 In a rumbling voice he commanded "Take care,
 I've given you warning, so, humans, beware!"
 With a rumble, the cause of our fears of that night
 Closed the portal and vanished forever from sight.

—Joe Burns, Form V.

RECENT ADVANCES MADE IN
 CHEMISTRY

(Continued from page 15)

Collodion is a solution in ether and alcohol of guncotton. Hyatt tried mixing this with ivory powder, and used it to cover billiard balls of the right weight and size. The dissolved guncotton had an inconvenient way of shrinking and shrivelling. Then too it was explosive. Hyatt received a complaint from a Colorado saloon keeper that a player had touched one of the balls with a lighted cigar, and that when it popped every man in the room had drawn his gun.

Alexander Parkes, in England, turned out a substance known as "parkesine" by using camphor. One of his associates improved on Parkes' method and produced something better, "xylonite". Both men used castor oil in the product, and consequently it

THE WALLS OF WALKERVILLE

(He thanks Winnifred M. Lettis for her aid)

I saw the walls of Walkerville
 As I was passing by,
 The red walls of Walkerville
 Against the morning sky.
 My heart was with the Walkerville men,
 Who go inside to sigh.

The years go fast in Walkerville,
 The golden years and gay;
 The fair Collegiate looketh down
 On careless youth at play.
 But when the bugles sounded 'march'
 They put their games away.

They left the peaceful hall,
 The soccer-field, the court,
 The shaven lawns of Walkerville.
 They came away from sport.
 They gave their merry time away
 To march to Stodgell Park.

Rest your feet, good gentlemen
 Who laid your good time down,
 Who took the kilt and took the gun,
 Cadets who won renown.
 Wit bring you to a fairer place
 Than even Walkerville C. I.

—Fred Krailo.

did not stand weathering, and, what's more, it smelt. Hyatt, hearing of their experiments with camphor, mixed his guncotton and camphor together and put the mixture in a hot press. Not knowing of the castor oil, he fortunately left it out, and when the press was opened, he found a clear, solid mass of what he named "celluloid".

The process of making celluloid is this: Tissue paper is treated with nitric acid in the presence of sulphuric acid, but the treatment is not carried far enough to produce the explosive guncotton. This is pulped and mixed with half the quantity of camphor, pressed into cakes and dried. The mixture, when subjected to Hydraulic pressure will take any desired form. The process first worked out by Hyatt is the same now used.

There are many trade names for this product: celluloid, viscoloid, coraline, ivorine, durroid, ivortus and cellonite are some of these.

Celluloid can be given any colour, the colour being confined to the exterior, or streaked or as a solid colour. It may be colourless but it has a tendency to turn yellow.

(Continued on page 55)



A XMAS TRAGEDY

Christmas night, and snowing heavily. The thick white flakes, falling so softly, obliterated everything. They piled themselves in every nook and cranny of the old inn till only its dark front was left, a black blotch on a white expanse. It was bitterly cold, so cold that even the trees seemed to be shivering in the frigid air, and striving to wrap their gaunt limbs more closely about them.

But if it was cheerless outside, it was merry enough inside. Around a blazing fire in the comfortable dining-room of the inn was grouped a party of travellers. They were of the type that might be found almost anywhere in the country. A fat gentleman of complacent aspect and advanced years seated in an armchair, who answered, apparently without resentment, to the name of "Dad." A thin young man occupied another armchair. A small gentleman, named Saunders, occupied a seat whose only recommendation was that it was conveniently close to a decanter of whisky. His only claim to distinction was a face that held a perennial look of surprise. The other two occupants of the room were most remarkable, one because he was neither drinking, talking, nor attempting to talk, and the other because he was gavotting round the room to the strains of "The Turkey in the Straw" played by an antiquated phonograph. These two, though so different in disposition, were obviously brothers. In fact they had been "hunting in couples" up and down the country for the last eighteen months, and were beginning to be known as the Lee brothers. The younger, Terry, was a light-hearted, gay, and irresponsible boy of about nineteen. The elder, Jack, was grave and silent, but with an eye that sometimes turned with a look of affection on his younger brother. On the entrance of the landlord with a tray of glasses the conversation became general.

"Been on the road long, sir?" asked the landlord of the fat gentleman.

"About twenty-five years," was the reply.

"And I'll bet you've seen a few queer things in that time" broke in Terry with a wink at his brother. The old man cast a shrewd glance at his questioner, but replied good-humouredly enough:

"Well, I was nearly lynched once, and I've been shot at by a farmer or two, and I helped lay a ghost once, that is to say, I helped try to lay a ghost once."

"No such animal, you know" said the thin young man. "But won't you tell us the story?"

"Oh, there's nothing very much to it. I was at an hotel outside Calgary at the time, along with some friends. One of them had been frightened by what he said was a ghost, while walking along the road. Of course we joked him about it till at last he bet us that we wouldn't go and find the ghost. We took the bet—and I never ran home so fast in my life. But it turned out to be a white collie dog."

"Sure," said the thin young man again "there's always a natural explanation for it, what do you think, landlord?"

"I don't know sir. You see, there's some queer things that have happened, right in this house too, so I never say anything against them myself."

"Ah, another case of the man who wouldn't curse the devil because he didn't think it wise to offend a gentleman whose guest he might be some day," said Terry, laughing gaily.

"Now, now, Terry," his brother chided gently.

"Don't mind him, landlord, but tell us the story."

"Well, it seems that long ago this inn was kept by a miser. His whole passion was money, and he loved it with almost all his greedy heart, almost all, for he loved his only daughter Belle. She must have been a pretty girl for the whole countryside was in love with her; but no one dared to make any advances, for the old man guarded her as carefully as he guarded his gold. But one day a gay young highway-man came to the inn, and fell in love with Belle and she with him. They arranged to elope, and one dark moonless night the highwayman propped a ladder beneath Belle's window and mounted to bring down his lovely bride. But when he reached

BLUE AND WHITE

the window he found not Belle, but a pistol, awaiting him; a pistol that exploded in his face. They found him next morning lying stretched out dead on the flagstones. He never came back in life, but he often returns in death, with half of his face blown away, to haunt the scene of his murder."

There was silence for a little while following the landlord's story, and then the elder Lee asked:

"And have you ever seen the ghost yourself?"

"Not exactly, but some of the servants have."

Terry laughed.

"I thought so, imagination again. All your servants saw was a white cloth hanging on a peg, and took it for a ghost. Well, I'm not imaginative myself, but I'm tired and I'm going to bed. Good-night you fellows, good-night Jack." And with a cheery grin at his brother he left the room.

"Well, there's a merry rascal" remarked Saunders, "but his example is good and I'm going to bed as soon as I finish my pipe."

The same sentiment was expressed by the rest of the company, so that shortly afterwards a general exodus was begun. Saunders and the elder Lee went first, Jack with his heavy top boots in his hand, and together they set out for their rooms, the others following more leisurely.

"Dark here, should have brought a light," muttered Jack, feeling for a match. He struck one, and the two made their way up the dark stair-case to the landing above. As they reached the landing the match went out, and Jack was searching for another when something stayed his hand. It was a half-shuffling half-scraping noise just ahead of them. As if suddenly frozen the two stood still, and again that shuffling noise. Jack felt as if his

heart had stopped beating and little shivers ran down his spine. The sound stopped, and now the darkness was full of tiny whispering voices, that seemed to fill his head. A cold sweat broke out on him, and his hands were clammy cold. Still the silence continued, but he felt there was some awful Thing, just before him. That noise again, and then the whispering hesitating voices. Suddenly a dark shape loomed, before him, a darker shadow even than the surrounding blackness, and from the region of its head came indistinct mouthings. Queer broken sounds they were, as if uttered by a man who had no lips to form the words. Then the shape grew larger, as if to lean forward and envelop them, and coincidentally a wild scream of one in an agony of pure terror broke out, and Saunders slid unconscious at his feet. That was the breaking point, and in a blind ungovernable fear Jack flung his heavy boots full at the dreadful figure. There came the lurch of a heavy body, the smashing of bannisters, and then the thud of a heavy body falling on the floor below. Stunned for a moment, Lee stared stupidly at his fellow travellers coming running with a lantern. Suddenly something stirred in his mind and with a cry he seized the lantern and ran down the stairs.

The others watched him as he went to a white figure lying very still on the floor; they saw him draw back the head covering; and then they saw him totter and sway like a drunken man, before collapsing inert on the ground.

They hurried down and drew back that white covering, and then there was a silence, a silence as still as the grave; they were looking at the dead face of Terry Lee.

—Carl Wharton.

QUEER WORLD

It was early when the cub reporter climbed the flight of stairs to the office he shared with several others of his kind. They were all young, none of them any too well paid, nor was the work easy, but the game held them withal.

Mrs. Murphy was busy scrubbing one of the long halls, he noticed, as he gained the last step; and, farther along, was a big, powerful woman. He didn't know her name.

He stopped to talk to Mrs. Murphy. He often did—the other fellows had slipped into the habit of doing so too. He liked her and it always made him angry to see her doing that work. It was darned hard and she didn't seem any too strong. Looked as though she'd been through a lot.

"Gosh, Mrs. Murphy," he would explode, "when I've made my pile, believe me, you and I are going to step out. I'm going to doll you up and we're going to the Ritz."

He meant it too. His lean, likeable face would become very serious. She was just as much in earnest about it as he was.

"You bet we will, Jack, boy."

This morning, after a bit of a chat, he dashed into the office, threw off his suit coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves. Then he lit a cigarette, pulled his typewriter towards him, ran his fingers through his hair, and began. He worked steadily for several hours.

It was an assignment for the Sunday supplement—sob stuff he called it. He had to write a sketch of the lives of some of the sensational beauties of the last century. Most of them had swiftly sunk into obscurity; a few—a very few, he noticed—had succeeded in living a fairly normal life after all the glamour and movement.

Marguerite Hanson was one of the latter. She had

been christened Jane Brown but press agents promptly changed her name. She was extraordinarily beautiful to look upon, but he could find not the slightest trace of emotion in the scraps of her letters he had about him. Her actions were all entirely calculated. When she became old and coarse and wrinkled, and men no longer looked upon her with desire she stoically departed from the cities with the tidy sum she had accumulated, bought a farm and devoted the rest of her life to raising chickens.

Jack could not help admiring her coolness, somewhat, and he was grinning a little as he finished the yarn and turned to the next.

Mimi Marbeau. Slim, fragile, flower-like—as exquisitely lovely as a gazelle. He wrote almost reluctantly about her. It seemed rotten to him to be parading her pitiful, brief story. He was thankful when he was finished with it. The next was Sheila O'Connell.

He remembered his dad used to speak enthusiastically about her sometimes—once he described her.

She was wildly lovely and vitally, intensely alive. London went mad about her and it was even rumoured that among the gorgeous gifts she received was a beautiful and priceless little miniature bestowed by that gayest of good fellows, Edward of Wales, in token of his boundless admiration.

Then suddenly in the midst of it all she vanished with a poor, unknown young Irishman; for she had lived all her life close to the earth and the city with its restlessness and pettiness had become hateful to her.

They were believed to have lived in Ireland for a number of years—then they departed for the new world and all trace was lost of them.

Sheila O'Connell appealed very much to Jack. He rather wished there were a sequel to her tale but that was the last that was heard of her.

The "Jersey Lily" was the next famous beauty.

She had the strong will and enormous vitality of a man—the beauty of a goddess—a strange and, it seemed, an unhappy combination.

Two lesser beauties followed, then his work was done.

He yawned and stretched his arms above his head. The air was thick and opaque with smoke. He glanced at his watch. Nearly two-thirty. Grabbing his hat from the hook he dashed out for lunch—ravenous.

On his return he almost collided with one of the sports-writers, who stopped him as he was going on again.

"I've been looking for you, Jack. 'Fraid I've some pretty bad news. Mrs. Murphy was taken to the hospital. I think, old fellow, that she's dying."

In ten minutes Jack was at the hospital by the side of one of the white, high beds. Mrs. Murphy looked strangely different—terribly white and small and, Jack noticed, through his grief, oddly young and lovely.

"Jack, lad," she said with a gay, ghost of a smile, "don't you be looking so distressed. The fear of dying is not on me."

They talked softly together for an hour or two. Then quite suddenly she became very weak and, in a little while, drifted quietly into unconsciousness. She never awoke.

"Her heart," the white-clad doctor said.

Just before she went she pressed into Jack's hand a small, slim object. He completely forgot about it in his grief till that evening. It fell out when he drew forth his handkerchief. He picked it up.

On the back of a tiny exquisite, jewelled miniature was the simple inscription:

"To a very gallant lady
Sheila O'Connell
from Edward P."

—Ruth McMullen.

CHINA

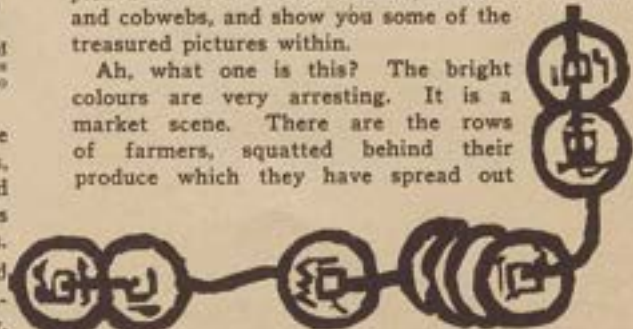
(Editor's Note—Lola has led a very much more colorful and exciting life than most of us. She tells very marvellous tales of China where she lived until she was fourteen. She has also travelled over the greater part of Europe.)

China, land of the farthest East, land of the strange and unknown, land of square-proved boats, land of many-storied pagodas, the land which tried to live in itself and its past and failed,—it is of this land that I have been asked to give my impressions.

My impressions of China are widely different and varied, some are of the weird, mysterious and wonderful, some, of the simple loveliness and beauty,

others of the murky sordiness and squalor. At the word "China" such a mob of pictures rushes through my mind that I cannot begin to tell them all. So, here and there from the shelf of memory I shall pick a few old choice volumes, shake off the dust and cobwebs, and show you some of the treasured pictures within.

Ah, what one is this? The bright colours are very arresting. It is a market scene. There are the rows of farmers, squatted behind their produce which they have spread out



on the flagstones in the street. That is a barber, over there, by that wall. You see his portable stove and stool, which are almost all the shop he needs. His customer is seated upon the stool. He is having a shave. What extremes the Chinese seem to favour in their hair-dress! A few short years ago, it was a queue, now they fancy "pig" shaves. Do you see that old money ex-changer? You would almost think you were back in bible times. His long blue robe trails in the dust as he gloatingly leans over his hoard of cash. Surely those are not hogs, lying on their backs, strapped to wheelbarrows? The picture becomes quite real—the poor hogs' feet begin to wave desperate signals, and squeal piercing shrieks, to tell the world of their protests. We hear the uproar, neighbourly disputes and quarrels, the loud harangue of earnest and determined bargainers, each shouting at the top of his voice, vainly trying to be heard above the din,—such a screaming, yelling, jostling mob, you would almost think it a riot, instead of a market town.

Ah, here is another—You know this one;—it is a temple with its pointed and tiled roof, and guardian demons at the gate. Let us walk right into the picture and examine it ourselves. Inside, in the courtyard, chickens are scratching in the dirt, a dog is sleeping in the sun, a sow with a litter of pigs grunts her way about. Otherwise the place seems quite deserted. Suddenly the dog announces our arrival in formidable tones, which bring out a withered old priest. Very graciously he permits us to enter the precincts of his gods. The inner court is dark and dirty. The giddy colours of the gods' former splendour have faded away beneath the dust and cobwebs. Yet still their ugly distorted faces gloweringly frown upon us. It is noon. From somewhere within, spicy odours assail our nostrils. We come upon the priests shovelling rice into their mouths. In an iron basin on the coals, red peppers are beginning to sputter and sizzle in the grease. The irritating fumes, making us cough and sneeze and our eyes smart, drive us out to seek fresh air.

(Continued on page 28)



(Editor's Note—Mary's mother is a Russian and her father Polish. They have told her many tales about their countries and so, although she has never been to Russia, she knows a great deal about it. This is her first year at the Collegiate.)

Russia is an immense country stretching eastward from Germany for nearly 2,000 miles to Asia.

In travelling through it the best method is by train. The train carriages are much wider, than ours, with long corridors and, although they are slow, they are comfortable. There is plenty of room in a carriage, for each one is supposed to hold from four to six people. At night the berths are let down and the person may lie at full length. There is no electricity in the train, so each passenger has his own candle which he sticks on with melted wax to any projecting object. The trains are so long that they have a curious wavy motion which often produces a sort of sea-sickness.

In Russia everyone is extremely fond of tea. A person, when going out, always carries a package of tea. The tea is made in "Samovars" which means "self-cookers." The samovar is like a large urn, usually of brass or nickel, with a tin of burning charcoal in the centre to boil the water. The traveller puts his tea into a small teapot, and puts it at the top of the samovar to keep warm. No cream or milk is put into the tea, instead, lemon or preserved fruit is used to flavour it. Every home has a

cooling cellar where huge blocks of ice are piled into shelves where food is kept during the summer. During the winter thousands of men work preparing the ice for summer. The surface of a portion of ice is scraped, and a huge oblong is outlined with hatchets and marked into smaller sections by cross-cuts. Deep trenches are next cut around the block with hatchets. The men stand in these trenches and cut away the ice at their feet, until, at 4 or 5 feet, the ice becomes too thin to support them. The last layer is broken by iron poles and the huge mass is left floating. The men mount upon this and with their sharp ice-breakers strike blow after blow into the cross-cuts until the blocks are ready to be pulled out. Each mass of ice is hauled on a low sledge and taken to the cold cellars.

On January 18 a great festival is held, known as the Benediction of the Waters. A large wooden temple is built on the ice, beautifully decorated with guilt paintings and fir boughs. A hole is made in the ice and the water blessed. The priests lead the vast procession to the hole where many take a plunge to be cleansed of sin. Many people take some of the water in flasks for future use.

In Russia, Christmas comes thirteen days after ours. It is not Christmas day that is specially celebrated but Christmas Eve. The day before Christmas is kept very holy. The people fast and pray usually all day. The children keep the day holy, avoiding all amusements, but pass the time telling fairy tales to one another. At six o'clock the children see their



Christmas tree decorated with candles and wax ornaments. At the foot of the tree lies a heap of Christmas presents. Then supper is announced. The supper table looks different than usual. On the table is spread a layer of hay, covered with a white tablecloth. They make their supper mostly of fish dishes, followed by a special Christmas pudding of rice, almonds and raisins or a pudding of honey, barley, and walnuts. After supper a group of young villagers go to the city to sing carols, where they receive gifts and money. Later in the evening the church choir comes and is invited to the home where a happy evening is spent.

Easter is the next special holiday. On Palm Sunday the city streets are filled with peasants who have

come to sell twigs and branches. The branches are taken to church and blessed. The people then fast until Easter, and every one is exhausted and anxious with expectation. As night advances the crowds in the streets grow thicker. Then the bell of every church rings out while rockets ascend and cannon boom. The church is illuminated from base to cross. The metropolitan then announces that "Christ is Risen." The people have their food blessed in church and go home to break their fast with sanctified food.

There is a certain dash of Oriental mysticism in the composition of the Russians that makes them very interesting. I think you would find Russia a most fascinating country.

—Mary Boychuk.

AN UNEXPECTED LEGACY

The day was very hot and only once in a while did a wandering breeze come through the open windows of the classroom and momentarily revive the students from their lethargic state. During these conscious periods all looked eagerly at the clock which seemed to be taking longer than usual in its fourth trip around the face. It was during one of the hottest parts of this last hour that I began to wonder if on my arrival at home I should find waiting for me a summons to appear in court for speeding. Everything in the class-room seemed vague. In a minute I was home slowly sorting the day's mail. My heart sank. Sure enough there was a large envelope bearing my name and with trembling fingers I opened it and slowly withdrew the letter and read it. Could it be true? I read it a second time to make sure. It was not a letter requesting me to appear in court but one which told me that I had been left a legacy by a distant relative and that following day I was to go to the office of the undersigned lawyer.

All that night I wondered in what form this legacy would come and as most legacies are money I concluded that that was probably what this one was. I began to wonder what I should do with a large sum of money. Would I buy a car for myself or would I take another trip into Ontario's great northland or just what should I do with it. However, the night finally passed and I found myself at the door of the lawyer's office. Following the instructions on the door I walked right in and made myself known. I was at once ushered into the lawyer's private office and introduced to him.

He was a small, sleek man, very bald-headed but with one of the most genial, make-yourself-at-home expressions on his face that I have ever seen. On seeing how excited I was, he began to chuckle mer-

rily and asked me what I thought the legacy might be. When I replied that I had no idea what it could be, he said that it was very odd, a very odd legacy indeed. If anything ever excited my curiosity the way that simple statement did I have completely forgotten it. Indeed I was on "pins and needles" until he told me the nature of the legacy. With exasperating deliberateness he took a large envelope from his desk, removed the contents and began to read. I listened eagerly until I heard my name mentioned followed by this sentence,—“and to him do I bequeath the island which I own in Georgian Bay.”

To say that I was dumfounded would be a very mild way of expressing my feelings. I could not realize it—an island in Georgian Bay—but what would I do with an island? I was brought back to earth by the lawyer who told me that we would go to the island as soon as school closed and that in the meantime he would look after the legal business connected with it. As I left his office, I was literally "walking on air." How I wanted to grasp everybody and tell them the news; I owned an island and in Georgian Bay. How I had envied those people whom, the previous summer on a trip through Georgian Bay, I had seen enjoying the beauties of the wonderful country at their homes on these beautiful isles. And now my cherished dream had come true. I owned one of those islands and now could spend the summer in this beautiful, earthly paradise.

The few weeks of school which remained quickly passed and with the examinations over I was free for the summer. We left immediately for this island which had been haunting my dreams for weeks past. All during the train ride to Midland I continually dreamed of this island and tried to picture it from the description I had heard. It was very high and precipitous at one end but sloped gradually to the

BLUE AND WHITE

water's edge at the other end. It was quite heavily wooded and near the centre of the island was a spring from which came the purest of pure water. The train suddenly stopped, it was Midland. We just had time to catch the boat for the last lap of our journey. It was a beautiful trip through the thousands of islands, and it was with great reluctance that we left the boat at our destination. But this soon vanished when we thought of the beauty of the isle to which we were going. Our canoe and equipment were unloaded on the dock and immediately we began to prepare for the short paddle to our island. How eagerly, during this last short paddle, did I strain my eyes to catch a first glimpse of the island. Suddenly turning the end of a small island I perceived another island which seemed vaguely familiar. Then I remembered the description of the isle and immediately recognized the high bluff which we were approaching. We landed at the other end and it was with a feeling of awe that I stepped upon

this island, this beautiful piece of nature's handiwork which I could call my own.

After having pitched camp and put everything in good order we began to walk around. Unconsciously we walked towards the high end of the island. With some difficulty we finally reached the top. But the reward was far greater than the labour and we were spell-bound by the beautiful scene spread out before us. For miles around we could see the Bay dotted with numerous islands, so many green patches on a deep blue background. But as usual I wandered too close to the edge. I began to slip, to fall, to hear a warning cry from—no not my friend, the lawyer—but the teacher who, exasperated by my habitual dreaming, had given me a shake and caught unawares I unceremoniously fell on the floor. The contact of the floor and myself awakened me considerably and as I got back into my seat I realized that I was no longer the proud possessor of an island but merely a poor student trying to make good.
—Kenneth Heath.

INDIA

First impressions are always most exciting, so I will quote from a letter I sent home last year, during a Christmas vacation trip through North India.

Agra, Dec. 27, 1929.

"The long Madras-Calcutta trip was enlivened by our companions, one of whom was a student of our own College. Imagine our surprise to find that she could not understand the language spoken at a station two hundred miles from her home. We were hot and uncomfortable, for we had "upper berths," in reality hard shelves, in a crowded compartment. But there were compensations, for the two nights and a day soon passed listening to the chatter, and keeping a close watch on our many belongings which included a "goojah" or earthenware water-jug, and a luncheon basket. Meals can be obtained on the trains but they are not good, so we brought food along. Boiled water, so necessary for Europeans, cannot be had. Hence the water-jug.

We had a string of bad luck in Calcutta, and yet it was fun. First we had to see about train reservations, and so took a bus to Cook's office only to discover that the train was so late Cook's were closed. So we took a bus back to the station, and with a "Tourist Adviser" made our arrangements. Two seats in the men's compartment were the best we could do. Then we went back up town by bus to hunt a place to stay upon our return to Calcutta next week. Every place claimed to be booked ahead, but eventually an Englishman with a baby Austin—

one of those wee English cars—took us in charge and managed to get a promise from the Y.W.C.A. to keep us when we came back.

It was about four when we had finished and it seemed that we had just time for a drive before dinner and the Benares train. So we hailed a passing driver and managed to intimate that we wished to see the Botanical gardens. We tore along in the antediluvian car, behind a long-haired, much whiskered Sikh driver, for half an hour. Suddenly the taxi stopped, and the rear end settled on the road with an air of finality. It was getting dark, the driver had no English, no one passed except coolies, walking from work. Finally we stopped a truck, discarded dignity, and rode back to the city with the dirty driver. We were just in time for our Benares train.

The trip was unpleasant but short, for we were in Benares before seven the next morning. The Tourist Adviser there proved useful. He got us an excellent guide—a Mohammedan with great dignity and chequered voluminous trousers—and we set out in a carriage for the river. There we hired a boat and were rowed by two ragged boys up and down in front of the bathing ghats. Many Hindus were bathing in the river, for the "holy" Ganges washes away all sins, and assures salvation. Thousands of pilgrims come to Benares weekly. We saw one corpse being dipped, then burnt, and the ashes strewn on the water.



INDIA—CONTINUED

After the boat ride we drove to some of the temples and mosques. Benares is one of the seven sacred cities of Hinduism and a place of pilgrimage for Hindus. It is also a strong Mohammedan centre with many mosques. Add to this the fact that it was one of the early Buddhist cities and is still a place of pilgrimage for Buddhists too, and you can imagine the diversity of sights. The afternoon was occupied with a long drive to a Maharajah's palace. The palace wasn't so much, but the drive to it, across a pontoon bridge and past many camel trains, was full of interest. The typical cart of this part of India is an ekka—two wheeled, very high, with a tiny platform where two people can squat, and a canopy. They must be most uncomfortable. Many sacred bulls wander unmolested in the streets, and goats are everywhere.

The overnight trip from Benares to Agra was a chance to rest, so I slept in spite of the lack of comfort and the heat. Now we've been in Agra for two days, and we've made three visits to the Taj Mahal. Of the many descriptions, and pictures of the Taj I have seen, none approaches the reality. The very gates to the Taj gardens are great sandstone structures, beyond comparison in their exquisiteness. But the Taj, when first seen by moonlight as we saw it,

is perfection. The four tall minarets of white marble cornering the great platform, and on that platform the white marble building, with the corners cut away and inlaid with a tracery of semi-precious stones, the glimmering white, marble domes with tapering points, the marble screens at the doors, the whole reflected in the long mirror-like pool between the fountain and the steps, the setting of quiet garden greenness, made a picture in the brilliant tropical moonlight that caused us to whisper in awe.

We've been twice since, once during the day to explore, and once to enjoy a lovely sunset that tinted the domes to bubble-like colours. There were ten monkeys and many green birds in the little wall turret with us, but even the monkeys were quiet as twilight deepened the colours of sky and marble and river. It wouldn't be possible to say in which mood the Taj appeals most. Certainly Shah Jehan and his much-mourned wife Begum Mumtaz, for whom he built this tomb over three hundred years ago should sleep peacefully in that garden of fairy-like beauty.

Tomorrow we have other, less famous but still interesting tombs, gardens and palaces to see. Just outside the agra is a deserted city, built of redstone with a fifty foot wall, but left because there was no water supply. The following day we are off to Delhi.

Miss Louise Crow.

FINLAND

(Editor's Note—Eva was born in Tammerfors, Finland and came to Canada eight years ago—She has proved herself an exceedingly good debater this year, is a fine student and much liked around the school.)

Finland is a land of strong contrasts, and the visitor to it will get a very different impression according to the season at which he arrives. In the summer he will at once be struck by the intense blueness and clarity of the sky. As he approaches the coast he will notice with pleasure the innumerable small rocky islands, mostly pine-clad, which form a belt around the greater part of the Finnish coast, and are dotted here and there with summer villas.

The most lasting impression of all, however, may be the lightness of the summer nights, when, for several weeks in succession, neither street nor houses require artificial lighting.

If the visitor arrives in winter, this fairy picture will have dissolved as if it had never been there. If he is fortunate, he may, indeed, see glorious sunshine converting the snow-covered land to a glittering plain, and turning each separate tree into a spiritual presence. But in midwinter it will not be for long. The sun rises late and sets early, and all the light is crowded into a few short hours. But already in February, March, when the days have grown longer again, one may see sunlit snow for weeks.

It is, of course, in summer that most foreigners visit the country. The scenery may be briefly described as forest, rock, and water. Dark pine forests stand out sharply against the sky; next to the pine, the silver birch is the most common tree. The water and forest combined form some of the loveliest landscape imaginable, and Finland, the land of thousand lakes, is peculiarly rich in water.

Finland has no great mountain ranges. Nor is it completely a plain, however, it is rather a land of little hills. The majority of these are formed of solid rock, and are often impressive for their abruptness, if not their height.

The capital of Finland is Helsingfors. It has spacious streets and is laid out in a dignified manner. There are fine parks and piazzas, restaurants and theatres, churches, and public-buildings. It has also the feeling and atmosphere of a capital, the cosmopolitanism, the gaiety, the entertainments, the rush of life, the rapid growth, the complexity of interest. Many people also justly commend the cleanness of Helsingfors.

In spite of its summer beauty Helsingfors is designed as a winter town. When the sea is frozen the real joys of winter begin. The ice becomes the scene of a vigorous life. At least five great skating rinks are cleared in the harbours. Bands play there

in the evenings, and the rinks are brilliantly lit by electric light. Some prefer to watch the adept figure-skaters in the enclosed part of the rink. It occasionally happens that the sea is frozen before the snow comes. This is the ideal time for skating, for then one is not confined to a rink but can range at will among the bays and islands and enjoy a delicious sense of freedom.

Even more delightful than skating, on account of this very freedom, is ski-ing. The people of Helsingfors are very fond of ski-ing over the frozen sea. There is something most exhilarating in going forward across the vast shining plain of snow and ice, with a cloudless sky above one. Often, however, people prefer to ski in the country, where there is a constant succession of little hills and valleys. Here the full beauty of winter woods becomes apparent.

During the winter months Helsingfors enjoys a rich intellectual life. Many distinguished foreign scholars are invited by the University to give public lectures every winter, and many famous musicians give concerts here. The theatres are well managed and keep the public in touch with dramatic movements all over Europe.

People in Finland are extremely hospitable and entertain lavishly. Conversation is rarely broken by music or recitation, but a great variety of foods and drinks are handed round in the course of the evening.

Summer in Finland is a revel of beauty. After the long grip of winter relaxes, spring comes with a rush, like a wild creature set free from a leash. Arriving in the country in early June, one is lifted up on the rising wave of the summer. If June is true to her character, the sky and water are deepest blue and the sun is never lost sight of except for the brief hour or two when it is quenched by the sea. This mystical interval is so beautiful that it is hard to turn from it and sleep. The land is lovely with a swift-succeeding pageant of lilacs and fruit-blossoms and wild roses, and the hills are covered with the waving foliage and the white stems of

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AN ART-IC EXPEDITION

Arm in arm we sauntered up the broad steps of the Detroit Museum of Arts.

We entered the room where some of the tapestries we had come to see were hung. At the right we beheld a tapestry whose design immediately made one gaze on it in startled surprise. In a boat which could never have existed was a group of five persons. One woman was trying to play upon an impossible viol da gamba. This instrument had frets which ran diagonally across instead of being at right angles to the strings. I shudder to think of the sound which that instrument would have produced. The lady next to her seems to be successfully drawing sound from an upturned candlestick. Another woman plays upon a flute which is seriously bent—no little handicap to an aspiring artist. From the boat a cloak trails on the water and, wonder of wonders, it does not sink but even seems quite dry. At the extreme right is a duck which has just shoved itself from the water with its feet, and is in a grave danger of damaging its beak against the side of a mansion appearing at the edge of the tapestry. In the whole scene depicted in this tapestry, there was only one really life-like object: a duck which, horrified by the concert, has up-ended itself in an endeavor to seek refuge in the deep.

Next, one comes to a tapestry called "The Wrath of Achilles." In the centre is Achilles, almost fatally twisted and quite obviously a French model. At one end are feet with toes so close together that it is clear he is not used to sandals; and at the other end, a beautiful helmet with ostrich feathers on it, like the modern Knights of the Imperial Potentates of Egypt. Where the Greeks caught the ostrich is an open question. The other actors are also Frenchmen and as the scene is a sandy beach in front of Troy, the designer of the tapestry has appropriately placed here and there a few French upholstered seats. One of the gentlemen having had some difficulty in keeping his buskin in place (a buskin is a cross between a high boot and the extra sock the girl now wears over her stocking) has apparently stuck a thumbtack into his leg to keep it from slipping down. This thumbtack must have escaped Miss Auld's piercing glance or she would have pulled it out and brought it home in triumph.

In the next tapestry "Achilles Mortally Wounded" Paris is in the act of shooting the arrow, which has already entered the heel of Achilles. In the background a warrior loses no time, but has already knelt, clasping his hands in prayer to his gods presumably. The wife of Achilles and the whole Court have miraculously been informed of the Hero's plight and have already arrived on the scene. This tapestry reminded me of the opera Tannhauser. In

this opera, Elizabeth, despairing of Tannhauser's return, hastens up a five mile hill to the castle, dies, is prepared for burial, and is carried down the hill again to meet the returning Tannhauser, only ten minutes after she started up the hill in the first place.

The next tapestry to draw our attention, was one portraying Catherine the Great. In the catalogue it says:

"Russian, 1811.

22. Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia.

Height, 9 feet 4 inches; width 6 feet 7 inches.

Catherine looks as if she might have been 6 feet 7 inches wide, but I doubt if she were 9 feet 4 inches high.

Father and I now meandered into the next room, where four French Beauvais tapestries were displayed. One, the largest, was most unusual. It is divided into three parts by two pineapples which, strangely enough, though only some 4 inches in width, are about 8 feet high. Roses have apparently taken root in these strange pineapples, and are now in full bloom. In the centre scene all is peace and a maypole dance is in progress. In the foreground however, an old he-goat is meditating on introducing a little more action into the dance and seems to have serious designs upon one of the dancers. In the scene at the right, a wolf lies peacefully sleeping. Another wolf is threatened by two youngsters and stands at bay, snarling. His tail is thrust between his legs, and he would like to flee but is afraid to turn because the children will jab him in the rear. In the left hand scene, a wolf stands with his throat all torn by a sheep. The wolf has apparently come too near a three year old child and pet lamb, enraged, has attacked the wolf.

We crossed to another room, and among the tapestries there displayed was one which depicted a game of blind man's bluff. In the sky was a strange bird, a cross between a sea-gull and a parrot. It had a parrot's head and the body and wings of a sea-gull. Its legs instead of trailing behind as is usual with birds in flight, were thrust forward, probably with the intention of seizing the hair of anyone who dared to criticize it.

These trifles of criticism were merely the comic relief to a very pleasant afternoon of study. One could speak of the golden beauties of the Aubusson tapestries, of the interesting grotesques in a six-panel French screen, of the sharp and interesting characterization of the Chinese figures in an admirable English tapestry. All in all there was as much profit as pleasure in our afternoon, and the funny things served to set off the beauties in this interesting exhibit.

—Margot Goodrich.

A BOOK REVIEW

Again the sensitive fire of Russian thought has produced something great—and this time something of such terrible, compelling magnitude that it defies the weakness of words to describe it. It is the "Tertium Organum" by Ouspensky

Here is philosophy evolved from the union of eastern and western thought with the static qualities of the east and the positivism of the west eliminated, and yet it is much more than this. It is Ouspensky—it is genius. If the profound philosophy of the book were never appreciated it would still be immortal for the majesty and poetic beauty of the thought. What finer than this—"In the processional of the year; in the iridescent leaves of autumn with their memory-laden smell; in the first snow, frosting the fields and communicating a strange freshness and sensitiveness to the air; in the spring freshets, in the warming sun, in the awakening but still naked branches through which gleams the turquoise sky; in the white nights of the north, and in the dark, humid, warm tropical nights, spangled with stars—in all these are the thoughts, the emotions, the forms, peculiar to itself alone, of some great consciousness."

This is no dry-as-dust philosophy founded on cold syllogisms of logic but a strange structure of oriental mysticism and Kantian transcendentalism erected on a foundation of mathematics. None but a Rus-

sian reared as he was in an environment influenced by both oriental and occidental philosophy could have thought in terms of both; and none but a genius could have correlated the Kantian Categories, the Indian Karma and higher mathematics in a whole.

Bragdon who introduces the "Tertium Organum" to English says "The book might have appropriately been called 'A Study of Consciousness' for Ouspensky comes early to the conclusion that all other methods of approach to an understanding of the 'enigmas of the world' are vain." And so, after pointing out its deficiencies Ouspensky wholly discards the objective method and undertakes the study of the world-order from the standpoint of subjectivity of consciousness. Yet he does not confuse you in a maze of new conceptions at the onset—instead he leads along familiar ways, very gradually discarding the old for the new, until suddenly, scarcely having been aware of the transformation, you emerge from the chrysalis—to the consciousness of an Infinite Freedom—a Power—Beauty—"

Yet how futile it is to attempt a description of this logic of intuition—"the third canon of thought." It must be read and lived. "Tertium Organum" is not a book—it is psychic experience—"a revolution of the very poles of thought."

—Gordon Hall.

CHINA

(Continued from page 27)

The next picture shows us long grassy slopes. They are the city walls as you see them from the inside. Outside they appear impenetrable brick fortifications—but inside, they are grassy banks gently sloping to the grey roofs of the city below. A few scraggy cows are grazing over there, and everywhere you see goats, big ones and little ones. What is that ring of boys doing? No, it is not marbles, but a similar game, played with cash. (Cash you know is the Chinese coin with the hole in the centre.)

Let us look for a few pictures of their homes. We see that the front door opens onto the street. Often there are not more than ten or twelve feet between the doors on opposite sides of the street. The front consists of slats or panels that are removed during the day, to form a door. If the family keeps a store, the whole front is removed and a counter is pushed out into the street. Behind this counter you will see a small room that may contain a bench or two and shelves laden with the merchant's wares. There is a little curtained door at one side, beyond which is a courtyard. Here we find a busy scene. Nobody

is idle. One woman is hanging the wash on long bamboo poles. She puts the poles through the sleeves of the garments and then pulls them into shape, leaving the poles resting on the roof. She takes great care to see that the clothes do not fall into creases as they will not be ironed afterwards. Another is spinning at a little wheel; a third is laying peppers out in the sun on a mat to dry; and yet another is making shoes. An old withered toothless woman tells us that there are forty of her children living with her. She means her sons, grandsons and great-grandsons with all their wives. It is almost incredible that forty persons could live in so small a home. They must have a rare time when a family dispute arises. This old dame guides us to the back of the house where she shows us the ancestral tablet. Before it, is a little urn of ashes where the lighted candles and sticks of incense are placed, during the daily worship....The Chinese hold their ancestors in great respect, and it is imperative that there be a male heir in the connection to pay due respect to the deceased. For if the ones that have gone to the next world have no one to look after them on earth they are as orphaned spirits.

Some time I will tell you more of China, if you wish.

—Lois Cox.

WILL DURANT

A young reader of books always has a favorite writer.

There may be quite a number of writers whom he admires, quite an Olympian throng to which he sends up worshipful admiration, but, on Olympus there is always an outstanding one whom he recognizes as the king of the gods.

The almighty literary Jupiter, who commands my awe and love is Will Durant, Ph.D. In the first place the fact that this man is a Ph.D. makes him affect me in that way. I love all great scholars. I often sit in the class-room and build castles—fair, towering castles of scholastic attainment, until along comes a test in French or Algebra and they are properly ruined.

Will Durant is a professor, or used to be one, but he doesn't write like ordinary professors,—much more like a romantic poet or novelist; he expresses beautifully the finest sentiments. In his book "Transition," he tells the story from boyhood to maturity of a person who is supposedly himself. In its pages from beginning to end he laughs at himself, now with amusement, now sadly, now cynically. He tells how he was born into a simple home, how he "grew in beauty and wisdom," how he enthusiastically took up radical political and social views, how in his youth he gloried in the fight to free his country from the cruel shackles of political and economical evils. Then the Great War came with

its awful reactions and when it was all over he lapsed into a period of faithlessness and cynicism, but in time he became a husband and a father and found new faith and solid assurance in his maturity. In this book he is reflecting upon the changing values which the rush and progress of civilization have created. It is a sort of warning and a kindly assurance to the younger generation from a man matured and mellowed by the passing years.

Mr. Durant wrote a great book called the "Story of Philosophy" which has enjoyed a very wide sale, being intended not as a dry, learned work, but as a book of real value to the general reading public. He tells the story of Plato and Aristotle delightfully and carries the reader through the realms of knowledge, showing him the developments of thought and the dominant personalities from Francis Bacon to the American, John Dervy. Critics accused him unrightly of popularizing and cheapening the "Mother Science" and of accepting the gold in his scholarly hand. But Will Durant does not heed the intellectual snobs, he is ardently and earnestly working to humanize knowledge. He is a frequent contributor to popular magazines and he has gained eminence, on the lecture platform. He is striving to help the American people to catch some of the enlightened spirit and to elevate its ideals; he is doing a great deal towards the growth of a true and widespread American culture.

—William Sansburn.

MY FAVOURITE AUTHOR

My favourite author is a writer of rare genius—he is an Irishman—perhaps that explains it.

There is something in the style of Donn Byrne that is altogether delightful—some thing that sets him apart from the rest of today's poets as something like a god.

No matter what his theme, whether he is telling of the "little people of the hills" or portraying the courage of some Irish heart—whether his tale is of travel or of history, it is still there, that indescribable charm. Perhaps it is the smooth melody of his words—the perfect rhythm of his sentences—the altogether satisfying balance of his paragraphs—perhaps it is these things that make him great—perhaps it is because he attained perfection in his writing, for that, in itself, is achievement. His perfection, of course, is never mechanical, for his every word is a fresh drop of beauty springing spontaneously from

the fountain of his heart, and such innate perfection is never forced, never mechanical, but rather, an unending source of refreshing delight.

Aside from his charm of style, the calm serenity of Donn Byrne's philosophy alone could make him great, and it is this, I think, which most appeals to me.

But it is difficult to put down in words just what I find in the works of Donn Byrne that makes him my favourite author. I only know that when I have put down one of his books I have found something new and beautiful and real to me—something which never was quite real to me before. I only know that his vivid and yet delicately restrained pen has struck a responsive chord within me—it is, I think, because he has been given the power to express the things that I can only feel.

—Shirley Bennet.

EXCHANGES

An exchange for the propagation of good ideas is an essential part of any school magazine. We all try to be original but originality does not necessarily lie in the fundamental idea. We point to Shakespeare who took the plots for several of his plays from stories current at his time—and yet who could say that his plays are not original? Originality lies in the method of expression of an idea as well as in the idea itself.

We are very grateful for the help that we have received from the following magazines and hope that they have derived some small benefit from the "Blue and White."

"Year Book"—Shelbourne High School.

Your jokes are positively humorous. Our congratulations, also, on your excellent arrangement. Yours is certainly a fine magazine and particularly deserving of credit since your school body is comparatively small.

"Vox Lycei"—Lisgar C. I., Ottawa.

Your photographs are fine and your athletics well-handled but wouldn't your magazine be still more interesting with the addition of a few more cuts, especially in the Travelogue and Literary sections?

"Beacon"—Hanover High School.

You are lucky to have such a poet-laureate as Taylor. He is hot stuff. Your editorials are the best we have seen among our exchanges. However a little more space given over to humor might give your paper a more "collegiate" air.

"The Oracle"—London South C. I., London, Ont.

Your section entitled "Our Best Traditions" is original and interesting. Having bits of humor and poetry placed all through the pages of your literary sections instead of being concentrated in their own particular sections is an excellent idea also. The department headings are not quite up to the high standard of the rest of the paper.

"Bennett Beacon"—Bennett High School,
Buffalo, N. Y.

The cover of your last commencement issue was splendid and that of your Easter issue for 1928 is the finest we have seen on any school magazine. May we suggest that you add some small cartoons



or wood-cuts to your literary section to brighten it up a bit?

"Lux Glebana"—Glebe C. I., Ottawa.

Splendid cuts and very interesting sports section but the literary section seems a bit brief. How about some short stories and a poetry section?

"Acta Nostra"—Guelph.

You have an excellent poetry section and very effective cartoons and sketches. The form notes are complete and interesting—an important point in any school magazine. The short stories are also good. "Acta Nostra" is one of our best exchanges.

"Collegiate"—Sarnia.

The "Collegiate" is certainly living up to its name. It is the most "Collegiate" of our exchanges. The paper fairly breathes school spirit and enthusiasm with its hot cartoons and zippy jokes. You are inclined to over-emphasize the athletic section but then who wouldn't with the rugby team O.R.F.U. champions?

"The Howler"—North Toronto C. I.

The Howler is a fine magazine with peppy form notes that greatly increase its interest. Many magazines do not give sufficient space to their form-notes and for this reason do not gain the interest of the student-body to such an extent as they might. Editors who find it difficult to arouse the enthusiasm of the students for the paper might do well to increase their space for form-notes as "The Howler" has done. We feel, as the staff of the Howler does,

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that the school paper is primarily for the majority which is made up of average students and not particularly for the few students with exceptional literary or artistic ability.

"L.C.C.I. Review"—London Central C. I., London.

The mighty "Review" winner last year as best magazine among all other school journals has an issue this year quite up to their high standard. For arrangement, originality and variety it has few peers among the magazines we have examined. The cuts are quite unique and the short stories show signs of remarkable ability. Congratulations.

We also received in exchange the following maga-

zines which we found interesting and helpful—come again.

"Acta Victoriana"—Victoria College.

"The Lampadion"—Delta C. I., Hamilton.

"The Magnet"—Jarvis C. I., Toronto.

"O. A. C. Review"—Ontario Agricultural College.

"Trinity University Review"—Trinity College.

"Bloor Breezes"—Bloor C. I., Toronto, Ont.

"Grumbler"—Kitchener and Waterloo Collegiate and Vocational School.

"Parkdalian"—Parkdale C. I., Toronto.

DIET



Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,
And never, as people do now,
Did he note the amount of the caloric count;
He ate it because it was chow.

He wasn't disturbed, as at dinner he sat,
Destroying a roast or pie,
To think it was lacking in granular fat,
Or a couple of vitamins shy.

He cheerfully chewed every species of food,
Untroubled by worries or fears,
Lest his health might be hurt by some fancy dessert
And he lived over Nine Hundred Years.

—Ernest Hazen.

SUCCESS

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphynx.

"Push," said the Button.

"Never be led," said the Pencil.

"Take pains," said the Window.

"Always keep cool," said the Ice.

"Be up to date," said the Calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the Fire.

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.

"Do the work you're suited for," said the Chimney.

FINLAND

(Continued from page 31)

delicate birches, like dancing maidens, and the more masculine beauty of pines and firs. The rock-strewn meadows are brilliant with wild flowers.

The soul of the Finnish nation is mirrored in its music. The "Kalevala" is the co-ordination into an epic poem of a vast number of songs, handed down from generation to generation. Folk songs are also numerous and the national note is strong in them. It is both grave and gay, seeming in one case to embody the surging joy of the summer on which no darkness ever falls; in the other, the long snow lit twilight of the winter, when for months on end the sun scarcely peeps above the level of the frozen earth.

—Eva Hill

The SCIENTIST

As a graduate of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute and an undergraduate (though a freshman isn't exactly sure of his status in society but is proudly happy, not in glorifying, but in being glorified by his Alma Mater)—as an undergraduate in the Faculty of Arts of University College, in the University of Toronto, I am a man suspected of being more or less engaged in the serious business of life in spite of the fact that it is College life. So to confirm suspicion and not disappoint anyone I must assume a very grave (dull) and serious (boring) mien and lecture on an intellectual (heavy) subject, which subject is the Scientist, a not entirely avoidable nor insignificant by-product of this latest fad of mankind, scientific civilization.

As a rule Scientists can be divided into three classes. The first and most important, from the economic and therefore civilized viewpoint, is the Applied Scientist or rather the man who applies his knowledge of science for the benefit of, primarily, his pocket book, and incidentally humanity. This class includes the doctor, the engineer, the dentist and the cook. And then because it is not necessary to know all about a subject in order to make a comfortable living, he learns merely a branch of any one science, in other words, specializes. So the types of specialists are as numerous and bigotted as microbes but far more dangerous.

If you examine a drop of water—no, I don't mean a drop of ordinary water but a special culture and heaven knows what it contains besides water: so we say a drop of water because where there is no water there can be no life—if you examine a drop of culture under a microscope you will be able to count as many as fifty, possibly more, types of microscopic animals and plants. It would be utterly useless for me to attempt to name them because my powers of invention are limited and you would be as much in the dark as before, so we'll take that statement for granted, since the scientists tell us it is true, and proceed to the comparison. The culture may be compared to "Civilization, early XX century; fragile, do not stop to examine," and the microbes in it are applied scientists. A moment's thought will show you how numerous they are. I'll take a deep breath and repeat the names of as many types of engineers as I can remember before I'm out of breath; here goes—mechanical, electrical, automotive, aeronautic, chemical, civil, radio and structural engineers, metallurgical petrologists—there! Although I am exhausted the list is by no means. A similar list can be made for the doctor and dentist.

"Surely," you say, "you have no reason for calling the scientist bigotted and dangerous," but I have a reason. The applied scientist is a specialist, that is he keeps his microscope, or telescope as the case may be, trained on his own particular lump of clay in the field of science and reduces everything else that he sees out of the corner of his eye to his own short-sighted measurements. So the genetist shouts that the cause of the world's misery is poor heredity, and proposes eugenics as the cure-all, the dietitian claims that malnutrition is the reason and sells a "sun-wheat biscuit" and the radiologist claims that the lack of ultra-violet is weakening the race and sells the ultra-violet lamp. It is because he is so bigotted that we are in danger of acquiring his accursed blindness and then complacently excuse ourselves by saying "Well, a man can't expect to know everything," and so we don't try to know more than will earn us a little bread and a great deal of wine. We sincerely believe every word in the newspapers and magazines, whose business it is to "inform the public," that is tell them partial truths discovered by our applied scientist, which truths will put money into the pocket of the capitalist and so into the pocket of the scientist. Thus the dentist contrives to discover that 95% of all sickness is caused by bad teeth, and we have our teeth removed and use the superior product of the dentist, and the eminent Doctor So-and-so, the leading doctor in America (leading, in the sense that his discoveries are most easily capitalized) discovers that the ductless glands are the long sought fountain of eternal youth and immediately we have him graft into us "monkey glands" to the tune of five hundred dollars and up.

I include the cook because she dabbles in the science of tickling the tonsils. The saying is that "the way to man's heart is through his stomach." I'll vouch for its truth and add that the road to his purse is the same. So universities offer instruction in this honourable hold-up game under the dignified title of "Household Science" which is in as high favour as the venerable faculties of Medicine, Dentistry and Law.

The next class might be called the Pure Scientist. He makes "scio" to mean "I know the facts," but that definition is not strictly correct for he does not stick only to facts but speculates and forms hypotheses and theories but always with one eye and two hands on the facts as he knows them. This type of scientist is to be found almost exclusively in the universities where he is allowed to follow his intel-

lectual pursuit with more or less freedom until he wanders from the absolute truth, as set up by his paymasters. So though this scientist is the most honest, sincere and altogether admirable creature that walks the earth, he is the most misunderstood and least recompensed (in the material of this world) of all mankind. Misunderstood by the public because the public can't understand, by the pupils because they look upon him as a task master and forget that that is exactly what they are paying him to be.

To this class belong all the great scientists. I can't begin to name them all but I would like to explain why our greatest contemporary scientist Einstein is considered great. Many people think that the theory of relativity disproves Newton's theory of gravitation. But it does not, any more than the English language proves that the Chinese language is wrong. However English may be a better language in that it can represent the facts more clearly and accurately. So it is that Einstein's theory is better because among a great many other things it changes the length of the year as calculated from the theory by 40 seconds and by coming that much closer the truth it is a better theory than the theory of Gravitation.

The last class is what I like to call the pseudo-

scientist. He makes scio mean "I want to know." But he wants to know not because he loves the truth, but simply because it is intensely interesting to learn. But a great mass of facts is always more or less dull so that it is the theories and controversies of the pure scientists which interest him; and consequently the prefix pseudo.

The numerous amateur scientists like myself belong to this class. We are at once high-minded and parasitic; for we are not in the least tainted by the mercenary outlook of the Applied Scientist, still less by the laborious research of the Pure Scientist and so are high above the first but still condescend to profit from the labour of the second.

Thus I have divided scientists into three classes, but when you stop to consider scientists as persons, they all, with the possible exception of the last, embody the three types, although one type may altogether obscure the other two.

And, civilization being what it is, I, for one, cannot hope to pursue much longer the primrose path of pseudo-science; but must stoop to use medical science as a means of livelihood, so if some of my readers have heeded anything I said about the first class of scientists, please forget it, because we applied scientists need your money.

—Albert Aylesworth.



THEN AND NOW

(Editor's Note—As one would expect since Ruth is keenly interested in medical science—even confessing that she plans to become a doctor—she has produced a very readable article. Ruth was born in Boston and is our Senior Girl's Oratory Champion.)

In the "good old days" the cause of every ailment and its treatment were in the majority of cases, exceedingly simple. Too much blood was the cause. For treatment, the patient visited the barber-surgeon. After the victim was properly or improperly bled he either recovered or died, and nothing could be done about it. The more fortunate patients depended for treatment upon herbs. The method of caring for wounds was rather disagreeable. No anaesthetic was administered. That "new-fangled" treatment had not yet been discovered. For the cure of wounds made by firearms, an early physician's method was to cauterize the wound with oil of elders, scalding hot, mixed with a little treacle. Amputation was the pleasant method used when

wounds became infected. The learned surgeons attributed the poisoning to oxygen gas.

As the law would not allow human bodies to be used, the most accurate knowledge of the location of the organs, circulation and respiration was gained from dissections upon animals. People were not burdened by the cost of hospitals. Few operations were performed. A person seldom recovered from an operation, so why risk one when one could suffer a little longer and die peacefully without the extra cost? The bothersome "Germ Theory," was unknown. Therefore the people were not annoyed by health rules or quarantines. It was not necessary to filter water. Students were not obliged to study Hygiene. One life was of little importance. An epidemic now and again helped to keep the world from becoming overcrowded with people.

Now, the news of one life lost by a mistake of doctor travels around the world. Knowledge has replaced superstition. With our well educated doctors and nurses, and modern hospitals, a person may drift off to dreamland and while enjoying pleasant dreams have his anatomy completely overhauled and renovated. Indeed the slogan of the modern physician might well be "New Bodies For Old," our modern knowledge of medicine is the result of discoveries made by such men as Harvey, Lister, Jenner, and Pasteur.

About the time when the world was becoming more civilized, and England was beheading Charles I, a better knowledge of the human body was gained. It was learned for the first time that the blood actually circulated through the body, and that there was a connection between the heart, arteries, and veins. Not until after 1800 were people compelled to be vaccinated. The discovery of the "Germ Theory" not only enabled physicians to prevent infection but also became the base of Anti-toxins. With the scientific use of anaesthetic in surgical operations, and the discovery of "Antiseptic Surgery," operations ceased to be a sure medium of death. The Boer War, and the fight between the Kaiser and his friends, were the first wars in which the wounds were properly cared for, and our soldiers were spared some of the agony resulting from infection.

The use of serums prevents the spread of small-pox, diphtheria and scarlet fever.

By means of an instrument resembling a saw, bone

may be transplanted from one part of the human body to another. The insignificant shin-bone, the source of the bone repairing material, suddenly gains importance. Skin and even flesh may be grafted.

Radium, X-rays, sunshine, and electric therapy are some of the methods used in combating disease. Much attention has been given to diets, and refrigeration of food.

Modern interest in child welfare has meant an astonishing decrease in infant mortality. In 1700 the average age of a person at death was twenty, by 1900 it increased to thirty-five. In the following thirty years advances in medicine added ten years to the average length of life.

John Locke, English physician and philosopher said, "a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world." Medical science is the medium by which this state is gained and maintained.

—Ruth Best.

THE TELEPHONE WITH A MEMORY

Although this instrument was invented in a crude form some thirty years ago in Sweden, the common name for the unit is magnetic phonograph, the instrument had very little use until it was found that it could be used in the transmission of telephone conversations.

Let us suppose you are a business man in New York and you have an important message for your partner in London. This message is nine thousand words in length and it must reach him immediately. An average person is able to talk at the rate of 150 words a minute over the telephone so that this message would require an hour to transmit it. The solution is very simple. You reach for the telephone on your desk and quietly talk into the mouth-

piece for an hour while a steel wire is passed through the machine. You call London on the telephone and insert the wire in the transmitter and the message is sent to London in ten minutes.

Your London partner receives the message on the receiving bobbin at the rate of nine hundred words a minute. The message is recorded on a wire similar to the one in your office and is later placed into a detector which controls the rate of conversation to allow the stenographer to copy it. You receive the bill at the end of the month and you have saved the cost of fifty minutes telephone conversation.

The transmitting apparatus of this marvellous machine utilized the power of an electric magnet on the molecules of the steel wire. This wire is placed in the telephone machine equipped with a similar magnet and a loud speaker. The sounds issued from the speaker are transmitted over the telephone and are received in a machine similar to the one into which the message was originally issued. This wire is then placed in a machine similar to the one at the mouthpiece of the telephone but so arranged that the speed of the conversation is lowered.

A German scientist has produced a type of wire so made that after ten years the conversation is still as loud as at the time of the production. This same scientist is also able to treat the wire so that any part of the conversation may be destroyed.

—Art Hall.



AERIAL TRANSPORTATION

The thought of traversing the Atlantic Ocean by aeroplane makes the average person shudder with fear, the boat owner snicker and the aviation enthusiast think of the value of his hobby.

The day is not far distant when it will be an every day affair to travel to Britain in a luxurious cabin multi-motored plane at the rate of two hundred miles an hour. The aeroplane will be the chief method of passenger travel, while the dirigible will carry the express and package goods.

You will probably wonder how such great ships as I predict will be able to carry enough fuel, lubricating oil and similar needs and still carry enough

weight in passengers and freight to make the service a profit producing plan. I do not predict that the planes will travel in a non-stop journey from continent to continent but will land on specially constructed floating landing fields that will be located every five hundred or thousand miles along the route.

Engineers are now working on such a structure that will be equipped with suitable shops and repair divisions to service all planes and hotels and stores to look after the comfort of the passengers. If this plan is a success it will be but a few years before we shall be able to cross the Atlantic in a day.

—Art Hall.

THE ELECTRICAL EYE

The so-called electrical or mechanical eye is one of the latest invention in the electrical field. The eye itself is built up of a photo-electric cell, about the size of the familiar pea-nut tube, which is very sensitive to a change of intensity of light.

The instrument consists of two units, a light source with a photo-electric cell and a target made up of two mirrors at right angles. The light of an incandescent bulb is passed through a series of lens and directed on the mirrors so that it is reflected back to the cell. In industrial use the target is done away with and the source of light is set so that the light is directed on the sensitive bulb.

The mechanical eye may be used industrially in many ways. At the present time it is in active

service in the Hudson River Tunnel in New York City where it regulates the ventilating fans according to the amount of exhaust smoke in the air. A very important use of the instrument is in the paint departments of large automobile factories. The units are so arranged that the beam passes over the large duco dipping vats and at the least sign of smoke they open tanks of carbon dioxide which smothers the flames.

Although the instrument has not been developed to any degree it has been used successfully as a smoke detector, a business or household watchman and as a mechanical counter in tunnels.

—Art Hall.

FROZEN FOODS

When the words, "frozen foods," are mentioned the average householder immediately answers with an emphatic "no" and refuses to have anything to do with the matter.

The householder in a sense is right, the modern cold storage foods are far inferior to the fresh product. But the day is soon coming when instead of buying food as we do now we shall get all our foods including, meat, fish, vegetables and fruits in cartons of certain weight. The reason for this is that science has discovered a new method of freezing animal and vegetable matter.

Previous to this time the meats were slowly frozen by large ice crystals. These large ice crystals are the principal reason why frozen articles are so tasteless. The large crystal breaks the walls of the natural cell and the juices are allowed to escape into air. In the new method of freezing the small crys-

tals do not harm the cell walls and the natural flavour is retained.

The method of quick freezing is exceedingly simple. The article to be frozen is placed on a non-corroding metal belt. A similar belt is let down upon it and the whole thing is moved into the machine. A solution of calcium chloride brine is maintained at a temperature of 50 below zero and this solution is splashed both on the upper and lower belts. In this way the low temperature is conducted to the article by the metal conveyor.

When we think of this possibility we immediately are able to visualize the retail grocery of tomorrow. The foodstuffs will be kept in refrigerator show cases, all articles being put up in airtight sealed packages. Every package will carry its brand-name and you will always be sure of getting the best obtainable when you select your favourite food.

—Art Hall.

SOCIETY

September the third—school again. The Collegiate seemed to smile as it welcomed its old friends and a great many new ones. Of course there was a vacancy, that of our friend and ex-principal, Mr. Meade; but Mr. McNaughton took his place admirably and has become very popular with all of us. After a short Assembly, school was dismissed until the following day. Of course, we were all glad to resume our studies which had been interrupted last June.

The first meeting of the Girls' Athletic Association was held in the school auditorium on September the seventeenth, at 4:15 o'clock. The constitution was read and the officers elected for the ensuing year. The new officers were: Honorary President, Miss M. C. Auld; President, Miss Mamie Thomson; Vice-President, Miss Leila Dudley; Secretary, Miss Betty Brown; Treasurer, Miss Harriet Corlett; Student Manager, Miss Jean Burt.

The annual Commencement Exercises of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute were held on Friday evening, December the twentieth, with Mr. Courtney B. Chick acting as chairman for the occasion.

The school orchestra, conducted by Mr. Angelo Russo, presented a number of delightful selections; and Miss Natalie Pike pleased the audience with a lovely violin solo.

A very fine Valedictory address was given by Mr. Arthur West, one of the graduates '29. Mr. West was also the recipient of the Carter Scholarship, presented by Dr. J. M. Young.

Rev. C. W. Foreman, in a most understanding and brotherly manner, addressed the graduating class. He spoke to them on the value of education to prepare one for the business of living; and his talk should have been very helpful to anyone starting to college.

Mr. J. L. McNaughton presented the certificates and pins to the graduates. The W.O.S.S.A. Soccer Trophy and the Cadet Shield for 1929 were presented and there was also the presentation of pins and W's for various sports.

There was a dance by the fourth-form girls; and then the program was brought to a close by a very interesting and comical play, "The Man in the Bowler Hat," in which members of the school distinguished themselves.

One of the most delightful functions of the Christmas season was the annual W. C. I. dance, held on Friday evening, December the twenty-seventh.

The committee of decorators had skillfully transformed the gymnasium into a gay setting for the occasion. Our school colours were used extensively, and the Union Jack graced the center of one of the walls. A ceiling effect of blue and white ribbon in a basket-weave was most effective; and blue and white balloons suspended from above, lent merriment when they were dropped during a dance. Two Old-English W's also adorned the walls.

Palms and ferns formed a restful screen for the well-chosen, peppy orchestra, whose music was heartily enjoyed by both dancers



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and spectators. Mr. Ball presided, as usual, over his ever-popular punch-bowl.

The dance was unusually well attended by students, alumni and friends. Of the former students were noticed: Miss Marian Gibson, Misses Margaret and Irene Flint, Miss Jean McClymont, Miss Mary Ferris, Misses Marian and Lillian Bull, Miss Antoinette Riberdy, Miss Nora Low, Miss Margaret Keech, Mr. Wm. Van Wagoner, Mr. Fred Gibson, Mr. Ian Allison, Mr. Allan Bridges, Mr. Alex Craige, Mr. W. A. Scott, Mr. Robert Wilde, Mr. Wm. Elsie, Mr. Harold Sinclair, Mr. Francis Stearns.

The Walkerville Collegiate Alumni Association conducted two very delightful dances this year. Their first social event was a hard-times party held on Monday evening, January the twenty-seventh, in the Collegiate gymnasium. The decorations were cleverly carried out in blue and white, and a splendid dance orchestra was secured for the occasion. As well as dancing, bridge was in play during the evening. At midnight, refreshments were served in the cafeteria.

A second dance, on Friday, February the twenty-eighth, was also an enjoyable affair although the attendance was not quite as promising as before. Dancing and bridge were enjoyed, and punch was served to the guests.

In view of the success of these events, enthusiasm for the formal dance held in the Prince Edward Hotel, on April the twenty-first, by the Association, was greatly increased.

The stadium of the University of Michigan was "crowded" with Walkerville Collegiate students last fall. Of course Lillian Bull saw all the games. Virginia Frink attended several of them. Marian Wilson, with Lorraine Scott and Francis Stearns went to the Michigan-Iowa game. Many other Walkerville students attended the games at Ann Arbor.

The annual convention for editors and reporters of various school magazines of Ontario, was held in Toronto, last autumn. Miss Ruth McMullen our editor-in-chief, and Mr. Donald McGorman, assistant

editor, represented the Blue and White at this convention. On their return, they told us in a very amusing manner, about their experiences during the trip.

One day was devoted entirely to addresses by prominent magazine editors, and the discussion of the difficulties of the representatives. They were entertained at dinner and the theatre; and they had a very enjoyable time, as well as obtaining a great deal of valuable information.

During the second week of March, Inspector Husband visited the Walkerville Collegiate. He inspected the work of each form, and his report was highly complimentary of the staff and their work.

We have come to the conclusion that Walkerville must have some magic spell about it, considering the number of pupils who have come back to us, after trying other schools.

We are glad to have Gretchen Lenox back in our midst. It was a lucky break for the St. Thomas boys when Gretch went there to live, but we just couldn't do without her. From all accounts she was as popular in St. Thomas as she is with us.

Eleanor Menard returned from "The Pines" at Christmas time. One term away from Walkerville was

enough for Eleanor; and it suited us perfectly to have her come back.

It must be admitted that "St. Andrew's" is a fine school but King Green prefers Walkerville. We don't know just why he came back, but we certainly are glad to have him with us again.

Jean Norbury came back to us after Christmas, just in time to distinguish herself in the debates. I wondered what made the school so much brighter.

Elizabeth Dixon spent a week in Toronto at New Year's time. She was visiting a former school-mate who gave a dance in her honour, and Liz had a very enjoyable time.

Madaline Hyland gave a delightful bridge on Saturday, February the sixteenth. The decorations were carried out in appropriate Valentine style, and delicious refreshments were served. The guests in-

(Continued on page 55)



FORM FUN

At last we have the true story of the amazing travels of those eminent gentlemen, Fred Savage and Joe Burns. Your correspondent bearded them in their den, and from them wrung their true confessions.

"Ah," they exclaimed in unison, "Vous voulez our story de nos voyages." (The professors are betrayed by their accent, which stamps them as old stock Eskimos descended from the ancient line of Clicquot Eskimos.) Well, here goes. As you may know, my dear Watson, we set out on our epoch-making and arch-breaking journey on Feb. 30, 1950 just 20 years after we kissed Mr. Ball a fond farewell.

Everything was in a rush but all was handled with amazing ability, by our dynamic efficiency expert Wm. Sansburn, who displayed his usual rapidity in making preparations for our flight (or was it plight?) As we gazed from the train at the scenes of our childhood, our eyes filled with tears, but thro' the misty curtain which impeded our vision we could discern the flashily dressed Carroll Florenz Zeigfeld Grimwood, the greatest show producer on Tecumseh Rd. and his latest featured star, Mariana Reid. Alas, alack, ah me, our last recollection of our dear home-town was that of promising our budding young undertaker, Arthur Durant, that he should have the honour of burying us. We passed a huge billboard advertising that every one should chew "Tough Lug Tobacco," and follow in the footsteps (or tooth marks) of Martin Young, star pitcher of the New York Yankees. It was our last scenic view of our home town. (From hence, here and hither, the description is taken from the professor's log.)

March 1.

Here we are on board ship. What a glorious day. The sea sparkles like Bill Sansburn's eyes, and the ship rolls like Clara Bow's stockings . . . The day is no longer glorious. Our meals did a Western Electric and rose.

March 2.

To-day we were treated for "mal de mer" by Dr. James Rutherford Clarkson, as a result, the market has slumped and food stuffs no longer rise.

March 3.

Aujourd'hui we sighted a Zeppelin. In fact we

sighted that famous ship "Thahudson Strateate" Zep. which is sold exclusively by the Harold Trimble Zeppelin Sales. It was evidently on an advertising campaign, as in beautiful round letters strongly resembling Miss Dickey's handwriting, it proclaimed that the nuts and bolts of the Heath & Adams nuts and bolt manufacturers couldn't be beat.

Mar. 4.

To-day has been most interesting. We were reduced to tears by a touching sermon delivered by the Rev. James Augustus Rapsey, on the evils of petting. The long forlorn face of the minister added to the general interest of the talk.

March 5.

There was a hot time on the good ship tonight. We were entertained by various amateurs among the passengers. Miss Elizabeth Dixon performed a toe dance, and a young man named Gordon Hall played the part of the woman hater in a deep drama. We danced on the deck and our partners' toes to the accompaniment of the jazziest of jazz bands, "Moorehouse's Mormons."

March 8.

Well, Well, Well (pardon us for being so free with our wells. We ought to have known better 'cause we're in Aberdeen now.) What do you think we saw to-day? As we walked up Rasnicanchisoff Avenue (a good old Scotch name, don'cha think?) we were nearly blinded by a huge sign which read: "Witus & Luborsky dealers in Scotch Woollens." Two more old friends. Will wonders and our supply of words ever cease.

March 19.

Grrrrrrrrrr. We're on the wild coast of Africa, surrounded by black natives, dense jungles, beavers, wolverines and other animaux common to this country. Dear old Savage almost lost his power of snoring this merry morn when a huge walla-walla savage took a liking to the prof's tonsils.

March 20.

We've just recovered from our fainting act. We were only saved from becoming "caviar des hommes" on a lion's menu, by a wonderful marksman named Don McGorman. Today we visited a nearby white camp, and met Lady Margaret (née Ross) and Sir Ernest Wells who are on a hunting trip. Lady Margaret is accompanied by her old school-chum

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Miss Ellen Bennett. E. B. tells us that Loyale McKenzie and Helen MacArthur have joined C.F.Z. Grimwood's blonde beauty chorus, also that Catharine Cox and Jean Norbury are school ma'ams in Belle River while Ruth McMullen is a movie star in Hollywood.

March 21.

We have decided to start a collection to buy Miss Ellen a medal as a symbol of rank. She is now the World's Champion gossip. In our talk (we say OUR talk but of course we could not get a word in edgeways) it came to light that our old friend Lois Cox is running a Chop Suey joint on Main St., Shanghai. Très bon pour Lois say nous.

March 22.

More news from Ellen. Madaline Hyland, former debater, is now debating with Chinese kids at her mission school on the correct way to eat rice. Dick Bain has married his 3rd wife according to the human newspaper.

March 29.

Stopped off at Deauville Beach, France, and saw that budding young architect Harry Colthurst engaged in building sand-pies.



March 30.

After crossing the Channel (no, unlike most people, we did not swim it) and suffering another acute attack of "mal de mer," we reached London, and went on a sight-seeing tour around ye olde towne. One of our sights was Art Scott working as an express messenger.

March 31.

Visited Oxford University and held conclave with Shirley Bennett, professoress of higher maths. Sailed for home on D. & W. ferry boat Halcyon.

April 8.

Home again, via Essex Terminal Express; noticed that Art Hall has almost achieved his ambition, which was to be an engineer, he now being stoker on that company's only locomotive.

Here ends the log of the Professors. Both seem in good health after their harrowing experiences. Prof. Savage has a weak heart, a limp, and is rather senile, while Pro. Burns has failing eyesight, a punctured lung, and an ingrown toenail. Otherwise they are in perfect trim. A movement is being made to have Profs. Burns and Savage elected honorary members of the Faculty of Fantastical Fanatics.

—By Fred Savage and Joe Burns.

FIFTH FORM DESPAIR AND HORROR OF ALL WORTHY INSTRUCTORS

Kenneth Heath:—"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

Aim:—"To make a million.

Pet Aversion:—"Not Nellie.

Favourite Expression:—"Hey for the love o' mike.

Fred Savage:—"The biggest man of us "Who doth ambition shun."

Pet Expression:—"Well for crying out!

Ambition:—"To take it easy and grow fat.

Probable Destiny:—"A side-show.

Carl Witus:—"Friend there's a certain sorry little scrub."

Ambition:—"To be taken seriously.

Bud Trimble:—"The young and rose-lipped cherubim."

Favourite Expression:—"I must take some books home to make my family think I'm working."

Hobby:—"Being strong and silent.

Burns:—"A drawing pencil and a scrap of paper and he's all smiles."

Prob. Dest.:—"Detective story writer.

Ernest Wells:—"Has a lean and hungry look."

Favourite Expression:—"Got your Latin done?"

Bill Sansburn:—"As idle as a painted ship."

Prob. Dest.:—"Snappy salesman.

Ambition:—"Doubtful.

Ellen:—"In arguing too, she owned her skill, for even though vanquished she could argue still."

Hobby:—"Basket-ball and debating.

Pet Aversion:—"Anything resembling Latin.

Martin:—"And o-o-oh and o-o-oh the ladies loved him so."

Ambition:—"To know all the girls in Essex.

Pet Aversion:—"I dunno."

Ruffy:—"My strength is as the strength of ten."

Hobby:—"French and wimmin.

Elizabeth Dixon:—"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

Hobby:—"You've seen him round the halls.

Loyale:—"It is well that such marvels do not appear more often. It is hard on the rest of us."

Hobby:—"Lillian.

BLUE AND WHITE

- Prob. Dest.:—Her husband.
Catharine Cox:—"Thy smiles become thee well."
Ambition:—To sit where she wants in Latin class.
Prob. Dest.:—Parliamentarian.
Benny Luborsky:—"I am not only witty in myself but the cause of wit in others."
Formula:—Rubgy fiend plus perm. wave garnished with a broad grin.
Dick:—"I know it is a sin for me to sit and grin, but I just love to."
Hobby:—Strumming his uke.
Ambition:—To grow a mustache.
Mary Reid:—"In vacant or in pensive mood."
Hobby:—Chocolate bars.
Gordon:—"He feeds his spirit with the bread of books, and slakes his thirst at the wells of thought."
Pet Expression:—"Anybody got their mechanics done?"
Pet Aversion:—The fair sex.
Shirley Bennett:—"She loved beauty for beauty's sake."
Favourite Expression:—"Tolerance, above all tolerance."
Pet Aversion:—Latin.
Prob. Dest.:—Artist or something.
Handsome Harry:—"Every man has his own fault and modesty is his."
Prob. Dest.:—A bouncer.
Pet Aversion:—Latin.
Nellie:—"Be serious you say? My dear friend I don't know how."
Prob. Dest.:—Mrs. K. H.
Art Durrant:—"Whin! Whan! What a marvelous man. What a very remarkably marvelous man."
Pet Aversion:—Rubber heels.
- Improb. Dest.:—A preacher.
Jas. Rapsey:—"A proper man as one shall see on a summer's day."
Prob. Dest.:—A be-whiskered old man.
Carroll Grimwood:—"A modest man and true."
Pet Expression:—"Oh, can that anyway."
Pet Aversion:—Trig.
Ambition:—(Ask Mr. Ball.)
Helen McArthur:—"Of quiet dignity and gentle grace."
Hobby:—Bob.
Prob. Destination:—(We can guess.)
Margaret Ross:—"Just when and where she ought to be."
Hobby:—Latin and pussy-cats.
Art Hall:—"Earth has not anything more fair."
Favourite Expression:—"All right Mamie, I think you're a little meanie."
Madaline:—"True merit is like a river; the deeper it runs the less noise it makes."
Hobby:—Matchmaking and debating.
Don:—"Thy thoughts are mighty, mighty."
Pet Expression:—"Oh, I've got an idea!"
Pet Aversion:—Poetry.
Lois:—"Creeping like snail unwillingly to school school."
Hobby:—Richard Halliburton.
Arthur Scott:—"Swift as an arrow and fleet as the wind."
We wonder if Art has anything to do with Elizabeth being called "Scotty."
Jean Norbury:—"Her manners have that sweet repose which stamps a gentlewoman."
Ambition:—To conquer Algebra, once and for all.

—H. M. and R. M.

Miss Dickey writing on the board pauses "Will those offenders who have gum in their mouths kindly dispose of it?"

Gruff, protesting voice in the region of Ruffy's seat, "I'm not chewing gum."

* * *

"Ho! every sleeper waken, the bell has rung, its 4 o'clock, literature class is over." (Daily except Mondays.)

* * *

THE ENTREATY

Upon the beach she held my hand,
I let my soul-felt pleadings flow,
I coaxed, I begged, I swore, but yet
That doggone crab would not let go.

Jack McCann: "Do you ever get hungry in History class?"

Ted Bacon: "No, Miss Brown is always stuffing us with dates and current events."

* * *

Wyatt (at a barber shop): "Say barber, how long will I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber (stroking Bill's chin): "About 3 years, sonny."

* * *

Around about four,
If you hear a roar,
It's only 1B rushing
For the door.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

"Ruffy" Clarkson—Dropping his eyes in modest confusion?

"Bud" Trimble—Being ferocious?

Jean Norbury—Saying "Youse ain't de guy wot brung me."

Ruth McMullen—In a one-piece bathing suit?

Lois Cox—Sticking out her tongue at the teacher?

"Gord" Hall—Ignoring a hot femme?

Carl Witus—Being gloomy?

Bill Sansburn—Rushing madly about?

Joe Burns—With his hair tamed?

Shirley Bennett—Making 100% in Algebra?

"Mug" McGorman—Making 0% in Algebra?

Ben Luborsky—With a pig-shave?

Fred Savage—As Prime Minister?

Art Scott—With an interested expression?

"Liz" Dixon—With a family of twenty?

Nellie Adams—Being demure?

Helen McArthur—Without her Bob?

Hugh Moorehouse—Telling "lush" jokes?

"Marg" Ross—Not glancing coquettishly at 'Bud'?

AN INTRODUCTION TO IV A

Dear Friends, we feel, that to really know and appreciate our form, you should have a personal introduction to some of its members.

First of all, we should like you to meet Miss McDonald, who knows more Latin than all the Romans put together. I mean she really does.

Now those two boys playing "OXO" on the side-board are Ronald Hogan and Morton Long. Yes, Ronald is quite a smart boy. If he gets below 95% he is ashamed to take his report home. He and Morton are great friends, you know. No, we don't call him Morton, we call him "Shorty" for short.

That girl with the nice, long curls is Olive Elley. She's quite an artist. If you ask her she might show you some of her work although she's very particular to whom she shows it. Oh, yes, of course I've seen it all. The girl pulling her hair is Jean Bart. No, they are not having a fight, that's just the way they show their affection for each other. Jean is the girl who writes those wonderful compositions. Some day we'll be reading some of her "best-sellers."

Those two girls looking out of the window are Lois Bennett and Virginia Frink. I wonder what they are looking at. Lois is on the debating team and she also entered the oratorical contest. A very ambitious young lady. Virginia is quite an actress—Ethel Barrymore type, you know. Oh, did you see her in "The Millionaire?" Wasn't she good?

That girl in the front seat who seems to be working so hard is Ethel Riggs. I don't really think she is doing Virgil—it's probably a letter to her brother.

You must meet some of our orators and debaters before you leave us. Now there's Lillian Johnson, Eva Hill, and Carl Wharton—all very good in the enviable art of Public Speaking.

The boy with the wide grin is Harry Bennett. Yes, he's Lois' brother. Someday he'll make a hit in the "Talkies." The girl throwing Harry's books

on the floor is Mary Hickman. I wonder what he has done now—she hasn't got a very good sense of humour, so I suppose that accounts for it.

There's Leila Dudley just coming in now. She is our Senior Girls Champion in track—runs like a streak of lightning.

Those two girls fighting for the pencil-sharpener are Dorothy Vernon and Betty Godfrey. Wouldn't it be romantic to have a name just like a story book heroine? If you want to know anything about Latin, especially the Gerundive, just ask Betty.

There's Madelon Beebe going to join Lois and Virginia at the window. Madelon's a big noise in the Glee Club, you know.

There must be some attraction outside, judging by the way everybody is flocking to that window. Let's go and see what it is. Oh! look at that little girl throwing snow-balls at Arnold Harrison and Neil McClymont. The poor boys are so popular they can't even walk to school without being attacked. The boy having hysterics over something or other is Howard Pepper. If the saying, "Laugh and grow fat" were true, Howard would be able to put the fat man in the circus out of a job.

We have two Wilfred's in our room. There's Wilfred Wetmore on one side and Wilfred Truman away over there on the other. No, they're not a bit alike.

It's almost time for the bell to ring now so I'm afraid you'll have to meet the rest of the class another day. And don't forget to come back because there are five boys that I know you want to be introduced to. I'll tell you their names as an inducement. Here they are—Robert Spencer, George Fredenburg, Percy Levine, Art Tickell, and Fred Krailo.

There's the bell! Good-bye friends, see you again later. Ho-hum, I haven't got my Latin done.

—Mary Hickman.

IV A

Neil M.—“Did you know that animals speak?”

George F.—“No, can they?”

Neil M.—“Oh, yes! haven't you heard a Ramsay MacDonald?”

George—“H'm I see. But if you took out its tongue it would have nothing to Asquith.”

Neil—“Look here, instead of making jokes like that you ought to better emp-Lloyd George.”

George—“Yes, and if you keep on making puns like that you'll be Baldwin you're thirty.”

Mr. Ball—“So you want to play on our team? Are you good as a goalie?”

Percy L.—“O, I'm passable, sir.”

Mr. Ball—“Then you won't do,” he snapped, “We want someone who isn't passable.”

What puzzles us about the dinosaur, after following the depatches for a time, is its trait of leaving its thigh-bones in Arizona and its eggs in Mongolia.—Detroit News.

Harry Bennett, after terrific struggles, finished his examination paper and then at the end wrote: “Dear Professor: If you sell any of my answers to the funny papers I expect you to split fifty-fifty with me.”

“Dad, what does it mean by ‘diplomatic phraseology?’”

“My son, if you tell a girl that time stands still while you gaze into her eyes that's diplomacy. But if you tell her her face would stop a clock you're in for it.”

Mr. Swanson—“What is a flame test?”

Hogan—“Ask her to go out some evening on a trolley.”

He-Fly to She-Fly—“Say you love me, or I'll jump into the first bowl of soup that I see.”

“Shall we join the ladies?”

“What do you think I am, a carpenter?”

Professor (fleeing from a lion in the jungle)—This reminds me I forgot to put the cat out before I left.

Olive Elley—“One man in New York dies every minute.”

Mary Hickman—“Yes? I'd like to see him.”

Leila Dudley—“Once they caught Napoleon they kept him pretty well cooped up, didn't they?”

Ethel Riggs—“Yes, they didn't give him much Elba room.”

A PROFESSOR WITH A HEART

The story is going around about a football player in a small college who was unusually dumb. To the

surprise of everyone he passed his chemistry examination. The chem professor, when asked about it, said, “I decided that I would let him pass if he answered 50 per cent. of the questions correctly.

“I asked him two questions—one he answered wrong—one he answered right. Therefore, I let him pass.

“The first question was, ‘What color is blue vitrol?’ He answered ‘Pink.’ That time he was wrong.

“The other question was, ‘How do you make sulphuric acid?’ He answered that he didn't know. That time he was right.”

HOWLERS

Charles the First was going to marry the Infanta of Spain. He went to see her and Shakespeare said he never smiled again.

Socrates died of an overdose of wedlock.

A synonym is a word you use when you can't spell the other one.

Sir Walter Scott stated that a Scotch Laird who was visiting Abbotsford was found by him once reading the dictionary. On being asked if he enjoyed it the Laird replied: “It's a guid book full of stories but they're unco' short.”

Imagine the man who visited a friend of his and shouted “Snap” when he saw the twins.



The remarkable size books suddenly assume when you are cramming for an exam.

Many a father thinks he sings his baby to sleep, when in reality he sings it unconscious.

“Hush! You two children agree.”

“We do. Jack wants the largest apple and so do I.”

DUMBELL REVIEW OF IV B

Brock Andrews—He's so unusual, he drives us wild.

Jean Reid—One of our basket-ball stars. We'll be seein' her one of these days, taking Broadway by storm with her tap-dancing.

Van Lewis—Equus metuendus with the basket-ball. Star basketeer and a diligent student. Difficulties with his homework are his only lapses.

Harold Keane—Still another basket-ball star. He knows what to do with a basket-ball even if he does think that "Dido" is a game of cards.

Ila Brown—"A gentle maid, demure and shy." Need any more be said?

Margaret Ouellette, Margaret Lawson—Ah, qu'elles sont belles les Marguerites.

King Green—"When I was young the doctor said that if I didn't stop smoking I'd become feeble-minded."

Ila Brown—"Well, why didn't you stop?"

John Petruniak—"You've called me too early, I must slumber again."

Mr. Swanson—"What's miscellaneous?"

Norman Hurwitz—"Miscellaneous is the greatest man in Italy."

Joan (breathlessly)—"Think I can catch the 3.08 train?"

Jean—"You might. It's only had ten minutes start."

Gordon Ashley—"Let me see something cheap in a straw hat."

Proprietor—"Put this on and look in that mirror."

Miss Dickey—"What did Juliet say when she met Romeo on the balcony?"

Brock—"Couldn't you get seats in the orchestra?"

Mamie Thomson—No relation to George. Tough break, Georgie. Another proof that 1VB contributes basket-ball stars.

"She little, but she's wise
She's a terror for her size."

Joan Hutchinson—The ONE shining star of brilliance in 1VB.

"Being good is an awful lonesome job," sez Joan.
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit," sez us.

Al Langford—Warning. Don't run down the insane asylum in front of Al, because he hates anyone to attack his Alma Mater.

Jean Johnson—"Still waters run deep."

Bill Bryce—We are very proud to have the Sports Editor, cheer leader, member of the track team, etc. in our midst.

George Thomson—"A man of upright life and free from crime" (Even if he does bet a nickel occasionally with the girls on the basket-ball team.)

"Being good is an awful lonesome job," sez Joan.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit," sez us.

Ruth Howe—"I dreamt I was dancing with you last night."

Van Lewis—"Oh Ruthie, how you thrill me?"

Ruth—"And I woke up and found my kid brother pounding my feet with a flat iron."

WHO SAID THIS?

"What would you have done in his place?"

"Now, see here, people."

"We'll leave the review at that stage."

"You boys settle down there."

"Fresh air won't do you any harm."



The proper equipment for the lunch room rush.

III A

POEME.

I held a hand—and such a hand—
Within mine own last night;
My pulses throbb'd to beat the band,
It thrilled me with delight.
Though mute I sat, exulting not,
I longed to shout and sing;
For I knew that it would take the pot,
Four aces and a King.

Miss Auld: "What figure of speech is "I love my teacher?"

Whitney: "Sarcasm."

* * *

Salesman: "These shirts simply laugh at the laundry, sir."

Gordon P.: "I know, I've had some come back with their sides split."

BLUE AND WHITE

Miss Brown: "What made Henry VIII's life so interesting?"

Norma Coate: "He was married six times."

* * *

Miss McLaren to 1st former: "Who wrote Hamlet?"

1st Former (trembling violently): "I-I didn't."

Miss McLaren related the incident later to III-A.

Fat Martin (after she finished): "I bet the little rascal did it all the time."

* * *

"For beating your wife I will fine you \$1.10," said the judge.

"I don't know that I object to the dollar, judge," said the prisoner, "but what is the 10c for?"

"That," said the judge, "is the Federal amusement tax."

* * *

Edward (who had never seen a question mark): "Where are you going, little—little button-hook?"

* * *

"Professor Screech has a wonderful voice." "Yes, he sang, 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' so naturally that twenty people left the room seasick the other night."

* * *

Miss McWhorter: "Benton, I have never read such a terrible composition in my life. I shall write to your father about it."

Benton: "I wouldn't, he wrote it."

* * *

Sherman (very much annoyed, at Star Cafe): "Waiter, you have your thumb in my soup."

Genial Waiter: "Oh, thanks sir; but its all right the soup isn't hot, sir."

A Scotchman was run over by a brewery wagon. We bet that's the first time the drinks were on him!

* * *

Modern Youth (to bus conductor): "I say, is this old Noah's Ark full?"

Conductor: "All but the donkey. Jump in."

* * *

It was evening.

Mr. Swanson noticed that the rear light was out on one of our ardent students' car.

"Sir," said the scientist, signaling the driver, "Your beacon has ceased to function."

"I don't understand," said the driver, stopping his car.

"Your illuminator is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion," said Mr. Swanson.

"But, really—," stammered the driver.

"The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced. The transversal ether oscillations have been eliminated."

Just then a fellow student passed and shouted; "Your glims are on the blink."

And the driver understood.

* * *

Boys' faults are many,
Girls have only two;
Everything they say
And everything they do.

* * *

Miss McLaren (instructing debating team): "What is the matter? Can't you speak any louder? Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

III B

Ernest Creed: "What happened to that letter, that was on the table?"

Herschel Stafford: "I posted it."

Ernest: "But it wasn't addressed."

Herschel: "I know. I thought you didn't want me to know whom you were sending it to."

* * *

THE RADIO FANS

A wife asked her husband to copy a radio message which was being broadcast. He did his best, but got two stations at once, one of which was broadcasting the morning setting-up exercise, and the other a recipe. This is what he took down:

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes, mix thor-

oughly in one-half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one teaspoon of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two boiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breathe naturally and sift in a bowl. Attention. Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In 40 minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup.

* * *

First Former: "I hear Mr. Philp is writing a book on Bean Culture."

Another First Former: "What does he call it?"

F. Former: "Mental Development."



Virginia (indignantly): "You had no business kissing me."

Bud: "Baby, that wasn't business, it was pleasure."

* * *

Bob Van Wagoner: "Mother, the teacher put me on the department list because I was the only one who would tell the truth."

Mother: "I'll see the teacher about that. What was the question asked you?"

Bob: "Who put the glue in her ink bottle?"

* * *

When the monkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail.
"Well, I never," was his comment.
"There's a mule that's been in jail."

* * *

New Additions to Our Library:

"Insomnia." by Eliza Wake.

"The Explosion." by Diana Mite.

"Shorn Tresses." by Bob Dare.

"The Wrecked Ship." by A. Leak.

"Passyfoot." by Bruno Moore.

"Houseless." by Rufus Quick.

"The Cannibals." by Henrietta Mann.

"The Wicker Chair." by Hall Caine.

"The Broken Window." by Eva Stone.

* * *

"I seem to have run out of gas," he said. "Here's where I do some hot and fast work."

* * *

The girl's face, small and white, was turned up to his, her eyes glowed dizzily from beneath heavy lids. Her head swam, her red lips parted, and she sighed.

Slowly he bent over her.

Why not? He was her dentist.

Saying It With Movies

Report Cards: "The Verdict."

The Students: "Thundering Herd."

Lunch Period: "Havoc."

Between Periods: "The Big Paradise."

Study Room: "The Everlasting Whisper."

An Excuse: "The Rogue Song."

Morning (no homework done): "Welcome Danger."

A Perfect Paper: "Their Own Desire."

Having Graduated: "Fresh From College."

Vacation: "Happy Days."

* * *

The young bride had come out second best in her encounter with the cook book and gas range. She ran to the telephone and called up her mother.

"Mother," she sobbed, "I can't understand it. The recipe says clearly, 'Bring to a boil on a brisk fire, stirring for two minutes; then beat it for ten minutes.' When I came back again, it was burned to a crisp."

* * *

SPRING FEVER

Latin's gettin' awful dull;

History's even badder;

Expressions on our teacher's face

Grow sad and then grow sadder.

We try to study science, but
We don't know what it means,
And all we do is sit and look
And scratch our empty beans.

We wonder why we are so dumb.
We didn't used to was;
I can't imagine why it is,
I guess it's just "becuz."

Miss Robbins says it's laziness,
Mr. Ball will not believe her:
He says he knows the symptoms well—
It's nothing but "spring fever."

* * *

"Pupils," said Miss McLaren to a class in Composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy; simply be yourselves and write what is in you. Do not imitate other persons' writing nor allow inspiration to come from any outside sources."

As a result of this advice Louis Clement turned in the following: "We should not attempt any flight of fancy but write what is in us. In me there is my stomach, lungs, heart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy, four ice-cream cones, my dinner and six bananas."

III C NEWS

A delightful afternoon tea was held last week in the form room of III-C, when the boys were at home to their friends. The room was daintily decorated with Bachelor's Buttons and the guests were entertained with charming solos presented by Bert Jackson and Admiral Douey in their rich baritone and tenor voices.

The guests were met at the door by Joe DeRush, cunningly attired in apple green organdie with half-sock to match.

Wallace Hogan in rose silk with over-dress of black georgette ushered the guests to the dining-room. Here, Jack Girty in a gorgeous gown of orange and purple brocade decorated with rhinestones and wearing a picture hat of phantom red, poured tea. He was assisted by John McArthur, stunning in a low-cut dress of brown velvet and Bill Parker, picturesque in a Poiret creation of cream satin with bouffant skirt.

A good time was had by all.

Mr. McKenzie: "Failed in your exams again—What's the excuse this time?"

Marg Mc: "Well what can you expect? They set the same silly questions."

Rae Scott: "Our new minister is wonderful, he

brings home things to you that you never saw before."

Gretchen Lenox: "That's nothing, so does our laundry man."

Marg. Sansburn (after ship had reached the harbour): "I'm so glad to be on vice versa again."

Bill Parker: "Don't you mean terra cotta?"

Miss Bryan says that in Latin they try to use as few words as possible. According to that the Walkerville students ought to do pretty well.

Bill Fritz calls his dog "carbide" because she had "acetylene" pups.

Bill Parker: "I'd like to become a tap dancer."

Marg. McKenzie: "I only know of two things to prevent that."

Bill: "Well, what are they?"

Marg. "Your feet."

The gatekeeper at the circus sideshow was very austere.

"You say, miss, that you wish to interview the Hindu mystic?"

"Yeah; just tell her it's her sister Bridget."

III D

Little Jack Horner,
Sat in a corner,
Writing his monthly exam;
He looked at his neighbour
And copied his paper,
And said, what a bright boy I am!

A Scotchman is a man with one-way pockets.

Father: "Robert, I'm surprised. This note says you're the last boy in a class of 25."

Bob: "Well, I could be worse."

Father: "I don't see how."

Bob: "It might have been a bigger class."

Miss McLaren: With whom did Achilles fight the Battle of Troy?"

Joe DeRush: "Pluto."

Miss McLaren: "Wrong, try again."

Joe: "Nero."

Miss McLaren: "Nero?"

Joe: "Then it must have been Hector. I knew it was one of our three dogs."



Gimme Forest t'ree t'ree t'ree!

BOYS' SOCCER TEAM



BACK ROW, left to right—Harold Keane, Arthur Hall, Harry Colthurst, Joe Burns, Howard Pepper, Rutherford Clarkson, Fred Kralls.

MIDDLE ROW—Van Lewis, Martin Young, Mr. Ball (Coach), Mr. McNaughton (Principal), Mr. Philp, Arnold Harrison, Neil McClymont.

FRONT ROW—John McMullen, Bill McClymont, Joe Deltush, Edwin Wakeley, Gerald Stephenson.

III D

Bob Elwin told his parents that he got 80. He did—40 in History and 40 in Algebra.

Harriet: "What are you reading, Betty?"

Betty Brown: "It's a very useful book for those who don't know how to swim."

Harriet: "How so?"

Betty Brown: "If you fall overboard all you have to do is to turn to page 57, read directions and you are safe."

Considine: "When is a joke not a joke?"

Stephenson: "Usually."

Stranger: "So you are the postmaster, store-

keeper, justice of peace, and constable of this town?"

Native: "Yassir, you might say I'm the Mussolini of Buckeye Corner."

Teacher (in Latin period): "You haven't learned much in this class, have you, Agla?"

Agla: "I admire you, sir, for taking the blame in that broad-minded fashion."

The quickest way to learn how to play a harp, is to doze while holding the steering wheel.

Boss: "Well, did you read the letter I sent you?"

Wilson (Office Boy): "Yes, sir; I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said, 'You are fired, and on the outside it said, 'Return in five days, so here I am.'"

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SPORTS

BASKETBALL—JUNIOR BOYS

Although the Senior Boys' Basketball Team finished the season with only an average of 50%, the Junior squad more than made up for this when they romped through the season with a clean slate and came out sitting on top of the world. That is W.O.S.S.A. Champions. The squad, which by the way, consists of eight men and not the usual five regulars, played very impressive basketball throughout the whole season. The game in Chatham with Chatham Collegiate was the only fixture in which the outcome was ever in doubt. The boys overcame the handicap of a tiresome journey before the game, and a very small gym, however, they came out on top of 15-13 score.

Coach, Mr. Philp, built his team up on one system only, that being, combination. The boys have lis-

The following is the record set up by the boys this year.

	Walk.	Opponents
Central at Walkerville	17	11
Walkerville at Technical	19	6
Assumption at Walkerville	18	8
Walkerville at Sandwich	41	5
Walkerville at Central	26	19
Technical at Walkerville	24	10
Walkerville at Kennedy	22	8
Walkerville at Assumption	23	4
Sandwich at Walkerville	35	8
Walkerville at Chatham	15	13
Chatham at Walkerville	37	6
Walkerville at London Central	28	10
London Central at Walkerville	31	8
Total	336	116



"The Cup That Cheers"

WON BY OUR JUNIOR BOYS

tened to sermons on combination so often throughout the season, that even the mention of the word now will cause anyone of them to turn green around the gills and froth at the mouth. There were no substitutes on the team, there were eight men but according to Coach Philp all of them were regulars.

The members of the squad have not only proven themselves athletes but scholars as their percent, which is mentioned in the Personnel will testify. The personnel by the way, was written by the members of the squad. Each boy wrote his opinion of a team mate.

PERSONNEL

MR. L. A. PHILP, COACH—This is Mr. Philp's third year at Walkerville. He has helped coach winning track teams for the school and has aided Mr. Ball with two W.O.S.S.A. Championship Soccer Teams. His greatest achievement, however, was bringing home the much-desired bacon in the form of the initial Junior Basketball Championship. Let's hope Mr. Philp is a permanent fixture.

ARNOLD HARRISON, CAPTAIN—Yes, he's our Captain, and what a captain! When it comes to basketball he is as clever a player as he is a student. The teachers have no cause to shed tears over his work. He only gets 78% in fourth form. I wonder how many people reading this story have ever had or will have 78% in fourth.

RONALD "HOGIE" HOGAN—Hogie has held down the centre position to perfection throughout the year. He is one of the most consistent scorers the Walkerville Collegiate has ever had. He is another one of those "dumbbells". He like Harrison finds it tough going to get his percent. He manages to scrape through with 95%, however.

SYLVESTER "SEV" CROCKER—Sev, holds down the right forward berth on the team. He has played brilliantly all year and every game has been garnished by his share of points. He figures in every play and has thoroughly proven his ability on the court. Yeh, his percent is terrible, too, it's only 71.

WILLIAM "BILL" McCLYMONT—Bill plays left guard and is a regular. He's not only outstanding in basketball but also in his studies. His percent is 77. Bill is a very handy and steady player and knows his basketball. Bill has already established himself as a champion high jumper and soccer player. Hope to see him again next year.

(Continued on page 56)

SOCIETY

(Continued from page 42)

cluded: Jean Norbury, Shirley Bennett, Ruth McMullen, Madelon Beebe, Catherine Cox, Nellie Adams, Margaret Ross, Lois Cox, and outside guests.

We have heard that Pat and Jerry Cooper are pursuing their education among the hills of Switzerland.

Helen MacArthur spent Thanksgiving in Buffalo where she was extensively entertained by her many friends.

Miss Grace Cooney served a delightful lunch to the Girls' Basket-ball team, at her home recently. The girls considered themselves very lucky to have been entertained in such a lovely way.

Misses Lillian Bull and Isabel Hallman attended

the Initiation Formal of the Delta Sigma Pi Fraternity, on Saturday, Mar. the first. They were the guests of Mr. Harold Sinclair and Mr. Ronald Todgham, former students of Walkerville Collegiate.

Nita Staples spent ten days in Toronto last February. She attended the Kappa Sigma Fraternity dance at the Royal York Hotel as the guest of Winston Mahon.



RECENT ADVANCES MADE IN CHEMISTRY

(Continued from page 23)

Celluloid is light, tough but elastic, easily worked and rather cheap. To make a block, simply pile up the sheets and put them into a hot press; to get sheets, just shave them off the block; to obtain a tube, roll the sheet around a bar; to make rings, cut them from the tube.

When celluloid was first used, it was not sold under its own name but had to pass its self off for something else. In many cases this was a handicap, for celluloid was better than the object it imitated. Tortoise shell cracks, splits and twists, but a "tortoise shell" comb of celluloid looks as well and lasts better.

Celluloid can be made to look like ivory or coral, man's chief difficulty being to imitate Nature's imperfections. His whites are too white, his surfaces too smooth, his shapes too regular; his products are too pure.

Celluloid is not confined to the shapes of shell, coral and crystal or to the grain of ivory and horn, the colour of amber, amethyst and lapis lazuli, but can take on forms, textures and tints unknown before 1869.

Celluloid has disadvantages however. The smell of camphor cannot be gotten rid of, but this is really not unpleasant. Hot alkalies and acids will dissolve it; and it is liable to burn if exposed to fire.

Whistles, toy animals, pool balls, chessmen, playing cards, piano keys, cuffs and collars, buttons, hair pins, tooth brush backs, mirror and picture frames, cane and knife handles, cups, paper cutters, book bindings, dental plates, even masks for disfigured faces—all are made from celluloid, one of the many good gifts from Chemistry of Industry.

Every day, almost every hour, some useful article given us by Science contributes to our comfort and safety. I have spoken of but one of Chemistry's gifts to us, but, like many another, it is no less valuable than it is common and unnoticed in our daily life.

By Margot Goodrich

YOUTH

(Continued from page 12)

were not being constantly revitalized by the clean streams of young blood.

There are a few very rare people who never grow old as long as they live. Bernard Shaw is one of them. His mind is young—he is able to understand youth. He stretches out tentacles and grasps new thoughts and ideas. He has never grown old for he has never allowed himself to grow congealed in his ways, camplacent, settled.

If we can grow old gracefully, if we can keep our minds interested in this business of living, if we can never give up the search for the unusual, the beautiful—why, then I think we shall not regret the relinquishing of youth, for each phase of the game of life must be amusing, even fascinating—Ruth McMullen

"I'm buying a washing machine for my wife as a birthday present."

"That will be a surprise, eh?"

"Yes, quite. She's expecting a new car."

* * *

Art. Desmarais—"My love for you is like the deep blue sea."

Shirley Bullard—"And I take it with the corresponding grain of salt."

Lord Macaulay suffered from gout and wrote all his poems in Iambic feet.

* * *

Definition of "Craft Guild"—This is when a man makes a poor thing, shines it up, and sells it to the people for twice as much as it is worth.

BLUE AND WHITE



SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

STANDING, left to right—Jean Burt, Harriet Corlett, Ellen Bennett, Audrey Lavalles, Frances Clinton, Jean Reid, Margaret Drowsky, Miss Cooney (Coach).

SEATED—Ada Vaughan, Phyllis Helms, Marion Bernhardt, Josephine Bennett (Capt.), Phyllis Keane, Mamie Thomson, Betty Brown.

JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

(Continued from page 54)

GERALD "SPEEDY" STEPHENSON—Speedy held down the position of right guard with both regularity and ability. Fast, clever and possessed of an accurate shot, he can also handle a ball to perfection and should make the seniors next year. His percent is 66.

HOWARD PEPPER—Pepper the right guard has been fighting a tough battle against Lady Luck all season. First a broken finger and then an infected foot put him out of the game for over a month. In

spite of this however he came back strong and figured well in the semi-finals and finals. Another "dumbbell" with 85%.

JIMMY BENTON—Plays forward, and is extremely fast in going in for dogs. He is a long shot artist and his floor work is excellent. Though not large his presence is always felt in the game and he generally appears in the scoring column. Percent 65.

BILL KESTER—Bill, smooth playing, hard working guard of the squad is a student with a percent of 78. He fits well in a guard position and has a habit of sinking two or three hoops when the opposition least expects it of him.

BASKETBALL (SR. BOYS)

Basketball has long been the major sport at Walkerville Collegiate, as one W.O.S.S.A. and two Eastern Canada Championships in the last five years will testify: The Junior Boys are champions of the W.O.S.S.A. and Niagara Districts. As anyone knows every sport takes a slump, after a few good years, when all the veterans graduate and new material has to be developed. This was the main reason for

the Walkerville Seniors finishing with only five victories out of ten scheduled games.

Coach Stephens was handicapped right from the start when the first practice brought out only two veterans and one suit from last year's squad. He put the boys through their paces in the first couple of weeks, however, but in spite of his hard work, and the faithful practice on the part of the boys,

(Continued on page 58)

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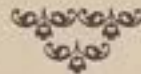
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BLUE AND WHITE



SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

STANDING, left to right—Mr. J. L. McNaughton (Principal), Harry Colthurst, Morton Long, Loyale McKenzie, Arthur Hall, Harold Keane, Mr. Stephens (Coach).
SEATED—Rutherford Clarkson, Martin Young, Van Lewis, Neil McClymont, George Thomson.

SR. BOYS' BASKETBALL

(Continued from page 14)

they found themselves on the short end of a 15-11 score in the first game with Central.

The next game was a different story, the boys began to find themselves and came home from Tech with their first win of the season the score being 17-8.

Kennedy Collegiate was the next team on the schedule, with the game being in our own gym. At the end of the first half with the score 12-4 for Walkerville it looked like a walkaway. The Blue and Gold squad came back strong, however, and we only managed to eke out a hard fought 17-14 victory.

In spite of the fact that we finished in fourth place, the Walkerville team provided the strongest opposition that Assumption High, the W. O. S. S. A. Champs met throughout the whole year, when we lost to them 14-11 and 20-17. Had it not been for

the loss of Colthurst and Clarkson via the percent route just before the first Assumption game, the outcome might have been different.

Sandwich was the next stepping-stone, but the west end boys didn't prove themselves very difficult, and bowed twice to Walkerville 21-17 and 20-12.

The start of the second half of the schedule found Walkerville against Central again, in the latter's gym and it was here that the Blue and White quintet took their most severe whipping of the year when Central set them back 30-11.

Two more close games followed this with Walkerville winning from Tech again 16-15 and then bowing to Kennedy 19-14.

The personnel of the team consisted of:

Mr. J. E. Stephens, B.A. (Coach), Van Lewis (Capt.), Joe DeRush, Glen Sherman, Neil McClymont, Martin Young, Harold Keane, Rutherford Clarkson, Harry Colthurst, Morton Long, and George Thompson.



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GOLF

Although the Walkerville Collegiate golf team had two foursomes this year, instead of one as has been the custom for the past two years, the boys were not successful in getting the last leg on the Little River Trophy, which would have made it ours permanently.

The call for golfers this year brought out more than thirty from which eight real golfers had to be picked. Mr. Philp, and Miss Brown, who ably assisted him, carefully looked after this; the resulting foursomes and their tournament scores were:

First Team: J. Ronson, 100; J. Corlett, 102; B. Kester, 90; B. Wyatt, 82—374.

Second Team: J. Zak, 95; H. Keane, 87; A. Langford, 92; J. Slote, 103—377.

These two teams finished fourth and fifth respectively



in the Little River Tournament, the first team being ten strokes behind Tech's first team which won the tournament with a total of 364 strokes.

The only consolation that we got out of the tournament was Bill Kester's low gross 82 which made him medalist for the day and also gave him a membership to the Little River Golf Club gratis for the coming season.

Walkerville has had this honour ever since the tournament was inaugurated in 1927. Howard Ryan being the first to win it, while Doug. LeSueur repeated the performance last year.

Harold Keane won the hidden hole contest in the tournament thus giving Walkerville all of the individual prizes of the day.

As none of this year's team will graduate this Spring, a winning team is looked forward to when we come back again next Fall.

BILL BRYCE

RUGBY

Under the direction of Coach D. C. O'Brien, a newcomer on the Walkerville teaching staff, Rugby endeavoured to stage a comeback as a major sport at Walkerville Collegiate. The enthusiasm of the students was won right from the start, with almost everyone strong enough to carry a pair of rugby pants voicing their intention of turning out for the team.

Alas! Alack! and what have you, there the axe fell. Official word came out that there would only be a junior team and, that all those on the soccer and tract teams would be barred. In a school of about two hundred and fifty boys what is there left? Consequently the rugby team nearly blew up, and the call for first practice brought out about twenty boys.

Mr. O'Brien did wonders with the small amount of material, however, and after about two weeks practice the boys managed to hold the Windsor Central senior squad to 12-0 score.

The regular schedule held nothing in the line of victories in store for us, however, and in five schedule games the Blue and White squad bowed to their opponents as many times. The victors were Kennedy Collegiate once, Technical twice, and Assumption High School twice. The latter team was

later defeated by Woodstock Collegiate for the Junior W.O.S.S.A. championship.

Had the game been football, the American form of Rugby the Walkerville boys might have made a better showing, as that is the game played on the sand lots of the Border Cities and the rules that the boys were used to.

The team consisted of:

Bobbie Parent, Captain, and half back; Gordon Bishop, Ted Young, Bill Andrew, Riddell and Hartford, backs; Considine, Henderson, Aytoun, Sinclair, Clarkson, Luborsky, Drego, Watson, Carr, Phelps, Brown, Lowry, Forman and Lockwood, line.

BILL BRYCE



A poetic license is a license you get from the Post Office to keep poets. You get one also if you want to keep a dog. It costs 7s 6d and call it a dog license.

Balkwill—"Why are you rolling that steam roller over your farm?"

Joe Smolinsky—"I'm having mashed potatoes this year."

The Blue-and-White Juniors Have Brought Glory to Walkerville C. I.

Everyone connected with the school and the team are proud of your achievement in winning the Junior W.O.S.S.A. crown in basketball. Congratulations to Coach Philp and his clever crew. May their bid for the senior title next year be successful. Since you have shown yourself in a smart light on the court make your appearance everywhere just as smart with a brand new smart looking Elaine-

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BLUE AND WHITE



TENNIS CHAMPIONS

STANDING, left to right—Mr. Ball, Mr. J. L. McNaughton
(Principal).

SEATED—Phyllis Keane, Ronald Hogan, Frances Clinton, Gordon
Ashley.

TENNIS

The students of Walkerville Collegiate again proved themselves capable of quickly adapting themselves to a new sport when they won all the High School Tennis honours in the Border Cities last fall.

Although the school has only had tennis courts for two years, Gordon Ashley had no trouble winning the Border Cities High School single Championship, while Phyllis Keane romped to victory in

the Girls' Single Championship. The tournament was sponsored by the Elmcourt Tennis Club of Windsor, and had five boys and five girls from each school entered. The Walkerville girls' team consisted of Phyllis Keane, Frances Clinton, Nellie Adams, Mamie Thomson and Lois Bennett. The boys' squad was made up of Gordon Ashley, Ronald Hogan, Morton Long, Carroll Grimwood and Harold Trimble.

In the consolation tournament, Walkerville again proved itself superior when Frances Clinton and Ronald Hogan each won all their matches, to carry off the consolation honours in their respective classes.

The school championships were never finished due to a great deal of rain before winter set in and consequently Frances Clinton and Nellie Adams have to be content with sharing the championship honours for the girls, while the same applies to Ronald Hogan and Morton Long for the boys.

BILL BRYCE



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TRACK AND FIELD

For the past four years track has been rapidly coming to the fore at Walkerville Collegiate. This year, however, it has actually gained the status of a major sport. Our defeat at the hands of Technical last fall, in the Annual Border Cities Interscholastic Meet, has only acted as an incentive for victory at W.O.S.S.A. meet this Spring.

Under the able direction of our new coach, Mr. Stephens, and "Old Reliable" Philp, the boys' division of the track team was well taken care of while the girls' division wanted for nothing with Miss Cooney at the helm.

The boys were out every night during the school week and then again on Saturday mornings from the time school opened until the meets were all over. Consequently when the meets came they were in perfect condition and ready to do or die.

The first meet that the school entered was the Formal Opening Track Meet at Kennedy Collegiate on October 4.

In this meet the blue and white clad athletes did themselves and their school justice by winning the High School division of the meet with twenty-seven points.

The outstanding stars in this meet were Art Scott who won the senior hundred and two-twenty, breaking a record in the latter event; Sylvester Crocker, who won the Junior two-twenty and Leila Dudley, who won the senior hundred for the fair sex.

The next event on the Fall program was our own

Field Day. This was greeted with beautiful weather, and, as a result, some marvelous running and jumping were seen.

Art Scott again won the individual honours in the Senior division, with nineteen points; Van Lewis being runner up with fourteen points to his credit.

"Sev" Crocker was Intermediate Champion with twenty-five points, while Wallace Hogan took the junior honours with eighteen points.

In the new division, juvenile boys, Carl Arnold was the victor with eleven points.

Leila Dudley was Senior Girls' Champion with eleven points, while Margaret Drowsky made fourteen points to become Junior Girls' Champion.

In the Border Cities Interscholastic Meet, which came next, Walkerville was runner up only three points behind Technical, who won the meet with a total of one hundred and one points.

In this meet Walkerville produced only one individual Champion, Carl Arnold in the juvenile division, but Glen Sherman and Bill Bryce were tie for runner up in the senior boys' group, while Leila Dudley was senior girls' runner up.

On March 20, an 800 Metre Relay Team consisting of Art Scott, Bill Bryce, Van Lewis, Glen Sherman, and Sev Crocker went to Toronto to compete in the High School division of the Canadian National Indoor Meet. After placing in the first heat the team finished fourth in the final.

SOCCKER

The Walkerville Collegiate Soccer Team showed a flash of their old form again this year under the able direction of coach Ball, and as a result they won the W.O.S.S.A. Soccer Championship for the fifth time.

This being the last year of competition for this well known cup, we now keep it by virtue of having won it the greatest number of times. Windsor Collegiate, however, proved a most formidable rival and has only one shield less than we have on it, and had we not won the championship this year, we would have had to divide the ownership with Windsor.

The squad this year was one of the best ever turned out at the school and they swept through to the Championship without a defeat. The boys, as they had done last year, showed mid-season form in the very first game, and did not let up until they had scored thirty-four points, while holding their opponents to two points for the season.

The first game was played at Kelsey Park against Kennedy Collegiate, this turned out to be a shut-out for the Blue and Gold squad with Walkerville eleven scoring five goals.

The next two games were also shut-outs for the

opponents of the Blue and White team with Windsor Central being the victim both times. The scores were 6-0, 3-0.

Tech then visited us and proved themselves the most formidable opponents of the year. They scored the first goal on Walkerville and although they were finally defeated 3-1 the game was not as one-sided as the score shows.

After the game with Tech no more games worthy of name "hard" were played until the W.O.S.S.A. finals with Sir Adam Beck Collegiate of London, last year's champions.

Although these games caused a lot of worry and proved to be rather tough Walkerville managed to win the round 9-1. These two games, like the first Tech game were not as easy as the score might lead one to think.

Now for a few words about the personnel of the team.

MR. W. N. BALL (The coach)—Mr. Ball proved himself to be one of the best coaches in the business by developing a championship team from an almost entirely inexperienced squad. This was Mr. Ball's fourth Championship team. May it not be his last.

(Continued on page 66)



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SOCCKER

(Continued from page 64)

MR. L. A. PHILP—Mr. Philp was the assistant coach and trainer, and what he did towards making the team champions was plenty. Anything that Mr. Ball overlooked always came under his vision and was immediately remedied. His timely first aid throughout the season also saved many a player from painful cuts and bruises.

JOE "PeDe" DeRUSH—The captain, because he is one of the best on the team in ability, sportsmanship and generalship. Joe is undoubtedly one of the best full-backs ever turned out at Walkerville. Joe still has another year.

HOWARD PEPPER—A goaltender almost without equal in High School Soccer. Certainly the best in the Border Cities. Although this was Pepper's first year between the uprights he certainly adapted himself to the position. Howard was only scored on twice during the whole season, one of these shots being a penalty, and even the pro. goaltenders miss the largest percent of kicks.

RUTHERFORD "Ruffy" CLARKSON—The big moose of the soccer team and Joe DeRush's partner on the defence berth. Ruffy was another man playing his first year of soccer. He had no trouble getting onto the game however and certainly did his share to keep the Blue and White goal clear.

HARRY "Moose" COLTHURST—Another big moose of the squad. Harry was student manager last year and saw enough of the game to make him want to get into it. He filled a pair of half-back shoes this year, and how he filled them! This is Harry's last and his departure is certainly not going to do the team any good.

NEIL McCLYMONT—This was Neil's third year on the squad so I don't have to tell you that there was nothing the matter with his game as half-back. Neil is one of the best halves in W.O.S.S.A. soccer.

ARNOLD HARRISON—Arnold was another new man on the half line. This, however, did not prevent him from turning in a brand of soccer which was as good as that of his two running mates. Arnold had his nose broken in the last Tech game, but was back in time to get into the last game with Beck in London.

MARTIN YOUNG—This was Martin's second year as a regular on the outside right berth. Although Martin cannot boast of making many goals, he can certainly take credit for a large number of assists that resulted in tallies for the zebra sweated squad.

HAROLD KEANE—This was Harold's first year as a regular in spite of the fact that he so ably filled Bill McClymont's shoes when Bill was hurt last year. His knowledge of the game, however, was far from limited and he shared most of the scoring honors for the year with Lewis and Bill McClymont.

"STANLEY" VAN LEWIS—Lewis one of our sprints, basketball, and baseball stars proved himself equally able to hold the title of soccer star this year after finishing his second year on the team. Van played centre and held the pivot position, to what might easily have been called perfection.

BILL McCLYMONT—Bill, another second year man on the team, played his inside left position almost as well as he high jumps. Bill holds the Dominion high jump record. He made the third man of the "terrible three"—that much feared scoring combination on the forward line.

JOE BURNS—Poet, author, artist, athlete, at least that's what Joe calls himself, as far as I'm concerned however it's athlete. Joe shared the outside left berth with Art Hall and Joe certainly did his share to see that there were very few errors at this position.

ART HALL—Art was the other outside left. Both Joe and Art played such smart soccer that it was hard to pick the better man and so coach Ball solved the problem by letting each man play about the same length of time.

GERALD "Speedy" STEPHENSON—Of the four relief men Speedy probably saw the most service during the season due to his ability to play either back or half back. Speedy proved his real worth, however, after Harrison broke his nose. He still has two more years and we're not sorry.

FRED KRAILO—Krailo was another half-back man and although he saw very little service during the year he proved himself to be a good soccer player and should make a regular position next year.

EDDIE WAKELEY—Wakeley was one of the two forward relief men who did their share to bring home the cup, when put into forward berths.

JOHN McMULLEN—Mac was the other relief forward and although it was his first of kicking the pigskin around, he, too, should make a regular position next year.

BILL BRYCE

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GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Our Senior Girls' Basketball Team threw its hat into the W.O.S.S.A. ring this year with a gayly defiant gesture. In the brim, "Joe" Bennett, our captain had stuck a gallant little blue and white feather, to distinguish it from the blue and gold of the Kennedy chapeau, the red and blue of Tech. and the haunting tones of Central, Sandwich and Amherstburg, and even though the blue and gold crown of Kennedy Collegiate is now encircled with the victorious W.O.S.S.A. banner, our perky little feather smiles sleekly as Miss Cooney, our coach, smooths over its glossy down, before locking it away in the Armouries until next year.

GAMES

Dec. 5, 1929—Windsor Central vs. Walkerville Collegiate Institute at Walkerville.

The first game of the W.O.S.S.A. series netted our girls a scant one-point margin over Central, with Josephine Bennett starring on the forward line. It was a fast-moving game from the sounding of the first whistle to the last. A double foul after "time" threatened to tie the score but the little old god Fate smiled on us and let the final score ride—Walkerville 24, Windsor Central 23.

Dec. 13, 1929—Walkerville C. I. vs. Tech., at Tech. The snappy passing and consistent shooting of our guard and forward lines rang up a four-point win over the red and blue Tech. squad. Frances Clinton's excellent under-basket playing saved us from many a shot that had "Basket" written all over it. Walkerville 14, Tech. 10.

Dec. 16, 1929—Walkerville C. I. vs. Kennedy, at Walkerville. Referee Hazel Losey needed the eyes in the back of her head, that many a player credits her with, to follow the swift give and take, fast cover work and passes displayed when our girls met Kennedy for the first time. Ellen Bennett and Audrey Lavalley deserve special mention for their excellent playing and through this column, may our appreciation of each and every player be felt. Walkerville emerged from the fray with a 22-8 victory over Kennedy.

Jan. 10, 1930—Walkerville C. I. vs. Amherstburg, at Walkerville. Walkerville chalked up an easy win over Amherstburg with a final total of 38-12. Our "subbies" had great sport at the end of fourth quarter with the original team benched and lookers-on, while they frolicked for—must I add—35 seconds?

Jan. 17, 1930—Walkerville Collegiate vs. Sandwich High School, at Sandwich.

The first lap of the W.O.S.S.A. district came to a close with Walkerville lifting a 25-10 margin over

Sandwich. Although Jean Reid was unable to play, our guard line end was nobly upheld by Mamie Thomson, A. Lavalley and F. Clinton.

Jan. 24, 1930—Walkerville vs. Central C. I., at Central. Our girls suffered their first defeat when Central notched a 22-15 win in their six-gun. Mae Richards, for Central, found the hoop with an enviable regularity and left our guards a little breathless.

Jan. 31, 1930—Walkerville vs. W. W. Tech., at Walkerville. Our girls tightened their belts and came up smiling with 26-14 victory over Technical. "Fuzzy" Keane for a forward showed a delicious resemblance to a guard and how my heart warmed to her. Ada Vaughan certainly knows how to loop foul goals.

Feb. 7, 1930—Walkerville C. I. vs. Kennedy C.I., at Kennedy. With Jean Reid, our left-guard off before first quarter was ended, Mamie and Frances Clinton replaced not long after, our forwards hacked in vain against Kennedy's defense and referee-proof tactics. Kennedy took the game home 23-16.

Feb. 14, 1930—Walkerville vs. Amherstburg, at Amherstburg. With most of the scoring centred on the last half, Walkerville came back to grace with a 40-26 landslide over Amherstburg. Honours were evenly divided and we were glad to see "Fuzzy" Keane, "Joe" and Ellen find the hoop when our guards brought the ball down to the line so ably.

Feb. 21, 1930—Walkerville vs. Sandwich, at Walkerville. Walkerville tied with Kennedy for first place to represent in the W.O.S.S.A.; by taking a 44-13 win over Sandwich High. Mamie, Jean and Frances worked in perfect harmony, while Ellen and Joe vied for first place in field goal honours.

Mar. 1, 1930—Walkerville vs. Kennedy C. I., at Sandwich. Kennedy Collegiate won the right to compete with London South, Sarnia and Stratford in the W.O.S.S.A. group by defeating our girls 29-14 on neutral ground. Frances Clinton displayed tenacity and ability to cover while sturdy "Joe" took more hard knocks than one thought possible. Mamie showed a staying power, almost equalled by Marion Bernhardt.

PERSONNEL

"JOE" BENNETT—Our captain (who else could be?) probably the best forward since the days of the Bull and Churchill sisters. Breaks fast, shoots accurately and a wonderful back checker. Joe has two more years and we are not sorry.

PHYLLIS ("Fuzzy") KEANE is a consistent for-

(Continued on page 79)

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WALKERVILLE

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

(Continued from page 65)

ward, though slightly handicapped by her height. Phyllis has shown marked progress since last term and we wish her every success in the future.

ADA VAUGHAN has shown by her excellent combination play that she's not Doug's sister for nothing. It must run in the family. Ada will be seen wearing the Blue and White jersey for two more years at least.

MAMIE THOMSON is a regular from First Team last year and her defensive is strong as of yore. May Mamie scintillate in our basketball ranks as brightly in future as in the past.

AUDREY LAVALLEE was another surprise to us and her guarding possibilities developed to full

strength under Miss Cooney's careful coaching. Audrey will be with us for years to come.

ELLEN BENNETT certainly surprised basketball fans by her spectacular forward work and quick passing because Ellen usually was associated in our minds as more academic than Athletic.

FRANCES CLINTON'S long arm and rapid defense tactics saved the day for Walkerville times innumerable. Frances will be with us for a few more years to come and—good luck.

JEAN REID is a gift from Beck C.I. and her guarding height and previous basketball experience make us long for more like her. Welcome home, Jean and may your cheery grin long grace these halls of learning.

By JEAN BURT

GIRLS' SWIMMING

Though during the long winter months basketball occupies a great space in the minds of Walkerville students, the fancies of Walkerville maids, those who do not excel in the art of chasing the elusive bubble of basketball fame, turn lightly to thoughts of aquatic sport. Every Tuesday and Thursday, under the excellent supervision of Harriet Corlette, those who find a kindred spirit in swimming frolic in the filtered surf of our pool.

The Walkerville girls' swimming team swam off with Second place in the Border Cities' Swimming Meet held in the sumptuous Kennedy tank, for Collegiate competition. Feb. 1, 1930.

The girls' swimming team was made up of six members: Ruth Aylesworth and Jean Fredenburg, Pat Lamers, Juniors; Joan Hickman, Betty Brown, Harriet Corlette, Nita Staples, Seniors.

Ruth Aylesworth, Junior swimmer and diver carried off second honours for girls swimmers in the Border Cities. She obtained first in the Junior diving beside a second in the 40 yds. free style.

Betty Brown was the outstanding senior swimmer and carried off a second in the Senior diving besides a third in the 40 yds. and first in 100 yds. speed.

Jean Fredenburg took third place in Junior diving.

Joan Hickman kept close behind Betty Brown in Senior diving with a third awarded her.

The relay teams, Junior and Senior both found second place.

Junior: Ruth Aylesworth, Jean Fredenburg, Nita Staples, Harriet Corlette.

Senior: Harriet Corlette, Nita Staples, Ruth Aylesworth, Betty Brown.

To say that the girls' swimming team deserves praise in the fine aquatic skill displayed at this meet, is but to reward them for the long hours of practice devoted on this particular sport.

SENIOR GIRLS' FIELD DAY EVENTS

100 Yard Dash—1st, L. Dudley; 2nd, M. Begbie.

Running Broad Jump—1st, F. Clinton, 12'4 $\frac{1}{2}$ "; 2nd, M. Begbie, 12'3".

Shot Putt—1st, M. Goodrich, 26'6"; 2nd, A. Lavallee, 26'5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

Baseball Throw—1st, Leila Dudley, 160'9"; 2nd, J. Roberts, 156'.

Running High Jump—1st, F. Clinton, 4'5"; 2nd, V. MacMillan, 4'1".

Relay—4A: (1) L. Dudley, (2) Olive Elley, (3) Ethel Riggs, (4) Jean Burt.

JUNIOR GIRLS' FIELD DAY EVENTS

75 Yard Dash—1st Margaret Drowsky; 2nd, Noreen Jones.

Running Broad Jump—1st, Isabel Barron, 12'8"; 2nd, Noreen Jones, 12'1".

Shot Putt—1st, Jean Barron, 28'6"; 2nd, Margaret Drowsky, 28'.

Baseball Throw—1st, Margaret Drowsky, 160'5"; 2nd, Geneva Deslippe, 144'7".

Running High Jump—1st, Noreen Jones; 2nd, Dorothy Anderson.

Senior Girls' Champion—Leila Dudley, 11 points.
Junior Girls' Champion—Margaret Drowsky.

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JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

STANDING, left to right—Jim Benton, Mr. J. L. McNaughton (Principal), Mr. Philby (Coach), Bill McClymont.
SEATED—Howard Pepper, Ronald Hogan, Arnold Harrison (Capt.), Sylvester Crocker, Bill Kester.
SEATED IN FRONT—Raymond Lyons (Mascot).

"PHRASES THAT FIT"

"Within the half hour he will be asleep—Jack Slot.

"She appears to be a quiet lass but she knows her little world."—Natalie Pike.

"My life is dreary. She cometh not."—Stewart Watson.

"I would be a mermaid."—Margaret Myers.

"With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair."—Joan Hickman.

"He hath no thought of coming woes."—Bob Raven.

"Here rose an athlete strong to break or bind."—Bill McClymont.

"If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear."—Benny Brudner.

"I have been wild and wayward but you'll forgive me now."—Jean Kidd.

"I thought to pass away before, yet alive I am."—Margaret Martin.

"His flaxen hair of sunny hue, curled closely round his bonnet blue."—Maxwell Baker

"Napoleon was a small man too."—Billy Tidridge.

"Edison was rather clever too."—John Jenkins.

"All great men are dying and I'm not feeling very well."—Jim Riddell.

By John McMullen, Form 2A

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AROUND OUR FORM (II A)

Ben Brudner (Benny): "If hot air were electricity, I'd be a power house."

Favourite Expression: "Needed at home, Sir."

Activities: A general nuisance.

Ambition: To convince Miss McDonald of his Latin ability.

Bill McClymont (Mac): "One of those strong silent men."

Favourite Expression: "How do you say . . . in Latin?"

Pet Aversion: Members of the opposite sex???

Activities: Junior basketball, senior soccer, track and swimming.

Stewart Watson (Stink ol' boy): "Open my heart and you will see engraved inside it 'Geometry'."

Favourite Expression: "Won't you meet me at the Capitol?"

Ambition: To be a "he-man."

Activities: Wasting time, junior rugby team.

Jean Kidd: "She never burnt the mid-night oil in quest of useless knowledge."

Favourite Expression: "Joan, give me your Latin quick."

Weakness: Thinking too little and talking too much.

Pastime: Extra Physiography, Arithmetic, Geometry, Latin, and a few others.

Joan Hickman (Hicky): "The merry twinkle of her eye foretells her disposition."

Favourite Expression: "Oh, Yeah!"

Ambition: To play rugby.

Activities: Takes our money for those darn cafeteria cheques.

Margaret Myers: "I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers."

Favourite Expression: "Oh, you're silly."

Pet Aversion: Whipped cream.

Weakness: Yes you've guessed—Boys.

Ambition: To pass in Latin.

John McMullen: "I never felt the kiss of love, nor maiden's hand in mine."

Hobby: Making yards in the Assembly Hall.

Ambition: To arrive at school on time.

Activities: Wasting time, senior soccer, basketball.

Macbeth: "Make haste, old women, make haste."

The Three Witches: "All right Mac we'll bewitch in a minute."

Friend: "What is your son taking up at school this year?"

Mr. Scott (disgustedly): "Space, nothing but space."

Boss: "Did you take Jenkins home after he was run over by the steam roller?"

Harris (working for Pavement Co.): "Yes, and his wife wasn't home so we shoved him under the door."

Did you ever hear of the Scotch boy who shot his parents so he could go to the orphans' picnic?

Who is the certain person in the W.C.I. who is so dumb that his mind would have gone had it not been too weak to travel?

Mr. Ball: "McKenzie, what are assets?"

McKenzie: "Young donkeys, aren't they?"



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Caesar.

The legions having found a ford, the cavalry having approached, the baggage being impeded, Caesar having a lot of Gaul, etc., the Cavalry landed on the Belgae and had the situation well in hand before you could say Jupiter Pluvius. Thank heaven for the keys.

Virgil.

There was a lofty crag on the shore with a head of living rock and a heavy swell running up and down the beach, so we anchored and stretched our brine-soaked, weary limbs on the Sand. Boy! was we soused. You can go to Hades very easily. And what's more I found it very interesting. There I met all the people worth knowing.

Cicero.

How long will you allow this jazz-mad youth to mock the consuls including me. I'm wise to you, sweet Cataline. Where were you this morning? Who was the lady I saw you with last night? O tempora, O mores, which means what's the time you morons. Skip the parts in italics boys: you're young yet.

Editor: "But these jokes aren't funny."

Contributor: "I know that but I've just been reading over some back copies of your magazine and I thought that you might think they were."

Lady (in a pet store): "I like this dog but his legs are too short."

Proprietor: "Too short. Why madam, they all four reach the ground."

Clarkson: "Let me kiss you under the mistletoe?"

Girl: "I wouldn't let you kiss me under anaesthetic."

A village girl eloped in a suit of her father's clothes. The next day the village "Daily News" came out with the sensational headline—"Flees in Father's Pants."

Petruniak: "I wish I was a river."

DeRush: "Why?"

Petruniak: "Because I could lay in my bed all day and still keep my course."

Brock Andrews: "What did you get in your Latin exam?"

Mug McGorman: "Well, it was this way—"

Brock Andrews: "Shake old boy. I failed too."

Another theory has been advanced as to why George Washington stood up in the boat. He was Scotch and had just had his pants pressed.

DIPLOMACY

(With apologies to Lee Pape)

Last nite me and ma and pop was sitting in the sitting room. He was behind the spoarting page and ma was darnin' holes out of sox and I was doing a grate quantile of homework on account of not havin' done so four three days. There was lots of silence in the room when I sez, "Hay, pop!" "Hay is ment for hoarses," sez he, meaning, "What?" And I sez, "Yes sir, but what wud you say if I wuz to get all 90's this month?" "My dear boy," sez he, leying down his papor, "I believe I shud die with shok." "Yes sir," sez I, "Percy got all 90's last month an' he has got diptheriya. I know another feller has got a 92 average and his father broak his leg last week." "How terrible," sez my pop, not much interested on account of reading about the Yanks winning off Washington. "Yessir," sez I, "an' Anderson Smith who got all above 95 last time, his father dyed and he has got newmonya." "How horrrable," sez pap, less interested. Their was sum time in wich nothing was sed in the silence, and then I sed, "Lissen pop," "With all my ears," sez he,

not lookin' up. "Well pop, I woodn't wancha to dye now, so I didn't get eny 95's this month." "Well, isn't that generus," sez pop, becoming interested. "Yessir," sez I, "an I didn't wancha to brake your leg or me to get newmonya or enything, so I didn't get eny 90's either."

"Well, well," sez pop, "isn't that kind and generus of you. I suppose you wished to keep the hole family helthy, so you sacrificed your high standing in scholarship and took nothing above 75. Is that rite?" "Yessir," sez I, handing him my report wich had an average of 69%. After lookin' at it, pop sez, "Well now I certainly appreshiate your generosity and I will resprikate the kindness by suggesting that you take further care of your helth by going to bed erly to nite insted of going to the Emporia to see Charlie Chaplin. I suggest that you act immediately."

Wich I did.

—From The Bennett Beacon.

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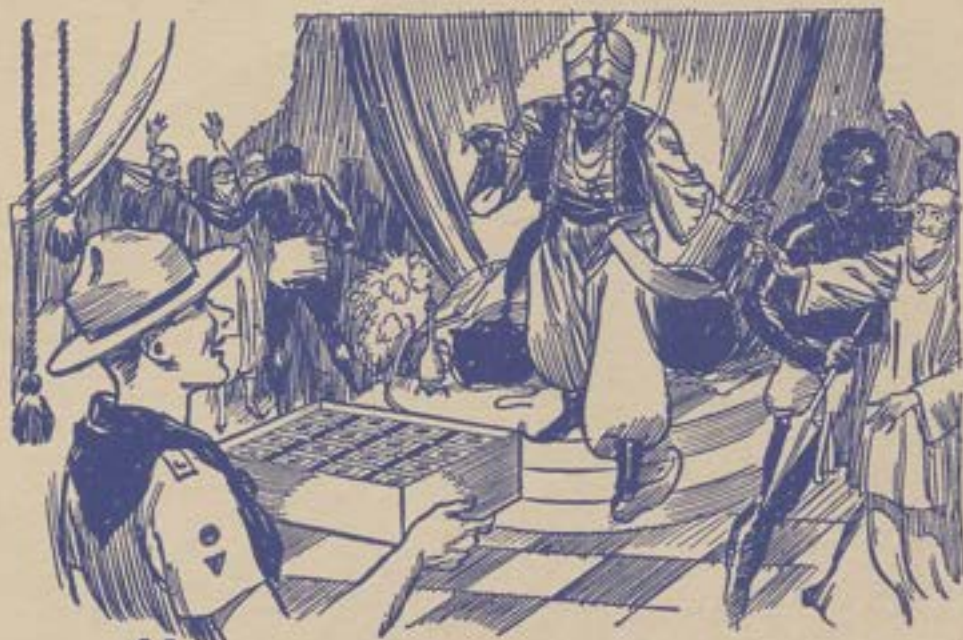
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How Jacky Canuck became Grand Wazir of Khorassan

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In such impassioned terms did the Sultan of Khorassan greet Jacky Canuck from Canada as that intrepid lad journeyed East in search of adventure and, having saved the greatest of his trading treasures, a 5 dozen box of Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate Bars, for the eye of the Sultan alone, was duly and properly rewarded with the lordly position of Grand Wazir of Khorassan. Then by establishing a fleet of aeroplanes between the Court and the Neilson plant in far away Toronto he was able to maintain a constant stream of cases of Neilson's Chocolate Bars for the Sultan's private use and thus made his position doubly secure. Of course, in due time, he shared the Sultan's throne and bossed the Kingdom.

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