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Walkerville Collegiate Institute (Windsor, Ontario)

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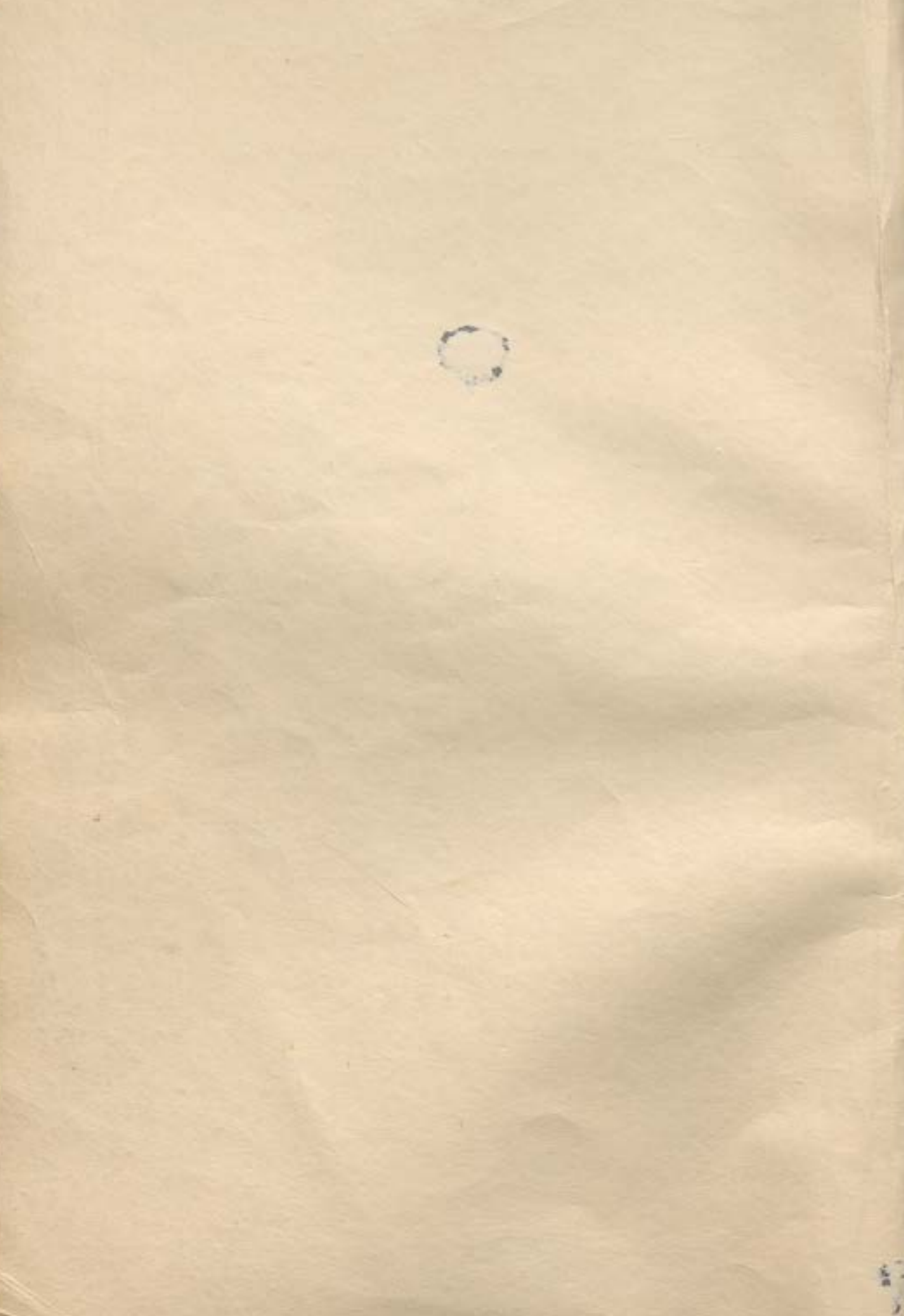
The Blue & White



Walkerville
Collegiate

1932

1932



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Blue and White

MARCH, 1932

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Our Principal

J. L. McNaughton, B. A.



Blue and White Staff



Photo by Sid Lloyd

Back Row—Shirley Bennett (Art), Charles Gordon (Business Mgr.), Brock Andrews (Advertising Mgr.), James Walker (Ass't Business Mgr.), Mignon Kling (Ass't Editor)
Front Row—Joan Ferriss (Society), Miss Brown (Critic), Mr. Ball, (Treasurer) Miss Burgoyne (Critic), Ethel Riggs (Editor).





Our Tenth Anniversary

Once more we present the "Blue and White" for your—approval? We have laboured to produce an annual fitted to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute. We hope you feel we have done justice to this great occasion. We have tried to make it seem as though the "Blue and White" were speaking for the school. Really our annual is not only the symbol of our school life here, but embodied in it and through it the famous Walkerville Collegiate "school spirit" speaks.

We have attempted to represent in a condensed form every activity of the school that those who are leaving may in looking back, literally turn back the pages, and refresh their school-day memories should they chance to flit through these annals.

It has been a real experience to edit a magazine such as the "Blue and White,"—it has been, I may add, truly a pleasure to have known this honour. Through this office, I have become acquainted with a great number of charming personalities—yourself for instance. I have learned all about the various and excellent recreations and organizations that our school offers its students—and a few of them I had no idea existed!—We have attempted to tell you about them and give you in the "Blue and White" interesting and accurate descriptions of all our scholastic and athletic achievements and endeavours. We have tried not too unsuccessfully, I hope, to portray you, your teachers, your pranks, your witticisms,—your school life as it is,—as it was,—as it will be.

We are grateful for the excellence both in quality and quantity of the material turned in because in spite of anything I might try to tell you in the future, it is YOU who make the year book, not—

—The Editor.

Faculty 1922



Left to Right, Back Row—W. S. Day, W. T. Thorburn (Sec. Treasurer, Board of Education),
H. T. Donaldson, C. P. McArthur, J. L. McNaughton.
Left to Right, Front Row—Miss M. A. V. McWhorter, Miss J. Beasley, Miss M. C. Auld,
Mr. R. Meade (Principal), Miss M. McKnight, Miss M. Runians.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

How many do you know in this picture? Well, I don't know very many, but then I've only been in Walkerville for four years—and I don't know very much anyway!

This is the tenth anniversary of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute and also the tenth anniversary of "The Blue and White." Many changes have come to us during this time.

Walkerville Collegiate opened its doors in the year 1922, with Mr. Meade as its principal and a staff of ten teachers who drove about two hundred students to graduation (or desperation) quite as Mr. McNaughton and his twenty-one efficiency experts grind necessary facts and lessons into some six hundred of us.

Mr. Meade, that beloved friend and advisor, was acting principal for seven years. Under his leadership the school saw a meteoric rise to fame and recognition throughout the province, in both athletic and academic endeavors. Walkerville Collegiate was Mr. Meade's brain child—he conceived it, brought it into being through his efforts, and then inspired it with a school spirit that Walkerville Collegians will always be proud of—and justly so! There is no student who has known the kindly encouragement or correction of Mr. Meade's jurisdiction who does not become sincerely eloquent in his praise.

Mr. McNaughton, a member of the initial staff, has proved a worthy successor to Mr. Meade. Mr. McNaughton has carried on, he has proved himself a tactful organizer, an adequate friend in every knotty problem that has presented itself in our school life,—a man truly worthy of guiding the youth of our city.

Miss Auld, beloved of all bewildered freshies and sophisticated (?) seniors, was also a member of the first staff and is still with us. If it would not be too selfish a wish, we hope she'll never leave us. Truly Walkerville would be desolate without her cheerful smile.

Miss McWhorter, ever a favourite, left us for some time, but returned in 1929 to resume her own special niche in our hearts.

Faculty 1932



Photo by Sid Lloyd

Back Row—Miss McWhorter, Miss Dickey, Miss Bluett, Miss Bryan, Miss Auld, Miss McLaren, Miss Robbins, Mrs. Hoey, Miss Burgoyne, Miss Doctor, Miss Brown, Miss Cooney.

Front Row—Mr. Klinck, Mr. Swanson, Mr. Hartford, Mr. Ball, Mr. McNaughton, (Principal) Mr. Philp, Mr. Hugill, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Craig.

GIVING PLACE TO THE NEW

Since 1922 the staff has changed considerably—teachers have come and gone, even as have the students. They all leave their memories with us, who are left behind. Last Christmas term, Miss Crow left us to travel back to India where she had taught before she came to us. We miss your pleasant smile, but we wish you every happiness in your new "old home," Mrs. Morrison!

The absence of Miss McDonald, an old favourite, particularly dear to the Walkerville student is deeply regretted both by staff and students. Miss McDonald was granted leave of absence on account of ill health. We certainly wish you a speedy recovery and hope you'll soon be back with us again, Miss McDonald.

Consolation was sent us for these regrettable absences in the person of Mr. Hugill and Mr. Southcombe. Mr. Hugill took up Miss Crow's work after Christmas, a year ago, in Physics and Physiography. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto, but we feel that Mr. Hugill needs no introduction to our readers.



Mr. Southcombe, who came to fill Miss McDonald's position, is the kind of teacher one admires in school and would like to have as a friend outside of school,—if you know what I mean. He can make even Latin sound plausible and interesting! Mr. Southcombe is also a graduate of Toronto—we certainly congratulate them on the sort of profs they produce! Mr. Southcombe was with us only one term when he left to take a position in Sarnia. We were indeed sorry to see him go. We shall not forget his quiet pleasant manner quickly—even if we should forget the Latin!

Mrs. Hoey came to us directly after Christmas vacation to take Mr. Southcombe's place. Although Mrs. Hoey has been with us a very short time we have all come to like and respect this new member of our faculty. She is a graduate of University College, Toronto, and is making a fairly successful attempt to pound a little Latin into us.

Miss Doctor was also a—shall we say—Christmas gift addition to our staff. She joined us at the same time as did Mrs. Hoey. Miss Doctor came from Stamford Collegiate, Niagara Falls, and is another very popular graduate of Toronto, Trinity College.

—E.M.R.

Graduating Class, 1932

			
• M. PEPPER •	• H. BARTLETT •	• G. THOMPSON •	• E. LUDOREK •
			
• R. BROWN •	• J. WALLER •	• M. BUNT •	• V. BONE •
			
• M. MCKENZIE •	• L. TURNDOLL •	• M. CALKIN •	• T. BACON •
			
• P. O'GARA •	• C. WHITNEY •	• H. M'ARTHUR •	• J. CORLETT •
			
• J. RENJON •	• H. BERNHART •	• H. GREY •	• L. KERN •
			
• D. W. WALKER •	• K. LEAHY •	• R. ATOUN •	• R. ATKINSON •
			
• J. BENNETT •	• E. LAFORET •	• D. THOMPSON •	• G. JARE •
			
• G. DEMOU •	• D. JACKSON •	• J. CHIDEWISE •	• J. H. CAIN •

ASHLEY
 D. WALKER
 L. BONE
 R. V. WALKER

Graduating Class, 1932



- D. KIANG -



- A. BARRABIN -



- I. ANDERSON -



- C. GORDON -



- F. CLINTON -



- L. CLEMENT -



- J. CROCKER -



- J. HUTCHINSON -



- W. WYCKOFF -



- J. FRESHBURG -



- A. OUDERMAT -



- A. LAWRIE -



- T. WALKER -



- E. MORGAN -



- E. OIGOW -



- G. MARSHALL -



- E. WADSWORTH -



- W. WHITE -



- M. KING -



- E. CREED -



- J. PETERSON -



- R. BURT -



- W. WELTER -



- I. ROBERTS -



- J. PETRUNAK -



- E. DIXON -



- W. WYATT -



- D. APPELSBY -



- A. VAUGHN -



- J. O'CONNELL -



- M. WICKMAN -



- J. JACKSON -

THANK YOU

We, the staff of the Blue and White, wish to take this opportunity to officially thank those who so capably and willingly assisted us in publishing the magazine. We received no disappointments in our requests for material—if only you could know how encouraging that was!

We, as well as former staffs, owe Mr. Ball a deep debt of gratitude for his able assistance and sound advice. Mr. Ball looks after our finances and as an efficient treasurer there is none better. There is no small detail of the Blue and White's financial condition that Mr. Ball cannot promptly produce.

Miss Brown and Miss Burgoyne were the Blue and White critics. You, who have never edited a school magazine cannot realize the amount of work and tact required of these necessary members of the staff.

Brock Andrews was chief member of the Life Saving Crew again this year. Brock continued his good work as Advertising Manager. Thank you, Brock, the Blue and White simply could not have carried on this year without you.

Aren't the new cuts perfectly ducky? Shirley Bennett and Mignon Kling are responsible for them. Shirley, an active member of the Alumni, willingly offered her services to solve one of our chief difficulties. She gave of her time and talent in no mean measure and we are truly grateful.

Marion Elwin, also a former student, did us a great kindness by doing most of our typing.

The students of the school were particularly generous in contributing material this year promptly. We were pleased with the originality and wit of the material turned in by 1A, 1D, 2C, 3A, 4A and 5B.

And last, but not least, we wish to recognize the work of previous Blue and White staffs, particularly that of last year. If you see any improvements in this year's Blue and White, they were made possible by the solid foundation laid by former editors and their staffs, and passed on to us.

The 1932 Staff of the Blue and White unite in a sincerely grateful—THANK YOU!



Diary of W. C. I.

1921-1922.

Dear Diary:

I'm all excited and just a little puzzled because I'm not sure that I know what it's all about yet. You see, yesterday I didn't exist and here I am today setting out on the great adventure of life and not knowing just how to go about it. But even now, Dear Diary, I have a feeling that some day I shall have a great and famous name. Just now my name is the Walkerville Continuation School. All I consist of is a few rooms in the King George School. There are only ninety-three pupils and three teachers. Mr. Meade, M.A., is the principal and I know I'm going to like him a whole lot. Also the two lady teachers, Miss Mary C. Auld, who teaches English and Art, and Miss Towle, B.A., who teaches the commercial department, have quite won my heart.

1922-1923.

Dear Diary:

Didn't I tell you that I'd make a name for myself? Here I am only one year old and already I have become a High School. There are 195 students now and 9 teachers as well as Mr. Meade and that's not all. Dear Diary, Guess what! Well I'm not just a few rooms in King George School anymore—not by any means! I'm a great big beautiful building with 22 class rooms, physical and chemical laboratories with lecture rooms adjoining, a biology room and museum, a library, an art room, an armouries, four gymnasiums, a cafeteria, a dental clinic, an auditorium which seats 800, a nurse's room, locker rooms, showers and swimming pool. How's that for a one-year old?

1923-1924.

Dear Diary:

I've mounted one more step up the ladder of success—I'm a Collegiate now and have 254 students of whom 88% passed in June. Isn't that great? This year a splendid kilted cadet corps has been organized with John Coburn as the first commanding officer. If you ask me, those cadets are going to do big things in the future. Then too, Dear Diary, our senior Girl Champion of Field Day, Jessie M. Churchill, is also the champion of Essex County. If this keeps up, I'll be getting a swelled head. Also the Senior Girls' Basketball team profited so much from the coaching of Miss Jean Leischman that they captured the W.O.S.S.A. cup.

(Continued on Page Thirty-Six)



Dramatic Society

The good ship "Dramatic Society" has set out on the second voyage of its career. On this trip we have for skipper, (the Rt. Hon.) Erskine Morden; First Mate Audrey Lavallee; Steward for "Lower Deck" passengers, Art Demairais; for "Middle Deck", Ray Lyons, and for "Uppers", Marion Bernhardt. Good service was rashly promised by these individuals on election day.

The first "course" served on board had for its piece de resistance, a rollicking comedy, "Thank You, Doctor." Side dishes of a reading and piano selection completed the course. Nuts were in evidence, to top it off, personified by lunatics in the play. This first dramatic morsel was sponsored by the "Uppers." Other exception tid-bits of literary genius have been promised by the other two "decks." Meanwhile we will have to sit on the edge of our bunks and whet our appetites for future courses.

Although it is merely a rumour with very little fact, certain passengers (perhaps stowaways or coal-heavers), are sleuthing about for a rare old melodrama, the likes of which was seen and appreciated on election day, when certain ne'er-do-wells put over a sample of a very mellow melodrama entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or "Simon Legree, You Cur!"

Seriously, the Dramatic Society, with the earnest help of interested students, could become one of the school's most influential bodies.

"How can I help?" you ask.

Briefly, offer your services for a play or a variety act, to your representative. Who knows, you may be a diamond in the rough, a future actor, a second Simon Legree!

The Christmas vacation being off our minds, we have nothing to worry about for the future except more exams. We hope to dramatize several productions in the near future. Already, things look

brighter for the New Year. Let's polish them up still more, dig in and play (or work if you must use a vulgar term.)

By the way, if you run across a play, stunt or novelty number, that would be suitable for presentation by the Society, please show your interest by telling, informing, writing or what-noting some member of the executive about it. This will be greatly appreciated by those who are interested in the movement. For the discovery of suitable material is one of our hardest jobs.

May we submit a suggestion to the teachers?—and more power to them! Why not encourage your pupils to enact the dramatization of some story which has been studied in Literature, History or French,—or perhaps have merely an episode of the story?

The teachers could also aid us greatly by noting the date of the Dramatic Society program and cancelling detentions for that night. Since it has been rendered impossible to hold our meetings during school hours, we would ask that no attempts be made to further impair the popularity of the Society.

"Bon Voyage, Dramatics, Personae!"

—John MacArthur,
Secretary





One Act Plays



It's All In a Day's Work

The scene is the office of a furniture store. There are two desks. The one at the front belongs to a young woman, as can be seen by the number of fancy and colourful odds and ends. The one in the left corner belongs to the manager and is covered with books, papers, a stray jack-knife, and several heavy and unornamental paper weights. In spite of the fact that the office is in a furniture store, the furniture is scarce. Besides the desks, the only other articles are a safe, a cash register, and a file.

Characters:

Manager—He is the owner and proprietor of the store, a respectable looking business man of about middle age.

The Office Girl—A girl of neat and rather shy appearance, the only evidence of whose true nature is the violent manner in which she chews her gum.

The Bill Collector—A somewhat pleasant looking man, quite tall, and dressed in working clothes.

MacBrain—A brawny Scotsman.

SCENE I

Manager—If business doesn't pick up pretty soon, it will be just too bad. Nobody buys anything, nobody pays for anything, and nobody keeps up the payments they started so long ago.

Office Girl—Oh, things could be worse. We made one good sale today. A French couple were getting married. (To herself) I guess there are still some fools left.

(Manager walks over to his desk, sits down and starts to work in silence. In a few moments the bill collector enters.)

Bill Collector—Say, Boss, what shall we do with that fellow, Sandy MacBrain? He got his furniture last year and hasn't paid one cent on it since the first down payment. There doesn't seem to be much hope of getting anything out of him either.

Manager—Yes, I know. He bought practically every article of furniture he has here. The only thing I can think of is to take it all back. One thing we can say for him is that he certainly has kept it in good condition.

Bill Collector—O.K., Boss, I'll go around then with the truck driver this afternoon.

SCENE II

The same office about five hours later. (The office girl is sitting at her desk and the bill collector is standing talking to her.)

Collector—Say, you know that MacBrain that the Boss told us to see this morning?

(Continued on Page Thirty-Nine)

An Ancient Melodrama

The first scene opens in the room of a small house, sparsely furnished, and bearing the signs of poverty. In a rocking-chair beside the stove sits an old white-haired man and beside him on a wooden box sits his beautiful, golden-haired daughter patiently doing her knitting. A blizzard is raging outside and every few minutes snow is seen floating past the window.

(A loud knock on the door. The daughter rises and slips the bolt back. In strides a tall, dark-complexioned individual with a beautifully-waxed moustache curled up at the ends.) (Hisses).

Villain—Ah ha! Today is the last day that thou shalt sit in this house unless thou givest me the hand of thy fair daughter in marriage for, today, the mortgage is due.

(Villain chuckles and gives a vile twirl to his beautifully-waxed moustache.)

Father—I wish thou wert dead thou old rascal, thou!

Daughter—Nay! father, I will forfeit my happiness for thy sake although I do loathe this vile fiend.

(Door flies open and amid a great flurry of snow strides in a tall, handsome, young lad—the daughter's lover.)

Hero—At thy dirty tricks again eh, Percival? Well, this shall be the last time for I am going to wipe the floor with thy vile face!

(Hero advances menacingly but Percival merely chuckles and draws out his six-shooter with one hand and twirls the right end of his moustache with the other.)

Daughter—(Screams.) Quick, Henry, the Flit! (But before our hero could reach it, a shot broke the stillness of the night and the blood began to drip from our hero's shirt. Enraged, the hero executed a magnificent flying-tackle and brought the snarling villain to the floor with a body slam.)

Hero—Now, Percival, thy time has come; the sheriff and his men are already on their way and thou wilt soon be in the safe arms of the law.

(Hero laughs triumphantly.)

(Enter sheriff, handcuffs Percival and leads him out the door.)

Hero (turning to daughter)—My Mary!

Daughter—My Henry!

(They embrace and curtain lowers as father gives them both his blessing.)

—Walter McGregor, IIIA.

The Influence Outside of School That Has Helped Me Most in My Education

It is four o'clock (or more usually five) and we are free. What are you going to do when you get home? Rummage the frigidaire? Read a story book? Play ball? Start getting ready for that evening engagement? And last, but not least (according to our teachers), do homework?

I leave all these pleasures (?) to you, while I indulge in my own particular pursuit. It consists of placing myself at the piano and playing (or at least attempting to play), a few compositions. This pursuit of a musical education is a pleasure I consider most beneficial in my life at present, and as for the future, I can only hope and work.

I take music lessons. I take my theory lesson. I come home and try to put into practice what has been taught me. True, it takes time. Every little passage has to be repeated separately to obtain the most possible perfection. What fingering shall I use? Does this chord require the pedal, or would it sound better in the staccato form? Shall I make a crescendo, a diminuendo? Is there a distinct melody that should be brought out in each hand? These questions make you think, and as a result increase your usage of common sense and reasoning.

The finished product is occasionally gratifying. Notice I say occasionally and I really mean seldom. There is a certain satisfaction in mastering a piece of work even if it does consist only of a few chords, a few passages, and the opportunity of a suitable medium through which your feelings can be expressed. But turn on the radio and you hear compositions which transport you to another world. Read a few books on music, and weep. For you realize you are only a struggling being. Genius, the divine gift of God, is absent. You are no Handel. You are no Mozart. You are no Liszt. Why, oh why, should you not be equally gifted? Are you cursed? But even though such fortune is lacking, I must admit it is a joy to labour in such pleasing work. My best manner in explaining myself is to quote a few lines from Browning's poem, "Andrea Del Sarto."

"Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world."

A faint consolation, at least.

Above this joy and development, I place a factor I know not how to express. It is the spell of beauty this art casts over your soul. In turn you cry, you sigh, you laugh. It is the story of human life and struggle expressed through a most sacred

and desired medium. How was Offenbach able to compose his immortal "Tales of Hoffman?" How could he set music to the text? It was through his own life struggles. Offenbach through his life was pursued by a mysterious and unkind fate. So was Hoffman. Thus were produced the beautiful "Barcarolle," the joyful "Doll Dance." Are not human whims and troubles expressed in music? They must be. We could not understand operas which consists only of song if it were not so. Therefore I say, for beauty and understanding, study music.

We are going now, we have no time to feel lonely. But we cannot look into the future. "Many years from now shall I be lonely?" I ask myself. No, I do not think so. My music will be as true to me as a faithful dog to his master. I shall constantly have a companion. This influence during my school life has helped. This influence in my old age will not desert me.

—Esther Luborsky

Education

Our educational system is probably one of the things upon which we pride ourselves the most. Certainly, great progress has been made, for not until the late eighteenth century was education made free and compulsory in Scotland, and it was almost a hundred years later until this law was passed in England. Before that time, only the children of the rich had attended school for there had been only church schools and endowed ones.

In France, too, where education was in the hands of the clergy, it was mostly confined to the rich. Various attempts were made to improve education and the convention which was in power in France from seventeen hundred and ninety-two to seventeen hundred and ninety five was working on a system of free education, but even in the eighteenth century, the tax collectors were unable to make out their own reports.

When Napoleon made himself the master of France he organized the system, in order to further his aims, so that the youth of France would be taught to be loyal to him. Even under Napoleon, the third, teaching was restrained and the teachers in the universities were forced to take an oath of allegiance to him.

Metternich, the great Austrian statesman, also restrained teaching and even boasted that the scientific spirit had not been allowed to spread in the universities. So reactionary did he become that finally in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the students rose against him and brought about his downfall.

In the eighteenth century the factory system took the place of the domestic system. This meant that many articles which had formerly been made at home could now be made much more cheaply in the factories. This gave the women of the middle class more leisure and many of them devoted this time to reading and study. Then, too, many improvements were made in printing, so

that as many as eight hundred pages could be printed an hour. As printed works increased education gradually improved.

Thus great strides have been made, until today almost every country in the world has free and compulsory education. We pride ourselves upon our educational system and why should we not? More and more students are attending high schools and universities every year, and opportunities are becoming more numerous for receiving higher education, but in spite of this, our educational system is not yet perfect. American educators are pleading for individualism, and favour getting away from "iron bound courses of study." Speaking at the annual congress of representatives of two hundred universities and schools at Toledo, Ohio, Edward R. Murrow, of New York, president of the National Student Federation, declared that any attempt to make scholars conform to a uniform code proves a drug to the intellect. I think we should do well to ponder what Channing says, "A few books are better than many and a little time given to faithful study of the few will be enough to quicken the thoughts and enrich the mind."

Certainly far better education is needed to reduce the amount of injustice and the misery for which nations and individuals are responsible. Man was determined that the Great War should be the last war, but thirteen years have passed since the Peace of Versailles was signed and man has forgotten the bloody battle fields and the cries of his dying comrades. Today, the world is in a state of turmoil, China and Japan are at war, while in India there are continual threats of uprisings. Nations have not yet learned to settle international disputes by a court of expert judges and to cease engaging in warfare.

Today, thousands and thousands of men, who are willing to work and who are able to work, are unemployed. Man must learn to arrange his national affairs so that no willing, capable worker will be miserable in enforced idleness. Until then education will not be perfect.

—Florence Walker

Why Do I Like Myself?

I received the first shock of my young life when confronted with this question which immediately led to a number of others. The first was: "Do I really like myself?" Well, I have been forced to live with myself for quite a number of years and I have become so accustomed to my way of doing things that it seemed preferable to other people's methods. Preference, however, might not be liking; hence the second question: "What is liking?" It seems to me that liking is the satisfaction derived from an attitude, a performance, appearance, approach or reaction. I am pleased with the way I absorb and digest impressions. I derive ample satisfaction from the admiration of the beauties of nature and the arts; I am capable of sympathizing with the varying moods of my friends; I

enjoy my work as much as my play. I am perfectly aware of my vanity, feeling myself superior in some respects to others, and I am sincere enough to realize that I have shortcomings, although graciously admitting that they do not amount to much. Why, then, should I not like myself?

Of course, I see myself through my own eyes and the reason for liking myself is simply that I am as I am. If I were different, I would see myself through different eyes and it is safe to assume that these eyes would be satisfied with what they would see in the corresponding ego.

Another reason for liking myself is the fact that I found this to be the best way to get along with myself. Whenever I am grouchy, cranky, or disagreeable, I don't like myself and to make up with myself is too much of an effort.

Now that I have been asked this question, I have become conscious of the regard that I have for myself. I sincerely wish that this consciousness will cause me to preserve a not more than justified pride—you may call it poise—which will make me want to strive for perfection without assuming the attitude of having attained it.

I want to be thankful to the Creator that I am as He made me and I hope that I am—well liked by myself—no disappointment to Him or to mankind.

—M.K.

Class Prophecy of Form IV-B

To a fortunate few there is given the power of lifting aside the veil of the future and gazing on the fate of mortals.

Meeting one such seer I begged him to tell me the fate of some of the students of IV B.

In his crystal he saw me on a train bound for Walkerville. Glancing at the conductor as he took my ticket I was astonished to recognize Mr. Raymond Lyons. While chatting for a few minutes he disclosed the fact that Mr. Robert Elwin might be found directing traffic in an uptown section of the now cosmopolitan city. Suddenly the city hove in sight and as the train stopped, I alighted amidst a group of taxi drivers soliciting patronage. Nodding to one, I glanced only casually at him. As he opened the door, he seemed familiar. It couldn't be—yes, without a doubt it was our old friend John Considine. I could not mistake that carefree manner and casual driving.

Telling him I was merely looking up the students of IV B, he took me first to a large pretentious looking building, surrounded by beautiful lawns. I wondered what it could be, and glancing up, beheld the title, "The Wilson Girls' College." On entering a very tastefully appointed room, I came face to face with the college president, Miss Marianne Wilson, looking as fresh and pretty as ever. On her staff she said she had Miss Mamie McKay as athletic director and Miss Esme Marsden as director of music. Just then she was interrupted by a maid who entered to say that the iceman wished to see her. I was then told that Mr.

Don Stuart was the ice-man, which reminded me of a physics experiment. However, as my time was limited I said good-bye and set out again.

On passing Willstead Park, I enquired who was now mayor of Walkerville, and was pleasantly surprised to hear that Mr. George Ferris held that position.

As we drove along Riverside Drive, Mr. Considine pointed out to me two lovely homes, remarking that they were the homes of the former Misses Eleanor Menard, and Louise O'Neil, now both prominent society leaders of the Border.

Just outside the city we came to a tiny brick building. As we stopped a troupe of small children immediately surrounded us. In the doorway was Miss Mary Keith. She wore her usual charming smile and her dark hair curled about her face as becomingly as ever. She welcomed me with delight and showed off the tiny pupils of her kindergarten. During a delightful chat with her I learned that Miss Eva Vaughn was a celebrated artist and that Mr. Faulconer Gauthier was quite a successful lawyer. Also that Mr. Glen Sherman's gymnasium was the pride of the city while Mr. Arthur Kidd was a renowned and revered minister.

Suddenly glancing at my watch, I was dismayed to find that I had only ten minutes to catch my train. Mr. Considine obligingly broke all traffic laws. Then as we were crossing Ouellette Avenue, the car swerved—I heard a terrific crash! Oh! Margaret Pratt had dropped her books and I woke up with a start.

—Helen Stauch

What a Night!

Eleven-thirty! And at last I had finished my homework. Now I could go to bed and rest until eight o'clock. And that exciting new mystery book—I could read a chapter before slumber claimed me.

Time passed. It was twelve-thirty before sleep finally overpowered me. And what strange dreams I had! I seemed to be walking down a street in Detroit. I had not gone far when a grotesque figure, looking suspiciously like a geometry book, accosted me. "At last I have you," said a stern voice, much like Mr. Ball's. "You shan't escape me again." Thereupon he blew a whistle. At once books of all descriptions came running up. There were the Latin and Algebra. Could I ever evade them? With a history on one side of me, and a French Grammar on the other, I finally entered a deserted house on the edge of the city, with all the other books following me.

Gagged and bound, I was thrown to the floor by the Algebra, which reminded me strongly of Mr. O'Brien. The books frolicked in a circle around me. My dear old Merchant of Venice, the Chemistry notebook with all the blots, the History making dates with Miss Brown. The similes and metaphors of the composition book danced out of the pages, and the languages of the dead Romans shouted from the Latin.

Chaos seemed to reign with all the books chat-

tering and quarreling as to who was the most important. Over all the voices, the literature shrieked in unmistakable tones, "these books are forgetting themselves. I am supreme!"

"What said that?" demanded another book loudly. I looked at it. Sure enough, it was a book of rules. Its cover was the gayest—the McNaughton tartan! In big print were the words, "Less noise there." That seemed to be its principal theme song.

I was half-awakened by the alarm clock which was followed by a faint echo in the familiar voice of Miss Cooney, saying, "It's time for your upsetting exercises!"

And so on into another day.

—Jean Westover

My Greatest Desire

Several days ago I discovered a passage to a large room which contained many baskets and boxes. From one box wafted a strong odour of the most treasured relish of us mice—cheese. Every night I visited that same spot but each time I met with the same disappointment. The lid of that box was firmly closed.

Yesterday I decided to make the best of my hard luck, so I nibbled at a head of lettuce. Suddenly the door opened and a huge object walked in. Seeing me, it lifted up its skirts, jumped on some boxes and screamed at the top of its lungs. I was so frightened that I scuttled back into my hole and down to Mouseville as fast as my legs could carry me.

But no matter what happened yesterday I'll have to go up today for I can even smell the cheese down here. Why hullo! here's a huge chunk of cheese all ready waiting for me. But why is it on that block of wood inside of a funny iron thing? Oh well, who cares what it's on! I shouldn't fuss for I've an open way to my heart's desire! — — — SNAP!

—Peggy Kerrigan

The Story of a Foreigner

While travelling to Toronto early last spring we passed a likely hitch-hiker. It was raining hard and he huddled up with his hands in his pockets. He did not bother to make the usual, well known signal.

We gave him a ride but for some time he seemed too cold to speak. He crouched down near the

floor, as if to get all the warmth he could from the heater. After a while, however, he began to talk.

He told us that he was going out west to try to find a job and that he had been out of work for three years. Why had he come to Canada, we asked. He then told us this story in simple broken English:

"At home I live with my mudder and fadder. In Bavaria we live on little farms. There, we are all happy. There nobody has a car. Here, nobody is happy without a car. At home we make music outside—in the hay fields,—anywhere.

"I never hear of Canada. I love a girl. I was going to marry her. Now a young man comes home from Canada. He says things are fine over there. He says he earned six dollars a day. He pays some attention to my girl but I nor anyone in the village think anything of it. She asks me to go to Canada and earn lots of money. My mudder and my fadder ask me not to go. She keeps on asking me so I come. I find very little, so I can save no money. Sometimes I work for six dollars a week. Very often I find no work at all.

I got a letter from my mudder and she say that the young man has married my girl. I no reply to this letter. That was two years ago.

I would like to go back but it costs seventy dollars and I have thirty-five cents. Still, here I am nobody and I know it. If I went back I would be out of place. I don't want to see my girl now she is married."

Just before we entered Toronto he asked us to let him out. He explained that Toronto was a poor place for one with no money. He said he would sleep in some barn. Now I often wonder if our little Bavarian friend will ever go back to the land where they make music outside,—in the hay fields,—anywhere—

—John Maxwell. IA

Spring Follies

Jean-Pierre was just an average Frenchman. Any Parisian, who took pains to observe him closely that glorious spring morning as he walked through the beautiful shady lanes of the Bois de Boulogne could see immediately that Jean was a prey of weird emotions; his eyes were shining, he walked with a light, dancing step, his features, though not particularly handsome, shone with a heavenly light—in short Jean-Pierre was in love. Eh bien, que voulez-vous? One is young but once and Jean-

Pierre whistling like a lark, nose in the air, was an ardent lover.

It happened like this. Jean-Pierre, taking his usual Saturday morning stroll in the Bois, musing of fairies and nymphs—suddenly saw before him the very nymph of his dreams. Ah, how beautiful she was! That cherry-red rose bud of a mouth, those apple-blossom cheeks, the sheer depth of her soft brown eyes! Jean-Pierre had stopped on the spot, so that the vision would not disappear. But the vision spoke—and ah, what an angelic voice she had!

Would not M'sieu give her a hand to reach those flowers yonder, a little way in the silvery, bubbling stream. Jean-Pierre would have given her both his hands if he had dared. As it was, Jean-Pierre helped her gallantly at the same time drinking in the music of her voice, as she uttered frightened little cries, while bending over to get the flowers.

Enfin, to make a long, long story short—you know how it is when spring takes possession of your soul, and, then la fille—Jean-Pierre learned her name was Hortense. He breathed in the sweet fragrance of that name. The rustling of the leaves, the birds' call, the neighing of a horse, seemed to call forth that heavenly name. You see, Jean-Pierre's case was a bad one! The bachelors' club to which Jean belonged, saw that he was lost for the club, was doomed, led to his inevitable destruction by Hortense.

They felt that only a miracle could save him, and they hoped—. And Jean-Pierre was destined to be saved. In the meantime, he was introduced in due time to Hortense's father. He was a general! Four words, which, Jean found out, had a sinister meaning. One day Jean had a talk with the old man. There and then, the general told him determinedly that his daughter was to marry a soldier, in order that his wooden leg, obtained in the last war, might be avenged. Now Jean-Pierre could not harm a fly—he would just chase it away—and neither he nor any of his forefathers had been soldiers. Thus her father decided it was all off. Not so did Jean and Hortense, however. From then on, they met secretly, and one day Jean, throwing his arms around Hortense, whispered, "Darling, let's elope."

After fervent persuasion, she gave in. Thus we find Jean-Pierre, next night, with a rope at the back of the house. Softly a window is opened. Jean climbs up along the water-pipe. Hortense is in the old man's room. In the dark, Jean fastens the rope to the bed. He descends along the pipe again, and holds the rope tight for Hortense to come down. She steps out of the room, takes hold of the rope and . . . Nom de nom d'une sonne pipe d'un cochon. What the—! Help! Then a heavy fall and more oaths from the old general.

Poor Jean-Pierre! In the dark he had fastened the rope to the old soldier's wooden leg.

—Ed Whitney

Fear

The icy December wind whistled through the leafless branches, and groaned past loose eaves-troughs. The solitary figure of a man could be seen leaning against the wind, trudging slowly up the dark street. The soft snow deadened his foot-steps, and shivers went down his spine when the flakes, which the wind had driven inside his collar, melted. What a fool, he thought, was he for coming out on a night like this. But he, Bill Jones, would show them. Then his mind reviewed the night's events.

He had gone to Jim's house for a little social call, just to play checkers for a few hours and then go home. He knew that Jim had not expected him, but why had he been so unusually pleased to see him? During one of the games he had had Jim bottled up nicely, not a piece could be moved but it would be to his advantage.

"Now I am afraid to move that for fear—," Jim had begun, when he was stopped by Bill's irritated interjection:

"Bah! fear, you are always afraid of this, or afraid of that. Why, look at me, when I was—"

And so it had begun. Strange how Jim had been so eager to argue with him about fear. One thing had led to another until Jim foolishly asked him to go into every room of the empty house just down the block. Visiting empty houses was an idiotic occupation for grown men. Did Jim think he was afraid? Had he not told everyone he knew about his extraordinary lack of fear? Every time he played checkers with Jim he had some new exploit to tell him.

Just then he reached the house in question. It was just an ordinary, two-story building, similar to a hundred others. But yet, what made it so different? Was it because its former tenant had vanished so mysteriously, and absent-minded as old men are wont to be, had forgotten to pay many months rent? Or was it because it was empty, dark, unknown and alluring?

That the door was unlocked did not seem very odd to Bill, although he had expected to meet with some opposition on the door step.

Softly he closed the door behind him, and stood motionless until his eyes became accustomed to the gloom. Everything was dark, cold, and oppressively quiet. Just as he was ready to proceed, doubt again assailed him. What if this was just an elaborate hoax? But Jim had been serious, at least he seemed to be. Oh well! He had begun, so he might as well finish. Stealthily he groped toward the stairs, carefully avoiding the furniture that had been removed years before. His hand

brushed against something, soft, cold and unresisting. It was the thick dust on the bannister. Resignedly he placed his foot on the first step, and his fate in the hands of the gods.

Slowly he dragged his leaden feet from one step to another. Halfway up, he blundered into a huge sticky cobweb. He was so busy muttering about the strands, which felt like ghostly fingers, that he did not notice the speed at which he travelled up the remaining steps. The commotion he made caused a furtive stranger in the lower regions of the house to chuckle guardedly.

Bill had neither matches nor flashlight, but that did not hinder him. The first room he entered was pitch dark. He advanced slowly with his arms outstretched before him. Suddenly his shins came into sharp contact with a hard, immovable object. What little sang-froid he lost, he soon regained when he found he had merely bumped into such a worldly thing as a bathtub. Well, that was the first room, now for the bedrooms. Bill turned towards the first door on his left, knowing it to be the front bedroom. Once inside he could see the light from a nearby lamp-post shining below the edge of the blind. The first thing to do was to raise the shade.

Outside the snow was still falling, but not so heavily as before. The street was deserted, and Bill felt himself to be very much alone. But was he? Now to get back to this silly business of house inspecting. If Jim had been joking, well, somebody would hear more of this later.

He turned away from the window, and the corner of his eye caught a glimpse of something white suspended in the air. Something like a—was it?—yes, it was a skull, a human skull dangling from the light fixture. But he, Bill Jones, was not frightened so easily, he would take a closer look. Hanging from the base of this bit of bone was a length of string which stretched into the darkness near the floor. Grasping it in his hand, he pulled it up. On the lower end were fastened a box of matches, a candle, and a note. Bill lit the candle, and then once again lowered the window shade.

On closer inspection, the skull proved to be made of wax. Infuriated that he had been duped so easily, Bill tore the note open. So great was his wrath, that for a moment he could not read. In a cold, dimly lit room one's anger soon cools. Bill read the note.

"You come to play checkers, you stay to give a monologue in the first person singular. I fear that unless you reform your fearful habits, I shall fearlessly play that fearful game of *solitaire*."

Bill understood. He had not realized what he had been doing. So in that small house a great resolution was made. Bill said only these few words, but they were effective: "Jim is too good a checker player to waste on *solitaire*."

—Jack McCann

The British Empire Games

In the summer of 1929 there was held in Hamilton an athletic contest for the youth of the British Empire. In this contest every part of the Empire was represented. Boys from South Africa ran against boys from Canada, girls from Australia ran against girls from England. A most interesting feature of these games was that every country won at least one event.

These games are supposed to be a replica of the Greek athletic meets of old. The Greek Empire held their "Empire Games" to encourage stature and body building among Grecian youth. The purpose of the British Empire Games is threefold—to create a spirit of goodwill and friendship in the Empire, to encourage, like the Grecian Games, stature and body building in the British people, and thirdly to prepare contestants for the Olympic Games, in which every nation in the universe is represented.

It has been a great honour to Canada to be the meeting-place of the first of these games. The choosing of Canada to sponsor the first meet shows that Canada is outstanding in the athletic world. In Olympic Games Canada is second to no other country.

The government of Canada appreciates the benefit which our country derives from these games—Prime Minister Bennett says that "the British Empire games have created a spirit of goodwill among our youth of today, unparalleled by anything else in the modern age." The youth of today will be rulers of tomorrow. Thus if a spirit of goodwill is aroused in their youth, these future heads of governments will greatly benefit their countries in the time to come.

The spectacle of the opening parade was alone a marvellous sight. To see representatives of the youth of the Empire, boys and girls from every country flying the British flag, marching past a reviewing stand is to see peace and goodwill marching in our midst. To see a dark complexioned boy from Africa run up and congratulate an Australian runner is to see a spirit of friendliness and sportsmanship not found elsewhere.

The next "Empire games" are expected to be held in South Africa and it is the expressed wish of all the governments in the Empire that these games may be continued from year to year. As long as the youth of the countries are held together in such a bond of friendship, the parts of the empire will stand united under the British flag.

If the threefold purpose of the British Empire games—goodwill, good youth and supremacy—attains its goal, the Empire under the "Union Jack" will continue to be an example of united peace among men.

Don Lowry.

Received In Trust

Quite a number of years ago there lived in a fair sized town of one of the New England States a man by the name of Daniel Stratton. He was about forty and some then, a merchant highly esteemed by his business associates and neighbors, respected by everyone, envied by a few, and loved only by his wife and his two sons. For he was a stern man who inspired fear rather than love and who in his righteousness asked as much of anyone as he demanded of himself. He was honest and industrious and therefore prosperous and highly regarded. His judgment and advice were frequently asked for and just as often heeded. If ever he showed any emotion it was towards his twin sons, Edward and James, eleven years old, whom he tenderly loved. Towards his wife, however, he seemed to lack the affection which she deserved. Be it that his nature was too forbidding or that he did not see more in her than a nurse for his children, he seldom allowed himself to express signs of a love that must have existed between them.

It was after a hot day in July when he, as usual, returned in the evening from his day's work. As always, he was met at the front door by his wife. Perhaps she was a shade paler than usual, perhaps her voice was not as steady, her eyes not as clear when she greeted him. As he tried to enter the house expecting to meet his children, his wife retained him.

"I'll have to speak to you, Dan," she said. "Will you listen to me? It is a bit of advice I want from you."

"Why certainly, Martha," he answered kindly, not without a trace of impatience though.

"Several years ago," Martha began, "a stranger came to our house. He had with him a chest containing lovely jewels. He asked me if I would keep them for him. I did not readily consent as I did not want to shoulder the responsibility; but he asked me so insistently that I could not refuse. Years passed by and I did not hear from the man until today when he came to claim his priceless treasures. And here is where I want your advice. Do I have to return them?"

"What a question," exclaimed Stratton. "They do not belong to you."

"But have I not acquired a right to them by

having worried and cared for them through all these years? Do I not receive anything in return?"

"Why, no," said Dan impatiently. "You received something in trust and having accepted it, you have to return it upon request."

"So I have—so I have," murmured his wife resignedly.

By this time they had entered the house and progressed towards the children's room. With a decided step Martha entered and tore the spread from their beds. There were both children, dead. They had been accidentally struck by a falling tree.

"The Lord has called for his treasures," she said ever so softly trying to brace the shaking form of her grief-stricken husband.

—Mignon Kling

Life

Jacques Le Blanc was happy. In fact Jacques felt much like removing his cap from his head and throwing it high into the air.—to dance and shout while it fell as he had seen one of the mad English do. But Jacques was too canny to commit any such folly. When a gale rages about one, and the temperature is forty degrees below zero and falling lower, it is the height of madness to expose any part of the body to the blast even for an instant. So Jacques merely chuckled joyously to himself and executed a clumsy war dance upon his snow-shoes as he urged his huskies onward.

Why was Jacques happy? Because he was returning to little Marie who was now only about sixty miles from where he stood upon the dip that drops down into Beaver Lake—little Marie, warmly ensconced in the tiny log cabin that he had built only last summer, the little log cabin situated in the best spot he could find in a radius of fifty miles among the whispering pines that bent their shaggy heads above the roof of the audacious invader of their sacred domain. Only sixty miles! Jacques laughed aloud. He had safely covered sixty miles and more over worse trails than this and in blizzards that made the one that was beating at his glowing face with icy fingers seem like the first snow fall of the year. Yet Jacques' keen eyes, peering into the sweep of the gale, could scarcely make out the form of his lead dog twenty feet ahead. Jacques did not worry. Why should he? He knew the trail to the cabin as he knew the palm of his sturdy hand. Jacques' thoughts rambled happily on, preceding him by sixty miles, but no,

it could only be fifty nine, or eight by now. And again Jacques laughed.

Suddenly, oh so suddenly, for the North gives no warning, Jacques' astounded eyes saw at his feet a yawning black hole where the dogs and cariole had been, and in the same instant he threw himself violently to one side. But he was too late. He felt himself sinking down, ever down into the icy bosom of Beaver Lake. Was this how his romance with Marie, the little Marie whom he had won only two short months ago, was going to end? No! As the thought of Marie flashed across his brain already numbed by the chill waters, he struggled mightily, and throwing off the lethargy which had crept over him he rose to the surface.

Retaining his presence of mind, Jacques searched about the hole for some piece of firm ice. At last, a place that would support his weight! Clutching and scrambling he slowly, surely, painfully pulled himself up upon its friendly surface. A last effort and—"Jesu" he was free. Drawing a great breath, Jacques, with an effort, resolutely turned his thoughts towards keeping his precarious hold on life, now that he had it; for men that face the chill of the Arctic wind sweeping down from the barrens do not long survive in clothes that are soaking wet. Ah! He had it! Not a quarter of a mile away lay one of his trap line cabins. And swinging hurriedly into the long, steady gait which is the pace the North knows—which eats up the miles veen as the moose's tireless stride—Jacques faced westward.

Already his pace had weakened. The soft clinging snow, and his clothing stiffening as it froze was now an obstacle to be overcome only with the greatest difficulty. His tracks, had he cared to look behind, wavered like those of a drunken man. For a man, and a strong man, in a fight for his life, whose every sense should be tense and alert, why was he drowsy? Why did he want nothing so much as to sleep?

Marie! Again the thought of his beloved called forth from some depth the will to go on. The will, but where was his strength? Staggering and falling he crashed against the wall of the cabin. He was saved.

With the bundle of kindling that men of the North always have in the cabin for emergencies such as this,—for emergencies when the tired fingers are too clumsy to hold an axe, when the spark of life is low, when the will to live is almost dead,—because he was of the North, he was to live.

Jack Quail.



Ballad

(In Old English Style)

When I am hungry and lunch time comes,

(Spaghetti and wieners, soup and beans)

Up I go with the other bums.

(These are all that lunch time means).

Our hopes are high, our appetites great.

(Spaghetti and wieners, soup and beans)

We feel all ready to clean up the plate.

(These are all that lunch time means).

When we get the same, on the twentieth day,

(Spaghetti and wieners, soup and beans)

We feel discouraged and turn away.

(These are all that lunch time means).

The law of life is the law of change.

(Spaghetti and wieners, soup and beans)

But the choice of eats gives a darned small range

(These are all that lunch time means).

And we hope by the time we've left the school,

(Spaghetti and wieners, soup and beans)

Some kindly authority'll change the rule.

(These are all that lunch time means).

III-A.

Stewart Watson

(On the Advent of Television)

Joan or Gail, or Gail or Joan?

Now, who is answering the 'phone.

Please don't start teasing, for you see

It really means a lot to me.

Course, if it's Joan it's very nice.

But if it's Gail, well, that goes twice.

So tell me now, if you're alone

And Joan or Gail, or Gail or Joan.

—Art Kidd

The Tramp

I rise with the sun, and on my way
I soon am bent, with carefree stride,
For I'm a wandered, lover of nature
And children of nature with whom I abide.

And cares or worries have I none;
No debts to pay, no house to keep;
I can afford to laugh at him
Whose sea of woes is rough and deep.

My meal I earn with an hour's work,
My bed I make in a loft of hay,
And blissful dreams, untroubled calm
Pervade my rest till break of day.

Money, 'tis said, is the curse of man,
But I, of course, am free of this trial;
Crashes of stocks, and failures of banks
Make other haggard, but I—I smile!

—Ernest Creed

How True

All our teachers ask of us
Just why we come to school:
To dream awhile—to scheme awhile—
Then turn around and fool?

"You never, never concentrate!"
They tell us every day;
"You're here in classes bodily
But mentally you're far away."

But really, fellow students
Do you think they understand?
It's just the student nature
Thus to roam in foreign land.

Phyllis Keane.

"Agincourt"

Oh! Agincourt, thou field of Chivalry and Fame,
Oh! Agincourt, where Henry won his gallant name,
The battle 'twas fought on fair St. Crispin's Day
And deadly was the fray.

And Henry's English archers' arrows sped,
While all around lay heaps of dead;
The ground was stained a gory red
From the blood of the wounded and the dead.

Dead on the ground lay many a foreign knight,
While many more had taken flight;
And very few remained to fight
King Henry and his many knights.

As night came on the French did flee,
And left the English in the lee,
To them was left the battle-field,
The irresistible power that would not yield.

—Alfred Hodges. IIB

The Clock

Tic toc, tic toc, tic toc,
Oh who has never heard a clock?
Every second it seems to say,
"How you waste your time away!"
At morning when you lie in bed,
"Get up, get up, you sleepy head!"

Tic toc, tic toc, tic toc,
Oh, who have never heard a clock?
With its hands before its face
It stands, as a symbol to the human race.
It stands for time well spent at work;
It stands for a friend who will never shirk.

Tic toc, tic toc, tic toc,
But who has never heard a clock?
Be it great or very small,
Or long, or round as any ball,
Yet as a friend for one in need
It is the only friend indeed.

—George Shore

De Pression

Who is this man De Pression
On whom the blame is laid
For everything being so upset
And all the bills unpaid?

Is he an ugly orgre,
A monster, cruel and bold;
Or is he just a phantom dark
Which makes all board their gold?

I think he is the latter,
For orgres, there are none,
And phantoms to the minds of all
Come ever and anon!

So cast aside your phantoms;
They never did but harm,
Let Optimism come and lock
De Pression in a Tarn.

—John Corlett



Summer Rainfall

Falling, softly falling,
Through the forest green,
Summer rain is calling:
"Come out where magic's seen!"

Dripping, gently dripping
On upturned daisy faces,
Crystal raindrops sipping
Nectar from fairy places.

Sifting, sweetly sifting
Through witching foliage tracery;
Little sparkles drifting,
Brightening ferny lacery.

Dipping, gliding, slipping,
The world is fresh with rain;
Rainbow colours glist'ning;
Hope is born again!

—Marion McGrath. V

Week-End Results

On Monday mornings you will see
Sad face on pupils of IV B,
They all come in with hounded looks,
As in their arms are many books,
No work was done o'er the week-end
And each one gives towards a friend
A hopeful glance, that, by perchance
He might have done *his* work (faint chance).

But when he's answered with a groan,
He knows he should have done his own.
Alas! his only hope is now
To stop the teacher's awful row
By some excuse—what will he say?
He's used a different one each day,
"He's lost his books?"—no, that's too old,
To try that would be far too bold.

"He's left them home?"—what's that? what's that?
 Teachers would laugh at HIM for that,
 "The dog tore up his books today?"
 At first that sounded quite O.K.
 But in that case he'd have to get
 And pay for a whole brand-new set.
 What will he say? He's in despair,
 And in his anguish tears his hair.
 He has two minutes at the most
 To think, and then give up the ghost.
 The dreadful hands near nine o'clock—
 The bell rings—and with sudden shock
 He sinks below his desk with moans,
 Ejaculating awful groans.
 And when he slides upon the floor
 Gives up and stays in after four.

—Jean Barron, IV B

Pome

Can't think of nothin' for to say
 In this poem—By the way,—
 Ain't we gonna get no marks
 For trying to be poet sharks?
 'Cause if we ain't, then I won't try
 To write no words about the sky
 Of azure blue, and downy clouds
 The sun shines through!
 Or of the bouncing ocean deep,
 Where gallant sailors take their sleep,
 Or of the soft and gentle snow
 That warms the violets down below,
 Or of the crystal glacier lakes
 Whose waters clear my dry throat slakes.

But I can do this much for you,
 One plus one still equals two;
 The square that's on the difference— (dumb?)
 Of two straight lines equals the sum—
 Oh—"Write it out!—It's plain to see
 You'll never learn Geometry!"
 Irrational surds are those that can
 Make idiots of both girl and man;
 And when it comes to those quadratics
 They call for mental acrobatics.
 And Comp and Lit are in that boat—
 I guess you know by what I've wrote.
 But this is it—the teachers ask it
 I guess to fill the old waste-basket!

Pat Lamers, IV-A.

Life

Lives flicker, flare, and fade,
 And during their brief flare
 Marks good or bad are made
 To meet the world's cold stare.

The measure of the flame,
 In its Creator's sight,
 Is not its claims to fame,
 But, leaves it less of night?

Ruth Best, VB.

My Pal

I never thought a pal of mine
 Would stoop to making verse;
 To putting down as poetry
 That which I deem a curse;
 To putting words as love and glove
 Together in a rhyme,
 And using moon and croon, and June—
 It really seems a crime.
 Yes, he has slipped, it seems; too bad
 That this should have to be,
 But it would really be too sad
 Perchance, if it were me.

—George Ferris

Roads

Roads can't read,
 Roads can't play,
 Roads just wind
 Through fields all day.

(But fields are golden
 With daffodils—
 Or misty blue
 With tinkling rills:

Or lacy cobwebs with
 Daisy faces,
 And clover scenting
 Dewy places.)

Roads haven't joys,
 Roads haven't fear,
 Roads just run
 Through towns all year.

(But towns are gay with
 Children's laughter—
 And bright and merry
 With human chatter.)

Roads have no home,
 Roads have no wage,
 Roads endure
 The element's rage.

(But rains are secret
 Fairy whispers;
 And wind is like
 Grand opera singers.)

—Marion McGrath V

There was once a girl named Betty
 Whom one would call very pretty,
 She was mischief itself,
 That dear little elf
 Of a girl whom we call Betty.

—IV A

Oh we have a teacher who's worth
 All the rest of the teachers on earth
 Let us shout, let us cheer,
 Miss McLaren is here,
 The teacher we all think so dear.

—IV A

Stuck in the Mud

Did you ever get out on an old dirt road,
When the night was dark and the wind was cold.
And the mud was as black and as soft as sin,
And before you could whistle the rear wheel was in,
And you jabbed at the gas but the wheel just spun
Around and around with a helpless hum:
So you shut off your motor and said to your
friends.—

"Well, here, for the present, our journey must end."
Then you pulled up your collar and fastened it
tight.

And you all tumbled out to see, by the light
Of a flickering match, the wheel of the tub
Buried in mud right up to the hub,
And the wind howled round with a ceaseless drone,
And you mightily wished you were safe at home,
But you stamped your foot and said with a grin,
"Well, Boys,—this sure is some fix we're in."

And they all agreed that it was a mess
To be in at night; and they had to confess
That nothing short of a seven-ton truck
Could move us out of our bed of muck.

But you clapped your hands and said, "We can try."
And they all decided, (and that with a sigh)

That with five or six boards and a good heavy pole,
They might make the car back out of the hole.
So with boards from a broken-down fence in a lane,
And a bucket of ashes removed from the same,

And a couple of bricks, and an armful of hay,
And a piece of a pole that you found on the way,
You struggled back through the slimy goo,

And packed the bricks with a handful or two
Of ashes and hay, yes all around the wheel,
But still it spun round with the nastiest squeal,
As the tire grew hot, and began to smoke.

And you all looked grim; but nobody spoke,
Then you pried with a pole, and you pushed at
the head,

To move that car from its cosy bed;
But your pushing and shoving all came to naught,
You got covered with mud, and tired and hot,

When from deep in the dark came the cheery sound
Of a human voice, and your heart gave a bound
As into your limited vision there came

An arm of the law: who went by the name
Of Patrick O'Rourke. A resemblance he bore
To that 7-ton truck you had wished so much for,
And he took off his coat, and he rolled up his
sleeves.

And he got at the front; then with two mighty
heaves

We were out of the rut. My! what tribute we paid
To that tower of blue that had come to our aid.
The shaking we gave to his hand made him blush
And grabbing his coat he made off with a rush

"To make his report to his chief," so he said,
But really to dodge the thanks heaped on his head.
Then we all piled in and left with a cheer

For the jolly old mud-hole we'd left in the rear,
For now at a distance, 't was easy to see,
That all it desired was our com-pan-y.

'T was lonely for even a mud-hole no doubt,
On a dark dirt road with no moon about.

J. R. E. Morden.

Man

Just a bit of clay,
Molded by the Master Potter;
A vessel that may,
Back to God, its services offer.

Ruth Best—V-B

Paper Flowers

Paper flowers never freeze nor wither;
They do not sway nor droop, cannot quiver,
No midges hide within the paper heart,
But no honey to the bee can it impart.
The paper flowers cannot fill a room
As do the living ones with sweet perfume.
Paper buds to blossom have no power;
That's found only in the living flower.

Ruth Best—V-B

The Ship

Leaping eagerly away from the quay,
Bright with paint, gay with snowy sails and flags,
Young and unafraid of grim rocks and crags
In glory the new ship puts out to sea:
Swiftly the moons their bright way onward flee,
The ship comes back, her proud sails all in rags,
Her paint is gone and e'en the tall mast sags
But safe and calm she glides into the lee.
Just so do we start out upon our way
Quite confident of where our course shall lie
But in the end we find it hard to stay
Upon the path; we do our best and try
In spite of storms which cause loss

A Lament

I can't imagine why to some
The winter seems to be so nice;
Can it be they're just plain dumb,
Or do they like the snow and ice?
If on the ice I try to slide,
Or venture out into the snow,
My feet in two directions ride,
And I've no choice where I'm to go.
Winter to me means broken limbs
And bumps and bruises by the peck,
And one of Nature's meanest whims
Is to let snow go down my neck,
And sometimes, just to make me stew,
The ice and snow begin to thaw;
And everywhere there's slush and goo
And muddy puddles in which to fa—
The cold North wind about my ears
Hisses like voices of the dead,
Filling my eyes with frozen tears,
Painting my nose bright cherry red,
Morning, noon, and night I shiver,
Feeling like one big goose-pimple,
Rattling like some poor old fliver,
That's my plight in terms quite simple
So if you think I'm real mad,
Because the Winter I detest,
Give me a seat beside the rad
With Iggy in old Nuttvcrest!

M. A. H.



SOCIETY

School commenced once more on Tuesday September the second. We noticed many new faces in our midst—timid Freshmen; then those older Seniors whom everybody was glad to welcome back again and whom we just couldn't do without. Everybody looked so eager and hopeful—their skin brown and burnt—ready to begin school again with renewed vitality.

The Walkerville Collegiate Alumni Association always manages to give a delightful dance every year. This time it was a Hallowe'en dance at the Walkerville Boat Club on Friday evening, October the thirtieth. The floor was very artistically decorated with shocks of corn and all sorts of spooky creatures in the form of witches, owls, and black cats. By the way, we heard that Miss Ruth McMullan's father carved out the grotesque faces on the pumpkins, which certainly were realistic. The feature of the evening was the "Kiss Waltz," when candy kisses were thrown at the dancers.

Miss Gretchen Lenox, who now resides in Wallaceburg, visited Miss Marianne Wilson over American Thanksgiving week-end. We surely do miss Gretchen, who attended Walkerville for so long.

The executive of the "Blue and White" sponsored a delightful informal dance in the Collegiate "gym" Friday evening, November 26. The proceeds of the dance went to swell the ebbing funds of our annual year book.

The annual Commencement exercises were held on Friday evening, December the eighteenth, in the school auditorium. Mr. W. T. Carthew, of the Walkerville Board of Education, was chairman for the evening.

Presentation of the first and third Carter Scholarships was made. In the absence of Mr. Ronald Hogan, the recipient of the first scholarship, Dr. Hogan received it for his son. Miss Joan Hutchinson was presented with the third. Miss Eva Hill was also awarded a scholarship to Western Uni-

versity, in French, German and English. Once more Walkerville has proven its high standard in scholarship.

Miss Eva Hill gave the Valedictory address in a very impressive manner. Eva was charming in a long dress of brown crepe with matching accessories.

One of the features of the evening was a pantomime, given by several talented dramatic students of the school. Those who took part were Misses Ruth Carr, Anna Barabara Holderman, Cecilia Byrne and Mr. Erskine Morden.

Following the exercises, an informal dance was held in the gym. The orchestra was composed of students of the school.

The annual school dance took place in the gymnasium on Tuesday evening, December the twenty-ninth.

This year a new scheme was adopted—that is some of the students did all the decorating under the able direction of Miss Shirley Bennett, who, by the way, attends Arts and Crafts School in Detroit.

The "gym" was transformed into a perfectly adorable setting of blue and white. Blue and white streamers twisted from the balcony to the centre of the room produced a most graceful ceiling effect. Large English "W's" adorning the walls maintained central positions.

Gay little Christmas trees around the floor lent a merry holiday spirit. Palms at one end of the floor were an effective setting for Mr. Angelo Russo's orchestra, which played their usual lively melodies throughout the evening.

(Continued on Page Eighty)

ORCHESTRA



Back Row—Joe Burns, Don Elsey, Leonard Levine, Fred Saylor, Chester Eves, Lloyd Fromow, Bob Heath

Middle Row—Edward Witney, Rose Decarie, Josephine Barber, Katherine Barber, Wilfred Trueman, Clyde Gilbert, Marianne Wilson, Bernice Vincent, Elmer Wilson, John Jenkins, Wilfred Janisse, George Rumney, A. Hayward, Louis Clement.

Front Row—Mr. J. L. McNaughton (Principal), Verna Galloway, Cecilia Boakes, A. Gulak, Verlyn Saylor, Mr. Angelo Russo (Director), Patricia Lamers, Marion McGrath, Lillian Menard, Betty Appleby, Mr. Wm. Thorburn (Secretary of the Board of Education)

"The Poorest Child is Rich with a Musical Education."

Our school orchestra has passed the tenth mile stone on its road to success, enjoyment, and general good will to all concerned.

The orchestra originated in 1922 under the supervision of Mr. L. W. Falls, but owing to the lack of student musicians, it made little headway till September 14, 1927, when eight-musically-inclined students held a formal meeting in our school auditorium with Mr. Robert Meade and Mr. Russo. Since that date our school orchestra has grown and advanced steadily under the trained hand of Mr. Russo.

Success has followed success until the orchestra occupies a position high above the expectations of its handful of "beginners."

Turning back the pages of the "log" of our good ship "Orchestra," we come across the thrilling Bridal Rose, Raymond and Luspel Overtures to say nothing of that exquisite Poet and Peasant

Overture. These difficult selections never failed to receive tremendous applause from enthusiastic audiences. Music of a different tempo but of an equally rousing nature were the Triumphal March from Aida, The Naval Salute and a special arrangement of the Maple Leaf Forever, a Canadian march.

Turning to lighter numbers our orchestra added a blending richness to those beautiful pulsing melodies: Liebestraum, The Wood Land Sketch, Indian Love Call and Madame Modiste.

A touch of humour and novelty were added to our concerts in the Circus Wagon, Volga Boatman, Singing in the Rain, and Polly.

Mr. Russo, a finished musician, has found a place in the hearts of all students of our school for his kindness and geniality. He has been with the orchestra since its inception and has worked untiringly for its success and perfection.

Orchestra practices are held every Friday
(Continued on Page Thirty-Nine)

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Registrar.

Glee Club



Photo by Sid Lloud

- Back Row*—John Corlett, Arthur Kidd, Bob VanWagoner, John MacArthur, Jack Girty.
Second Back Row—Don Elsey, Gordon Bishop, Clarence Bezaire, Ruth Fydell, Dona MacKellar, Winnifred Joliffe, Nadine Ellis, Wendell Holmes.
Second Front Row—Irene Hulse, Muriel Smith, Annabel Eggert, Arthur Durrant, Miss Auld, Miss Brown, Erskine Morden, Juanita Holland, Muriel Byrne.
Front Row—Jessie Childerbose, Jean Jackson, Lena Scherbank, Ruth Aylesworth, Marion Beebe, Edna Berry, Bernice Vincent, Anna Gueals, Mary Boychuk.
Inserts—Gwendolyn Kenzie, Marianne Wilson.

All our readers have heard the W.C.I. Glee Club discussed in all parts of the country. This year we have gone in more for quality than quantity. In former years the pin awarded each member seemed a sort of bribe but now only those who love music for music's sake attend our meetings.

At one of our first meetings, the members decided to allow Art Durrant to occupy the swivel chair with Patricia Lamers supporting him. Gwen Kenney was chosen as a suitable person to write up the minutes and look after our correspondence while Erskine Morden and Marianne Wilson were jointly honored in looking after our publicity.

In cooperation with these officers and under the

capable direction of Miss Auld and Miss Brown, this organization prepared and presented two groups of numbers for the Commencement Exercises on December 18th. These numbers included the School Song, the words and music of which were composed by Miss Lillian Bull, a former Walkerville student who won the prize offered by Mr. Chick for the best original musical composition to be used as the recognized W.C.I. Song. "Three for Jack" by W. H. Square was pantomimed very acceptably. Erskine Morden, with his usual dramatic ability cleverly enacted "Jack" a jolly tar. Misses Alva Langlois, Margaret Griggs and Jane Walker represented the three fearful Witches. Misses Jean Brewer, Cecilia Byrne, Ruth Carr,

(Continued on Page Thirty-Nine)



1930-1931 Graduates

OLIVE ELLEY—One of our most convincing debaters, is learning how to teach the youngest generation their A. B. C's and perhaps also their P's and Q's at the London Normal School. "Bedad and begorra, Olive, we wish ye luck!"

PHYLLIS LOVE—Is another brave young woman who has undertaken to bring up the youngsters in the way they should go. She also is learning how it's done at the London Normal.

MARGARET OUELLETTE—We believe Margaret wants to study law some day but just now she is learning how to pound a typewriter at Tech.

FRED SAVAGE—Who last year so capably looked after the Circulation and Exchange departments of our Blue and White, is now taking an Arts course at Assumption College.

CATHERINE HUSSEY—One of our popular basket-ball players, is another teacher in the making at London.

MAMIE THOMPSON—A small but very valuable asset to our last year's basket-ball team, is now working hard at Tech. We hope she doesn't work too hard for the Tech team!

HAROLD KEANE—The energetic leader of our very "snappy" cadet band, is attending Normal school at London.

LEILA DUDLEY—The modern "Atalanta," is a potential Kindergarten teacher. Leila also is at the London Normal school.

BETTY GODFREY—Is back at school working hard at Geometry and Trigonometry. Next year Betty is going to Normal at North Bay.

JEAN BURT—The manager of our last year's basket-ball team, is learning pedagogy at London. We still think Jean will write a book some day.

VERNA BONK—Is also back in our midst this year and incidentally is learning all about First Aid.

HOWARD PEPPER—Who was one of the bright spots of our last year's soccer and basket-ball teams, is seen wandering around the school every afternoon. We believe he takes two subjects.

EVA HILL—We could write a whole page about Eva, but to be brief—she was one of our outstanding orators and debaters, she won a scholarship in French, German and English valued at \$50.00 and entitling her to two years' tuition at Western, and she gave the Valedictory address at Commencement. What more could one ask? Eva is taking full advantage of her scholarship at Western.

JAMES FYDELL—Is attending Normal at Hamilton and he says he likes it!

ETHEL RIGGS and MARY HICKMAN—Are both back in Room 208. They both take two subjects and are planning to go to Normal next year if they pass. Ethel has taken over Mary's job as Editor of the Blue and White and has made a great success of it. Ethel, you know, was the popular secretary of the Dramatic Club last year.

JOHN JACKSON, one of our debaters and ART DURRANT, a popular member of the Glee Club—are still working diligently at the old W. C. I. At least we often see them in the study room with a couple of books.

JOAN HUTCHINSON—Another girl with brains, is now on the staff of the Willistead Public Library. Joan won a tuition scholarship of \$85 a year for two years and also the Third Carter Scholarship. Next year she is going to Toronto. Lots of luck, Joan!

BLUE AND WHITE

RONALD HOGAN—An all around good fellow, is attending Western on the strength of his scholarship in English, Latin, and Mathematics.

He also won the First Carter Scholarship amounting to \$100.00 cash. Ronald won the boy's tennis trophy in the B.C.S.S.A. tennis tournament last year, was a member of both the soccer team and the basket-ball team, and was the runner-up in the Intermediate Boy's events on Field Day. Last but not least he was presented with the Walkerville Collegiate Alumni Association medal awarded to the most outstanding boy graduate of the year. And why not? ! !

ARNOLD HARRISON—The captain of last year's junior basket-ball team and a member of both the soccer and the rifle teams, is also back at school studying languages.

MORTON LONG (SHORTY)—Prominent in tennis and basket-ball circles, is learning all about aeroplanes at the Walker Airport and utilizing his spare moments at the Central Hardware. We always suspected Shorty liked high flying!

JEAN REID—Who was such an ardent basket-ball player and who was awarded the Alumni Association medal for being the outstanding girl graduate of the year, is plodding away in Mr. McNaughton's office. What's it feel like, Jean?

BROCK ANDREWS—The man who can get more "ad's" than anyone we ever knew. This year Brock is going to Assumption College and also working for the Walkerville Printing Company, but he still has a soft spot in his heart for the Blue and White and has helped us out with our "ads." Brock was also one of our debaters last year.

WILLIAM (BILL) SANBURN—Who left us quite early in the year, is now at Assumption College.

WILFRED (BILL) WETMORE—The very competent business manager of our last year's Blue and White, is learning how to use more than two fingers on the typewriter at Business College. Incidentally Bill was commander-in-chief of our Cadet Corps which again won the shield.

FRED (FRITZ) PLATT—Who also left before the end of the year is now a student at the General Motors School of Technology.

RUTH HOWE—Is attending Albion College and we hear that she is "crazy" about it. It must be a great place, Ruth!

HILDA PURVIS—Has also joined the ranks of future schoolmarm at the London Normal. It must be overrun with Walkervillites this year! Wish we were there! !

LIVINGSTONE (DICK) BAIN—Another debater is now working for a living in a drug store. We wonder if he knows anything about sodas!

VAN LEWIS—Is also a hard-working man this year. We hear that he is earning his dollars and cents at Parke Davis. Van was one of the members of last year's rifle squad, basket-ball team, and soccer team.

NEIL McCLYMONT—The captain of our last year's soccer team, and also captain of our boys' basket-ball team, rifle team, and track team, is attending Queen's University this year.

STANLEY (STAN) VENNING—We understand that to date Stan is a gentleman of leisure.

JOE BURNS—Whose list of achievements, last year included a prominent place on our soccer team, the office of Boys' Sports Editor of the Blue and White, and the role of one of our most outstanding poets, is now a student at Tech.

GEORGE FREDENBURGH—Is now learning all about business at the Windsor Business College.

JOHN PETRUNIAK and GEORGE THOMPSON—Are two more students who can still be seen wandering around the halls in search of an education.

DOROTHY VERNON—Lost, strayed, but to date, not found! Although we rushed madly—and incidently vainly—hither and thither we could discover no clue as to Dorothy's where abouts. Though small we always considered Dorothy too valuable a package to mislay—wonder what's become of Dorothy?

FRED KRAILO—The assistant editor of our last year's Blue and White and a member of our soccer team, is studying Mechanical Engineering at the School of Practical Science at Toronto.

RUTHERFORD (RUFFY) CLARKSON—A popular member of both our soccer and basket-ball teams and the Second-in-Command of our very successful Cadet Corps, is attending the U. of D.

MARGARET LAWSON—Has also become a recruit in the ever-swelling army of prospective school teachers. Margaret is learning the business with the rest of the Walkervillites at the London Normal School.

NORMAN HURWITZ—Is another of our graduates who has become a student at the U. of D.

M. A. H

Page Thirty-Three

Scholarships



EVA HILL

Eva Hill was the recipient of a scholarship in French, German, and English valued at fifty dollars. Two years' tuition at Western University have consequently fallen to her lot.

Eva was one of our most convincing debaters and fluent orators. Her quiet, steady manner and her sure command of the English language carried conviction. This in itself is quite remarkable for Eva was born in Finland and speaks Finnish as well as she speaks English. In the meeting of a mock League of Nations Assembly held last Spring in the Kennedy Collegiate, Eva took the part of the delegate from Finland and addressed the Assembly in her mother tongue.

We are all exceedingly proud of what Eva has done, both for her own sake and for the sake of Walkerville.

RONALD HOGAN

This year Ronald was awarded the Walkerville Collegiate Alumni Association medal for being the most outstanding boy graduate of the year. It is easy to see why. He not only won the First Carter Scholarship which is a cash award of one hundred dollars, but also a scholarship in English, Latin and Mathematics valued at fifty dollars and entitling him to two years tuition at Western University.

But it is not in the field of academics alone that Ronald shines. Last October he won the trophy in B. C. S S A. tennis tournament at Elmcourt, and on our annual Field Day he was the runner-up in the Intermediate Boys' Events. He was a prominent member of both the Basketball and the Soccer teams and was an officer in our Cadet Corps. Ronald's success and popularity at Walkerville have been truly outstanding and we are confident that at Western he will be the winner of new laurels. Good luck Ronald!



JOAN HUTCHINSON

Joan is another one of those people who won, not one, but two scholarships. The Third Carter Scholarship, which is an Essex County Scholarship entitles her to forty dollars in cash and another scholarship ensures for her two years tuition at Western University.

At present Joan is a member of the staff of the Willistead Public Library but we understand that next year she intends to take advantage of her scholarship and become a student at Western. Joan also spends some of her spare time in our midst learning all about the German language.

We are quite willing to wager that she will add a scholarship in this subject to her list of triumphs next year. We hope so, Joan!



Valedictory Address

It is indeed a great pleasure for me to be present this evening at the commencement exercises. It brings to my mind every incident of the five years during which I had the privilege of being a pupil of this school, the boys and girls with whom I daily associated, and the teachers who led our feet along the paths of learning. No words of mine can fittingly express the pride and pleasure I valedictorian for the class of 1931 was conferred experienced when the honour of being the upon me.

In saying good-bye to the old school for myself and the others in my class I have a real feeling of sadness which the parting of the ways must always bring. What a sense of loss comes over me when I think of the High School days—now passed: the friendly faces—now scattered, the happy times we spent within these walls—now ended. We have gone on to other scenes, other work, but in our hearts we carry with us a sincere appreciation of what the Walkerville Collegiate has done for us.

It is a great pleasure for us to have this opportunity of expressing the debt of gratitude which we owe to our parents, principal and teachers without whose loving encouragement and faithful teaching we should not be receiving our diplomas tonight. We felt a stimulus to strenuous endeavour in each succeeding year of our school work because of their enthusiastic, untiring efforts on our behalf. Our parents in the home and our teachers in the school are working together to shape the molten material of youth: not only to have us pass examinations, but to develop that character which fits youth for the greater tasks of life. I am happy to have this opportunity of extending to our friend and principal, Mr. McNaughton, and his worthy staff, the heart-felt thanks of the class of 1931.

Whatever the future may have in store for the different members of the graduating class we can take nothing finer for the key-note of our lives than the words of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the students of the University of Toronto. He said, "My young friends, go out into the world to service. Make the highest thought of service your inspiration. Make problems that are—big problems. Tomorrow and the day after tomorrow it will be your turn to grapple with them. You may not always succeed. Progress is often punctuated with reverses. You may meet reverse—but the following day stand up again and renew the conflict, for truth and justice shall triumph in the end."

Eva Hill.

Alumni Medals

The Walkerville Collegiate Alumni Association is made up of graduates and ex-students of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute. This Association donates annually two medals known as (1) The Walkerville Collegiate Alumni General Proficiency Girls' Medal and (2) The Walkerville Collegiate Alumni General Proficiency Boys' Medal. These medals are presented to the girl and boy junior matriculation or senior matriculation graduates, who, in the opinion of the staff of the Collegiate, are most deserving.

The graduates are judged physically, intellectually and socially, encompassing therein fellowship, athletics and a reasonable manhood and womanhood. Fifty points are given for scholarship, fifty points for athletics and fifty points for leadership.

Under *Scholarship* they are credited for: range of knowledge, actual standing, character and ability to express themselves.

Under *Athletics* points are given for: baseball, soccer, rugby, basketball, track, cadets and physical training for boys; baseball, basketball, track and physical training for girls.

Under *Leadership* are taken into consideration: personality, influence over fellow pupils and election to office in school organizations.

Without this rather detailed scheme it would be quite impossible to select only one girl and one boy graduate from a school such as the Walkerville Collegiate Institute, charged as it is with students of high ideals and radiant personalities, of good sportsmanship and exceptional scholastic standing.

Judging from the splendid characters and versatility of their fellow competitors, the winners of these proficiency medals should realize the fact that to merit such they must be possessors of great wealth, a wealth of character and personality enriched with capital more precious than gold and we trust that in the future they may invest this wealth in things worth while in such a way that the dividends they receive will contribute toward many years of happiness and prosperity and that their influence may be felt by and may benefit all those with whom they come in contact.

On behalf of the Walkerville Collegiate Alumni Association, it is my pleasure to present, along with our sincere and heartiest congratulations, these medals, significant of everything fine that contributes toward the highest order of manhood and womanhood to Miss Jean Reid, winner of the girl's medal and Mr. Ronald Hogan, winner of the boy's medal.

Lillian Bull.

Diary of W. C. I.

(Continued from Page Fourteen)

1924-1925.

Dear Diary:

I'm still going up in the world, Diary. Old Dear! I've got 13 more students than I had last year and 1% more passed in June. What a year this has been! The Senior Girls' Basketball team succeeded in winning the W.O.S.S.A. Championship and to make things still more perfect, the boys also won the W.O.S.S.A. Soccer cup. Really, I'm getting quite dizzy!

1925-1926.

Dear Diary:

I'm just a little bit disappointed this year but not very much, because really, I have a lot of confidence in Walkerville. You see I have 278 students now and only 85% of them passed this year. But I just know they are going to bring that percentage up next year. However I feel greatly cheered by the fact that the Senior Girls' Basketball team didn't let me down at all. Yes, they really did capture the W.O.S.S.A. cup again. I'm very proud of those girls! Also those smart looking cadets I was telling you about have won the general proficiency shield for second place in the London Military District.

1926-1927.

Dear Diary:

It's getting so that this diary is nothing but a list of championships—here's a few more. The W.O.S.S.A. Soccer cup is once again ours. And our Boys' Basketball team, not content with winning the W.O.S.S.A. went on and captured the Eastern Canada Secondary Schools championship. Ain't that sompin'! On field day, Isabel Chisholm and Arthur Scott were declared B.C.S.S.A. champions. A splendid innovation has been made this year, Dear Diary. The students have abandoned those little pamphlet-like "Blue and Whites" and issued their first year book under the editorship of Robert Young. Also an orchestra has been organized under the leadership of Daniel Cassey. And now—a new triumph! Arthur Aylesworth has been awarded the Second Carter Scholarship! Then to complete things our cadets were presented with the shield for general proficiency.

1927-1928.

Dear Diary:

They've done it again! Who have done what? Why the Senior Boys' Basketball team are again the champs of Eastern Canada. The Boys' Second

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basketball team are intermediate champs of the Border so we are expecting big things of them. W.O.S.S.A. championships have been won by the Soccer team and the Boys' debating team. B.C.S.S.A. cups have been captured by our senior track champ, Art Scott, and by our golf team. This year Walkerville certainly came in for her share of scholarships. Helen O'Neil won one which entitled her to \$250 tuition fee at Western. Grosvenor Shepherd was awarded the Walter C. Hoare Memorial Scholarship and Keith McEwen won both the Walter Hoare and the Third Carter.

1928-1929.

Dear Diary:

This year our golf team is really the only team that has had much success. For the second time they have won the B.C.S.S.A. cup. However, we have a number of individual champions to make up for the bad luck of the teams. On Field Day Arthur Scott, our senior champion, and Sylvester Crocker, our junior champ were both declared B.C.S.S.A. champs. Nita Staoles, the junior girl orator and Leo Malania, the senior boy orator, captured the W.O.S.S.A. shields for public speaking. On the whole I'm fairly satisfied, Dear Diary, but I do hope the teams have better luck next year.

1929-1930.

Dear Diary:

Gee! Diary, it seems so odd not to have Mr. Meade around this year. I'm so glad Mr. McNaughton is an old friend—it doesn't make us feel our loss quite so keenly. Holders of W.O.S.S.A. cups this year are our soccer team, our junior Boys' Basketball team, and Margot Goodrich, our Junior Girl orator. Our newly organized tennis team won the B.C.S.S.A. cup and again our cadet corps walked off with the shield. The third Carter Scholarship fell to the lot of Walkerville this year and was won by Hugh Moorehouse. We hope Mr. Meade approves of the way we are carrying on.

1930-31.

Dear Diary:

Just think, I'm ten years old this year! It doesn't seem possible, does it? Again the W.O.S.S.A. cup has been won by both the Senior and Junior boys' Basketball teams, the soccer team, and by Margot Goodrich, our junior girl orator. For the second time our tennis team has captured the B.C.S.S.A. cup. The Laura Second Cup was won by the Rifle Team and the Canada Bread Cup by James Walker. Our "kilties" again were awarded the Cadet shield. In the academic field, scholarships were won by Eva Hill, Joan Hutchinson and Ronald Hogan. What better birthday could any ten-year old have?

M. A. H.



Our corps was established in 1922 by Mr. McNaughton and on its first inspection day paraded eighty-five strong. The uniform was the regulation militia khaki this first year.

Due to the efforts of the public-spirited in Walkerville, a campaign was instituted to purchase kilts for the corps. The Cameron tartan was chosen because of its fine tradition,—which the school has tried to uphold ever since.

The corps was built up to its present efficiency by Mr. McNaughton in the years from 1923 to 1929. During this time the general efficiency shield for Western Ontario was won twice and second place taken twice.

The present establishment of the company is the four platoons: the Signal Corps, the members of which must have semaphor certificates; the Ambulance Corps, the Bugle Band and the Guard. The strength of the corps now is two hundred and seventy-seven.

Every boy is a member of the Cadet Corps.

In the first aid competitions our junior and senior teams took second place in the district.

The Band, which is the pride of the corps, is one of our main assets in winning the championships. They wear red tunics, white spats and white belts instead of the regulation uniform. Harold Keane is our Drum Major, Arnold Harrison the Drum Sergeant and Adolph Lamers Bugle Sergeant.

Our officers are: W. Wetmore, Cadet Major; R. Clarkson, Captain; Brock Andrews, our loyal, efficient Adjutant; N. McClymont, R. Hogan, B. McClymont, S. Crocker, Lieutenants; Fred Krailo, Lieutenant in charge of the Auxiliary Units.

W. Janisse is in charge of the Signal Corps, Erskine Morden in charge of the Ambulance Corps and Harold Keane in charge of the Band. In command of the colours are: Fred Savage, S. VanLewis and Glen Sherman. Charles Gordon is the Company Sergeant Major.

Mr. Philp, the corps' popular instructor, is ably assisted by Mr. O'Brien, who instructed the officers' class; Mr. Craig, who instructed the Guard, and Mr. Stephens, who instructed the tumbling ad pyramids. In the two years that Mr. Philp has been instructor the corps has twice won the general efficiency.

The list of the cadet majors and the years the shield was won is as follows:

1923—John Coburn.

1924—Alden German.

1925—Harold Sinclair.

1926—Neil Gregory.

1927—Grosvener Shepheard—first time the shield was won.

1928—Ray Beaton—second place taken.

1929—Robert Young—shield won.

1930—Don McGorman—shield won.

1931—Wilfred Wetmore—shield won.

The pictures of the commanding officers have been obtained and are now hung up in the arm-ouries.

Our corps is one of which one can be truly proud, and I think I speak for the school when I say, "Well done!"

—Wilfred Wetmore

Officers of Cadet Corp



Back Row—Harold Keane, Bandmaster; Charles Gordon, Sergeant-Major; Fred Krailo, Lieutenant; Fred Savage, Lieutenant; Erskine Morden, Lieutenant; Wilfred Janisse, Lieutenant; Neil McClymont, Lieutenant.
Front Row—Ronald Hogan, Lieutenant; Brock Andrews, Adjutant; Wilfred Wetmore, Major; Rutherford Clarkson, Captain; Bill McClymont, Lieutenant; Sylvester Crocker, Lieutenant; Van Lewis, Lieutenant.

Band



Back Row—L. Fromow, D. Newman, W. Ingalls, J. Cody, J. Stephenson, B. Wright, G. Bishop, B. Sherman, A. Beauchop.
Middle Row—J. Easton, D. Graham, E. Keith, J. Considine, J. Walker, G. Barker, W. Coatsworth, J. Girty, H. Bullard, R. Lyons.
Front Row—J. Jones, H. Harrison, S. Watson, A. Lamers, H. Keane, A. Harrison, J. Corlett, G. Morgan, E. Creed.

Our School Orchestra

(Continued from Page Twenty-Nine)

afternoon in the school auditorium from four until five o'clock. Then the theory of music co-operation and pull-together is learned. These practices give evidence of attraction by the regular attendance of the Alumni. Among those present at the orchestra rehearsals are Lillian Bull, Shirley Bennett, Alan and Dick West, Edgar Clement and Clyde Gilbert.

A helpful practice introduced last year was that of having members of the orchestra teach students the fundamentals of their instruments. It is being carried on quite successfully this year again. The students who took advantage of this splendid opportunity are doing quite well.

Mr. Russo is now working on selections from the "Chocolate Soldier," "Oriental," "New Haven" and others. These selections will be featured in the program of the next concert to be presented in March. The orchestra has already presented seven successful concerts including a pleasing radio broadcast from the beautiful Manderin Gardens over station WMBC. The fifth concert on December 15, 1930, was well received by critics of the Border and special note was made of the Faust Overture, a difficult number for even finished musicians.

The executive of the orchestra are: Conductor, Mr. Angelo Russo; assistant conductor Louis Clement; scenic artist, Miss Shirley Bennett; advertising manager, Jack O'Connell; electrician, John MacArthur.

Louis Clement.

Glee Club

(Continued from Page Thirty-One)

daintily and effectively costumed, captivated Jack's heart till he decided, "he was much better off with three."

"The World is Waiting for the Sunrise" by Ernest Seitz was sung in two part harmony, Miss Marianne Wilson taking the solo lead. (By the way we are proud of Marianne and wish her success in her musical career.)

The Christmas Spirit was evident in the three part carol, "We Three Kings of Orient Are," "Sleepy Time Down South," and "Goodnight Sweetheart" completed the varied program.

It is the aim of the Glee Club to lead the singing in our assemblies but the short time allowed for music in these gatherings hardly gives us a chance to warm up—However we still have hopes—

Do you want good singing in Assembly? Learn your songs. Boost the Glee Club and—Don't forget—Everyone out to Glee Club in Room 211 on Wednesdays at 4:05.

Art Durrant.

It's All In a Day's Work

(Continued from Page Sixteen)

Office Girl—Yes, and a lot you could have done if you did.

Collector (sarcastically)—Of course, I know you could have turned aside his wrath. But anyway, this fellow acted positively white. His wife, too, instead of weeping, and moaning like most females would have, didn't say a word, while most women would have said plenty.

Office Girl—Say, lay off the fair sex.

Collector—But listen to this, MacBrain even helped us carry out the furniture. I'm sure we could never have gotten that piano out without him.

Office Girl (now serious)—It's people like those that you hate to take the stuff back from. It's so rarely that anyone acts like that that it sort of brings back your faith in people.

Collector—Yes, it sure is a relief to find a real man for a change.

(The bill collector saunters out, the office-girl looks at her watch, yawns, and starts to work again. Suddenly she looks up, startled, at the sight of a big red-faced man at the office window.)

Man—I just came to pay my bill.

Office Girl—Name, please?

Man—MacBrain.

Office Girl—Not the MacBrain from Bailey street?

Man—Yes.

Girl—Why, didn't we collect your furniture today?

McBrain (in broad Scotch)—Yes, but I've raised the money and I think I'm entitled to the furniture.

Office Girl (not wishing an argument)—Sure, as long as you pay for it, it's yours.

(The man hands her the money and she puts it in the cash register. She looks up rather questioningly at the man, wondering why he doesn't go. For a moment the guilty look on his face makes her think he is planning to hold her up. But no,—he speaks again.)

I'm sorry, Miss, I'm afraid I neglected to mention one little thing.

Office Girl (impatiently)—Well?

MacBrain (looking rather uncomfortable)—I—I—well—I've changed my address.

Office Girl—Wasn't it from Bailey street that the men got your furniture this afternoon?

MacBrain—Yes, but we've moved since then. Our new place is out five miles beyond the city limits on Highway Number Five. Will you deliver it there?

Office Girl (entirely too conscious that it was a minute after closing time)—Sure the furniture's yours. You'll get it tomorrow.

(MacBrain turns away.)

Office Girl (starting to put on her coat and hat)—Hmm, Sandy MacBrain, indeed. Well I guess the Boss saved him some nice little sum that he would have had to pay to the moving company. Ho-hum (she yawns again as she starts to go out) I should worry.

Marion Bernhardt.

Five Minute Interviews

Questions:

1. What do you want to do when you leave school?
2. Who is your hero or heroine?
3. What is your favorite book?
4. What is your favorite sport?
5. What did you do last summer?

ROY AYTOUN

1. Be a ski-pilot.
2. Venus plus arms.
3. Ballyhoo.
4. Shooting rapids.
5. Saw the sights of Colchester.

ELEANOR MENARD

1. Go to Prep. school.
2. Arnold H.
3. Fairy Tales.
4. Outdoor and indoor.
5. "Basked" in the sun.

ARNOLD HARRISON

1. Come back.
2. Three guesses!
3. Ballyhoo or Nuchels' Destiny.
4. Playing.
5. Oi, did I work!

BOB VAN WAGNER

1. Catch up on my sleep.
2. Goddess of sleep (if any).
3. Sleeping Beauty.
4. First, last, always—sleep.
5. Worked—on my dad, and slept.

MARGARET SINCLAIR

1. Stay out late at night.
2. Mickey Mouse.
3. Good Housekeeping.
4. Dancing.
5. Entertained company.

JOHN MacARTHUR

1. See the world.
2. Erskine Morden as Liza.
3. David Copperfield.
4. Trying to break "80."
5. When I wasn't playing golf, I worked.

MARY HICKMAN

1. Go to the movies every day.
2. Roscoe Ates.
3. Photoplay.
4. Going to the movies.
5. Went to the movies.

RUSSELL BROWN

1. Play football.
2. Clara Bow.
3. Ballyhoo.
4. Wrestling.
5. Worked in Walkerside Dairy Ice Cream Dept.

NORMA ATKINSON

1. Take a trip around the moon.
2. Caspar Milquetoast.
3. Ladies' Home Journal.
4. Skating.
5. Counted the days until I'd be back at school again—(?).

WALLACE HOGAN

1. Teach the Ferriss twins to play golf.
2. Joan—or is it Gail?
3. Any book on Richard Byrd.
4. Watching the Ferriss twins play golf.
5. Watched the Ferriss twins play golf.

AUDREY LAVALLEE

1. Get rich quick.
2. Anyone who can do Geometry.
3. The Glorious Adventure—Richard Halliburton.
4. TRYING to answer questions in school.
5. Guess!

PEGGY KERRIGAN

1. Be a street cleaner because my business would always be picking up.
2. Al Capone.
3. Mrs. Beaton's Cook Book.
4. Eating.
5. Went to Mars.

JOHN, GERALD, SPEEDY, BUD, BROTHER STEPHENSON

1. I want peace and quiet, lotsa peace.
2. Minnie the Moocher.
3. Hooey.
4. Guzzling Synchronized Buttermilk.
5. Had a date and went to Kingsville a couple of times.

RAY LYONS

1. Study Corporation Law.
2. Ask Bob Raven, he knows!
3. Physics by H. Huggill.
4. A modified form of rugby.
5. Camped in the wilderness of Colchester and sampled canned beans (with pork).

MARGARET CODY

1. Be a dramatic teacher.
2. Andrew H. Brown.
3. Tsk, tsk!!
4. Flirting.
5. Now really—!

DICK JOHNSON

1. Make a lot of money quick, without much work.
2. Canon Ball Baker.
3. Souls in a Bandage.
4. Cowboys 'n' Indians.
5. Nursed a Ford.

(Continued on Page Seventy-Four)



Sugar.....

was brought to Europe by the Arabs

SUGAR cane probably originated in India or eastern tropical Asia where it had been cultivated from great antiquity. It was brought Westward and introduced to Egypt, Sicily and later to Spain, probably in the 8th century, by the Arabs who also preserved the arts of medicine, mathematics, astronomy, etc., for us after the downfall of the Roman Empire.

Don Enrique, Infante of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator (1394-1460) introduced the sugar cane in the Madeira Islands. It was taken to the Canary Islands in 1503, thence spread to Brazil and Hayti early in the 16th century and from there to Central America.

The purest and finest cane sugar, only, is used in making Neilson's Chocolates. Nuts, the pick of the crops in Spain and other countries, luscious raisins from Australia, oranges from California, oranges and lemons from Sicily and other sunny lands, cherries from Italy, pineapples from Hawaii—everything good is brought to us to choose from. Using the skill of a lifetime, our own experts put all these delightful things into Neilson's Chocolates—which come to you in many delightful assortments from 60c. per pound and up.



Neilson's Chocolates

ORATORY

GRACCHUS · CATO · DEMOSTHENES · CICERO · AESCHINES

Debating

Miss Dickey has resumed her work as coach of our debating teams, none the worse for one year's intermission. The forensic talent latent in Walkerville C. I. has budded under her tutelage into a conscious art into skilled debating, evident in our school's successful participation in the W.O.S.S.A. debates, here and abroad, win or lose.

William Fritz and John MacArthur defeated at Walkerville, the Sarnia team of Richard Waghorn and Myles Leckie who defended the resolution: "The governments of Europe should pay the total debts owing to the United States." Mr. J. MacKenzie Dobson, of Western University, officiated as judge. Our affirmative at Sarnia, Ted Bacon and John Jackson, lost the decision to Howard Prittie and Kenneth Buxton.

Patterson C. I. won against our boys both at Walkerville and at Patterson, debating on: "Resolved that Fascism in Italy has justified itself." Walkerville was represented at Walkerville by James Walker and Charles Gordon and at Patterson by Jack O'Connell and Louis Clement while Patterson entrusted Clifford Roe and Craig Hyttenrawgh at Walkerville and Seymour Rickline and Stewart Hull at Patterson with the task of out-arguing our boys, Mr. MacDonald at Walkerville and Mr. Adsett of the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School refereed the respective contests.

"Resolved that Fascism in Italy has justified itself" proved to be a popular topic. Margot Goodrich and Betty Evans presented the negation of the resolution as successfully at Walkerville against Frances Edwards successfully at Walkerville against Frances Edwards and Margaret Sutherland of St. Thomas, as Mignon Kling and Jean Fredenburg defended it at St. Thomas against Mary Lanken and Kathleen Sutherland. Mr. Massey, principal of Kingsville High school awarded the decision at Walkerville and Mr. Prendergast of Western University at St. Thomas.

"Resolved that Social Life in Canada fifty years

(Continued on Page Forty-three)

Oratory

This year, January the twenty-sixth, marked a large turnout among our juniors for the public speaking contest. The speeches as a whole were delivered pleasantly, but the impromptus were a bit uncertain. As this is the first year the juniors have participated in this latter event, we may be slightly lenient.

There were seven speakers of the fairer sex—Betty Little, who spoke on "Preservation of our Forests," and delivered an impromptu on "My Favourite Book"; Beverly Black, on "Soviet Russia," and "School Sports"; Anne Leto on "A Striking Incident in Canadian History," and "If I Had One Hundred Dollars"; Peggy Kerrigan on "The Hudson Bay Company," and "My Favourite Radio Programme"; Cora Kerr on "Just an Idea," and "The Value of an Oratory Contest"; Lucy Buzadzia on "The Stranger Within Our Gates," and "Mahatma Gandhi"; Irene Gowland on "What Is Success?" and "Winter Without Snow."

The decision was awarded to Cora Kerr, while Beverly Black was the runner-up.

The junior boys were a trifle more convincing than the junior girls. Pat Fitzgerald, delivering his address on "The Preservation of Our Forests" and his impromptu on "Examinations," was the winner. The other three contestants were Harold Kling, who spoke on "The Ideal City," and "The Value of a High School Education"; Elliot Keith, whose speeches were "The Ideal City," and "High School Sports," and John Maxwell, who told us about "The Canadian Tariff Wall" and "Exchange."

On January the twenty-eighth we enjoyed the addresses of our senior girls. I may safely say it was the best group of speakers we have had in years. Margot Goodrich, giving a fiery address on "Soviet Russia," and a delightful impromptu on "If I Had a Million Dollars," was declared the winner. The other splendid participants were Ruth Best, who spoke on "What Is Success," and "The Chief Character in My Favourite Book," and Betty Evans, whose address was on "Soviet Russia" and "The Economic Depression."

On January the twenty-ninth the last group of our eliminating speeches was held. "The Future of the Motor," and "Chain Stores," were the subjects chosen by Ray Lyons, who was the winner

(Continued on Page Forty-three)

Orators and Debaters



Photo by Sid Lloyd

Back Row—Charles Gordon, Jack O'Connell, Ted Bacon, James Walker, John McArthur, John Jackson, Will Fritz, Louis Clement.

Middle Row—Florence Walker, Esther Luborsky, Jean Fredenburgh, Joan Ferriss, Betty Evans, Gail Ferriss.

Front Row—Pat Fitzgerald, Margot Goodrich, Cora Kerr, Mignon Kling, Ray Lyons.

Debating

(Continued from Page Forty-two)

ago was happier and more contented than it is today" was the subject of the debate won at Walkerville by Joan Ferriss and Gail Ferris against Bessie Siskind and Helen Mitchell of London. At London our representatives, Florence Walker and Esther Luborsky lost by a close margin at London. The judge was Mr. Adsett at Walkerville, while a judge from London judged the girls at London.

At this time our girls' team stands first in the W.O.S.S.A. debating contest, a fact which should encourage and inspire the participants in the coming forensic encounters.

All debates were on a high level with regard to style, good language, use of sound arguments, and oratorical delivery. Our boy and girl debaters are to be congratulated on the fine display of their abilities.

Mignon Kling

Oratory

(Continued from Page Forty-two)

of then senior boys' competition. The only other speaker was Donald Lowry, who delivered his address on "The Controversy of the Sea between United States and Great Britain," and "The Future of the Motor."

In participating against the other schools in the Border Cities, the Patterson Collegiate, The Windsor-Walkerville Technical School and the Kennedy Collegiate, we were very fortunate. Margot Goodrich and Pat Fitzgerald took first places for the senior girls and junior boys respectively. Cora Kerr was a very close second for the junior girls, while Ray Lyons took fourth place.

Margot Goodrich and Pat Fitzgerald now compete for the Western Ontario Championship. We feel sure they will make a splendid showing.

Good luck, Margot and Pat!

Esther Luborsky.

EXCHANGES

If you have a dollar and we have a dollar and we swap 'em, you have a dollar and we have a dollar, and neither of us has gained anything.

But—you have a magazine and we have a magazine: we exchange magazines and in return for our modest publication we receive a score of magazines, a wealth of material, as instructive as it is entertaining, a kaleidoscopic picture of school activities, school spirit, group organization and individual talent which serves to bring other schools into a closer relationship to ours.

We are glad to have gained in this exchange and hope to have contributed in some small measure to the pleasure of others. We are happy to renew old acquaintances and to welcome newcomers. Our appreciation of your magazines is far greater than the necessarily condensed comments would imply. We hope that the little criticism we have to offer may prove constructive.

THE CARILLON—Ottawa Technical School, Ottawa, Ont. The contents of your magazine carry out the note of individuality struck by your distinguished cover. Your annual embodies all the features of a good school publication and warrants no adverse criticism.

CONNING TOWER—Weston H.S. and V.S., Weston, Ont. A commendable literary section. An exchange column and a few cartoons would add interest.

THE ECHOES—Peterborough C.I. and V.S., Peterborough, Ont. A good book, truly illustrative of your school spirit and activities. Your striking photographic effects deserve special mention.

LAMPADION—Delta C.I., Hamilton, Ont. Your publication competently fulfills its purpose as a sports edition and is as attractive as its impressive cover design. Systematic arrangement of your material should prove advantageous.

THE MAGNET—Jarvis C.I., Toronto, Ont. An especially well balanced magazine. Your literary section deserves recognition and commendation. Among the best of our exchanges.

THE LANTERN—Sir Adam Beck C.I., London, Ont. All departments in general and the language and literary sections in particular are very capably handled. The illustrations and cartoons are as original as they are artistic. Why not comment on your exchanges?



O.A.C. REVIEW—Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ont. A well planned periodical, interesting as well as instructive even to us laymen.

THE COLLEGIATE—Sarnia C.I., Sarnia, Ont. A splendid publication, well planned and arranged with every detail carefully attended to. Quality of contents matches that of paper and print.

THE SCARBORO BLUFF—Scarboro C.I., Scarboro, Ont. Clever cartoons, and effective as well as artistic arrangements of photographs are distinguishing features of your magazine. We cannot but comment favourably on the contents of your annual.

THE SCREECH OWL—Bowmanville H.S., Bowmanville, Ont. Your literary section shows marked talent. Why not offer constructive criticism on your exchanges?

TOWER TOPICS—Windsor-Walkerville Technical School, Windsor, Ont. Your condensed periodical covers in an interesting manner every branch of your school activities.

VOX STUDENTIUM—Port Arthur C.I., Port Arthur, Ont. Material and its arrangement are indicative of thoroughness as well as careful planning and selection. A table of contents would be a decided asset.

THE WOLF HOWL—Sudbury H. and T.S., Sudbury, Ont. Your poetry is exceptionally good. It was a rare pleasure to read it. Cartoons would enliven your otherwise very interesting magazine.

—Mignon Kling

Brick-Bats and Bouquets

We present you with some comments of Collegiate publications on our last year's Blue and White and a few suggestions for next year's edition.

This column is a new feature which should demonstrate to our readers the interest and favour our publication has found with congenial editorial staffs. We hope this interest will grow and express itself in an increasing number of valuable comments.

Collegiate, Sarnia C. I., Sarnia Ont.—"One of our best exchanges—striking cover, excellent literature and good sketches. All you lack is a language department.

The Echoes, Peterborough C. I. and V. S., Peterborough, Ont.—"Your book contained some very interesting articles about foreign countries."

The Magnet, Jarvis C. I., Toronto, Ont.—"We especially commend your articles."

Vox Studentium, Port Arthur C.I., Port Arthur, Ontario—"You have a very attractive cover and the book is very interesting. It might be better if the literary section were kept together."

The Wolf Howl, Sudbury High and Tech. School, Sudbury, Ontario.—"A table of contents would improve your yearbook considerably. Your essays on the various countries are instructive from both literary and educational standpoint.

May I offer a few humble suggestions? It is about the duties and requirements of the editor of the "Blue and White." Since the day when my fellow students saw fit to honor me with this office I have been conscious of the overwhelming responsibility that is the editor's. If everything is pleasing to the critics, the staff, the students, all well and good, but if anything goes wrong—!

I have made mental note of a number of improvements that had I had previous experience in this work, I might have made in the 1932 "Blue and White"—particularly in the arrangement of the material.

I suggest that in the future, students who would be certain of returning to the school the following year, be elected as Assistant Editor and Business Manager, etc. In this way the editor-in-chief and his staff would have had some previous training and the editor would not be ineffectually attempting to direct traffic before he had learned in which way it should go.

There are a number of things that can be learned only by personal experience and contact with the printer himself. For instance, what student would ordinarily know that thin linoleum makes better cuts than thick linoleum?—because the latter is too spongy. What do you know of the history of a printed page? How was it set up? Well, perhaps I am extraordinarily stupid but I didn't know a thing about such matters when I started—I am not sure I know a great deal yet. However I am trying to impress you with the necessity of providing previous training for your future editors, and executives.

To make a real success of your annual, the editor must have a number of essential qualities. He must

be experienced; he must have time without limit to offer willingly; he must be on friendly terms with all the students and teachers so as to receive the maximum of co-operation; he must be interested in every phase of the school's activities; he must be tactful and patient (oh so patient!); it is necessary that he have a fairly pleasing literary style and last but not least a sense of humour.

I hope you will take these things into consideration in the next elections and make your nominations and cast your votes accordingly.

I fully realize how far I have fallen short of this ideal. I have made a real effort to remedy my short-comings and use my opportunities and limited abilities to the best advantage and at the same time be quite simply myself.

Ethel Riggs



JOOKES



Fifth Form

Bob **V**anWagoner.
Jo **B**enne **T**t.
Speed **S**tep **H**enson.

Bill **F**ritz.
Mari **O**n Bernhardt.
Art **D**u **R**ant.
Marion **M**cGrath.

Jean **F**redinburgh.
Walace **H** **O**gan.
Ethel **R**iggs.

Erski **N**e Morden.
Arn **O**ld Harrison.
Francis **C**lin **T**on.
Rusty **B**r **O**wn.
Howa **R**d Pepper.
Marg. **C**r **I**chton.
Bill **K** **E**ester.
Sylves **T**er Crocker.
Audre **Y** Lavallee.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Miss Dickey running down the Irish?
Somebody telling Mr. Hugil to speak up?
Getting away with anything in Mr. Ball's class?
Mr. Swanson talking for five minutes straight?
Charles Gordon not inventing something?
Jack McCann without some green clothing?
Bill Kester having to be told to keep quiet?
Bill Wyatt having to be told to keep quiet?
Janet Wallace getting to school on time?
Fuzzy Keane kicking up a row?
George Randall not writing phrases in foreign languages?
Bill Fritz not getting 100% in Algebra?
John Jackson missing the Vanities, etc., etc.?

Ted Bacon not getting the arm chair in the Study Room?

Earl Laforet having his French Authors prepared?

Howard Pepper being at school two (2) days in succession?

Ethel Riggs not being with Mary Hickman?

Mary Hickman not being with Ethel Riggs?

Bob Van Wagoner being serious in Geometry?

Mike Bunt smiling at any girl?

George Shore with a shave?

Art Durrant doing his own Algebra?

Speed Stephenson being shy and meek?

Roy Aytoun not blushing when answering a question?

John Petruniak having his work done?

Erskine Morden being down-hearted?

John MacArthur not cracking wise?

Margaret McKenzie shouting out an answer?

—E.M. & T.B.

Mr. Swanson—Can you tell me how iron was discovered?

Ted—I heard Dad say the other day that they smelt it.

"If you are in need of asking foolish questions, you might get several ideas from Art or Erskine."

Mother—Phyllis, did you get that loaf of bread I sent you for?

Fuz—No, the store was closed.

Mother—What, closed at this time of the day?

Fuz—Sure. There was a sign on the door that said, "Home Baking."

Ernie—Mother, I got Greece on the radio today.

Mother—Wipe it off before your father gets home.

BLUE AND WHITE

Bert Jackson—I can't seem to sleep at night. I think I've got insomnia.

Ed Whitney—Well, why don't you try counting sheep?

B. J.—Yeah, I tried that, but the sheep went to sleep.

Mr. Swanson—What are the constituents of quartz?

Corlett—Pints.

Miss Dickey—What is meant by Renaissance?

Wyatt—The revival of learning.

Miss D.—Good. When did it take place?

Wyatt—The night before the exam.

Mr. Swanson—First, I'll take some sulphuric acid, and then I'll take some chloroform.

Crocker (in a whisper)—That's a good idea.

"Then," said Miss Bluett, describing her encounter with a tramp, "I fainted."

Little Ernie Creed gazed at her with awe "Gee," he said, "with your right or your left?"

"George, is there any connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms?" asked Mr. Philp.

"Yes, sir," answered George, "hash!"

Professor Hugill—I'll just wait until that Erskine fellow stops making a fool of himself, then I'll begin.

SHE WAXED PETULANT

Irene entered a stationery store and asked for a pound tin of floor wax.

"I'm sorry, miss," said the clerk, "all we have is sealing wax!"

"Don't be silly," snapped Irene, "Who'd want to wax a ceiling?"

Miss Reid, our local office girl asked for a book on what every young girl should know before marriage, and to her great consternation was handed a "cook-book."

Young Billie Kester had just returned from Sunday School and his mother asked him what the lesson was about.

"Gladly," answered Billie.

"But who was 'Gladly'?"

"Oh, Gladly was a cross-eyed bear."

His mother, on further investigation, found that the lesson had been on "Gladly the Cross I'd bear."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

The school board was visiting Walkerville Collegiate and the teacher was putting his pupils through their paces.

"Who wrote the Magna Charta, Rusty?"

"I didn't do it," whimpered Rusty.

One old trustee (after making a well-aimed shot at the cuspidor, got up and said:

"Call back that boy, I don't like his manner. I believe he did do it."

Mr. Philp—Did you take a bath?

VanWagoner—No, is one missing?

"Laugh and the class laughs with you, but you stay in after four alone."

POOR DAD

Ethel (having received her new mink coat as a gift from her Dad)—What I don't see is how this wonderful fur can come from such a low, sneaking beast.

Dad—I don't ask for thanks, dear, but I really must insist on respect.

Miss Dickey—Give me a sentence using the word "bewitches."

Gray—Go ahead, fellers. I'll bewitches in a minute.

Mr. Ball (taking up examination paper)—Why the quotation marks all over this paper?

Jackson—Courtesy to the man on my right, sir.

Hogan—She seemed like a good sensible girl.

Harrison—Uh huh, she wouldn't pay any attention to me either.

Miss McWhorter—My—what a wonderful view—it leaves me speechless!

Stephenson—Great—I'll lease the place for ninety-nine years!

"I heard Laurier was going to be an undertaker, I thought you said he was going to be a physician."

"Not at all, sir, I said he was going to follow the medical profession."

Rusty—Who invented work?

Speedy—You should worry, you'll never infringe on his patent.

WAS IT A DREAM?

"It was midnight on the ocean,

Not a street car was in sight;

Twenty years had covered

Nineteen Two and Thirty's plight;

Strange, indeed, the way in which

Nan and Bell did pass the night."

What was this way? Ah! 'tis no secret. Here's the recipe, which all good literature students of '32 will recall. First, you eat a good hunk of angel cake, then click your heels together hopefully, and, if you follow these two simple directions carefully, you will find yourself flying. At least we did. That's how we came to land in mid-ocean—with no street car to chase.—Try it yourself!

We had just given up all hope of catching a boat (it seems as if bridges and tunnels are preferred nowadays, but the one was five miles up and the other ten down—in the meantime we had a tight rope to maintain equilibrium) when along came a galloping iceberg. Astride this "bête" was Professor Gordon, still engaged in the radio contest of determining accurately the weight of a metre, although this contest passed out with Henry IV

BLUE AND WHITE

or somethin'. It seems as if he couldn't induce the north pole to weep, and had to ride it bare-back to southern regions to get the temperature of melting ice. Even though he had no tail lights, we were much obliged for the lift.

Just as the last bit of ice joined the ocean (you must remember we had forgotten to bring along our General Electric to make more), land smote our feet and we discovered a charming green island. At first we thought we would become famous (like the Spinach who discovered America, but no! we were wrong. The natives got there before us. They welcomed us ardently—(too ardently, we thought, for they looked a trifle lean). The chief escorted us in his brand new torpedo car (the latest made by Fritz and Co.—they're positively uncanny) to a huge portal which bore the doubtful words: "Veniatis, Vidatis, sed non Vincetis." There were also several translations of these along the sides, by a well-known linguist, Mrs. R. Petch (you remember Betty, don't you?) but as none of them were in Yankee, we remained innocent.

We were entertained and feasted sumptuously (you know the turkey principle) and learned that our host's big toe was in a serious plight. We didn't ask him whether he liked the cheese—and pies, for he was confined to particular calories (advised by the famous New York dietician, Ada Vaughan), so that he might not lose his precious member,—and that would give the show away. We were quite startled when he shouted "Hoorah!" (he learned this from Mignon Kling) but it only introduced a bull-fight which was most interesting. It seems as if Arnold Harrison has given up basketball for bull-fighting, (as a side line, of course, all knowing his main occupation).

Following this was a marvellous Spanish tango executed by Pearl Boos (yes, the right one was executed). We applauded so lustily that snow fell and we knew the professor had been up to his tricks. The chief got his sheet all wet and flew into such a rage that we fled in terror.

Ah, what was that! Ecstatic music (no, no static, either). It couldn't be a radio! Yes, it was! We looked in vain for this instrument and finally discovered it in one end of a telephone (there's still the annoying third party), so that if you get bored with long-winded talkers you can listen to your radio and still keep your reputation as a gossip and a man of the world. The music ceased and we learned that it had come from ivories tickled by the slim fingers of one Esther Laborsky. Then a voice (prepared by electrical transcription for broadcast purposes only), informed us that Dr. Best's brown pills were best, and we surmised that Ruth had reached the end of her rainbow (or shoot the chute). Then came a convention of school marms, and the "liebliche" voices of Margaret Crichton, Florence Walker and others, who were having their income tax reports worked out by the world's math specialist, Marion Bernhardt (that is, if you can still call it an income)! Now the hockey scores! Polar Cats win a night-long fight! (We thought we heard Helen Bartlett's shout of glee, we couldn't be sure.) World politics! China and Japan still haven't decided

whether to fight it out or not. John Jackson has succeeded General Nah and is succeeding in persuading "suis" that Caesar's tactics were best. Some one shouted "The Stars and Stripes forever!" Evelyn Holderman and Kathleen Leahy, to be sure. We hear they're Congress women now, solving the depression by geometry. Then we fell asleep. Can you guess? No, it wasn't from the soup mocking the turtle, it was from Miss Dickey's soulful rendering of the "Lotos Eaters."

Our awakening was rude and crude. The incessant peals of a bell brought us to our feet (we thought it was four o'clock). The chief had brought in his sheet of sheep from the lion, who had dried it and had also eaten his big toe. So he didn't need the diet any longer and wanted something to eat, starting on us! It took all the persuasive powers of the former debater, now lawyer, Audrey Lavallee, to save us from a hot ride. Were we in a stew!

By this time you have probably guessed along with us that our host was the famous Mahatma, on his isle of isolation. We're all wrong! One more guess. It was Wallace Hogan, (eccentric fellow)—and the end of Latin class!

—Mr. McNaughton's good little pupils,

Nan and Bell.

—What is your son in High School?

Dr. Hogan—He is a half back.

—No, no. I refer to his studies.

Dr. H.—Ah, he's away back.

Kathleen—People say I have eyes just like my father's.

Evelyn—Oh, eh—pop-eyed!

Mr. Southcombe—Did Caesar's disposition change much during his lifetime?

John Jackson—Yes, sir, he had more Gaul before he died.

Ada—My father says that he thought nothing of studying five hours a night.

Isabel—Well, I don't think so much of it myself.

Miss McWhorter (to little boy in a puddle)—Get out of that water immediately.

Little Boy—Aw find one for yourself.

Frannie—What do standing armies sit on when they are tired?

Ethel D.—The seat of war, I suppose.

"What makes you think Atlas was a bad man?" asked the History teacher.

Marion—"The book says that he held up the whole world."

John MacArthur was applying for a job at a factory.

—Are you a mechanic?

—No, I'm a MacArthur!

Form Reporter—Marion McGrath
Bill Kester

Form IV A

AN INTRODUCTION TO IV A

Come right in, never mind the breeze, it's only our little Dick Johnston taking his daily deep breathing exercises in front of the open windows. (He really couldn't get along without them and he never seems to have time to do them at home.) You'll just pardon him and put up with the cold. Everybody does.

Up there at the pencil sharpener are John Jenkins, Lydia Trimble and Ruth Aylesworth, the shining stars of IV A getting ready for the daily grind. They each use as much lead in a day as most of us do in a week. Ruth is quite a swimmer, too.

Now let's look at the industrious ones in their seats. There's Margaret Myers, writing poetry I suppose. She has written teams of pages and we expect to see her name among our great writers in the near future. The girl interrupting her is Ethel Broadwell, probably showing her the latest pictures she has done. Perhaps some day they'll be collaborating in the writing and illustrating business. All that talking must be George Morgan and Wilfred Ingles. Talk about women gossiping! Just sit all day in a room with those two!

Those boys sitting on the outside row are Bill Tidridge, Ben Brudner, Joseph Wiseman and Ward Lewis. They all seem to be busy. Probably thinking up eight excuses for not having their homework done—one for each period. That boy throwing paper at the basket is John McMullen and if you want to see the long and short of it, just look at him and then at that little girl, Eva Katzman, who is clearing her desk. Bob Raven is the boy showing the paper to Bill McClymont, the naughty boy who has to sit in the front seat—tsk, tsk!

Now let's look at some girls. That group in the corner is Patricia Lamers, Jean McCallum, Ruth Fydell, Lena Scherbank and Ethel Reiche. Pat is quite a platform orator and Ethel is a famous Latin student. The girl pulling Peggy Sheriff's hair is Phyllis Reommler, the chemistry star. And that's not all. We have twins, Joan and Gail Ferriss. See them back there talking with Mary Hein and Betty Colthurst? The conversation is probably about "him."

Oh here comes our form teacher, Miss McLaren. You'll love her but she won't love me if I don't stop talking, so I had better skip along.

Toodle-oo.

—Betty Evans

Motorist—How's the back tire, my girl?
Betty Brown—Kinda flat on the bottom, but it's all right on the top.

Pat Lamers—I have a cold or something in my head.

Peggy Sheriff—Probably a cold.

Dick Johnston (in Latin Authors)—Did the Roman Camp in Britain have walls around it?

Mr. Southcombe—Oh, yes!

John—Well, where did they get them?

Mr. Southcombe—Hm! I guess they must have sent to Eaton's for them.

Ben Brudner at the conclusion of a very convincing debate: "Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I maintain that the United States has a much better government than the United States.

Miss McLaren—What were two favourite Athenian sports?

Ben B.—The Athenians were fond of throwing the biscuits and the java.

Morning after the dance.

McMullen—I had an awful nightmare last night.

Baker—Yeh, I saw you with her.

Chemistry is the study of how a thing that's busted gets together under certain situations and how them that's together gets separated.

At Roman banquets the guests wore garbics on their heads.

Hippopotamus is the longest side of a right-angled triangle.

A chandelier is an electric light fixture that hangs from the ceiling.

Mrs. Hoey—Latin is a dead language.

Morgan—Why, Latin is an up and coming country.

Mrs. Hoey—How's that?

Morgan—They still coin money. How about all these Latin quarters you read about?

Form Reporter—Betty Evans

Form IV-B

WE WONDER—

Why Glen Sherman's face changes several different delightful shades of rose each time a girl glances in his direction.

If a bicycle wouldn't be a safer vehicle for Eleanor Menard.

If Falconer is really "teacher's pet."

What Johnny Considine was up to Xmas Eve?

Why Art Durrant so innocently hands Marg Sinclair books in line every day.

Where H. E. R. got that wink? We're curious!

Art Durrant wonders where Marianne Wilson had been the night she came running along the hall asking if the dance had finished yet.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS TEACHERS

Miss McWhorter—Just because this is the last period, is it necessarily a sign for all of you to sleep?

Mr. Hugill—I don't expect this experiment to turn out,—but as long as you understand—!

Miss Bluett—I do my best to teach you but what did I ever do to deserve this?

Miss McLaren—I can teach you, but regret that I can't study or concentrate for you.

Miss Dickey—Are we all here?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Bob Elwin insists that "Shelley unfortunately died while drowning in the Gulf of Leghorn."

And again George Ferris says:

"There is a great deal of nothing in the centre of Australia."

Little Ray, however, leads the class with his statement: "Three marshals in the World War were Marshall Foch, Marshal Haig, and Marshal Field.

Jim Pratt thinks parallelepipeds are animals with parallel feet, while Don thinks a gerrymander is a prehistoric animal.

Jim Walker has proudly stated: "The soil in Prussia was so poor that the people had to work hard to stay on top."

John Considine assures Mr. Hugill that an example of contraction by cold is "winter days."

Miss McWhorter fainted when Esme stated that "Anglo Saxon poetry was mostly illiterate—Whoohie!

And still, there's always the bright student who thinks that Uncle Tom's Cabin was a station on an underground railway.

The sofa sagged in the center,
The shades were pulled just so,
The family had retired,
The parlour lamp burned low:
There came a sound from the sofa,
As the clock was striking "two,"
Glen Sherman slammed his text book,
With a thankful "Well, I'm through."

FUTURE SHOWS—(OR SHOW DOWNS)

Mary Keith—An orator.

John Considine—Still in school.

Louise O'Neil—A much married young lady.

Falkner—Holding a lengthy argument with Miss Robbins on a street corner.

Eleanor Menard—Arnold's chief cook and bottle washer.

Don Stuart—Ditch digging.

There had been a great deal of discussion about the Annual School Dance and its big moments—especially when some one obligingly put the lights out for a few minutes. It was later discovered by Detective Erskine that Art Kidd was dancing with his sister when the lights went out!

Form Reporter—Marianne Wilson



Form III A

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF THE "POWERS THAT BE"

"To simplify this expression we must factor. Now is that right?"

"Godfrey, stand and give a complete account of the Expulsion of the Acadians."

"Betty, your row to the board."

"Now don't tell me you didn't learn that in first form."

"Leave your notebooks closed now and—"

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS REVEALED BY BRIGHT TOTS OF II A

Windsorites come from Windsor, therefore Parasites come from Paris.

S.O.S. is a musical term meaning "same only softer."

Chicago is nearly at the bottom of Lake Michigan.

A grasshopper has three pair of wings—anterior, posterior and bacteria.

A litre is a nest of young puppies.

A magnet is the thing you find in a bad apple.

Algebra was the wife of Euclid.

False doctrine means giving people the wrong medicine.

MOVIES—WHO AND WHAT THEY REMIND US OF

"The Magnificent Lie"—I left my book in the room.

"Dangerous Affair"—Having "Papa" run his optics over the monthly report.

"Palmy Days"—100 in Latin.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—The Chemistry Lab.

"Skippy"—Walt, McGregor.

"Champ"—J. Brozdekis.

"Touchdown"—E. C. Reid.

Mike Podolsky—Hey, Jack, my girl felt chilly the other night and—

Jack—What didja do?

Mike—I made her a coat of arms.

Form Reporter—Everett Reid

A TRAGEDY (In twelve words)

Lowry met a bear

The Bear was Bulgy

The Bulge was Lowry.

(more) Star line Revelations

"A blizzard is the middle of a hen"

Cannibal is two brothers who killed each other in the Bible.

To stop nose bleed stand on your head till the heart stops.

Form III B

Ronson—No girl's ever made a fool out of me.
Gordon—Who was it then?

Howie—I don't seem to make any sense out of this poem.

Miss McWhorter—You're not supposed to. It's merely meant to give you a feeling of emotion. Doesn't it do that?

Howie—Yeh, it does make me sick.

Shortman—I worked with Dad all summer.

Hortop—I didn't do anything either.

Miss Brown—What's a Grecian Urn?

Patterson—About twenty-five cents a week unless he drives a fruit wagon.

Miss Carthew—Say, these are about six sizes too small.

Salesman—Well, didn't you ask for kid gloves?

"Your teeth are like stars," he said.

And pressed her hand so white.

And he spoke true, for, like the stars,

Her teeth come out at night.

Don Gordon—When you gave Andy a dance, did he respond with alacrity?

Ruth Carr—Did he! He was on my feet in an instant.

Billy Ortved—Why is an empty purse always the same?

Herb Ronson—Well, why IS an empty purse always the same?

Billy—Because you can't see any change in it.

HE LEFT HIS MARK

Landlord—This room was formerly occupied by Mr. Swanson. He invented a new explosive.

Prospective Roomer—I suppose those spots on the wall are the results of his experiments?

Landlord—Well, indirectly, yes. Those are Mr. Swanson.

1st Form—Pardon, sir, but I did not understand you.

2nd Form—Will you please repeat that question.

3rd Form—What sir?

4th Form—Huh!

5th Form—

Bob Patterson—Where have you been?

George Barker—Looking for work.

Bob—Boy! you curiosity will get you into trouble yet.

Bill Linderhose—Do you girls really like conceited men better than the other kind?

Jean Brewer—What other kind?

Form Reporter—Donald Gordon

Form III C

WEBSTER SAYS—

Life's Darkest Moment—Jack McGaffy showing his report card to his parents. They don't speak our language—III C in composition class.

The thrill that comes once in a lifetime—100% in III C.

Timid Soul—Art Polhill.

The boy who made good—Jack Wass.

And nothing can be done about it—Mary Begbie and Kathleen Hartley with their giggling.

SONGS AND WHOM THEY REMIND US OF
III-C

Just keep a thought for me.—Miss Robbins.

Sweet and lovely—Dorothy Stevens.

Sleepy time gal—Barbara Howitt.

If you can't sing, whistle—Clarence Bezaire.

Flying high—Mac Graham.

Thanks for the buggy ride—Herbert Brigham.

J. Ross—"They say that stupidity can be inherited."

F. Bridges—"That's no way to talk about your parents."

Miss McLaren—"I could give you 90 in composition with pleasure."

W. Logan—"Aw, make it a hundred and enjoy yourself."

Bob Wright—"Oh Don you have killed my pet rooster."

D. Jackson—"Well as the preacher is coming for dinner it is best that the rooster go into the ministry because it wasn't a good layman anyway."

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF III-C'S TEACHERS

"Write out five times"—Mr. Ball.

"Page 212, 25 times"—Miss Bryan.

"Vous ne comprenez pas"—Miss Robbins.

"Review to this point"—Mr. Swanson.

"Stand and give a full account of"—Miss McLaren.

"And these are your questions"—Miss Brown.

"How many factors at this point?"—Miss Bluett.

Betty Wright—"Janet, what is the strongest day in the week?"

Janet Seyffert—"Gosh! what is it?"

Betty Wright—"Sunday! all the rest are weak days."

S. Clarke—"Oh! Bob, have you spoken to father yet?"

B. Westgarth—"Oh no, I am limping because I slipped on a banana peel."

M. Sherman—"My dear, this book is remarkable work. Nature is marvellous! Stupendous! When I read a book like this, it makes me think how lowly, how insignificant is man."

V. Ray—"A woman doesn't have to wade through 400 pages to discover that."

Form Reporter, Don Jackson

Assisted by Fritz Bridges

Form III D

I took a trip into the future
As far as human eye could see,
And saw the vision of III D,
And what the pupils all would be

Saw Jack Quail as a doctor,
Yes, a doctor from III D!

Saw Whitmore as an artist,
Painting pictures by the sea.

Saw Mr. and Mrs. Polsky,
The latter named Maggie

Saw Donna as a lady,
Yes, a lady of high degree.

Saw Neville our hero,
Our hero from III D.

Saw Margern as a teacher
Who excelled in Geometry.

Then I saw Craig Johnson
Now as slim as slim could be.

And that was all the famous ones
Seen in my vision of III D.

—Daisy Clarke

Miss Brown—What! You don't know when Wm. the Conqueror landed? Hastings 1066.

MacDonald—Oh! I thought was his telephone number.

Mr. Swanson—Stephens, what compound will dissolve gold the quickest?

Stephens—Ah—er, a girl friend.

Miss Robbins—What are the products of the East Indies?

Wakely—I don't know, Ma'am.

Miss Robbins—Come, come. Where do you get your sugar?

Wakely—We generally borrow it from our next-door neighbour.

Mr. O'Brien (Irish O'Brien)—And remember that rugby develops individuality, initiative, and leadership. Now, get in there and do exactly as I tell you!

Form Reporter—Jack Quail

Form II A

Here we are folks—2A is now open for inspection. 2A is supposed to be the brainiest second form in Walkerville Collegiate. On second thought perhaps you had better not inspect too closely, although some of us, Emily Crichton and Betty Hutchinson especially, do get marvellous percentages—even at that the teachers seem to be a trifle disappointed. But really, don't you know one simply can't concentrate on school work all the time, can one? I mean, old chappie, there are other things to do as it were. Take sports for instance. Now Jack Brown, one of our budding athletes, absolutely hasn't time to learn French pronunciation. Others I could mention have their spare moments crammed with this and that, these and those, etc.

No, you're not cross eyed, there really are two boys over there, George and Harry Witus—and are they twins? Well I guess! Which one is George? I don't know. Which one is Harry? The other one.

We are expecting great results from Elliott Keith, our class orator. That reminds me. Let me introduce Constance Count, who got 85% for a Composition recently. Connie say "Hello" to all the nice people. Didn't she do that nicely? Folks my time's running out and I must trickle along.

CAN YOU FAWNCY?

- Jim McDowell keeping quiet for an hour?
- Helen Moore not being cheerful?
- Harry Witus having his homework done when George hasn't it done?
- Betty Hutchinson and Emily Crichton being as dumb as the rest of us?
- Elliott Keith as the big man from the South?
- Jack Brown reciting a Theorem without looking out of the window?
- Constance Count looking pale?

FILM FOLKS DOUBLES IN II A

- Tom Martin—The Monster in Frankenstein.
- Elliott Keith—Skippy.
- Eleanor Atkinson—Norma Shearer.
- Clyde Ingall—Tom Sawyer.
- Nancy Ambrey—Clara Bow.
- Gerald Cantelon—Eddie Cantor.
- Josephine Tuttle—Joan Bennett.

"What shall we do tonight?" asked Doug Brown.
 "I'll toss up a coin," said Jack Brown. "If it's heads we'll go to the movies, if it's tails we'll go to the Palais de Dance, and if it stands on edge we'll study."

"Wonder when I'll be old enough to dust my face instead of washing it," mused Elliott Keith as he watched Helen Moore apply some powder to her face.

Form Reporter—Harold Kling

Form II-B

Hay Mister Additer:

Friddy nite, I was saying hullo to a hull bontch uf kids vhat vant see Senty Klutz. I notiss liddel gye abott for yeer ole what is frade to comm opp and spick to I'm: I'm hesk him vhat's madder, and why dunt say nodding to Senty Klutz.

He say Senty Klutz you ain't coming to my howss on Xmus caus my popper tole me times is too ponk and he ain't vorking, and he says Senty Klutz ony comm to housses where poppers is gott a jobb. I didden no vhat to say to dat liddle faller, bott an ole man vas stending nax to me and he taik kiddo and bye him hull bontch toys.

Vhan he iss ull troo, I say, "Hay mister, I tink you badder veer this Senty Klutz zoot caus you is reel Senty Klutz and O'm ony a imitation." bott he wooden taik it.

Goombye Pleeze,
 Wladek Hravlek.

BONERS

In order to become citizens of Canada foreigners must take out their civilization papers.

Gender is the he-geese of the goose family.

The brain is a hollow muscle.

A line is the shortest distance between two straight points.

A synopsis is an opening in the mind through which an impulse passes.

Well I've just lost another pupil, said the professor as his glass eye fell to the floor.

Squire—Did you send for me, my Lord?

Launcelot—Yes, make haste. Bring a can opener. I've a flea in my knight clothes!

II B DISTIONARY DICTATES

An iceberg is a sort of permanent wave.

A depression is a period when people do without things their parents never had.

A tailspin is the last word in aviation.

If a burglar climbed in the basement window would the coal-chute?

No, but the kindling wood.

Form Reporter—Wendell Holmes

Form II C

THE MODERN VERSION OF THE BUGLE
SONG

The splendour falls on cast-steel walls
Of flying racers grim and gory;
Th chauffer shakes the shining brakes
And the wild auto leaps in glory.
Blow, Bugle, Blow;
Set the wild public flying;
Blow, bugle, answer echoes—
"Dying, dying, dying!"

O hark! O hear! now far, now near.
Then fainter, clearer, farther giving—
Beyond the red of maimed and dead
The horns of sweldom faintly blowing!
Blow, Bugle, Blow;
From the wold auto flying,
Answer, echoes, answer—
"Dying, dying, dying!"

Oh, see them fly toward yon sky
And fall on pave and field and river!
Our autos roll o'er each poor soul,
And run forever and forever.
Blow, Bugle, Blow;
Set the doomed people flying;
What if each echo answers you:
"Dying, dying, dying!"

IIC TICKLERS

Allan Clark—Mr. Hartford, did you ever hear a rabbit bark?

Mr. Hartford—Rabbits do not bark.

Allan—But, Mr. Hartford, my zoology book says that rabbits "eat cabbage and bark."

Mr. Klinck—Do you like Kipling?

Ross Carr—I dunno. How do you kipple?

Don Graham—Some cats have more sense than their masters.

Jim Cody—Sure, I've got one like that.

Miss Bryan—What do you consider the greatest achievement of the Romans?

Ronald Pearce—Speaking Latin.

Mr. Hugill—Does the moon affect the tide?

Rita Colthurst—No, only the untied.

Teacher—Listen here, young man, are you the teacher of this class?

Pupil—No, I'm not.

Teacher—Then don't be such an idiot.

Ali Baba means that you were somewhere else when you committed the crime.

Gladiators of W. C. I. are iron things which give out heat.

Herrings, we are told, travel in the sea, in shawls.

Form Reporter—Bev. Mollard

Form II D

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Maurice Forman and Katherine MacLintock in a rumble seat?

Willie Hurwitz as a brave, dashing, daring knight on a large black steed?

Lodjn Nowitzky with a pig shave?

Florence McKay laughing with her mouth shut?

Innes Johnson not telling the right number of mistakes he had in Latin?

Jimmie Jones getting a high mark and not letting the whole world know about it?

Mary Brode's brother not doing her geometry home-work?

FAMOUS EXPRESSIONS

Miss Auld—"You can't get high marks with your good looks, Tom Rogers."

Mr. Klinck—"When I was down at the Indian Reserve—"

Evelyn Thorburn—"I wasn't talking."

Stan Semegen—"I ain't got it done."

Tom Rogers—"Abh!"

Eva Tessier—"I don't know how ta dew it."

Lodjn Nowitsky—"I can't come tonight, I have to visit Miss Auld."

Jimmie Jones—"Me and Bernard Farren was going—"

Mr. Klinck—"In about two minutes I'll be forced to throw somebody out."

Mandolins are high Chinese officials.

Cereals are stories which last several weeks.

Aristocrats are people who perform on the stage.

We asked Burrows Sparling what made him so big and strong. He said he ate grape-nuts and drank limburger cheese.

Pioneers of Canada—Dick Buzak, Innes Johnson and Joe Smolinski (alias Smokey Joe!)

The long and short of II D is to be seen in Tom Rogers and Burrows Sparling.

Miss Auld—What is a sextant?

Lodjn—Well, er—a man who digs graves.

Form Reporter—Jim Cody

Form I A

EVENTS—DAILY AND OTHERWISE

1.—It had been the "soul" ambition of many of us for a great many years to get into Walkerville Collegiate. Well, most of us arrived. Our greatest desire was fulfilled; but we met with the humiliation of getting lost while changing rooms between periods during the first week.

2.—Who was it who tore his underwear in the apparatus room? When the person in question got to the art room, he was in need of a paint cloth. Not in the least daunted, he put his hand down his neck and out came some underwear just the right size for a paint cloth. Presently most of the boys in the room were supplied with paint cloths but the person concerned went home with only about 30% of the obliging garment on his back.

3.—It began to look as if we were going to revert to the old custom of last term of powdering each other's hair. Several adventurous individuals brought tins of talcum powder to school and applied it liberally to anyone whose back happened to be turned. The result was that as long as the powder lasted, a great many heads were washed long before bath night.

4.—For a while last fall it was the style to eat too many green apples and grapes. Several individuals obtained brief and uncomfortable holidays thereby.

5.—It is surprising the manner in which some people interpret plain printed matter. For instance, during a history period a certain person read that Gavestone had surrendered to the Barons after they had solemnly sworn that his life would be spared. Disregarding their promise, they executed him. The individual raised his hand and asked Miss "Colonel" Brown, "What was the promise which they swore?"

6.—Alex Lord McMillan was riding with Ford's distinguished representative from England, Lord Peery. His Lordship asked the way to Mr. Campbell's residence and being somewhat confused with the directions which he received, he took Alex as a guide. On their arrival Alex was presented with a dollar and a ride back to the C. N. Telegraph Office. Alex has not worn a cap since.

7.—The first day of school our illustrious form I A experienced a real legendary event. In fact it was a case of Mary and her little lamb. Wolf, a well known resident of the Crescent District, decided to take the place of the lamb. He followed his mistress, Miss Platt, up into room 211 and she was forced to escort her canine friend home again.

8.—The silence was intense. You could have heard a pin drop! We held our breath. We were hearing our term algebra marks. "Jack Duck," continued Mr. O'Brien, "Five." We gasped with surprise. There was a singular absence of colour in Jack's usually red face. "Oh," said Mr. O'Brien, correcting himself, "I meant seventy-five." We heaved a sigh of relief. Jack, with a grin which extended from ear to ear on his red face, stepped up and gingerly received his paper.

Form Reporter—John Maxwell

Form I B

"SUPPOSIN'"

Ruth Farquharson's feet grow.
Orville Wiseman shrunk.
Eleanor Dewhurst stood first.
Jerry Pryke made the basketball team.
Molly Stewart got more freckles.
Fred Blackburn spoke to a girl.
Mickey Johnston got any fatter.
David Nixon joined the Glee Club.
Harriet Brown started laughing.

"INSPIRATIONS OF SONGS"

Marjorie McConnell—"My Wild Irish Rose."
Leonard Levin—"Sweet and Lovely."
Irene Hardie—"Me."
Don Brown—"Love Goes on Just the Same."
Irene Jackson—"Goodnight Sweetheart."
Norene Adams—"Now's the Time to Fall in Love."
Roland Pryke—"Three Little Words."

Vivian Clark eating breakfast:—
"There little grape-fruit don't you cry,
'Cause when you do
It hits my eye."

Mr. O'Brien—"Something is wrong with my car."
Mr. Craig—"What it it?"
Mr. O'Brien—"Everything makes a noise except the horn."

John Mackenzie—"Will you please change five cents for me, sir?"
Mr. O'Brien—"How would you like it changed?"
John M.—"Into a dime, please."

"SWEET GEOGRAPHY"

(Tune of Sweet Jenny Lee)

Sweet Geography!
From far antiquity,
It's good enough for me
Sweet Geography!

It has a certain something in its style,
It has History beaten by a mile.

She promised me
That I'd get ninety-three,
That's not enough for me,
Sweet Geography!

—Don Brown

Jean—I had to walk seven miles last night to get home.

Mabel—For goodness sake!
Jean—Of course.

Form Reporter—Mickey Johnston

Form I C

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

Eileen Coulter has curly hair,
 While Audrey Ryan has straight,
 And Gwendolyn Ryan, sad to say,
 Never fails to be late.
 Catherine Nelson's the youngest of all,
 While Morley Eaves is old,
 And Cecile Awad, glad to relate,
 Has a heart of purest gold.
 Pat Fitzgerald's an orator of note,
 Willie Leonard Miller is net,
 And Jane Price at talking
 Is almost always caught,
 Walter Scherbank is very short,
 While Alva Langlois is tall,
 And Wilma Hurley, strange enough,
 Is fond of playing ball.
 Helen McParland has pretty hair,
 And Helen Ryan's too,
 But is Helen Kerr's ever tidy?
 I've never seen it so, have you?
 Harry Flint has a few freckles,
 And Jack Anderson has not,
 But Billie Crichton, well I'll say
 He beats them all by a lot.
 Tom Lawson's the village nit-wit,
 And Bob Nageleisen's the same,
 But Jack Boomer, sure enough,
 Is always playing some game.
 Elva Austen is one extreme,
 And Reenah Curry's the other
 While Tom Anderson, short and fair,
 Is Jack Anderson's brother,
 Marion Johnson is quiet and reserved,
 While Marjorie Mapes is wild,
 And Dorothy Murray, tall and dark,
 Is quite a pretty child.
 Francis Dickie reads the papers,
 And Gordon Bauer ought:
 While Marie Johns, does she study French?
 Well I guess not,
 Kathleen Pope comes from the city,
 Rose Ruggaber comes from the farm,
 While Grace Oliver with her childish pranks
 Certainly does no harm.

—Helen Kerr

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Mr. Philp without a joke?
 Mr. Klinck without his "stars?"
 Mrs. Ball without a yarn?
 Bob Nageleisen agreeing with his teachers?
 Bill Crichton freckleless.
 Gordon Bauer answering a question?
 Tom and Jack Anderson without "plus fours?"
 Miss Cooney without a History text?
 Mr. O'Brien without his "squad-drill?"

Form Reporter—Pat Fitzgerald

Form I D

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

When Robin Adair will stop talking,
 How Max Reid passed the entrance with honours,
 Where Morgan Lyman got his blonde hair,
 Why Gordon Adams is so sure of himself,
 Where George Magee got his sweetly toned voice,
 Why Pauline Ham blushes when Gordon Adams
 winks at her,
 If Bill Reid could live without a girl.

The first forms of W. C. I. are flooded with
 "hic's" from Riverside, "natives" from East Wind-
 sor, "Old" from Tecumseh, while Walkerville is
 the beacon light.

John Constitine, our famous artist, was asked
 what "gargoyle" meant. His answer was "a me-
 dieval school teacher."

If the word "I" dropped out of the dictionary,
 famous "Andy Padmos" would be speechless

Gordon Chadwick is not for his famous map
 carrying (the teachers' helping hand.)

Mrs. Ball—What was Bastille?
 Max Reid—Soap.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF FAMOUS TEACHERS

Mr. Philp—Turn to a fresh page where you
 can't see any Latin.

Miss Brown—Joe, go and wash your hands.

Miss Auld—Who's been wasting this good
 paper?

Mr. Hartford—A little louder, please.

Miss Doctor—Now stand up straight when you
 answer.

I D'S MOVIE COLUMN

Half Shot at Sunrise—Guy Colthurst.
 Feet First—Robin Adair.
 Oh For a Man—Rose Anna Keely.
 The Unholy Three—Violet, Martha and Pauline.
 Sonny Boy—George Magee.
 Just Imagine—A study in Latin.

Form Reporter—Morgan Lyman

Form 1-E Howlers

Miss Bryan—What is the highest mountain in Europe?

Kathleen Allen—Blanc Mange.

On a late examination Walter Dominey is alleged to have written, "The Gulf Stream is composed of warm currants."

A centimeter according to Jack Spencer is an insect with one hundred legs.

Hubert Wells cannot understand what a vacuum has to do with Physiography. According to him it is the residence of a Pope.

Jim Young, another bright spot of IE firmly believes that barbarians are things used to make bicycles run smoothly.

A neckerchief is not necessarily the president of a sorority according to IE authorities.

Miss Bryan—Can you give any well known date in Roman History?

"I can," spoke forth Eva Darling, "Anthony's with Cleopatra."

Tom Neilson—And as I stepped off the train I was met by a squad of detectives.

Jim Young—Ah P'lice to meetcha eh?

"Jury to Try Woman For Murder not yet Completed."

Coroner Finds Driver Had Taken Only Four Lessons Before Hitting Car

(Some People have a knack).

Woman kicked by husband said to be greatly improved.

A five year old son awoke at 3 a.m. and said to his mother, "Mommy, tell me a story"

Hush, dear, replied his mother, "Papa will be home any hour now and tell us both one."

Agents Solicitors, Collectors, etc.

KEEP OUT!

Beware of the Wolf on the Porch.

Father—No, son, I can't send you to college but I'll buy you a racoon coat.

She is frightfully tempermental, isn't she?

Yes, 95 percent temper and 5 percent mental.

Form Reporter

Hubert Wells.

Form II E

WE WANT TO KNOW—

If a Hottentot tot taught a Hottentot tot to talk e'er the tot could totter, ought the Hottentot tot be taught to say aught, or naught, or what ought to be taught her?

If to hoot and to toot a Hottentot tot be taught by a Hottentot tutor, should the tutor get hot if the Hottentot tot hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?

Little Runt—Might I have this dance?

Big Bertha—Yes, you mite.

Beverly B.—'Now, Bill, remember what I want you to do. If George comes, telephone Tom that I can't meet him because I've got to keep an appointment with Fred."

Hard Boiled Grocer—"No sir! no cheques. I wouldn't cash a cheque for my own brother."

Peltier—"Well, of course you know your family better than I do."

Thunderous Roar from Grandstand:

"WE WANT A TOUCHDOWN!"

Bev's small voice—"I want a sack of peanuts."

Helen D.—The bear was quite ten feet high. I never saw such a monster.

Saylor—I believe you, Helen, you never did.

Ghent—Kin I cut your grass for a meal, mum?

Lady of House—Yes, my poor man. But you needn't bother cutting it.—you may eat it right off the ground.

"I saw a locomotive chew tobacco."

"Impossible!"

"Well, doesn't she 'chew, chew' to go ahead, and 'chew, chew' to back her (tobacco)?"

Instead of the sign, "This is a used car" most of them shold bear the slogan, "This used to be a car."

Form Reporter—Hugh Harrison

COLLEGE

On September 1 Walkerville Collegiate opened her doors, welcomed bewildered freshies and sophisticated seniors in their eager thirst for knowledge. A few grads stood by and silently wished they were one of the laughing throng. But alas! laughter no longer echoes in the Assembly Hall, for the students are hard at work quenching that "thirst for knowledge"—fairly successfully.

On October 2, the Rev. Mr. Morden extended an invitation to the staff and student body to attend his Sunday evening service at the First United Church. As Mr. Morden's annual service is well known to the Walkerville students, his invitation was enthusiastically accepted.

Field Day was held on October 8. This year competition was unusually brisk, although the annual Inter-Collegiate Meet is not to be held until Spring.

On October 9 the Assembly Hall echoed with the enthusiasm of both the candidates and the student body at large. The would-be presidents, vice-presidents, secretaries, editors, business managers, etc., extolled their virtues in every known and unknown language. By four o'clock the Hall was a bower of ragweed, burdock and dandelions, cunningly caught together with binder twine and rope of various types.

Mr. Erskine Morden presented a few scenes from Uncle Tom's Cabin à la MacArthur. Erskine played Liza; Jack MacArthur, Simon Legree; Louis Clement, bartender, while John Stephenson and George Rumney were dogs. The play (?) which was produced Chinese style was generally and hilariously approved by its audience.

Well, it was certainly a real pre-election campaign!

On October 13, the students both big and small, old and young, timid and bold, presented

themselves at their respective polls, and cast their vote for better or worse. As a result the Dramatic Society found itself with a particularly capable executive:

President—Erskine Morden.
Vice-President—Audrey Lavallee.
Secretary—Jack MacArthur.
Upper School Representative—Marion Bernhardt.
Middle School Representative—Ray Lyons.
Lower School Representative—Art Desmarais.
The Blue and White staff did rather well too:
Ethel Riggs—Editor in Chief.
Mignon Kling—Assistant Editor.
Charles Gordon—Business Manager.
James Walker—Assistant Business Manager.

On October 16 Miss Cooney, Mr. Craig and Mr. Klink presented the successful competitors in our Field Day with stunning little silver cups which were donated by the staff.

Friday evening, November 26, the Blue and White Staff sponsored a dance in the school "Gym" to raise some funds. We were certainly gratified by the large number who attended. I am sure none of those who came felt they had wasted their dime, either, for certainly there was never a dance where everyone had such a good time as was had by one and all at this dance!

Commencement Exercises were held in the auditorium on Friday night, December 18. There was a delightful atmosphere of expectancy mingled with the impending importance of the whole affair for those who were graduating. It was good to see the old smiles and flash of greeting between those who had not seen each other for months.

This year the tedious business of presenting pins, diplomas, cups, medals, and what nots, was considerably shortened so that our commencement exercises took on an additional smartness.

BLUE AND WHITE

Eva Hill, valedictorian for the graduating class of 1931 gave an unusually interesting address. The Glee Club provided ample and distinctive entertainment.

In all it was worth while to belong to the 1931 graduating class, if only to take part in such a smoothly and excellently arranged program.

School closed Tuesday, December 22, and the students all trooped merrily, if a little wearily, away from exams to do some some-what tardy Christmas shopping—and a few other things!

The Annual School Dance was one of the "few other things," the students did during the holidays. It was held on Tuesday evening, December 29, in the school "Gym" which was made festive for the occasion in blue and white streamers and branches of fir trees.—Rusty Brown claims the honour of inventing the idea of covering the clock with Christmas tree sprigs; but we noticed that the orchestra stopped playing promptly at 12 o'clock in spite of him—or perhaps to spite him!—Anyhow there was certainly a record crowd, the orchestra was excellent, the floor splendid after a little surplus wax was worked off—and a very good time was had by all.

Monday, January 4, 1932, school recommenced and we all returned refreshed (?) by our holiday to face the results of the fall term examinations, which our dear teachers returned with grim expressions that boded no good for the miscreants who hadn't toed the 50 mark line.

At four o'clock Friday afternoon, November 20, the Dramatic Society held its first meeting in the auditorium. The Upper School presented a delightful comedy entitled "Thank You, Doctor," with Erskine Morden as the accommodating doctor, Irene Anderson his efficient nurse, Betty Appleby, an apparently devoted sister of a temporarily insane brother, Louis Clement. Betty and Louis, in spite of appearances, were high-toned crooks, in disguise, about to steal the doctor's niece's necklace. John MacArthur played a dual role as the detective who discovered the plot by his clever personification of Betty's insane brother.

The play was splendidly supported by Cecilia Bryne and Marion McGrath who delighted their audience with a piano duet. Another amusing addition to the program was Evelyn Holderman's version of "A Perfect Little Lady." She was accompanied at the piano by Cecilia Bryne.

On February 4th, Thursday, the Middle School representatives of the Dramatic Society, presented an excellent program which featured a play entitled "Good Medicine"—they seem to be going in for the medical profession in a big way. The comedy was capably handled by three students, Margaret Cody, the eccentric patient; Donald Gordon, the doctor who would not play his profession false although he and his wife, Ruth Carr, were starving when they were not eating his medical books.

George Rumney and his band of red hot jazz

syncopators kept the audience all hot and bothered before the play. An unusual and original feature of this program was a toe dance executed by Margaret Cody who was accompanied at the piano by Cecilia Byrnie.

The programs certainly are improving. Let's have more.

Thursday evening, February 12, the student body turned out en masse—we were excused from homework (some anyway) for the evening—for our annual school play. Owing to unusual circumstances we were unable to present a musical comedy sponsored by our own talent as we usually do. "The Pirate's Daughter" was presented by the Lincoln Road church under the direction of Mrs. Frink and Mrs. Stephenson.

Miss Lillian Bull played the title role with her usual charm and ability. Howard Pepper and "Speed" Stephenson were the only other Walkervilleites we noticed in the production. Although most of us were a trifle disappointed not to have an opportunity of taking part, we are truly grateful to those who make it possible for us to have a play at all this year; because it is from its annual school play that Walkerville Collegiate derives most of its funds for financial support in its activities in sports, oratory, debating and all the rest.

Friday morning, February 5, we had as our guest speaker at our weekly (very weak in regularity!)—Assembly, Mr. Justus Miller Secretary of the Border Cities Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Miller had been requested to tell us all about "Agriculture." He treated his topic in a very novel and interesting manner, pointing out the difference between plant life and animal life. He approached his subject by a detailed explanation of the Uranium Series in which radium gradually changes to lead. Mr. Miller's extensive knowledge of this branch of study made his address which might otherwise have been quite beyond our depth, interesting to the densest of us poor students.

Thank you, Mr. Miller, we hope you'll come again.

Tuesday afternoon, February 16, the Senior Girl's W.O.S.S.A. Oratory Contest for the Border Cities district, was held in our auditorium. We had occasion once again to be very proud of Margot Goodrich, who carried off the laurels with her address on "Soviet Russia" and impromptu speech "Changing Styles in Clothes."

Margot is an orator of note in Border school circles. We are indeed proud to claim her as one of us. Her ready play of wit and extensive knowledge in various branches of study lends a particular charm to her refreshing manner of delivering her addresses. Margot won the Junior Girls' Oratory Championship of Western Ontario for last year and the year before for Walkerville. This year she will go into the finals representing us again—and winning—we hope.

Good luck Margot.

E. M. R.

SPORTS

Athletic Directors

Miss Cooney, Mr. Klink, Mr. Craig, Mr. Philp, Reporters, Ruth Best, J. Russell Brown.

Basketball

Basketball continues to reign supreme over all other sports at Walkerville, and the number of participants is increasing each year. Both teams showed themselves extremely well drilled and well versed in the arts of basketball. So far our Seniors have had a banner year; they have not lost a game, and seem slated for a W.O.S.S.A. championship, maybe more. Our Juniors did not measure up to their usual standards, but they fought hard all the way, and were a hard little team to beat. The only veteran from last year's Junior Champions was John McMullen, all the other players were recruits. Mr. Philp has an enviable record as coach of the Juniors. For two years his teams never lost a game and this year he made a mighty fine team with only first year players. Although our boys did not win, a lot of very excellent material was discovered for next year. Members of the Junior team were: McMullen, Pryke, Harrison, Baker, Crocker, Riddel, Hogan, MacGregor, Raven, Triner, Lowry.

The following are the results of the Junior games thus far:

Walkerville 18, Sandwich 11;
Walkerville 15, Assumption 14;
Walkerville 12, Technical 11;
Walkerville 13, Kennedy 15;
Walkerville 12, Patterson 15;

Walkerville 15, Kennedy 6; Walkerville 21, Sandwich 19; Walkerville 19, Assumption 10; Walkerville 8, Patterson 18.

The Senior team was badly hit by the percent "bogey" when they lost Glen Sherman and Don Stewart. Don was a member of last year's Junior Champions, and Glen was a member of last year's Senior Champions. Glen was one of the best if

not the best player in the league, but now he plays for the Alumni Seniors. Bill Kester left the team, though not through the percentage route, and due to the loss of these valuable members, players were brought up from the junior team to fill the vacancies. Jimmie Stewart, one of Walkerville's own basketball products, and a very fine one, too, has been largely responsible for the smooth working machine we have today.

Resume of Senior games:

Walkerville 28, Sandwich 12;
Walkerville 28, Assumption 7;
Walkerville 20, Technical 17;
Walkerville 18, Kennedy 13;
Walkerville 29, Patterson 22;
Walkerville 24, Kennedy 19;
Walkerville 12, Sandwich 19;
Walkerville 21, Assumption 8;
Walkerville 25, Patterson 19.

Personnel of the Senior Boys team:

Glen Sherman—

Glen was captain till we lost him, by the percentage route. In the four games he played he was our leading sniper. It certainly was a tough break to lose him. Glen was an outstanding player, a fine ball handler and a deadly shot, and would have been a tower of strength to the team.

Howard Pepper—

Howard was elected captain after Glen Sherman left. If you think Howard's reputation as the best guard in the league is not

well founded just ask some of the forwards on the other teams. We will miss "Pep" and his stories next year.

Silvester Crocker—

"Sev" is the bad man of basketball. His lightning-like attack and deadly shot have been a great factor in Walkerville's many victories. Some record the boy has too, when you figure that in 2 years



Senior Boy's Basketball Team



Photo by Sid Lloyd

Back Row—Kingsley Crocker, Arnold Harrison, Russell Brown, John Stephenson, James Walker,
Front Row—Sylvester Crocker, Don Stewart, Mr. Philp (Coach), James Riddell, Bill McClymont.

Insert—Howard Pepper.

of Junior competition and 1 year of Senior, Sev has never been de'ated. Famous saying—Watch that guy Crocker, he's a gun.

Arnold Harrison—

Like "Sev," Arnold has a very enviable basketball reputation. In his three years of basketball at Walkerville he has never lost one game. Arnold is a master at the court game, and can always be counted on to turn in a classy display. He is also Mr. Philp's right hand man and has always been one of Walkerville's best athletes. We are sorry to lose you, Arnold.

John Stephenson—

Commonly known as "Speedy," and his characteristic grin, has made himself a rock of Gibraltar at guard duties. Like Arnold and Sev, Speedy has never suffered a defeat in 3 years basketball—boy, what a reputation. Speedy and Pepper team well together and make a great pair of guards, a couple tuff guys.

Don Stewart—

Don is a graduate of last year's Junior Champs and was shaping up well until we lost him through the percentage jinx. Tough luck, Don.

Bill McClymont—

Bill was a member of last year's Senior Champs and occupies a regular berth on this squad. He is a nippy, flashy little player and in spite of his size he can play the game with anybody.

James Riddell—

Jimmie is still a Junior in age, but a Senior in rank. He has been performing very well with the Seniors, and ought to have a big year next year. Jimmie works very well with the Seniors. Keep up the good work, Jimmie.

Kingsley Crocker—

King is another of our Juniors, who is playing Senior and holding up his end. He, too, has a great future, and is a brother of the famous "Sev."

Jimmie Walker—

This is Jimmie's first year at basketball, and he is doing very well, too. If height means anything in basketball Jimmie will be a great star. Nice going, Jim, we are proud of you, and all the rest of our team.

Good luck to you in your further campaigning.

—J. Russell Brown

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Senior Girls' Basketball Team



Insert—Mamie McKay.

Photo by Sid Lloyd

*Back Row—Isabell Barron, Frances Clinton, Ethel Dixon, Audrey Lavallee, Ada Vaughan,
Middle Row—Valerie McWilliams, Marion Bernhardt, Miss Cooney (coach) Margaret Crichton,
Mary Bagbie.*

Front Row—Betty Quail, Josephine Bennett (Capt.), Jean Barron.

The first game of the season was played at Sandwich High. Our girls got a splendid start by defeating this team 27-11. Kennedy Collegiate was the next to fall victim to our fast-playing sextet. This game was played on our own floor and the Kennedy lassies were handed their first defeat with a 22-16 score. Our girls played Tech and Patterson in quick succession and succeeded in defeating each of them but by a small margin. The result of the next game was not so cheering for our team met with their first defeat at the hands of the Kennedy Collegiate team, last year's Wossa winners.

Personnel

Mamie McKay—

Mamie has shown marked improvement since last year. She is fast and is an accurate shot.

Isabelle Barron—

Izzy's a fast player and her good floor work and shooting has earned her a place on the team.

Valerie McWilliams—

Valerie is a newcomer to the team. She is a

good de'ense and has done some fine work this year. She will be with us for several more seasons.

Joe Bennett—

Veteran captain and scoring ace. Joe was a member of the All-Star team: a Collegiate team.

Ada Vaughan—

Ada is another veteran. She certainly knows combination. She is a good as well as a steady player.

Frances Clinton—

Veteran star-guard. Frances is an excellent de'ense. Just try to get the ball past her long arms.

Audrey La Vallee

Another veteran. She is fast and plays a splendid combination. Frannie and Audrey are, we must admit, a good pair.

Marion Bernhardt—

Marion is always steady and makes a fine de'ense. Although she is handicapped by her height, or lack of it—she makes a fine opposer for the other team.

Subs for the team who did good work were:

Margaret Crichton, Betty Quail, Mary Begbie and Jean Barron.

Walkerville Five Beats Tech 56-18

Led by "Jo" Bennett, star forward, who gave one of the most brilliant individual performances ever witnessed in local Wossa cage circles, Walkerville Collegiate girls defeated Tech 56-18 at the Walkerville gym yesterday. The victory enables the Blue and White squad to remain in a tie with Kennedy for first place in the Border Cities group.

"Jo" Bennett personally accounted for 43 of the 56 points chalked up by the winners to set up what is believed to be a new record for individual scoring in local interscholastic ranks. Effie Blundell and Jean Johnston were the best for the losers.

Girls' Baseball

Walkerville Collegiate girls' baseball team was defeated by both Kennedy Collegiate and Windsor-Walkerville Technical School. Patterson Collegiate lost by default the girls' baseball game played with Walkerville.

This year our baseball team was manned by Valerie McWilliams, as pitcher; Mary Begbie, catcher; Frances Clinton, first base; Isabell Roberts, second base; Jean Barron, third base; Phyllis Keane, Ada Vaughan and Audrey Lavalee, played fielders. Margot Goodrich pitched during part of the first game.

Field Day at W.C.I.

The school field meet was held early in October. Special trophies were donated by the staff.

Competition in all events was keen. The following were the school champions:

- Senior Girls—Mary Begbie.
- Intermediate Girls—Irene Anderson.
- Junior Girls—Katherine Stewart.
- Juvenile Girls—Peggy Kerrigan.
- Senior Boys—S. Crocker.
- Intermediate Boys—W. Fritz.
- Junior Boys—B. Mollard.
- Juvenile Boys—W. Logan.

SENIORS

Broad Jump—Mary Begbie, 10 points, 13'7"; Margaret McLean, 6 points, 13'6"; Helen Johnson, 4 points, 12'11".

High Jump—Lena Scherbank, 10 points; Margaret Crichton, 6 points; Mary Begbie, 4 points.

Shot Put—Mary Begbie, 10 points, 29'7"; Lena Scherbank, 6 points, 24'10"; Helen Johnson, 4 points, 23'1".

Baseball Throw—Mary Begbie, 10 points 187'; Helen Johnson, 6 points, 150'; Patricia Lamers, 4 points, 139'.

Basketball Throw—Mary Begbie, 10 points, 64'4"; Betty Colthurst, 6 points, 64'; Helen Johnson, 4 points, 63'.

Walking Race—Rita Colthurst, 10 points; Lena Scherbank, 6 points; Jane Walker, 4 points.

100-yard Dash—Mary Begbie, 10 points; Lena Scherbank, 6 points; Helen Johnson, 4 points.

Senior Champion—Mary Begbie, 54 points; Lena Scherbank, 30 points; Helen Johnson, 24 points.

INTERMEDIATE

100-yard Dash—Irene Anderson, 10 points; Beatrice Macdonald, 6 points; Connie Woodhead, 4 points.

Broad Jump—Irene Anderson, 10 points, 12'10"; Beatrice Macdonald, 6 points, 12'1"; Jean Barron, 4 points, 11'8".

High Jump—Irene Anderson, 10 points; Maurine Strauth, 6 points; Jean Barron, 4 points.

Shot Put—Jean Barron, 10 points, 25'8"; Beatrice Macdonald, 6 points, 24'7"; Evelyn Thorburn, 4 points, 23'11".

Baseball Throw—Beatrice Macdonald, 10 points, 132'; Jean Barron, 6 points, 128'9"; Maurine Strauth, 4 points, 125'.

Basketball Throw—Jean Barron, 10 points, 60'; Irene Anderson, 6 points, 58'; Madeline McCall, 4 points, 55'.

Walking Race—Connie Woodhead, 10 points; Beatrice Macdonald, 6 points; Irene Anderson, 4 points.

Intermediate Champion—Irene Anderson, 42 points; Beatrice Macdonald, 34 points; Jean Barron, 34 points.

JUNIOR

75-yard Dash—Margaret Corner, Ruth Farquharson, Molly Stewart.

Baseball Throw—Valerie McWilliams, 157'; Molly Stewart, 150'; Isabel Barron, 130'½'.

Basketball Throw—Valerie McWilliams, 64'; Molly Stewart, 53'8"; Letty Swarbrick, 53'.

Shot Put—Valerie McWilliams, 31'9"; Molly Stewart, 30'; Ruth Farquharson, 28'5".

High Jump—Molly Stewart, Doris McCallum, Margaret Corner.

Running Broad—Margaret Corner, 13'5"; Molly Stewart, 12'1"; Isabel Barron, 11'10".

Walking Race—Annie Holding, Valerie McWilliams, Molly Stewart.

Junior Champion—Molly Stewart, 42 points; Valerie McWilliams, 36 points; Margaret Corner, 27 points.

JUVENILE

50-yard Dash—Mable Bezaire, Peggy Kerrigan, Betty Menard.

Running Broad—Peggy Kerrigan, 11'1"; Flora Leonty, 10'7"; Mable Bezaire, 9'.

Shot Put—Flora Leonty, 18'4"; Peggy Kerrigan, 15'5"; Mable Bezaire, 14'7".

High Jump—Peggy Kerrigan, Mable Bezaire, Flora Leonty.

Baseball Throw—Flora Leonty, 114'; Mable Bezaire, 102'; Peggy Kerrigan, 94'.

Basketball Throw—Flora Leonty, 48'; May Gowland, 38'; C. Nelson, 36½'.

Walking Race—Peggy Kerrigan, Joyce Moore, Flora Leonty.

Juvenile Champion—Peggy Kerrigan, 48 points; Flora Leonty, 46 points; Mable Bezaire, 30 points.

Juvenile Track Team



Standing—Mr. Klinck (Coach).

Front Row—Harold Bullard, Andy Hortop, Walter Dominey, Clyde Ingalls.

The Walkerville track team has again had a very successful year.

The first meet of the season was held at Kennedy Stadium, and all the secondary schools of the Border Cities competed. Although Walkerville did not win any championships, her athletes performed nobly, and made their presence known. Bill Fritz, our great track star, proved himself the hero of the day when he won the 440 yard dash in a sensational finish, and broke the existing record in the broad jump.

Following the local meet, a team of boys was sent to London to further represent our school in W.O.S.S.A. competition, and here they scored an even greater victory.

Walkerville's Juvenile team succeeded in annexing the cup, emblematic of the Juvenile Championship of Western Ontario. Andy Hortop, Walter Dominey, Clyde Ingalls, and "Pete" Bullard showed up as the true "Little Champs" that they are. Walter Dominey won the 75 yard dash, and the relay team won second place. With such fine material, Walkerville's future in track looks very bright.

The intermediate track representatives tied with Patterson Collegiate for first place and brought home another fine cup to keep for 6 months. Bill Fritz again covered himself with glory, again won

the 440 yard dash, again set a new record, and again won first place in the broad jump.

Our only representative in the Senior division was none other than Glen Sherman, the handsome athlete. Glen did not win any events, but he placed in every event he was in, and lost some tough races. The Medley Relay run for the first time was won by Sherman, 880 yards; Crocker, 440 yards; Demarais, 220 yards; Dominey, 110 yards.

Beverly, Mollard and Art Demarais were our only Junior representatives.

As a result of the W.O.S.S.A. track meet, six of our boys were sent to the Ontario Schoolboys meet in Toronto at the expense of the Ontario Athletic Commission. Bill Fritz again won the 440 yard dash, and set a new record for the province of Ontario, beating the old record by fully two seconds. Congratulations Bill! We sure are proud of you. He was the only boy from our school to win an event at this meet.

Our Relay Team!

At the Border Cities meet, our intermediate relay team came through with a decisive victory, and broke the record.

At London the boys repeated finishing well in the lead and this time smashing the W.O.S.S.A. record.

At Toronto, our boys again gained a great vic-

tory, and this time over crack teams from Hamilton and Ottawa. We missed breaking the record by one second.

Members of the team were:

(1) Bill Fritz—

There's no doubt about it, at a track meet Bill stands out like a diamond in a field of coal. As well as a star on the cinders, he stars in his school work. During the summer holidays, Bill was a guest of Ontario Athletic Commission at their summer training camp, and won a number of other events to add to his laurels.

(2) Bob Van Wagoner—

What would we do without our happy-go-lucky Bob? He proved himself a great 220 man, and was a strong member of the relay team, but unfortunately for Walkerville he has been ordered out of sports for a year by the doctor. Tough luck, Bob, we know how you feel, but you will make up for it next year. Don't forget the Cod Liver Oil; shake well before using and then you will soon be able to run again.

(3) Rusty Brown—

The less said the better. (Editor's Note) Rusty is just shy — here anyway; Rusty is good, too.

(4) Sylvester Crocker—

"Sev" is one of our outstanding all round athletes. Not only is he a crack runner but a crack basketball player, a crack rifle shot, and a cracker jack at his studies. Quite a cracker, eh, what?

All our success we owe to the untiring and hard work of our coaches, in training us. Mr. Klinck, Mr. Craig, Mr. Philp and Miss Cooney are to be congratulated on their results, and we hope they will be with us next year.

Field Day, October 8th, 1931

Boys' Track and Field Events.

Senior Champion, Sylvester Crocker, 66 points.
Runner-up, Glen Sherman, 48 points.

Intermediate Champion, Bill Fritz. Runner-up, Edward Lyons.

Junior Champion, Beverly Mollard. Runner-up, Arthur Desmarais.

Juvenile Champion, Willie Logan. Runner-up, Delmore Vernon.

Senior Events.

100 yards—S. Crocker, R. Brown, G. Sherman.
Running Broad—S. Crocker, R. Brown, W. Coatsworth 18 ft. 8 in.

220 yards—S. Crocker, R. Brown, G. Sherman.
Running High—S. Crocker, J. Walker, R. Pierce.
Javelin—W. McClymont, R. VanWagoner, G. Sherman, 124 ft.

440 yards—S. Crocker, G. Sherman, R. Brown.
Shot Putt—R. Brown, S. Crocker, R. VanWagoner 36 ft. 10 in.

Half Mile—S. Sherman, J. Walker, S. Crocker.
Mile Run—G. Sherman, J. Walker, J. McArthur.
Discus—R. VanWagoner, G. Sherman, R. Brown.
Pole Vault—R. Brown, J. Considine, S. Crocker, 10 ft. 6 in.

Intermediate Events—

Running Broad—Bill Fritz, R. Thatcher, L. Meadows.

100 yards—Bill Fritz, W. Holmes, R. Thatcher.
Javelin—Ed. Lyons, J. Riddell, J. Brozdiskis.
220 yards—B. Fritz, W. Holmes, L. Meadow.
Shot Putt—Mac Graham, Ed. Lyons, W. Fritz.
Half Mile—W. Fritz, G. Hayes, W. Holmes.
440 yards—W. Fritz, W. Holmes, G. Hayes.
Discus—Ed. Lyons, Delmore Vernon, W. Fritz.
Pole Vault—L. Meadows, H. Cantelon, W. Fritz.
High Jump—W. Fritz, B. Miller, L. Meadows.
Junior Boys Events—
100 yards—L. Wolfe, A. Desmarais, W. Dominey.
High Jump—B. Mollard, A. Howie, F. Ambury.
Javelin—B. Mollard, R. Pryke, R. Wright.
220 yards—A. Desmarais, L. Wolfe, W. Dominey.
Shot Putt—L. Franzak, W. Waymouth, R. Pryke.
Discus—L. Franzak, A. Desmarais, R. Wright.
Broad Jump—A. Desmarais, B. Mollard, L. Wolfe.
Pole Vault—B. Mollard, A. Howie, A. Desmarais.
Juvenile Boys Events—
High Jump—W. Logan, D. Vernon, F. Dickie.
75 yards—D. Brown, W. Logan, H. Brigham.
Running Broad—W. Logan, R. Nageleisen, J.
Pole Vault—D. Vernon, G. Adams, R. Nageleisen

Soccer

"The records are closed, and the frail excuse
Which the lips give forth is of little use;
The prize is lost, and the thing is done,
And it's vain to whimper 'I should have won.'"
The world knows the reason why failures fall
And it never mentions hard luck at all.
For the world knows this—that in all we plan
The victory goes to the better man.

Rusty Brown.

Soccer was one of the outstanding sports of our school year, though our team this year failed to win the championship.

Competition in the Border Cities was not as keen this year as in former years, the only entries being from Tech and Walkerville.

The Tech team emerged victorious from a four game series with Walkerville and succeeded in winning the W.O.S.S.A. with probably the strongest team that ever wore their colours in interscholastic competition.

Congratulations Tech!

Our team this year was made up mostly of recruits, but under the very able guidance of Mr. Ball, assisted by smiling Mr. Philp a team was built up around five of the veterans of last year's team, which extended the Tech champions to the limit.

Members of the team were Arnold Harrison (captain), Louis Polsky, Harold Bullard, Bob Raven, John Corlett, Howard Pepper, Speedy Stephenson, Rusty Brown, Don Stewart, Bill McClymont, Louis Clement, Sylvester Crocker, Jimmie Walker, Glen Sherman, "Pete" Bullard, John McMullen and Edward Whitney.

The success of Walkerville soccer teams has been in no small way due to the excellent help and coaching of Mr. W. N. Ball and Mr. Philp. The team joins me in hearty thanks to both Mr. Ball and Mr. Philp and hope they will assist the team next year.

J. R. Brown.

Junior Boys' Basketball Team



Photo by Sid Lloyd

Back Row—Wesley Trinier, Jack Brown, Walter McGregor, Don Lowry, Maxwell Baker.
 Front Row—John McMullen, Mr. McNaughton, (Principal), Wallace Hogan, Mr. Philp,
 (Coach), Hugh Harrison.
 Seated—Bob Raven, Roland Pryke.

Rugby

Another season has passed with its black eyes and broken noses; and a queer soft light is seen in the footballer's eye as he tenderly pats a cracked elbow or a still sore side.

Under the direction of Coach O'Brien a Junior Rugby squad was rounded up, which although they won only one out of four games, struck terror into the hearts of their opponents and were from the first "a darn hard team to beat."

Our team this year was captained by Wallace Hogan, who became famous for his line plunges; "what a man." Blake Sherman was an outstanding performer in Walkerville's backfield, and although he was not large, he proved himself a tower of strength. Although our team did not win, they fought hard all the way, and he wins who plays the game for the game's sake even though he loses.

Members of the team were:

Wallace Hogan (Capt.), Witey Trinier, Lowry, Broziekis, Linderose, Dewey, Goodwyn, Pryke, Sherman, Bryce, Graham, Wardle, Nowitsky, Cody, Sifton, Jackson, Hayes, Quail, O'Neill, Thatcher,

Patterson.

J. Russell Brown.

Hockey

This year our school had only a Junior team; we were unable to form a Senior team because a lot of our players failed to make their percent. Out of 6 games played, Walkerville's team lost 5 and tied 1. All the games were lost by narrow margins, and our youngsters gave the superior puck chasers from Tech their toughest battle of the season. The fact that we had a team at all to represent our school in this ancient and venerable sport formerly known as "shinny" was due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Klinck.

Tough luck, fellas—better luck next year. Just remember the old slogan, If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Members of the team were—W. Horen, goal; F. Ambery, right defence; W. Trinier, left defence; H. Wardle, left wing; G. Cooke, right wing; T. Neilson, centre. Alternates—F. Zak, D. Robertson, M. Purdy, E. Liffiton, B. Mollard.

—J. Russell Brown

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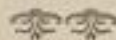
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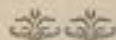
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Tennis



Photo by Sid Lloyd

Standing—Arnold Harrison.

Seated—Phyllis Keane, Mr. Ball, Jean Fredenburgh.

In the Girls' Border Cities Secondary School Tennis Tournament, Phyllis Keane, of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute, once again captured the cup. It now remains in her possession permanently, this being the third successive year she has won it.

Jean Fredenburgh, a comparative novice at tennis, decisively defeated every opponent until she encountered the unconquered champion, Phyllis Keane, to whom she was forced to yield, 4-6, 6-1, 6-1.

The Walkerville Collegiate girls' tennis team included Phyllis Keane, Jean Fredenburgh, Marion Bernhardt, Audrey Lavalley, Betty Wright, Mignon Kling and Ada Vaughan. Three of the four players in the semi-finals were Walkerville girls.

Thirty-two players representing six schools entered the Boys' Border Cities Secondary School Tennis Tournament. The representatives of the

Walkerville Collegiate were Arnold Harrison, Jack Brown, Foster Ambery, Bob Wright, Stuart Patterson, Ray Lyons and John Jackson.

Walkerville still held two places when the semi-finals were reached. Jack Brown was matched with L. Rogoevin of the Kennedy Collegiate Institute, while Arnold Harrison was matched with Harry Heyden of the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School.

Unable to be at hand at the hour set for his match, Jack Brown was forced to default and L. Rogoevin dropped into the finals.

Arnold Harrison entered the finals by defeating Harry Heyden in straight sets, 7-5, 6-4.

At the end of this match Arnold Harrison marched to another court and the finals were begun. L. Rogoevin soon showed his tireless ability. He won the tournament by straight sets, 6-1, 6-1, 6-4, and Arnold Harrison had to be contented with the consolation medal.

The Scientist

Meteorites

To possess a wonder of the world—Grand Canyon, Falls of Zambezie, Taj Mahal, or the Pyramids—is a proud estate for a nation. To possess a wonder from beyond the world is a still rarer privilege, although it meets with less acclaim.

The museum displays a number of white pedestals, on each of which is a rusty, weathered, meteorite mass, yet one must have something of the scientist's love of the abstract to work up any enthusiasm over these most rare of objects. The largest is a pitted mass about the size of a grand piano, but no pair of piano movers could budge it, since this meteorite is solid nickel-iron weighing thirty-six and a half tons.

The largest meteorite on display is in possession of the New York Museum of Natural History, but the largest known to man (confining ourselves to earth) lies in a mysterious tomb near Canyon Diablos, Arizona. It is thousands of times as large as the one in the New York museum, but has never been recovered. From the air the tomb of this meteorite appears to be a huge crater resembling the pit of an exploded shell. The rim of white material thrown out of the cavity by the impact frames the hole against the purple and red surface sandstones that decorate the Painted Desert. Across the crater bottom the early morning sun throws a black scarf of shadow, producing a striking and significant resemblance to the stark craters that pockmark the moon. One must climb a half-mile slope and actually stand on the crater rim to experience the awe this tomb inspires. The bottom of the crater is six hundred feet below. The cliff shelves down almost vertically until it reaches the slope of broken rock and sand torn off the walls by erosion which buries the meteorite which the drills and shafts of scientists (on account of depth and quicksands) have been unable to bring to light. It is disturbing to revisualize the collision. It must have been an approximate answer to the favourite problem of our physics teacher. What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body? The celestial shot that blasted the crater made a hole three miles in circumference and four-fifths of a mile in diameter, forming a huge bowl. Some University ought to be erected beside it. Imagine a football bowl fifteen times as large as Rose Stadium. To fully appreciate the dimensions of this splash in stone made by a gigantic iron meteorite, one must see the huge slabs of stone that have been thrown out from the impact. More than two hundred billion tons of earth were displaced in an instant. One large slab was hurled far into the air and now leans drunkenly, fully half a mile from the crater. It is estimated to weigh about seven thousand tons. The "accident" may have happened in the following way.

A close-knit mass of nickel-iron, debris of a

burned-comet, came bowling along the elliptical course around the sun which it once travelled in a more brilliant fashion. Its route happened to coincide with that of the earth (a very rare circumstance). Some hundreds of miles from the earth the comet may have been snagged in the gravity net of our planet. The mass of iron swung in, travelling probably between twenty-five and forty miles per second. Our atmosphere began to put on pressure to reduce the celestial momentum to earth's traffic laws. Terrific speed created tremendous friction. Rich oxygen in the earth's atmosphere "blowtorched" the iron. The comet shot downward glowing like a brake-shoe. Earth's deep air cushion was unequal to this mass of metal with a minimum weight of a million tons! Supersunlight blazed down on desert and mountain for a moment; then plain and peak resounded with a dull, earth-quaking thud. Into the air billowed a cloud of rock-dust. Explosions rent the cloud,



Jets of steam shot like geysers through it. Then the breeze cleared the smoke and revealed a great circular pockmark in the grassless desert.

While few incidents in Nature are more dramatic than a meteor, there are few objects of less dramatic appeal than a meteorite. A meteorite is a meteor come to earth. Meteors pencil the sky with streaks of light; their fire rises quickly to a crescendo and dies, their usual fate being to perish in their own blaze. Some escape the clutches of gravity and fall back into space. Only occasionally does the end of a meteor's arc touch earth.

"Meteor Crater" has no brother on our own planet, but the face of the moon contains thousands of these marks. These are the result of far greater impacts and consist of craters with diameters as much as fifty-five miles long. Scientists explain this by the fact that the moon has no atmosphere, no rainfall, no protection, and no erosion. Thus meteors have not been opposed by air pressure, and rainfall and erosion have failed to cover up the

holes made by these celestial bodies.

Our sun and planetary system, physicists believe, were born out of the wreckage of an old system. An ugly meteoric fragment is vital to the scientist. His spectroscope tells him the earth is made up of the same minerals as the stars, his telescope tells him the earth's motions are in tune with the planets; but a meteorite is something that a scientist can take in his hand and examine. He can put it in a test tube and actually compare it with the minerals of the earth. Then he can say that the composition of the stars is the composition of the earth; and thus a meteorite helps to prove that every particle fits in to a single plan which we are learning to understand.

Wallace Hogan

The Uranium Series

In chemistry there are a number of groups consisting of three or more elements. Each element in its own group has properties similar to the others. One of these series is called the Uranium Series. In this series there are fifteen members. This series differs from other series because fourteen members are indirectly formed from the first, Uranium. This series differs from other series in another way. Thirteen of the members are radioactive. To be radioactive a substance must give off rays that can pass through opaque substances such as black paper, flesh, metal and affect a photographic plate in a similar way that light does. This is a very peculiar but most valuable property.

In 1896 Henri Becquerel discovered that uranium when wrapped up in black paper affected a photographic plate in the same manner as light. Monsieur and Madame Curie pursued the study of uranium. They found that there was another substance which was much more radioactive than uranium which they called radium. Madame Curie succeeded in isolating a small amount in 1910. The cost of one gram of radium up to 1922 was \$120,000. In 1922 a new source was found and the price dropped to \$70,000 per gram.

Beginning with uranium we find that it gives off three rays called alpha, gamma and beta. Each of these rays consists of particles which in turn consist of charged atoms. The particles are given off and the atoms explode. Some atoms explode rapidly, other slowly. When these atoms explode new atoms are formed which have different properties and form a new substance. From the explosion of uranium atoms three new substances are formed, called Uranium X1, Uranium X2 and Uranium Y. Some authorities state that there is another substance formed which they call Uranium Z. The average life of a uranium atom is many

millions of years. These new substances give off atoms which explode to form atoms of ionium. The atoms of ionium explode to form atoms of radium. The average life of an atom of ionium is 100,000 years. This radium is one of the most important of the series. Its atoms explode with great violence and rapidity. The rays have a very valuable property of being able to kill bacteria and micro-organisms. One gram of radium shoots off 145 billion alpha particles in one second at the rate of 12,000 miles per second and 71,000 billion beta particles at the rate of 110,000 miles per second. These properties have been useful in combating cancer. The physicians of the world are slowly conquering cancer through radium. From radium a substance known as radon or niton is formed which is even more active than radium. This substance is a gas. This could be used to better advantage than radium for fighting cancer because it could be sold in tubes which could be applied to the afflicted parts more easily than radium. Radon is also cheaper than radium. From radon there are formed a number of substances, nine in number, each one giving off rays. The atoms of the particles of the rays have average lives of one millionth of a second to twenty-four years. There is finally an atom formed which does not explode. This atom is lead.

Thus, after countless centuries and after the explosion of fifteen different kinds of atoms, lead, the last in the Uranium series, is formed.

—Harold Gray

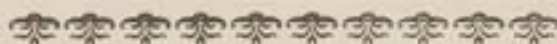
The Autogiro

When asked to write an article on aviation, I was quite undecided as to what phase to consider. I decided, I hope satisfactorily, on the newest and most radical design of heavier-than-air flying machine, the autogiro.

I am sure you have all seen, at some time or another, the autogiro belonging to the Detroit News, so let us consider it as the standard in this discussion. This is the largest autogiro yet constructed, as well as the first to be adapted to regular commercial use. It is well suited to its purpose in this line, aerial photography, because of its remarkable ability to hover over one spot, that is for a certain period.

The fuselage design is much the same as the conventional type of airplane. The fin and rudder are lower than usual, in order that the rotor will not strike it when traveling at low speed. It is fitted with stub wings attached to the fuselage in the usual way. However they are extremely small for an airplane of this size. Another distinguishing characteristic of the wings is that they turn up at the ends. This tends to stabilize the ship during vertical, or nearly so, descents, and prevents oscillation. The landing gear, too, is extremely wide, 13 feet. It is also quite differently constructed from conventional landing gear, being de-

(Continued on Page Seventy-Seven)



Advice --
to the
Lovelorn



Problems of the soul, the mind, the heart, the liver, and the onions will be answered by Mrs. Watt A. Life, the celebrated girl guide, boy scout and protector of henpecked husbands. Mrs. Life has been married seven times, divorced four times, widowed three times and remanded twice. She is regularly employed by the Plumber's Journal and Steamfitters Gazette, but is spending a holiday in Walkerville during the course of which she has graciously consented to unravel the perplexities that may beset some of the people of Walkerville Collegiate. Those seeking advice are requested to write on not more than two sides of the paper.

Dear Mrs. Watt A. Life:

My dear, I'm so terribly worried, and do hope that you'll be able to untangle the sad state of my affairs. In the past months I have gone steadily with three or four young men, but now (woe is me) that comfortable number has dwindled to two. Tell me, Mrs. Watt A. Life, why am I so unpopular now—is it because of the wart on my nose?

Miss Snuzzle.

My dear Miss Marianne Snuzzle Wilson:

Lie magnets to the two you have, perhaps they'll draw others.

Dear Mrs. Watt A. Life:

I sure got some problem. How is a fellow going to study when he always thinks about a girl.—he can't concentrate at all.

R. B.

P.S.—For gosh sakes, don't put my name after this in the Blue and White, or Ruth will be fallin' in love with me.

Dear Rusty:

I wouldn't give you away for anything! I advise you to apply Doctor Barker's concentration theory—or marry the girl—that *should* cure you!

Page Seventy-Two

My Dear Mrs. Life:

My young man like me very much and I like him very much (tee hee!), and quite often he comes to our house for supper. But the trouble is that my young man won't eat anything but spinach, which my father dislikes spinach very much. (it gets tangled in his whiskers—last time we had it he ate half a yard of his whiskers by mistake), and says that he will not allow my mother to cook any more spinach. Besides this, grandma is always getting sand from the spinach under her false teeth and insists upon removing them at the table, and wiping them off on the table cloth—which is very embarrassing, especially if you have a young man at the table.

What am I to do? If we don't have spinach my young man won't come to see me any more, and if we do, it will break up our home. Now I am just a young girl (34 last August), and I need the help of some wise (?) person like yourself. Which shall it be? Spinach or Home?

Jessie de Carr

Dear Erskine—(alias Jessie de Carr):

Feed them all spaghetti.

(Continued on Page Seventy-Seven)

You are cordially invited to attend the

SPRING FROLIC

Annual Dinner Dance

of the

Walkerville Collegiate Alumni

at the

PRINCE EDWARD HOTEL

the evening of

Monday, March 28th, 1932

Informal

Five Minute Interviews

(Continued from Page Forty)

JOHN CONSIDINE

1. Keep on leaving school.
2. Miss McWhorter.
3. Ballyhoo.
4. Reading Ballyhoo.
5. Went out every night cause I had no homework.

LOUISE O'NEIL

1. Be a dietician.
2. Joe E. Brown.
3. "Little Women".
4. Riding.
5. Kept House.

ERNEST CREED

1. Get as far away from it as possible.
2. Peggy Shannon.
3. Detroit Telephone Directory.
4. Passing plug nickels.
5. Sold "Eye Openers" to the Blind Institute.

MARY HEIN

1. Take jewelry making.
2. Charlie Chase.
3. Little Red Riding Hood.
4. Swimming.
5. Received formal initiation—and how!



ERSKINE MORDEN

1. I have a place reserved in the old people's home.
2. Since she is neither Greta Garbo or Minnie the Moocher, the question is of little importance.
3. Heck! why should I tell you? They pay people for testimonials.
4. Playing o x with Ted B. in study with Miss McWhorter as referee.
5. Divided my time equally between following a one-horse cultivator and a small white ball.

MIGNON KLING

1. Learn something.
2. Mickey Mouse.
3. Dad's Checkbook.
4. Reading diaries.
5. Was sunkist.

BOB EASTON

1. Be a lawyer.
2. Belinda.
3. "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
4. Hockey.
5. Swam.

BETTY COLTHURST

1. Work in the W. P. L.
2. That would be telling.
3. French reader.
4. Stamping books.
5. Laboured at the Library.

E. M. R.

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Advice To The Lovelorn

(Continued from Page Seventy-Two)

Dear Mrs. Life:

I am handsome. I have a sport roadster and I use listerine, but I am unable to attract the opposite sex. What do you think is the matter?

Hector

Dear Hector:

I recognized you immediately Miss Sinclair—I advise you to buy one of those bugle call auto horns and play, "Come to the Cookhouse Door, Boys."

That'll get 'em.

Dear Mrs. Watt A. Life:

The other night when I went out with my boy friend, I promised Mamma that I would be home at 4 a.m., but we had a blow-out and didn't get back till five. Mamma was terribly angry and threatened to cut off my allowance. Don't you think she is old-fashioned?

Sadie Snodgrass

Darling Sadie (M.C.):

Very old-fashioned! Mothers can't expect their daughters to come home and go to bed at 2 or 3 a.m., when the evening has hardly begun, but for goodness sakes don't trip over the milk bottles!

Dear Mrs. Watt A. Life:

If your girl was beautiful, intelligent, popular, and heiress to a million, do you think I should marry her?

Ray Zerblade

Dear John Considine Zerblade:

Not if she were MY girl!

Dear Mrs. Life:

Up to two months ago, I used to have a date every morning, noon, and night. But now not one boy asks me for a date and I have to sit home with my family.

What am I to do?

Dear Speedy—?:

Even though your best friends won't tell you, have you ever thought of halitoses?

Dear Mrs. What-a-life:

For the last year I have suffered. Insomnia was nothing compared to what I have. I can't sleep.

The problem arising is Love (beh heb). I love a girl (or think I do) immensely but fate is unkind. She is for another. What am I to do? Every time I have a date the other fellow shows up and I am placed in a very embarrassing position. Please help me. I beseech you with eyes in tears.

Robert Forsaken in Love Van Wagoner.

Answer: Try arsenic-on Ruffy!

(Ye Ed's Note.—We shall be liable to no libel actions—we refer you to Mrs. Watt A. Life for recompense, if any.)

—E.M.R.

The Autogiro

(Continued from Page Seventy-One)

signed to absorb the extra shock of vertical landings.

However, all these things are merely elementary details, resulting from the characteristic of design which gives this type of aircraft its name, the rotor, or windmill, as it is called. The four blades of the rotor are attached to a hub by means of universal joints, which allow them to move in any direction but do not let them rotate, that is around the longitudinal axis of each blade. The rotor is attached to the engine through a clutch, which is used to start it turning before taking off. After the rotor is turning at about 80 or 90 r.p.m. the clutch is disengaged, to be used no more during the flight. At 80 r.p.m., the centrifugal force is great enough to keep the blades in their proper position, approximately at right angles to the shaft of the hub. It is this great centrifugal force which keeps the autogiro aloft, as it acts against the lift of the rotors, which tend to fold up together perpendicularly.

The autogiro has great safety factors, because of its ability to fly at very slow speeds. If it loses flying speed, it does not stall and spin, but merely settles, while the downward motion speeds up the rotor. This type is particularly useful in getting out of small fields, as it will clear a 100 foot obstruction in 260 feet. Due to its capability for very slow flight and its ease of control, it is bound to become popular for private use. It has also been stated that the autogiro would be very useful in fighting forest fires because of its strange properties. I sincerely believe that the autogiro is the up-and-coming aircraft and that it will swiftly gain favor. Will it supercede the airplane?

Ted Bacon, VA.

Page Seventy-Seven

The Cosmopolitan Newspaper

L'Elève—Cher Professeur, je voudrais bien savoir
 Converser en français, en classe.
 Le temps est court, pourquoi tant de devoirs?
 Pourquoi toujours des paperasses?

Teacher—My dear, in the approaching examination,
 You cannot speak through the whole painful operation.

L'Elève—Nous lisons quelquefois de beaux romans
 Qui sont écrits en bon français.
 Les lire devrait être intéressant;
 Mais nous les lisons en anglais!

Teacher—My gracious, dear, French were your clear
 damnation.
 You must write English in the examination.

L'Elève—Toujours, toujours ces règles de gram-
 maire
 Si difficiles à observer.
 Hélas! Nous ne savons jamais qu'en faire.
 Nous en sommes bien tracassés.

Teacher—Good Heavens, child, use ratiocination.
 That's a main feature of the examination.
 —Margot Goodrich
 et al

Translation au W.C.I.

J'ai raison et il a tort—I have raisins and he
 has tarts.

Hors d'oeuvre—Out of work.

Hors de combat—War horse.

Notre voisin est mort d'une congestion pulmo-
 naire—Our neighbour died from a crush in a pull-
 man car.

Avec Mademoiselle Robbins!

Miss Robbins—Translate into French: "She
 kissed her friend."

Bob Raven (after a moment's thought)—Elle
 donna à son amie ce que une fille donne à son
 garçon ami.

Miss Robbins—Translate "Il avait été perdu par
 l'usage immodéré de l'eau de feu."

Maxwell Baker (hesitatingly)—He had been
 ruined by the immoderate use of hot water.

Miss Robbins—Translate "C'était une enfant à
 l'école qui lisait."

Wilfred Ingles—It was a school child who was
 lisping.

Miss Robbins—Not "lisping."

Wilfred (brightly)—It was a school child who
 stuttered.

Hollandsche Post

De Hollanders zyn wereld bekend als zeevaarders,
 en ook als waterbowk undigen. In deze laatste
 hoedanigheid, is het dat men nu in kortetyd een
 aardig stukje land ryker zal worden nl: by de
 afsutting en droog maaking der zuiderzee. Tot dit
 doeleinde moet er een dyk gemaakt worden, 30
 K.M. lang, om de drooggemaakte polder tegen den
 onstuimigen baren van den Noordzee te beschermen.

Page Seventy-Eight

loen ik de Zuiderzeewerken bezocht in 1928,
 waren er ongeveer 10 K.M. van der afsluitdyk
 compleet. De volgende cyfers zullen. Ueen idee
 van dezen ontzaglyken dyk geven. Het hoogste
 punt.

Der dyk is altyd 3½ M. boven den hoogsten
 stormvloedsstand in zee zoodat het water nooit
 over den dyk zal kunnen slaan. Aan de biennen-
 zyde komt een 30 M. Breede binnen berm, voor een
 verkeersweg, dubbel trein spoor en rywielpad. Het
 materiaal waaruit de dyk bestaat is voornamelyk
 keiken, een taai grondstof, date van den Zuider-
 zeebodem opgebagert wordt. Dan wordthy, order
 als wel als boven water bekleed met steenglooingen
 van basalt en bloksteen. Binnen den afsluitdyk
 zullen vier gedeelten worden ingedykt en droogge-
 maakt, waarby een groote watervlakte, vooloopig
 het Ysselmeer genoemd, zal overbylyven. Voor de
 loozing van het Ysselmeer, zullen worden gebouwd
 25 nitwateringsluizen, elk 12 M. wyd. Bovendien
 zyn er ook schutsluizen om de scheepvaart in stand
 te houden. Men rekent er op, het gheele plan in
 1952 afgewerkt te hebben, en dan zal Nederland
 225000 H. A. land verkregen hebben, dit zynde
 ongeveer 7% van de totale en 10% van de
 bebouwbare oppervlakte.

—Ed Whitney

Der Patter of Der Shingles

When der angry passions gadding in my mudder's
 face I see.

Und she leads me in der pedrom, shendly lays me
 on her knee.

Den I know dot I vill catch it, und my flesh in
 fancy itches.

As I listen for der patter of der shingle on my
 breeches.

Efery tinkle of der shingle has an echo und a sdng,
 Und a dousand burning fancies indo active being
 spring.

Und a dousand bees and hornets need my coadail
seem to schwarm.

As I feel der patter of der shingle, oh, so varm.

In a spludder comes mine fadder—whom I supposed
had gone—

Do survey der skiduvation, und tell her to lay it on,
Do see her bending o'er me as I lissen do der
strain

Blayed by her and by der shingle in a vild und
weird refrain.

In a sudden indermission, vich appears my only
shance,

I say, "Shtride shendly, mudder, or you vill shplit
my Sunday pants!"

She shtops a moment, draws her breath, der shingle
holds aloft.

Und says, "I had not thought of dot—mine son,
shust dake dem off."

Oh, lofeing, tender mercy, cast dhy pitying glance
down;

Und dhou, oh vamily docter, put a good, soft
boullice on:

Und may I mit vools und dunces afderward co-
mingle

If I efer say anudder word ven my mudder weilds
der shingle.

Infelex Dido

Olim Aeneas Troianus, cum Troia ab Graecis capta esset, ad urbem condendam profectus est. In via Karthaginem venit ubi Dido, regina pulcherrima, regnabit. Hunc vero Dido, benigne accepit quod Iuppiter rex deorumque hominumque Mercurium miserat ut novae arces Karthaginis hospitio Teucris paterent Venus autem, Aeneae mater, verita ne in asperae Iuonis urbe filio noceretur effecit ut Dido magno amore Aeneae incenderetur. Quibus rebus perceptis Iuno, cum facultatem sibi oblatam esse Troianos disiungendi longe ab Italis oris intellexeret, hunc amorem probavit.

Sed Irabas, rex Mauretaniae cuius amorem Dido spreverat, auxilium ab Iove petivit. Iuppiter, pater omnipotens, precibus auditis cum amantes fatorum oblitus vidisset Mercurio misso ut Aeneas ab moenibus regis discederet et statim ad Italiam profisceretur imperavit. Quid reginae diceret? Fatis parendum est. Pius Aeneas occulte profisci parabat. Sed Dido, cognitis eius consiliis, nescia quid faceret eum accensis vocibus adlocuta est. Saepe atque eius amorem et dextram quondam datam imploravit. Per lacrimas et per fidem ut ista mente exuta, secum moraretur oravit. Frustra Pius Aeneas viam datam fatis mutare noluit et, Mercurio auctore, mane ab oris Karthaginis ad Italianaves solvit ne, regina accensa, omnis facultas effugiendi amitteretur. Tum Dido infelix perditaeque, spe defiecta ipsa sua manu periit.

—Bill Fritz

Die Stadt der Musik

Wien (Vienna), die Hauptstadt Oesterreichs ist sicherlich eine der schoensten Staedte de Welt wenn nicht die allerschoenste. Mehr noch als durch den landschaftlichen Reiz seiner Lage und Umgebung un dder Pracht seiner historischen Gebaueude ist Wien jedoch durch seine Kunst bekannt. Es nimmt seit Jahrhunderten eine fuehrende Stelle in der Musikwelt ein und erstaunt immer wieder durch die Unerschoepflichkeit, mit welcher es Urheber unvergaenglicher Meisterwerke hervorbringt.

Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven und Schubert haben in Wien ihrer Kunst gelebt. Als Epigonen dieser unsterblichen Klassiker reihen sich ihnen wuerdig Hugo Wolf, Bruch, Brahms, Bruckner und Goldmark an, waehrend Richard Strauss, Wilhelm Kienzl, Arnold Schoenberg, und viele andere noch leben un dem musikalischen Leben von Wien ihren Stempel aufdruecken. Die Muse der leichten Musik hat Wien einen Suppe, einen Johann Strauss, einen Lanner, einen Lehar, Fall un Oskar Strauss geschenkt, deren Musik den Ruhm ihrer Heimatsstadt in die weite Welt trug und sich alle Herzen im Sturme eroberte. Von ausuebenden Kuenstlern sind besonders Fritz Kreisler, der Violinist, und Maria Jeritza, die beruehmte Saengerin, der Mitwelt hinlaenglich bekannt.

In der Staatsoper besitzt Wien ein sowohl architektonisch, als auch zweckmaessig hervorragendes Institut, welches ausschliesslich der Wiedergabe von dramatischen Tonwerken gewidmet ist. Ein Orchester von 120 Mann, von denen jeder einzelne ein hervorragender Kuenstler ist, besitzt den Ruf, das klangvollste und bedeutendste der ganzen Welt zu sein. Ausser der Staatsoper ruehrt sich Wien, weiterer sechs Theater, welche ausschliesslich die Wiedergabe musikalischer Werke pflegen. Fuer Konzertzwecke stehen praechtige Konzerthallen zur Verfuegung, welche allabendlich hervorragenden Kuenstlern, oder Chor- und Orchester-vereinigungen Gelegenheit bieten, der musikliebenden Bevoelkerung von Wien und seinen Gaesten unvergesslichen Genuss zu bereiten.

Mignon Kling.



A qui est-ce le petit portemonnaie?

Il est à Mademoiselle Cooney?

Society Notes

(Continued from Page Twenty-Eight)

Many of our graduates who attend out-of-town schools were home spending the Christmas holidays with their parents. Among them were Miss Helen MacArthur from Michigan, Miss Mary McGregor and Miss Betty Duck from Bishop Strachan School, Miss Elizabeth Dixon from Varsity, Miss Ruth Howe from Albion, Mr. Robert Critchell from Dartmouth, Mr. Neil McClymot from Queen's, and Mr. Bud Trimble from Western.

On Monday evening, December the twenty-eighth, Miss Marnie Griggs entertained at her home on Willstead Crescent for her cousin, Miss Betty Collins, a former student of Walkerville.

Miss Ina Carthew entertained delightfully at a bridge tea at her home on Wednesday afternoon, December the thirtieth.

Undoubtedly one of the most successful events of the year was the "Kids' Party," given by the Beta Chi fraternity at the Essex County Golf and Country Club on Wednesday evening, December the thirteenth. For once everybody forgot their grown-up manners and lapsed back into childish ways. We noticed little girls, skipping about, their hair in ringlets, tied with becoming hair-bows, wearing very short full dresses and short socks. Many of the boys were dressed in rompers, shorts and Eaton collars. Among those present were Miss Gladys Adams, Miss Jean Reid, Miss Marianne Wilson, Miss Margaret Cody, Miss Eleanor Menard, Miss Lillian Menard, Miss Betty Wright, Miss Margaret McLean, Miss Gail Ferriss and Miss Joan Ferriss, Mr. Harry Bennett, Mr. Falconer Gauthier, Mr. "Dick" Johnston, Mr. Rutherford Clarkson, Mr. John Stephenson, Mr. Jack O'Connell, Mr. Watson Coatsworth, Mr. Stewart Watson, Mr. Arnold Harrison, Mr. Jim Ronson and Mr. John Considine.

Miss Margaret McLean entertained at the tea hour on Thursday afternoon, December the thirty-first for her house guest, Miss Marjorie Duff, of St. Thomas.

Miss Marianne Wilson entertained at a mixed bridge party at her home in Riverside on Thursday evening, January the second.

Page Eighty

Miss Mary Hein entertained at a lovely tea on Sunday afternoon, January the third.

Miss Norma Atkinson spent the latter part of the holidays visiting her sister in Fort Thomas, Kentucky.

A delightful innovation of last year which was carried on this year is the dances held in the "gym" after W.O.S.S.A. basketball games. It provides excellent recreation for us poor tired students after a week of toil. We appreciate the leniency of the "Board" in this matter and hope they continue to look with favour on our Friday nights in the "gym." We are pleased to note that a few of the other schools of the Border have seen fit to return our hospitality.



An event of interest to the Walkerville Collegiate staff and students was the marriage of Miss Joan Hickman, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hickman, to Mr. Fred Shepherd, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shepherd. The marriage took place quietly Wednesday evening, January 27th at St. Aidan's. Both Joan and Fred are former students here. Best wishes Joan— — Congratulations Fred!

The Dramatic Society, we hear, are going to sponsor a novel informal dance for the Blue and White—at least the proceeds is to be turned over for its use—welcome news! The dance is to take the form of a leap year entertainment—with the girls getting the breaks just for once. For one night we girls will have our precious toes trod on only by preference! Each girl must ask a boy to come with her, but the boys aren't getting even—it's a Dutch treat! Any boy discovered being so bold as to ask a girl to dance with him will be fined one dime. Wonder how the boys will like being wall flowers—or will there be any? Anyway let's whoop her up girls and show 'em how it's done!

—Joan Ferriss

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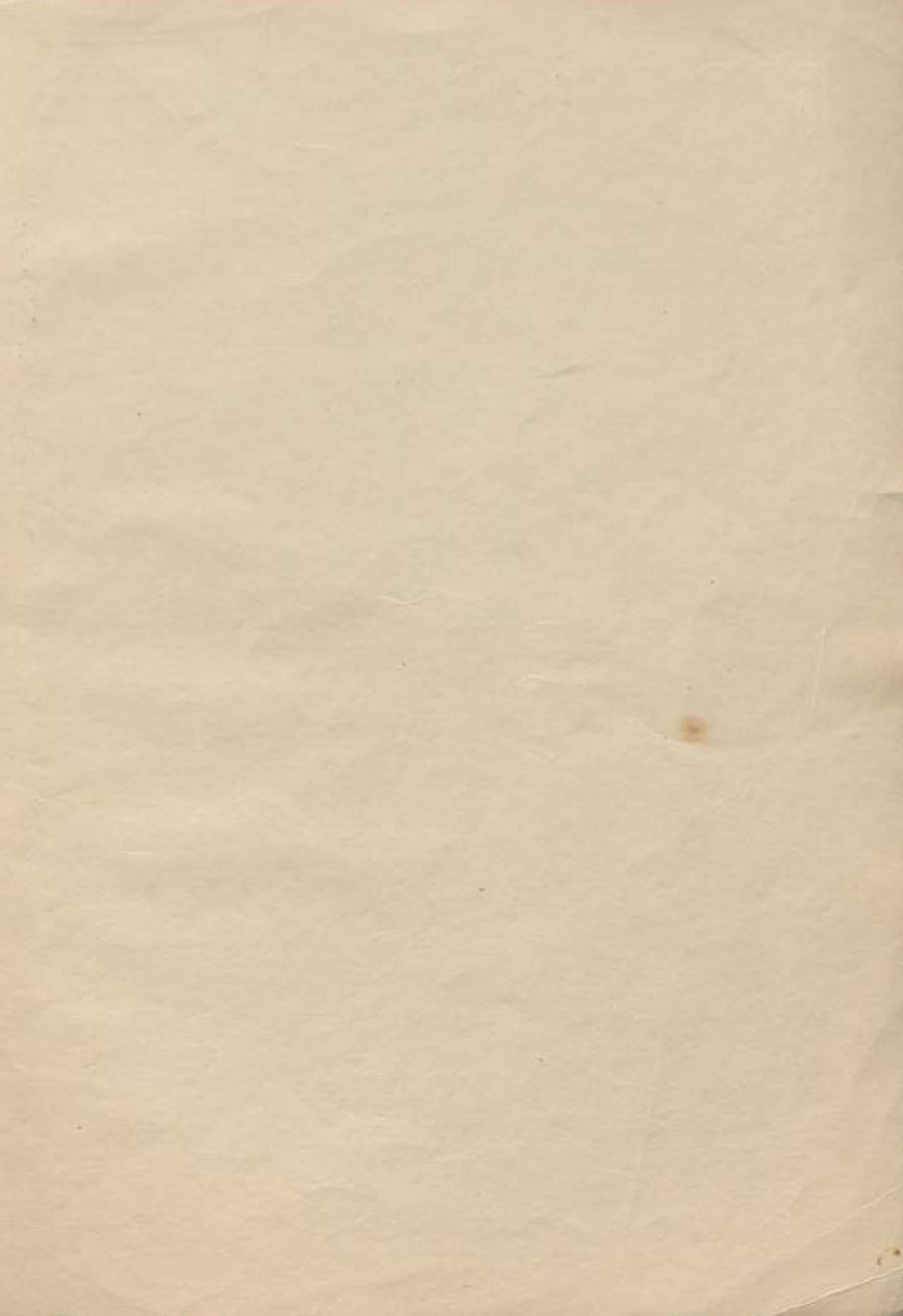
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In..... Montezuma's Day Cocoa Beans *were used as Money*

THE value of the cocoa bean was appreciated in Mexico long before the discovery of America. The Spaniard found there a beverage, known in Aztec as "chocolate"—from *choco* (cocoa) and *lath* (water). The Emperor Montezuma was exceedingly fond of it and is said to have consumed many jars or pitchers daily himself and his household 2,000 jars.

Cocoa beans in sacks containing a specified number were used as currency for the payment of taxes, purchase of slaves, etc. In fact the Aztecs valued the cocoa beans even more highly than gold.

Chocolate was introduced to Spain which country long tried to hold it from other nations, but of course failed, and by the 17th century its use had spread through Europe.

Cocoa beans are grown in West Africa, the West Indies, Ceylon and other countries. In making Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate only the finest cocoa beans are employed and these are blended by Neilson's experts, then roasted, ground and milled by special processes to give that smooth, rich, matchless flavor that makes Neilson's Jersey Milk the best milk chocolate made.

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