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Blue & White
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Blue and White

MAY - 1941

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Greetings

To All at Walkerville Collegiate:

Throughout a long and persistent illness, I have missed my many pleasant associations at the Collegiate. However, I have followed with a great deal of interest reports and news items of your varied activities and I know that this school year has been a pleasant and profitable one for you.

Please accept my most grateful thanks for the many kindnesses you have shown me during my illness.

Yours very sincerely,

J. L. McNAUGHTON.

Message from Mr. Ball

In many respects this has been a trying year for Walkerville Collegiate. When school opened in September we felt the loss of Major O'Brien and Lieut. White who had enlisted.

Then on September 27 our beloved principal, Mr. J. L. McNaughton, was forced to leave us on account of illness. However, we are glad to learn that he is improving and that he will soon be with us again. Since Christmas two more of our teachers, Lieut. S. Bull and Lieut. Ian Allison have enlisted and are training at Camp Borden. Our records also show that 101 of our students or graduates are now serving in the active forces—76 of these are in the R. C. A. F. We are proud of the fact that so many have enlisted and are doing "their bit", and I am certain that those who remain here feel that they must "carry on" and uphold the high standard set by previous students and teachers of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute. We have always been proud of our school, and we are going to do our best to uphold its fine traditions and record.

W. N. BALL.

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: Herb Todgham, Norm Crapper, Eddie Roemmele, Jack Panabaker, Mr. Ball, Amy Jean Luxford, Joyce Whipple, Judy Davies, Katherine Nestuik.
Second Row: Elinor Henry, Stan Butcherd, Ronny Doidge, Ray Pillon, Vernal German, Ralph Cole, Mark Boyd, Charlie Cox, Dave Bruce, Maxine Young, Edna Goadby.
Third Row: 'Gabby' Strickland, Audrey Owen, Grace McPherson, Walter White, Jack Graham, Mary Gregory, Margaret Gibson, Yvonne Weston, Winnie Samson.

Blue and White Staff

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Assistant Editors - Joyce Whipple, Eddie Roemmele

Business Manager - Jack Panabaker

Advertising Managers - Norman Crapper, Herbert Todgham

Treasurer - Mr. W. N. Ball

Society Editor - Judith Davies

Sports Editors - Betty Stewart, Ronny Doidge.

Form Reporters

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9E—Mary Gregory; 9F—Grace McPherson; 10A—Yvonne Weston;
10B—Elaine Browne; 10C—Gordon White; 10D—Shirley Conkey;
10E—Margaret Gibson; 10F—Beth Crittenden; 11A—Huber Strickland;
11B—Ray Pillon; 11C—Edna Goadby; 11D—Charles Cox; 11E—Jack Graham;
11F—Mark Boyd; 11G—Doug St. Denis; 12A—Audrey Owen; 12B—Betty Jamieson;
12C—Arline Roszell; 12D—Bob Harrison; 12E—Bill Flint;
13A—Herb Todgham; 13B—Vernal German; 13C—Dave Bruce.



DURING these dark days of war, changes have been wrought in everything, and this school is no exception. It has meant the keenly felt loss of Mr. O'Brien, Mr. White, and most recently Mr. Allison. Another blow to Walkerville C. I. has been dealt in the temporary loss of Mr. McNaughton. But so ably has Mr. Ball taken over, that few must realize how difficult Mr. Ball's task has been.

To the boys, the war has meant an opportunity to serve their country in some branch of the armed forces. We are proud of them, and are sure that they will also give Canada cause to be proud of them. It is unfortunate, however, that many more boys leave school for this reason, without finishing their education, forgetting that, as future civilians after the war, they will be called upon to create a world which is not ruled by greed, hate and jealousy.

To the girls, the call to service also sounds. Although their tasks are less spectacular, they are equally important. They must work behind the scenes providing for those in the front lines. Many students keep their knitting needles clicking and their needles flying to provide comforts for those in need. They must also fit themselves to occupy increasingly important places in the sphere of civilian life, filling up the gaps left by absent men.

A worthy challenge has been put forth to the people of Canada! On how they respond depends the life of the next generation. Let every student prepare himself well during his school days to do his part, in order that the democratic, humanitarian way of life may emerge from this trial, stronger and more secure.

AMY JEAN LUXFORD.

Teaching Staff



Front Row: Miss Tape, Miss Tunks, Miss Robbins, Miss McLaren, Mr. Ball, Miss Dickey, Miss Bergoine, Miss Auld, Miss Brown.
Middle Row: Miss Murdock, Jean McCallum, Miss Saunders, Miss Evans, Mr. Allison, Mr. Hartford, Mr. Young, Mr. Bunt, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Ryder, Miss McGrath, Miss Post.
Back Row: Mr. Beckley, Mr. Klinck, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Breeze, Mr. Malania, Mr. McLeod, Mr. Burr, Mr. Hugill, Mr. Swanson, Mr. Forman, Mr. Trussler, Mr. Davies.

Acknowledgements

The staff of the Blue and White wish to express their appreciation to all those who contributed to the magazine.

To Mr. Ball we are grateful for his patience and helpfulness in every department. Our difficulties have been immeasurably lessened, too, by the inexhaustible patience of Mr. Fred and Mr. Ernest Creed.

Miss Dickey, Mr. Malania, Miss Evans, Miss Post and Miss McLaren spent many evenings criticizing material.

Miss Auld's gracious assistance was of great value to the art department.

PAGE TEN

We thank those English teachers who contributed class periods in order that the students might write articles.

To Bob McDonald, Jack Panabaker and John Kerr, we owe many excellent pictures.

We sincerely appreciate the efforts of those girls who spent many hours typing the material.

We owe much to our energetic class representatives who spurred their classmates to greater efforts.

It has been a pleasure to work with such a co-operative staff and to have such a responsive student body.

—Editor.

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: Maxine Young, Betty Giles, Ralph Cole, Mr. Hartford, Judy Davies, Ruth McGuire, Dorothy Smith.
Back Row: Charlie Cherrie, Bev. Lounsberry, Ray Pilon, Jack Panabaker, Murray Binkley, Eddie Roemmele, Bruce Soper, Norm Crapper, Bill Crapper, Joyce Whipple.

AGORA

The Agora this year was composed mainly of newcomers to the society. Judy Davies, a former member, was installed as president. Ralph Cole, vice-president and Joyce Whipple secretary, were elected by the Agora as her assistants.

Many Agora cards were sold in the fall and for this the members received a free Tea Dance and a Football Game. The Agora undertook to send cigarettes to our Alumnae overseas, and aided the school in the purchase of a War Bond.

The society purchased athletic crests for the school and the graduation pins.

The two annual dances, the Santa Strut and the Gamblers' Gamble, were staged successfully. We are now looking forward to the big Military Ball in May.

As in previous years the Agora is ready to consider any ideas advanced by the students. We thank the teachers who have helped us so cheerfully, especially Mr. Hartford, and everyone who has helped make the society a success.

Ralph Cole.

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: Evelyn Aurey, Joe Hong, Mr. Burr, Miss Robins, Judy Davies,
Ruth McGuire.
Centre Row: Betty Green, Jean Young, Ruth McInnis, Betty Samson, Annette King.
Back Row: Harry Brown, Andy Boyd, Ed. Cummings, Aurel Botosan,
Jack Leighton.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB NEWS

The Dramatic Club has been particularly active this year, especially the junior branch. As always, the executive is elected early in October. The 1940 executive is as follows: Hon. President, Miss Evangeline Robbins; Pres., Judith Davies; Vice Pres., Martha Vance; Secretary, Betty Samson; Treasurer, Frances Tape.

The third form students gave an excellent play entitled "The Columbine Club on the Air" at the graduation exercises, and it won such praise and comment that it was repeated at the Windsor Theatre Guild. The entire story took place in a broadcasting studio. A club of noisy women gave a dramatic skit and several musical selections on the air, and Pat Bordeau's song, "After the Ball is Over", was about the most clever bit of acting we have seen in W. C. I. for years. A grand and glorious argument between Barbara Sale and Helen Ferlick

took place; the two compromised finally and laid the complete blame on the radio announcer, Ray Pillon. The women left in fury, vowing never to return to the studio again. At that point the poor, bewildered announcer collapsed.

"Archibald" was a play with an all-girl cast. A study-room of a Girls' School was the setting and the story was centered around a dear little girl, Joyce Lane, who bragged continually about her brother Archibald. When the day came for Archibald to visit the school, poor Joyce was frantic, and confided in her trustworthy friend, Marjorie Pollock, that Archibald was just a child of six. Marjorie finally consented to disguise herself as Archibald. Well, there was quite a mix-up and when the real Archibald arrived a few minutes after the imposter, the situation became even more complicated. Things gradually got straightened out and all the girls loved

(Continued on page 81)



Front Row: Enid Greenhalf, Eva McGuire, Elizabeth Galbraith.
Back Row: Robert Charlton, Joe Hong.

ORATORY

Our heartiest congratulations to this year's orators! The seniors were not very well represented in numbers, but showed no lack of ability. The winner of the senior boys was Don Mitchell, who gave as his main address "Ships and Their Romance", and as his impromptu "The Royal Air Force". Joe Hong, the runner-up, spoke on "Nazi Germany" and "My Pet".

The senior girl winner was Elizabeth Galbraith, a newcomer to Walkerville Collegiate. She entered the contest at the last minute, but gave a really excellent speech on "Russia — To-day and Yesterday". Her impromptu was "An Allowance". Eva McGuire came a close

second in this contest with her talk on "Prejudice, Public Enemy Number One".

Unfortunately, neither of the senior winners was able to enter the city contest, but even then, the school was well represented by the runners-up.

The juniors showed the right spirit this year with seven girls and six boys entering the contest. Enid Greenhalf, speaking on "Precious Stones", received the laurels for a second time this year. She chose as her impromptu "The Best Way to Get Your Homework Done". Marjorie Pollock, a first-former, came second with her talk on "Farm Girls Who Became Famous."

(Continued on page 81)

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BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: Albert Angus, Jim Jenkins, Charlie Cherrie, Norm Crapper, Mr. Allison, Bob Weir, Richard Ryan, Bill Crapper, Wilfred McConnell.
Middle Row: Walter White, "Mac" Hawkins, Ronny Payne, Stewart Odell, Mark Boyd, Don Hand, Max Koval, Aurel Botosan, John Couchman.
Back Row: Bob Miller, Warren Small, Al Leslie, Ted Bartlett, Donald Sparrow, Jack Fry, Bob Forrow.

The W. C. I. Orchestra

This year Mr. Malania went about his usual task of gathering young musicians to play in this group. But his task was not an easy one. Most of the players of former years had graduated, and also because of the decrease in enrollment, there were not many players to choose from. With the help of some students, however, music "propaganda" was written on the blackboards of different classrooms. This effort was a success, and soon practices began.

The orchestra played at several assemblies during the first term, but its first main appearance was at the annual commencement exercises in this school. The two selections were well played, and being satisfied, we began preparing for the events of 1941.

We were asked to play several times at the first of the year. Our appearance at the naturalist lecture of the Young Men's Club of Lincoln Road United Church was a success and our efforts were rewarded by the kind letters we

received. We assisted at the presentation of the school play just before beginning practices for the Music Festival.

Our showing at the Music Festival was really equal in all respects to those of former years.

We played two serious numbers: "The Messiah" by Handel, and "Come, Sweet Death" by Bach. We ended our part of the program by playing "Victory Song" by one of W. C. I.'s former students, Lillian Bull Sinclair. The orchestra put its very heart into these selections and the result was a beautiful combination of tone and harmony.

Inspired by this feat, the members of the orchestra are trying for much greater successes in the future. The orchestra now is better than it has been for some time, and because of this we are planning a concert to be presented next fall. We hope that in that concert we will make a name for ourselves in the annals of secondary school music.

Ray Pillon, Manager.

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: Dorothy Allworth, Diana Taylor, Hilda Sheppard, Claire Bontront, Sylvia Sherbank, Irene Kulman, Miss Saunders, Margaret McIntosh, Joan Henderson, Corine Howarth, Ruby Owens, Jean Scott, Marie Bell, Katherine Nestuik.

Second Row: Shirley Sales, Grace McPherson, Margaret Buchanan, Jacqueline Tillson, Louise Digby, Doris Turner, Beth Brock, Doris Broadley, Helen Ferlick, Olga Hawreluk, Barbara Ogg, Charleene Naylor, Dorothy Woods, Jean Johnson, Ruth Johnson, Jeannette Ogg, Peggy Lyons, Muriel Emery.

Back Row: Freda Medel, Madeline Bontront, Elizabeth Gerassimoff, Vera Moran, Sylvia Gengebach, Merilyn Johnson, Margaret Clark, Betty Brule, Betty Wright, Rhoda McArthur, Ruth Gooby, Maxine Young, Betty Moffatt, Shirley Gibb, Edith Metcalf, Lucile Bontront, Lillian Hulse, Alice Kolmis, Harriette Weston, Alice Menard, Dorothy Stewart.

THE GIRLS' CHOIR

The Girls' Choir has taken part in many performances during the year and much of their success is due to their most efficient conductor, Miss O. Saunders. In spite of the early discords the final results justified much patient practicing.

Every Monday at 4.05 the girls gathered in Room 301 and practised until 4.45 or occasionally until 5 o'clock. The attendance was very large at first with approximately eighty-five members. The credit, however, goes to the fifty girls who are left and who attended practices during examinations and came every night for almost two weeks to rehearse for the Musical Festival.

The first appearance of the Girl's Choir was at the Commencement. The numbers were, "Serenade", by Schubert

and "Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet". Between scenes at the play "Why Worry" the Girls Choir entertained the audience with "Serenade" and "It's Tulip Time in Holland" by Whiting. The last and best performance was at the Secondary Schools Musical Festival held in our auditorium, in which the girls sang a very long and difficult selection, "Waltz", from the opera "Faust", by Gounod, and a short, pretty number, "It's Tulip Time in Holland". Before this performance Miss Saunders was presented with a beautiful corsage of red carnations and box of chocolates.

Having concluded a most successful season, the girls are now looking forward to a party as a reward for their efforts. Do not be surprised if you hear the Walkerville Girls' Choir singing over the radio some evening soon.

Margaret McIntosh.

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: Jim Hawreluk, Elmore Wilson, Albert Schaljo, Miss Saunders, Phyllis Wright, Dan Kozakar, George Smadu.
Middle Row: Frank Hull, Ian Wilkie, George Moll, Jack Morris, Stan Butcherd, Bob Green, Jack Smale, Bill Crapper.
Back Row: Claire Atkinson, Richard Ryan, Fred Hawkesworth, Mark Boyd, Max Koval, Brock Jones, Norm Crapper, Aurel Botosan.

THE BOYS' CHOIR

The Boys' Choir has had a very successful season. Some twenty-four boys joined the choir in September, and have attended practices at noon on Mondays and Wednesdays until the end of April.

The first public appearance was at graduation exercises in December when they sang 'The Changing of the Guard', and "Sing Me a Chantey with a Yo-Heave Ho" by G. Wellesley.

In February the boys sang when the Senior Dramatic Society presented their play "Why Worry". Their songs were "La Cucaracha" and "When Day is Done".

At the Musical Festival in March the choir fairly shone when they sang "Strike Up the Band" and by singing "When Day is Done", much better than previously.

Much credit is due the choir leader, Miss Saunders, who has ceaselessly devoted her time and patience to making the Boys' Choir a bigger and better success than in previous years; also to their fine accompanist, Miss Phyllis Wright.

* * *

An old maid is like a fisherman—they both tell about the big ones that got away.

* * *

Father took his small son to church. At one stage of the service the clergyman announced: "We shall sing hymn number two hundred and twenty-two, 'Ten thousand times ten thousand.' Two hundred and twenty-two."

The puzzled lad nudged his father. "Dad," he whispered, "Do we have to work this out?"

* * *

"The man who marries my daughter will get a prize."

"Can I see it, please?"



Candid Shots



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MY TRIP ABROAD

By Keith Wilmshurst

Four years ago this August I was fortunate in being able to visit England and Western Europe, and in seeing much of the architectural beauty of that part of the world.

Much of this has now been laid waste by war, never again to be rebuilt in its former way. It is because of this I wish to write of what I then saw.

My mother and I sailed on the Queen Mary out of New York harbour into the Atlantic ocean. The trip across the ocean took four and a half days. We landed at Southampton and took a train to London. On our tour of London we visited Westminster Abbey, which dates back to 1066 and was finished in 1932. St. Paul's Cathedral whose dome is three hundred and sixty-five feet high, the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben. We saw the Tower of London and the old moat surrounding the tower, which used to be filled with water, but is now used for playing soccer. The shimmering crown jewels were in the tower and could be seen for a shilling, but of course they were heavily guarded.

One of the most interesting sights was the changing of the guard, which takes place at Buckingham Palace at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. each day. There are the Grenadier Guards, who have a white plume, the Irish Guards who have a blue plume, and the Coldstream who have a red plume. Their red coats with gold braid and their horses are the most beautiful I have ever seen. They form in squares and the guard who has been on duty rides up in front of all the rest and passes the key over to the guard going on duty.

Another interesting place was Madame Tussaud's Wax Works. In this four storey building were wax models of all the people of importance in the world. They were so realistic that at times you would think they were speaking to you.

We went to the north of England on the train, which was much different from ours. They looked like toy trains painted in bright colours, and the interiors were made into separate compartments.

We crossed the English Channel on a boat not any larger than one of the ferries which cross the Detroit river. As we neared France we could see the chalk cliffs at Calais, and very shortly we landed at LeHavre. Paris, to me, was not an impressive city. Its streets are narrow and dirty and most of the buildings of very ancient architecture. One place of importance, the Eiffel Tower, 984 feet high, was built in 1889, and contains 700 million pieces of steel. The platform holds 800 people at the top of the tower, and it takes forty minutes to go up or down by elevator.

The Arc de Triomphe is a very wonderful arch built in the centre of the city, to honour Napoleon. It is wide enough for an aeroplane to fly through; in fact in 1924 an American did fly through, much against the rules of the city, and consequently was prosecuted.

From there we went to Switzerland. It is very quaint with the stores built with open fronts. Our hotel was on the edge of Lake Geneva, with the Alps towering up in the background. They are so gigantic with their snow topped peaks, it gives one the feeling of awe.

We next travelled all day through beautiful country to Venice, a city of

water streets. It is very picturesque, and it is quite a wonderful sight to see the ladies doing their shopping at the market place, coming and going in their gondolas. A church built in 1789 has an Italian mosaic floor laid in designs and each year the tides rise and flood the floors of all the buildings, but this flooring is still intact, but as you walk on it, it is like a washboard.

There are thousands of pigeons in Venice and they are so tame they sit on your hands and eat corn which is sold by the old women to the tourists. Venice is a great glass manufacturing centre, and it is very interesting to see them blowing glass and making glass flowers.

Next we went to Rome, which is a very beautiful city. Almost all of the buildings are of white marble, and since Mussolini has been in power great improvements have been made. He has built a wonderful school for boys, called the Mussolini Forum. They teach everything, including music, and it only costs \$80.00 a year (in our money) to attend. If a person cannot afford to pay, he is admitted just the same. They have a firing range nearly a quarter of a mile long, built in a semi-circle, and each morning every boy from six to sixteen is compelled to practice shooting for an hour.

We then went to Naples, and a beautiful sight with the blue waters of the Tyrrhenian Sea and Mount Vesuvius looming up four thousand feet into the sky met our eyes. The tram runs up the mountain and at the summit you get off and descend into the crater. A guide assists you to walk across the lava which is very hard and slippery, and has wide cracks with the smoke curling through. As you reach the centre of the crater the sulphur nearly chokes you, and you can hear the seething of the molten lava which sends up a continual roll of smoke.

The parks are very beautiful with their palm trees and white marble statues arranged in groups around fountains

and flowers. We regretted having to leave such a heavenly spot, but the Rex was sailing for New York, so we came to the end of our journey; but still we have our happy memories.

On Board S.S. Ormonde
Aden, Arabia, June 15, 1938

By Louise Amerding

Everything is still. The boat is gliding along silently, swiftly, like a living, half-waking thing. The night breeze is warm, yet half mild and free, blowing in my face. Just below me two large awnings have been put up, reminding me of Saladin's tents, crouched like sleeping birds on the desert sand. At the very front of the boat the crew are sitting, amidst a veritable forest of tall white funnels with their huge gaping mouths. Near them a sentinel is pacing back and forth, his white suit a vivid contrast with the blackness.

The shadows have dispersed a little, and a large distant hulk has become a rocky island, its outlines sharp against a blue-grey sky. It is very high in one part, and then it narrows down into somewhat of a cavern out of which a light is shining; then a smaller piece rises against the sky. Beyond the island there is a nest of lights, like a Scotch farmhouse on a winter night.

It is almost one o'clock and the boat has almost ceased to move. A speedboat is coming towards us, but apart from the sound of that, the only sound is an occasional laugh or a scrap of conversation to break the spell . . . ADEN.

Phantom ships lie all around us, their tiny lights piercing the darkness. One of these, manned by black men, has just come alongside to take some of us to land. It is a queer little boat, like a covered wagon, bobbing up and down, waiting to receive the favoured eight who are to go ashore first.

The journey lasts only five minutes, and then we are helped ashore by dirty

blacks who yell excitedly at us and about us, while we understand not a word. Ah! There are the shops—only fifteen yards away.

Such tiny, crowded shops! Of course they are open for us, though it is the dead of night. We have explored some half dozen of them, but they are all the same, boasting little more than silks of various kinds, cigarette cases and ivory.

We have passed dozens of seemingly homeless men, asleep on doorways and on porches or with their native beds stretched right across the footpath. Most of them have tired, careworn faces and all are dressed in rags of inconceivable filth. The streets literally reek with vileness.

Even the jetty seems a safer place than this. The streets are lit with blue mercury lamps, turning them into paths of pale, imitation moonlight. Weird and ghostly as they are, these lamps seem to fit into the atmosphere of silver and shadow and—silence.

Here is the jetty at last, we have to content ourselves with a small swaying rowboat, yet how welcome it is. Now we have started to move, and the natives are chanting a low monotonous melody. The song is of an interminable length and though in a foreign language, we can understand the spirit of it. Some verses excite them and they row furiously, rising from their benches; but always they sink back to the sad, dull chant.

We have glided up to our floating home again and are being helped out by a white officer! Strange that this mass of lights and activity is so comforting.

The night is almost gone, and I am back at my silent vigil, watching the crew as they bargain for silk and ivory; but even this must end for it is six o'clock, the ship gives a loud impatient whistle and we move away.

Far away in the distance the sun is rising on the desolation of Aden. Her streets are once again deserted, as if some mighty army had descended on the

unwary town, scattering or carrying off poor, worthless ones asleep on the door—the inhabitants, and leaving only the steps.

So ends this strange Arabian night.

"Tales From The Tuner"

By Phyllis Wright, 13A

My piano tuner was here yesterday and told me of being called to tune a grand piano for some woman. As he opened the top he found in it a lot of fine white powder. He asked her what it was. She told him that she knew resin was good for violin strings, so she bought a cake of it which she frequently rubbed on the piano strings.

Another woman showed him rust on the piano strings where they are wound around the pins. He said he could and should remove it; but she thought his price too high. A month later she sent for him again. He examined the piano and found she had soaked all the pegs with oil which, of course, went down into the wood and completely ruined the piano. She had indeed saved the ten dollars which he would have charged to have the piano properly cleaned. Still another woman telephoned him to reproach him for his poor workmanship. He went out to find two keys stuck together. As he was taking out the action, he enjoyed the tirade in ff which the woman kept up. He lifted out the offending member and out dropped a five cent piece—at which time mother stopped her harangue and little Johnnie, aged seven years, left the room very suddenly.

In Memoriam

W.C.I. wishes to express its deep regret at the untimely death of

ANDY FORSYTH

a popular former student who was killed in an automobile accident while training in Canada's army.

On Coming To Canada

By Betty Ramsay, XI-F

It was in the middle of July, 1940 that a telegram arrived at my home informing me that a boat to Canada would be sailing the following Wednesday. I was at school at the time, but on arriving home my little cousin who was to travel with me, excitedly told me the news. This is what I had been waiting for! It was the end of about six weeks of activity and suspense. Now that the time had come, did I want to leave my home and friends? I don't think I shall ever be able to answer that question. My mind was in a whirl, so that I had no time to analyze my feelings and for this I was truly thankful.

The rest of the week flew by. It was mostly spent in saying "Goodbye" to friends and relations, and in last minute packing. Naturally the day and time of sailing and the name of the boat were known to us, but we had strict instructions to tell no one. I am afraid that I experienced an unholy joy at being able to tell my head mistress that I was not allowed to answer her question, when she asked me which boat I was sailing on!

The day of sailing came at last, and my mother, my cousin, my friend and I went down to the Liverpool landing stage to embark. After much pushing and jostling, we got on board, found our berths, and said Goodbye to my mother.

We left the landing stage that night but it was not until 10.30 on Sunday evening that we set sail for Canada. I will never forget my last glimpse of Liverpool. It was not yet dark and as we sailed down the Mersey, we could see Birkenhead and Liverpool clearly. The Liver birds, on the Liver Building, stood out against the sky. As I looked then they seemed to be bravely defying any German raiders to destroy them; they seemed to symbolize the feeling of the English people. Although Liverpool has been bombed since we left, I still picture the Liver birds and the people of Liverpool daring their enemies to do their worst for they can take it.

The next day, we left land behind us, and after that saw nothing but grey sea and sky. The passage was smooth, entirely without any excitement and we quite forgot about the possibilities of submarines. The route which we took

was much to the north of the usual North Atlantic crossing, and so the voyage took several days longer. We were beginning to long to set our feet on dry land again, when to our great disgust a thick fog enveloped us. It was like being wrapped in a white blanket. The sea was as smooth as glass, and the fog horn sounded like a ghostly whisper from another world.

For a day and a night we scarcely moved, and we hoped to see a green field. We were moving slowly along in the afternoon when the fog began to lift. Never will I forget the sight which was unfolded before my eyes. I could imagine how Cartier and his crew must have felt when they saw the same land hundreds of years before. A new world! It was that to them, and it was that to me! I did not know what Canada was going to be like. What did I expect of it? I think everyone going to a new land experiences the same feelings as I did, as I stood on the deck and looked at Canada. I expected Canada to have all the good points of the Old World, and all that I had wished for in a New World. Yes, I expected to find my Utopia in that new country on the horizon.

You may ask, was I disappointed I did not find my Utopia, but I did find a country where I could be happy! If I had found my Utopia I doubt if I would have been happy.

All that I can say about the greatest adventure of my life is that I intend to make the best use of my privilege. It has been seen fit that I should be allowed to continue my life in a peaceful country; I intend to return to England, carrying with me what I have learned here, to help build a better world. I shall not be able to do a great deal, but what I can I will, so that no more children will have to leave their homes to travel over 3,000 miles, or to have to live in constant terror of bombing.

Together with all the other English girls and boys, I am glad to be here, and thank everyone for being so kind to us. I could not feel any more at home here than I do.

A Midnight Incident

The island, about five hundred miles from Walkerville, is picturesquely situated in the blue waters of Lake Kashegabogamog. The island is not large, nor is it far from the mainland, but to one living upon it, the distance of two miles to the nearest neighbour seems vast.

The realization of this distance was made far more clear, when while calmly fishing near the opposite shore one early morning, the only man of our party noticed a large black shape moving among the bushes. This new neighbour of ours was the largest black bear he had ever seen.

As could well be expected, the only topic of conversation for the next week was the bear. The feelings experienced by the sightseer, who slept alone on the ground floor, can be well understood when, around two o'clock one morning, he woke to the sound of loud snuffs and snorts at the back of the cottage.

After ten minutes under cover, although the noise continued, he gathered courage and made his way to his only weapon, a small .22. Candlelight only is possible there; matches evaded his seeking hands, therefore it was some time before he could find a cartridge. Finding this, yet being unable to see, he was forced to seat himself upon the edge of his bed, gun in hand, to await the dawn of the day.

For nearly three hours he sat, alternately thinking and listening. At five, when dawn broke, our protector cautiously advanced toward the back door. Thoughts which had passed through his mind while he was sitting in the dark, all were brought before him. Would the next snort that the bear gave be extra loud? Would he accidentally rub against the ice-house, get a splinter in him, become angry, and try to break in? All such thoughts became immediately possible.

Taking courage, he opened the door. He peeped around; he took a step for-

ward. Nothing was in sight. He crossed the porch and moved slowly down the path. Suddenly he came face to face with his quarry.

He shot one—the animal advanced; he shot again—though partially wounded, the beast still came forward. With the third shot he fell, and there at our brave hunter's feet lay the sweetest little specimen of a porcupine that I have ever seen.

—Helen Clegg.

The Most Interesting Person I Have Ever Known.

I do not actually know this person; I have never met him or talked to him. His image has never appeared to me, except in pictures which, since no two show the same features, have scarcely succeeded in helping me visualize his face. He is Richard Wagner, the genius of opera in the nineteenth century, the man who won so many followers and made even more enemies.

The first time I read about Wagner, he created in me the heartiest dislike. Just to think that I would have to study his life, his musical compositions and his travels disgusted me. The reason he was so repelling was that he was a supreme egotist, not an ordinary egotist, for nearly everyone feels "I" to be quite important, but a SUPREME egotist. What he desired, he was certain he must have, if not by his own efforts, then through his friends. If he saw something he liked and wanted, he bought it, quite nonchalantly, charging to his friends. All through his life everything and everybody was made to conform to his will.

Then I began to study Wagner's life. Soon the man began to become fascinating. His egotism and self-assurance still did not appeal to me, but everything else did. He had high ideals. He wanted a fellowship of artists; he wanted to improve opera; he wanted the audience to

realize that music was not for amusement only, but that it was a self-contained art. Being human, he did not reach his ideals, but he strove after them. It was beyond his power to obtain a fellowship of artists because of his egotism. He considered Richard Wagner most important and this brought to death the idea of fellowship.

Wagner had his humorous side. One night he conducted a brilliant symphony before an equally brilliant audience. To the amazement and shock of the people, he did not use a score. Wagner was reprimanded for this, but he said that he conducted better without the hindrance of a score. However, he had to promise that the next time he would not do such an atrocious thing. Well and good! On the night of the next concert, Wagner conducted with the score before him. Everyone sang his praises. He had never done so well before or conducted so brilliantly. However! what they did not know was that Wagner had had the score upside down and the music before him had been in no remote way connected with the music he had conducted.

Wagner left behind him an outstanding heritage. His operas! At the time of his life, his music was not fully appreciated. After his death, the effect of his work was tremendous. He influenced many smaller composers. The most important of these was Engelbert Humperdinck whose opera "Hansel and Gretel" is loved. Wagner's operas exhaust the human emotions. There is his most loved one "Der Meistersinger von Nuremberg" which is a comedy. There is the passionate love story "Lohengrin". These are only a few of his wonderful works, all majestic, soul-stirring and beautiful.

Wagner, as a man, annoys me. Wagner as a musician delights me. Wagner, as a whole, is the most interesting person I have ever known.

—Anne Tukkonen.

GALLIFORMES

The Ruffed Grouse, or Spruce Partridge, and the Pheasant are two of Canada's most interesting gallinaceous birds.

The Ruffed Grouse is a large game bird which lives almost entirely in the heavily wooded parts of Canada. Its colours are for the most part wood-brown and grey. Soft black features make a ruff at the side of the neck. The female and the male are much the same in colouration except for the tail. The male has a very beautiful, long tail, which he spreads like a fan when he flies. The basic colour of the tail is brown, finely vermiculated with black. The ends of the feathers are tipped with white.

This beautiful, large bird is called a partridge by most Canadian sportsmen. Since it has learned to be extremely wary, it is considered one of the best upland game birds. It has the habit of lying very closely in a heavy patch of cover, then bursting into the air with such a tremendous roar of wings, that its would-be tormentor is thrown into confusion.

The ruffed grouse is distinctly a bird of the woodland and is never seen far from this environment. Its drumming is well known to all frequenters of the northern bush. The drumming is a hollow, reverberating sound that echoes and re-echoes throughout the woods. It is peculiar in that the direction from which the sound comes is not easily discernible. This drumming has been the subject of much controversy among ornithologists, for although the actual drumming has been observed many times, yet the bird's wings moved so quickly during the process that the naked eye could not see whether the bird produced the sound by fanning the air with its wings, or whether it actually beat upon the object upon which it stood. Eventually, motion pictures were taken of a drumming grouse, and when they were reproduced in slow motion it was found that the bird simply

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fanned the air. The wing motion was so extremely fast that a thunder-like sound was produced. The male bird is the one which does the drumming, and usually in the spring, during the mating season. Each drumming period lasts about five seconds.

Since this bird is the scratching type it lives and feeds its young, which at the age of two hours, are already lively little furry balls of vitality, almost entirely upon insects. In winter, when this type of food is not obtainable, they eat wild grain, poplar, and cedar buds. The ruffed grouse is an entirely beneficial bird and does no damage to farm crops.

The pheasant, another bird of the scratching type, is by far the most beautiful among Canadian game birds. The male bird will often weigh four pounds. This bird belongs to a large Old World order which has no American representative. Because this bird has taken so well to domestication, it has been carried to every part of the world. Fortunately, a specimen of the order known as the ring-neck pheasant, thrived in the warmer parts of Canada and the United States, and is considered one of the most popular game birds of these countries.

These birds, as I have previously stated, are very magnificently plumed. The male is by far more beautiful than the female. He has a gracefully pointed tail of about fifteen inches in length. The back is a beautiful mixture of black, cream, maroon and emerald green with metallic sheens. The breast is a solid sienna with metallic reflections and black-tipped feather edges. The abdomen is purple-black. The head and neck are steel black with green metallic lustre. Patches about the eyes are red, and the crown of the head is greenish ochre streaked with fine white lines. The black head and neck ends in a significant white collar. The long, gracefully pointed tail is a dull olive-ochre, barred heavily with jet.

The female is entirely unlike the male. She is considerably smaller and is

mottled in colour. Her colours blend so perfectly with her surroundings of dried grass and fallen leaves, that if she remains motionless she is invisible to an inexperienced eye at a distance of ten feet.

Since the pheasant is a large bird and has a comparatively small wing surface, it refrains from taking long flights. I don't want you to think that this bird cannot fly; he most certainly can. He has a maximum speed of about seventy miles per hour, and such powerful wings that this speed is attained when the bird is only a few feet off the ground. A pheasant does not often fly farther than eight hundred yards. Greater distances are likely to cause heart failure. Since he is a poor flier, he often relies upon his legs to carry him away from danger. A pheasant can run faster than the average fifteen-year old boy.

Pheasants sleep and nest in swamps, and feed in neighbouring fields. There are from twelve to twenty eggs in a nest, each about half the size of a hen's egg. They are green-grey in colour. At the end of twenty-eight days of incubation, during which time the eggs are kept by the mother at about 100 degrees fahrenheit, they gradually split open, exposing little brown chicks which resemble big bumble bees ready to face the wiles of an evil world with the help of a powerful, hard-fighting mother.

I have found these two birds the most interesting of the birds I have studied. One is a native of Canada, the other an alien, but both are magnificent specimens of the typical game bird.

—George Patillo, 13-C

I have a car.
It never skids,
It never breaks down,
It never gets a puncture,
It never falters on steep grades,
It never gets in a collision or accident—
Gee, I wish I could start it!

Facts About Songs

Did you know that our national anthem, "God Save the King" was being sung on this continent years before the formation of the United States? Two hundred years ago, when Canada was French, the song was sung with French words—pledging allegiance to a French King.

William Kirby, author of "The Golden Dog", suggests that the English song is just a translation and revision of the old French song:

"Grand Dieu; Sauvez le Roi!
Grand Dieu; Sauvez le Roi!
Sauvez le Roi!
Que toujours glorieux,
Louis Victorieux,
Voye ses ennemis
Toujours soumis!"

English historians say that Britain's grand National Anthem originated at the time of the Jacobite plotting against George the Second.

In 1745, the song became quite popular in England. It was sung at Drury Lane Theatre on the evening of September 28. The following Monday, the notice of the performance in the Daily Advertiser read:

"On Saturday night last, the audience at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, were agreeably surprised by the gentlemen belonging to that house performing the anthem of 'God Save our Noble King'. The universal applause it met with, being encored with repeated huzzas, sufficiently denoted in how just an abhorrence they hold the arbitrary schemes of our insidious enemies, and detest the despotic Attempts of Papal Power."

Incidentally, the music of "God Save the King" has been adopted by Switzerland, Germany and the United States for national anthem purposes, although the Germans don't use it any more. They prefer an old beer-garden tune.

And did you know that there really

was a man named John Bull, who lived back in the days of James the First and who is credited by some authorities with originating the tune of "God Save the King"?

Or did you know that "The Wearin' o' the Green" was an especial favorite of Queen Victoria's?

Here are some other odd facts about songs: The Communism's anthem "The Red Flag" is sung to the tune of a well-known hymn . . . The "Star Spangled Banner" was written aboard an English ship by an American who was happy over the fact that the English had not been successful in their bombardment of Baltimore . . . In the American Civil War the Northern army marched to the tune of "John Brown's Body", an old Southern air, while the soldiers of the South sang "Dixie", a tune that originated in the North . . . "The Maple Leaf" was written in two hours . . . People in Vienna were jailed, 100 years ago, for whistling the "Marseillaise".

—Alice Kolmis, XII-A

WALKERVILLE

I don't know what the exact date was; all I know is that it was the first day of school, 1938. As is usual with first days of school, the weather was beautiful. The sun was brilliant, the air was soft and the sky was a postcard blue with soft downy clouds floating lazily through it. My spirits were not at all in accord with that perfect day. The only thing that was the least bit similar was that I felt blue—a very dull blue spotted with black clouds—not at all like the beautiful blue of the sky.

Now I must admit that the first day of school is always somewhat pleasant to me. The reason for my gloom in 1938 was that I had just left Kennedy where I had spent two very happy High School years. I was to enter a new school, and the only person I knew was my sister, who wouldn't be in my class anyway. I don't make friends easily; those I do

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make, I hate to leave; and so it was that I felt wretched.

At the end of the first period on the second day, Mr. McNaughton assigned me to 3A. A boy took me to the door and left me there. With my heart in my throat and my stomach in my shoes, I knocked at the door which was opened by the teacher. Miss McLaren (for she was my teacher) took me into the class where David Copperfield was being read. Oh, how miserable I felt! My misery was, however, greatly lessened by my teacher. Very kindly she gave me a list of the school rules and told me to make a copy of the timetable. When the bell rang, Miss McLaren introduced me to the girl who has been my Walkerville companion ever since—Joyce Dunn.

History was next on my day's schedule. I followed in line like a lost sheep and entered Miss Brown's room. Since Canadian History has never been one

of my strong points, I couldn't be expected to be keenly interested. All at once, before I had had time to lose all my interest, Miss Brown exclaimed, "Why, Dorothy, you've grown fat over the summer!" What on earth had I walked into?

Chemistry came next, but there was nothing unusual there. Then came noon hour. O, how happy I was!

One-fifteen came all too soon, and the torture had to be renewed. First on the bill of fare was Latin. The teacher certainly was a live-wire; he believed in starting right away. After sending some students to the board, Mr. White began his march around the room while he hummed "I Love You Truly". What kind of school was this anyway? To do Mr. White justice, I must say that he had very recently been married.

The bell rang. Ah! at last I was to get something I liked—Geometry. But



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no—I hadn't counted on Mr. Ball. Never was I to feel perfectly at ease in that Geometry class. Fair? You could never ask for a fairer teacher than Mr. Ball; but he did make us quake.

Then came French, which has always been one of my favourite subjects. Formerly, I had had a simply perfect French teacher whose only fault was that his temper was not very sweet. Now I was to have a perfect French teacher whose temper was as sweet as she was.

I had to take a dose of Algebra three

times a week. It was bitter stuff which I never could digest.

I felt low that first day. I wasn't allowed to feel that way very long. Every one of my teachers, knowing that I was a stranger, immediately went out of his or her way to make me feel at home. They made me feel as though I were really wanted—as though they enjoyed teaching me. The victory was complete, my heart belongs to Walkerville. And to those teachers who helped smooth the rough path of my first year at Walkerville, I wish to say "Thank You".



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Walkerville, to me, seems like a very happy family. Mr. McNaughton is our loving, helpful father, whose place Mr. Ball is so ably filling while Mrs. McNaughton is unable to be "home". We, the students, are all sisters and brothers, learning to live together in harmony. Our teachers are our older brothers and sisters willing, yes eager, to help us with every problem that confronts us. No one could hope for a finer, a nobler, a more beautiful start on the road of life than that start which Walkerville gives to all her students.

You receive us
Tenderly, lovingly;
You nurture us
Kindly, brotherly.
You send us out
On the road of life
Prepared to combat
Sin and strife.
You truly are
To each student a friend
Who will go with each of
us
Right to the end.

Ruth A. Fornataro



An Encouraging Word

We hear a great deal about education, from both our teachers and parents; but do we ever stop to think what

it really means to us? Many times I have heard such statements as this: "Oh! where in the world shall I use my Ancient History or Latin, for instance?"

Well, I should like to say a few words about this.

Thinking is a great art. One must know how to think. If you attack a problem intelligently, nine times out of ten you will find its solution. All subjects we take at our school teach us how to think for ourselves.

We have no time to lose. Our road of life is only so long; we cannot turn back. Once we cross the barrier of youth there is nothing we can do about it. We simply must go on. So, now, when our power of learning is at its best and our fathers are still willing to pay the bills, we should work hard at our lessons. To me school means everything. To some of us, school is a sort of prison. Well, all right, let it be a prison. Finish your five year sentence and then, who knows, maybe you will be one of the greatest persons of our time.

Even if education fails to give you that wonderful position you are planning to get, do not worry; it will pay for itself. The dictionary says that education is strengthening of the powers of body or mind. So, it is. High School is one of the best remedies for weak minds. It gives us better understanding of the world, so that we can enjoy things thoroughly and find that "beauty is a joy forever".

A. P. II-B

England at War

In England to-day, there is no feverish excitement or panic, but people go about their business as if nothing has been going on. The people themselves have not changed, but England has. Buildings have been sandbagged, windows broken, and bomb craters scattered here and there, and houses blown down by the blast of bombs. Many men have given up jobs to enlist in the Air-raid Precaution, commonly known as the A. R. P. The men can enlist in its numerous branches such as the Auxiliary Fire Service, as air-raid wardens,

and for the women there is the casualty nurses corps.

The Government took steps to provide for the safety of children by organizing an evacuation. There were two evacuations. The first was not a success, but the second, which was several months later, seemed to be better. The children were taken into the country where they were billeted among the townsfolk. This was a great idea, but many of the children got homesick. The government provided for those who earned under 5 pounds a week by giving them air-raid shelters free. The shelters were made of galvanized iron and afforded good protection.

Air-raids were then becoming more numerous, though they were really few as compared with the number to-day. When an air-raid siren went off there would be no panic or terror, but people would go calmly to the shelters. On one occasion there was great excitement when a 'plane came zooming out of a cloud and was promptly shot down. Many people said it was a German, but later it was officially announced it was a British 'plane shot down by mistake.

For protection parks have been turned into anti-aircraft batteries or search-light and detecting emplacements. As there was a menace from German parachutists an army of civilians was organized to combat this. Each man was given an army uniform and a rifle and so another step was taken to protect the British people. In the parks also, public air-raid shelters have been erected so that people who are caught out in an air-raid or who are without shelter, may go in there.

The British morale is beyond words, as they spend most of the day in air-raid shelters without a word of complaint. I think that every British subject should do his part in the war, for over there they are fighting for us and for democracy.

Noel Carew, 9-C.

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BRITISH GUESTS

Front Row: Beryl Robinson, Betty Ramsay, Maureen Lonsdale, Barbara Hughes.
Back Row: John Lee, Margaret Pike, Noel Carew, Peter Daniels, Dorothy Burdall.

"LETTERS FROM HOME"

I started corresponding with Winnifred Allam during the summer of 1937.

Winnie is an average girl from an average English home, living in the ever splendid city of London. Although she has just turned seventeen her services have been required by the government for war purposes. She has two brothers and one sister.

Many letters have crossed the ocean. Then the war came and with it letters that I feel are worth repeating to you.

Her own words can describe her feelings much better than I can. I quote: "We have been rushed home from school to give notes to our parents about a meeting to-night. In case of war we shall be sent to a place, which our parents will not even know, and we shall not be able to write."

Then she was evacuated! Again I quote: "It's surprising how I miss my home. The arguments we have had all seem so silly now I wonder why I was so 'wild' at things they said. I appreciate the love and tenderness I then took

for granted. I pine for my home, my Lovely home!"

In England the women and girls knit a great deal, supplying their own wool. Winnie was very surprised to hear that we don't buy ours.

After a time Winnie went back to London, stopped school, but continued with a night course and then she went to work. At noon she would walk around the tower of London. Often she has met some of our Canadian soldiers.

In the same letter I heard that her sister's boy friend had been killed in action. The next letter goes on:

"Our home is still intact although there are some places near that have been affected by bombs and land mines. The only thing that has happened to us is that a balloon broke loose and gave us a fright when we suddenly saw a great silvery thing tapping at our window about 12 o'clock one night—a few tiles and bricks came down with the balloon but that isn't much to worry about.

"Our church was bombed, and the ground underneath our shelter shook.

But others have had it worse so we mustn't complain. Our Vicar had been inducted the Sunday before and was glad that the school opposite was not bombed, because there two to three hundred homeless people were sheltering"

Her brother Fred has recently been ordained, now he works hard all day and night doing A.R.P. work.

Now let me tell you what they do with some of the money. At work there is a Red Cross Fund and also a Spitfire Fund. At home they put so much away each week hoping that one day their church will be rebuilt. Also they have Safety First Money.

To save waste paper many English people now use their envelopes more than once. Winnie has received a letter with the envelope thicker than the letter itself—that particular envelope had been used ten times.

Then Will joined "His Majesty's Service" and he was married shortly after. I even received a sample of the material the dresses were to be made from and later a picture of the wedding group

Then her letters about air raids. She wrote one letter in the corner of her garden, her feet resting on their Anderson on which vegetables grow.

She has often been awakened during the night, has dressed quickly by candlelight, gathered their gas masks, scrambled hurriedly for the shelters. The men remain outside until gun firing is heard because they have to be very careful of the limited supply of air.

Here is a plan of their shelter. I quote: "At the front there is a huge tank of water, then nearer to the shelter is an anti-splinter blockade. A wet blanket is right in front of the door just in case there is a gas attack. The Anderson is entered by a small pair of steps. On the floor is a mattress on which the lady from next door and her baby are sleeping. There are two forms on one side on which we are resting and opposite these are small stools. Around the side of the shelter are very brightly coloured rubber covers. We can push one

end of the shelter down if the door gets blocked. We are hoping to have bunks put in our Anderson and perhaps we may be lucky enough to have it concreted out as well.

The letter goes on, "I am now going to get a few minutes sleep as I only had three and three-quarter hours yesterday and I do not want to be a mess in the morning, for that would please Hitler, and I'd hate to do that.

We over here in this safe country should be glad that we do not have to put up with the merciless bombings that our bulldog friends do, but we should help them with every ounce of energy we possess.

Nancy Dayus, XI-B

MY HOBBY - STAR GAZING

No, I wasn't dropped on my head when a baby, at least, I don't think so. Nor did I at an early age display remarkable precocity. No, star-gazing is my hobby, not because of some hidden mutual quirk, but because I like it.

Because I like it—why? Because I find in my hobby relaxation, pleasure, opportunities for thought, study and discovery. When you first trace out the outline of Taurus you feel what Columbus felt so many years ago—the pride of discovery. When you realize the immensity of the universe, when you learn that it takes hundreds of years, yes—years, for the light from many stars to reach our world and contrast this knowledge with your own insignificance, your egotism flattens out like a pancake, and a very thin pancake, at that.

Star-gazing is like saving pennies in a piggy bank—the more you put in, the more you get out. The more you read astronomy books, the more you study those "diamonds sparkling on the black velvet of the night", the more enjoyment you will get out of this hobby. Unlike many pastimes, astronomy for the amateur is not expensive; a library book of star-charts, a flashlight, a flexible neck (for craning backwards) and a great deal of patience—these are the re-

quirements for exploration into another world—into other worlds, worlds of delight.

Look, do you see the Big Dipper? Well, take a toboggan-slide of its handle and there—do you see that bright, orange-red star? That is Arcturus. Slide off the handle of the Big Dipper? Don't bother to say it—I know what you're thinking: She must have been dropped on her head when a baby.

Eva McGuire, 13A.

A Visit to Camp Borden

The Sunday I visited my father at Camp Borden was clear and sunny. A paved road wound through perfectly beautiful groves of evergreens, some of them planted by boy scouts as a re-forestation project. It was a pleasant surprise, as I had imagined the place barren and sandy.

The barriers were up as Sunday is visitors' day and many soldiers with their wives or girls were wandering around. We drove past rows of huts, some large, some small, with each regiment designated by name.

Rows of tanks, grim, forbidding, but comforting, too, squatted in front of their hangars, waiting for Monday's round of training. The rifle ranges are some distance from the living quarters. On the day of my visit the snow was melting and it looked extremely wet.

The "Sally Ann" canteen, run by the Salvation Army, the Y.M.C.A., and the K of C canteens were very popular. We were told that the boys could have their pick of three movies free, on almost any night.

Sunday afternoons, however pleasant, don't last forever, and so Dad took me into the Armoured Corps Headquarters mess and gave me tea. As seven-thirty is the dead-line for lady visitors in camp we returned to Barrie, the trees and the snow looking even lovelier in the soft twilight.

Barbara Sales.

Tom Twitch, Grave Digger

If one had known him intimately, one might have realized that his apparent bad humour was the result of what was meant to be a kindness on the part of a friend.

Hitherto, Mr. Twitch had had a cheery word for all. His round, rosy face and straightforward blue eyes were topped with a shock of carrot-brown hair. He was known to most men, and though his slight lameness kept him from taking a very active part in their activities, sometimes his friends would join him in digging his graves. This was the reason for his change in character, for Tom had had a busy week, digging about six graves.

In cemeteries, in England, a grave belongs to the family and, as it is deep, holds five or six coffins. In Tom's sixth grave, he had had an accident. His pick had gone through the coffin below. A few minutes afterwards, it became necessary for Tom to fetch some tools. Meanwhile, a friend appeared, and not seeing Tom, but noting his unfinished work, and noting also that it was nearly dark, hopped down to give Tom a hand.

He completed the grave and was just climbing out when he heard an uneven tread. Tom's friend popped his head out and innocently said "Boo!". Down went the tools, off shot Tom, over graves, over tombstones, wall and highway. His friend, seeing this, did likewise, in the opposite direction.

Tom was never the same again. He had dug his last grave. I suppose that hole was preying on his mind, and he thought, in the darkness, that his friend was a ghost.

Anyway, by the next morning, surmounting Tom's nervous blue eyes and pale face, was a shock of snow-white hair. From then on Tom jumped when spoken to, shrieked at the least provocation, shuffled along rapidly instead of walking, and most of his waking hours were spent in the Black Swan.

Helen Clegg.

Lost in a Fog

Have you ever been lost in a fog, completely lost without any idea which way is which? Last summer I had such an experience.

One night near the end of August we went over to visit some friends about half a mile across the lake from our cottage. When we left about eight o'clock, there was a light mist beginning to settle over the lake. It gave the shore an almost unearthly look; the pine and cedar showed a pale grey through the filmy curtain in the fading light.

Several hours passed; it was time to go home. The mist was no longer, but instead, a heavy black fog had enveloped everything. With an ordinary flash-light we could see hardly three feet. Knowing it was only half a mile, and thinking we knew the way as well as we knew our own names, we started out. The powerful searchlight on our launch was almost useless as it penetrated the inky blackness only about ten yards. As we went along we felt as if we were going in a straight line but when my brother looked at the wake we realized that we had been going in circles and that we had no idea of where we were.

We were only about a hundred yards from the shore in almost every direction, but we might as well have been a hundred miles. It was absolutely still; if we stopped the motor, we could hear the swells from our boat carressing the shore; if we called, we could hear the echoes resounding from all sides three or four times.

It was ridiculous. Here we were lost in a fog in a part of the lake we had known all our lives. When we called, the echoes seemed to mock us and laugh at us. It was worse than writing an examination and mixing up everything you know because we knew the way home better than almost any examination.

After an hour and a half, through the darkness we saw a light. Still we could not find ourselves. One or two more lights appeared. The fog was lifting! A little while later, ahead of us, loomed a tall dark object. It was the island we had left almost two hours before!

Now that we had our bearings and now that the fog was lifting, we were able to find our way home.

We were not frightened by our adventure, but it made us realize how easily ocean-going vessels could be lost, in a fog.

Margaret Bartlet, 11A.

One: Well, at least I've passed in Latin.

Other: Honestly?

One: Don't be inquisitive.

* * *

"What were you doing after the accident?"

"Oh, scraping up an old acquaintance."

Dictator's Slave—Poland, 1941

I am a slave; my people all
At sound of war answered our country's call;
I helped them, too.

We fought against a tyrant black,
Who ravaged, burned and slew;
When we began the fight we knew
Revenge would not be slack.

I am a slave;
I yield myself before their might,
Yet they wo do the deeds they know not right
Are greater slaves than I.

Ground now beneath the heel of their
oppressor,

My people are but dumb;
Yet was a day when they used faculties
That now seem numb;

That day will come again;
Some day there'll be a world of men all free—
A present hint of true democracy
Shall grow and grow.

And though it now be small, yet it shall
cover all,

And everyone shall have real liberty.

Martha Vance, 12A.

GLORY

Three battleships, three cruisers stood
Before proud Tarento;

The flower of Italian pride
Was ranged to make a show—

Before the evening sun went down,
That pride had lost its glow.

For British airmen flew from Crete
To cripple her "great" power,
And proved how feeble was her fleet,
All in a single hour.

Proud Italy, lament your loss.

It shows how strong your foe.

Oh Britain, and firm little Greece,

With honest pride you glow.

Martha Vance, 72A.

THE WONDERFUL HORSE

O horse, you are a wonderful thing,

No buttons to push, no horn to honk;

You start yourself, no clutch to slip,

No spark to miss, no gears to strip;

No license buying every year,

With plates to screw on front and rear;

No gas bills climbing up each day,

Stealing the joy of life away;

No speed cops chugging in your rear,

Yelling summons in your ear.

Your inner tubes are all o.k.

And thank the Lord they stay that way;

Your spark plugs never miss and fuss;

Your motor never makes us cuss.

Your frame is good for many a mile;

Your body never changes style.

Your wants are few and easy met;

You've something on the auto yet.

POETRY

"Dawn Interlude"

Anne King

The wild wind tossed the waves up high,
The mighty tempest roared;
A seagull rose with a startled cry,
A tiny speck 'gainst the battered sky,
Passing the struggling ship's mast by,
As to the land it soared.

The shoremen gazed through the
gath'ring gloom
With strained and anxious eyes
To where the ship, 'midst the breakers'
boom,
Fought hard to save from a dreaded
doom.
Her men, while the sea, a wat'ry tomb
Tried hard to claim its prize.

Aboard the ship no hand was still—
But night was almost through;
The helmsman, fighting with all his skill
Felt the faithful ship bend to his will;
Seaward she turned, and a thankful
thrill
Ran through her gallant crew.

A rosy glow from eastward came
To drive away the storm;
The sea, now wearied by her game,
Was lying quiet, dormant, tame;
The sun turned the distant sails to
flame—
Another day was born.

Skies Defiled

Mary Jane Luxford

Enchanted lake, I saw thee there,
Caught up in scarves of mist so thin;
So soft and sweet the morning air,
No wrinkle marred thy flawless skin.

The ink of sky was not yet dry,
For there, up in the guileless blue,
Death wrote with blood, in letters high,
Stark terror wrought by bombs, too true.

O bird! I saw thee surge along
On brave strong winds—and then
You poured your liquid lilted song;
Your message was of love to men.

In other lands the birds come down,
Demented creatures of the night,
In flocks that blot a quiet town
And leave it crumpled, crushed, alight.

Great man made birds, how dare you
fly
To burn, destroy? What fools we be!
Why can't we see, God meant the sky
For birds that sing to you and me?

The Little Brass Tag on the Banks of the Rhine

Graham Armstrong

All that is left of her wonderful son
Is a little brass tag;
All of her baby that shouldered a gun
Is a little brass tag.
He that so proudly marched off in the line,
Clear-eyed and smiling, and splendid and fine,
Is home once again on the Banks of the Rhine,
Just a little brass tag.

He with the eyes that were friendly and blue
Is a little brass tag;
He with the shoulders so square and so true
Is a little brass tag.
He that came forward to fall with the flag;
To ride with a sabre, or march with a Krag;
You'll find him with thousands shipped home
in a bag,
Just a little brass tag.

BLUE AND WHITE

Ah! mother, the boy you're so yearning to see
Is a little brass tag;
The end of your dreams of the man he would be
Is a little brass tag.
Your beautiful visions of splendour have fled,
Your wonderful man of tomorrow is dead,
He went as a soldier but come back instead—
Just a little brass tag.

Children in London do not cry,
When the bombers start to fly,
They walk in never-ending line,
To the Dugout, by the trolley line.
When at last they are all in,
And all the people find their kin,
They all lie down in a huddled mass,
They don't care whether they lie on
grass
In London town!

In London Town

Doug Horne

The lights go out, the sirens wail,
And bombs starting dropping thick as
hail
On London town.
The people do not go about,
Shouting all their troubles out,
People in pain do not wail
In London town.

APRIL

Betty Duddy

Early in the month of April
When robins come to their new homes,
And days grow longer and gayer,
Suddenly is heard from a tree on high,
The songs of larks high in the sky.
Buds begin to open their eyes,
On the earth which beneath it lies,
Rain falls from the heavenly skies,
To bring to life the small buds and
insects of the world.





SPRING FEVER

by J. P. L.

Love me, Honey?
Sure I do.
Kiss me, Honey?
'Fraid to.
Cold?
About to freeze.
Want my coat?
Just the sleeves.
Full or empty?
Full, please.

Winter Climax

Claire Bontront, 13-C

Icicles hung from the roof tops,
The snow was piling high.
The wind around the sparkling eaves
Went whistling merrily by.
The landscape looked so peaceful,
Covered with glistening snow,
It seemed to defy the north wind,
Just daring it to blow;
The tang of the frosty morning
Nipped many a rosy cheek,
As a new, gray dawn awoke to find
That winter was at its peak.

In the cheery springtime rain,
Jimmy Cockroach sings again;
In the soft enchanting breezes,
Mr. Cricket gets the sneezes.
All the fleas in bits of rope,
Warble forth their songs of hope;
Little mice come scurrying out
To greet us with a song and shout;
Frogs and toads in colours gay
Croak to greet the coming day.
Spring has such a cheery sound,
'Specially down around the ground.

—Dorothy Woods and Phyllis Martin, 10A.

POILU

Elizabeth Galbraith, 13-A

In years to come no mound will show,
No stone will mark his grave;
The sand will heap, and sift, and flow
O'er Paul Lebrun, the brave—
And wand'ring Arabs ne'er will know
The France he died to save.

The sun beats down with piercing light,
The sand burns o'er his breast;
The cool winds kiss him in the night,
And lull him into rest—
Palm trees salute him from their
height,
And strange stars know him blest.

His land is humbled - lost, his bride,
His family, friends, and he—
A wasting mound by Pharaoh's side,
And next, the pulsing sea;
But three fair sisters stand beside
And guard eternally.

" - - Liberté
- - Egalité
- - Fraternité

HORACE

Ruth Fornataro, 13-A

There was once a poet named Horace,
We think he is simply abhorace,
But when we translate
We go a good gait
When we have our translations beforeace.

Mr. Burr tries in vain to implorace
To try to appreciate Horace,
But we sit there and talk
And look at the clock
Because de does nothing but borace.
* * *

One morn I saw a dew drop
Sparkling in the sun.
With shining light it twinkled,
And then its day was done.

One noon I saw the sun's rays
Pouring down from Heaven,
And in my soul I drank its light,
Which felt to me like leaven.

PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT

One eve I saw a shining star
Gleaming up on high,
And up to it my soul aspires
Until some day I die.

To the Bright Pupil

Bright pupil! Whose knowledge is your
pride!
You have your own bright head to guide
You to the rank of one beside
A scholar and a student;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some other trait besides ability
To rise above that ever restless sea—
The not-so-prudent!

Is it that they are soon depressed?
A thoughtless thing! Who, once unblest,
Do little on their memory rest,
Or on their reason.
And you could teach them how to find
The hidden merits of their mind,
They would not think you so unkind
To try to please them.

You have your jealous friends, I know,
Those envious of the wit you show
Both in your class and the world below,
From day to day.
Your fame is wrought by careful
concentration,
Resulting in the wonderful sensation
Of something.

POEM - Anon

How great are the trials of learning,
The homework and speeches and all,
For them few pupils are yearning,
But then, you know Mr. Ball!
* * *

How great are the trials of teaching,
Especially the subject of French,
Says Miss Dickey, that silver-haired
maiden,
That short, petite little wench.
* * *

"For Job had no trials or troubles"
She says when an answer we miss,
'Cause our heads are simply like
bubbles
Which, stuck with a pin, would just hiss.



Men of Canada

Claire Bontront, 13-C

Along the street the marching feet
Beat rhythm to the band,
Canadian soldiers trim and neat
Are guarding sea and land.

From morn till night they'll fight,
fight, fight,
Long hours they'll endure,
Their bodies strain with might and
main
To keep us safe and sure.

Their life, though filled with action,
Is shared with joy and tears,
From the stooped and weary veteran
To the youth unnerved by fears.

For months throughout our fair
domain,
They've lived by bugle call,
With this thought foremost in their
mind,
"Never let the old flag fall".

With cheery song they march along,
Though aching at each tread;
Dauntless spirits held on high,
They're off for all that lies ahead.

Now, fain forsaking home and friends,
They board the waiting train,
With one soft sigh they wave goodbye,
And shout that they'll be back again.

They strolled along together,
The sky was studded with stars;
They reached the gate together,
And he lifted for her the bars;
She raised her brown eyes to him,
There's nothing between them now;
For he was just a hired man
And she was a Jersey cow!

SPRING SONG 1941

Light delicate touch of budding green
In street and in lane
We see it again,
It is spring!

This tender creation of life has been
A song in our youth
Of beauty and truth,
Strength to bring.

Though terror and death down from the sky,
With sorrow and tears
Fill our young years,
We will hold

Through our country's fair beauty, our
courage on high,
Till all lands are free.
Then in peace, hear and see
Spring unfold.

Barbara Sales, 11E.

The Story of Fidgety Philip

"I often wonder if our Phil
Will learn at table to sit still?"
His father's voice was very grave,
As he warned him to behave.
His mother looked with silent gaze
Around the table in amaze;
Philip no attention paid
To what his loving father said.
He wriggled and jiggled,
He see-sawed and hee-hawed;
Forward and backward he tilted his
seat,

"Stop it, Philip, I do entreat",
See him on his chair just hang,
Soon he'll go down with a bang.
The chair will slip with Philip's
weight

Because the see-saws are too great;
Back goes his chair and down he falls,
It mattered not his frightened squalls;
Nothing can his fall prevent,
But, snatching at the cloth, he sent
Flying, every dish and plate.
His father's wrath was very great,
And his mother mutely gazed
'Round the table quite amazed;
Phil has gone down with his chair,
The table's left quite clear and bare;
Not a scrap is left to eat,
Soup, potatoes, bread and meat,
Every glass and dish and bowl
Wildly on the floor did roll.
Father Jackson and his wife
Never saw in all their life
Such a mess as this before,
They looked with wonder at the floor
Where, destroyed, lay all their dinner.
And did their tempers start to simmer!

* * *

Sergeant: "Any of you men got a dirty
uniform?"

Recruit: (hoping for a new uniform):
"Yes, sergeant, look at me."

Sergeant: "You'll do. Report to-morrow
morning at 6.30 for coal shovelling."

* * *

"Why do you call your wife Pegasus?"
"Well, Pegasus was an immortal horse
and my wife is an eternal nag."

BLUE AND WHITE

ACTIVE SERVICE LIST

By Audrey Owen, 12A

In World War No. 2 Canada has mobilized three divisions for active service, and has sent three contingents to England. Men from all over the Empire have answered the inspiring call of their King to the Colours. And right in the front lines of the Army, Navy and Air Force you will find boys from Walker-

Air Force:

Donald Awrey	Bob Austin
Alastair Barron	Dick Baker
Ernest Creed	Ralph Blackmore
Sinclair Clarkson	Owen Crump
Tom Draper	Fred Ewer
Philip Fox	William Flint
Victor Gaskin	Bill Hamilton
Walter Johnson	Ed. Lowther
Robert K. Mitchell	Donald McKay
Milton Moore	Alvin Montrose
Alexander McMillan	Clifford Pennock
Tom Patterson	Jim Price
Fred Roemmele	Burrows Sparling
Forbes Thompson	Wesley Triner
Bob Whitley	Douglas Wilson
Chas. Urie	James Drew

Army:

Peter Ambery	Rutherford Clarkson
Roy Dickie	Bernard Dunning
Doug Green	Keith McEwan
Fd. Pennefather	Robert Patterson
George Stannard	Kenneth Webb

Navy:

Kenneth Code	Dan Dunlop
Ray Littlehales	Aubrey Morris

Units Unknown:

Ed. Aldous	Thomas Adams
Eric Brown	Alden German
Percy Levine	John McFarlane
Robert Williams	

Mr. I. A. Allison

W.C.I. is saddened by the loss of one of its most popular teachers in Mr. Allison, who recently left for Brockville in the service of the Canadian army.

In 1923 he enrolled as a student at W.C.I. and upon graduation attended Assumption College and the Ontario College of Education.

ville Collegiate. Some of them are in England, on the high seas or still in Canada, but all are training for the time that they will aid the Empire in its fight for freedom.

Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Bull, Mr. White and Mr. Allison have left the teaching staff and here is a list of Walkerville Collegiate boys who are in the Army, Navy, or Air Force:

W. G. Baldwin	Murray Bailey
Doug Brown	Chas. Ed. Blake
Chas. Carter	Richard Card
Bill Davidson	Louis Dawson
Dennis Ewer	Milton Featherstone
Bricker Forman	James Green
Donald Hand	William Hodgkinson
Ernie Liffleton	Frank McCarthy
Earl McAlpine	Don Munroe
Gilbert Morris	James McDowell
Gordon Peacey	Howard Peacey
Gerald Parent	Jim Riddell
John Stevenson	Fred Thacher
James Taylor	Howard Wardle
Ernest Weymouth	Jack Woodrow

Alvin Cormier	Douglas Dalglish
F. B. Edgley	Jim Fleming
Ian McDonald	Walter Myers
Barney Reid	Irwin Richards

Maurice Harbroe	Edwin Humphries
Ronald Thorne	Howard Pepper

Andy Beauchop	Giles Bisson
Norman Keyes	Douglas W. Jackson
Arthur Perrin	Wm. Ruddy
James Stewart	Watson

In 1933 he joined the staff of his alma mater, teaching Physical Education, Mathematics, Zoology and History. When he took unto himself a wife he deprived W.C.I. of Jean Reid, one of Walkerville's best secretaries, but our loss was his gain.

Mr. Allison excelled in sports as the students are well aware. School basket-

ball and soccer teams on which he played won the WOSSA championship several times and the Eastern Canada championship once. As a member of a Windsor basketball team he travelled to Germany to participate in the Olympic Games. He also played on Windsor alumni soccer teams.

We shall miss him greatly but knowing the urgent need his country has of him, we can only hope that we may soon see his beaming face in our midst once more.

Mr. D. C. O'Brien

From Walkerville Collegiate Institute has flowed a steady stream of air-force men, army men, and red cross workers. Among these is Mr. D. C. O'Brien, a teacher of junior mathematics.

He volunteered in May and was second in command with the Essex Regiment Tank. When the regiment was demobilized, he was appointed G.S.O. 3. Part of his duties was inspecting cadet officers in military district No. 1. When Ontario mechanized units were mobilized, he was given the rank of Major.

Mr. O'Brien received his B.A. degree at St. Michael's College, University of Toronto. He has also obtained an Ontario High School Assistant's certificate, a Cadet Instructor's certificate in musketry, a commission in the Canadian militia, and is a P. T. Specialist. Before coming to Walkerville he taught in Port Colborne High School for one and a half years and in Picton Collegiate Institute for three and a half years. At all times he has been active in rifle practices, hockey, softball and rugby. At Walkerville he was in command of the cadet corps, and while under his direction the boys won the shield five times. Mr. O'Brien, a short, freckle-faced chap, has become very popular with the students through his sense of humour and amiable character, and it is with great anticipation that we await his return.

Mr. W. G. White

Mr. W. G. White, who is now instructing at the Chatham Military Train-

ing School, graduated from Seaforth High School.

He won a scholarship to Western University which, after 4 years attendance qualified him as a specialized teacher of Classics. After going to the Ontario College of Education he was given his certificate as specialized professor of Classics.

In 1932 Mr. White began teaching at W.C.I., where he taught senior Latin and Greek for a few years.

During his teaching career he attended the Officers Training Classes of the Essex Tank Regiment, and was qualified as a Lieutenant.

After volunteering his services, Mr. White was called to Chatham where he is now waiting a commission.

Mr. Bull

"Like father like son". In Mr. Bull's case this old saying holds true in one respect at least—he is highly esteemed by all those who are privileged to come into contact with him, as was his father, who was music inspector in all the Windsor schools.

Unfortunately I am able to tell you nothing of Mr. Bull's childhood, which I am sure, must have been a long tale of wild pranks. This I know, Mr. Bull graduated in 1935 in Honour Matriculation from Sandwich High School. The next four years were spent at Assumption College where Mr. Bull specialized in Honour English and History. In 1939 he was granted his degree. The following year was spent in Toronto at the Ontario College of Education. Then, we were privileged to have his companionship for four brief months.

After his appointment as a regular teacher on the Walkerville Collegiate staff, Mr. Bull, in September, 1940, assumed his duties. Very soon he showed himself a keen sportsman and, from his vigorous as well as humorous pep-talks, gained the title of "The Pepper-upper". Mr. Bull is interested not only in sports, but he is a lover of dramatics and public speaking. Unfortunately for us, he was

(Continued on page 81)

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BLUE AND WHITE



OFFICERS OF THE CADET CORPS

Front Row: John Bartlett, Andy McKinnon, Eddie Roemmele, Mr. Allison, Dave Bruce, Ronny Doidge.
Middle Row: Ray Pillon, Jack Panabaker, Vernal German, Ralph Cole, Robert Bennett, Jack Stodgell, Jim Bartlett.
Back Row: Jim Adams, Jack Morris, Bob Daniels, Jack Brebner, Norm Crapper, Berion Easton, Don Kilpatrick, Jack Graham.



THE BAND

Front Row: Albert Angus, Jim Jenkins, Charlie Cherrie, Norm Crapper, Mr. Allison, Bob Weir, Richard Ryan, Bill Crapper, Wilfred McConnell.
Middle Row: Walter White, Mac Hawkins, Ronny Payne, Stewart Odell, Mark Boyd, Don Hand, Max Koval, Aurel Botosan, John Couchman.
Back Row: Bob Miller, Warren Small, Al Leslie, Ted Bartlett, Donald Sparrow, Jack Fry, Bob Farrow.

CADET NEWS

In 1941 our Collegiate has a great many traditions to uphold; but none is more prominent than that of our Cadet Corps—the Walkerville Collegiate Cameron Highlanders.

It has created a record which justly swells with pride the heart of every member of the school, for since its organization it has won the district competition thirteen out of seventeen times.

The glorious history of the Corps dates back to 1924, when it was founded by our principal and friend, Mr. J. L. McNaughton. When Mr. McNaughton became principal, Mr. Philp took over the task of training the Corps. He was succeeded by the ever popular Mr. O'Brien who, in 1940, left our school to serve his country in the C. A. S. F. The Corps is now in the capable hands of Mr. Allison and Mr. Bunt, who are nobly clearing the way for the fourteenth triumph.

This year we are at war. Although every boy cannot go out and fight for his country, he still has a duty to perform in training himself for the time when he may be needed. This year the Corps has acquired a new incentive: its members are working not only for Mr. McNaughton, for the Corps, and for the school, but also for their country.

In 1938 we won the Physical Training Trophy for the first time in the school history, and at the last inspection, feeling reluctant to release our hold, we promptly won it again. Each and every boy did his best on the parade ground and the combined efforts of all spelled success.

The Corps this year shows signs of becoming greater than ever before. A new system was inaugurated, by which a number of parades and route marches were held in the fall in order to get the boys into rhythm of marching. Wooden



rifles have been issued and the drill is already mastered. The Ambulance Corps

(Continued on page 81)



September is the month of warm sunshine, gentle breezes and—school. At first we shudder at the thought of getting back to the regular routine of classes from nine to four, homeworks, etc., but when all the gals and boys get together to tell tales of the glorious holiday, the first week has passed quicker than most of us spend money and we're off for the year.

While buzzing around the halls during the first few weeks of school, your social editor heard that our Girls' Athletic President, Mary Arnold, spent a most appropriate summer at a C.G.I.T. Camp as counselor, that Dorothy-Ann Fraser weathered the wilds of Silver Islet on Lake Superior, while her sister Kayo was acquiring an education on psychology at MacDonald Hall, and that Audrey Owen spent her vacation at her favourite resort in the Muskoka district.

You can imagine how pleased the boys in Kerrigan's orchestra were to see Ruth McGuire and Betty Martin arrive in Goderich to spend the summer and by all reports the girls were just as pleased to see the maestro and his gang.

The Farrowes and Aureys vacationed as per usual at Bruce Beach and Point Cahoigue respectively. Melba Griffith visited the Big City, Toronto, Peg Coulter enjoyed the Lake Erie breezes at her Cedar Beach cottage, while Virginia Isaacs acquired a perfect tan on the shores of Lake St. Clair.

The Girls Athletic Association, as always, started the school's social activities with a "Get Acquainted" Tea Dance and the "Old Faithfuls" of the school were on hand to welcome the "newcomers". Speaking of newcomers, there are many British war guests attending W.C.I. this year and we, the students of this school are proud to

BLUE AND WHITE

have you as our classmates. We extend to you a most cordial welcome and sincerely hope that you enjoy your visit with us as much as we enjoy having you.

The first big "night dance" was the HIC HOP sponsored by the Girls Athletic in October. The Hic Hop is one of those dances at which we girls sport our sloppy Joes, baggy jackets and saddles, and the boys roll up their trouser cuffs to show off their flashy socks. Well, the dance was a great success and everyone had a dancing good time.

The Fall exams came and went and just before the Christmas holiday, the Agora sponsored the Santa Strut. The gym was beautifully decorated, under the direction of Jack Panabaker, in red, green and white. Big cardboard Santas were strewn about, Christmas trees were brighely ornamented, and the whole atmosphere was imbued with the Holiday Spirit.

Basketball season started, and after several of the "at home" games, we waxed the floor of the gym, turned on the Juke box and danced. It was at one of these little affairs that Jack Leighton was initiated into the Kappa Beta Chi fraternity. Jack was a stunning specimen in blue herringbone knee length trousers, a white cotton shirt, exquisitely rolled to the shoulder, and the name of the Fraternity printed on his chest in the latest shade of lipstick. Jack wasn't the only one who was initiated this year, either. Ruth McGuire and Virginia Isaacs certainly gave Windsor a treat when they paraded downtown in slacks rolled up, high heels, and ankle socks, and cotton undershirts over their sweaters. The Sub Debs sat on tiny stools in conspicuous spots on Ouellette Avenue, fishing rods with sticks and string, in pails of water. It was all in fun, and life would be pretty drab without fun, wouldn't it?

The various sororities and fraternities in the school are to be admired in that they have been busy giving teas,

dances and so forth to raise money for worthy causes. The Phi Tau Iota Sorority gave a most delightful tea at the home of Pat Pougnet during the winter, and the Sub Deb Club gave just as lovely a one at the home of the Fraser twins. The Omega Boys gave a handsome cheque to the Blind Institute after their successful "Moonlight Serenade". Last, but not least, the boys of the Delta Theta Gamma Fraternity have been doing a splendid work with the proceeds from the Sat. night dances which they sponsor at the K of C Hall.

Mid winter brings the Senior Dramatic Club Play and the Musical Festival. This year the Club chose "W h y Worry", a comedy in three acts, under the direction of Miss Robbins. The cast played to a full house and, by all comments, the play was well liked. The music which was chosen for the Festival was light and semi-classical, and when the audience left the auditorium, they felt that they had heard something worth while.

We all look forward to a dance before the holidays, don't we? And so the Agora decided to keep up the tradition of the past few years by sponsoring the Fourth Gamblers' Gamble. An unusual colour scheme was used throughout the gym and the crystal ball casting varied colours on the many guests was most picturesque.

The biggest and best social event of the school is yet to come, the Military Ball. Yes, the Military is the one thing that the students of Walkerville look forward to year by year. It is the one tradition of the school that will never die. Get your dates early boys, the Big Dance is less than a month away. If you can't dance, come and learn; and if you don't care to dance, come for the sheer amusement of watching your favourite teacher's uneasiness in a tuxedo.

The Military Ball will officially close the school's social activities.

Judith Davies.



GRADUATES - 1941 - FORM 13A

Front Row: Amy Jean Luxford, Mary Jane Luxford, Joyce Dunn, Ruth Fornataro, Mary Spitoski, Miss Dickey, Jean Wilson, Marion Seaton, Eleanor Queen, Eva McGuire.
 Middle Row: Winnifred Riddell, Margaret Marr, Anne Tukhanen, Rachel Cornett, Harriet Weston, Luba Vorshuk, Irene Klus, Marion Clark, Margaret Vail, Grace Winter, Betty Grey, Madeline Weymouth, Claire Bennett, Joyce Whipple, Phyllis Wright.
 Back Row: Herb Todgham, Doug McGrath, Gord Noakes, Russell Kinghorn, John Whitley, Bill Kerrigan, Bob MacDonald, Bill Shipitalo, Sam Howie, Walter McKytten, Art Blakely.

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GRADUATES - 1941 - FORM 13B

Front Row: Kathlene Jenkins, Margaret Kemp, Katherine Nestuik, Joyce Parker, Mr. Burr, Peggy O'Neill, Eleanor Gaspar, Helen McMillan.
Middle Row: Mercyl Pullen, Jacqueline Hunter, Gil Morris, Mardell Lethbridge, Vernal German, Al Scorgie, Harry Shawton, Max Koval, Mary LeFave, Connie Lees.
Back Row: Albert Schaljo, Cecil Farslow, Eddie Roemmele, Gil Ham, Norm Crapper, Joe Hong, Dave Kerrigan, Donald LaDouceur, Jack Fry.



GRADUATES - 1941 - FORM 13C

Front Row: Shirley Gubb, Kerma Rose, Florence Leffler, Miss McLaren, Irene Kulman, Margaret Macintosh, Claire Bontront.
Middle Row: Judy Davies, Mabel Lounge, Bob Bennett, Ossie McMillan, Ralph Cole, John Bartlett, Fraser Huston.
Back Row: George Balint, Dave Bruce, Don Hand.

GRAD NEWS

As we gaze into our crystal ball we see the favoured offspring of W. C. I. scattered far and wide with fate smiling kindly upon them. Some have entered the portals of higher learning, while others have gone out into the cold, cruel world of business. We are exceedingly proud of those who have joined the active services. These include Don. Warren in the army and Bill Baldwin, Fred Hatcher and Bob Williams in the R. C. A. F.

As we focus our eyes on the glass ball we see in far-off McGill Bill Taylor delving into the Medical Arts, while Ken Ewing pursues the Science of Engineering, aussi, we wager, the little French girls.

Nearer home is Jack Cassidy, our lone Queens man, studying Maths and Physics.

At Varsity the fairer sex is ably represented by Marion Aitken studying Household Economics, Pete McClymont majoring in P.T. and Ev. Vizzard mastering Social and Political Science. The Varsity men include John Young and Pete Crassweller, developing a terrific bedside manner, Jack Fuller learning to pull teeth, Leonard Wright studying Engineering, and Pete Hauran labouring over Maths and Physics.

Western has lured such luminaries as Ruth Woonton, Thora Bradley, Iveagh Riche, Jack O'Young and Jim Henry into Business Administration. Dot Wyeth is taking a Nursing course. Thornton Strickland is strong for Math and Physics. Jack Lawrence and Bill George like Medicine.

Normal School is training Eula Stewart and Isabel Lees for the teaching profession.

Right here in our own metropolis Peg McGrath, Betty Jarvie, Gwen Roach and Joanne St. Pierre are studying Arts at the Holy Names.

Those holding forth at the W. C. I. for Honours in more Matriculation subjects include Elizabeth Stevens, George Balint, Art Blakely and the Luxford twins, Amy Jean and Mary Jane.

Anne Daniels is studying the way to a man's heart at Macdonald Hall.

'Way down thar in Kansas State our own Wimpy P. Montgomery is acquiring a large bump of knowledge.

The future secretaries of our illustrious class now attending Business courses are, Madeline Black, Mary Brewer, May Hong, Marjorie Caple, Marion Cornwell, Kathleen Cox, Ruth Davies, May Howie, Jessie Hutchison, Marion Leithhead, Jean O'Loane, Mary Patterson and Thelma Trimble.

The following graduates are now employed: Mary Cunningham and Betty Sibbald at banks, Winnie Dower at C. H. Smith's, Anna Mooney at Neal's, Florence Kempson at Hotel Dieu, Helen Dunning. The boys working include Bill Patterson, Phil Awad, Wilbert Dickie, Bob Liddell, Doug Kid, Roy Mackay and Dick Morley, all at Ford's. Army Ellis at W. Land & Bldg., Stan Beauvais at Ambassador Bridge, Chick Spurgeon at General Electric, John Glos, Murray Luborsky and Joe Seltzer.



Walkerville Grads secured quite an impressive list of Scholarships.

Iveagh Riche—University of Western Ontario, Proficiency in Latin, French, German, value \$300.00.

Thornton Strickland—Second Carter Scholarship \$60.00; University Western Ontario for General Proficiency - \$250.00

Peter Hauran—Victoria Coll. Alumni, Univ of Toronto, Proficiency in Math., value \$625.00.

Marion Aitken—Univ. College, U. of Toronto; The Maurice Hutton Alumni Scholarship of General Proficiency, value \$625.00.

Dorothy Wyeth—Walkerville Ch. I.O.D.E. Bursary \$50.00; Egerton Ryerson Ch. I.O.D.E. Bursary \$50.00; Third Carter Schol., \$40.00.

Stephen Hughes—Lawrence Institute of Technology, General Proficiency, value \$165.00.



Form Thirteen

Five Minute Interviews

1. Appearance.
2. Favourite Saying.
3. Ambition.
4. 1953.

John Bartlett: 1. Gawky; 2. Haw! Haw!

3. Could it be Viola?; 4. Still trying.

Amy Jean Luxford: 1. Like Mary Jane;

2. Really!; 3. Occupational Therapist;

4. Married.

Mary Jane Luxford: 1. Like Amy Jean;

2. Really!; 3. Occupational Therapist;

4. Married.

Elizabeth Galbraith: 1. Pug-gy; 2. Are

you going to Georges?; 3. Librarian;

4. Faithful to Bob?

Claire Bennett: 1. Surprised; 2. Gee!

3. Quit School; 4. Loving wife.

Ozzie MacMillan: 1. Li'l Abner-ish;

2. Gee, I don't know; 3. None, at

present; 4. Taking it easy.

Ralph Cole: 1. Lofty; 2. No kiddin';

To wear a size 37 suit; 4. Drinking

whisky to stunt his growth.

Max Koval: 1. Innocent?; 2. But what

was I going to say?; 3. Wine, women

and cars; 4. Selling Vernor's.

Vernal German: 1. Girlish; 2. It can't

be done; 3. To learn French; 4. Gave

up.

Anne Bonham: 1. Pudgy; 2. Oh, Daniel!

3. Buyer; 4. Daniel.

Gil Ham: 1. Determined; 2. Oh, Yeah!

3. To part his hair; 4. Working for

C. C. C.

Bill Kerrigan: 1. Brilliant; 2. I'll take it up with the band; 3. Engineer;

4. Playing on Major Bowes.

Dave Kerrigan: 1. Serious; 2. Will ask

Bill; 3. To win B. C.; 4. Will ask Bill.

Kathleen Jenkins: 1. Petite; 2. Gosh!

3. Kindergarten teacher; 4. Living in

London.

Judy Davies: 1. Dramatic; 2. Oh, Ron-

nie! 3. Actress; 4. Acting.

Ed Roemmele: 1. Bow-legged, in a kilt;

2. She's a nice kid in her own way,

but she weighs too much; 3. To get

a date before Friday night; 4. Push-

ing a baby buggy.

Russell Kinghorn: 1. Sleepy; 2. Sharp

stuff; 3 To live at Binkley's; 4 Still

selling papers.

John Whitley: 1. Short stuff; 2. Well,

I'll tell ya; 3. To make a car fly;

4. He drank himself to death.

Dave Bruce: 1. Unperturbable; 2. Scat

my cats; 3. To play in an orchestra;

4. Rear Admiral in navy.

Herb Todgham: 1. Neat; 2. Well;

3. Chemist; 4. Happy husband.

Joyce Whipple: 1. Sunny; 2. Have you

seen my locker key? 3. To make Rose-

land a better place; 4. Advertising for

Whipple's Corners.

Constance Lees: 1. Devil-May-Care;

2. I don't care; 3. Get through high

school; 4. Married.

Melba Griffith: 1. Sophisticated; 2. You

don't say so! 3. Drugitess; 4. Play-

ing bridge.

Marg. Hambly: 1. Sweetly tired; 2. Gee

whiz, kid; 3. To quit school; 4. Marr-

ied to a little Frenchman in Montreal.

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THUMBNAIL SKETCHES OF THE MODERN HISTORY CLASS

	Appearance	Desire or Weakness	1954
Armerding, L.	Quiet	To keep quiet	Amerding, D.D.
Balint, G.	Tarzan	Preserved earthworms	Telling the world news
Colthurst, A.	Breezy	Acting up	Still acting up
Coleman, I.	Starry-eyed	Anything funny	Pushing a cart
Crapper, N.	Confused	Giving pep talks	Trying hos Sr. Matric
Dunn, J.	Shy	Errol F.	Picking her farm crop
Dunn, R.	Like her mother	Not history	We'll ask you
Fornataro, R.	Studious	Miss McLaren's subjects	School marm
Gray, B.	Petite	Looking winsome	Still loking winsome
Lefaive, M.	Friendly	Latin	Learning Latin
Lethbridge, M.	Sporty	Sports	Basketball champ.
Leyden, M.	Pleasant	Dissecting frogs	Selling frogs' legs
McGuire, E.	Effusive	Horace	Eating Maoris
Marr, M.	Tall	Donald Duck	Dress Designer No. 1
McGrath, D.	He-man	Ping pong	Tennis champ.
McCann, M.	Timid	French	Learning French
Nestuik, K.	Staid	Art	Nestuik, R. C. A.
O'Neil, P.	Sleepy	Going to sleep	Sleeping
Parker, J.	Prim	Playing piano for Don	Planning her budget
Pullen, M.	Sober	None	She won't tell
Ramsay, B.	Breezy	Anything out of school	Who knows?
Robinson, B.	Scotty	That braw Scotty	Back with her heather
Rose, K.	A rose	Camlis	Mrs. C.
Seaton, M.	Sweetness itself	Everything hard	Competing with Lily P
Sutton, H.	Coquettish	Tom, Dick and Harry	Selling shoe laces
Tackaberry, J.	Demure	Pounding a typewriter	Someone's stenog.
Watts, S.	Effervescent	Talking	Still talking
Weston, H.	Diligent	Making mistakes	Making her biggest
Weymouth, M.	Vivacious	Getting dates	Mrs?
Wilson, J.	Sober	To go to college	In college
Wilson, R.	Sunny	Her nephew	Naming latest nephew
Hunter, J.	Happy	Mardell	Coaching Mardell

Latin With 13A

Each morning at exactly twenty to ten
 We enter la merveilleuse classe latin.
 Two girls especially I must point out,
 Engage each day in an interesting bout,
 their names are (if you care to inquire)—
 Marion Clark and Eva McGuire.
 Eva pipes up with a question like this:
 'Why did the Romans draw wine from a dish?'
 Mr. Burr makes an answer; Clark opens fire,
 And bellows like this at Eva McGuire,
 'What do you care how the Romans got wine?
 Or what do you care about Horace's rhyme?
 I'm sure I don't mind if they had not a cup;
 The trouble is—you're an inquisitive pup.'
 Eva gets up and she answers in turn:
 'I assure you you're just an indolent worm'.
 They quarrel and bellow and boil and fume,

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Until only their noise can be heard in the
 room.
 At length by ten-twenty the bell catches fire,
 And that puts an end to Clark and McGuire.
 (Author's name withheld for reasons of . . .
 personal safety.)

A Student Looks at School

Three hours of homework at least each
 night,
 And dozens of hard exams to write,
 Education is a wonderful thing,
 Lots of people its praises sing;
 The wonder of knowledge, the glory of
 thought,
 That stuff to me is so much rot . . .
 What's the use? It's all the bunk,
 Because I work like Helen Flunk!
Eva McGuire.

Form Twelve

PERFECT GIRL

Hair	Ruth McDougald
Eyes	Ruth McGuire
Height	Kerma Rose
Figure	Jane Farrow
Teeth	Dorothy Bulley
Car	Virginia Isaacs
Clothes	Phyllis Wren
Personality	Betty Leighton

PERFECT BOY

Hair	Berrian Easton
Eyes	Gilbert Ham
Height	Mark Boyd
Physique	Ronald Doidge
Teeth	Bruce Soper
Car	Neil Gasken
Clothes	Jack Panabaker
Personality	Norm Crapper

OUR 12B CLASS

You've often heard of the 12B Class
 Who, in exams, try hard to pass;
 They try and try, and oft succeed
 To get just fifty, 'cause that's what
 they need.
 Now if ever you hear a teacher say
 "The 12B class is here to stay",
 Just ignore the statement you will hear,
 'Cause some sad day, we'll all dsappear.
 Of course you'll want to meet a few,
 Before they all bid the school adieu;
 There's Jane Farrow who, every day,
 Has something more of "him" to say;
 And the tiny hero of the bunch
 Is Warren Smale, with a new hunch;
 And Derek Hopkins who's always strong
 In declaring Mr. Burr's answer is
 wrong;
 Annette Clowes is our beauty gal,
 Including Joyce her schoolgirl pal;
 And Marie Partridge, with her tiny
 voice,
 Perhaps will be some soldier's choice.
 There's Don Taylor our drummer boy;
 And Ralph Howling whose car is his joy.
 There's Betty J. our skating star,
 And Art who draws his big dream-car;

Ed Gurgash is our Algebra lad;
 Aurel Radin in History isn't bad.
 Betty McAllister in English is smart;
 And Doris Sharkey who took the part
 Of Aunt Gertrude in the play,
 Will act, perhaps, some day;
 Joe Cameron is our little man;
 Our timid girl is Dorothy Brown;
 Mac Hawkins gets the teacher's goat,
 By making queer noises in his throat.
 Stan Butcherd, with his donkey's neigh
 Will be on the radio some day;
 Monica McKinley, it seems to me,
 Is never on time, when she should be;
 A class like this no one can beat,
 But if the others you'd like to meet,
 Listen to me and do as I say,
 Come up and see us all some day.

Mary Sesak, 12B

A good line is the shortest distance between two dates.

DAFFYNITIONS

Sausage—I never saw sage a column
 Gold—Spring affliction.
 Thirsty—Day after Wednesday.
 Spanish—Popeye's food.
 Brains—Food for thought.
 Serene—Whistle of a police car.
 Climate—The way you get up a tree.
 Scar—Overgrown cigarette.
 Deducts—Cousins to the geese.
 Dessert—Common complaint of new shoes.
 Conservative—A man who hasn't enough courage to fight and is too fat to run.
 Courtship—The period during which the girl decides whether or not she can do any better.
 Criminal—One who gets caught.
 Detour—The roughest distance between two points.
 Diamond—A woman's idea of a stepping stone to success.
 Diplomat — A man who convinces his wife that a woman looks stout in a fur coat.
 Dachshund—Half a dog high and a dog and a half long.

Shirley Southerst, 12E.

Form Eleven

Morning cums it's then eye riz,
Put on my shirt, put on my ty-z,
Eat my breakfast then to skool,
There too reed the Dayly Drool.
Then to awl our classes kleep,
Their too ketch up on hour sleep.
When the belle rings, with sirpreyse
Wee gradually opin up hour I's.

Eric Potter.

Comments by two average girl students at a hockey game.

Look! One of the players can't afford a sweater like the rest; he's wearing a white one.

Don't be silly, Cobina, that's the empire. He's the one who serves the ball when the game starts.

Hurrah for the fellow in the blue and red sweater. He batted the ball into our cage. That's another touchdown.

They aren't touchdowns. They're called ghouls or something.

That mean old empire is putting Johnson in the penal colony for juvenile delinquency, I think.

That cute little boy just shot another hole-in-one.

There goes a foul ball into the bleachers.

Those poor boys must be from some prison; they all have numbers, and there is a wall around the court to keep them in.

Don't you think it's mean of those boys to bat the ball at that poor boy in the cage.

There's the recess bell and the end of the third inning. Let's go home.

Robin, 11A.

SO YOU WORRY?

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Wh never to himself hath said
"Woe is me"?

How suitable are these words! Could anyone find a more descriptive remark

to express utter dejection or complete despair? However, why do you worry? Is worry not a mental obsession only? Do you worry because your father before you worried? You do not need to worry; eat and be merry, for tomorrow you may be dead.

What! You don't want to be dead? There you are. You are worrying about being dead. How do you know what it is like to be dead? Have you ever been dead? Now do you see how useless worry is?

The more you worry, the less you do, and the less you do, the more you have to worry about.

Get wise, kids. No more worrying. Anyhow it puts wrinkles in your faces, and makes you look like Lionel "Playboy" Barrymore.

This hyar piece o' literature drawn up this day April 2 by a right passable stoodent of 11A.

CHEZ GEORGES

Tous les students go to Georges a quatre heures tous les jours except for la classe des officiers. Georges est un petit garçon. Flash est just learning to parler Francais. It dit 'Comment se va?' which means to him 'What do you want?' Georges has une grande cafe qui est toujours filled avec lazy garçons et lazy filles. Le food of Georges est tres bon. So go à Georges pour un tres bien dejeuner. Georges aussi has un helper s'appelle Happy. Georges est tres crabby du garçons mais, il les aime very much. Il ne desire pas avoir the boys and tous les jours Georges kick les students out a cinq heures.

11-A POEM

With her brimming glass of water,
Miss Brown comes bursting in,
But the pupils have their suspicions
That it's a Mickey Finn.

Fred proves out all the theorems
With much ado and fuss,
With all the girls 'round here
He's drawing curves for us.

Miss Hutchinson, our teacher new,
Is the soul of generosity,
Why, even for a word or two
She'll give two hundred lines to me.

In the Science room lies Charley,
A-sprawling on the floor,
He took a drink of H₂O
But 'twas H₂SO₄.

We tell our Mr. Trusler
That we know our verbs and stuff;
But when he gives our papers back,
He knows it was a bluff.

"Times are good", said Archie,
"For I am working now,"
And he wiped the beads of honest sweat
From his most ample brow.

When Mr. Klinck dreams aloud,
His face gets bright and beams,
Especially when his subject is
Our own dear Junior Hockey teams.

Walter Jones, 11A.

In the railway station at Winnipeg,
an inebriated man was trying with difficulty to get on the train. At last a kind porter helped him on and to his seat. The man beamed his thankfulness.

"What shervice, what shervice," he gloated to his neighbours. "Shimply wonderful. Wher are you going?"

The neighbour replied, "To Windsor".
The inebriated one was all smiles.

"Shimply wonderful service. You're going to Windsor; I'm going to Vancouver, and we're both on the shame train."

FORM NEWS FROM 11F
AMBITIONS

Jack Skinner—Dry land sailor.
Steve Vorshuk—Speaker in the House of Commons.
Leonard Burke—Hollywood woman reviewer.
George Pitman—Rear admiral of the Air Force.
Jim Hunter—Fuller brush salesman.
Dave Brooks—Miss Hutchinson's best friend.

Dan Kozicar—Store detective in the Dime store.
Keith Case—Floor walker.
Jim Haurelik—College professor.
Bill Grundy—Looking for Juliet.
John Zeaman—Inspector of schools.
George Smadu—Rudolph Valentino II.
Mark Boyd—High pressure salesman.

Famous Sayings of Famous People

Viola Lowrey—Has anyone got a comb?
Bill Grundy—Pass me that homework.
Bertha Jean Fletcher—How's every little thing?
Jim Scorgie—Gosh! Do I love it!
Evelyn Ross—Let me at him.
Mark Boyd—Well, wouldn't that jar you!
Jack Laidlaw—Going to Georges at noon?

The class essay was on Kings, and one boy handed in the following:

Kings:

The most powerful king on earth is "Wor-king."
The laziest king on earth is "Shir-king".
One of the funniest is "Jo-king".
One of the hardest kings on earth is "Thin-king".
One of the thirstiest is "Drin-king".
One of the noisiest is "Tal-king".

B. B. M., 11E.

Miss Post to a 9D pupil: "Stand up and describe Italy for me."

Pupil: "It is shaped like a shoe and run by a heel."

Norma Bottle, 9D.

Famous Sayings of 11G Teachers

Mr. Swanson:—Waken up; there's no mystery about it.
Mr. Malania—There'll be no boogie-woogie on that piano.
Mr. Forman—I'll expect everyone Tuesday and Thursday after four.
Mr. Davies—We'll give that one another try.
Mr. Fletcher—How about doing some work?

Miss Brown—Well!!!
 Miss Rider—We'll now try a rumba
 step.
 Miss Saunders—Oh girls, hold the ball
 this way.
 Miss McGrath—Get down to work.

Flash!!

Is it true that Mr. Malania likes boogie
 woogie? Reliable sources in 11G confirm
 this report.

Gordon Branch—

Ambition: To work in J. D. Branch
 Lumber Co.
 Idol: Trudy.
 Favourite Food: Wooden matches.
 Future: Lumberjack.

Thelma Wighton—

Ambition: To see Bonnie Scotland.
 Idol: R. A. F. Airmen.
 Favourite Food: Scotch Thistles.
 Future: To marry a Scotchman.

Robert Pfeifer:

Ambition: To be another Mickey
 Rooney.
 Idol: Shirley Temple and Baby Sandy.
 Favourite Food: Movie Magazines (he
 eats them up).
 Future: Sell all newspapers in Windsor.

Bob McDonald—

Ambition: None.
 Idol: Bob McDonald, Esq.
 Favourite Food: Films and Developer.
 Future: Photographer with Life Maga-
 zine.

Rita O'Rourke—

Ambition: To win Irish Sweepstakes.
 Idol: St. Patrick.
 Favourite Food: Shamrocks.
 Future: Singer of Irish Ballads.

Marjorie Fitch—

Ambition: To meet Yehudi.
 Idol: Anything in long pants.
 Favourite Food: Hot Chili.
 Future: Chorus Girl.

**Interesting Facts About Interesting
 People in 11B.**

1. Name; 2. Hobby; 3. Favourite Food
 4. Whom I Most Admire; 5. Ambition.
- 1, Jean Postill; 2, Looking sour; 3, Lem-
 ons; 4, Ned Sparks; 5, To be a teacher.
- 1, Jim Howard; 2, Testing lipstick;
 3, Wheaties; 4, Ron Doidge; 5, To be
 able to write as fast as Archie Fletcher
- 1, Reg Moore; 2, Hitting smaller boys;
 3, Raw meat; 4, Bonnie Huson; 5, To
 beat up Gabby Strickland.
- 1, Ray Pillon; 2, Trumpet; 3, Noodles;
 4, Harry James; 5, To play in the
 Windsor Symphony.
- 1, Ben Bradford; 2, Washing Day;
 3, Crab apples; 4, Nancy Dayus; 5, To
 wash Rin Tin Tin.
- 1, Nancy Dayus; 2, Snubbing French;
 3, Caviare; 4, Jack Glendon; 5, Have
 her father mayor of Windsor.
- 1, Gordon Smythe; 2, Trout Fishing;
 3, Onions; 4, Jim Howard; 5, Join Air
 Cadets.
- 1, Bob Yates; 2, Copying homework;
 3, Gum; 4, Buck Rogers; 5, Graduate
 from third form.

Jim Howard and Gordon Smythe.

We went to school one early morn
 In a streamliner car with a musical
 horn;
 We were going fifty or a little more,
 When we worked up a little sore.
 We raised our heads to look about,
 And at what we saw we raised a shout.
 The car was in wreckage and broken
 glass,
 And we thought with joy "We will miss
 our class".
 So we settled down to wait for a cop,
 Who sure enough appeared right on the
 dot.
 From his Irish smile and sparkling
 laughter,
 In jail we thought we'd eat on a silver
 platter;
 But we now are sitting in a dark, musty
 jail
 Waiting for father to come with the
 bail.

True Confessions

Marion Howard Brown, born in Brockville, thinks W. C. I. is the best school in the world, and 11C is a "nice alert class". She likes to teach History better than English because it's easier. When asked why it is easier, she said that she "doesn't know, it just is". Her favourite historical character isn't in our text, but is Queen Elizabeth. Miss Brown's ambition is to retire on a small farm, which she will furnish with antiques, and on which she will keep dogs, her pet weakness. On this farm she hopes to escape her pet peeve - marking papers. Good luck, Miss Brown!

* * *

Frances Elizabeth Tape, born in Highgate, when questioned, demurely confessed that she "has no ambition". Holidays are a weakness of her's, and a pet peeve is "people who forget to bring books to class". She likes to teach English, but doesn't know why; thinks W. C. I. "can't be beaten", and 11C is the "tops". Winston Churchill's remarkable courage has made him her hero.

* * *

Gladys Isabel Tunks, born in London, Ontario, has the almost impossible ambition "to create nimble minds". Preferring Middle School Algebra to Geometry, she states that her favourite Math teacher is Mr. Ball. "11C is a swell class, and just "tops", while W. C. I. is "the best school in the province". She hates to rip out knitting, but loves bridge and horse-back riding. She isn't alone in her craze for bridge, for even if the other two won't admit it, they don't exactly hate it.

REMINISCENCES OF 11A

Spring is here,
The grass has riz;
I wonder where
The flowers is!
(Courtesy of "Archie")
In days like these,
Under some tree,
Sandy Girdler
As'leep you'll see.

Summer is here,
The mercury riz;
Oh, how hot
This school-room is.

Out of school
We are today,
But we'll be back
Another day.
(Courtesy of "Chuck")

Autumn is here,
We paid the rent;
I wonder where
The flowers went!
(Courtesy of "Sandy")

And what of us,
I thought you knew,
"Times is really good",
We're working, too.

Winter is here,
But our rink isn't,
And when you think
It is, it isn't.

No other collegiate
Can us beat,
For now you know
We've got steam heat.

Robin, 11A.

LATIN

The people are dead who spoke it;
The people are dead who wrote it;
They will die who learn it.
Blessed death, they earn it.

Yehudi.

* * *

Two salesmen were bewailing their woes on the train. They simply could not sell any of their goods. How sad they were!

Then another salesman walked in and sat down. He took out his order-book and was soon engrossed in arithmetic. Once in a while the other two salesmen could hear a huge number like 1,000,000 or 3,000,000. As this went on for some time, the two salesmen became more and more curious and jealous. At last one went to the busy salesman and asked: "What do you sell?" The other nonchalantly replied, "Jelly Beans".

Form Ten

Sad, But True

10A is the craziest class this school has ever known;
 We giggle, talk, chew peppermints, till out of the door we're thrown.
 Jack thinks he has his English book—behold! it is not there,
 So out of the door he goes once more.
 Our teacher says "Beware"!
 When Miss McGrath says "Allistair, tell me the kinds of nouns,"
 Poor Mr. Leslie tries to guess, and meets her sternest frowns.
 In Science class we break the glass and hold a festival—
 If Mr. Young spies us, we don't like the rest at all!
 We listen with enraptured looks while Mr. Klinck proceeds
 To tell us how to thresh the wheat, or mow, or cut the weeds.
 In Latin book reviews, it seems, dear Edith is so coy—
 She always manages to get a glance from "that one boy".
 Miss Ryder does her level best to teach us charts and maps;
 It may be we're not int'rested—n'est-ce-pas, perhaps?
 A question's asked—no one replies, the strain begins to tell,
 Then just as lines are going 'round—we're "saved by the bell"!

Dorothy Woods, 10A.

A DAY IN 10A LIFE

Math: This class isn't taking its math seriously. Why this is an "A" class and you should all get 90% - - I smell peppermints!
 Delbert: Why, Mr. Fletcher!

* * *

ENGLISH: Gillie, 500 lines for tomorrow. Marilyn, you too. Dorothy, if you have anything to say, please put up your hand.

Yvonne: Mr. Forman, you forgot the memory work.

LATIN: Now there are only five kinds of nouns to learn. Take out your exercise books and see if you can remember what we have already taken.
 Lois: Miss McGrath, when do I give my Latin report?

* * *

SCIENCE: How many of you aren't quite clear about this yet? I thought so. It's really as easy as falling off a log.

George: Mr. Young, how do you know that the first weight will balance the other one?

* * *

FRENCH: What this school needs is more co-operation. Why, only the other day one of the graduates said to me - - etc.

Don: Mr. Klinck, who won the last hockey game?

* * *

HISTORY: Alva, give all the events connected with the War of 1812.

Alva: - - - - silence.

Syd: May I go to my locker?

* * *

There will be an assembly last period this afternoon. Such absolute peace and quiet in 10A!

10-A'S TEACHERS

Little Miss Ryder, our home room teacher

Accepts our projects as a second feature.

Mr. Forman our new literary light
 Makes us study that stuffy "Twelfth Night".

Mr. Klinck, so bright and airy,
 Raises dogs and a pet canary.

Mr. Young, so tall and sleepy,
 Does experiments that make us creepy.

Mr. Fletcher never hints
 That he smells our peppermints.

Miss O. E. Saunders, our peppy dancer,
 Lectures on Mondays about harmful cancer.

Miss McGrath in Latin speaks;
To learn this it takes many weeks.

Mr. Malania, with you we're content,
To parliamentary debates you gave
your consent.

We have many teachers and we're
pleased with them all,
Even when they report us to Mr. Ball.

Miss Post (in the geography class):—
"What are the tributaries of the Nile
called?"
Howard Easterbrook: "Juveniles."

Old Lady—How did those rocks get
there?

Guide—They were brought by the
glaciers.

Old Lady—Well, where are the glaci-
ers?

Guide—They have gone to fetch some
more.

Morrison—I hear you got thrown out of
school for calling Mr. Ball a fish.

Kilpatrick—I didn't call him a fish. I
just said, "That's our dean", real fast.

When Delbert was at the theatre he
became annoyed by the conversation in
the row behind.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I can't
hear a word."

"Oh," replied the talkative one, "and
what business is it of your what I'm
telling my wife?"

Did they take an X-ray photo of Dor-
othy's jaw at the hospital?

They tried to, but they could only get
a moving picture.

Why is your neck like a typewriter?

Answer—Because it's Underwood.

CLASS NEWS 10A

1. Alias.
2. Ambition.
3. Whom I admire the most.
4. Weakness.
5. Occupation.

—DOROTHY WILSON:
(1) Dot; (2) To play hockey; (3) Mr.
Forman; (4) Arguments; (5) Getting
her own way in English.

—MARIE LAVIS:
(1) Old maid; (2) To be a social butter-
fly; (3) Don Kilpatrick; (4) Boys; (5)
Making eyes.

—DON KILPATRICK:
(1) Flapears; (2) To out-talk Dorothy
Wilson; (3) Gordon Shaw; (4) Girls;
(5) Making puns.

—EDITH METCALFE:
(1) Tubby; (2) To be thin; (3) Mr.
Young; (4) Talking and eating; (5) See
No. 4.

—ALVA (EDISON) SWANSON:
(1) Nero and light-bulb; (2) To enter-
tain Gloria Verway; (3) Gloria; (4)
Gloria; (5) Gloria.

—PHYLLIS MARTIN:
(1) Felix; (2) Learn how to swim; (3)
Gillie; (4) Quoting Gillie; (5) Laugh-
ing.

—JACK GILLILAND:
(1) Gillie; (2) To get on a hockey team;
(3) Ruth Gooby; (4) Rushing as the
bell rings; (5) Forgetting English
books.

—GORDON SHAW:
(1) Pshaw; (2) To be popular with the
girls; (3) Jane Adams; (4) Wearing a
helmet; (5) Being charming.

—YVONNE WESTON:
(1) Eve; (2) To be on time; (3) Yvon-
ne Weston; (4) Big words; (5) Being
late.

—DELBERT TAYLOR:
(1) Del; (2) To be an actor; (3) Diane;
(4) Wearing R.C.A.F. badges; (5)—
Whistling.

—KEN SMALLWOOD:
(1) Kenwood; (2) Hard to tell; (3)
Lois; (4) Dropping nails in the waste
basket; (5) Making inappropriate re-
marks.

Doctor: There goes the only woman I
ever loved.

Nurse: Why don't you marry her?

Doctor: I can't afford to - she's my best
patient.

"Look here", said the angry travel-
ing man to the small-town hotel-keep-
er, "don't you know that roller-towels
in hotels have been prohibited in this
State for three years?"

"Sure", replied the hotel man, "but
that there towel was put up before the
law was passed."

— 10B —

10B, so I am told, is the noisiest of
classes,
The kids are quite bright, but as slow
as molasses;
When the teacher goes out we just let
out a roar—
So back we come trooping at five after
four.
Our general occupation is the chewing
of gum,
So that accounts for us being so dumb!
Paul Luxford.

Form Nine

The Teachers and 9A

There is a teacher named Miss Rider,
Whose favourite drink is apple cider;
"Bend your arms" and "Bend your
knees",
Some of her slogans are such as these.
When we get excused from gym each
day,
"Where is your note?" Miss Rider will
say;
And when we say "I don't know",
Down to Mr. Ball we go.

When the swimming pool opens we all
dive in,

And you cannot hear above the din.
Miss Rider yells and jumps about,
And one by one we get kicked out.

In Science class we all are sad
Because the teacher gets so mad,
And if the boys shoot elastics here,
They get pulled out quickly by their ear.

If we do an experiment in this class,
Someone succeeds in breaking some
glass.

"Pop" goes a florence flask, 'Bing" goes
a beaker,
And someone's allowance grows weaker
and weaker.

Another class of which I'd like to tell,
Is one that the students don't like very
well;

This is the French room on the first
floor,
Where someone is always kept in after
four.

Miss Evans, our teacher, comes in every
day
And says "Bonjour" in a very nice way;
But after 9A has been in there a while,
She changes her looks to a frown from
a smile.

Miss Auld just frets and fumes at us
When we leave her room in such a muss.
We use the white powder and she gets
cross,
And says to 9A "Just who is boss?"

We run to the front to get the red
powder,
We hear Miss Auld's voice getting
louder and louder;
She comes up behind and makes us sit
down,
And everyone walks to their seat with
o frown.

But Walkerville High is a very nice
school;
The teachers are swell and they don't
let you fool;
You learn something there and when
you get out,
You'll find work quickly without a
doubt.

Ann Wilson, 9A.

KINDS OF STITCHES

What kind of stitch is—
 Hard to live with?—Cross stitch.
 A part of a cough?—Hem stitch.
 A part of a window?—Blind stitch.
 Is found on a fowl?—Feather stitch.
 Is a fish and something everybody has?
 —Herring Bone stitch.
 Is made of many links?—Chain stitch.
 Is not forward?—Back stitch.
 Is useless without a key?—Lock stitch.
 Repeats itself?—so and so.

Ivy Core, 9B.

Mr. Hartford: "Now there's nothing in the world too difficult to overcome."
 Lyle Ross: "Have you ever tried squeezing shaving cream back into the tube?"

A hug is a thing of beauty entirely surrounded by a stretch of masculinity.

His arms have been around more curves than a bath towel in a sorority.

Men, beware! When a girl gives you too much rope, she expects to be tied up with you.

She called her boy friend Pilgrim, because every time he called he made a little progress.

One of our students met up with this on a Latin test: "Give the principal parts of any Latin verb".

The student was in no condition for the exam, but he thought and pondered, to no avail.

Suddenly a thought struck him. He wrote: "Sl'no, slippere, falli bumptus". But that didn't go too well with the teacher. The returned paper had these: "Failo, failere, fluncto, suspendum."

She's sugar and spice
 She's strawberry ice;
 She's moonlight and roses
 And loaded dice;
 To-day she'll splurge
 And tomorrow skimp;

She's partly a cherub
 And mostly an imp;
 She's Carrie Nation
 And Helen of Troy,
 Elaine and Scarlett
 And Myrna Loy.
 She's real as trouble,
 She's make-believe.
 Who?
 Any woman at all since Eve.

Marguerite Currie, in a composition:
 "sympathetic ink".
 Epitaph: Here lies the lawyer for the last time.

Judge: Who was driving when you collided with that car?
 Corporation (triumphantly): None of us; we were all in the back seat.

Many a man has made a spectacle of himself with two glasses.

ODE TO 9B

For I dipped into the future far as the human eye can see,
 Saw a vision of the world and all the wonders of 9B;
 Saw Bob Smith upon a soap-box giving us the present news,
 And May Gilgan in the circus in a dress of vivid hues.

Saw Babs Field back from Mexico telling us of what to see,
 And Joseph Cipparone as busy as a bee,
 Saw the Armstrong sisters dancing in a swanky small cafe,
 Saw little Howard Waffle trying to bail out on Hudson Bay.

Saw Bob Birrell selling peanuts and Wilfred selling pop,
 Laurie Chittim helping Albert dig up his summer crop;
 While our actress Norma Dobney plays on Broadway every day,
 Ken Bowser and Art Clarke are digging ditches for their pay

Bill G. Clapper is a pilot and our R.C.
A.F. ace,
While Charlie Hunt swears up and down
that he really is a bass;
Virginia our dietitian suggests ginger
in the prunes,
While Martha, working busily, hums
Courtney's most modern tunes.
Jack Burr working at wireless, twirling
dials and turning knobs,
While Gus Elliott and Lyle Ross are still
looking for their jobs.
Don Sparrow riding horseback, on a
country state he owns,
But when Mary Hall tried the same
trick she suffered broken bones.
Marie Bell, our singer, trying to lead
9B in 'The King',
While patient Margaret Sloan is waiting
for the bell to ring.
Margaret Kay is now in Dogpatch in
the place of Daisy Mae,
While her hero Lil' Abner comes and
woos her every day.
We see once more an empty seat, the
starting of a row,
I'm sure Jack Wood is sick in bed, or
really very slow.
Saw Margaret Hayward modeling in a
New York fashion show,
And Arlene in a ballet costume point-
ing her dainty toe.
Saw Marguerite Currie designing hats
for Ivy Core to wear,
And when she goes out walking her
hats give everyone a scare;
But best of all in our dream we see our
good friend, Miss Evans,
She is sitting 'round her fire-pace with
all her children, seven.

My Love—

It all comes back to me now, I love
you truly, your eyes are bright as the
stars above. When I saw you south of
the border I heard a rhapsody, but it
was only a Mexicali Rose, My Margie.

Scatterbrain, 9F.

Sayings of Famous 9F People

John Bernhart: "I didn't do nothin'".
Ruth Gignac: "Say, Kid."

Jack Small: "I wonder what Dorothy's
doing now?"
Tom Hornsby: "Gee, I haven't got my
Science note-book up to date."
Don Geddes: "I didn't have my book
home."
Betty Hancock: "In the seventeenth
century they had a hard time in the
army, navy and air force."
Shirley Sales: "Did you hear the one
about - -"
Grace McPherson: "Corny Joke."

A Girl

She's five foot two, eyes of blue,
Slim of body, fair of hair,
She walks along with a graceful gait,
Looking for a handsome mate.
And her complexion of peaches and
cream
Is not blotched by pimples mean,
Which belong with lashes, curling long,
And with dimples, full turned on.
Would you like this?
Who wouldn't ! !

Margaret McKenzie.

Things That Can't Happen Here

Margaret Biggar not talking in Math
class.
Harry Woolsen bringing his music book
to class.
Leah Doloughan getting her name pro-
nounced correctly.
Miss Auld calling us 9C.
Miss Evans giving us a study.
Keith Wilmshurst knowing something
about French.
Barbara Lucier bringing her locker key
to school.
Mr. Allison not giving anyone lines to
write out.

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF TEACHERS

Mr. Allison—"Five hundred lines in my
room after four."
Mr. Young—"The next one I catch talk-
ing won't leave this room alive."
Miss Evans—"I will not have that in my
room."
Mr. Beckley—"Quiet!"
Miss Post—"Jim, five hundred lines is
a lot to write out."

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: Bruce Soper, Mr. Allison, Norm. Crapper, Jack Creed.

Back Row: Jack Panabaker, Mark Boyd, Ralph Cole, Doug Johnson, Ronny Doidge.

Boys' Athletic Executive

President	Len Camlis
Hon. President	Mr. W. N. Ball
Vice President	Norm Crapper
Secretary	Jack Panabaker
Treasurer	Mr. A. Fletcher
Publicity -	Norm Crapper, Mark Boyd,

* * *

Doug Johnson, Ralph Cole.

The Boys' Athletic executive is elected by the student body to carry out the extra activities concerning sports. This year the boys' executive continued the sale of school crests begun last year. The executive sponsored some tea-dances after school and after basketball games and arranged for bus transportation for the students so that they would be able to see football and hockey games. The addition of a publicity group to the boys athletic proved to be a great help this year. This group advertised all the games and tried to stir up more school spirit. We are sure that this year's executive has carried out its work profiently and will continue its fine work for the remainder of the term.



SENIOR RUGBY

By R. W. Doidge



Front Row: Fred Kemp, Bob MacDonald, Bruce Soper, Mr. Allison, Don Hand, Fred Hawkesworth.

Back Row: Berian Easton, Jack Morris, Dave Bruce, Ronny Doidge, Jack Panabaker, Eddie Roemmele, Bob Daniels.

What a fortunate season our senior boys had on the beloved gridiron this year! Never since I can remember has a team spread sportsmanship and friendship as the Walkerville Senior Rugby team did this year. Although the lads

never came home victorious this semester, they always came home smiling and bruised and laden with glory. Nothing made a player happier than to display a rugby battle scar, and may I inform you the boys are all happy. Congratulations.

BLUE AND WHITE

ations, Mr. Allison, for coaching such a fine squad.

The Line-up

Jack Sherman. At the position of quarterback Jack proved to be the brains and the spark of the team. Jack played sixty minutes of every game this year and played first string quarterback in the All-Star team. He is, undoubtedly, the best passer Windsor has seen in a long time. On the defensive Jack always gets more than his share of tackles.

Jack Panabaker. Sensational is the word that describes Jack's playing this year. Hitting his stride in the first game of the season, Jack kept gaining momentum and showing Windsor rugby fans how a triple-threat man treats the pigskin. At the position of halfback, this very fast, shifty lad, ran wild. Jack Panabaker did the kicking this year, and time and time again punted the ball into safe territory. Jack also throws a very accurate pass. It is little wonder that he won a very important post on the All-Star team.

Ernie Martin. Hard driving, swift sprinting, and timely tacking make Ernie Martin a very valuable halfback. He proved to be our best at gaining yards through the line this year, and was a very important cog in a speedy end run. Ernie Martin was voted unanimously for a post on the Windsor All-Star team.

Len Camlis. In Len Camlis we find a real athlete and a true lover of sports. Len is an eminent track man, a very good basketball player, a fast hockey player and proved to be an All-Star this year in the rugby garb. This boy is rated with the fastest runners in Western Ontario and he proved to be a hard man for the opposing teams to stop. His surplus speed, his accurate pass, and long kick, very duly brought to Len the title of "Triple Threat Man". Len played splendidly in the All-Star game.

Bob MacDonald. Bob is a sturdy boy and did a good job in backing up the line. In running and plunging Bob made himself a very important part of the senior team this year. This boy doesn't restrict his athletic ability to rugby. He

is an exceptional hockey player and has accepted a contract to play down south this year.

Ed Duschaine. Ed was indeed a very indispensable man for the backfield. Ed is a quiet boy, but this cannot camouflage his fearless spirit and fondness of reckless plunging and tackling on the rugby field.

Dave Bruce. Here is a newcomer in the field of rugby, who made his bid for and carried away more than his share of glory from the rugby field. This year Dave Bruce did a beautiful job in backing up the line and strengthening the team. Dave's work on the line this year was outstanding, and it was an untimely injury that kept him out of the All-Star game this year.

Jimmy Gates. Although Jimmy was the smallest man on the squad this year, he played a very strong defensive game at end. Jimmy is a sixty-minute man and always was one of the best tacklers on the team. He added spark as well as strength to the team and I think you will join me in saying, "Nice going, Jimmy Gates".

Frank Pyatt. At the position of end, Frank Pyatt played a hard and consistent game this year. Frank tackled his way into a regular position on the squad and always more than lived up to his reputation of being a strong defensive player. This boy is now a member of the glorious Royal Canadian Air Force. We are proud of you, Frank.

Don Hand. Don is one of Walkerville's veteran rugby players. This boy made a perfect linesman because he is fast and brawny. A large crowd was present at that game in which Don overtook and knocked out of bounds two opposing players that were sprinting down an open field towards Walkerville's goal line. This is the brand of game that Don displayed all season and I hope that you work as well with the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Vic Gaskin. Vic proved to be a reliable man this year. He played a very good

BLUE AND WHITE

game at end. Vic joined the Royal Canadian Air Force after the rugby season and I feel safe in saying the Air Force recruited a good man. We miss Vic on the campus but we are proud to know that he is in the service.

Bruce Soper. Although Bruce hasn't played much football he showed a very keen interest in the game this year and consequently shaped into a good end. Bruce isn't a heavy boy but he is solid grit on the gridiron. You played an excellent game, Bruce.

Fred Kemp. Here is a boy who proved to be a pillar for the Walkerville team. Fred's position was centre and need I inform you he played brilliantly. It is the snap-back that paces and peps up the club, and this perfect team-mate fulfilled his job with honours.



Emerson Williams. "Emmy" was not the biggest fellow by far on the squad, but rugby quality is not always found in the brawny people. A sparkplug and a

good man on the line, Emerson Williams was a constant threat for the opposing team. This boy has dropped out of our massive faculty and we miss him greatly. He is diligently doing his share in this heavy but worthy job of war work.

Peter Ferliek. Although Peter did not have much rugby under his belt before this last rugby season, he showed himself to be probably the best centre that has ever put on the sacred blue and white. Peter was a stone wall on the defense and a very accurate snap on the offensive. It is little wonder that Pete wound up this season with a very important post on the All-Star team. To this perfect team-mate and grand fellow I say, "Congratulations, Pete".

Jack Morris. Jack found himself on the line this year, the line that is never publicized by the newspapers or admired by the rugby fans, the line that takes all the punishment and does all the work. This boy loves rugby and turned out faithfully to fight his way through the enemy line. To you lads the sense of shaking of the knees when you think of donning the pads to play rugby, I say, think of Jack Morris; he's not a big fellow, but he gets real enjoyment from the game.

Sherwood Walsh. Here is, in popular opinion, our star tackle. Sherwood never missed a possible tackle and when this boy tackles you, you stay tackled. Sherwood said scarcely seventeen words all year, but his heart was always fighting for the blue and white. You played a bang-up game Sherwood and made a model player on the line.

Jim Bane. Jim proved to be a strong player and linesman this year. This boy greatly bettered the team, both on defense and offense, and added to the surplus of morale. Jim is any rugby coach's idea of a perfect linesman.

Doug St. Dennis. This is the boy that throws that rib-shaking bullet pass. Doug specialized in passing this year and threw that pigskin with record power and accuracy. You played your half-back position excellently Doug.

—Your humble sports editor,
Ronny Doidge.

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: Ed Sahagian, Bev. Wood, Jerry Childerhouse, Tom Hornsby, Mr. Forman, Eddie Roemmele, John Bartlett, Joe Martin, Bob Daniels.
Middle Row: Stan Butcherd, Dewart Lynn, Don Wilson, Fred Hawkesworth, Tony Menard, Gordon MacDonald, Bob Johnson, Jack Gilliland.
Back Row: Dave McGee, Tom Vandelinder, Bob Hawsen, John Green, Ronny Payne, Jim Adams, Berian Easton, Charlie Rowe, Mars Gelinas.

Junior Rugby

What a plucky Junior team coach Mr. Forman put into shape for Walkerville C. I. last season. Most of the material that turned up for practice last Fall was green as summer grass, but constant practice and excellent coaching soon made real rugby players out of the Junior lads.

The Team

Joe Martin. Joe is a fast man and filled excellently his position at end. This boy could not complete the season because of a broken collar bone.

Murray Binkley. Murray was another of Walkerville's good ends. He fights hard and plays a serious game.

Bob Harrison. At middle, Bob used his speed and weight to hold his regular position at middle. Defensively and offensively, Bob is a good player.

Ron Payne. Ron has had a lot more experience than a great many Juniors. This boy used his two hundred pounds

to great advantage at the position of middle.

Tony Menard. Tony proved to be a very fast inside and always charged the opposing line recklessly.

Fred Hawkesworth. This boy applied his one hundred and ninety pounds at the position of inside and proved to be a great asset to the team.

Dewart Lynn. Dewart played centre. On defense he backed up the line perfectly. On offence Dewart was an accurate snap and a fearless linesman. Congratulations, Dewart Lynn.

Mars Gelinas. This great little sportsman played extremely well his position at quarterback. Gelinas specialized in low, clean tackles.

Charlie Rowe. From the position of right half, Charlie smashed constantly through the line.

Tom Vandelinder. Tom played exceptionally well at left half. This boy is a very

(Continued on page 82)

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: Russell Lalonde, John Holder, Russell Kendall, Mr. Hartford, Jack Purdy, Paul Luxford.
Back Row: Laurie Chittim, Jim Nader, Gord. Smythe, Lyle Ross, Bob Smith, Earl Cartlidge.

Juvenile Rugby

Something new in high school sports impressively made its debut at Walkerville High School this year. A schedule was set for interclass "Juvenile Rugby" teams and the lower school lads practised eagerly to perfect their respective teams. Coached by their teachers the boys tore into a schedule with great enthusiasm. Winding up in first place with the honour of being Juvenile champions of the school were Mr. Hartford's Ramblers. Congratulations, Ramblers! We

expect to see you all playing W.O.S.S.A. Rugby next year.

The Rambler Lineup:

Stan Allison, Lyle Rose, Jim Nader, Dick Ryan, Bob Farrow, John Holder, Jim Pilor, Russel Kendall, Albert Meyns, Ron McNamara, Paul Luxford, Gordon Smythe, Ray Roberts, Bill DeHard, Malcolm Campbell, Jack Purdy, Hugh Porter, Don Bennett, George Ward, Bob Smith, Bernard McElroy, Glen Zavitz, Russel Lalonde, Jack Brush, Earl Cartlidge.

POND'S

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BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: Ken Rutherford, Mr. Allison, Ed. Duchaine, Nick Yaret
Back Row: Pete Mudry, Al Scorgie, Ralph Cole, Ronny Doidge.

Senior Basketball

By Ronny Doidge

In many a heated gymnasium, screaming rooters saw the dashing hoopsters display their wares and their good sportsmanship this year. The boys came out on top in only two games this semester, but bowed to many games only by narrow margins. The team-mates this year learned the real value of and sport of the game of basketball, rather than the lust for victory blood. Mr. Allison, one of Canada's best basketball players, coached the Seniors again this year.

Need I say, Mr. Allison, you coached a fine group of boys.

Al Scorgie. Al jumped centre and played pivot-man this year. This boy is a veteran basketball player and he certainly proved his hooping talent. "AL" always finished a game with more than his share of points. A quiet boy and a grand fellow to play with is a good description of this boy. Nice going, Al Scorgie. "AL" received honourable mention for the All-Star Team of Windsor.

Jack Sherman. Jack played a very steady game at guard. In this boy we

found a very good ball handler. The shifteiest player to step on the high school basketball floor this year, an accurate sharpshooter and a perfect team mate. This boy was one of the main point gatherers, and it was he who paced the team in each game. "Jack" also received honourable mention for the All-Star Team.

Ken. Rutherford. Here is a fleet forward who moved up from the junior squad early in the season and took over a regular post on the senior team. Sr. Basketball was a new game to him, but before long he played like a veteran. Ken is an excellent ball handler and proved to be a valuable man.

Peter Mudry. Pete joined the team about half way through the schedule. Pete became a very important cog in the team. This boy plays a very strong defensive game, and has a dangerous long-shot. You filled your position in grand style Pete.

Ralph Cole. A newcomer to the game, and a prospect for university basketball is what we find in lanky Ralph Cole. He

(Continued on page 82)

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: Ed. Sahagian, Tom Hornsby, Mr. Forman, Jack Gilliland, Joe Martin.
Back Row: Bob Marshall, Jack Ogg, Bob Johnson, Jack Stodgell, Jack Holder, Jim Scorgie.

Junior Basketball

Mr. Forman's Junior Basketball club truly deserves honourable mention this year. Brand new recruits turned out for Jr. Basketball practice this winter and learned the art of playing the game from the floor to the hoop. Under the guidance and close supervision of its coach, Mr. Forman, this gang of youths practiced ardently and thrilled basketball fans all over the city with their fine showing in the scheduled games. These blue and white youngsters played like veterans and cast a new light on Junior basketball.

Most of this year's club will be playing Jr. Basketball for Walkerville next year, and we are confident that they will come out on top in the coming basketball season.

Tom Hornsby. Tom proved to be a very good ball handler and a strong defensive player.

Jack Ogg. The hoop was an easy target for Jack Ogg to hit with a basketball. This boy was always a scoring threat.

Jim Scorgie. A good ball handler, a brill-

iant guard, and a real sport, combine to make that popular lad, Jim Scorgie, Jim can always be depended on to hoop more than his score of points. Keep up the good work, Jim.

Joe Martin. Joe's speed and good eye for the hoop make him a dangerous forward to guard.

Keith Rose. The fighting little bundle of school spirit that was always on hand to help the squad is Kieth Rose.

Jack Gilliland. Jack was the shiftiest man and the best ball handler on the team. This boy made many of his points by a splendid pivot shot.

Bob Johnson. This chubby lad is an excellent guard and paced the squad in many games.

Jack Holder. In Jack we find real material for a future professional basketball player. The clean ball handling that this boy displayed gained for him a regular position on the team.

Jack Stodgell. Jack's continually good game boosted the quality of the Walkerville junior games this year and kept for

(Continued on page 86)

Senior Hockey

"What happened to the Senior Hockey team this year?" is the popular question asked in student sport circles. It is evident that no attempt was made this year to organize a senior club and it is also a known fact that the Walkerville C. I. has, this year, same championship hockey material. Let me illustrate my point.

That friendly American School, Cranbrook, engaged a Walkerville senior pick up team in a regulation hockey match at the arena. The result was that our blue and white boys overwhelmed the American team and thoroughly defeated them. Bob MacDonald, the best high school hockey player in Windsor, Dewar Laing, one of the speediest wings in the leagues, Emerson Williams, a very fast skater and a marvellous stick handler, Dave Kerrigan, a real hockey player, Jack Glendon, a great performer on the skates, Forbes Thompson, an extremely good puckchaser and many others played in this game. Walkerville hockey lovers and players merely twiddled their thumbs this year because nobody could coach them and give them a chance to win the Windsor Senior Hockey championship.

Incidentally the same Cranbrook

team which challenged W. C. I., played the Kennedy team which had had an extremely successful season this year; in this game Cranbrook trounced the Kennedy boys and had no trouble at all beating them.

Let's not give up the ship so readily next year. Let's always have a team even though we might not win a game.



Junior Hockey

Mr. Klinck did it again! He coached the Walkerville Junior hockey team to the Windsor championship. These classy teamsters skated undefeated through this year's hockey schedule, and we feel safe in saying that they would have captured the W.O.S.S.A. title if the war would have let them out of Windsor. Assumption, Patterson, Tech and Kennedy fell under the punch and boundless spirit of the Blue and White Juniors. When Mr. Klinck coaches a team, the only thing that he finds lacking is some worthwhile competition. Congratulations, Walkerville Juniors. Keep up the good work, Mr. Klinck.

Here are the boys that made up this unbeatable team:

Ian Steele. Ian is undoubtedly the best hockey player for his age that you could find anywhere. As captain, Ian played a brilliant game at centre. This boy is the fastest man on the team and has a bullet shot.

Don Wilson. Another speedy player with an excellent shot, is Don Wilson. Don played a brilliant brand of hockey this year. Congratulations, Don.

Mars Gelinis. Gelinis watched his teammates from the bench this year until the final game of the play-offs. In this game this slight junior unleashed his pent-up fury and played the best game

BLUE AND WHITE



Front Row: Eddie Roemmele, Bob Johnson, Bill Kerrigan, Mr. Klinck, Ian Steel, Dave McGee, Murray Binkley.
Centre Row: Mr. Allison, Dewart Lynn, Don Wilson, Bob Daniels, Fred Clarke, Brock Jones, Tom Vandelinder, Mr. Ball.
Back Row: Russel Lalonde, Bill Bates, Mars Gelinas, Elmer Aurey, Gordon MacDonald, Jim Adams.

of the whole year. Sewing up the series with four goals, Mars was Walkerville's hero.

Dave McGee. Speed and stick-handling are the qualities that make Dave a dangerous forward. This boy know the game thoroughly and plays ardently.

Murray Binkley. Murray played well his wing position and aided greatly in synchronizing the team-work that Mr. Klinck had taught the teams.

Elmer Awrey. This boy is indeed a perfect defenseman. Elmer is a hard man to get past because he blocks fearlessly and stick handles excellently. You played an unbeatable brand of hockey this year, Elmer.

Gord. MacDonald. Gord's brilliant back checking and aggressive spirit gained for him the left wing position on the first line. Gord played consistently and well deserves the many compliments of the students.

Dewart Lynn. Dewart played steadily at defense this year. This boy was a safe man to defend blue and white territory.

Tom Vanderlinder. Another plucky forward is Tom Vandelinder. Tom worked well with his line and helped to tally for many goals.

Bill Bates and Bill Kerrigan. These lads proved that they were the two best goalies in Windsor. Their work in the nets was an extremely important factor in capturing the championship. Congratulations, fellows.

Eddie Roemmele. Eddie made a perfect co-captain for the team this year. This boy is a valuable defense man and displayed his wares a great deal this year. An injured shoulder kept Eddie off the ice at the end of the season.

Bob Johnson. This puck-chaser played a beautiful game at wing this year. Bob fights hard and greatly boosts the morale of the team.

(Continued on page 86)

BLUE AND WHITE



JUNIOR INTERFORM HOCKEY LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

Front Row: Leonard Burke, Keith Peifer, Brock Jones, Mr. Klinck, Norm Bake, George Smader.

Back Row: William Meisner, Donald Bickerby, Bill Meisner, John Brush, Gordon White, Bob Richard, Leo Delaney.

Senior Soccer

Here is another of Walkerville's championship teams. Need I tell you who coached this club. It was Mr. Klinck, of course. It seems that every time that grand teacher coaches a team he brings it home with a trophy. The Walkerville Senior Soccer team kicked their way through this year's schedule with not one defeat. Competition was tough at times, but Walkerville's spirit and excellent team work brought the lads through on top every time. Mr. Klinck taught the boys to play systematically and the teamwork that the club showed on the field of battle looked like clockwork. "Walkerville Senior Soccer Pooters!" You played the game the way it should be played.

Walkerville C. I. students unanimously extend to you their compliments and congratulations.

These undefeated team-mates are:

Goal: Clare Reese

Fullbacks: Allister, Scorgie, Edward Cook, Terry Tarleton,

Halfbacks: Donald Wilson, Ian Steele, Grant Peifer, Nick Yared, Don McElroy,

Forwards: Gordon MacMillan, Jack Ogg, Bill Guignon, Alex Powell, Reg. Moore, Melvin Carrier,, Jack Skinner.

* * *

They sat side by side in the moonlight,
And she murmured as she stroked his brow,

"Darling, I know my life's been fast,
But I'm on my last lap now".

* * *

Her: Do you think you'll find a perfect girl?

Russel K.: No, but it's a lot of fun making sure they weren't.

BLUE AND WHITE



JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM

Front Row: Don Shaw, Charlie Cherrie, Mr. McLeod, Jack Ogg, Noel Carew, Peter Daniels.
Back Row: Jack Creed, Bob Marshall, Brock Jones, Stan Allison, Alan Roach.



FIELD DAY WINNERS

Front Row: Irene Martin, Mardell Lethbridge, Mary Hilliard, Phyllis Martin.
Back Row: Jack Graham, Charlie Cherrie, Jack Panabaker, Dave Bigger.

TRACK

Always have the Walkerville track teams defended their colours and always have they brought back honours for the Walkerville rooters to praise. True to form the blue and white track team worked famously at the sunny field days last spring. Not only in Windsor, but in London, the trim boys displayed their speed and made themselves famous.

Among the prominent senior athletes we find Len Camlis who captured the senior W.O.S.S.A. discus championship in the last track festival. In the 440 yard race at the Windsor meet, competition was extremely stiff and our blue and white champion ran beautifully to capture second place honours.

This all around athlete ran on Walkerville's Senior Relay team that put on a fine show at London and finished 30 yards ahead of the next closest contender to win the W.O.S.S.A. relay championship.

Fred Thatcher, who is now a staunch member of the R.C.A.F., has always performed brilliantly in track as well as on the basketball floor. This year Fred won a good second place in the senior high hurdles, both at Windsor and London. This graceful runner had a post on Walkerville's famous relay team.

Still watching the smooth cinder track we find that Gilbert Morris ran third in the senior half mile, with Ed. Cooke placing third. Ed. threw a good javelin this year and brought home a 4th place pointer after the spear-tossing match. Other excellent senior performers are Claire Fisher who was on the winning senior relay team and Bill Hamilton who gained third honours in the senior high jump.

Intermediate Track

Always will we remember the work of that brilliant rugby player and grand fellow Jack Panabaker. Jack tried his hand at track this year and showed everybody what real athletes are made of. Showing up as an intermediate at the

Windsor meet, this boy won the broad jump, ran second in the intermediate hop, skip and jump, and placed third in the 440; and captured third place in the 220 yard dash. As do all good track men, Jack went to the London track showing and performed there in senior togs. Here, in the broad jump, he leaped to fourth place honours. On the winning senior relay team Jack was an important cog.

Lloyd Huntingford, an intermediate this year, ran fourth in the 440 yard and 220 yard runs, fourth in the Javelin throw and fourth in the broad jump.

Running smoothly to second place pointers in the intermediate relay race at Windsor were Joe Martin, Jack Panabaker, Lloyd Huntingford and Ozzie MacMillan.

Congratulations, track teams, you set a fine pace for future Walkerville track men.

Juvenile Track Team

Last year's Juvenile track team, coached by Mr. Klinck, won a number of honours, both at the Kennedy Collegiate meet and at the W.O.S.S.A. meet in the University of Western Ontario Stadium. These bantam weights, led by Charlie Cherrie, who was juvenile champion at Kennedy, went to London to try their best and defeat London Central High School who had beaten them by half a point for the juvenile championship the year before. Charlie Cherrie again distinguished himself and won the high jump and Jim Jenkins, another member of the team placed third in this event. Later Charlie got another point by placing third in the broad jump. Later, members of the relay team turned on the heat. A Walkerville juvenile relay team which has not lost at London for the past three years, again kept this honour by beating London Central by at least ten yards, but unfortunately, this was not enough, because London Central captured the meet again by half a point.

But Mr. Klinck is determined to beat them this year. Letter and pin winners

BLUE AND WHITE

of the team were Charlie Cherrie, Jack Graham, Eric Cross and David Biggar.

Jack Graham.

Track and Field

A successful field day was held at Kennedy Collegiate in the fall. The following are those who placed in the different events:

Senior Girls—

100 yard dash, Marion Shaw - 4th.
Running broad jump, Pete McClymont — 2nd.

Running high jump, Betty Tidman - 4th
Shot put, Marion Shaw - 2nd.

Intermediate Girls—

Running high jump, Mardell Lethbridge — 1st.

Running broad jump, Mardell Lethbridge - 2nd.

Junior Girls—

75 yard dash, Murphy McKinley - 3rd.
Running broad jump, Kay Baird - 1st.
Running high jump, Kay Baird - 1st.

The Junior Individual Champion of this track meet was Kay Baird, one of the best all 'round athletes in the school.

At the track meet in London, Mardell Lethbridge broke her own record of 4-ft. 4.375 inches, set in 1939, by 1.375 inches.

Betty Stewart.



Front Row: Jack Morris, Ian Steele, Vernal German, Mr. Bunt, Neil Gaskin, Bob Podolsky, Jack Ogg.

Middle Row: Charlie Rowe, Alva Swanson, Delbert Taylor, Fred Hawkesworth, Ray Pillon, Paul Luxford, Bill McNaughton.

Back Row: Ed. Sahagian, John Green, Leonard Burke, Bob MacDonald, Don Gilpatrick.

RIFLE TEAM

Walkerville Collegiate has a rifle team of which it may be justly proud. One of the five-man entries in the Dominion Marksman Small Bore competition, in competition with 45 other teams from Ontario, placed fifth. In competition with the whole of the Dominion, the

same entry placed sixth. The members of the entry and their scores out of a possible 300 are:

Neil Gaskin	291
Gordon Branch	287
Bill McNaughton	286
Bob Podolsky	291
Vernal German	292

BLUE AND WHITE

This is only one of the three major competitions in which the rifle team took part. The Dominion of Canada Rifle Association sponsored a competition requiring 3 targets (30 shots) from each member. These targets were fired one per month during Jan., Feb. and March. The team scores were the highest ever reached by the W. C. I.:

Team A - 96.55%; Team B - 83%.

Aside from this accomplishment most of the members won individual awards. R. Podolsky, N. Gaskin, G. Branch, I. Steele and L. Burke each won first class silver medals. Bill McNaughton was in

a class by himself, for he won the special class gold medal for having the highest score in the D. O. R. A. competition for Walkerville Collegiate. Twenty-three other members won second class bronze medals.

The third competition is known as the Royal Military College Inter-School Competition. The awards at stake consist of a huge shield for the school and individual silver medals for the members of the winning team. Already some very high scores have been turned in and there is every indication of a very fine result.



Front Row: Phyllis Martin, Mary Arnold, Miss Ryder, Ruth Greenhow, Joyce Whipple.
Back Row: Kay Baird, Marg. Hambly, Jean Williams, Ruth McDougald, Betty Giles.

Girls' Athletic Executive

President	Mary Arnold
Vice President	Ruth Greenhow
Secretary	Joyce Whipple
Sports	Phyllis Martin
Grade 9 Representative -	Betty Giles
Grade 10 Rep.	Kay Baird
Grade 11 Rep.	Ruth McDougald
Grade 12 Rep.	Jean Williams

Although this society held another successful Hick-Hop and several tea dances, it has done a great deal to encourage War Work within the school. Miss Tunks took charge of the Red Cross knitting and was pleased with the work that was given to her. The boys overseas were not forgotten. All graduates from our school who are serving in the armed forces were sent chocolate bars.

BLUE AND WHITE

LEADING SOFTBALL TEAMS



Back Row: Ella Dupuis, Dorothy Bulmer, Mary Arnald, Margaret Lyman, Jacqueline Hunter, Shirley Sales.
Middle Row: Murphy McKinley, Thelma Wighton, Kay Baird, Elizabeth Bell, Emily Gates, Nedro Rollo, Anne Wilson.
Front Row: Dorothy Green, Shirley Bake, Miss Ryder, Miss Saunders, Mardell Lethbridge, Barbara Hutchinson, Eileen Regis.



Back Row: Betty Samson, Irene Martin, Anne Sinevitz, Marg. Hutchinson.
Middle Row: Nellie Shipitalo, Jean Young, Miss Ryder, Miss Saunders, Vivian Horsfield, Neg. Uzebac (Capt. 12A).
Front Row: Gloria Verway, Helen Brown, Audrey Duddy, Kay Baird (Capt. 10E), Winnie Winton, Margaret Gibson.

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Dramatic Club News

(Continued from page 12)

little Archibald and were not disappointed in the least.

"Uncle Joe's Will" was also presented by the Junior Dramatic Club. There were several very excellent character roles and the acting throughout the performance was good. This play was repeated in March along with the Senior Dramatic Club play, "Why Worry". The latter was a comedy in three acts, under the direction of Miss Robbins. It was the story of a lovable family of nit-wits who were under the thumb of a melodramatic mother, Judith Davies, who lived in the past completely, still glorying in her late husband's Shakespearean triumphs. Her three children, Jack Leighton, Mary Bennett and Evelyn Awrey, were forced to use the language of the Bard. Little Evelyn Awrey gave a magnificent performance as the "little sister" who is never wanted. Joe Hong played the part of the poet and house-boy. It was Joe's first play and he stole the show. Andy Boyd was a vacuum-cleaner salesman who became a permanent guest and, before he knew it, he fell in love with the young damsel of the household. Also providing the love interest in the play were Ruth McGuire and Jack Leighton. Ruthie converted Jack into a modern Jitterbug, and in the second act she gave him the first lesson of his six. Oral Botosan, the tough cop, played his small role very well, as did Doris Sharkey, the detested Aunt Gertrude. The devoted uncle Jerry was played by Ed. Cummings a newcomer in Walkerville this year. The play concluded with three romances well on their way. Aunt Gertrude satisfied with her rights, and the cop relieved to get out of such a mad household.

Pins were awarded to Judith Davies and Joe Hong for the best actress and actor respectively.

Judith Davies.

ORATORY

(Continued from page 13)

Special praise goes to our junior boy,

Bob Charlton, who won not only the school contest, but also the city contest with his speech on "A Man I Admire—President Roosevelt". Jim Cherry, the runner-up, spoke on "A Man I Admire—Winston Churchill".

We are all proud of these orators and congratulate them on their excellent work. We hope that next year's contestants will do as well and will come out in greater numbers so that perhaps we can find an orator who will win not only in Windsor, but even in Western Ontario.
Betty Samson.

Active Service List

(Continued from page 42)

not with us long enough to give us any real sample of his many interesting talents.

As a teacher, Mr. Bull was one of the best. By adding a touch of drama, he made his lessons interesting. He was a friend to all those students who entered his classroom door. Now he is following in the footsteps of his hero, Alexander the Great.

Mr. Bull enlisted in the Essex Scottish and, shortly after his arrival in Camp Borden, became a lieutenant. Later he was sent to Kingston to take a course in signalling, and now he has returned to Camp Borden.

Mr. Bull is a man who is so alive that all who associate with him are unconsciously rejuvenated and made eager to take the next step forward. I know we all wish the very best of success in life to Mr. Bull.

Ruth Fornataro.

CADET NEWS

(Continued from page 45)

and the Signal Corps have been working feverishly to produce a top-flight headquarters company. Our officers have been in training since early fall, and have been termed the smartest performing class in the school history. The well known bugle band in their scarlet tunics, have already proved their worth in the Windsor War-Savings parade. Ev-

everything points to the continued success of the corps.

Concerning the 1939 Cadet Corps, we must mention G. McGorman, the O.C., and Norman Crapper, the bandmaster, for it was their splendid work and leadership that united the efforts of all the members into one huge successful effort.

Bill Flint, under ordinary circumstances, would have been O.C. this year. His now, however, a member of the R. C. A. F. He was one of the most valuable men in the corps, and on leaving takes with him the best wishes of its members. Good luck, Bill!

Eddie Roemmele now steps into the office of O.C., and Norm Crapper continues as bandmaster with his "makes-you-want-to-march" music. To them we extend our congratulations, and express our confidence in their ability.

To the O.C. and his officers, the band and the cadets—Best of luck in 1941!

— V. G.

AMBULANCE CORPS

This section of the Auxiliary Corps has been progressing rapidly under the direction of Mr. Young. Although not very popular at first the squad now is composed of about thirty boys. Besides their regular study in the St. John's Ambulance Manual, the boys received lectures from Dr. H. Campbell, noted physician of Windsor. Just before our inspection of the whole cadet corps takes place, the auxiliary units, both signalling and ambulance, will write exams to see if they understand what they have been taking for the last year. Officers of the Ambulance Corps this year are Jack Graham and Bob Batchelor.

Jack Graham.

Junior Rugby

(Continued from page 67)

tricky broken-field runner. On defence he played an intelligent game and intercepted many passes.

PAGE EIGHTY-TWO

Eddie Roemmele. Eddie is a veteran at the game, although still a junior. From centre-half posts Ed called the signals and proved to be a good captain for the squad. An injured shoulder forced this boy out of action and the team missed him very much.

Ed. Brown. As co-captain, Ed Brown played wonderfully at flying wing. Ed. was a good tackler and always hit the line fearlessly.

Alternates. Walt Patterson, Don Mitchell, Bev. Wood, Ed. Sahagian, Jack Gilliland, John Green, Don Wilson, Stan Butcherd, John Bartlet, Dave McGee, Gerry Childerhouse, Tom Hornsby. Congratulations, lads, you played many brilliant games.

Senior Basketball

(Continued from page 69)

makes a very strong guard and has a shot that is extremely hard to block.

Ed. Duchaines. Ed played a fine game at guard this year. This boy is one of Walkerville's veteran sportsmen and proved to be an old reliable on the team. Ed. knows the game backwards and is a sure ball-handler.

Ernie Martin. Here is a swift, high scoring forward who will match any high school forward in Windsor. Ernie left school before the schedule had been completed, but he undoubtedly did more than his share for the team.

Leonard Camlis. Here is an all around athlete again. This time Len is throwing a basketball around in fine style. Len left school before the season was over, but while here he proved to be an excellent guard and an aggressive forward.

Nick Yareo. Nick didn't have much chance to display his wares this semester, but he was always on hand and made a reliable substitute. Nick gave the lads great moral support. Teams need fellows like you, Nick.

BLUE AND WHITE

John Whitley. John hasn't played a lot of basketball, but he is a very reliable substitute. John plays a very scientific game. It was rumoured once that this chap asked Miss Tunks and Mr. Davies

to help him calculate the arch of a one-handed long-shot thrown from centre floor by a player running at full speed. I'm only fooling, John; you played a fine game.



Front Row: Bob Miller, Frank Payne, Mr. Hugill, Bob Fox, Lyle Bennett, Albert Schaljo.

Middle Row: Jack McQuarrie, Art Blakely, Ken Rutherford, Ted Bartlett, Jack Purdy.

Back Row: Bob MacDonald, Harry Shotton, Mr. Swanson, John Kerr

THE RADIO CLUB

Organized on February 20, the Radio Club had its first meeting on Feb. 27, with Jack McQuarrie as President, Bob Fox, vice president; Art. Blakely, Secretary-Treasurer.

At the meetings on Thursday night Bob Fox usually gives a lecture on some branch of radio theory. These lectures are followed by practical demonstrations with a radio or other equipment.

No knowledge of radio is necessary and new members are always welcome. One of the objects of the radio club is to teach members as much about radio as possible. Each member pays 10 cents

a week dues until he has paid 50 cents. After joining the club the members receive a card which entitles them to about 40% discount at a local radio store.

Out of the money collected in dues the club has purchased a radio which they intend to convert into an amplifier (public address system) which will be given to the school.

The club wishes to thank Mr. Hugill who agreed to stay after school every Thursday so the club could hold meetings in his room. Other members who were not present for the picture are Jack Gooby, Guy Patton, Jack Burr and Bob Bennett.

Art Blakely.

BLUE AND WHITE

A St. John's First Aid Class, supervised by Miss Rider, was held every Monday and Wednesday night. Each class had a large turnout. There was also a Junior Red Cross class.

BASKETBALL

This year the girls of Walkerville Collegiate did not take part in the Inter-Collegiate basketball. Instead, six teams were chosen from names submitted to Miss Rider. These teams played teams from Patterson and Sandwich Collegiates.

Interform basketball started shortly after Christmas and finally ended with 12A as the winner of the Interform Shield. This team also played two games with St. Rose, winning one and losing the other.

TENNIS

A tennis tournament was started in the fall but was not completed because of bad weather. Next year, arrangements will be made so that at least one tournament game will take place each night and in this way the tournament will be completed.

SOFTBALL

Teams composed of girls from the different forms played a series of games. The two winning teams are shown in the pictures.

Volleyball games are still being played during the noon hour. During the winter Miss Saunders has been conducting a tumbling class every Thursday and also a Referees' Class every Tuesday.

THE BADMINTON CLUB

President - Betty Green
Secretary-Treas. - Connie Lees

Every Saturday during the school term from two until five, students may play badminton in the gymnasium. Although the membership has been small this year, those who have come found it very enjoyable. Racquets are supplied for those who have not one of their own,

and for the very small fee of five cents birds are supplied. The members would like to express their appreciation to those teachers who so generously donated one or more Saturday afternoons to be present. It is to be hoped that more students will accept the cordial invitation of the badminton club to join.

I. S. C. F.

'Inter-School Christian Fellowship', what's that? That's a question all of us members are called upon to answer every time the notice is read in class. Why don't you "come an see"? We are always glad to receive new members in our group. If you can't possibly stay for our meetings in room 301 after school on Wed. nights, then stay for 15 to 20 minutes for our prayer meetings in 204 on Wed. at noon.

These Fellowship groups have been introduced into most of the high schools in Canada and the U.S. from England, and even into universities in which it is known as the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship.

At our meetings we study parts of the Bible, sing a few choruses and have a time of prayer. You may wonder what fun one can have at these meetings, but you would be surprised at the real enjoyment we all derive from our discussions. We have officers, it is true, but we try to encourage discussion rather than have one person take over the entire meeting. Louise Armerding, the president, has, of course, charge of it and sees that we do not misbehave. Now just because we have a girl for president doesn't mean that we don't want boys to come out. Don't think it is sissified of you to come to these meetings, boys, because it isn't. The only "sissies" are those who run down our meetings and speak of them with disrespect.

Every High School in Windsor has a similar group and once in a while we have gatherings known as "squashes". To these all, or most of the groups are invited and all certainly get squashed. As no one house has enough chairs for all of these students and leaders to sit

on everyone makes himself comfortable on the floor. Especially when we have a "squash" we try to encourage new members to come out, but we leave a standing invitation to every girl, boy and teacher to attend our meetings at school on Wed., both at 11.45 in room 204 and at 4.00 in room 301.

KNITTING

Last December it was decided that Walkerville C. I. should have a knitting club. The notice was sent around and the girls responded in true Walkerville fashion. Instead of fifteen or twenty, seventy-five girls turned out. As a result of all this energy on the part of these girls who were willing to give of their free time to help our war effort, we have supplied forty-six pairs of socks, fifteen pairs of mitts, fifteen sweaters and thirty-nine scarves—which, by-the-way, are 72 inches long—and if you don't think that is a lot of knitting, just try one.

All the girls did excellent work. I think, however, special mention should be given Phyllis Martin, who will have to her credit eight pairs of socks and four pairs of mitts. Irene Martin also has completed five pairs of socks and two pairs of mitts.

When our knitting went on display last February, Mr. Ball was so delighted with the splendid work that he felt next year the school should buy wool and let our girls knit for the Walkerville boys who are in the army. At present there are many such boys. Next year, with this added incentive, our girls should be even more enthusiastic.

If you knit at all, don't forget the knitting club at W. C. I. We need your help. Let's cheer our Walkerville boys by showing them that we are willing to help in every way.

The Girls' St. John's Ambulance Class.

In these troubled war times when there is so much strife, there is much need for medical care, on the home front and battle front. That is why the girls formed a St. John's Ambulance Class in Walkerville C. I. last October. Perhaps

they will not be needed, but it is better for them to be prepared even if they never have a chance to use what they have learned.

Under the able direction of Miss Ryder, some forty girls every Wed. afternoon receive instruction on how to deal with accident cases, including the use of bandages, dressings, tourniquets and artificial respiration. In order to be skilled the girls must have a background in anatomy, respiration and circulation.

At first there were two classes on Monday and Wednesday afternoons, but now these classes have combined.

One evening in February the class was privileged in having an excellent lesson in bandaging from Mr. Earl Edwards, who demonstrated bandaging before the class with the assistance of Don Kilpatrick and Syd Girdler.

For the younger girls there is a Red Cross Home Nursing group under the leadership of our school nurse; this, too, is both interesting and enjoyable.

The girls of these classes have given one after 4 period a week to learn to take care of accident patients.

Although they may never be called upon to use the information they have received, they have found the course advantageous and the knowledge worth while.

Dorothy Wilson, 10A.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The field where we worked was surrounded by the thickest bush-land that Essex County could offer. The soil, soft and powdery, felt like lime as my tired hands dug and scraped in quest of potatoes. Day after day our boring job dragged out, enlightened only by the novel conversations and the picturesque stories of an old man who always set the pace for me and allowed me to rest when I was tired. It was indeed a surprise when I rammed my hand into the loose earth and struck something sharp and hard, about nine inches under the surface. After much vicious digging, I found it to be an arrowhead. The uniform manner in which the flint was chipped seemed to fascinate my old fellow-worker and I could tell that he was

thinking of Indians, of all the danger, mystery and glorious adventure that was wrapped up in that arrowhead.

Reminiscing, the old sage began to relate various local stories, but the one that interested me was how "Fighting Island" got its name.

"It seemed", began the old man, "that many years ago, prize-fighting was unlawful. In those days young men fought for the honour of being champion boxer. Young men stood toe to toe and slugged with bare fists until one man dropped.

"Now there were two bronzed sinewy lads who came to these parts about the same time, and each claimed to be the champion fighter of the world. The one, an Irishman, slightly more massive than the other, challenged anybody to try to battle him with bare fists. The other hailed from Wales and on hearing the challenge quickly accepted.

Fight fans thrilled, and in order to avoid a run-in with the law, a ferry-boat was hired, and forty or fifty followers took the two young fighters to an uninhabited island, half-way down the Detroit River. Here a ring was set up and the Irishman and the Welshman hammered each other relentlessly. The battle raged on unendingly and in the fortieth round the Irishman swung a right from his heels and connected solidly on the head of his opponent. The Welsh lad went down limply and the fight seemed to have ended as quickly as it started. The referee counted to nine, but there was no need to count farther. At the word nine the Welshman leaped into the air and caught the Irishman behind the ear with a clenched fist. Down went the Irish boy, but he did not stir at the count of nine; he slept soundly. The Welsh lad had won fairly and squarely; he was the unsung champion of the world.

For many years after this episode, prize-fights were staged on this island and more than likely some of the greatest boxers and fighters in history defended their honour there. Thus it was not without reason that it was named Fighting Island.

Ronald Doidge.

Junior Basketball

(Continued from page 70)

him a regular post on the squad.

Ed. Sahagian. The very shifty style of playing that Ed. displayed this year made him a hard man to guard and a continual threat to opposing teams.

Ed. Brown. Ed's spirit and fight incited the team to win many games this year. This boy could not complete the season and his absence was greatly felt by the Junior lads.

Gord. Hand. Gord was a very reliable alternate this year. We feel sure that next year he will have a regular berth on the squad.

Bob Marshall. Bob was another good substitute who sparked the team.

Junior Hockey

(Continued from page 72)

Bob Daniels, Brock Jones, J'im Adams, Russel Lalonde. These lads made very reliable alternates, although they didn't play much they perfected an ingenious bit of team-work which they exhibited between periods while being closely supervised by the team manager, Gabby Strickland. This is how these boys worked: each leaped on to the ice at the same time with shovel in hand; at a word from Mr. Klinck they were away on a speedy exhibit'ion of fancy skating and ice-cleaning—that lasted a full five minutes. After this these public idols wearily wobbled off the ice amid the cheers and shouts of the admiring fans. Congratulations, fellows. I am being frank when I say the team couldn't get along without you.

What did the skunk say when the wind changed?

"It all comes back to me now."

* * *

Why does a duck walk softly?

'Cause it can't walk hardly.

* * *

What was the canary after it fell in to the meat chopper?

"Shredded tweet."

The Scotchman was taking a trip on the train. When the train drew to a stop at the first station, he rushed out of the train and rushed back again. At each station there was the same rush and the same rush back. At last his neighbour became curious and questioned the canny Scot. The answer was:

"My doctor told me that I might die any minute, so I'm buying my ticket from station to station."

* * *

Doctor: "Waist?"

Student: "Oh, about 34 inches."

Doctor: "Chest?"

Student: "About 38 inches."

Doctor: "Neck?"

Student: "Heck, No!"

* * *

"Those new people across the street seem very devoted," said Mrs. Jones wistfully to the newspaper which hid her husband.

A rustle of the paper was the only reply she got, but she was used to that.

"Every time he goes out he kisses her, and he goes throwing her kisses all the way down the street. Edward, why don't YOU do that?"

"Me!" snorted Mr. Jones. "I don't know her."

* * *

Historians tell us that women used cosmetics in the Middle Ages. For that matter, women in the middle ages still use them.

* * *

A bishop had been speaking with some feeling about the use of cosmetics by girls.

"The more experience I have with lipstick," he declared warmly, "the more distasteful I find it."

* * *

Here's to the girls—the younger ones,
But the good die young—
And who wants a dead one?
Here's to the girls—the old ones,
But the old ones dye—
And who wants a dyed one?

* * *

Why does Hitler wear shoes?
Se he can't see defeat (feet).

Three-year-old Nancy's father had installed a new radio. Nancy listened with rapt attention to everything, music, speeches and station announcements.

That night she knelt to say her "Now I lay me - ". At the end she paused a moment and then said, "Tomorrow night at this same time there will be another prayer".

* * *

Willie was a little boy,
His face you'll see no more,
For what he thought was H2O
Was H2SO4.

A lady lost her dog last week,
And this week she went
To her local butcher
To price the meat for lent . . .
He pointed to a sausage link
At which the lady looked,
And when she said she'd take it,
It wagged right off the hook!

* * *

BONERS

An oasis is a futile spot in a desert.
The past tense of 'I want' is 'I got'.
Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out.
In the United States people are put to death by election.

How would you make soft water hard?
Freeze it.

A monologue is a conversation between two people, such as husband and wife.
A stethoscope is a spy-glass for looking into people's chests with your ears.

A pedestrian is one of those people motorists run over.

A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian.

A sincere friend is one who says nasty things to your face instead of saying them behind your back.

* * *

A teacher asked a student to make a sentence or verse with the words "analyze" and "anatomy" in it. The following was submitted by a precocious student:

My analyze over the ocean,
My analyze over the sea;
Oh, who will go over the ocean
And bring back my ana-to-my?

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