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THE WINDSOR-WALKERVILLE TECHNICAL SCHOOL



YEAR BOOK

1927

"Knowledge Is Power"

THAT is the motto which accompanies the crest on the letterhead of the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School. It is a strikingly forceful trinity of words. The truth of the phrase makes a gripping appeal to one's intellect. This age is one of remarkable progress in educational facilities; the boy or girl no longer has to fit into one particular kind of mold; rather, courses and classes are molded to fit the pupil. Nowhere is the change better demonstrated than at the Technical school, where there is a variety of training which cannot fail to appeal to children of all walks of life and equip them for successful citizenship and useful careers.

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WHILE there are over 800 pupils enrolled in the day school, there is even greater activity about the institute at night, when upwards of 1700 are in the class rooms. All branches of training are liberally patronized, but the classes in English for beginners are the largest, nearly 500 having registered in the latter department, practically all new-comers to the Border Cities from foreign lands. These pupils, young and old, are acquiring a good grasp of the English language, and those in all other departments are reported as doing well towards making themselves more efficient in their chosen fields.

THOSE WHO COMPRISE THE BOARD

The Windsor-Walkerville Technical School Board is composed of twelve members, as follows:

- Messrs. R. J. Desmarais (Chairman) and T. A. Pilon, representing Walkerville Separate School Board.
- Messrs. Albert Long (Vice-Chairman) and Andrew Leishman, representing Walkerville Board of Education.
- Messrs. Frank W. Begley and Frank Harding, representing Windsor Board of Education.
- Messrs. P. J. Tschirhart and Harry J. Mero, representing Windsor Separate School Board.
- Messrs. J. P. McKay and John H. Hart, representing Trades and Labor Council, in advisory capacity.
- Messrs. John Wall and Geo. T. Dixon, representing Chamber of Commerce, in advisory capacity.

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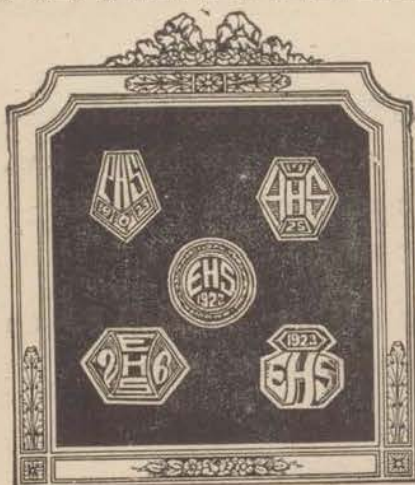
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EDITORS *of the* "YEAR BOOK"



Back Row—Marjorie Ponton, Charles Fisher, Frank Hull, Julius Goldman, Leo Goldman, Wilfred MacArthur, Leslie Campbell, Patrick McKenna, Electa McDade.

Front Row—Molly Cohn, Leta Knight, Mr. H. A. Voaden, Miss M. O'Donoghue (Editor), Mr. G. A. Courtenay (Advertising Manager), Mr. J. J. Wood, Gladys Kerr, Helen Garfat.

Absent—Mary DesRosiers, John Blackton, Sam Marks.

DEDICATION



MR. H. E. GUPPY

THE WINDSOR-WALKERVILLE TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL, like the oak, has grown from a small beginning, and just as the mighty tree has been nurtured and protected by Mother Nature, so has our school been fortunate in having a friendly guiding hand. The latter has its personification in Mr. Harry E. Guppy, who, for a number of years, has been prominent in the work of providing educational facilities and advantages for the children of the Border Cities.

From the moment that suggestion was made for evening industrial classes in this district, some fifteen years ago, Mr. Guppy has worked early and late, day in and day out, for the success of technical education, and our school bears testimony to his enterprise and unselfish activities. It may not be amiss to point out that Mr. Guppy, along with other school board members, encountered discouragement as well as support in bringing about the establishment of the technical school, much prejudice and actual obstruction impeding his efforts at various stages in the development of the undertaking. However, his enthusiasm and firm conviction that his vision was correct, overcame all difficulties, and in due time he had the joy of seeing his hopes realized.

It is with pleasure and gratitude that we dedicate this Year Book to Mr. H. E. Guppy.

TEACHING STAFF



Back Row—Messrs. E. N. Shrier, F. E. Johnston, B.A.Sc., W. Harman, B.A.Sc., G. R. West, B.A.Sc., H. A. Voaden, M.A., J. F. O'Neill, H. J. Heard, W. J. O'Brien, D. M. Seggie, F. J. McGrath, P. Bennett, B.A.Sc.

Centre Row—Miss L. Towle, Miss A. Donaldson, Mrs. E. Ford-Firby, Misses O. Fritz, J. Beasley, B.A., M. Connerty, B.A., G. Green, B.A., D. Beattie, M. Belton, B.A., E. Cragg, Mr. E. J. Sirrs.

Front Row—Mr. A. D. R. Fraser, B.A.Sc., Mr. J. J. Wood, B.A., Mrs. M. McGriffen, Mr. E. C. Srigley, Mr. S. R. Ross, C.E., Mr. W. D. Lowe, M.A., (Principal), Miss M. O'Donnoghue, M.A., Mrs. M. McIntyre, Mr. N. F. Morrison, B.A., Mr. C. H. Montrose, B.A.Cc., Mrs. C. Campeau, R.N.

Absent—Miss G. M. Breed, Miss E. LeBoeuf, H. Irvine Wiley, M.D., School Medical Officer.

"I've Got a Job!"

WHEN Edison celebrated his 80th birthday recently, his friend Henry Ford was a guest of honour. Following an annual custom, newspaper correspondents were given an opportunity during the morning of photographing and interrogating to their hearts' content these two celebrities.

Intimate personal as well as general questions were asked by the correspondents and were answered by both Edison and Ford with charming good humour and great candour. "How much are you really worth?" "Have you devised a plan for the disposal of your fortune?" "How does it feel to be a billionaire?" "What do you think of Governor Smith for president?" were some of the questions 'shot at' Ford.

One question and its answer however, proved to be particularly illuminating,—and surprising. "What's the greatest thing in your life?", Ford was asked. "Well," he thought a moment, "I've got a job!"

One might have expected him to reply that the constant affection and support of his good wife, through thick and thin, through dark days — bright, had been the finest thing in his life. Doubtless such an answer, even if conventional would have been perfectly heartfelt and sincere. Or he might have pointed to the millions of automobiles turned out like "needles and pins," and the convenience and pleasure they had brought to millions in their train. He might have referred with an engineer's pride to those colossal plants built and owned solely by himself. With a grandparent's fondness, he might possibly have mentioned some dear little grandchild as the apple of his eye. But a job! Why, we all have jobs, and usually the other fellow's looks better than the one we happen to be holding down at that. Was Henry Ford joking?

Henry Ford in his busy life may have had little time to devote to the study of a Kant or a Hegel, and his views on history have been criticised as short-sighted, but his answer in this case surely showed a profound grasp of life and its verities. For it is our job that develops and gives scope to what abilities we possess; our job too, is the only avenue for any service we can render society. Henry Ford may have had in mind too, the despair in the heart of the man without a job, and the hope, confidence, and self-respect, possession of a job gives.

It is significant that Mr. Ford did not specify the kind of job. He didn't say a soft job, or a white collar job, or even a job with a future to it,—a thing that makes his answer all the more remarkable. In Ford's opinion as in that of all the seers of all ages, those differences of wealth and fortune that bulk so large in the common eye, and that so often cause us "to bewep our outcast state, and trouble deaf Heaven with our bootless cry," are things of slight moment. "A man's a man for a' that." All that he needs or should ask is a chance to show what stuff's in him,—a job.

And so we thank you, Henry Ford! Your cheap, easily-purchased, sure-footed flivver has laid a few millions of mankind under a debt of gratitude, but generations yet unborn may bless you for this message of hope,—that all that man or woman really needs here below is a thing so wide-spread as to be like death and the taxes almost inescapable,—a job.



MR. W. D. LOWE, M.A.

W. D. LOWE, M.A.
Principal.



EDITORIAL

FOREWORD

"Pleasures," says the poet, "are like poppies spread. You seize the flower, its bloom is shed." Too often we find this true and yet what are happy memories but the unfaded bloom of the laughter, the strivings, the associations of former days? How the wise and the great as well as the multitude delight to recall the incidents of childhood, the jollities, the triumphs and even the difficulties of school days! Such recollections lend a charm to adult life and have often provided the guiding principles of conduct. It is of the charm and romance evoked by memory that Wordsworth says:

"Yes, they can make, who fail to find
Short leisure even in busiest days
Moments, to cast a look behind,
And profit by the kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal."

To preserve the memory of the school year 1926-27 the editors of this second volume of the Year Book have laboured to select those things most

characteristic of our school life. It has not been an easy task because the past year has been one of rapid growth. Attendance has increased, the teaching staff has been enlarged, new courses have been added to the curriculum, all existing activities have been maintained and new ones have been established. We trust that this volume may meet with your approval and that when school days are over, it may contribute a little to your happy memories.

M. O'DONOGHUE.

TECH SPIRIT

The W. W. appearing on our shield is not a motto though amusing attempts have been made to interpret it as such. "We Work," "We Win," "We Will," "Won't Work" are some of the free translations that have been made. Yes—Tech has chosen a motto—"Knowledge is Power," but ours is a young school, its character is still in the process of formation, and it is a little soon to crystallize its aspirations. Yet to those who have watched the school since its beginning in Sept, 1922, there has been evident a very definite growth of school opinion and a clear-cut adoption of standards. The student attitude has increasingly revealed itself as straightforward, unassuming, considerate, good-humoured. These are valuable qualities and provide a sound basis for the building of an Al Tech Spirit.

THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

Plans for a school council definitely took shape last fall, and at the December staff meeting the duties and personnel of the new organization were finally arranged. Meetings have already been held, and much effective work has been done.

The school council was formed to co-ordinate all school activities, and to centralize the collection and distribution of all school monies. This year the council appointed the Concert Committee and the staff of the Year Book. Next year it is planned to have commencement exercises, school dances and other functions of a similar nature under the control of the same body.

The centralization of all school funds is another important aspect of the council's work. At the end of the year the revenue left over from all activities and functions, including the Concert Committee, The Tech United, Boys and Girls Athletics, will be distributed among the various organizations in proportion to their needs.

The personnel of the Council is as follows:

President—Mr. Lowe.

Technical Department—Mr. Ross.

Commercial Department—Mr. Srigley

Secretary—Miss O'Donoghue.

Treasurer—Miss Cragg.

Girls Athletics—Miss Beasley.

Boys Athletics—Mr. Wood.

Tech United—Mr. Voaden.

The year that is fast closing means the last days of school for many of us. We will soon be out in a world of opportunities and failures; difficulties that seem enormous and impassable will confront us. Will we lose heart and give up in despair, or will we triumph? There is a solution for every problem that is presented, and if everything is tackled with a smile and the old Tech spirit, difficulties will fade as a mist before the sun, leaving us at the top of the shining ladder of success. We are then able to face the future unafraid and unhampered by doubts. Opportunities are bound to come our way and we will accept them.

CHARLES FISHER.

How many of us can give ourselves up to real honest thinking? I do not mean pondering over the petty, everyday things of life, but concentrating on truly great problems. We are too busy to think.

Dr. F. M. Rice, in a recent lecture told of an amusing experience. A friend of his at college told him that his greatest thoughts came either when he was alone in the dark, or when out in the woods in a rainstorm. The distinguished Doctor had great faith in his friend's judgment, and on one stormy night he climbed out of bed, left the house, and after trudging two miles through a greasy gumbo road, he reached a small wood.

Soaked to the skin and as cold as ice, he sat down on a log and waited for his thought. None came. However, as he started homeward one truly great thing did cross his mind, and that was, "What a fool I was to think I could think like this."

Thinking is a thing that is almost entirely inspirational. The reason that inspirations come so seldom is hard to conceive. Dr. Rice says it is because everyone is trying to be like everyone else. We are afraid to try our own wings. We are too busy to think.

Is the sacrifice worth while? The sacrifice of our truly beautiful thoughts for the hum-drum life that everyone else is living? This world needs individuality. It must be cultivated, and it can never be realized until we develop real thinkers.

GLADYS KERR—C3A.

STAFF CHANGES

We regretfully record the withdrawal from the teaching staff during the past year of three members. There is, however, consolation in the fact that these withdrawals have been due not to the superior lure of other schools but to other considerations.

Miss J. Walbridge is living in Bennington, Vt., and has opened a clothing shop. Miss Walbridge's change of occupation is an illustration of the close co-ordination between technical education and the field of commerce and industry.

Mr. J. C. Harston, B.A., is teaching at the Vaughan Road High School.

Mr. A. A. Lowther, B.A., is studying at Knox College, Toronto, in preparation for the Presbyterian ministry.

Tech welcomes six new members of the staff.

Miss Jean Beasley, B.A., a specialist in Household Science and in Physical Culture, came from the Walkerville Collegiate Institute. Miss Beasley has taken charge of the girls' physical training work.

Miss Damares Beattie is teaching dressmaking and to her department the various school organizations are much indebted for assistance in costume and designing. Miss Beattie taught formerly in the Vocational School at St. Catharines.

Miss May Connerty, B.A., came from the College of Education. Miss Connerty teaches English and Physical Training and her musical skill is of great assistance in school activities.

Miss Emilie LeBoeuf has had the task of initiating the new Art department. The whole school has appreciated the work of Miss LeBoeuf's department in the scenery painted by it for school concert.

Mr. H. Voaden, M.A., is a Specialist in English and History and comes from the Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa. In spite of the fact that Mr. Voaden inherited several activities that take much time after class hours he has established and successfully carried out a comprehensive programme of inter-form contests in debating, oratory and concert programmes.

Mr. G. R. West, B.A.Sc., comes from the College of Education and is teaching Machine Shop Practice and Mechanical drawing.

LITERARY SECTION

THE GHOST OF HARVEY HARLOWE

Prize Story—Gladys Kerr—C3A.

"Oh no, of course not!" Shelley laughed a nervous little laugh as she drew her chair close to the dying embers in the fire-place. "I never never believe a ghost story when read, or told by someone else, but this is what did actually happen to my chum and me two years ago.

"It was while our club of girls was camping on a small island near the Bay of Fundy, that Lenore and I heard from the old light-house keeper the story of young Harvey Harlowe, his dramatic death, and his return every autumn in the form of a monstrous spectre to haunt and keep in constant terror the people of the little fishing hamlet who were indirectly the cause of his death.

"The story fascinated us. The inevitable evidence of his reality given by the unique teller set our pulses tingling with a craving for adventure, and we decided to be alert for any signs of the returning Harlowe so that we, too, might share in a personal knowledge of this strange spectre.

"One evening as the camp was returning by a backwoods path from the village, where we had been spending a social hour with friends, Lenore and I unconsciously lagged a little behind the rest, who were in a hurry to reach the cove where our launch was tied before darkness was completely upon us.

"As we passed an empty and ramshackle old house along the path, we saw a flash of light go past one of the broken windows. Clutching each other in suppressed terror we waited, hardly daring to breathe, for another sign from what we were sure was the ghost of Harlowe.

We paused a moment, while the voices of the girls grew fainter and fainter, for another signal of the

ghost. None came. We waited again in breathless suspense, and as all seemed quiet, crept through the tall and tangled weeds to the shack, pausing every few steps to listen. The old door was broken in, so we cautiously crept inside. "Squeak! Squeak!" went every step on the warped and rotted boards while the echoing squeak came back through the gruesome stillness. My knees began to tremble beneath me, as the squeaking of the floor grated on my nerves, and pulling Lenore down beside me, I sank upon the floor to wait.

"We waited for what seemed to be an age, not daring to whisper, and conscious only of the wild palpitating of our hearts. There was still no sign of our ghost, and we rose to depart, when suddenly, from the attic of the old building, came a rustling sound like dried leaves frolicking over a beaten path on a windy day. The sound increased and changed to a weird melody. Out of this a voice became discernible. It rose flute-like and then fell like the dying wind.

"Lenore and I clutched each other with such strength that our muscles ached with the intensity of the moment. The beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead, while I could feel creepy little chills chasing each other up and down my back. The noise became louder and louder, and the voice became more distinct. I tried to move but I was glued to the spot, paralysed with dread for we could now hear a step on the rickety old stairs.

"Suddenly against the broken window near the staircase we beheld the Phantom. Silhouetted against the grey sky of the west, he resembled the "Loup Garou," or half man, half

wolf, that we had been reading of in ancient legends. Half fainting we could feel rather than hear his approach towards us. With a panther-like tread he came, and strange to note, there was no squeaking of the boards when he stepped. Trembling like a leaf I was transfixed by the maniacal stare that fixed itself on me. A horrible arm stretched out to me, with claw-like fingers opening and closing convulsively. It drew nearer and nearer until only a few inches from my face. Then then long fingers settled themselves in my hair, and as I felt the horrible death-cold touch, I sank senseless to the floor.

"A sharp cry recalled me to my senses, and as I opened my eyes I saw the girls with the guide bending over us. When our strength returned we told them all. The guide stroked his long white beard, and solemnly predicted that Harvey Harlowe would come no more to the village.

"Such has been the case. The villagers say that his touch on a human person has killed his power to return again. If so, I am glad but I do not wish the honour of being the means of ridding another town of its evil spirit."

ALIAS SUZANNE

"Earnie, have you seen my skating sweater?" asked Marilyn as she entered the room where her brother was sitting.

"Marilyn Rogers, you'er not going skating again tonight! You're a fine kind of sister to have. You promised to help me fix this bloming radio tonight."

"Well I promised the girls—" began Marilyn but Ernest interrupted:

"Call 'em' up and tell 'em your cousin from California is here visiting." Then seeing the doubtful expression on Marilyn's face he went on:

"They'll never know the difference anyway. If you stay home and help me fix the radio tonight I'll take you skating every night next week."

"Well," said Marilyn, "it's not a very nice thing to do but I'll do it this time for your sake."

A few minutes later Earnest chuckled to himself as he heard his sister at the telephone.

"Hello—Is that you Louise?—I'm awfully sorry but I can't go skating with you tonight. My cousin Suzanne Andrews is here from California and as she doesn't skate I'll have to stay at home.—No, I couldn't do that.—Yes. Well good-bye Louise. I'll see you tomorrow.

"There, Earnie," she said merrily, "The fatal deed is done. Now let's get to work on the radio."

Ten minutes passed, then the telephone rang and Marilyn left the room to answer it. A moment later she was back with tragedy written on her face.

"Now you have done it Earnest Rogers! Louise Bookland just phoned and said that the girls had decided to postpone the skating party and now they're coming up here to meet "my cousin Suzanne." It's your fault too. Now what are we going to do about it."

"They're coming up here. Gosh!" said Ernest looking up from his work. "Isn't that just like a pack of girls! But, say, Marilyn, I've got a swell idea."

"You're full of great ideas," remarked Marilyn scornfully.

"Well this one is a good one," went on Earnest. "Now listen carefully. I'll dress up in some of your duds and you tell them I'm your cousin. They know Mom and Dad are in Chicago and you can tell them I've gone too."

"But won't they recognize you?" asked Marilyn doubtfully.

"Not when I'm fixed up. Now don't get excited. Just dig out some of your things for me to wear. Oh they won't recognize me when I get dolled up."

Five minutes later he was back and Marilyn had to admit that his own mother would not have known him. On his head was a blonde curly wig which he had worn in a college

play the year before. His face was carefully powdered and rouged. He had on a frock of Marilyn's and he had even managed to squeeze his feet into a dainty pair of high-heeled slippers of his mother's.

"Well, will I do?" he asked.

Before Marilyn had time to answer, the doorbell rang and she flew to answer it. When she returned with the girls "Suzanne" was found curled gracefully (?) in a chair with a book. After the necessary introductions had been made Suzanne was asked to tell them something of her California home.

"Well," began Suzanne, "Down in California it never snows and—well it is always nice down there and it never snows and—well I guess that's all there is to tell about California." For poor Earnest had never been within a hundred miles of his own northern home and knew little of California's beauty and interests.

"I suppose you never have any 'outdoor skating' down there," asked Louise.

"I guess we do skate," began Suzanne enthusiastically, "I love skating."

But a look from Marilyn warned him that he was on dangerous ground.

"Er-um—I mean roller skating of course," he stammered. "I've never been on an ice pond in my life."

"Oh I'll tell you what I'll do," said Louise. "Tomorrow we'll all go down to the pond and we will teach you to skate."

"Suits me," said Suzanne calmly.

After the girls had gone Earnest kicked off his mother's slippers and stretched his feet out.

"We'll that's that," he said. "And let me tell you, Marilyn, I'm going to have a good time tomorrow with those girls teaching me to skate."

But the next evening after having seven girls drag him, the star hockey player of the High School of the town around the ice, and after having seven girls telling him how his red sweater suited his complexion and his eyes, he decided that masquerading as Suzanne Andrews of Cali-

fornia was not nearly as funny as he had surmised.

The following evening when the doorbell rang Earnest gathered up his books and fled from the room.

"If that's those confounded girls tells 'em I'm sick," he shouted as he dashed up the stairs.

"What shall I tell them if they ask what's wrong with you?" asked Marilyn on her way to the door.

"Tell 'em I've got smallpox. Anything to keep them away."

The next day when the girls called up to find out how Suzanne was they were informed that she had departed for home because of the serious illness of her mother. They were also informed that Earnest had returned from Chicago.

A few days later Marilyn entered the room where Earnest was reading.

"So long old dear," she said waving her sweater over his head.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm going skating. Have you any objections?"

ELECTA McDADE—C3B.

—o—

SMYTHE'S WONDER MACHINE

By Charles Fisher

It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining gloriously, sparrows chirped in the road and a soft gentle breeze was blowing. In fact it was one of those days that make a man look for romance. To put it shortly it was a perfect day.

I was wandering along the avenue, thinking of nothing in particular, not even looking where I was going, when I was brought up short by the shock of bumping into something. Staggering back I heard a voice saying, "Dear me, what was that now! My dear sir, pardon me, excuse me."

The voice sounded vaguely familiar and recovering my hat from the sidewalk, I turned and confronted one of the most amazing men I have ever known. He had a thin face, broad and bulging at the forehead and ending in a pointed chin, a long

beaky nose, and flaplike ears. He wore huge goggles that made him look remarkably like an owl, and on his head was an old green hat. I knew that face the instant I saw it. Anyone who had seen it once could never forget it. In fact back at school where I had last seen him, people said his face made the small children cry, and frightened the cats and dogs. It was the face of an old college chum of mine, Theophilus Smythe.

There he stood surrounded by a pile of wire, batteries and other things he had been carrying. For the moment I was speechless with surprise at meeting "old Phyllis" again, and he began gathering up his junk, all the time murmuring apologies.

"Smythe," I said, "is it really you or am I dreaming?"

For answer he straightened up and blinked at me.

"You blinking old idiot, don't you remember me, Barton Bathurst?" I demanded indignantly, rather hurt at the thought that my best friend had forgotten me.

"Bathurst! Bathurst! he exclaimed in a dazed sort of way, "Why to be sure, Bathurst."

"Yes, Bathurst," I bellowed at him.

"My dear old fellow, let me shake your hand. Fancy meeting you now. Who would have thought it," he exclaimed beaming vaguely at me.

We shook hands and when his stuff was gathered up he asked me to lunch with him. I was glad to go along with him because his oddity had always attracted me and during our school days we had been chums. On the way he began an account of a remarkable perpetual motion machine he was trying to invent.

He lived in fairly comfortable rooms on a quiet street, and his landlady was one of the motherly type, and took quite an interest in him. She confided to me, when Smythe left the room, that she was sure he would "blow himself to pieces one

of these days" and her evident gloom made me feel quite apprehensive.

The machine was quite as weird in looks as Smythe had described it. I noticed an old Ford engine connected by wires to batteries, and gears, cogs and wheels in what looked like a jumbled mass of junk. However Smythe assured me that they were all in order and said that after a few finishing touches his machine would be ready for demonstration.

Dear readers, it is not in my power to describe it to you as he did, but the main idea was that while one thing was unwinding, the energy was storing up in another thing, and when it was all used, the energy in store started, and stored up in the thing just expended, and so on. Quite clear, is it not?

I left him with the invitation to come up again in a couple of weeks for then he was sure his name would be ready for inscription among the lists of great inventors.

Next morning I had just sipped my cup of tea, and settled back to read the morning paper when an item struck my eye, headed, "Mystery Machine Explodes." There followed an account of how poor old Smythe's machine had exploded. The inventor, it said, had escaped with scratches but his room had been practically demolished.

I put on my hat and coat and rushed around to his rooms. His landlady met me at the door with, "Mr. Smythe is feeling pretty badly because of the explosion of his machine. Perhaps you could cheer him up. He's out in his work shop."

Going around I found poor old Smythe, surrounded by the ruins of his "wonder machine" but looking quite cheerful.

"Too bad, old fellow," I said sympathetically.

Smythe looked at me almost gayly. "Bathurst," he said, "I felt badly last night but I know now that that explosion was a blessing in disguise. It showed me just where the machine was weak. Now I know I can correct the defect and turn out a

perfect machine. I'm starting on the new one right away."

What to say to such a lunatic? I left.

WICKED WILLIE A Bed Time Story

Once upon a time there was a bad, bold, desperate, red-headed pirate, named Wicked Willie. Now Wicked Willie always sailed the wild and stormy waters of the Detroit river. He was always hungry, so of course excursion boats were his prey, and everyone knows the Detroit river is the best place for excursion boats.

Well, one day when he was looking out on the sandy desert of Windsor, he spied the "Pontiac" heading for Belle Isle. Now as everyone knows when a boat is headed for Belle Isle it contains lunch boxes and lunch boxes usually contain food. With a great roar, Wicked Willie bounded up the steps seven at a time (there were only seven) and roared:

"Ahoy there, men! Hoist the skull and crossbones," and just then a terrible thing happened. He heard his big, fat Swedish cook say:

"Dot Vicked Villie sure is vun bat man."

With a cry of rage, Wicked Willie picked him up and hurled him through the port-hole. Now, the port-hole was small, the cook was fat, so naturally he stuck.

Wicked Willie sat and tried to think of a torture terrible enough and at last he had a plan.

"Come here men and each take a straw and tickle his feet."

The cook screamed for mercy but the only answer was Wicked Willie's mocking laugh.

About fifteen minutes later they came up to the Pontiac. The frightened passengers gazed over to the sandy desert of Windsor. No hope there. Then at the village of Detroit. All in vain! With great cries of terror and despair they sprang overboard. They were not all Gertrude Ederles but they had all swum

to Amherstburg for picnics at one time or another and many of them finally landed safely at Puce.

Wicked Willie and his crew being left in possession of the ship at once made an attack upon the lunch boxes. One after another was opened, and gradually a look of mute despair settled over each countenance, and at last with a sad and solemn face Wicked Willie and his crew advanced to the top deck of the ship, and one after another jumped overboard. It had been an anti-kosher picnic and they had all brought pork sandwiches and Wicked Willie and all his crew except the cook were Jewish.

So endeth the career of Wicked Willie on the thirtieth of February, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven.

ISABEL MITCHELL—C2D.

The Prize Essay THE ANCIENT TECH!

It was midnight! Not a sound could be heard. The silence enveloped the country side, as did the curtain of night—dark and lonely. In the blackness could be seen, looming up blacker still a huge, lonely shape that appeared to be a building, and the trees, silently keeping watch around it made it look ghostly in the night. The sky was overcast, and neither stars nor moon could be seen. The air was heavy with a sense of evil, as I, tramp and gentleman of leisure passed slowly down the lonely lane towards the house.

It was summertime and the heat was stifling. The honeysuckle on the nearby hedges scented the night air with a heavy odour, and adding to the "spooky" aspect of the place, there came a long, low rumbling. It was only the rising storm, as the wind began to whisper among the trees. The rumbling grew to a growl, the growl to a scream as the wind gathered force, shaking the mighty trees, and whistling round the house. Then thunder pealed high above, and lightning illumin-

ated the scene. In the flash of white light, the house was revealed as empty and half in ruins, but at least it would afford a night's shelter from the terrible storm outside, after my long, weary tramp across country. In the deluge of rain that followed, I ran for shelter. Kicking open the heavy door, that swung on rusty hinges, I found myself in a huge hall.

Evidently it was an ancient house, for all the walls were covered with black panels. I made an exploration of the rooms and found the house, or whatever else it was, to consist of three stories, and on each story were a large number of rooms, both large and small. About forty rickety, uncomfortable looking chairs, with funny little cavities attached, and one big table, with several drawers down the front was the furniture in most of the rooms.

Some rooms appeared to contain chemical apparatus, but oh! how primitive it was! Still other rooms contained huge, bulky machines that could not possibly be convenient to work with. On one room the floor was marvelously polished, and a balcony ran all around. At each end and side, there was a funny basket-shaped apparatus, and dangling from leather straps from the roof, were big iron rings. Whatever were they for, I wondered. Above the entrance to this room, I made out what appeared to be hieroglyphics of some ancient speech, and these were the letters 'G-mna-ium.' What it meant I did not know, and being no scholar, I did not try to decipher it. I came upon a huge room with several wooden tables and chairs and what seemed a long wooden barrier. Behind this on long shelves, were the remains of some old crockery. Above the doors of this room I made out the words Caf-er-a. The rest of the third floor was fast crumbling into ruins, so I made haste back to the first floor.

There I found a row of rooms on the left side of the main entrance for there were many entrances, and

in there I found as comfortable a chair as the place offered and was soon fast asleep. When I awoke the storm was over and the sun was streaming in at the dusty, cracked windows. In the early morning sun the large building with its dusty dilapidated interior looked more lonely still.

As I walked away, I turned to look back, and fixed a picture of the place in my mind. It was like some ancient castle, grand and awful, with four towers, fast crumbling. All around for miles, were old, ruined houses, much smaller than the place where I had slept. Above the huge, heavy doors were written the words, "Win--or-Walk--ille Te--ni--al Sc ol, 1922, but as some of the letters were obliterated it meant nothing at all to me. So I passed on, leaving the ancient structure behind, pondering over what people must have inhabited that strange structure years ago. I visited the teacher in the next city and he with the "stori-optican" showed me scenes of 2000 years ago. Before my eyes materialized a lovely building. Reading the inscription, I learned that it was one of the greatest schools of two thousand years ago, and what I had thought were panels on the walls were blackboards, and the rickety chairs were desks. Turning off the machine, I ruminated, thanking my lucky stars that I had not lived in that crude age, when the process of learning had been so cumbrous.

VICTOR LARKE.

—o—

LIFE IN FLANDERS DURING THE GREAT WAR

"In Flanders Field where poppies grow!"

Perhaps these few words mean nothing to you today, but less than ten years ago. Flanders was the scene of a great world strife such as had never before been witnessed.

Of course when war was declared, it meant nothing to us children, and in a short time we had forgotten all

about it, and played on with our toys, blissfully unaware of the great turmoil which was tearing Europe asunder.

But one day when we were in school, we were startled by the sound of the trampling of many horses. Looking out we beheld a great number of German cavalrymen, and, young as we were, we realized, that our town had been taken by the Germans, and that we were prisoners. This was my first recollection of the Great War.

The Germans proceeded to take up their quarters in the homes of the villagers, many of whom refusing to submit to their wishes, were taken from their loved ones and made to work against their native land. Refusing to do this many of them were shot, or imprisoned. All this while, the deafening roar of the cannons, and the bursting of shells continued. Sentinels were posted about the town and the people were allowed to go only certain distances.

Every day long lines of soldiers passed through our town, carrying guns, and ammunition to the Front. During the bomb raids, which were numerous, we were obliged to stay in concrete cellars, until the danger was passed. I remember one time when my father was taken prisoner, but he escaped by crawling through a small hole in his prison, and returned to us almost dead from exhaustion. After about four years of this, we were given word to leave the town, as the allies were coming.

Abandoning our beloved home we were forced to flee, taking with us only a small amount of food, and a few articles of clothing, tied up in a big handkerchief. My sister, and I brought with us a small wagon filled with a few necessities. I remember well the starting. It was eight o'clock, in a September evening, 1918, and all the little stars were out. With tear-dimmed eyes we bade our home adieu, and started out along the highway. Before and behind us, were long lines of the refugees, each carrying bundles of his property. It was a pitiful sight,

to see old men and women staggering along the dusty road, with their possessions in their arms. Tiny children hardly old enough to walk alone, trudged bravely on, carrying heavy bundles. One old man wheeled his crippled wife in a wheel barrow.

About ten o'clock, we reached the home of an aunt, who gave us shelter for the night. Early in the morning, we started out again. The line of the refugees was now miles long. About noon we reached the city of Courtrai, but, to our dismay, we found that the city was being bombed. We sought shelter in a cellar of a large building nearby. We were obliged to keep damp cloths over our noses and mouths to protect us from the poisonous gas. Even then, many people died from the effects of this gas. Among them was my uncle. As soon as we were able, we continued our journey. From town to town, we wandered, always keeping a certain distance ahead of the scene of fighting.

Once we had a narrow escape. We had taken refuge in a large house, on the edge of a little town. We remained there peacefully a week, but at the end of that time my father declared that we must move on. My mother protested, saying that we had been so peaceful that it would be well for us to remain longer. But my father was firm, and that night we set out. And it was well for us that we did. Immediately after we had left, a family of twelve moved in. The morning after their arrival a bomb shattered the house, and all were killed, but a twelve year old boy.

For over a month we wandered on until at last came the joyful tidings, that the Armistice was signed. The people of Canada well remember the joy that surged through the country, at the news that the war was over. But, to us in Flanders, homeless, and bereaved by the war, it was a god-send, and our joy knew no bounds.

And now it is all over. May God allow no more world strife.

ANNA PINOO—C3B.

MY TRIP TO CANADA

I was born in Lublin, Poland, where my father had a business of his own, but he was dissatisfied with it and three years later found him with the store sold and on his way to Canada, leaving mother, an older sister and a younger brother and myself. He left with the intention of sending for us as soon as he settled down here and about two months later we received a letter telling us of his safe arrival and that he was in Toronto, Canada. After that letters came regularly and one day we received one which told us that tickets were on their way for us to come to Toronto. But we were destined never to get those tickets for the Great War broke out and all means of communication were stopped.

Meanwhile things were going from bad to worse in Poland. The Bolsheviki bombed Lublin and to safeguard the people, a rule was made prohibiting anyone from being out after six in the afternoon. Only doctors were allowed out after that hour. About ten minutes past six, large crowds could be seen marching to jail for a night's sleep. And then one day it was said that the Germans were coming into the city. Every door was bolted and locked and we all ran to hide in the attic. About two hours later they came. It was lucky for the people that the invaders were driven out before much harm was done, but there was enough for us to remember. As it would take too long to tell about the four or five years of fighting and, as I suppose most of you know about it anyway, I will continue with the story of our journey to Windsor, Ont.

Receiving tickets and money from my father again when the war was over, we started out. There were no passenger trains so we rode in an open box-car with the prisoners of war. We were in great fear for we did not know when our last minute would arrive, because the Bolshevik bombs were falling

from aeroplanes all the time. At last we came safely to Warsaw, the beautiful capital of Poland. As there were no taxis, we had to hire a horse and wagon to drive us to another station.

We left Warsaw and came to Danzig where we spent the time shopping or exploring. From there we passed on to London. We saw the king's palace, Westminster Abbey and other famous places, but we did not know then that these places were famous. To us they were just something new. From there we went by boat to Liverpool and we stayed there two months waiting for our boat and idling away our time. At last our boat the "Minnesota" came. After we were examined by the doctors, we boarded the ship. For two days our ship was tossed about on the stormy waters and we were expecting the worst and had our life-saving belts on but the waters gradually calmed down and we were safe again. We had become acquainted with the cook and baker and through them we fared on the best that the ship could afford as far as eating was concerned.

It was near Christmas time when we came to Montreal, and having changed into a small boat we first saw Canada from the Montreal dock. We boarded the last vehicle of our journey, the C.P.R. train. On the train I learned to say the word "time" and was continually asking the conductor if it were time to leave the train yet. My sister and I were practising to each other how we would meet my father as soon as we got off the train. Meanwhile, my father had moved to Windsor and owing to a delay did not receive our telegram in time to meet us at the station. We stayed about three days. Then one morning I had got up earlier than the rest and was standing in the front room when somebody knocked at the door and entered. He spoke to me in English and I ran to tell the landlady about it. She came and spoke to him for a few minutes, then exclaimed, "Why this

is your little daughter!" I got frightened and hid myself behind the woman but finally I realized that this strange man was my father.

So ended our long-deferred and lengthy journey. I hope that some day you may all travel to Europe but under more happy circumstances.

SADIE WEISBERG—C2B.

MOVING

I was late in starting my school term, and as the number of lockers were limited, I was given one on the third floor, among the boys. When my books arrived from the supply room, I spent a busy half-hour trying to fit them all into the very small space allowed each of us for this purpose.

After a period of some weeks I became accustomed to my surroundings and acquainted with my neighbors. Then, out of an apparently clear sky, descended a summons (or invitation) to the office. The principal said he had found a locker for me among the girls lockers on the second floor. I was presented with a key and told to move my books immediately. I went back to my locker to find a girl rummaging among its contents for I had left the key in the door on my hasty departure.

"Oh, you must enter this poem in the Year Book!" was her apology.

When she heard of my prospective move, she instantly enlisted to help me. The first load was transferred safely. The second one consisted of pencil stubs (how do we ever manage to collect so many?) loose pages from note books, some of the less frequently used books, pens, rubbers, gymnasium shoes and my out-of-door clothing.

My friend started down the hall while I remained to gather together

a few odds and ends. I was startled by a scream and running to the head of the stairs I saw my dictionary on the first step, then a pencil, next a rubber. Picking these things up I rounded the bend in the stairs and caught my friend in the act of trying to hold in her arms those things which she had not already dropped, and attempting to keep her balance after a misstep, and kicking my Sunday-go-to-meeting hat, all at once. (I never did approve of football for girls, especially when the ball happens to be one's best hat.)

Rescuing my hat, I proceeded with great dignity to my new locker. Here I was forced to await the arrival of my friend who had possessed herself of my key. We immediately set to work arranging my locker as best we could in the few remaining moments, and hat in hand I was about to close the door when I saw my gymnasium shoes showing a tendency to fall from their place upon a shaky pile of books below. Before that catastrophe could occur I slammed the door and as I turned the key I heard a landslide inside the locker. At any rate nothing was outside.

BEULAH HYER—C2D.

SPORTSMANSHIP

No period in our existence is so bright and fair as that of youth. Then it is that we plan to reach the pinnacle of fame and success. But when life opens out in full bloom so few of us really taste the riches dreamed of in past days. Instead, we are touched by the bitter reality that "Life is real, Life is earnest" and not a flowery path to be trod by carefree feet. However there is consolation in the fact that if we are 'good sports' nothing will daunt us. Our battle cry will be 'Forward to the Fray.'

So, reader, let there be a light shining on your path leading you to

joy and happiness. Be thankful that at least you can say in all truth that "I'm a good sport" and take the game of life with good humour, with determination, with energy.

JEAN DEYO—T3A.

THE PIONEER'S FAREWELL (Prize Poem)

Farewell to the hills and the vales of
the west,
The great rolling prairies, the land I
loved best;
The trails that I rode in the days that
are gone,
For country and empire, the land that
I won.

Farewell to the rivers, the long prairie
grass,
The birds on the wing, the long narrow
pass,
Farewell to the snow on the mountain
top high,
The soft fleecy clouds and the blue
western sky.

Farewell once again to the great spreading
plain,
The soft balmy showers, the sweet golden
grain,
The great towering mountains where
wild sheep dwell,
Farewell to the west, farewell, farewell.

The pioneer has gone, may God give him
rest!
He sleeps by the mountains, his face to
the west,
And the great golden sun as it sinks
every night,
Throws its last long rays on his little
cross white.

CHAS. FISHER—T4.

JONQUILS

Chas. Fisher

Tall, graceful swaying blossoms,
Upon such slender stems,
Sweet jonquils truly are
Nature's richest gems.

A bloom of palest yellow,
A sunbeam's prisoned there,
And in the light it gleams,
So radiant, so fair.

But all too soon they wither,
The yellow flowers die,
And Mother Nature passing near
Wipes a tear-drop from her eye.

SUMMER EVENING

A fading rose-gray sunset seen
Above a meadow emerald green,
Above a mill pond's placid sheen,
At twilight,
Gone the sunset's blazing red,
The golden clouds have turned to lead,
The first faint stars shine overhead,
'Tis high night.
The new moon's faintly silver beam
Finds echo in the silver stream
A host of stars in splendor gleam,
And shine bright.

WINNIFRED BURTON—C3B.

WINTER

The snow has fallen steadily all day,
The earth is covered with a blanket white,
The flakes, so delicate, reflect the ray,
Of the moon's cold frosty light.

The sodden withered grass is covered
over,
The trees stand up like sentinels aloof,
The breath above the people's lips does
hover,
The blue smoke hovers too above the roof.

Within the house, the fire-place is lighted,
The children coming in from play crowd
round
To see the shooting flames like elves
affrighted,
And hear the pleasant, crackling cracking
sound.

An evening of fun before the fire,
Of eating chestnuts, apples and popped
corn,
And stories and sweet songs till all do
tire,
And then to rest until the bright clear
morn.

MARY DesROSIERS—C3B.

THE TREASURE SHIP

(13 Line Rondel)

A gallant ship goes sailing west,
Its snow-white sails all set,
The wild winds moan and fret,
As it sails o'er the white wave's crest.

And it goes on a long, lone quest,
The gleaming deck is wet,
A gallant ship goes sailing west,
Its snow-white sails all set.

It seeks a golden treasure chest,
And dangers will be met,
Tho' everything is safety yet,
And o'er the oceans heaving breast,
A gallant ship goes sailing west.

CHAS. FISHER.

THE PASSING OF THE SEASONS**Spring**

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
 Can't you hear the bees a-humming?
 Now is the time for fairies and sprites,
 Out in the glens and dales bright nights.

Summer

Little brooklets gently singing,
 Meadow-larks in the blue sky winging,
 Daisies star the fields with white,
 Like a silver mantle bright.

Autumn

Scarlet berries and leaves aflame
 Approaching Autumn mutely proclaims
 Morning frosts bejewel the hedges,
 East winds whistle through the sedges.

Winter

Trees their bare heads gauntly rear,
 And sadly sigh for Autumn's death,
 Winter's shroud spreads o'er the ground
 A perfect setting for a world so drear.

Thus the seasons come and pass,
 Spring comes first and winter last,
 Just as our lives here on earth,
 Sometimes show sadness and sometimes mirth.

H. HAISMAN—C2A.

UPON THOUGHT

Upon thought, the days bring not,
 Just quite what they really ought;
 Sometimes it's hard to sing a song,
 For everything, somehow, goes wrong.

Why this is so, I do not know,
 But all throughout my mind they go—
 These thoughts, that vaguely are defined,
 As memories of other days of mine.

But, as the hours, the days, the years,
 Pass—with each its smile or tear,
 Comes the thought, to my mind then

brought,
 "The days bring not what they really ought."

MURIEL EARL—C3B.

MY SUNKEN GARDEN

A tiny petal softly clinging,
 A wildwood vine, so softly swinging,
 A tiny spot of magic touch,
 My sunken garden is as much!

A tiny cupid flutters here—flutters there,
 everywhere,

A mystic atmosphere is near,
 Filling the roamer's heart with wonder,
 Sending realistic worlds asunder.

Softly the moss beneath my feet,
 Gives way, as a fairyland I greet,
 That world is fair—but, oh! your pardon!
 I haven't described—My Sunken Garden!

MURIEL EARL—C3B.

THE HALL GOOP

He runs through the hall,
 Bouncing like a ball,
 Bumping into other people,
 Who are not like him at all.

Leaving his locker open,
 Dodging in and out,
 Throwing things here and there,
 As he gives a lusty shout.

Dashing down the hall,
 He makes a swift bee-line,
 To the fountain, running tall,
 Leaving all his class behind.

Have you seen this crazy goop
 Running in our halls?
 Shall we banish him forever
 From within Tech's walls?

BELLA SUMMERS—CIA.

FRANCE

I would I were in the land of France,
 Where romance still holds sway,
 And the peasant lives his humble life,
 As he did in bygone days.

Where grim old castles still o'ertower—
 The peaceful country scene,
 And the little rivers take their way,
 Thru meadows fresh and green.

When still the old-world country inn,—
 Welcomes the traveller worn,
 And the bees drone round the scented
 flowers,

On the balmy summer morn.

I would love to roam your countryside—
 And the cities bright and gay,
 Ah! I would, I were in the land of France,
 Where romance still holds sway.

CHAS. FISHER.

THE COMING OF SPRING

The joys of winter time are fleeting,
 And each and every one's agreeing,
 That we are glad as glad can be,
 The slowly melting snow to see.

In the heart of every girl and boy,
 Comes a feeling of the greatest joy,
 As they think of the joys of gladsome
 spring,
 And the songs the bluebird and robin sing.

The violets so blue spring up 'neath the
 trees,
 And the May flowers and crocuses dance
 in the breeze,
 While the rabbits and squirrels run
 through the wood,
 And wouldn't bring winter back if they
 could.

BEATRICE GIGNAC—C3A.

EXCHANGES



No school magazine is complete without its Exchange Department, and this is especially true of a young publication like ours. Not only does it give inexperienced Editors the benefit of adequate and kindly criticism, but it develops a spirit of friendly intercourse among widely separated schools, and in no way can friendships be more firmly cemented than by the interchange of new ideas.

"The Tech Annual," Vancouver Technical School.

An excellent magazine which gives us many typical bits of local colour, fascinating to Eastern eyes. Your "Thunder Bird" cover was unique and artistic.

"The Tek"—Hamilton Technical Institute.

You have fine material, well-arranged. We enjoyed it all (especially the cartoons) so much that we are looking forward to your next number.

"The Grumbler"—A live magazine, but we would like to see a table of contents added.

"The Times"—Kingston Collegiate Institute.

An interesting paper which shows much good work. We think that more cartoons would improve it.

"The Collegian"—St. Thomas Collegiate Institute.

Yours is a very likeable publication. Your exchange column is especially novel. Could you make its headings more definite?

"The Collegiate"—Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical school.

Congratulations! You have a splendid magazine, clever, well-balanced and well-arranged.

—O—

THEY MAKE US LAUGH

Is Sue married?

No, is oo? —Kingston "Times."

* * *

Waiter, Do you serve fish?

Yes, sir, we cater to everyone.

The Tech, Annual, Vanvouver.

* * *

B—Say, did you know they didn't play cards in Noah's Ark?

A—Why?

B—The elephants sat on the deck.

St. Thomas "Collegian."

* * *

Anderson—I want a hat.

Clerk—Fedora.

Anderson—No, for myself.

Hamilton "Tek."

* * *

Whose that fishy looking guy?

Why he's the best swimmer in Hamilton.

Hamilton "Tek."

* * *

"Send money immediately. I'm broke," Jerry wired home.

"So's your old man," 'was the reply.

* * *

Teacher—Kerr, why are you not writing?

John—I ain't got no pen.

Teacher—Where's your grammar?

John—She's dead.

"The Collegiate"—Sarnia.

* * *

Evolution

First Former—I didn't hear you question, sir.

Second Former—Didn't hear the question.

Third Former—Pardon?

Fourth Former—What?

Fifth Former—Huh?

"The Grumbler"—Kitchener.

* * *

Why is your face so red?

Cause—

Cause why?

Causemetics.

Kitchener Grumbler.



TECHNICAL UNITED EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Leslie Campbell, Helen Best, Mr. W. D. Lowe, M.A., (principal), Mr. H. A. Voaden, B.A., Marjorie Preston, John Blackton.

Front Row—Molly Cohn, Lorna Batzold, Wilfred MacArthur (president), Gladys Kerr, Fern Knight.

SCHOOL NOTES

TECH UNITED

President—Wilfred McArthur.
 Vice-President—Gladys Kerr.
 Secretary—Lorna Batzold.
 Treasurer—Fern Knight.
 Sergeant-at-Arms—Leslie Campbell.
 Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms—John Blackton.
 Third Form Com. representative—Jean Gordon—C3A.
 Form Com. representative—Mollye Cohn—C. Special.
 Second Form Com. representative—Helen Best; Marjorie Preston.
 First Form Com. representative—Rose Wilmot.
 Third Form Tech. representative—Earl Laforet.
 Second Form Tech. representative—Robert Carley.
 First Form Tech. representative—Hugh Griffith.

Something has happened to the Technical school. That "something" is the Tech. United. It has taken a grip on the students so that it has become the central interest of the school. It is here that we come to know each other. In the form programme, each student appears in some activity before the whole school. What a wealth of talent is displayed! What delightful friends we've made! And all through the Tech. United.

The programs are held in the form of contest. Two beautiful silver cups, one for Senior and one for Junior forms have been presented by the Board of Education and the competition for these has been very keen.

Senior Contest

The judges for this contest were Miss O'Donoghue, Miss Breed and



WINNERS OF DEBATING AND ORATORICAL CONTESTS

Back Row—Florian Gurbian, Patrick McKenna, Beth Simpson, H. Voaden, M.A., Ray Gleeckman, Gilbert Renaud, Harry Vexler.

Front Row—Grace Beckett, Molly Cohn, Sarah Gershon, Pearl Langlois, Maudie Watkins, Mary Berbynuk. Absent—Iva Smith.

Mr. Courtenay. At the time of going to press the contest had not been completed, as three forms, T3A., C3B., and C. Special had yet to present programs.

C3A.—This form presented a very delightful concert, consisting of the Quarrel scene from "Julius Caesar" and a comical skit entitled "The Spinster's Convention."

T4.—Offered a scene from the "Tempest" that showed much talent on the part of the performers. This was followed by a skit called "Thirteen Seconds to Go" which was much enjoyed by the audience.

C3C.—Entertained us with a debate on the subject "Resolved, that Capital Punishment should be abolished in Canada." The audience was then entertained by a comedy entitled "The Man Who Had to Hang." This received much applause.

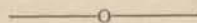
Junior Contest

The winners of the Junior cup was Form T2B. This form presented a scene from "Twelfth Night" in a very dramatic manner and also entertained us with an athletic demonstration and a comical Mock Trial.

Form C2C. was a close contestant for the honors of first place, and was followed by C1B. winning third position.

Other forms presenting programs were C2A. and C2B.

Miss Donaldson, Miss Cragg and Mr. Bennett were the Junior judges.



DEBATING AND ORATORICAL CONTESTS

Development of public speaking in the oratorical and debating contests in the Technical School during the last term has been of interest to the whole school.

Debating Contests

A beautiful shield was presented by the Board of Education, for the winning debating team and the effort that has been made to win it was well worth the trouble.

With the victory on Wednesday, March 16th, of C3C., a most interesting schedule has been completed. The arguments of the winners were convincing and their delivery spirited and effective.

The subject of this final debate was, "Resolved, that the world is a better place to live in today than it was 150 years ago." The affirmative was upheld by Beth Simpson and Pearl Langlois of C3C. and the negative by Lola Aebli and John Parent of C4. The judges were Mr. Voaden, Mr. Courtenay and Mr. Lowe.

The debating schedule and victories were as follows:

C3A. vs. C3C.—Winners C3C.

T4. vs. T3B.—Winners T4.

C. Spec. vs. C3A.—Winners C3A.

T3A. vs. C3B.—Winners C3B.

C3C. vs. T4.—Winners C3C.

C4. vs. C3B.—Winners C4.

C3C. vs. C4.—Winners C3C.

—o—

ORATORICAL CONTEST

Contests for the school oratorical honors resulted in very close competition. Interest in public speaking is increasing and it will surely not be long until a Technical School student will carry away the W. O. S.S.A. trophy.

Miss Mollye Cohn was our representative for the girls' local championship and Gilbert Renaud for the boys. The Technical School was pleased with efforts of its representatives.

The Technical School prize winners are:

Senior Girls

Mollye Cohn, who spoke on the "Career of David Lloyd George" and Sarah Gershon, who delivered her address on "Slums: Their Cause and Cure."

Others who spoke were Gladys

Kerr, Leta Knight, Evelyn Hovey, Rae Gleeckman, Maudie Watkins, Fern Knight, Margaret Miller, Jennie Beneraff, and Hilda Haisman.

Senior Boys

Gilbert Renaud of T3B. discussed Electricity and Florian Gurbin spoke on "Polar Expeditions."

Other speakers were Ernest Jones, Charles Fisher, Emil Eklund and Alfred Chapman.

Senior Form Girls

Hilda Haisman whose subject was "Greece, Ancient and Modern" and Grace Beckett who spoke on "Forest Fires."

Other contestants were Annie Littler, Lena Challis, Nellie Brown, Maud Holding, Kathlyn Brooks, Margaret Price, Jeannette Samuels, Kathleen Slowgrove, Bella Tarnow, Rose Yozevovitch, Lilian Sedlesky, Jeanne Lipy, and Florence McNaughton.

Second Form Boys

Florian Gurbin, whose speech was on the topic "Polar Expeditions" and Patrick McKenna who spoke on "Choosing an Occupation" were the winners.

Other speakers were Louis Fortin, Alex Cherkinsky, Benny Samsky, Ben Boroski and Kenneth Kersey.

First Form Girls

Mary Berbynuik, who spoke on the "Mineral Products of Ontario" and Iva Smith, who spoke on "Pioneer Life in Canada" were the winners.

Others were Ivy Beckett, Daisy Curtis, Iva Smith, Olive Shurak, Dorothy Enick, Gladys MacIntyre, Rita Gomer, Nancy Clarke, Mary Berbynuik.

First Form Boys

There were three contestants—Douglas Radford, William Gibb, and Harry Vexler.

William Gibb speaking on "Ralph Connor" won first place with Harry Vexler a close second. His subject was "The Canadian National Exhibition."



SCHOOL CONCERT

On Thursday evening, March 3rd, the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School was the scene of great excitement and interest. The students were holding their annual school concert.

This year's affair surpassed all previous efforts on the part of the staff and school. The entertainment was one of which Mr. Lowe and his able staff may well be proud. The school orchestra led by Mr. Bennett supplied music throughout the evening, accompanying the many beautiful dances and drills. The program opened with the stately minuet followed by a well-trained club drill and the sailor's hornpipe.

Then came a very clever little play entitled "Suppressed Desires," a take-off on the present day fantastic psycho-analysis. The play showed what a dramatic teacher could do with raw material.

The athletic tableaux and tumbling acts were quite professional.

One of the most interesting parts of the program was the moving picture play depicting the many and varied school activities. It was shown that a boy can obtain an excellent training in almost any mechanical line he chooses to pursue, building, electric work, foundry work, making casts, sheet metal and other lines too numerous to mention.

A girl can also obtain a practical

education in home-making, cooking, dressmaking or millinery. If either wishes, he or she may take up a business course and obtain a thorough training to enter the business world.

The concert ended with a beautiful pageant. The pageant depicted a field of wheat with busy workers. The workers disappear and "young Canada" comes on the scene. He lies down and sleeps unaware of the untold wealth that his country has in store for him. Soon a fairy comes in and brings on one by one fair maidens representing the nine provinces, each bearing a shield. Then come young men bearing the products of the mine, the forest, the sea and the factory. The buglers blow their bugles and "Young Canada" awakes and there seated on a throne amid a blaze of beautiful lights is "Miss Canada." All sing "O Canada" and the national anthem and the tableau is held.

During the intermission, girls dressed in pretty costumes sold the kind of candy that the girls of the cookery classe know how to make.

The costumes for the dances, drills, play and pageant were designed and made by the girls in the Household Arts department. The lighting for the various numbers was carried out by the electrical department of the school.

PUPILS TAKING PART**Orchestra**

Lorna Batzold, Carl Courtney, Earl Laforet, Sam Marks, John Rose, Olive Shurak.

Minuet

Grace Beckett, Kahryn Brooks, Marjory Copeland, Winnie Fullerton, Marion Gregory, Elizabeth Hall, Lucille Mackintosh, Nellie Ostrowski, Margaret Price, Elsie Richardson, Kathleen Slowgrove, Helen Smadu, Muriel Smith, Hazel Thomas.

Club Swinging

Christine Bean, Helen Boath, Joyce Borton, Helen Drone, Helen Garfat, Marion Goodbrand, Cicely Helps, Dorothy Kellett, Leta Knight, Freda Page, Marianne Perks, Beth Simpson, Victoria Smadu, Martha Spindler, Hilda Woodall.

Sailor's Hornpipe

Grace Beckett, Kathryn Brooks, Marjory Copeland, Marion Gregory, Phyllis Gribble, Elizabeth Hall, Lucille Mackintosh, Nellie Ostrowski, Margaret Price, Elsie Richardson, Kathleen Slowgrove, Helen Smadu.

Gym. Class

Team Announcer—Patrick McKenna.

Andrews, Anderson, Berbynuik, Blackton, Bowden, Bourne, Crossley, Clinansmith, Farbota, C. Fisher, Fleming, Gillette, Herridge, Askew, J. Goldman, King, Law, Larke, Langlois, Massacre, Miller, MacArthur, Moore, McDonald, Mann, Overton, Poupard, Petrie, J. Parent, B. Parent, Swanson, Thomas, V. Vie and Washington.

Pageant of Canada

Pioneer—W. Goslin; Harvesters—R. Choate, H. Askew, T. Bennett, H. Weston, F. Burkhart, H. Hewlett, J. Holt, M. Fick, J. Murphy, D. Radford; Fairy—Margaret Welsh.

Canada—Cora Shipman. Provinces—E. McDade, B. Tarnow, C. Lancucki, J. Borton, F. Page, K. Slowgrove, R. Orechkin, R. Hanley, B. Simpson, N. Wheeler.

Sailors—J. Conahan, H. Moore.

Soldiers—C. Bell, B. Gorst, E. Blair, E. Cooke, E. Lauzon, R. MacMillan.

Drums and Bugles—V. Vie, L. Campbell, B. Robertson, W. Holt, C. Fisher, F. Renshaw.

Solosit—Miss Elizabeth Savage.

Stage Manager—Leo Goldman.

Stage Committee—John Blackton, Frank Bowden, Julius Goldman, Fraser Grenville, Roy Moore, Bernard Radigan.

Teachers Directing

Orchestra—Mr. Percy Bennett, B.A.Sc.

Girls—Miss Jean Beasley, B.A.; Miss May Connerty, B.A.

Gym. Team—Mr. J. J. Wood, B.A.

Comedy—Mr. Herman A. Voaden, M.A.

Film—Mr. S. R. Ross, C.E., Director and Author. Filmed by Mr. E. Flickinger, Ford Motor Company.

Pageant—Mr. J. F. O'Neill, Director.

Costumes—Miss Damares Beattie.

Lighting—Mr. F. E. Johnstone, B.A.Sc., assisted by Mr. Ted Harris.

Scenery—Miss Emilie LeBoeuf; Mr. D. M. Seggie.



THE "TECH" ORCHESTRA

P. Bennett J. Rose S. Marks Lorna Batzold Olive Shurak E. Laforet
 Absent—C. Courtney J. J. Wood E. Fortin

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

We have now had an orchestra for four years. Each year it has grown in size and increased in efficiency. The orchestra plays at all general functions and thus assists in making all such events a success. It is also educative and gives music students an opportunity to play good music under leadership. All people who play instruments should join

the organization for the valuable training it gives as well as for the service they render the school. This year our orchestra consisted of pianist, four violinists, two cornetists and one saxophone. As many of the present orchestra are now in their final year, we will need several more willing recruits for next year's work. We appeal to you to interest yourself in this phase of school activities.



HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row—Mr. W. D. Lowe, M.A., Chas. Teno, Roger Proulx, Gordon Anderson (captain),
Clarence Langlois, Roy Pashak, N. F. Morrison, B.A., (coach).
Front Row—Jack Stinchcombe, Rudolph Schubert, Wm. Boyd, Dave Cockell.
Absent—Adelard Ouellette, Tom Tobin.

S - P - O - R - T - S

HOCKEY

Canada's great winter sport was first played by the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School in January, 1924. During that winter and in 1925 we performed in the Junior W.O.S.S.A. series, while the season of 1926 saw us step up into Senior W.O.S.S.A. competition.

The 1927 season finds us back once more in the Junior W.O.S.S.A. series, where it would seem that we rightfully belong. After three lean years of unsuccessful endeavour we have, it is hoped, passed the turn in the road. This winter's team has acquitted itself most creditably. Several exhibition games have been won, but more important, four W.O.S.S.A. games

have been played and won. In our own group Windsor Collegiate Institute was defeated by a score of 7-1 and Walkerville by 13-0. Then came the semi-finals against the Watford High School. The first game was played in Watford on Feb. 8th and was won by Tech, 4-2. In the return game here on Feb 14th, Tech. won even more decisively, the score this time being 8-1. The team representing our school qualified for the finals. Our opponents were the strong Stratford Collegiate Institute, last year's Champions and though we were able to hold Stratford to a 1-1 game on Windsor ice we could not overcome their three-point lead secured in the game at Stratford where the score was 5-2.



BOYS' BASKET BALL

Back Row—Messrs. E. Sirrs, J. J. Wood, F. J. McGrath (coach), W. D. Lowe,
Centre—Leo Goldman, Wilfred MacArthur, Donald King (captain), John Blackton,
Julius Goldman.
Front—Lawrence Maisonville, Ken Gillette, Vernon Vie.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The 1926-27 boys' basketball team lived up to expectations and proved to be the best team ever turned out by this institution. In King and MacArthur the school had two of the best guards in the group. Its forward line composed of J. Goldman, Gillette and Maisonville proved exceptionally good. Its reserves, L.

Goldman, Vie, Blackton, Bullard and Hull helped the team in its quest for a group title.

Coach F. McGrath was helped by Cap. Don King, to guide the destinies of the teams. The team played a total of eleven games, winning seven of these.

SOCCER

Tech enters a Soccer Team each year in the Senior WOSSA contest. We have not met with signal success in this sport up to the present but we have at least done very creditably, having been opposed for the past two years to the well-organized Walkerville WOSSA championship team. Soccer in the past

has not interested Windsor greatly, but is gradually gaining considerable favor. This is so in the school, and each year, an increasing number are entering the soccer field. Soccer is an excellent game for training in team work and in sportsmanship, and we expect to see it develop much in the near future.



TRACK AND FIELD TEAM

Back Row—Robert Carley, Leslie Campbell, Wilfred MacArthur, Julius Goldman, Vernon Vie, Mr. J. J. Wood, (Coach), Norman Bullard.

Centre Row—Vivian Howe, Leta Knight, Miss M. Connerty (Coach), Miss J. Beasley (Director Girls' Athletics), Kathleen Slowgrove, Muriel Smith.

Seated—Helen Ridley, Cora Shipman.

TRACK AND FIELD

MacArthur, Ontario Pole Vault Champion.

Last fall in Toronto at the Annual Track and Field Meet for the Secondary Schools of the Province, Wilfred MacArthur represented our school. In competition with the best athletes of Ontario, Wilfred showed his pole-vault prowess by defeating all the other contestants, clearing a height of 11' 6". Here's hoping that our Ontario champion will soon be a Dominion Olympic winner.

Field Day

It was a glorious day for our school because, in spite of the fact that we did not actually win the shield, we gave the other schools a run which they will not forget.

In preparation for this event the girls of the Technical School were

coached by Miss Beasley and Miss Connerty, while Messrs. Wood and McGrath had charge of the boys. The athletes showed great promise and it certainly looked bright when, on the event of the Technical School Field Day nine previous high school records were beaten.

Excellent weather conditions favoured the advent of the Inter-High School Field Day at Stodgell Park and good athletics were witnessed by a record crowd.

Five schools entered the contest; (1) Sandwich Continuation School; (2) Assumption College; (3) Windsor Collegiate; (4) Walkerville Collegiate and (5) our own School. The points were awarded as follows: Windsor Collegiate 110; Tech 103; Walkerville 69; Assumption 25; Sandwich 7.

Our girl athletes are to be congratulated on their success in their



BOYS' SOCCER TEAM

Standing—John Bolling, Ernest Dobson, Oscar Pabst, Mr. W. D. Lowe, Mr. P. Bennett (coach), John Blackton (Captain), Chas. McDonald.
Seated—Ernest Apedalle, Wm. Dunlop, Ernest Milne, Roy Pashak, James McNab, James Stephen.

events. Vivian Howe of CID. won the Junior Girls' Interscholastic Championship, and the excellent individual work of each member of the team gave us a most satisfactory score. A new event, the Running High Jump was introduced this year, and although we did not secure a place in the Senior competition, in the Junior we won both first and third.

RUGBY

Rugby is essentially a game of contact and of fierce contest, where timidity has no place. At the same time the demand for fair play and self control is ever present and under very trying circumstances. Rugby is not only a game, it is an education.

John Parent was selected to captain the team by popular vote. By his teeth-gritting attacks and stone wall defense "Beanie" proved an exemplary leader.

The attack was planned and many times executed by J. Goldman as

quarter. Goldie was a glutton for punishment.

In the position of flying wing Moore delivered all the action that position called for. When "Rosie" was not giving interference he was busily breaking up the other teams' plays before they were under way.

The wing positions demanding such a high degree of agility, speed and open field tackling were well taken care of by Simpson, Langlois and J. Mason.

The back bone of a team, the line whose work is never spectacular but nevertheless greatly appreciated when resisting one of those "We want a touch down" appeals, was composed of Tobin, Zade, Campbell, Laforet and Morneau with Robertson at centre. The action pictures show Robertson demonstrating that phrase, "They shall not pass."

The handling of punts by our safety backs, Payne, Anderson and Windecker stands out as a decided credit to those players.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—Miss J. Beasley (Director of Girls' Athletics and Coach), Glayds Parent, Margaret Horton, Lillian Smith, Mr. W. D. Lowe.
 Centre Row—Margaret Choate, Catharine White, Elizabeth Hall (captain), Molly Cohn, Martha Spindler.
 Front Row—Helen Garfat, Helene Ridley, Cicely Helps.

CADET CORPS

Windsor - Walkerville Technical School Cadet Corps No. 1112 was organized originally in the fall of 1923 when the Tech was first opened. The third annual inspection took place on June 1, 1926, Lieut. Col. Gillespie, L.C.O., M.D. No. 1, being the inspecting officer.

After the Corps received the Inspecting Officer in due ceremonial form the march past was ordered. Then an inspection of the various company, platoon and section movements were made as well as that of the work of signallers, stretcher bearers and band.

An interesting feature of the after-

noon's ceremonial was the reception of the Inspecting Officers with the Battalion drawn up in Review Order. This Corps was the first to perform this movement in the Border Cities. It was exceedingly well done. Col. Gillespie expressed himself as very well pleased with the showing of the Corps and complimented Cadet officers and instructors on their work.

Throughout the year instruction was given in Signalling, First Aid and Shooting as well as the usual drill movements. The Bugle Band began practice in March under Sergeant Deneau and on Inspection acquitted themselves very creditably indeed.



MIDGET BASKET BALL

Back Row—Marion Crouchman, Miss A. Donaldson (coach), Mr. W. D. Lowe, Miss J. Beasley, Lola Aebli.
 Centre Row—Mildred Smith, Victoria Smadu, Gertrude Perry (captain), Jewel Delong, Olive Norwood, Margaret Price.
 Seated—Helen Smadu, Grace Beckett.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Girls' basketball this year at Tech has suffered greatly due to the lack of seasoned material for the first team. At the beginning of the year only one member who had formerly played on a first team, and only two members who had played on second teams, were attending school.

With several of these girls coming back next autumn we hope to have a team which will stand up well in the W.O.S.S.A. games. We also hope they will always remember the example of good sportsmanship they have followed this year.

The Midget Girls' Basketball Team is composed of girls under five feet in height and 102 lbs. in weight.

During the year seven scheduled games were played with teams from: The Windsor Collegiate Institute. The Wyandotte Branch of the Windsor Collegiate.

The Walkerville Collegiate.

The General Byng School, Sandwich.

Out of the seven games, the Tech team won three and lost four.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

In the gymnasium folk dancing, Indian clubs, dumb-bells, wands, marching, apparatus work, and group games are among the activities of each class. Interform games are stressed, especially those games which require a number of girls and therefore develop team work. Every girl is given an oppor-

tunity to "make" a team or to represent her form.

Basketball is played during the fall, volley ball and badminton, during the winter, baseball and tennis during the spring. Keen competition between forms is the result and a spirit of good fellowship and love of the game for the game's sake.

Pins are given to the winners of these interform games for the Junior years and the senior years. Pins are also given to the girls winning the tennis and badminton "singles" championship.

WITH YE PEDAGOGUES' BASEBALL TEAM

Mr. Morrison: "No fair swinging twice on my slow ball."

Mr. Johnston: "The resistance to my touching home plate sends a shock through my whole body."



Mr. West: "If this is the ball, what did I swing at before?"

Mr. Sirrs: "If this yelling doesn't stop, I will swing on more than the ball."

Mr. Montrose: "I'll just hit him with this ball to put him out."

Mr. Ross: "The best way to slow up a fast slider is to sit on him and ride."

Mr. Bennett: "I miss a few times, but so does your old car."

Mr. Wood: "Give it a ride? Well, just wait till I get my car running."

Gee, where did the ball go, anyway?"



Mr. Fraser: "I didn't think any one heard me when I missed that ball."

Mr. Shrier: "This ball race is all right, but the loose nuts make all the noise."

Mr. Voaden: "Hit one out boys, I want to get home." (Friday night).

Mr. Harman: "Fielding is my long suit."





Graduates' Section

ALUMNI EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Hon. Pres.—Mrs. M. McGiffn.
President—Percy Riddell.
Vive-Pres.—Murray Smith.
Secretary—Helen Windecker.
Treasurer—Rhea Goulette.

Representatives

1922—Kathleen Epplett.
Whitney Gifford.
1923—Ruth Riddell.
Douglas Wadge.
1924—Edith Williams.
Francis Awad.
1925—Annie Fleming.
Herbert Banwell.
1926—Christine Denison.
Joseph Des Rosiers.

COMMENCEMENT NIGHT

Happy smiling eyes that glisten,
Cheery greetings of old friends,
Merry laughter, joyful chatter,
All in one confusion blends.

The maiden's gowns supply the colour,
The purples, greens and pink and blues,
And manly young hearts, joyfully flutter
'Neath their suits of darker hues.

And the hall is set resplendent,
Greeting with a blaze of light,
Many faces, sweetly blushing,
On our glad commencement night.

Now on the roll of honour shine
Names of graduates of old,
And graduates of our time,
May from them their future mould.

As we leave our Alma Mater,
We may look on and say with pride,
As we view the noble building,
"There it stands, my faithful guide."

CHARLES FISHER.

MESSAGES FROM GRADUATES

Allen Padgett:

It is in this manner that I wish to express my thanks, to the school and staff for their untiring efforts in affording us a Technical education.

Your methods of teaching the subject of drafting are the same as are practised in the large manufacturing plants, only on a smaller scale. Next to the practical work itself, I have found mathematics to be the most necessary of the subjects which we studied. Without this you would be at a loss to know what to do. All of the problems which were discussed in our classes have arisen time and again. Machine shop ranks as third in importance. It is necessary to know the machines, know their operations and parts. Then foundry and pattern making. How could a draftsman design a fixture for a machine if he did not know of what metal to make the body? We were taught the main principles, have seen them put to proof, and now the same problems arise. The problems of the shop involve the same principles as those in which we were instructed.

So of all the subjects, there is not one which is not essential. The graduates' experience shows that care was used in selecting the subjects we were taught. All that I can say is that they are valuable in my case. It is with these thoughts in mind that I thank the school and staff.

I find the training received in school to be of very great assistance in my apprenticeship course in tool-making.

TECH O' MY HEART

A breezy greeting to all of you! A "hello" from an ex-student—to one and all—a bow to all the classrooms, auditorium and gym! What wouldn't I give to be able to extract that "ex" and really be a student once more within the portals of the Technical Towers! To attend

the dramatic, literary, athletic and student-council meetings! To take charge of meetings again, to prepare articles for the "school column," have discussions with reporters, give speeches, plays—enter contests both in work and play! To be there once more!

Don't yearn to become a wage-earner. Think of the present, think of school, the teachers—what they mean to you and what they will mean in the future. It's a fine thing to look forward to the time when you will be independent. It's a finer thing when your whole mind and being is burning with enthusiasm, ambitions and dreams—towards a goal every dreamer, thinker and worker aims for—that of being something and meaning something as well as giving something noble and worthwhile to this world. Tech fits you out, by giving you a firm foundation for the business world. It's up to you to make the most of the present. Those little things that do not seem to be worth while studying now, are bound to be helpful later on.

This is not meant to be a sermon. These are only a **few** of the facts learned by those of us who are at work. The teachers can tell you a great many things more that space does not permit me to enumerate.

And so I leave you, dear old Alma Mater—with fond memories of some of the happiest days of my life—and richer for the days spent within the solemn and wise towers of the Windsor - Walkerville Technical School.

Somebody said—and I pass it on to you:

"The price of the gun never hit a bull's eye,

And the bang seldom rattles the bells,
It's the hand on the trigger that cuts
the real 'figger,"

The aim's what amounts—that's what
makes record counts.
Are YOU hitting or just wasting the
shells?"

Happiness—and—good luck!
Lovingly and appreciatively,
A staunch and loyal old student,

VIOLET CONOSEVITCH.

CLASS PROPHECY—1926

1.
Our desks are shut forever and our
Homework Days are done,
The nation of tomorrow is no dream—
The future lies before us and there's
glory to be won,
A-sailing o'er Life's swiftly flowing
stream.

2.
That sets us all a-thinking of the things
that are to be,
And 'specially on our Graduation Night.
So now to you my Classmates, I make
this prophecy,
And only hope that some of it is right.

3.
First of all comes dear old Polly,
Veldon in work and name,
A ninety-six percentor if you please.
Because she is so brainy we know she'll
soon earn fame,
And if she doesn't, I should hope to
sneeze!

4.
A film star of the future next flashes
into view,
A petted baby darling of the screen,
Her face is quite familiar, for its
Gracie Nesbett, too,
The cutest little flapper we have seen.

5.
And now into the Business World
goes forth a shining light,
But alas, 'tis a sad, sad tale of woe!
For Des Rosiers was drowned in a
Brain Wave one night,
And such is the fate of our brilliant Joe.

6.
Bill Pryor was a joker so he laughed
and grew quite fat,
Everything in life to him was funny—
He always took things easy, and if
he keeps like that,
In future, he'll be minus lots of money.

7.
A second Michael Angelo goes forth
into the world,
An English rose with many a thorn
outside.
This artist of the future her talent
has unfurled,
So I present the name of Larke with pride.

8.
The proposition of the Pyes give us the
greatest pleasure,
They're greatly in demand by name and
fame,
Now Katie, in the future, may change
her name at leisure,
But Freddie, as a pie, must still remain.

9.
Now I see a thoughtful thinker,
driving a rusty pen,
None other than a Violet from 3A.
Conosovitch is hard to spell, but then
you "dinna Ken"
A future author spells her name that way.

10.
MacArthur next jumps into view
with Purvis running near,
Two athletes quite familiar on the track.
"Perseverance" was their motto, and
so it will appear,
In future each will bring some trophies
back.

11.
Then, of course, there's Hester Churchill,
—you all remember "Bill"
At Basket Ball she surely could excell.
We predict that in the future
a happy home she'll fill,
So if she finds a husband—all is well.

12.
Philosophers and Sages, I admit are
out of style,
But wait until the latest comes in view,
For Arthur Howe of "Special" was a
thinker all the while,
But "Howe" he thought his way, I
I never knew.

13.
Lil LaFontaine could play the uke
or so said C3C
And everything she did was up to date.
This child was always charming
and so in years to be,
We see her as a future fashion plate.

14.
Politics seem dry today, but wait 'till
a few years hence,
The Governmental action will be hot,
Orechkin, as an orator, has still got
lots of sense,
For Archie is alive and on the spot.

15.
I think of Bennie Mossman next;
in class he did not shine,
He either fell asleep or made a row,
But everybody liked him, and
at sports he was just fine,
So his future is a why, when and how.

16.
Then comes little Miss Mustard,
and a jolly kid is she,
Now Kathleen in school was good as gold,
Her future's uneventful, for a dear
old maid I see,
And thus you hear a STORY simply told.

17.
The name of Fraser Grenville
sounds familiar to the ear,
A boy who had a memory like a sponge,
And then, about Charles Fisher too,
I know you'd like to hear,
For some day as a poet he will plunge.

18.
Our memory turns to Kelly Smith
who sure was full of fun,
An imp of mischief was this naughty child,
Now she's working as a stenog., the
fun has just begun,
For I'm sure one day she'll drive her
boss quite wild.

19.

O sweet Marie—her name is Larsh,
She really is petite,
The orchestra and piano knew her well.
Her life is e'er in danger so be
careful what you eat,
Or it will be, my "SWEET MARIE,"
farewell.

20.

Cunningham, Marchand and Padgett,
as athletes all were good,
And so were Parker, Gunn and Wadge.
What their true ambitions are,
is not quite understood,
But anyway at school they were the rage.

21.

And oh! there are many many more
 who quite deserve a mention,
 But then, a prophecy is hard to write,
 So now yith thanks for your attention,
 I wish you all goodnight.

JESSIE U. LOWTHER.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Delivered at the Commencement
Exercises, January 13, 1926.

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Board of Education and of the teaching staff, Fellow Classmates and friends:

First of all, I wish to express my appreciation of the honour of being chosen to give the Valedictory address tonight. Although I have returned to school I am glad to be allowed to speak for my fellow classmates of the graduating class of '26.

To our teachers who have striven to prepare us for our future welfare we return warm thanks. They have laboured faithfully with us and we trust their efforts have not been vain. Mr. Lowe, our Principal has also given his services to the students to help them on their way in life.

We graduates who were once classmates, who shared the same studies, fun and frolic, have started out in various walks of life. We have spent our best and happiest days here. After all, school life comes only once. It prepares us to meet the future, and we sincerely hope it will be a successful one. I wonder what the world would be like if there were no schools whatever. It would be a queer and backward world. Thus, you see, we owe a

great deal to our schools, our teachers and those who have sought to prepare us for the future. When we are gone, wherever we may be, we shall always remember the good old days spent at Tech.

It is hard to say farewell to our teachers who have worked for us and helped to make our studies a pleasure rather than the old-fashioned drudgery. They have taught us the true value of study. But the time has come for farewell. To our Prinipal, our Teachers, and our Friends we say Farewell. The class of '26 leaves the Tech's Towers with regrets and with happy memories.

FRASER GRENVILLE—T4.

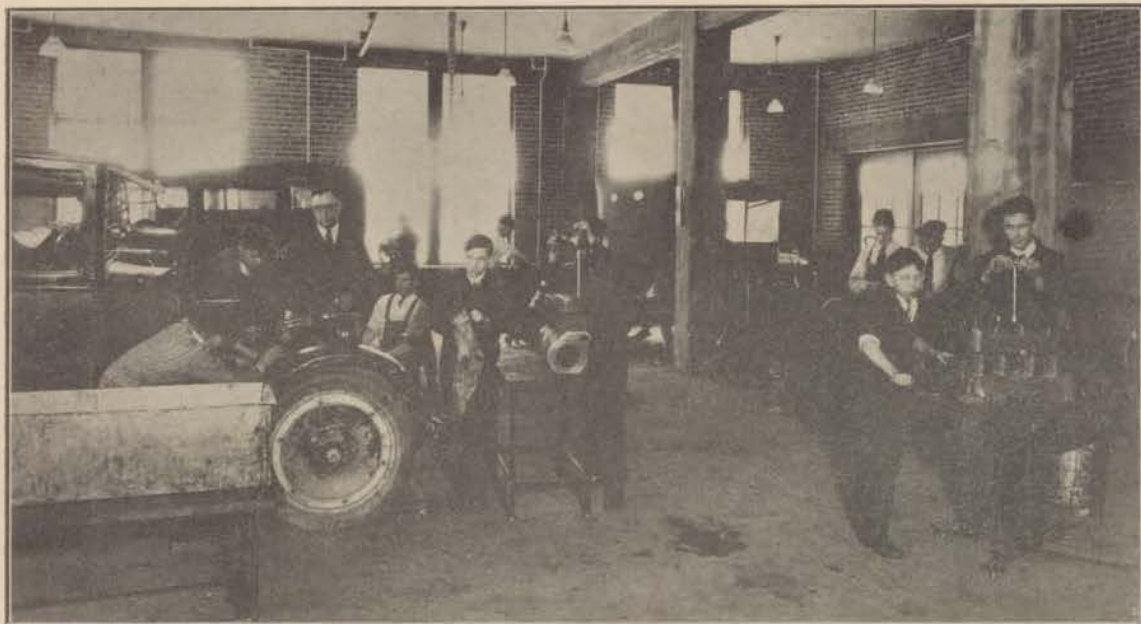
AUTOMOBILE MECHANICS
DEPARTMENT

Canadian and American trade journals are beginning to recognize a new word, "auto mechanic." It is a new-comer but from all prospects it has come to stay.

The trade and the industry at large also recognize the fact that the embryo automechanics, many of whom are needed every year, in order to be a credit to the trade and a satisfaction to the public must be trained in Vocational or trade schools, before starting to work. This is the aim of the automobile mechanics department of our school. We train boys so that in the years to come they will be a credit to themselves, to the trade and to the school. This department is housed in a large bright room that at one time seemed very large but now because of the addition of equipment is crowded at times.

The students here are given enough theory, or "notes," as they call it, to make plain the science of the modern auto, because one who understands the principle of a machine is the only really intelligent worker on the machines. This theory work is supplemented by practical work on cars of all common makes and the students put into use the facts taught them. Many large over-

SHOP WORK



haul jobs are completed each year by the students on their own cars or on those brought in by outsiders. In this way first-hand practical knowledge and skill is secured.

The best and most up-to-date equipment is being added all the time and really worth while donations are often received from the motor firms. One of the most helpful pieces of equipment is a cutaway Ford power plant and rear axle that was given this department by the Ford Motor Co. of Canada. It is a never ending source of interest to both young and old.

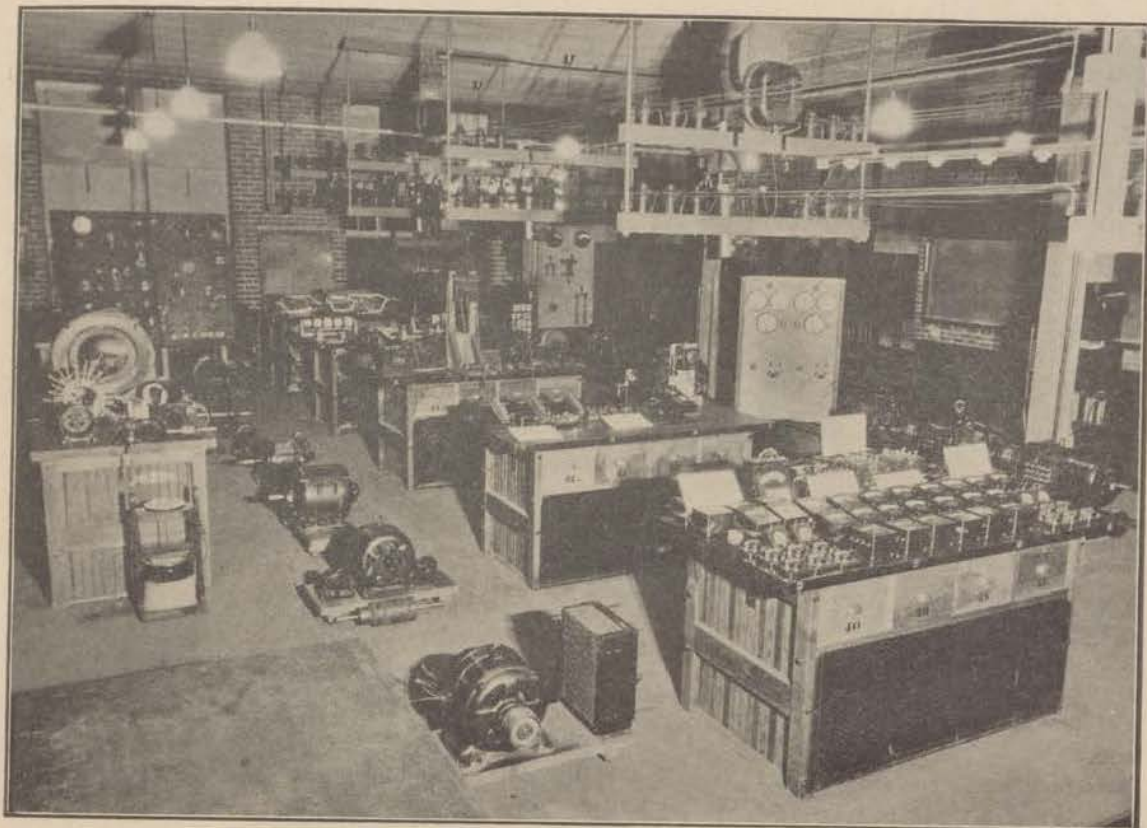
The night classes in this department are always large and are drawn from all walks in life through a common desire to know something more about the internal "mysteries" of the modern auto. These men are always deeply interested in the lectures and practical work and very quickly acquire enough knowledge to take away some of their fears of what would happen were they stalled on the road. Also they find out how to use an auto to get the most satisfaction out of it. They

show a real interest all through the term that is a satisfaction to the instructor.

THE ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

We know that when the heart of the human body ceases to beat the body no longer functions, but dies. Electricity is the heart or driving power of most of the modern factories and if its generating station shuts down, thousands of employees are without work. Thus we see the necessity of trained electricians to keep the wheels of industry efficiently moving. In our electrical department we aim to teach the pupils sufficient electricity to meet the requirements of his vocation.

In the first year some practical knowledge of all branches of electricity is introduced to assist the pupil in choosing his vocation. He is given practical instruction in the joining of electrical conductors, bell wiring, annunciator wiring, burglar alarm systems, telephone circuits, armature winding and theory of the elements of electricity.



The second year's work is a continuation of the first year work, and the pupil, after completing this year, should know how to wire a house, according to the "Rules and Regulations" of the Hydro Commission. He should be able to wind small direct current armatures satisfactorily, to connect and operate direct current machinery accurately as well as to install telephones, bells, annunciators, and simple burglar alarm systems.

In the third year the work is adapted to assist the pupil in his chosen vocation, whether it be die-making, auto mechanics, building construction or electricity. The student choosing building construction receives instruction in factory and house wiring, and those choosing die-making, auto mechanics or electricity receive practical and theoretical instruction in installing, operating and maintaining direct current and alternating current machines, transformer connections, house wiring and other branches of electricity. The pupils in the fourth

year have advanced work.

The technical school student choosing electricity as his vocation should therefore have received adequate knowledge and skill to work intelligently at practically any branch in the electrical field, while the student who chooses some other vocation should have attained sufficient knowledge of electricity to assist him in the vocation he has chosen.

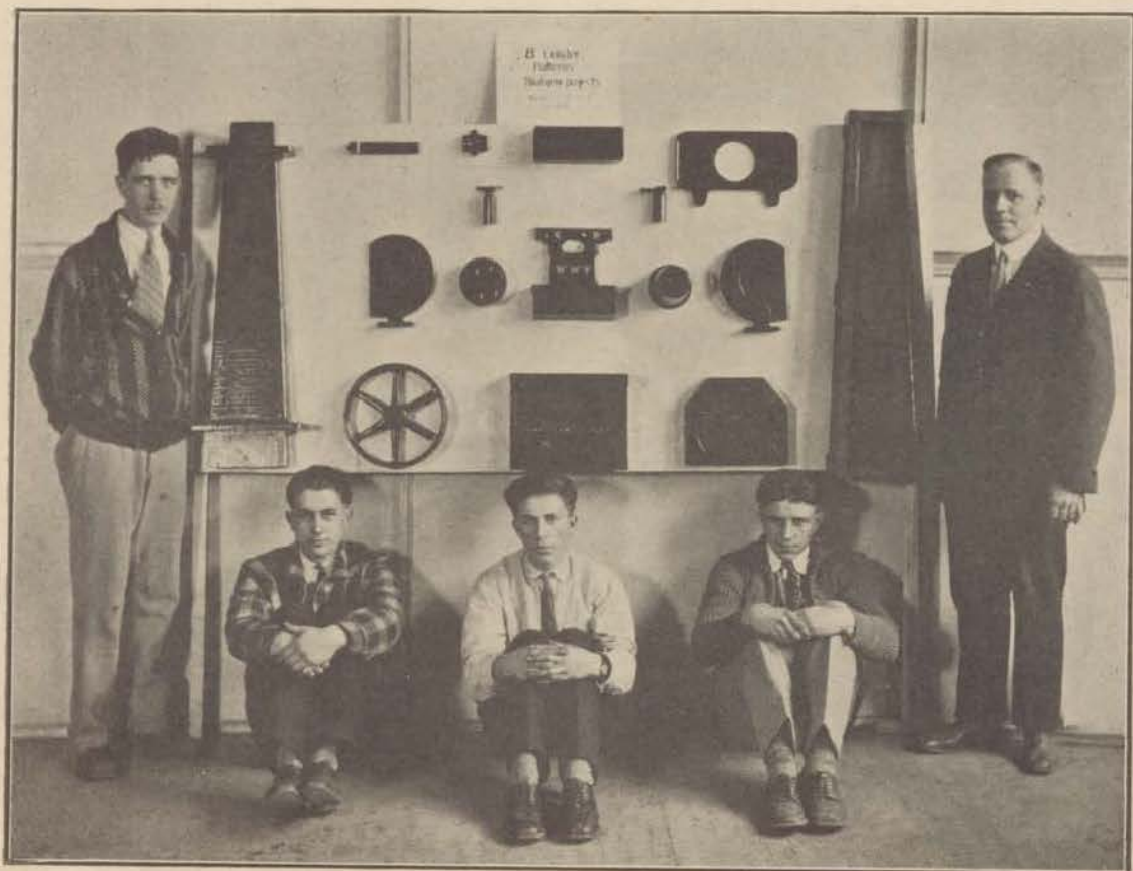
F. E. JOHNSTON.

FOUNDRY

During the past few years pattern-making has taken a position of vast importance among the trades and industries of the country. The reason for this condition may be briefly outlined as follows:

1. The decreasing forest supply which has resulted in the production of many metal products which were formerly made of wood.

2. The vast increase of automobiles and motor trucks.



3. Improved farm machinery.
- 4 The demand for more durable products.
5. Increasing number of inventions and discoveries.

There are certain facts about the pattern trade for which the pattern-maker must be thankful. The skilled work done by his master hand cannot be replaced by modern machinery, as in the case of the cabinet-making trade and others. Again there is less danger of the pattern-maker put out of work by the employment of unskilled labour than is the case in any other trade. In his work he finds continual interest. Routine and monotonous operations are lacking, as he daily and hourly works out some new problem. Every pattern he undertakes presents a new task, different from the last involving some new problem as to construction and methods of mould-

ing. The accompanying photograph represents the patterns for an 8-inch Bench Tool Room Emery Grinder. The drawing and blue prints were produced by the Drafting department. A complete set of working patterns was made from the blue prints in our school pattern shop. The moulds, cores and castings were the product of our school foundry.

WOODWORKING

The classroom for woodwork in the school is one of the best in Canada. It is equipped with a full supply of hand tools and twenty-four woodworking machines.

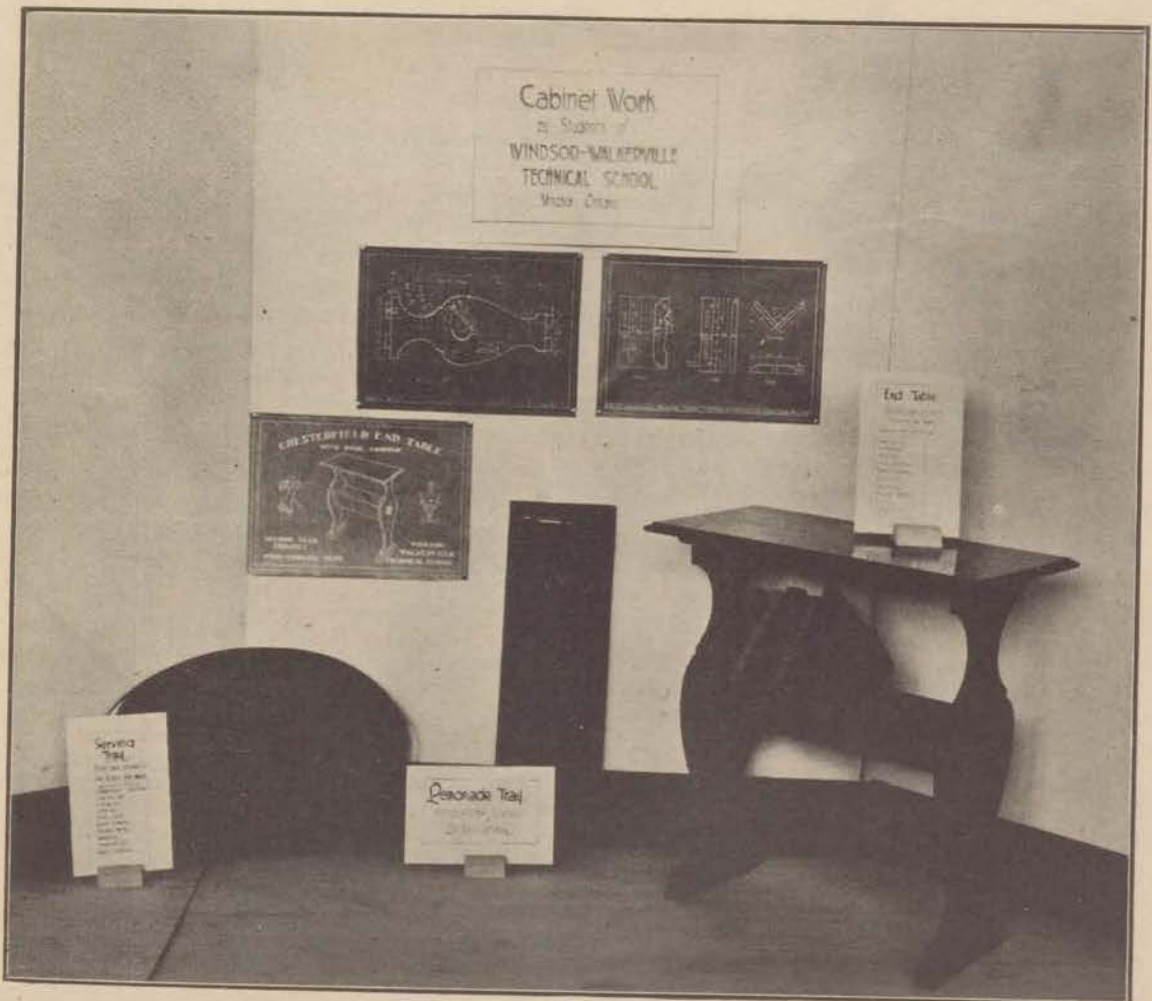
The course in woodworking involves the correct handling of tools so that good technique may be acquired by the students. The tool work is accomplished by a study of the materials used in this industry.

Wood-turning exercises followed by making a table lamp, introduce the boy to the machines.

In the second year building construction (frame dwellings) is studied so as to show good and bad practices sometimes employed in the building trades. The steel square, its many uses in the framing of houses and other tools employed in carpentry and cabinet work are studied. During this year the pupil is allowed to use the machine to the utmost of his ability. Sawing is done on the circular and band saws. Planing, jointing, shaping, mortising, tenoning, trimming and sand-

papering operations are done on the machine specially constructed for the purpose. The boys in this group make by production methods a beautiful End Table.

The third year course consists of more accurate work. Actual constructive work is undertaken. Every department of the school has equipment that has been made by this class. They study further possibilities of the steel square, roof framing, stair building, estimating, and do all their work from blue prints. The boy that takes the full course becomes a very competent worker.



FORM NEWS

FORM NOTES

Staff

Form 1 Editor—Marjorie Ponton.

Form 2 Editor—Frank Hull.

Form 3 Editor—Mary DesRosiers.

Form 4 Editor—Leo Goldman.

Class Reporters

T4.—Charles Fisher, Leo Goldman.

T3A.—Fern Knight, Nellie Ostrowski.

T3B.—Earl Laforet, Sam Marks.

T2A.—Alex. Cherkinsky, Louis Fortin.

T2B.—Patrick McKenna, Harry Whittall.

T1A.—Issy Lutvak, Percy Banwell.

T1B.—Ralph Holcombe, Sam Whittle.

T1C.—Chas. Tenø, Robert Padgett.

Prev. 1.—Gordon Strevett, Harry Askew.

Prev. 2.—Jean Thompson, Albert Dunn.

C. Spec.—Evangeline Gignac, Frances Schmid.

C4.—John Parent.

C3A.—Dorothy Kellett, Lorna Batzold.

C3B.—Phyllis Gribble, Hugh MacDonald.

C3C.—Pearl Langlois, Myrl Medland.

C2A.—Hilda Haisman, Maude Holding.

C2B.—Marjorie Preston, Theresa Lucier.

C2C.—Margaret Price, Jeannette Samuels.

C2D.—Vera Pepper, Elsie Richardson.

C2E.—Jam Duffy, Fernande Mathieu.

C1A.—Daisy Curtis, Mary Berynuik.

C1B.—Helen Walsh, Alice Neill.

C1C.—Stanley Larke, Reg. McGarvey.

C1D.—Marjorie Ponton, Elsie Windecker.

C1E.—Violet Wilson, Marjorie Copeland.

and perspective drawing. With this the student has two academic subjects, mathematics and English. The electrical course includes armature-winding and work at the switchboards and machines. In drafting the work is based on projects from the electrical department. The mechanical course includes such technical subjects as machine shop practice, foundry, pattern-making, electricity and drafting. The electrical and mechanical course also includes mathematics, English and practical chemistry.

The student, by attending this fourth year course, will find that, when the time comes for him to go into the world alone that he will be preferred by an employer to the young workers without such training.

On graduating from the fourth year course, the student may, if he wishes, attend College and enter the engineering course.

That the fourth year course is proving a success is shown by the fact that its enrolment is increasing each year, and it is probably that in a few years graduation from the technical courses will take place not at the end of three years as now but at the end of four years.

Form Editor,

LEO GOLDMAN

Technical 4.

THE FOURTH YEAR TECHNICAL COURSE

The primary aim of the fourth year technical course, at our school, is to perfect the individual training of its students. It may be called a post-graduate course.

The courses taken by the fourth year pupils may be divided into three classes, architectural, electrical and mechanical. Under the architectural course fall, drafting, tracing, house planning, stone drafting

COMMERCIAL SPECIAL—306

There's a little room called three-o-six
Where work and play both have to mix.
On floor No. 3 of the Technical Towers
All students keep busy for many long hours.

At five minutes to nine we hop into place,
If not, the blue slip tells we've fallen from grace.

At nine o'clock sharp the bell rings again,
And we file down the corridor with book, pencil and pen.

The day's work should start with real
earnest and zest
The class in geography is now at its best.
In pensive mood we travel from Windsor
to the coast.
And see that our country gives much
cause to boast.

And then we go to Business Law
along our devious way,
And listen and discuss what the text
book has to say.
Arithmetic and its problems are just
across the hall,
"Come on folks, now! Come on" is our
instructor's call.

With lame, weary limbs we again
mount the stair
To bookkeeping bright with its columns
so fair
With this office practice we try to
combine
And there, sad to say, we never shine.

Spelling and Penmanship then have their
place
Bringing along with them troubles
to face.
For figures exact are hard, hard to make
And words will go wrong unless pains
we take.

Shorthand and typing are hardest of all,
This is our goal so we never dare fall.
For Stenogs we do wish to become
We must think more of work and much
less of fun.

Oh! our school days are happy and
sometimes they're sad,
But often and often we would be so glad
If we could go back for a few useful
hours.

To room three-o-six of the
Technical Towers.
GWYN RIDDELL.

COMMERCIAL FORM 4

Small But Mighty

On September 7th, our form consisted of 18 pupils. We have now diminished to the number of four. Our pupils have found positions in the Border Cities and in Detroit and the remaining four hope to settle down soon.

This form was represented in sports by Miss Lola Aebli, Alva Allen and "Beanie" Parent. We have succeeded in defeating two of the best debating teams in the school. C4 Basketballers got off with a good start but lost their final game and championship to C2C. We have

Parent, one of the best athletes in the school, and star in Baseball and Rugby. In Rugby last season, he succeeded in scoring six touchdowns. Altogether, in spite of our small number, we are the most illustrious form in the school.

T4. ROLL CALL

Some day when you have time to spare,
Please come up to Tech and spend it
there,
Come to room 203 and open the door,
And there you will find us, all T4.

First two huge objects your eyes will
meet,
But don't be alarmed, they're McArthur's
feet,
Mac's a champ pole vaulter and
awful smart,
He may have big feet, but he's got
a big heart.

And here is **Kenneth Gillette**, full of
vigor and vim,
Most of the flappers go wild over him,
For he's a basketball star, and a
handsome guy too,
And if you were a girl I think so
would you.
Please meet **Johnny Blackton**, Tech's
star acrobat,
Does all kinds of flips and flops when
loose on the mat,
But when playing basketball, that's
the time he shines best,
For he scorns to run upon his feet,
and slides on his chest.

And this is **J. Goldman** a clever young
gent,
Who finishes each term with one
hundred per cent.,
Leo Goldman his brother also sets
quite a pace,
And it's interesting to see who will
win the great race.
There's **Papst** over there in the pink
and green vest,
Oscar is the first name by which he is
blest,
Radigan, talking to him is a regular guy,
And he has a family tree, for he's
the apple of his father's eye.

Now don't think I'm a gossip,
but did you ever hear,
That **Bowden** has a new girl for each
day in the year,
I think that it's his moustach, that
all the girls adore.
He has nine hairs on either side
but it soon will be a score.
Yes, **Tom Simpson** does look a little
out of place,
But he really isn't as dumb as the
look upon his face,

His only close competitor is handsome
Victor Larke
 Who is going to prove that when the
 light went out Moses wasn't in the dark.

No, that is not Mutt and Jeff over there,
 The tall one's **Menard** always in love
 The short skinny lad who romps by his

Is young **Leslie Smith**, T4's only pride.
 That tough guy with the huge bony fist,
 Is **Fred Wheeler** who claims he's
 But "**Rosie**" **Moore** has sworn a great
 That he will kiss him, so it won't be
 long now.

This **Fraser Grenville** is a fine young lad,
 Whose marks are so good and
 His eyes are like the ocean, so calm
 And when he smiles you feel that
 he sure likes you.

And now, stranger, you have seen
 It was a heavenly treat I know,
 You have seen our splendid T4. —
 I'm the author—just Charles Fisher.
 Perpetrated by CHARLES FISHER.

THE SENIORS

April, May and June and then the finals! Three months of school work before, for the majority of us, we will be writing the last examinations of our school life. It hardly seems possible that three years have passed since we were thinking the same thoughts, worrying over the same subject, as our Entrance Examinations loomed large on the horizon. But we passed them, and the regrets over leaving our schools and friendly teachers, the thoughts of having to start school over, as it were, among strangers were soon forgotten.

In the same way, many are sorry their school life is over. Even the most anxious to get out of school, loudly proclaiming, "I never liked school anyway," will, in their hearts feel a few pangs of longing for "good old Tech," when school days are over.

Graduation is the end of a chapter of our lives and before us lies a

new one. Let us, by earnest endeavour during these last few months, prepare for a good commencement of our next chapter, "Working Days."

Form III. Editor,
MARY DesROSIERS—C3B.

C3A.—FORM NEWS

C3A. is without doubt a very popular form. It has taken part in the many activities of the school. It is represented in the famous Tech United by Gladys Kerr, vice-president and Lorna Batzold, secretary; in the Girls' Athletic Club by Irene Downy, vice-president, and Helen Garfat, secretary; Elizabeth Hall, captain of the senior basketball team belongs to C3A. and is supported by Helen Garfat of that form. In the annual school concerts several students from C3A. participated. Lorna Batzold played an important part in the play given under the direction of Mr. Voaden. Leta Knight, Helen Drone, Hilda Woodall and Dorothy Kellett took part in the club swinging. So you see that C3A. is a real live form.

CAN YOU IMGAINE

Helen G.—Crying.
 Ione—Being serious throughout the whole day.
 Elizabeth—Sitting perfectly still for five minutes.
 Nellie—On the midget team.
 Violet—Becoming very talkative.
 Helen D.—Getting 10 in Economics.
 Ethel Caughill—Not smiling at the teachers.

C3A. IN THE MOVIES

Ah, to go back to olden days,
 The days of love and chivalry,
 When men were men and fancy roamed
 Gay and Free.
 I'd be a **Knight** of the highest rank,
 Say, chief of all the **Gordon** clan.
 I'd ride the hills and I'd be to the poor
 Sir Galahad again.
 My stately form would grace the **Hall**,
 Of every noted manor there.
 And mine the sigh and the downcast eye
 From the ladies fair.
 The minstrel boy who sings of his home,

In sunny Erin o'er the way,
Will sing again to please the ball,
Of young Gordon sae gay.
I'd lead the lively yelping Kerrs,
And start them on the scented trail
Of the cunning, wily Reynard Fox,
I could not fail.
And when the shades of evening fell
The gallant lover I would be
My love—no other than Lorna Doone
Would wait for me.
Through a shady Lane of velvet grass
By a careful Gardener diligently cared
I'd walk with my love, at eventide!
Lorna the golden-haired.

GLADYS KERR.

FORM T3A.

This Form contains many talented pupils. We have three great orators, Fern Knight, Wm. Dunlop and Nellie Ostrowski. One of our number has a regular profile and another has a perfect figure. If the two were one we'd have a movie actor.

Martha—Say, I hear you have joined the suicide club.

Enid—How do you make that out?

Martha—I see you're learning to drive an automobile.

WE'VE GIVEN UP CROSSWORD PUZZLES—TRY THESE

If a boat should sink, would a safety razor.

If a blind man fell into the ocean would he sea-salt.

If a rose fades does a shirt-waist.

If a duck can swim can a sparrow.

FORM NEWS

Say it Now

When you've got a thing to say
Say it! Don't take half a day,
Be like T3A.
When your story's got little in it,
Crowd the whole thing in a minute
As we do it, Hurrah for T3A!
Life is short, only a small vapour,
Don't try to fill the whole school paper.
When you've got a thing to say
Say it, Don't take half a day
Be like good old T3A.

By MARTHA TACON—T3A.

IS A "FRIEND" ALWAYS FRIENDLY

A friend who holds a mirror to my face,
And, hiding none, is not afraid to trace,
My faults, my smallest spot within,
Who friendly warns, reproves me if I sin,
Although it seems, not, he is my friend.

By MARTHA TACON.

CLASS NEWS—T3B.

An odd collection of fellows is T3B. In that class you will find orators, such as Renaud, and musicians, such as Courtney. Taken individually T3B. is punk but together they can make a lot of noise and on the whole they are a nice Lunch of fellows.

Famous Sayings by Famous Teachers

Where is Campbell?

Boys, this work means your diploma.

Pass out quietly.

Here all afternoon.

I don't care a continental.

Introduce a romantic element if you wish.

Underline the following.

Overheard in the Foundry

Teacher—Hurry up and shovel sand Overton.

Overton—I ain't feeling well, Mr. Heard. I'm trembling all over.

Teacher—Lend a hand with the sieve then.

* * *

Washington—Yes, sir, I spent a night in that haunted house.

Overton—What happened.

Washington—Around midnight a ghost came out of the wall as if nothing was there.

Overton—What did you do.

Washington—I went out the other side the same way.

T3B. SAYS

We don't like to brag about ourselves as self-praising is no recommendation but we must admit as no one will admit for us, we have got a pretty good form. Two of the best hockey players are Pashak and Anderson. Basketball players are Fisher and Hellewell. Shieks are Forton and Campbell. An actor is Sam. Marks, and as a musician Courtney and Laforet take the cake. A hot stepper is Washington and Overton is some acrobat. You see we have a pretty good form.

T3B.

There is:

Anderson better known as "Gump"
Who with his trusty hockey stick,
Sure makes the old puck hump!
And Blackmore, or rather Wally,
Where mien and face is always jolly.
Then Briscoe who's an awful pest
But not any more than all the rest.
Or Courtney sometimes known as Carl,

You should hear him make his saxophone
snarl.

And Washington our Black Bottom Shiek
Who invents a brand new step each week.
Gelinis is a boy so brave!

Won't be misled!—he needs a shave!
Then Laforet we call him Rick,
Who plays mean music with fiddle and
stick.

And Scotty Holt,
Who frisks round like a new born colt.
And Hadley (short for Les)
As a mathematician he's not a success.

Then Baillargeon, a pupil new
Who spent last year at Ottawa U.
There's Irwin and Crocker who're lots
of sand

They are (so they say) the whole bugle
band.

There's Kellett and Pashak, Steven and
Luke

Who are (you well know) far past all
rebuks!

Oh, I nearly forgot, my goodness me,
Poor Latimer—we call him "pee-wee."

And Overton—or Art

In gymnastics is awfully smart.

There's Maxwellton Pullen as he's com-
monly known

But Maxwellton (says Max) sure makes
him groan.

There is Samuel Marks

Who spen last winter in Florida parks.

And by heck! there is Specht

And Libby the Hick

And "Our Casey Jones" they are all
pretty slick!

There's Kellett, Eklund and Weese,
The latter's known as Geese.

My I feel so bereft

There are two fellows left.

They are athletes fine?

On the track they do shine.

They are Helliwell and me

We're the last of our form—T3B.

LESLIE CAMPBELL.

C3B.—SPORT NEWS

The boys of 3B. are indulging in heavy sports lately; and if this uncommon practice does not cease some fellows that I know are going to be wrecks physically.

Harmon is practicing for the Tiddley-Wink championship. The finals will be played off next week with Prevo. He says that to keep in training is hard work. Raisbeck was also a close contender for the form champonship. Theobald excels in basketball especially in putting in the foul shots he gets off the threatened referee (usually Fredricks). St. Louis plays indoor baseball and pitches a mean hand

at baseball. Art Thompson — yes that's the one that wore the red sweat shirt with "ART" 13, on the back, of course you will suspect him of playing basketball, but keep on suspecting. He is expert at the strenuous game of Ping-Pong, plays exceedingly well at "Button, button, Who's got the button." The only person who ever succeeded in beating him was Lord and he stuffed a similar button up his sleeve and hunted for an hour for it. Of course he fooled Inglis because Inglis had forgotten where he had hid the button. Banwell plays push-ball fairly well but as the ball will not stand the strain of Banwell's great strong arms, we can only play two hours at a time. Needless to say Banwell's face gets very red when he exerts himself and when we get to the room all the girls think he is blushing at them. This starts a very vigorous kicking on the part of Banwell to get the mud off his shoes.

HUGH McDONALD—C3B.

COMMERCIAL 3C.

The Radio Form

Commercial 3C., consisting entirely of girls, is one of the brightest classes of 1927. We possess all kinds of talent in our form and we take part in everything that comes along. We have won a banner for securing a one hundred per cent. membership in the Tech. United and we are now doing our best to win the shield which is to be given to the form winning the debating contest. We have already been victorious in two debates and who can tell but that we shall come off in the final debate with the honours also?

I am sure that everyone will agree with me when I say that our class concert which we presented on Feb. 17 was a huge success. We received many compliments in regard to our presentation and feel justified in thinking that we are dangerous rivals for the handsome cup which is to be presented at a future date to the class whose concert or entertainment is considered the best.

Then too, we excel in all of our studies, are good cooks, and know all the arts of dressmaking and millinery. But you must not think that we do nothing but work and study. Indeed, we have pleasure and fun galore and anyone who does not think this is so, is invited to call around some day when she is feeling blue, and we assure you that when they leave this jolly form, they will agree with us when we say that our work is combined with pleasure.

We possess some model stenographers and typists and I think that when it is time for us to leave good old Tech., the pupils of C3C. will have no difficulty in securing suitable positions.

Then also, I think our form paper "The Broadcaster" is worthy of mention. This paper is made up of original writings contributed by the pupils. These writings consist of bits of humour, editorials, etc. and form a very interesting recreation. "The Broadcaster" has progressed rapidly under our able editor, Pearl Langlois.

From what I have said you may readily guess that ours is a model form, and I believe that the C3C. of this year will be long remembered in after years, and that the pupils who come after us will do their best to live up to the reputation which we have established in our school.

MYRL MEDLAND—C3C.

"INTERMEDIATES"

The second formers are really the intermediates of the school. They come back from the summer holidays after their first year with the feeling that they are old acquaintances of the school with none of that uncertain feeling about hard work and the teachers that made them a little fearful when they were freshies. They have the feeling that they know the teachers and the teachers know them. Those who graduate from first to second year re-enter the school with ambition to

accomplish greater things in class and in sports and other school activities and there are many new recruits from the second forms.

There is also much friendly rivalry among the second year forms in classwork as well as in sports. These forms have a chance to show their superiority over one another in interform competitions such as basketball and the form programs put on under the auspices of the "Tech United."

The second year is to most pupils the most interesting year in their school career. This is so because it is in most cases the second year in which the pupil first takes a part in the leading school activities, especially sports. Altogether the second year is a year in which the pupil can accomplish great things for himself and for the school.

Form II. Editor,

FRANK HULL—T2B.

C2A.

C2A. is rich in scholastic abilities. We have given ample proof of this. It was C2A. girl won the Junior Oratorical Contest, speaking upon the subject "Greece, Ancient and Modern." Yet not only are we rich in orators but display literary, artistic and dramatic talent. Our form papers, we are told, takes first place in the second form class papers for its choice news, stories, poems and jokes and last but not least, its cleverly painted covers.

The Tech United may always be sure of finding warm supporters in C2A. Early in the school year we put on our program consisting of an act from "Twelfth Night," two comedies, namely, "Poor Pa" and "School Days," and class choruses. It proved to be a success.

There is no doubt that C2A. is a very important form and we hope that in years to come some of its members will inscribe their names upon the rolls of honour and fame for the sake of the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School.

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE MODERN WORLD

Though you've travelled all the world
around,

And paced many a foreign deck,
If you chance to come to Windsor,
Don't fail to visit "Tech".

You may have seen the Pyramids,
And such wonders,—old and grand,
You may have seen green mountains,
And many a golden strand.

But when coming to the Border,
As o'er the world you're fleeing,
If you leave our school unvisited,
You've missed a sight worth seeing.

You sure can't miss the dear old place,
With its Towers, tall and stately;
And if you'd just come and see us,
We'd appreciate it greatly.

Step in, just as you're passing by,
For we'll always be the same,
We don't practice good behaviour,
Just for visitors of fame.

You may have seen famous places,
Which are known to everyone,
But for something really up-to-date,
It's to 'Tech' you need to come.

It's a place filled with school spirit,
So there is no lack of fun,
And we're always glad to see you,
And make you feel at home.

If it be Thursday afternoon,
We're favoured with your call,
Our well-known "Tech United",
Will entertain you all.

When the silver notes of our orchestra,
Come floating o'er the air,
You'll decide that great musicians,
With our players can't compare.

Then visit all the classrooms,
See the pupils studying there,
And then the large and noisy shops,
Where the boys all work with care.

Please don't forget the Household Arts,
The French and Art room too,
The gymnasium and the science room,
Before your visit's through.

After lunch in our Model Suite,
And a rest in our library,
I think you will be satisfied,
To pleasantly agree
That 'Tech' is one of the greatest sights,
That ever you could see.

And then perhaps, you'll understand,
Why we all proudly say,
That 'Tech' is the greatest wonder
Of this great world to-day.

ANNA McKENNA—C2B.

WHO ARE THESE? C2B.

One is worrying about a man,
But women have since the world began.

* * *

All will teach their children well,
By telling them of William Tell.

* * *

Some will sit at night and wait,
For husbands who are always late.

* * *

Our maid so tiny, so clever and free,
Will marry a man who is noble to see.

* * *

The girl whose hair is so curly of late,
Will be twenty-five ere she knows her
fate.

* * *

One so bright and quiet at day,
Will marry a farmer and help to make
hay.

* * *

Our dancer so tall and full of life,
Will make her husband a jolly wife.

* * *

Our angel with disposition so rare,
Will surely marry a millionaire.

* * *

None so frivolous and free, we infer,
Will marry the first who proposes to her.
The C2B. Fortune Teller.

—o—

"TECH UNITED"

The girls of C2B. had the honour
of presenting the first "Tech United"
programme after Christmas. The
programme consisted of plays, drills,
songs and dances. The whole of
C2B. took part in the entertainment.

The programme consisted of a
Shakespearian scene, a recitation, a
Spanish dance, a comic playlet and
a chorus.

GRACE BECKETT—C2B.

—o—

FRIVOLOUS FROLICS OF T2B.

You probably all witnessed the
absolutely splendid performance
submitted by T2B. in one of the suc-
cessive entertainments rendered by
each of the forms under the "Tech
United Banner." We presented a
scene from Shakespeare's "Twelfth
Night." Whether Sir Toby's legs
were shaking as the results of stage
fright or whether it was part of the
acting is unknown. Andrew, quite
naturally added a few steps to the
modern popular "Charleston." The
gymnastics including tumbling and
rolling showed off the real business-
like style of our fellows. The con-

cluding item on this excellent programme was a dramatic comedy written and produced by our popular room master. This finishing item was a rollicking success.

—o— "THEY" SAY—

"You fellows will go out on your ear quicker than you came in."

"And let me tell you this," etc.

"For homework, take the next three sections."

"Why, I wouldn't even play marbles with you."

"You fellows are only kidding yourselves —"

"So it was you eh, Fleming? Well come along with me."

"This class is just a little bit too joyful this afternoon."

—o— OUR FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE MOVIES

Form C2C.

When the picture of the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School was flashed on the screen at the Capitol Theatre, there was a hush in the show; heads were bobbing up and down to see who was in it. As it happened the C1D. Form of 1926 was the only Commercial Form to be shown. Over half of the girls of this form are now in C2C.

The first girl noticed was Olive Norwood. She looked somewhat like Mary Pickford. Although the picture could be plainly seen every face could not be distinguished in the few second that the scene was flashed on.

I am sure all the girls of C1D. of last year feel highly honored to have made their first appearance in the movies.

HELEN EDDIE.

—o— SCHOOL BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

The C2C. Basketball team after the championship for the first and second year forms, played off against the third form and won the school championship.

THE FORM TRACK TEAM Form C2C.

C2C. boasts of a track team that excels any in the school. This team is composed of five girls: Kathleen Slowgrove, Cora Shipman, Muriel Smith, Frances St. Amour and Jewel Delong.

On our own School Field Day these girls were able to collect 23 points and on the Interscholastic Field Day captured three first prizes for Tech.

Kathleen Slowgrove won the senior baseball throw, Cora Shipman broke her previous record by winning the junior shot putt, and Muriel Smith won the junior high jump. This event was placed on the track program for the first time this year and our girls seem to have broken the ice by winning in this event.

KATHLEEN SLOWGROVE.

—o— OUR CLASS—C2C.

C2C—303. That's us—That's us,
RAH, RAH, RAH.

—o— C2D.

C2D. is proud to be the home of Helen Ridley who on the interscholastic field day came first in the running broad jump, third in the 100-yard dash and was one of the runners in the victorious relay team. She is also a member of the school basket ball team.

When we sought a name for our form paper, the unanimous choice fell on "The Good Form." This monthly is edited by Vera Pepper and we are always pleased with what Vera presents. One of our number is developing into a columnist and we think her style resembles Edgar A. Guest.

Where 2D. Shines

1. In leaving books in lockers and forgetting locker keys.
2. In keeping a straight line in the hall.
3. In "keeping smiling."

—o— THE C2E "RECORD BREAKER"

C2E's Form paper, "The Record Breaker" enjoys a very good reputa-

tion among the English teachers. We believe, "The Record Breaker" to be the best paper in the school. That at least, is a feather in the cap of the staff of the paper, who are Jimmy Duffy, the chief editor, and his reporters, Joe and Abe Morrison, for the boys, and Norma Gledhill, and Annie Littler for the girls.

The paper is read in English class every Friday morning. Jokes adventure stories, poems and editorials form the chief topics of the paper.

Class Yell

Who are! Who are!
Who are we!
C2! C2! C2E!

THE FIRST YEAR

All those who are coming to Technical School for the first year find it a novelty. In the holidays, when asked, "Now you have passed your examinations, where are you going?", you replied, "I'm going to the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School, of course." Then, hands went up and astonished voices exclaimed: "My dear child, don't go there, the work is so hard."

Is this all true? Of course not. Work at Tech is not hard, for when you passed your entrance examinations you prepared for hard work. The work is not much different from that of the public school, but there is more of it, and it is of a greater variety. Of course, you have your specialities, stenography and typing, in the commercial courses and home nursing, cooking and dressmaking in the Technical course.

Do we like Tech? To use slang, "You bet."

In conclusion, I must say that Tech is a school of which we are proud, a school which is a credit to all. We feel a thrill of pride when we take visitors to our concerts and games and hear them say: "What a beautiful school, I should think you are proud to come here."

Are we? We are!

MARGERY PONTON—C1D.

CLASS RECORD OF PREVO 1B.

By Gordon Strevett.

Although the Prevo. classes are the juniors of the school, that does not mean in any way that the Prevo. 1 pupils are having an easy time, in comparison with the work of the higher classes.

Although several new pupils have come since the beginning of the term, the class has much good progress. Besides watching all other "P's and Q's" in school, this class has made a fine record for regularity and punctuality.

Even though they put school work first, the boys show no lack of interest in sports. The boys make good use of their time in the gym., where they are instructed in mat work, muscle making exercises and basketball.

Every pupil in Prevo. 1B. thinks himself very lucky to be able to attend such a fine, up-to-date school as the Windsor - Walkerville Technical School.

T1A.

T1A. has the distinction of numbering among its members three very studious boys. They get one hundred in nearly everything and besides that, one of them is a hockey hero. We feel that the virtues of these three will ensure the salvation of T1A.

Things We Like Best

Basket Ball.
Science.
Machine Shop.
Tech United Programmes.

C1A.

C1A. has contributed many stories and poems for the year book. Maybe some will be printed.

DAISY CURTIS—C1A.

* * *

There is a form in Tech
By the name of C1A.
It's mighty good, by heck!
You'll hear the teachers say.

The Junior Oratorical honours were won by C1A. Eight girls entered to make sure that the honours fell to us. They were: Mary Berby-nuk, Iva Smith, Ivy Beckett, Olive Shurak, Anna Warsh, Dorothy Enick, Gladys McIntyre, Daisy Curtis.

We are proud not only to have won the inter-form debating cup but to have taken second and third places as well. The following were the winners: Mary Barbynuk who spoke on "Ontario's Mineral Wealth." It was said that the twinkle in her eye, her language, and platform appearance helped her.

Iva Smith, whose speech was very well prepared, described "Pioneer Life in Canada."

Ivy Beckett made a stirring patriotic address on "The Spirit of Canada."

THE TURN OF THE TIED

Judy had a little bear
Who surely was a bother
For when she let him go outside,
He almost ate her father.

She could not let him loose at all,
Or trouble he would make,
So when the summer turned to fall,
She tied him to a stake.

The rope it was not very long,
The space was none too wide,
But as he walked around he made
The turning of the tied.

IVA SMITH—C1A.

C1B.

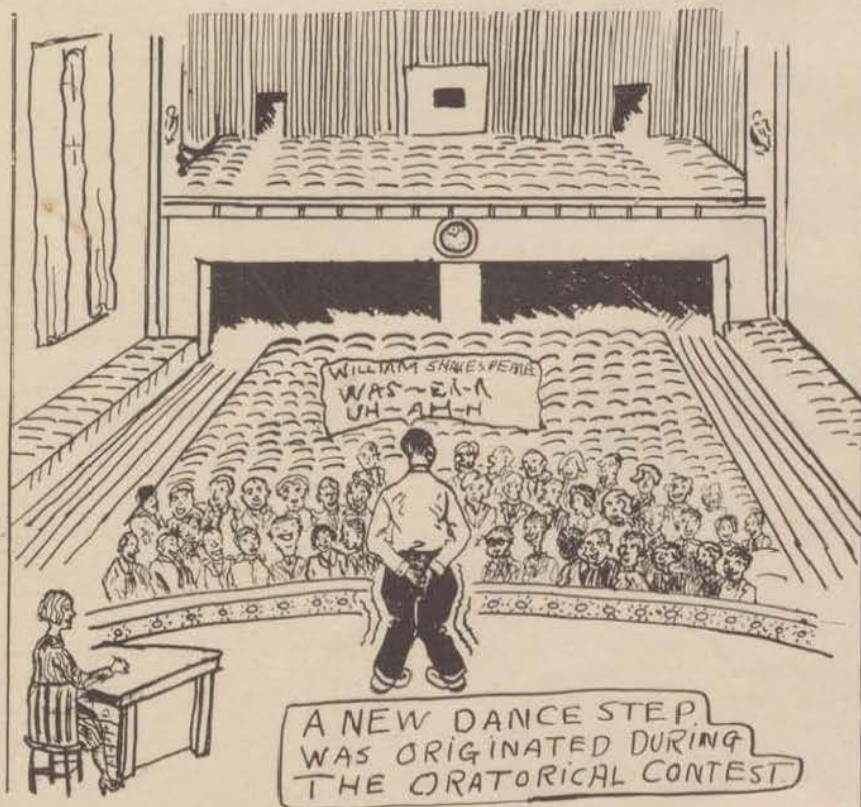
A Tech United programme was given by the girls of C1B. on Feb. 10, 1927, which proved to be a success. The play was entitled "The Knave of Hearts." Several other numbers were given such as dancing and class songs. This being the first, first form programme we received very hearty applause.

Our form basketball team has defeated several forms.

ALICE NEILL.

T1B. CLASS NEWS

This years as usual T1B. has been able to maintain its reputation for producing a fine collection of athletes but not so many real scholars. We firmly believe though that var-



ity is the spice of life and that dazzling brilliancy is an ill omen.

The following will illustrate and explain:

Teacher—"Why is a lathe equipped to give different speeds?"

T1B. Student—"So that some can work by the 'job' and others by the 'hour.'"

THE ROLL OF HONOUR

There is Doran, Monforton and Pullen,
Whose rush seats are ever in demand,
Peters, Harris and McLaren,
Who have never received reprimand,
Whittle and Bate are ready speakers
Ever ready to spread the days' news
To Everitt, Lucier and Blackburn.
Other listeners are not far and few,
French, Turner, James and Ralph

Holcombe

Always comply with the teachers' request,
And "Dave" Cockell our star at ice

hockey,

Upholds our fame in the puck contest,
In our classroom we have a wee

Scotchman,

You can tell him by his bushy red hair,
And like Gibb, Byrnes, and Forostain,
His complexion is sometimes, medium,

sometimes fair.

There are others for whom, if space
were allotted,

Pen and words could recall to you
their names,

Amongst these we will mention

"Dick" McLaren,

Whose red sweater reminds us of
autumn flames,

McNaughton is our champion loud
speaker

When station Gibb is not on the air,
Gilbert Illsley is our poultry fancier,

Vogan and Langlois our, humorous pair.
Here's to the class of Technical 1B.,

May their monthly reports throughout
this year

Show definite progress toward a worthy
goal,

On the part, not of several alone but
the class as a whole

Let's perform our duties so that when
June has come,

We may experience the satisfaction
of another job well done.

C1C.

This is a class of lively boys, none specially talented perhaps, but all anxious to become qualified as business men of the future. Our class is represented by more nationalities, probably, than any other class in our school.

We have not many representa-

tives on the various athletic teams but our class is always ready to back and cheer those athletes who represent dear old Tech.

Boys from Europe, Africa, Asia.

Lads from Australia and Polynesia,

All study together happy as can be
In good old Tech C1C.

T1C.

The Invincible Class

Our Form (T1C.) is well represented in the various activities of our school. In the Tech. United we have 100% membership. Our athletes are:

On the Hockey Team:

Adelard (Eddie) Ouellette

Tom (Toby) Tobin

Basil (Sheik) Robertson

Clarence (Bud) Langlois

Charles (Chuck) Teno

On the Rugby Team:

Basil Robertson and Tom Tobin.

Our class consists of fat people (H. Vexler); slim people (Osterhout); poets (Strong and Shea); small people (J. Latimer); artists (Whittaker) and acrobats (Petrie). SHEIKS (Everybody).

* * *

There is a young man in T1C.

Wears the latest clothes of the day;

He has girls by the score,

And he's looking for more,

He's the sheik of Tecumseh, they say.

A Better Job Than Mine

There's a picture in the papers

You can see it any day,

What a lesson it can teach us

If we look at it this way;

Be satisfied with what you have,

Don't mope around and whine,

And say that any kind of job

Is a better one than mine.

Cranking a Ford

I bought a dinky little car,

With my money from the bank,

The darned thing ran to beat the band,

But she's hard as nails to crank,

I took one merry little whirl,

And she whirled without a flaw,

Next time round the darn thing slipped

And soaked me in the jaw.

C1E.

Commercial 1E. has been successful in their quest of first form championship in basketball. The girls were led by Mabel Morley, captain and Eva Green, athletic manager. The players are: Jane Hutchinson, forward; Annie Shust, forward; Helen Smadu, forward; andgears Marion Crouchman, Eva Green, Mabel Morley.

WELL KNOWN TRUTHS

A scholar may chose the rosy way,
But here I set the rule,
Did you ever see a loafer
Who was an honour to his school?

I've never known a teacher to praise
The boy or girl who shirked,
I've never seen a prize won,
By one who has not worked.

Let us speak of luck and fortune's smile
But lessons must be learned,
The sower only sows the seed,
Wher'er the furrow is turned.
Behind the graduating days,
Which we all long to see,
Are hours and hours of irksome toil
Ere such delights can be.

And on that day of all days,
We see a large "Class"
We know that some of the scholars
Have been equal to the task.

GRACE ROSWELL.

AROUND THE CLASS ROOMS**Business Correspondence**

Harmon—I'm so dizzy.

St. Louis—Wassamatter?

Harmon—We've just been studying circular letters.

In Room 208

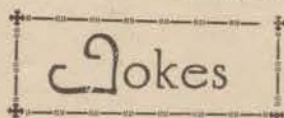
Teacher—1 pint milk at 6 cts., 1 lb. sugar at 7 cts., 5 eggs at 55 cts. a dozen. What's the result?

Esther—(Raising her hand)—Please, I know—it's a custard!

History

Teacher—Cherkinsky, give me a comprehensive account of the diverse encroachments made by Napoleon upon the autonomy of the neighboring states.

Cherkinsky (under his breath)—I don't think it's fair to call me such names.

**WITH OUR TEAMS****The Gym. Team**

Instructor—I want every body to lie on his back, put his legs in the air and move as if he were riding a bicycle. Commence!

Why have you stopped, Blackton?

Blackton—If you please sir, I was coasting.

With the Hockey Team

Waiter—Order, please.

Team—Whazzamatter? We ain't makin' any noise.

* * *

MacDonald—How's your sister getting on at College, Theobald?

Theobald—Oh, she's having trouble with her Greek.

MacD—aw—Why doesn't she get a Canadian fellow!

Mr. Lowe—Sick yesterday, eh? But how was it that I met you running down the street?

Hicks—Oh, that was when I was going for a doctor.

* * *

Fisher—Hello, Sam, I see you've been in Chicago.

Sam—Oh no, that's just a moth hole.

* * *

King—Last night I made an awful mistake.

Windecker—That so. How come?

King—I drank some gold paint.

Windecker—How do you feel now?

King—Guilty!

* * *

In Basketball Too?

Taxi Driver (speeding towards railway crossing as "flyer" approaches)—I bet I can beat it."

Passenger (petrified)—I only hope it isn't a tie!

* * *

The Rifle Team

Instructor—Hull, where are all your shots going? Every one has missed the target.

Hull—I don't know, sir. Every one left here all right.

* * *

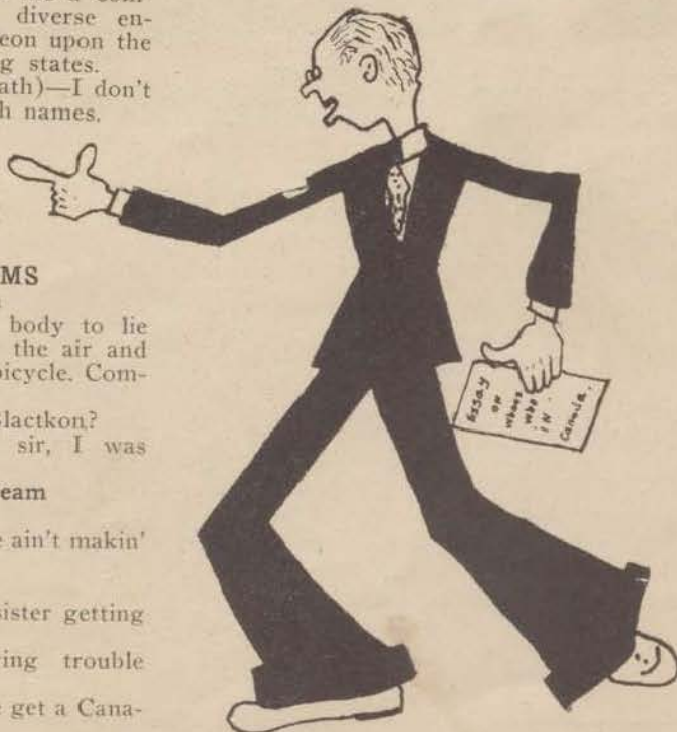
Teacher—Give me a sentence using the word "Moron."

Pupil—Mother told my sister she couldn't go out unless she put more on.

* * *

So you imagine you know as much as the teacher, do you?

Well you yourself heard him say he couldn't teach me anything.



C o m p l i m e n t s
o f t h e

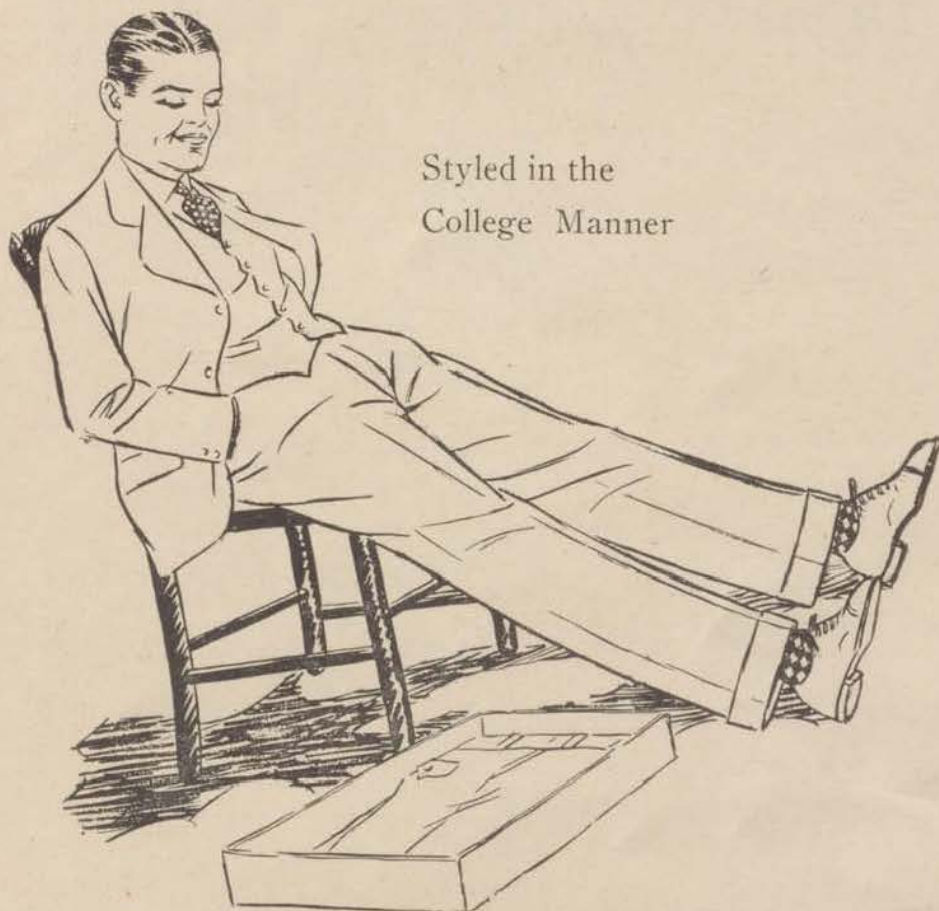
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