1947

Lowe, W. D. High School Yearbook 1946-1947

Lowe, W. D. High School (Windsor, Ontario)

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I.

W. D. LOWE

THE TOWERS

IN MEMORIAM
IN HONOR OF OUR FORMER PRINCIPAL
IN VIEWING THE PLAQUE
OF W. D. LOWE

As I first gazed in silent pause,
Behold, to my surprise,
The plaque spoke out in loud applause --
A great man never dies.

This gentleman a full life chose,
So humble, true and kind;
As scent adds beauty to the rose
So virtue to the mind.

A scholar keen, of highest rank,
His praise of Homer voiced,
With great delight of Horace drank,
In Scott and Keats rejoiced.

This man inspired us all to find
A joy in noble deeds;
A zeal in service for the Blind,
And all our fellows' needs.

A nobler Kingdom now endears
This godly citizen;
But his bright spirit reappears
In hearts and lives of men.

-C. A. T4A

SHAKESPEARE once wrote, “All the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players...” Most of us have only minor parts to play, but on rare occasions there arrives on the stage of life a player who is destined to play a major role through setting a standard of action for the rest of us to strive towards. Such a man was William Duff Lowe.

Record has it that Mr. Lowe arrived on the stage of life in the year 1882 at Cobden in Renfrew County. Obtaining his Master of Arts degree at Queen’s University in 1902, Mr. Lowe came to Windsor six years later and began teaching in the Patterson Collegiate Institute where he was appointed principal in 1919.

The year 1923 saw the formal opening of the Windsor-Walkerville Vocational School and the appointment of Mr. Lowe as its principal, in which capacity he served until his sudden death in June, 1945.

During these all-too-short years, the students and staff realized that here was a man who lived and breathed nobleness. Never too busy to listen to student problems and always eager to guide and assist puzzled or erring students, Mr. Lowe made it his business to know each and every pupil. His humour, humanity, and knowledge of both books and people influenced all of us who knew him.

The standard set by Mr. Lowe is something for every student to work towards in playing his part on life’s stage. Naming the school after him is a fitting tribute to that standard.

GEORGE VANDOORNE, Class of '45.
Dedication

We, the members of The Towers' Staff, dedicate this 1946-47 publication of our year book to our past principal, the late William Duff Lowe, M.A.
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AN IDEA is the fore-runner of action. Industry is ever seeking individuals who generate good ideas. Returns are much greater to those who not only have good ideas but follow through and give expression to them.

We learn by doing and we become expert by repetition and well-planned effort. Expert ability pleases and satisfies. We like to have letters well-written, motor cars scientifically tuned and tools efficiently designed.

In the W. D. Lowe Vocational School, there are, in addition to the regular class-room and shop opportunities, numerous activities certain to meet the desires and aptitudes of any student.

Producing a Year Book is one such activity. In this effort, writing, proof-reading, selling, collecting, compiling combine to produce the finished article. This issue is especially welcome after so long a lapse since the last publication in 1929.

Our 1947 Year Book, "The Towers", is the result of good ideas skilfully executed.

S. R. ROSS, Principal
Greetings...
by MISS MARY O’DONOGHUE
DEAN OF GIRLS

The life of a big modern school such as ours is rather complicated. Sometimes we wonder how such an institution, as large as a fair-sized village and with activities varied enough to interest its fifteen hundred students can run smoothly and effectively. Then we discover that the two KEYS to its success are ENTERPRISE and CO-OPERATION. Further, we discover that these KEYS can be used and are used by the most inconspicuous student as well as by the principal and staff.

Fortunately, the students are both enterprising and co-operative. The production of this splendid Year Book is an example of both. Warm congratulations are due to its editors and staff.

Not wishing to detract one iota from the splendid record of the boys of our school, yet as Dean of Girls I am more closely associated with the other half of our student body. I may say that in my twenty-five years of association with the girls’ activities it has been a happiness to see how always they have given their best to their school work, to athletics, to school entertainments, to the Junior Red Cross, to every form of extra-curricular activity. Their present body, numbering 550, is carrying on in the old spirit and their slogans clearly are:

“LET US DO SOMETHING” — “LET US HELP”.

Editorial

W e, the Editorial Staff of this Year Book, take great pleasure in presenting to you the first edition of “The Towers” since 1929. We hope that it will bring to you many hours of enjoyment both now and in the future.

In later years, when parted from your school chums, you will have this book to remind you of the wonderful days spent at dear old Lowe Vocational. The older the book becomes, the more you will cherish it. As you turn the pages containing pictures of friends and the articles they wrote, you will begin to recall to mind incidents both amusing and sad. You will probably never forget those friendships, and this magazine is an excellent means of refreshing those memories which seem to grow fainter year by year.

With this aim in mind, “The Towers” Staff have given much time and effort to make this magazine something worth-while and we sincerely hope we have succeeded.

THE EDITOR
THE TOWERS STAFF

Barbara Burt
(Chief Editor)

Marion Potosky

John Wolfe
(Assistant Editors)

Nello Dario
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School Clubs—
Olga Tosich

Cadets—
Dave O'Brien

E. L. Nelson
General Supervisor

O. Fritz
Assistant Supervisors

F. Morrow
Advertising Supervisor


Front Row—A. Jemison, Mary Tindorf, M. Stefan, Mr. C. Wallen, Miss O. Fritz, Mr. E. Nelson, N. McCarthy, P. Bireau, D. Littlewood.
THE STAFF PICTURE


Greetings...

By BUD WESTLAKE.
PRESIDENT OF VOCATIONAL UNITED

I am very glad that it has been decided again to produce a Year Book for our school, and it is particularly gratifying to me personally, that it comes during my term of office as President of the Vocational United.

This Year Book is bound to be treasured, especially by the graduating class. A glance through its pages will always recall many pleasant memories of our school and classmates.

I hope that the Year Book will be an annual event. Nothing will do more to bolster our school spirit.

Congratulations — and thanks to the Year Book Committee.

A Message...

By E. NELSON

As retiring sponsor of Vocational United, I wish to express to the students how much I have enjoyed working with them these past two years. I have had excellent executives and feel that we have accomplished a great deal together. I wish our sponsor-elect, Miss Fritz, much success next year.

It has been very gratifying to me to see a Year Book developing in this school once more. It is difficult to single out individuals for special merit; so I will merely say thanks to all teachers and students who took any part in the production of "THE TOWERS". The Year Book is the culmination of many efforts.

I do wish to mention one group without whom the Year Book would have been impossible — the advertisers. I ask all who read this book to patronize our advertisers. They have helped us; we must help them.

Acknowledgments...

THE TOWERS' STAFF WISHES TO THANK ALL THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTED TO THE SUCCESS OF THIS YEAR BOOK . . .

To MR. NELSON and MR. WALLEN we offer special thanks for their valuable aid in every department. Without them the revival of the school magazine would not have been possible. MR. MORROW and MISS FRITZ also spent many hours gathering and collecting material and supervising the sale of the book. Last, but certainly not least, we thank MISS CONNERTY, MR. ADSETT, DR. MORRISON, MISS COUGHLIN, MISS DONALDSON, and all those who sent in material to make up our Year Book. It is a pleasure to know that there is such an interest in a school magazine among the students and teachers of the school.

Again, may we thank all!
Cadet Assembly

By DAVID O'BRIEN

OCTOBER, 1946

This was the second year in succession that our corps was successful in winning the General Proficiency Trophy in the M. D. No. I.

Cadet Major David O'Brien received the trophy on behalf of the cadet corps, whose members were all present.

The presentation was made during a ceremony in our auditorium in the morning at 9:00 o'clock, in the presence of all the school cadets. Lt.-Col. W. Steward, ex-commanding officer of the 22nd Reconnaissance Regiment, made the presentation with these stirring words: "May you guard it well and fight hard to keep it!"

Mr. S. R. Ross, principal of the school, directed the proceedings and welcomed the guests in his introductory remarks.


Lt. P. L. McManus of the school staff, asked for one minute silence in respect to the 185 ex-students who gave their lives in World War II.

Cadet Major Raymond R. Grant, our cadet corps adjutant, then spoke to the assembly welcoming the new members to the corps, thanking the officers and members of the Recces for the invaluable assistance given to the corps throughout the year, and also encouraging the cadets to win again and continue winning the Proficiency Trophy.

Captain W. H. Jennings presented awards for proficiency in shooting to members of the school's rifle team, and Civilian Instructor R. Newman made presentations in first aid.

Superintendent of Schools, L. Wheelton also was on hand and addressed the assembly on the value of cadet training for good citizenship.
Visit of General Crerar
By DAVID O'BRIEN
JANUARY 9, 1946

Mr. L. Wheelton, Superintendent of Schools, conducted the proceedings of this gala occasion which occurred this morning in the auditorium of our school.

General Crerar arrived in one of the army staff cars which drew up in front of the school at 11:00 a.m. The General alighted, and with his party approached the school amidst throngs of students who were unable to obtain seats in the auditorium.

Mr. B. Newman, one of the teachers of our school, took pictures of the General and his party as they arrived.

Members of the Board of Education, chief instructors of the cadet corps, and other members of the school staff were presented to the General in the lobby of the school.

When the General entered the auditorium, all of the cadets were turned about to face him. General Crerar saluted and then inspected a guard of honour commanded by Cadet Major R. Boyle. The guard presented arms.

Accompanied by Major W. Harmon, and Mr. S. R. Ross, W. D. Lowe's principal, General Crerar and his party approached the front of the auditorium. As he ascended the platform, the General noticed that all of the cadets had about turned to face him. After the General was seated, the cadets also sat down.

Mr. L. Wheelton then expressed the appreciation of the school on being allowed the opportunity of seeing and hearing such a distinguished visitor.

Dr. Taylor, chairman of the Board of Education, introduced and gave a brief biography of the General.

General Crerar then addressed the assembly and reminded us of the importance of the peace-time duties that lie ahead.

Following the General's speech the commanding officers of the individual cadet corps of the city were presented to him. Cadet Major David O'Brien represented the Corps.

As the General and his party left the stage, the cadets gave three rousing cheers and were dismissed.

Outside the school Janet Corbin and Dorothy Townsend ran through the drizzling rain leading cheers from the throngs of girls. The General turned to salute them and departed.

(Continued on Page 23)
The W. D. Lowe Vocational School
First Aid Team ...
By JOHN WOLFE,

The First Aid Team is a carefully trained group of students, able to take care of any emergency requiring physical attention. This group meets every Tuesday after school until 4:00 p.m. Formerly instructed by Mrs. Compeau, the team is now directed by Mr. B. Newman.

The following boys are members:

CADET RIFLE COMPETITION ...

Our school rifle team, managed and instructed by Capt. Jennings, has entered many competitions throughout the Dominion for the year 1945-46. Some of these being:
The Dominion of Canada Rifle Association Match in which it placed eighth out of 800 teams.
The Royal Military College Match in which it gained twelfth place out of 270 teams.
The Province of Ontario Challenge Shield in which it placed third out of 150 teams.
In Cadet Annual Classification Rifle Shooting the results are 113 Snipers and 119 Experts.
Last year, Allan Fraser won the Strathcona Medal for being the best shot in our school.
Louis Chakmak won the Special Badge for the best total score in the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association Match.
The 1946-47 match results have not yet been announced except the Ontario Rifle Association Match in which our school stood ninth out of 75 teams.

OFFICER’S CLASS ...

This year, our officers class got away to a good start with an enrolment of about seventy-five. Boys going out for the officer’s class spend one hour a week, every Tuesday, drilling and being drilled. Every year the Cadet Officers have to pass an examination. Major Young and some of his staff come to the school and question the officers. Some of the things an officer must know is the instruction and handling of weapons, army ranks and their equivalents in the other services, drill, the instruction of recruits, rifle drill and general information about Canada’s army. Every year, when Major Young has come to the school he has given the officers’ class great praise for the work they have accomplished. This would not be possible if it were not for the invaluable assistance of Mr. Seguin and Mr. Nelson. Looking to the future, I think we will have as good a class of officers as we have ever had.

BREN GUN ...

Every year, two of the Sergeant-Majors of the 22nd Reconnaissance Regiment come to our school and instruct classes in Bren Gun. The boys learn to strip the gun, name its parts, assemble and clean it, take care of any stoppages, and fire it, learn the system under which the gun operates and, in general, everything about it. Each year, they have to pass an examination and the marks they obtain stand as their cadet marks.
Commencement

Twenty-fourth Annual Commencement Exercises

CLASS OF 1945-46

The Commencement for the class of 1945-46 was held Friday evening, November 15, 1945, at eight o'clock. A large crowd of relatives and friends were present to see the senior pupils of W. D. Lowe Vocational.

The programme started with the Graduates marching slowly down both aisles of the auditorium; the boys on the south side, and the girls on the north side. Mr. Bennett played the accompaniment. The Graduates filed into their seats and then the entire assembly sang, "O Canada".

Mr. Johnson, Principal of Chatham Vocational School and a former teacher of our school, was chairman for the evening. A speech of welcome was extended to the Graduates by our principal, Mr. S. R. Ross, followed by an address by Mr. E. W. Morris, chairman of the Board of Education for 1945. Adrienne Brown, soprano star of the 1945 Graduating Class sang two fine selections.

The main address was given by Mr. L. S. Beattie, Director of Vocational Education in the Province of Ontario. Mr. Beattie told the Graduates that they had achieved something worthwhile when they had successfully completed a course such as our school afforded. He told them to go on in life and use their education to do good work and make a good name for W. D. Lowe Vocational.

The diplomas and awards were presented to the boys by Mr. C. H. Montrose, Director of the Technical Department. The girls received their diplomas from Mr. G. F. Dean, Director of the Commercial Department.

Oswald Lewis of the 1939 Graduating Class then sang two vocals which received enthusiastic applause.

Leo Dorbeck and Gerald Lavender were presented the Detroit Institute of Technology Scholarships by Mr. L. M. McKnight, Director of Education, D. I. T. The Vocational United Scholarship was won by Robert McDonald and was presented by Mr. Ross. Roy Battagello won the Athletic Scholarship.

The programme then concluded with the singing of "God Save The King". The audience remained standing while the Graduates filed out of the auditorium.

A dance and reception was given for the Graduates and their escorts after the program. The Graduates danced to the music of Ken Frawley's Orchestra and it was a very happy evening for all concerned.

Address to Graduating Class

By MR. L. S. BEATTIE, Director of Vocational Education

Mr. Beattie's first word to the Graduating Class was to congratulate them on their success in reaching another well-marked milestone on the educational highway. He was desirous that they be very thankful for the happy accident which placed them in such a position to enjoy the educational facilities provided for them. "True culture", he said, "is not dependent upon school education of any special type, nor upon wealth or social position, but rather upon the sum total of the right attitudes which make up the culture you have acquired".

He closed by expressing a wish for each of the students that during their school life they may have laid well the foundation for that happiness which results from a full life of effective service.
"The Belle of Bagdad"

By JIMMY LUCKINO, T4-A

"The Belle of Bagdad", an operetta, was the dramatic and musical highlight of the year—put over in a big way at three matinees and four evening performances, February 25, 26, 27, and 28. It was presented by a double cast of fifteen, a dancing chorus of sixteen, and a singing chorus of thirty.

The plot centers around the search for a beautiful girl by a talent scout of the Super-Supreme Film Production Company of Hollywood. He arrives at Bagdad by plane, accompanied by two mechanics who are the fun-makers of the plot. A law has been passed that anyone carrying a camera in Bagdad was to be executed before dawn. After many amusing episodes by the talent scout, American tourists, an English Lord and the local girls, the daughter of the Caliph — Jewel — is found to be the beautiful girl they are searching for. She is recognized by an amulet she wears around her neck.

Characters in order of appearance:

Mrs. J. Horace McCann—An American Consul. Josie La Tessa and Mae MacDonald were well suited to the part.

Elsa McCann—Her daughter. Helen Lawton and Eleanor Ogar (Typical American girls) sang in some smart numbers with the "mechanics".

Anne Blackwell—Elsa’s friend. Marion Potosky and June Inglis—both very good singers.

Archie Fitzgibbons—From Old London. Eugene Ursalek and Alfred Alessi played the part of an English Romeo—by Jove—humorously.

Zelina—A dancer. Dolores Ostrowski, beautiful dancer — her
Back Row—MARJORIE McMILLAN, NORMA LESPHERE, EVA STRACKEY, SHIRLEY HELMER, LENA FARES, ELEANOR HASSAN, OLGA HUNZIK, SHIRLEY WIGGINS, ELEANOR KING.
Centre Row—DORIS KARPIUK, EILEEN MELNIK, JANET DICK, HILDA RAINEY, ROSE MASROPIAN.
Front Row—BARBARA GROSSE, MARY JOHNSON, JUNE INGLES, NORA MAE JOHNSTON, MARY LISZCZAK.

oriental interpretation most attractive and glamorous.

Rose—Daughter of the Caliph.
Martha Sawich.

Lily—Another daughter.
Jean Fraser and Ruth MacDonald.
These were smaller parts, but well done.

Ali Ben Mustapha—The Prefect of Police.
Verland Copetituk and Angelo Savi—a strong and colourful character—Vern good on lyrics and Angelo outstanding on the acting.

Hassan El Carab—Caliph of Bagdad.
Mel Brian and Vincent Benetxe—well done by both actors—each looked and acted the part of a real oriental potentate.

Jewel—The Caliph's favourite daughter.
Violet Hadju and Myra Plawicki wore a glamorous oriental dress—both sang well. Violet, expressive acting—Myra, lovely lyrics.

Bob Ballentine—
Ruth Rollett and Joe Faith. Little Ruth stole the show with her amazing voice and humorous antics. Joe was no mean launcelot.

Bill Blake—With Bob, airplane mechanics.
The clowns of the operetta. Guido Ianetta and Adolph Ukrainec—kept the plot amusing and bright—both spoke well.

Henrietta Whispititch—A romantic spinster.
Doris Fraser and Janet Dick—as the woman nobody loved, was the Zazu Pitts of the play. Both extremely good actors.

Dick Taylor—Talent Scout for Super-Supreme Film Company.

Ray Grant, had the crowd swaying with his lyrics—spoke and acted well.

The Assassin—
Eileen Melnik did the dirty work very effectively.

The Saleslady—Surprised everyone with excellent English.

The Dancing Girls—in their handmade plastic skirts in soft shades of blue and rose, were an important and delightful part of the operetta:
Helen Mady, Rose Masropian, Rose Pillar, Eileen Melnik, Doris Karpun, Elinor Hassan, Pauline Montgomery, Shirley Helmer, Shirley Wiggins, Hilda Rainey, Lillian Pentz, Mary Liszczak, Nora Johnston, Helen Murphy, Norma Lesperance, Mary Wright.

The Singing Chorus—
Mary Tindor, Vicki Holinaty, Barbara Roe, Jean Fraser, Eva Straky, Dorothy K err, Donna Richardson, Mary Pollard, Marjorie McMillan, Mary Slezak, Mari anne Gardiner, Olga Hunzik, Dorothy Eppert, Eileen Melnik, Joan Potosky, P. Dyczman, Mary Wright.

Romance, intrigue, tuneful music, lovely dancing made this operetta an outstanding success and the story ends with everyone singing in happiness.

To give all the credit due the performers would fill a book. Teachers like Miss Gignac and Miss Layman give the students an added interest in school, and thanks and appreciation comes directly from the hearts of the students.
Acknowledgment...

By BILL SASSO, Chairman of A.E.C.

The Assembly Entertainment Committee wishes to thank all the pupils and classes that have taken part in the various assemblies. We wish to extend thanks to Mr. Ross for allowing time for the programmes, a special thanks to Mr. Nelson under whose supervision the programmes were arranged, and to Mr. Sirrs for his efforts with the sound equipment.

We hope all have enjoyed our efforts and that next year we shall have bigger and better programmes each fortnight.

HOLIDAY IN TURKEY CREEK
By M. SAWICH

It was really a holiday for the W. D. Lowe students were presented with a program by gals of C4-B. Their programme consisted of:

1. The Windsor Symphony Orchestra under the baton of "Red Head Red"
2. A chorus girl line-up with their version of a dance.
3. The Triple S "Sad Sack Sisters" sang, "You Are My Sunshine".
4. A piano duet "Chinese Concerto in Yellow".
5. An instrumental duet by two boys of the Technical classes.
6. A piano solo of "Begin the Begone" by Audrey Sylvain.

By the way, the whole audience roared with laughter — this show will be long remembered.

next; they based their skit on Vocational Guidance. It illustrated "Finding a Job", and was written by Harold Wagner, and directed by Mr. Nelson. The play was a very constructive one, showing types of characters seeking a job; the slouch, the unrefined playboy, the fibber, and several other good and bad factors noticeable in many who seek a position. We also had a clarinet solo for classics which was greatly enjoyed.

For variety we had a Quiz with Bill Sasso as quiz master. It was called "Sixty-four page Questions"; the prize was a copy of the Year Book.
The war had been over for almost a year. The men and women were returning home. It was a period of readjustment and conversion. It was at this time, in the early spring of 1946, that the W. D. Lowe Vocational Alumni was reorganized with the purpose of promoting the interests of the Association and of the Vocational School, especially by means of Social, Literary, and Athletic activities, and with an endeavour to have the members who had been away, return to their school. As a result of elections, George Vandoorne became our President for the ensuing term.

For the first two months, the Alumni was busy getting re-established and the Membership Committee, under the supervision of Murray Riosa, was very successful with its sale of Membership cards. Then summer came with picnics, swimming parties, canoeing trips and weiner roasts, held at the local beaches. The dance season was introduced with the W. D. Lowe Alumni “Movie Dance”, followed by a Halloween Party in the school gym. Winter in all its glory completed the atmosphere for the final dance of the season “The Snow Whirl”. During the year, a basketball team had been organized and is known as the Tech Alumni Team. A great deal of credit is due to the fellows who played on this team, as they worked hard in winning games and publicizing the name of the Alumni. At the present time they are engaged in the Ontario Basketball Association play-downs and have conquered the Chatham, Sarnia, and St. Catharines Teams, and are scheduled to meet Toronto in early April.

The Alumni fiscal year ended February 1, 1947, and was completed by the W. D. Lowe Vocational Alumni banquet held in the main ballroom of the Prince Edward Hotel, on the evening of February 1, 1947. The guest speaker for the evening was Lt. Col. R. A. Harris, O.B.E. Those who attended were pleased to see so many of the older members present, and it gave old friends a wonderful opportunity to reminisce.

The new executive is: William Benca, President; June Truscott, Vice-President; Gerald Masropian, Recording Secretary; Hazel Providenti and Helen Szyszowski, Corresponding Secretaries; Mary Martinelli, Treasurer. William Benca has since resigned and we now have June Truscott as our new President and Sam Sasso as the new Vice-President.

In closing, let us thank all the members of the Faculty and the members of the organization for making the Alumni as successful as it has been. Without their help it would have been impossible to go on. To Mr. Ross, we extend a very warm “thank you” for being so lenient and co-operative with us. I believe in the old adage of leaving all good things to the last, so I did. Miss May Connelly has graced the organization by being our Honorary President, and if I were giving out with the “HIP, HIP, HOORAYS”, I surely would shout a loud one for our Miss Connelly.

A new year is before us. The goal we seek is still far ahead, but with the co-operation of all members, students, and Faculty members, we cannot fail. We are building towards a scholarship for the school. Remember . . .

**SCIENTIA EST PORTENTIA (Knowledge Is Power) is our Motto.**

Let it be OUR GOAL.

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**FLASH!**

Just before “The Towers” went to press we heard that the following staff members are leaving at the end of this school year: Miss M. Belton and Miss E. LeBoeuf are retiring; Mr. F. Morrow and Mr. C. Fisher to other school positions; and Mr. E. Knapp and Mr. G. Smith are leaving the teaching profession. We wish to extend to them our thanks for their interest in the past and to wish them happiness in the future.

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**THE STUDENTS.**
FLASH!!

MARGARET MAJORS cut herself shaving last week so STAN DRAZIC tainted.

JOHN LORD is still trying to convince MR. WALLEN that smuggled goods are invisible exports.

FRANK SIMON has learned to spell since his last appearance in the machine shop.

Confidential: It was the four gangsters who threw PERIFER in the showers — (VEIGH, WEIDENGER, O'BRIEN, and LUCCHINO.)

Flash: CLIFF JEWELL is still trying to convince MR. STARR that he has to talk to JOHNNY LORD in order to get the blueprint situation cleared up.

ED WOJCIK got into school in the third period the other morning and tried to convince MR. McGEE that the stage coach wasn't running that day.

STEVE BOLICHOWSKI is trying to convince MR. BAIRD that he wants to be friends with him.

HARRY ATHERTON is still trying to convince MR. COWGILL he can hold a welding torch without shaking.

CECILIA WRIGHT has been having some heavy dates lately. I suggest you have your love seat upholstered.

PRISCILLA KENNETTE must have been out with chief last night again, for she nearly fell asleep in home room today.

BARBARA BURT and PATRICIA DAYNES are still flirting with the boys in T4A.

DAVE O'BRIEN got into trouble with his math again; so he went home and blamed it on his father.

FLEMING fractured his left hand when attempting to master a finger file.

At the rate T4-A BOYS are learning their math, they'll be old men before they graduate from MR. BENNETT'S room.

The Ad Department—

LOST— Common Sense. Valuable as a keepsake only. If found, return to Harold Lister.

FOR SALE— Five slightly used books. New, except for Miss Belton's stamp. Apply to Don Tompkins (alias Don Capone).

Song Titles Suitable for Teachers

MR. McMANUS— His feet's too big for the bed.

MR. BENNETT— Stone cold dead in the market.

MISS LeBOEUF— I'll close my eyes.

MR. HARRISON— This ain't the Army, Mr. Jones.

MISS BEASLEY— Pass the biscuits, Mirandy.

MISS TAYLOR— Bless you for being an angel.

MR. SIRRS— Who threw the whisky in the well.

MR. ADSETT— Use Wildroot Cream Oil, Charlie.

MR. WALLEN— What makes your big head so hard, aaaaah!

MR. MALKIN— Till the cows come home.

MISS BELTON— Put on your old gray bonnet.

MISS LAYMAN— Yo ho! Brave ho, ugh!

MRS. CAMPEAU— More, more, tell us more!

MR. NELSON— You in your small corner, and I in mine.

WHY C3-B WOULD NOT MISS A DAY OF SCHOOL IF WE HAD THE FOLLOWING FOR TEACHERS

1. Principal— GUY MADISON.
2. Dean of Girls— LARRY PARKES.
3. Girls' Glee Club— FRANKIE SINATRA.
4. Band— HARRY JAMES.
5. Girls' Sports— ALAN LADD.
6. Dancing— GENE KELLY.
7. French— CHARLES BOYER.
8. Speeches— DONALD DUCK.

C2-A is so brilliant, but was not so smart in bookkeeping. MISS FRITZ said, "Close your books"—meaning: add up your entries, and the girls closed their text books. (How sad.)

Tough man "Raymond" BEEMER of TIB-B challenges anyone to fight him.

P.S.— Must be under four feet.
Teachers’ Sayings...

Spare Teacher: “Shh, shh, anybody want to read the Police Gazette?”
Mr. Harrison: “Squad now to the left, right turn.”
Mr. Wallen: “Do this, have this and write this by the next time you come in.
Mr. Starr: “Never mind, never mind, sit down and do your work.”
Mr. Neilson: “I have the best band this year.”
Mr. Neely: “Where’s hack saw Harry?”
Mr. Ross: “Her, Mr. Bennett’s chord we’ll all rise together.”
Mr. Nelson: “We’ll produce a good Year Book if I mean the editors, have to work day and night on it.”
Mr. McGee: “I won’t mark it unless it’s in your best English.”
Mrs. Campneau: “You must not eat in the room, put your lunch away.”
Mr. Bennett: “You haven’t got it done, you haven’t got it done.”
Mr. Baird: “What’s that got to do with machine shop?”
Mr. Cowgill: “Sit down, sit down, shut up and sit down.”
Mr. Murray: “Okay, you guys, eight times around the track.”
Mr. Newman: “Nine out of ten do, and the tenth is a liar.”
Mr. Morrison: “The mark is down seven.”
Miss Donaldson: “Scratch! Scratch! Scratch!”
Miss Coughlin: “You’re late!”
Mr. Newman: “How many whacks, please?”
Miss Fritz: “Money, Date, Folio, Folio.”
Mr. Sirrs: “How many are safe?”
Mr. Harrison: “As you were!”
Mr. Adsott: “Bunch of wooden-heads.”
Mr. Malkin: “If you don’t see, just ask me.”
Mr. Smith: “Bunch of stupid auto mechanics.”

T3F-B — By DICK BANWELL

T3F-B won the interform Basketball Championship for Grade nine and were finalists for the Hockey Championship.

Social Note: Mr. Lawrence (Goo Goo Eyes) Boismier has severed his connections with the class (final).

T3F-B has missed its brain wave Arthur Bonifane.

Mr. William Bergeron reports that everything is O.K. at the La Salle (Dumps).

We welcome to our midst, Mr. Finlay Thompson from Glasgow.

Ed Amberdian from Marlborough School went down to the beach and met Calvin Atkins. They both played Archer(y). Of course, they found their classmates Joe Balga and Elzo Botteset walking along with a Brunette by the name of Adams. She thought they were some boys (chuk) but gave them the air from heavy boy Arnold.

NEWS ITEM: — In January, Lornic Schuchard was absent for a week. He had an apple, a lunch, and a few notes in his locker. In his absence, one of those educated Vocational mice charitably took care of the vault for him. When Lornic returned, he found one bare apple core, bread crumbs, and enough confetti for twenty weddings.

Class News from T3F-B

By FRASER GORDON

Mr. Harrison: “Ashman, what part of speech is this word?”
Chuck Ashman: “Participle.”
Mr. Harrison: “Can you prove it?”
Chuck Ashman: “Can you prove it isn’t?”

Bill Sasso: “What’s the charge for this battery?”
Garage Man: “One and One-half volts.”
Sasso: “How much is that in Canadian money?”

Customer: “May I try that suit on in the window?”
Stan Martin: “We would rather that you use the dressing room madam.”

1st Girl: “You know you look like Helen Green.”
2nd Girl: “I look a heckuva lot worse in pink.”

The Five Easy Ways To Make A Hit With Your Teacher

1. Chew gum in every classroom; teachers love to see your jaws moving so happily.
2. If you haven’t got your homework done, skip school. The next day go down to see Mr. Ross. He will give you a pass after you bring your parents down for a nice little chat with him.
3. Talk to your neighbour across the aisle while the teacher is talking. By doing this, your teacher will talk to you more often.
4. Call your teachers by their first name. Remember that old saying, “Your teacher is your best friend”, and I’m sure you call your friends by their first name, don’t you?
5. Be friendly with your teacher. Even borrow some money from him if you need it. Of course, you won’t have to pay it back because he’ll never miss it. (Will you, Scotty?)
T3-B Report
By VINCENT BENETEAU

Sherlock Residence has conducted a complete search through Mr. Wallen’s books to see what fine and artistic thoughts the students wrote inside the covers. Here is a complete report, with the exception of a few censored expressions:

- Bored of education.
- I think he’s very good-looking.
- Economics is my glory.
- It is all just one big story.
- 90.44/100 Pure bunk.
- Kilroy was here (who is he?)
- Outs to all men—except one very special one.
- Mary loves Johnny.
- Seven days of this make one weak.
- In a flood stand on this—it’s always dry.
- If poison fails, try economics.
- Blue eyes, brown hair, handsome, polite—what more do you want?
- Gerry Lemon.—thirty-five times, always in the same writing.

In case of fire throw in.

Could You Imagine . . .

Shirley Fenton tall and slim,
Winnie Leal making a din,
Edith Goodman with little to say,
Edith Pearl not at bay.
Mary Bertelli with a homely face.
Larry Lopatin in pink and lace.
Jean Dell not going steady.
Roy Duzy with homework ready.
Beverly Park weighing two hundred and five.
Marcia Modell acting half alive.
Fern Nelson making a noise.
Gloria Sapena loving boys.
Alice Sapena as a hecat.
Doreen Boyle big and fat.
Laura Morris not being gay.
Marion McCreery looking blasé.
Lily Kushner not being smart.
Doreen Bevan not doing her part.
Bernice Skiba reading books.
Dolores Basutti with her good looks.
Theresa Dugal without her work.
Lorraine Meretsky acting berserk.
Sadie Price not wearing a sweater.
Mary Gapa acting any better.
Dorothy Ontinnen not talking ballet.
Eileen Burns at school every day.
Doreen Menard not talking “Chick”.
“George” not Dorothy Cave’s pick.
Fay Blitstein wearing a bustle.
Kathleen Spence without her muscle.
Doris Stockdale acting tough.
Marguerite Trotter looking rough.
Peggy Skinner six feet tall.
Frank Raymont behind the eight ball.
Elinie Martin not dating “Phil”.
Marjorie Mills taking vitamin pills.
Wilfred Day without his bow tie.
That’s C Special, my O my!

The Plague C1-C

Whenever our class goes into a room and the teacher asks, “What class is this?”
We reply (yell) “C1-C”.
Then a look of utter horror creeps across her face. Pulling herself together, she remarks, “Oh well, this period won’t last forever.”

- Mr. Morrow (when whispering is heard in the class): “Miss Spitkoski, turn around.”
- Miss Spitkoski: “But I never said nuthin’.”
- Mr. Morrow: “Suspicion, Miss Spitkoski, Just suspicion.”

Magdalene Jerka wants a picture of Rudy. I hope he buys a Year Book and reads this. Rudy, give Magda a picture of yourself. If you don’t, her heart will break in two.

Class T3-A News
By ART LAKE and HELEN LAWTON

A typical speech delivered by Mr. McGee to the good, fine, respectable class of T3-A.
—and I quote: “You guys got the lowest class average in Chemistry, Math., Literature, and Composition. What are you trying to do? Break all the existing records?”

- Will someone find out if insanity is hereditary—and if not, get a doctor’s certificate to prove it to Mr. Adsett once and for all.
- Mr. McGee: “Well, class, are you learning anything?”
- T3-A: “No, Sir, we’re listening to you.”

What happened to the fish chowder Lorna and Betty were supposed to make, and why did the cake hum? Also, when the girls made Mr. Sirs a piece of chocolate pie, why did the boys refuse to sample it? Three guesses.

- Is it fact or fiction, that garlic can be grown in Russia or is Mr. Adsett mistaken?

- What certain would-be mechanic of T3-A whose initials are H. G., tried to adjust the brakes on a certain Peerless car without the brake drum on? Oh well, I suppose he’ll learn in time.

- Why did T. C. refuse to play the piano for an audience of girls? Was it because he’s shy, or was it because he couldn’t play?

C1-C

We put on two T dances this year. The Three O’Clock Jump brought in $30.00 which we gave to the Red Cross. We hope to put on some soon.
In Mr. Seggie's Classroom
By PHYLLIS KEARNS, C2-B

Things kept dropping on the floor,
And every few minutes a knock on the door,
Would disturb the peaceful quiet,
And nearly drive him to a riot.
When on the floor—jangle, jingle,
Pennies, nickels and dimes did mingle.
He turned about, with his finger held out;
Without a doubt, he intended to shout.
But to our surprise, he did not mention.
The noisy incident or a detention.
Hardly could he suppress a smile,
As he checked more papers down that aisle.
Well, that is all, and I've said enough,
So I'll end as I was taught by '.

T3-B — Imagine...
Hotlips Furgal taking a smoke,
Jock Pearce without a joke.
Tiny Schuchard, tall and slim;
Without his steady, string bean Jim. (Mailloux)
Robert Kingsley with his dente smile,
Grabowski with a speech running down the aisle.
The Green brothers not horsing about,
Toothpick Leal, short and stout.
Lightning Moody with hair slicked back,
Tubby Jenkins without a wisecrack.
Well, that is all, and I've said enough,
So I'll end as I was taught by Miss La Boeuf.
Voila tout.

Poem to Walter Humeniuk—
By DAVID O'BRIEN

In the middle row and the very last seat,
Sits our school's star goalie who has never
known defeat,
With a strong defense and a fast forward line
All he has to do is sit back and recline.
They say he wins every game, every night,
But his nose is all sunburned from the flashing
red light,
For his record of stops is low in each game,
They score so many goals I won't mention his
name.
But, seriously now, what I've said is in fun
though,
He's a really good guy, and his nick-name is
"Gunzo!

T2-D -- Imagine ...
D.D.T.—Double Detention To-night.
P.C.I.—Public Collection of Idiots.

CADETS
(Continued from Page 13)

PRECISION SQUAD...

Something new has been added to our Ca­
det Corps this year, it is a Precision Squad.
Every Wednesday night after school the cadets
in the Precision Squad practise for at least an
hour. They do their part in the inspection
they will act without any commands. They do
difficult arms drill on the march and the idea
is for all the boys to do it together. A preci­
sion squad does all its drill to counts, and if one
boy loses count it will spoil the whole move­
ment.

Cadet Major Allan Probert and ex-Regi­
mental Sergeant Major Don Brooker have been
instructing the cadets with Mr. Malkin as their
coach.

Some of the members of the Precision
Squad are: F. Richman, R. East, G. Scheer, B.
Sutherland, G. Chappell, A. Taylor, G. Gross,
J. O'Neill, S. Niescer, D. Harris, J. Puskas,
A. Smith, S. Spolnik, J. Hengle, and J. Airey.

1945—1946

D. C. R. A.—Lowe Vocational stood eighth in
over 800 teams.
R. M. C.—Lowe Vocational stood about 270 in
over 800 teams.
Province of Ontario Match—Lowe Vocational
stood third in over 150 teams.
O. R. A.—Lowe Vocational stood third in 150
teams.
Strathcona Medal—
Alan Fraser.
Special D. C. R. A. Badge—
Louis Chakmak.

1946-1947 results are not yet available except
that Ray Grant wins both D. C. R. A. Spe­
cial Medal and the Strathcona Medal.

Vocational Sweetheart

HAIR— BARBARA BURT
EYES— JOSIE LA TESSA
SMILE— MARY STEFAN
COMPLEXION— RENA TRUNDELL
FIGURE— DONNA BOLTON
LEGS— DORIS BROWN
CLOTHES— MARY LAZURAK
PERSONALITY— JOYCE HARWOOD
VITALITY— RUTH ROLLET.
GRADUATING CLASSES

1947

We, the Staff and Student body of the W. D. Lowe Vocational School, wish to extend to the graduates of 1947 our best wishes for success in the world of business and industry.

After four short years of intensive study, you are now at the crossroads of life, leading to success or failure. Your future depends solely on whether you are willing to put forth that final effort which success requires.

We are confident that, as graduates, you will never lower the high standard set for you by former students.

Many times you have probably thought the teachers were a little too hard, but now, at the completion of your four years, you realize that it was discipline, not persecution.

You will take away many pleasant memories too. Our most important wish for you, is that all your career will provide you with only the happiest recollections, and that your high school success may be the first of a long series of equally important achievements.
C4A Graduating Class

NAME
1. Ann Alvini
2. Marilyn Armstrong
3. Dorothy Berry
4. Lorna Carroll
5. Nina Coulthard
6. Ruth Curtis
7. Suzanne Demers
8. Joyce Harwood
9. Vicki Holmamy
10. Jenny Kazirod
11. Erna Klein
12. Helen Mady
13. Evelyn Modolo
14. Joyce Noonan
15. Ann Paik
16. Hazel Seymour
17. Elizabeth Skiba
18. Gloria Smith
19. Nadda Sukekoff
20. Marion Tillson
21. Mary Tindorf
22. Lois Turnbull
23. Audrey Walker
24. Ilene Wiggins
25. Emerson Battersby
26. Alfred Carter
27. Charlie Coulter
28. Charles Hitch
29. Neil Libby
30. Ted Mesiasz
31. John Nowaczynski
32. Joe Salzer
33. Ken Vollans

AMBITION
1. Archeologist
2. Stay up
3. Leave school
4. Stop talking
5. To talk
6. Marry millionaire
7. Interpreter
8. Get rich quick
9. A steel guitar
10. Snag a man
11. Keep breathing
12. Stage
13. Get a basket
14. Pass in shorthand
15. Get her man
16. Express herself
17. Stop sneezing
18. Get married
19. Be late
20. Out of Police St.
21. Wear a blouse
22. Honours
23. Graduate
24. Get a job
25. Own Sky Way
26. Get the cars
27. 3rd rate lawyer
28. Sell rino
29. Chartered Accountant
30. Pronounce name
31. Get a 100%
32. A million
33. Motorized carriage

FAVOURITE SAYING
1. Did you read
2. Oh! me
3. I'm not
4. Ah! Men
5. Isn't that sad
6. Phoo Dad
7. Drat it
8. You darn fool
9. Oh murder!
10. Shut ma mouth
11. Man alive
12. Oh! gee
13. What homework!
14. You cad
15. Good grief
16. Holy socks
17. Fish
18. Hear about?
19. I'm telling you
20. Could be
21. Holy cow
22. Ya-a-a
23. Don't mind
24. You dumb dodo
25. You mean thing
26. Oh! a bit
27. Who's got law
28. Holy man
29. Do you know
30. You're nuts
31. Hi- ya Honeybachi!
32. Holy cosnasous
33. Well I'll be

1957

Mrs. Tom
Still trying
Tending Marr Jr.
Great Orator
Loquacious
Still looking
Married - Slobblovia
Still using nickels
Cowgirl (Moot)
Shutting her mouth
Oh for a live man
Dame Mac Whitty
Own gym team
She passes
Got him
Still expressing
In fish factory
Chewing gum
Spending time
Trying to get out
Modelling sweaters
Married - Frenchman
Still graduating
Working - Laundry
Still ushering
Grease monkey
Made it
Singing commercials
Sales Manager
Changed name
Still trying
Pauper
Horse and buggy
### C4B Graduating Class

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>Nickname</th>
<th>Favourite Saying</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nellie Blam</td>
<td>La Patute</td>
<td>Oh you kid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivy Bardsley</td>
<td>Slim</td>
<td>Can you tell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olga Cherkasoff</td>
<td>Goony</td>
<td>I'm scared</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gwendolyn Clarke</td>
<td>Lynn</td>
<td>Hi Lover Bug</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reta Core</td>
<td>Carrots</td>
<td>Oh Honey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June Ellison</td>
<td>Bangs</td>
<td>Home for lunch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evelyn Fox</td>
<td>Cherie</td>
<td>Holy cow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabeth Freisinger</td>
<td>Chicky</td>
<td>Wait kids</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lottie Haykus</td>
<td>Blondie</td>
<td>Holy Hester</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betty Hutter</td>
<td>Lizzie</td>
<td>How can you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irene Jasinski</td>
<td>Jiz</td>
<td>I hate him</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iona Kaura</td>
<td>&quot;I&quot;</td>
<td>Oh Pooh!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Maite</td>
<td>Snookie</td>
<td>Like a bunny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Mesiasz</td>
<td>Messy</td>
<td>Oh you rat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Josephine Mockoruk</td>
<td>Jo</td>
<td>Just wait</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uldine Moffatt</td>
<td>Muff</td>
<td>He's sweet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jenny Newar</td>
<td>Crackern</td>
<td>Slightly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evelyn Paris</td>
<td>Scuffy</td>
<td>Don't be silly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Natalina Pasut</td>
<td>Natty</td>
<td>OH!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dora Russell</td>
<td>Rusty</td>
<td>Well I guess</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vivian Shaw</td>
<td>Ish</td>
<td>Come on stuff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Audrey Sylvain</td>
<td>Speedy</td>
<td>I don't know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace Veitch</td>
<td>Bambi</td>
<td>Jeepers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linda Bortolotto</td>
<td>Beautiful</td>
<td>Call me beautiful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Dmytrow</td>
<td>Mim</td>
<td>Don't Sylvia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madeline Doan</td>
<td>Pudge</td>
<td>I'm tired</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eleanor Hassan</td>
<td>Short stuff</td>
<td>Don't speak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Grace Iannicello</td>
<td>Pinky</td>
<td>Oh Johnny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doris Karpiuk</td>
<td>Shorty</td>
<td>You don't say</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wanda Kopak</td>
<td>Windy</td>
<td>The nerve!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Mroczkowski</td>
<td>Smiec</td>
<td>Gee Whizz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eileen Simpson</td>
<td>&quot;E&quot;—</td>
<td>Good Night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolores Ostrowski</td>
<td>Dolly</td>
<td>Pucker up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Takacs</td>
<td>Termitie</td>
<td>So what!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Warner</td>
<td>Dot</td>
<td>&quot;Irene&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sylvia Wigle</td>
<td>Curly</td>
<td>These Teachers!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marilyn Miracle</td>
<td>Mitz</td>
<td>Hi! Lloyd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betty Hutter</td>
<td>Hubby like Dad</td>
<td>Finishing school (I hope)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irene Jasinski</td>
<td>Married</td>
<td>Dust Pan Brigade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Maite</td>
<td>Happily Married</td>
<td>Who knows</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Mesiasz</td>
<td>You'd be surprised</td>
<td>You wondering too</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Josephine Mockoruk</td>
<td>Housewife</td>
<td>Not Mink-But Skunk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uldine Moffatt</td>
<td>Old</td>
<td>Still Dorothy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jenny Newar</td>
<td>Older</td>
<td>Happy housewife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evelyn Paris</td>
<td>Nurse maid</td>
<td>Apple polisher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Natalina Pasut</td>
<td>Torch singer</td>
<td>C4-B or C4-A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dora Russell</td>
<td>Married</td>
<td>B. B. brain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vivian Shaw</td>
<td>Married</td>
<td>With Natalina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Audrey Sylvain</td>
<td>Married</td>
<td>I can dream</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grace Veitch</td>
<td>Married</td>
<td>Mrs. Skully</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linda Bortolotto</td>
<td>Married-2 kids</td>
<td>Time will tell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Dmytrow</td>
<td>Old maid</td>
<td>Old maid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madeline Doan</td>
<td>Married</td>
<td>Married-2 kids</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eleanor Hassan</td>
<td>Married</td>
<td>Mrs. N. K.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Grace Iannicello</td>
<td>Cement Mixer</td>
<td>Old Maid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doris Karpiuk</td>
<td>Buyer for Hudson's</td>
<td>Still Smiec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wanda Kopak</td>
<td>Nurse</td>
<td>Tied down</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Mroczkowski</td>
<td>Feeding Junior</td>
<td>Still Curly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eileen Simpson</td>
<td>Mrs. Lloyd Haugh</td>
<td>Still Curly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolores Ostrowski</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margaret Takacs</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Warner</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sylvia Wigle</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marilyn Miracle</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
C-Special Graduating Class

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>AMBITION</th>
<th>FAVOURITE SAYING</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Doreen Bevan</td>
<td>Office girl</td>
<td>Love that boss!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Mary Bertelli</td>
<td>Designing?</td>
<td>Oh! Gee!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Dolores Biasutti</td>
<td>Dress designer</td>
<td>Gee whiz!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Fay Blitstein</td>
<td>Dancer</td>
<td>Dang it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Doreen Boyle</td>
<td>That certain man</td>
<td>Holy cow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Eileen Burns</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>You're asking me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Dorothy Cave</td>
<td>Checker at Y</td>
<td>Oh! Georgie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Jean Dell</td>
<td>Mrs. Spurgeon</td>
<td>Where's Spurgeon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Theresa Dugal</td>
<td>Get a man</td>
<td>What's his name?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. Shirley Fenton</td>
<td>Somebody's brother</td>
<td>Oh, Brother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11. Mary Gapa</td>
<td>Chorus girl</td>
<td>A little higher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12. Edith Goodman</td>
<td>Doctor's wife</td>
<td>I feel sick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13. Lily Kushner</td>
<td>Mrs. Degree</td>
<td>You're Crazy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14. Winnifred Leal</td>
<td>One of those</td>
<td>Who'll I ask?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15. Marion McCreery</td>
<td>Black hair</td>
<td>My buddy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16. Elaine Martin</td>
<td>Graduate</td>
<td>&quot;Phil&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17. Doreen Menard</td>
<td>To get him</td>
<td>How Chic(k)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18. Lorraine Meretsky</td>
<td>Travel</td>
<td>Gee am I sorry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19. Marilyn Mills</td>
<td>A slim 120</td>
<td>Lost a pound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20. Marcia Modell</td>
<td>Night club singer</td>
<td>I don't care</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21. Laura Morris</td>
<td>60 a week</td>
<td>&quot;What a life&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22. Fern Nelson</td>
<td>Primary teacher</td>
<td>Gee whiz!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23. Dorothy Ontinen</td>
<td>Fan dancer</td>
<td>Want a demonstration</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24. Beverly Park</td>
<td>What's that</td>
<td>What a joke!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25. Edith Pearl</td>
<td>Go to California</td>
<td>What a week-end</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26. Sadie Price</td>
<td>To loaf</td>
<td>Take it easy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27. Alice Sapena</td>
<td>Home Designer</td>
<td>Bottoms up</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28. Gloria Sapena</td>
<td>To reduce</td>
<td>Watch Calories</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29. Bernice Skiba</td>
<td>Work in library</td>
<td>Let me read</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30. Peggy Skinner</td>
<td>Mrs. (Guess who)</td>
<td>&quot;Cec&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31. Kathleen Spence</td>
<td>To get her eighty</td>
<td>I'll never make it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32. Doris Stockdale</td>
<td>Fatima</td>
<td>Come on in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33. Marguerite Trottier</td>
<td>A Frenchman</td>
<td>Mais oui!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34. Wilfred Day</td>
<td>Bartender</td>
<td>This one's on me</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35. Roy Duzey</td>
<td>Shoe-maker</td>
<td>Save your soles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36. Larry Lopatin</td>
<td>To see</td>
<td>You know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37. Frank Raymond</td>
<td>Big time bookie</td>
<td>Watch me tonight</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

FAVOURITE SAYING 1957

A very private steno. Heavenly, isn't it? Pug nose Junior The Bowery She certainly did One never knows Cave no longer Little Spurts Still looking In-laws Burlesque Oh! Doctor Twins Several of them Missed me Phil 'en happy Not yet On the road Slim 180?? Hat-check girl Selling Battle-Axe 509 Club My 80 to-day Housewife in Puce Gypsy Raising the roof Too too thin Still reading Realized ambition Home-base Side-show Aw! Life Alcoholic Anonymous Minister Story teller Baby sitter (19-22)
T4A Graduating Class

NAME
1. Barbara Burt
2. Patricia Daynes
3. Priscilla Kennette
4. Margaret Majors
5. Rose Masropian
6. Rose Pillar
7. Cecilia Wright
8. Harry Atherton
9. Nickolas Belawet
10. Philip Bilida
11. Steve Bolichowski
12. Louis Calsavara
13. Stan Drasic
14. Harry Fleming
15. Clifford Jewell
16. John Lord
17. James Lucchino
18. David O'Brien
19. Verne Peifer
20. Emerie Schwab
21. Frank Simon
22. Leslie Sulyak
23. Nick Vegh
24. Bill Weidinger
25. Edward Wojcik

AMBITION
Jane Russell's successor
Housewife
Designer
More writing
Swim Instructor
Nurse
Missionary
Tool Die Maker
Night Club
Tool-Maker
Pastry Chef
Radio Ham
Millionaire
Mech. Engineer
See the world
Prospector
Leader
Tool Die Maker
Band Leader
Farmer
Easy Street
Comedian
Tech Leader
Tool Die Maker
Farm Hand

FAVOURITE SAYING
Want a fight
Oh Art
Don't find out
I know
Come on in
Where's the patient
You're crazy
Haven't it done
Don't bother me
My dear friend
Oh, go away
Like a sore thumb
I wasn't late
I don't understand
Thank your stars
Gold in the hills
Jazz it man
What are you doing
She's nice
Watch yourself
Lend me your math.
You're cute
Down the Gov.
What Literature!
What's up?

1957
An outlaw
Oh! Oh! Art
He found out
Powers model
Teaching Poly Wogs
Private duty nurse
Canning green tomatoes
Ford's
Nick's Club
On the road
Ideal Citizen
Station to station
Wanderer
Married
California Bound
Hermit
18-piece Orchestra
Family
Hollywood
Tourist
Play Boy
Sinatra's boy
Prime Minister
Doesn't know
In McGregor
T4B Graduating Class

NAME
1. Mike Adams
2. Orval Cantwell
3. Gordon Cheshire
4. Vern Copetiuk
5. Nello Dario
6. James De Froy
7. William Dewar
8. Doug Littlewood
9. Al Jemison
10. Arthur Leadley
11. Emery Madach
12. George Nutt
13. William Olsen
14. Cecil Pare
15. Alex Paris
16. Paul Reves
17. John Airey
18. Russ Andrejeiw
20. Robert Bodnar
21. Glen Cameron
22. William Dunkley
23. Ray Grant
24. Vic Hewitt
25. Alex Kupicki
26. Ray Masters
27. Ted Postlethwaite
28. Jos. Reich
29. Jos. Sasso
30. Nick Schisler
31. Cyril Todd
32. John Wolfe

AMBITION
1. Get Math. right
2. Hero of Puce
3. Women
4. Centenarian
5. Higher in Math.
6. Come to school
7. Sell Bridge
8. Vegetarian
9. Be like Dad
10. Handsome waiter
11. Nil
12. Into the B.A.
13. Mary
14. Wright Brother
15. Something
16. Hungary or bust
17. Musical Horn
18. Brush cuts
19. Butcher
20. Clown
21. Janitor
22. Name
23. Crooner
24. Get away at 3
25. Grow more hair
26. Architect
27. To get married
28. Gym Team
29. Wine expert
30. Wrestler
31. Farmer
32. Farm Hand

FAVOURITE SAYING
1. Don't believe it
2. Think it over
3. Women
4. Scrounging
5. (Censored by Ed.)
6. Brush off Kid
7. Wouldn't say that
8. You pay, George
9. My feet hurt
10. Aw! Shucks!
11. Your act, Joyce
12. Burp
13. Mary
14. Wheel the load
15. I'll make one
16. Gee whiz
17. Women
18. Are you jealous?
19. Who's next?
20. When we going, Jo?
21. Who's blushing?
22. Attention
23. Ring the Belle
24. Shoot you a game
25. Who? Me?
26. I'll worry
27. Hey! Yoy Fairy
28. I'll pound you
29. Want another?
30. Want a fight?
31. How's Prince Road
32. What's wrong?

1957
Pool room
Paper route King
Bachelor
Broke
Getting to moon
Shoemaker
Smuggler
Loblaws
Leading citizen
Pushing buggy
Horse Operator
Rebuilt motors
Married Mary
Draftsman ha!
Scooter factory
Hungarian Politician
Student
Convict
Politician
Politician
City Employee
Boy Scout
Casanova
A. Billy Hoppe
Water Boy
Grandfather
Father
Going steady
Uncle
Wrestler
Fly Catcher
Working on flies
T4C Graduating Class

NAME
1. Alfred Alessi
2. George Fairrais
3. Murray Grabais
4. Douglas Harris
5. John Puskas
6. Gord Reaume
7. Alvin Smith
8. Jim Smith
9. Edward Toze
10. Dick Tuson
11. Don Vadnais
12. Adolph Ukrainec
13. Robert Westlake
14. Dennis Wilson
15. Edward Wudwud
16. Walter Yarish
17. Cleon Young
18. John Budak
19. Alvin Church
20. Richard Chodola
21. Hughie Cowan
22. Bruce Gordon
23. Robert Hancrar
24. Rene Hebert
25. Russell Malenfant
26. Bruce Notwell
27. Frank Pongratz
28. Gerald Roth
29. Richard Weber

AMBITION
1. Janitor
2. Drunk
3. Professional Beggar
4. Singer
5. Teacher
6. Razor Blade salesman
7. Pianist
8. Beauty contest judge
9. No. 1 Bum
10. Policeman
11. Milkman
12. Jockey
13. Wrestler
14. Caretaker
15. Butler
16. Cook
17. Lawyer
18. Ditch digger
19. Garbage Man
20. Sheeny
21. Movie Star
22. Sports writer
23. Gambler
24. Cowboy
25. Pool Shark
26. Undertaker
27. Mathematician
28. Electrician
29. Mailman

FAVOURITE SAYING
1. Watch it kid
2. You bug me
3. Go fly a kite
4. Swing it baby
5. In the side pocket
6. Want a carton?
7. Look at that babe
8. I'm a big suck
9. Are you 21?
10. To the station
11. Set 'em up
12. Hiya babe
13. Nail 'em
14. Look! a corpse
15. Aw shut up
16. Hit 'em hard
17. Tell the truth
18. Don't cup Rene
19. Don't play games
20. How's she stacking
21. Give him a hanky
22. Come on Boston
23. Shoot the works
24. John got a haircut
25. Take off kid
26. Won't be long
27. Your Math. done?
28. Watch that watt
29. Oh take off

1957
1. Settled down
2. Likely dead
3. Begging
4. On vacation
5. Prof. Bum
6. Diamond Smuggler
7. Married-Huge family
8. Priest
9. Making Toze Jam
10. To Hollywood
11. Setting up pins
12. Father of triplets
13. Killing people
14. Garbage Driver
15. Baseball player
16. Married & Divorced
17. Playing Hockey
18. Touring—Cadillac
19. Heaving Garbage
20. Meretsky's Junk
21. Garage owner
22. Goalie (Bruins)
23. Bookie owner
24. Hoeing garlic (Puce)
25. Henry Ford's slave
26. Women's Laundry
27. Riding horses
29. Junk Peddler
T4D Graduating Class

NAME
1. James Barr
2. Joe Barr
3. Andy Campbell
4. Bill Crosby
5. Don Danyluck
6. Harry Eberhardt
7. Don Gutman
8. Gerry Lemon
9. Bill Muir
10. Bruce Nageleisen
11. Ed Neisicier
12. Roger Speiran
13. Stan Swizawski
14. Joe Tomes
15. Herman Turcott
16. Tom Wickman
17. Gord Gunnell
18. Alf Hillman
19. Leo Lesperance
20. Joe Symynyshen
21. Ed Hazel
22. Waynard Shreve
23. Mel Briant
24. Angelo Savi
25. Brock McLeod
26. Ken Laramie
27. Johnny Sabol

AMBITION
Meet wicked lady
Inside a poolroom
Atlas
Vocational Graduate
Kick out Communists
Over 15 miles P.H.
Mountie
All American
Sinatra
Woodsman
Wire a gas stove
Casanova
Gangster
Dream
Speak English
Run a racket
To lose 20 lbs.
Three butter tarts
Own 500 acres
Scrap 45
Pick apples
Second Steve Paris
Visit the West
Wine, Women, Song.
Jean
3rd floor locker
Jockey

FAVOURITE SAYING
1957
First date
Joe's Bar
Mr. and Misses
Cigar store President
Union leader
New Model A
Tecumseh Mayor
2nd Artie Shaw
Sinatra
To fire a gun
Kissing first girl
Speiran's Harem
Swiz's Poolroom
Alive
Baby Bonus Million
Second Capone
Gord's Parking Lot
Tea for two
Dairy farmer
Growing Onions
Picking apples
Soda jerk
Painting moustaches
Six girls
Has Jean
U. S. Steel President
Picking up Nuts
Wit and Wisdom

By STELLA WENDECK and ANNE Safferan

Sillygism—
An appointment is a date. A date is a sticky fruit. A sticky fruit is a prune. A prune is something full of wrinkles. And something full of wrinkles is too darned old. So please be so good as to cancel my appointment.

Lapides, Dot Sot—
Mr. Lapides was discussing his daughter's impending graduation. "Choo-Choo," he said paternally to her, "if you come out first in the whole class, I'm going to give you a present."

"What kind present, papa?" asked Choo-Choo.

"A present," said her papa.

"Well," he said, "a trinket."

"What kind of trinket?"

"A trinket, that's all!"

She said, "Show me!" So Lapides gave it to her. "Why, papa," she said, "that's a bottle of Coca-Cola."

"So," Lapides answered, "trinket."

Ode on Oils—
Cod liver
Will deliver;
But castor
Is faster.

Baboon Croon—
On the lagoon shines the moon,
For it's June. Lovers spoon.
No, you goon, it's not noon,
It's time for making love
Under twinkling stars above.
From the shadow of a dune,
An ape lover sings this tune.
Let's listen to this baboon croon . . .

"Eckle eckle, ookie ookie
Chocka, checka, checka.
Chitter, chatter, what's the matter?
Don't you want to neck?
I'm so burble eeple, just like people
I don't know how to start
But you're the hunky punky little monkey
Closest to my heart.
So yocka chippa bocka chippa, Reet and double zoot,
For eckle eckle, ookie ookie, rooty toot!
Which means, "Ah, your fodder's moustache!"

Nuts to You!
The superintendent of a booby hatch noticed one of the star boarders pushing a wheelbarrow upside down. "Why do you have it upside down?" he asked the loony.

"You don't think I'm crazy, do you?" was the reply. "I pushed it right side up yesterday, and they kept filling it with gravel."

(Continued on Next Page)
Wit and Wisdom . . .
(Continued from Page 32)

Come Clean, Wife!

"Aren't you ashamed," the judge asked the man, "to have your wife support you by taking in washing?"

"Yes, I am, Your Honor," he replied. "But what can I do? She's too ignorant to do anything better."

Marriage Is One Undarned Thing After Another

Marriage is an institution of learning,
But anywhere else a man could learn faster.
The husband loses his bachelor's degree,
And his wife acquires a Master's.

Shaggy Skunk—

Mama skunk was worried because she never could keep track of her two children. They were named "In" and "Out", and whenever "In" was in, "Out" was out, and if "Out" was in, "In" was out. One day she called "Out" in to her and told him to go out and bring "In" in. So "Out" went out and in no time at all he brought "In" in.

"Wonderful!" said Mama Skunk. "How, in all this great forest, could you find "In" in so short a time?"

"It was easy," said "Out". "In instinct."

O Promise Me!

"I tell you," the old lady was saying firmly to the bellboy, "I will not have this room. I'm not going to pay good money for a closet with a folding bed. If you think that just because I'm from the country . . ."

"Get in, lady, get in," the bellboy interrupted wearily. "This isn't your room. It's the elevator."

Which recalls the fat lady who wedged herself in the bus and fumbled for her purse in her coat pocket to pay her fare. She struggled and struggled, and a man standing next to her suddenly handed her a nickel. "Take this, lady," he said unhappily, "and pay your fare. I'm getting tired of you buttoning and unbuttoning my suspender buttons."

Rock-a-bye-Baby—

Hushabye, my babies,
Your father's in some alley,
Waiting at a stage door
For a Betty, Sue, or Sally;
Do not cry, my babies,
If you hear a deafening boom,
It will only be your mamma
Socking papa with a broom.

To toast by Herb Loon—

I drink to your health when I'm with you,
I drink to your health when alone,
I drink to your health so gosh-darned much,
I'm afraid I'm losing my own.

(Continued on Next Page)
Wit and Wisdom . . .

(Continued from Page 33)

That's Telling Him, Lady!
A curb-cruising wolf drew up alongside a cute bobby soxer and asked: "Going my way, baby?"
Said the bobby soxer: "No. I get a harp at the end of mine.

No, No, No!
Which recalls the wolf of the woods who drove a gal out into the bosky places, turned off the motor and asked for a kiss. She shook her head for a half hour before he discovered she had her nose caught in the windshield wiper.

Questions! Questions!
1. Why do you suppose a train never sits down?
   Because it has a tender behind.

2. What animals do most ladies keep in their bedrooms?
   Mules.

3. Why is a wise boy like a pin?
   Because his head prevents him from going too far.

4. What flowers do you wear all year round?
   Tulips (two-lips).

5. What has a foot at each end and one in the middle?
   A Yardstick.

6. How can you prove that there is no difference between 1 and 10?
   Naught is the difference.

7. One morning a boy couldn't find his trousers so what did he do?
   He raced around the room until he was breathing in small pants.

8. What shows that your father is lazier than you are?
   Because he is longer in bed.

9. Does a train have ears?
   Yes, it has engine-eers.

10. Why does a girl tie ribbons in her hair?
    To get beaux (bows).

Apologies . . .

We offer our apologies to those who wrote articles which are absent from The Towers. We regret that it was impossible to find space for everything. Thanks for your generosity.

The EDITORS.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

On or about May 1, we will move to our new permanent location downtown—the second and third floors of the Bank of Montreal Building, corner of Ouellette Ave. and Chatham St., one-half minute from the Bus Depot.

REMODELLED INTERIOR
ALL NEW MODERN EQUIPMENT
EFFICIENT TEACHERS

Windsor Business College
R. J. SERVICE, Principal

Entrance
15 Chatham St. E. Phone 3-4921
POETRY

For The Fallen
(On seeing a school plaque in my imagination)

By chance, I came upon the plaque,
Which hung upon the wall;
Without delay, my thoughts turned back,
To boys who heard the call.

Those days have passed; but thoughts remained—
Sweet memories of youth
Who laughed and played, and toiled and trained,
Within our halls of Truth.

With hands equipped; and hearts endowed,
With wills to serve and give,
They left these halls, forsook the crowd,
To die that we might live.

Herein the midst of fun and growth,
I hear their voices still—
"Free minds, fill hearts feed souls, fire youth
To do the Father's will!"

"We pray our deaths be not in vain,
We know you will be true,
And carry forth the Light to reign
In hearts, and sin subdued!"

"This happy land in which we rest
Is not so far beyond;
And our last wish is your request,
To make secure the bond". —T4A STUDENT

Blindness

We may have lots of money
And think we're rich, oh sure,
But it really isn't funny when
We realize we are so poor.

Poor, because we are blind,
When all around us lies
Beauty which we cannot find
Because of our sightless eyes.

We are poor because we are deaf
To the voice of the wind and the sea,
And at night we are scared to death
Of the gentle murmurs of a familiar tree.

As we walk along, our feet are bound
To city pavements and country moor,
Looking for adventure that can't be found
Because we are so poor. —MARGARET SCHRAM, C3B

The Great Tornado

One day a great tornado,
Hit our quiet peaceful shore,
And families who were happy
Are not happy any more.

It came across the river
That is flowing gently by
Between good old Canada
And the land of liberty.

The people all were resting
From a day of honest toil
When sudden disaster hit them,
And brought on great turmoil.

Without respect for persons
Or the rank they held in life
It took the rich and the poor man
And his daughters, sons and wife.

And writhing like a serpent
Scattered houses on the street
The noise and heat were terrible!
The destruction was complete!

The telephones quit ringing
The radios went dead.
No light or water in our homes!
'Twas a time of fear and dread.

New nations get to-gethers
And the big four tear their hair
Because now in the atom age
We have to live with care.

They talk of great inventions,
Jet propulsion and radar,
By men with good intentions
Who have come from near and far.

But in Windsor we have learned
And I know you will agree
There is a power greater
Than atomic energy.

If we have provoked God's wrath
To create this awful strife
Let us bow down on bended knees
And pray for home and life.
—BERNICE SHAW
POETRY

Vision of Huron

It was evening then on Huron water,
And the sun was setting.
Far beyond the mighty water,
Fishermen were pulling in their netting,
The waves rose high,
They surged on and on toward the shore,
Then dashed their bubbly foam
And fell to lake once more.

All was lonely, save for a crying gull
Swooping down against the azure sky
Watching, searching,
For a little food before the night was nigh,
The fresh lake wind blew cooler
And passed gently o'er the fringe
That nodded down like thin green reeds
With a bit of bluish tinge.
The little wisps of clouds were slowly crossing by,
And suddenly there rose a solemn Indian head in the western sky.

His eyes were brave and blue,
And bore a look farseeing.
The head was uplifted,
A challenge true to being.

The voice was the gentle wind that came murmuring through the trees,
The mysteriousness of birch trees whispering in the breeze,
Each living thing immortal,
Seemed to have a reckoning
And understood the strangeness or the grave old Indian beckoning.

Did you ever dream of the East or West
The place to build your little nest—
In the sunset land, you see from your room
Lots of horses and the sage in bloom,
The East brings crowded streets and stores
And tall, stuffy buildings with many floors
And though you may want more of spring than fall
The world really isn't so bad after all.

MARTHA SAWICH, CIE

The Brook

O' Little Brook Beside the Way,
Why do you linger so?
When birds and bees go by your way
Your beauty then you show.

The trees that bend over you
With blossoms bright and gay
And the birds that hover over you
Are beautiful along your way.

By PATRICIA LOWE, C2B

Did You Ever...

Did you ever look up at the sky
And often wonder the reason why—
The stars shine only in the night
Or how the dark turns into light,
Or if we will ever find
That clouds are really silver-lined.
Did you ever wonder at the sight
Of the daring beauty of the night.

Did you ever watch snowflakes fall
And cover up a garden wall—
The snow gets deeper as they land
But why do they melt if caught in your hand,
Why do they always seem so bright
And why aren't they blue instead of white,
But you and I, we know by far
We would sooner have them as they are.

Did you ever dream of the East or West
The place to build your little nest—
In the sunset land, you see from your room
Lots of horses and the sage in bloom,
The East brings crowded streets and stores
And tall, stuffy buildings with many floors
And though you may want more of spring than fall
The world really isn't so bad after all.

MARGARET SCHRAM, C3B

Da Shortahand

I taka da class in da shortahand
Wheetch learna wan how to write queeck
By da use of da curves and da straight lines
In da place of da words wat wan speeck.

East's da craziest subjec, dees shortahand;
You learna da rule hard at night;
Da rule eet eesn't always just right.

You paper eet look like da crows' feet
Ees dance da great jeeg o'er set,
But da scratches dey all ees got meaning
And you gatta read dem back queeck.

You learna da thenings wat's called breef forms
Dey's breefer den da words wat ees drawn;
And da words wat ees drawn dey gets breefer
Until dey ees almost all gone.

Da man wat ees maka da shortahand
Ees Scotch, da teacha she say. 
I guess dat's da reason da shortahand
Gatts breefer and breefer each day.

Wan day een class, I beetcha,
Da teacha, she ees going to say,
Da shortahand ees gatta so shorta
We'll shorten our work in dees way—
We'll use no pencils, no paper,
We'll use our breeg brains instead;
You leesten, I'll deectate da leetta—
Dey you write eet all back from da head.

—M.G., C3A
Dear Old 'l'cachers of Tech

Readers, don't think that I'm a fool,
When I try to describe the teachers in school,
But I really mean no harm
So don't get flustered and alarmed.

Mr. Seggie, my, oh my!
For the gum chewers he has an eye,
And really shows them who's the boss
When they mechly give $c to the Red Cross.

Now, my dear readers, listen here.
You'll never get anywhere if you don't persevere,
For every period in the day
Miss Coughlin always has this to say.

Dr. Morrison some people cannot bear
The way you pull around your chair.
But we really don't care
Because you wrote a wonderful book.

Miss Green is the information bureau of the school
But readers, just you keep cool,
If you are worried and in trouble
To Miss Green you should run on the double.

In Miss Connerty's room we spend a pleasant day,
Teachers out of their rooms should not get pay,
But Miss Connerty, we really don't mind
Because in your room we have a good time.

Miss Fritz is really full of pep,
With her big ruler she is quite hup,
But what I tell you is no guff
She really knows how to teach the stuff.

And then there's Miss Bolton, our library teacher,
Man, but she's really quite a preacher.
Without her handy little bell
What would happen I couldn't tell.

Talking in typing about this and that,
Miss Donaldson gets tired of our chatter chat,
Although she makes us write out lines
I'm sure you deserve it, and it makes us mind.

In Miss LeBourne's room, we eat our lunch
But the teacher can't stand the paper's crunch.
We love to sing along with the gramophone
Accompanied with Miss LeBourne's wonderful tone.

The bad points of some teachers we've tried to tell
But as a group they are quite swell,
And this we say with a sober face
Without their teaching we would be a disgrace.

And now I'm sure you have heard of C2B
As they are always on a wild spree,
The teachers, they drive them quite insane
In fact, they say we give them one big pain.

To Us

When we sing "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot",
To our fond recollections, which others have not,
And so to the Alumni of forty-six and seven
May your spirit live forever on earth and in heaven.

Gentlemen, as this great day is coming to an end,
We can never think of saying good-bye to a friend,
Just say "Good-night" and remember that old refrain,
And to each other we'll say, "Will ye not come back again?"

—By RUDY DALDIN

Are You Listening?

SWING IS SWING
OPERA IS OPERA
BUT, WHAT'S A SONG
WITHOUT SINATRA!

WHEN GRANNIE SCREAMS,
IT'S NOT BECAUSE SHE'S CRANKY
THE RADIOS ON; AND SHE'S
LISTENING TO FRANKIE!

BING FOR THE OLD HICKS
FRANKIE FOR THE SLICK CHICKS.

By BARBARA BROSSETT, CIB

Yahoodie's

YAHOODIE'S IN THE KITCHEN,
YAHOODIE'S IN THE AIR,
YAHOODIE'S IN THE WATER,
YAHOODIE'S EVERYWHERE.

HE STEALS MOM'S COOKIES,
AND LOSES FATHER'S SOCKS;
YAHOODIE IS A BAD BOY
BUT YAHOODIE NEVER TALKS.

HE MAKES PLANES LOSE CONTROL,
HE LIKES TO SEE THEM SPIN.
YAHOODIE'S FULL OF MISCHIEF,
BUT YAHOODIE WON'T GIVE IN.

HE TELLS THE LITTLE FISHES
NOT TO EAT WORMS OFF A HOOK,
SO NO WONDER AFTER HOURS OF WORK
THERE ARE NO FISH TO COOK.
DON'T BLAME THE MISCHIEF HAPPENING
ON LITTLE JIM OR DAN.
IF YOU'RE GOING TO BLAME IT ON SOMEONE
YAHOODIE IS YOUR MAN.

—HELEN KADMAN, C2A
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Technical Department...

—-By C. H. MONTROSE

The road of life has a succession of choices and some of the decisions are of major importance. The decisions we make regarding our education are of special concern for they will determine the role we are to assume in our adult life.

With our Entrance Examination passed, we have a choice of secondary schools. When we have decided on the Vocational branch, we are faced with a further choice at the end of Grade 9, the many practical courses offered in the shops and laboratories of our school, which are so planned to assist us in finding a suitable vocation and to give a broad training in the fundamentals of that work.

Since we have only a limited experience, we turn to older people, our parents and our teachers for guidance, but the final decision should be our own. We should not be unduly influenced by the present day demands of trade and industry for trained workers in a particular line. We may find when we have obtained our High School diploma at the end of Grade 12 that the industrial situation has changed. Let our choice of a specialized field come from an inward belief of fitness and contentment in what is to be our life's work, rather than yield to the popular appeal of advertisements which promise success without due regard to our aptitude.

To be successful we must be happy in our work.

Graduates of our school have completed degree courses in various branches of engineering at the Detroit Institute of Technology, Wayne University, University of Michigan and other institutions of advanced training. This fact speaks for the well rounded academic background obtained here and opens the door into the executive field of industry for the ambitious student.

Talking Shop...

—-By BILL SASSO

AUTO MECHANICS—

Our Auto Mechanics Shop instructor, Mr. Barnes, is shown instructing a student on the operation of brakes and brake mechanism. There are two auto mechanic teachers and their shops contain some of the most modern type of tools available. The Shops have actual chassis and bodies of cars. The students do the jobs on the cars. In the other shop, the instructor, Mr. Shrier, teaches the Senior boys by having them work on cars brought in for repairs.

PHYSICS—

In this picture can be seen Mr. Harman instructing a group of second form boys on the experiment of Convection of Liquids. This experiment is one of the many which are performed by the students in their physics classes. Second form students are also taught something on refrigeration and the making of dry ice. These experiments are a few to illustrate the course given by Mr. Harman, the physics instructor.
Talking Shop...
---By BILL SASSO

PATTERN MAKING—
This picture shows a student at work on a wood lathe in the Pattern Making Shop. The lathe is an example of the modern machinery in the two Pattern Making Shops. These contain machinery that the students specializing in Pattern Making will actually use in industry. The tools are also the latest type available. The two Pattern Making Shop teachers are Messrs. Fisher and Farr. Pupils specializing in this subject are personally supervised by the teachers and are taught all safety factors, before being allowed to do actual shop work.

MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE—
Above is seen Mr. Neely, one of our four instructors of Machine Shop Practice. He is shown instructing a student on the operation of a metal lathe. We have four machine shops which are equipped with some of the most modern metal machinery available. Students specializing in this course are given theory and practical work on the same standards and methods which they would meet in regular industrial shops. Bench work, which later prepares you for tool making, is also included in the course. Other instructors who are teaching Machine Practice are Messrs. Baird, Neilson, and Murray.

ELECTRICITY—
In this picture is seen Mr. Anderson, electrical instructor, and some of the students who are specializing in electricity. He is instructing the students on the use of the Oscilloscope. This machine is one of our recent additions put to use for fourth year students. There are two electrical laboratories in the school, one is used for theory and the other is for practical work such as house wiring. We have in our laboratory a skeleton of an actual house and it is in this that students do the actual job of wiring. The instructor dealing with the practical work is Mr. G. P. Smith.

WELDING—
This picture shows our welding instructor, Mr. H. Cowgill, explaining to a group of fourth year welding specialists the technique of cutting. We also have an arc welding machine, used to teach pupils who specialize in welding. The course completely covers the work of actual jobs brought in by students. This enables the doing of work which they will be compelled to do in welding shops in the city. A student specializing in welding is compelled to follow strict safety rules dealing with the work in shops. By this system there is a minimum of accidents in this shop.
...WINNERS...

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C4-B  MARY LANER
C4-A  CYNTHIA LEVERICK
T4-A  JUNE ROSAASIN
T4-B  LEO DORBECK
T4-A  CLIFFORD ROOT
C3-A  EVELYN MODOLO
C3-B  SUZANNE DEMERS
C3-C  JOHN NOWACYNISKI
C2-A  ANNE PONIC
C2-B  OLGA DAPSY
C2-C  MARY CRAGG
C2-D  WANDA GRAYCE
C1-A  NADA ALAICA
C1-B  ESTHER DUTCHUK
C1-C  HELEN KADMAN
C1-D  SHIRLEY QUEEN
C1-E  ANNE TUROK
T3-A  WM. OLSEN
T3-A  MARGARET MAJORS
T3-B  JAMES SMITH
T3-C  NELLO DARIO
T3-D  NICK VEGH
T3-E  GERALD LEMON
T3-F  JOHN SABOL
T2-A  JOSEPH FAITH
T2-B  ERNEST PARNHAM
T2-C  STEVEN LENARTOWICZ
T2-D  NICHOLAS KRIZ
T2-E  DENNIS Liska
T2-F  LEONARD EVES
T2-G  SAM MARKOV
T2-G  CONNIE CLARK
T1-A  GLEN McBRIDE
T1-B  NORMAN BOYLE
T1-C  ANDREW DZUGAN
T1-D  ALEX. HARRIS
T1-E  RAYMOND LITTLE
T1-F  EDWARD PECHENIUK
T1-G  ROBERT SANDS
T1-H  BRUCE WOOD
T1-J  JANE BALLANTYNE

D. I. T. SCHOLARSHIP
LEO DORBECK
GERALD LAVENDER

VOCATIONAL UNITED
ROBERT McDonald

ATHLETIC
ROY BATTAGELLO

MAJOR "V" WINNERS — 1946
TOM MAROCCHIO
JAMES LA SORDA
R. BATTAGELLO
G. FOREMAN
T. SKARBECK
J. BAIA
W. BASTIANON
S. TEHONCHUK
G. LAVENDER
J. WEAR
E. CHITTARO
L. NADIN
T. WATTERSON

TRACK AWARDS — 1946
J. LA SORDA
R. BATTAGELLO
W. BYRNE
G. LEMON
F. LA SORDA
S. SPOLNIK
J. SMITH
S. SABOCAN
G. CAMERON
J. PROCTOR
A. BARABASH
J. BECIC

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Intermediate— W. BYRNE
F. LA SORDA
Junior— J. BECIC
Juvenile— C. PANEC

CROSS COUNTRY — 1946
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The history of education has been one of progress. Its aim has ever been the betterment of man, to place within his reach a fuller and richer life. This ultimate objective remains the same today, even though the relatively simple education of earlier days has given place to a highly specialized system. In this modern age, commercial education itself covers a wide field, combining the utilitarian with the cultural.

Growth of Commercial Education.

In Windsor—

From a small beginning with an enrolment of sixty students, commercial classes expanded under the leadership of Mr. E. C. SRIGLEY (the former commercial director of this school) until there were nine hundred commercial students at the time of his retirement in 1937.

Courses Offered—

The courses in this department extend over a four year period, and graduates are awarded the Ontario Secondary School Graduation Diploma. These studies are planned to provide a good general education in the High School subjects of English, social studies, health, elementary science and mathematics, with a thorough training in the special commercial subjects of penmanship, typing, bookkeeping, office practice and stenography. Graduates of the Secretarial Course readily find positions as stenographers, typists and general office assistants. Boys usually take the Accountancy option, and graduates are competent to fill various office positions, particularly those involving a knowledge of auditing and accountancy.

Business Machines—

This year we made a further advance by equipping a special room for more extensive training in the use of business machines, such as the Ediphone, Electromatic typewriter and Marchant Calculator, which are used in all modern offices. This training is invaluable to those students taking the Clerical Course, and should fit them for numerous office positions as general clerical assistants.

Special One-Year Commercial Course—

This course is open to boys and girls who have successfully completed at least three years of the General High School Course. The studies are designed to give students an intensive commercial training in shorthand, bookkeeping, commercial law, office practice, typewriting, penmanship, correspondence, spelling and commercial arithmetic. Graduates are awarded the Ontario Secondary School Graduation Diploma—Commercial Special.

Part-Time Employment—

Recently, several firms have employed our senior students on a half-day basis. When these students graduate, they will become permanent employees. This practice enables the student-employees to become familiar with the office routine, and also gives the employers an opportunity to measure the ability and skill of the students. The combination of theory and practical experience has many advantages for both employers and students, and we hope that other firms will follow this cooperative plan.

Year Book—

Our hearty congratulations to Mr. Nelson and his very capable Tower's Staff for the fine job they have done. The expenditure of your time and effort has been in vain, for you have learned many valuable lessons - accuracy, careful planning, salesmanship and the spirit of co-operation. To you boys and girls who worked and planned together, the Year Book marks a milestone of progress in your school life.
Commercial Department

By WANDA GRAYCE, C3-A

The Commercial Course at W. D. Lowe Vocational School, which is open to all boys and girls who have successfully completed public school, extends over a four year period. That is, the minute you walk into the Commercial Department at dear old Lowe, you begin to study subjects which are directly related to the lifetime career you have decided to follow. But that’s not all. You are also provided with a good general education in the regular high school subjects, namely French, Science, History, Geography, and Health.

Illustrated at the left are shown a few of the machines used in that all-important subject—office practice. In the top picture, Lois Turnbull is shown working on a comptometer. After completing the Fourth form she will be skillful in the operation of this machine.

The centre picture shows Winifred Leal and Lilly Kushner operating the school switchboard. All Commercial students have an opportunity to learn its operation.

In the bottom picture, Joyce Noonan is shown using a Marchant, and Alfred Carter and Ilene Wiggins are working problems on Burrough’s Calculators.
"All work and no play" would never make a slogan for the students of our school! Here are some pictures that show the social side including the Graduates' Party, the Rough Riders' Romp, and a group practicing for the operetta.
Another gala event was chalked up to the account of the W. D. Lowe Vocational School with the Third Annual Military Ball, held in the school gym, May 17, 1946. Red, white and blue streamers lent a patriotic note to the affair as the Grand March started up the centre of the floor, led by the Principal, S. R. Ross and Mrs. Ross.

The list of patrons for the evening included Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Montrose, Miss Mary O’Donoghue, Lt.-Col. Wilton Steward in command of the 30th Reconnaissance at that time, and Mrs. Steward, his wife. Many of the teaching staff were present. Among them were: Miss May Connerty, Miss Estella Cragg, Miss Gertrude Green, Capt. and Mrs. W. H. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Cowgill, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Newman, Mr. and Mrs. Clancy Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Malkin, Mr. and Mrs. John Baird, Mr. and Mrs. T. U. Neilson and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Farr.

Jim Smith, Vocational United President, attended and was squiring Janet Corbin who wore a very smart black and white creation, and the Vice-President Charles Hitch was also on hand, accompanied by Ellen Morrow in a pink gown with a corsage of white carnations. The Secretary, Angeline Urbanski, was accompanied by Gordon Reynolds. Angeline wore a white nylon gown with a corsage of red carnations.

From Patterson Collegiate came Cadet Capt. Paul Hicks, accompanied by Miss Paula Zorecky, in a white gown with a corsage of white carnations.

The orchestra was under the direction of Hal Campbell. The ball was enjoyed by everyone and suitably ended a successful Cadet year.
Rough Riders Romp

In the gaily decorated gym at W. D. Lowe Vocational School on November 1, 1946, two hundred and fifty couples danced to the dreamy music of Ken Frawley's Orchestra. This successful dance was held in honour of the school Rugby Team, the "Rough Riders".

The patrons of the evening were Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Ross, Miss Mary O'Donoghue, Mr. and Mrs. A. Malkin, Miss M. Connerty, and Mr. H. Farr.

The members of the Rugby and Soccer Teams attended the dance as guests of the student body. Among those seen at the coke bar were: Bud Westlake and Virginia Skoyles, Nick Belowitz and Lucille Aubert, Bob Core and A. Caisse, Angelo Savl and Greta Mac-Donald, Mel Briant and Bernice Scibor.

The gym was decorated with red, white and blue streamers. It was a gay night and a good time was had by all.

Vets' Stag Party at W. D. Lowe

December 9, 1946

By MEL BRIANT

Canada has not, as yet, declared an armistice for World War II, but for ex-students of W. D. Lowe Vocational School it was just a memory. All through the war years, teacher and friend, Patrick J. McMannus, toiled long and steady with the help of the staff, to compile an amazing record as any secondary school in the Dominion.

A temporary Honour Roll was constructed and now hangs in the lobby bearing some 3,075 names of those who wore His Majesties' uniform. The school's Smoke Fund Committee was able to send 300,000 cigarettes to enlisted men overseas, and P. O. W.'s. Six thousand dollars was also donated to the Canadian Red Cross.

For quite some time, the teaching staff had had the "bug" for a grand finale. This was it; the time they've been waiting for, a stag party for those former students who could display a service button. A community sing-song was in progress as the men adjusted themselves, and a committee of the male staff made proof positive every one had all the cigarettes his "T" zone could stand. Principal S. R. Ross welcomed the veterans as did George Van Doorne, Alumni president, and Robert Westlake, president of Vocational United, the Students' Council.

One minute silence was given for 187 students who still live on in the many scattered battlefields over the globe.

An exhibition by the gym team followed, which was highlighted by Joe Reitch and Bob Bodnar. Wrestling, a barber shop quartet, accordion solos, comedians and a hand of hand were a few of the items on the programs. Smoke, laughter, and enjoyment filled the gymnasium.

Oodles of door prizes were given out, and refreshments were served in the cafeteria.
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This season in basketball was an exciting one for the girls. At the opening game, they were defeated by the Patterson Panthers by the score of 10-4. The girls, however, were far from being discouraged.

This was proven when they met the Sandwich girls, for they defeated them with a score of 19-17. The game was exceptionally close all the way. Perhaps the reason they won is that on the night of this wonderful triumph, the captain of the team, Evelyn Soutar, celebrated her birthday. Incidentally, this was the first time in two years that the Sandwich team tasted defeat on their own gym floor.

The next game was somewhat of a let-down for the girls. They were defeated by the Kennedy girls. The girls played a good game, and did their best, which is the most we can expect of anyone.

These lassies are not to be underrated, however, for no sooner had they won a victory over St. Joseph High School than they walked all over the Riverside girls and came up with a 27-4 win to their credit.

Once again the students of Vocational School were proud of the "Girls' Basketball Team". Why? Because they swarmed over the Walkerville maidens and came out smiling with another victory added to their list. The final score was a beautiful 17-9.

During the play-off game against the Kennedy Clippers, both teams received a great many fouls, and although our own Vocational girls actually got more baskets than Kennedy, they were not counted because of these fouls. It was a very close game all the way and the Kennedy girls finally won by the score of 11-9.

A banquet was held in the honour of the "Girls' Basketball Team" at the Norton-Palmer Hotel, on March 13. All of the team, the scorekeeper and timekeeper were present at the dinner. A toast to Miss Layman, thanking her for her coaching during the year, was proposed by the captain of the team, Evelyn Soutar, in which everyone heartily joined. During the dinner a telegram was received from Miss Green congratulating the girls and wishing them an enjoyable evening, which everyone had.

Not only did the girls prove themselves loyal in games against the schools, but they found a burst of super-human strength to play the so-called men teachers of the school. This was an event well worth remembering.

The girls, who came onto the floor in their usual lively manner, were followed by a number of deformed bodies recognized as our men teachers. (Oh, what a suit can cover up on a man!)

Soon after the game started the ball was nowhere to be found. It had disappeared into the balcony in an effort to free itself from the falling teachers and laughing girls. The all-star player, Mr. "Torchy" Cowgill tried his hardest to control the ball, but with no luck. The

(Continued on Next Page)
When Wednesday night rolls around, the Vocational Girls’ Gym Team, “Mary’s Little Lambs”, go in for their weekly practices. Girls of all shapes, sizes, and forms come out for these practices to help keep their “girlish” figures.

There we tumble and do many tricks on the horse.

We stand on our heads and walk on our hands,
Do limbers and fish-flops and all kinds of stands,
We are out at every performance too,
Wearing our costumes of red and blue.

Mary Liszczak, our captain, is doing everything she can to help us for a bigger and better Girls’ Gym Team.

Although we are not as good as the Boys’ Gym Team, we do our very best, and our motto is: “BOTTOMS UP”.

SPORTS  
(Continued from preceding page)

bouncing pep of Mr. Fisher kept the girls puzzled. Machine Shop teacher, Mr. Neilson, was wasting most of his energy laughing. Mr. “Sure Shot” Harrison, whose eyes wandered slightly, proved to be a tough opponent for the pretty lassies.

The outfits the teachers wore were not to be scoffed at. For example, Mr. Malkin’s “Irish” green trousers, and Mr. G. B. Smith’s girdle-like sweater. One special sight to behold was the expression on Mr. Morrow’s face as he followed the ball back and forth across the floor. He actually took a shot at the basket too.

Artificial respiration was in action during the last quarter. Mr. Neilson had many accidents. Mr. “Torchy” Cowgill rebounded from the floor time and time again. After a long and hard battle, the game finally ended. “Torchy” brought an oxygen tank to make sure the teachers would not go short on air. Yes, yes, a game to remember.

The girls helped the weakened teachers off the floor. The audience responded in a hearty clap. We all wish to extend congratulations and best wishes to the teachers and to the Girls’ Basketball Team for this courageous act. They deserve it.

P.S.— Do you suppose the writer of this story will pass this year?
The Board of Education
for
CITY OF WINDSOR

J. F. TWIGG, B.A., K.C., Chairman
C. W. DAYNES, Vice-Chairman
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Roman Catholic Separate School Representatives

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"I DO not pretend to know all about the matter. I am glad however to see that a system of labor prevails in New England under which laborers can strike when they want to."

SIR WILFRED LAURIER

"I AD I been born on the banks of the Saskatchewan, I would myself have shouldered a musket to fight against the neglect of governments and the shameless greed of speculators."

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BOY'S SPORTS

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1947

BUD WESTLAKE—Left middle, Captain 1947 team. All-City for the third time.
BOB BODNAR—Snap, mention 1947 All-City.
DON HALL—Inside, mention 1947 All-City.
BRUCE NAGELEISEN.
MEL BRIANT—Middle, mention 1947 All-City.
FRANK LA SORDA—End, mention 1947 All-City.
LOUIS CALSAVARA.
LOU NADIN—Full back, 1947 All-City.
ENZO CHITTARO—Quarterback.
CHARLES MAXIM—L. Half.
BROCK McLEOD—R. Half.
BOB HEGLER—Flying Wing.

Alternates:— Ends: JOE PRPICH, JOHN FAZEKAS, EUGENE URSULAK; Middles: NICK BELOWITZ, DON GUNNELL; Insides: GEORGE BROTHERS, DAVID MON-

TAGE; Snap: CHAS. MILKS; Quarter- back: BILL CORE; Halfbacks: BOB HUG- 
GARD, ADOLF UKRAINEC; Flying Wings: ANGELO SAVI, ALFRED ALESSI.
Coach—JOHNNY MURRAY, noted for his good coaching, kept the team in high spirits. Student Manager—ALEX KUPICKI, was the team's fastest runner.
Spotter—ED TOZE, was the eagle eye.

—RAY GRANT, T4-B, Sports Editor

GOLF

Mr. Augustine took care of the Golf Tournament, and led Lowe to a fine showing among the top-flight teams in the competition. It was very keen but Vocational bowed to Sandwich on totals of 334 to 352.

Back Row—

MR. ROSS, NOWACZYNSKI, HORBATH.

Front Row—

MACKO, PAPA, KARPALA, MR. AUGUSTINE.
The 1946-'47 season was no more successful than the 1945-'46 season, if one considers only the wins and losses column. Meeting, in nearly every case, towering—and we do mean towering—opposition, it was a matter of a good big team beating a good small team. But if looked at from the standpoint of thrills and excitement, the Rough Riders could always be depended upon to keep the spectators on the edge of their seats.

Although the win column this year showed a very small “two” and the loss column a very large “five”, after each game Vocational’s opponents knew they had been up against a basketball team. As long as the Rough Riders come through with scrappy teams of that calibre, we’ll be out there in full strength to cheer them on.

The Vocational Rough Riders Soccer Team got off to a good start by walking over Edith Cavell (7-1), and clipping the Kennedy Clippers (2-1). Then the Rough Riders slackened, as Walkerville and Patterson beat them by 3-0 scores.

With the first half of their season gone, they again tackled Edith Cavell victoriously (3-2). Their rivals, the Walkerville Tartans, again managed to give them a shaking (5-3), and the Clippers took a close game (2-1).

The Rough Riders then battled hard to out-play Patterson (1-0). This put them in the play-offs for second place. They played the next game in shining style, but lost a close game to the Clippers (1-0). With four wins and five losses for the season they finished in third place in the League.
Unconquerable “Champs”, T1-B

T1-B had an exceptionally good season in sports activities this year. After losing the Hockey to T1-D, we rallied to defeat T1-C in Basketball 12-11. "Baldey" Chistoff and "Handsome" Dujdin "TRIED" in vain to get another game, but Big John said, "NO GAME".

—SCOTTY BISSETT and NICK KADLUBISKY

The scheduled four mile run took place on October 31, 1946. It was a Junior and Senior event which started at the Windsor Collegiate Stadium, went out to the Huron Line and back to the Stadium. The run was made in good time, and the results are as follows:

T. Tanyai came in first for the Juniors—time, 20:30 min. Nice running, Tanyai.

T. Patterson came in second and J. Stone, L. Anderson, R. Giroux and S. Sobocan came in third, fourth, fifth and sixth respectively.

The Senior time was twenty minutes seven, with W. Byrne setting the pace, followed by A. Ukrainec, J. Brndiar, D. Price, M. Pring, and A. Whyte in that order.

—BILL WEIDINGER.

**SWIM TEAM**

Even though this school does not have a swimming pool, our Swimming Team, coached by Mr. B. Newman, has just completed a quite successful season.

The Junior Swim Team was composed of Al Harris, Graham Fraser, Kenneth Coon, Larry Patterson.

The Senior Swim Team was composed of Bruce Nageleisen, Mac Dunbar, William Moody, James Boyle, Frank Ross, and Gordon Reaume.

**GYM TEAM**

Mr. B. Newman instructs our school Gym Team consisting of the following members:

Adolphe Ukrainec, Joe Reich, Bob Bodnar, Mike Sozonchuk, Mary Johnson, Andy Campbell, Bruce Nageleisen, Jim Boyle, Bill Ellis, Bill Barabash, Ronnie Harris, Bill Fallow, Cunningham, Harris, Holt, Hewson and Fraser.

During the war years our team has had to be content with putting on displays at Basketball games and the inspection with a few other
GYM TEAM IN ACTION

events, but now that travelling accommodations are available, we hope to see them bring home some trophies after once seeing them in action we can almost predict that.

Back Row—
HUGGARD—D, TOZE—G,
TUSON—W, WESTLAKE—D,
ALESSI—S.

Middle Row—
MR. ROSS, CORE—W, REICH—W,
HUMENIUK—G, GANET—W,
PALMER—G, PANKEWICZ—D,
MR. KNAPP—Coach.

Front Row—
SKOV—W, BENDJAR—G,
YOUNG—W, MAXIM—D,
SCHUCHARD—G, LA BUTE—S.

• VOCATIONAL HOCKEY TEAM, 1947

The Vocational team was really a “hot” team this year, taking an undefeated season in Windsor. They were so “hot” that Chatham forfeited their semi-final games which put us in the finals. Perhaps it was over-confidence, or perhaps fate was against us, but a surprise was in store for the Windsor Champs.

The Lowe Champs lost the W.O.S.S.A. two game total point series 11-8, to a powerful Stratford team. The Rough Riders entertaining Stratford at Windsor in the first game of the series suffered a 6-3 set back and were unable to overcome a three goal advantage as they battled the Stratfords in the second game at the Stratford Arena to a 5-5 tie.

Stan “Smoothie” Palmer scored a lone hat trick with three goals and one assist for the highest score of the night. Walter “Pee Wee” Humeniuk, playing one of his best games in goal, was sensational while Billy Core, Glen Skov, and Ed “Spit” Toze looked very good. For Stratford, Hurley the Goalie was exceptionally good.

On the whole, the Lowe Hockey Team was sensational, and showed the public fast and thrilling hockey.

—RAY GRANT, T4-B, Sports Editor.
Toni: "Now I shall go out to enjoy myself.
Josie: "What a thing to enjoy!"

Dentist: "Steady now. I haven't touched your tooth yet.
Mary Stefan: "No, but you're standing on my corn.

Two fourth year girls were discussing a mutual acquaintance:
"She has a very magnetic personality," said one girl.
"She ought to," replied the other, "every stitch she has on is charged."

Mr. Morrow on return from Navy: "Don't you think this room is a bit small?"
Landlord: "That is true, but we can put on thinner wallpaper."

A restaurant sign—
The French Cook: We open tins.

Vincent Benetcau: "Latin is easy, wish I'd taken it. Look here: It says Forte dux in a row—Forty ducks in a row. Passus sum jam—Pass us some jam."

We editors may dig and dig, Until our fingers are sore; But we'll always have the nut who says "I've heard that one before!"


Mr. Malkin (Testing class): "I hope I don't see any of you copying.
Dick Chodolo: "I hope not either!"

Laugh, and the class laughs with you, Go to the office, and you go alone.

A. Savi: "Everytime I kiss you it makes me a better man." Girl of the hour: "Well, you don't have to get to heaven in one night."

Miss Green to Miss Connery: "Radio programs are ruining this school—every time a pupil answers a question, he wants to get paid!"

A carhop brought a tray to a motorist who had stopped for lunch.
Carhop: "Looks like rain today, doesn't it."
Sasso: "Yes, but it smells like coffee."

Joan: "What's your favorite dish?"
Miss Beasley: "A clean one."

When one woman is talking it is a monologue; two women talking is a cat-alogue.

Olga Bican was debating on the best means of dropping her current flame.
"Are you worried because you think he'll tell lies about you?" asked her friend.
"It's not the lies, but if he ever tells the truth, I'll break his neck."

Myra: "My hair is coming out—what shall I get to keep it?"
Jim: "A paper bag."

Mr. Newman (during first aid examination): "All right, Crosby, turn in your paper. You're cheating."
Bill Crosby: "No I wasn't, Sir."
Mr. Newman: "Yes you were. I saw you counting your ribs."

Mr. Ross, interviewing a new student from a local school: "And did you matriculate?"
Student: "What?"
Mr. Ross: "I said, did you matriculate?"
Student: "No, I smoked and drank a little, but I didn't matriculate."

Cliff Jewel: "I was in a bad way last week. I had a terrible heart condition."
Innocent listener: "How did you get over it?"
Cliff: "Oh, the girl left town."

Mother to daughter after lecture on the child's bad behaviour: "Now tell me, where do bad little girls go?"
Barbara: "Everywhere!"

Teacher lecturing student about snobbishness: "Remember, we are all of the same mold."
Ruth Rollett: "Yes, but some are moldier than others."

Most famous words of tongue or pen; The car is out of gas again.
GRADUATES of the Class of '47 look to their future as Canadian Citizens. They look for the opportunity to establish themselves, to take up their citizenship in the community.

Each year many graduates have found in the Bell Telephone Company, the job, the career, the opportunity which they seek. Interesting work, good wages, advancement and congenial associates are just some of the reasons why 22,000 Bell Telephone employees say: "The Bell is a good place to work."
THE MEMORIAL

“A memorial for our soldiers
Built of a people’s love,
And blazoned and decked and panoplied
With the hearts ye build it of."

“Lest We Forget”

ADAMAC, G.
ADAMS, L.
ALLEN, R.
ALEXANDER, E.
AXFORD, H.
BALDWIN, J.
BALOG, J.
BARKER, H.
BARRETT, G.
BATEMAN, C. K.
BEATON, C.
BEER, T.
BECOURT, F.
BELL, T.
BENNETT, J.
BERNK, M.
BERNK, V.
BEST, R.
BIRCH, H.
BIZNAR, H.
BRODERICK, L.
BRUEGGEMAN, L.
BURY, C.
BROOKS, F.
BUSHINSKY, A.
BUCHESKI, B.
CHARRON, R.
CHARTRAND, J.
CAULLAY, J.
CLARKE, K.
CLOUTIER, M.
CORNETT, D.
COCKERHAM, L.
COUSINEAU, R.
COBBETT, B.
COX, W.
CULPAN, R.
CUNNINGHAM, W.
DEANE, A.
DAVIS, J.
DESALLIERS, L.
DILLON, J.
DOWELL, C.
DRAGMIR, S.
DREW, W.
DUFault, E.
DURHAM, J. W.
EDNIE, J.
ELLIOTT, T.
FAIRBAIRN, D.
FALSETTO, H.
FIDDLER, G.
FERNANDEZ, E.
FONT, C.
FRANK, F.
FRY, C.
GAINES, W.
GATACRE, F.
GATES, G.
GIBBS, R.
GOLDSPINK, J.
GRIFFITHS, A.
GUBB, J.
HAGGIS, D.
Haley, G.
HARDY, B.
HAZEL, E.
HEATON, H.
HECKMAN, P.
HEINZ, G.
HEWITT, R.
HILLS, R.
HINDLE, W.
HINSCLIFFE, A.
HOFFMAN, M.
HOLMES, J.
HOLMES, T.
HOOD, T.
HORNER, H.
HORWOOD, D.
HOWELL, D.
HUMPHRIES, L.
JAMES, D.
JANISSE, L.
JAROSINSKI, J.
JEAN, G.
JOHNSON, B.
JOHNSTON, C.
JONES, R.
JORDAN, D.
JOYES, C.
JOYES, R.
KEELEY, L.
KEANE, J.
KEDY, J.
KENNEDY, P.
KEOWN, O.
LAESSER, H.
LAIDLAW, G.
LANGUE, A.
LATENDRESSE, F.
LAUDER, J.
LAUZON, L.
LECHEN, L.
LEONARD, H.
LEOPOLD, G.
LEOPOLD, H.
LONG, R.
LONG, W.
LEWANDOWSKI, S.
LYTWIN, F.
MacGREGOR, D.
MacNAB, D.
MATTHEWS, H.
McINTYRE, E.
McMILLAN, A.
McLAUCHLIN, D.
McNARY, J. C.
MEACR, J.
MEASON, R.
MIDDLETON, D.
MIRO, J.
MITCHELL, H.
MOLNAR, S.
MOORECROFT, R.
MURDOCH, B.
NAGELEISEN, D.
NAPIER, M.
O’CONNOR, R.
O’CONNOR, W.
OMILIANOWSKI, P.
ONDACKA, L.
O’NEIL, W.
OUELLETTE, A.
OUELLETTE, L.
PARE, G.
PARENT, N.
PARENT, R. J.
PARENT, R.
PARKER, J.
PATRICK, L.
PATTHE, W.
PENNYCOOK, C.
PETROZZI, M.
PIERCE, R.
PIKULA, F.
PODGIER, R.
POST, C.
PRESTWICH, C.
PYATT, R. S.
QUEEN, H.
RAINE, O.
REID, D.
RENAUD, T.
RIDDELL, J.
ROBINET, R.
ROLLETT, T. F.
ROOD, W.
ROYAN, D.
ROYAN, K.
RUSENSTROM, A.
SAYNER, K.
SCHAFER, J.
SHEA, J.
SHEPHERD, J.
SHEPLEY, S.
SILVERSTEIN, J.
SIMARD, A.
SIMMONS, J.
SMITH, D.
SMITH, S.
SMITH, Z.
STADDEN, M.
STASZUK, H.
STEED, B.
STILES, F.
TAYLOR, F.
THOMPSON, T.
TOUGH, J.
TRUDELL, C.
VALANCE, D.
VANDERDAK, W.
WALKER, W.
WATTERSON, D.
WHITE, D.
WILLIS, A.
WILKES, J.
WINEGARDEN, F.
WISHAK, M.
ZYWINA, J.

Let Us Hope Their Sacrifices Have Not Been In Vain
May They Rest In Peace
In Memoriam

William Donald Carson

By JOHN WOLFE, T4B-B

Mr. Don Carson, a former member of the staff of the W. D. Lowe Vocational School, was born on December 16, in 1916, at Hamilton, Ontario.

He was killed in active service during a night raid against Essen, Germany. His body was recovered from the North Sea following the raid.

At the time of his death, Mr. Carson held the rank of Flying Officer and fought with the Thunder Bird Squadron.

Mr. Carson was buried on July 18, 1944, at Osterbegraabplatz, field 68, Amsterdam, Holland.

We, of the Year Book staff, and students of the W. D. Lowe Vocational School, salute F. O. Carson.
In Memoriam...

**WORLD WAR II**

--- By W. A. MALKIN, ex. R.C.A.C.

When the Windsor Walkerville Vocational School opened for the fall term in 1939, many of the senior students had already deserted its halls and were wearing the battle dress of the Essex Scottish or the blues of the R.C.N. and R.C.A.F. In the previous week, the German mechanized army had invaded Poland. Britain and France had fulfilled their obligation to that unfortunate country and were at war with Germany, which was being supported by her Balkan satellites and Russia. The members of the British Commonwealth, except Eire, had thrown in their lot on the side of democracy.

In Canada, recruiting was being conducted on a rather limited basis for the Navy, Army, and Air Force. Canada's industry was starting to change over to war production, and the Empire Air Training Scheme was being developed.

In Europe, Poland was overrun in a few days before any material aid could be given to her. The French and British Armies moved into the Maginot Line. During the winter of 1939-40, it was quiet on the Western Front and "Phoney War" was introduced into our reading and thinking.

In the spring of 1940, the flood broke. The German Blitzkrieg broke through the British and French defences and in a few weeks overrun Belgium, Holland, and Northern France causing a weak French Government to capitulate. The remnants of the British Army, without their heavy equipment and vehicles, withdrew to England. Ever anxious to be on the winning side, Mussolini had joined the Axis. Britain was left to face Europe with only a few miles of sea, the Royal Navy, a desperately small Royal Air Force, a small and very poorly equipped Army, but with a population united in a determination to defend every inch of the tight little island.

The Luftwaffe introduced the Blitz. Day after day and night after night air armadas swept over the British Isles, bombing and gunning; but as steadily as they came, as steadily the fighters of the R.A.F. went up to meet them and knocked them out of the sky. The grim Britons, under Churchill, fought fires, dug out the ruins, buried their dead and laboured to build more planes and to re-equip the Army. A few British divisions and the First Canadian Division spread out along the South Coast while the Home Guards were hastily mobilized. Preparations for an Invasion of Britain went on along the French, Belgian, and Dutch Coast. The Battle of Britain was a grim, relentless one.

By the summer of 1941, Hitler apparently despairing of invading Britain turned eastward, and attacked Russia. The Russians fought desperately as the enemy drove them back and gradually brought the German advance to rest. Britain breathed a little easier but kept on working.

In December, 1941, the United States, which had been aiding Britain by supplying food and tools of war, was treacherously attacked by Japan. The two great Democracies now faced the Axis in a Globular War. The war in the Pacific went very badly for the Allies. The American fleet was crippled at Pearl Harbour and within a week, Britain lost her greatest warships. Base after base, island after island, including Britain's Gibraltar of the East, Singapore, fell to the Japs. In Asia, in Europe, and in Africa, the tide was against the Allies.

However, now American, British and Canadian factories were turning out ships, planes, ammunition, guns, tanks and other war supplies in unprecedented number. These were being convoyed by the Royal and Canadian Navies to Europe and by the United States Navy to the far East. Huge armies, air forces and navies were being recruited, equipped and trained.

By 1943, the tide was turning. The Axis was thrown out of Africa. Britain was dotted with air fields from which hundreds of bombers and occasionally a thousand of them, swept over Germany and the occupied countries and bombed the industrial areas, the railways, the bridges, the highways and the ports. They were escorted by fighters in all but the longest sweeps and the air over Europe was no longer dominated by the Luftwaffe.

The British and Americans overran Sicily and Invaded Italy. The Italians became co-belligerents, but the Italian campaign was tough, bloody and long. In 1944, came D-Day

(Continued on Page 69)
Re-Naming of School
—-By MYRA PLAWUCKI

ONE OF THE GREATEST EVENTS in the history of the school occurred on March 12, 1947, when the Windsor Walkerville Vocational School was officially renamed The W. D. Lowe Vocational High School, in honour of the late Mr. W. D. Lowe, the first principal. Since Mr. Lowe's death in June, 1945, an oil painting of him has been hung in the main lobby of the school. Now the school he loved so well and worked so hard to make famous, bears his name.

The program dedicating the school began with a prayer by Dr. H. M. Paulin. After this, the guests, teachers and students sang "All People That On Earth Do Dwell". Then Mr. J. F. Twigg, Chairman of the Board of Education, spoke about Mr. Lowe, knowing that the students would remember him vividly because of his interest in them.

Alderman Patterson, substituting for Mayor Arthur J. Reaume, spoke on behalf of the citizens of Windsor. Mrs. William Rose, an ex-pupil of the school, sang "The Lord Is My Shepherd" with true feeling.

Col. E. A. Baker, Toronto, head of the C. N. I. B., was then introduced to the audience. Because of his blindness, Col. Baker had never seen Mr. Lowe, but from his voice he had known that Mr. Lowe was a great and generous man.

Mr. L. Wheelton gave the last address. Then the students and guests sang "O God Our Help In Ages Past". After the hymn, the chairman, guests, and students filed in order into the lobby, where Mr. S. R. Ross, our Principal, unveiled a plaque mounted there by the Board of Education, in honour of Mr. Lowe. The school was then officially re-named the W. D. Lowe Vocational High School.

At the close of the ceremony, everyone sang "Onward! Christian Soldiers", and the students silently marched by the plaque to show their respect. The plaque bears these words in Latin—the language Mr. Lowe knew and loved so well—"Eregi Monumentum aeri Perennius" — I have reared a monument more lasting than brass. The hundreds of ex-students, whose lives have been shaped by Mr. Lowe's precepts and example, are the living memorial represented by these classic words.
An Assignment in Cuba

By KEN LARAMIE, T-4-D

The sun was slowly setting as John Carver returned to his home. He was a huge man with a kind but serious face. The Cuban Sun had changed his light brown hair to golden blonde. His face was tinted as that of a native resident.

John's face clearly showed that he was worried about something. After a hard struggle to gain his chosen career, with success almost in reach, he had been sent to Cuba on a special mission. He had become bitter because of this assignment.

John strode up the walk to his home overlooking the beautiful Chaceain river. His faithful valet, opening the door, informed him that he had guests. A superior looking gentleman in a tuxedo lounged in a deep chair near the corner of the room, while across the room a huge man of about two hundred and fifty pounds tinkered away at the grand piano. A mean looking scar ran from the bridge of his nose the full length of his face. He wore a monocle in one eye, and what was left of his hair was a steel gray.

The man in the tuxedo was the first to notice the entrance of John Carver. He stood up clicking his heels in a foreign manner, announced himself.

"I am Eric Von Reichmann. I presume you are John Carver."

John acknowledged the fact, whereupon the gentleman continued, "This is my associate, Joseph Kirstinn."

"Well, Gentlemen, this is quite a surprise—meeting you. Now just what is it that you want?" asked Mr. Carver of the Foreign Intelligence Bureau.

"Mr. Carver, I understand that you are here to investigate so-called espionage activities. I am here to offer you a few suggestions. The first is that you play along with us. The second is—well, it's just too bad if you don't. You seem to be a very nice man and it would be such a pity if you were to—shall we say, disappear? Good night, Mr. Carver!"

After they had left, John Carver went into action. He left his house at nine o'clock. He climbed into his long black sedan; his first stop was at the Cuban military headquarters where he paused only long enough to inform the commissioner that he intended to carry out his plan ahead of schedule. He then proceeded to the German Embassy, where he went around to the back and entered with the help of a skeleton key through a door set in the basement. Locking the door behind him John proceeded with caution through the dark, dingy basement. He heard the crackle of a static electricity machine that he knew powered a short wave set. He stopped then, as it seemed to be coming from the other side of the wall; but that was impossible as he was at the edge of the basement wall.

John examined further along the wall and discovered that a thin beacon of light was coming through a crack in the solid cement wall. At this moment a loud crash familiar to his ears, the "dah-dit-dah" of a short wave set. He then knew the purpose of the mysterious message that had been intercepted by a night reconnaissance plane a month ago over the Cuban Gulf. Now all he had to do was find out who was at the head of this group of Nazis. He was not surprised when a voice behind him said, "Welcome, Mr. Carver", as he knew it was Eric Reichmann. Carver thought fast—he turned—swung hard—and landed a beautiful blow square on his chin. The big German went down in a heap.

John then started to find the entrance to the underground radio set. As he leaned against the wall a brick gave way, and a huge section of the wall slid open. He stepped inside—gun in hand, the operator turned around too late. Carver's gun struck him squarely on the temple. He was right! It was that "two ton wonder", Joseph Kirstinn and a small, bald-headed man with thick lips and glasses. They entered the small radio room. Entering behind them, John slowly said, "Please reach for the sky, gents".

The small man swung fast with a gun blazing in his hand. He didn't do any damage as a bullet had entered his skull just a split second before his gun blazing away at the bare wall. When Kirstinn saw this he begged for mercy, giving all needed information to John Carver.

Fifteen minutes later, the Cuban police force took the agents into custody. The leader of the group turned out to be the little radio operator with the black mustache; his name was "Adolph Hitlerinsk". After this turn of events, Carver was joyously recalled to the United States, where he was joined by his former members. John Carver, Special Investigator, was now John Carver, Head of the Foreign Intelligence Bureau.

A just reward for a deserving man.
LITERARY

It Can’t Happen Here or Can It?
— By LORRAINE CLENDENNING, T2-A

These words were spoken many times during the war years. When Nazi bombs were being dropped on many countries of Europe, and German armies were marching on soil of many lands. No, it didn’t happen here, but only because of the determination of our peoples in peace loving nations, working side by side turning out the materials to quell the enemy.

But it can happen, now that science has discovered more deadly weapons than could ever have been dreamed by man.

The one great threat to the countries now is not Nazism, but Communism. This threat is real—not just a boogy as so many people would have you believe. This has been proven by I. A. Sullivan’s exposure of Communist Activities here in Canada, the United States, and England. It is time for the world at large to awaken to this fact and stamp it out, we cannot say in its infancy, as they are many in number in our unions and in our government, wherever they can get a foothold.

We, the youth of this country which we love so dearly, must realize that we are the men and women of tomorrow and must not sit idly by without making some effort to help stop this new threat to the peace of this world.

We are too young to take an active part in our government, but we are not too young to speak our minds, which thank God we are able to do in all the democratic countries, and which we will not be able to do if ruled by a Communistic Government.

Every youth can do his or her part in the home as well as outside by seeing that his parents vote at elections for union members or any organization where votes are required. The Communist members are always out in force.

Go to church and take your parents with you. We are free to worship as we please and this we could not do if under Communist Rule.

Keep your ears open at school meetings, church groups, parties, or wherever youth congregates, and speak your mind if one in your midst is speaking against our democratic way of life. One voice raised would be as a crying in the wilderness, but if we youths band together to keep our way of life, to worship as we please, freedom of speech and the many other things we now enjoy, may yet save our country from those who wish to take everything from us.

Surprised — By CORA ATHERTON, C1-A

The girl entered her aunt’s house just as the cuckoo-clock struck a quarter to six in the evening. There was no answer to her cheery “hello”. Not a sound in the house but the echoes of her own voice!

Upstairs, in a small sitting-room at the back of the house, there was a couch and a shelf of good books. She made her way toward this cozy room to await her aunt’s home-coming. At the top of the stairs she heard a woman screaming and calling for help; the girl stood still, frightened to death.

She then heard a man saying that since the woman knew too much, he would have to kill her. She could hear the blows as the man struck her, with the screaming vibrating in the air. Suddenly the announcer said the story would be continued the next week.

The young girl was relieved, suddenly realizing that the radio had been left on.
I awoke one morning to find my doorbell ringing very loudly. Being very much perturbed by the noise, I wrapped my robe about me and hustled off to the door.

To my great delight there was my good friend Jonathan Harding. We had gone to school together and had always chummed around in our younger days. I had not seen him for eight years.

"Jon", I said, "what are you doing here, I thought you were in California".

"I just came from there, George", Jon replied, "I'm going to get married tomorrow to a New York girl. I came in on the plane this morning and I thought I'd drop by and see you".

"Well, it really is nice to see you, Jon, come in and have a cup of coffee".

I offered him a cigarette and we both had a quick cup of coffee. We sat down and discussed each other's life for the past years. This girl he was going to marry, used to go to school with him in college. Jon continued with experiences out in California and how he finally came up to be advertising manager of some big firm. I didn't catch the name for my mind was thinking of breakfast.

"Well", Jon said, "how have you been making out? From the looks of this apartment, I would say fine".

"Not bad", I answered, "the 'newspaper' is paying fairly well now. Two hundred dollars a week is nothing to sneeze at".

"I guess not", he replied.

"Well, I guess I'll be going", he continued, "I have to meet Irene at some beauty salon on Park Avenue".

"Irene", I guessed, was his fiancé.

We rose, and I thanked him for calling and said I'd be seeing him shortly. As he left he said I'd receive an invitation to his wedding. We sat down and went downstairs for my breakfast.

Jon was married a few days following, and to a very lovely girl if I do say so. The two were off on their honeymoon the next day.

"Well", I said to myself, "there goes another bachelor out of our world".

"Never mind now, I'll tell you everything as we drive to the hotel", he replied.

We got into a car and Jon started to explain why he called me down here.

"Irene has disappeared", Jon remarked, quite calmly. "Last night about six, I left the hotel room and went downstairs for a New York paper. Irene seemed gloomy and depressed and seemed worried about something. I stayed downstairs for about half an hour and, when I returned, Irene was gone. She left no letter or note to explain her disappearance".

"It is quite peculiar", I replied, "but maybe she got homesick and went back to her mother".

"Irene couldn't have done that, because I've phoned her mother and all her friends, and they haven't seen her".

"Did you two have an argument or any misunderstanding that would explain this?"

"No! Nothing whatever. Wait a minute, she did receive a phone call about ten minutes before I left; but that didn't seem to bother her", replied Jon.

"Well, it might have had something to do with it, but maybe she went out for a few minutes and she might have met with an accident. Have you checked the hospitals?" I asked.

"Yes, it seems I've covered everything there is to cover".

"Did she take any clothes with her?" I questioned.

He said that she only took her hat and coat and that he thought the whole business was crazy.

"Obviously then", I said, "Irene thought she was going out for a few minutes, probably to some store for some article".

"Yes, that seems probable, doesn't it", he replied.

"Jon, I'll leave you now to get something to eat for yourself, while I check up on a few things."

"Fine", Jon answered, "I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday".

I left Jon and went downstairs. On my way down I described Irene to the elevator boy and asked him if he had seen her. The elevator boy said she had checked into the hotel with her husband a few days ago. He had taken her up to and from her room a number of times, and the last time he had seen her was last night at six fifteen. Well, I thought I was doing fine, at least I discovered the time at which she left her room. I thanked the boy for his information and handed him a dollar for his services.

As I stepped from the plane in Niagara Falls, I was greeted by Jon.

"Jon, why in heaven's name do you need me?" I asked.
could remember a telephone call about five-fifty in the afternoon to room 317, which was Jon's room. I didn't have much hope that she would remember, but I had to check everything. To my great surprise the girl answered, "Yes, I remember a telephone call about five-thirty, when they entered the hotel together and when she left alone at about six-fifty-five."

I then asked her for a description of the man. She couldn't give me a very good description but it was fair, since she only had a quick look at him. I thanked her and was on my way across the lobby to see the bell boys

They were standing over in a corner in a group. I was very happy, and the way things were happening, I thought we would have this problem solved shortly. Apparently, Irene received a phone call from a man, and she probably came down and met him, and either they went off together or the man forced her to do so. It was only my guess, but I had to check with the bell boys.

The first two remembered seeing her around the hotel but they never bother with women much because they don't tip heavily, so they said. The third bell boy remembered her, by my description, and said she was talking in a very high voice to a man he had never seen before. That was all he could tell me. The fourth boy told me he remembered the two arguing as they went out the door and got into a cab.

"Was it a cab that services this hotel?" I asked.

"Yes", he replied, "as there are only four, it would not be hard to find if you're looking for it." By luck, the cab which took Irene and her friend to their destination, was outside. My questioning of the cabby didn't get me very far, for he wouldn't talk. After he gave me a five dollar bill he told everything. He remembered the two by their arguing with each other. He took them to a hotel about a mile away, the Palm Arms.

I asked him to drive me there and on the way he told me of their argument. He said he only caught a few phrases but they were arguing about money. The cabby said the man wanted money from the girl. She refused, and he said that he would tell the girl's husband about a little incident unfavourable to the girl. That was all the cabby knew, but that was enough. We were at the hotel by the time he had finished his story. I thanked him again and I got out of the cab and went into the hotel.

Now, I was stuck. As I didn't have a very good description of the man, how was I to be sure who was the right man whom I wanted to see. I went up to the desk-clerk and I told him a pawn-bond, which I had won at a track meet in my younger days, and told him I was a detective. I told the clerk I wanted to know if a certain man lived here. I gave him a brief description. He said that there was a man here by the name of Mr. Barkley in room 728. I thanked him.

I arrived at the room in a few minutes, but on the way I asked the elevator boy if he had ever seen Mr. Barkley with a certain young lady, Irene to be exact. He said he had, but only once; this was the day before—about six-thirty, when they entered the hotel together and when she left alone at about six-fifty-five.

Well, I thought, as I was about to knock at the door, Mr. Barkley seems to have had something to do with Irene's disappearance.

Barkley opened the door, and the description of him was very fitting. I asked if I could come in to see him for a few minutes. I said I was an inquiring reporter. Once I got into the apartment I sat down and made myself at home. Barkley sat down across from me as I started my barrage of questions.

"What do you know about a young lady called Irene Young?" I asked him.

He looked at me in astonishment, and didn't say anything.

"Alright", I said, "let's tell everything we know about her. I know you met her last night at six-fifteen, and brought her here to your apartment, and that you were probably blackmailing her. I'll tell you something else, too, Mrs. Harding is missing, and if anything happened to her you are in a pretty bad spot to be accused as her abductor."

"I admit that I met her and brought her up here", he replied, "but all I wanted was money to keep me quiet about her past. You see, two years ago she had an affair with a married man. The newspapers never got news of the affair."

"But", he continued, "she left here about half an hour later."

"That's right", I replied, "but did she tell you where she was going?"

"No! I asked her for money but she refused to give me any. She said she wanted that past affair closed for she was happy now and wanted to forget about it. She left in a hurry and said she had to go to the garage to get the car which she had been getting repaired."

This was something new to me. Jon hadn't mentioned about the car being repaired. But I guess it wasn't necessary if he got the car himself. But if Irene brought the car home, this had a different light on the subject. I put this thought out of my mind as an impossibility.

I excused myself for rushing in this way and thanked him for his help. I told him not to leave town, for he was still very much involved in this mystery. He said he had nothing to hide about himself. This was fine.

I returned to Jon's room to await for his arrival. I had a few things to ask him about Irene. As Jon was not there, I thought it would be best if I waited for him. While sitting there, the telephone rang. The man introduced himself as a Mr. Wilson and said that he wished to speak to Mr. J. Harding. I told him that Jon
wasn’t in now, but if he would phone later he would catch him in.

“Well, you see, it’s very urgent that I talk to him”, Wilson said, “I have business to close and must talk to him at once. I have only a few hours left in town. I phoned Mr. Harding last night but he wasn’t in. If you’ll tell him to call this number when he comes in, he can reach me here”.

I took the number of his telephone and was just about to hang up, when the remark, “I phoned him last night, but he wasn’t in”, echoed in my ears.

I then asked Mr. Wilson very abruptly, “Could you please tell me at what time you called?”

“Oh, I’d say about seven thirty”, he replied.

“Why, is anything wrong?”

“No, not at all—and thank you very much”, I replied, “I’ll have Mr. Harding phone you as soon as he comes in”.

I put the phone down and began to wonder if Jon really had anything to do with Irene’s disappearance. I then headed for the garage.

A man was in the office smoking a large cigar—he was half asleep. As I opened the door, the man jumped up, very startled.

“Please excuse me for bothering you, but has anyone called for Mr. Harding’s automobile?” I asked.

“Why yes”, he replied, “last night, to be exact”.

“Could you please tell me if Mr. Harding called for the car, personally?”

“No, not exactly—his wife called for it, but she remarked she was supposed to pick him up outside the garage”, the man replied.

“Did you see Mrs. Harding pick up her husband outside”, I asked.

“Why all the questions”, he asked, “did someone get murdered?”

“Not exactly”, I replied, “but there might have been. Now tell me, did you see Mr. Harding get into the car?”

“Yes, I guess he did”, he answered, “he got in the car just as Mrs. Harding pulled away from the sidewalk.”

At this admission from the garageman, Jon could be put in jail for murder on circumstantial evidence, if we could find Irene’s body.

I left the garage in a hurry and hopped into a cab and sped over to the city morgue. As I entered the morgue, I asked the attendant if there was an unidentified corpse in here. The attendant said that there was only one woman that was unidentified and that I could look at her if I wanted to.

“I would like to see her very much, if you don’t mind”, I replied.

“Okay”, he answered, “it’s up to you”.

I looked at the woman, but it was not Irene, it was a much older woman; she was about forty-five or so.

This was odd; everything added up against Jon in Irene’s disappearance except that there was no Irene—alive or dead. The only thing left was that Jon had hid Irene’s body someplace. But I still couldn’t find a reason for Jon to kill Irene.

I decided to go back to Jon and throw all the facts in his lap and let him try to squirm out of the noose that was hanging over his neck. I still didn’t believe that Jon had killed his wife, but justice had to be done.

I was back at Jon’s apartment in fifteen minutes. He let me in, but said nothing. He had a sly smile on the edge of his lips, as if he were trying to hide something.

“Jon”, I said, “I am going right into the thick of this”. “I’m afraid you’re going to have a shock, when I accuse you of the murder of your wife”.

“It certainly does, George”, Jon replied, “but would you please explain all the facts to me, before I make any statement”.

I told Jon everything, and that if it wasn’t for the fact that there was no body he would be in prison now, with an open-and-shut court hearing. I said I was sorry, but that’s the way it looked, and I couldn’t do anything about it.

“Now wait a minute, George”, Jon said, “shall we have a cup of coffee before we continue with this?”

On this cue, guess who walked in? You probably guessed it — Irene! She had been waiting in the kitchen for this cue.

I really did need a drink, now.

Jon burst into laughter, from the look on my face. I guess I must have looked stunned.

Suddenly it dawned on me that this was all a joke; there had never been a murder. No body would ever leave so many clues. I remembered now that Jon was the biggest practical joker in our whole school.

“I’m sorry to make you feel this way, George”, Jon said, “I can just imagine how you feel”.

“We heard so much of your technique in crime reporting, we thought we would test you out in our own way, just to see how good you really are”, remarked Irene.

“And you did a very good job too, George, don’t think you didn’t”, Jon said.

While Irene and Jon were talking I didn’t pay much attention to them for I was still too dumbfounded with the outcome of this whole affair.

“Do you mind if I have that cup of coffee now?”

“Sure”, said Irene, “you may have as many as you want”.

After this little episode I have decided not to interfere in any cases which have to do with my friends, especially, those who are like Jonathan Harding and his wife.
The first telegraph line was opened on December 19, 1846, between Toronto and Hamilton. The mayors of Toronto and Hamilton exchanged greetings and the public was given free service during the day.

Telegraphy was somewhat a curiosity, but with the coming of the railways in the 1850's the practical value of the telegraph became firmly established. By the time the Great Western Railway came to the Detroit River front in 1854, Detroit was in touch by telegraph with the important centres in the Eastern United States and Canada.

In Memoriam
(Continued from Page 62)
when, in the greatest combined operation in history, the Allied Army landed in Normandy, and stayed there. After strenuous fighting France, Belgium and Holland were liberated, the Rhine crossed, and by the early summer of 1945 the Germans had had too much.

In the meantime American, British, Indian, Australian and New Zealand troops were fighting and winning in the Pacific. As greater forces gathered, the atomic bomb was introduced and suddenly Japan collapsed.

Through the War, The School played its part. Tech students flew with the gallant few in the Battle of Britain, kept the planes flying, fought the U-boat packs to get the convoys through to Britain and Russia, landed and died at Dieppe or lingered in prison camps. They swept the mines, knocked out the coast defenses and landed the invasion fleets; they faced the flak and fighters to knock out industrial Germany; they broke the West Wall and fought through the mud and dust of Sicily, Italy, France and Holland into Germany.

They served and died that democracy and all that it means might live; that we may attend the Synagogue, Central United or Sacred Heart Church, the Salvation Army Citadel or the Free Methodist Mission; that we may belong to the C.I.O., the A.F. of L., the Masonic Lodge, the Rotary Club, the Boy Scouts, the Knights of Columbus or the A.K.O. Fraternity; that the motto of our famous police shall remain "Defend the Right"; that the concentration camp with its whip and starvation shall remain something we read about; that Habeas Corpus and Trial by Judge shall remain our birthright; that we may take our soap box to Lanspeary Park and explain to anyone who will listen, what is wrong with the Government of Mr. King, Mr. Drew or Mr. Reaume; that on election day all persons of legal age may in the secrecy of the polling booth mark their ballot to determine who will represent us in Toronto or Ottawa.

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