1924

**Patterson, J. C. Collegiate Institute Yearbook 1923-1924**

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Another year of Collegiate History is behind us. Twelve months have passed since the first volume of the "CRIER" was issued. Once more we are submitting to you this annual publication hoping that it will meet with your approval.

The difficulties confronting the staff have been numerous and varied. Each problem required its own peculiar solution. Our labours have been of joy and apprehension; of joy because we were being of service to our school, of apprehension because of the obstacles which loomed before us. However, many of the obstacles proved to be but hills from which we were enabled to look ahead as we proceeded.

There is a proverb which says that the best way to keep out of mischief is to keep busy. Well, the editors couldn't have been much in mischief during the last three months for "busy" has been their second name. Everything didn't seem right if they had not something to do for the magazine! But, despite this, it certainly has been more of a pleasure than a task, although the work involved was sometimes almost appalling. But there is always an end to everything, so now our labours are over and all that remains is for you to pass judgment.

We cannot thank too much those of the Staff, of the Student body and of the business firms of the city who, by their co-operation, their interest and suggestions have contributed so much to making the magazine a success.

With these few words of introduction we offer you the second issue of the "Crier". We hope it will meet your desire for what it is meant to be, a magazine symbolic of such a school as it represents—a leader in all lines of activity amongst the High Schools of Ontario.
Co-operation

"A house divided against itself cannot stand"; so said the prophet in all truth. The statement adapts itself particularly to school life. Unless every one, principal, teachers, students work in harmony success will not be obtained. If one of these three integral parts of the school breaks away from the straight and narrow path something is bound to happen. Friction results, bad feelings are caused, friendships are broken up, misunderstandings arise; all that in the past has gone to make the school what it is will be of no avail unless all the members work together.

Care must be exercised. It is so easy to be misjudged. We may have the best interests of all at heart, may be following what seems to us the best policy, but if others do not realize what we mean, chaos will result. A great deal of ill-will would be avoided if we co-operated so that each understood the motives and wishes of the others. Confidence in ourselves is necessary; taking others into our confidence is just as essential.

Greater co-operation has been obtained this year in W. C. I. through the formation of a Student Council. The members of the Council, since they are students, are in touch with things which might not come to the notice of the Staff. Thus there are matters smoothed over which in former years would have caused friction and impeded the smooth-running routine of the school. On the other hand, the Staff may appeal to the Council to advocate matters which, from the point of view of experience, are wise and helpful for the school as a whole. Emerson is aptly justified, "All are needed by each one, nothing is fair or good alone."

School Funds

The finances of the W. C. I. are to-day in a better condition than they have been for some years. This is owing partly to the financial success of the Assault-at-Arms and partly to the formation of a committee to manage the school finances. This committee consists of the Principal, the president of the Student Council and another member of the staff, and was constituted at a teachers' meeting in January. The present members of the committee are Mr. Hooper, Mr. Reid and Mr. Campbell.

Formerly there were several independent funds, but now all money made by the various school organizations, with the exception of the Athletic Association, is put under the control of this committee.
The William Costello Kennedy Memorial

"Character is a process and an unfolding."—George Eliot.

Among the list of medals, which the Windsor Collegiate Commencement programme for 1923 indicated were to be presented this year, there was noted a new one, "The William Costello Kennedy Memorial".

From the time when Mrs. Kennedy graciously made known to the Board of Education her desire to thus honour the name and perpetuate the memory of her late husband, speculation was rife as to what student would be the worthy recipient. He, who should win that medal, was to be no ordinary student. As far as was possible for his tender years he must stand "four-square to all the winds that blow" and be, in some measure, endowed with the sterling qualities of him for whom the medal was named.

The measure of his merit was not to be taken in scholarship alone, nor could it be won solely on the field of sport. But the winner must be both scholarly and athletic and, at the same time, exhibit those qualities of gentlemanly leadership and sportsmanlike behaviour which mark him as "one among students". Such distinction is merited only by few.

Students we have, who, through ability, industry and perseverance, invariably lead in their classes. "Stars" enough, we know, who have won renown in basketball, rugby and soccer; and gentlemen, too, we acknowledge, in our ranks. And sometimes, the brilliant scholar and the gentleman are one; and, often enough, the sportsmanly "star" and the gentleman are the same individual; but more rarely does one see combined in one student such mental, moral and physical endowments as the winning of the "Kennedy Memorial" calls for.

And thus, from the limited number of students who could fill the requirements, the choice fell upon a dark-haired, clear-eyed, clean-limbed youth, the captain of the basketball team of his graduating year, a scholar of no mean ability in the class-room, the possessor of the courteous demeanour of the gentleman—John A. MacLennan.

"Let Knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in him dwell;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."
Staff Changes

Changes made in the personnel of the staff of a school of this type are always very vital to the activities and the worth of the school. When the teaching body from year to year, suffers no change, the school becomes settled and narrow, while a constantly changing staff serves to bring up new ideas, new activities, broader views. Yet to see a teacher who has been a friend as well as instructor, who has found his way into the hearts of his pupils, to see such a teacher leave the school and another take his place, is hard.

During the past year, the Windsor Collegiate has gained both number and quality in its staff. Three instructors have left, two to go to the new Windsor-Walkerville Technical School. Mr. Wilfrid Harmon, B. A. Sc., resigned from the staff in June to accept a position at the Tech. Mr. Elmer Sirrs, whose excellent Physical Training and Machine Shop work has long been a valuable asset to the Collegiate, is also with the Tech. He divided his time last year between the schools and helped greatly in Cadet work. Miss Gladys Bond, B. A., last year with the Household Science Department of the Tech. and the Collegiate has resigned.

Six new competent teachers have taken positions with us this year. Miss Grace A. Hamilton, B. A., a Specialist in Physical Training, came to Windsor from Brampton High School, and has taken charge of the girls' Physical Training.

Mr. J. H. Cameron, M. A., Classical Specialist, who came from Moosejaw Collegiate, has become greatly respected and admired for his great experience and his personal qualities.

Mr. C. W. Booth, B. A., Specialist in English and History, came from the Riverdale Collegiate Institute. He is teaching Middle and Lower School English. Mr. Booth is helping in Literary Society activities, and promises to become a favourite among the student body.

Mr. D. O. Arnold, B. A., of the College of Education, is teaching Junior Mathematics and English. He is also doing splendid work as director of the Orchestra. He is the musician of the staff.

Mr. E. W. Forsythe, M. A., a Specialist in Science and Physical Training, is teaching Geography. He also takes a great interest in athletic activities and assists in the work.

Mr. Elmer Drulard, formerly Swimming Instructor in Walkerville High School, was appointed just before the Winter Term as a Physical Instructor. He is doing excellent work in this department as a teacher and as a Coach for School Teams.

F. E. C.
Windsor

C. W. Booth

Windsor, the chosen name of Britain’s throne,
High-honoured by an Empire, world renowned,
How are we favoured on this distant ground,
Bearing that name which England’s rulers own!
Yet not unwisely named, our city home,
For on the stepping-stones of Britain’s past
Rises a greater Britain, mighty, vast,
Wide-scattered by her sons across the foam;
And in the fairest gem of Britain’s crown,
’Mid Canada’s wide acres, lies that town,
The ‘City of the Future’, which in truth
Merits a royal title. Then to youth,
In school or on the field, what happier fame
Than that which nobler makes a noble name?

Citizenship

Citizenship is defined as “the state of being vested with the rights and privileges of a citizen”. It is more than that. On becoming a citizen a man is given rights and privileges and something further. He is given a trust and a duty; for he, with his fellow-citizens, holds the future of the nation in his hands, and it is his duty to see that the future be a noble one. The individual who understands the true meaning of citizenship is not the one who pays no attention to the way his country is being run except to go to the polling-booth at election time and vote mechanically; rather is it the citizen who loves and works for his country; who thinks not of selfish gain or personal prejudice, but of the nation’s welfare.

You who are still at school may feel that this does not concern you. You have not yet the privilege of voting or of sharing in the government, and you feel that there will be time enough in the future for such duties and obligations. The Present, however, is not too soon to begin getting ready for citizenship. Take every opportunity now of preparing yourself for public discussion, and of learning the way government is carried on, for, even though you never hold a position of authority yourself, a knowledge of how you are being governed will make you a far better citizen.

Moreover, though you are not yet citizens of your country, you are citizens of your school. You play a citizen’s part in its life; you have obligations towards your school, just as you will one day have towards your country.

We in the Windsor Collegiate Institute have a school to be proud of. Let us know its organization; let us take part in its activities; let us support its esprit-de-corps; for in so doing we are preparing ourselves for the greater school of the nation’s life—for national citizenship.

M. M.
cile, a gentle sad-eyed Cecile now, travelled to Paris. The cousins received them gravely and here the boy and girl took up their abode. But neither of them was happy. Always the face of their brother Jean kept rising up before them, and they grieved a great deal. In all matters the cousins were very kind to them, but they would listen to no word of Jean. They felt that Jean had disgraced his family, and would have nothing to do with him.

"Meanwhile, Winter melted into Spring and Spring deepened into Summer, and Cecile and Hugh longed to find their brother. For this purpose they began to take walks every day into all sections of Paris; during these excursions Hugh always wore his father's sword, for Paris, at that time was more or less lawless. One day, as they were hastening through one of the poorer streets, they passed a gambling inn. Amidst the great clatter which issued from it, they thought they heard Jean's voice. Some force stronger than they compelled them to enter; perhaps the Divinity had a part in it.

"Inside was a scene of shocking disorder—the air reeking with wine, overturned chairs lying about, young men in drunken sleep. Cecile shrank timidly back: from this spectacle and gazed wildly about. Suddenly she stiffened; there among a group of dissipated young revellers sat Jean. Slowly, as in a trance, she advanced towards him, with Hugh protectingly at her side.

"'Jean', she breathed, 'dear Jean.'

"One of the men hurled an insult at her. She grew pale and looked appealingly at Jean. Jean broke into a half laugh and turned away from her. Hugh controlled his anger with difficulty and put his hand on Jean's shoulder and began to remonstrate with him. But Jean had partaken of spirits too liberally that day. In a drunken frenzy he shook his hand away and drew his sword. Hugh, of necessity did likewise. Then, because Jean was so very incapacitated, Hugh, though but a lad, drew blood first. Jean, wounded in the arm, rained down threats and curses upon his brother's head, but evinced no further desire to continue fighting.

"'Drawing the thoroughly frightened Cecile within the sheltering protection of his arm, Hugh led her through the crowd of interested onlookers, out into the street. 'Cecile', he said, 'let us not return to our cousins. We have vexed them by seeking out Jean. Let us rather return to our little home at Laudon, where we once were so happy.'

"'Look', he cried, flinging up his arm against the purple sky, 'we are young and life awaits us. I am a man now, and I can protect you.' and his young face set in lines of grim determination, while his hand sought out the hilt of his sword. 'O Cecile,' he said tenderly, 'it will be a long journey. Our home lies many miles South from here, but we shall be so happy together there.'

"And so the two walked forth from Paris that day, never more to return to the city which held such painful memories for them. And there, in the little cottage which sleeps among the hills, the two, Hugh and Cecile, found a haven of content. And now they are old, and Hugh is a prosperous merchant, whom heaven has smiled upon.'

"And the girl?" questioned the mother.

"A sweet little lady, living with her grand-children," he said.

"And Jean?"

M. Lazare's eyes twinkled, and the smile deepened about the corners of his mouth; "At the present moment, I am very, very happy."
"I'm Going to Tell You, Young Fellow!"

W. L. Carson.

I'm going to tell you, young fellow
Of some thing that I know you desire,
The things that in others, young fellow,
Ennoble and thrill and inspire.
And right at the start out, young fellow,
Let me give you this bit of advice;
They all can be yours, young fellow,
By just willingly paying the price.

You never can be, young fellow
A man worth a counterfeit dime,
If you always keep trying, young fellow,
To do too many things at a time.
For just let me tell you, young fellow,
You may be exceedingly bright;
But you haven't a chance with the fellow
Who does one thing and does it just right.

You'll never be great, young fellow,
If only for greatness you try;
For ambition and envy, young fellow,
Are the things that give greatness the lie.
And he who was greatest, young fellow,
Never sought for position or pelf;
But was out helping others, young fellow,
And never once thought of himself.

You can't be a Christian, young fellow,
By wearing the garb of a saint;
If excess and indulgence, young fellow,
Your actions in secret should taint.
But those are the Christians, young fellow,
Who are trying in word and in deed,
To just simply follow, young fellow,
Wherever the Master may lead.

Lay out a straight course now, young fellow,
When you're young it's so easy to mould;
But the warps and the kinks, young fellow,
Are hard to get out when you're old.
Then, when it's all finished, young fellow,
And you hand in your musket for good;
What a comfort to know then, young fellow,
That you lived just as straight as you could.
If it hadn't been for my Great-Aunt Amelia this story would probably never have been written. I never felt any very ardent affection for her, but on this one occasion she really did turn out to be very decent. Perhaps young West would not agree with me, however.

It began like this. She happened to meet one of the masters and found him to be an old chum of her own school days. He taught Natural History and, as that was my favourite subject, he gave her quite a glowing account of my scholastic prowess. The old lady promptly wrote me a letter; I've forgotten what she said in it, but the point was this—she enclosed a sovereign, with the advice that I put it away for a rainy day. I did not, though, as developments will show.

We had had a regular brute of a Virgil test that day and to rest my brain I decided to get up a "knock-out" of a midnight party for my four special chums. I got Stevenson to help me plan the feast, as he was very keen on "eats" and considered an authority. It was easily the best one given that term, he said.

Everything turned out beautifully and we ended by bombarding each other with some Dill pickles that nobody seemed to fancy. Stevenson had an idea they were too old. Well, when we had lost all the pickles, the boys decided they'd better scatter for their rooms. (I may say here that as soon as one got into upper Fifth one had a room, which had many advantages over a dormitory.) They accordingly scattered.

All would have gone well if West hadn't caught sight of a dictionary of mine written by some person he'd never heard of before. He had a mania at this time for trying to find mistakes in every dictionary he saw. (He gave it up soon after this and took to trying to see if he could make different sorts of bugs eat cheese.) Anyway he stopped short to examine it. Consequently the rest were gone when he emerged from my door. Of course, he got caught. He told it to me the next day in detail, as he considered it my fault for ever giving the feast.

He had scarcely shut my door when who should appear at the end of the corridor but the Head himself. It was a well-known fact that he gave at least a thousand lines for being abroad after "lights out" and, as West put it, "A thousand lines is much easier said than done." So he rose to the occasion and putting all his ingenuity to work—which was no mean amount—cast about for a means of escape. He decided, in less time than it takes to tell, that the only thing to do was to be walking in his sleep.

He assumed a rather dazed expression and walked along, looking about as though hunting for something. As the Doctor approached he suddenly appeared to catch sight of him and said:

"Good morning, my man, have you seen my mother's turkeys? There were seventeen of them, I think, and they were pink and white." (These were the colours of ice-cream we had had.) The Doctor looked somewhat amazed, but quickly recovered his presence of mind and taking West by the shoulders gave him a violent shake—at the same time yelling into his ear:

"Wake up, my lad, wake up!" West decided this was the proper thing to do, so he woke up and gasped, "For goodness' sake, where am I?"

(Continued on page 23)
A rare thing in London—we woke to find the sun shining, an auspicious beginning to a delightful day. A dash under miles of London in the “tube”, a dash into the first vacant compartment of the fast, smooth-running electric train, a dash through miles of charming English country, and we were at Harrow-on-the-Hill.

How well it is named, and what a day that was! We even found ourselves strolling leisurely instead of rushing madly, as we seemed always to do in London. As we wound our way up the shady, cobble-paved hill that leads to the High Street, we exhausted our breath and our vocabulary exclaiming at the beauty of the trees and gardens, at the fine old buildings, and most of all, at our first glimpses of the Harrow boys.

Perhaps Harrow has important business interests, but to the visitor Harrow means the famous old public school which has turned out so many of the notable men of England. It is what we should call a private or boarding school with boys of both public and high school grades.

It was Prize Day, late in July, for English schools have a longer Christmas holiday and a shorter Summer holiday than do Canadian Schools. The boys were free for the morning and were to be found on the cricket pitch; or at “Ducker”, the tiled, tree-encircled swimming pool below the hill; or proudly escorting parents and visitors about the town and school.

We were first taken to the Library, a fine building from which one gets a splendid view, and in which, besides an unusually good collection of books, they have some interesting pictures of noted graduates. I remember particularly a startlingly life-like and beautiful portrait of Lord Byron. Harrow recalls somewhat regretfully that the poet was expelled, and makes amends to his memory with an interesting collection of Byron relics.

Class-rooms are much the same the world over, I suppose, but the Fourth Form at Harrow is unique. Panelled in oak, its walls are hand-carved with the names and initials of many generations of school boys. There you may see ‘R. Peel’, ‘G. Gordon’ (Lord Byron), ‘H. Temple’ (better known as Lord Palmerston), ‘Manning’, ‘Dalhousie’, and many more. Nowadays, the boys are not permitted to carve their names indiscriminately about the room, but the seniors may arrange with the ‘Head’ to have their names cut in the upper panels—laying up treasure for the days when they too will be famous.

Tea in the master’s garden was a delight to soul and body. Low chairs in the shade of magnificent oaks and limes; a sunken garden from which was wafted the perfume of roses and Madonna lilies; a stately old house, ivy-grown and banked with larkspurs and pink hollyhocks; and tea! Words fail.

We had been told not to miss “Bill”, and without knowing who or what Bill might be, we obediently made our way to the quad at four o’clock. Boys were hurrying from all directions to line up in the quad. There we saw Harrovians of all sizes, a fine looking lot of boys, though we were much amused at their appearance—light grey long trousers, blue blazers with various bindings to indicate their proficiency in cricket, the ridiculous straw hats, shallow of crown, broad of brim, stuck at most astonishing angles, plain straw for the plain student but speckled blue and white straw for the cricketer; an occasional senior in all his Prize Day glory of black cut-away coat and silk ‘topper’ the ordinary Sunday uniform.

“Bill” we learned, was the daily roll call.

(Continued on page 26)
Everyone has been impressed by some pictures in his life whether caring for art from a connoisseur's stand-point or not. Personally, we do not care for pictures—except those in comic supplements to Sunday newspapers—but there are some so-called works of art which have made an indelible impression on our mind.

The first picture that ever engaged our attention particularly, was an illustration of Dante's Inferno depicting His Satanic Majesty supervising the cremation of several unfortunates. That picture instilled in our juvenile grey matter such a dread of the hereafter that, when conjuring up a mental vision of it, we were often persuaded to tread the straight and narrow way when all other inducements failed.

Another picture which impressed us, but in an entirely different manner, was one hung in the living room of our Summer cottage. It was a water-colour painting of the "Monarch of the Glen" showing a magnificent stag with branching antlers poised on a brownish elevation which may or may not have been a hill. Our statement that it was a stag is only a reckless surmise. By the use of the word "magnificent" we do not mean to give the impression that the animal was a perfect specimen of its kind. On the contrary, it was in a class by itself. The colouring was a mixture of chocolate and lemon-yellow in mottled, irregular splashes. The antlers were one and one-half times the creature's length. The legs were too long, slender and tapering, the body too much like a half-smoked cigar. Otherwise it was perfect.

After enduring it for weeks, we revolted and turned it to face the wall.

A Futurist landscape was responsible for our starting to think about the momentous question, namely: is this world progressing, or are we reverting to the standards of our primitive ancestors. Upon seeing a sample of this form of painting we were astonished, not to say stupefied. Could this actually be the modern idea of art? We wondered dazedly and immediately voiced our thought to the artist.

"Certainly", she told us, "it is considered an exceptional painting. Do you know that five thousand wouldn't buy it?"

We agreed mutely; what else could we do? We had decided we were among that five thousand. Another look at the picture convinced us as to the wisdom of that decision.

The picture was large, about ten feet long and six feet high. The subject was "Waterfall by Moonlight". The artist might just as well have called it "An Oyster Calling to its' Mate" if she thought a title would aid us in understanding it. For the most part, it resembled something which might have been rejected by a Pure Food Committee. It looked as if she had mixed her paints in a wash-tub and hurled them on with a scoop-shovel. It must be a good way to get unpremeditated effects.

"But what about Turner and Corot and all the old masters?" an individual near by protested weakly, "they never painted them that way."

"Back numbers" she responded, blowing smoke rings towards the ceiling.

But all the same we often wonder—just what is art?
"Courage"

Dorothy Lyons.

We may have courage all of us
To start at honor's call,
To meet a foe, protect a friend,
Or face a cannon ball.

To show the world one hero lives,
The foremost in the fight;
But do we always manifest
The courage to do right?

To answer No! with steady breath
And quick, unfaltering tongue,
When fierce temptation ever near
Her siren song has sung.

To care not for the bantering tone,
The jest or studied slight;
Content if we can only have
The courage to do right.

To step aside from fashioned course,
Or custom's favored plan;
To pluck an outcast from the street,
Or help a fellow man.

If not, then let us nobly try
Henceforth with all our might,
In every case to muster up
The courage to do right.

SLEEP WALKING.

(Continued from page 20)

The Head smiled in an amused way and peering at him over his spectacles, said:

"Oh, it's West, isn't it? I believe you've been sleep-walking; is it a practice of yours?"

West replied that it wasn't.

"Well you'd better go back to bed now and just see the matron in the morning. You may have an attack of indigestion."

And West went on to bed feeling that he'd gotten off easily. I don't know if he went to see the matron or not, but I don't think so, as she was known to have the vilest collection of medicine on record. So this was the result of Great-aunt Amelia's sovereign, which might have provided comfort for my old age.
Going to School

Thelma Jarvis.

We heard the far-off rumbling of the stage-coach as it neared Golden Bush Inn. This was the signal, it seemed, for at once all gathered their parcels and made ready to gain the most comfortable places.

But the coach was not crowded and soon all were ready. A blare of the guard’s horn, a crack of the coachman’s whip, and we were off, ’mid the last of cheery good-byes, and hidden from sight by a cloud of dust.

The horses were lively, they seemed to enjoy the clear morning air, for not a rut in that road did they spare us, but galloped on at their very best speed. I was jerked first to one side, then to the other, but there was something delightful about it. The reckless, carefree drive excited and wakened me until all drowsiness of the morning was gone and I was in just the best of moods to enjoy everything that came my way.

The cool and misty air of the summer morning was gradually brightening as the sun made his first appearance. I tried my best to see what I could of the surrounding country. How I wished that we were going more slowly! I wanted to enjoy it. But we passed so quickly that I could only catch a glimpse of everything.

Our way took us down hills, through wooded valleys, then up and out into the open, where we passed little groups of houses and occasionally a well-kept farm of some wealthy man and nearby the little country church with its vine-covered walls and flowered gardens—a picture in itself. A turn in the road soon brought us to the border of a tiny lake; just big enough to be so called, and yet small enough to be almost a fairy place. Its silvery surface sparkled through the trees that grew along its edge. In a second it was gone and for some distance we passed through farming land.

From this I turned for the first time to examine the other occupants of the coach and to see if by any chance they might be friendly. I was quite disappointed to find only an elderly lady and a portly curate. Indeed, they did not appear to be very sociable companions.

The elderly lady turned to me and seemed to examine me from head to foot. She looked as though she were not pleased with me.

"Where are you going, my girl?" she asked. This abrupt question made me angry. I knew I would not like her.

"I am going to school," I answered, and offered her no further information.

She was silent for a few minutes but soon she looked at me again with fault-finding eyes, as she said, "To a school, if you can call it that. Now, in my day, school was a place in which to work and study, to develop the powers of self-reliance, but now it is only a house of recreation, a place where one has a good time. You spend half your life there, never caring what becomes of you so long as you are enjoying yourself for the present. I tell you, my little girl, it will never do. You are trying to learn too much and the result is, you are learning nothing at all. Something must be done." Quite well satisfied with herself, she sighed and looked for approbation to the curate.

"That is it exactly," he agreed, "I don’t know what’s ever going to become of this generation. They will not listen, no, they will not listen to any advice whatever. Life with them is nothing more than an incessant desire for pleasure. They enjoy nothing but the theatres and dances, and if not these, the sports. Our young people of today are shallow, their minds
are not strong enough to understand the higher and more valued joys. They have even abandoned the church. Religion, to them, is nothing at all. Yes, yes, you are right, something should be done,” and he stroked his chin as he sadly looked at me.

I could not allow such remarks as these to pass unanswered. They angered me. I did not stop to consider that they were only two old people who did not see things as I did. “I do not agree with you,” I told him. “We enjoy the theatres and the dances, but we also enjoy other things. We have not abandoned the church, but our religion is more moderate. The school of today teaches us to consider things more generally and to see two views instead of one. Our sports teach us to act in groups, to think of our fellow students, not of ourselves.”

I had defended my school as best I could, but I knew that the longer I talked, the more convinced would my two companions be that they were right and that I was wrong.

The discussion was suddenly ended, however, by a startled exclamation from the elderly lady as she held tightly to the side of the coach. “What a reckless coachman he is!” she cried, “It will be a wonder if we arrive there safely.”

We were going down a long winding hill at break-neck speed. Some distance down I could see a bridge. “Surely he would go more slowly,” I thought, but no, in a flash we had crossed the bridge and left the valley behind. It was a beautiful place, wild and yet lovely. Near the top, its sloping sides were covered by a tangled mass of creeping vines with splashes of brilliant colour relieving the green. In the depths below a narrow stream of water wound its way along the rocky bed, sometimes rushing, sometimes slowly trickling over pebbles, then tumbling in a foamy torrent over a jutting rock.

Ahead of us lay a stretch of deeply wooded land. The road became rougher and when we had entered the wood it was so bad that the horses were forced to go slowly.

We had gone scarcely half a mile when a loud voice from the roadside commanded, “Gentlemen and ladies all, hold in the name of Jack Merriwell!”

Before us stood the terror of the country-side, one of the most wicked and treacherous knights of the wood. His masked face and huge pistol frightened me.

When he had robbed the coachman and my two companions of everything of value, he came to me. He was angry because I had no money. “Give me that package,” he growled, and I sorrowfully handed him my lunch, which he packed away in a capacious pocket. “And that book, it will do to read in my spare time,” he said. Wonderingly I gave him my Latin grammar. He must have thought it was a novel.

Sadly and silently we climbed back into the coach to continue our journey. I looked back to see if he had gone. He had not; there he stood looking after us, with his pistol flourishing over his head. As we neared a turn, he fired three shots into the air. The horses leaped forward and were beyond control. The coach swayed and we made the turn in a bound. The horses took to the side of the road. There was a sickening thud, a crash, and we found ourselves in the ditch.

Terrified and frightened by the crash I woke to realize that I had been dreaming and that the car had come to a sudden stop. Already I had gone three blocks past the High School.

I hurried to the door and asked the conductor to let me off. I ran almost three blocks before I noticed that I had left my Latin grammar and my lunch, also my oral composition, which was to have been on the subject “School Life, School Sports and School Spirit”. I had intended preparing it on my way to school, but now it must be an impromptu.
“Editor’s Lament”

T. R. Brophy.

O Rugby Star! your limbs may be
In everlasting pain;
But how I wish that you could see
The wreck that is my brain.

O teachers! you don’t work so hard,
You quit at four—or should;
Your days may be quite battle-scarred,
Your nights are calm and good.

O famed athlete! you did your share,
In balmier months than these;
And now you flirt with ladies fair,
Whilst I work on and freeze.

O orator! your job I’d grab,
Had I a chance or two;
Would that I had your gift of gab
To tell what I go through.

O all you students smart and bright,
I wish I had your marks;
But I forever read and write,
And my percent. falls — parks!

O Bugle Band, distressful horn
Will gain you sympathy;
With wind or brass I was not born,
So none will pity me.

O humorists! bring on your jokes,
I’ll work, not laugh, at them;
You’ll see that I, altho’ they coax,
Won’t take this job again!

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PRIZE DAY AT HARROW.
(Continued from page 21)

The master for the day, in cap and gown, stood on the steps of the Speech Room and read off the roll of the school by forms. The boys marched smartly past; each boy saluted as his name was read, answered “Here, Sir,” and moved on into the Speech Room.

My recollection is of a gloomy, rather shabby auditorium, with a very good pipe organ. The programme and speeches were good, I recall, but the memory that clings is of the school songs. Such spirited, melodious young voices I had not expected, though I knew Harrow prided itself on its songs. And no wonder As they sang:

“Here, Sir”

“One and all, at the call,
Cap and pass and hurry on”

(Continued on page 29)
Achievements of The League of Nations

Edward A. Pickering.

To-day, four years since the official birth of the League of Nations, the world knows little regarding its purposes, the ways and means by which it can carry out these purposes, regarding its accomplishments, abstract and concrete. This, in spite of the fact that the League has caused veritable landslides of publicity—favorable and antagonistic; in spite of the fact that the story of the league is the most daring and fascinating in the annals of diplomacy. To the average person the Council of the league is but a spasmodic conference of cranks sitting beside the Lake of Geneva; the Assembly, a session of weak-policiesed idealists meddling with the work of statesmen. Of the general aims of the league we have at best a hazy conception; we realize that this new mechanism was created to prevent the recurrence of such a conflict as that which swept the world in 1914.

Yet how many know that the league has prevented at least five wars, has reconstructed a bankrupt nation, is governing directly the city of Dantzig, is working successfully the coal mines of the Saar valley, has established a world court; that the league is waging war on disease and drugs, has returned to their native lands 500,000 prisoners of war, who otherwise would miserably have perished, has improved labor conditions the world over and by means direct and indirect is securing gradual disarmament? It is to a few of these, the achievements of the league, that I would direct your attention.

Shortly after the treaties of peace had been signed a dispute arose between Finland and Sweden over the possession of the Aaland Islands. Politically, these were united to Finland; but the population was predominantly Swedish. A plebiscite was held and the people voted to become a part of Sweden. Finland, however, was not willing that the archipelago be separated from her. Rioting broke out and the situation, involving questions of race, religion and language, inflamed national sentiment to such an extent, that both countries were on the verge of war. Article XI of the covenant of the League of Nations declares that "it is the friendly right of each member to bring to the attention of the council any matter threatening world peace". In accordance with this privilege, Great Britain requested the council to take immediate action.

After due consideration the league recognized Finland's claim to sovereignty, but gave to Sweden virtual control of the islands in question.

Both Finland and Sweden adopted this decision because they had agreed to settlement without force; because they respected the presence of a new power—not that of armies and navies, but of world opinion expressed through the League of Nations.

Albania, a storm center before the war, was left chaotic by the peace conference. The league urged the allied powers to define the frontiers of the new state. Other Serb countries and Greece adopted an aggressive policy towards Albania. Constant skirmishes between Jugo-Slav and Albanian troops; equally constant delays on the part of the supreme council of the Allies, necessitated decisive action if war were to be avoided. Again the Council was requested to intervene. Within a week all the necessary data had been collected and the nations concerned assembled around a conference table. At the conclusion of the final session Jugo-Slavia had removed her troops and both countries had given public promises to maintain peaceful relationships.
A case more dramatic than that of Upper Silesia cannot readily be imagined. Overwhelmingly German at one end, equally Polish at the other, and hopelessly hybrid in between, it possesses one of the richest coal districts in Europe. The struggle for its control engendered a conflict of opinion which threatened to disrupt the peace conference. Deadlocked over the issue, the supreme council of the Allies, though unfettered by rules or by covenant, admitted defeat and turned to the Assembly at Geneva. The league thereupon set to work on a task which public opinion predicted would destroy its power.

These are only typical examples of what the league has done and is continuing to do. The agreements effected between Austria and Hungary; Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia; Bulgaria and Western Thrace; mark the league as a political mediator of prime importance.

Lord Grey, the man who did most to prevent the world war has stated, and in this he is supported by Lloyd George, that had the mere machinery, the bare organism of the league existed in those hectic days of July, 1914; had he been able, through the articles of the covenant to get Austria and Serbia, Germany and France, Russia and Great Britain gathered 'round a conference table, that the struggle could have been averted.

The financial salvage of Austria is the most striking economical achievement of the league. Distorted by separatism, confidence in herself shaken, Austria was confronted by the grim spectacle of national bankruptcy. She threatened overnight to become a vacuum into which the nations of Europe would be drawn in head-long collision, trying to obtain that which was left of the spoils. Her chancellor made a sensational tour of the European capitals, virtually placing his country at auction. Millions were spent by the Allies themselves in piece-meal efforts to save the situation. As a last resort the supreme council again appealed to the league to assume the task; and again its appeal was answered.

The whole technical ability of 52 nations was concentrated upon the reconstruction of this single state. The league obtained complete economic control of that country until 1924, put into operation many political reforms, secured foreign credit and supervised the expenditure of money.

And the result?

To-day the Austrian exchange is one of the most stable in Europe; her savings deposits have increased 500 per cent., and the financial status of that country is rapidly becoming sound.

In this the league accomplished a task which the Allies could not accomplish; which European powers had given up in despair; a task which required concerted action—international in character.

Within the short span of its existence the league has accomplished sufficient to mark a new epoch in history. Incontestably has it proven the value of international co-operation; and just as conclusively has it shattered fear of the much dreaded super-state.

"The war to end war", "to make the world safe for democracy" demanded an awful toll. 12,000,000 men were killed, millions more crippled and maimed—the evidence of which stalks limpingly through our streets to-day; women and children starved to death by thousands. The accumulated wealth of centuries was poured into the coffers of Mars; the delicate fabric of trade and commerce rudely disrupted. Pestilence and famine ravaged a long-suffering humanity. The world still staggers from a blow which yet can spell the end of European civilization.

To make impossible such carnage, to make impossible such destruction, was the League called into being.
Conceived in minds still torn by the ravages of war; born in the throes of strife and confusion, it has not, perhaps, fulfilled every expectation. Notwithstanding the amendments of two Assemblies, it is not yet a perfect organization. The procedure of centuries cannot in a single day be changed; from an old to a new order is a tedious journey.

Yet, with all its imperfections, the League looms through the mists of narrow prejudice, of abject fear and despair as a beacon of hope to a war-stricken world; it is the structural steel around which the hope of peace must be built. It has existed and functioned; it will continue to exist and to function. The results of that existence will be the efforts expended. The League has no spontaneous activity; its sole driving power is that given it by member states; its success or failure depends upon the attitude of the nation.

Statesmen, governments obey because they must obey the force of public opinion without which the Parliament of Man is but an idle dream.

Has this new system, in your opinion, justified its existence? Care you for its ultimate destiny? Its principles, its ideals, constitute a living challenge to humanity, a challenge not collective but individual.

The League will operate properly; will become the long sought means of preventing war when we as individuals come to this conclusion, that the present order of militarism, hatred and destruction must cease and forever yield to an era of co-operation and of peace.

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**PRIZE DAY AT HARROW**

(Continued from page 26)

we saw "Bill" again; at 'Queen Elizabeth' we chuckled with them; at 'Forty Years On' we glimpsed the long traditions which moulded their school days and their characters.

As we came out into the Chapel yard, we paused beside the Byron memorial, erected on the brow of the hill where he used to lie and dream. With a farewell glance over the town and over the Harrow country at sunset with grey old London in the distance, we found ourselves smiling happily over our day in Harrow and feeling confident of the days—

"Forty years on, when afar and asunder, Scattered are those who are singing to-day".

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*M. A. N.*

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Stedman: I found a fur on the street-car this Morning.
Agnes: What kind?
Stedman: Transfer.

* * * * *

To avoid tripping over the carpet, hang it on the wall.

* * * * *

Sic Non Hodie Poma Habemus
(Latin Version of a Popular (?) Song)

* * * * *

Mr. Wickett: Have you another of those cigars like you gave me yesterday?
Mr. Bassett: Sure thing, do you want one?
Mr. Wickett: Thanks! I'm trying to cure my boy of smoking.
"Outward Trail"

W. L. Carson

There's a road that leads out yonder,
That seems smooth, and bright, and wide,
Where the sun is always shining,
And there's joy on every side.
It's the road out to the future,
The road each youth must tread;
Oh so pleasant and inviting
As it stretches on ahead

I have travelled on that highroad,
Toiled and struggled all the way;
And I find, on looking backwards,
That it's rough, and cold, and gray.
But it ever was alluring,
When I took the outward tack,
And I only see the pitfalls
From the far end, looking back.

Wicked snags of disappointment,
Weary togs of deep despair,
And the sorrows and the heartaches
That I couldn't see, were there.
Every pleasure seared with anguish,
And the honey mixed with gall;
But on looking back I'm grateful,
And I thank God for it all.

For only those who've staggered
With their burden up that road.
Can share another's sorrow,
Or bear a brother's load.
And only those who've struggled,
And only those who've won,
Can hear beyond the Jordan
The Master's own "Well Done".

Still I'd scorn to breathe a whisper
That would cause a doubt or fear
To any youthful voyager
Starting out on life's career;
When I mark their eager confidence,
I thank Almighty God,
That in His wise omnipotence
He camouflaged that road.
Mr. Reid to L. Phillips—You aren’t working so hard as you did two years ago; What’s wrong?
L. Phillips—French caused my hair to fall out and I had to have it bobbed.

Mr. Reid, to Dufour coming in late—Well, what are you late for?
Dufour (sleepily)—Er—Er—school, I guess.

Earl McIntyre (reading from Henry V): “Rush on his host as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth - doth - spite and void his rheum upon—
Miss Hewitt: Spit! Spit!

Morry (to class red-head): Say, I know what makes you a red-head.
Red-head: Do you? what is it?
Morry: It’s your hair!

Speaking of radio—time was when music from “the heir” was broadcast from the woodshed.

Teacher—Take this sentence: “Take the cow out of the pasture.” What mood?
Bright pupil—The cow.

The telephone rings—“Hello”
“Hello” is Boo there?
“Boo who?”
“Don’t cry, little girl, I guess I have the wrong number.

Miss Noonan: What is our debt to Athens?
Meston: I don’t know, I didn’t get my bill yet.

Miss Hewitt: What’s the matter with your writing to-day—new pen, new ink, new kind of paper - - ?
Fenech: No ma’am - neuralgia.

Some one brought an over-ripe pear into Fifth form one day last Fall. During the excitement that followed, the pear collapsed.

Teacher (to Robinson)—Come up here to the front seat; you’ll learn more from me than from Pattison.

Frank Dowd invested 5 cents in gum. The stock has gone down to almost nothing.

Mr. Lossing—There is nothing worse than to be old and broken.
Harold—Oh, yes, there is,—to be young and broke.

Mr. Cameron: How many seiges of Syracuse were there?
Blake: Five.
Mr. C. Enumerate them.
Blake: One, two, three, four, five!

Mr. Cameron (Scanning Virgil): We will elide the “j-a-m”
Sounds like a tart reply!

Frank R.—Ed., what’s a traitor in politics?
Ed. P.—A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other side.
Frank—Well then, what is a man who leaves his party and comes to ours?
E. A. P.—A convert, my boy!

Lossing—Supposing you were in my shoes what would you do?
Parsons—I’d shine them.

Jean, Rushing into the library: Give me the “Life of Caesar”
Librarian: You’re too late—Brutus took it.

Royden—It’s important that I see you tonight.
Angie B.—About what?
Royden—About 8 o’clock.

F. Anderson always marks down what we have for homework in French. At present he has his book half full of homework assignments and the cover half full of home-work done
For the average student the saddest moment in school life is when he leaves a school he has grown to love dearly. After being absent from his Alma Mater for a short while his thoughts travel back to his old school and to his one-time classmates. He wonders where they all are and what they are doing. Some of them left the school after obtaining their Junior Matriculation, others were required to obtain Senior Matriculation for entry into certain universities and colleges.

The memory of the fifth form of 1922-23 will live forever in the hearts of its members. Now, they are scattered here and there and everywhere. But wherever they have gone these ex-students’ thoughts involuntarily steal back to feast in memory upon the happy times spent in the last year at school. For this reason it is only proper that the activities of each 1923 graduate should be made known.

David Clapp is studying engineering at the University of Toronto. He likes everything there except mathematics. Times must have changed; Dave was a mathematical “wizard” while at the W. C. I.

Clinton Coulter, the fifth form mirth provoker, is employed in Detroit at present. It is his intention to enter the engineering course at Toronto next year.

Gordon Heseltine is still cutting up his usual capers. He is employed in a large bank in Detroit. He is undecided as to whether he will continue his education or become president of the bank.

Gourley Howell is just the same old Gourley. “Gabble” is now studying medicine at Western University, and thinks he will be a doctor some day, if he lives long enough.

“Happy” L’Heureux is still living up to his name. He has entered the dental school at University of Michigan and within a reasonable time hopes to be “Peerless, Painless L’Heureux.”

Keith Laird believes in “earn while you learn” for he is now studying in a Windsor law office. He expects to enter Osgoode Hall after completing two years in the law office.
John A. MacLennan, winner of the William Costello Kennedy medal is studying medicine at the Western University, London.

Camille Parent is a boy none of us can ever forget. He entered the Arts course at Ottawa University, and although he was compelled to abandon his studies on account of illness, he will resume his studies somewhere next year.

Robert Pryor believes in being economical also, for he too, is earning while learning. He is studying law in a Windsor law office. He intends going to Osgoode Hall after his two years in the office. Every trade has its tricks. "Bob" is learning the tricks now and will get the trade later on.

Wilfrid Shute is studying Arts and Medicine at Toronto. Wilfrid should be a success for he certainly knew how to cut up lobsters and mutilate Latin while at W. C. I.

Kenneth Smith was the little boy who sat over against the wall. He is connected with the C. N. Railway. He has certainly changed. Would you believe it, he has a moustache now—a full-grown one!

Wallace Graham, who did not stay the year out with us, is now attending the dental school at University of Toronto.

Ernie Ellis also left before the year was out and attended school at Montreal. He is now studying law in his father's office.

Ellis Gregory, they do say, is spending his time at Western University. Just what he is studying is not known.

Howard Sprung, who spent half of the year in fifth form, is said to have been claimed by the industrial world.

Margaret Gardner is now attending London Normal. Some of us had better hurry up or else Margaret might have the satisfaction of teaching some of her one-time classmates.

Helen Langford is now a librarian at the Windsor Public Library. Apparently Helen did not get tired of books while at school.

Dorothy Clarke, Margaret MacLean, Clifton Pattison and Earl Riggs, who are not alumni, but were other members of that all-time fifth form, are repeating the year. They simply couldn't leave, they had become so closely attached to the school.

But all the good times were not spent in fifth form. Many of the students spent their last year at W. C. I. in fourth form. And these fourth formers, scattered like their fellows in the fifth, would doubtless like to know what has become of their old comrades.

Three of 4B's noble daughters, Dorothy Douglas, Lorraine Mason and Edith Williams have joined the ranks of the Technical School and are preparing to become prominent business women.

Marion Bartlet is proceeding with her education farther afield at MacDonald Hall, Guelph, while Jean Davis is now a day-scholar at Glen Mawr. A Mathematics course has attracted Betty Russell to Ann Arbor.
Edith Taylor is in training at Grace Hospital, Detroit, and Lena McGorman is a diligent worker in the Dominion Bank.

Margaret Beasley, Mabel Clapp and Marion Poole are all at home trying to solve the difficult problem of what they really want to do.

Rose Schwartz is attending Detroit City College taking up an English course. Her old classmates “Abe” Katzman and William Stanley are also there, the latter enrolled in a pre-medics course.

Jake Brown is desirous of becoming a lawyer, accordingly he is a student at the Detroit Law College.

“Cootie” Giles, Dorion Beckett, Gabe Cohn and Norman Dufour have formed a quadruple alliance at the University of Detroit.

Business along many lines has claimed a large number of the boys—George Ray, Barry Millard, Leonard Potter, Vernon McCrae, Geo. Brett and Clayton Walker—all having yielded to its charms.

Students of the fourth forms of last year whose names are not mentioned are members of this year’s fifth form. By the time the next edition of the “W. C. I. Crier” comes out, they too, will be alumni and it will then be the duty of the staff to relate what they are doing.

Commencement

R. Whitehead.

Despite the fact that Principal Hooper was obliged by sickness to be absent from the ceremonies presided over by W. D. McGregor, Chairman of the Board of Education, the latest Commencement Exercises can be easily termed the foremost yet held in this school. Mr. Reid, vice-principal, ably represented the staff and his presence lent to the assembly the same solemnity which it does to the classroom. The assembly itself was as large as could be desired and showed the interest of the public and especially the parents in the progress of the school.

The outstanding event of the evening was certainly the inauguration of the William Costello Kennedy Memorial Medal dedicated by Mrs. Kennedy in memory of her late husband, whose death left a real gap amongst those who unselfishly served the public. The first to gain this recognition of all-round achievement was John A. McLennan, and those who know “Pill” can add nothing to the well-earned praise which he received together with the medal at the hands of the Chairman.

Another inspiring feature of the programme was the address to the graduating class delivered by the Rev. A. J. Thomas, who urged them all to seek the highest ideal—that of service to mankind—and to press on in spite of difficulties.

This year’s ceremony was also marked by the first appearance of the school orchestra under the baton of Mr. D. O. Arnold and which rendered several selections as well as accompanying the singing of two Christmas Carols by the whole assembly, all of
which ably spoke its quality. Other musical numbers were admirably given selections by Miss Audrey Northwood and Miss Agnes Naiwi. The valedictory address of the class of '23 was the excellent work of Gourley Howell and the Class Prophecy presented by Kathleen O'Neil—prepared by herself, Marjorie Simmers and Thomas Brophey—was even more interesting than usual.

Then followed the awarding of the prizes.

County Judge Coughlin presented the second Carter Scholarship for Essex County to J. Keith M. Laird, after which the following presentations were made:

Graduation Diplomas were presented by Major E. C. Kenning to the Upper School; to the Middle School by Mr. J. R. Chapin.

The Art Diplomas were presented by Mr. H. E. Guppy, and the Cadet Shield to the Corps Commander, H. Coulter, by Major E. C. Kenning.


Intercollegiate Medals, presented by Mr T. W. Brooke to Alvin Edwards and George Trevor, tied (Senior), and Jack Cleminson, (Junior).

Soccer Championship Medals, presented by Mr. F. W. Begley to: James Howell (captain), Tom Fairhurst, Earl Riggs, Brock McLister, Frank Dowd, John Stevenson, David Orechkin, Alan Brightmore, David Kay, John Ferguson, Vernor McGorman, Geo. Trevor and William Cleminson.

School Pins were presented by Mr. W. T. Wesgate to: Keith Laird, Kathleen O'Neil, Vernon McCrae, Adelia Smythe, Rhea Hancock, Verna Green, Ruth Gilmore, Alice McCrae, Charles Delafeld, Flora Longenecker, Marion McArthur, Robert Wilkinson, Beulah McCoig, Adeline MacLennan, Bradley Pett, Jack Bercuson, Laverna Fowler, Barry Atkinson, Kathleen Wild and Carmon Ferguson.

Captain Asa R. Minard presented prizes for Poppy Day essays to R. Whitehead, Marjorie Simmers and F. E. Canatsy.

The memorable occasion closed with a dance in the gymnasium, bringing to a close a very, very happy evening in a very happy manner.

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Class Prophecy

Kathleen O'Neil - Marjorie Simmers
Thomas Brophey

A discussion in the Physics class the other day aroused a great deal of curiosity among some pupils of an inquiring nature. Mr. Brunt had been speaking of light. "Light", he said, "travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second and, therefore, because of the greatness of intervening space, we see the stars of centuries ago. And if we could see the inhabitants of the stars, we would not see those of to-day but their ancient an-
cestors. Thus, he added, if a person were to be sent off on a rocket from our earth at a speed of a couple of million miles per second he would see history unroll before him."

We all know that in Algebra there is a minus direction and so we asked Mr. Brunt if we were hurtled through the air in the minus direction would we see the future unroll to us? He didn’t know.

That night, as I was walking to the street car, pondering the while on this insoluble phenomenon I was suddenly caught up in a whirlwind and carried through the air at a terrific speed. Looking down, I was able to make out sign posts which pointed to the minus direction. Then, getting adjusted to the motion, I began to notice people and things which seemed strangely, yet dimly familiar. A dignified rider of a bicycle drew my attention as I whirled on. I recognized Mr. Reid, my former French teacher, and by the condition of the bicycle I surmised that it must be about the year 1944.

My sudden flight through the air had ceased and accompanying him through the doors of the W. C. I. I noted many changes. The teachers who in 1923 had been young and handsome, were now bent and weary with age. Many new teachers now filled the lives of the youth of Windsor with misery and I was surprised to see among them the faces of Miss Marion Plante, B. A., Miss Margaret McLean, M. A., Miss Florence MacDiarmid and Miss Dorothy Rapsey, P. D. X.

As the bell rang at four I noticed all of the W. C. I. boys heading for a building with a sign over the front entrance “Jake Brown’s Pool Room”. “Yes,” I thought, “Yes, I remember him. He belonged to old 4B, and used to match pennies when the teachers were not looking.”

Leaving the school I was soon downtown. I noticed that the Arcade had become Windsor’s most famous dance hall under the management of Francis Lyons. Naturally, as he was sentimental, his orchestra was composed of old school chums. Barry Millard was violinist. At the piano was Rose Schwartz, at the drums George Brett and at the phonograph Clayton Walker. Everyone in the hall was watching the graceful dancing of someone whom I soon learned was Nelson Giles with his sideburns shaved. I gazed long at these former companions, and meditated on life’s mysteries. Then a prosperous-looking Real Estate office at the corner of Ouellette and London engaged my attention. It was managed by Miss Mary MacArthur and was filled with the clatter of typewriters run by Misses Dorothy Douglas, Lorraine Mason, Lena McGorman and Edith Williams. I asked one of them how she had become so proficient, and she said, “Oh, we worked hard after we left W. C. I. and submitted to the regime of the Technical School.

Then I passed on and noticed a great building, which rivalled New York skyscrapers in height. I learned that it was the building in which the “Border Cities Moon,” edited by James West, was published. I remembered that he used to publish the semi-monthly Literary Society paper in 4A.

I saw on the front page of the paper an article by the famous novelist and literary critic, Mr. Robert Campbell, in which he warmly commended the latest work of Canada’s great poet-philosopher T. R. Brophy. The photographs of both these worthies accompanied the article, and there was Campbell keen, capable and bald, whereas Brophy had yielded to life’s humor, I was told; he had laughed and kept on his hair. Several locals on the third page of this newspaper also attracted my attention. I read that the former Betty Russell was on the verge of her seventh matrimonial venture. Miss Hewitt had always said seven was a perfect number, but probably never expected any one to take it so seriously.

A large picture of Miss Mabel Clapp on the same page was followed by the announcement of her intention to run for the School Board in the next election. Her dearest desire was to make German a compulsory subject in all schools. She had learned it in her youth; why should not others learn it also?
An article on the social page which was edited by the widely-known Miss Jean Davis, called attention to the splendid work being done by Miss Gertrude Henry who was then touring Canada giving a series of lectures in dietetics. Later I saw Olive Osterhout at Gertrude’s lecture in Windsor, listening very attentively as if she intended to try out what she learned on the family. Another interesting item announced by the same paper was that Miss Marion Bartlet was holding a series of teas for the benefit of the Goodfellows’ fund. This had become her life work, I was told, after her graduation from McDonald College.

I wandered on about the large metropolis, and chanced to meet Cuthbert Andrews, who having made millions in engineering, was writing Geometry texts to assist the aged Mr. Foerster in keeping Form V busy four times a week. And then whom should I see but Ruth Srigley, who seemed to have changed her ambition from teaching to nursing, for she was the skilful assistant to Dr. Clifton Pattison and Dr. William Stanley in performing their celebrated operations at Grace Hospital. The Mayo Brothers were eclipsed completely. My flight suddenly began again. Passing over Windsor I came to the country and noticed that Norman Dufour’s farm was changed into an aviation field on which Vernon McCrae kept an aeroplane garage.

Thence I whirled to Belle River where I heard of the greatness of Rev. Fred Anderson. It was said that the sonorous tones of his voice drew crowds on every Sunday night. On week-days he acted as undertaker and chief mourner at the funerals of his parishioners. Miss Dorothy Hope, in accordance with her early acknowledged desire was teaching Latin in the same metropolis and on Sundays acted as organist in Rev. Anderson’s church.

On to London I went where I saw Miss Margaret Beasley as superintendent of the “Home for Worn-out Teachers”. Her most able assistants were Edith Taylor and Marion Poole. It was supposed that Miss Beasley, overcome with remorse, was striving to atone for the serious injury to the nerves of the teachers with whom she came in contact during her school career.

In the same city I saw Miss Dorothy Clarke in cap and gown, dean of a women’s college there. It was the accomplishment of life’s desire with her. Women’s education was her sphere.

At Ottawa whither I was transported in a trice, I noticed much excitement on account of the election of Miss Winifred Smith, the first woman premier of Canada. It was rumored that she would appoint Miss Marjorie Simmers as Educational Minister and Dorion Beckett as Minister of Agriculture. The country awaited further developments with great eagerness, as it was expected that her actions would be, as always, startling and original.

Then I left Canada, and with utmost, though not disagreeable speed, I came to India, where I beheld Dr. Jean Newman in a mission hospital engaged in performing a delicate operation. In the same hospital I noticed Frank Dowd, distinguished by reason of him being the only dentist in the district. Adjoining the hospital Miss Cora Smith with the light of a great mission in her eyes, was endeavouring to teach a group of small Hindus to talk Greek.

When I passed over New York on my return I noticed Corwin Robertson languishing behind the bars at Sing Sing, where he was serving a life term for having murdered the French accent. Here also I noticed the Potter Soap Factory managed by Leonard Potter who was lecturing on the processes used in making soap, and the use of it. I recalled that he had inclinations during his W. C. I. days towards the lecture method, and he seemed to be getting certain results. However, I learned later that a great deal of his success was due to the able assistant Miss Lila Waugh, head chemist at the factory, who rarely said anything, perhaps for more reasons than one.
Whirling on I reached Los Angeles and noticed the famous Katzman-Kohn film corporation. These two old-time friends, whose matriculation year found them on front seats, and who bandied words with each other on all occasions, were now busy making a super picture with Earl Riggs the villain, George Ray, a modern Valentino, the hero, Joan Goodwillie, the heroine, and Ned Walton in one of the leading roles. There seemed to be a certain incongruity about it, but there they were.

Speeding onward in my flight I came to a strange country where men were digging, digging in ground that was barren and rocky. Enquiring I learned that Hugh Barrett, having failed in an attempt to train fleas for the circus, had been seized with a desire to un-earth King Tut's mother-in-law.

Going on farther I noticed another minus sign. Two negatives make a positive. It is still a scientific fact. I also discovered that the law of gravitation had been ratified and so my strange journey ended as it began without my volition; down I came, but just too late to catch the street-car - as usual.

The other day one popular young flapper came to school with her hair shingled—When someone asked her the reason for this new bob, she curtly replied: "I had to get my hair shingled because my roof leaked.

* * * * *

One nice bright Spring day one of our boys breezed in with a pair of new spats. He was very indignant when someone asked him where he bought the blankets for his dogs!

* * * * *

Talking to the Dead.
Edison said that he could invent A phone to talk to the dead. I hope, ere all his days are spent, He'll do just as he said. Because to Barrett I'd like to say Some words he needs quite bad. Without this phone I never may Be able to tell the lad.

* * * * *

Vast space, the Holy Roman state, Soon caused not to be; Long Latin space—sad to relate, May be the ruin of me.

* * * * *

He (angrily): Do you ever have a thought in your head? She (absently): Really, I haven't the slightest idea. 

---Reel.

Song of Wah Hing.
My landly am belly glan,
Me plainta led an white an blue;
An len me plaint on window plane
To tella people what me do.
Me build platition lounda flunt,
To plenty hida me flom you!
An len me cut a pletty hole
For you to pusha washee thlu.

Me give you tickee which me plaint
With flligures maybee flor flive tlee;
An if you no bling tickee black,
You get no washee black flom me!

* * * * *

Where do the quakers live asks she,
Then hurriedly I scan
Thru all the maps she gave to me,
And answered quick—Japan.

* * * * *

The reign of Edward IV was good,
He saved part of his pay;
So I don't see why 'tis I should
Save for a reigny day.

* * * * *

I used to write a few good jokes,
And once upon a time could coax
A decent laugh from all you folks;
Them days is gone forever!

* * * * *

Pete said in Physics class to-day,
That books have energy;
Some don't agree—they should, I'll say,
They take the pep from me.
Second Form Grins

Sam Cohen—When I'm through school I'll step into a position of about $10,000. per McGorman—per what?
Sam—per-haps

Mr. Gilbert: Absolute zero can never be reached.
Archie Weber: Then you must have made a mistake in marking my last exam paper.

Craig: “I had a deaf uncle who was arrested and the judge gave him his hearing next morning.”
Erma Jackson: “That's nothing! I had a blind aunt who walked through a lumber yard and saw dust.

Mr. Downey: “McGorman, you weren't out to the track meet. Where were you?
McGorman: “I had a date.”
Mr. Downey: “Then you missed the meet”
McGorman: “Oh, No! I took my exercise. You know the old saying 'A miss is as good as a mile'.”

Was Shakespeare thinking of Geometry when he wrote “Tho' this be madness, yet there's method in 't'”?

Hadley: “Gee, boy, Bill Boyd got sent down to the office just now.”
Bray: “Was he excited or did he take it cool?”
Hadley: “Yes, he was very cool. He was so cool his teeth were chattering and his hands were cold.”

The front doorbell was out of order. Mother instructed Al to put up some sort of notice to that effect. Al was better at Athletic games than at punctuation, but he finally evolved this during Latin space: “Please knock the Doorbell out of Order.”

Bill was in a theatre during an oriental act, where the odour of incense caused him to complain to the usher, saying that he smelled punk. The usher replied “Never mind, I won't put anyone near you.”

The new clergyman in the country parish during a visit to Monsieur Knapp, inquired if he accepted the doctrine of “Falling from Grace”. Monsieur Knapp nodded vigorously, “Yes, sir” he declared with pious zeal, “I believe in it and praise the Lord I practice it too.”

“What do you know of Titus?” asked the examination paper in its peremptory way. “Titus was one of the later Roman Emperors,” answered the boy, “and he wrote the Epistle to the Ephesians, his other name was Oats.”

—The Hello, Brantford.
The Student Council

Edward Pickering

The Student Council is a new departure at the Collegiate. Although colleges and the greater prep schools throughout the country possess such organizations, the idea is quite new to the Border Cities. The result of entirely spontaneous action by senior students, the Council plays an important part in our school life.

At the W. C. I. there is so much to be done, outside of the regular academic work, and so few to do it, that often affairs of considerable importance are neglected. This is the most practical cause for the Council’s existence. It assists the staff and, broadly speaking, supplements the Athletic Associations.

Early in September, a Boys’ Council was organized, but this proved inadequate. After electing the vice-principal of the school, Mr. Robert Reid, president, the Boys’ Council dissolved. From a large
number of nominees, the upper forms chose ten representatives—five boys and five girls—who, together with Mr. Reid, constitute the present organization.

Norma Hackett, captain of last year's basketball team, headed the polls. Winifred Smith, President of the Girls' Athletic Association, is one of the most energetic members of the Council. Marjorie Simmers, winner of the Girls' Oratorical '23, was elected secretary-treasurer. Jean Ray and Marguerite Neal, both students in fourth, are the remaining girl members. Raymond P'neau, captain of the Rugby team, is an active supporter of the Council. Edward Pickering, past-president of the Literary Society, was elected vice-president. Gordon Wall is the only representative from third form, and on him is placed much responsibility for continuing when the senior members have been graduated. Francis Lyons and Frank Dowd, both outstanding school athletes, complete the Council.

In the short period following its institution, the Council has done much more than merely justify its existence. Of necessity, its activities have been limited. With no outlined program for them to follow, its fosterers have been endeavouring to find its sphere and scope of work.

The publicity committee is directly responsible for the copious supply of posters announcing every school event of importance. It has turned out nearly 100 such posters. This committee also sees that every game, every important function, is reported to the local press.

Miss Noonan soon will now recite
Our History Monotone;
I didn't have much sleep last night,
So wake me when she's gone.

When attendance at the swimming classes reached the low water mark the Student Council brought it up to the proper standard. Whenever it was necessary to put a game across in royal fashion, to the Council those in charge appealed.

The Council also assisted the staff in making certain arrangements for Commencement.

The 1923-24 edition of the "W. C. I. Crier" is published under the direction of the Student Council. The staff of the paper is appointed by and is responsible to it.

Early in the Fall term, the Council began work on the Assault-at-Arms which was presented Feb. 1st and 2nd, 1924. It appointed a committee of teachers and students to arrange a program and make all the necessary arrangements. The success of the Assault is but one accomplishment of the Council.

At the time of writing a committee is engaged in gathering photographs of teams of a number of years back and mounting these in the corridors. Another committee is drafting a series of by-laws which later on will be incorporated into a constitution.

The success which has marked thus far the endeavours of this experiment predicts pleasant prospects for the future.

But the ten representatives alone are not able to make the Council and the school that which they can be. The task is too great; it belongs to all of us.

That teacher talks "incoming rays",
Our Physics teacher dumb;
The other teachers fondly crave
A raise in their income.
4C French Lesson

Mr. Reid, on opening the door,
"Now, class, turn to page 104;
This lesson, you see,
Is all about 'qui'.
Class, this talking must cease;
We should have more peace.
Now to the board for me;
Do one, two and three,
Purvis, Pineau, Miss Green.
Hurry up! I mean
Don't be so slow;
To the front you go.
Miss Foster, Johnson, Band,
Take your books in your hand;
Greenberg, your work is so bad
It makes me quite sad;
So come after four
And learn it some more.
Now I'll do the bossing.
So turn around - Lossing!
Your agreement is poor,
Look up the word 'cour'.
Raymond and Pickering,
You must stop this bickering!
Now class, look and see,
What should this word be?
Miss LePain, Miss LePain,
What's the meaning of 'faine'?
Don't tell her, I say!
This isn't child's play!
Attention, Miss Smythe,
You're the bane of my life;
Don't talk to Miss Benson,
I want more attention.
For next day do—
Now wait 'till I'm through—
B., C and D
And what's left in E."
Music

E. McIntire.

It is only of recent years that music has come to be recognized as a definite part of school life. It used to be considered that the school was doing its duty in giving to the pupils merely the fundamentals in education, but now broad-minded educators are seeing the need of training young people, not only to make a living, but that they may live the very best kind of a life. It is, then, because appreciation of music makes a fuller, happier life, a more contented and high-minded citizen, that it is being introduced so generally into the Public and High Schools of Canada.

Until last year, the extent of W. C. I. musical activity was in the weekly sing-songs at Assembly. Mr. Bull, the popular song-leader, was present every Wednesday morning and for half an hour teachers and pupils enjoyed together rousing college songs, sentimental love songs or patriotic anthems, in which, according to his mood, or the weather, Mr. Bull leads so delightfully. This has been continued into the present, but, in addition, great advancement has been made in other musical activities.

It was last year that Mr. Bull instituted a school orchestra, the first ever organized in W. C. I. We had every reason to be proud of our 1922-23 orchestra, and great regret was felt when Mr. Bull was unable to take over the orchestral work this year.

Lacking a leader, this year’s orchestra was late in being formed, but finally Mr. Arnold, a new member of the staff, was secured for this important work. Mr. Arnold is a musician of no mean ability, and we, as a school, are fortunate in having in our ranks one so proficient in orchestral work.

Immediately on his appointment as leader of the orchestra, Mr. Arnold called together a meeting of all those interested in music, and spent the succeeding days in hearing, individually, applicants for orchestral positions.

The following are the names of those chosen for the 1923-24 orchestra: Margaret Guppy, Gertrude Clue, Earl McIntire, pianists; Gertrude O’Donald, Geo. Trevor, Daniel Cassey, Bertram Buley, Beatrice Reynolds, violinists; Tom Kimmerley, saxophone; Wm. Frankfurth, flute; Chas. Willmott, baritone; Clarence Challis, alto; and Wm. Cleminson, the traps. At the first meeting of the members, Geo. Trevor was elected president, Mr. Bull, Honorary President, Gertrude Clue, vice-president, Gertrude O’Donald, secretary-treasurer and Earl McIntire, librarian. This group of students, under Mr. Arnold’s leadership has already made great progress, and on the occasions when they have appeared before the school have scored a tremendous success.

The introduction of music as an optional subject in the lower forms is another indication of progress along musical lines at our school. No longer is it difficult to secure entertainment for Assembly spaces or more important school gatherings. Mr. Arnold has charge of the entertainment at both Senior and Junior Assemblies, and has provided many interesting variations in the weekly programmes.

The training which is being given in orchestral and other musical work is of undoubted benefit to the receiver, and a source of great pleasure to those of us who profit by their work. By the ever-increasing interest which is being shown in this line of work, it is evident that in a few years’ time no school will be complete until it has established some kind of musical education, and we are proud that in our school, such progress has already been made.
Mr. Hambly—What genitive is passum? Chapman, 3A—Accusative, extent of space.

Mr. Knapp: “What’s the question, Beals? Vern: “I did know, but I forget it now.” Mr. Knapp: “In one ear and out the other, eh?” Pepper: “It didn’t have far to go.” Brien: “Oh, yes, quite a distance, a whole block.”

Another famous truth has gleamed out of W. C. I. A pupil’s knowledge varies inversely as the square root of the distance from the teacher.

Drill Instructor: “Brien, bring one leg perpendicular to the body, raise the other one to it, and remain stationary in that position.”

Mr. Campbell—Taylor, you would like to get ahead, wouldn’t you? Taylor—Yes, sir. Mr. Campbell—Well, that’s exactly what you need.

Teacher: “Now, Abe, name the largest diamond known.” Abe: “Der Ace.”

Abe: “My fader wasn’t exactly a policeman, but he vent mit dem a lot.”

Malone—I hear you came home on the Crap Shooters’ Special. Pepper—What’s that? Malone—The 7:11.

Intelligent Third Former (picking up a Caesar): “Oh, boy! Latin is easy, wish I’d taken it. Look here, it says ‘Fort vi dux in aro’—‘Forty ducks in a row’. ‘Passus sum jam’—‘Pass us some jam’.”

Chemistry note: “If you put one foot on the car track and the other on the wire overhead, you’ll get a shock.” Bob Wilkinson, 3C: “So will everybody else.” Carlyle Thompson, 3B: “Eh?”

Fourth Former—What makes Fifth Form look so weary? Third Former—They have been trying to reason out why Beer Lyons exists. Fourth Former—Any result? Third Former—No, on Beer’s own motion the subject was abandoned as idiotic.

Mr. Thompson—Do you believe paper can be used effectively to keep people warm? Francis—Well, I should say so; why, the last report I took home has kept the family hot ever since.

C. Folland—Your new Spring coat is rather loud, isn’t it? G. Clue—It’s alright when I put on a muffler.

A magazine writer tells us that a dog fills the empty spaces in a man’s life. This is especially true of a ‘hot dog’.

Teacher (to late pupil): “Where have you been?” Pupil: “To the cemetery.” Teacher: “Anyone dead?” Pupil: “Sure, every one of them!”

Malone—I was talking to your girl yesterday. Turner—Are you sure you were doing the talking? Malone—Yes. Turner—Then it wasn’t my girl!

Chapman—I dreamt that I died last night but I woke up directly. Bill—What woke you up? Chapman—I was too hot!

Mr. Knapp: “Who was that who laughed aloud?” Pepper: “I did, sir, but I didn’t mean to do it.” Mr. Knapp: “You didn’t mean to do it?” Pepper: “No, sir, I laughed up my sleeve and I didn’t know there was a hole in my elbow.”

(Continued on page 66)
The Literary Society

Edward A. Pickering.

Prior to this year, for a succession of generations, the Collegiate has lacked one institution which is necessary for complete secondary education, namely, a Literary Society. The development of literary and debating abilities is essential to all of us. We cannot take our place in business, in society or even in the realm of sport unless we are able to advance an argument with a degree of strength, to present a viewpoint with clearness and logic. A student who achieves graduation without some measure of this training has missed one essential of modern education.

The Oral Composition class must share its limited weekly quota of three lessons with written composition, and affords but little time for the development in the art it seeks to cultivate. For this reason, therefore, the Literary Society supplies a long-felt need in our school. The sympathy of the members, the frequency and non-formality of the meetings are conducive to the art of public speaking and to developing literary abilities. A survey of the school in September showed considerable interest on the part of students and staff. During the same month an organization meeting adopted a constitution and elected officers. Miss Noonan was chosen Honorary President, Edward A. Pickering elected President and Helen Wilkinson and Thelma Jarvis were elected to the offices of Vice-president and Secretary-Treasurer, respectively.

The meetings are held in the Music room after 4 o'clock on the first and third Mondays of every month. Despite the fact that the organization is but in its infancy, splendid programs have been produced on every occasion. Debates and speeches, of course, predominate. Discussions on points of order and matters of business frequently wax vigorous and at times assume the proportion of personal debates. "The Lit's Wit"—the society paper, is edited by a student staff and presents humour in all its aspects. Perhaps the most outstanding event during the Fall term was the proceedings of impeachment lodged against the president on the grounds of misuse of executive authority. The mock trial, which culminated in the president's exoneration, produced many amusing situations. Social functions and an attempt at dramatic art are included in the plan of activities.

The officers for the Winter term were elected at the first meeting in January. The guidance and leadership of Miss Noonan as Honorary President, led the Society to press this office upon her for a second term. The school owes much to Miss Noonan for her activities in this new organization. Frank Raymond was unanimously elected President and Winifred Smith Vice-President. Martha Regin and Royden Whitehead were chosen Second Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer, respectively.

The outstanding meeting of the term, in fact of the whole year, was the Parliament held on the 17th of March. This event was witnessed by an audience of over two hundred, and the budget presented by the Balmoral party was carried without a single amendment.

The success of the Literary Society thus far has exceeded all expectations, and the results have more than repaid those who fostered its organization. The manner in which the idea was adopted indicates a future with great possibilities. The fulfilment of these possibilities rests not alone upon the executive, but upon the student body which the Literary Society seeks to serve.
Oratorical Contests
M. Simmers and E. A. Pickering.

Few of the events of the school year are of such interest and importance as the Annual Oratorical Contests. No branch of school activity has greater or more far-reaching results than this, by which pupils are trained for public speaking and for consequent leadership in public life.

The boys’ contest this year was particularly interesting. Six contestants, each with a carefully prepared address, made the task of choosing the winner extremely difficult. Finally, however, the first prize was awarded to Edward Pickering, whose speech on “The League of Nations” was, without doubt, worthy of the honour. In the clear, concise, manner characteristic of him, Edward outlined the achievements and great purpose of the League.

“The Aeroplane in Peace and War” was the subject capably dealt with by Hugh Barrett, winner of the second prize.

The third prize was won by Maurice Greenberg, who spoke in a highly entertaining manner on “Russia’s Transition Period.”

The other speakers were Frank Raymond, with “Canada’s Waterways” as his subject; Francis Canatsy, speaking on “The League of Nations” and Royden Whitehead whose subject was “Democracy”.

We were particularly fortunate in our representatives this year. Victorious over four opponents in the District Contest, Edward represented the school in the finals for the Western Ontario Association, which were held at Walkerville. Representatives from seven schools met there in competition for the W. O. S. S. A. Shield, and there again Edward was victor. The ownership of the Shield is a much-coveted honour, and we are proud to have in our midst one who, by his accomplishment, has brought such glory to our school.

The girls’ oratorical contest was held in Assembly on the thirtieth of January. This event is every year increasing in interest and in calibre.

Winifred Smith, vice-president of the Literary Society, won premier honours. The League of Nations was presented in a new light, its organism and accomplishments made clearer. Winifred’s convincing and determined manner easily won for

(Continued on page 67)
“The Gold Bug” a comedy of adventures, of hidden treasures, of a rascally real-estate agent, of a distressed maiden, of a hero whose fortunes changed many times, of a lost grandson who turned up in the nick of time, all this was presented by the Senior students of the W.C.I. and the W.C.I Literary Society assisted by the orchestra.

Mr. Campbell was director, Miss Noonan assistant director and the play showed the thoroughness of their work. Royden Whitehead, the hero, is William Legrand, grandson of the codfish king, Balaam B. Baldwin. He is disinherited and goes to Sullivan, S.C. on the recommendation of his friend Gene Kipp (Frank Raymond) and starts a newspaper. There he decided to go in with Mr. Isaac Milligan (Clifton Pattison) the real estate agent whom he meets in Sullivan. This decision is reached because the paper failed. But before he can carry out his plan, his grandfather’s lawyer from Boston, Job Merrimack (Raymond Pineau) visits him and brings him $2,500. in a letter from his grandfather, which has just been found. With this he puts the Tri-Weekly Bee—his paper—back on its feet again and pays to Jo Cherry (Ruth Stigley) $2,000. for a piece of supposedly worthless swamp land. This is because Milligan has defrauded her of everything she has and William Legrand thinks she is the “only girl”. But old Hagar—(Angie Benson) who is the town pauper, which has just been found. With this he puts the Tri-Weekly Bee—his paper—back on its feet again and pays to Jo Cherry (Ruth Stigley) $2,000. for a piece of supposedly worthless swamp land. This is because Milligan has defrauded her of everything she has and William Legrand thinks she is the “only girl”. But old Hagar—(Angie Benson) who is the town pauper, although she was once rich, tells him that there is treasure there buried by Captain Kidd of old. He finds a clue in a scrap of paper which he had wrapped around a bug carried home by Jupiter (Will Clements) his colored servant. He discovers the hidden treasure. Hagar becomes a millionaire. Noll Phelan (Earl McIntire) printer of the “Tri-Weekly Bee”, who had assisted in discovering the treasure also becomes wealthy, Jupiter becomes “the richest cul-
It has been the good fortune of our Windsor Collegiate teams to be winners of championships for the past three or four years. The year of 1923 was no exception.

The Soccer Team succeeded in capturing the W. O. S. S. A. championship for the second time. The team played consistently throughout the year and had little difficulty in overcoming their opponents from the east, in the finals.

The Rugby team might well be mentioned as one of the year’s achievements, although they were not successful in bringing a championship to the school. They had a hard schedule with Southeastern Michigan teams and were quite fortunate in standing second in the league, which is composed of very large teams from the State across the line.

The Basketball Team can usually be relied upon to bring honour to the school. The 1923 team was chiefly composed of the 1922 stars, and repeated in winning the W. O. S. S. A. championship. W.C.I. has been the proud owner of this trophy for three successive years.

Both the Baseball and Track Teams won the Essex County Championships for the year 1923.

We may well be proud of these various teams which have not only brought great honour to the W. C. I. but also to the city of Windsor. These championships won by our boys are very good proof of the clean brand of athletics carried on at the Windsor Collegiate Institute. The 1923 teams have indeed lived up to the school motto: “Nulla dies sine linea”—Let not a day pass without making some progress.

Basket-Ball, 1922-1923

Frank Dowd.

Basketball is, without doubt, the greatest sport at our school. It attracts much larger crowds than any of the other sports and was, until this year, the only self-supporting one in the school.

Windsor always has good basketball teams, even though it be weak in other sports. The team of 1923 was no exception, although the prospects at the beginning of the season looked very gloomy, for not one player remained from the first team of the previous year and there was only one from the second team. However, under the able coaching of Mr. Hooper and Gourley Howell, the team developed very quickly. The season started off with a loss, but on the whole the season was very successful, and the team enjoyed greater success than the team of the previous year,
which was supposed to have been more successful than any former team.

Last year the team played twenty games, winning seventeen and losing three. We finished second in the Southeastern league, losing only to Mt. Clemens, who finished without a defeat. After eliminating Walkerville and Chatham, Windsor succeeded in winning the W.O.S.S.A. Championship in London during the Easter week. This was the third consecutive year that Windsor had won the championship of Western Ontario. Last year’s team was one of the best fighting teams ever turned out by the W. C. I. for when up against odds, it was necessary to come from behind to defeat London, who had a much larger team, and whose players were not afraid to use their weight.

To Mr. Hooper and Gourley Howell goes much of the credit for the showing of the team. Mr. Hooper gave all the time he could possibly spare from his duties as principal and worked very hard. Gourley Howell, star for the last three years, was ineligible as a player, and gave up practically all his nights to developing the team. They achieved results for their hard work and both will long be remembered by the members of last year’s team.

— The Team —

John MacLennan—Guard. “Pill” was the only member who had played on the “Reserves” of the previous year. He was chosen as captain and well deserved the honour. He was very strong on the defense and also an excellent guard. Much credit is due to him for the showing of the team.

Frank Shaw—Guard. Frank was Pill’s running mate and he played his position
faultlessly. He was exceedingly fast and also a good shot. He may be placed amongst the best guards turned out by the W.C.I.

Roy Perry—Guard. Roy was used as sub guard and could fill in to perfection. He was the fastest man on the team, but was slightly rough, although he did not mean to be so.

Alvin Edwards—Centre. ‘Al’ was perhaps the strongest man on the team, both on defence and offence. He was fast, shifty and full of life. He was the best shot on the team and should be compared with such stars as Philp, Howell and Staddon.

Frank Dowd—Forward. A good shot and passer, but one who had the misfortune to be hurt in the middle of the season, which kept him out of the game for the remainder of the season.

Corwin Robertson—Forward. ‘Core’ was the best passer at the school and also a good shot, but he seemed timid about shooting and passed to someone else continuously, thus giving them the honour of scoring all the points while he remained unnoticed.

Frank Turville—Forward. The shiftiest man on the team and exceedingly hard to stop. He was very fast and a good shot; his passing was slightly erratic in the first part of the season, but improved steadily.

Jimmy Howell—Forward. Jimmy was the smallest man on the team. He was a good passer and an excellent shot. It was Jimmy’s left hook which saved Windsor at London.

— The Reserves —

The reserves of last year were the best ever turned out by the school, and were almost as good as the first team. Three of the first team played on the reserves at the first of the season. The team played very successfully, losing only two or three of their games near the end of the season, when their strength was weakened by ineligibilities. Those receiving most credit for the showing of the team are Wall, Malone, Campbell and L’Heureux, all of whom played on the first team at one time or another during the season.

Basket-Ball—1923-1924

This year’s team enjoyed the greatest success of any basketball team turned out in the W.C.I. The record will be something for future teams to try to better. Of the sixteen scheduled games only one was lost; this game was lost to the Alumni at the first of the year, but it was no disgrace to lose to that team. Another practice game was lost to the W-W Technical School, but it did not count in the league standing.

We won the Western Ontario Championship by defeating Sarnia in the finals. This makes the fourth consecutive year this Championship has been won by the W.C.I. and it looks as if it may stay in the Border Cities for a few more years.

In the Southeastern Michigan League we went through the season without a defeat, but were disappointed when some of our players were declared ineligible.

(Continued on page 70)
First Form Prattle

Life is real,
Life is earnest,
And it would be more sublime,
If we weren't kept quite so busy
Studying Latin all the time.

* * * * *

During lesson in Form I G:
Teacher—A great violinist was to appear
before an audience in England. Just be­
fore the concert was to begin the viol­
inist broke three strings, leaving him
only one “G”. He tuned the violin, how­
ever, and gave the whole concert on one
string.
Little James—Yes, sir! See how good I G
is!

* * * * *

Mr. Gilbert: Howe, where’s your head
this morning?
Howe, (absent-mindedly, fumbling for new
watch) : I think I’ve left it at home.

* * * * *

Mr. Forsyth: If a hole was bored through
the centre of the earth and you crawled
through it, where would you come out?
Voice in the class: Out of the hole.

* * * * *

Miss Kennedy: If your friend were to bor­
row $3.00 from you, agreeing to pay 25c.
back per month, how much would he owe
you at the end of the year?
Wiseman: $3.00.
Miss K: You don’t know the elements of
arithmetic.
Wiseman: But I know my friend.

Teacher—Can any one tell me why there
is so much electricity in my hair?
Johnny (very brightly)—Yes, sir, because
it is attached to a dry cell.

* * * * *

Hugh Grieve: I’ve made a new investment,
father.
Father: What is it?
Hugh: I sold your razor strop and invested
the money in a lollypop.

* * * * *

Miss Garrett—And the poor prisoner look­
with tearful eyes at the small, barred
window. Through it came a bar of sun­
light striking his haggard features. Now
class, what did he look up for?
Kett—To see who threw the soap.

* * * * *

Mr. Forsyth: Jeffers, what is the capital
of Germany?
Jeff: About two dollars and a half.

* * * * *

Mr. Booth: Francis, write one hundred
lines and hand them to me at four o’clock.
Francis: Yes, sir!

Next morning—
Mr. Booth: Why didn’t you come with
those lines?
Francis: Oh, I thought it was an April
fool joke.

* * * * *

Fred: What did you think most remark­
able about the I E debate?
Eleanor: Dorothy’s wild gesticulations.
Francis Lyons.

The close of the 1923 football season marked the conclusion of another year of gridiron history at the Windsor Collegiate Institute. Although every game was not a victory, the team enjoyed a very successful season. Playing a hard schedule of nine games, the Red and White overcame their opponents in all but three encounters.

In almost all cases football teams experience setbacks of some kind throughout the year. A very sad and unexpected blow was suffered by the Rugby team this Fall, in the death of their faithful coach, Mr. Fred Close. Early in the season Coach Close was seized with an attack of heart-trouble, he was confined to his bed and after a month or more, when he was seemingly improving, the whole school was shocked at the news of his death. In Mr. Close the boys found a real friend, a clever coach, and a true gentleman.

During the sickness of Mr. Close, Ed. Churchill took charge of the team. Much credit and thanks are due to Ed. and to Russell Small also, for kindly offering and giving coaching services during their leisure hours. Both these boys starred in former years for W. C. I.

With the death of Coach Close a new mentor was necessary. Mr. Sherwood Stevenson, who has known and played football for some years, willingly offered his services. He handled the team very well and had it not been for the unfortunate loss of four of our regulars “Stevie” would have undoubtedly had a championship team. Too much thanks and credit cannot be extended to Coach Stevenson for his valuable services.

The Collegiate team possessed a strong and steady backfield this year. ‘Al’ Edwards playing at full-back was the mainstay of our team. Everybody knows ‘Al’; wherever we find athletics we find ‘Al’. As a triple-threat man Edwards was the constant worry of opposing teams. Art Chapman played right half and as a new member on the team showed up very well. Being a track man Art was naturally fast. His greatest asset, however, was in plunging. Next year should find “Chappie” a very valuable man.

The left-half position was occupied by Harold McDougall. ‘Mac’ is an experienced player even though it was his first year on the Collegiate team. His weight, added to his swiftness, made him one of the best back-field men in the city. Unfortunately Harold left school before the season was completed. Clarence Jones gained the berth left vacant by Harold McDougall. Give “Matches” a little encouragement in an open field, and a touchdown is almost certain.

Francis Lyons played a stellar game at quarter-back. “Beer” is a brainy and aggressive player and can play any position in the backfield. This season was “Beer’s” third and last for our school and he will be greatly missed by us next season.

At the beginning of the season, line material was rather scarce, but with a great deal of hard work a heavy and hard-hitting line was developed.

Ray Pineau, who captained this year’s team, played a constant game at left-tackle. “Gus” could be counted upon to open a hole at call. As Captain, “Gus” looked after the squad in a very creditable manner.

Warren Stansberry, a new boy on the
team, succeeded in landing the position at left-guard. Much credit is due to "Stanz" as this was his initial year in any kind of sport.

Harold Knowlton has held the left-end position for two years. "Hank" is a very capable player and although he was rather handicapped by lack of weight, his aggressiveness got him there. He is one of the best tackles on the team.

"Bob" Hicks began the year as a back field man. Later in the season, however, as line material was lacking, "Bob" filled in the right guard position. "Bob" was a splendid defensive player and also showed up well on offense.

Playing beside Bob Hicks at right tackle was Ed. McDougall. Eddie was an experienced player. He was quite heavily built and this feature, combined with his fighting spirit, enabled him to open a gap big enough for the whole back-field to trot through. With his brother Harold, Ed also left school before the season was over.

Walter Brooks, a rangy youth, filled the vacancy left by Ed. "Walt" had a real football build and made good use of it. With a little more experience "Walt" should prove a valuable line-man.

Unfortunately our right end, Gordon Wall, was injured early in the season.
“Gordie” is recognized as one of the best ends ever produced at W. C. I. His tackling and his ability to pull down passes were exceptionally good. “Gordie’s” place was ceded to Johnnie Malone. “Wieners” followed right in “Gord’s” footsteps. John might be slow in the dressing room, but he never lost a minute on the field.

One of the most important positions on the team is that of centre. Clifton Pat­tison, who played centre on last year’s squad, held the position again this season. This was Pat’s third and last year on the team. “Pat” was the backbone of the line. His playing on both offense and defense was high above the standard. “Pat” well deserved the name “Star Centre”. Owing to the fact that “Pat” was ineligible in some of the games a new centre had to be developed. Frank Turville was the man chosen to relieve “Pat”. Frank played a steady game and undoubtedly will be the pivot-man of next year’s team.

The squad was well fortified with capable substitutes. In the back-field Cliff Parsons, Geo. Turner, Eddie Marentette and Herbert Searle could be relied upon to do their duty at need. Each of these boys deserve a great deal of praise. They attended practice regularly even though they did not get in every game.

Archie Weber, Gordon Wickett, Ben Charlton, George Campbell, Gerald Dewhirst, Frank Cleminson, Parm Pullen, Geo. Jeffers and Bernard Cadotte were the line substitutes. These players along with the backfield substitutes mentioned above, offered a stiff opposition to the first team in practice. It is only right that these members of the reserve team should receive honourable mention, for without them the first team would not have had the successful season that they enjoyed. These boys will also be a very valuable asset to the team next year in filling up the vacancies caused by graduation.

Canadian Rugby will make its first appearance at the Windsor Collegiate Institute next Fall. It remains to be seen just what success the Canadian game will have in the secondary schools of the Border Cities. The Canadian game has never been played here and little is known of its merits in comparison with American football. However, we are sure that every effort will be put forth to make our own gridiron game as popular as the American game has been in past years.
Over the campus silence creeps,
Breathless and hushed are the watchers
there,
Writhing and striving a figure leaps,
Hurling its weight like a dart through the
air.

Team-mates gather—a word of praise—
Quickly formed are the ranks once more;
Signals clear in the Autumn haze,
Yards are made—with a chance to score!

Eyes are keen with the joy of youth,
Muscles tense for the spoken word,
Sharp commands from the captain’s mouth,
Listening ears till the signal’s heard.

Rings a voice from the other team,
“Watch for an end run! Tackle low!”
Then the surging crowd sees a figure clean
Go hurtling swift—Twenty yards to go!

High in the air where a player barred,
Low and swift in the open field,
Twisting, dodging, yard by yard,
Over the line the runner reeled.

Cheers broke loud from a thousand tongues,
Hats and hands waved in the sun,
Voices hoarse from straining lungs,
Cheered for the lad who had made the run.

Just a game won by a High School team,
Won by team-play and love of sport;
But it brought to eyes a happy gleam,
Pride to a thousand happy hearts.

“Windsor! Windsor!” resound the cheers.
“Windsor! Windsor!” each heart responds;
And a nameless love for the school appears
In glistening eyes the field around.

Why is Windsor a magic name?
What does it mean in work or play?
Simply the playing of the game,
Simply “Some progress every day”.

Rugby, Soccer, and Basketball,
Baseball and Field-sports win her fame;
But to loyal hearts of her students all
Windsor Collegiate owes her name.
The results of seasons 1922 and 1923 have placed football on a standard as one of the premier sports of the Collegiate. Winning the Western Ontario Championship two years in succession without a single loss is a record of which any team may be proud.

The team consisted of last year’s players, with a few exceptions, and although regular practice did not begin until late in the season, the combination of last year was again set on firm ground and the team went to work in earnest. Success was assured with Mr. Carson as coach. He, along with Mr. Downey, chose the new players, altered positions and developed the material into a smooth-running machine hard to defeat. The present team was slightly heavier than last year’s and gave the players a better chance when heavy opponents were met with. The clever footwork and combination of the forwards, together with the heavy kicking of the staunch backs, and a goalie ranking among the first in the league, the team was out to win—and did!

The County league was changed, placing the four strongest teams together. The Technical School and Windsor were the only two teams of the county who entered for the Western Ontario honors. The Collegiate won both games played with
the Technical School. This gave us a chance to play in the Semi-finals regardless of the results of County league games.

The four games with Essex and Walkerville were won; then the Technical games were played and the round yielded the score 7—1 in our favour. The game with Leamington at Leamington resulted in a tie, and on account of the Western Ontario schedule interfering, the return game was not played till later. Woodstock again journeyed to Windsor and the game proved stubborn enough, with the score at half time 0—0. An agreement for overtime was reached and in the last 20 minutes our team succeeded in securing two corner kicks which counted as goals, ending the game with the score 2—0. The low score against Woodstock was due, mainly, to the exceptionally fine playing of their goalkeeper, who was in the road of the ball every time it came near him. Home and home games with London South High were then arranged and our team played at London where the game resulted in a 2—2 tie. The team played well although outweighed and on a very heavy field. The return game was played the following Saturday and resulted in Windsor winning a 3—0 victory. This gives the Collegiate an additional Western Ontario Championship.

Over-confidence and the thoughts of a banquet after the game then led the team to commit the unpardonable sin of losing to Leamington. The boys played good clean ball throughout the season. When matched with heavier teams they outplayed them in speed and combination and thus brought credit to our school.

The forward line showed up well with McLister again at centre and Brightmore, a good shot with his 'left' on the left wing. Ferguson, a veteran of the last two years, played right wing and played the usual good game. Inside right was filled by many different players, more often Stevenson or Trevor, who always held up well in that position. "Jimmy" Howell (Captain) played inside left and inserted the finish into a splendid forward line.

The half-back line strengthened the team with good kicking. D. Orechkin at left half, though fairly light, showed up splendidly. Dave Kay played right half when Stevenson was in the forward line. He played the usual good game. E. Riggs played centre half. His heavy sure kick did much to help the forwards and keep out the enemy. Stevenson was a good player either in the forward or half-back line and is fast on his feet. The full backs W. Cleminson and T. Fairhurst were the heavy kickers of the team, both being outstanding players of last year. F. Dowd showed up splendidly as a goal keeper and his position will be hard to fill next year. G. Trevor and V. McGorman both proved to be fine subs and are assured a position on next year's team. Several of this year's players will be lost by graduation, but the outstanding players of the inter-form teams have shown themselves capable of filling positions on the first team, promising another successful year in 1924.
Hockey

Ben Charlton

Hockey may easily be rated as the most popular game in Canada, and the fastest game in the world. Owing to Windsor's geographical position, the weather is usually quite mild in Winter, which does not give the Windsorites the advantages of ice, such as their colder neighbours enjoy.

Windsor, in the last ten years, has increased her population from ten to fifty-five thousand people. Most of these are from other parts of Canada, and therefore are generally hockey enthusiasts. This year for the first time, interest was keen enough to form a league within the school. As the interest increased, a first team was selected to represent the W. C. I. against other secondary schools of the Border Cities.

In three encounters with the Technical School, our local sextet made many wins, two of the games being played on Tech. ice. Assumption College was held to a close score in the best game of the season, weather preventing the return game. The Shamrocks, however, like the Tech., could not keep pace with our local puck-chasers.

Mr. Marshall, coach, took a decided interest in getting the league started, being a keen hockeyist himself. Mr. Wheelton, manager, also gave splendid support. These two men deserve much credit for their efforts on behalf of the boys.

B. Ball of 2C played a good game in goal, when he wasn’t chewing gum. He learned the game in Stratford, and if size has anything to do with game, Bill should develop into a first class goalie.

J. Ferguson of 4A covered right defence. He possessed plenty of speed and his weight carried him through. He also played a good poke check. He learned the game in London.

B. Charlton of 4B, an ex-W.O.S.S.A. player, captained the team. His former experience was a great asset; his stick handling and end to end rushes were always a source of worry to opposing teams. Ben played defence, a position he learned in Tillsonburg.

E. Cornish of 3B played a good game at centre. Although light, he had lots of speed, and his back-checking and stick-handling were pretty to watch. He learned the game in the Soo where hockey runs a long season each year.

C. Ferguson of 2C played right wing. He possessed the weight and was a good back-checker. London, Ontario initiated him into the game.

R. Glass of 2A first played hockey in Owen Sound. He had plenty of speed and was the most consistent back-checker on the team. Left wing was his position.

J. Mather of 2C first sub., played in all the games. He had plenty of speed and was a good stick-handler, the art of which he developed in Tilbury.

R. Gray of 2D and V. McGorman of 2E were sub goalies, but they did not have a chance to get in much of the play. McGorman with a little more practice, should give B. Ball a good run for goal.

As all the players except two are available for next season, the Collegiate's prospects should be good next Winter.
After all, love is only a chemical reaction, but, aren't the laboratory experiments interesting?

We often wonder which a teacher likes best—a class that is half asleep, or one that is talking and throwing paper darts.

Business and Financial.

German marks are expected to take another tumble, also French and Latin marks!

The only way teachers can get lessons in our rooms is by the Jesse James method—"Hands up".

Tune of 'Gallagher and Shean'.

O Mr. Foerster! O Mr. Foerster!
Fifth Form got very gay the other day;
They were kept in the room
For half an hour I presume,
And thus delayed their meal of midday.

O Mr. Reid! O Mr. Reid!
Miss Hewitt performed a right good deed
By keeping them from food,
Their foolishness subdued,
They near caved in, Mr. Reid!

Before the advent of the pen, the quill of one goose was used to express the opinion of another

You would laugh too, if you heard Mr. Reid shout: "Don't say 'Don't' ".

To the tune of 'Mistress Shady'.

O Mr. Reid, 'tis true indeed,
You've got a plan that I deplore;
To your room you brought me,
And there you taught me,
Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday afternoon, till half past 4!

From what we have seen it might be said that Rugby is a game which brings colour to the cheeks—also to the eyes.

Famous words of famous teachers:

Mr. Campbell: "The difference makes no difference."
Mr. Hooper: "Last year's class got thro' their Latin before you."
(Why shouldn't they?—they started a year before.)

The Student's Council is going to try to stop Mr. Drulard giving swimming lessons, on the ground that it's wet propaganda.

They also want Poppy Day essay writing discontinued because it's 'Red' Literature.

Miss Noonan tells us Napoleon had a great constitution—later tells us he could digest a book in an evening.

First Former: "What is the cause of odors coming from the laboratory?"
Fourth Former: "It is probably stale jokes."

(Continued on page 67)
Track is each year becoming more important at Windsor Collegiate, and is now rightfully recognized as a major sport. Not only are the boys taking more interest and turning out in greater numbers for the track team, but the Board of Education is doing everything it possibly can to encourage this important branch of athletics in the school.

W. C. I. competed in three track meets in 1923; the W.O.S.S.A. meet at London in May, the Southeastern Michigan Association at Ypsilanti in June and the Essex County Association at Windsor in October. In the two former meets, although the boys did not win the championship cup, yet they made a very creditable showing. In October the track team was more successful, winning the Essex County Championships and becoming the first holders of the Col. Robinson Shield.

The W.O.S.S.A. track meet at London was exceptionally well organized and carried out, with over one hundred athletes taking part. There were events for both senior and junior boys. All boys under 125 lbs in weight and seventeen years of age were classified as juniors, while the age limit for seniors was twenty years.

The W. C. I. team at this meet was composed of seven boys, two of these being juniors. Roy Perry, winner of three events the previous year and of whom a great deal was expected, failed to win a point, being apparently over-trained. Roy's defeat in the early part of the meet had a marked effect on the morale of the team, as several boys later failed to do as well as they had done in the trials at home. George Trevor won the high hurdle race with yards to spare, and was also a member of the relay team which finished third. George Turner equalled the track record in winning the junior 220 yard dash. Art Chapman took third place in the 100 yard dash against exceptionally strong competition. As this was Chapman's first experience on the cinder path he did extremely well, and showed promise of developing into a fast sprinter. George Lowther won both heats in both the junior 100 yards and the hurdles, but failed to get a place in the final of either event; however, he was third in the broad jump.

Early in June the track team competed at Ypsilanti, and although failing by a few points to win the championship, showed vast improvement. There were no events at this meet for junior boys. Roy Perry, in excellent form, won the half-mile race, establishing a new track record. Geo. Trevor again won the high hurdles, equaling the record, and took second place in the low hurdle race. Dorion Beckett, after a well judged race finished first in the mile, and in doing so set up a new mark for track men of future years to aim at. As this was Beckett's last opportunity to win his school letter before graduating, his success was doubly popular.

The track prospects for 1924 are exceedingly bright, as not only are most of last year's team available, but some promising new material appeared in the Essex Intercollegiate meet in Edwards, Walters, Charlton and Turville, together with some rapidly improving juniors. W. C. I. should produce a winning team, one of the best in its history, this coming year.

The members of the track team are very grateful to Hector Phillips, well-known Canadian athlete, for his invaluable assistance and advice in preparing them for the Spring meets.
Windsor Collegiate Institute

Windsor Cadet Corps

W. H. Downey

One of the organizations that Windsor Collegiate Institute has reason to be proud of is its Cadet Corps. This Corps has taken first place in Military District No. 1 for the years 1921, 1922 and 1923. In 1922-23 the Corps was particularly smart and efficient. The total membership was 372, being about 95% of the boys of the school. The officers were very capable and the rank and file well-drilled and presented a fine appearance on their annual inspection by Lieut-Colonel Gillespie on June 2, 1923. The special units—especially the Bugle Band, attracted much attention and won well-merited praise from the inspecting officers.

The battalion was in charge of the following officers:

Battalion C. O., H. C. Coulter.
Second in Command, C. Pattison

Company Commanders—
A. Co., R. Pryor
B. Co., N. Giles
C. Co. K. Laird
D. Co. E. Pickering

Bugle Band, G. Howell
Signalling Corps, G. Brett
Ambulance Corps, R. Campbell

The instructors in charge of the Corps were Lieuts. W. H. Downey, W. L. Carson, G. E. Marshall and W. Harman.

A Cadet Camp was held in London during the first week in July, but the attendance from this Corps was not what it should have been.

This year the W.C.I. Cadet Corps hopes to retain its position and much interest is being taken. Special attention is being given to competition in shooting under the direction of Mr Carson—teams entered both in senior and junior D. C. R. A. competitions. A large class has just completed a course in signalling, which has been in charge of Sergt. Major Steele, while the Bugle Band under the leadership of Robt. Hicks and Mr. Arnold, promises to be the best ever.

The officers’ class is being well looked after by Mr. Marshall and all are looking forward to our annual inspection some time in May.

A certain rather prominent scientist of this country was in England recently and was on one occasion attempting to explain the American Governmental system. “For instance,” he elucidated, “everyone in America may be President; each citizen is a possible candidate; I, for example, have a chance to become President.”

His English auditor was silent for a moment and then turned to him and said: “But I say, old chap, aren’t your chances bally remote?”

—Virginia Reel.

She: “I’m afraid, Hiram, I won’t see you in heaven!”
Hiram: “Great guns! What have you been doing now?”

—O. A. C. Review.

* * * * *

A doughty knight once forth did fare.
He got the colic—When and where?
In the middle of the knight.

—Vox Lycei.
The Intercollegiate Field Day held at Wigle Park on October 12th, 1923, was probably the most successful which Essex County Prep. Schools have enjoyed. Each of the ten schools having a full quota of representatives, interest in the keenly contested events was intense in the extreme. For a short time the race between Windsor and Walkerville indicated the newer school's determination to conquer, but the superiority of the Windsor entrants was exhibited in the final tally of 111 to 74 in favor of the home school.

It was mainly due to the work of the boys that Windsor was conceded the championship, and chief among the high scorers rank Al Edwards, George Trevor, and Jack Cleminson, the last being the winner of the Junior championship while the first two tied for the Senior. Harry Stockton of Walkerville also figured amongst the high scorers as runner-up in the Junior events.

Of the four events staged in the morning for the boys, three new records were set, the outstanding one being the Senior broad jump set by George Lowther at 18ft 6in. In all, nine events in the Junior and Senior boys received new records, and of these seven were the achievements of Windsor athletes. Perhaps the most interesting competition of the day was the hundred yard dash in which Henry Walters defeated his team-mate and former conqueror, Al Edwards, and established a new record of ten and four fifths seconds.

As was the case last year, our girls won more ribbons in the foot-racing than in any other branch of sport. The Senior chariot race provided one of the most exciting events of the day when the judges could not decide between our team and that from Walkerville for first place. The race was run again by these girls a second time but with no better result, and it was only after a third attempt that the Windsor girls were declared winners by a matter of a few inches. In the relay race also the Seniors distinguished themselves by obtaining second place.

In both basketball and baseball throwing, the W. C. I. girls showed themselves superior to any other competitor in the field, especially in the latter.

As in the Senior group, the Juniors did exceptionally well in the relay and chariot races, taking second place in both.

In the running broad jump the junior entrant not only won first prize but established a new record for our school, completely eclipsing all previous attempts, by a leap of thirteen feet. By far the most important event of the day, in the estimation of W. C. I. students at least, was the presentation of the Shield to our School by Mr. Begley, followed by the announcement of the individual champions.

A great part of the success of the Field Day was undoubtedly achieved by Mr. Campbell's untiring energy in making all necessary arrangements. Each successive affair of this kind has seemed to be just a little better than the preceding. No other event of the school year accomplishes so much in the maintaining of school spirit and friendly inter-school rivalry.

That's my last Duchess hanging there, As though she were alive; She should have got the 'lectric chair, The juice did not arrive.

Sarah Fricker married the poet Coleride. Her two sisters also married poets, proving that insanity runs in families.
Assault-at-Arms

F. E. Canatsy.

There is no more expedient way of keeping a student body permeated with school spirit and a liking for school work than by having an abundance of school activities. The Assault-at-Arms, presented in the gym. before record crowds on two nights, February first and second, '24, made the Collegiate teem with activity, gave both staff and student body plenty of work, and thereby uplifted the morale of the school and increased the school spirit. To the Student Council should go the major part of the credit for the great success attained. Their committee's report sponsored an Assault-at-Arms, and it was accepted. The arrangements were placed in the hands of the Physical Training directors of both boys and girls, Mr. Reid, President of the Council and three members of the Council. This committee secured the participants, arranged the program and had charge of the practices and work.

The Council looked after much of the routine work—such as the printing of tickets, and selling them.

The program was extremely good. There were four folk dances by the girls, which were splendidly executed. The credit for their excellent performance belongs to Miss Hamilton, who was in complete charge. The Sarabande, by Miss Angie Benson and Miss Marguerite Neal was one of the most delightful features.

The Efficiency Squad, consisting of officers of the now-famous Cadet Corps, opened the program, led by “Pat” Pattison. The Awkward Squad was the humorous hit of the evening, chiefly because of the officer in charge, “Tim” Barnes. The athletic work was under Mr. Drulard and constituted the major part of the program. Mr. Drulard himself gave an exhibition of his skill as the closing event.

No endeavour of this kind would be complete without clowns. Some of the more daring spirits in the school donned spangled dunce-caps and bulging suits and capered about like professionals. They made a great hit with the audiences.

The Assault-at-Arms was perhaps the most outstanding effort undertaken by the students in several years. Financially, it covered all our petty school deficits, and left a substantial credit in the School fund. Such activities as these make school life worth while and tend to strengthen the mutual sympathy between the Staff and the Student Body.

The wise Department of Education has foreseen our wants in future life and so has prescribed these subjects in our Matric. curriculum:
1. Latin—Four years of intensive study, so that we may be able to translate the mottoes on old coats-of-arms without looking them up in the reference books!
2. French—Another four years of study so that we may be able to read the directions for using Dutch Cleanser on the French side of the tin as well as the English.
3. Geometry—Three years of deep thought so that it will take us two hours and a half to prove something at once self-evident.
4. Algebra: So that we may have the perpetual pleasure of being able to subtract nine from eight.
5. Ancient History: So that we may take a lesson and never christen any child with a name of more than four letters.
6. English: So that we may be able to say what we think in such a way that nobody will ever know what we mean, ourselves least of all.
Each year we hear more and more about the Athletic events in which the girls take part. Already they vie with the boys for the honour of first place in school athletics, and interest in girls' sports is increasing, both in the schools and amongst the general public.

When the school re-opened in the fall the first event which brought the girls into the limelight was the W. C. I. Field Day. Minnie O'Hara and Helen Windecker were declared champions of the Senior and Junior groups. At the Inter-collegiate Field Day held at Essex, Helen Windecker brought further honour to the school by winning first place in the Junior Girls' events.

Then came the basketball season, bringing further triumphs for our girls. The team won the championship of Essex County in the fall series and thus earned the right to go to London to compete for the W. O. S. S. A. Championship.

In the meantime, inter-form basketball was arousing a great amount of enthusiasm among the girls. Form 4A of the Seniors and 2E of the Intermediates played for the championship of the school, the laurels being won by 2E. Of the first forms, 1A was victorious and they too received school pins.

The School Team opened its Winter schedule January 7th, when they played the Y. W. C. A. and added one more game to their line of victories. All through the season, the team suffered only one defeat, and that was administered by the Holy Rosary Team of Detroit, the score being 14-9. They had many exciting, not to say thrilling games. They played a home and home series with Sarnia for the Championship of the district and in both games came through with flying colours.

However, disappointment met the players when they went to London to try for the championship of Western Ontario. In the first game in the afternoon, they were defeated by Brantford by a single basket. In the evening of the same day, they were victorious in their contest with Woodstock, but were unable to retrieve their lost laurels.

It was said of our girls that they played one of the finest, swiftest, cleanest games of all the teams which met at London, so that, though our team should lose, our pride in their achievement was undiminished. Their sportsmanship was of the best, their play deserving of the highest praise and the members of the team deserve commendation individually and collectively for the splendid service which they rendered their school.

Jean Ray and Marguerite Neal with Delia Hussey as sub. played excellent combination throughout the whole season. Jean, with her bounce and her quick shot, often saved the day for us, while Marguerite was a free shot artist.

Muriel Thomson and Margaret Gardner with Helen Smith and Elizabeth Savage as subs. formed the best pair of centres the school has known for a long time. They played an almost perfect combination, which in the end makes the team. Helen Windecker and Norma Hackett, (captain) with Adelia Smythe and Thelma Gatecliffe, formed a wall almost impassable. But these girls, great as was their ability, could not alone have made this wonderful record—19 victories and only three defeats. Their success is largely due to the splendid coaching of Miss Hewitt. With the tireless energy characteristic of her, Miss Hewitt worked long and hard at the task of bringing the team to the high degree of perfection which it attained.

With the close of the basketball season, the courts were marked off—nets put up and soon all attention was fixed upon tennis. Muriel Thomson and Beatrice Pepper won the school pins for tennis, after having defeated Helen Smith and Evelyn Shortt. The Junior pins were won by Marjorie Jackson and Pauline Ellis.

To the Athletic Association, which arranged all the events of the year, to Miss Hewitt the faithful basketball coach, to the girls who played on first and second teams and to all those who partook in the separate Athletic events, the school owes gratitude and congratulations. Seldom has a school possessed finer representatives than those who took part in the Athletics of 1922-23, and as we look back with pride on the glorious record of the past year, we are encouraged to hope for even greater achievements in the future.
Basketball, the great American Winter game, has become very popular with the girls and boys. Basketball helps to develop the girls physically and mentally during the years when they most need healthful exercise.

Alertness of the eye, quickness of movement, accuracy and endeavour are necessary. Perhaps even more valuable than the all-round development of the body is the simultaneous development of the mind. Every minute of the game presents a new situation to the mind. Aside from this, basketball requires coolness and self-control.

In the fall inter-form competition, there were three schedules. In the senior schedule the third, fourth and fifth forms played; in the intermediate the second forms, and in the junior the first forms took part. The referees were chosen from the school team and other experienced players. In the senior group, Form 3C was the winner. Form 2E won the honours of the second group. The winner of the senior group and the intermediate group played off for the senior championship, and Form 3C proved to be the better. The juniors did not start their court battles until
after Xmas, but have finished with Form IJ on top.

This year the school team includes a few inexperienced players, but in spite of this drawback, it has displayed good combination. The team was matched against Leamington, Comber, Essex and Walkerville and lost two games against Walkerville and one against Leamington. Due to these defeats, the team was unable to win the Essex County Championship, which was won by Walkerville.

In the Western Ontario League, Walkerville won the Championship of this district. Our team was twice defeated by them, but won two games from the Windsor-Walkerville Technical.

The forwards, Delia Hussey and "Peggy" Neal, have won for themselves great honour. They have displayed splendid work throughout the games and have been aided materially by Evelyn Burns. The centres, Helen V. Smith and "Jo" Smith, with the help of Helen Pinfold, have played a speedy and thrilling game. The guards, Helen Windecker—captain—and Minnie O’Hara, along with the untiring effort of Adeline MacLennan, have played good combination in every game.

The true value of basketball cannot be readily estimated. The winning of the games is of secondary importance. Co-ordination of mind and body, and the spirit of team-play, make better pupils and better citizens of those taking part. The girl who plays a hard, clean and square game, not only succeeds in work and play, but helps to create and foster that indefinable school spirit of which the Windsor Collegiate is so proud.

CHUCKLES FROM THIRD FORM

(Continued from page 44)

Wickett to his Dad: "Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes shut?"
Dad: "Of course, son; why?"
Wickett: "Go ahead. Dad, sign my report"

Helen Windecker talked on, blissfully unconscious of the teacher's presence. Finally—
Teacher: "You think you're nice, don't you, Miss Windecker?"
Helen, hearing her name, but not the remark—"Yes, Miss——"

Mother—Maurice, what are you doing in the pantry?
Maurice Baird—Oh, just putting a few things away!

Teacher: "How many days are there in the week?"
Bassett: "Two, sir."
Teacher: "What! name them!"
Bassett: "Saturday and Sunday—the rest of the week we go to school."

What is your occupation, Wickett?
Wickett—I used to be an organist.
And why did you give it up?
Wickett—The monkey died.

Mr. Campbell—after starting the proof of a difficult exercise in Geometry—"What should we try now, Barnes?"
Barnes (awaking from morning nap):—"Nine ball in the end pocket, sir."

Hoffman thinks he is Romeo because he sits beside Juliet.

Mr. Hambly: "When did Caesar defeat the greatest number?"
Riggs: "On the last examination, sir."

Mr. Thompson—Did you break anything?
Barnes—No sir, just dropped my florence flask.

Miss Noonan—Cornish, can you give us a current event to-day?
Cornish—"Toots is curling her hair."

IIIID Sport News—Margaret Drake and Bill Norman are progressing favourably in their Spring training for the chewing gum contest. Each has succeeded in chewing off ten marks from their totals.
ORATORICAL CONTEST
(Continued from page 46)
her the right to represent the W. C. I. in the semi-finals.

Helen Wilkinson came second with “Chivalry”; her address was carefully worked out and delivered with much appeal. Speaking on “Carelessness and Mortality” Martha Rogin won the third position and closely rivalled Helen Wilkinson.

Thelma Jarvis gave an address on “Peace”; Olive LePain on “Russia’s Transition Period”; Margaret McLean on “Pioneer Life in Ontario”.

Four schools were represented at the Final Oratorical for the district, which was held in the Collegiate Auditorium on Monday evening, February the eleventh.

In this contest, however, Winifred Smith did not succeed in attaining first, and although she spoke well, was defeated by Jeanne Adkin of Technical.

Judges, program and further details of the contests, both boys’ and girls’, were arranged by a committee composed of Miss Garrett, Miss Ryan, Miss Cleary, Mr. Booth, Mr. Hambly and Mr. Wheelton. To Mr. Campbell, convenor for this district of the W. O. S. S. A., is due much credit for the manner in which all local contests are conducted.

HUMOR
(Continued from page 59)
Q: “How can I keep my feet from going to sleep?”
A: “Don’t let them turn in.”

Mr. Brunt says light travels in a straight line—perhaps that’s why they sometimes call a crooked deal “shady”.

Since so few W. C. I. students are seen regularly at church, one of the local churches wants to put an ad. in our paper. As we have no church section we were wondering where it should go, until someone suggested putting it in the fire insurance column.

If you find supplementary reading tires you, it might be a comfort to remember how much good it does your class teacher.

A vibrating body sounds louder when it touches something solid—perhaps that is why violin players rest their heads on their instruments.

Darwin was wrong. We are not educated monkeys, because some are not even educated.

In 1829 after years of street fighting, police appeared and quiet times followed. That’s a habit of police to arrive after the trouble’s over and hang around while everything is quiet.

Girl at Library: “Have you a nice creepy book?”
Librarian: “Oh yes! Are you a bookworm?”

“What are you studying now?” asked Mrs. Wilson. “We have taken up the subject of molecules”, answered her son. “I hope you will be very attentive and practise constantly”, said his mother. “I tried to get your father to wear one, but he could not keep it in his eye.”

Miss Hamilton (attacked by dog): “Help! Help! Call him off! What’s his name?”
Owner: “It won’t make any difference, lady, his name’s Caesar.”

Flies cannot stand extreme cold. By gathering them up each night and wrapping them up in cracked ice, you will soon get them so rheumatic that they cannot fly about and bother you.

Who was the person sent out to whitewash the “Last Post” at Cadet Camp?

When picking books at the library, remember that some books are too good to be true and some are too true to be good.

The school doctor asked a boy who was sick “Where do you feel the worst?” “In Chemistry” he replied. (We took that out of a newspaper, but we’ll put it back).

Mr. Reid roars out loudly “Write larger at the back there, there’s plenty of board and room.”
I was sitting, with my pen in my hand, thinking, or trying to think of something with which to enliven the Exchange of “The Crier”, when the door was violently thrown open, and a loud shout attracted my attention.

“Caramba!”

I was slightly surprised, and turned with some concern to look my visitor over. He was undoubtedly an outlaw, and apparently a Mexican specimen of the species. He had on the regulation hat, moustache, red sash, and fringe, and he was chewing the customary garlic. Here was a chance to get at first hand some information on Mexico! Motioning my visitor, who seemed rather ill at ease, to a seat, I prepared to question him. But he seemed to have no intention of being interviewed. I believe I neglected to mention that he had a pair of rather worn revolvers in his hands, which he kept pointing at me while he swept the room (not literally of course, although it needed it) with his glance.

Suddenly his eye fell on my desk, (please take these little things in a figurative sense), and he gasped!

I followed his glance, and realized that he was looking at the pile of magazines in front of me. I said: “Well, my good man, do you want something? If not, I’m very busy, you know, and haven’t time—”

He interrupted me with an unprintable and rather unnecessary oath and leaped to the table. He slipped one of the little (?) pistols into a rather unclean pocket, or holster, and grabbed the top magazine. I was about to object, but the man looked so sincere and straightforward that I kept still. He looked at the cover.

“Vox Collegii, Ontario Ladies’ College, Whitby. Humph! The pictures are alright. How far is it to Whitby? Why don’t they get a decent cover? It’s the first magazine I’ve seen in a long time which is so bereft of art titles. So much for the ladies!”

Needless to say, I was slightly surprised by this oration. Here was a perfectly respectable Mexican outlaw trying to go the awful way of an Exchange Editor! Meanwhile, he had picked up another magazine. It was “Saint Andrew’s College Review”.

“Well”, said my friend, opening it with a bullet from his pistol, “This book has got one thing in it the last one had not—a rugby section. Never saw the thing played myself, but they must use aeroplanes, ’cause here’s a flying wing. Now this is a snappy magazine. The editor knows his stuff. Let’s give him three cheers.” And he gave them alone, accompanied by his gun, breaking, I am sorry to say, two lights and the electric fan. Had he not been a guest, I might have objected. But the laws of hospitality must be respected. Meanwhile, my friend continued:

“Vox Lycei, Hamilton C. I. Wonder what that Greek means. It’s pretty good, especially the literary work. Ha! Ha! The
humour's great—listen to this:

"Teacher: What is a molecule?

Pupil: something like a flea, You can't see it but you know it's there.'

Now isn't that rich? The poor fish didn't know that a molecule is a unit of weight. Pretty good!"

I was getting slightly dizzy, probably because the room was stifling. He then picked up the "Hello" from Brantford C. I.

"Funny title. What's this? Gr-r-r !" He put three holes through the book; "the very idea of spreading advertisements all through the blooming book. That's enough. The rest may be splendid, but that spoils it all."

He carelessly dropped the book into the fireplace and picked up the next. I was growing feeble, and pinched myself to see if I wasn't dreaming. No, it must be true.

"More Greek! 'Vox Lycei, Ottawa C. I.' Humph! This would be best of all if they'd put the advertisements by themselves. The editor of this knew his business up to that one point. Here's a couple of pretty good jokes:

'From Exam paper—Alexander MacKenzie was the first to see the Pacific Ocean coming down the Fraser River' ".

I laughed weakly; he went on:

"'1st Misled Man: The street car just passed'.

'2nd Misled Man: How do you know?'

'1st M. M.: I can see its tracks'."

He laid this worthy book down tenderly. Its excellence seemed to make him reverence it. Then he proceeded to the next volume, and I shuddered with apprehension when I saw the title "Analecta, Central C. I., Calgary". He appeared very pleased with the book. He declared that its arrangement was good, its material fair, and jokes suitable.

"Altogether," he said, "it could be called the average school magazine. From the write-ups, it's a real live school."

He was turning the pages slowly, and suddenly he began to laugh. He read me the joke:

"'Will you go upstairs and get my watch?"

'Wait a minute and it will run down.'

'No, it won't. Ours is a winding stairway'."

He tore a few pages out, and then seized the last two books, and glanced through them. They were different editions of the Regina College Register.

"Now, my child," he began, "this magazine is not up to the standard. It should have a more lively cover, some photographs, better arrangement. Beyond that, it is very good, for it has good material."

"Is that all?" I asked, with an effort. Beads of perspiration were rolling down my forehead, and my knees were getting painful. Perhaps the fact that his revolver, cocked, was still pointing at my eyes had something to do with it. But the whole performance was so odd that I was completely at sea. He disdained to answer me, asking idle questions, but threw the Registers down, and pulling a Big Ben from his boot, looked at is.

"Twelve o'clock! Well, I must be going. I surely enjoyed this visit. It rather relieved my mind, you know."

"Oh, sir! Listen, please," I cried. "Who are you? What are you? What is the meaning of all this? You came in here,
made yourself at home, and completely ruined two of those valuable magazines. You are either a lunatic or a practical joker, and this joke isn't practical. Kindly explain yourself."

The good soul heaved a heart-rending sigh, and put his revolver away. "My dear friend," he said, "you should pity me and sympathize with me. My High School days ended about thirty years ago, but their effects still last. Once I also, was Exchange Editor on a school magazine. Beware, my son, for before you, you see the terrible result of that horrible craft. My name is Pancho Villa. Perhaps you have heard of me. All my battles and dangers have not cured me of an intensive lust for criticizing magazines, especially school ones. I would be the happiest man in the world were you to publish those criticisms as I have uttered them. Adios!"

You all heard of the tragic death of Pancho Villa not long ago. It has turned out that I was the person who spoke to him last. I have complied with his last request and given a true picture of his visit. To this brave and honorable Mexican goes all the honour or dishonour of this department. I am merely the chronicler.

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**BASKET-BALL**

(Continued from page 50)

**Scores of the Games Played.**

- Windsor—18 Central—15
- Windsor—16 Alumni—20
- Windsor—36 Monroe—6
- Windsor—17 Wyandotte—12
- Windsor—25 W-W. Technical—11
- Windsor—22 Walkerville—15
- Windsor—23 Mt. Clemens—16
- Windsor—22 Walkerville—15
- Windsor—21 W-W. Technical—18
- Windsor—31 Ypsilanti—6
- Windsor—37 Royal Oak—10
- Windsor—29 Walkerville—23

**W. O. S. S. A. Semi-Finals**

- Windsor—38 Brantford—24
- Windsor—63 Brantford—19

Windsor won round by 19 points.

**W. O. S. S. A. Finals.**

- Windsor—36 Sarnia—9
- Windsor—24 Sarnia—10

Windsor won round by 41 points.
The Actor: "Yes, sir, someone aimed a base cowardly egg at me."
The Other: "And what kind of an egg may that be?"
The Actor: "A base cowardly egg, sir? A base cowardly egg is one that hits you—then runs."
—Elgin Academy, Elgin, Ill.

A visitor said to a little girl, "And what will you do when you get as big as mother?"
"Diet," said the modern child.
—Elgin Academy, Elgin, Ill.

What we consider to be the most absent-minded man in the world was discovered in Burwash the other day. He stayed up till one o'clock trying to think what he wanted to do and then remembered that he wanted to go to bed early.
—Victoria College.

Conductor: "This train goes to Hamilton and points East."
Frosh: "I want a train that goes to Toronto, and I don't care which way it points."
—Victoria College.

"Why is your face so red, little girl?"
Ruby Scott: "Cause, ma'am."
"Cause why?"
"Cosmetics."
—The Register, Regina.

Policeman: "Your honour, he's charged with bigotry. He's married three times."
Magistrate: "Now, now my man, you go to night school. You know that that isn't bigotry. When a man is married three times it's called trigonometry.
—The Hello, Brantford.

Kindly Villager (to mother of newly-appointed A. D. C.): "An' 'ow's Mas'r John gettin' on? I see by the paper he's become a 'andicap to a general."
—The Hello, Brantford.

Said Mrs. Parkington: "I attended the concert at the female cemetery last night. The whole thing went off like a pakenham shot. Some songs were extracted with touching pythagoras and the young angels sung like syrups." During the shower of applause which followed, she remembered she had forgotten her umbrella.
—The Hello, Brantford.

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