Patterson, J. C. Collegiate Institute Yearbook 1946-1947

Patterson, J. C. Collegiate Institute (Windsor, Ontario)

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A JOURNEY OF A THOUSAND MILES BEGINS WITH ONE SHORT STEP

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF PATTERSON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE...
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Current reports have described many educational institutions as in a poor condition with respect to facilities of lighting and structure. It is a recognized fact that our old building has suffered from undue lack of paint brush and scaffold both literally and culturally. While past generations marched triumphantly through various sports leagues to ornament our show cases anew, and while Patterson names highlighted scholarship after scholarship, the same begrimed building encased them. Outstanding deportment was displayed by Pattersonites throughout vast and distant countries. Tablets to their memories hang on stained and soiled walls.

Surely one should be able to feel pride in every ledge and corner of such a monument to one's youth. Could pride be felt in a structure which compared so inadequately with brother institutions? Rejuvenation was an exigency! The graduating class of 1945-46 lit the flame of determination for the student body to beautify Patterson. HIB of the same year added fuel by a second presentation of Canadian artistry and five lower school classes of 1946-47 have continued contributions in a Canadian line of paintings. A complete redecoration was ordered by the Board of Education this year which serves to alleviate the distressing background upon which the pictures were being hung. The challenge has been set. Will Patterson be allowed to deteriorate for lack of student interest? Or will this rejuvenation be carried on continuously by future Pattersonites?

MARGARET ROBERTSON.
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First Row: Bernard Awerbuck, Shirley Campbell, Bette Phelps, Margaret Robertson, Bob Dowdell, John Atkin, Patricia Dodge, Ethel Hodges, Barry Katz, Jack Rowland, Dick Johnson.

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Page Three
Our Principal

Mr. G. E. Marshall

It is a pleasure for me to welcome the third edition of the Patrician, and I wish to congratulate the Editor, his staff and all who have assisted with this project.

This magazine should appeal to all students, for it not only reviews the activities of our school during the past year, but provides a lasting record of them. Extra curricular activities are important, in as much as they develop in students co-operation, a sense of responsibility and tolerance for the viewpoint of others. The production of a school magazine furnishes one of the best fields for the development of these necessary qualities.

As the school term nears the end, we can look back on a successful year, among the highlights of which were—the winning of several scholarships, championship football and basketball teams, a splendid Cadet Corps, a delightful Melody March, and a very creditable issue of the Patrician. To all who have contributed to the success of these activities I extend my sincere thanks.

Another class will be graduating in June. As they leave this school for their life’s work, I should like to think that the years they have spent here have been profitable to them, that their personalities have been enriched, and that they will carry away with them happy memories of their associations at Patterson. The Staff and students will follow their progress and achievement with great pride. I wish them the highest success in life.
Jean McKee or "Jeanie," as she is known far and wide, reached the supreme in her high school career last fall—when she was elected Head Girl of P.C.I. And no wonder that everybody voted for Jeanie! She has always been an honour student. In fact when it comes to things literary—the final authority next to Miss Garrett is—guess who? She also holds the Alumni Medal for grade twelve. Besides scholastic undertakings, Jean has taken part in nearly all school activities from basketball to the Patrician.

As for next year—Jean hopes to go to Normal school in London and become a teacher. Judging from past performance we know she will meet with brilliant success.

Doug Wigle, Patterson's popular head boy, is known as the "Walking Constellation." The reason is the number of stars on his maroon and white sweater. Doug has won nearly every athletic honour the school can bestow—in all the fields—football, swimming, basketball and track. And the same is no less true of his scholastic record. Doug is also a honour student. He holds the Alumni Medal for Grade Eleven and his marks in grade thirteen show that more awards are yet to come.

Doug's ambition is to follow in the footsteps of his father and study medicine. Thus in seven or eight years from now we may be calling in our head boy of 1947 to cure that spring flu. We wish him the best of luck in his medical endeavours.
To-Day's Critics
By Bob Dowdell

The intensity and volume of criticism which certain radical elements are levelling at our government is becoming increasingly alarming. But the most alarming fact of all is that these radicals are finding their most willing audiences among young people of High School and College age. Whether or not adults are willing to admit it, the younger generation, in to-day's voice, is voicing sentiments which very definitely originate in and sympathize with the Leftist movement. Canadians must realize that the success or failure of Democracy in the next twenty-five years will rest in the hands of those who are students to-day. The opinions of our future leaders must not be regarded lightly.

True enough, psychologists tell us that teen-agers are fond of finding fault with everything they find about them. It is equally true that many of these radical tendencies are forgotten as the youth matures. But the extent to which the youth of to-day is absorbing Leftist propaganda; and the sincerity with which young people are putting faith in it, leaves one with the unmistakeable premonition that not all will be forgotten in a few years. We must be aware that some of the radicals of to-day will be the Communists and Fascists of tomorrow unless steps are taken to remedy the situation.

What the Leftist and his teen-age disciple fail to comprehend is that they are undermining the very system of government which permits them to survive. Karl Marx, the founder of Socialism, when driven from virtually every country in Europe, found refuge in England, whose Capitalistic system he was seeking to destroy. Democracy brings with it the only form of government which will permit criticism; yet like the lowly parasite which flourishes by destroying that on which it lives, the Leftist movement is knowing unceasingly at the only hand which shelters its existence.

Moreover, the student who believes that he sees some form of good in the Leftist movement, fails to see that while it promises to create a better social system, it cunningly conceals a monstrous evil which far out-balances any benefits which may be forthcoming. For at the same time that Communism preaches a higher living standard than our present one, (which in Russia it has as yet failed to produce), it denies the common man any real voice in his government. Any system which is not ruled by the people themselves is evil, and nothing can alter that fact.

If he stops to give the matter any thought, the sober minded person will realize that our democratic way of life cannot be equalled by anything the Leftists can produce. A moment's true consideration will reveal that for all its faults, Democracy is the best system of government yet devised to enable the common man to live a full and a free life. The Leftist group has stressed the betterment of man's condition economically, but it has sought to deprive him of certain fundamental liberties, without which no system of government can be acceptable.

A War Memorial
By Barry Katz

The Collegiate Council has recently been discussing the question of a War Memorial to the boys from Patterson who gave their lives in this last great war. Now, when one speaks of a war memorial one naturally thinks of a plaque or a monument or the dedication of a library. But I always think of two words: knowing and practising.

The reader will probably say to himself—"There he goes— theorizing about war memorials." But I am not theorizing. I am dealing with the common sense idea that only a lasting peace is the suitable memorial for our honoured dead. And a lasting peace again hinges around those words—knowing and practising.

It is time-worn phraseology to say that we students are the heirs of this country; that in a few years it will be ours to guide its destinies. Yet this is stark reality. And we must realize it. Realizing it means seeing to it that we educate ourselves not only in the three R's but in basic facts of life. An educated informed people can never be misruled or misled—and what is more important—led to war. That is why I use the word "knowing." What parts of our daily newspaper do we read? Do we always skip the front page and rely on Li'l Abner for our current events? Do we know what the U.N. Assembly or the Security Council is doing? Do we know who Bidault, Caldwell, Duplessis and Bilbo are? Do we know the meaning of the words; totalitarianism, democracy, capitalism, fascism, or communism as they are hurled at us day after day in these historic times?

Even more important than knowing is practising. About a year ago Windsor had a courtesy and cooperation campaign. How many of us practise the commandments of those two words? There again is another field where we students must lead the way. I am not speaking of the Emily Post interpretation of these words. They are very important but even more important is the courtesy and cooperation we extend to our neighbours as members of religious, social or minority groups. If we are prejudiced in any way then we breed misunderstanding and misunderstanding leads to friction and strife. We must see to it that democracy and equality are extended in every phase of our daily life. That unkind glance or that slurring remark
should be replaced by the realization that democracy applies just as well to the fellow with the dark skin or different racial origin or separate church affiliation or unorthodox opinion.

Thus, that is why I always think of those two words: knowing and practising. They sum up a philosophy that in my humble opinion can help build a peace that even the atomic bomb could not destroy. And what could be a better memorial for those that sleep in foreign fields?

Elections
By Evelyn McNab

Student councils are a necessity in modern education. They fulfil a great need in preparing young people to lead successful lives. They help to develop a spirit of co-operation and respect among students, whether as individuals or groups, which, after all, is the foundation of our democratic system.

On October 11, our elections for membership in that body took place. Several weeks of preparation were experienced by all six competitors for the positions of head boy and head girl. Each contestant, I presume, spent many nights burning the "midnight oil," trying to plan some spectacular, yet original, way of displaying his own placards. Of the girls, Jean McKee, Pat Yaxley, and Muriel Borofsky were the contestants. The halls were adorned with such signs as "Repeal— I'm voting for McKee," or "Don't be a rat— Vote Pat" (Yaxley), or "Borofsky's the gal for me!" The three male candidates provided a delightful assembly programme, crammed with nonsense; they made use of school talent, hired bands, and snazzy songs. Doug Wigle, in the days preceding the election, when the Boston Red Sox and the Cardinals were batting it out for the pennant, took the initiative and installed a radio in the auditorium, so that each student having a spare period was eligible to sit in on the programme for forty minutes.

The other candidates, not to be outdone, posted such placards as "Win with Paterson," or "Join the Victory Parade— vote Katz." Paterson planned a splendid assembly programme, utilizing outside talent—a hired band which played all the popular songs. John Atkin was campaign manager for Katz, and how outstanding he was! Wherever one saw a group collected, whether in the halls, or in the cafeteria, one guess was all that was needed. Yes, it was John, laboriously presenting arguments in support of his candidate.

After the election programmes were over, it was unanimously agreed that the star campaigners of the year were George Gall, Jack Rowland, and John Loucks, sponsoring Wigle. They had a most original act; their sudden appearance, clothed in tails and top, skipping down the centre aisle of the auditorium, brought down the house. Then, when they began their hilarious song and dance routine, the assembly broke out in renewed side-splitting laughter.

Thus can be said for the campaign entertainment, but much also should be said for the serious attitude in which the students from grades X to XII cast their votes. They displayed a real sense of responsibility at that time, for were they not choosing their own representatives for the Student Council of 1946-47?

Dramatics

At the request this year for students interested in forming a Dramatic Club, room 106 was swamped. This interest in acting was highly praised by Miss Conghlin, who has been the main spring in such ventures in the past. The group put their heads together to vote their officers and finally came up with a slate that read: Laurence Le Capela as chairman; and associates George Gall, Betty Lancha, Elizabeth Hall, and John Loucks.

Immediately the club started production of two plays, "Sister Sue" and "High School Days." The group also has high hopes for the future, consisting of a visit to the Cass Theatre in Detroit, and a chance for each member of the Club to do some actual acting, directing, or staging.

In closing, the Club would like to thank publicly Miss Conghlin, who has devoted much of her time to the club, its organization, and the production of its plays.

Changes in the Staff

The past year has brought only two changes in the Patterson staff. They are the arrival of Mr. Stone and the return of Mr. Mencel. The latter, after serving five years as a Squadron Leader in the R.C.A.F., said he was glad to be back at school. While away, he met a great many ex-Patterson students. He said the school has not changed much, even though there were no students whom he had taught before. He added, however, that we still had the best athletes, as is indicated by the success of the teams. Besides coaching and teaching Physical Education, Mr. Mencel also teaches English and Occupations.

The new music teacher, Mr. Stone, who also teaches English and British History, is a professional musician. Besides leading the band and the choir, he also plays the violin. He served four years in the Navy and upon his discharge spent one year at school, before coming to Patterson.

Other Winners

The editors regret that the exigencies of space prevented the inclusion of the efforts of the other winners in the Literary Contest.

Don Crapper won second prize in the Lower School Contest with his story on "Vulcan, the Valiant," and Florence Safran gained Honorable Mention. Marilyn Price won first prize with her essay. Arthur McGuire and Ellen Wickens won second prize and Honorable Mention respectively for their poems.

In the Upper and Middle School division Muriel Borofsky received second prize for the story "The Window," Ronald McLaughlin's essay "The Fascination of Speed" got second prize.

Perfect Attendance

John Drebot, Jack Gregg, Louis Itiniart, Ken Stewart are to be commended for their outstanding record of no half-days absent and no times late ever since they entered this school in 1943 or 1944.
Ken Archibald
A.: Dreamy
F. S.: "Seven in the end."
W. or D.: To Be Six Feet Tall
1957: "Son' You're going to Sandwich."

Jack Atchison
A.: Rugged
F. S.: "Golly, whiz-bangs."
W. or D.: To Run the Table
1957: Atchison and "Son"

Bernard Awerbuck
A.: Teasing
F. S.: "I'll Bet She Knows the Score!"
W. or D.: Filling the acid bottles
1957: Gigolo

Gordon Bertrand
A.: Hot Lips
F. S.: "That car has got the loveliest carburetor."
W. or D.: Heppenstall's
1957: Hitting High C.

David Bordoff
A.: Innocent
F. S.: "Oh Heck!"
W. or D.: Six Ball
1957: Chasing Fords with a sledge hammer.

Bill Boyce
A.: Smooth
F. S.: "Take a Peek!"
W. or D.: Ask Ruthe!
1957: Right Winger for Maple Leafs.

Harvey Branton
A.: Bashful
F. S.: "Oh, I don't know."
W. or D.: To understand women
1957: "It just can't be done!"

Mr. E. A. Orr
A.: Mathematical
F. S.: "I never heard of that proof before."
W. or D.: Spare time
1957: He still never heard of that proof.

Muriel Borofsky
A.: Glamorous
F. S.: "And do you know what?"
W. or D.: Sweaters!
1957: Power's Model.

Sheila Bowker
A.: Impish
F. S.: "I can't do this Algebra."
W. or D.: Binomial Theorem
1957: "Tell me, please."

Wanza Buckley
A.: Girtations
F. S.: "For Harvey's sake!"
W. or D.: Beau Snatching

Shirley Campbell
A.: Devious
F. S.: "It's a panic!"
W. or D.: Fellers
1957: Lady in the Shoe.

Ruthe Cavanagh
A.: Irresistible
F. S.: "He makes me so-o-o furious!"
W. or D.: She can "bake a cherry pie Billy Boy."
1957: Raising little boys.

Barbara Harper
A.: Dimples
F. S.: "Love that man!"
W. or D.: "Stew."
1957: Knitting sweaters for Muriel.

KEY—A: APPEARANCE; F. S.: FAVOURITE SAYING; W. OR D.: WEAKNESS OR DESIRE.
Class of '47

Sylvester Daniluk
A.: Mysterious
F. S.: "Well I wouldn't say that."
W. or D.: Admiring the fairer sex
1957: Still doing it.

Iorworth Davis
A.: "Li'l Abner"
F. S.: "Ho-Hum"
W. or D.: Walking fast
1957: Running.

Gordon DeMarco
A.: Eddie Cantor
F. S.: "Tut-Tut. What's up, Doc?"
W. or D.: Carrots
1957: Dietician.

Richard Douglas
A.: Vivacious
F. S.: "Hey, come on kids—Let's go!"
W. or D.: Dark Eyes
1957: Gloria's pilot.

Don Fowler
A.: Fair-haired boy
F. S.: "Great Scott"
W. or D.: Butchering helpless species
1957: Clothing Store Model.

Harold Fraba
A.: Man of Leisure
F. S.: "Up and at 'em, twenty-four skidoo."
W. or D.: Eskimo Isabel
1957: No throwing stones.

George Gall
A.: Angelic
F. S.: "What a panic."
W. or D.: Etchings
1957: Pulling curtains at the Avenue.

Barbara Harvie
A.: Sophisticated
F. S.: "I booped."
W. or D.: Kilts!
1957: Making porridge for the bairns.

Gloria Higgins
A.: Dark Eyes
F. S.: "He Has Not Got Red Hair.
W. or D.: Cheerleaders.
1957: Collecting diamonds.

Ethel Hodges
A.: Inviting
F. S.: "Tell me more."
W. or D.: It ain't men!

Kay James
A.: Demure
F. S.: "Guess what!"
W. or D.: Getting Lost
1957: Riding in a 1932 Ford.

Anna Lee
A.: Dainty
F. S.: "I was so surprised."
W. or D.: 99.99%
1957: "Calling Dr. Lee."

Jean McKee
A.: Adorable
F. S.: "I agree."
W. or D.: Number Five.
1957: Still trying to make coffee.

Glynne Milburn
A.: Exotic
F. S.: "That just knocks me out!"
W. or D.: Yatata-Yatata
1957: Still knockin' around.

KEY—A.: APPEARANCE; F. S.: FAVOURITE SAYING; W. OR D.: WEAKNESS OR DESIRE.
### Jack Goodwin
- **A.** Villainous
- **F. S.** “Let me in my locker, Holden.”
- **W. or D.** Rackets
- **1957:** Con-man.

### Roland Henderson
- **A.** Weak'n scrawny
- **F. S.** “Yes, I know.”
- **W. or D.** Lifting Models
- **1957:** The Human Dynamo.

### Robert Holden
- **A.** Diverting
- **F. S.** “Is that right.”
- **W. or D.** We’ll see what we will see
- **1957:** Can’t see from here.

### Harry Kalogian
- **A.** Lovable
- **F. S.** “Foldberg has nothing on me.”
- **1957:** M. D.

### Barry Katz
- **A.** Haphazard
- **F. S.** “As I was reiterating—”
- **W. or D.** Brains
- **1957:** Ph.D., B.A., M.A., L.S.M.F.T.

### John Loucks
- **A.** Suave
- **F. S.** “You are the most beautiful SEÑORITA in all the world.”
- **W. or D.** Wine, women, girls, and females
- **1957:** Playing third base for Spike Jones.

### Rachar McElwain
- **A.** Love-sick
- **F. S.** “I just don’t care anymore.”
- **W. or D.** Tall brunettes
- **1957:** Wife-beater.

### Elizabeth Nobes
- **F. S.** “The things we did last summer.”
- **W. or D.** Blondes!
- **1957:** Another blonde.

### Erma Oxford
- **A.** Whistle-bait
- **F. S.** “Hiya honey!”
- **W. or D.** Chubby.
- **1957:** Nursey dear, come over here.

### Shirley Perreault
- **A.** Happy-go-lucky
- **F. S.** “Gee, he’s cute.”
- **W. or D.** Loafing
- **1957:** Beachcomber.

### Bette Phelps
- **A.** Slim
- **F. S.** “Bab-e-ee-e!”
- **W. or D.** Tous les hommes
- **1957:** Gay divorcee.

### Phyllis Rock
- **A.** Ecstatic
- **F. S.** “I don’t even care!”
- **W. or D.** Hair-do’s.
- **1957:** Snake Charmer.

### Phyllis Sinclair
- **A.** R-ruff!
- **F. S.** “Where is . . . ?”
- **W. or D.** APPLÉ-PAN DOWDY
- **1957:** Raising twins.

### Shirley Rosenberg
- **A.** Pleasing
- **F. S.** “I’m gonna fail.”
- **W. or D.** Gigglng
- **1957:** M.A., Ph.D., B.A., M.Sc.

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**KEY—A: APPEARANCE; F. S.: FAVOURITE SAYING; W. OR D.: WEAKNESS OR DESIRE.**
Ronald McLaughlin
A.: Oh-h-h! so tall
F. S.: "Where did I lose this mark?"
W. or D.: Writing perfect papers
1957: General.

Louis Milburn
A.: Long and lean
F. S.: "No, you shut the door!"
W. or D.: Sleeping
1957: "Rip Van Winkle" Milburn.

Neil Orr
A.: Like Father, Like Son
F. S.: "Wanta know your mark?"
W. or D.: Flunkin Algebra
1957: Raising Quiz Kids

Orville Perrault
F. S.: "Time and ze leetle gray cells."
W. or D.: Beatin Dr. Crenshaw's Time
1957: Bill Stern's Successor.

John Rowland
A.: Distinguished
F. S.: "You laugh, John?"
W. or D.: To have seven brothers.
1957: Symphony Conductor.

Ben Solway
A.: Star Gazer
F. S.: "Goodness Gracious!"
W. or D.: Gals
1957: Romantic Actor.

Elliott Whiteman
A.: Wide Awake
F. S.: "Da-a-a-a."
W. or D.: Answering the wrong question at the wrong time
1957: He Doesn't Know Himself.

Fred Meisner
A.: Tall, dark and handsome
F. S.: "Yes dear!"
W. or D.: Small girls
1957: A bachelor.

Joseph Meisner
A.: Shaveless
F. S.: "Now back at Assumption . . ."
W. or D.: 50%
1957: President of Gillette's.

Gordon Paterson
F. S.: "Right after the next one"
A.: Deceiving
W. or D.: Alcohol (C₂H₅OH).
1957: Milking Cincinnati Cows.

Clarence Popkey
A.: Dignified
F. S.: "Fix your tire, Mac."
W. or D.: Counting money
1957: Grease-Monkey.

Harold Salem
A.: Blithe
F. S.: "Me thinks the lady protests too much."
W. or D.: Can't you guess?

Carman Szoke
A.: Zee Great Lovaire
F. S.: "I'll sink it from mid-floor."
W. or D.: First Formers of P.C.I. and K.C.I.
1957: Lost In A Harem.

Douglas Wigle
A.: Athletic
F. S.: "Who used my towel, Harry?"
W. or D.: Date Squares
1957: Pan-Handler.
Class of '47

Norman Wood
A.: Frustrated
F. S.: Whack off!
W. or D.: Walkin' home
1957: Sandwich Salesman.

Thomas Wright
A.: Lackadaisical
F. S.: "Confound the Elections."
W. or D.: Une Petite Blonde.
1957: Electronics.

Helen Skulmaski
A.: Curvacious
F. S.: "But definitely!"
W. or D.: Collecting Shoes
1957: "Cute—but still guilty."

Patricia Yaxley
A.: Alluring
F. S.: "It's so ridiculous."
W. or D.: All-Canadian Halfback
1957: Pruning little "buds."

KEY—A: APPEARANCE; F. S.: FAVOURITE SAYING; W. OR D.: WEAKNESS OR DESIRE.

CAREERS NIGHT
By Elliott Whiteman

Last year Patterson Collegiate came out with a new idea: Careers' Night. It proved to be such a success that it was decided to hold it again this year. This year's main speaker was Mr. Frank Brobst, managing director of Gelatin Products Limited, of Windsor. Mr. Brobst delivered a very interesting talk on vocations in general. Following this, the conference leaders were introduced to the audience. This general session was concluded with the showing of the sound film "Aptitudes and Occupations."

This meeting in the auditorium lasted from eight o'clock to nine o'clock and the next hour, nine to ten o'clock, was devoted to the vocational meetings themselves. The general procedure was for the speaker to give an outline of his trade or profession from every point of view, this to be followed by a question-and-answer period. This method has proved to be convenient and practical. Everyone who attended a conference came out with a clearer understanding of the occupation to which he was considering devoting his life. Among the group speakers (followed by names of group chairmen) were: Chemistry with William H. Arison (Shirley Rosenberg); Engineering with Harold J. Chambers (Dick Douglas); Interior Decoration with Miss Jean McLean (Marguerite Nielson); Journalism with Harold Vaughan (Jack Atchison); Laboratory Technician with Miss Florence Gourlay (Kay James); Law with W. W. Wright (Gordon Paterson); Medicine with Dr. C. R. Weber (Luis McBarn); Ministry with Rev. Robert Young, Ph.D., B.D. (Donna Waible); Nursing with Miss Mabel Hoy (Gloria Higgins); Optometry with Geo. S. Pringle (S. Sharpie); Radio Broadcasting with Budd Lynch (Orv. Perrault); Teaching with T. C. White (Shirley Campbell); Dietetics with Miss Betty Little (Wanza Buckley); Pharmacy with O. M. Paterson (Paul Stefan). After the meetings everyone went to a book display. Refreshments were then served. All in all, it was a very enjoyable and worthwhile evening.

Careers' Night was only the highlight of a whole year's study of Vocational Guidance, which is on the curriculum for both grade nine and grade twelve, and is taught under the able direction of Miss Coughlin, Mr. Mencel and Mr. Orr. In this course, students are given questionnaires and tests to determine their interests and abilities. For instance, many students in all grades have taken the Kuder Interest Test, which is followed by a talk with the guidance instructor, in which the student's interests are centered. Much of the time in this course is spent in studying the three outline tests: (1) You and Your Future (2) The Producing Occupations and (3) The Service Occupations. In these and other ways the pupil narrows down his choice of occupation so that, when he leaves school, he should have at least a rough idea of what his aptitudes are, and how he can use them.

COMMENCEMENT DANCE

After the ceremonies in the auditorium were completed, the graduates, the students, and their friends, flocked to the gymnasium for the annual commencement dance. Thanks to the efforts of the Social Committee, the gym was rejuvenated with artistic decorations. Streamers of purple and green formed a colourful canopy over the entire gym, and with the soft lights and music an exceptional dance was accomplished.

Jack Bowland who was about to have an operation on his hand looked very worried.
"What is worrying you," asked the doctor.
"Will I be able to play the piano after this operation," the patient queried.

Page Twelve
Yes, he would miss the old school and he would miss the children too. But he didn't mind that—not too much that is. He could always visit with his own children. Maybe he would go and see some of the places he had always longed to see—he didn't know. But he did know that when he left here he would be forgotten and that was what hurt. John Clegg who had lost all chances to make reality out of his life-long dreams who had given fifty years of his life to new generations would be forgotten.

"Oh what is the use?" he thought. "I'll go into the auditorium in a few minutes—make a little speech and then I'll leave, only to be forgotten."

Suddenly John was roused from his lethargy by a sharp knock on the door.

"Come in! Come in!" he responded hastily—"What is it you want, Paul?"

"Mr. Hodgeskinson wants you to come to the auditorium," replied the freckle-faced lad meekly.

"All right, Paul, you can run along. I'll be there in a minute."

John rose slowly—he was a little tired, but he steadied himself and then he picked up the speech that he had written for the last time. He drank in for the last time all the familiar details that he had learned to take for granted. Before he realized it, he found himself just outside the door of the big auditorium.

He paused a minute. took a deep breath. steadied himself once again and stepped in.

The auditorium was filled—filled with parents and their laughing screaming children. The whole community had turned out to bid him farewell. John looked up and his eyes were wet with tears. He saw the crowd and he could hear their cheers. But his eyes were not on them. They were fixed on the large portrait of the happy faces. laughter and life. He turned very slowly once again and stepped in.

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dug out a couple more and then carried the wriggling bunch in her mouth to the centre of the garden, where she dropped them. Then she glided back to the place of concealment to wait. “After a long time, a group of sparrows spied the tempting worms and swooped down on them; that was the cat’s chance. She pounced upon them like lightning and nabbed one of the party at the first jump. Cats, being nomadic creatures, possess a natural wander lust. A cat drawn perfectly contented and happy. But one day it may go away and never return. Numerous instances have occurred of domestic cats escaping to the woods and taking up a wild life there. So you never really own a cat.

The author of the aforementioned book in speaking of cats’ voices also says, “They set up their sweet voices.” Sweet! I certainly do not think that the blood curdling cries of a cat in a tight sound “sweet.” Nor do I like the mournful wails which the chorus of cats on a back yard fence set up at night. In the latter case though, I blame the cats’ masters or mistresses for letting the cats out to prowl at night. The neighbours of these night prowlers firmly believe that there should be a law forcing people to keep their cats on their own premises.

Cats have a distorted sense of humour. To see a cat torturing a mouse for hours before killing it, makes my blood run cold. Cats will pick up their dying victims and shake them vigorously. Or they may paw and play with their quarry until they are finally dead. Many of these sadists carry their dead victims into the house and lay them before their master’s feet with great pride.

Being creatures of habit, new people or new conditions are not easily accepted by cats. When meeting a stranger, cats stand off and sniff. Then they will make friends, or not, as their noses dictate. You may love a cat dearly but it will not pay the slightest attention to you if you do not smell good. New surroundings are not readily adapted by cats, either. Every room in the house is surveyed from attic to cellar. If a new piece of furniture or even a large book is placed in a room which a cat frequents, it walks around it cautiously and surveys it carefully.

Cats are both vain and proud. How they love to strut wearing huge bows around their neck. They especially like to play in front of a mirror and watch themselves. Thor-oughbred cats are particularly proud. They carry their heads high, and swish their tails as much as to say, “We are so superior to you insignificant human beings.” My father’s cat used to parade in front of the window, so that the people passing by the house could see her to the best advantage.

This following poem “The Tom Cat” by Don Marquis summarizes the characteristics of any cat.

“At midnight in our alley
A Tom-cat comes to walk,
And he chants the hate of a million years
As he swings his snaky tail.

Malevolent, bony, brindled,
Tiger and devil and hard,
His eyes are coals from the middle of Hell
And his heart is black and hard.

He twists and crouches and capers,
And bares his curved sharp claws,
And sings to the stars of the jungle nights
Ere cities were, or laws.

Beast from the world primeval,
He and his leaping clan.
Whose bared red moon reads over the roots,
Give voice to their scorn of man.

He will lie on a rug tomorrow
And lick his silky fur,
And veil the brute in his yellow eyes
And play he’s tame and pur.

But at midnight in the alley
He will crouch again.
And may seem to scold and wait,
And beat the time of his demon’s song
With the swing of his demon’s tail.

Page Fourteen

LOVE OF THE WILD
By Kay MacVicar
1st Prize Junior Short Story

There was no warmth in the rays of the sun, and the dawn wind was cold on the mountainside that day last summer when Tex, mounted on his faithful black mare, Bullet, topped a crest of the hill.

As Tex gazed out over the vast expanse of wasteland, he saw, on a rise of land, a horse starting and staring back in his direction. It was a horse such as Tex had never seen before; in fact, no man had. In the sun his glossy hide shone like burnished gold. As Tex gazed in delighted admiration, he held his statue-like pose, the graceful neck thrust back, every line of his body alive with wildness and intelligence. He seemed like an escaped ray of the sun, free to race and frolic without bounds.

There was an air of curiosity and expectation in the lift of his head, when seeming to sense the presence of an inferior person, he turned, broke into a free springing trot, and vanished from sight.

In this moment the carefree rider’s love of the wild was awakened and a wave of longing to tame this beautiful wild horse surged through him. Once planted in his mind the seed continued to grow until he determined to do all in his power to capture the creature.

In a pocket in the foothills, Tex erected a corral, high enough to prevent a frightened horse from escaping it. With his plans laid thus far, he started about the task of tracking down the horse. This was a long and tedious job, and no ordinary rider would have had either the nerve to stick to the horse’s path, or Tex was acclaimed by every cowpuncher and cattleman as the best rider on the range.

He had chosen this name because the horse, when in flight, seemed like a golden shaft, racing swiftly over the land as if shot from a tightly stretched bow. These were days which tested even Tex’s endurance in which the hope of ever seeing Golden Arrow was dimmed in Tex’s mind. When he finally did come upon him it was to find him standing at a spring bunching his muscles as he held up his golden mane and forelock. The green grass about Arrow’s feet leaned, rippled and sprawled again with an incessant murmuring sound. It was a picture that Tex would never forget. The horse standing there, in land he loved, free, wild and untamed, little knowing that soon he was to know his first encounter with a being who threatened his freedom.

Tex’s gaze swept over the valley and discerned that there was only one entrance, as the valley was enclosed in all directions by insurmountable cliffs, looming forbiddingly. Tex had never expected such good fortune and was quick to see his advantage. He held the Golden Arrow hemmed in with no other opening to offer an escape.

Soon the horse finished drinking. Upon raising his head, he saw the rider astride the black horse and immediately took flight. He circled the valley, first in one direction then in the other, screaming and clawing at the cliffs. Without abating any of his whirlwind speed, he followed a precise, accurate calculation, turned as if on a dime, and investigated every possible way of escape. Seeing only one entrance, he headed south toward it where Tex, astride Bullet, his lasso coiled in his hand, sat in readiness, his nerves tense, every muscle perfectly atune, every sense perfectly under control.

As the horse neared him, the rope whistled through the air and fell over the Arrow’s head. The horse gave a start to a neigh of terror and bewilderment. He reared in the air, snapping and biting at the fearful thing encircling his neck, and when he saw his efforts were in vain, he took refuge in flight. Tex, however, was prepared. He putted spurs to the faithful Bullet, raced after him. The Bullet, however fast, could not equal the stride of the Cowboy Arrow, who although hampered by the rope round his neck soon tired the big, black horse. Because bothaved signs of exhaustion Tex was obliged to check the Arrow’s pace. The horse stood there, the proud head hanging low, the shiny coat flecked with foam and sweat, a beam visible in his eye.

There followed days of the grueling task of training and taming the horse, acquainting him with the halter, bridle and saddle. However, the day dawned when Tex saw the (Continued on Page 47)
The Giggle Sheet

Leonard Blumenfeld was acclaimed the "Joker" of Patterson C.J. by Mr. Fraser, Mr. Mills and Laurence Le Caplain, acting as judges, and the class of 10A, acting as final arbiters. They selected his entry above the seven runners-up by secret ballot.

Our Joker says—

Last night I held a lovely hand,
I thought my heart would burst with joy
A hand so soft and neat,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my heart,
Could greater solace bring
Than the dear hand I held last night—
Four aces and a king.

* * *

Other entries consisted of all jokes found throughout the magazine.

* * *

When asked what she thought of an athlete, Harry Wade's mother replied, "An athlete is a dignified hunch of muscles entirely incapable of shovelling snow or carrying out ashes."

* * *

Lady: "You poor man, does nobody offer you work?"
Our Alumnus: "Oh yes, lady! But generally speaking, I meet only with kindness."

* * *

A thirsty gentleman wandered into a corner saloon and ordered a dry Martini. After he had indulged in several such drinks he proclaimed the genius of the bartender and presented him with a live lobster with his compliments. The bartender somewhat taken aback replied dubiously, "Thanks, I suppose I'd better take it home for dinner."

"No! No! objected the customer. "He's already had dinner. Take him to a movie!"

* * *

A young man swung himself over the handrail of a passing train and stood panting but triumphant. An older man already on the platform observed him with some scorn and finally said, "You young fellows don't keep yourselves in condition. When I was your age I could carry a cup of coffee, run half a mile, catch the 8:15, and still be fresh as a daisy."

"You don't understand, pop. I missed this train at the last station."

* * *

Mr. Mcnecel on opening the door of the gym before a big basketball game was met with a sudden rush of water. "Whose foul play is this?" he cried in alarm.

"Cocomazzi stepped forward saying, "I'm sorry sir, but I thought you said you were going to put some subs in."

* * *

Storey, a very shy but romantic chap, said to his love life as he threw stones in the lake.

"I'm just a pebble at your feet, dear!"
She replied quietly, "Well Jim, I could be much happier if you would be a little kinder."

* * *

"Now Miss. asked the dentist of the movie usherette, "Which tooth is giving you the trouble?"

"Second from the left in the balcony sir."

Mr. Hayden came into class one Monday and said, "Over the weekend I drove to New York, travelling forty miles per hour. I got there in five hours. How old am I?"
Bob Dowdell, a bright lad, replied, "Thirty-two sir."

"That's right and how did you figure it out?"

"Easy," he replied, "I have a brother who is half crazy and he's sixteen."

* * *

A tombstone in Quebec reads:

"Here lies the father of twenty-nine. He would have had more, but he didn't have time."

Reporters: "I've got a perfect news story.
Editor: "How come? Man bite dog?"
Reporters: "No, but a hydrant sprinkled one."

When Joan Kalle went out on her first date her mother said, "Now Joan, Bob will probably want to put his arm around you and hold your hand. I don't mind that, but if he tries to kiss you, don't let him or I'll worry."

When Joan came home her mother asked how she liked it, "Just fine!" she replied, "And he did just what you said. But when he wanted to kiss me, I remembered what you said and so I kissed him and let his mother worry.

* * *

How long do you sleep on Sunday?
Depends!
Depends on what?
Depends on how long the sermon is.

* * *

Atchison, Gall and Patterson, three husky fifth formers slipped merrily into a bar.

"Sasparilla" demanded Atchison.
"Coca-cola," ordered Gall.
"Make mine milk," said Patterson. "I'm doing the driving."

Mr. Fraser: "How much is seven and seven."
Jerry Jacobson: "Ten."
Mr. Fraser: "Well I'll give you a pass seeing as you only missed it by one."

* * *

Ray: "Fishing?"
Steve: "No, just drowning worms."

* * *

Mr. Culbert, explaining the difficulties of Science to Bob Bunker: "If you call an appendicitis operation an appendectomy and a tonsil operation a tonsillectomy, what is the removal of a growth from the head? What would be your answer, Bob?"

"Growthectomy!"
"No, a hair cut."

* * *

Mr. Dawson (in our health class): "One doctor told me that onions were the secret to good health."

Bychko: "But I don't see how onions could even be a secret."

* * *

Danny Scott: "What happened when the girl swallowed the bullets from her father's gun?"
Hugh Fulford: "I don't know! What did happen?"
Danny: "Her hair came out in bangs."

* * *

Romeo Marcus: "What's the date Mr. Fraser.
Mr. Fraser: "Never mind the date; finish the exam."
Romeo: "I just want to have something to write on my paper."

* * *

A professor left his umbrella in his hotel room. When he went back he found the room rented to newlyweds. As he listened at the keyhole he heard:

"Whose itsy bitsy hands are these?"
"Mine," she said.
"Whose itsy bitsy cars are these?"
"Mine," she said.
"Whose itsy bitsy shoulders are these?"
"Mine," she said.

Finally the professor stuck his head in the door. "Listen here young man, when you get to the umbrella, it's mine."

* * *

Ruth Nichol: "Have you an opening for me?"
Office Manager: "Yes we have, but don't slam it on the way out."

* * *

The teacher of a hillbilly school in U.S.A. sent a note to the mother of one of her pupils. It read: "Your Rastus smells! Give him a bath."

The following day the teacher received a reply:

"Ma Rastus ain't no rose. Larn 'em, don't smell 'em."

Page Fifteen
GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back Row: S. Campbell, J. Fenwick, B. Phelps, Miss Wagg, H. Keen, B. Cullen.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Back Row: Mr. J. S. Mencel, R. Mclaughlin, H. Wade (Cpt.), M. Cocomazzi, G. Norry.

JR. BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: D. Parsons, W. Casanova, S. Zimballette, P. Jacob, M. Karcz, R. Wilson, J. Barnesky.
SENIOR BASKETBALL

Patterson’s Senior Basketball team started off the 1947 season with a bang, taking the first five games by wide margins. The first and greatest defeat came when the Assumption Raiders walloped the Panthers 32-21 on the Assumption floor. In the final game of the schedule, the Panthers lost to the Sandwich Tartans by one point, which allowed Sandwich to finish the series undefeated.

In the opening play-off game, Patterson handed the Assumption Raiders a 25-22 defeat, which compensated for the Panthers’ defeat in the season game. The most exciting play-off game was played between Patterson and Sandwich. The Senior Crew was packed with cheering spectators who watched the Panthers claw their way to their third W.S.S.A. championship of the year. The highlight of the game was Harry Wade’s 10 point total, which broke the collegiate basketball scoring record.

This year the Panthers were an exceptionally fine team, having two of the tallest players in the city, Harry Wade and Matt Cocomazza. At outstanding were two sharp and fast guards, Doug Wigle and Tom Tomolillo. Patterson had two newcomers to the senior team, Bob Simpson and Wee Wilkie Greenwood, who proved to be great scoring threats and may well become future stars. These two lads alternated in the forward position throughout the season. The Panthers could always fall back on excellent substitutes such as Ken Stewart, Zollie Holtes and Jim Storey, who always played their best in a game.

Congratulations to the team for making such a fine showing this year, and also to Harry Wade, the captain, for making the All-City Squad.

BASKETBALL PLAYOFFS

By the Roving Reporter

Carman “Scoop” Deadline Shoko

The worst defeat of the year came when the Panthers crumpled into Leamington High School’s gym for the W.O.S.S.A. opener. The score, at the end of the tiresome sloppy game was 34-26. It must have been the small gym that stopped the Maroon and White, for in the return tilt the Panthers walked away with the game 51-17. W.O.S.S.A. playoff Kitchener St. Jerome’s received their first defeat of the season in Patterson gym. The Patterson crew swamped them by a terrific 51-20. In Kitchener St. Jerome’s had hard to win at least one of the playoff games, but they did not succeed. The Panthers, in spite of the long tedious trip, whipped them 29-24. On returning to the gym, the Panthers, after easily capturing the W.O.S.S.A. title, told the boys they were glad to hear that the Ontario S.S.A. championship was resumed and that they were to leave for Toronto for a two day tournament to defend the title which the Panthers won in the last OSSA Final before the war. They were successful in defeating Sudbury in the semi-final at Hart House on April 8, by a score of 51-45. It was a tough game all the way through with Sudbury always getting the lead in the first part of the quarter and the Panthers having to fight hard to catch up. In the final quarter of play, the Panthers opened it up and took the game with Sudbury trying hard to catch up to them—to no avail. The most exciting game of the year was the final game and the most exciting part of it was the final period. Toronto’s Rummynede High School was leading the Panthers 30-29 at the end of the third quarter. With only one minute left to play the score was 44-45 for Rummynede and Tom Tomolillo streaked in for a shot and missed, but Wade tipped it in the rebound. With only 15 seconds left to play, Jim Coulter of Rummynede missed a foul shot so the score remained 47-45. Harv Wade almost broke his windshield record by making 27 points in Toronto. Doug Wigle and Wilkie Greenwood also played well in the Sudbury game, making their most points in a single this year. Wigle made 10 and Wilkie caught up to Harry Wade in the Sudbury game making 17 points.

This year, as almost always, the Panthers have gone all the way to the finish and returned “THE CONQUERING HEROES.”

SENIOR GIRLS’ BASKETBALL

The Senior Girls’ Basketball Team came within a hair’s breadth of winning the city championship. The team was tied for second place in the play-offs with the Kennedy Clippers and lost out to the Sandwich Spartans by “1” basket in the semi-playoffs. The season started off with the team winning three successive games and then bowing to St. Joseph’s. The following week the Patterson Pretties overcame Kennedy by a score of 13 to 11. Pat Scott pepped up the forward line with Borofsky, Fenwick and Groh on defence. The final scheduled game was won by Patterson rather by a larger margin, but when they met the Pantherettes in the play-offs they had to fight hard for their victory. The team showed fine sportsmanship and it was only to their coaching and diligence that they came so near the Championship.

Forward Line—Campbell, Kane, Scott, Cullen, Mills, Cross, Kennedy.

Guard Line—Phelps (captain), Fenwick, Borofsky, Groh, Shuttleworth, Maine, Vaughn, O’Connell.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

This year’s junior basketball team joined the growing list of championship teams produced by our fine coaching staff. Mr. Dawson’s team played outstanding basketball from the season’s beginning to its end.

The Juniors finished the schedule in fourth place with a record of three victories and three defeats. They entered the play-offs against Assumption and after a strenuous contest the Juniors staged a thrilling come-back to win in the dying moments of the game. The next week they continued their inspired playing to eliminate Sandwich, 30-26 and become the W.S.S.A. champions.

In W.S.S.A. competitions the Jrs. advanced to the final round by swamping Leamington 94-27 in two games. Throughout the year the high point of the team was its fine team spirit and great determination to win. Phil Jacobs, Don “Uno” White, Willie Casanova, Larry Cmat, Steve Zimballef and Alex Banyai were the central figures in keeping Patterson in their first junior championship for four years. They were aided by such capable reserves as Mack Karcy, Don Parsons, Raymond “Red” Wilson, Don McEwan, Frank Wade, Joe Baronsky and Dennis Pazzuk. Romeo Marcas was Mr. Dawson’s right hand man and cheer-leader.

PATTERTON—SANDWICH GIRLS

The Patterson lassies went into the playoffs with a fighting determination that had never been in evidence before in any of their games. The first half showed the Pantherettes losing. The last half was filled with excitement and as the game rolled, the score was nearly tied. In the third quarter the “Sonic” Cambell scored three successive baskets and set the team ahead. Patterson kept the lead until three minutes off the end of the game. The play was fast and furious with the scoring basket being netted by Verian Sparks. Thus the Patterson Pretties bowed out of the play-offs, Groh was the scoring whiz of the evening while Phelps, Fenwick and Borofsky played a brilliant game of defense. The final score was 25-21.

PATTERSON—Kennedy 1

Playing one of the best games of the season the Panther seniors team downed their arch rival, Kennedy, 4 to 1 at Widge Park.

The game began slowly; however, just before the end of the first quarter, Kennedy tallied its only goal of the game. Playing 1 to 0 the Patterson team surged back to tie the score and take the lead on goals by Henderson and Stefan. Kennedy was unable to threaten the Patterson goal due to the fine defensive play of Namos and Osgood.

In the second half, Patterson continued its fine style of play and had possession of the ball for almost the entire half. Greenwood tallied the third goal and Henderson’s second goal ended the scoring.

The entire team stood out in this decisive victory. It enabled the Panthers to advance into the final round against Walkerville.
FOOTBALL TEAM

HOCKEY TEAM
Back Row: Mr. E. A. Orr (coach), H. White, B. Boyce, D. Fowler, F. Meisner.

SOCCER TEAM
Absent: M. Braithwaite, V. Thompson, A. Mackew, P. Stefan.
FOOTBALL

Patterson Collegiate vs. St. Thomas Collegiate

On November 10, the Patterson Panthers met St. Thomas High School in a sudden-death game for the W.O.S.S.A. championship and emerged victorious. The game took place at Athletic Park in St. Thomas.

With the starting of the game both teams forgot the cloudy sky and somewhat muddy field and buckled down for the tough grind ahead. After only three minutes of play, Jack Atchison, alert halfback for the Panthers, recovered a fumble on the St. Thomas 15 yard line. Then on the second down George Fitzgerald barreled through the center line for a touchdown. Tom Tomolillo converted and Patterson took the lead 6-0. St. Thomas worked down the field until Bill Autterson intercepted a pass to remove any threat of a score.

In the second canto, both teams held their own. Then at the closing of the period, Jack Atchison placed a fifty-five yard boot in the St. Thomas end zone for a score. In the second half the pigskin see-sawed back and forth between the two teams. It started to rain at this time and the weather turned colder. There was no score in this period.

As the fourth quarter got under way, Harry Foster of St. Thomas kicked a neat field goal from an angle at the 15 yard line. Two fumbles recovered by the Panthers took them down the field and fifteen yards out George Fitzgerald again barreled through for a major score. Harry Kaloogian converted for the one point. Ken Stewart intercepted a pass at the closing of the quarter and Gord Patterson kicked into the end zone for a score. The game ended with the Panthers on top 14 to 0.

In a Fairly Hal Hill Jan McKellar shone for St. Thomas but to name the stars for Patterson the whole team would have been mentioned. We must not forget to pay tribute to coach Al Newman, and to all those associated with the team.

"CHAMPIONSHIP GAME"

One Friday night last fall before 2,500 fans the Patterson Panthers staged one of the most sensational finishes of the season to capture the coveted W.O.S.S.A. senior grid crown.

Down 11-0 at quarter time and 12-0 at half time, things looked pretty dull for the boys from the Mid-town Collegiate. During half-time something seemed to happen to the good old Marson and White and they came back fighting as if possessed. While holding the Assumption team without a single point for the remainder of the game, Patterson went to work to pick up two well earned touchdowns and the Championship.

The game was a wide-open affair with Patterson taking advantage of one of the many breaks to win. Both clubs played a wild game and there were many fumbles on both sides. The kicking, passing and plunging were spectacular and there wasn't a dull moment any time in the game.

The winning touchdown was scored by Ken Stewart on a fumble by an Assumption back. Playing an exceptional game along with Stewart were Jack Atchison, Willie Casonova and Harry Kaloogian. Every member of the team played with all his heart and the game was won by great teamwork, determination and superb coaching on the part of Mr. Newman.

SUMMARY

Although the football season did not end in a complete success, it was far from being a failure. We may have been defeated in the W.O.S.S.A. final game, but who should complain when we won the City Championship? Many a spectator commended the team on its fine fighting spirit. Individual recognition was given to Jack Atchison and to Harry Kaloogian by way of positions on the All-City team. As for the latter, it was his second consecutive year on this all-star team. Fred Meizer, captain of our team, missed a berth on this All-City team by two votes but received an honourable mention. Others who received honourable mention were Bill Autterson, Don Wgle, Tom Tomolillo, and George (The Truck) Fitzgerald. All the other members of the first team received a mention on the team.

This is one year that not one of the fellows on the senior football team will ever forget. For, although hampered by injuries from the start of the season, the determination which Mr. Newman inspired in them was rewarded with a winning team.

The Cheerleaders

Leonard Raizin, Betty Lancha, Bob Young
Dick Douglas, Sylvia Mosley.

SOCCER PLAY-OFF

In a sudden death game to decide the soccer championship of the Secondary Schools, the Walkerville Tartans eked out a 1-0 win over the Patterson Panthers.

The first half featured very hard play, for it was not until early in the second quarter that Pollard scored the only goal of the game, on a break-away. By the end of the half, the game had developed into a defensive struggle.

In the second half, the effects of yesterday's game with Kennedy began to have a telling effect on the Panther punters. Play see-sawed back and forth with Walkerville throwing up a tight defence. Early in the third quarter, four Pattersonites were in on goal but Danie Fortune turned her head and the ball sailed harmlessly over the goal post. This was typical of the bad breaks which befell the team throughout the game.

Gregg and Lenartowicz stood out for Patterson in a losing cause. The game was marked by the year's largest attendance for a soccer game.

SOCCER

This year's soccer team again fought their way to the playoffs only to be eliminated by Walkerville. The team played much better than their record of five victories and four defeats would indicate. The squad was well balanced with leaders placed on the all-star team which played exhibition games with Detroit elevenths. This year's leading scorer was Ron Henderson followed by Gregg and Stefan.

The regulars were comprised of Davis in goal, Gregg and Nanos on defence, Orr, Kaloogian and Braithwaite as half-backs and De Marco, Lenartowicz, Greenwood, Stefan and Henderson on the forward line.

Capable alternates included: Zarzour, Laughren, Marcos, Fryday, Katzman, Morrow, MacKew and Thompson.

With many of this year's team returning, next year should prove to be another victorious one for the Panther eleven.

Mr. Gregg

This year marks Mr. Gregg's last year as coach of the Patterson soccer team. During the four years that he and Mr. Pentland have handled the team, they have always placed a team in the championship finals.

In 1943, Mr. Gregg's first year as Patterson coach, was rewarded by the championship of the Windsor Secondary Schools. The next year his team lost to Tech in the final round, the team that Patterson had beaten the previous year. Walkerville has won the last two years from Patterson.

Mr. Gregg's fine coaching is bound to be missed next season, but, for the four previous years in which he generously donated time and effort, a grateful Patterson student body says, "Thank you," from the bottom of its heart.
GI R LS' W I MM I N G T EAM
Front Ro w : J, R o w la nd , S. Nixon, G. Cross, D. B arnhart, B. Rowland.

BOYS' SWIMMING TEAM
Kneeling: D. Tesolin, B. Schultz, M. Krutch.

GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL
The interest for volleyball this year found a new outlet in the scheduled “Play Days.” Each school was divided into two groups, Group 9-10 and Groups 11-12-14. One week the junior classes would play and the next week the senior group congregated at Kennedy with about eleven representatives from each school. The players were all mixed together and on each team there was a certain number of girls representing each school. This type of recreation tended to create a better feeling of sportsmanship and gave the leaders, chosen to organize these “Play Days,” a deeper sense of responsibility.

GIRLS' INTERFORM BASKETBALL
Interform basketball this year was a success with twenty-two classes participating. The referees for these games were girls from the Senior Girls' Basketball team and the scorers and timers were girls chosen from their own classes. There were nearly two hundred girls taking part in this interform sport.

The 11A girls' team made a very good showing, never tasting defeat and coming through to win the pins. They attacked with Beth Cullen and Lena Antonello keeping the score rising. Margaret Whited, their trickiest guard, was the captain. Molly Pierce and Barbara Douglas also shone forth on defense.

Interform basketball helps promote co-operation and good sportsmanship which leads to good citizenship.

BADMINTON CLUB
Anyone chancing to glance into the gym on Friday nights would have noticed the energetic and interested members of the senior Badminton Club industriously batting little white shuttlecocks back and forth. The club had a very good season under the expert direction of Mr. Mills. The committee in charge was headed by Ethel Hodges and Bob Bunker. Among other achievements was the purchase of four new racquets. The season ended with a successful tournament in Ladies' Doubles, Men's Doubles and Mixed Doubles.
Our Coaches

Top: Mr. J. E. Dawson, Mr. A. F. Newman.
Middle: Miss G. Wagg, Miss J. Gregory.
Bottom: Mr. J. S. Mencel, Mr. E. A. Orr.

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMMES

How we all eagerly await Wednesday mornings! Ah, the assemblies. Whether they feature variety programmes, guest speakers or community singing, we always welcome them.

This year, a series of programmes sponsored by the Literary Committee, with Barry Katz as chairman, proved new and exciting.

Lawrence Le Capelain acting as M.C., introduced new talent to the school. From 9G, Blanche Brangé offered us with several selections including "Oh What It Seemed to Be." Another promising newcomer, Gordon Simpson, from 11A, entertained us with a saxophone solo. "White Christmas" was particularly effective. On this programme three gentlemen (?) from Lower Slobovia entertained with flutes. The act was a hit. Tony Martin's recording of "Rumors are Flying" was the cause of much swooning among the girls. A sensationally comical monologue by Bernice Katz closed the programme leaving us rolling in the aisles.

At another programme assembly, Sigmund Tudryn sang "Begin the Beguine" with much feeling. Major James King gave a heart-warming chat on his overseas experiences at the Remembrance Day Assembly.

The Christmas assembly was another highlight. Lawrence Le Capelain as Santa Claus presented a few well-chosen gifts to students and teachers. Carols were then sung by everyone.

Among our eminent guest speakers were Dr. A. C. Haydon, Lieutenant Popovich of the R.C.M.P.; Colonel Baker of the C.N.I.B. and Mr. Gordon Agnew.

Certainly listening to each speaker and performer was an enjoyable experience and the entire school owes a great debt to the Literary Committee and its capable staff.

THE INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The Inter-School Christian Fellowship meets each Wednesday at 4 p.m. in Room 302. A group of students meet weekly for the purpose of strengthening Christian Character. They participate in singing, Bible study, group discussion and prayer. This group has had two parties lately and both were quite successful.

The officers for the past year were as follows: President, Eleanor Beacom; Vice-President, Pauline Hillman; Secretary-Treasurer, Gladys Reynolds; Publicity Manager, Helen Segulli.

All are invited to attend these meetings.

PATTS. VS. LONDON BECK

After enjoying a successful season in Windsor, and, in the semi-final, defeating St. Thomas, the Patterson Panthers invaded the U. of W. O's purple bowl, Nov. 23. Patterson suffered only two defeats in the season: one, by Sandwich Collegiate; the other at the hands of the undefeated London Champions, Sir Adam Beck, in the final.

Both teams fought hard every minute of that final game, but the London's team's passes were clicking and the Patterson pass-defence could not stop them. Patterson line, however, proved superior to the Beck line, because Fitzgerald, Atchison and Casanova were always going through the line. London scored all its touchdowns for forward passes. Final score 22-7.
From the Grads

Mr. Horace E. Atkin
Mr. Charles A. Bell
Controller Tom R. Brophy
Mr. Don F. Brown, M.P.
Mr. Harry Cherniak
Mr. Cecil R. Croll
Lt.-Col. David A. Croll, K.C., M.P.
Mr. Earl Elgee, C.L.U.
Mr. Arthur Gitlin
Mr. Morris Kamin
Mr. Sockley Kamin
Lt.-Col., The Hon. William Griesinger, M.P.P.
Mr. Keith Laird
Lt.-Col. George Y. Masson
Mr. R. J. McConnel
Mr. Leslie Meisner
Mr. Philip Neal
Dr. Roy Perry
Mr. Elton M. Plant
Dr. J. D. Scarfone
Dr. Burwell Seymour
Mr. Norman L. Spencer
Dr. Douglas Wigle
Rev. Dr. R. W. Young
ALUMNI

When Richard opened the door for Patterson's graduating class of '46 he was so amazed at seeing so many scholarships being carried off, he swore that he would never open a door again (these students were not credited with the fact however). None of the scholarships were even won by Patterson students last year. Those seven sagacious scholars were: Gord Feldman, Keith Gallie, Jerry Kopstein, Harold Laker, Dave McNab, Lucille Robbins and Irene Whittle, and from what I have been told they are still getting the marks that pay off.

Canada's future will be in very capable hands with such an overwhelming majority of P.C.I. graduates, with their insatiable quest for knowledge and their burning desire for success, continuing on in universities. Dick Scherer, Paul Hicks, Terry Fennick, Ambrose Melega, Bob Mason, and Stephen Wister are representing the "Maroon and White" at Assumption. Was it fear of homesickness or local belles that made these worthies loathe to leave our fair city? The University of Toronto claimed Gord Feldman, Seymour Wige, Jerry Kopstein and Harold Laker (lucky Toronto). The University of Western Ontario, determined not to be outdone by Toronto, boasts the attendance of Irene Whittle, Lucille Robbins, Ben Salem and Bob Whitty. Our lone(ly-) representative studying across the border is Don Mitchell, studying pharmaceutical (gulp) chemistry at D.I.T. Mario Desoto and his magic violin are now deeply immersed in music theory at the Toronto Conservatory of Music (what was it your father said when he found out you were playing football, Mario?). Helen Fogel also saws out a mean tune on a violin; keep it up Helen. If you don't take care of yourself you may end up in the capable (and lovely) hands of Shirley Renno, Coral Dowell or June Fyfe who are student nurses at local hospitals. Feel any sudden pains? Marcia Model, Elaine Martin and Alice Sapena have taken a commercial course at Assumption. Holy Names College attracted attractive Mary Stolson and Isabel Nall. Future bankers are Bill Lowes and Jack Parker. George Robarts is now in Toronto.

Students that may someday teach your offspring at dear old Patterson are Seonaid McPhail and Marion Miller. Eleanor Cosma is listening in on conversations at the Bell while her old side-kick, Bette Moon, is at the "Star." Gail Kimberley has gone to Vancouver. A few students seem to have vanished completely. Among these are Edith Lischeron, Barbara Mills, Grace O'Neil and Ed Ballhagen. Bill (Goldblock) Guilfoyle now attends Sarnia High. Paula Zarecky became a "Mrs." on April 10, and Jack Macdonald is learning all about printing first hand.

Among the "grade twelves" who left P.C.I. last year are Mary Gapa, Lily Kusher and Edith Goodman, now at Vocational. Mary Morrow and Betty Mortimer decided to be nurses. In Detroit we are represented by Seymour Gondner, Harvey Jacobson, Saul Kushner and Marvin Ordower. Arnold Golden is now at Assumption. Bvt. Ryan and Wilma Turner whose father is C.S.C., while Evelyn Valentine took to banking. Joyce Rapson is at Bell and Norm Kilby, Alger Coates, Ruth Racklin, and Jack Mahan are still in the city. Len Lopatin works (?) for his father, while a Detroit art school lured away Jim Brown.

MUSICAL NOTES

By Robert Hathaway

Patterson has reason to be proud of its music. Under the able direction of Mr. Stone, new addition to the teaching staff, the choir has branched out until its membership exceeds more than twice that of former years. Formerly having from 30 to 40 members, it now has increased to over 60 members. It is the first mixed choir in Patterson's history; all others were girls' choirs. The choir is working on modern arrangements but finds older numbers easier and their concerts consist mostly of older songs. They gave a sample of their music with a splendid performance on Commencement Night last December as everyone who saw it will agree. Like every collegiate choir in Windsor, our own choir is looking forward to the Spring Music Festival when they will have a chance to prove that they are worthy to represent Patterson. Mr. Stone believes in "practice makes perfect." So the choir has been practising hard of late, which is evident if you happen to be in the third floor corridor on Thursday after school when they hold their practices. The choir looks to the future when they will have costumes for their concerts and will be renowned throughout the city for their singing. Mr. Stone plans to have annual visits to hear music in Detroit beginning next year, if possible.

After years of able leadership, Mr. Dix has stepped down and given up the baton to Mr. Stone, but he still remains with the band and blows a mean bass, baritone or trumpet as circumstances dictate. The band's chief duty, aside from playing at the Spring Cadet Inspection, is to support the rugby and hockey teams at the games. It is agreed that they do this most ably. They also help to get the school spirit into assemblies when they play on Wednesdays. The present sees Patterson as the only collegiate in the city that can boast of having a brass band. The present attire of the band is certainly not befitting, especially when a mere bugle band like Walkerville's puts the peacock to shame.

The choir and the band each has a social committee made up entirely of members, and they get together to arrange parties.

The Record Club meets every Monday at 12:30 in the music room. Its aim is to become acquainted with the best in music. It is run almost entirely by students, who bring their own records and records from Willistead Library. They bring records of both the old masters and modern composers. Each week the club has a concert of the music of one composer and some member is specially appointed to give a talk on him. Mr. Stone commented that he was not surprised that the music room was packed a few weeks ago when an all-Gershwin concert was staged. There is no definite membership in the club and everyone is invited to attend.

Mr. Stone's main ambition is to begin an orchestra in Patterson. He believes that this will be possible next year, and he has great hopes for music as an integral part of life at Patterson.
FRENCH

L'auteur: Mademoiselle Hélène Skulanski

A la fin de l'année dernière, plusieurs élèves ont donné leurs noms et leurs adresses à être envoyés à des élèves en France. Pour faire l'expérience plus intéressante les filles devraient recevoir les noms des garçons et vice-versa. Après les deux mois de vacances les lettres ont commencé à arriver. Quand quelqu'un reçoit une lettre elle est lue à toute la classe. Nous apprenons, donc, beaucoup de la vie française, par exemple :

"Il y a deux ans que les Allemands ont quitté la France, mais nous sommes toujours soumis a un rannement très sévère.

Pain ................................................... 300 grammes par jour
Viande ............................................. 150 grammes par semaine
Café .................................................... 125 grammes par mois
Sucre ............................................... 500 grammes par mois
Vin ..................................................... 2 litres par mois
Beurre ............................................... 150 grammes par mois
Huile .................................................. 150 grammes par mois
Graisse ............................................. 200 grammes par mois

Le lait est réservé aux jeunes enfants et aux malades. Par contre, au "marché noir" à des prix très élevés nous trouvons de tout.

On devait écrire la moitié de la lettre en français, l'autre en anglais. Voici un exemple d'anglais d'un étudiant français :

"I am very happy to be in correspondence with you. I shall wish at the more soon so know of your news because that shall do me pleasure. I believe that you must well to amuse you there how me here, I do not me weary. I passe of very good holidays. I go often at the see with my fellows. We are a troop of height to ten young girls."

Eh Bien! L'anglais doit être plus difficile que le français.

Des Plaisanteries Françaises

L'inspecteur, pendant qu'il visitait une école suburbaine, est devenu proéptime par le bruit que les élèves insédiqués faisaient dans la salle voisine. En colère, il a ouvert la porte, a agrappé un garçon des plus grands, qui semblait faire le plus de bruit. Il a entraîné le garçon à l'autre salle et l'a mis dans un coin.

"Eh bien, taisez-vous et restez-y," ordonna-t-il.

Après quelques minutes, un petit garçon est entré dans la salle et a dit douchement à l'inspecteur: "Voudriez-vous, monsieur, nous rendre notre professeur maintenant?

Le maître—Dites donc (say), jeune homme, êtes-vous le maître dans cette classe?

L'étudiant—Non, monsieur.

Le maître—Eh bien, alors, ne parlez pas comme un idiot.

Quelques Attractions de la Cinquième Classe Française

C'est une classe pleine de beaucoup d'attractions. Voyons quelques-unes d'elles. Une attraction quotidienne, au moment où la sonnette résonne, est Monsieur Elliott Whiteman, qui plonge à sa place comme une comète. Il y a aussi la douce Mademoiselle Ruth Cavanaugh, qui donne des convulsions à Mlle Adams quand elle répond timidement que le sujet d'un verbe est le mot "que". Ensuite, il ya Mademoiselle Shirley Rosenberg, qui ne répond jamais aux questions en classe. Pourquoi pas? C'est facile—elle se cache simplement derrière les grandes épaules de Neil, assis devant elle, pour que le professeur ne puisse la voir. Pendant tout cela, le petit Richard dort paisiblement et songe au jour où il obtiendra cent pour-cent en français.

(Continued on Page 45)

DE BARBA CAERULEA

By Sybil Shack

In ville pulchra habitabat olim vir dives et crudelis, qui barbam caeruleum (blue) habebat et oculos duro. Marita (wife) nova eum semper timebat et horrebat ubi vir eam spectabat.

Itaque laeta erat ubi vir a ville equitare paravit, et eam vocavit deditique et omnes claves (keys) villae. "Ceteras portas aperi et intra (enter) in cellas (rooms)," inquit, "sed non illam," et portam unam monstravit, quam nemo unquam aperiebat.

His verbis marita stupebat. Diu dubitabat sed curiosa erat. Quid in cella aderat? Quid maritus ibi celaverat (had hidden)? Denique (finally) at portam vetitam (forbidden) approquinavit. Portam lente aperuit. Spectaculum terrible! Corpora mortua duodecim feminarum vidit. Clavis ad terram cecidit (fell) et cum sanguine mixta est. Matrona eam celeriter recepit sed sanguinea manebat.


Matrona de vita paene desperata, sed fortiter respondit: "Unam horam, O marite, mihi da. Deo adorare debec." Unam horam tibi dabo," respondit vir, "Deos adora."

Tum matrona, quae fratre exspectabat, sororem vocavit, "Anna soror, in turrim (tower) ascende. Fratres hodie veniant. Monne eoa videt?" Anna ascendit, sed neminem viderit.


Rodem tempore intravit maritus crudelis cum gladio longo, sed fratres ianuam villae pulsaverunt et freguerunt. Pugnaverunt eum viro malo et eum necaverunt. Matrons servata erat.

From Classicum Manitobense, March 7, 1947.
OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'S


BAND


Middle Row: J. Sokolovsky, G. Simpson, B. Orr, N. Orr, Mr. J. G. Stone, Mr. W. Dix, D. Wigle, G. Bertrand, H. Hrischenko.


RIFLE TEAM


Front Row: W. Karpenko, J. Gregg, F. Hallett, J. Peacock.

Absent: W. Fryday.
ALLAN MacKEW

Everyone in 12C has been feeling very proud these past few months. The reason is that they have an inventor in their class. The young “Edison” is none other than Allan MacKew.

Allan was recently given a week’s leave by Mr. Marshall in order to go to Toronto and arrange for the manufacture of his new product. The product in question happens to be something called a “Painter’s Aid.” Allan says that he has always hated a paint can dripping with paint at the sides. So he set out to solve the problem; and after two weeks he came up with a solution. It was a gadget which snaps on to a paint-can and holds the brush in place while it is not in use. The result has been, a spotless paint-can.

It seems that Allan is not the only one who likes a clean can. For now his painter’s aid is going to be manufactured by the Commonwealth Industrial Enterprises of Toronto of which Bing Crosby is a share-holder. And now they, together with Mr. Marshall and the Windsor Chamber of Commerce, have given Allan such encouragement that he has (a) gone on to invent other useful gadgets. These are, among other things, a device which prevents paint from falling down your brush when you are painting a ceiling, and also a toothpaste dispenser and car washer. Allan says these last two are still secret. He has not patented them as yet.

Strange as it may seem, Allan’s ambition is not to be an inventor. He is interested in medicine. Thus, outside of school work, he literally eats up books on this subject. He also plays basketball and indulges in a bit of amateur boxing.

They say that the famous Thomas Edison’s first invention also had something to do with paint. Today they are celebrating the 100th anniversary of his birth. Who knows but that sometime in the future we may be also celebrating one of Allan MacKew’s birthdays?

PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTESTS

In the public speaking contests of this year, all of the judges and many of the teachers agreed that the Senior Boys’ Contest was the best in a long time. It was exceptional in the fact that there were no weak candidates. John Atkin, the champion, spoke on “The Law and the Common Man.” His impromptu, “Losses and Hardships of Storms,” seemed to acquaint the audience with the suffering that Petunia Rose Blossom must endure when she comes to school with homework not done. Bob Dowdell finished second. Bob’s topic was “Nazi War Crimes,” and he delivered a most commendable speech. The remaining competitors were Bob Burke and Lawrence LeCaplain, who both gave praise-worthy addresses.

In the Senior Girls’ Division, the deserving winner was Evelyn McNab, who gave a most interesting speech on India. Ann Fraser was runner-up. Her speech “Why I am proud to be a Canadian,” was appreciated by all of the listeners. The remaining contestants, Wanza Buckley, was not far behind.

The Junior Groups also delivered their orations well. John Howes took the boys’ crown with “Interesting and Unusual Methods of Advertising.” Bill Dowdell emerged in second place.

Something new in the speaking line was given by Anne Nemick, judges’ choice for Junior Girls. Anne spoke on “Felix Mendelssohn.” and completed her oration by singing one of the famous composer’s melodies—On Wings of Song. Cora Davis stood second in the competition.

Barry Katz as a child was given a bright new silver dollar by his father and told to have fun but not to spend it. After he had been all downtown and had changed his dollar first into fifty cent pieces then into quarters, dimes, nickles and finally into pennies, he changed them back into a silver dollar and went home. His father was very glad to see that he had not spent his money but he added with his prai.se.

“But you didn’t make any profit.”

Whereupon Barry chirped back, “Yes, daddy, but some day somebody is going to make a mistake and it’s not going to be me.”
Social - - Slander

MELODY MARCH

"Gaiety" and "Merriment" held sway at Patterson Collegiate’s Seventh Annual Melody March at the Masonic Temple on March 28. The novel decoration featured two champagne glasses flanking the bandstand bubbling over with musical notes. Top hats, white gloves and canes intermingled with silhouettes multitudes of notes. Windsor’s Collegiates, “Kennedy,” “Walkerville,” “Vocational,” “Sandwich,” “Assumption,” “St. Joseph’s,” and “Riverside” held reserved sections on the walls in brightly coloured letters and “PATTERSON” was in the place of honour on the back drop.

Responsible for the success of the dance was the Social Committee under the able leadership of Shirley Campbell and Jack Atchison. The former, standing in silver lame, was escorted by Jimmy Van Slaibroom, while the latter dated Gerry Smith, who was lovely in white crepe.

Assisting on the committee were Barbara Harvie, attractive in white organdy with Tom Boyd; Gloria Higgins, attractive in white chiffon with Dick Douglas; George Gall, who dated Elizabeth Hall in checked taffeta; Johnny Loucks who escorted Betty Lou Yaxley, in rose and black taffeta; Harold Fraba who escorted Isabel Brien, sweet in black marguissette.

The publicity committee, without whose help the dance would not have succeeded, was under the leadership of Martin Havran who took Vivien Mitchell, in plaid taffeta, and Leonard Raizin with Reggie Kassel lovely in a red and white gown.

Patrons and Patronesses for the affair were Mr. and Mrs. G. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hayden, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Hallam, Mr. and Mrs. William Culbert, Miss Clair Coughlin, Miss Jacqueline Gregory, Miss Lola Smith, Miss Hilda Long, Mrs. Lulu Kitts, Mr. Mills, Mr. Stone, Mr. Al Newman and Miss Enid Heath.

Noted dancing, were the head girl, Jean McKee, with the head boy Douglas Wigle, Patricia Shields and Bob Ferron, Pat Yaxley and Bud Boroski, Doris Vanderbeets and Norm Wood, Maureen Crone and Fred Meisner, Ruthie Cavanagh and Billy Boyce, Muriel Boroski and Ben Solway, Bette Phelps and Al Wigle, Wanza Buckley and Harvey McCullough, Pat Scott and Don Fowler, Eileen Robertson and Jack Greig, Elsie Masropian and Harry Kalogian, Anne Gall and Harold Williams, Slaney Srigley and Jack Carter, Francie Fontaine and Gordon Paterson, Marion Doherty and Harry Wade, Donna Wigle and Tom Tomalin, Joyce Patterson and Ken Stewart, Irma Oxford and Grant Darling, Kay James and Gordon Lindsay, Joan Kalle and Bud Fuller, Marguerite Neilson and Paul Hicks, Frances Carter and Leonard Brooks, Phyllis Sinclair and Verne Thompson, Barbara Coates and Roy De Shields, Betty Lou Moffat and Johnny Richards, Audrey Chandler and Jack Boynton.

BACKFIELD BOUNCE

Patterson’s second annual “Backfield Bounce” was a great success. The decorations were very original. At each end of the gymnasium stood a goal post; coloured streamers suspended above the dancers’ heads, waved back and forth; the sweaters of Windsor’s best high school football team hung from the balcony while the sweaters of our all-city players, Harry Kallogian and Jack Atchison, held prominent places above the doorway.

The patrons and patronesses for the affair were Mr. and Mrs. G. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hayden, Mr. and Mrs. R. Fraser, Miss R. Hancock, Mrs. L. Kitts, Miss C. Coughlin, Miss G. Wagg, Mr. Harold Mills and Mr. Stone.

The Social Committee, who helped to make the dance such a success, consisted of Shirley Campbell, dated by Jack Ryan; Jack Atchison who escorted Gerry Smith; Gloria Higgins with George Mason; George Gall and Barbara Harvie; Johnny Loucks dating Betty Lou Yaxley; Harold Fraba with Isabel Brien and Bob Bunker escorting Marion Menzies.

Others noted dancing to the music of Jerry Branigan were Doug Wigle and Marguerite Neilson; Paul Hicks and Jean McKee; Fred Meisner and Maureen Crone; Harry Wade and Marion Doherty; Bud Boroski and Pat Yaxley.

We are all looking forward to next year’s “Backfield Bounce” and are hoping it will even be a greater success.

HALLOWE’EN TEA DANCE

On Thursday, October 20, the school’s social committee sponsored the Hallowe’en Tea Dance. This being the first dance of the year, the students crowded into the gymnasium to “grab a dance and get acquainted.”

At first the boys stood in shy little groups and let the girls dance with one another, presently, spurred on by the example set by old veterans, such as Gordy Paterson and John Loucks, they got up their nerve and soon many happy couples were seen around the floor.

Although the gym was not decorated, the jovial mood of the students and the fine music issuing from the juke-box both contributed to a successful dance.

To add interest several spot dances were held and shortening and mayonnaise were given to the winners. The spots were chosen and prizes distributed by our local boy wonder and social committee head, Jack Atchison.

All in all this first dance was a huge success and everyone had a swell time.


Absent: J. Donevan, S. Wiloughby, K. Ferguson, R. Benoit, L. White, B. Hodgin.
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9A
President: Bill Dowdell
Vice President: Violet Turle

After a very close and interesting election campaign 9A chose Bill Dowdell and Violet Turle as their guiding lights. A riotous party, held at the president and vice president's house, started the new school year successfully. Dancing and games were enjoyed, then stacks of food supplied by the girls were distributed accompanied by soft drinks.

The class participated in intramural basketball and proudly claims to have Don White, Junior Basketball star, in their midst. Melville Johnson, Donna Barnhardt, May Ellment and Violet Turle represented 9A on the swimming team.

Bill Dowdell placed second in the school's Junior Public Speaking Contest and several members lent their voices to the choir.

Another fast moving classmate was Andy Cigliano who not only sent out solid beats with his drums but helped in the publicity department of the school.

9B
President: Arnold McCullum
Vice President: Thelma Johnston

According to all reports 9B was very proficient in Soccer and after a very exciting final game, won the Grade 9 championship. Carrying on in the same spirit the basketball team made the intramural playoffs.

The class was proud to be one of grade 9 classes who attended and performed in the High School Music Festival.

John MacDonald was the team swimming captain and Robert Hathaway entered the Junior Public Speaking Contest. The class hockey team got off to a very successful start, winning their first three games.

There have been no class parties because of the housing problem.

9C
President: Don Crapper
Vice President: Shirley Willoughan

9C seemed to be quite musically minded. Sigmund Kindry, who sang "Silent Night" so beautifully in the Christmas Assembly, was the sparkplug who led the way. Alfred Richardson followed the path straight to the drums in the school band and Naomi Kersey and Don Bustin landed in the choir.

The boys of 9C have participated actively in all intramural sports. When Peggy White won the Tall Tale Contest 9C nearly burst with pride for no one had imagined that such talent had lain dormant for so long. Don Crapper also brought glory to 9C when his entry placed in the Lower School Short Story, Essay and Poetry Contest.

9D
President: Don MacEwan
Vice President: Joyce Paterson

The first party of the year was held at home of Don MacEwan, with stacks of records to supply music for the four girls and seven boys. There was only one drawback—no record player, however maestro Don Wackley managed to extract music from the piano as did some of the girls.

The class soccer team played well enough to be runner up for the Grade 9 play-offs, but were defeated by 9B.

Bill Shenon was the sole representative on the football team and Don Parsons and Don MacEwan were on the Junior Basketball team.

Kay MacVicar copsed first prize in the Junior Short Story Contest and is now the pride of the class.

A few weeks before Christmas Max Krutch broke his ankle while playing football. 9D rallied to the cause and as a result Max received an interesting Christmas box, compliments of his classmates.

9E
President: Frank Gordner
Vice President: Lena Varascink

With the help of Jack Kules's mother 9E's first class party was one to remember.

The intramural soccer team brought forth such players as George Bychlyo, Irwin Lapatin, Gorman Martin and Frank Gordner. In basketball good sportsmanship was shown by Mike Drebot, George Bychlyo and Frank Gordner supported by loyal and hard fighting classmates who managed nine wins over two losses.

The class had several choir members in its midst and George Bychlyo was on the swimming team.

Mike Drebot, Austin Thompson and Bill Minner were on one of the teams in the middle school basketball schedule.
One cool Friday evening in October 9F held its first class party at the home of George Beaton on Sandwich Street. With a record player supplying the necessary background many pairs of feet were soon shuffling about. These activities soon turned everyone's thoughts to food. When barely a crumb was left and there was absolutely no more coke the neighborhood was again merged into its customary silence. The second class party, equally enjoyed, was at the home of Beatrice Rayner.

By the way, did you know that 9F had a "mad trio"? Well, they were Donna Ellis, Isobelle Chapman and Bob Schultz. There were also "Three Wicked Men," Bill McLean, Chuck Glaser and, once more, Bob Schultz.

Had you ever noticed president Jim Peacock's blushes? Cute isn't he?

9G had a very good interform basketball team with Bill Riggs, Peter Bruski, Ronald Hunt and Fred Scheneman as the outstanding players. The Rowland sisters, Betty and Jean, were members of the swimming team.

The pride and joy of the class was its president, William Casanova, football and Junior basketball star, who in his first year at Patterson had a school letter and pin waiting for him.

There have been two class parties, the first one was held at the home of Mary Sakovich. The winter term party was held at the home of Miss Smith. There was a very good attendance and every one had lots of good food and fun under the direction of Aline Adams.

Almost half of the class's female population were interested members of the school choir.
11A

11B

11C
**The Commercial Classes**

**11D**


**10F**


**11D Class News Report**

The future stenographers were quite successful this year in giving the Academic girls a fight for the basketball pins. While preparing to warm the boss’s knee, the girls are planning to have a party in the near future. No! Not just one; many of ‘em!

What do you think? The girls have Miss Long worried! They have been telling her they have been having nightmares. Yes, you guessed it! Dreaming of shorthand!

Considering the size of 11D, its class spirit is amazing. To prove that women have the “gift of gab,” one might take a stroll past room 202 some time when Miss Long is absent. No joking, this is just about the only exercise they have all day. The girls have got to know each little mousehole and cobweb in that room. They should too! Don’t they live there?

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"RED CROSS NEWS"
By Frieda Parker

Way back in September, 1946, school elections were in the air. Along with head girl, head boy, class president and vice president, the officials for the Red Cross of this year were elected. The girls were divided into two groups this year—12A forming one and 12B-C the other. Frieda Parker was elected President and Joyce Fuller, Vice president. Donna Waffle captured the position of Secretary and Arline Groh, Treasurer.

With these ambitious girls (?) to spur them on, the Red Cross has gone far.

Think back—remember those pop-corn balls of different colours, those taffy apples, and that delicious fudge? Although it took a lot of preparation, it was all sold in only fifteen minutes! Hum—future salesmen in the crowd! The voice of J. Ryan, L. Sandra, M. Zorzit and B. Lang attracted many pupils who had scores of pennies. Somehow part of John Louck's lunch got in this line but the girls somehow managed to sell it. From these efforts another neat sum of $10.80 was acquired.

The voices of J. Ryan, L. Sandra, M. Zorzit and B. Lang attracted many pupils who had scores of pennies. Somehow part of John Louck's lunch got in this line but the girls somehow managed to sell it. From these efforts another neat sum of $10.80 was acquired.

Thinking that this proved that the students were behind them, a few months later they set out on a "mile of pennies" for the Red Cross. The Red Cross wasn't inactive during Christmas either. Girls visited the children's ward in East Windsor Hospital. They had a popping-time at Joyce's and it must be said, a rather goofy evening at Jo-Anne's. The rest of the girls invaded the Home Economics room under the able guidance of Frieda Parker who acted as chief pan-licker. The delicious aroma of fudge, fudge, and more fudge filled the third floor till almost six o'clock. But they must be pretty good cooks because there were no burnt pans (so they tell us). The efforts of these girls brought in their first neat sum of $10.80.

Having done the usual things that Red Cross groups do, the girls set their minds to thinking up something a little different. Miss Wagg's health classes became discussion periods. Finally some "brain" mentioned the word "dance." A good idea? Yes, but there was a little problem of permission and chaperons. Before even attempting such problems the date was set for the Sandwich—Patterson game. The smallest problem solved, all minds turned to the "permission-chaperon" angle. You must admit that women can talk their way into some of the nicest places. Mr. Haydon and Mr. Cameron (under pressure) kindly agreed to become chaperons. Prefects on duty, a check room, records, and a million and one other things finally found their way into a pattern—a pattern of one of the most successful dances held in the Patterson gym. All efforts were in vain, for there was a marvellous turnout. The tremendous sum of $64.15 was added to the $22 already in the Red Cross treasury.

Do you remember those two little war orphans the Red Cross group of last year adopted? They have followed through this year and sent the $50 across the ocean for them. You all have helped keep them for another year. The Red Cross wasn't inactive during Christmas either. Girls visited the children's ward in East Windsor Hospital. Then gifts were bought and sent to them. Not only children have profited, but also the veterans. Their Christmas dinner was made more enjoyable when scissors, knives and even razor blades worked overtime making fancy and funny placecards for them.

Probably you have a picture in your photo albums of the girls who helped the Good Fellows around Christmas time. But this wasn't an all-girl show, for, after some encouragement 12B boys braved the weather and helped out too. It's still a mystery, however, how they all managed to have stomachaches next morning. Their latest activity was in the appearance of a teacher-students' volley-ball game. The teachers as well as students turned out in force. Mr. Newman escaped the first game but the paging of some of his feminine admirers brought him out for the remaining two. Everyone had a grand time even though the teachers won two out of three from the grade 12 girls. Supporters made the rafters ring to the tune of $21.56. As an added attraction the Senior Boys' Basketball team got together and played an all-male teachers' team. The mystery of it all was when the ball was lost and yet if you ask Bob or Zoltan, they'll only say "I didn't touch it, did you?" The game was close and exciting with boys beating the teachers by the narrowest of margins.

This is just an account of the things past. Being modern, they're looking to the future. Let the mind of a woman start working and—it won't be long if you hear from her again. Be on the lookout.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I HOLD THAT if the Almighty had ever made a set of men that should do all the eating and none of the work. He would have made them with mouths only and no hands; and if He had ever made another class that He intended should do all the work and no eating, He would have made them with hands only and no mouths.

* * *

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

SIR WILFRED LAURIER

WHAT IS HATEFUL is not rebellion, but is the despotism which induces rebellion; what is hateful are not the rebels, but the men who, having the enjoyment of power, do not discharge the duties of power; the men who, having the power to redress wrongs, refuse to listen to the petitions that are sent to them; the men who, when they are asked for a loaf, give a stone."

United Automobile, Aircraft & Agricultural Implement Workers of America (CIO-CCL)

Local 195 UAW-CIO  Canadian Regional Office  Local 200 UAW-CIO

WINDSOR, ONTARIO
12A
Absent: W. Dobson, H. Wade, G. Lewin, P. Shields.

12B
Absent: C. MacIntyre, R. Lopatin, L. Lederman, J. Adams.

12C
Front Row: P. Wagenberg, D. Waffle, G. Tyrrell, Mr. R. O. Fraser, I. Brien, B. Ross, M. Nelson, J. Kalle.
Le samedi soir, l'assistance (congregation) est au complet. Avant de commencer, le pasteur demande:

"Voyons, je prie tout d'abord ceux d'entre (among) vous qui ont lu le chapitre 18 de lever la main."

Toutes les mains se lèvent . . .

"Bon! c'est parfait! déclare le Révérend avec un sourire (smile) un peu pointu (marked). Je suis heureux de voir que j'ai exactement l'auditoire (audience) qu'il faut parler du mensonge: parce que saint Marc n'a que 16 chapitres dans son Évangile!"
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“William one, William one, all stations William one; report my signals, over.”

“William one reporting, signal strength five O.K. over.”

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Every noon Patterson goes on the air at exactly 12:10, establishes contact with William three (Walkerville), and William one and five at Tech on her new two-way radio and begins to broadcast school gossip and Basketball scores.

We owe our radio to Mr. Newman who procured it for the Patterson Cadet Corps from the Department of National Defence, and to the fact that Joe Morrow, a qualified cadet signaller, took a course in radio at camp last summer. Joe has become chief operator and has in turn taught Lawrence LeCaplain and Hugh Fulford who have become veterans themselves at the game now.

Patterson broadcasts on a frequency of 2850 kilocycles.

“William two, William two signing off. Over and out to you.”

(Continued from Page 14)

horse standing with his graceful golden head thrust over the top of the corral, head up, ears pricked sharply forward, watching and waiting. When Tex rounded the corner of the barn, the neigh that rang on the cold morning air was a neigh of delight, of recognition and friendship.

The Arrow had lost none of its wild grace and ardour, and when trotting, still travelled like the wind, head held high, free, springy step. However, there was a different air about him. He no longer roamed aimlessly over the plain alone, but instead, roamed with Tex whose friendly word and pat caressed him. They were a great pair. Each loved the wild range; each loved freedom, and they had grown to love each other. It was a beautiful sight to see the wonderful wild horse and his carefree rider clinging to him like a burr; neither completely tamed, racing wildly across the range in an effort to catch the wild free wind which encircled them continually, trying to secure the old feeling of freedom which they both loved.

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GOSSIP

It seems to this reporter that our Head Boy has been heard humming, “I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair” of late. Am I mistaken? We see that our star basketball player, Harry Wade, is hitting an all time record. Could Marian Doherty, one of our ex-students, be the incentive? It didn’t take long for our new comer from Kennedy to latch on to one of our Patterson men—nice work, Anne! Maybe you can give some of us girls a few tips? Erma, why are you sounaloyal to good old P.C.I.? Aren’t our “chubby” boys from Patterson good enough? ... Kay James, a cute chick in upper school, has been interested in Fords of late. Could it be that Gord Lindsay is a good salesman? ... By the latest reports, Gordie Bertrand and Wilma Scott are still going steady. Looks like Gordie got his fifteen cents worth from a tea dance, same as Fred, Ateh, and Bud Boroski? ‘Nuff said ... Dick Douglas is now a great fan of the Ozzie and Harriet show. Could it be that he likes the sound of the name Gloria? ... Al Wigle has been seen plucking rose petals lately. Which does it come out to Al—“she loves me” or “she loves me not”? ...

We have decided, by all those dreamy glances, that Harry Kaloogian, our rugged all-star football player, is the holder of a new title—“Pride of Upper School.” Our eagle eye seems to have singled out Jim Storey as next year’s proud holder. Way to hop boys! ... Gordie Paterson has just informed me that he’s still looking for his angel—better get cracking on the Halo girls! Every time the Upper School boys play basketball, Olga can be seen making tracks toward the gym. One of your admiring public, Jack? ... Gord Paterson has been seen sporting one of the new Patterson jackets that the boys got this year. Strange to say, the number on it was “10”.

Don Fowler attended every one of the Girls’ Basketball games, and now we hear he date for the Melody March was Pat Scott.

Gordie Paterson’s little sister, Jockey, seems to have captured the heart of Ken Stewart. ... We notice that a certain M. named Jackie, has switched her interests from Alex to Star Wade’s younger brother Frank. Never mind, Alex, we still think you’re cute! ... Jim Atkin, a cutie patootie, former, was noted tripping the light fantastic at the Melody March with Pat Dodge ... We hear that Sylvia Mosley is careless with her money. At least that is how it seemed at the K-Hop. How about it, Simon? ... Howard Levitt and Thresa Mendler have broken up again. Is it for keeps this time?

Ruthie took a hockey stick to the K-Hop—that’s all she had to take because Bill was playing that night. ... Glynne Milburn’s share in the Colorado Diamond mines seems quite profitable. What about it Glynne? ... That Campbellford technique of Wanza’s seems to work wonders in Windsor; particularly on a Pat Grad—Harvey McCulough ... Verne Thompson seems to have found his way back to the honoree halls of P.C.I. I wonder what the attraction is. Phyllis? ... Joan Kelle seems quite interested in banking lately. Or does a certain blonde teller account for this attraction? ... We saw Ben and Merle at the Melody March. Even though they’re “oh so-o-o platonic,” they seemed to be having an awfully good time! ... We see that Nancy Donaldson is taking orders from Lieut. Paul Stefan...

10E CLASS NEWS

The sports headline for 10E falls on the boys’ soccer team which had a sweeping victory to the championship pins. Unfortunately the girls’ basketball team, captained by Barbara Flowitt, was less successful and won only three out of six games.

The class social life extended into four class parties, the first being held at the home of Doreen Doyle. But there seemed an abundance of outside male attractions. We wonder why? What have Upper School boys got that those of 10E have not?

Gossip has it that a certain R. B. had better watch his spelling in Mr. Mendel’s room. It’s funny how a grade ten student could spell ball bearing “ballarian.” Pretty intellectual!! The classy lassie that blew in from New York at the beginning of the year, tripped, head over heels, over a certain party. Eh, “Pinkhead!” The handsome English teacher with those blond waves has every girl in 10E drooling. Then he wonders why the class average is low. But take it from us, he’s a pretty “square guy.” A certain B. F. seemed to have a mad crush on a party K. S.

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10A CLASS NEWS
The social life of 10A was highlighted by three successful class parties. They were held consecutively at the homes of Dorothy Better, Bill Gallinger, class president and Leona Branton. Each night’s entertainment consisted of games, dancing and eating, with the revellers departing about 12 o’clock. The third party displayed the inverted version of supply, when the boys brought the lunch and the girls arranged for the beverages.

10A sport news shows the boys’ soccer team at an all-time low. Captain Bill Gallinger accounted for the scoring, one game was tied, and the rest lost, because of the fact that the best players failed to turn out. We tried to remedy this by frequently changing the players’ positions. However, the girls’ basketball team, though not qualifying for championship pins, gave keen competition in winning four out of six games. The class looked forward to the swimming meet with their representative Barbara Ouellette. Further pride was taken in representatives George Walkley, Shirley team, Larry Cinti, basketball team, and cheerleader Bob Young.

The class was distressed by the loss of their class president, Bill Gallinger, but enjoyed his successor, Joe Kiefer.

10B CLASS NEWS
We started off our year with a bang with the first class party at the home of Jeanne Clarke, our class president. We held two others just as successful and are looking forward to the one planned now by our vice president, Dennis Paruk.

The boys have had a successful basketball season and the girls went as far as the play-offs against 10D. Suzanne Kennedy was captain. We are now looking forward to a successful girls’ volleyball season with Sylvia Mosley as captain. She was also the cheerleader for Honourable J. C. Patterson Institute.

10C CLASS NEWS
From both a scholastic and a athletic viewpoint, this year’s 10C was an outstanding form. Three highly successful parties were held at the homes of Diana Pringle, Mary Gallinger and Shirley Green respectively. The last event, however, was a farewell party for Mary Gallinger, who left Windsor to take up residence in Fort William. Our best wishes went with Mary. Members of our class who entered the school public speaking contest were: Ann Newell, Shirley Green, Danny Scott and Gordon Wilson. Ann emerged the Junior Girls’ winning orator after highlighting her address with a musical conclusion of one of Mendelssohn’s songs.

10C was honoured with the arrival of a young Scottish lassie from Edinburgh, Annette Strump.

On the boys’ side of sports the soccer team was found well up in the lead and was only eliminated by some trick of fate by 10F in the finals. Other sports reports placed the girls’ basketball team, captained by Rennie Vaughan, just under the play-off standard though they fought with a strong spirit. Two of its members, Rennie Vaughan and Gloria Cross, although only subs, made the Girls’ Basketball team and no doubt they are future Pantterettes.

Further sources of pride in 10C, Art McGuire and Steve Zimbahlate on the football team, and the latter with Keith Coulter and Red Wilson on the Junior Boys’ Basketball team. Keith Coulter and Lorne Dunkley also represented the class on the school band. 10C also ranked in the poetic contest with their representative Barbara Ouellette. Further pride was taken in representatives George Walkley, Shirley team, Larry Cinti, basketball team, and cheerleader Bob Young.

The class was distressed by the loss of their class president, Bill Gallinger, but enjoyed his successor, Joe Kiefer.
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11A NEWS REPORT

Our first party made a perfect beginning to our class activities. Many thanks to Mrs. White and Mr. Easter, Ethel, were our very obliging host and hostess. Frank allowed the boys to play cards in his upstairs game room, until the girls entered through the door. With thoughts of food, there was a large class turnout and a few outsiders. The party was a great success.

Eleanor Beaton entertained in her home during the Christmas season, but there was not quite so large a turnout as previously. Bob Simpson challenged Frank Hodge to a crabbage game. We spent the evening dancing, playing the usual games, and eating.

Our class was well represented in sports activities. Will, Fred Fryday, our president, was on the soccer team. George Fitzgerald starred on the football team, and with Frank Hodge, gave the team a flying start on the way to the W.O.S.S.A. championship. Paul Lesnay played on the hockey team. Bob Simpson was a prominent newcomer to the senior “hoopla” squad. Alex Banyai showed fine playing on the junior cage team. Beth Cullen, our only representative on the girls’ basketball team, was outstanding in the P.C.I.—Sandwich game. Barbara Douglas won the senior interform swimming championship. We have hopes of our class being represented on the track and swimming teams.

With Margaret White as captain, the girls’ basketball team succeeded in winning the pins. The boys’ basketball team? We won’t go into that. The fellows promised to shine in the basketball series.

11B NEWS REPORT

Eleven B again stepped into the spotlight, this time on skates and carrying hockey sticks. Bob MacDonald, Dick Roberts, Bob Orr, and Henry White were our representatives on the school Hockey Team.

Our skating party was a lot of fun for the five who went. Three days encouraged many and some got on the wrong bay. But four pair of skates for five pair of feet left one person to take snap shots, and oh! those snap shots! On the bus coming home we had a reunion with the two who had been skating on the wrong bay.

Class news wouldn’t be complete without a line about the Daywood Bumstead of 11B (referring to Dick Roberts). At the last bell, Dick comes flying into class, his books after him and we commence the lesson.

Eleven B students have been known as the “Carolers” since Christmas. We sang “Merry Christmas” to all our teachers, followed up by our nifty song “Class Marks.,” sung to the tune of “Kahn’s Clothes.” The boys sang the song “Five Salted Peanuts” until they found the machine broke in the Math class and they had to put the tin of Planter away for a while.

11C NEWS REPORT

Eleven C has had a very successful year, thanks to the capable leadership of Class President Paul Stefan and Vice President Patricia Dodge.

Our Halloween Party held at the Y.M.C.A. was the year’s best. Among the record players, the disc jockey of the evening was provided for us through the kindness of a small orchestra.

Eleven C has contributed much to school athletic events. Jack Gregg, Paul Stefan and Irwin Katzman played on the soccer team. Paul and Jack leading the team in total goals scored. Jack Gregg on the hockey team and Phil Biggles-ton on the football team were valuable to the coaches.

Cadet Lieutenant certificates were awarded to Paul Stefan, Irwin Katzman and Jack Gregg, proving them very capable leaders.

Among the Middle and Upper School Interform Interball teams, 11C girls feel that they rate the highest. They met every opposing team with robust energy and good sportsmanship. When the teams for the finals were selected, they were rewarded for their excellent playing by having the chance to win the interform championship and receive the coveted gold ball game was played at ease. However, every good team must taste defeat sooner or later: and in the case of 11C it was later. Their first defeat was a close and thrilling one. At half time the score was tied, and at the three-quarter time it was still too close for comfort. The result of this most important game was heart-breaking, since 11C lost to 11A by one point.

Our football team consisted of height, weight and speed with such great players as Corkie Burton, Rose Mary Stone, Jackie Milburn, and Betty Mills: the guard line proved very strong with Herb McDonell, Connie Clark, Audrey Chandler, Pat Dodge and Gerry Salem.

Looking along Academic lines, we find Jack Bickerton and Pat Dodge neck-in-neck for the class pin.

Many thanks to Mr. Ludd and Mrs. de Saeger for making 11C the best class in the school: there was never a dull moment.

Gossip of 11C

Did Pat Dodge like her escort at the Melody March? How about that, Jim?

Norton Mansfield’s great interest in the Physics class doesn’t all revolve around Mr. Hallam. Does it, Betty?

Who’s the new girl friend of Paul Stefan? What has Sandwich got that Patterson lacks, besides, of course, Nancy?

11D TEN YEARS HENCE

We left in forty-seven and now we’re back again. It seems like twenty-five years but it’s really only ten. It’s a class reunion and all our friends are here

Some now have a husband and some have a career.

First, there’s Audrey Bateman, now she’s writing books.

Betty Munden is a model, she got there with her looks.

Margaret Taylor sits here as lovely as before.

Gloria Pastorius now owns her father’s store.

Miriam Crosson rose to fame, letting Bob Hope use her name.

June Miller is a college teacher, Helen Seagull a women’s preacher.

Dorothy and Gladys still go to dances.

Florence Huffman still plays cards.

Betty Murray is a social worker, Pat Mahan is a soda jerker.

Dorothy Kenney is a nurse, Betty Kristof drives a hearse.

Marc Noreen is serene and Angela Bird is on a diet.

Evan Wahl still acts silly, and Dorothy finally married Billie.

Margaret Lambie is slamming hash, Florence Shaloub is counting cash.

Joy MacNeil is married now, Evelyn works for MacDonald and Gow.

Thrisa Mandler is no coward, for she finally married Howard.

Then there’s our girl Shirley Newell, that poor soul is teaching school.

Mary Gagen is one of the town’s best cooks.

A lady lawyer is Eleanor Brooks.

Rosie finally got to marry a football hero whose name is Harry.

Yolande still has a crush on Ken, but Phyllis goes for the men.

Mary Benuik is on the stage, Mary McMillan is still the stage manager.

Margaret Arneson swims like a fish, Enniece Brien is a tasty dish.

A private secretary is Joan Mayne, and Lily Palwoda is no plain Jane.

One who left early is Leona Boucher, we know not where she is to-day.

Mary Werhisky is a women’s attorney.

Emily Rosu is on a long journey.

The two Gladys’s are still the best of friends, but this is where our run ends.

Wait! There’s something our writer want to say, Miss Long made us what we are to-day.

GRADE 12A NEWS

As you know, 12A is supposed to have all the brains of the grade twelve. This is partly true. 12A has three pin winners as well as four football stars and one cheerleader.

Martin Havran and Leonard Raizin, the artists responsible for many of the excellent posters about the school, are also members of 12A. The class’s French teacher, Miss Adams, thought that Vic Lepa was hopeless when the day before the exam, she asked him to form the Past Indefinite tense and Vic didn’t answer. In spite of this, Vic made one of the highest marks in the class. Milt Awerbuch recently quipped “I’ll bet Harry Wade gets 90% of his sleep at school.” How about that?

On the evening of the momentous Assumption—Patterson football game, 12A held a class party. It was held at the Y.M.C.A. and Mr. Cameron consented to chaperone. A large number of the0 students appeared and were the centre of attraction. Bill Guilfoyle caused many raised eyebrows when he appeared, escorting (or courting) Frances Fontaine. Ping pong turned out to be the game of the evening. In order to advertise the large number who wished to play, books were used for hats.

Careful care was taken not to use a Latin Reader when Mr. Cameron was in sight. Plans were made to buy Mr. Cameron a sharp bow-tie for Christmas. Even though the party was cut short at 11:30 p.m. everyone had a swell time.
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STORES FOR MEN

Ottawa Street at Gladstone
Classes in 12A have been one hilarious experience from start to finish. Several class conferences have sprung up. Harry Wade and Lydia Sande have been quite chummy of late. Len Raizin and Joyce Fuller have had great fun together. Each day Lennie drops a lock of Joyce's hair.

Mr. Hurd suggests that Joyce will be held by June, Martin, and Vi Mitchell make a handsome couple. What will Joyce Fenwick say, Martin? Mrs. Kitts starts each History period off with a question: "Shall we let Harry Wade see too much?" Mr. Cameron scolded a loquacious 12A'er with, "If you've got something to say send it to the New York Times and they will pay you $1,000 a sentence. If not—shut up!!!" Tony Zimbilatte was told to write his homeroom teacher a letter if he wanted to use his comb. "On what?" asked Milt Awerbuck from the back of the room. Harry Wade told Mr. Cameron that Vic Lepa was throwing snowballs. Mr. Cameron told Vic to go to the janitor and tell him that the room was cold. Jim Storey has become the idol of numerous Grade nine girls.

The End!

12B

12B started the term off well with a rollicking good party on Halloween. Jim Mosley, Class President, volunteered the use of his home. The crowd arrived about 8 p.m. and quickly invaded the cellar Casbah for gossiping and dancing. Freda Parker proved to be champion apple-dunker with the use of his home. The crowd arrived about 8 p.m. and quickly invaded the cellar Casbah for gossiping and dancing. The bottle was spun all night, the one to which the bottle pointed, drew a consequence and then attempted to carry it out. The result, were uproarious.

Gus Nanos danced a jig at the same time sang "God Save the King." Irvin Mus had to push a peanut along the floor with his nose. He crushed the first couple but finally attained his goal. Gloria Tyrell sat cross-legged on an inverted milk bottle; Isabel Brien, with her hands behind her back unwrapped a candy kiss; David Smith danced the Highland fling; and Marian Hardy, the hostess, cried like a baby.

There was singing and dancing to a wonderful record player. A very good time was had by all.

Can You Imagine?

Donna Waffle cold and shy
Lorraine Watson giving L. Smith the eye
Marguerite Neilson in line at the Avenue
Gustav Nanos as Minister of Revenue
Matt Cocomazzi, five foot two
And Walter Kerr without gum to chew
Marian Hardy a ballerina
And Isabel Brien with a face like "Lena."
Joey Morrow broad and tall
D. Smith not talking to girls in the hall
Alex Rabin going out nights (Lincoln)
And L. LeCaplain in shock pink tights.

Barbara Ross typing too fast
And Lacyk deciphering classic prose.
Bunker to Marion not giving his heart
And Marcuz pushing a banana cart.
Joan Kalle sitting, sewing a shroud
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12B Sketched—Girls

Name, Pastime, Future: Jean Adams, Listening, Woman Lawyer; El Buttery, Boys, Matron at Assumption; Fran Golden, Whispering, Voice Teacher; Arline Grob, Chemistry Detentions, Replacement for Mr. Haydon; Bunny Katz, Chompin' gum, Manageress of Burlesque Theatre; Dot Martin, Waiting for Margaret, Waiting on her patients; Ev McNab, Debating, A Wife; Freida Parker, Being Sin­

12B Sketches—Boys

Name, Pastime, Future: Sid Bluestone, Sleeping, Mattress tester; Cant Bluestone, Cooking, Homemaker, Mgr. Pawn Shop; Alan Cohen, Eating, Star attraction of circuses; Bill Dobson, Arguing, Politician; John Drehob, Sound Effects, inside man at the shop; Claire Gibb, Dialects, Gay Writer; Alvin Hembred, Using big words, Author of Hem­

12B The Class Party

On February 6, 1947, 12C held a class party at the house of Marian Hardy. Food was plentiful and exceptionally delicious and games were numerous.

The game most enjoyed by all was "spin the bottle"—no, not the kind of "spin the bottle" that is almost universally known but something different. In a bottle were placed pieces of paper on which were written various consequences. The bottle was spun and the one to which the bottle pointed, drew a consequence and then attempted to carry it out. The result, were uproarious.

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