Walkerville Collegiate Institute Yearbook 1945-1946

Walkerville Collegiate Institute (Windsor, Ontario)

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William Baldwin, D.F.C.
Douglas Brown, D.F.C.
Theodore Bunt, M.B.E.
Fraser Coate, M.B.E.
John Crew, D.F.C.
Edward Deschaine, D.F.C.
Walter Dominey, U.S. Air Medal with two silver oak leaves, Presidential Citation, Distinguished Flying Cross.
Ronald Evans, D.F.C.
Robert Fox, African Star and Clasp
Donald Grant, M.C.
Kenneth Heath, Mentioned in Despatches
Alfred Hodges, M.C.
Roaldo McKenney, D.F.C.
Robert K. Mitchell, D.F.C.
John Morris, D.F.C.
D. Charles O’Brien, M.B.E., E.D.
C. A. Prosser, D.F.C.
Bruce R. Soper, U.S. Bronze Star
John Stephenson, D.F.C., M.B.E.
Douglas Sheperd, Mentioned in Despatches
Howard D. Wardle, M.C., D.F.C.
Charles S. Wass, M.C.
(This is not a complete list. Anyone who knows of others please notify the school.)
Killed In Action

"And having each one given his body to the commonwealth, they received in stead thereof a most remarkable sepulchre — to be remembered evermore."

—Pericles.

Robert Adair
Philip Awad
Donald Awrey
Charles Bake
Richard Baker
Charles Beaton
Kendall Begbie
Giles Bisson
Douglas Brown
Harold Brown
Jack Brush
Bill Bucheski
Hugh Chittim
James Cody
Alvin Cormier
Ernest Creed
Owen Crump
Frank Deacon
Leo Deschamps
Ronald Doidge
James Drew
Robert Elwin
Cameron Evans
Ronald Evans
Bill Flint
Bricker Forman
Andy Forsyth
Bill Gardner
Ronald Gaskin
Francis Gatacre
Jack Godfrey
Jack Gooby
Doug Green
Jack Gubb
Joe Hong
Jim Howard
Alex Hutchison
Bob Jacobs
Herb Kinghorn
Ed Lowther
Alex MacMillan
Osman MacMillan
Earl McAlpine
Doug Magrath
Tom Martin
Harold Mason
Jack Milliken
William Moran
James Murphy
Cameron Myers
Doug Nageleisen
John W. O'Neil
Robert Parent
Cliff Pennock
Frank Pyatt
Harold Queen
Doug Reynolds
Jim Riddell
Robert Riddell
Jack Ross
William Ruddy
James Sibbald
Donald Spence
Emil Suttak
Rowland Urie
Sherwood Walsh
Doug Watterson
John Whitemore
Robert Whitley
Robert Wright
Mr. J. L. McNaughton
In Memoriam

Two years ago, in December, 1943, the students of Walkerville lost their beloved principal and friend, Mr. J. L. McNaughton. His death meant a great sorrow to all who knew his cheery smile, and his place in our hearts and lives can never be completely filled. We students who knew him cherish the memory of the kind, upright man who was always eager to lend a listening ear to student problems, and who made it his business to go more than half-way when dealing with puzzled or erring students. The girls, as well as the boys, felt that his keen active interest in student sports and especially his patient, devoted work with his own Cadet Corps, made him an ideal Principal who would be long remembered and revered. New students at Walkerville now can learn only from others of his sincere and honest treatment of all our problems, his close contact with every student, and his constant devotion to the highest principles, but from this they will know that the name of Mr. McNaughton is one that will be forever honoured by Walkerville students in our own hearts as well as remembered in the written annals of the school.

DOROTHY WOODS.
The staff of the Blue and White wants to thank all of the contributors to our magazine. The willing help of so many students made our job much easier. Miss MacIntyre and her committee have kindly and effectively criticized our literary efforts, and, in fact, all the teachers volunteered their assistance. Mr. Krause, Mrs. Alexander and the Commercial students have been invaluable in their typing assistance. Whenever we had difficulties too great to solve ourselves we turned to Mr. Ball.

We are grateful to the friends of Walkerville Collegiate who made the magazine possible by their advertising, and we ask you, our readers, to thank them by patronizing them.
OUR PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

For the past six years our country has been at war. Fifteen of our teachers and twelve hundred and eighty-three of our former students have served in the Active Service Forces. We regret that seventy paid the supreme sacrifice. These have been very difficult times for our students because the future was so uncertain for them.

Most of our teachers have returned and we are pleased to welcome many of our ex-students back. Most of them call at the school to thank us for the Christmas parcels and cigarettes we sent them. They are anxious to continue their education or return to their former positions. It is encouraging to note the enthusiasm they show in their return to civilian life.

It is not only our duty to welcome these returned veterans, but we should also prepare ourselves to serve our country. The youth of today needs a good education, stability of character, a desire to work and co-operate, and a pride in his school, church, home and country. I am proud of the students of Walkerville Collegiate because I feel that they are doing their best to prepare themselves to serve Canada and to uphold the traditions of their school.

W. N. BALL

1. Latin
2. History
3. Science
4. Geography
5. Mathematics
6. English
7. P. T. - Health
8. French
9. Math - Study
Blue and White Staff

BACK ROW: Mr. Lowden, K. Davies, N. Morrison, W. Ord, E. Crispin, G. Neely.
FRONT ROW: I. Wilkie, M. Moray, A. Thistlenthwaite, (Editor), D. Harwood, G. Croft.

BLUE AND WHITE EXECUTIVE

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Assistant Editors .................................. Ed. Crispin, Dorothea Harwood, Bill Ord, Ian Wilkie
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The senseless waste of war has ceased. We who are young are preparing to take our places in a new world where co-operation and tolerance must be the guiding principles.

In the years to come we shall be the workers and the leaders of Canada. It will be our job to try to make our community, our country, and our world a safe and pleasant place in which to live.

This is the first peacetime issue of the Blue and White, and it is fitting that we make it a memorial to our late principal, Mr. McNaughton. He was an example of the very qualities which we are convinced we must cultivate and practise.

Those of us who have the privilege of writing our senior matriculation this June are looking back over our five years at Walkerville. Four of those years were spent under the unusual circumstances of war.

Many of the teachers enlisted; the staff seemed always to be changing. One of our new teachers said that after she had been here a year she felt like a veteran. Our courses too were affected by the war. Defence Training was taken rather light-heartedly at least by the girls, who wondered whether knowing how to use a stirrup-pump would really add to their usefulness in an emergency.

The biggest week of the grade nine year was that of our salvage drive. Tons and tons of waste paper were hauled on little brother’s wagon. Old water heaters were dragged out of basements to adorn the corridors of Walkerville C.I. The inter-class rivalry was bitter and oh, the outrage of seeing an alien second-former carting away our next door neighbour’s salvage!

In grade ten our mental wizards were Esther Green and Sylvia Fedoruk, but hard-working Norm. Marshall came first in the end.

Never will we forget Barbara Lees’ speech on her summer’s experiences as a nurse’s aid. She was the W.S.S.A. champion that year.

In the fall of our grade twelve year the students of Windsor took a lesson from their fathers and called a strike. W.C.I. seniors (Miss McLaren was proud of us) set the example by coming to school.

Now our last year is nearly over; how we wish it were just beginning! But we know we leave the school’s reputation in capable hands; next year’s fifth form promises to be as bright as we are!
Walkerville has a cadet corps of which it may be justly proud; at least, if we accept the words of Major J. Young, District Cadet Officer, after he had completed the 1945 inspection—"Your officers are second to none, and the N.C.O.'s and cadets are a credit to your school. I have inspected a number of cadet corps in this district, but this is the finest corps I have seen." Knowing and respecting Major Young as we do, we accept this compliment with the greatest pride.

Walkerville C. I. has always taken the lead in cadet work, has always been the corps to set the pace for other schools, keeping alive the spirit even through the years of attempted abolition of cadet training. We attribute a great part of our success to the inspiring affect of the generous gift of the Cameron Plaid by Walkerville Road Industries in the year 1922-23. There can be no greater stimulus to esprit de corps than a smart distinctive uniform. The tradition of our corps has spread its fame throughout Ontario and during the twenty-four years of our existence we have won the general proficiency trophy twelve different times, our last, in 1944, being the third successive victory in three years.

Soon after the Second World War began, we lost to the army two very able leaders, Lt. Col. D. C. O'Brien, M.B.E., E.D., and Major Ian Allison. Mr. Bunt, who has now attained the rank of Major in the Cadet Services of Canada, then took over the Corps to guide it with remarkable ability and sure judgment to the successful completion of our duties to our country throughout the war years. His was a mighty task, requiring the utmost time and effort. Those of us who have been here through all four years of Mr. Bunt's leadership know and appreciate the magnificent job he did. We wish him continued success at Walkerville Collegiate.

This year, we welcome back Col. O'Brien as chief cadet instructor, and Mr. Allison who is now instructing the band.

An added impetus to competition within our Corps this year has been the generous gift of two trophies, the Bryn Davies Memorial Trophy by Rev. M. C. Davies to be presented to the best cadet in the Corps every year, and the MacMillan Trophy by Magistrate A. W. MacMillan for the best company each year.

The commanding officers who led their Corps to Victory through the war years, helping to turn out hundreds of well trained cadets for the armed forces, and other essential war tasks, will not be forgotten. We have been fortunate in our line of commanding officers. Cadet Lt.-Col. David Bruce who commanded in 1941-42, later becoming a naval officer, enjoyed the perfect confidence and respect of all his team. Cadet Lt.-Col. Jack Stodgell, who also became a naval officer, was second to none. Berien Easton, our Lt.-Col. for 1943-44 had the honour of leading all the Windsor Royal Canadian Army Cadets as Brigadier in what has been termed the greatest Cadet demonstration ever put on in Canada, the Gymkhana. Walkerville played an important part in this display under the leadership of our second in command, Dick Larkin. 1943-44 was perhaps the greatest year in our history, the culmination of all our efforts. Cadet Lt.-Col. George Turnbull, our handsome, extremely popular young commander last year, was everything that could be desired in a commanding officer. Although we of the Cadet Corps had to share him with many other school organizations such as the Agora, of which he was President, and the Rugby team where he twice made all-city, we
OFFICERS OF THE CADET CORPS 1945

BUGLE BAND 1946

Page Sixteen
enjoyed the full benefit of his leadership. George, now at the University of Western Ontario, has been asked, as our last Commanding Officer to honour us with a few words for the Blue and White:

"It has been a long time since I last had an opportunity to speak to the School, and especially the Corps. I wish to congratulate the Agora for the success which it has had with this year's activities. Also the best of luck to the revived Blue and White.

"Last year I had the honour of being Commanding Officer of the Corps. I cannot express how proud I am to have held that post. On inspection last year, the Corps in my opinion was perfect. I wish to thank all the cadets for their grand co-operation. Of course this includes the officers and N.C.O.'s who really shaped the Corps into the unit of perfection it was.

"Although it did not win either the general proficiency cup or the P.T. Shield, it did put forth some championship teams. I wish to congratulate the R.M.C. Rifle team which won the Dominion Championship and the Champion Moyer Cup Signalling team.

"Now that the war is finished, advocates for the dissolution of Cadet training are arising. Cadet training does not make a cadet military minded. It gives him self-assurance and the ability to assume responsibility. It teaches him teamwork and helps to create good manners and good carriage. A Cadet Corps makes a boy proud of himself and his school.

"Best of luck to this year's Corps. The Corps has one of the finest groups of Officers and N.C.O.'s, so that it should bring much honour to Walkerville Collegiate."

(Signed)

GEORGE TURNBULL

We of the Cadet Corps especially feel the loss of our beloved Principal, the late Mr. J. L. McNaughton. He was strongly interested in Cadet work, doing everything he could for his Cadets. He was the guiding hand behind all our endeavours, and we salute him with deepest gratitude and sincere respect for a truly great man.

Last year's inspection, held at Stogell Park, will long be remembered in our school. Our bugle band under the leadership of Cadet Lieut. Ted Bartlet, and supervised during training by Mr. A. C. Brown contributed much to its success in their smart colourful appearance, precision drill, and inspiring music. A new addition to our Corps was a pipe band instructed by Mr. "Jock" Copland who is well known as a producer of incomparable bands. Bill Peterson commands the Bugle Band this year, while Ted Bartlet, in charge of the pipe band, commands the band as a whole.

The signal corps always claims the credit for winning inspections. Be that as it may, however, we all know we would be in a bad position without it. In last year's inspection, the Moyer Cup team displayed Morse Signalling with flags. An outstanding feature of the signal platoon's show was the demonstrating of the operation of the switchboard to which the D.M.K. 5 army Field telephones are attached.

At the beginning of the war, the Canadian Army was rather poorly equipped. However, it soon added much to its equipment and fighting ability. Our signal corps, if we may be allowed to draw the comparison, followed right along behind, matching achievement with achievement. During the year 1941-42, the platoon was under the able command of Howard Moore. When Howard graduated, and entered the army, Bernard Rondot took over, and with the help of new equipment supplied by the Essex Scottish, whipped the platoon into the best signalling group in the district. Although our corps did not win the Moyer Cup that year, we attribute this in all frankness to the fact that our corps won too many other awards and, therefore, could not take this one too. When Cadet Major Rondot left for the army, it was Bob Girling's turn. Our equipment then included lamps, field telephones, "buzzers" and flags, with the Essex Scottish..."
lending us their switchboard and telephones each year to enable us to put on a snappy display at our annual inspection.

In 1945 we won the Moyer Cup, most coveted honour among signalling enthusiasts. Our signals group is still one of the best in Canada and has a great future. Major Young hinted, on a visit to the school last year, that there was talk of setting up Cadet radio stations across the entire breadth of the nation. If and when this project gets under way, it will certainly be something to which future signalling cadets can look forward.

The ambulance corps under the command of Cadet Major Frank Hull, Cadet Liet. Don Gibson, and Cadet Liet. Bob Mapes put on a very commendable show last year. This section of the auxiliary Corps, directed by Mr. W. Young, has progressed more rapidly than any other unit. The Ambulance Corps of 1940 was composed of about thirty boys with very little equipment, but since then Mr. Young has personally trained over three hundred cadets. At last year's inspection, the Ambulance Corps consisted of two large platoons which for the first time used roller bandages and Thomas splints and made the only demonstration in Ontario of the propeller splints for a broken neck. Last year's class consisted of sixty-eight juniors, thirteen seniors, and eight vouchers. Don Gibson, Art Haynes and Frank Hull received their Medallions. Murray Whelpton received the first Label ever presented to our Corps. This year's class has proven very popular with over eighty cadets passing their examinations.

An indication of the thoroughness of our corps' training was given at the 1945 inspection when eighteen of our cadets were presented with master cadet stars. A master cadet wears five chevrons with his star indicating the number of subjects he has studied and in which he has become proficient during his training. The first gold chevron is given to any cadet who completes the senior basic syllabus, a course of five subjects. For his other four chevrons and gold star, he must complete six more optional subjects, each additional chevron being awarded as options are completed.

Those who received the title of master cadet are:


Cadet Lt. Col. George Turnbull, and Cadet Major Bill Young, second in command, received the traditional old English W's.

Our cadet instructors present at last year's inspection were Major Bunt, Captain William Young, Captain Green, Lt. Allen Brown and Lt. Martin Young.

Last year's physical training inspection was led by cadet officers for the first time in our history. Cadet Captain John Wigle, Cadet Major Bill Ord, Cadet Major Norm Marshall, and Cadet Captain Murray Whelpton each took one of four tables of exercises. John Wigle was awarded a "W" by Major Young for being the best P.T. instructor on parade. Although we did not win the shield, the proficiency of our cadets left little to be desired. We were rather unfortunate, however, in having to hold our inspection in the gymnasium rather than on the campus, because of rainy weather.

The year 1944-45 was a very successful riflery year. Our teams, under the coaching of Mr. Martin Young, came near the heights of perfection according to cadet standards. Showing genuinely expert marksmanship, our team won the Royal Military College Dominion championship with an average of 98.1%, and came an unbelievably close second in the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association (second in the Dominion of Canada) and Provincial Challenge competitions. Our average scores in these two competitions were D.C.R.A.—"A" team, 97.33%, "B" team, 93.47%, and Provincial Challenge 97.53%.

Medals were presented to the ten cadets whose targets were among the ten
BLUE AND WHITE

DOMINION CHAMPIONSHIP R.M.C. RIFLE TEAM 1945
BACK ROW: Mr. Ball, D. Webster, B. Cator, J. Lossing, E. Chop, Mr. M. Young, R. Montrose, N. Grabb, J. Brown, S. Johnson, Mr. Bunt, J. Kurylo.

CHAMPION MOYER CUP SIGNALLING TEAM 1945
BACK ROW: Mr. Bunt, J. Colwill, G. Dewar, B. Gard, J. Stankov, Mr. Ball.

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PIPE BAND 1946


SENIOR N.C.O.'s 1945

MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Ball, K. Taylor, S. Koloff, D. Holmes, G. Dewar, R. Montrose, B. Stevenson, R. Ray, Mr. Bunt.
that won the R.M.C. championship. They are:

W. Ord, 99; T. Poore, 99; F. Marchand, 99; M. Whelpton, 98; G. Dewar, 98; J. Kurylo, 98; D. Gimson, 98; B. Cator, 98; J. Upton, 97; D. Gibson, 97. Other members of the team were:


Rodney Montrose won the D.C.R.A. gold medal for the highest average, 98.3%, of the three targets of the competition. The Strathcona Trust Medal for the highest average in all competitions of the year went to Bill Ord whose average for seven targets was 98%. D.C.R.A. first class silver medals for 97% or over in D.C.R.A. were won by Jack Upton, Gordon Dewar, Robert Graham, William Ord, and Stuart Johnson.

Already this year, our riflemen have met with success, winning the Ontario Rifle Association Challenge Trophy for Secondary School Cadet Corps with an average of 97.6%. Rodney Montrose has again displayed his skill by walking off with a silver medal for a perfect score of 100%. Rodney, so far this year, has fired four consecutive perfect competition targets—something of a record, we believe.

Other members of the winning 1946 O.R.A. team were awarded bronze stars. They are Jack Upton, Bob Graham, Bill Ord, John Kurylo, Doug Gimson, Nick Grabb, Bruce Cator, Gord Dewar, Frank Marchand, Harry Aston, and Stuart Johnson.

At the O.R.A. cadet matches at the M.D.1, R.C.A.C. Camp, Cedar Springs, Walkerville shots won $15.00, coming second. Those who won prizes are: R. Montrose $6.00, R. E. Mapes $3.00, F. Joyce $3.00, F. Hutton $2.00, and W. Ord $1.00.

Our rifle coach this year is Mr. Bunt. Everything points to another successful year.

Our city was honoured this Fall with a visit by General H. D. G. Crerar who spoke to the cadets of this city in the auditorium of one of our larger schools where Walkerville Collegiate was represented by our officers and N.C.O.'s under the command of our new O.C., Norm Marshall. He had the coveted privilege of meeting the general on behalf of our Cadet Corps. We were proud of Norm, who was, by far, the smartest Cadet Officer to meet the Commander of the Canadian Army.

Norm holds the respect and loyalty of every cadet at Walkerville Collegiate and we will support him to the limit. Under his leadership, we shall go forth on inspection day, confident in our ability to carry on the traditions of our Corps, striving to maintain our record of proficiency. This year holds forth great promise in cadet work, and we aim to put on the best show yet in all fields of our endeavour, keeping in mind always the main purpose of cadet training given in the words of the Royal Canadian Army Cadet Motto “ACER ACERPORT” — as the maple, so the sapling.
CADET CAMP

The 1945 Cadet Camp, held at Cedar Springs, Ontario, stands out vividly in the memories of the forty odd officers and cadets who represented the Walkerville C. I. Cadet Corps as number 18 Platoon, E. Coy., the company commanded by our own Mr. Bunt with Mr. William Young in charge of stores. Although they often refer to it as "The Battle of Cedar Springs", claiming full battle honours (one glance at some of the illustrations shows why) our cadets certainly do not regret attending the camp, and, indeed, would return if given the opportunity. They had rain, and oceans of mud, burned by the scorching sun by day, and frozen by the cold at night, in spite of many blankets; but it was all part of the game and they never had more fun in their lives.

Walkerville’s company twice won the pennant for the cleanest and best lines in the camp, and their spirit was always high as they took part in all of the camp activities, both work and play. When its turn came, our company, always the smartest on parade, turned out, under the command of Norm Marshall, one of the best guards and fire pickets to perform the colourful retreat ceremony. After the duties of the day were completed, and during rest periods, our cadets made full use of the ample sports facilities, playing baseball, football, horse-shoes, volley-ball, swimming, boxing, and participating in the track and field meet. A special feature of the camp, was the huge rifle range where our cadets fired "22" rifles, 30 calibre army rifles, Bren Light Machine Guns, and Piat Anti Tank Weapons to win a total of fifteen dollars in prizes for their expert marksmanship.

(Continued on Page 70)
AGORA

The Agora, which is the Student Council of Walkerville Collegiate, has been very successful in all of its many undertakings this year. Much of the success is due to the wonderful officers leading this year’s organization and to the advice that both teachers and students have given.

This year the Agora has sponsored two very successful dances “The Gamblers’ Gambol” and the “W.O.S.S.A. Wiggle”, and is now making plans for a bigger and better “Military Ball.” Much credit for the success of these ventures should go to the Social and Publicity Committees for the fine work they have done and are doing to make all Walkerville’s activities a success.

Another very successful effort of the

AGORA EXECUTIVE


FRONT ROW: A. MacMillan, H. Happy, Mr. Hartford, Mr. Ball, N. Marshall, S. Fedoruk, M. Niskasari.

Agora was the sale of Christmas cards under the direction of Mr. Waddell, Mr. Hartford, Bill Ord and the financial committee. A great deal of time was spent by all concerned in making this venture a profitable one.

Through the Agora the students of Walkerville have helped the Cadet Corps in its aim to build a Cadet library; they have kept up the McNaughton Scholarship Fund and have represented the student body in numerous other ways.

This year’s officers are: Mr. Ball, Honorary President; Norm Marshall, President; Angus MacMillan, Vice-President; Helen Happy, Secretary; Mr. Hartford, Treasurer; Bill Ord, Financial Chairman; Don Richard, Publicity Chairman; and John Wigle, Social Chairman.

IAN WILKIE
Although the girls in our choir have not had many opportunities to display their talents to the public, we have nevertheless been practising eagerly at our Tuesday afternoon sessions up in Room 301. We were certainly glad to welcome back Miss Saunders, who returned to us after two years with the Wrens, and who we are confident will continue her splendid record of choir work at Walkerville Collegiate.

Our first appearance this year was at the Christmas Commencement exercises, when we sang "Lullaby of the Dwarfs," and "Lift Thine Eyes," the well-known selection from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." A performance of several new numbers scheduled for the Open House program on February 8 failed to materialize, because of unforeseen difficulties, but rehearsals went forward with the usual enthusiasm in spite of our disappointment.

We began the year with an impressive attendance of over eighty singers, but of these only about forty have appeared regularly at rehearsals. Credit is certainly due these girls who gave up other activities to attend faithfully, and our deep appreciation also goes to Margaret Werte, our able and understanding pianist. Miss Saunders, Margaret, and the choir all work together so harmoniously that gratifying results are quite justified. The choir's social life was not ne-

(Checked on Page 29)
ORCHESTRA
Mr. Brown, Instructor


A second group of instrumentalists is now practising the same music and it is hoped that in another year the orchestra can be expanded along the lines of a symphonic aggregation, as has been the practice in past years.

A vote of thanks should be given Mr. Brown and the various student members of the band for so willingly giving their time and talents to after school practices in order to reach the high standard of efficiency now enjoyed by the band. The mastery of the music has not only given great pleasure to the members of the band but has been a source of entertainment to everyone connected with the school.

IAN WILKIE
Dramatic Society


Front Row: J. Little, M. Werte, Miss Robbins, Miss Auld, E. Lee, B. Lees.

Absent: B. Mapes.

Dramatic Club

The Walkerville Collegiate Dramatic Club elected the following officers for the year 1945-46:

Hon. President: Miss Auld
President: Ed Lee
Vice President: Margaret Werte
Secretary: Jean Little
Treasurer: Miss Robbins
Property Mistress: Barbara Lees
Stage Manager: Bob Mapes

Our only public offering this year was the short comedy, "Courage, Mr. Greene," which was presented at the Graduation Exercises December 20. The play was directed by Mrs. Alexander and Mr. Burr, and the cast included Herbert Schofield, Stuart Johnson, Donna Haley, Pat Barnby and Gordon Croft.

During the past two years the Dramatic Society has produced two of its most successful plays, "She Stoops To Conquer", a costume play which was rated highly by all who saw it. Mary Gregory, Jack Creed, Tom Beckett and Bill Grundy, won the awards for their performances. Our play of last year "The Whole Town's Talking", delighted our audiences with its rollicking humour. The annual awards were presented to Mary Gregory, Anne Thistlethwaite and Tom Beckett. Both these plays were directed by the "Guiding Light" of the club, our own Miss Robbins.

Because of the lack of directors we did not present our annual three-act play this year, but we have hopes for such a play next year.

Secretary,

Jean Little

Page Twenty-Seven
Our oratorical efforts have been extremely noteworthy, although none of the W.S.S.A. championships came to Walkerville this year. Many of the participants were new to the game, and their speeches deserved a great deal of credit; several had entered the contest before and showed marked improvement in material and delivery over their previous efforts.

From the four Senior boy contestants, Jim Zeron carried off the honours with his excellent speech on "Local History", and an equally noteworthy impromptu on "The Life of Tomorrow". Second place was awarded to Howard Thompson who gave as his main address, "The Cadet Camp," and also spoke in an interesting manner on "The Best Book I Have Read."

The remarkable number of Senior girls speaking this year was certainly inspiring, and the quality of their speeches made that contest an interesting event. Janet Hugill, the winner, showed splendid oratorical ability both in her main speech on "Winston Churchill" and her laugh-provoking impromptu on "My Favourite Subject—Mathematics." Runners-up were Donna Haley, with "Canadian Parliament" and "Progress in the Girl Guide Movement", and Dorothy Woods with "Careers for Young People" and "The Life of Tomorrow", the latter two tying for second place.

The Junior orators were surprisingly good this year, with Don Ryan taking first place laurels for his address on "Atomic Power" and "Dogs". James Muir was a close competitor, speaking on "Puppets" and "Places I Would Like To Visit."

The Junior girls also showed great promise of future ability. The winner, Barbara Tait, gave an excellent speech on "Customs of India" and a successful impromptu, "Airlines." Second place went to Margaret Martin who spoke on "Alaska" and gave as her impromptu, "Why I Like Music."

All these speakers, both winners and competitors, have gained valuable experience in this year's contest, and we are certain that future oratory will keep up Walkerville's fine record, or even surpass it.

DOROTHY WOODS

ASSEMBLIES

Assemblies this year have showed a marked improvement over those of last year. This year the students have been much more interested in assemblies than they have in the past.

Credit for the improvement must go to Mr. Ball who has worked hard picking out talent and to the Agora Assembly Committee.

Assemblies this year have provided a great deal of enjoyment to students and teachers alike. It is to be hoped that the fine work done on them now will be continued in the years to come.

With performers such as Marilyn Miller, Margo MacKinnon, Bob Fenton, and Herb Scofield, assemblies are sure to be a success. Other star performers were found among the teachers with Miss Saunders, Miss MacIntyre, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Allison taking a place on the stage several times throughout the year. If this co-operation between students and teachers continues, our assemblies will always be enjoyable.

IAN WILKIE
SCHOLARSHIPS

In 1945 Walkerville students earned seven scholarships.

The J. L. McNaughton Memorial Scholarship was awarded for the first time last year. Lillian Laakso received it, and is now studying Honor Science at Toronto.

Eugene Lepa won the third Carter Scholarship worth $40. Three Carter Scholarships are given in each county of Southern Ontario for the highest standing in ten papers which must include English Composition, English Literature, Geometry and Algebra.

George Turnbull is studying Business Administration at Western with a Dominion-Provincial Scholarship worth $400 a year for four years.

Bill Young won three scholarships, the Edith Bowlby Chapter I.O.D.E. Scholarship of $100 for the highest English mark in Windsor, the second Carter Scholarship of $60, and the Irwin Hilliard Scholarship in English and History at Victoria College, University of Toronto which is worth $625.

Charmaine Humphries won a $100 Dominion-Provincial Scholarship for Grade 13.

We are proud of these students, and hope that this year's graduating class can live up to their fine example.

(Continued from Page 25)

glected, in spite of such arduous rehearsing. In December the Boys' and Girls' Choirs combined to give a Christmas party in the school library where dancing, games and box lunches were enjoyed, and small surprise packages distributed by Santa himself! The pleasure of our guests proved the party's success, and we are all eagerly anticipating another such event in the future, as well as our future musical programs.

DOROTHY WOODS

Page Twenty-Nine
RETURNED
From the Armed Forces

MR. I. A. ALLISON

On April 25, 1941, Ian Allison enlisted in the Canadian Army. He spent about a month at the O.T.C., Brockville, whence he emerged a one-pip wonder, and after a few days' "visit" at Camp Borden he left for England. By the end of June he had joined the Calgary Regiment of the First Canadian Army Tank Brigade and after training and manoeuvres in England he received his second pip (February 1942). In August, 1942, Lieutenant Allison was fighting with the Calgary Tanks and the Essex Scottish at Dieppe, and the Calgary losses and casualties were terrific.

From Dieppe Lieutenant Allison returned to England to train new Canadian reinforcements, and at this time received his captaincy. Before he joined his unit in Italy he had received his crown, and with them fought through Cassino, the Liri Valley, the Hitler and Gustav lines and North of Florence where he was wounded. He was again with his regiment when they landed in Marseilles. They fought up through Belgium, had a three-week rest, then pushed through Germany and back—this time into Holland. After the last two battles, Arnhem and Ede, a truce was called, lasting two weeks, for the purpose of transporting food to the starving Dutch by the Calgary Tanks.

On July 29, 1945 Major Allison left for England and on October 13, 1945 he became "Mister" Allison once more.

MR. F. BECKLEY

Mr. Beckley, a member of the Essex Tank Regiment, was once a cadet at W. C. I. In 1942, he joined the army taking his training at O.T.S. in Brockville, then at A27 Training Centre at Dundurn, Sask. In 1943, he went overseas, serving in the front lines in France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. Captain Beckley had many harrowing experiences. While across the German lines, his armoured car blew up. He was in the same house with a 500 lb. bomb during the German bombing of Falais. At one time, he was trapped for 36 hours about 25 miles behind the German lines.

MR. A. FLETCHER

In 1941, Mr. Fletcher joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. He was trained at Rivers, Man., and then served as an instructor until 1945. Ft. Lieut. Fletcher, as a navigator, had the misfortune to make a mistake in his calculations and found himself flying over the then neutral United States. When asked to relate some of his thrilling experiences overseas, Mr. Fletcher said that the only thing that he did in England was to fly around in the fog.

MR. C. M. FORMAN

Mr. Forman joined the air-force in March 1942 and left for Manning Pool where he received his basic training for the air-crew. After leaving Manning Pool, he entered about eight other schools in Canada and finally arrived at Regina A.O.S. where he completed his training. As flying officer (navigator), he spent two years overseas and participated in bombing missions on the continent in the famous Lancaster bombers. While he was on one of his missions, his plane was shot down near Paris and only he and two others out of seven escaped alive. The skipper was captured by the Germans. Mr. Forman and the rear gunner, both behind enemy lines, managed to outwit the Germans and obtain help from a French family who were part of a well-organized underground. About three weeks later they were rescued by the Third American Army who had broken through the enemy lines. In October 1944, Mr. Forman came back to Canada and his discharge was complete in February 1945.
MR. D. C. O'BRIEN

Mr. O'Brien was 2 1/C of the Essex Tank Regiment before enlistment. He commanded the Active Service Company at St. Luke's Barracks from May 1940 to October 1940 whereupon he was called to headquarters M.D. No. 1 as G.S.O. III. In February 1941, he joined the Ontario Tank Regiment and in June of the same year proceeded overseas as squadron commander. He then remained with the First Armoured Brigade until he was appointed chief instructor at 2C. A.C.R.U. in February 1943. Later he commanded a wing at 2 C. A.C.R.U. with the rank of lieutenant colonel. After V-E day Lieutenant Colonel O'Brien commanded a repatriation depot until his return to Canada in August 1945. Discharged in October 1945, Mr. O'Brien came back to Walkerville to teach again. He was awarded the M.B.E. and E.D. Welcome back, Mr. O'Brien. Your job was very well done, indeed!

MR. H. NIGHTSWANDER

In 1942, Mr. Nightswander signed his name for his country and the following year was called to serve it. For a year and a quarter he remained here in Windsor on the H.M.C.S. Hunter and became a petty officer. He says that during his navy career his most interesting experience was "being guard of honour for the Governor-General in Ottawa." His discharge was complete in October 1944, whereupon he resumed teaching at Walkerville Collegiate Institute.

MISS O. E. SAUNDERS

On March 25, 1943, Olive Saunders entered the Wrens and soon worked herself up to a lieutenantancy. She was stationed at Halifax for 20 months and in Newfoundland for eight months. Among many of her thrilling experiences in the Wrens, Lieutenant Saunders ranks her nine-hour operational flight in an air-force bomber over a convoy as the most exciting. She also had the opportunity of spending two days on a frigate observing submarine detection devices under conditions at sea. While in Newfoundland, Miss Saunders had the opportunity of meeting and chatting with Frank Sinatra. She has a picture of herself shaking hands with Frankie. Lieutenant Saunders received her discharge papers on August 1, 1945 and returned to Walkerville Collegiate Institute.

MISS G. I. TUNKS

Miss Tunks enlisted in the Wrens in December 1942, and by New Year's Day 1943, found herself one of a group of Wrens travelling over the Rockies to Vancouver. Here, Vancouver played host to its first group of Wrens. Ottawa was Miss Tunks' home station, and from here she visited various places—Sydney for ten days, for example. While in Sydney she was fortunate to be one of two Wren officers a lowed to go to sea. On board, they worked the powerful Oerlikon guns and witnessed a good deal of minesweeping. They had the thrilling experience of boarding Merchant Ships, and on one Tanker, talked with an engineer who was a survivor of three torpedoed tankers. While at sea, they had the self-satisfying experience of seeing the Captain take seasick pills while the two Wrens found no need for them.

Miss Tunks feels that her years in the Wrens were almost the most educational of her life, and while we know navy life is wonderful, we are glad to welcome her back to Walkerville.

Patronize our advertisers
WINNERS OF THE BLUE AND WHITE PROSE CONTEST

First Prize

SUSIE OF THE TEST TUBES

The girl who sighs with envy after re-reading "Arrowsmith," "Disputed Passage," or "Microbe Hunters" hopes to achieve some day the glory of being the valued assistant of the great Dr. So-and-So, the world's outstanding research worker in some field or other. Perhaps she has even been inquiring about training courses to fit her for this great career; undoubtedly she will be anxious to find out a few of the details of her future life.

Let us say she has completed her training and is accepted in a famous research lab.—assistant to Dr. Smith's chief technician! Down to the lab she comes, eight o'clock sharp, all crisp and white in her new uniform. Anxiously sitting on the edge of her chair she watches the various staff members drift in, exchange casual remarks, and briskly begin their work of the day. Minutes trudge past, and finally the newcomer approaches a dignified gentleman who is vigorously swirling a flask of muddy yellow liquid and ventures, "Please, sir, where will I find Dr. Smith's head technician? I'm his new assistant."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know why Jones needs an assistant—he can't keep busy himself. But you can help me if you like, while you wait. Jones never arrives before nine. I'm Smith."

Susie views with awe this famous scientist, and nervously stands ready to do his bidding. To her surprise, her first task is to wash a dozen racks full of miniature test tubes containing sticky white jelly, and it takes her nearly two hours, since each tube must be shaken upside down, prodded with a glass rod, and immersed in a huge pot of hot green soap. Poor Susie! her hands are now sacrificed to Science! Meanwhile, the tardy Jones arrives, and promises her a job in the animal room as soon as she has vanquished the sticky test tubes. This she finally does, half expecting some comment on their glistening cleanmess, but the doctor merely indicates Jones waiting next door.

A peculiar odour greets Susie as she opens the door. Rows and rows of metal drawer-like cages fill this room, and the clamour of sharp little squeaks informs her of the presence of thousands of tiny white mice. To her dismay, Mr. Jones calmly pulls out a cage, takes a handful of mice and nods to her to do the same. "Just drop them in this glass jar, weigh each one and keep the ones from eighteen to twenty grams. When you've put the rest back, bring the good ones to me in the lab."

"But ... how do I ... pick them up?"
"Haven't you ever worked with mice? Simply take hold of the tail, like a handle. They don't often bite!"

Susie cautiously approaches one meek little mouse in the corner of the cage, picks him up gingerly, but finding that he squirms, frantically drops him, not in the jar, but on the floor! She scrambles madly after him, diving under tables and benches but he disappears along a drain-
pipe. Visibly shaken, Susie turns to the next problem—how to make mice stand still while she weighs them, since they prefer strolling around on the scales and inevitably tumble over the edge. At last she comes back with her jar of mice, little dreaming she is the victim of a ritual endured by every novice in the lab.

And so goes the first week of her new life. Weighing mice, washing glassware, holding guinea-pigs for injections, filling racks of test tubes with graduated volumes of standard solutions—Susie tries her increasingly capable hand at countless new jobs. One unforgettable day she is taught to run the autoclave, or steam sterilizer, and to her horror is left alone with the thing, told to "open this valve if the pressure rises too high, close this one if the temperature drops, and don’t blow us all up!" By the time that half-hour has crawled past, poor Susie is frantically checking her nails and muttering, "What happens if I forget to turn something?" But she can now sterilize her own equipment, which is a blessing both to her and to the overworked "wash-up women."

Finally Susie is given a whole set of tests to run every day. She carefully sets out her shining glass plates each morning, prepares new batches of reagents, and follows a definite routine each day so that her test results will be uniform and reliable. Absolute precision becomes automatic: the slightest deviation from the usual pattern, even the tiniest error in measurement makes the whole test meaningless. Of course Susie soon is very efficient and leaves far behind her the stage of forgetting to keep cotton plugs in sterile flasks. Her experiments are suggested and decided upon by others, but little Susie has the great satisfaction of knowing that she is the one who transforms their theories into practical fact. She is the research worker’s right hand—the girl behind the experiment.

DOROTHY WOODS, 13B

Second Prize

MUSIC MILLIONS LOVE

When our scholarly brows are furrowed with the cares of unsolved Math problems, unfinished French exercises, and neglected supplementary reading, we like to kick off our loafers, drop into a comfortable armchair, and just sit back in utter relaxation. Our hand automatically reaches for the dial of the nearby radio, because we want to hear something soothing and interesting. We hurriedly dial past the phoney comedians, the nerve-racking detective mysteries, and the boring news commentators, until a sudden surge of sweet music meets our ears. Ah—at last, the perfect sound for fatigued minds and tense nerves! Let’s listen!

Now a mellow-voiced announcer is inviting us to spend a half-hour with Andre Kostelanetz and his Music Millions Love. "This great maestro should keep us well entertained," we muse, settling ourselves comfortably in the chair, and banishing all worry from our minds. The programme starts off with a dreamy Strauss waltz, which immediately begins the task of lightening our hearts. Before we know it, we are tapping out the lilting rhythm with our foot, and humming along with the orchestra.

Our genial announcer next gives us a pleasant introduction to the guest artist of the evening, whether it be Marian Anderson, Ginny Simms, Lily Pons or John Charles Thomas. This introduction stimulates our interest so that we find ourselves eagerly waiting for the number to begin.

The song is always perfectly suited to the singer’s voice. Marian Anderson, with her vibrant contralto, may sing us a stirring Gypsy Song from Carmen, or Lily Pons, with her lofty soprano, may take our spirits on a soaring trip as she trills through a French aria. If Ginny Simms is supplying the talent we can count on a lively evening indeed. Her clear, sweet voice is especially adapted
to the popular and semi-classical selections. For these, too, the Kostelanetz orchestra provides excellent accompaniment. Her rendition of “Slowly” or a Gershwin melody has a charm quite different from that of the operatic singers, and is just as capable of transporting us to a world of musical dreams. Now perhaps it is the virile tenor of John Charles Thomas beckoning us with a rousing Vagabond Song or wailing a plaintive Negro spiritual.

Besides the vocal numbers, there are a few performances by the orchestra itself. In these Andre Kostelanetz and his artists exhibit to the full, the outstanding characteristics of their music—a rich, sweeping flow of tone and an abundance of creative imagination. There is always one special number on the programme devoted to pure imagination. This may be either a popular hit tune or a classical excerpt, but in either case, the musicians create a magical atmosphere cleverly suited to the title or theme of the song. For instance, “Strange Music” or “Laura” may be presented with an appealing new touch of the bizarre, while Tchaikowsky’s “Dance of the Flutes” may be treated with added vigour and vivacity. Even the most skeptical of us see the mental pictures suggested by the music.

Now the guest artist comes back for one more performance, adding the finale to a very enjoyable half-hour. But it does not seem nearly that long. Surely we have been listening for only ten minutes! Though we hope the music will continue for ever, Alexander Scott is bidding us a pleasant “Good evening,” with a few well-chosen words in favour of Chrysler dealers.

Andre Kostelanetz is now off the air. The heavenly music has ceased, and the singer’s tones are heard no more. The spirit, however, is still with us, making us feel gay and energetic. The furrowed brows have given way to dimpled smiles and the depressing worries have been replaced by peaceful thoughts. Refreshed and invigorated by the half-hour of sparkling entertainment, we go to work and solve the Math. problems, finish the French exercises, and complete the supplementary reading.

Thus we have proven to us the age-old truth that music hath charms. As one great music lover once said, “The real test of all great art is its power to give pleasure to the largest number of persons capable of appreciating it, for the greatest length of time.”

Vive le Kostelanetz.

MARGARET WEST, 13B

Third Prize

LIFE’S VICTIM

Robert Jones was born on Friday, September 13 on a spiritless, wintry night. Whether this was an omen of ill luck, or a trick of fate, I do not know. As the story continues, you may determine for yourself.

When he was five years old, his mother died of pneumonia, leaving Robert and his drunkard father to the mercies of the world. His father was a good man, but like a narcotic dope fiend, he could not resist the temptation of liquor. He tried to take care of Robert, but his craving for liquor proved to be master over him. Drifting from one job to another, and always being fired because of his passion, he soon became disgusted. So one night, penniless, friendless and unhappy, he took his own life by hanging himself.

Thus, at the age of eight, Robert, left without mother or father, was sent to an orphanage. Here, there was no limit to the cruel sufferings that he underwent. The master, as the owner of the orphanage was called, forced Robert, along with the other children, to do the work of a man each day, but he fed them hardly enough to keep them standing up. At the age of fifteen, Robert had gone through more, and knew more about the hardships of life than most of us do at thirty.

One day, when he could no longer stand the torments of his master, he decided
First Prize in the Art Contest—Peter Abramoff, General McNaughton. (Copy)
to run away. His preparations made, he waited until it was dark. Then, while everyone was sleeping, he left the dormitory, and approached the gate. He stopped, horror-stricken and bewildered. He could not believe his own eyes. There, standing in front of him, was the one person he dreaded—the master.

What was he to do? Was he to give up all hope of freedom? Robert lived through a million years in that one desperate moment. No, he would never go back to that dreaded place. Somehow he must escape.

While Robert’s mind had been racing, the master had been standing in front of him, his expression a combination of anger and smug satisfaction.

“I’ll teach you to try to run away from me,” he cried producing a whip which Robert knew only too well. He lashed it furiously down upon Robert’s shoulders. Stunned, Robert fell back, and the master raised the whip again. In that brief moment Robert’s hand fell upon a cold object lying on the ground. It was a lead pipe. He grasped it and leaped up at the master with the fury of a tiger. He might have hit the master once, or he might have rained a dozen blows upon him. He did not know. His mind was blank except for that one thought, to escape.

But, after touching the cold body of the master, he knew one thing for certain, that he, Robert Jones, at fifteen years of age was a murderer.

You may find it hard to believe that a boy fifteen years of age could be a murderer, but I think that you could not find it as hard to believe as Robert did. Robert was scared, there was no denying it. He thought to himself, what can a murderer do in this case? Run away? No, he would first get rid of any evidence. He buried the lethal weapon then dragged the now cold, limp body of the master to a clump of bushes and hid it. Satisfied that no one could find the body, he turned around to take one last look at the only home he had ever known. Then he set out down the winding road to seek his fortune.

He hopped a freight train for the wild, windy city of Chicago. As soon as he arrived he started on the wrong foot. Joining a gang of killers he helped them operate a series of robberies, kidnappings, and murders, and soon became a full-fledged gangster. He was getting more money than he had ever dreamed of, and at the age of twenty, he thought that he had experienced everything that life could offer a person. Robert was very much mistaken, for he had yet to experience the most wonderful thing in life—love.

Laura Garson was her name. She was a stenographer in the Acme Furniture Co. Robert met her at a party, which she was attending with her fiancé, Fred Acme. Although he did not mention her to anyone, all he thought of from that day on was Laura Garson. His colleagues in crime noticed a change in him, and began to distrust him.

Robert had taken Laura out a few times, but had never told her how he felt about her. One day, on the spur of the moment, he proposed. When she told him she was engaged to be married, he was stunned. He left immediately. Entering his car, he drove around for a while in a daze. He could not believe that the person he loved, loved someone else. He felt hurt and cheated. He had never known any happiness before, and now that it was so close to him it did not seem fair for him to give it up without a fight. He decided that if he could not have happiness, Fred Acme should not have it either.

With this thought in mind he drove to his gang’s hideout. He found them planning to kidnap Fred Acme. Fate, he thought, was on his side. For every person the gang had kidnapped had been killed sooner or later.

The kidnapping, strangely, took place on Friday, September 13. Acme left his office with Laura Garson. When they reached the sidewalk, two of the mobsters approached and ordered them to enter a car waiting across the street. They were then driven to the hideout and
placed in a large, dimly lighted room. Robert did not know that Laura had been brought along with Acme, so you can imagine his surprise when he walked in.

Laura pleaded with Robert for their release, but Robert was not going to be cheated of revenge on the one person who was in the way of his happiness. At last, in desperation, Laura begged him to let Acme go, and kill her. When Robert heard this a change immediately took place in him. Laura was risking her life for the man she loved. He would show his love for her by risking his. Untying them quickly he told them to leave. As soon as the back door closed the gang walked in. Robert tried to hold them off till Laura and Acme got away. He succeeded, but was killed in the attempt. And thus ends the story of a man who lived in tragedy and died in tragedy, a man who was a victim of life.

FRANK KRAMIRICH, 9E

WINNERS OF THE BLUE AND WHITE POETRY CONTEST

First Prize

FLIGHT

The airscrew whirls, the engine coughs, and whines, Then bursts into a roaring sea of sound, Yearning the prison earth to leave—all signs Of bonds to lose.

Forward, inch by inch it crawls at first— Faster—the stick pushed forward—tail is up— Faster, the ground shoots by—for flight I thirst— I’m off the ground!

The craft gains height in leaps and bounds, and flies, A thing of grace, a bird set free to seek Ethereal freedom in the windy skies, To live again!

Soaring up and up through heavenly blue Of timeless, boundless, weightless space.

all mine. I’m free to fly, forgetting grief I knew When bound to earth.

Flying high, so high above the earth Immune from all the cares I knew below, Untouched by strife I’ve known since birth, ‘Tis then I live! 

BILL, ORD, 13B

Second Prize

THE LONELY PINE

On a high and rocky mountain Stands a tall and gnarled pine— Her branches of green, many sights have seen As she grows on the mountain alone. Her friends one by one have fallen Beneath the blow of the axe. But alone now she stands And guards her lands Like a sentinel at a gate.

The winds have slashed at her branches, The storms have torn at her sides. But she stands and laughs at their mighty staffs As she grows on the mountain alone. In the quiet cool of the evening The birds come to rest on her boughs, And she hurls them to sleep In the quiet deep Of evening, when all is at rest.

ANNE SULITCH, 11A

Third Prize

ODE TO OUR TEACHERS

Their’s is a job most tiresome, One that’s fatiguing and hard. They have to battle the jokers, Those guys who are quite a card. They try to control their tempers, But alas, quite often they don’t, When opposed by some dumb student, Who seemingly can’t or won’t Do all the homework assigned him; He gives some flabby excuse, Like forgetting to take his book home, Or living away out in Puce.
Yet despite all these complications,
They manage to carry on,
Still taking off marks for talking,
Gum-chewing or crossing the lawn.
Though underneath they are human,
Even they must have gone to school once;
Where now they have their B.A.’s,
Perhaps, long ago, they were a dunce.
So a feeling of mute affection
Exists ’tween teacher and student,
Though they never would admit it—
It seemingly wouldn’t be prudent.
And thus their lives are wended.
These mortals whose standards are high;
These beleaguered men and women,
The teachers of W.C.I.

HERB SCHOFIELD, 12B

MIDNIGHT LAKE

If one were to view Midnight Lake in the sunlight of broad daytime, one would be completely mystified as to the origin of its name; for the sun penetrates its translucent depths in broad bands of gold to play gaily on the white rock bottom.
Sandy white shores reflect the light with blinding brilliance, and the surrounding vegetation strewn with beautiful flowers, bears no resemblance to the blackness of midnight. In fact, one can search for hours amid beautiful surroundings and find no suggestion of nocturnal qualities.

It is only in the midnight stillness that one begins to realize the peculiar aptness of the name, for midnight is an hour of darkness and mystery.

When I first entered the vicinity of the lake, all was darkness—nothing could be seen. Then out of the night shrilled the eerie, terrifying cry of the loon, and a white haze, followed by the rim of a great silver ball, appeared in the east. As the moon sailed slowly over the tall spear-like tops of darkly silhouetted pines, a silver path reached out of the blackness and extended across the polished ebony surface of the lake. Little waves rippled in regular patterns over the otherwise dead-calm surface, causing it to glimmer in the light of the silver
path that seemed to beckon the observer
to step out onto the jewelled trail. In the
air was an atmosphere of tenseness.
Sparkling pinpoints of light reflected
from tiny stars, stared up from the deep
water like thousands of sentinel eyes
watching for the one who dared intrude
upon this scene of perfect solitude. Then,
suddenly, the moon dipped out of sight
and darkness enveloped all. No vestige of
former beauty remained—nothing but
inky blackness.

T.W.O.

ORPHEUS

He had nothing to be afraid of; that
was certain. Certainly, no one could dis­
cover his crime until long after he had
left. Yet the feeling clung to him, as it
had many times before, that somewhere,
somehow he had made a mistake—a mis­
take that might cause him to lose his
life. True, he should have been hardened
against such ideas, but he had never been
meant to lead such a life as he was lead­
ing. Yet, he was glad to do such things,
because it meant keeping "her."

She had married him with the impres­
sion that he was moderately wealthy, but
soon found otherwise, to her discontent.
Since he could not have borne to have
her leave him, he went out that first
night to gain money in any way in which
he could; and the quickest, easiest way
to wealth is crime!

At first the pitiful convulsions of his
victims' dying bodies sickened him
somewhat, but when he arrived home and
saw the happiness in "her" eyes when she
saw the money in his hand, he decided
anything was worth going through to
gain her love and content.

He soon found himself climbing a
familiar flight of stairs, walking down a
familiar hall and entering a small, homely
apartment. He opened the door noisily
and stood on the threshold waiting for a
salutation from his wife but none came.
He called—no answer! He listened—un­
mistakeably he heard a faint cry of des­
pair. It was she; he knew it. Only "her"
voice could sound so much like the tink­
ling of silver bells, only "her" ruby lips
could have emitted a cry so full of pain
and remorse. He raced from room to
room, vainly searching, until at last he
hit upon the idea of searching her closet.
He rushed to the wardrobe and pulled
open the door.

A wave of oppressive heat met his
chest, volumes of choking smoke met his
nostrils and a brilliant red light met his
eyes. He coughed and gasped and gazed
with watery eyes into the interior of the
closet. There in the floor, as though a
trapdoor had been lifted from it, was
a flight of stone stairs from which poured
forth the smoke and glare. Again he
heard "her" voice, but not crying now,
laughing a horrible, maniacal laugh, and
another voice laughed with hers. That
other voice seemed to harness all the evil
of the universe in its inane roars. A de­
sire to have "her" back burned in him.
He descended the stairs.

There at the bottom of the stairs "she"
stood with her real husband, with the
boiling brimstone bubbling at their feet.

ROY ASTON, 12A

CARRY ON!

Beyond the wide, vast, open sea,
Brave men fought and fell;
They fought for you, they fought for
me,
They died in living Hell.
And on the sea itself they fought,
And on the sea they fell.

The flag of freedom waves aloft,
Battle days are done,
We must carry on where they left off
Although the war we won,
Take up the torch and raise it high—
We have not yet begun.

BUD JACKSON, 13B

A PRAYER

Thank you, O Lord, for this domain.
Which stretches from the East to West,
From mountains garnished with purple
hues,
To harbours calm, our steamers' rest,
For golden wheat, and furrowed fields,
For lakes, clear blue, and earthly yields. Thank you, O Lord, for peace once more Which reigns o'er us like heavenly hands, For fearless nights—no bombings here To raise Hell's fire unto our lands— For glorious freedom (our heritage) To speak and worship as we wish. But give us strength and courage fast To live Thy way, to do Thy bid, To give unto our Canada A life full free of tyrants rid, To help all peoples as before, Gain what we have forever more.

OLGA EVAN, 13A

YOUTH IN SPRING

When Spring is in the air, I like to watch the stare Of youth whose one ambition Is to go away off fishin'.

Then when the sun is bright And fishin' is just right, He has a hurried hunch To run off with his lunch.

The reason is of course, A certain long discourse On Pope or Aristotle, Or hydrogen in bottle.

For what are dusty books Or teacher's gloomy looks, Or even eyes of women, Compared with goin' swimmin'? FRANK KRAMERICH, 9E

NURSING IMPRESSIONS

When I first went in training at Grace Hospital, I didn't know quite what to expect. Of course, I had a vague idea about things in general, but I had a lot to learn about a nurse's life.

I don't know whether all "probies" act like scared bunnies, but our class certainly did. To begin with, our uniforms hadn't been washed enough to take up the extra length allowed for shrinkage, and we tripped over ourselves every time we went up or down stairs. The first two or three weeks in the hospital seemed like a dream in an endless maze of halls and rooms, with here and there a staircase to add to the general confusion. Then gradually we became able to find our way around.

After two weeks in the classroom, we were sent to work on the floors. It took some time to become accustomed to carrying bedpans and emesis dishes; at first we held our breaths each time, but we did it so often we were fairly gasping at the end of the day!

Our day begins at six a.m. when someone at the hospital rings our phone to waken us. (One morning I counted fifty-four rings.) We have breakfast at the hospital at six-thirty and prayers at six-fifty. Then we are ready for work at seven. Until ten or ten-thirty, the floors are in a state of confusion, as we try to "do up" our patients in between doctors' visits, taking patients to the operating rooms, admitting and discharging and doing a hundred other things. In the afternoons when we aren't so busy (we hope), the nurses have two hours off. (Beside one half-day a week, we have four hours off on Sunday). At seven p.m., if everything is done to the satisfaction of the supervisor on each floor, we are free to do what we like, as long as we are in the residence by ten, and have the lights out by ten-thirty (it says here!) One night every week we may sign for a late leave until eleven fifty-five.

When we work nights, we begin at seven p.m. and finish at seven a.m. I still get mixed up when I work nights, because I go on duty one day, and come off the next. Since the night staff is not half as large as the day staff, we help clean up the dining room after midnight supper, and the case room. It doesn't do to have too much imagination in doing the latter. Emptying the linen hamper in the dark is gruesome when you grab hold of a bundle of warm, blood-soaked cloth. All the corridor lights are turned out at night, except for a few night lights at the floor. Every time I walk down the hall, I trip over half a dozen flower vases,

(Continued on Page 53)
A MIDNIGHT DREAM

I sat upon a midnight bank
Beside a midnight-stream,
My soul into the river sank
And drifted in a dream.

Then came the visions to me
So wonderful to spy,
I was a captain on the sea
Beneath a tinted sky.

Then I was the king of France
In all my grand array,
Before me all my beauties danced,
"The best on earth," they say.

A fish grown tired of the deep
Splashed the vision clear,
It woke me from my dreamy sleep
That no more would appear.

There are people, now I know,
Who never, ever dream,
That know not the land below,
How beautiful it seems.

So, if you're by a midnight stream
Just let your conscience be,
And you, too, would have a wondrous dream,
You just watch and see.

L. A. MARLOWE, 12B
"A VICTIM OF ADOLESCENCE"

I wish that I could demonstrate
The way I always feel,
Without making my Mom and Dad
Think that I’m a heel,
My Mother says that I am sick
Because I sit and mope,
My Father says I’m as good as dead,
That there isn’t any hope.
Myself? I can’t explain this stage
That scientists call youth.
And surely, I’d be more than pleased
If I could know the truth
Of all that ails and bothers me,
And keeps me in the dumps,
And makes me glare at everyone
Who says I have the grumps.
And so to end my little poem
And keep our home “sweet” home,
Would everyone be kind to me
And please leave me alone?

BILL FELLOWS, 11C

ON THOUGHTS PROFOUND

I speak on thoughts profound.
Of worlds beyond, and little known.
Of greater things than sky and ground:
Of stupendous spectres that have
grown
From infinitesimal thoughts and phrases
That come from deep and darkened hazes.
And minds have tried for years in vain
To search out knowledge, whence it came.
What is my soul? Where doth it berth?
Be it hell or heaven, or here on earth?
I compare my soul to the night,
And to the darkness in its flight.
The dawn is comparable to the death
That reveals my soul, and steals my breath.

BOB GIRLING

THE UGLY DUCKLING

Penelope Porter was by no means a pretty girl. She would never make any hearts throb faster when she entered the room. In fact Penelope was very plain and some might call her ugly. Her auburn hair was pulled tightly behind her ears and held down with a clip. Penelope was never allowed to wear any make-up.

"It will ruin your girlish complexion," said her sister who did not use it sparingly. Penelope's sister Jane was considered very beautiful and since their mother had died, Jane had full charge of Penelope.

The doctor had told Penelope she did not need to wear the heavy gold-rimmed glasses, but her sister had always insisted she should. So day after day Penelope went to school wearing her flat oxfords and unstylish clothes.

Penelope was always very lonesome. She didn’t have any close friend to talk with between periods about the date last Saturday (as if she ever had any) or about what to wear to the prom. Oh, the prom! How Penelope had wanted to go, but who would ask her. Betty Thomas and Anne Johnson were going, but they were so different. They always went to dances and things. Penelope heard two girls snicker and giggle as she passed them. Her brown eyes filled with tears behind those horrible, horrible glasses.

Penelope was always glad when four o'clock came and she could go home to Matty, the house-keeper. Matty was Penelope’s only and best friend.

When Penelope entered the kitchen Matty was very excited.

"Here", she said in gasps, "it’s for you,

BRYN DAVIES

Walkerville Collegiate this year suffered a great loss in the death of Bryn Davies. His name has been permanently inscribed in the records of our school, for he was outstanding in every phase of school life—in sports, in cadets, in The Agcra, in social activities and in the classroom. By those of us who were privileged to know him he will never be forgotten.
honey, and it isn't a girl.
Penelope took the phone almost too scared to answer.
"Hello," she said timidly.
"Hi," came a cheery voice from the other end, "is this Penny?"
Penelope had never been called Penny before, but she liked the name immensely.
"Yes, it is," she answered.
"Well," he returned, "this is Dave Benson; would you like to go to the prom with me?"
Penelope was too nervous to answer, but she finally managed a weak "yes".
Penelope did not tell her sister of the invitation, because she knew she would not let her go.
Matty and Penny put their money together and bought all the necessary things for the dance.
It was the night of the dance and to everyone's astonishment Penny looked beautiful. Of course Jane did not see her, for she had a date.
As Penny was waiting for Dave, the phone rang.
"This is Betty Thomas," came a familiar voice; "I thought it was my duty to tell you that Dave only asked you because it was a "frat" initiation."
"Thank you," said Penny quietly, "I am very glad you called."
Before the tears that were rushing to her eyes could come Penny heard the doorbell. She opened the door to Dave.
"Is Penny ready yet?" he questioned looking over the pretty girl at the door.
"Yes, I am."
Dave's mouth fell. "Are you Penny? I don't believe it—you look so different. Come on, honey, let's go."
"I'm sorry, I can't go with you Dave, I found out why you asked me."
"Oh," said Dave turning a brilliant red, "well, so long."
Penny watched him as he went down to the car. Then she let go and just sobbed and sobbed.
"You'd better dry those pretty eyes if we're going to be on time for the dance, Penny."

Third Prize in the Art Contest
Jack Lossing.

Penny looked up to see her handsome cousin Jack standing in front of her.
Jack helped Penny with her coat. Then, taking her arm, he guided her out to the car.
When Penny walked in with Jack, envious heads turned to look at the couple.
Penny had a wonderful time that night and she was no longer the ugly duckling.
MARILYN FENECH, 10A

SUPPLEMENTARY ESSAY ON SCHOOL SPIRIT

Our school tis of thee,
Shackles of slavery,
Of thee we sigh.
Sad, oh, the moron's plight,
In the grips of thy might—
Thy halls and grounds a sight,—
Oh, might we die!
Thou noble faculty,
Obeisance unto thee,
"Mercy!" we cry.
Long may thy world be bright
With intellectual light,
And pupils who do right—
After we die.
E. C. GREEN

Page Forty-Three
THIS IS UNIVERSITY

The taxi lurched to a stop. We paid the driver, picked up our bags, turned, and walked through the archway into the college. Tom Beckett—the star of some of Walkerville's best plays—and I walked into a year of confusion, happiness, and work (this last took up the least of our time).

To tell of everything that happens in a year would require reams of paper. Perhaps one or two events, however, would serve to show you a few of the memories that accumulate so quickly in the few years at college.

Initiation was the first event that came hurtling down on us. This year, because of the large number of servicemen in first year, initiations were light. We woke up one night just in time to see our door broken open. We were pounced upon and dragged, in spite of our struggles (which seemed only to add to the hilarity), down to the basement and dumped into tubs of cold water. Our beds, meanwhile, had been tossed, piece by piece, out of the window.

Then, of course, there was the time Tom and I took a friend's bed apart, hid the pieces, and then staged a Treasure Hunt.

College, however, is not all fun. There is some work. Indeed, there is a lot of work—much more than you ever get in Walkerville, even with teachers like Miss Robbins and Mr. Lowden. One of the easiest things to do in college is to get behind in your assignments and then be snowed under at examination time trying to get them done. The sophs — those creatures who get up at eleven every day and go around with a superior smirk and a vacant stare—insist that if you keep up your work there is nothing to fear when the hectic days of May roll around. Be that as it may, you will find college a place of work and play.

To those of you who are going to college, and especially to those daring souls who are going to venture into the sacred halls of Toronto, I wish good work and good play.

WM. J. YOUNG (W.C.I. 1945)

ON BEING CALLED DOWN TO THE OFFICE

The telephone rings and we shake like a leaf.
And crossing our fingers, we make not a sound;
"Yes, he is here," (the girls sigh in relief),
"Right now? O.K. Pete, I'll send him straight down."

Then Archie turns to the trembling class
And clearing his throat he begins,
"There is a boy here with a past
Who now shall pay for his sins.

John, we've all liked you pretty well,
So sorry that you must go.

Shaking his hand he bids sad farewell;
"So long, you've had it you know."

John drags himself out into the hall,
His heart is thumping like mad.
The thought of facing Mr. Ball
Makes him very sad.

"Did he see me smoking on the way to school?
Was he told that in French I copied my test?
Does he know that on Monday I played pool?
And to fake a note I did my best?"

The office now looms in gray,
"Oh, why did I not pay attention
When Miss McLaren told me the day
I was to have served my detention?"

Back in the classroom the clock ticks slowly,
While at each other with dread we look.
The door bursts open; John grins happily,
Pete gave him his lost History book.

CAMILLE WHELPTON, 13A
GRADE 13A


GRADE 13B


FRONT ROW: C. Wilson, S. Smith, F. Thomson, M. Bennett, D. Pilipchuk, Miss Robbins, H. Scott, B. Lees, A. Wilson, E. Last, P. Doner, M. West.
ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS!

Have you ever felt the urge to sing, to almost raise the roof of your classroom, especially when you have tackled and overcome a geometrical deduction? Or have you the desire for a few moments of leisure after school? If so, come and fill your place at Christian Fellowship.

For the benefit of you who have the idea that we are just a bunch of long-faced old fogies, and preach long, dry sermons, excluding all fun, I must say that you have the wrong opinion of us. We have "singspirations" which are difficult to surpass. There are regular "squashes", banquets, social get-togethers, conferences, and camps.

From time to time, we have special speakers. For instance, recently, we had speakers and professional singers from Tennessee and Georgia. When we do not have speakers, we have discussions on portions of Scripture.

It is a world-wide organization. Affiliated with the Christian Fellowship is the Scripture Union, a world-wide fellowship for daily Bible reading, having approximately one million members, who read the Scriptures daily in more than ninety different languages.

Just as basketball or hockey needs your support, so, we need your support. How about it! Come to our next meeting and enjoy the fun and fellowship.

ELVA LAST, 13B.
Ogilvie Sisters
Hair Preparations
and
Dubarry
Beauty Aids
at
Martin
Drug Store
Ottawa St. Walkerville
Phone 4-1076

Bartlet
MacDonald &
Gow Limited
Women's Wear
Men's Wear
Home Furnishings
Dry Goods
A Dependable
Store

Compliments of

Bendix-Eclipse
of Canada
Limited

Morris
Three Fold Service
Florist
Ambulance
Funeral
4-5101
Morris Funeral Service Ltd.
Ed. W. Morris W. D. Kelly
When the leaves of the trees begin to fall to the ground—Autumn is here. With Autumn comes the opening of the new school year. The first couple of weeks at school are a hustle and bustle with everyone buying new books, selling old books, settling down to the grind of homework, electing students for school organizations, making new friends and meeting old chums.

During the first few weeks of school this year the halls hummed with the joyful tales of summer. They told of Shirley Branch’s trip to the lumber mills in Northern Ontario and Quebec. They echoed Olga Evan’s enthusiastic tale of her trip to New York and Alice Martin’s travel to Winnipeg. Summer is the time for hitch-hiking and Harry Marchand, Harry Longmuir and Glenn Gilliland took advantage of this. Harry M. “thumbed” his way to Florida and back while Harry L. and Glenn went to New York. Many of the girls joined the “farmerette” corps, as did Pat Barnby, Beverly Brough and Dorothea Harwood. Ann Wilson was swimming instructor at the Lampman Camp at Morpeth, Ontario. Margaret Werte enjoyed being a counsellor at Camp Wathana, Michigan. Others enjoyed swimming all summer at their cottages—Camille Whelpton at Belle River, Lois LeFave at Rondeau—while some, such as Helen Scott, Shirley Noakes, and Beverly Markle stayed in Windsor for a lazy time.

When everyone had finally settled down to school work, the Girls’ Athletic Association sponsored a tea-dance. It was a “get acquainted” tea-dance to welcome newcomers to W.C.I. The music was supplied by the school orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Brown. The “spot dance” was won by Jack Reid and Shirley Branch. Miss Cherry Blossom (Mildred Smorong) was discovered by Bill Meeke, while Winnifred Auld spied Mr. X. (John Kurylo).

The day before the Essex Scottish came home, the Agora sponsored a tea-dance to aid the J. L. McNaughton scholarship fund. The popular music came from the records of a juke box.
Football games occupied our Friday evenings for a while, but on November 16, the annual Gambler’s Gambol was held. This dance has always been delightful but this year it excelled itself. Blue and white was the dominant scheme. The windows and ceiling were covered with blue and white twisted streamers. Big cards—ace of spades, king of clubs, queen of hearts, jack of diamonds—were hung about the gym. On one side big cards spelled out the words “Gambler’s Gambol” while “Come with me, my honey” hung over the staircase to the balcony. Two huge dice hung in the baskets at each end of the gym. Donald Kilgour who escorted Frances Thomson was admitted to the dance for one cent.

After the hectic Christmas examinations the commencement exercises came. A short skit preceded the exercises. Winnifred Samson, class historian, gave an interesting account of the graduates. Frank Hull was the able valedictorian. W. C. I. Scholarship winners were George Turnbull, Lillian Laakso, Eugene Lepa, William Young and Charmaine Humphries. Following this the school gave a dance for the graduates. The decorations for this “home-coming” dance were in accordance with the holiday season. Pictures of Santa Claus and winter scenes decked the walls while a gaily lighted Christmas tree stood in one corner.

Also in December, the boys’ and girls’ choirs united to give a very successful party in the school library. Sid Tarleton acted as Santa Claus.

When the holidays were over, everyone settled down to school work but not without a few parties. Around the end of January the pupils of 9F had a sleigh-ride party at Haines’ and 11B had a skating party at Stodgell Park with Jack Colwill acting as host for refreshments afterwards. On February 23, 12B had a party at the home of Marion Malpass.

Mid-winter brought exciting basketball games to fill our time on Friday nights. On a “bye” night, February 8, a dance was given in honour of the soccer team which won the W.O.S.S.A. soccer championship. Multi-coloured streamers covered the windows with drawings of soccer balls with white lettering spelling out the appropriately named “Wossa Wiggle.” During the dance the soccer team presented Mr. Young, their coach, with a gift. Mr. Young retaliated by treating some of the players to a “coke” after the dance. Before the dance, the senior girls volleyball championship team challenged the senior boys — the girls won.

The school’s activities will reach their exciting climax with the Military Ball when all the lads with their pretty lasses will enjoy the best dance in the world!!!

MARGARET MORAY
During the winter term, one hundred students, twenty from each grade, were asked the following questions:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(1)</th>
<th>Do you think too many of our teachers wear moustaches?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 15% Gr. 10: 85% Gr. 11: 100% Gr. 12: 100% Gr. 13: 50% Average: 13%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 100% Gr. 10: 85% Gr. 11: 100% Gr. 12: 100% Gr. 13: 50% Average: 87%</td>
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<tr>
<th>(2)</th>
<th>Boys only: Are you in favour of continuing post-war R.C.A.C.?</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 100% Gr. 10: 100% Gr. 11: 42% Gr. 12: 100% Gr. 13: 76% Average: 83.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 58% Gr. 10: 100% Gr. 11: 24% Gr. 12: 100% Gr. 13: 16.4%</td>
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<tr>
<th>(3)</th>
<th>Do you prefer male or female teachers?</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Male</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 96% Gr. 10: 65% Gr. 11: 20% Gr. 12: 60% Gr. 13: 75% Average: 63.2%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Female</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 4% Gr. 10: 35% Gr. 11: 20% Gr. 12: 40% Gr. 13: 25%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Undecided</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 60% Gr. 10: 5% Gr. 11: 60% Gr. 12: 25% Gr. 13: 60%</td>
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<tr>
<th>(4)</th>
<th>Do you think the Agora is performing all its duties satisfactorily?</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 85% Gr. 10: 95% Gr. 11: 50% Gr. 12: 95% Gr. 13: 30% Average: 71%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 15% Gr. 10: 5% Gr. 11: 50% Gr. 12: 5% Gr. 13: 70% Average: 29%</td>
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<tr>
<th>(5)</th>
<th>Do we have enough assemblies?</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 30% Gr. 10: 5% Gr. 11: 5% Gr. 12: 10% Gr. 13: 15% Average: 13%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 70% Gr. 10: 95% Gr. 11: 95% Gr. 12: 90% Gr. 13: 85% Average: 87%</td>
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<tr>
<th>(6)</th>
<th>Do you think there will be another war?</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 70% Gr. 10: 65% Gr. 11: 70% Gr. 12: 100% Gr. 13: 80% Average: 77%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 30% Gr. 10: 35% Gr. 11: 30% Gr. 12: 20% Gr. 13: 23%</td>
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<tr>
<th>(7)</th>
<th>Would you like to have a third major annual dance, held in the winter term?</th>
</tr>
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<td>Yes</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 80% Gr. 10: 65% Gr. 11: 80% Gr. 12: 85% Gr. 13: 95% Average: 81%</td>
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<tr>
<td>No</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 20% Gr. 10: 35% Gr. 11: 20% Gr. 12: 15% Gr. 13: 5% Average: 19%</td>
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<tr>
<th>(8)</th>
<th>a—Girls only: Are the boys at Walkerville as handsome as those at other schools?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 100% Gr. 10: 95% Gr. 11: 75% Gr. 12: 25% Gr. 13: 55% Average: 70%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 5% Gr. 10: 5% Gr. 11: 25% Gr. 12: 75% Gr. 13: 45% Average: 30%</td>
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<tr>
<th>(8)</th>
<th>b—Boys only: Are the girls at Walkerville as good looking as those at other schools?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 75% Gr. 10: 20% Gr. 11: 63% Gr. 12: 33% Gr. 13: 23% Average: 42.8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 25% Gr. 10: 80% Gr. 11: 37% Gr. 12: 67% Gr. 13: 77% Average: 57.2%</td>
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<tr>
<th>(9)</th>
<th>Do you think too many “W’s” have been awarded in recent years?</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 15% Gr. 10: 15% Gr. 11: 15% Gr. 12: 85% Gr. 13: 50% Average: 54%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 85% Gr. 10: 85% Gr. 11: 85% Gr. 12: 15% Gr. 13: 50% Average: 36%</td>
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<tr>
<th>(10)</th>
<th>Are there too many extra-curricular activities in our school?</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 5% Gr. 10: 5% Gr. 11: 15% Gr. 12: 15% Gr. 13: 15% Average: 5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 95% Gr. 10: 100% Gr. 11: 95% Gr. 12: 100% Gr. 13: 85% Average: 95%</td>
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<tr>
<th>(11)</th>
<th>Are you intelligent?</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 15% Gr. 10: 25% Gr. 11: 35% Gr. 12: 35% Gr. 13: 10% Average: 27%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 85% Gr. 10: 75% Gr. 11: 65% Gr. 12: 90% Gr. 13: 90% Average: 45%</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(12)</th>
<th>Undecided</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Yes</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 70% Gr. 10: 40%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No</td>
<td>Gr. 9: 5% Gr. 10: 20% Average: 28%</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
When Doug Tomlinson was asked about teachers' moustaches he replied (and we hope Mr. Forman, Mr. Bunt, Mr. Ball, and Mr. Burr aren't listening): "If moustaches hide their faces, we certainly do not have too many moustaches in our school" ... Our heartiest congratulations to you, Mr. Vice-Principal. Shirley Smith asked, "Why not have all men teachers—like Mr. Lowden?" And Marg. Chortes liked Mr. Fletcher. What have they got that we haven't, men? ... Why is a large percentage of Grade 13 critical of the Agora? ... Neil Morrison, when queried about assemblies, replied in a dumb tone, "What's an assembly?" Oh, well, we can't all be smart ... It is too bad that so many students think there will be another war. This is a negative attitude which will undermine our striving for peace ... When confronted with Question 8 (b) Norm Marshall, to our very great surprise, answered, "I'm only interested in one!" To Question 8 (a) M. Bates returned, in all seriousness, and nodding in the direction of our beloved O.C. and Agora President. "No — except one!" ... Marty Ransom wants more extra-curricular activities for girls, and fewer for the boys ... Grade 12's seem very modest about their intellectual capacities! John Kurylo told us to consult Miss McLaren and Mr. Lowden about his intelligence; their ideas on the subject are, we are sorry to say, unprintable ... And someone in Grade 11 thought our motto should be "Nil sed labor"—more appropriate.

THE COSMOPOLITAN NEWSPAPER

Le Français

L’ANE ET LE CHIEN


CAMILLE WHELTPTON, 13A

“ON FAIT CE QU’ON PEUT”

—Student Boners

1—Une bonne manièrë d’envoyer de l’argent par la poste est dans une enveloppe.
2—J’ai envie de personne parce que je suis très, très content de ma vie.
3—Avant de sortir nous mettons notre parapluie.
4—Je recommencerai à vivre aussitôt que j’aurai fini cet examen.
5—On achète des habitudes dans un magasin et des vêtements dans une boutique.
6—Je préfère le printemps parce que c’est la saison d’amour.
7—Un horaire de chemin de fer est une vache parce que cette bête marchait sur le chemin de fer et était tuée.

(Continued from Page 40)

set on the floor to be watered. Shoes develop a loud squawk at night and elevator doors have a bad habit of screeching on their hinges just when everything is quiet.

The only time I ever wish I were still attending school is at six a.m. when the phone wakes me up, and I think back to the good old days of sleeping in until eight every morning. However, when I really wake up, I never regret my choice of a profession, and I realize nursing is the finest career any girl can have.

BEVERLEY WOODS,
Student Nurse, Grace Hospital,
(Former W.C.I. Student)
THE BLUE AND WHITE

Words and Music by LILLIAN F. BULL

VERSE

Three cheers to
In bas-ket-
Fond mem-

thee, be-loved school.
College we so re-

To
vour, in our hearts a-

Dear

bail; on soccer field, bat-
ing and all the rest;

Dear

rice and thoughts of thee, shall ever in our hearts abide. Dear

all the world thy praise will thrill, or thy virtues all will hear. Dear

Walt, Ker-ville thy name shall we cherish with abun-
dant pride. Dear

Blue and White, dear White and Blue, Our loy-
Al-ty we pledge to you. Blue and White, dear White and Blue, Our loy-
Al-ty we pledge to you. Blue and White, dear White and Blue, Our loy-
Al-ty we pledge to you.
CHORUS  Drawn by: NICK TIMOSHENKO

Col-le-giate of our hearts, A song to thee we'll raise.

Our Alma Mater dear we'll shout a farthy praise Colors of

blue and white, We'll keep thy standards high. Col-le-giate

of our hearts, We'll love thee till we die die
THE W.C.I. CADET CORPS
Wishes to thank
MR. P. E. UPTON
of
BERRY BROS. LTD.
for his kind assistance in the decoration
of
Regimental Headquarters

Compliments
of
NORTON PALMER
HOTEL
Windsor, Ontario
P. D. NORTON  Pres. and Mgr.

GETTING BACK
TO NORMAL
Our Post War Catalogue
is in course of preparation
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Crests
Insignia Jewellery, etc.

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DRINK MORE
MILK
FOR HEALTH
AT HOME AND
AT SCHOOL
GRADE THIRTEEN

Beverly Handbridge is Arthur's sweetie,
To be with him is all-reetie.

Dorothy and Margaret, compositions love
to write,
We wish them success with all our might.

Helen Scott has auburn tresses,
But a golden heart is what she possesses.

Frances Thomson, our little blonde lassie,
Is the lucky owner of a classy chassis.

Jim R, Bob H, George L, and good old
Lyle,
Play sporting hockey and win by a mile.

Frankie Long, so timid and shy,
Despite the fact, he's a super guy.

As for Winnie and Evy—what shall I say,
Hmm, they seem to have interests in 13A,

Jimmy Zeron, the mad musician,
Would play us a tune if we'd only listen.

And everyone else not mentioned here,
As Miss Robbins says, "Is a sweet wee
dear".

Thus ends the tale of 13B,
To me the finest class I'll ever see!!

BARBARA LEES

Philosophy of Life

C. Whelpton: When a student gets too
too old to set a bad example, he becomes a
teacher and starts giving advice.

Frank Marchand: While every man has
his wife, only the ice man has his pick.

N. Morrison: A wedding ring is like a
tourniquet—it stops your circulation.

Soldier: Shirley who was that man I
saw you kissing last night?
Shirley: What time was it?

What A Class!

13B is a wonderful class,
No one ever seems to pass.
We have an actress, Barbara Lees,
Who jumps at every man she sees.
Also have a guy named Lyle
Who plays football in great style.
Our young Romeo, Wright Bell,
Has all the girls thinking he's swell.
Helen Scott, our skating star,
Has a smile which sparkles near and far.
Ian Wilkie, our sleeping pal,
Won't even open his eyes to look at a gal.
John Kurylo's the little tanker,
If he ever catches Ev, he's going to spank

Our basketball star, Frank Marchand by
name,
Will surely end up in a hall of fame.
This is the end of this pitiful rhyme,
I really should be shot for such a crime.

IAN WILKIE, 13B

Crispin: Where have you been?
Marshall: In a phone booth talking to
Marilyn but someone wanted to use the
phone, so we had to get out.

Names

I wonder who Marilyn baits?
Does Iris burn?
Why is Jean little and Jessie bigger?
Does Nick grab?
Could Mary become a parson?
Things You'll Never See

Jim Zeron reading a comic book.
Lois LeFave ignoring Gordon Croft.
Sylvia Fedoruk taking orders from a man.
Margaret Werte opening another window in French.
Camille Whelpton coming early to school.
Neil Morrison at peace with Bob Spence.
Doris Betty McBrayne looking glum.

Famous Sayings of Famous Teachers

Mr. Green—Y’See!
Mr. Waddell—Listen, people.
Mr. Young—I'll wrap this right around your head.
Miss McLaren—I have a circular from the Department which says—
Mr. Krause—That reminds me of a little story.
Mr. Nighswander—Please quiet down to a respectable boiler factory.

Nick Grabb (reading an essay to Mr. Fletcher): What is more beautiful to behold than a pretty girl.
Mr. Fletcher: Such grammar—you mean to be held.

A VIEW INTO THE FUTURE

June 5, 1956

There is indeed a large crowd at Brother Ord’s “Marry you in a minute” bureau. Some of the notables to be seen are: Dr. Harold Fisher, D.D.T. (dentist); Dr. Ed. Crispin, M.D.; Lawyer Zeron (known commonly as Shyster Jim); Monsieur William Adsett, proprietor of Adsett’s Wig Restorer Salon; D. J. Harwood, president of Your Hearts and Men Retreaded Society; Wright Bell from the Morticians Union; John Wigle from the Puce Dairies Incorporated. (I’ll give you a hint, these people are only here in search of business). The notables stand and doff their hats—those without hats, wave their bandanas, for in walks Marilyn Bates in a gown designed by Evans and LeFave. It is a gorgeous white sarong with cap sleeves. N. Marshall, Can. Open Snooker Champ, is led into the room. In walks the hero of the day, Murray Boles. Just as Murray slips the ring, which is made exclusively by Ross and Son, on Marilyn’s finger, Norman—who is giving Marilyn away—collapses.

The scene now changes. The air is dank from the bubbles of champagne. We are at Kurylo’s Red Dog Saloon where the wedding party is in full swing. Al Lavis is featured with his Uranium Five (radioactive) with Bernie “Hot Licks” Spring on the drums. Sharing equal billing are Marg. Moray and her fanless Fan Dancers. There is a big smile on Johnny’s face. He likes weddings and the police as yet haven’t discovered the still underneath the bar. As the scene closes, we see Norman crawling from under a table singing, “The Blues in the Night” or “Where, or where, is my Marilyn?”

SYLVIA FEDORUK
GRADE TWELVE
THE STUDENTS OF 12A

Roy Aston—Oh no, not THAT! our bogey-boy.
Pat Barnby—Our favourite sight is Patsy faithfully pedalling to school at 8.39, doing her homework as she dodges traffic.
Blair Baxter—“Good-bye Bl-a-ir!”
Eric Bjorkquist—The only person in 12A with naturally blond hair.
Norm Briant—Our gift from Johnny Murray’s Murderers.
Frank Cassidy—Otherwise known as “Hop-a-long.”
Stuart Eckmier—“Little brother” Wright Bell pays him 25¢ every Saturday night.
Eleanor Ellingwood—Her favourite saying “Hi—potensusi” (Ask Mr. J. Lowden).
Nancy Gibson—Having trouble? See Nancy. Geometry done by the hour.
Donna Haley—Poor kid! She had to proof-read this stuff.
Llwellya Hillis—How did she get into the “A” class? Guess!
Janet Hugill—Our poet-laureate.
Bill Hull, Stuart Johnson—Our two assistant sub-pencil sharpeners. What would Walkerville do without them?
Edith Kaylin—Our authority on great men and women in history.
Charles Krayacich—“Willistead” because we have all borrowed his books.
Nelson McKelvie—“Atom smasher.”
Don McNaughton—Our only true Scotsman (Bagpipes)? Apologies to MacPhee and McKelvie.
Rodney Montrose—Also known as Black Road and Wojischlututz.
Doreen Murray—12A’s gun moll (she must be related to J. Murray of the Murderers).
Burt Patkau—Einstein’s right-hand man.
Leslie Pond—Her favourite colour is green—we wonder why?
Thelma Rowe—Big Sister, but she can’t find a sponsor.
Vicky Rudich—Our speed whiz—70 w.p.m. (words per minute).
Toli Sapoleff—We long to see him tenderly remove a violin from a violin case.
Anne Sauchuk—12A’s answer to the Harlem Globe Trotters. A one-girl basketball team.
Lydia Schaljo—The all-day sucker kid.
Ruth Scott—“Jane” from the comic strip.
Joe Stankov—12A’s only perfect character (this line by special request).
Howard Thompson—Mr. Hugill’s pet peeve; haircut-bowl, 7 3-8.
Bill Woodruff—Our sad-sack, he ad lib for Bob Hope (12A).

FAVOURITE SAYINGS OF 12A’S DEAR TEACHERS

Miss MacIntyre (before 9 o’clock)—“Will you people please be quiet!”
Miss Lawton—“Give him the mark, but it’s charity.”
Mr. Lowden—“Now go over that proof again.”
Mrs. Closer—“Everybody look at the Latin.”
Miss Robbins—“Leave those windows the way you found them.”
Mr. Klinck—“What was the ending on that adjective?”
Mr. Hugill—“Now, is that clear?”
Mr. Krause—“Type as fast as you can accurately, but never faster.”

One of these days Mr. Fletcher is going to assign the homework to the wrong class!
12C CLASS POEM

The teachers’ faces light up with glee,
At the sight of their favourite class 12C.
Ah, there is a class of students gay,
Attention to the teachers they never pay.
They laugh and giggle the whole day through,
And to help you understand, here’s a list of a few.

The card of the class is our friend Earl Keyes,
Students and teachers alike does he tease.
Mary Adams, our Agora Rep.,
Is doing a swell job, keeping us hep.
George Irimescu, his hair cut like a brush,
To get out of school is always in a rush.
Donna (tyata tyata) Cochrane
Our blue eyed beauty, always talkin’.
Phil Murphy is in continual debate
With Lorraine Hamilton, over rhyme, reason and date.
Kathleen Mills is really a peach,
A natural blonde, absolutely no bleach.
Pete Marcovich
On his curly hair must use Fitch.
Madeline Murphy, a young Irish miss
It’s been a long time since she and Bill kissed.

Our home room teacher is Mr. Hugill,
To get our attention he should use a bugle.
Vivienne Atkins still has a mania
For you know who in Pennsylvania,
Pete Abramoff, with his youthful beard,
Early in the morning does he look weird.
Peggy Stevenson makes the French really flow
While the rest of us think “Boy, am I slow.”
The kid of the class is Homenick Walt
When he played with his yo-yo, Mr. Hugill said “halt”.
Margaret “Jeff” Houston and Aileen “Mutt” McLarty
Seem to think two really make a party.
Ah, the man of the class is casanova Don Porter
Because in the moonlight, wow, does he court her!
Peggy Nichols is a bundle of tickles
Never saw such a girl for such silly giggles.

Oh, how we all in the History class wish
That little Bill Smith would stop saying fish.
We must not forget sophisticated Joan Sparrow
Who keeps her nose pointed up like an arrow.
In Betty Wamsley’s head, Math never sticks.
But for Robert Walker, she really clicks.
A real beauty is Harriet Rumble
And on her music scales she never makes a stumble.
Early every morn pity Ray MacLachlan
If his Physics he’s forgotten.
A shy little miss is Gloria H.,
And, oh my goodness! How Physics she hates.
A jolly young thing is Norine B.,
For only the handsomest boys does she see.
The artist of 12C is Beulah Marcoux
The pictures she draws, woo, woo, woo.
Florence Anderson and Ruth LaBute
In their similar green suits look cute.

BETTY WAMSLEY, 12C

HOW TO PRESERVE A HUSBAND

Recipe Submitted by Llwellya Hillis,
12A

Be careful in your selection, do not choose too young, and take only such as have been reared in a good moral atmosphere. When once decided upon and selected, let that part remain forever settled and give your entire thought to preparation for domestic use.

Some insist on keeping them in a pickle, while others are continually getting them into hot water. This only makes them sour, hard, and sometimes bitter.

Even poor varieties may be made sweet, good and tender by garnishing with patience, well sweetened with smiles and flavoured with kisses to taste; then wrap them in a mantle of charity, keep warm with a steady fire of domestic devotion, and serve with peaches and cream. When thus prepared they will keep for years.
GRADE ELEVEN
FAMOUS SAYINGS OF 11 TEACHERS

Miss Bergoinie—"There is no reason why you can't be just as good as the B class."
Mrs. McLeod—"May I see your notes please?"
Mr. Waddell—"How do I know? — I learned it."
Mr. Burr—"That'll cost you five vocabularies before class tomorrow!"
Mr. Fletcher—"About 20 more pages and we'll be up to Mr. Hartford's class."
Mr. Swanson—"It's right there in front of you — Look at it."
Mr. Hartford—"I don't think this hint will spoil it."
Mr. Forman—"Well boys, a treat today — rifle drill."
Mr. Nighswander—"Why go to Detroit by way of Sarnia?"

FAMOUS LAST WORDS OF WALKERVILLE STUDENTS

"I can go sixty."
"My father wrote this note."
"Go ahead, the light won't change."
"Who do you think you're shovin' Ross?"
"Oh! he's not so tough."
"Gee honey, we're out of gas."
"Let's light up here."
"But I was two blocks from the school."

FLOYD WEIR, 11F

"CATASTROPHIC CHEMISTRY"

Ammonia gas + Lois Hipwell's nose — excess amount of coughing + hysteries from Mr. Swanson.
Glasses + Alice Moore — an excess amount of rubbing (very good exothermic reaction)
Jack Colwill + freedom of speech — almost anything.
Second bell Thursday noon — disappearance of Alice, Carmen and Jane + a sudden gust of wind headed toward the library.
Jerry Brown + Mr. Klinck's side board — an occasional artistic masterpiece.
Carol Angus + Angus MacMillan + a couple of pieces of chalk — an exhibition of marksmanship.

MEMOIRS OF 11A

It is morn; ere the hour of nine
We stalk in all feeling fine
Mrs. McLeod greets us with a frown
Telling Hugh Thompson to kindly sit down.

Sorting our books as we do daily
Out of the pile emerges, Disraeli;
From the paragraphs all so dense
We will strive to make some sense.

The period over, our books we lift
And casually next door we will drift;
Chemistry Manuals we grasp for life's sake
For in an experiment we're about to partake.

While standing at tables all in a row
Down fell a bottle of we thought H2O,
But low and behold there ain't no floor
For the bottle contained H2SO4.

All through French, German and
History we strive
In Geometry and Latin some sense to derive
Poor Mr. Hugill nearly fainted away 'Cause Bill Weiss did his homework to-day.

Slowly but surely the time it does pass,
We barely can wait 'till the end of the class
The bell has gone, from the school we roam;
So all dear students, there's no place like home.

GEORGE MARR, 11A
POLL OF A PERFECT GRADE 11

GIRL

Figure—Marg Wilson.
Hair—Natty Cybulak or Wilma Allen.
Hands—Milly Smorong.
Personality—Helen Happy.
Vitality—Vicky Lavis.
Eyes—Helen MacPhee.
Complexion—Margo Master.
Smile—Mai-Lisa Laakso.
Athletic—Marg. Bulmer.
Clothes—Rosemary Pogue.

QUESTIONS

How many names has Mr. Swanson recorded in his little black book?

What kind of “rinse” does Jack Arbuckle use?

Does anyone know of a reliable hair tonic? Mr. Fletcher might catch a cold!

Will Pat Donnelly ever stop talking?

Will Len Brown ever stop putting his hair up in curlers?

Will Margo Master ever stop fighting with Hugh Thompson?

As Mr. Klinek says, “Will Andy Read choose the girls or the marks? Andy wants both.

VICKY, MARGO, and NATTY, 11A & D

SONGS WHICH REMIND US OF STUDENTS

Bill Fellows—Little Curly Head In a High Chair.
Olive Murray—I Got Rhythm.
Ken Story—Shy Guy.
Bobbie Thornton—Blonde Sailor.
Bob Allison — Here Comes Heaven Again.
Bob Snyder—These Foolish Things.
Bill Peterson—In The Mood.
Esther German—I Was So Young.
Jamie McDonald—Share The Meat.
Ross McBride—Let’s Take The Long Way Home.

BOY

Physique—Leo Postovit.
Humour—Bill Baker.
Eyes—Bill Peterson.
Clothes—Ron Graham.
Personality—Bob Allan.
Hair—Stan Orshinsky.
Smile—Hugh Thompson.
Brains—Angus MacMillan.
Voice—Bill Fellows.
Vitality—Harry Marchand.
Athletic—Tony Techko.
Fun—Bill White.

GRADE TEN

Mr. Forman: Why don’t you answer me?

Eddie: I did, sir, I shook my head.

Mr. Forman: But you don’t expect me to hear it rattle ‘way up here, do you?

Madeline Mitchell:

Occupation: Watching the Tartans win hockey games.
Idol: Sinatra.
Weakness: Malted milks.
1960: Raising a family.

Don Forsyth:

Occupation: Mother Goose book-worm.
Ambition: To own a No. 2 Meccano set.
Whom I most admire: Professor Einstein.

Mary Penteluk:

Occupation: None.
Ambition: To retire after leaving school.
Weakness: Food.
Idol: “My dad.”

Foster Hutton:

Occupation: Doing Science Homework.
Ambition: To learn how to say “yuh seeee.”
Whom I most admire: Mr. Green.
LA CLASSE DE FRANÇAIS (10F)

We est whipping into Mr. Waddell's française classe et il est saying:
"Faire mai le text et le cahier."
We est fairemaying le text et le cahier.
Next some méchant garçon who est toujours fooling around est getting it dans la seat of his pantaloons.
Next il est saying to some malheureuse fille, "Ecrivez dans la boîte."
Nobody est knowing about quel il est ditting so il dit, "This class had better sharpen up."
So nous est sharpening up, savez bien?
I thought not.
Excuse le français. Je parle le français très peu.

Au revoir,

DON BROWN

I'D LIKE TO SEE (10C)

Sam Cooper get low marks in Latin.
Isabelle Simpson about 6 ft. tall.
Bunny Weir with straight hair.
Bob McIntosh not wolffing.
Betty Payne answer a question in History.
Shirley Branch not giggling.
Bill Daroczy with a brush cut.
Bill Gibbs not blushing.
Nancy Hays without Bob A.
Don Forsyth with a Roman nose.
Mr. Nighswander wait until he gets into the room before asking questions.
Foster Hutton do his rough history.
Lyall Swan not stepping on someone's feet.
A "certain" table of girls in Mr. Green's room keeping quiet.
Dick Gibbs in a pair of "bell-bottom trousers."
Dick Gibbs, a former classmate of ours has left the school to join the R.C.N. Good luck Dick!

TRUE CONFESSIONS

Ollie Camile

Fletcher, Archibald Irving: born in Tilbury East.
Asked about 10A he said "pretty fair class", but realizing he was speaking to a 10A student he corrected himself, "It's a very good class and I enjoy teaching it". We all know Mr. Fletcher left the school to serve his country and of this we're very proud. He told me he is really glad to be back as he enjoys teaching in this school. He said his favourite pastime is playing basketball, yet his ambition is to retire.

Green, Findlay: born in Elgin County.

He said, "Walkerville is the best Collegiate in Windsor and Ontario because it has a good class of students and good teachers." He likes 10A as they have ability and are good workers. He teaches Science and that explains why gardening is his hobby. His dislikes "are many." He stated that he had already reached his ambition.


He thinks "10A is noisy" (confidentially, so do a number of other teachers.) He prides Walkerville as being "tops." He enjoys teaching Mathematics, although he is a "whiz at Geography." Sports are his favourite pastimes. This was proven by the great shows the rugby team put on. He states he dislikes "people who talk too much." Naturally, he was speaking to a 10A student at the moment. He hopes to re-visit France. Bon Voyage, Mr. Forman!
GRADE NINE

FANTASIA

Lo! In a dream I looked ahead
And 9A's future clearly read.
Now Robert Bell, a lawyer wise,
While Nancy tall and fair,
Of bacteria and harmful grubs,
She sure had learned her share.
Now Mary, Pat and Helen,
Fine nurses had become,
And tended Dr. Bettridge
Who'd swallowed chewing gum.
Bernice, a journalist
Astounded one and all,
While David lectured chemistry
In a palatial hall.
Red-haired Joanne and Barbara small,
Were actresses, at last, ah me!
No wonder John dashed thro' the air
These beauties, just to see.
Aha! Jack, Glen and Brady
At college—flirting with his lady.
Thelma, Lee, Frances, Pat,
Were happy housewives, fair and fat.
George, Nelson, and Byng boys, twain,
Climbed mountains high, a-seeking fame;
I glimpsed Albina with a rolling pin,
And nearby, Bob Bullen with a mocking grin.
Jean Bell made music for all dancing feet,
While Bev. sang songs, that were hard to beat.
Doreen and Sally, so charming and sweet,
Had wooers many kneeling at their feet.
Gloria and Sally, in cap and gown,
Listened while Raymond, a doctor profound,
Dispensed theories, that Burge on the air,
Broadcast loudly, to all who care.
Blackburn and Bond in a sign of gold
Told of a food shop, the best in the world.
Last but not least, I saw Burdon,
A radio expert! Wont he have fun?
Suddenly the vision went,
By a 9A teacher, away it was sent;
"Dreaming, Eh? Well—You've lost your percent."

DREAMER 9A.

BLUE MONDAY WITH 9B

Mary Cameron

'Twas Monday morning, and all through the school
The children were taking their seats, or their stools
Shirley was putting her Math in array,
Buzz sputtered a spray as she cackled away.
The second bell rang and we rushed to our seats.
Then in sailed “Checkerboard” like the whole fleet.
The attendance was checked and all was serene.
Then Jerry and Jim messed up the scene.
We struggled through Geography, and then in P.T.
We frolicked around as gay as could be.
Through English we listened quite carefully.
While Miss Auld explained all very clearly.
The third bell rang; we rose from our seats.
Alas came the order, “Pronouns Complete!”
We strode with caution to Mr. Ball’s room,
Who thinks we get answers from the man in the moon.
No sign of our teacher? “Shall we retreat?”
But—hush! 'Twas he coming; we knew 'twas “de-feet.”
Then, as we staggered out of his room.
Still echoed these words that were charged at each goon.
“Personality?—Character? — Too slow, sit doon.”
Hence to Math we dolefully crept.
Where Joyce thro’ open door suddenly swept.
Declaring, so bravely, “It’s x+2 more!”
“Your signs are all wrong; report here at four.”

(Continued on Page 65)
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USE YOUR HEAD

The woodpecker pecks,
Out a great many specks
Of sawdust, while building his hut.
He works like a slave,
To cut his small cave;
And he's sore if his cutter won't cut.
No bother with plans of cheap artisans
But one thing can truly be said,
For the whole excavation,
There's one explanation,
He made it by using his head.

ROBERT BULLEN, 9A

9A

The sofa sagged in the centre,
The shades were pulled just so,
The family had retired,
The parlor lamp burnt low;
There came a sound from the sofa,
As the clock was striking "two",
And Nancy slammed her textbook
With a thankful, "Well I'm through."

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Stanley P.—Well I thought—
Donna P.—Now Carol, don't make me blush.
Carol P.—Oh look! Isn't he cute?
Ian O.—Well, ah, um, huh, er, well now, etc.
Jim M.—My puppets
Charles N.—Well, I think
Jim P—Hey, Carol, can I see your history notes?
Rosemary P.—"Yes, Mr. Fletcher, No, Mr. Fletcher."
David P.—. . . . ?
Marilyn M.—Oh my gosh!
Pat M.—Fiddlesticks!

(Continued from Page 64)

The morning was over; afternoon had begun.
We struggled, through French, and l'histoire too
Where we cornered Napoleon at Waterloo.
The victory won; another day was done.

Page Sixty-Six

HANDLING WOMEN ELECTRICALLY

9C

If she talks too long................. Interrupter
If she is picking your pocket.......... Detector
If she will receive you half way....... Receiver
If she gets too excited................ Controller
If she goes up in the air............... Condenser
If she wants chocolates............... Feeder
If she is too fat........................ Reducer
If she is a poor cook................... Discharger
If she gossips too much................ Regulator
If she becomes upset................... Reverser
If she wants something new........... Just Watt her

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

Norma Douglass—came to school on time?
Rona'd Eves—didn't always "wanna bet."
Mary Drennan—was good in Math?
Bernard Deschamps — couldn't make paper dolls?
Bob Gibbs—forgot his "hardware" box?
Shirley Fountain—talked loud enough?
Harley Forden—never turned around in Science?
Margaret Dean—didn't have to write 200 lines?
Marilyn Evans—didn't talk to Margaret?
Carl Glos—ate in the lunch-room?
Terry Delany—didn't know any jokes?
John Dutkywich—was short?
John Dowler—sat in a front seat?

Ian Main, in 9D
Is as smart as he can be;
Of course he has been studying,
Since he was only three.
In all his sports, I must confess,
He's really on the beam.
Especially when he scores two points,
For the opposing team.

In N.C.O.'s he's at the top,
But track's the thing to make him hop.
And when he sees the girls around,
His head grows big, and his eyes just pop.

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Last September, at the beginning of the school year at Walkerville C.I., one of the first things to be accomplished was the organization of the various societies. Not the least among these was the Girls’ Athletic, whose members have done well in organizing and seeing through to a finish the different inter-form games.

The following are the members, elected by the student body:

**President**—Sylvia Fedoruk. Sylvia is one of those people who can’t be outdone when it comes to accomplishing anything. She will tackle any job and doesn’t rest until she sees it through. She has handled her executive position in a most efficient manner.

**Vice President**—Donna Haley. Here’s another girl who does a good job. It seems she is entrusted with the care of the equipment of the different sports. Ask her how she likes it. She was also the managing spirit back of the girls’ hockey league.

**Secretary**—Dorothea Harwood. As she is also the writer of this article it seems that Dot was chosen because of her ability to write so that she herself, at least, can understand it.

**Basketball**—Ann Sauchuk. You can’t be surprised to see Ann heading this sport especially if you’ve ever seen her whiz around the floor in a basketball game. She has really done wonders taking care of the inter-forms.

**Volleyball**—Helen Happy. We had a very successful Volleyball league this fall. Helen is proficient in just about every sport we play.

**Baseball**—Betty McCormick. Nothing much to report on baseball yet but there’s plenty about Betty—another versatile girl. We’re expecting wonderful things to happen to baseball when she takes over.

**Swimming**—Pat Barnby. Definitely the right person for this sport. If you’ve ever seen Pat in the water you’ll know exactly what I mean. She’s a most enthusiastic member of the society.

(Continued on Page 73)
GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE
FRONT ROW: A. Wilson, D. Harwood, S. Fedoruk, Miss Saunders, D. Haley, M. Moray.

GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM 1945
FRONT ROW: I. Burns, L. Pond, P. Barnby.
GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: P. Baird, M. Brough, A. Sauchuk, M. Bulmer, B. McCormick.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

At this writing, the girls' inter-form and inter-school basketball leagues are undecided. The inter-form league is still anyone's battle. The inter-school team is practising diligently in hopes of capturing the W.S.S.A. Championship and eventually that of Western Ontario.

There are many good players on the team. The forward line is very efficient and with such good players as Ann Wilson and Ann Sauchuk heading the line, we are counting on them to sink many baskets. The team is fortunate in having a strong defense. The girls don't seem to be afraid to get in there and face their opponent; considering some of the teams they have met, they certainly deserve a lot of credit.

The first game was the one against Tech. We're not yet quite certain whether we were good or Tech was out of practice. Nevertheless we did hand them a good trouncing. The team swept through the rest of the season in much the same manner until they met Sand-

wich. They left us two baskets behind in the final score. We may have a chance to meet them again and we certainly hope that by the time this magazine is printed, we shall have turned the tables on them.

No matter who does eventually win, we know that the girls played hard and enjoyed every minute of it. Much of the success of the team goes to the coach, Miss "Pete" McClymont. She always had an encouraging word or pat on the back that made the girls determined to give their best.

(Continued from Page 23)

As they became familiar with the army life, cadets saw all types of equipment used and received valuable training.

Only one thing was missing at camp, and that was mail. Nothing in the world was more welcome than a nice perfumed letter from somewhere at home in Windsor. Please do not forget our boys this year. They think of you when they're away.
Another sport of interest in W.C.I. is bowling. This particular sport has not been very successful in past seasons, but this year it has been revived by a very able leader. Many students take full advantage of this opportunity to show their skill. Miss Saunders, the instigator of bowling in Walkerville, is back at the school again. For this reason we expect success for the years to come.

A game that is gaining attention here is hockey—yes, girls’ hockey. There is real enthusiasm shown for this sport, and the girls outdo themselves to show the boys that they too can play this game. The league has only recently been started, but we hope that it will attract more girls, and develop better and better players.

Badminton is what we term the “Saturday” game. Several students come to the school on Saturday to play. I have heard it reported that so far this year it has been quite a success.

Girls’ Track 1945—For the first time in many years, our girls failed to take first place in the W.S.S.A. competition. The team bowed gallantly with a mere 28 points consisting of only one first. Sylvia Fedoruk broke her own record as usual. It’s quite a habit around here, you know. For interesting conversation why not ask Dorothea Harwood how she felt after running the 440 relay. However, we do hope the girls will be back on the winning streak for this spring’s W.O.S. S.A. Meet.

If you drop in some Tuesday or Thursday night at the pool, you’ll see the girls getting ready for the Swimming Meet which will be held sometime in April. They are practising in earnest and hope to walk off with all possible honours. We had a good showing at the meet last year and hope to have an even better one this year.
GIRLS’ VOLLEYBALL TEAM, W.S.S.A.

BACK ROW: Miss Saunders, V. Sedlar, D. Harwood, M. Werte, S. Fedoruk, H. Happy, O. Shandro, Mr. Ball.

GIRLS’ INTERFORM VOLLEYBALL CHAMPIONS

BACK ROW: O. Evan, B. Scorgie, L. LeFave, C. Humphries, D. Bulmer, A. Wilson, D. Harwood, B. Martin.
FRONT ROW: D. Pilipchuk, H. Scott, M. Moray, B. Brough.

Page Seventy-Two
VOLLEYBALL CHAMPIONS

Take a good look at them. These are the girls who swept through the city league without being handed a single defeat. There were times when they left the enemy far behind and had to slow down. I imagine that being captained by Betty Scorgie had a lot to do with their victories and eventual triumph. I really don’t think that there was any one particular player who outshone the others for all the girls were working for the welfare of the team. They were hoping to go out and conquer bigger battles in the W.O.S.S.A. but volleyball was not a W.O.S.S.A. sport during the past year; maybe we will have an opportunity to enter next year.

Across we behold the Inter-form champs. Don’t think that they didn’t work hard for this coveted position because every battle that they fought looked to them to be their last. There was a great deal of interest shown in this sport during the past year and we hope to be able to keep it an enjoyable one for future athletes.

(Continued from Page 68)

Bowling — Barbara Lees. Here’s a young lady who is doing wonders with a very temperamental job. She’s so enthusiastic about everything she does that we know she is the right person for it.

Badminton—Ann Wilson. Need I say more? I think that Ann has been just about everything on the Athletic Society and yet here she is doing something new. Don’t worry; she knows what it’s all about.

Track—Margaret Moray. Marg. really burns up the track when she gets going. Could be that’s why she was chosen for this particular sport. We expect to see her flash by at any minute.

11D GIRLS’ INTERFORM BASKETBALL CHAMPS

BACK ROW: Mary Edwards, Helen Happy, Betty Davidson.
FRONT ROW: Vicky Lavis, Lila Totten, Joan Reid.

Athletic Awards—In order to stimulate interest in athletics, the girls’ system of awards is based on a point system. A large “W” is awarded to a girl who earns 25 points or more on the year’s activities. Those with 15 to 25 points are awarded small “W’s”. When a girl has earned enough awards, she receives an athletic pin, while 5 large letters entitles the holder to a gold ring. Last year’s large “W” winners were Ann Wilson, Sylvia Fedoruk, Dorothea Harwood, and Diana Filipchuk. A recent winner of the ring is Kay Baird, one of the best athletes to graduate from this school.
BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Honorary President.................Mr. W. N. Ball
President.............................Lyle Ross
Vice President......................Wright Bell
Secretary..............................Harry Marchand
Treasurer..............................Mr. A. C. Brown
Assistant Treasurer...............Harry Longmuir

The above executive was elected by the W.C.I. boys by ballot in September, 1945. Because of the many activities in which these officers of the society take part, regular meetings have not been held, but a meeting has been called whenever there was a matter to be decided. Posters were obtained to advertise the W.S.S.A. games, cheer leaders were secured for the football games and the ticket sales for all games have been handled by the society. House leagues have been operated for soccer, football, basketball and hockey. A search for a larger school trophy case, begun last year, was continued this year but without success and now a built-in case is to be supplied by the Windsor Board of Education. The W.C.I. Injured Athletes' Fund was revived last year and the proceeds of one of the semi-final play-off hockey games, and of a Senior Boys vs Teachers basketball game were added to the benefit fund this year.

FOOTBALL

This year's football team was a team of which Walkerville can well be proud. Starting out the season as the underdog this team went as far as the finals in the city championship series. A great deal of this success was due to the spirit that the fellows on the team showed—time after time the Walkerville Tartans came from behind to win the game. Another and even greater factor in the success of the team was the wonderful job of coaching done by Mr. Forman. There is no doubt about it, Mr. Forman did a remarkable job of rounding out a good team, for, unknown to a lot of people, Walkerville Collegiate had about the smallest squad, numerically, of any school in the city. Very often Mr. Forman found himself without enough players at practice to run a scrimmage.

LYLE ROSS (centre half). Lyle was our big gun this year. He did most of the plunging and kicking and was a mountain on defence. Lyle was selected for this year's All-City Team.

RODNEY (ROD) MONTROSE (centre). Rod was line-captain this year and he was both a defensive and an offensive player.

DONALD GIBSON (middle). Don was one of the best tacklers on the team and was always a thorn in the side of the opposition breaking up play after play.
BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

FRONT ROW: H. Marchand, Mr. Allison, L. Ross, Mr. Ball, W. Bell.

SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

2nd ROW: S. Yanchuk, V. Kulman, I. Wilkie, (Capt.), Mr. Forman, W. Bell, H. Aston, R. McBride.
FRONT ROW: D. Gibson, S. Cipparone, L. Ross, E. Crispin.
Absent: Wilt Day.
He missed the All-City Team by only one vote.

SAM CIPPARONE (right half). Sam had an educated toe and was the highest scorer on the team because of his accurate kicking from placement.

WRIGHT BELL (left half). Wright was the fastest man on the team and he showed the opposition he could use his speed to full advantage.

WILF DAY (end). Wilf is a little fellow with a lot of spirit. He pulled down many passes for long gains.

JOHN MacLACHLAN (middle and end). John was a real power on the line. Defensively and offensively Johnny ranked among the best.

DON (200 lbs.) BELL (inside). Don was the heaviest man on the team and let the opposition feel the full force of his weight. Don will be a lot of help on next year’s team.

HARRY ASTON (end). Harry was another of the small chaps on the team but size meant nothing to him, he would tackle anyone. He also pulled down many passes.

HARRY LONGMUIR (quarterback). Harry was the smallest fellow on this team. He was speedy and shifty and always a player the opposition had to watch.

SOLLY SIGAL (middle). A big fellow with a lot of drive. A fellow with a lot of fight and plenty of team spirit.

IAN WILKIE (flying wing). Ian played a steady game both on defense and offense. He was this year’s team captain.

Other members of the team were: Ed. Kornacki, Doug. Montrose, Peter Abramoff, Glen Hope, John Dowhaniuk, Harry Marchand, Neil MacPhee, Peter Mrakovich, Ed. Crispin, Larry Marlowe, Ross McBride, Serga Yanchuk, Nick Grabb, Dave Holmes, Vic Kulman, Bob Mapes. Stuart Johnston and Bill Hull were the best managers a team could hope to have.

In one of the most thrilling football games in the High School league, Walkerville defeated Assumption by the score 12-11. In the final game Vocational edged Walkerville out of the championship of the city.

SOCCER

Soccer was the first sport to bring home to W.C.I. a W.O.S.S.A. championship. The team, under the able coaching of Mr. Young, went through a ten game schedule with only one loss. In the finals for the city, Walkerville nosed out a hard-fighting Patterson team by a score of 2-1. Then the Tartans defeated Chatham in the W.O.S.S.A. semi-finals by a score of 3-0.

London was the scene of the playoffs for W.O.S.S.A. honours between Walkerville and Hanover, a large and extremely well-padded team. Their extra padding was to no avail for they lost to Walkerville by a score of 4-0.

Throughout the season the team scored thirty-two goals and had only seven goals scored against it. These figures are indeed a tribute to the ability of the defence in protecting our goal and to the forwards for getting the goals.

A great deal of the credit for the team’s showing goes to our coach. Mr. Young spent a lot of time and hard work in turning out a winning team. Credit should also be given for the fine spirit and co-operation displayed by the boys during the playing season.

GERALD NEELY — Outside Left. Hard working Gerry never quit trying and this type of player influences his team-mates.

EARL KEYES—Captain—Inside Left. Besides being a good leader Earl is an excellent shot and a good team player—the best inside left in W.O.S.S.A. this year. We hope Earl will be back with us next year.

GEORGE IRIMESCU — Centre Forward—George is one of our fastest developing players — played his position almost perfectly and scored many a goal this year. George has another year with us.

FRANK LONG—Inside Right. Quiet steady player, a handy man to have on a forward line.
DON RYAN—Outside Right. Lacked experience at his position this year but he made up for this by lots of try and some fine corner kicks and crosses.

N. MORRISON—Left Half. Hard tackling half who improved with every game.

ED. SKARBEK — Centre Half. Ed. handled the toughest job on the team better than any other centre half in the W.O.S.S.A. We hope Ed. will be with us next season.

JIM REECE—Right Half. Jim, a stubborn checker and possessor of a long kick which fits our style of soccer perfectly.

GRANT CULLEN—Right Back. One of the two best full backs in the W.O.S. S.A. League. Grant will be a tough man to replace next year.

NORM MARSHALL—Left Back. The second of the two best backs in W.O.S. S.A. We will be mighty sorry to see Norm go.

MIKE DAYPUK—Half. Mike did very well at a strange position this year. He may greatly add to his laurels in a full back position next year.

JOE STANKOV—Forward. Joe could be put in any position on the forward line without weakening it. This speaks for Joe’s ability.

MIKE KOZMA—Half. Mike didn’t get much chance to show his skill this year but we are counting on him for next year.

ROBT. SPENCE—Forward. Bob was one of our handiest alternates for the forward line.

NICK CARLAN—Half. Nick broke into our team late in the season and proved a strong check with a long kick. Nick could make a fine fullback.

GLENN GILLILAND and HERB. SCHOFIELD our two goalies. Two of the best in the league.

ANDY INCHOWICK—Half. One of spare halves whose long kicking should make him an excellent full back prospect.
W.O.S.S.A. HOCKEY

Our hockey team captured the W.O.S.S.A. championship for the fourth time in five years and then went on to capture the W.O.S.S.A. championship. In the semi-finals for the city, Walkerville easily defeated Patterson. In the finals, a hard-fighting Assumption team was not able to stand against us, and we won the city title. In this two game total goal play-off with Assumption, we got 16 points to their 7. After winning the W.O.S.S.A. honours, our team defeated Chatham by a score of 10-1. In the finals, both Brantford and Woodstock, feeling that they did not have strong enough teams to compete against Walkerville, forfeited their games. During the past two years our team has not lost one game.

It was under the able coaching of Mr. Klinek that our team went on to Victory. His coaching and his constructive criticism to “Cover that man in the corner” undoubtedly helped our team.

Credit should also be given to that important factor of all great teams: the co-operation between the players. Without this fine spirit and team play, we might not have had a winning team.

For those who saw the games, it would be difficult to pick the stars, but here are some of the notables. Harry Marchand, Earl Keyes, Lyle Ross, Sam Cipparone, Bob Allison, George Livingston and Lorne Wilson, our goalie. There are also those, who, though they may not have scored many goals, with their great pass-

(Continued on Page 81)
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SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM
BACK ROW: Mr. Allison, B. Meeke, E. Tustanosky, F. Marchand, G. Gilliland, M. Daypuk, Mr. Ball.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Bingo: Walkerville triumphs again as the W.C.I. senior boys' basketball team won a third major city league championship in one school year.

The Tartans, who, at the beginning of the season were not even rated as having a chance, scored an upset triumph over the pre-season favourites, the Assumption High School Raiders in a sudden death tilt to decide the crown on March 9 before 2,700 screaming, cheering fans at Kennedy Collegiate. The team was bolstered at the start of the season by the return from the wars of Major Ian Allison. He moulded together a team that had only three players who had previous senior competition experience into an aggregation who, though they did not look so brilliant in regular season play, suddenly came to life in the playoffs to completely outclass their rivals and win the crown. Continuing into the W.O.S. S.A. playdowns Walkerville defeated Leamington in both games of a home-and-home series and received a bye into the finals with London Central. The score of this game was 18-15 for London.

Facts and Figures On Players

FRANK (LEGGY) MARCHAND, centre, height 6.3, age 17. Walkerville was fortunate to have the best city league centre on their team. He is one of the greatest offensive forwards Walkerville has ever had. His scoring average was 14 points per game. Aside from being a great offensive star he is also a good player on defense and an expert ball handler. He was the only unanimous selection to the All-City basketball team.

BILL MEEKE, left forward, height 6.0, age 17. Played regular forward and teamed with Marchand and Gilliland to form one of the best forward combinations in the city. Meeke has a very dan-
GERous left-hand shot and is always counted on to capture at least half of the rebounds off either backboard in a game.

GLENN GILLILAND, right forward, height 6.0, age 17. Glenn was the third member of Walkerville’s offense and operated from the pivot most of the time. Gilliland was a dangerous shot from the corner and could always be counted on to make a good share of the points in a game. Gilliland narrowly missed out on the All-City first team but landed a second team birth with ease.

LEO POSTOVIT, rear guard, height 5.09, age 17. Leo is the youngest and smallest member of the Walkerville quintet but if good things come in small packages this boy must have got a double dose. He possesses a very good one-handed shot and scores more than a guard usually does.

JACK NEWBY, left guard, height 5.10, age 19. Jack is the mainstay of the Walkerville defence and although he does not score many points has a crack long shot and at times has flashed form befitting a forward. This is his last year at senior basketball and he also just missed out in making the All-City guard but made the position on the second team.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

This year’s team, coached by Mr. Forman, played good basketball to finish the schedule in first place. Unfortunately, in the playoffs, the team lost to Kennedy who went on to become W.S.S.A. Champions. All but three of this year’s team will be seniors next year, and so Mr. Forman must build all over again.

(Continued from Page 78)

ing and co-operation, cleared the way for those who did score. A few of these are Reg. Switzer, Jim Reece, Bob Huggard, Murray Lynn, and, of course, George Sales, who did such a good job when needed to replace Wilson. All these boys deserve a large amount of credit.
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WINDSOR ONTARIO
MIKE KOZMA, the team's leading scorer, was devastating around the other team’s basket with his one-hand shots.

ANDY INCHOWICK, the hardest worker on the team, played a good aggressive game at guard.

TONY TECHKO, changed from guard to forward in mid-season, helped win many a game with his timely baskets.

CHUCK VERNES, a “first-former” with two more years of junior left became the most reliable scorer on the team. A shifty, aggressive player.

FRED CLARKE, played a very good defensive game and could be relied on to hold his man well in check.

ED SCHEPANOFSKY, another player back next year with the juniors has learned a lot in his first year, and should do well next year.

Johnny Dowhaniuk, John Sagovac, Jim Mann, Bob Morris, Jim Urie, Stan Wasybyshyn, Ian Main, Ed Skarbeck also played this year.

TRACK

Last spring, at the annual track meet held at Kennedy stadium, the track team of W.C.I. won enough events to give Walkerville second place in the final standing, with 96.5 points, and, in proportion to the size of our track team, we did far better than the winning school.

SENIORS

Frank Marchand was high man in the senior group, getting first in the 100-yard dash and the board jump and a second in the high jump. Frank was tied with a Vocational student for individual champion of the city in his group. Wright Bell was next, with three seconds in the 440 yards, the pole-vault and the broad jump. Boris Sonik placed second in both the discus throw and the javelin.

Will Day took the high jump and Andy Melnik came second in the discus and third in the javelin.

At the W.O.S.S.A. meet, Frank won the 100- and 220-yard dashes and took a second in the broad jump.

INTERMEDIATES

In this group, we have John Cudde, another boy who was individual champion for the city. At Kennedy stadium, he collected first in the 100- and 220-yard dashes, in the hop, step and jump and a third in the high jump. Next came Neil MacPhee, who won the discus and took fourth place in the javelin throw. Gerry Neely ran second in the 120-yard low hurdles and Mike Daypuk placed third in the 100-yard dash. The intermediate relay team, composed of Cudde, Brown, Daypuk and Neely took second place in the 880 relay race.

At London, the intermediates representing Walkerville captured the Intermediate Boys’ W.O.S.S.A. championship. Cudde was again high man, with a first in the 100-yard dash and a third in the hop, step and jump. Neil MacPhee also won the discus and placed fourth in the javelins.

JUNIORS AND JUVENILES

In the Juniors, Joe Prpich was runner-up for the city in his division. He captured two firsts, in the high jump and the hop, step and jump. Clark placed second in the pole-vault. The relay team won second place.

At the W.O.S.S.A. meet, Prpich won the hop, step and jump and captured second place in the high jump.

The Juniors, who were not as strong as usual this year, captured one third place event. R. MacIntosh was the man who did this.

The relay team also placed fourth in the relay race. Its members were: R. Mate, E. MacIntosh, Cam Anderson, and R. Stevenson. The teachers who coached the track team were: Mr. Krause, Mr. Green, Mr. M. Young and Mr. Wallen.

J. L. McNAUGHTON TROPHY

This trophy is presented by the Boys’ Athletic Society in memory of our late principal. It is awarded annually for outstanding athletic ability, sportsmanship and co-operation. A smaller trophy is given to the winner, and his name is placed on the large trophy. This is the third year that it is to be presented. It was won last year by Frank Marchand, and the year before by Murray Binkley.
9G—GRADE 9 BASKETBALL CHAMPS

HOUSE LEAGUE RUGBY CHAMPS
BACK ROW: John Cominsky, Ron Ogg, Charles Lee, Walter Ure, Harry Patterson, George Marr, Bob Brady.
FRONT ROW: Bill Napier, Murray Lynn, Bill Coulter, Mr. Hartford, Herman Kuindersma, Fred Clarke, Bud Dalrymple.
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