Walkerville Collegiate Institute Yearbook 1946-1947

Walkerville Collegiate Institute (Windsor, Ontario)
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ACROSS CANADA and in many parts of the world, Windsor is known as the home of Ford of Canada's head office and plant, a large and important factor in Canada's trade. In and around Windsor, Ford has a particular importance for young people planning careers.

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A Message

From Our

Principal

It is a pleasure for me to welcome the 1947 number of the "Blue and White," and I wish to congratulate our Editor, her staff and all who have contributed to its success.

This magazine makes a special appeal to all, for it is the year book of our graduates and it reviews the various undergraduate interests of our Collegiate. It deals with formal classroom procedure as well as the cultural and athletic extra-curricular activities which form such an important part in character building.

During the last three years we have encouraged House Leagues in rugby, basketball, soccer, volleyball, and hockey. These make it possible for all students to play on at least one team. We have revived our orchestra and boys' choir. We feel that these activities develop talents and broaden viewpoints and teach us to admire the opinions and accomplishments of others.

The members of the "Blue and White" staff have had many varied experiences in preparing this magazine. Their work in selling advertising, collecting news items and stories, has been an education for them. I feel that this magazine will give all our students a more intimate knowledge of what our school is doing to develop the varied interests of our undergraduates.

W. N. BALL,
Principal
In Memoriam

“During this last great war 1,283 students from Walkerville Collegiate answered the call of duty and joined the services that humanity might survive. Seventy of these boys paid the supreme sacrifice. The portals of death have closed upon them and they are gone—but not forgotten. With reverent appreciation and humble gratitude to all those who so bravely laid down their lives, we pay homage.

“There is no lovelier light in the world than the brightness of the lamp of memory. Its oil is the oil of sacrifice and its gleam is fed by undying love. Thus the students of the graduating class of 1946 have presented this plaque to the school in memory of all the boys who will not come back. These students hope it will serve as a perpetual reminder to future students of Walkerville Collegiate—a reminder to do everything in their power to bring peace and happiness to the world. For it is up to the youth of today to keep the Freedom Torch burning brightly so that it may send a beacon of light the world over and peace on earth may truly reign in the hearts of mankind.”

BARBARA JANE LEES.
“They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted.
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.”

LAURENCE BINYON.
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WALKERVILLE COLLEGIATE STAFF


Middle Row: A. Fletcher, Miss Bergeine, Miss Maclntyre, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Lawton, Miss Saunders, Miss Martin, Miss Zunke, Miss Hartmann, Miss Hobbin, Miss McLaren, C. Forman.


Acknowledgements

The staff of the Blue and White wishes to sincerely thank all those whose work made this magazine possible.

We are particularly grateful to Miss Maclntyre and Miss Lawton for judging the literary contests; to the judges of the art contest—Miss Auld, Miss McLaren and Mr. Burr; and to Mr. Krause and his commercial classes for their generous help in typing the material.

A special vote of thanks goes to Mr. Lowden, who so efficiently handled the financial end, and to Mr. Bull who spent long, patient hours with the editorial staff, helping us to shape the material into a magazine.

I, personally, should like to express my appreciation to my excellent staff, who were always willing and ready to work, and without whose able assistance the Blue and White could never have been published.

THE EDITOR.
THE BLUE AND WHITE STAFF

DONNA HALEY
Editor

JANE CUTHBERT
Assistant Editor

LEONARD BROWN
Assistant Editor

ANGUS MACMILLAN
Advertising

CHARLES PLEASANCE
SALLY KERR
JANE MAYBEE
BOB MACMILLAN
CONNIE SNYDER
HOWARD THOMPSON
MARY MORRIS
MARY THATCHER
GERALD NEELY

Business Manager
Secretary
Literary Editor
Assistant
Art Editor
Cadet Corps
Photography
Girls' Athletics
Boys' Athletics

BETTY WAMSLEY & GEORGE MARR
Form News

MR. LOWDEN & MR. BULL
Staff Advisors
If argument and discussion are a thermometer of public opinion then the Blue and White staff's hit the boiling point! We racked our brains and pulled our hair to present to you, our readers, a chronicle of the year 1947 in the history of Walkerville Collegiate. This is not just any magazine; this is part of the story of your life. Ten or even twenty years from now you may come across your Blue and White and spend a pleasant half hour laughing over times you've nearly forgotten or amuse the children by pointing out "Daddy's" picture.

Such would be the ultimate objective of our book, and if even one lost association is regained through our work, then we are well repaid. But our problem is to please you now and let the years take care of themselves. Now as you come to the body of the magazine, in the words of the prologue of Henry V (in a version slightly bent to fit our needs) we say,

"Admit us Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like to your patience look,
Gently to read, kindly to judge, our book."

DONNA HALEY.

MEMORIES

When dark shadows fall at twilight,
And we feel the warm fire's glow,
Our thoughts wing back to Walkerville,
To the chums we used to know.

Though we may leave the city,
Or travel o'er the seas,
We'll find our greatest pleasure
In our high school memories.

—Bill Weiss, 12C.
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<th>Hardware</th>
<th>GOOD FOOD—</th>
<th>COMPLIMENTS OF</th>
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<td>L. GANSKY</td>
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<td>Felton</td>
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**DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER**
“Citizens In A Greater Canada”

Written by the Honourable Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare, for “The Blue and White,” Year Book of Walkerville Collegiate, Windsor, Ontario.

This year many of the students of Walkerville Collegiate will graduate from the school to enter University or to take their places with the other Canadian men and women in the offices, factories and farms of our great country. In graduating from Walkerville Collegiate you will leave behind the pleasant associations of your high school years to take up the serious business of becoming mature citizens of Canada.

As citizens you assume a partnership in the future and destiny of Canada. As citizens you will take an active part in the affairs of your community, your city and your country. It is no light responsibility. It means much for you and in turn you mean much to your country. Becoming a citizen of Canada means accepting a solemn obligation that is made up of both duties and responsibilities. The fact that you are ready to assume the responsibilities of citizenship should bring to you a feeling of comradeship, of common unity and common purpose. For the broad meaning of citizenship implies both unity and working together for the common good.

We, who have the proud name of Canadian, know that is is a great privilege to bear it. Canada is a fortunate country. It has been endowed by God with great resources. Our citizens have shown themselves to be gifted with energy, intelligence and a high standard of civic responsibility. In the troubled world of today Canada is a land blessed with peace and plenty. These advantages and all that flow from them are the heritage of all Canadian citizens. You become equal partners in that heritage.

The Canada of the future will be what you and the men and women of your generation make of her. Never in our history has there been a greater opportunity for youth than exists today. By the same token, never were the challenges for youth greater than they are today. Canada needs your youth and your strength, and what our country will become depends upon how you serve Canada.

One of the hardest tasks is to measure up to the traditions of courage, enterprise and devotion set by the men who have served Canada in the past. I do not mean only the names which you have read and studied in your history books—Champlain, Frontenac; Wolfe and Montcalm; Papineau and Mackenzie; MacDonald and Laurier. The list of great Canadians would include the humble men and women whose names are not recorded in any history book but who have made the country that you inherit. They are the men and women who built farms and homes in this great country. They conquered the wilderness and founded our cities. They founded our schools and colleges, built our roads and mapped the wide expanses of our country. The honour roll includes the men who work our mines and till the soil and in a hundred different occupations make our country a better place in which to live and work.

It is not wealth that makes a country great. It is not physical size nor the number of its population which excel a nation. The real strength of a nation is in the character of its people. That is one of the principal virtues of proper appreciation of the values of citizenship—that it builds character. Citizenship imposes a duty on each and all of us to be tolerant, understanding and patient. But citizenship is a thing we all have in common, which binds us together and makes us a people. In that common fact—in the pride and the duty of which it is the symbol, lies our unity and our strength.

You are about to become partners in your Canadian heritage. I welcome you to your new estate. Be worthy of it, cherish it, and the future of Canada will be secure.
Pete Abramoff—the man with the meat... Doctor of Podiatry.
Roy "start the press rolling" Aston... We dare not guess.
Eric Bjorkquist—the Smorgasbord kid... Running Thompson's Pharmacy.
Joe "Buffalo" Catozzi... Translating menus in spaghetti houses.
Frank "Ajax" Cassidy... Back in Allen's Alley.

Stuart "the farmer" Eckmier... Doing nothing (the hopes).
Eleanor "Kingsville" Ellingwood... Still dissecting fish.
Nancy "Cottam" Gibson... Still whizzing through Geometry.
Donna Haley—half of 13A's brains... A modern Portia.
Llewellyu Hillis—the other half... School-teacher.

Glen Hope—the man with the hope... Ronnie?
Janet Hugill — why doesn't she take... Physics?
Bill "the manager" Hull... Still speaking (we hope).
Stuart the sneeze" Johnston... Cleaning up St. George's (3 a.m.).
Bernice "Bunny" Koss... Growing carrots.

Mike "basketball" Kozma... He has no idea.
John "you remember me" McLachlan... Milking cows for Borden's.
Don "arms" McNaughton... Still fighting with Howard T.
Nelson "chicken-pox" McKelvie... Horse doctor.
Jim "Hercules" Milner... Fuller brush man.

Rod "chesty" Montrose... Mr. D. Cochrane
Doreen "the blush" Murray... Married, and with a large family.
Burt Patkan—still Mr. Hugill's right hand man... Creating a new atomic bomb.

Alec "the muffin" Puskas... Pulling teeth.
Thelma "Sister" Rowe... Skiing in the Laurentians.

Ruth "the body" Scott... Living in Hamilton (avec qui?)
Joe "Park Theatre" Stankov... Sleeping on the sand at Miami
Howard "flash-bulb" Thompson... Still figuring out Mr. Hugill's theories.
Elise "the fake" Tolto... Tolto, Alway, Wine & Spaghetti Corp.
Ann "the dreamer" White... Still dreaming (about who?)
1947

Florence "Blondie" Anderson  Modelling for Esquire.
Pat "the mermaid" Barnby  Anything can happen.
Barbara "B squared" Bell  Teaching kindergarten.
Norm "Sweeney" Bryant  Still at W.C.I., or back at Tech.
Don "the bone specialist" Copeland  His own boss.
Jim "the Big Sleep" Crossley  Still sleeping (he hopes).
Lois "Tootsie" Cullen  Model for hair ribbons.
Gertrude "Trudy" Dodick  "Come here, Junior."
Don Gibson—C.O. of W.C.I. Cadets  Chopping trees.
Dorothy "Composition" Greenhow  Tramping, tramping.
Margaret "the art critic" Houston  Nursing.
Elizabeth "Barmaid" Kennedy  Queen of the Hobos.
Earl "Trapper" Keys  "Still playing (with toys?)"
Ruth "Red" Labute  Nurse at Hotel Dieu.
Betty "the Voice" Leslie  School mar'm.

1957

George "shoulders" Livingston  Star of Ice Follies.
Beulah "artistic" Maucoix  Drawing handsome men.
Madeleine "Bubbles" Murphy  Queen of the laboratories.
Gerald Nesby—the Tuxedo Kid  Running two paper routes.
Frank "but it's true" Pavelich  Mr. Dianna Lynn.

Charles Pleasance—"the baseball boy" Pollard  Pawnbroker.
Charles "choir boy" Pollard  Still annoying Mr. Fletcher.
Leslie "the fish" Pond  Still wearing green.
Sybil Pullen—of the Red Socks  Lab technician.
Dorothy "the height" Retzer  Nursing some poor guy.

Eudie Schooley—the Wrigley girl  Raising a family.
Nick "saxy" Seiler  1st Clarinet for Benny Goodman.

Boris Sonik—the Canoe King  Principal of W.C.I.
Don "gunner" Tomlinson  Still painting Mr. Fletcher's fence.
Ian Willie—and his secret life  High-pressure salesman.
Mac "Swank Shop" Zeule  Fixing people's accounts.
Mary "dark eyes" Adams..................The lady with the lamp.
Harry "Sylvester" Aston..................Trying to get a job as baby-sitter
Mary "?" Ballint.........................Lap-sitter.
Donna "tyata tyata" Cochrane..............Washing Diapers.
Cecil Cawley—the boy with the answers in Algebra..................Accounting.

George "mink" Drimescu..................Designing ditches.
Lorraine "Latin" Hamilton.................Still (chasing rabbits?)
Ken "Daniel Boone" Harper..............Getting a brush-cut
Bob Harris—why did he leave Tech?......Still chasing Lorraine.
Edith "History" Kalyne..................Where's Edith?

Joyce King—she's satisfied................Getting a '58 Buick.
Charles "caddie" Krayacich..............Pro at Beach Grove.
Barbara "actress" Lees...................Making dynamic medical discoveries.
Ronald LePine—the bad minton...........Ace of the Airways,
Neil "Virgil" MacPhee.....................See NW corner Wyandotte & Lincoln.

Pete "Curly" Mracovich..................Living in Chicago.
Toll "the size" Sapoleff...2nd Violinist for Phil Spitalny.
Anne "athletic" Sanchuk...................Social Worker.
Audrey "Andie" Smith..............Nurse at Grace Hospital.
Barbara "Smitty" Smith..............Also at Grace Hospital.
Bill "Bubble Bath" Smith..............Shelling peanuts.

Joan "sophisticated" Sparrow..............Interior decorator.
Reg "Fearless Fosdick" Switzer........Living at Keyes' House.
June Tarleton—the society kid...........Still winning essay contests.
Alan "the hair" Waters...................Still playing the piano.
Steve Wister—P.C.I. gift to soccer team........Testing venetian blinds.
Bill "the joker" Woodruff................Adjusting our income taxes.
C11

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>1947</th>
<th>1957</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Atkins, Vivienne</td>
<td>Lover, &quot;are you there?&quot;</td>
<td>I'll find you yet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cracknell, Ray</td>
<td>Shy Guy</td>
<td>Getting Holder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tocin, Allen</td>
<td>Smiley</td>
<td>Still Smiling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blessinghaus, Jean</td>
<td>The Dreamer</td>
<td>Still Dreaming</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ford, Betty</td>
<td>My Favorite Brunette</td>
<td>His Favorite Too</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green, Ada</td>
<td>&quot;Please don't tease me!&quot;</td>
<td>Who's teasing who?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greendahl, Shirley</td>
<td>My, My, Who could it be?</td>
<td>Oh, it's you.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Culak, Bill</td>
<td>Somewhere</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hanks, Helen</td>
<td>There's No One But You</td>
<td>He's My Guy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hady, Joan</td>
<td>Am I serious?</td>
<td>It's Love</td>
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<tr>
<td>Horn, Betty</td>
<td>The Postman always rings twice at her house</td>
<td>Out of Circulation</td>
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<tr>
<td>Horne, Judith</td>
<td>Oh, What a Beautiful Future!</td>
<td>Still Beautiful</td>
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<tr>
<td>Holmes, Margaret</td>
<td>Week-ends in Cottam</td>
<td>Life Time in Cottam</td>
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<tr>
<td>Israel, Evelyn</td>
<td>Now Taking Orders</td>
<td>Boosting the Boss</td>
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<tr>
<td>Johnson, Irene</td>
<td>The Shy</td>
<td>Slightly Perfect</td>
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<tr>
<td>Kirby, Grace</td>
<td>The Eyes</td>
<td>Still Making Eyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kravetz, Lalia</td>
<td>If I'm Lucky</td>
<td>The Whole World is Singing my Song.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kepinski, Olga</td>
<td>She's My Gal</td>
<td>Someone Else's Now</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leinweber, Joan</td>
<td>Oh, for Pete's Sake</td>
<td>Just an Expression!</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leitich, Maxine</td>
<td>The Athletic Type</td>
<td>What Career did she Choose?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mann, Frelia</td>
<td>Glamourous</td>
<td>Still Glamorous</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marchand, Harry</td>
<td>Working hard</td>
<td>Running wild</td>
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<tr>
<td>McKenna, Helen</td>
<td>Her Highness</td>
<td>Who Me?</td>
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<tr>
<td>McNally, Eleanor</td>
<td>Mad Musicians</td>
<td>Still Mad</td>
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<tr>
<td>McNabnik, Gloria</td>
<td>Ain't Misbehaving</td>
<td>Better Now</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stueck, Catherine</td>
<td>Night and Day, You are the One</td>
<td>Who Can It Be?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Griswly, Stan</td>
<td>Women, Women, &amp; Stuff</td>
<td>Just Stan</td>
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<tr>
<td>Payne, Mary</td>
<td>Not really a Palm</td>
<td>A Lovable One</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
| Pearson, Mary      | Tell Us Another One       | Mary's New Book, "Puns by Pearson."
| Pike, Harold       | "Handsome"                | "Still Handsome"          |
| Ross, Jane         | No Relation to Jane       | Trying to get a man       |
| Schall, Lydia      | Walkerville's Sonja Henie | Skating High              |
| Nacke, Nancy       | Nancy with the Laughing Face | Oh you kid!              |
| Hicks, Martha      | "Happy"                   | Very Happy                |
| Verbeek, Irene     | "Well, It goes like this" | "Well, It happened this way."|
| Wamsley, Betty     | Sleepy Time Gal           | Still Sleeping            |
| Wild, Frances      | Frankie In Skirts         | Hmm, could be?           |
| Wilkinson, Frances | Personality               | Devotion, To Whom?       |
| Watson, "Miraculous Mary" | Somewhere Else think so too |
| Yakovlev, Velma   | "The Beauty"               | "The Charming Beauty"     |
| Zeman, Mary        | Going West                 | California is my hometown. |
SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

SCHOLARSHIPS

For a long time Walkerville has been renowned for the number and value of the scholarships her upper school students have proudly and deservedly won. Last year, as was certainly apparent at December's graduation exercises, we excelled in this respect.

The leading lady of the evening was Dorothy Woods whose total winnings amounted to nine hundred and ten dollars. The Walkerville Collegiate Institute Scholarship, awarded by the University of Western Ontario, a Dominion-Provincial Scholarship, the Edith Bowlby Scholarship, awarded by the Mary Gooderham Chapter, I.O.D.E. for the highest standing in English in Windsor, the J. L. McNaughton General Proficiency Scholarship, the Second Carter Scholarship—with all these Dorothy brought credit to herself and her school.

Other winners last year included Marilyn Bates, who earned a Scholarship in Mathematics at the University of Western Ontario, and Wright Bell, who won an Alumni Scholarship at Assumption College. Both a Dominion-Provincial Scholarship and the Ernest Creed General Proficiency Medal, donated by Hon. Paul Martin, K.C., M.P., were won by Sylvia Fedoruk. Phyllis Lugg was presented with a Dominion-Provincial Scholarship, and Anne Thistlethwaite with the Dickson Scholarship in Modern Languages, Trinity College, University of Toronto.

Other bursaries and scholarships amounted to nineteen hundred dollars. The total value of the Scholarships was four thousand, six hundred and forty-five dollars. Some of these continue for four years.

This fall, Victoria Rudich was presented with a four-year Music Scholarship at Duquesne University in Pittsburgh.

Last year's students seem to have delivered a challenge. Theirs is a wonderful record, and calls for willingness and work on the part of those in grade thirteen who now follow them, if their accomplishments are to be equaled.

—JANE MAYBEE.
PUBLIC SPEAKERS

Our heartiest congratulations to this year's orator, Barbara MacMillan, a junior girl, who brought oratorical honours to herself and to Walkerville Collegiate, in the Junior girls' W.S.S.A. contest. Barbara placed first for all the Windsor Secondary schools with the aid of her pleasant voice and her well-chosen topic, "Prime Minister McKenzie King." Barbara's impromptu in the city contest was, "Party Games," and her impromptu in the Walkerville contest was "My Ambition—Nursing."

In the Senior girls' contest, Donna Haley was credited first place since no other girl would compete against her. But Donna gave her speech regardless, and proved to us that she certainly has speaking ability. Donna's main speech was entitled "Camp Life," in which she gave a humorous and complete oral picture of her interesting life at camp last summer. In her impromptu, "United We Stand, Divided We Fall" she told of the state in which the world is today with its atomic bombs and dissatisfied nations. Incidentally, Donna was runner-up in the Senior girls' W.S.S.A. contest.

The Senior boys were apparently in the same position as the Senior girls, since no boy would compete against Bill Hull. Bill, however, showed no lack of oratorical quality. Speaking on "Switzerland," he described her position in the world, past and present. "A Good Book to Read and Why" was Bill's impromptu.

The number of contestants who took part in the junior contests was more inspiring. The runner-up in the Junior girls' contest was Donna Hipwell, a grade nine student, who gave a very enlightening speech on "Customs of India." "Handicaps Can Be Overcome" was Donna's interesting impromptu.

Ken Dulmage was the winner in the Junior boys' competition. Ken showed ability both in his main speech "Radio in Our Daily Life," and in his excellent impromptu, "The Subject I Like Best," which is History. Runner-up was Jim Muir who spoke on "The Phonograph Record." Jim gave complete details in the making of a phonograph record. His impromptu was "My First Camping Experience."

We congratulate all the speakers, both winners and competitors on their excellent showing, and hope that next year more of Walkerville's students will capture city honours.

—JANE CUTHBERT, 12A.

Brain Twister

What is at the beginning of eternity and yet at the end of time?

What is at the beginning of the earth and yet at the end of space?

The letter "E"

What would you call a guy who makes a living sticking his right arm down a lion's throat?

We'd call him "Lefty."

Clerk—"What sort of a hammock do you want to buy, Miss?"

Pat—"Well, I want one just big enough for one, but I want it strong enough for two."

Women are attractive at twenty, attentive at thirty, adhesive at forty.

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FIRST PRIZE
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The silent group of 111en stood along the barren stone wall, all eyes fastened upon the steaming figure occupying the chair in the centre of the room. In the press gallery above, the reporters leaned forward, breathing heavily, their damp nervous hands clutching at trembling knees. Deep in the bowels of the stone building came the faint hum of power unleashed. The figure in the chair stiffened, twitched grotesquely, and fell limp, sagging against the restraining hands. The ghastly odour of scorched flesh permeated the air, causing several reporters to gag and one to vomit violently into a corner.

A fat, pale doctor, sweating profusely, stepped forward and adjusted his stethoscope to the prisoner’s chest. After a moment he looked up and announced in a husky, choking voice, that the man was dead. Immediately the reporters fled from the room.

Sam Rossi, stood back, his hands on his hips and watched their departure. Elation bubbled and swished within him, like a fountain new-released by spring from winter’s icy grip. Laughter surged forth deep in his heavily corded throat and burst from between his thick lips. He was free. After months of staring blankly through the iron bars of his cell in Death’s row, he was again free to obey his every impulse, pamper his every whim.

Sam had not been free since that bleak night, five months ago when he had shot and killed the night watchman who had blundered upon him attempting to steal the payroll from the office safe of the Darnell Manufacturing Company. Sam had been a silent stoical figure throughout the short trial. Unwinking he had faced the barrages of flashing newspaper cameras and he had not wavered when he heard the jury’s verdict and the court’s damnation. Sam watched the morgue attendants release his limp, burnet body from the confines of the electric chair and he laughed again. Then he turned on his heel and walked through the gray, stone wall.

Once outside the prison, a cold wet wind descended from the blackness above and swept Sam’s spiritual form, twisting and turning in its relentless grip, aloft. When he opened his eyes he found himself sitting sick and frightened on an endless sea of clouds, before an immense gate. Before him stood a tall shrouded figure. The weird apparition uttered no sound and for a seemingly endless time continued to stare over Sam’s head into the space behind him. Sam felt an eerie sensation slither up his spine and the short hair on his neck pricked uncomfortably. When he could bear the suspense no longer, he turned and gazed in terror at the figure of the night watchman he had murdered, silently standing there. Blood still ran from the gaping bullet wound in his forehead and some of it splattered soundlessly upon Sam, as the dead man solemnly nodded at the shrouded spectre before the gate.

Up on receiving this signal the apparition drew forth, from the folds of the ghostly garment, a large key, turned abruptly and fitted it into an enormous padlock on the gate, barring forever Sam’s entry into the region. The hooded figure again wordlessly faced Sam and its left hand pointed a bony finger into the distance beyond. The cold wet wind returned and once more whirled Sam into the darkness.

He was deposited this time upon the brink of a large black pit and it was then that he realized his inevitable fate. Fearfully he began to descend. Although he could see naught but darkness, Sam knew from the blast of arid heat upon his face that the door of Hell would not be locked to him, as was the door of Heaven.

—FLOYD WEIR, 12E.
Sandman's comin'

FIRST PRIZE DRAWING—MARY KLETENCHUK
SECOND PRIZE

The Grace and Beauty of Girls To-day

From a high-school boy's point of view, the situation is positively alarming.

Most of the girls in their teens, and many over, do not seem to have developed those subtle charms which make them grown women instead of hobby-sox swooners; whereas a few generations back, at the same age they would be filling the position of wife and would be expected to fill that office capably.

I will illustrate first, the high school version of a girl that drives men away. Let us meet her in school, where the conservative surroundings of the school make her dress and manner more startling by contrast. Her greeting is far too loud, but that doesn't bother her, for most of her friends do not know how to tone down either.

Imagine the confusion of a graduate of ten years ago should he return to our halls and be addressed by one of these. He would be stopped cold by: "How's yer engine perkin' these days, drip? Whaddya mean ya don't know what I mean?—You born vestidly or sompin'? If you don't dig what I'm sendin', I take it you're a square! See me in a few years, when you can dig my jive, and in the meantime, don't be glum chum."

Our visitor from yesteryear stands dazed. Even in the short explosion of the conversation, he had a very good look at her, and now he stands puzzled as to how it could be possible. From the top of her frowsy, dyed hair to the tip of her nail polished toes peeking out at the end of a pair of green, yellow, and red striped sandals, she resembles nothing human that he has ever known.

From our own standpoint to-day, she is not very becoming, either. About this time in a girl's life, the education in cosmetics starts, and she tries too hard to learn how to look beautiful. Her hair styles do not become the contours of her face, her makeup is a quarter inch too thick, her lipstick reaches beyond the natural curves of her lips, her sweater is too loose or too tight, her skirt is too short, (even slacks are very revealing if they are worn as a lot of girls do wear them today.), and her leg paint is streaky. In other words, she is a mess. As a male I must admit that makeup can contribute to a girl's charmys, but only if it is administered by an expert, and not plastered on by the girl that cares little for colour harmony.

But, as always, there is the brighter side of the story. Not all girls are succumbing to the wild antics of a number of other members of their sex, but rather are growing up naturally, instead of trying to hurry themselves. These girls have a much easier time with their parents, school and boys, because they grow mature by easy stages, and because they conform to the way of the world, which is definitely not as easily changed as some women's minds.

—BOB SNYDER, 12B.

FIRST PRIZE

A CANADIAN FLAG

Change then the flag, if change you must,
Though head and heart rebel,
But let your change be wise and just,
And weigh your choices well.

Cast not aside the splendid Past,
But keep remembrance green,
If you would have the spirit last,
Its grandeur clearly seen.

Give us the Red and White and Blue,
Whose meaning thrills the heart,
Give us the maple's changeful hue,
Triumph of Nature's art.

Give us the lilies of Old France,
Which saw our Country's birth;
Their gallant beauty will enhance
Our new flag's charm and worth.

Give us—oh never, never dare,
That symbol to efface—
The Sign that Christians proudly bear,
That Cross that wins us grace.

Before us once our Captain went,
He bore that Standard great—
Beneath its weight His shoulders bent—
It opened Heaven's Gate.

"In this Sign conquer," still is true
As in all days of yore;
That pledge our flag must e'er renew
In times of peace or war.

—RUTH LABUTE, 13B.
THIRD PRIZE

THE LETTER WAS NEVER FINISHED

"My dearest Pat: I love you ...." The pen stopped scratching as Jim paused for a moment's reflection. He stirred the ink in the bottle before him, and was about to resume his letter when he became aware of the approach of his long-legged, heavily-footed room-mate. He stuffed his writing paper under a notebook, and, assuming as innocent an expression as possible, smiled up at the solidly-built young man who had just entered.

"What are you up to, Jim?"

"Nothing but a bit of philosophy, Bill. Say, didn't Mrs. Martin ask you to pick up her new suit on the way home?"

"Curse every hair in the prophet's beard!" Bill exclaimed. He threw his books into an empty arm-chair, and hurried out of the room.

Jim started again: "I must see you this weekend. Every moment which is not graced by your sweet lips, your lovely hair, your gracious gait, is like an eternity upon a burning, drought-dried desert. Let me but taste of the sugared cup of reciprocal love, and I, poor beggar, fired with royal wine, shall on to immortality . . ." The paper fairly leapt to a place of concealment as a quiet rap at the study door announced a visitor.

"Precious Patricia!" he moaned, "It's the professor, and I haven't worked out those statistics for him yet."

A quarter of an hour later Jim was alone again. The pen scratched on and on. His rather plain face reddened with a passion of a definitely exothermic nature. Sincerity's sweet lips: your lovely hair.

A light touch on the shoulder accompanied the words, "What fools we mortals be!" Jim jumped to his feet and turned to face a short, confident-looking fellow who had been standing over him, grinning from ear to ear.

"Sorry to interrupt you, Jim, but I just couldn't resist, and besides that," he continued in a more serious tone, "I have a bit of interesting information re your impeccable Pat."

"And what, O Cupid of the light foot and merry heart, are the tidings you bear of my Princess Patricia?" queried Jim, who changed an angry scowl to an inquisitive grim on these last words.

"My friend, you have been double-dealt: knifed nicely indeed between the twelfth and thirteenth vertebrae. To put it bluntly, Miss Patricia Klane is no longer eligible meat for you, my craven carnivore—she is married."

"You jest, friend Falstaff," Jim said in disbelief.

"With a line like yours, it's a miracle you hold on to her as long as you did. My most eloquent of elephants. But, here—read for yourself," and he produced a clipping from a local newspaper which verified his statements.

Jim sat mute at his desk for the next hour. Cupid had departed for safer quarters, leaving the thwarted lover to himself. Suddenly he noticed the letter he had been writing. He picked it up, and turning it over, crushed it deliberately in his big hands. He sought to wring from it all the feeling that had gone into its creation. He struck a match and held it close to the crumpled little ball. It burned to a crisp on the top of the desk—a burnt offering to a lost love. With a whisper he sent the charred remains billowing away like a cremated caress.

ANGUS MacMILLAN, 12A.

SECOND PRIZE

DON'T YOU KNOW?

Don't you know you're beautiful,
Young and gay and bright—
Don't you know you're lovely,
Sweet Venrian sprit?

Don't you know you're wonderful,
Fine and fair and free—
Don't you know you seem divine,
When you're close to me?

Don't you know I love your smile—
Tint of sunset skies
Love the dancing of your feet,
Sparkle of your eyes?

Oh, I love you every way,
Beauteous goddess of the Day!

A. MacMILLAN, 12A.

THIRD PRIZE

MY SHIP

If I owned a boat, big she'd be,
Of course her skipper would likely be me.
I'd hire a crew of lusty young men,
Not too many, just about ten.

I'd have her painted from stem to stern,
A safety precaution to prevent sunburn,
I'd hate my ship in misery to be,
She-might refuse to sail the sea.

There in the corner with a huge padlock,
Would be my chest, and on top a clock.
To tell me when the noon hour comes,
So to rouse the rest of my lazy chums.

I'd have my dinner in royal style,
They'd smell the onions for nearly a mile.
And just for an occasional afternoon spree,
I'd serve the crew with trumpets and tea.

And as we'd graciously enter a port,
I'd sound off our gun with a loud report,
And cast our lines far into shore,
And stay at home for evermore.

EDDY WALTON, 10C.
A HYMN OF THE HOMEWORK

(With apologies to Sir Arthur Sullivan)

My homework, my homework, I wish I ne'er was born;
All night I've worked on homework till hours of early morn.
Mon français est terrible, Math fills my heart with fear.
I'm scared to think of Easter, to which we're drawing near.

My homework, my homework, at home I've got to stay;
I cannot go out skating, I have no time for play.
My science is not finished, I'm slipping it appears,
When I think of Miss Bergoine, my eyes are filled with tears.

For those who give the homework, have gone their happy way
To shows or the arena; they've lots of time for play,
I hope their ears are burning; no sleep come to their eyes;
God make them homework conscious and homework minimize.

—EVANGELINE PARKER, 10A.

LINGUAL EXPERIENCES

Until that fateful fall of '43, I had as much desire to speak French or quote Latin as to meet an Australian Bushman. Necessity and "villains," namely, the teachers of Walkerville Collegiate Institute, changed these conditions.

Till this time, my French vocabulary consisted of a few glib phrases such as: "Parlez-vous français?" and "touche!" The meanings, however, were not contained therein.

The first day at "W.C.I." a Mr. Waddell burst into "notre classe de français" with the words: "Bonjour, la classe." Needless to say, little hearts went fluttering and minds were set busy devising translations for such a difficult passage.

We progressed, and it was not too long before we could converse in tortured French on some everyday subjects. As I look back I realize that we must have sounded like this:

"How goes she to-day?"
"I go to the house of the school and am busy standing up straight all around the morning."
"The book I begged you to myself lend, he came, and to you I thank much but truly are you not out put?"
"No more of it talk; never talk again. It was nothing yet. It to me makes much happiness it to do for you."

After this, our class was not the same. In us was born that lust for higher learning. We received some with Mr. Klinck. To our vocabulary were added such sentiments as: "la ferme de nous," "ah! ces poules!", and "la belle campagne de Roseland."

However, another gloom appeared on the horizon—Latin! Perhaps it was inevitable that such teachers as had taught a living language as if it were dead, should now teach a dead language as if it were buried.

From a simple start, the work piled up—declensions, conjugations, comparatives, passives, Livy, Nepos, subjunctives, miscellaneous indirect forms and sequence of tenses—until the weary soul cried out, "No more!!"

Yet who am I to talk—a lowly fourth-former still not able to tell an indirect command from a purpose clause! I must struggle on with the rest; I too must grope for the daylit. Perhaps, in later years, I may be able to look back on this as one of the happiest times of my life.

To me it seems appropriate that over the main entrance of "alma mater" there should be a sim saying: "Through these portals pass some of the hardest-working students in the country—and the luckiest for it."

—JOHN BARDEN, 12B.
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"DOODLING"

The fine art of doodling is not mentioned in any dictionary—large or small. In fact, many people, sad to say, have never even heard of doodling. The practice of doodling is one which nearly anyone with average or even under-average intelligence can master. There are very few professional doodlers in this country, and so, if you find a hidden talent for this fine art, why not make it your lifetime work?

The necessary tools for doodling are not difficult to obtain. For a beginner or an amateur, the best plan is to have a little corner by yourself with a comfortable chair, a telephone, a paper, a pencil and someone on the other end of the telephone line. Then you may doodle away in leisure for hours.

Some of the more common designs of doodling are tooth-pick men, gaily marching up and down stairs and disappearing into space, fancy hearts and lacy designs, birds with feathers and curlique tails, dogs with wings, and that fascinating little game of x's and o's.

Once you have become well-trained in wielding that wicked pencil, you will unconsciously find yourself doodling away merrily in class, at meetings, at lectures, or while doing your homework. Do not worry if people object to your doodling when you should be working. They will forgive you when you become famous.

Some doodlers have become very celebrated and their works may be seen in the modern art exhibits. Salvador Dali is one of these well-known doodlers but he is more commonly known as a surrealist. He seems to specialize in bony fingers and staring eyes which glare at you from all directions. Do not worry, however, if these prizes give you nightmares, for some doodling specimens can be very pleasant to look at.

One of these days, some bright fellow is going to invent a way by which your fortune or psychoanalysis can be read by analysing a specimen of your doodling. Until this time comes, however, keep improving your doodling, and perhaps some day you will be able to draw curly cats and furry fish with your eyes closed, your back turned, and a pencil perched between your toes. Then will you be able to say proudly, "I am a doodler."

BARBARA TAIT, 11A.

SHAKESPEARE

A great man, born in dim obscurity,
In the great years of famed Elizabeth,
Built for himself a staircase of renown,
And climbed it higher yearly till his death.

A stage-struck lad, he started on a mission
Unknown to him, which has become
tradition.

Inspired, one time, he sat down to compose
A poem, which became a noted play—
The story of two lovers in a web
Of hate, who died, that hate to cast away.

In later years, he created many more
And each one brought him further to the
fore.

He told of tortured Hamlet, Prince of
Denmark;
He wove the tale of Caesar's fame in Rome;
He opened wide the soul of dark Othello;
Sent countless warring kings victorious
home.

With his vast art for gay tricks pleased
the mob,
And with his pathos often drew a sob.

Ceased now, has he, to write his wondrous
works.
Long since has passed away from Earth's
loved light.
But as the years rush on, he's not forgotten:
Rather his name is raised to greater height.
A man, he was, who wrote in years gone by,
But while his plays still live, he'll never die.

JANE MAYBEE, 12A.
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THE AGORA

"Agora" is the name which was used by the Greeks in speaking of their public meeting place. The students of Walkerville now use the name for their school organization.

The Agora is composed of the Student Body, which is represented by an executive. The executive consists of four representatives, two girls and two boys from each form who meet together monthly to discuss the necessary business. There are also two students from each class, one girl and one boy, who inform the class of the executive's meetings and of any new idea which has been adopted by the Agora.

This year the Agora, Walkerville's Student Council, again settled down for a busy year. With the guidance of capable officers and with the kind advice of teachers and students alike the Agora has done an excellent job.

One of the Agora's first tasks this year was the sponsoring of the very successful Gambler's Gambol, in the school gymnasium. A Grade IX party and the Commencement Dance were also put on by the Agora. The Agora sold Christmas cards, kept up the J. L. McNaughton Scholarship, helped in the buying of a picture machine for the school, and supervised the purchase of ping pong tables for the students' use.
THE GIRLS’ CHOIR

The Girls’ Choir was really at its best this year, tackling new and more difficult selections for its presentations. At the annual Commencement in December, the girls sang “The Holy City” by Stephen Adams, with Debussy’s “Romance” as an encore.

Under the splendid direction of Miss Saunders, and with the able assistance of Dorothy Bulmer at the piano, the choir again brought forth its many talents in February when it sang Gounod’s “Ave Maria” in Latin, “Toreador” from Carmen, and “Water Boy”, a song of the old south.

The girls and Miss Saunders are looking forward to the Music Festival in April when they will again have a chance to display their abilities.

BOYS’ CHOIR

This year a small but colourful boys’ chorus was brought back into existence under the capable direction of Miss MacIntyre. Two impressive presentations were made, one at the school commencement and the other at the school concert in February. It is hoped that this boys’ choir will be enlarged and will go on to still greater achievements in the future.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The following are the Officers of the Dramatic Club for the year 1946-1947:

Honorary President .............. Mr. Bull
President ......................... Barbara Lees
Vice-President ................... Stuart Johnston
Secretary ......................... Helen MacPhee
Treasurer ......................... Miss E. Robbins
Property Mistress .............. Anne Stuchuk
Stage Manager ................... Bill Hull

The Club’s first play this year was presented at Commencement, Dec. 20. The play, entitled “The Castle of Mr. Simpson,” was a one-act comedy under the direction of Miss Hartmann. The cast included Andy Reid, Jane Maybee, June Tarleton, Natalie Cybulak, Helen MacPhee, Bill Woodruff, Howard Thompson and David Holmes.

The Dramatic Society also presented a two-act comedy, “The Dumb Wife of Cheapside,” at the School Concert on February 27-28. The play was excellently given, and was under the able direction of Miss Robbins. Members of the cast were: George Sale, Andrew Reid, Bill Woodruff, Carol Gregory, Pat Barnby, Stuart Johnston, Angus MacMillan, and Bob Erdelan.

The Dramatic Club has again done a wonderful job in the producing of plays for the benefit of the Student Body. The students have greatly enjoyed both presentations which owe their success to the hard work done by the directors and casts.
CONCERT ORCHESTRA

CLASSICAL ORCHESTRA

Something new has been added! Walkerville now has a classical orchestra which is the only organization of its kind in the Windsor Secondary Schools. The credit for this organization goes to Mr. Brown, who has willingly given a great deal of time to it. After Christmas, he was anxious to form the orchestra and was amazed at the enthusiasm shown by the students.

Composed of some thirty students, under the direction of Mr. Brown, the orchestra made its first public appearance on the night of the school concert in February. They opened the programme with "O, Canada," and continued with "Yankee Rhythm," a medley of songs of the south, and Lehár's "Gold and Silver" waltz.

On April 2nd, this successful organization put on an excellent exhibition at the Musical Festival of the high schools of this city.

DANCE ORCHESTRA

Mr. Brown not only hopes to continue this group next year, but to enlarge the membership. Any student with musical ambitions is urged to join.

DANCE ORCHESTRA

Under the direction of Mr. Brown, Walkerville's dance orchestra has made rapid strides this year. They played at the Graduation Dance and at several Tea Dances.

The orchestra holds regular practices, which indeed benefit it, for their orchestrations, vocal and instrumental solos are very well performed. Such numbers as "Little Brown Jug," "Blue Skies," and "Two o'Clock Jump" which appeal greatly to the dancers are attempted.

We must congratulate Mr. Brown and the members for having attained a high standard of musicianship and for affording pleasure and entertainment for the students of the school.
**STAFF TALK**

Mr. O'Brien  AS YOU WERE!
Mr. Nightswander  The 10A social club will now come to order!
Mr. Waddell  People, will you be quiet!
Mr. Sinclair  Here now, stop that talking!
Mr. McLeod  That's it exactly.
Mr. Forman  Rise and Shine,
Mr. Krans  Your feet are flat!
Miss Martin  That will cost you 5 marks.
Miss Bergoini  I am aware of the fact that 10 other teachers give you homework.
Mr. Hunt  Marching tomorrow feias!
Mr. W. Young  I'll wrap this test-tube around you.
Mr. M. Young  I hope I'm not disturbing you.
Miss Robbins  Repondez en francais, s'il vous plaît.
Mr. Burr  Who has their Latin done? First Row? Second Row?
Mr. Klink  Well, we still have a chance to be in the play-offs.
Miss Tunks  Are there any difficulties?
Mr. Bull  Leave the windows open!
Mr. Brown  No two people are alike.
Mr. Hartford  I don't want to spoil this for you.
Miss Saunders  Good, Good.
Miss Hutchinson  I have a habit of taking 5 marks off if you haven't your homework done.
Miss Lawton  Class Dismissed.
Mr. Beckley  Are you chewing gum again?
Miss Auld  For land sakes!
Mr. Fletcher  I feel a little tired this morning.
Miss Westlake  I'm talking, girls.
Mr. Breeze  I'll send you down to Mr. Ball.
Mr. Allison  Write it out 200 times and hand it in at 3:45.
Mr. Ball  That is wrong.
Miss McLaren  That's a grade 9 answer.
Mr. Swanson  He's burning his fingers (chuckle, chuckle).
Mr. Lowden  How do you know? Prove it.
Miss McIntyre  Pourquoi?
Mr. Hugill  What are you doing, MacLachlan, vegetating?
Miss Hartmann  How do you expect me to understand that?

**RESULT OF SCHOOL POLL**

**PERFECT GIRL**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Eyes</th>
<th>Helen MacPhee</th>
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<tr>
<td>Clothes</td>
<td>Rosemary Pogue</td>
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<td>Personality</td>
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<td>Barbara Lees</td>
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<td>Figure</td>
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<td>Smile</td>
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<td>Athlete</td>
<td>Millie Smorong</td>
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<td>Height</td>
<td>June Tarleton</td>
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<td>Shiner</td>
<td>Mary Adams</td>
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**PERFECT BOY**

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<td>Physique</td>
<td>Rod Montrose</td>
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<td>Clothes</td>
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<td>Leo Postovit</td>
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<tr>
<td>All Around</td>
<td>Earl Keyes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shiner</td>
<td>Bill Woodruff</td>
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Noting that one of my friends had her socks inside out I asked,
"Why have you got your socks on inside out?"
She turned and looking at me said smartly,
"My feet were hot, so I turned the hose on them!"

Mr. Fletcher (talking to Fred, who has his feet in the aisle and is chewing gum)—
"Fred, will you take the gum out of your mouth and put your feet in?"

Pete—"Grandpa, why is it that no hair grows on your head?"
Grandpa—"Well, why doesn't grass grow on a busy street?"
Pete—"I guess because it can't push through the cement."

Miss McLaren—"Harry, use 'gladiator' in a sentence."
Harry—"My aunt was eaten by a cannibal and he was gladiator."
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THE CADET CORPS

By Howard Thompson

The school term of 1945-46 can certainly be marked down in the history of our cadet corps as being one of the most successful years in cadet work at Walkerville. Out of seven possible awards for R. C. A. C. competitions, the cadets of Walkerville came first in four and second in the remaining three. This is a record of which the students of W. C. I. can be justly proud.

A great deal of credit goes to the Commanding Officer, Cadet Lieutenant-Colonel Norman L. Marshall. We who have served under his command shall always remember the steadiness of his person, the serious tone of his voice and his desire to bring glory to the cadets of Walkerville. As last year’s Commanding Officer, we have asked Norm to honour us with a few words:

“Although only six months have passed, I can truthfully say, for myself and fellow graduates, that our sojourn at W.C.I. will never be forgotten. Many times have I heard the name “Walkerville,” proudly spoken. On many occasions have “good times” been recalled and ever present are names like “assemblies, Gambler’s Gambel, the Military Ball, the Agora, and the ever-victorious 1086 R. C. A. C.”

“As the former president of the student council, I wish to thank this year’s Agora for the enthusiasm and keen enterprise again displayed. Yours is a strenuous task. Good luck in all your endeavours.

“It was, indeed, a great honour to have commanded the W. C. I. cadet corps. I shall never forget the “Tartan” spirit, nor my fellow cadets who won for Walkerville so many honours and so high a place among the cadet corps of Canada. I have talked with many men at university, and each one knew and respected the Walkerville Collegiate Cadet Corps.

“When hostilities finally ceased, a great “laziness” seemed to sweep over all the world. Guard
against such a backward step: maintain the W. C. L. tradition at all costs!

Under your new commander, I know that efficiency and determination will form a solid base from which each and every cadet, as an individual or as a team member, will uphold former traditions and claim new glory for Walkerville. When inspection time comes once more, the corps will not be alone. On the sidelines, friends and former officers of the corps will watch and cheer for “their corps.”

“I would like to thank the cadet instructors for their unfailing efforts. To every member of the corps, I extend my sincerest gratitude for the unexcelled cooperation exhibited whenever myself or my fellow officers were confronted with a task. So great a spirit can not fail, and, I am sure, will not fail you, when you march forth once more to strive for victory.”

(Signed) Norm L. Marshall.

Special tribute should be paid to our cadet instructors for they are the men who have built the firm foundation upon which our corps rests. We, the cadets of W. C. L., salute our cadet instructors.

Last year our corps walked off with the Lord Strathcona Trophy for P. T. and came second in the general proficiency. We are quite certain that another excellent showing will be made at this year’s inspection under the command of Cadet Lt.-Col. Don Gibson.

Walkerville was honoured last year by the gift of two trophies, the Bryn Davies Memorial Trophy, to be presented to the best cadet of each year, and the MacMillan Trophy for the best company of each year. Keen competition was shown and, at last year’s inspection, Rev. M. C. Davies presented the Bryn Davies Memorial Trophy to Cadet Major Bill Ord and Magistrate MacMillan presented his trophy to Neil Morrison, O. C. of “C” company.

The cadet corps of 1946 was privileged to have one of the smartest colour parties in recent years.

Cadet Lts. Bill Meeke (O. C.) and John MacLachlan, with Harry Aston, Lyle Ross and Gordon Elliot are the ones responsible for its success.

Under the guidance of Mr. Bunt, the 1946 riflemen won the Ontario Rifle Association competition, with an average of 97.6%, and the Provincial Ontario Challenge Trophy, with an average of 96.75%.

The O. R. A. champions are: N. Grabb (97), S. Johnson (99), J. Kurylo (97), B. Ord (99), R. Montrose (100), G. Dewar (98), D. Gimson (96), B. Graham (99), J. Upton (98), F. Marchand (96), H. Aston (96), and B. Cator (99).

The following are the winners of the Ontario Challenge Trophy: E. Crispin (99), Rod Montrose (100), B. Graham (99), F. Marchand (100), J. Upton (100), G. Dewar (97), N. Grabb (100), V. Spakowski (97), B. Stevenson (98), I. Main (95), J. Brown (93), and F. Joyce (99).

Besides winning the two Provincial trophies, the rifle teams stood second in both the Dominion competitions, the Royal Military College, with an average of 98.2%, and the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association, with an average of 97.6%.

The Strathcona Trust Medal, presented to the best shot in the school, went to Rod Montrose. Rod also won the special D. C. R. A. medal for submitting the highest score in the D. C. R. A. competitions. The outstanding shot for the junior competitors was Ian Main who received the “Major McLean Trophy.”

Although the team of last year was probably the best to date in the rifle competitions, we anticipate the team of 1947 to rival, if not surpass, last year’s.

Under the command of Cadet Capt. Don Gibson and Cadet Lt. Bob Mapes, the Ambulance Corps made a very commendable showing at last year’s inspection. The W. C. L. ambulance specialty—propeller splints for a fractured neck—was pointed out to Brig P. Earnshaw, D. S. O., M. C., by Major J. Young. Last year’s class con-
sisted of 39 juniors, 13 seniors, and 7 vouchers. Murray Boles, George Livingston and Jim Manser received their medallions while Don Gibson and Art Haines received the first label.

For the first time, the Wallace Nesbitt Trophy will be presented this year to the best cadet ambulance corps in the Dominion. Again, the Ambulance Corps of Walkerville has shown its efficiency by winning the senior eliminations and coming second in the junior eliminations, for M. D. No. 1. The senior team will enter the final eliminations which will be later in the season—Best of luck!

Under the leadership of Mr. Allison, the bugle band of W. C. L. gave a fine showing at Stodgell Park. Headed by Cadet Band Sgt-Major Bill Peterson, the tartan clad buglers, with their precision drill, smart appearance, and inspiring music captured the admiration of the spectators. The bugle band has brought glory to Walkerville not only in past inspections but also on the local gridiron. During this year's game with Patterson, the band put on a splendid exhibition at half-time.

With apparent ease, they climaxed their show by forming first a “W” followed by a “P”.

Despite the short time that the pipe band has been organized, it has progressed rapidly under the direction of Mr. “Jock” Copland. For the last two inspections, the pipe band under the command of Cadet Lt. Ted Bartlet, has aroused the fighting spirit of our cadets wi her bonnie tunes as “Highland Laddie.” This year, the band as a whole will be commanded by Bill Peterson, with Don McNaughton in charge of the pipers.

Last year the signalling corps carried on with the typical Walkerville proficiency. With most of the Moyer Cup team back at school, it easily won the Moyer Cup for the second consecutive year. The team consisted of such seasoned veterans as Bob Girling (O. C. of Signals), Norm Marshall, Ed. Crispin and Bill Ord as well as others who are back this year. Our new recruits also came through with flying colours, most of whom passed not only their elementary but also their advanced certificates in their first year. With so
many advanced signallers available, Mr. Forman intends to enter two Moyer Cup teams this year.

In addition to Morse (flag, key and lamp) and Field Telephones, instructions will be given on the Mk 19 short wave set which is a new addition to our signalling equipment at the present time, the Mk 19 is in daily communication with Vocational, Patterson and the RECCE's who likewise have sets. In the near future, some of the members of the signals will have the privilege of accompanying the RECCE's on a “scheme”, using these short wave sets.

All the instruction is carried on by members of the Moyer Cup team and to their untiring, patient efforts must go all the credit for the splendid work of the Signalling Corps. Such chaps as J. Colvill, R. Stevenson, R. Roy, W. Gard, R. Martin and others are to be sincerely congratulated for the fine showing that this year’s class has made to date.

Those who attended last year’s cadet camp at Ipperwash will always cherish the fond memories of “good” times. Undoubtedly, the mention of camp will immediately remind such fellows as Rod Montrose, Doug Montrose, Leo Postovit and many others of the “terrible eleventh”, of the nights spent in the one-room building that had a small barred window, a table and a bunk—the best “kink” in Canada. Bob Bethridge will probably remember the day he scrubbed the floors for being A.W.O.L., the night before. The cadets are earnestly looking forward to next year’s camp.

As cadets, let us resolve not only to maintain the tradition the corps of the past years have established but also to endeavour to grasp the highest standards of cadet work. As citizens of Canada let us resolve to maintain our heritage, the right to democracy.

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ODE TO 13A

A is for Alex who writes you this poem,
B is for Bernice who’s never alone,
C is for Charlie who strings you a line,
D is for Donna who for boys she doth pine,
E is for Eleanor who fancies the boys,
F is for French with very few joys.
G is for George our well-dressed man,
H is for Howard our photo fan.
I is for Interest which 13A doth know
J is for Janet who never says no.
K is for Kozma our basketball star.
L is for Llewellya who excels us by far.
M is for Murray who likes to speak
N is for Nelson who is very meek.
O is for Oscar who just loves to creep.
P is for Patkau who’s got the boys beat.
Q is for queer, we’ve lots of them here.
R is for Roy our chemist so dear.
S is for Stuart the monitor’s chair.
T is for Thelma who has but one freer.
U is for ‘you,’ we have lots to say.
V is for Vera who sleeps all day.
W is for White a girl very gay,
XYZ are reserved for Moths only.
So, they at the last, are quite lonely!

THINGS YOU’LL NEVER SEE—(13A & C)

Neil MacPhee with his Latin homework done.
Bill Smith understanding a Geometry Question.
Donna Cochrane glad she writes four exams in one day.
Barbara Bell and Dorothy Retzer six feet tall.
Pat Barnby and Leslie Pond drowning in the swimming pool.
Frank Pavlich running down a pool-room.
Donna Haley with a towel (ask Bill Woodruff)
Burt Patkau stumped on a math problem.
Gerald Neely with his history homework done.
Bill Woodruff without a wise crack.
Barbara Lees calm and collected.
Nelson McKelvie not blushing when asked a question.
Thelma Rowe not smiling.
Lorraine Hamilton without Edith Kalyn.

13B—CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Miss Robbins not taking a joke,
Don Copeland, refusing a coke,
Pat Barnby minus that smile,
Frank Pavlich running a mile,
Don Gibson not on the prowl,
Chuck Pollard forgetting to howl,
Lizz Kennedy not acting the fool.
Beulah Marcoux playing pool.
Dorothy Retzer not being smart,
Betty Leslie without a remark,
Sybil Pullen not looking cute,
Gertrude Dodick remaining mute.
Nick Sedin not being late,
Earl Keyes learning to skate,
Doug Tomlinson not looking shy,
Boris Sonich being a spy.
Jim Crossly skipping a class,
Leslie Pond a black haired lass,
Barbara Bell not looking neat.
Ian Wilkie with homework complete,
Norm Briant actually mad,
Madeleine Murphy chasing a lad.
Mac Zuefle dropping his frat,
Lois Cullen stopping to chat,
Dorothy Greenhow in pancake goo,
Ethel Schooley not being true,
Charlie Pleasance making a noise,
Florence Anderson without any poise,
George Livingstone staying all day,
Ruth Labute without something to say,
Gerald Neely giving up poker,
Or 13B without a joker.

My Favourite Geometry Deduction

Given—That I love you.
Required—To prove that you love me.
Proof—I love you

..I am a lover
All the world loves a lover
You mean all the world to me
..You love me
Famous Nicknames of Infamous Students
And Their Infamous Quotes

George “Cueball” Irimescu:
“Ah, I shoulda stayed in bed.”
Neil “Hole-in-One” MacPhee:
“Gee, a second period, and I forgot to study.”
Charles “Subway” Kraycich:
“If they find out what “subway” means I’m ruined, ruined I tell ya!”
Ron “Chemistry presents a problem” LePine:
“Unquouted, he’s the silent type.”
Bill “Bubbles” Smith:
“Bubbles, bubbles, of course. Gum that is!”
Toli “Fiddler” Sapoloff:
“If Nero did it so can I.”
Alan “Fuzzy” Waters:
“But I tell youse 1 just got a haircut.”
Reg “Ace” Switzer:
“If they took goalies out of the nets, hockey would be a better game.”

They met by chance,
They never met before;
They only met that once,
And she was smitten sore;
They never met again;
Don’t want to. I avow.
They only met that once—
I was a freight train and a cow.

TEACHERS
1. Is Allen Brown?
2. Is Harold in the Klinck?
3. Is Fred Burr cold?
4. Is Willie Young?
5. Can Cecil Bunt?
6. Is Clem a Forman?
7. Is Loud’n noisy?
8. Should Auld acquaintance be forgot?
9. Is Stuart a Bull?
10. Is Evangeline a Robin?

STUDENTS
1. Can Pearl Cook?
2. Is Helen Happy?
3. Is Joan a Sparrow?
4. Is Bill Meeke?
5. Is Don a Muscleman?
6. Is Jerry Brown?
7. Is Ruth a Scott?
8. Whom does Bill Guard?
9. Whom does Margo Master?
10. Is Bill White?

There sleeps a class in Walkerville High,
That makes the teachers continually sigh.
They don’t do their homework, they love to debate,
Especially when the teacher makes a mistake.
Most come in before the last bell does ring,
But occasionally Pauline and Marjorie come with “The King.”

In Physics Mr. Hugill often wishes he could die
When Walter Urch asks his favourite question “Why?”

In History our brilliant classmate Bob L.
Would get perfect marks . . . if he could spell.
In French we sit with our mouths “bouche bee,”
While Genevieve Goyer shows us the way.
Then comes Latin—Oh! what a class
Even Mr. Burr wonders how we will pass.
Here Stuart Musgrave shows us each day
Why teachers’ hair often “turns grey.”
Doris and Daphne have to be on their toes,
For their answers often add to his woes.
Zenoia and Emily look up with a blank stare.
I’m afraid that next they’ll be tearing their hair.
Geometry brings June, Bobby and Marion looking glum.
While Ron Ray gets all the answers, missing none.

Next in Health, Vicky firmly states her belief,
While Miss Saunders watches the clock for relief.
Oh, I’ve forgotten to mention Charles and Ken.
Who, for each other, have quite a yen.
Then there’s Harold, who likes to sit
And tell everyone “She memorized it.”
There’s also Mary, John, Nick, and Jack, but no time
To mention them in words that rhyme.
In case you’re wondering, I’m sure you’ll see,
The class I described is our brilliant 12C.

AUDREY JOHNSTON, 12C.

THE PERFECT SALESGIRL

“These shoes suit you well”
(You’re odd too, I’ve no doubt)
“Don’t think they are large”
(Just because you step out).
“The style is becoming”
(Becoming old-fashioned)
“They make your foot slim”
(Long and thin, like a daschund).
“The colour is sweet”
(If you like dirty grey).
“They are only Five dollars”
(Five cent’s all I’d pay).
“We’ve sold twenty pairs”
(Though it’s taken some time).
“You will buy them? How nice!”
(The commission is mine).
TOPIC

Pool—A small body of water. (Honest Mom).

Rugby games—Oh boy! an afternoon off.

Tea dances—Hope the top doors are open.

Auditorium—I'll do my Latin homework.

Lunch period—Boy am I hungry.

Guidance period—Lend me your French.

Exams—What's a year to me.

French—Nuts (same in both languages).

Cadets—Oh well, it's a period off.

Study period—Wonder if my name is on the role.

Medical—There must be a way to get out of P.T.

Fire drill—Make it last, the period's nearly over.

Detention—Which one first.

Farms—The farmers need us in May, honest they do.

Bones—My bones are cube shaped and have little black dots.

THE HISTORY OF 11B

Behold the class of 11B,
Everyone so fair to see,
A is for Ann, so spic and span,
B is for Barbara, Don is her man,
C is for Colin, who loafs on the job,
D is for Donna, whose beau is Bob,
E is for Evelyn, the mayor of our town,
F is for Hugh, our basketball clown,
G is for June, our all-round sport,
H is for Leo, who holds strong the fort,
I is for Marilyn, our own Jane Russell,
J is for Pat, a petite fille indeed,
K is for Sally, a sharp little galley,
So ends the history of 1, 2, and three Of this beloved class, our 11B.

NANCY DUNN.

ODE TO 11E

We are the nomads of the school,
The outcasts of the pack,
We all have scorned the golden rule
In classes farther back.

We haven't got a line or file,
We fan out in the hall.
We stick our feet out in the aisle,
(You just ask Mister Ball.)

The teachers never raise a fuss
Whenever we go slow,
They know the clock means nought to us—
It's hopeless don't you know.

But even though our books we shirk
We're just as smart as "A";
Because we'd rather play than work,
(They'd rather work than play.)

But do not sorrow, for you see,
Some day we'll all be rich.
You'll find it takes a clever man,
To dig a good, straight ditch!

DON BROWNE, 11E.

GUESS WHO

"Keep awake there," he cries,
As we fumble around—
"Is it oxide, dioxide, pentahydrate and why?"
You listen frantically for somebody's cue,
"Four times for to-morrow!"
He says—Guess who?

"As you were," he apologizes
As he lectures sublime,
"And what about the dancing girls,
Richard," he sighs.
"Ah, yes, that's right," and goes on to explain—
While the boys giggle and boo,
Who is he? Guess who!

Ah Latin, 'tis sweet—Ha
Each day at two,
"Is your homework done
Carefully, correctly, by you?"
"First row, second row, third row—Don?"
We know it well, darn it—
Who is it? Guess who!

CATHERINE BAILEY, 1A.

CARTOON CONTEST WINNER—FRED COLCURO
1D (INVENTORY)

“The Old Lamplighter” ........... Mr. Archie Fletcher
“Give Me Five Minutes More”
“Give Me Five Minutes More” ............... Florence Mollard
“Doing What Comes Naturally” .......... Adeline Askoski
“The Rickey Rickshaw Man” .......... Steve Kalyn
“I’ll Close My Eyes” .......... Gordon Miller
“Sleepy Time, Gal” .......... Mary Penteluk
“Can’t Help Loving That Man of Mine” .......... Bill Darocy
“Touch Me Not” .......... Jack Darroch
“Lazy Bones” .......... John Laurns
“Oh! How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning” .......... John Pearson
“Scatter Brain” .......... Mitchell Zee
“What Is This Thing Called Love?” .......... Richard Bloch
“Why Do I Love You?” .......... Nancy Hayes
“You Are Too Beautiful” .......... June Miller
“Why Does It Get So Late So Early?” .......... Janet Greenhow
“Glorious” .......... David Enkin

COMMERCIAL II

Smart is the class of Commercial II,
Where girls are abundant,
But boys are few.

We laugh, we sing and we study too,
But you’d never know it
When exams are through.

Gay is the class with only five boys,
Who chipped in at Christmas
To buy teacher some toys.

We know our debits and credits quite well,
But when Exams come
We study like—mad.

Many a student after four did remain,
For homework not completed
Was the reason they came.

We have jokers, and morons and many more,
If given permission
Would roll on the floor.

The chalk is scarce in Mr. Hartford’s room
And someone’s perfect marksmanship
Will send us to our doom.

Three sharp pencils are required for sten-class,
And the short sharp stroke in typing,
Has withered many a Commercial Lass.

These are the people who never shirk,
They do what they’re told
’Cause they all enjoy their work.

LUBA KRAYNACK.

THINGS YOU’LL NEVER SEE

Mary Lou Hepworth not sighing over “Leo.”
Foster Hutton sitting straight in Latin.
A certain group of boys keeping quiet in Mr. Beckley’s room.
The “middle” row in Algebra not being sent to the board.
Peter Oprica get stuck at a deduction in Geometry.
Lee Smith with straight hair.
Mr. Swanson without his little black book.
Ivy Boakes not being asked a question in Chemistry.
Lyall Swan not walking with Irene.
Ed Schepanowsky dancing.
Pauline Hunt WITHOUT Allen Waters.
Hank McArthur not asking Mary Prymack how her horse “Silver” is feeling today.

Dave—“Gee, but you’re pretty!”
Florence—“Thanks, too bad I can’t return the compliment.”
Dave—“You could if you lied as well as I do!”

Modern Art

Jim—“Ain’t that clever.”
Bill—“I wouldn’t have nerve enough to sign my name to it.”
Tom—“They have to, to tell which is the bottom.”

PRETTY AND COMMERCIAL TOO

In a room full of girls, 5 brave men sat,
Each wishing that he might take his hat
And move to a room where the girls had poise,
Instead of a mouthful of giggles and noise.
Poor Mr. Krause with his brood of hens,
Who will not put down their pencils and pens
When he begs and pleads for their attention.
They continue with chores too trivial to mention.
’Tis the simplest thing, but you’ll never get it.
If you grit teeth and grind, you might make a credit.
Are the favourite words of the teacher sedate.
“If the train leaves at nine, you’ll be sure to be late.
Now children, mind every P, B, and Chay.
With two sharp pencils start each day,
With feet placed flat, your arms you must bend.
Webster is a girl’s best friend.
This summer, each a job must seek,
Remember courtesy when you speak.
We know each one when we go away.
Our success we owe to M. R. K.

VIVIANNE ATKINS, 11C.
What Would 10A Be Like If:

Stan K. got up from his seat quietly,
Jack B. didn't have such a nice voice,
Bob B. didn't make such silly remarks,
Charlie C. could catch on to a joke in five minutes,
John C. stopped chasing Marilyn and cut his hair,
Jo Balogh stopped drawing in Latin,
Ray B. and Pat W. stopped hitting each other,
Bob Bell wasn't so sophisticated,
Joyce C. let her hair grow,
Carol D. stopped drooling over Archie and Eric,
Dorothy L. shrank,
Donna F. went out with Stan K.

principal—Donald Meek
Dean of Girls—Van Johnson
Dean of Boys—Lauren Bacall
Girls' Glee Club—Bing Crosby
Frank Sinatra
Dick Haymes
Perry Como
Boys' Glee Club—Dinah Shore
Jo Stafford
Ginny Simms
Band—Harry James
Girls' Sports—Jon Hall
Boys' Sports—Esther Williams
Dancing—Fred Astaire
Psychology—Ingrid Bergman
Spanish—Carmen Miranda
Latin—Arturo de Cordova
French—Jean Pierre Aumont
Speech—Donald Duck
Good Looks—Boris Karloff

THE IDEAL SCHOOL STAFF

This poem as you will see,
Is about my class, 9C.
There is a girl named "Shirley Fountain,"
Who can talk the top off any mountain.
There is a boy named "Don Fraser,"
When he speaks French, he's quite an amazer.
A girl I know is "Jean Dool,"
She can talk just like a fool.
Jean's best friend is "June Gask,"
If she wants a date, she doesn't have to ask.
Another boy is "Charley Farri,"
Teachers just wish he was a barrel.
That's not all that are above
But none can surpass these noted five.

written by A. NUMBSKULL of 9C.

FANTASY OF 9C

SCHOOL DAYS

The 9G pupils are all in their seats
And the teacher has marked the attendance sheets.
A hush descends upon the room,
As the teacher speaks with a voice of doom,
"All gum in the basket, and five marks off."
There's a few sly grins, and a hasty cough.
We struggle through French and murmur,
"Bonjour."
And sigh for the prehistoric days of yore.
Then History and Math becomes our next grind.
And we puzzle and work for the answer to find.
Then a session of grammar, the next floor down,
Adjectives, adverbs and an occasional noun.
Next to the gym, for a swim in the pool.
We all have our fun at the
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WE TRY TO PLAY BADMINTON

A W.C.I. PIN-UP GIRL

HUNGRY FELLOWS?

REID AT A SOCCER GAME !?!!

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DID SHE SAY YES?

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GIRLS' SWIMMING

Leslie Pond, Girls' Athletic swimming representative, and Miss Martin, really worked hard on the teams this year and their efforts certainly paid off! The girls took the honours of the evening from the Kennedy girls by the score of 51 to 46, the Juniors winning 31 points and the Seniors 20.

Frances Burns walked off with the Junior Girls' individual championship for the second straight year with firsts in both the free style and the breast stroke. Jo Balogh took second in the back stroke, Carol Davies got a first in the style and Peggy Metrophanuk won the Junior diving.

For the Seniors Jean MacDonald gained a fourth in the free style and a first in the back stroke. Seconds were won by Shirley Davidson in the diving and by Leslie Pond in the style swimming.

Walkerville won the Senior relay, took seconds in both the Junior and Grade Ten relays and placed third in the Grade Nine relay. Much of the credit for the win goes to Miss Martin, a champ swimmer in her own right, who coached the girls in the little things that make winning swimmers.

VOLLEYBALL

Wilma Allen who directed volleyball in W.C.I. worked hard at her job and always did well, what was expected of her.

The schedule this year ran from Oct. 9 to the finals which went up to Dec. 13, amounting, at the rate of 2 games a day, to approximately 84 games. Among the teams to make the semi-finals were 9D, 9F, 10A, 10B and C1 in the junior league, and 11A, 11B, 11D, 12B, 12C, 13B, 13C, and C11 in the senior league, with 9F and 11B finally proving the champions in their respective leagues. In the final game, the girls from 11B were victorious and rightfully proclaimed the champions of the school.

Because school was late in getting started this year an inter-school league could not be formed. To make up for this, there were 3 "play-days" held at Kennedy. The first was for the grade nines with a girl from K.C.I. in complete charge, the second for the seniors Grades 11, 12, and 13 with Wilma Allen in charge and the third "play-day" was for grade ten. Eleven of the best volleyball players in each of these groups were chosen from each school. The teams were composed of players from each school, so for the play-day's purpose was not really for the competition it created, but more for the enjoyment the girls got out of it. Next year we are hoping to again have W. S. S. A. volleyball and perhaps even W.O.S.S.A. competition.
GIRL'S ATHLETIC SOCIETY

President ............ Anne Sauchuk
Vice-President .......... Donna Haley
Secretary ............. Pat Barnby

This executive, as well as the convenors for each sport, was elected by the girls, by ballot in September. There is a meeting of these officers the first Wednesday of every month at which the girls discuss means of making and spending money, the buying of equipment, and all other matters pertaining to the girls' sport activities. Miss Saunders and Miss Martin both lend a helping hand, at the meetings.

Besides doing much toward the betterment of sports equipment and keeping all the girls generally satisfied with the activities of the year, the Girls' Athletic Executive sponsored the first Tea Dance that was held in W.C.I.

TROPHIES

For a long time the girls' trophy case has been adorned with boys' cups and shields, but this year the Girls' Athletic went to work to remedy the situation. A trophy was procured for every sport: the baseball trophy was donated by Waffle's Electric, bowling by Wilkinson's, volleyball by Varsity Sport Shop, swimming by Scout Radio Electric, tennis by Walkerville Sport Shop and track by Sansburn and Pashley. All these cups will be presented at the Athletic Assembly in the spring.

At least the girls have some incentive for competition, and the better the competition, the better the sport.
Millie Smoronog was the basketball representative this year. As Millie was on the interschool team, she took an interest in her work and lined up games for each class. The schedules ran until sometime around Easter with each class playing 3 games. At the time of this writing, the Junior and Senior champions are still to be determined.

Regarding the inter-school team, although the girls worked hard, W.C.I. unfortunately did not place in the finals. Walkerville came out on the small end of the horn in regard to wins, but the girls displayed good teamwork as well as individual play. They have a new "six-man" defensive play which was effective at times, and the guarding, especially in the game with Sandwich, is certainly worthy of mention. The whole team, but particularly the forwards, played a good game against St. Joseph's.

Enthusiasm was fostered among the girls of the games by our coach, Miss Martin, whose able direction, individually and collectively, was an inspiration to all. Manager of the team was Vicky Lavis, who always had an encouraging word for the girls.

MILLIE SMORONG—Captain—centre forward and high scorer of the season with a grand total of 34 points.

OLGA SHANDRO—Right forward—Olga works hard and has a good eye for long shots.

MARG. BULMER—Left forward—a fast-breaking forward who shows a good all-around style of playing.

MAXINE LEITCH—Centre guard—Maxine displays plenty of good playing and quick thinking.

JACKIE DAMASHE—Right guard—Jackie always did a good job of guarding her "man" and proved to be a good ball handler.

PAT BAIRD—Left guard—Pat was fast and was always right where she was needed.

Alternates were: Shirley Davidson, June Tarleton, Nancy Steele, Helen MacPhee, Emily Eglinsky, and Jean Chalmers who joined the girls near the end of the season. Unfortunately poor health kept Anne Sanchuk from playing in all but two games.

Jackie Damashe was elected convenor for baseball. If you will remember, Jacky set a new record last year for W.C.I. in the baseball throw, throwing the ball 171 feet.

Fall is not a particularly active season for baseball at Walkerville, although schedules were drawn up for Grade 9. Each class played 3 games and 9F took the championship. However, there will be a great deal of action in the spring when the regular season gets started.
TENNIS

Helen MacPhee was elected to look after Tennis and she certainly proved to be an excellent girl for this job.

To add to the many privileges the students have at Walkerville Collegiate, girls who were interested and who wanted to learn the game of tennis were given such a chance in the fall. Their teachers were the girls who had competed in the tournament.

The winner of the tournament at Walkerville was Margo Master with Margaret Houston being the runner-up. There was a tournament held at Kennedy in which six girls represented Walkerville. Unfortunately, none of our girls placed in the finals.

Tennis is an interesting game, so let's try to have more girls take part.

PING PONG

Another new sport has been instituted at Walkerville. Friends of the school have generously donated money for ping pong tables and equipment and now the whole school is ping pong conscious—ping pong before nine, at noon and after four until the school closes. Some enthusiasts even take a whack at the ball between periods. Everyone tries his hand!

A tournament was organized by Bill Woodruff and he really has his hands full with 43 entries for the boys. Right now the competition is in the third round with many hard games still to be played.

The girls' half of the tournament with 14 entries was handled by Jackie Damashe. Champ for the girls is Donna Haley, who nixed out Daphne Colman in a hard fought battle, three games to two.

Two more tables are on the way and everyone is preparing for the big night when the students take on the teachers in a real exhibition of brains against brawn.

BOWLING

Beverly Nantais was originally elected by the students as convener for bowling. However, when she left school, Sally Dayus replaced her. Sally was an ardent worker and proved herself as such by keeping the girls well informed of their team standing as well as individual averages.

Bowling was quite successful this year—there were 10 teams with 6 players each. The girls turned out at the Palace Recreation every Thursday after school to bowl 2 games. Awards this year, were presented to Team VI: Jane Maylee (captain), Margaret Suffield, Bev. Pogue, Vicky Lavis, Barbara MacMillan, Pat Martin, Genevieve Goyer and Mary Thatcher. Sally, our convener, was also presented with an award for being the high scorer for the season with an average of 161. The instigator of the game at W.C.I., Miss Saunders, came down several days to watch us and help us improve our scores.

BADMINTON

For several years the badminton club had been under the direction of the Girls' Athletic Society, but this year the club became a separate organization headed by both boys and girls.

There was a good turn-out this season, with as much quality as there was quantity. The club, under the able coaching of Stuart Johnston, has promise of giving its Riverside friends a very lively tournament this spring.

Stuart and Donna Haley are the spark-plugs of the team, and are backed by club members who play the game with real enthusiasm.
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Fortune was not with our rugby team this year for we went through the season without a win. In spite of these setbacks, the spirit of the team was always high and with the experience gained this year the W. O. S. S. A. Championship should be taken by our Tartans next year.

This year found our capable coach, Mr. Forman, without any of last year's regular backfielders in the line-up. What the new lads lacked in experience, they made up for in eagerness to learn. Such men should account for many points next season.

Our line was one of the heaviest in the city and proved to have great power, especially when the odds were against us. Fighting hard, our boys never gave up till the final whistle blew. Many times we had the opposition outplayed but with luck against us we never came out on top.

Rod Montrose and Don Gibson were this year's co-captains.

A vote of thanks must be given to Ian Wilkie, Stuart Johnston and Richard Stevenson for their superb job as managers. We of the team were proud of the support we received from the students.

The real test of a school's spirit is the support it gives even when its team is down. Let us wish next year's team all the success it deserves. Good luck, boys.

Boys' Swimming

In this year's inter-school swimming meet the boys' team collected a total of 28 points, seven more than last year and the highest score of any W.C.I. boys' team yet.

Sargent, with a first in the diving event and a third in the breast stroke, was high man in the Junior division. Douglas, with two fourth's in the 40 yard and 100 yard free style, and Morris, with a fourth in 40 yard back stroke, were the other Junior point-getters.

A first in the 40 yard back stroke and a third in the 40 yard free style gave Joe Catozzi high honours for the Seniors and Dave Enkin, with a third in the breast stroke was next.

The Grade Nine relay, composed of McKnight, McCartney, Douglas and Sandstedt, took third place in their event. Third's were also gained by the Grade Ten relay team of Elrix, Bettridge, Subocz and Mills, and by the Junior relay team of Forsyth, Sargent, B. Martin and H. Morris. Also third was the Senior relay team of Catozzi, Musselman, Dulvick and Letto.

Both Mr. Nighswander and Mr. Waddell worked hard coaching the teams and are looking forward to next year's meet.
SCHOOL TEAMS 1946-1947

FOOTBALL TEAM

HOCKEY TEAM

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

SWIMMING TEAM

SENIOR BASKETBALL
BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE


Front Row: J. Catozzi, R. Montrose, Mr. Allison, I. Wilkie, Mr. Ball, G. Neely, L. Postovit.

HOUSE LEAGUE RUGBY CHAMPIONS
SOCCER

For the second successive year, the Trophy Craft Cup, emblematic of soccer supremacy in Western Ontario, again reposes among the trophies of W. C. I. A great deal of the credit for the team's excellent showing should go to Mr. Young, for it was his coaching and advice during games and practices that kept the fellows on the mark. Credit should also be given for the spirit shown by the fellows during the games. At times their playing looked pretty ragged, but when they had to play hard to win, they gave everything they had.

In the fight for W. S. S. A. honours, the Senior team played nine games, two each against four other schools in the city and one sudden death game against Patterson for the city championship. Of the eight games, W. C. I. lost one and tied one, to top the league with thirteen points. Walkerville won the W. S. S. A. championship by defeating Patterson 1-0; Pollard got the only goal in the first few minutes of play. The fine defensive work of the Walkerville backs and goalie stopped all the Patterson attempts to score. In the W. O. S. S. A. semi-finals, the Tartans went to Chatham to play C.V.I. Chatham tallied their goal in the fourth minute of play and held off all W. C. I. attacks until the last two minutes of play, when Puioli scored on a high looping shot. There was no scoring at the end of regulation time and four more five minute overtime periods had to be played. Play was finally called because of a combination of fog and darkness that had fallen over the field, obscuring the vision of players, spectators and referees alike. Because only two substitutes were allowed most members of the team played the full eighty minutes in what was, for them, their hardest game. The next day Chatham played at Walkerville. The Chathamites again scored in the first few minutes of play, but a shot by Keyes tied up the game. Stanko and Welsh made certain of victory when they forced the goalie and ball into the net.

The Tartans won the W. O. S. S. A. championship with an easy 6-0 victory over the same Hanover team that they played last year. The team that played at London lined up with Bill White in goal, Ian Main and Andy Inchowich as fullbacks; Gerry Neely, Ed Skarbek and Mike Kozna at the halfback positions; Stephen Wister, Earl Keyes, George Irimescu, Joe Stanko and Chas. Pollard on the forward line, George Puioli and Art Wilson were the alternates.
JUNIOR BOYS' CITY TENNIS

Last year, for the first time officially, Windsor's secondary schools had a city tennis rivalry created, under the auspices of the Jackson Park Tennis Association. With their assistance and the use of their courts in Jackson Park each school presented a tennis team. However, it may be added, that the tournament was open to any boy of 18 and under, whether he was going to school or not; thus acquiring it a city-wide tournament. Walkerville boys took full honours in both singles and doubles.

Stuart Musgrave won the singles championship after many games of keen and closely contested play. Then Musgrave doubled up with Fred Clarke and defeated Stuart Johnston and Alex Adsnett after a very close match of, 8-6, 6-4. It may be noted that even the finalists besides the champs in the doubles were from Walkerville. There's no stopping Walkerville once they get on the march.

Next summer the school hopes to send a tennis team to compete in the W.O.S.S.A. tennis meet held at London. More power to you boys.

A is for Alex who writes you this poem.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Although suffering from the loss from last year's W.S.S.A. championship squad of such stars as Frank Marchand, Jack Newby and Glenn Gilliland, the team did justice to its coach, Mr. Allison, and the school.

The squad had tough luck against several strong teams in pre-season exhibitions, but they started the regular schedule with an upset over a supposedly superior Kennedy five. Then followed two hard fought games with the Raiders and the Panthers, which the quintet dropped. Pitted against Riverside, the Tartans rallied to keep in the race by defeating the continuation school boys by score of 36-34. Having a 50% average as they came in contact with the Spartans, the fighting five lost a thriller to the league leaders. At this point the fellows, with their backs to the wall, put forth a drive which swept St. Joe's and Tech from their path, and thus captured the fourth play-off spot. Against the strong Sandwich squad in the semi-final, Walkerville lost out in a hard fought game which really showed the fighting stuff in our fellows.

All the players on this year's squad worked hard, showing team play rather than individualism. Points scored were usually well distributed.

Andy Inchowich a hard fighting forward up from the Juniors did very well this year, and is a promising star for next year.

Mike Kozma another forward from the Juniors, where he started with his sharp eye and one hand shot, came through to add a big lift to the squad. Unfortunately he will not be with us next year.

Bill Meek a forward and hold-over from last year's W.S.S.A. championship squad, played as usual, capturing rebounds for a number of points.

Alex Bondar was an outstanding, tricky guard, helping the team along with his steady play. He will be back next year.

Leo Postovit back from last year's squad, directed the team on the floor as Captain. He also will be back next year.

Buck Tustanosky our tallest player, was in there fighting and using his height to advantage. He will be back.

Tony Techco up from last year's junior's, sprained his ankle in a pre-season practice, but returned later to add a helping hand and gain experience for next year.

Mike Kozma, Leo Postovit and Alex Bondar were given all-city mention. With nearly all these seasoned players coming back, next year's team promises to make a bright showing.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

With only two players left from last year's squad, Mr. Young found it necessary to rebuild his team and concentrate on giving the green players the experience that will make a winning team next year. This dearth of experienced players and the concentration on players who will be eligible for the '47 season accounted for the team's finishing the season in fifth place with two wins and five losses. High point-getters for the Juniors were Chuck Verme with 43 points, Ed. Schepansky with 30 points and Gil Robinson with 24 points.

In line with this policy of giving players more experience, a Junior "B" team was formed, composed of boys not quite good enough to make the Junior team but who will be Juniors again next year. In games against other collegiates and senior public school teams, the Bees won six games and lost two.
HOCKEY

For the first time in six years, a W.C.I. hockey team did not win either a W.S.S.A. or W.O.S.S.A. championship. Although the team was composed mainly of those players who were on last year's W.O.S.S.A. team, they had a hard time getting started this year and the loss of two such high-scoring players as Earl Keyes and Harry Marchand to the Spitfires left a big hole in the team.

During the first half of their 8-game schedule, the team won one game and tied one. In the second half they played a much better brand of hockey. Although they lost the opener 5-4 to Vocational, the team rallied in the last period to score 4 goals and come within an ace of upsetting the league leaders. The next game against Kennedy saw the most exciting finish of a school game that we have seen in a long time. With 5 minutes of play left in the last period and the score tied 2-2, Kennedy scored a goal that gave them a 3-2 lead and, so it seemed, the game. However, Mr. Kline, in a do-or-die attempt at victory, replaced the goalie with another forward. This strategy paid off as MacPhee tied the score and then, with 30 seconds of play left, McBride got the counter that gave Walkerville the game. It was truly a remarkable finish and the fellows played inspired hockey for, with no goalie and with one man in the penalty box, they still managed to score two goals. In the next game against Assumption, Clarke and Cipparoni counted two quick goals in the first five minutes and Walkerville was never headed. A third period goal by McBride gave the Tartans a 3-1 win. In the last game of the regular schedule, Patterson held Walkerville to a 2-2 tie with Cipparoni getting both of Walkerville's goals. This ended the season for Walkerville because a win was required in order to gain the last play-off position.

With nearly all the players of this year's squad returning next year, Walkerville should have a winning team.

Members of this year's team were, Sale in goal, Bob Allison, Lynn, Arbuckel, and Cipparoni on defence; Livingston, Switzer, Clarke, MacPhee, Don Allison, McBride, Fred Cooper, Musgrave, Gilmore, Matecuiik, Spakovsky, Ken Cooper and H. Farrow.

Our Boys' Athletic representative in charge of hockey, George Chin, assisted with the team and acted as a linesman at all the W.S.S.A. games.

Mr. Bull (telling a story): “Bill and Bob crept noiselessly into the old haunted house when all of a sudden the clock struck one.”

Bill Gibbs—“Which one did it strike?”

Ruth rode on my cycle car,
Directly back of me.
I struck a bump at fifty-five
And rode on ruthlessly.

Three fifth formers discussing a pretty member of the class—
“She calls me ‘Gus’.”
“She calls me ‘Remmie’.”
“She calls me when she’s lonesome.”

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“Yes, she sings merely to kill time.”
“Well, she certainly has a wonderful weapon.”

Safety first—Stop, Look and Listen!—before making a dangerous crossing in the halls.

Bill—Gee, I hope Mr. McLeod doesn’t read out our Botany marks.

Rod—Don’t worry, yours will be so low no one will hear it anyway.

When Chuck K. was asked what he thought of the ladies’ brief bathing suits he replied:

“Why I never gave it a second thought. I’m too busy with the first one yet!”

Nancy Steele—“Mr. Beckley, what does ‘Jei vous aime beaucoup’ mean?”

Mr. Beckley—“I love you.”

Nancy Steele—“Mr. Beckley, it’s so sudden and you a married man!”

Don—“Say, you know I’ve got a pen that writes under water.”

Ian—“That’s nothing, I can type ‘underwood’.”

Joe—“Do you believe in clubs for women?”

Rod—“Yes, but only when kindness fails.”

Falstaff states: “T.B. or not T.B., that is the conjestion. Consumption be done about it? Of corpse, of corpse.”

Rita: Marilyn has another new suit to-day.
Marg: Yes, it’s the one I bought last week.

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