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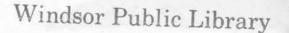
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Local History

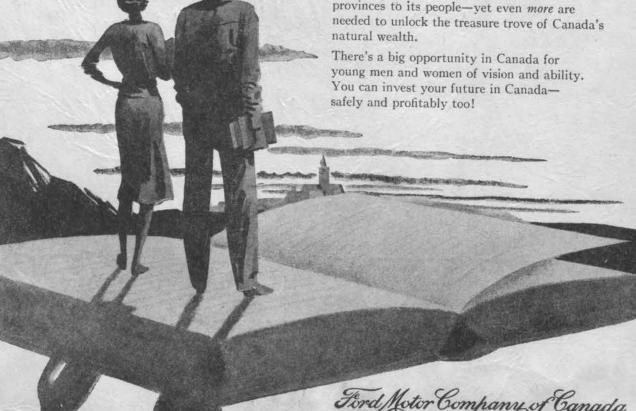
NOT TO BE TAKEN



These are important years—days of decision when you will determine your future.

Today in a world troubled by confusion and shifting values, what sign stands out as a guide on which you can take a bearing now for the future?

Look at the Canada about you—here is a nation that in the past ten years has added nearly the equivalent of our three Prairie provinces to its people—yet even *more* are needed to unlock the treasure trove of Canada's natural wealth.



The Patrician

JUNE, 1952

Local History

Windsor Public Library



Che Patterson Collegiate Institute
Windsor - Ontario

As was the case in previous years, this year's Patrician has been made possible through the efforts and time of many people. Let us not overlook this group of hardworking individuals who have tried their utmost to render a service to the students by presenting them with a Patrician which they hope will rank with the high standards set by former magazines of this school. One of the foremost to be commended on a job well done is the assistant editor, Sylvia Berk. Her ability in collecting and editing the articles was inestimable. In the business field Herb Brudner and his assistants did an excellent job in exceeding the amount of advertising they were asked to sell. With-

out this financial support the Patrician would be but a dream. Thanks also should go to Mr. Bowden and Mr. Mills for their counsel in the many difficulties that have arisen; to Mr. Newman for his despatch in taking the pictures for the Patrician; to Miss Long and her typists for the time they spent in neatly typing out the articles for us. These are only a few of the many people who worked to make this magazine possible. We sincerely hope that the 1952 Patrician will serve its purpose by bringing back to the readers many pleasant memories of the happy times spent here at Patterson.

ALBERT DEEP



"MEN IN THE MAKING"

Many students drag themselves into class every morning-eyes half closed, homework not done-with the firm conviction that they are going to continue their sleep during class hours. And so they slouch into their seats, their head's supported by their hands, and gaze into space waiting for the bell to ring signifying a change of classes. To them school is just a place to rest between weekends. They shirk responsibility—responsibility owed to their parents who work and save to send them through school; responsibility owed to their country for presenting them with the opportunities of obtaining an education. They adopt a carefree attitude. They are satisfied with putting forth the minimum effort and expect to receive the maximum benefit from their education. They are fooling no one but themselves. They are not reaping the benefits of a high school education but are, to speak the truth, merely wasting their time.

Naturally, the majority of people think that the aim of education is chiefly to pass examinations and to secure, if possible, a high school graduation diploma. Although this has some value in our immediate future, it is not the only or the most important reason for attending high school. Undoubtedly, a diploma will help us obtain a good job after graduation. Similarly, it is essential for those who wish to further their education at college. However, this is only the most apparent value of a high school education, not by any means the most important one.

Today at high school, if we are willing, we are able to develop good citizenship—to learn to live in harmony with the other fellow. We attain this through participation in the various school organizations including the Literary Society, the Drama Club, and all the athletic teams. In these organizations we work together as a team, tolerant of each other; and only by working together, striving for the same goal, can we hope to be fully equipped and ready to accept the responsibilities facing us when we enter modern society. Modern education allows us to practise good citizenship right in the schools. Through participation in school activities we obtain practical experience in performing our duties as citizens of a democratic nation. The chance to gain this experience should not be overlooked by high school students.

After graduating we are expected to have developed our cultural tastes so that we can enjoy a happy existence. Modern education again does much for the achievement of this goal. Through our intensive study of great authors we attain a greater appreciation of good literature. We become discriminating in our choice of books, and we no longer accept second or third rate books. By reading and studying the works of masters we soon are repelled by mediocre attempts at writing By reading only the good pieces of literature, mainly the classics, we raise our standards of living and purify our thoughts and views toward life. We gain a knowledge of the characters who symbolize the different types of personalities in the world. We know the type we admire and we strive to follow the standards they set. In this way we better ourselves and civilization. We cannot sleep through literature class, or any class for that matter, and hope to have such cultural tastes as would rank us educated in the eyes of other men.



MR. G. E. MARSHALL

THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

It is a pleasure for me once again to write a brief message for the Patrician. First, however, I should like to congratulate and thank the Editor, his assistants, the staff advisers and all who have contributed in any way to the production of our school magazine.

This school year has been an unusual one in that we have had many changes in the staff. It is with sadness we recall the untimely passing of Miss Helena Coyle, who served faithfully and well for many years in this school. Miss Rhea Hancock has been on leave of absence on a scholarship for advanced study in France. Mr. J. S. Mencet resigned during the year to enter the business world. Mrs. L. Kitts and Mr. J. H. Cameron have been away for some time on account of illness. All have been greatly missed, although we have been fortunate in obtaining capable substitutes to carry on their work.

As the end of the school year is rapidly drawing near I should like to wish all students success in the final examinations. Consistent work throughout the year pays well. Depending on intensive study at the end does not. Examinations are after all a good test for life, for one has to use judgment, common sense and knowledge.

To those who will be graduating soon, may I just remind you that education is a continuing process. It is not a destination, but a journey upon which one is ever travelling. You will be going out to a very challenging world. It will demand of your best, but it will be highly rewarding in satisfaction if you give your best. I trust you have learned many things at this school which will help you, and I wish you well in whatever you may undertake.

G. E. MARSHALL

We at school should try to use our high school education to the best advantage by adopting a healthy attitude towards its purpose and by taking advantage of the opportunities offered. What will become of the students who dream away these opportunities? How will they be fitted to undertake their responsibilities as Canadian citizens? Pemember we are men in the making. The future upg rests in our hands.

Ford Mon

ALBER

PATTE



TEACHING STAFF

Back Row: H. Mills, R. O. Fraser, R. Cook, W. Culbert, J. E. Dawson, C. B. Hallam.

Third Row: B. A. Mennie, J. G. Stone, J. J. Bowden, R. W. Bass, J. K. Doran, A. J. Newman.

Second Row: J. R. Pentland, Miss C. Coughlin, Mrs. A. C. Liddell, Mrs. M. Lawson, Miss H. Long, Miss A. Adams, Miss L. Smith, Miss E. Gilham.

Front Row: Miss G. Wagg, Miss J. Whittle, Mrs. J. Palin, G. E. Marshall, W. J. Haydon, Miss A. Strump, Miss J. Gregory.

THE SPORTS QUESTION

With the great growth in wealth and size of our universities and the correspondingly great expansion of college athletics, an ever-increasing amount of attention has become-focused on questions such as these: "How valuable, in reality, are highly-competitive sports and to what extent should they be emphasized?" Whatever our personal interest in sports, we must recognize that any issue which affects our universities, vitally affects us all, and therefore, demands from us our serious consideration.

Before we can intelligently evaluate the criticisms levelled at college sports, we must have before us a picture of those things for which sport professes to stand. The highest ideals have traditionally been embodied in our conception of sport, and rightly so. Fairness, co-operation, perseverance—all those qualities we admire most in life—are put to the test by sport, where they show themselves clearly and dramatically. Thus, to the youth of each generation, sport provides training in the requirements of good citizenship. Although it would be folly to suppose that athletics alone can build character, it is undeniable that they can extend and intensify those desirable tendencies already strong within the individual.

These are aims that athletics should accomplish on the college level, as on all others. If they have not succeeded there, the blame may well be centred on a single trend—the widespread over-emphasis on winning. It is this which has converted athletics into big business, and in so doing, damaged much that was best in them.

For example, no real sense of sportsmanship is possible when the alumni and fans demand that the home team its opponents by overwhelming scores. Of nfair tactics are not encouraged or condones.

strong that the team as a whole may accept actions which its individual members would deem unsportsmanlike. Nor can any real feeling of team spirit be roused under such circumstances. The stakes are too high, the atmosphere too tense to permit the spontaneous reaction that could arise if the outcome of the game did not entail such awesome consequences. And what happens to the outlook of the young man subjected to four years of the "Dear old Pennsygan never loses!" type of philosophy? Will he find the attitude that it is shameful to lose an asset in his future life?

Still more harmful is the distortion of educational values which this over-emphasis forces upon students. The enormously perfected skills required for varsity competition are gained at the expense of hundreds of hours of schooling. Even the good marks sometimes achieved by athletes are not evidence that nothing has been lost, for marks alone cannot be taken as an authentic criterion of college success. Just as important are the lectures, concerts and extra reading which the student is made to forego, and which are integral parts of any higher education.

It is obvious, then, that the college freshman of athletic ability is faced with two grim alternatives: either to concentrate on sports at the sacrifice of most other activities, or to pursue a broad programme at the sacrifice of serious athletic ambitions. He has entered college with the theoretical privilege of taking advantage of all the activities in which he is interested; of including in his programme everything that contributes to the making of an intelligent, mature person. In view of this, can it be fair to make him choose between sports and a broad education?

SYLVIA BERK

THE COLLEGIATE COUNCIL



COLLEGIATE COUNCIL

From Left to Right—
Front Row: Sally Wigle, John Zangari, George Wortley, Nancy Deep, Doran McTaggart, Ruth Clark, Bill Jemison, Ron Fordham, Marcy Clair.
Middle Row: Donald McTaggart, Albert Deep, Beverley Dykes, Maylene Lenardon, Connie Arnold, Barbara Clair, Silvia Yevremov, Peter Grant, Fred
Sorrell.

Back Row: Emil Posiluyko, Margaret Harrison, Lillie Levko, Jo-Anne Turner, Walter Armes, Corinne Degree, Barbara Moore, Carol Kolko, Marilyn O'Shea.

Absent-Michael Hewson, Harold Robinson, Barbara Cleminson.

DEMOCRACY

Democracy — a vital thing in our lives — is only an empty meaningless word to many people in the world. These people have either had democracy at one time and lost it because of negligence or have never known it because they were and still are suppressed by the many existing isms. These people serve as a striking example of what could happen in our own democratic Canada.

As the understanding of democracy is a vital factor in the lives of every citizen, a form of parliamentary government has been instituted in many organizations, particularly in the secondary schools across Canada. It is here that parliamentary procedure is put into actual practice.

The Collegiate Council of P. C. I. could be called a little government which insures opportunity and justice to every student activity. Each class is represented by a

president of its own choice and the various committees needed for proper functioning of the "government" are also represented. The Head Boy and Head Girl alternate at being "Prime Minister" and they, along with the secretary and treasurer make up the executive. The principal, Mr. Marshall, and the sponsor teachers, Miss Gregory and Mr. Bass, make up the "senate" which skilfully guides us into the right channels of thought when we go astray. Meetings are held on the first Wednesday of every month and problems from finances to school dances are discussed. Any student interested in the function of his school is allowed to attend the meetings.

In this use of government procedure we are continually being made aware of the similar procedure in our democratic way of life, and are therefore becoming better citizens.

MARCY CLAIR

THE PATRICIAN STAFF



THE PATRICIAN STAFF
Back Row: Mr. Bowden, Anne Howard, Linda Heath, Erlein Logan, Pat Hirst, Eleanor Horne, Rosie Friedman, Mr. Mills.
Front Row: Barbara Patterson, Frances Dziadura, Albert Deep, Sylvia Berk, Herb Brudner, Lois Smith.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Albert Deep
Sylvid berk
Nancy Birchard
Robert Dell
Anne Howard
Linda Heath
Erleine Logan
Pat Hirst
Barbara Patterson
addad, Natalie Kasurak
den, Mr. A. F. Newman,
H. Mills

Business Manager Frances Dziadura
Advertising Manager Herb Brudner
Assistant Advertising Agents — Barbara Clair, Nancy
Birchard, Rosie Friedman, Linda Heath, Anne Howard,
Eleanor Horne, Pat Wilkes, Carl Cohen, Sylvia Berk,
Albert Deep.

Typists under the direction of Miss Long—Dorothy Atkin, Gail Barnes, Connie Brien, Enid Buchan, Marilyn Busher, Doris Charbonneau, Sylvia Chase, Carol Collins, Ruth Clark, Doreen DeSalliers, Irene Fazekas, Florence Fotynuk, Priscilla Hesman, Joan Kerr, Maylene Lenardon, Joyce Marchum, Beverley McLaughlin, Marjorie Menzies, Joan Mitchell, Rheva Naftolin, Betty Newby, Natalie Newman, Joanne Parent, Marlene Patterson, Hazel Reay, Pat Robinson, Jane St. Onge, Barbara Shust, Nellie Simmons, Dorothy Stringer, Ruth Szychta, Frances Voroscink, Shirley Woods, Alice Zasitko, Alfred Beitler, Harold Fox, Peter Smith.

HEAD GIRL



RUTH CLARK

This vivacious dark-haired girl has taken part in almost every organization in P. C. I. It is a common sight to see her dash from a Collegiate Council meeting, to volleyball, basketball, track or swimming practice and then to a staff meeting of some sort. Because of these many activities and a striking personality, Ruth Clark was the natural choice for Head Girl of 1951-52. Judging from her success in this school we can be sure she will be successful in the teaching profession.

HEAD BOY



DORAN McTAGGART

A persuasive man with school spirit, initiative, and many friends. His easy going manner and pleasant personality have won him much popularity and have led to his being Head Boy. His esprit de corps has made him much in demand at all school gatherings. As Head Boy he innovated the two giee clubs as new school organizations. He is at a active member of the Drama Club. Next year he will transfer his talents to Normal School where we are certain he will be a success.



ERNIE ARCHAMBAULT:
App.—Happy-go-lucky
W. or D.—To pass Math.
F.S.—Oh, well, who liked Physics anyway?
1962—Physicist



SHEILA BOYDEN:
App.—Composed
W. or D.—To meet a Maharajah.
F.S.—When I was in India
1962—Belle of Bombay



BOB ARLEIN:
App.—Quiet
W. or D.—To make the Maple Leafs
F.S.—Well, I don't know
1962—Scorekeeper for Canadiens



BILL BROWN:

App.—Guilty
W. or D.—Who knows?
F.S.—"Seven ball" in the side pocket
1962—Brown's Pool Room



BEVERLEY BALDWIN:
App.—Winsome
W.or D.—To make Y TEENS a school
subject
F.S.—I was talking to Mrs. Kitts, Miss
Adams
1962—Teacher



JOE BURKE:

App.—Breezy
W. or D.—To make that winning basket
F.S.—Do you know what time I got to
bed last night?
1962—Assumption's timekeeper



BOB BAXTER:

App.—Nonchaiant
W. or D.—To escape the draft
F.S.—Hey, fellas, you wanna know a
good joke?
1962—Milton Berle II



BOB CARLE:
App.—Slick
W. or D.—To have Christmas 365 days
a year
F.S.—Where's the mistletoe?
1962—(Ab)normal



GREGORY BONDY:

App.—Reserved
W. or D.—Sleep
F.S.—Forgot my Latin book
1962—Rip Van Winkle II



DIXIE CHAMP:

App.—Angelic
W. or D.—Boy-oh-boy
F.S.—Oh, that's silly
1962—Tut, tut, class



JACK BOYCE:
App.—Reserved
W. or D.—To hitch a ride to school
F.S.—How come?
1962—Teaching little ones.



JACK CHISHOLM:
App.—Rugged
W. or D.—Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa
F.S.—We don't want girls in our Glee
Club
1962—Accounting (little ones?)



MARCY CLAIR:

App.—Wholesome
W. or D.—To be pivot girl
F.S.—Come on, kids, let's square dance
1962—Now, now kiddies



GORDON DICKSON:

App.—Intellectual
W. or D.—To make a cool million
F.S.—I practically failed—only 99 9/10
percent
1962—Osgoode Hall, here I come!



MARY CLARKE:
App.—Tall and stately
W. or D.—Ten tall men
F.S.—It can be done
1962—Nursing



BEVERLEY DYKES:

App.—Pretty and pleasant
W. or D.—To join the WRENS
F.S.—Pretzels!!!
1962—Advertising executive



REMO COPAT:

App.—Irresistible

W. or D.—A two-day school week

F.S.—Seven come eleven

1962—Remo's Spaghetti House



JOHN FINN:
App.—Suave
W. or D.—Another Arthur Murray
F.S.—Anyone for a Tango?
1962—Engineering



JAMES CROOKS:
App.—Strictly Irish
W. or D.—To kiss the Blarney Stone
F.S.—Begarral I got the answerl
1962—Growing Irish potatoes



LEO FINNIGAN:
App.—Conventional
W. or D.—To write better on the board
in French
F.S.—Forty bucks a week and all you
can eat
1962—Chemist



DICK DAVIS:

App.—He-man type
W. or D.—To have elevator shoes made
for a certain Miss "S"
F.S.—This is still my last year
1962—Professor of Figure-nometry



RON FORDHAM:

App.—Devilish
W. or D.—Girls
F.S.—I'll put your little pencil in the
finger sharpener
1962—Manager of Loblaw's



NANCY DEEP:

App.—Intriguing
W. or D.—To win the Pulitzer Prize
F.S.—To be or not to be
1962—Journalism



ELAINE FRANKHAM:

App.—Mischievous and mysterious
W. or D.—To have steam heated igloos
F.S.—Now where I come from . . .
1962—Busy with Chippendale and Duncan Fyfe

Key: App.-Appearance, W. or D.-Weakness or Desire, F.S.-Favourite Saying,



CHRISTINA FRASER:

App.—Jovial

W. or D.—To be called Christin--a F.S.—Could it be that . . 1962—English teacher



JAMES JOHANSON:

App.—Meek
W. or D.—To save the world
F.S.—Come to the C. F.
1962—Preacher



SHEILA GOW:

App.—Sweet W. or D.—To buy clothes at Smith's F.S.—Why don't you go home and study, "D" 1962—Florence Nightingale



NATALIE KASURAK:

App.—Perky W. or D.—To graduate F.S.—Did the second bell ring yet? 1962—Quiet, class!



JANICE HADDAD:

App.—Pert
W. or D.—To be a grown up "Junior
Miss"
F.S.—Susan's got two teeth now
1962—Junior Mrs. ???



KATIE KLINGER:

App.—Lilting W. or D.—To travel F.S.—Oh, gee whizl 1962Attending H. & S. meetings



TOMMY HOFFMAN:

App.—Lean and lanky
W. or D.—A car that runs
F.S.—We'll get out of Glencoe yetl
1962—Owner of a Cadillac



MOLLY MAGUIRE:

App.—Stylish W. or D.—Not to blow up in Chemistry F.S.—I bet Patterson beats Walkerville, Ed 1962—Lab technician



SYLVIA HOLOVACI:

App.—Energetic
W. or D.—Women members of parliament
F.S.—Is he comin'?
1962—Attention Classl



MARILYN MARCHUM:

App.—Casual W. or D.—Which twin gets "Tony" F.S.—Pretty sharp, eh? 1962—Singing her way through Normal



BILL JEMISON:

App.—Jaunty
W. or D.—To have ash trays on the school desks
F.S.—All righteel
1962—Class dismissed



ARNOT McCALLUM:

App.—Carefree and cute
W. or D.—To be future manager of
Foodland
F.S.—Your time is my time, "J"
1962—Flying over the wide blue
yonder

Key: App.-Appearance, W. or D.-Weakness or Desire, F.S.-Favourite Saying,



BOB MIDDLETON:

App.—Dazzling
W. or D.—To fly low over the Highlands
F.S.—Sure I'll sing
1962—Singing schoolmaster



DON TODD:
App. Dreamy
W. or D.—Mattress tester
F.S.—Buy me a frostbite, killer
1962—Still sleeping



ELEANOR NUSSIO:
App.—Artistic
W. or D.—To have pull with a certain
dentist
F.S.—Not another poster!
1962—Lab technician



HAROLD WAGENBURG:
App.—Sharp
W. or D.—To meet a "real peach"
F.S.—Peut-on
1962—M.D.



IRVING ORDOWER:
App.—Ruffled
W. or D.—TV or not TV
F.S.—Testing, 1, 2, 3
1962—Radio announcer



SALLY WIGLE:
App.—Demure
W. or D.—To administer Max's business
F.S.—How do you say it in Polish?
1962—Business administrator



DON PARSONS:
App.—Athletic
W. or D.—To play the field
F.S.—I'm taking too many subjects
1962—Pharmacist?



GEORGE WORTLEY:

App.—Reliable
W. or D.—To have his own car wash
service
F.S.—People will say we're going
steady, Ruth
1962—Head man



JOEL PHELPS:
App.—Deceiving
W. or D.—To have blocking allowed on
basketball floor
F.S.—Now, now, Coach
1962—Ford Trade School



JOHN ZANGARI:

App.—Dignified
W. or D.—To win his point
F.S.—I don't think that's right
1962—Still arguing



ANNE SMITH:
App.—Sporty
W. or D.—To make the boys' football team
F.S.—Oh, Sam
1962—Medicine



Key: App.-Appearance, W. or D.-Weakness or Desire, F.S -Favourite Saying,

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THE CITY OF WINDSOR, 1952

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Assistant Business Administrator J. DOWER

WINDSOR SCHOOLS EXCEL

LITERARY

THE PAY-OFF

Dave wandered about the streets aimlessly, piecing the events together which had changed his whole life. It seemed impossible that, in three days, so much had taken place in his usually dull, ordinary life. Only last Wednesday he had been sitting in the dressing-room after practice when he heard his friend Bob say:

"Come on, Dave. If we are going to take our girls

out tonight we will have to hurry.'

"Big joke," thought Dave bitterly, "I haven't even enough money for busfare." He muttered some excuse to his friend and went home alone to his rooming-house. How he wished he was rich like many of his friends in college. Then he surely could show his girl a nice evening once in a while. He could even send some money home to his parents who certainly could use the extra "cash."

"Idle thinking and wishing," he thought as he unlocked the door and entered the lonely room. He began to prepare his supper when the phone rang shrilly and inter-

rupted his day-dreaming.

"I want to see you, Dave," said a manly voice on the other end of the line. "Could you come to my apartment tomorrow. My name is John Harris. I am an alumnus of the other college in town."

Dave was puzzled but promised to come. He ate his supper quietly and went to bed for he was tired from his

strenuous basketball practice.

All through school the following day, Dave puzzled over his mysterious phone call. At last it was four o'clock and he rushed to his appointment. He felt quite important as he entered the elaborate building where Mr. Harris lived, and somehow he felt that he belonged in a place like this. He rang the bell after much hesitation

and was admitted into a luxurious apartment.

"Let's get down to business," said Harris sternly as Dave sat down in a comfortable chair. "I understand you are an unusually good basketball player. I have a proposition for you son," he continued before Dave had a chance to answer. "You know the big game is this Saturday night in which your school plays Cornell College. I want you to play the worst game of your life. Oh, don't look so shocked my boy. You will be paid well, you see." He opened his wallet and withdrew two one hundred dollar bills which he thrust toward Dave. Dave sat very still trying to comprehend what was taking place. It seemed like a movie-story, utterly absurd, and yet, here it was happening to him. He had never seen so much money in his entire life but he could not bring himself to touch it. Mr. Harris saw that he had stunned the boy, so he said,

"You think it over, son, and give me your answer tomorrow."

Somehow or other Dave managed to arrive home and sat up all night trying to decide what to do. He knew in his heart it was wrong to take the money but he needed it so much. He also knew that such an opportunity would never come his way again. It was nearly dawn when he decided to accept the bribe for the temptation was too great for his lonely heart.

"You win, sir," he said on the phone an hour later to Mr. Harris, "I will play a rotten game to-morrow night."

"Fine, fine my boy," was the spontaneous reply, "you come for your money anytime after the game. You will deserve it, I'm sure."

As Dave hung up the phone, a wave of nausea washed over him and he returned to bed for the rest of the morning. He did not want to go to school anyway because he was ashamed to face the rest of the team. He knew for certain that when he played poorly in the game, his school would lose the championship. It was a dreadful feeling to hate yourself and Dave was going through his own "little hell." He remained in his room all day and finally fell into an exhausted sleep by nine o'clock in the evening.

When he awoke the sun was shining brightly and noises of another busy day drifted through the window. He felt rested and happy until the thought of the precious day flashed back into his brain. He tried to imagine having two hundred dollars all to himself but he found no pleasure in it. He got up, ate a little breakfast and went to the

school for the final practice.

"All ready for the game," yelled Bob to him, as he

entered the gym.

"Yes, sure," he murmured quickly and escaped to the dressing-room and put on his uniform. The practice was a good, stimulating one and he felt better as he worked well with his team-mates. After it ended he went to the restaurant with the boys and listened to their boastful chatter about the all-important game. He finally excused himself and went for a long walk to try to ease his aching conscience. Now, here he was walking the streets trying hard to solve his problem but there seemed to be no solution. Before he realized it, it was after five o'clock. He rushed home for a quick supper and after a bath and shave he left for the school.

How ashamed he felt as he ran on to the floor with his team-mates at nine o'clock that evening. The eager cheer ing of the fans swelled loudly as the boys went through their "warm-ups." Dave saw his parents clad in poor clothes as they sat in the stands but their faces beamed with pride as they watched him on the floor. Even his girl-



friend sat with them and she flashed him an encouraging smile as he glanced her way. At last the game began, with each team battling to the best of its ability—all except one—at half-time the score was 26-37 for Cornell College and the disheartened fans saw the championship slipping away. Again at three quarter time the score was 52-36 with Cornell still winning. But the game was not yet over and Dave's team put up a spectacular fight to creep up within two points of their rivals. It warmed Dave's heart to see the unflinching courage of his teammates and he vowed that for the remainder of the game he would do his best despite the consequences.

"The heck with the money," he thought as he sunk the tying basket and the cheers that filled the gym were like sweet music to his ears. At last he was free of the gnawing guilt that possessed him and he scored the winning basket to make up for lost time.

After the game the fans rushed on to the floor and Dave was surrounded by admirers. He saw only the proud look in his parents' eyes, however, as they hugged him fondly.

"A game well played son," said his father proudly and at that minute Dave learned something that even some adults have yet to learn—money alone cannot bring happiness to you. It is faith in yourself and faith others have in you that really count in life.

"I will report the inner-school gambling to-morrow," he thought firmly. "Come on Grace," he called to his girl-friend, "let's go out and celebrate a job well done."

PATTY CHAPMAN

MORNING LANDSCAPES

The low haunting cry of a lonesome loon, pouring out his soul in the wilderness down, echoed and re-echoed across the bosom of the northern lake. No other sound could be heard save the occasional murmuring of the lake, or the movements of the woodfolk in front of their nests or dens, deep in the gloom of the forest pines.

Over the face of the eastern sky a few golden rays from the rising sun groped their way, slowly and silently, above the ever-changing horizons. Presently, a cool breeze sprang up, driving the autumn leaves before it. In the light of the fading moon the gently swaying branches of the trees cast fitful shadows upon my upturned face.

I saw new beauty in the barren windswept shore. Before me lay the old, gray lake, indistinct in the haze and vapours which arose, ever and again. Behind me was the sharp outline of the northland forest, broken only by the sudden gleam of my blazing campfire.

As the morning dawned, the fresh and beautiful features of the country gradually disclosed themselves. One by one they seemed to wake up, shaking off the night and mist, to scatter smiles and fragrance all along the road. There was the river breaking into sparkling life, and flowing cheerfully away, as if it had been pent up and worried all the night, and was glad to feel the warm sun once more. There were farm-houses, cozy hay-ricks close behind them, and fowls spreading out their wings, and, with many a light and nimble effort, shaking off their drowsiness. There was the green corn waving, and the gray clouds melting in the silver sunshine along the hills before us. At last, there was the heart of the country itself with the beautiful hills, rising in long and shadowy tiers one above the other, and the brown foliage of its woods, and the blackened stumps of many a tough old tree, and broader plains and ten thousand things besides. ROLAND ANGUS

HUMOUR

What is the formula of this gentle, warming light called humour? Wherein lies its wondrous power to create sunny laughter, and thus elevate man above the grief and wounds of life?

First, and foremost humour is not comedy; the latter, it seems to me, is but an absence of humour. The comedian laughs loudly at the world, and at us, the people in it. But in all his laughter, there is nothing more than the empty roar of a foal, the re-echoing noise of a vacuum. The essence of his art (if it deserves to be called such), is piercing mockery, malice, ridicule, and distortion of life. The humorist, on the other hand, is essentially a philosopher, in whom the qualities of understanding and forgiveness dominate. He knows so well, the human soul, the injustices and tragedies of life. He is basically discontented with the world. But, unlike the comedian, he does not laugh at, and is not laughed at in return; the humorist laughs only with. His capacity to understand and forgive, is so great, that he cannot sneer or rebuke; but rather, he views the world from many sides, to discover the grain of humour which often lies buried in tragedy, and thus, to enable himself to sweeten sorrow with a gentle smile. Humour is not funny, but gently serenely serious. It is not loud and braying, but its stillness reaches everywhere, and penetrating the depths of the human heart, it draws light and laughter, into otherwise despairing eyes.

In its real form, humour is the very embodiment of truth. Humor reflects so realistically, all that is life: our conflicts and insecurities, strengths and shortcomings; dreams, triumphs and aspirations. The seeds of humour spring from the illogic of life; for in both, we found incongruously interwoven, joy and sorrow, tears and laughter. Through the veins of humour, the beating pulse of mankind resounds.

PEARL WOZGAR

THE DESERTED CAMP

I was the last to leave our camp; Alone I viewed the barren ground, The wood, the lake, the grasses damp With dew, and all the country 'round.

We called the hill our council ring, And there around the blazing fires The campers had been wont to sing, And tell their hopes and their desires.

A winding, beaten path led down Beside the gentle lake of blue, Now covered with a misty gown; But that scene was deserted, too.

Among the cedars was the place Of peace, where weary ones sought rest; And runners of this worldly race Found God, within a-chapel blest.

I turned away in silence, for These scenes had meant so much to me; I knew that they for evermore Would live again in memory.

RUTH HICKS

LAW OF THE MEAT

The moon was low in the West when a jackal suspiciously crept toward the still meat. As nothing halted his careful advance, other timid jackals came out and ravenously tore at the forsaken meat. Then as they were about to rip bloody fangs into the vanquished leopard, a cowardly hyena gave out a nerve-shaking howl of loneliness and hunger. The ever-suspicious scavenger-dogs, the detested of the jungle, vanished like false courage before the terrible tiger's cry of hunting on a moonless night.

Soon after, the cause of the ignominious flight of the gray wild-dogs entered the eventful glade. Carefully he tested the wandering night-wind, then boldly he pranced on nimble feet to the half-eaten prey. Slowly with his powerful jaws that could snap a man's leg off, he dragged the unresisting cat under a dark tree which could afford him excellent camouflage while he gulped down his illearned meat.

If his Jungle-trained ears had been sharper or the cold-blood rope-like spectre which was sliding down the silent tree, had rustled one tiny leaf; or showed one particle of herself in one of the light-patches which were few on the mighty hard-wood, the next scene of the drama would not have unfolded, as it did.

Her chance had come! The constricting coils of his powerful body were to play their part before the applauding Jungle Gods. With unholy silence and intent she moved down the towering giant; just as quickly she spread her length along a low overhanging branch. The doomed hyena looked around intently. Satisfied, he resumed his gorging.

Like a stray lightning bolt from the zenith she struck and inexorably crushed out his last miserable spark of life.

There had been other eyes watching the feeding hyena besides hers; angry eyes now when she seized her prey.

They waited patiently, with a patience only those born of the wild know, until she was completely out of her tree, and slowly swallowing the hapless hyena.

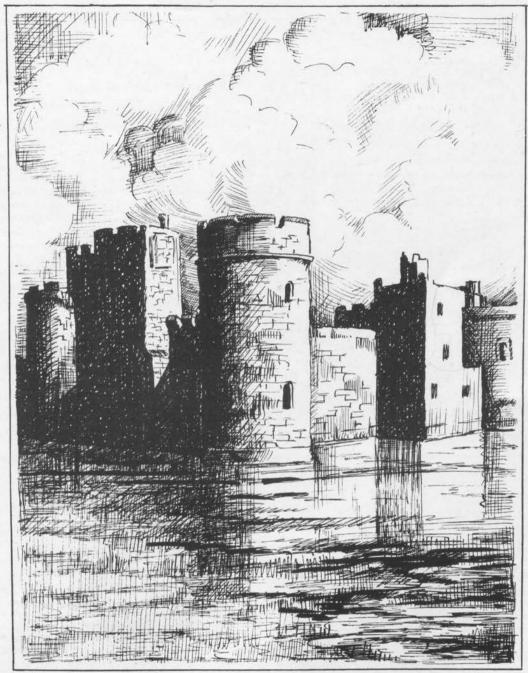
Like a plague of locusts they swarmed over her, fifty, or sixty strong, old, young, gray, brown and black night-mares flashed around and at her, teeth gleaming, hate-filled eyes flashing. She fought hard, her massive tail rising and falling, first with determination to get away, then desperation, and then despair, as her beautiful skin was slashed to ribbons by her fierce attackers.

She did take many with her, all ages, both sexes, but the old and wise baboon leader was satisfied. It had been one of the best meals they had had in a long time, a fat, juicy, large python, a just gorged hyena, and a half-eaten leopard. Yes, he mused to himself, he was satisfied!

BILL HOLDEN

PLAID

They took a strip of red
And bound it with azure thread;
Then gold and white . . .
Black, colours bright.
This way and that they wove the strands
With aged and expenienced hands;
And this is what one day they had:
A brilliant strip of Highland plaid.
SHIRLEY CAMPBELL



Towers in the Water

Eleanor Nussio.

SANDS

The sea in calmness lay, The shore caressed By sparkling rays, Spreading a wealth of Gold—a treasure too Infinite.

The angry howl engulfed
The helpless sea;
Petulant waves tossed
Upon a wind-swept,
Shapeless shore—
Those changing sands revealed.

Again the golden mass fell back,
Spent by the angry,
Defiant holocaust.
The sands regained
Their careless abandon.
I stood alone amidst the
Calm—my future read.
Intangible as these
Drifting grains—my Destiny
Unknown.

-L.S.M.
BEVERLEY DYKES



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PATTERSON AND PERSHING STUDENTS OBSERVE U. N. DAY TOGETHER

On Wednesday, October 24, the United Nations Day of 1951, a number of our senior students took part in a ceremony, the memory of which, I feel certain, will linger with them forever.

On the Ambassador Bridge, which links Canada and the United States, sixty students, representing two great nations, clasped hands over the border in warm friendship. Among us were Protestants, Catholics, and Jews; English, French and Slavs; yellow, black and white youth; who, all together, chatted, laughed, ate and learned. What better example need be found of the spirit of the U. N. in action!

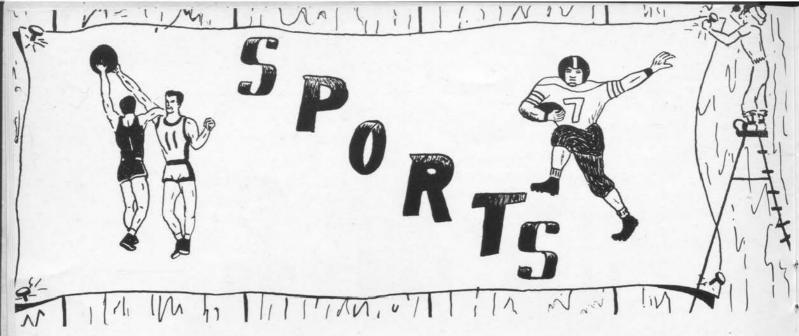
For the Patterson and Pershing students, that day was certainly packed to the brim with interest and activity. First we were taken in two buses, to the city hall, for a brief but inspiring address by Mayor Cobo. Our next stop was the WWJ Television studio, where we witnessed a special U. N. Day programme presented by a number of "new Americans," who had just recently left Poland, Latvia, Germany and Pakistan. (Incidentally, thank-you, Beverly Dykes, for so ably representing our Canadian group). By this time, everyone felt a bit hungry, and on reaching the International Institute, we certainly appreciated the delicious luncheon which had been prepared for us there. Following this, we were indeed honoured to hear from a number of individuals whose work had made possible the events of that day.

To describe the International Institute and the wonderful work that is being carried out in it, would, unfortunately, be impossible in this short space. However, the men and women carrying on this work have one lesson to teach us—that every human being has inherent worth; that we must defend the right of every individual to live and prosper, create and contribute to world civilization.

PEARL WOZGAR

SCHOLARSHIPS

The year of 1950-1951 proved to be a very prosperous one for a number of Patterson students. These people collected as the fruits of their endeavours a total of \$1,685 in scholarships and bursaries. To Donald Lever went the Col. Casgrain Chapter I.O.D.E. Bursary valued at \$150. William Dowdell received the John Askin Chapter I.O.D.E. Bursary for \$150. The Major Tilston V.C. Chapter I.O.D.E. Bursary went to Robert Hatheway. He also received the Dominion-Provincial Bursary for Normal School students and the Evelyn Garrett Prize and medal in English, making a total of \$475. Donald Crapper received the Col. A. S. Pearson Chapter I.O.D.E. Bursary for \$100. The University of Western Ontario Scholarship for general proficiency valued at \$250 and the Atkinson Bursary for \$175 went to Donald MacEwan. Stephen Kosar, who stood second in 10 papers in Essex County, received the Second Carter Scholarship valued at \$60. Another of the Dominion-Provincial Bursaries of \$100 for Grade XIII went to Sylvia Holovaci. Beverly Carson received the Navy League of Canada Bursary for \$150. The Patterson Hi-Y Bursary for \$50 was awarded to Jack Krutsch while the Patterson Y-Teens Bursary for \$25 went to Mary Jane Crow. In addition a number of medals for scholastic and leadership ability were awarded. To Donald Lever and Kay MacVicar went the People's Credit Jewellers Gold Medals for Grade XIII. The Alumni Medals were presented to Gordon Dickson and Beverly Dykes for Grade XII, and Albert Deep and Frances Dziadura for Grade XI. The Collegiate Council Prizes of \$5 each were presented as follows: English, Nancy Deep; History, Gordon Dickson; Latin, Mary Clarke; French, Molly Maguire; Geometry, Sylvia Holovaci; and Geography, Robert Arlein. The rewards for diligent work are great and these examples should prove as an incentive to the students to strive for high scholastic achievement.



SIXTH STRAIGHT W.O.S.S.A. CROWN TO PATTERSON COLLEGIATE

Through the years, Patterson's Basketball teams have stood out as outstanding opposition for any squad. The Senior cagers this year were no exception. Over the span of the season, they lost three games, two to Assumption and the other to Walkerville, these teams being their toughest opposition. These teams ended the regular season tied for first place, and in a play-off, Patterson seniors had to meet Walkerville on the Kennedy floor. The game was very close, but fast-breaking and accurate shooting by our squad won us a 55-48 decision and eliminated Walkerville. They then met Assumption for the W.S.S.A. title and came through with a 56-48 win. The team then journeyed to London and continued their wizardry by defeating their Border City rivals, Assumption again—this time 50-42 to win the W.O.S.S.A. championship. A week later they continued to the Ontario Tournament. Here they were finally stopped in the finals by a powerful Niagara Falls team 65-63. Even in losing, though, they showed themselves to be a group of outstanding athletes and fine competitors.

At the helm of the team for the last time, Mr. Mencel directed them through thick and thin and deserves more credit than it is possible to give him. The team and the school will miss greatly the man who coached the seniors to six successive W.O.S.S.A. championships. Leading the Seniors into action were Harold Newton, Tommy Grant, Don Parsons, Zeno Karcz and John Finch. Backing up these starting five were Joel Phelps, Tom Hoffman, Arnot McCallum, Jack Boyce, Fred Scheuerman and Bob Fletcher.

Also notable was the inclusion of two of Patterson's stars, Harold Newton and Tommy Grant on the All-City squad.

Next season Mr. Mencel will not been seen on the Patterson bench, but the maroon and white cagers will always remember him and do their best to run to seven their string of W.O.S.S.A. victories.

SECOND W.O.S.S.A. CROWN TO JUNIORS

The Junior Cagers of this year went through an undefeated season and proved themselves to be far superior to any opposition that faced them. They breezed through the regular schedule without too much of a challenge from any of the other schools and were never severely threatened except when they hit a mid-season slump. They carried their superb ability with them into the W.O.S.S.A. series and won the Junior Championship at London.

The squad was named the best ever assembled by Mr. Dawson, who again coached his hoopsters to their second straight W.O.S.S.A. championship. Mr. Dawson had good material to work with, but a great deal of credit must go to his constant aid and drilling of the boys. Leading the Juniors into action were such outstanding stars as Gary Weir, Eugene Dziadura, Neil MacEwan, Wilbert Ott and Warner Day.

Their smooth, precisioned team-work stood out throughout the season, and the scores piled up as shot after shot swished through the hoops, even from the most impossible angles. When substitution was needed, off the bench came such capable players as Sidney Borofsky, Ian Morgan, Fred August and George White.

I feel that this group of young players displayed qualities of sportsmanship and real ability which mark them as one of the greatest Junior teams ever produced at Patterson.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Although they were not successful in winning the city championships, the Senior Girls' Basketball team managed to play excellent basketball during a number of exciting games. They were defeated only four times during the entire season and each defeat was by a slim margin of one or two points. During these games the girls showed considerable athletic ability and fighting spirit. Had there been playoffs in the Girls' Basketball League this year, our girls would probably have made a very fine showing indeed

Included on the team were such good forwards as Ruth Clarke, Shirley Campbell, Barbara Clair, Dorothy Atkin, Sally Wigle, Dixie Champ, Jennie Walika, and Florence White. Judy Weber, Mary Clarke, Patty Chapman, Kay Gammon, Beverley Dykes, Sylvia Holovaci and Lois Smith also showed their athletic ability in guard positions. The team was very capably coached throughout the season by Miss G. Wagg.

HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: Ted Lawrance, Morgan Clark, Jack Chisholm, Mr. Cook (Coach), George Wortley, Irving Groh, Cunningham. Front Row: Bob Wilhelm, Ray Fletcher, Roland Angus, Ronald Ruta.









SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: Jack Chisholm, Anthony Moore, Mr. Pentland (Coach), Georg Chapman (Manager), Robert Middleton.

Middle Row: Eugene Rymar, Robert Carle, Ed Starr, Hugh Gillespie. Front Row: Don Grant, Wilbert Ott, George White, Tom Hoffman, Nick Klinger.

1951 TRACK TEAM

From Left to Right:
Back Row: Tom Grant, Zeno Karcz, Harold Newton, Morgan Clark.
Middle Row: Neil MacEwan, Eugene Dziadura, Don Grant, Sid Borofsky,
Gary Weir.
Front Row: Ron Lindsay, Tom Newton, Jack Wong, Hugh Murray.

SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Back Row: Dixie Champ, Pat Wilkes, Dorothy Atkin, Barbara Clair, Ruth Clark.

Front Row: Judy Weber, Shirley Campbell, Lois Smith, Jennie Walika, Miss Whittle (Coach).



1951 FOOTBALL TEAM

From Left to Right:
Fourth Row: Bcv. Carson, Bill Brown, Remo Copat, George Wortley, Ernie Archambault, Harold Newton, Dick Davis, Don Parsons, John Finch, Frank

Fourth Row: Bev. Carson, Bill Brown, Remo Copat, George Worliey, Ernie Archambach, Harold Newton, Bed Satts, Saladara, Selection Janosik, Ross Coyle, Luki Daniluk, Joel Phelps.

Third Row: Mr. Cook, Ron Ruta, Robert Fletcher, Zeno Karcz, Fred Scheuerman, Ron Fordham, Tom Grant, Eugene Dziadura, Neil MacEwan, Gerald

Bocchini. Second Row: Charles Malott, Paul Woodman, Paul Almond, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Newman, Morgan Clark, Mike Melega, Dick Patterson. First Row: Robert Fulford, Murray Joffe, Edwin Lewis, Tom Newton, John Baytaluk, Roger Sadler, Bill Wilhelm.

FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS

The Patterson Collegiate Football Team of 1951 has been rated as one of the most powerful squads ever developed in the city of Windsor. The Panthers had an excellent offensive and defensive record and went through a fine season with a mark of 11 victories and no defeats. Under the able coaching of Mr. Newman Patterson players swept through the series with a decisive attack, leaving all arch rivals to wonder at their unbelievable scoring power.

Tom Grant, the captain and quarterback, handled the team with the graceful poise of a seasoned professional. Grant, who had terrific speed and ability, was the team's passer and signal caller. Zeno Karcz was a number one plunger and pass receiver on a team that was offensively minded. Karcz, one of the best defensive backs in the circuit, was fundamental to the team's success. Harold Newton, who has gained much renown in Western Ontario as a natural athlete, displayed all-round ability on the gridiron which will never be forgotten.

Remo Copat, a great tackler, spear-headed a solid line that sparkled with ability and experience. His efforts were invaluable and his courage and determination inspired the rest of the team. George Wortley and Don Parsons, two All-Star linemen, took a back seat to no one in this great star-studded lineup. These men had the experience to back up their abilities, and experience is a must to any championship team.

Big "Moose" Davis, Frank "Shoulders" Janosik, Joel "Killer" Phelps, and Ernie Archambeault rounded out the line which was probably the biggest factor in the team's success. The plunging of Fred Scheuerman, the kicking of Bob Fletcher and the efficient blocking of "Big" John Finch were valuable links in the chain of victories which led to the W.S.S.A. and the W.O.S.S.A. Senior Fdotball Championships.

In the space of one short season Coach Newman developed a reserve squad that would match any in the city, including Ron Fordham, Neil MacEwan, Eugene Dziadure, and Morgan Clark. Other players to watch in '52 are Paul Almond, Charles Malott, Jack Krutsch, Dick Patterson, Ron Ruta, Ross Coyle, Rob Wilhelm, Jerry Bocchinni, Paul

GIRLS' TRACK AND FIELD COMPETITION 1950-51

Many prospective Olympians turned out for the 1950-51 Patterson Track and Field competition. After weeks of faithful training and rugged preparation, the fairer sex, with mounting enthusiasm, entered the meet. Barbara Clair won the Junior Championship with 23 points while Judy Weber was runner-up with 11 points. Displaying her usual skill was Ruth Clark, who tallied 19 points for the Intermediate Championship. Lois Smith, the Intermediate runner-up, with 16 points, was a very able competitor and indeed a threat for first position. In the Senior division there were not sufficient competitors for the giving of awards.

These speedy Pantherettes then entered the W.S.S.A. competition held at the Windsor Stadium and, true to form, turned in a record exhibition. Barbara Clair, with 20 points, won the Junior crown and received her school letter. In the Intermediate division, Lois Smith likewise captured top honours with 16 points and received her school letter. Ruth Clark followed with 7 points and Shirley Campbell totalled 5.

This indeed was a successful year—thanks to the fine coaching of Miss Gladys Wagg. Let us hope that in 1952, with an added year of experience behind us, we can capture even higher honors. To do so we need the support of the students both on the track and in the stands. So, girls, trim down that waistline and help build up school enthusiasm!

Woodman, Luki Daniluk and Tommy Newton. The nucleus of next year's squad will be picked from these players.

The Panthers beat Ottawa Glebe 16-1 in tournament play as the Windsor representative in the Tournament of Champions. In the final voting, however, Patterson finished second to Hamilton Cathedral. The W.O.S.S.A. championship won by the team was the first a Patterson club had won in 33 years. An additional honour was received by this fine team when six of the players, Harold Newton, Tom Grant, Zeno Karcz, Don Parsons, George Wortley, and Remo Copat, were selected for All-City berths. We hope that the outstanding performances of '51's team will be repeated by other Patterson teams in future years.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: Marcy Clair, Patty Chapman, Lois Smith, Jennie Walika, Florence White, Joyce Bell, Dawn Lecapelain, Miss G. Wagg (Coach).

Front Row: Dorothy Atkin, Dixie Champ, Ruth Clark, Barbara Clair, Erleine Logan, Sylvia Holovaci, Beverley Dykes, Sally Wigle, Kay Gammon, Judy Weber, Shirley Campbell, Mary Clarke.



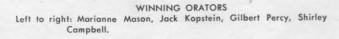
SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM Remo Copat (Manager, Don Parsons, Joel Phelps Zeno Karcz, Mr. Marshall Neil MacEwan Bob Fletcher Tom Grant Tom Hoffman Fred Scheuerman Arnot McCallum

Jack Boyce John Finch









JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBAL TEAM Back Row: Mr. Marshall, Ian Morgan, Neil MacEwan, Gary Weir, Mr. Dawson (Coach), Wilbert Ott, Don Grant, Sid Borofski, Paul

Almond (Manager).

Front Row: Eugene Dziadura, Warner Day, George Dennis, Tommy
Newton, Bing Willaugham, George White, Fred August,

John Baytaluk.



SOCCER TEAM

This season's Soccer team made a good showing and certainly played to the best of its ability at all times. Lack of support was probably the biggest factor contributing to its failure to compile winning scores. The players lost a critical game to Lowe Vocational which might otherwise have gained them second place in the standings. During the season, however, they tied several games, the most notable of these being a game with the Walkerville squad, a far larger and stronger one. Our players were justly proud of this contest because they accomplished something that no Patterson team had been able to do for three years.

Under the capable coaching of Mr. Pentland, the boys made a great effort to build a winning organization. Stalwarts of the team were forwards Hugh Gillespie, Wilbert Ott, Bob Starr, Bob Middleton and Nick Klinger. On defence, Tom Hoffman, George White, Jack Chisholm, Eugene Rymar, Alan Farnham and Don Grant turned away many a dangerous thrust. A great deal of credit also goes to Tony Moore whose outstanding goalkeeping stopped many an enemy forward in his tracks.

More student participation and support in 1953 should help Patterson's soccer team along the road towards becoming a major contender in High School competition.

GIRLS' INTERFORM BASKETBALL

Of all the interschool sports on the 1951-52 schedule, the one stirring up most interest was probably the Girls' Interform Basketball. Both the Seniors and the Juniors provided some of the best competition seen here in the last ten years.

The Junior Crown went to 10C, captained by Carol Vincent. With a starting line-up of Marjorie McConnell, Janyce Lintott, Barbara Cleminson, Cathryn Wright, Judy Halls and Betty Bowman, they ousted 9D in the finals. Honourable mention goes to 10E which won every game until the semi-finals.

In the Senior division, 13A-B triumphed over a fine 11C team to capture the championship. The regulars consisted of Beverley Dykes (captain), Natalie Kasurak, Anna Smith, Katie Klinger, Marilyn Marchum and Marcy Clair.

HOCKEY TEAM

This year's hockey team just ended one of its most successful seasons in a long time. Most of the credit for this can go to Mr. Cook, the new coach, who built the club into a real contender.

The squad showed the proper spirit and acquired a very creditable record of four wins, five losses and one tie. They gained a play-off position easily, but suffered 8-1 and 4-0 setbacks at the hands of the ultimate champions, Assumption Raiders, and were eliminated.

The backbone of the team included experienced players such as Ted Lawrence, George Wortley, Roland Angus and Ray Fletcher, plus talented newcomers like Bob Wilhelm, Ron Ruta and the promising youngster Jerry Bocchini. Some of the capable reserves were "fiery" Paul Harvieux, Jack Chisholm, Morgan Clark, Murray Baillie, Fred Sorrell and Irving Groh.

Since the boys seemed to improve during the season, and since most of them will be returning in September, we should have another fine contender for W.O.S.S.A. honours next year.

ROLAND ANGUS

"THE KING IS DEAD"

As these words solemnly rang out on February 6, 1952, a hush descended upon the shocked world. During the Royal visit to Canada, the thought of the Royal Family had brought gladness to many hearts; now it brought sorrow.

On the afternoon of February 6, a short assembly was called, during which there was a two-minute silence followed by a brief address by Mr. Bowden. Then, for the second time in the history of Patterson Collegiate, the majestic strains of "God Save the Queen" filled the auditorium. Throughout the following week, the flag on the front campus was respectfully flown at half mast, and within, the students went about their tasks mindful of the untimely death of a beloved sovereign.

The funeral of King George was held February 15. On that day of mourning, schools were closed, giving teachers and students an opportunity to listen to the broadcast of His Late Majesty's funeral services. With the death of King George, his daughter, Princess Elizabeth was proclaimed Queen Elizabeth II. It is our earnest hope and prayer that she may reign as wisely and successfully as did her father, George the Good.

"Long Live the Queen."

MISS HELENA MARY COYLE

The staff and students of Patterson Collegiate Institute were deeply grieved when, on November eighteenth, they learned of the death of Miss Helena Coyle, a valued member of the staff for twenty-three years.

Miss Coyle received her early education in Kingston and was a graduate of Queen's University.

Always interested in travel, she made her history and geography classes vivid from her rich experiences both on this continent and abroad. She set for herself and her students high standards of achievement and was never satisfied with mediocre performance. Her friends recall with poignant memory her lively sense of humour and her sinere interest in the character development of her students.

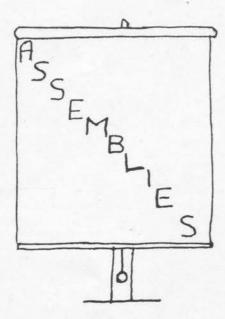
Miss Coyle returned to her duties in September but after only a week left on leave of absence. Many former students join with us all at Patterson in mourning her untimely death.

THE ROYAL TOUR

On the morning of October 15, 1951, an air of excitement filled the halls of Patterson. Everyone was eagerly awaiting the dismissal bell and when it finally rang at 9:30, books were stowed away in lockers and the students quickly lined up on the campus. After some last minute instructions, the signal was given, and with singing and hilarity, the long march to Jackson Park got under way. Arriving there, the students easily found allotted places and settled down to an hour of impatience. The long wait was finally rewarded with the much anticipated arrival of Windsor's honoured quests, Their Royal Highnesses, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. The Princess, charmingly attired in a cinnamon wool suit, addressed the thousands of assembled children in a clear and pleasant voice, and declared the remainder of the day a holidy. Her Royal Highness was then presented with a lovely bouquet of yellow roses.

Long after the Royal Couple had left, their memory lingered on in the hearts of all who had seen them, and everyone agreed that it had indeed been an unforget-table day.





ASSEMBLIES

This year the assemblies have been varied and interesting. Each in its own way was educational although some were an education in laughter only.

We have been very fortunate to have had outstanding speakers for our assemblies. Near the beginning of the year we heard Col. Baker who talked to us about the "Institute for the Blind". On "Remembrance Day" we listened to Col. Bruce MacDonald, who told us in a few well chosen words how important it is that we remember. Mr. Mowett spoke on United Nations Day, of the importance of this organization. Madame Liette Jolicoeur came to tell us about "Visites Interprovinciales"—a movement which provides an opportunity for a better relationship between the French and English, the two great races of Canada. And, of course, during "brotherhood week" Rabbi Stollman, Father Dwyer and Rev. Smale were to us a living symbol of what "brotherhood and tolerance" mean.

One of the more outstanding assemblies was "Book Week" when the talented members of Patterson presented small skits from famous books. Among these were scenes from "Kim", "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town", "Little Women", and, of course, that great book the Dictionary.

Christmas provided a time for great merry making. The assembly this year varied from the usual. The newly formed Girls' Glee Club sang us some beautiful Christmas carols.

A Christmas play entitled "Why The Chimes Rang" was enacted. All who took part in it should be thanked for a job well done.

Just recently a Music Contest was held. It proved to be good entertainment for the listeners. The winners chosen from each division by Mr. Madill and Mr. McNutt are to have auditions for the television program, "Starlit Stairway."

Other assemblies, perhaps just as well done, will follow and just because they are last they are certainly not least.

—ANNE HOWARD

ELECTIONS

After weeks of preparation, the eagerly-awaited elections for head boy and head girl at last arrived. Marcy Clair, Ruth Clark and Sally Wigle contended for the girls' crown, while John Zangari, Doran McTaggart and John Finn sought that of head boy. Their campaign workers, by filling the halls with posters and cut-outs of every description, had kept the issue uppermost in the minds of all the students.

As is customary, the climax came in the form of an Assembly, delayed because of the redecoration of the auditorium. Before our eyes, scenes of glamour and comedy came to life. Days in the old West were revived in 'Malamate Saloon', and ended when "The Lady Known As Lou" shot "Dangerous Dan McGrew." Two talented singers, Bob Middleton and Fred Sorrell, offered their different renditions of "Because". The Zangari desert was stained with the blood of two greedy prospectors, leaving "clumb" Klem all the profits. To the laughter and embarrassment of many, Arnot McCallum displayed his talent as an imitator of the fair sex. A new group, "The Dissonants", with Peter Grant directing, offered a few well-known and well-received numbers including "Caravan"

However, all good things must come to an end, and the students reluctantly filed out of their modern wonderland into reality. During the noon-hour on election day, the halls of P.C.I. were a scene of wild confusion, with last-minute efforts being made by candidates and their supporters. After all the votes had been cast, Doran McTaggart and Ruth Clark (both very capable leaders) emerged as our new school representatives. Thus the curtain fell on our annual elections as the previous bedlam returned to routine and hard (?) work.

GLORIA ZILLI

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Learning to speak before an audience is one of the most valuable accomplishments that a student can acquire during his high school career.

The student who can stand and deliver a message to a group of people has trained himself to be a better citizen on leaving school. It takes long hours of work and perseverance to prepare speeches such as those given in the auditorium. And certainly, a great deal of nerve and self-reliance is needed to stand before a group of strangers and try to gain their undivided attention. Those who entered the competition this year should all be congratulated for the fine quality of their work.

In the Senior Girls' Competition, Shirley Campbell, of 12B took first place. Shirley went on to place second in the City Competition with her message on "Canada As A Nation." Jack Kopstein, of 12B, was chosen winner of the Senior Boys' Competition. His speech was "The Olympic Games." Marianne Mason, of 10E, won the Junior Girls' Contest with "Tyrannies Must Fall" and Gilbert Percy, the Junior Boys' with "Frontiers Of Science."

Other entrants were James Johanson, Robert Sozanski, Albert Deep, Jean Katz, Ruby Waltman, Joyce Braitman, and Norman McCallum.

AUDREY PAYNE

UNE LETTRE DE MLLE. HANCOCK, PARIS, LE 21 FEVRIER, 1952

Aux Etudiants de Patterson Collegiate Institute Windsor, Ontario Chers amis.

Un grand bonjour à vous tous de Paris! Quelle ville merveilleuse! Pour la connaître, il faut presque une sorte d'esprit d'explorateur. Pour l'aimer vous n'avez pas a posséder de vertu particulière. Vous êtes conquis tout de suite. Vous comprendrez que je ne suis pas pressée de revenir.

Je demeure sur la rive gauche de la Seine à Montparnasse. Ce quartier est renommé comme rendez-vous cher aux artistes. Vous y trouvez des cafés célèbres depuis l'entre-deux-guerres. Cosmopolites, la Coupole, le Dome et la Rotonde avaient coutume de voir des figures aussi diverses que le peintre Whistler, les révolutionnaires Lenine et Trotsky, et, plus près de nous celles de Picasso et de Matisse. Encore aujourd'hui des artistes de tous genres, sculpteurs, peintres se mêlent joyeusement aux étudiants et aux touristes. Le plus souvent ils s'attablent à une terrasse (bien chaufée en hiver) et s'occupent à dessiner sur les nappes où à discuter politique, religion ou psychologie, ou bien ils s'amusent simplement à regarder le spectacle de la rue. Ils boivent du café, du thé, du vin, des apéritifs, que sais-je . . . ils mangent des croissants ou des patisseries qui vous font venir l'eau à la bouche-elles sont si delicieuses. C'est vraiment formidable (l'équivalent parisien de notre "terrific" ou "wonderful.")

Je suis des cours à la Sorbonne (ainsi s'appelle la Faculté des Lettres de l'Université de Paris) a l'Institut de Phonétique et à l'Institut Britannique. Ces trois Instituts sont distincts mais ils dépendent tous de la même Université. La Sorbonne, le coeur des Facultés, est certainement le plus célèbre. Là s'élèvent de vieux édifices remontant pour la plupart au 17e siècle. Mon travail est intéressant, mais le serait davantage si les professeurs ne donnaient pas tant de devoirs. (J'ai l'impression d'avoir entendu cette plainte sous d'sutres cieux.) A cette Université viennent 50,000 étudiants de tous les coins du monde, si bien que nos classes sont de vraies lecons d'entente cordiale sur le plan international. Bien entendu, la seule langue commune est en principe le français.

Il m'est difficile de vous faire le portrait de Paris avec son charme indéfinissable, sa vie intense et tout ce que l'on met sous l'étiquette "gaiety". L'année dernière, la capitale celebrait ses deux mille ans. La Place de la Concorde brillait comme un joyeux gâteau d'anniversaire aux 2000 chandelles. Il faudrait tout un roman pour décrire les endroits d'intérêt touristique. Les musées du Louvre, la cahtédrale Notre Dame, L'Opéra, la belle avenue des Champs-Elysées, la gracieuse flèche de la Sainte-Chapelle, les Invalides, le Bois de Boulogne, Pigalle, les lles, les Ponts avec leurs quais, le Palais de Chaillot, (ou les Nations-Unies se sont assemblées) l'Arc de Triomphe, (transparent sous les projecteurs le samedi soir) le jardin paisible du Luxembourg (coin favori des amoureux) et la Tour Eiffel avec son balcon agréable pour les étrangers qui veulent aller, le vertige a une vue monomentale de la ville-tout cela raconte la prodigieuse histoire des Francais et tout cela reflète la beauté et l'éclat de Paris.

Le Parisien moyen semble avoir une culture étendue. Il lit en tout lieu et en tout temps. Même dans le Métro (l'underground) l'étranger est toujours surpris de voir un grand nombre de lecteurs, plongés dans Margaret Mitchell, Mazo de la Roche, ou William Faulkner, aussi bien que dans les livres, les journaux et les magazines français.

La mode d'ici mérite sa reputation. C'est parce que Paris travaille depuis des siècles pour relever l'attrait feminin qu'elle distille le charme comme une abeille fait son miel. Les parfums sont merveilleux et dans la haute couture, les créations de Molyneux, de Jacques Fath, et de Christian Dior sont d'une originalité et d'un chic impeccable. Mais leurs modèles sont aussi excessivement chers, comme la plupart des vêtements à Paris. Ainsi il vaut mieux se contenter de les regarder dans les vitrines.

La publicité (l'advertising) est très fine, même dans les petites boutiques. Par exemple, voici une réclame pour un imperméable: "La pluie frappe mais n'entre pas." L'autre jour, chez un boucher de ma rue j'ai vu les étiquettes suivantes piquées dans des quartiers de viande, "Je suis tendre . . . Goûtez-moi, vous reviendrez . . . Adoptez- moi . . . Pour un connaisseur". N'est-ce pas charmant? Les Francais se servent volontiers de beaucoup de mots anglais qu'ils prononcent avec un savoureux accent français. Parlant du goûter (l'afternoon-tea) ils disent souvent "Le five (feev) o'clock". A un certain salon de thé j'ai même vu cet avis unique, "Le five o'clock est à quatre heures".

J'ai passé mes vacances de Noël à Saint Moritz en Suisse, surnommé le terrain de jeu des millionnaires, et j'ai vu Orson Welles en personne. La Suisse est si belle que l'on n'en croit pas ses yeux. A la fin de février pour le Mardi Gras j'ai l'intention de me rendre à Vienne en Autriche. Pour pénétrer dans la zone russe, je dois me munir d'un permis de voyage spécial, un "Laissez-passer des forces d'occupation". A Pâques, j'espère faire un tour d'Espagne. L'été prochain je compte visiter d'autres pays de l'Europe. Ainsi va la vie!

Et maintenant je dois mettre un point final a mon bavardage. Il y a tant à faire qu'il est difficile de trouver le temps de concilier harmonieusement le travail, le sommeil et les distractions. Je prends plaisir à tout—c'est vraiment une expérience formidable que je n'oublierai jamais. Mon meilleur souvenir et beaucoup de bonnes choses à vous tous. Du succès dans vos examens (je penserai à vous quand je passerai les miens. Au revoir—Bien cordialement,

RHEA M. HANCOCK, 14 rue Stanislas, Paris 6, France.





BACKFIELD BOUNCE

Once more the girls of Patterson Collegiate made the Annual Backfield Bounce a huge success. The charm of the dance itself was enhanced by the festive appearance of the gymnasium, which was skilfully decorated by the hardworking members of the Social Committee. In the tradition of friendship, Patterson honoured other Windsor high schools by displaying the names of their football teams on the balcony. Original designs and action silhouettes, topped, of course, by maroon and white streamers, completed the decorations.

The climax of this delightful evening arrived with the crowning of the football queen, Marcy Clair, and the football king, Remo Copat. The king and queen then led the dancers in a mad but merry grand march.

Among those noted dancing to the smooth music of Bill Richardson and his orchestra were: Marcy Clair and Ernie Archambault, Natalie Kasurak and Joe Filby, Janice Haddad and Arnot McCallum, Sheila Gow and Dick Davis, Ruth Clark and George Wortley, Dixie Champ and Don Parsons, Sylvia Holovaci and Remo Copat, Jackie Halls and Bud Day, Jeanne Clark and Frank Hodges, Anne Howard and Steve Slovik, Gloria Zilli and Jack Chisholm, and Connie Arnold and Bob Middleton.

-ANNE HOWARD

MELODY MARCH

Those who ventured to dodge the raindrops on April 6 know just how successful was Patterson's 12th Annual "Melody March".

The decorations followed an Easter theme throughout, and were beautifully arranged by committees headed by Eleanor Nussio and Beverley Dykes. Lending colour to an already impressive occasion were the many bright balloons and animal caricatures which shone in streams of reflecting light.

Patrons for the evening were: Mr. and Mrs. T. C. White, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. William Haydon, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Hallam, Mr. and Mrs. William Culbert, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Newman, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cook, Mr. and Mrs. John Pentland, Mr. and Mrs. James_ E. Clark and Mr. James S. Gow.

Among those present were Ruth Clark and George Wortley, Margaret Scott with Doran McTaggart, Sally Wigle escorted by Max Karcz, Janice Haddad with Bill Jemison, Natalie Kasurak with Dick Davis, Sylvia Halovaci and Jerry Ouellette, and Connie Arnold and Alex Atkin.

Also noted were: Anne Howard with Frank Janosik, Beverly Baldwin and Jack Rouble, Sam Brooks with Jo-Anne Cousins, Bob Fletcher with Sharon Scott, Barbara Clair with Albert Deep, Pat Wilkes and Dick Patterson, John Finn with Jeanine Beauchamp, Ann Yager and Richard McGinty, Carol Collins and Bill McConnell.

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Wilbert G. Stephens, Prop. Have you ever tried to find out what last year's graduates are doing? It's almost as impossible as trying to buy something for five cents!

If you're persistent, however, you will eventually be able to trace at least half of 1951's grads to colleges far and near. Right here in Windsor, at Assumption, we find Carol Chapman, Pete Bruski, Bev Carson, Rudy Hakala, Max Karcz and Bill Riggs; and across the river at the University of Detroit, Gary Champ, Mike Drebot and Ed Zdziarski.

If you are ever around London (Ontario, that is) you might drop by and see Don MacEwan at Western, or Lena Vorascink and Bob Hatheway at Normal.

Several graduates are carrying Patterson's standard at the University of Toronto also. Don Crapper and Steve Kozar are studying medicine; and if you ever want to have any teeth pulled, Jim Loucks is the man to see in a few more years. Also at Toronto, are Sandy Gow, who is studying forestry, and Hugh Geddes, who is pursuing an arts course. Don O'Connor is hoping to enter Toronto next year.

Gordon Wilson, at McMaster, and Bill Dowdell, at Western, are taking art courses, preparatory to entering the ministry, and Esther Scheureman is at the Central Bible Institute in Memphis, Tenn. Frank Clark is now a student of the Ford Trade School.

When you dial "Operator" don't be surprised if you recognize the voice of either Marilyn Mills or Joan Friars. Future "Ladies of the Lamp" are Leanne Smith and Mary Jane Crowe, both in training at Grace Hospital.

Elaine Wakayama is taking a special commercial course at Lowe Vocational; Evelyn Forzley, Mary Jackobowski and Kay MacVicar, now studying at Bulmer Business College, will make some businessmen very capable secretaries. Pat Todd is already working in an office in Toronto and Jim Bryant is working in a local bank. Marilyn Wilkes is in uniform—a member of the W.C.A.F.

You see here a list of young people who, while students at Patterson, made us proud of them, and who continue to merit our pride. Our sincere good wishes in all your future endeavours—Patterson graduates of '51.

SHEILA BOYDEN and ELEANOR HORNE

CADET TRAINING

Cadet training is essential to modern youth in preparing us to enter into society with a developed mind enabling us to act as intelligent citizens. It is easy to give orders, but can we learn to accept them with the proper attitude? Cadet training in the high schools does much towards developing good followers as well as good leaders. When we fall in our ranks, we must be prepared to obey our leaders to the best of our ability in order to create a cadet corps that will match the high standards set by former cadet corps of this school.

This year by doing our best we hope that John Zangari, the commanding officer, with the rest of the officers and Mr. Newman will be sufficiently rewarded for the hard work and time they spent in getting ready for the big day, the day of our inspection. I am certain that on May 6 every individual in the battalion will endeavour to be a credit to his school.

COMMERCIAL CLASS ALUMNI

Graduates of the Commercial Class of '51 have found many good positions in offices, stores, and other business establishments throughout the city and are filling them efficiently. Patterson is being well represented at the following places:

Joyce Bolter, at the Immigration Office; Jacqueline Chartier, working at Canada Bread; Ruby Henderson, doing a good job at the Community Fund; Evelyn Jackson, in Romeo's Machine Shop; Helen Jasin, employed by the office of Windsor Ice and Coal; Elizabeth Keifer, in Remington Rand's office; June Newby, working at the Prudential Life Assurance Company of England; Reta Pepper, at the Midland Lumber Company; The Bank of Toronto is now employing Inez Pupulin, while Betty Rosen is working in the H.M.C.S. Hunter office; Ada Tesolin, at East Windsor Auto Parts, and Margaret Taylor, in the office at De Vilbiss and Company.

Several of our future business girls are continuing their course at Lowe Vocational. These are namely: Ann Magda, Eileen McGowan, Nives Marcuz and Lorraine Wiecek.

Congratulations, girls! We wish you happiness and a bright future in all your new undertakings in the business world.

RUTH SZYCHTA and ELEANOR HORNE

WITH PEN IN HAND

The literature of a nation reveals the strength of its people—their capabilities, their limitations, their opinions, their rationalizations. England possesses a strong people. England, too, has made the greatest contributions in the world of literature.

We in Canada are fortunate in having the English language as a tool of our writing. By studying the language intensively, and the works of authors who have mastered it, we unconsciously develop within ourselves the power to create.

The contests sponsored by the Literary Committee of our school are intended to give the students an opportunity to enter their best efforts in competition with those of others, not to see which student is the best in each category, but to stimulate a widespread interest in the satisfaction that lies in creating. A strong indication of the interest existing in the school already, was the great response in the poetry divisions.

The winning entries in the senior division are as follows: "Sundown on the Farm"—poem by Shirley Campbell; "Humour"—essay by Pearl Wozgar, and "The Pay-Off", —short story by Patty Chapman.

In the junior division, prizes were awarded for: "The Deserted Camp"—a poem by Ruth Hicks, and "Law Of the Meat"—short story by Bill Holden. There was no award in the junior essay division.

In the Art contest, Eleanor Nussio's "Towers in the Water" captured first prize. Honourable mention was given to Beverley Dykes' "The Big Town".

Congratulations to all the budding young artists and writers who entered the contests. If you have not won this year, it is no indication that you will not win next year. So keep your pen in hand!

NANCY DEEP



Answer to "To A Snowflake" — Dick Patterson and Ron Lee.

Ode to an ice cube
Fashioned so slimey.
You cool my drink
And make it sublimey.
O little ice cube,
You cold little hunk,
You tickle my back
When you're slipped in my bunk.

The teacher asked one of her small, bright lights to spell the word straight.

"S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T," he said.

"Now what does it mean?" asked the teacher.

"Without ginger ale," was the reply.

Visitor: Why is your dog watching me while I eat? Host: Maybe it's because you're eating out of his plate."

Joe: Allow me to present my wife to you. Moe: Thanks, but I have one.

My aunt is coming over with her baby. It is just three weeks old.

What's its name?

I don't know. I can't understand a word it says.

The pompous politician had just finished a two-hour speech. As he was descending from the platform, mopping his brow, he was stopped by the great American humorist, Mark Twain.

"That was a fine speech, Senator," Twain remarked, "but you know, I have a book at home that contains every word of it."

The Senator was furious. "You have not!" he exclaimed.

"Yep!" insisted Twain.

"Well, you send that book to me," said the politician, "I want to see it."

Next day the Senator received in his mail an unabridged dictionary.

A Sing-Sing football team wants to play West Point.
I wonder why Sing-Sing wants to play the Army?
They probably want to prove the pen is mightier than
the sword.

DEFINITIONS

Avoid:

Mr. Haydon: Stop me if you avoid this one before.

Miss Smith: You bring the corn and I'll bring a canada best peas. Falsify:

When I put a book on my head it falsify move.

Juicy:

When we came through the alley juicy what I saw.

When we came through the alley juicy what I saw Lilac:

He's a nice boy but he can lilac anything. Miniature:

Take a pill and you'll fall asleep the miniature in bed.

Riddle:

What is the difference between a husband and a jilted suitor?

One kisses the missus and the other misses the kisses.

What is the oldest radio in the world? I don't know!

Paul Revere. He broadcasted from an old plug.

Give me an example of Period furniture. Electric chair, because it ends a sentence.

QUOTED FROM SPEAKER FROM RYERSON INSTITUTE

The little boy came home from his first day in kindergarten. His mother asked how he liked school. "Well, it's all right," he said, "but I can't read, I can't write, they won't let me talk, and I guess I didn't learn very much because I have to go back tomorrow."

Dad: If you're good, I'll give you this nice new penny. Lad: Haven't you got a dirty old nickel?

If you want to know why girls close their eyes when they kiss you—look in the mirror.

NEWSPAPER ADS

Swim at the new pool—With suits, 35c. Without suits, 50c.

For Sale: Large crystal vase by lady slightly cracked.

Height of laziness: The man who will stand with a cocktail shaker in his hand waiting for an earthquake.

A Sunday school teacher was giving her class the assignment for the next week.

"Next Sunday," she said, "we are going to tell about liars, and in preparation for our lesson I want you all to read the Seventeenth Chapter of Mark."

The following week, at the beginning of the class meeting, the teacher said:

"Now then, all of you who have prepared for the lesson by reading the Seventeenth Chapter of Mark, please step up to the front of the room." About half the class rose and came forward.

"The rest of you may leave," said the teacher; "these students are the ones I want to talk to. There is no Seventeenth Chapter in the book of Mark.

Don't be afraid to use your brain, It's the little things that count.



It's surprising how much you can discover about the secrets of P.C.I. merely by peeking around corners, looking through keyholes and keeping your eyes open. These are some of the puzzles we've managed to pick up. See if

you can figure them out!

Pat L's heart has been "pearced". I wonder when Jackie will see the "Day-Light." Could there be anything between Gerry and J.F.? Table No. 2 in the cafeteria seems to think so. Joan A. just loves hockey games and goes through school all day humming "Abor Lights". Annette seems to be living in the Garden of Eden these days. Jack K. can smile now he got his two front teeth for Christmas. We hear Connie A. is Aitkin' for a boyfriend. Has R. S. gained weight, or is it pegged pants? It seems that Tom B. has caught Madam President's eye in 9A. "Teeter" Lawrence has quite a fan club in Grade 10. Poor Gloria is in a "Rut-a" these days. Turn around Tom, Janet's watching. Why do Linda and Gail always go to watch rehearsals of the school play? H-m-m! Who makes Mary O's heart do flips? It's a "Deep" secret.

Is Negg still a lone wolf or is he deceiving us? Doran seems to be "Netted" up since the B.B. The "Jalousie Kid" finds "Ouellette" his favourite thoroughfare. Wonder why? At the same time P.A. stopped wearing his shield pin, J. W. acquired one., Must be a connection! What Grade 9 miss looks so proud when Wilbert gets a basket? Could it be Virginia? "Big" John seems to have been "Clair'ed" up on a few things lately. Jack, stop your "Moaning". We hear that N. M. won't "Neil" to any girl, but S. M. has other ideas. What causes the gleam in Bunny's eye? Could it be Eug? Betty L. was missed at the K-Hop. Seemed Rich was working nights. Speaking of the K-Hop, Tommy gave up basketball that night. Elaine is quite a gal!

There are six fellows known as the DO-BO-BO-FRE-BI-JA's who have sworn never to take out the same girls twice, but St. Mary's seems to have compelled the FRE and the JA to break their promises. The latest additions to Patterson from Assumption have created quite a sensation in the student body—especially among the fairer sex. But Patty C. and Grace M. are still loyal to Assumption. B. J. 'is the strong silent type-to be "Frankham"

with you, he plays it smart.

D.G. in lower school has her eye on a certain lad in a higher grade. What are the strange noises we hear coming from the cafeteria after 3:45. Can't be food cooking at that hour! What draws Natalie to the boys' basketball practices? You tell us! Ruth C. and Carol M. have a common interest in the Wortley family (as if we didn't already know!) Who's that curly-haired fellow we saw you with, Connie? Shirley S likes tall men, who can blame her? Mary Ann has been busy making chemistry diagrams lately. We didn't know they took that subject in Grade 10. We'll bet if Cupid aimed his arrow at B.K. and G.S. he'd hit the nail on the head.

That's it, kids. Figure it out for yourselves. You may be in it!

ELEANOR HORNE and FRED SORRELL

COMMENCEMENT

Near the close of the year 1951, the graduates of Patterson assembled in the auditorium for a ceremony which was to mark the close of their high school life. The familiar commencement exercises, so often seen before, took on new meaning for these students, for now they were not passively watching others honoured, but were being honoured themselves. That, perhaps, was what made all the difference—what made them feel a little tense and a little wistful, in spite of their attempts at composure.

As chairman of the evening, Mr. P. McCallum introduced the Rev. H. R. Nobles, who then addressed the graduating class. The light touch he applied to the handling of his material certainly increased the effectiveness of his remarks, which ranged over a wide variety of topics. One of these, in particular, is worth noting. Rev. Nobles urged the students not to waste their precious leisure time in superficial reading, but to read those works from which they would derive lasting satisfaction and real stimulation

After the graduates of grades thirteen, twelve and the commercial class had been presented with their diplomas by Mr. Marshall, Don Crapper, the valedictorian gave a brief address. In one of the finest valedictories delivered here in many years, Don paid stirring tribute to the teachers of Patterson. He declared that, in looking around them in later years, the graduates would recognize in their former teachers some of the most coiourful and inspiring men and women they had ever known.

During the evening Mr. Stone directed the band in several enjoyable selections, including a medley entitled "School Days;" and Marilyn Marchum entertained the audience with her lovely songs. After the presentation of the many scholarships, medals and pins, the students and their friends gathered in the gymnasium for the annual graduation dance, to end a most memorable evening.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

This year, as in years gone by, the students gathered quietly on Remembrance Day to pay humble respect to those who died fighting for freedom. Our tributes were silent, but sincere, and our hearts were heavy with the acknowledgement of sacrifices made for us.

Our guest for the Memorial Assembly, Col. Bruce Mc-Donald, spoke simply and eloquently, bringing the students closer to the far-off battlefields by the telling of his war experiences. He drove home to us the significant truth that the boys who died in battle did so not with cheerfulness, but with grim resignation. Out of cruel necessity, they died, defending us from the forces of destruction that threatened to engulf the whole world in slavery.

We students cannot fully appreciate the utter devastation of war, as can many of our parents. We can, however, fulfill our debt to the dead by not passing over their sacrifices lightly. As the plaintive notes of the Last Post echo and re-echo in our minds, we can feel deep compassion for the lives snuffed out like candles in the bitter wind of war. Yes, you and I, we can remember, and remembering, be proud.

· · CLUBS · ·

DRAMATIC CLUB

Acting is one of the oldest arts in history, and today, not less than ever before, the theatre plays a prominent part in our lives. It has become an institution with its own union, rules and competition. This, of course, refers to the professional theatre, the "Big Time". However, in thousands of small and large towns all over the North American continent, groups of people meet to put on plays merely for the love of the play. This is amateur theatre and we have such a group in our own school.

This year our Christmas play was performed by the lower school only. The play chosen was the beautiful legend, "Why The Chimes Rang", directed by Eleanor Horne. The scenery, constructed under the able direction of Mr. Hallam, added a great deal to the atmosphere of the play. It was a decided success at the Christmas assembly, perhaps because it represented the more serious aspect of Christmas.

At present, the senior students are preparing the rollicking Broadway hit, "You Can't Take It With You". The title expresses the philosophy of a happy-go-lucky family, each member of which is interested in a different hobby and all of whom appear quite daft. Eleanor Horne, Bill Jemison, Janice Haddad, Bob Middleton, Barbara Patterson and Bob Baxter portray the artistic family, while Fred Sorrell, Beverley Dykes, Jack Chisholm, Doran McTaggart, Irving Ordower, Olive Ramsey and Bob Maloche are friends who become entangled in the merry goings-on.

BARBARA PATTERSON

BADMINTON CLUB

It was decided this year by the club that Jack Boyce should be our new president and that his assistants should be Pat Lescombe, Gloria Zilli, Irene Chincourt and Jackie Halls. Mr. Mills and Mr. Bowden are our teacher sponsors.

This year we look at Badminton in a different light because it has been officially recognized as a W.S.S.A. sport and now affords plenty of interschool competition. Who knows?—After all the practices we have on Friday afternoons we may have a winner in the tournament to be held at Kennedy this year. The winners will go to the W.O.S.S.A. representing Windsor. In March we hope to have a successful school tournament, and are looking forward to having the students support this as enthusiastically as they did last year.

I am sure the members of the club will agree that Badminton is a lot of fun, even though you feel like tearing your hair when you miss the birdie. After all, think of how good you feel when you make a skilful shot! So, why not come out some Friday and try your luck?

JACKIE HALLS

THE BAND

Four years ago this new instrumental organization was established in Patterson on trial; and it has since proven itself an outstanding success.

When Mr. Stone began the teaching of instrumental music as a classroom subject, the students were handicapped by inadequate facilities. The bandroom was small and acoustically poor; the instruments were few and in bad condition. The grant provided by the Board of Education was not large enough to finance an alredy organized band, much less start a new one.

Next year, the grant was increased, resulting in the establishment of two band classes. The following year, a senior band, composed of the best instrumentalists of the two previous years, appeared at football games for the first time. It improved considerably as it appeared in the Secondary Schools' Music Festial, in school assemblies and on a tour of six public schools. The newly-formed Cadet Band performed so well at the inspection that the Inspecting Officer acclaimed it one of the best he had ever seen.

The further increased grant which we received this year has enabled us to expand our organization into one of the best in the province. A fine new bandroom for rehearsals and a locker room for the storing of instruments and music has been set up.

With these improvements aiding the work of Mr. Stone and his musicians, we feel sure that the Band will continue to be a credit to both itself and the school.

CHEERLEADERS

There are four reasons why Patterson has had so many championship teams this year—the expert coaches, the talented players, the enthusiastic spectators and the untiring cheerleaders. If you didn't know their names before, you can learn them now. They are Ruth Clark, Marcy Clair, Barbara Clair, Carol Collins, Eleanor Horne, Sharon Scott, Dorothy Joseph and Beverly Lesansky.

The cheerleaders are largely responsible for the enthusiasm at the football and basketball games. During the season they held many noon pep-rallies in order to light the spark of school spirit in readiness for the week's game. They even introduced several new cheers.

In addition, they have done so much to arouse interest in the W.O.S.S.A. tournament that for the last two years large numbers of students have gone to London to enjoy the games. The London officials have commented on the response the cheerleaders drew from the students during cheers.

I think you will all agree that the cheerleaders play an important part in school activities, and that we certainly had good cheerleaders this year.

SHEILA BOYDEN

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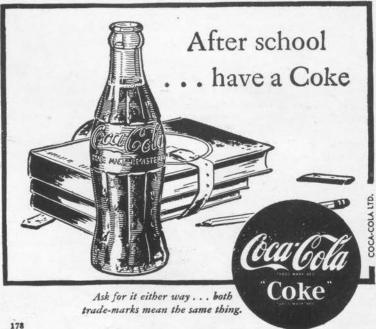
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Rifle shooting is rewarding in many other respects, since it strengthens self-control, concentration and observance of safety habits. Moreover, it provides a source of lasting enjoyment in recreation, competition and hunting.

This account, however, would be incomplete if I failed to mention the two teachers who give such valuable time and effort to the team—Mr. Hallam and Mr. Doran—both very fine instructors.

JOHN FINN

THE GLEE CLUBS

The Girls' Glee Club was fortunate in having Miss Gregory as sponsor, and Sheila Boyden as director. The club sang at assemblies and was very well received by the students. The girls intended to enter the Windsor Music Festival, but at the last minute were unable to enter. However, they enjoyed themselves while singing at practices.

The Boys' Glee Club was directed by Fred Sorrell. This group made the recordings of Christmas Carols that were heard in the background at the Christmas Assembly. They have appeared in assemblies at other times, and also made a very fine showing at the Music Festival.

The Patterson Glee Clubs have done some very fine singing, and compare very well with other choral groups in Windsor.

RUTH HICKS

Y-TEENS

The Y-Teens consists of girls from grades eleven, twelve and thirteen, who are very friendly, co-operative and eager to serve. Our officers this year are: Beverly Baldwin, president; Louise Pearce, vice-president; Shirley Newman, secretary; and Betty Skulmaski, treasurer. The Y-Teens' two faithful group leaders, who help to guide our club to success, are Mrs. Kitts and Miss Farrell. However, during Mrs. Kitts' leave of absence, we are being assisted by Miss Morgan, a former student of Patterson.

Following our creed of service, we undertook a number of projects this year to assist others. First, we helped the Hi-Y with their Hallowe'en party for children. Then, at Christmas time, with the help of Mr. Mennie, we distributed toys to needy children, and donated a huge bundle of clothes to the Red Cross. By checking coats at the Backfield Bounce and selling fudge and popcorn at basketball games, we earned money for charitable purposes. We ourselves greatly enjoyed a frolicsome Christmas party held at the Y for both the Y-Teens and High-Y.

In April we hope to sponsor our biggest project—a fashion show. We also hope sincerely that the club will be even more successful in the future. Good-luck always, Y-Teens!

LOUISE PEARCE

THE HI-Y

In the last school year the members of the Hi-Y upheld to the best of their ability their creed, "To create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community high standards of Christian character." By doing this, they themselves gained spiritual, mental and physical strength.

Although their activities were varied they were all in keeping with the Hi-Y creed. The two most important undertakings were: the sponsoring of a \$50 bursary to a deserving student who is continuing his schooling, given this year to Jack Krutsch; and the Christmas Toy project, under the direction of Mr. B. A. Mennie, which provided many needy children in the community with a brighter Christmas.

Socially, they had a very successful party wth their counterparts, the Y-Teens. They also sponsored a grade thirteen class party and a dance after a basketball game. Hi-Y boys could be seen throughout the year selling cokes at such events as the Backfield Bounce and basketball games.

At their regular supper meetings, interesting subjects were brought forward for discussion and every member eagerly participated. There were also recreation meetings for bowling, swimming and basketball.

This year the executive consisted of Tom Hoffman, president; Dick Davis, vice-president; Bob Carle, treasurer; and Bob Middleton, secretary. The sponsors were: Mr. R. O. Fraser, school advisor; Mr. J. Owen, mentor; and Mr. K. Stewart, Y.M.C.A. representative.

All the members of the Hi-Y gained the type of experience in getting along with others which will certainly make their future lives happier and better.

BOB MIDDLETON

EXCHANGE

We of the Patrician staff acknowledge with thanks the year books of many collegiates and vocational schools throughout Ontario. These year books are a means of gathering new ideas for our own Patrician and the compliments and criticisms we have received and exchanged help the staff to prepare a Patrician that will always be interesting to the reader.

The following schools have exchanged year books with the Patrician:

Acta Nostra—Guelph Collegiate Institute

Oracle—Fort William Collegiate Institute Echoes—Peterborough Collegiate Institute

Etobian-Etobicoke Collegiate Institute

The Blue and White—Walkerville Collegiate Institute

Kencoll-Kennedy Collegiate Institute.

The Towers—W. D. Lowe Vocational School

Spartalogue—Sandwich Collegiate Institute

Ad Astra Annual—Sarnia Collegiate Institute Tech Talk—Ottawa Technical School

Vox Scholae—Fergus High School

Grumbler—Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate and Vocational School

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Overtones—Barrie Collegiate and Vocational School.
PAT HIRST

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Early to rise
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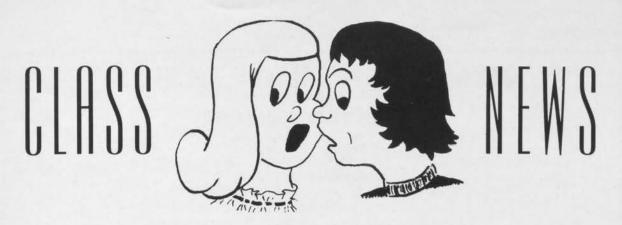
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12-A CLASS NEWS

This remarkable class of 12-A Is Mr. Cameron's protegé. We strive, we work, and we have our play, We hope you get well, and come back to stay.

MR. CAMERON—Such a noise there is in this classroom! JOAN ALLEN-Passing notes to J.H.-Eh, Joan? CONNIE ARNOLD-Let me see who's next on the list. SYLVIA BERK-"The Brain"-100 percent in Latin. HERB BRUDNER-Un homme d'affaires, n'est-ce pas? KEITH BUCKLEY-Man of distinction. JOHN FINCH-You can't love two and still be true. RAY FLETCHER-Likes bright colours. JACKIE HALLS-Admires 3 B's ZENO KARCZ—12-A's all-star athlete. ANNE HOWARD-Who's the new beau? BEVERLY LOPATIN-Ahl those American boys. JACK McCONNELL-Ray's cell-mate. CHUCK MALOTT-Likes the smaller things in life. BOB MARSHALL-Only has eyes for Anne. BETTY METZGER-Andy-Andy-Andy. TONY MOORE—Merry-maker of 12-A. JIM O'NEILL-Favourite sport-arguing. MEYER ORDOWER—Argues with teachers.
BILL PARTINGTON—"Shirley" he's not in love?! AUDREY PAYNE-Small and sweet. FRED PEPPER-Ambition-to pass Latin. PETER PETROFF—Better late than never. LOUISE PEARCE-Could this be love? ANNETTE PRINCE—Always dolled up!! JOHN STEIN-Silent, but knows all. HERB TOLDY-Advocates no homework before holidays. GARY TOWERS—One of the silent partners of our class. BOB VALLIERE—Lives backstage with Mr. Hallam. PEARL WOZGAR-Contributes nothing to Chemistry class.

12-B CLASS NEWS

BARRY DALES-Selling subscriptions. JOHN KOPSTEIN—Talking around subject. PAT HIRST-Oh, for John's sake NETTIE TOPOLSKI-Chewing gum. BILL McCONNELL—Cigarettes contain poison. FRED SORRELL-I'll pick my own girls. DON CHAUVIN-Shutter bug PAUL HARVIEUX-Hockey DON TODD—Repeating English CARL COHEN-Naturally curly hair. BRUCE EDEN-Television fan. BEN VINCENT-Reserved PAT ATKINSON-100 in History. SHIRLEY CAMPBELL-City high scorer. BARBARA PATTERSON-Sketching her teachers. RON LEE-Making his own codes. PAT LESCOMBE-Still didn't make it. ELEANOR VINCENT-I love Chemistry. RICHARD McGINTY-Our Irishman. JOHN BARBARUK-Snoring in Geometry. ERLEINE LOGAN-Humour editor.

GLORIA ZILLI-Who is that new fling Gloria's got her eyes on? GAYLE VAUGHAN-Why does she like her punishment in Latin? MURIEL STEED-12-C's Latin and Typing Expert. NATASHA SLEWAR—Natasha's occupation in 1960—lady wrestler (Ever see her footwork?) BETTY SKULMASKI—Betty, pay more attention to Historyl Bettyl HELEN ROWLAND—What would Helen do if nobody had a comb in reach? SHIRLEY NEWMAN-"Oh, I can't keep up with these darn minutes! (Y-Teens). KAY GAMMON-12-C's wiggling asset to school sports. FRANCES DZIADURA—Our high scoring badminton swatter. IRENE CHINCOURT - How many birdies have we got (imitating Mary J?) WILLIAM BOYCOTT-Chemist and organist. SAM BROOKS—Red convertible and girls. WILLIAM BROWN—Seeks greener pastures at Grace Hospital. ALBERT DEEP-90 percent or more. ROBERT FLETCHER-Works with his feet. IRVING GROH-What interest has he in grade 10? FRANK JANOSIK-Built in shoulder pads. TED LAWRENCE-Champion talker and hockey player. RUSSEL LUXFORD—History is his business. ROBERT MONTIETH-What is Democracy? HAROLD NEWTON-Future Ottawa Rough Rider (maybe). BRUNO PARISOTTO-Never says a word-thinks a lot, though. DICK PATTERSON-Famous for football and note writing. BUD DAY-Mumbler from Assumption. BRADLEY STANNARD-Likes everything but History.

CLASS NEWS - 12-C

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11-A

After an election last fall, Barbara Clair was elected president and

George White vice-president of our class.

We had two class parties which were very successful. In the fail, we had a weiner roast at Dolores Levine's cottage at Colchester which was well supported except for one carload of boys who got lost on the way out. A Christmas party was held at the home of Pat Wilkes the Saturday after school closed for the Christmas vacation.

Although we have some very athletic people in our class, we were not too successful in inter-form sports. Our girls' basketball team, however, did reach the semi-finals, where they were defeated by a very strong Grade 13 team.

We of 11-A may not have a great deal to boast about but we are proud of our class spirit and will do our best to make this school

year the best possible.

CLASS NEWS-11-B

CAN YOU IMAGINE - -Norma Fogel without a date, Joanne Curtis staying out late; Marian Rudzinski playing in key; Barbara Ball joking with glee; Rhonda Taylor getting excited, Barbara Simmons being knighted; Rosalie Beacom with voice as soprano, Mary Olivastri playing the piano; Gail Murdock not saying "ookie"? Dorothy Cheeseman playing hooky; Nancy Adams talking in class, Shirley Simpson not a cute-looking lass; Linda Heath being 6 feet tall, Janet Lang not saying "hi y'all." Olive Bamsey walking in the dark, Vivian Dow not singing like a lark; Daun Le Copelan without homework done. Barbara Gauthier not lot's of fun.

These are the girls of 11-B Better boys you will never see:

Tom Grant with much to say, Robert Durnin staying away; Frank Plonka not a Physics smartie, Eugene Rymar early for a party; Roland Angus not being light-hearted, Our basketball team being outsmarted; Peter Grant not a fine musician, Ken Norry visiting a beautician; Warren Morgan without his ink: Robert Seiden raising mink; Ken Fenwick not telling a story, Bob Maloche missing a soiree; Ron Smith without his great assets, Neil MacEwan not getting many baskets; Bill Pahomey not being shy, Alan McCallum telling a lie; Nilo Piccinin having some sass, And Ray Hokansson not the new boy of our class.

11-C CLASS NEWS

PATRICIA BECK-The silent type. KATHARINA DIENESCH-The mad typist. IRMA JEAN HARTLEIB-Must be called Irma Jean. JEAN KATZ—Always leaves 'em laughing.

MARGARET LEACH—Likes television better than homework. NANCY NOVAK—The female Jose Sturbi.
SALLY OLDING—Always friendly with pleasing personality. LOIS SMITH-Prospective Olympian. MARLENE STANLEY—She misses Vivian.
JENNIE WALIKA—Future Madame Curie.

PAUL ALMOND-Strong, silent type. LOUIS GANSKY—A "mike" and a Buick.
BILL GARDINER—"VOOL"—Handy with a basketball or a homework book. PETER GETTY-"GEETER"-Muscleman. DON GRANT-"GRAEGER"-The boy genius. BOB GRIEVES—Another basketball shark. MALCOLM HARDING-'MILTIE'-Mainstay of the band.

BILL HARKNESS-A target for kibitzers RON HESMAN: "HOOS-E-BAM"—A musical and military enthusiast. TED HOCHBERG—The man with the gold chain and good job. NICK KLINGER—Target for the girls at class parties. DON McTAGGART-"Mickey" or "MIGHTY MOUSE"-Our exalted president. FRANK ROBERTS-Watch the birdy. "I think you're wrong-Zoo!" ADAM SCHEUERMAN—A losing cause.
FRED SCHEUERMAN—"THE BULL OF THE BALKANS"—Star halfback.
ROBERT SOZANSKI—"ZOO" plus a hundred more aliases. Our imperial, international and political ambassador of goodwill. TERRY SWEENEY—Always "raising Cain".

AL VENNEEAR: "Didja see that jet, didya?" KEN WILLIAMS—"FRANKIE"—Wine, women and song. EUGENE TAYLOR—Riverside joker.

DICK LONNEE—You'll never find him without his tuba.

CLASS NEWS - 11-D

ALFRED BEITLER-11-D's interform basketball hero. MAYLEEN LENARDON—Has sudden taste for Scotch and Highland Fling. RUTH SZYCHTA—Enjoys baby sitting best with boys. MARJORY MENZIES—Enjoying life.
NATALIE NEWMAN—Fun, loving energetic. JOAN MITCHELL—Loves Bus. Arithmetic, Beauty and Boys. NELLIE SIMMONS—Honour Student. GAIL BARNES-Completed aim to become a stenographer in a large business concern. FLORENCE FOTYNUK-Brown's Silk Shop office "Lass". JANE ST. ONGE-Cute, quiet and dainty. ALICE ZASITKO—Busy looking at ?? with her big brown eyes. PETER SMITH-Hoping for an active Future. DOROTHY ATKIN-What does Walkerville have that Patterson hasn't. MARLENE PATTERSON—Training to be a secretary. IRENE FAZEKAS—Blue eyes smiling bright. CONNIE BRIEN—A cute little trick with an eye on a customs job. DORIS CHARBONNEAU—Burning the midnight oil with M. ENID BUCHAN-England's little sweetheart. RHEVA NAFTOLIN-Has her eyes set on Harvard University. PRISCILLA HESMAN-Cute, still moping around for Joanne O. PAT ROBINSON-Likes to sing to herself. JOAN KERR—Has sudden interest in Italian Spaghetti. JOANNE OESTREICH-Saving Sterling's money for the future. HAROLD FOX-Lover of English. FRANCES VOROSCINK—Favourite colours—"Blue and White". BEVERLEY McLAUGHLIN-Sweet, trim and neat. DOREEN DeSALLIERS—Shorthand and bookkeeping whiz. SHIRLEY WOODS-An ardent basketball fan. Eh, Fred? HAZEL REAY-Working hard to become an efficient secretary. JOANNE PARENT-What would the snack bar do without Joanne. JOYCE MARCHUM—"Broken Hearted." MARILYN BUSHER-Writing letters to Korea. BETTY NEWBY—Honour student with eyes on an office job. CAROL COLLINS-Leaning against locker doors in hall. DOROTHY STRINGER—Great painter and candy seller at "Wel's". SYLVIA CHASE—Hopes to be a W.A.C.
JEAN PERRON—Convalescing from appendix operation. BARBARA SHUST-B.M. or D.M.

A farm boy came to the city. He wrote a letter to his brother back on the farm, telling him the joys of city life.

Thursday we autoed to the golf course, where we golfed all afternoon. Then we motored back to town and went to a night club.'

His brother answered:

"Yesterday we buggied to town and baseballed all afternoon. Then we went to Jack's and funned all evening. Today we muled to the barley field and giddayapped until supper. Then we suppered and piped awhile. We staircased at ten-thirty and bedded until the clock sixed in the morning.



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10-A CLASS NEWS

Often on a weekend day, I think of good times in 10-A; A dream of Morgan who's a great swimmer, And Edwin looking around with a glimmer; A dream of George and Barbara T. Sitting in Latin quietly; To think of Sidney Borofsky, Killing time in History; Sylvia shining like a light
While her mind's still on last night. And slim Margo Macfie, Always looking at Jack Polsky; Strong and muscular Charlie Mile. Standing straight in the aisle. Marilyn Cheeseman writing a speech, Or Mike and Al wanting to teach; Jim Cobbin, a nice guy, Jim Chantler always so spry; But, even with our pomp and brass, We're Patterson's top, 10-A class.

CLASS NEWS - 10-B

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Charles Ure committing a sin, Susanne Evans not wearing a pin; Nancy Stocks not looking cute, John McDougall in a bathing suit; Joan Prosser coming in early, Harold Robinson settling down, Velma Lintinalli wearing a frown; George Chapman not telling a joke, Larry Funette not drinking a coke; Riva Schneider not wearing a sweater, Phil Powers being any better; Carol Beck not being quiet, Mary Smithson not trying a diet; Florence White with little to say, Joan Moore not being gay; Murry Davidson going steady, Steve Hubert without homework ready; Fred August with shirt and tie, Mary Ann Lonnee giving a sigh, Joseph Salem not biting his nails, Ross Coyle not telling tall tales; Muriel Thompson minus her smile, Vernon Cavanaugh walking a mile; Harold Gillen trying to be smart, Donald Wing without a remark; Jim Wiggins the brains of the class, Sharon Scott not studying to pass; Ken Angus weighing eighty-five, Donald Pullin acting half alive; Dorothy Joseph not looking like a doll, Holman Black being six feet tall.

JUKE BOX JIVE WITH 10-C JOAN BERESFORD-'Too Young" DINO BENEDET—"Life Gets Tedious Don't It" BETTY BOWMAN—"Be A Clown"
CHARLES BRYANS—"Lazy Bones" BARBARA CLEMINSON—"Temptation"
ROBERT FOWLER—"A Wonderful Guy"
LOUISE ELERBECK—"Hey, Good Lookin" DONALD HEDRICK-"I Get Ideas" JUDY HALLS-"Undecided" WILLIAM HOLDEN-"Never Been Kissed" LEE KILBREIN—"Thinking of You"
DOUGLAS KNOX—'Doin' What Comes Naturally" ELEANOR LAPPIN—"Sweet and Lovely" JAMES MacDONALD-"Lover?" SHARON LEARY-"Ain't She Sweet" CAMERON McBAIN—"Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" JANYCE LINTOTT-"Honey Bun" GEORGE McMILLAN—"Mickey"
MARGIE McCONNELL—"I Never See Maggie Alone" MIKE MELEGA—"Cock-Eyed Optimist" MARY ANN PRUSAK-'Ma, He's Makin' Eyes At Me"

TOMMY NEWTON—'You Gotta Be A Football Hero"
PAULETTE SCHWITZER—'On the Riviera"
SAM RIDDICK—'Lay That Pistol Down'
CAROL VINCENT—'A Great Big Barrel Of Fun"
RON RUTA—''Mr. Touchdown P.C.I."
CATHRYN WRIGHT—''Rovin' Kind"
ROGER SADLER—''Nature Boy''
MARIE GUTTMAN—''Oui, Oui, Marie"
DOMINIC SOTA—''Domino''
BILL WAKEMAN—''I Only Have Eyes For You''
GAY WEIR—''Thou Swell''
BING WILLAUGHAN—''Beautiful Brown Eyes''

10-D

Music, music, everywhere, especially in 10-D,
We sing and blow, laugh and joke—as happy as can be,
Our poor gals tried, but all in vain,
To win at least one little game,
But when the score was 16-4
We knew 10-D had lost once more.
Although we know sports are taboo,
We have other talents to offer you.
On our team of girls, the variety's rare,
Three tall and two short, two dark and three fair.
We have many a boy in this class of ours,
Who has worked on committees, done good chores,
And helped in the making of higher scores.
Although some are tall and some are small,
The boys of 10-D are not bad at all.

10-E

BEVERLEY ARKWELL-We all miss her, since she left. DONALD BENSETTE-I wonder if Don is getting tired of his surroundings. JOYCE BIRD—Noted for basketball and volleyball. MARGARET BLACK-Margaret is quiet while studying, but, when the JOYCE BRAITMAN-She won second place in Public Speaking. BOB BROCKLEY-Always keeps our class laughing. ELLEN BURNETT—Petite and cute. DON CORNISH—George and Don are inseparable. CORINNE DEGREE—What an interest for hockey she has acquired! ARLENE DeSALLIER—Could her new interest be B.H.? DOROTHY FREEMAN-Dorothy has also left us. FRED GLAUDE-Life of the group. ELAINE GRIMALDI-Why is "Modern Signs" always sitting on the campus? BEVERLEY HADDAD-Bev. is the giggler of our class. NORMA HIPSON-Sports come naturally to her. VICTORIA JAMAKARZIAN-The "Intellectual" of 10-E, but very modest. JACK KRUTSCH—We're proud of Jack's football prowess. BEVERLEY LESANSKY—Bev. is a wonderful pianist and cheerleader. SHIRLEY MAKER-Shirley's aim in school: Talk, giggle, chew gum. BETTY MALOTT—Have you ever seen her play football? RON MASKO—He's lots of fun and always starting something new. MARY ANN MASON-What's her interest in the band (besides the flute)? EILEEN MATHEWS-Quiet, until the teacher leaves the room then-DON MAXWELL—Brockley's friend in keeping the class happy. GRACE McNAB—Pull in those purple and white colours, Grace. CAROL MEADOWS—What's her interest in football? RUBY MORTON—Always giggling and spilling ink.

A funny little man told this to me:
I fell in a snowdrift in June, said he;
I went to a ball game out in the sea;
I saw a jellyfish float up in a tree;
I stirred my milk with a big brass key;
I opened my door on my bended knee;
I beg your pardon for this, said he,
But 'tis true when told as it ought to be.

LOUIS SMITH—His substitution for the English language keeps us

GEORGE TRUPP—I wonder why we always look up to George?

CAROL PARK-Blonde and cute, we call her "coke".

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Local 200 U.A.W. - C.I.O. JACK TAYLOR, President J. C. LAWLER, Financial Secretary CLASS NEWS — 10-F 10-F is a good class, Though teachers don't agree, Because when we are left alone The class goes on a spree.

The ink is splashed from wall to wall, With papers flying free, And when they accidentally hit, A gentle "Pardon me!"

The teacher raises eyebrows high With stern look glances round, Surveys each desk, and student there, Through all this—not a sound.

When all at once a stifled laugh, Comes from the room somewhere; A laugh that tells the teacher all And fills us with despair.

In spite of all they've ever said, Or what they've ever done. You'll find them very hard to beat For teamwork and good fun.

9-A

Act 1, Scene 1—
(Bob Bradt enters cloak room screaming!)
BOB: "Here's how I get to my locker."
Mr. Mennie enters and says: "Here's how you get to 217."

9-A has a little band, Their instruments sound with zest, The trumpets think they're very hot, But the brass section sounds the best.

The trumpets think they're hot, The trombone thinks so too, But when the tune gets low and slow, The sousaphones come through.

CLASS NEWS - 9-B

After a very successful election, Emil Posiluyko was chosen as president of our class and Peggy Measor as vice-president. Joan Gibb was chosen as captain of our girls' interform basketball team; and even though our losses were great, we know our team played its best. Our volley-ball captain is Gloria Alexander and we hope our volleyball season will be better than basketball. In contrast to the girls' teams the boys' soccer team only lost one game and ended in a tie for first place with 9-F. We are proud to mention that the goalie of our soccer team let only one goal to be scored against him in the grade nine interform season. Honorable mention should be given to Joe Loosemore, captain of the soccer team, who did his job wonderfully. We are proud to welcome Ilga Valdonis, who has journeyed a long way from Germany to 9-B.

9-C CLASS NEWS

ALICE DEEP-A shy little lass. MARY BAXTER-Artist of 9-C for 1951-52. DOROTHY BUTTERFIELD-Oh, golly! There goes the bell. BETTY CLARK-The silent type. DINA GREGUOL—What have we got for homework? BARBARA KENNEDY—A girl with "all" the answers. BARBARA LUCIER—Wonder why she wants to learn how to play the HELEN MILUCHEFF-Oh! How I love that boy. VIRGINIA PHILLIPS-What is her main ambition? School work (h-m-m). MARY JO PRINCE-The little girl of our class. ELEANOR EVANSHEN-What! No Math homework today? JOYCE BEST—She'd lead a happy life if it wasn't for—(you know who). DORIS FIELDS—Come on, Eleanor, the bell rings in two minutes. BRINLEY JONES-Alias Fuzzy-Vice President of our class. ROBERT MORRIS-Todd, have you finished your Math homework yet? JERRY BACKINNI-Gee, he made the football team. STEVE KOMINAR—Can't go a whole Math period without asking a question. RICHARD GAUTHIER—Wonder why he likes to sit at the back of the room? RAY BELCOURT—What has he got against school?

FRANCO TINTINALLI—Not very tall, but brilliant (at times).

GORDON ROOT—Can you imagine him asking a question in Math?
ANDY MORRISON—Always bringing that fresh look into the classroom.
ARNEL RAHAM—Will he stop annoying his teachers?

9-D's ALPHABET

A-is for Anderson, a sweet little lass, Aimes, too, belongs to this class, —is for Bryans who causes alarm, C— is for Courtney her voice is her charm. D-is for Duval and Dominato quite cute, E- is for excitement of which we have some, - is for Fanson who likes lots of fun, Felker, too, good times does not miss. G-is for Gatto at sports she's a whiz, H-is for Howe who's really a cinch, Holden at Math, we know he'll not flinch. I and J we've none of they, Kovack's of nimblest wit they say. L- is for Logan of great mental might, M-is before Nussbaun, her man's all right. O-is for zero, we've had none of those, P- is for Pastorius, he's handsome and shy, Q-is for questions that never make sense, R- is for Rankin a hostess proficient, Reinbait for fun, Ritsco and Reid. S- stands for Stewart of parties reminiscent, Steffanson too, now there is a boy, Smith a cute girl and quite a joy, Of T, U and V we've none so named, W-stands for Welsh who arrived late to our group, Wakely in French will not be shamed. Z- is for Helen who's smart just the same.

9-E CLASS NEWS

We are the girls of 9-E, And wonderful times have we. In class we chew gum Because it is fun, But when we are caught there's a fee.

We are the girls of 9-E.
Brisk, gentle ladies are we,
We tear down the stairs
Like mad wild hares
At quarter to four when we leave.

This year's class of 9-E boys Found us handling Christmas toys. History, and English rooms are one. Our class needs more work, and less fun. But after all our work is through, We praise 9-E and our teachers too.

Now this record I have to end So not to make my pen nib bend. I enter this poem in the fight For space in the Patrician—All right!

9-F CLASS NEWS

Barbara Thompson with natural curly hair. Gerald Burliegh riding a mare. Lilly Lenko not knowing the look. George without an English book. Gwen Stein not saying a word. Betty Preston not being heard. Jeanette Hotte without her baby talk. Marilyn Chard learning to walk. Ted Meskos being rude. Thomas Amlin in a talkative mood. Eleanor Logan drinking tea. Bill Whitesell six-foot-three. Marilyn Davey being a good cook. Eli Halet reading a book. Ken Kelbraith going steady. Sylvia Chapman being ready. Don Baillie one of our handsome boys. Bob Lettner without his toys. Shirley Cowel two-ton Bess. Edith Harrison looking a mess. Shirley Bell being mellow. Carl McCart a thin pale fellow. Gloria Harrison a failure at all. May Mantha thin and tall. Ron Daneliuk the pride of the class. John Gardner not chasing a lass.

DAVID FLETCHER-A-a-and there they go.

ROBERT TODD-Gad! What an article.

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FIRST ROW:

Beverly Lopatin, Jacqueline Halls, Louise Pearce, Pearl Kozgar, Joan Allen, Betty Metzger, Sylvia Berk, Annette Prince.

12B

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FIRST ROW:

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ABSENT: Bill McConnell.

12C

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11A

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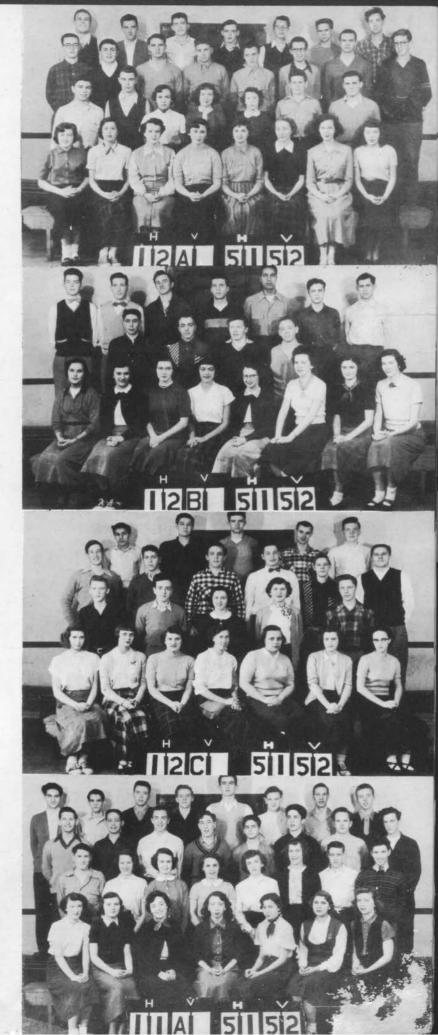
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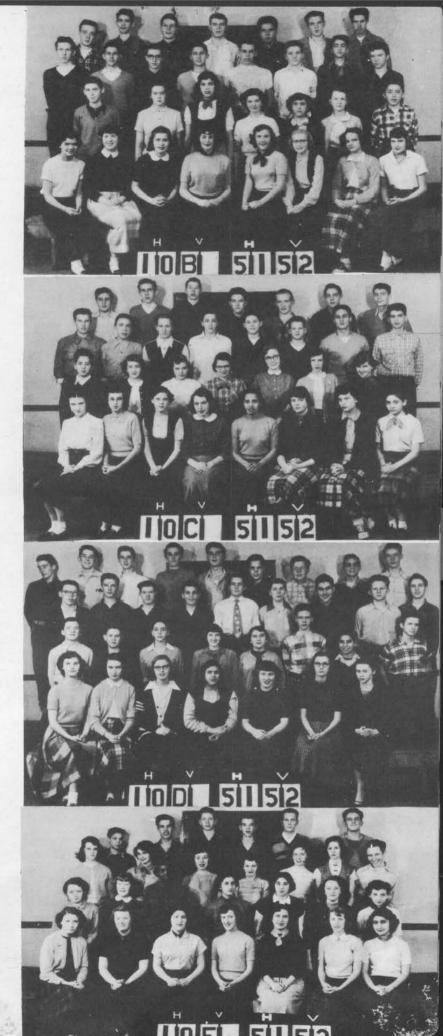
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Allan Grant, Jim Cook, Sandra Burdett, Peggy Measor, Madeline Duncan, Wayne Penny, Robert Newman. FIRST ROW:

Barbara Hardie, Margaret Banwell, Grace Jeffries, Ilga Valdonis, Joan Gibb, Anita Degree, Gloria Alexander. ABSENT: Ann Turnbull.

9C

FRONT ROW (left to right):

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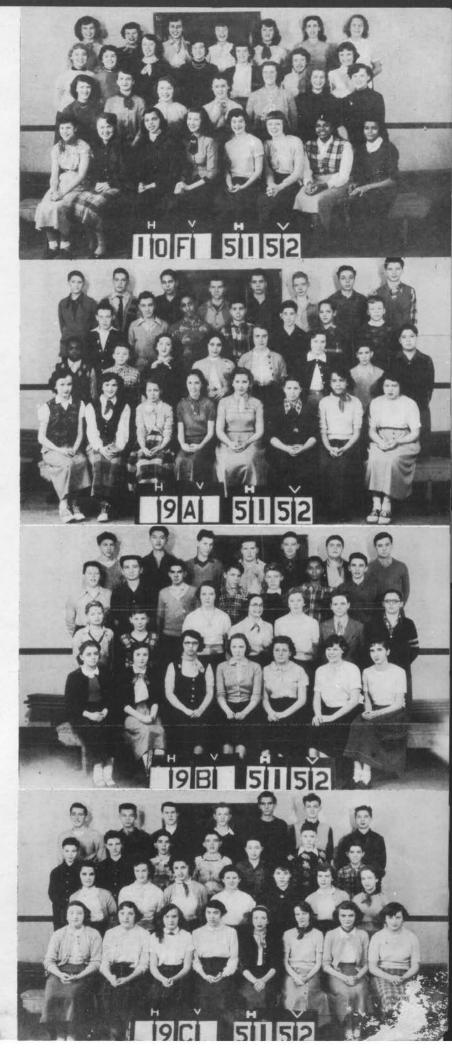
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ABSENT: Roberta Rankin, Ronald Steffensen.

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Romeo Beauparlant, Hugh Gillespie, Ian Morgan, George Gilbert, Ted Donald, Keith McPhail.

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Jack Smith, Bob Starr, Bill Sinkevitch, Don Matheson, Wayne Stewart, Julius Toth, Bob Childerhose.

SECOND ROW:

Beverly Miell, Lynn Garrow, Caroline Marion, Mary Chapski, Betty Cranston, Jo-Anne Turner, Gloria Tellier,

FIRST ROW:

Jean Millben, Annette Olbey, Ella Malott, Clarice Carry, Sonia Stefanovich, Judy Robinson, Joyce Caldwell, Shirley Kersey, Marlene Gibbons. ABSENT: Effie Dick.

FOURTH ROW (left to right):

Thomas Amlin, Ronald Daneliuk, John Gardner, George Turton, Gerald Burleigh, Carl McCart.

THIRD ROW

Bob Lettner, Don Baillie, Ken Kilbreath, Eli Hallett, Ted Meskose, Bill Whitesell.

SECOND ROW:

Betty Preston, Lillie Levko, Edyth Harrison, Gloria Harrison, Jeannette Hotte, Barbara Thomsen.

FIRST ROW:

Gwen Stein, Sylvia Chapman, Shirley Bell, Shirley Cowell,

Eleanor Logan, May Mantha. ABSENT: Marilyn Davey, Marilyn Chard.



Left to right: Mr. Bill Dix, Mr. A. Jolliffe, Mr. Harold Barnett, Mr. M. Bruner.









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