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The

Max Adair
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Blue & White



Walkerville
Collegiate

1929

1929

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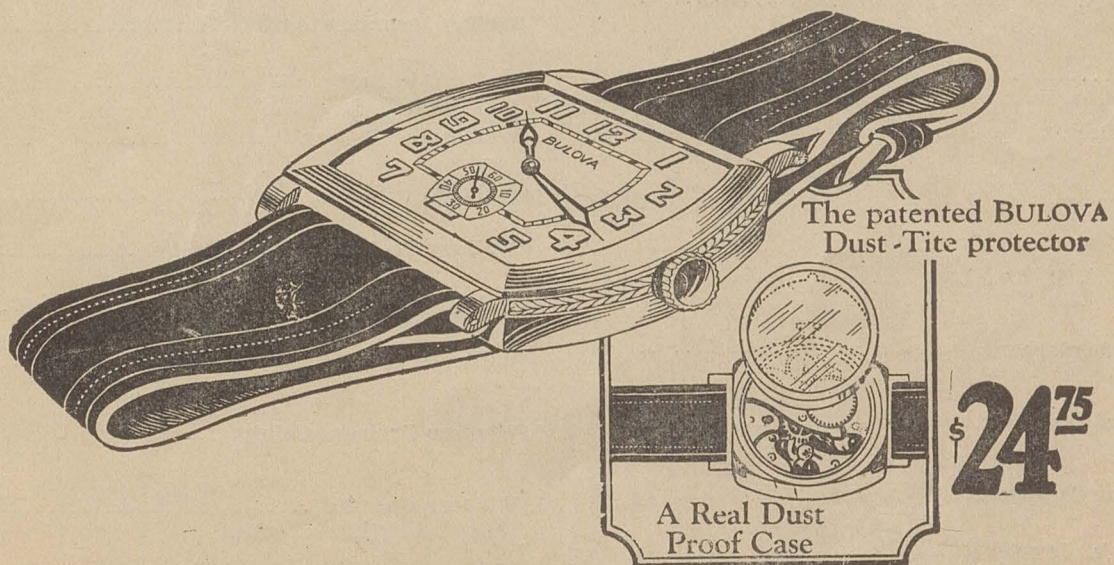
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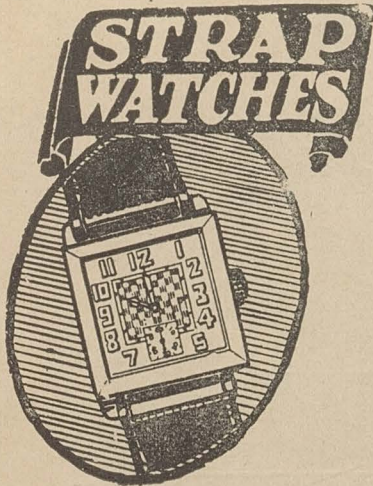
APRIL 1929

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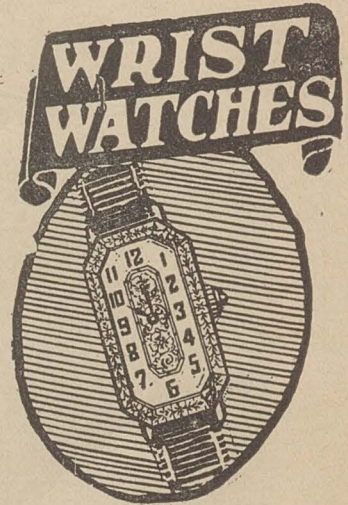
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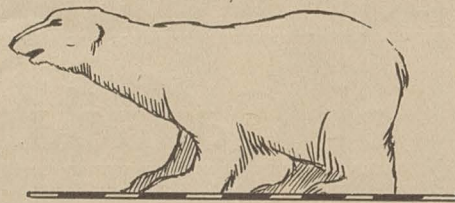
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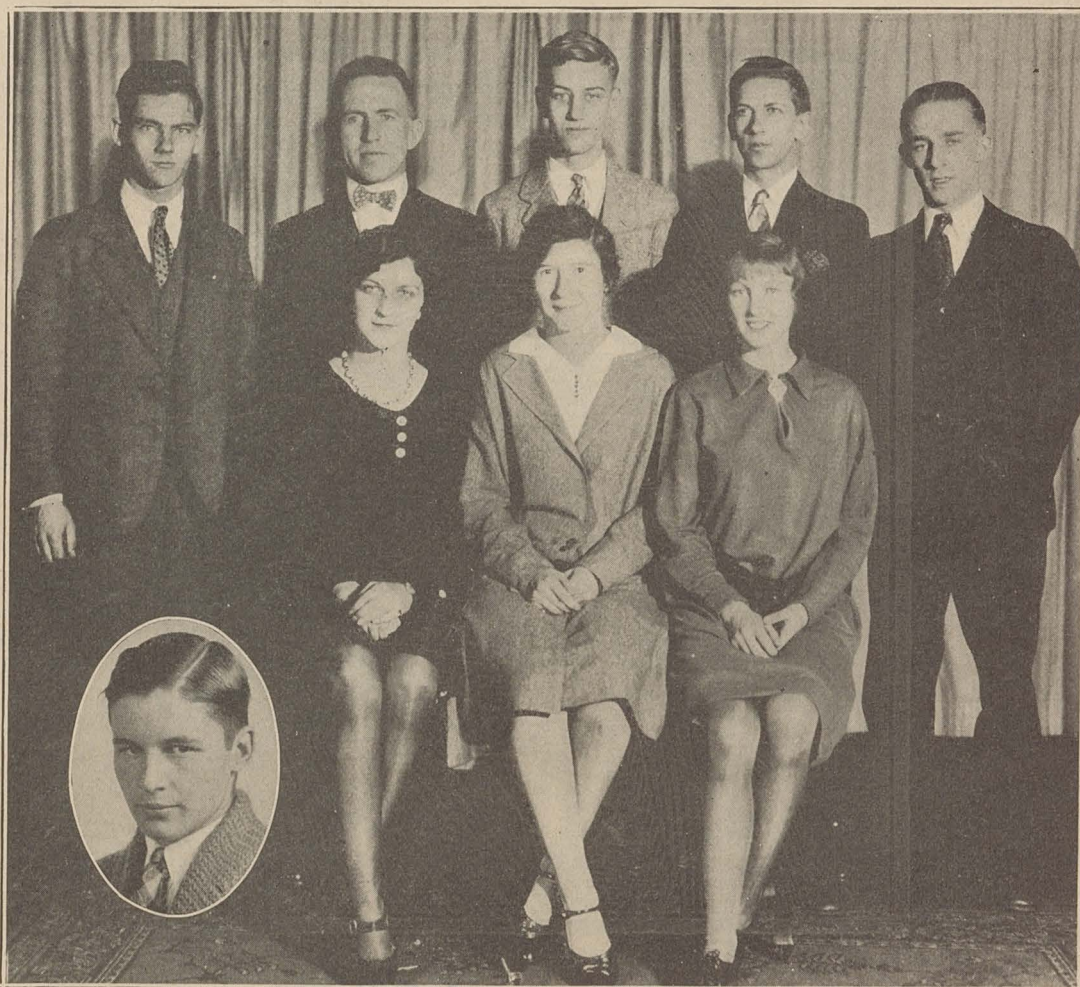
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Ralph Breese, Advertising Manager.
Wm. Bryce, Sports Editor.

Front Row

Isabel Hallman, Society Editor.
Miss McLaren Critic.
Ruth McMullen, Assistant Editor.
Inset—S. Crocker, Adv't Ass't.

Dedication



Robt. Meade

In grateful recognition of his years of leadership, service
and friendship, we dedicate this to our
retiring principal

Mr. Robt. Meade, M. A.

Principal Meade's Message



THE invitation of the editor of *The Blue and White* for a 300-word advice to the students of our Collegiate Institute filled me with considerable dismay, for I know that the wise students don't need any advice and the foolish ones won't take it. In spite of this truism, however, I wish to point out to the young High School student the necessity of deciding early what calling in life he is going to follow. A thoughtful person would think any one quite idiotic who would start out on a journey without first knowing where he was going; such a one would wander about aimlessly but get no where; and so the student who hasn't settled on his life's work flounders about in a half-hearted way, but fails to arrive anywhere.

Another important problem that confronts every student is,—what life calling shall I select? The diversities in human nature make the answer to this question quite a difficult one, but there is a broad principle that should enter into every decision. It is this,—a person must get pleasure and joy out of attending to his daily tasks or his whole life becomes one of intolerable drudgery. In choosing a life work, therefore, one must select a calling which he likes and for which his talents and disposition fit him. This selected life work must also have prospects of enough financial return to allow for the establishment of a comfortable home.

No life is doomed from its start, to be a failure. With a pleasant, unselfish personality and a habit of industry acquired through conscientious application to duty, success in life is assured. Remember that "*work*" is the pass word to success: that we get out of play, business and life itself just what we put into it. We reap what we sow, but more than we sow: sow indolence and reap poverty; sow sin and reap destruction here and hereafter; sow industry and reap business success; sow unselfish service to others and reap a golden eternity.



Mr. Meade.

Something has happened to Walkerville Collegiate—something that is still too new to realize in all its angles. When Mr. Meade announced his retirement at the end of this school year, we had a feeling of unreality—it just could not be true.

But it is true—to the great regret of all who come within his kindly jurisdiction. The old school might as well be losing its good right arm—or shall we say its good right wing. For Walkerville Collegiate is his and he made it. He has nursed it, coddled it, doubtless belaboured it into one of the very best schools in the Province of Ontario. If you do not believe us, see our record, and ask the inspectors. And Ontario, by the way, is full of good schools, so that the competition is keen.

Inspectors are notoriously chary of praise, but these extracts taken at random from the reports of different men will certainly verify our claim.

“This building is planned on a magnificent scale and its appearance is imposing.”

“There are few High Schools in the Province which can compare with this in respect to the excellence and the completion of its accommodations.”

“I am particularly pleased with the spirit of the student body. It is a real pleasure to visit this school.”

“The principal is an expert organizer, and as a manager he shows tact and judgment.”

The last one, perhaps, more than any, gives the key to the situation. Organization, tact and judgment have wrought lasting results and laid the foundation for continuous growth.

We talked with Mr. Meade one night in the biology lab. in an effort to get his impression of a life spent in teaching. He was very kind, and a good-humoured twinkle lighted his eye as he answered our questions.

But soon he became more serious and his eyes, reminiscent, as he related the hardships encountered and overcome in building our school. During his regime as teacher and inspector he kept in the back of his mind the vision of a splendid school for Walkerville.

He saw the big, bright classrooms, the great halls, the well-equipped gymnasium and pool and the beautiful auditorium, all of which are commonplaces to us today. Few of us realize in enjoying the activities and pleasures afforded by the present school what a struggle it was to bring all these things into being.

Try as we might to get his account of all this, he would only touch lightly on the early years. Walkerville was but a small town and it must have taken a deal of eloquence to convince the powers that such a large and finely equipped school was either feasible or necessary. Many people were against it on the ground of expense—not realizing the growth and prosperity just around the corner.

To make a long story short, his persistence won the day and the dream is now a very live reality. Before the Collegiate was erected, he established a continuation school in King George School. Two extra teachers and about ninety pupils constituted the start of Walkerville Collegiate—rather different from the present enrolment of five hundred.

In 1922 the new building was opened and the rapid growth has more than confirmed the clarity of his vision. With a teaching staff second to none, a wide reputation in both scholarship and sport, and best of all, a fine school spirit, Walkerville C. I. now stands in an enviable place. We surely cannot be blamed for a pride in our Alma Mater and the man who has been the principal in bringing about this happy consummation.

Mr. Meade has set certain standards for the school and has adhered to them with firmness and persistence. But just beneath the surface and poorly hidden lurks the kindest of personalities. He loves fishing and living close to nature. Each summer, a certain cottage on a blue gem of a lake, surrounded by dense pines, bids him welcome.

And then, in September, we see him once more looking brown and fit, ready for another year's work. But next fall, alas, this familiar sight will be denied us. The pilot is stepping out—with everything ship-shape—and turning over the wheel to competent hands who will carry on the course that he has so carefully planned.

Walkerville Collegiate will never be quite the same without Mr. Meade. But "Kismet!" What must be, will be. We cannot blame him, for he deserves the rest. But in bidding him farewell we would like to thank him from our hearts for all he has made possible, and would like to assure him through the medium of the "Blue and White" that there is universal regret at his departure from our midst and equally sincere hope that his fortune may follow pleasant paths.

* * * * *

OUR ADVERTISERS

A very great part of the success of our "Blue and White" is due to the generosity of the business men of the Border Cities. Year after year they have responded to our different advertising managers with their whole-hearted co-operation, by taking space for advertising.

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RALPH BREESE,
Advertising Manager.

* * * * *

Changes in the Staff

With the passing of years and of budding lawyers and doctors, who only too often, unfortunately, forget and are forgotten, there pass occasionally some who not in virtue of their position, but rather of their magnetically attracting personalities, are not, for they cannot be forgotten. From their radiant personalities they leave an intangible something which is School Spirit.

Such were our late teachers, Miss Jean Allison and Miss Arosemena. Both had in their charming personalities what Elinor Glyn calls IT. Miss Allison could make even Ancient History interesting. In French Miss Arosemena was so successful a teacher that even the first formers under her guidance did the seeming impossibility in presenting a playlet in that impossible language.

To fill the vacancies created by the retirements and to meet the demands of an ever-increasing student body, has brought to us new teachers who have already endeared themselves to the student body.

Miss McDonald, in the rather doubtful position as Latin teacher, has already endeared herself to the school. Her fourth form presentation for the Literary Society was termed by Mr. White the finest show ever presented in this school.

Miss McLaren has taken an active interest in debating and oratory and is also serving as critic for this magazine.

Miss McWhorter, an old favourite of other days, has returned once more as a French teacher.

Student Control

This is a subject which has been under discussion in this school for several years.

We have ascertained from other schools with what success student control has worked and have come to the conclusion that it would be in the best interests of our school. The student body would become more settled under such a responsibility and the conduct would be considerably improved.

We should like to suggest that next year the school be controlled by a body of students from the fourth and fifth forms—ten to be selected by ballot by the students and five to be appointed by the teaching staff. These fifteen members would elect from among themselves a senior and two junior judges, whose importance will be seen later. The senior judge will be the chairman of the Board of Control composed of all fifteen members.

These members would have control of the students in regard to conduct in and about the school. A list of offences and punishments could be drawn up with a minimum and a maximum penalty for each offence. These punishments would be meted out by any member of the Board of Control to students who break the rules. If a student were to think that the punishment allotted to him too severe he might appeal to the judges who would sit two nights a week to discuss such affairs.

* * * * *

HAVE YOU DONE YOUR SHARE?

Once again, your school book makes its appearance, and we hope that you receive it kindly. But is it YOUR book; have you done your bit, have you given a story, a verse of rhyme, or a few good jokes? Have you been one of those who have labored "behind the scenes?" Too many believe that their part in a school book consists of obligingly casting a vote for their friend in September, and buying a book at Easter. The book just happens, so far as they are concerned.

It is interesting, as well as gratifying, to note that those to whom the largest and undoubtedly the more difficult consignments are made, willingly and PROMPTLY respond. On the other hand, the form reporters to whom falls the task of making up the humorous sections are the slowest to turn in their work. Probably less than half make any contributions at all. This is especially deplorable in as much as this section is the place which shows how much the school is represented.

A school publication is one of the few activities in the school in which every student, regardless of age or grading, has an equal opportunity to participate. A school book is something more than a newspaper, or magazine, or joke book to be read and discarded. It should be kept so that in years to come it may be a flower in our bouquet of memories,—a happy, colourful one, we hope. With this in mind pictures of teams and societies are most important and so we have included as many as are financially possible. We have had also included every happening of note in the school year. With the same end in mind, we have a poem by our distinguished visitor, Wilson MacDonald, in our poetry section. We have attempted to keep school atmosphere in the jokes, but it is here that the form reporters fail so badly. It is impossible for the editor in charge to add or substitute suitable names to jokes for a whole school.

It is fitting to mention here the assistant editor's able efforts in cutting several designs, headings and cartoons from linoleum. Some schools use wood cuts but we have given something better.

Thanks are also due to the boys who assisted the advertising manager in his task which makes the book financially possible.—Crocker, Gluns, Considine, Elwin.

Lincoln wasn't thinking of a school magazine when he said that "those who wait, serve." Remember that, like life, you get out of a book what you put in it. The greatest satisfaction that any student can have in reading his school's year book must be in seeing his own share, however small, which contributed to the success of the undertaking.—THE EDITOR.



The Literary Society.

The first meeting of the Literary Society of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute was held on Friday, September the twenty-first, in the school auditorium. Henry Bull, the preceding year's vice-president was in the chair, and Stuart Young acted as the secretary. The purpose of the meeting was to nominate officers for the various activities in our school life.

Mr. Meade was made Honorary President by acclamation.

On the following Friday the nominees had an opportunity to address the student body to give either their reasons for standing or their excuses for withdrawing. It is one of the unwritten laws that every nominee must face the audience in this school and it is well to note that very few shirk, uncomfortable as it is for many.

After a week of strenuous campaigning, the elections were held on the following Friday. The biology laboratory and the lunch room were used for polls under the supervision of William Duncan and Albert Aylesworth.

The results of the elections were announced on the following Monday. The executive for the ensuing year was: President, Henry Bull; first vice-president, Glendel Shafer; second vice-president, Stuart Young; secretary, Jean Norbury; historian, Mildred Gordon.

The staff of the school magazine, the "Blue and White," was: Editor, William McColl; assistant editor, Ruth McMullen; sports editor, William Bryce; advertising manager, Ralph Breese.

* * * * *

The first Literary Society program for the year was presented by the Fifth Form.

A reading by Isabel Hallman, from Stephen Leacock's "Reading Public" was much enjoyed.

Edgar Clement then played in his usual style a flute solo, "Loin du Bal," by Gillet, which was followed by an absorbing talk on socialism by Luther Clarke, providing the balance for the programme.

The main feature of the afternoon was the Fifth Form boys' portrayal of the forum scene from Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, in which, after Caesar's assassination, the future of Rome swayed in the balances. James Hayward, as Brutus, told the mob the reasons for killing Caesar; then in a flow of impassioned oratory, Mark Anthony, impersonated by Edgar Clement, swayed the mob to his side until they were prepared to burn the conspirators' houses.

The boys returned to the stage dressed in their flowing togas and sang the song, "There's One More River to Cross," with solo parts by Edgar Clement and Henry Bull. This humorous selection brought the programme to a close.

* * * * *

On Thursday, November the eighth, the Fourth Forms put on what Mr. White, the critic, said was the best programme presented in five years.

This programme was opened with a piano solo by Margaret Fisher, "Au Matin," by Godard.

In scenes from Shakespeare's "Midsummer's Night Dream," presented by the fourth formers, Gordon Hall and Bill Sansburn, as Thisbe and Pyramus, kept the audience in fits of laughter.

Gordon and Bill then dramatically (?) sang "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

A reading by Daisy Bean and a gavotte, very charmingly danced by Shirley Bennett and Ruth McMullen, closed the programme.

* * * * *

On Thursday, November the twenty-second, Mr. White's Form IIC. and Mr. McNaughton's IC. put on the programme.

Clyde Gilbert opened the programme, playing as a violin solo "Twilight Idyl."

This was followed by a reading by Donald Newman, "The Life of Henry Drummond," after which Maxwell Baker recited Drummond's best known poem, "The Habitant."

"Christmas Scenes from Dickens," was the play by the students of IIC. As it was near the Christmas season these were unusually appropriate.

A piano duet by Dorothy Soumis and Frances Kropki, "Galop Brillant," and a vocal solo, "Angela Mia," by Thelma Hyland completed the afternoon's presentation.

In his criticism Mr. Horwood complimented the Forms IC. and IIC. as well as Mr. McNaughton and Mr. White for the excellence of the programme.

* * * * *

On the seventeenth of January, the school was kept in laughter by Mr. Horwood's Form IIB.

The programme opened with the first scene from a play "The Family Flurry," depicting the trials of married life, Evelyn Bridges, Beatrice Bennetto, Irene Anderson, Ben Wilson, Stuart Patterson and Jack O'Connell enacted the comedy which was based around a lost umbrella.

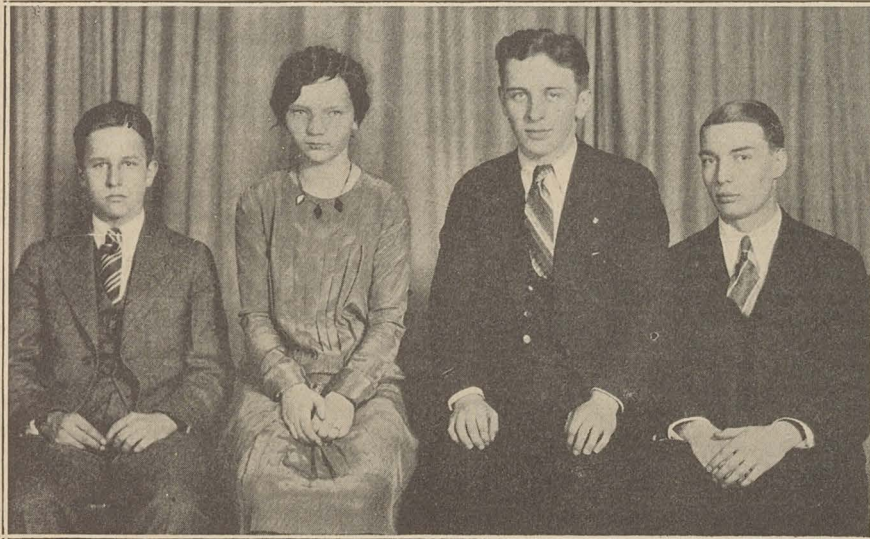
Herschell Stafford performed with such skill on the violin (with a little assistance from behind the curtain) that an encore was demanded.

Evelyn Bridges gave two readings "Brotherly Love" and "Overdrawn," the latter dealing with father's troubles since monther learned to write cheques. The next number was a solo by Joyce Sparling.

The scene quickly changed to a Roman amphitheatre where a herald announced a boxing match. During the encounter one of the gladiators knocked the other out, for which feat he was crowned with a laurel wreath. After a very desperate duel with staves in which the crowd with thumbs down demanded the life of the vanquished, another wreath was presented. This was followed by a thrilling chariot race which was won by Ben Hur. Incidental music was played on a player-piano behind the scenes, and the show was uproariously received by the audience.

In his criticism Mr. Philp expressed the opinion that he was afraid that Mr. Horwood had the wrong view on married life.

JEAN NORBURY per M. GORDON.



Literary Executive.

STUART YOUNG, Second Vice-President; MILDRED GORDON, Historian; GLENDEL SHAFER, First Vice-President; HENRY BULL, President.

ABSENT—JEAN NORBURY, Secretary; MR. ROBT. MEADE, M.A., Honorary President.

Wilson MacDonald.

It was our especial privilege to have with us last fall one of the truly great men of Canada—a man whose star is rising, Wilson MacDonald. Mr. MacDonald, in a short address, spoke on the poets of Canada. He told us that although Canada has poets of superior talent than the famous new world poet, Longfellow, they are relatively unknown because of the attitude taken by the leading universities of the country. This is especially deplorable since of the finer arts, Canadian poetry alone has risen to world-wide prominence. Canada has no great musicians, no great painters, no great sculptors; but Canada has some of the world's finest living poets whose works are of the finest calibre. Wilson MacDonald is one of these.

Mr. MacDonald recited some of his own poetry as only a poet can do. It is when one hears poetry recited by its author, with all the meaning and emotion, all the soul of the writer in it, that one learns to love it. Poetry in school books can be so stupidly dull—to boys and girls at least, but well delivered, then it is so delightfully different.

In his "Whist-Whew" there was a beautiful note of sadness, and we knew his sorrow; in his "Pauline Johnson" a wealth of meaning, and we felt his admiration for a noble woman poet; but it was the simple, golden thought in his "Maggie Schwartz" that won him a place in every student's heart the day he spoke at Walkerville.

Mr. MacDonald seems to be quite a genius for he is not merely a poet. Indeed, he is a playwright as well and is presenting his own play, "In Sunny France," here for school. As A. E. S. Smythe says of him: "He

has written operas, not merely the words, not merely the music but the whole composition, scenery, dances, costumes, all from one fertile brain. He is an inventor and has patented several devices. If it should occur to him to become commercial or mercenary I believe he would juggle finance with the same legerdemain by which he confounds the greatest conjurers of the stage."

Mr. MacDonald has very kindly given us permission to print one of his poems in our poetry section. Because of the unusual beauty of his handwriting and the designing we have reproduced it, and hope that this will serve as a reminder of the days he spent with us.

* * * * *

The Monroe Singers.

We often have in our assemblies addresses from well known people (usually from about town), but it is seldom that we have a musical programme given. It was with great pleasure, therefore, that we listened to the Monroe Singers last fall. The group consisted of four young men, students of Monroe Normal School in Texas, who were making a tour of the United States and Canada in the interests of their school and race. Their programme was made up of humorous Southern melodies and as a contrast, a number of Negro Spirituals, including the well known "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." They rendered these songs in a true native style and so thrilled their audience that they were encored over and over again.—H.H.B.

Historian's Report

With a very successful year behind it, which had included a W. O. S. S. A. championship in soccer, the Eastern Canada Boys' Basketball championship, three district championships in oratory, an undefeated Boys' Debating team and three scholarships, won by Helen O'Neil, Keith McEwen and Grosvenor Shepherd, the Walkerville Collegiate Institute welcomed back its old and its new students on September the fourth.

The nomination, campaign and election of the executives of the different organizations of the school followed in rapid succession the opening of school.

On the evening of October the twenty-seventh the school went to the Lincoln Road United Church in a body. The Rev. Mr. Magwood preached a very inspiring sermon. The school choir presented two numbers, which were much appreciated.

The week of December the tenth brought Inspector A. J. Husband into our midst. His report was very satisfactory and we all feel justly proud of our school, its record and its achievements.

The annual Commencement exercises were held in the auditorium on Friday evening, December the fifteenth. The valedictorian's address was given by Ian Allison, and the Rev. Mr. Morden addressed the graduating class.

The High School Entrance certificates were presented by Mr. O. M. Stonehouse and Mr. A. R. Davidson, while Mr. Meade presented the Ontario departmental certificates to the successful candidates.

The only sad note of the evening came when Mr. Meade announced that he had handed in his resignation to the Board of Education. Students, teachers and the people of the town of Walkerville heard this news with regret.

Inspector Husband presented the Carter Scholarship to Keith McEwen. Numerous medals and "W's" were given to the victorious athletes.

The Glee Club delightfully entertained us with Christmas carols.

The evening was concluded with a short comedy, "The Boy Comes Home."

School was closed early for the Christmas holidays on account of the epidemic of "flu."

The staff and pupils regretted Miss Dickey's illness at the Christmas season and welcomed her return late in January.

Miss Arosemena, our popular Lower School French teacher, resigned at Christmas and Miss McWhorter, who had been here during Miss Dickey's illness, has taken her place.

The students rejoiced when school pins came out soon after our return in January. There is the school pin, which may be purchased by all, and five special pins for proficiency in academic or athletic pursuits.

The Glee Club, which was organized during the fall term, is going ahead by leaps and bounds. The school orchestra, another musical venture, has also been a credit to the school.

The Boys' Debating Team is now preparing for the semi-finals of the W. O. S. S. A. They certainly have upheld the school record and I am sure we all wish them every success.

A girls' debating team was organized this year. As it was a new venture for our girls and as their competitors were old at the game, the girls were not as successful as the boys were, but we are wishing them better luck next year.

At the B. C. S. S. A. field day, Walkerville almost scored a win over their formidable opponents. We had the pleasure of claiming both the boys' senior and junior champions in the persons of Arthur Scott and Sylvester Crocker.

Our soccer team won the border district championship, but owing to rain and a little hard luck, lost the Wossa to Sir Adam Beck of London.

In the basketball, both the boys and girls have been eliminated after very keen competition.

* * * * *

An English Seaport



There are only a favored few among the hundreds of students in this school who have been able to pay a visit to the British Isles. The Scottish lochs, the Irish loughs, and the English lakes, with their rugged scenery, are unexcelled by any other waters of the same size throughout the world. It is

not about the lakes and mountains, or the quiet little village that I am going to write, but a description of a typical northern seaport.

Situated on the northwest coast of England, about thirty-five miles from the Scottish border, Whitehaven has a splendid position for trade, and, as a result is one of the most important ports on the Irish Sea. A short trip down the coast, and ships can put in at busy cities like Manchester, Liverpool or Bristol, while it takes only a few hours to reach Glasgow or the Isle of Man.

There is no more interesting sight than watching the numerous ships come in with their varied cargoes. Vessels with ore from Spain, coal and cattle boats from Ireland, sugar from the West Indies, dairy produce from Denmark, and ships bringing timber from Norway and Sweden. The vessels in the harbor and docks are of many types, trawlers, schooners, fishing smacks, large and small tramp steamers, and tugs, freight trains bringing coal to replenish the ships' supply.

A short distance from the docks is the market. At the numerous little stalls one can buy clothes, boots, old books, sweets, fruit and vegetables, butter and eggs fresh from the country, or fish just out of the sea. It is amusing to hear the buyers and sellers arguing over a few pennies, in broad Cumberland dialect, unintelligible to the stranger.

The town itself is old fashioned, with narrow streets and quiet cobbled lanes. Its most important streets, however, are lined with ever-crowded shops. The population of thirty thousand, is made up for the most part of miners and colliers. Just outside the town are numerous iron mines and collieries. Others are employed in the carpet and flour mills, while not a few are employed at the huge blast furnaces.

Unlike many of the neighboring towns and villages, Whitehaven is not a very historical spot. However, there is a magnificent castle and fine park. The castle, which is in splendid condition despite its age, was formerly part of Lord Lonsdale's estate, but the Earl donated it to the town to convert into a hospital.

Though not a very big town, Whitehaven's thriving trade makes it a typical seaport town with an important position among British ports.—JOE BURNS.

ORATORY

GRACCHUS · CATO · DEMOSTHENES · CICERO · AESCHINES

*As the winds use
A crack in the wall
Or a drain,
Their joy, or their pain,
To whistle through—
Choose me,
You English words.*

* * * * *

Debating

Never before has such interest been shown in anything savouring of academic leanings as in debating this year. Walkerville's debaters were eliminated in the finals last year on a technicality and bid fair to continue in their winning. The interest shown by the student body in this work is especially commendable as debating is undoubtedly of more value than any subject on the curricula—to those participating.

Participation in debates gives excellent training in self-control. The good debater must school himself to keep his temper and to overcome diffidence before an audience; he must forget himself and keep his mind concentrated on the points at issue. Debating trains one to meet emergencies promptly and to think quickly, which in turn demands preparation. To meet an opponent's arguments, a debater must have his knowledge systematized and his facts ready to be presented at a moment's notice. Debaters learn to express ideas clearly and concisely, and their judgment is trained and faculty for constructive thinking developed. Study on the subject and the actual debate develop the student's powers to concentrate.

In the first debate, H. H. Bull and Glendel Shafer, taking the affirmative, and Luther Clarke and James Hayward the negative, defeated both teams representing the Assumption College, arguing on the subject, "Resolved: that heredity is a greater factor in a man's success than environment."

In the second debate, Arthur Aylesworth and Winston Mahon of the affirmative team, and William McColl and Howard Morrow of the negative, defeated both teams of the St. Thomas C. I. The subject of this debate was: "Resolved: that the British form of government is preferable to the American form of government."

In the third debate, L. Clarke and J. Hayward, and Art West and Edgar Clement, spoke on the subject, "Resolved: that the naturalization of coal mines is in the better interests of the country," with the Sarnia C. I.

THE GIRLS.

The girls were less fortunate in their endeavours, although they were quite as enthusiastic as were the boys. Although they lost they have our best wishes for future success.

In the first debate, with Sarnia, both teams lost. The negative of the subject, "Resolved: that the monarchical form of government is preferable to the Republican form," was taken by Jean Norbury and Ellen Bennett, and the affirmative by Dora Banwell and Alda Maurice.

In their second encounter, with St. Thomas, the girls were somewhat more successful. Speaking on the topic, "Resolved, that trial by Judge is preferable to

trial by Jury, the negative team, made up of Jean Norbury and Shirley Bennett, won, but the affirmative team, Dora Banwell and Jean Vincent, were less fortunate.

Much credit for the success of these speakers is due to Miss Dickey, who has given so freely of time. The entire debating group extends to her their sincerest gratitude for her valuable assistance in their undertaking.

* * * * *

ORATORY

Oratory—formal address in eloquent language—is gaining much favor, not to mention success, in our school life. That there were twenty-three contestants in the primary competition shows the unusual interest taken by our student body in this work.

In the senior boys' contest, Leo Malania, speaking on "The Stability of Banks in Canada," defeated Edwin Hawkeswood, Edgar Clement and Harry Bennett.

In the senior girls' competition, Ruth McMullen, speaking on that fascinating subject, "Russia—the Transition Period," outshone the other brilliant speakers, Shirley Bennett, Olive Elley, Ellen Bennett, Jean Flath and Dorothy Vernon.

In the junior contests the first and second forms each chose their best orators and these met to decide who should represent Walkerville. Nita Staples of second, speaking on "E. Pauline Johnson," defeated Patricia Lamers of first. James Walker, the first form's choice, speaking on "The League of Nations," won over Louis Clement of second form.

It is to be observed that Walker is the first freshman ever to win this honour since the Collegiate's inception.

Walkerville repeated its showing made in local competitions last year by taking firsts in three of the four classes. Leo Malania, with his calm, convincing manner and his weighty and interesting material, defeated three others at Windsor C. I., to win the Essex district final. Nita Staples, with her entrancing gestures and well-chosen selections by her heroine, Pauline Johnson, defeated the best Windsor C. I., the W. W. Tech., and Kingsville H. S. could send to Walkerville. Walker invaded the Technical school and defeated the representatives from our other schools. Our only loss was when Ruth McMullen speaking at Kingsville, was outpointed by Margaret Haygarth of Windsor C. I.

We wish our brilliant speakers better fortune in the finals than was the lot of last year's winners, who were all nosed out in the Wossa finals, and hope that they will bring fresh honors to their school in this new line of endeavour.



Debating Team

Back Row—W. Mahon, F. H. Morrow, A. West, G. Shafer, J. Hayward, L. Clarke, H. H. Bull, E. Clement, W. McColl.
Front Row—Shirley Bennett, Jean Vincent, Dora Banwell, Alda Maurice, Ellen Bennett.
Absent—A. Aylesworth.

* * * * *

This Materialistic Age

Why is this present age so materialistic? With our ears battered by the din of the strident and raucous noises of the city, our eyes alternately dazzled by the glitter of its lights and dimmed by its sooty murk, our nerves assailed upon every side by sights and sounds and impacts which shriek their message of material mass and momentum, we yearn for the peace of the world's youth and the quiet of places where civilization has not yet laid its onerous hand. Why must we be hourly threatened by hurtling steel, dwarfed by the structures which we ourselves have reared, intimidated by the relentless brutality of stuff and things and by the arrogance of wealth? Why is the age so materialistic? How did it get that way and why do we tolerate it?

The answer is that it is not a materialistic age. It is a machine age which has learned how to invent and build machinery better than it has learned how to run it. It is an age which is dominated by forces of its own creation and over which it has not yet gained complete control. We are like the new possessor of a high-

powered automobile. The skill of our hands on the wheel is not proportionate to the weight of our foot on the gas. The "honeymoon intoxication of the machine age" is still upon us. We have acquired the taste of these potent intoxicants, steel and steam, and have taken enough to be more than mildly exhilarated by them; we are as a result drunk with mechanical power.



For all that, it is not a materialistic age. It is an age that is endeavouring to bring about by highly mechanical processes the same old values in human happiness and satisfaction that men have striven for, at the first bare-handed, then with simple and inadequate tools, since the dawn of time. It uses these processes and instruments not because it falls down and worships mechanisms and material things, but because it has found, or thinks it has found, that by using them it can get more of the ultimate satisfactions of life and can get them more quickly. Admittedly it makes some mistakes in judging what are the ultimate satisfactions, but the worse as well as the better ones are all alike non-

materialistic in the last analysis. Human beings do their work in the terms of materials and mechanics. They get their remuneration in terms of feelings. If they use more materials and more elaborate mechanical processes, it is with the expectancy of getting better remuneration in more lucid or more enduring or more exalted feelings.

This is not even a materialistic age in the sense of paying to wealth any such reverence as it received in earlier and professedly more "spiritual" ages. It is true that with the elaboration of the processes of production and the increasing complexity of economic and industrial organization, each worker has become more dependent upon the existence and beneficial use of forms of wealth which he does not himself own or control. He eats wheat raised in another's field and baked in another's oven. He wears wool which grew on the back of another's sheep. He operates a machine that is not his own in a factory to which another holds the title. He is dependent upon the functioning of wealth in a thousand forms, but he does not therefore, worship it or its possessor.

Changes in ownership have come too rapidly, fortunes have been piled up too suddenly, to permit the survival of any illusions as to the special sanctity of wealth or its owners. We know too well the brief and simple annals of the wealthy. They may be envied, or hated, or trucked to; they may be the recipients of unsophisticated gratitude for generosity; but neither they nor their possessions are the objects of any such servile homage as the peasant paid to the lord of the manor, or the English villagers of, say, the eighteenth century, to the landed gentry. We may stretch forth our hands to wealth with suppliant expectancy when we have needy causes to promote but we neither doff the cap nor bow the knee to it for its own sake. Departed are the days when the owning of any amount of anything can establish a claim to the possession of better blood or a superior quality of human nature—notions which were not only prevalent but even accepted in the so-called "spiritual" ages.

So much in answer to those who are prone to criticize the present age as being very materialistic. But can we not pursue the argument into the critic's own domain? Can we not urge that our modern age, with all its material accumulations and its elaborated and sometimes nerve-racking mechanical processes has opened the way to new and better types of spirituality? It is a word of vague and dubious meaning, "spirituality," covering a multitude of credities and follies, like the related concepts of honour and loyalty and ideals. They are all good words with legitimate meanings, but they lend themselves too readily to the sheltering of cruelties, stupidities, and superstitions, not to mention the more harmless errors. Spirituality easily comes to connote an impractical abstraction from concrete and attainable objectives, frequently accompanied by an assumption that such abstraction is a mark of superior virtue. So the church has at times acted on the theory that indifference to food and housing and decent working conditions for the masses of men was not only justifiable on the ground that these were merely material matters which lay outside of its sphere of concern, but was actually praiseworthy as a sign of lofty "spirituality." And it is noteworthy that good men have upheld ideals and codes of honour and fidelity, the content of which was very much in need of scrutiny and reconstruction in the light of social and material facts.

It is the revolt of our modern age against a priori principles of conduct, its substitution of scientifically determined means of attaining its goals for the processes of magic and incantation, and its discovery that material means may be essential to the attainment of spiritual ends—in short, its conviction that material and spiritual, natural and supernatural, are not mutually exclusive and irrelevant categories but two aspects of

the same body of reality—that modern civilization has the reputation of being materialistic when in truth it is rescuing spirituality from an abyss of obscurantism.

The present age seems to be materialistic for the reason that it tries to get knowledge from the observation of facts rather than by contemplation or by deduction from assumed absolute ideas. It seems to be materialistic for the reason that it is characterized by an intellectual curiosity which concerns itself in large measure with things that are visible and tangible and which seeks to explain the operations, if not the nature, of these things in natural rather than in supernatural terms. But was it more spiritual to believe that the stars were carried around their apparent orbits by angels, that earthquakes were expressions of the wrath of God, and that mental disorders were produced by demoniacal possession, than to seek explanations of these phenomena through astrophysics, geology and psychiatry? On the contrary, that intellectual curiosity which issues in scientific knowledge is itself a high spiritual quality. It releases the human spirit from the crushing weight and the hampering bondage of fears and superstitions.

Modern civilization appears to be materialistic because it uses studies and scientifically adapted means for the accomplishment of its desired ends. But science is more spiritual than magic. To provide water for dry fields by irrigation through the instrumentality of dams and ditches is more spiritual than relying upon getting rain by incantation. To promote the safety and the prosperity of the community or tribe by rationally conceived measures is more spiritual than to seek the victory over enemies by invoking the tribal gods. To study the facts of life and the consequences of various kinds of conduct and to develop an ethic supported by such knowledge of the effects of behaviour upon human welfare, is more spiritual than to set up codes drawn from whatever source and to endow them with a fictitious sanctity which is a barrier to criticism. Such codes of honour have justified every form of gentlemanly misbehaviour from indolence and snobbery to polite murder on the duelling ground and patriotic homicide on the field of battle. The modern age is far from being good, but close scrutiny bears out that it need experience no feeling of lowliness in comparison with the "spiritual" ages, and despite all its mechanical processes, its passing whims, and its countless sins, it has the assurance that it is a more enlightened world, perceiving things in their natural state, and groping its way with a more sure-footed tread.

—L. CLARKE.



That noisy IIC!
Said our Mr. Horwood:
"Self starter, nor primer
Nor any old-timer
Can shut off the gas in that room!
I shout and I bawl
Till out in the hall,
The janitors mutter "Bad weather—aloom!"

Our sympathy's with you!
We admire and adore,
But dear Mr. Horwood,
In old days of yore,
Did you never chuckle, or whisper, or grin—
Or the laddie in front of you, yell,
"Bill, drop that pin!"

—Lorraine.

Canada Among the Nations

In recent years, since the war more particularly, it has been customary to emphasize the part we are playing in the affairs of the world.

We have been told that those who go down to the sea in ships cannot follow a policy of isolation. The growth of our foreign trade has been flared at us from the blackest of black headlines. Vessels of our Government Merchant Marine are bearing our ensign across the seven seas. We hear of Canada here, Canada there, Canada everywhere. Our trade treaties with foreign countries, our ministry at Washington, our part in international conferences—all these have impressed upon us how our interests are widening, how the area of our responsibilities is extending.

The question which is often raised is: "Where does Canada stand as a world trader?" Canadians who wall about Canada's inferior position and "hopeless outlook" may be able to extract some cheer from the recent statements of Senator Walsh of Massachusetts. The senator is now waging a campaign in Congress to show the United States the amount of trade Canada is said to be winning from the republic. He is of the opinion that this country is too keen and is rapidly outstripping the United States, and Mr. Walsh is right, quite right. Canada has become a billion dollar Dominion. Today Canada has the largest per capita railway mileage in the world; Canada occupies second place among the world's greatest traders in foreign markets. Canada, with only one-twelfth the population of the United States, does over one-fourth as much world trade. Canada's exports of Canadian products increased between six and seven fold, between 1902 and 1928, while the total trade increased from four hundred and six millions to two billions, five hundred and eighty-four millions. For the year 1928 Canada again led the world in wheat and flour exports. Canada's gross agricultural wealth rose to eight billions. Montreal was again the premier grain shipping port on the continent. Canada's wheat yield per acre again led all countries. Canada is steadily climbing to second place in the world's gold production. The year 1928 was the most successful year in Canadian history. Yet 1929 promises to look like Canada's biggest year. Outside capitalists have every faith in our country; the only real pessimists are found at home, in the very place where optimism is needed the most.

Another question that has been brought up is: "Does the character of the Canadian people contribute toward Canada's playing a part in international affairs?"

One of the most urgent needs in the world today is a cessation of racial bitterness and an honest and earnest effort on the part of the people of every nation to understand the point of view of the other nations. In order that Canada may become one of the greatest nations of the world, there must exist perfect harmony between her and the other countries. Providence has placed within our reach the opportunity of developing habits of racial co-operation. Having two Mother Countries, our people are of either British or French stock, and we have the opportunity of studying and endeavouring to understand and appreciate each other's point of view. Furthermore there are many Americans in Canada, which binds us with friendly ties to another great nation, namely, our neighbour, the United States. Working side by side, with three of the greatest nations of the world, and understanding each other to a large extent, there is no reason why Canada should not benefit by these international relations. One of the great objectives of the leaders of public opinion in Canada should be to develop and maintain a spirit of sympathy and co-operation between Canadians of different racial origin, not only for the sake of our own internal peace, but for the sake of the position and atti-

tude we should adopt on international questions. This diversity of racial origin in our people and the consideration which it has compelled public men to give to the varying points of view of different racial strains in our population have already appreciably affected the attitude of our public men on imperial and international questions. They are more tolerant of those who differ from them and they speak with greater sense of responsibility.

What contribution can Canada make to the cause of peace and justice among the other nations of the world? Other nations much smaller than Canada have made very great contributions and these, rather than any material achievements, have determined their place in history. What shall determine ours? Have we any definite idea or objective toward which we are consciously aiming as we are entering into the larger life of the nations of the world?

During the past one hundred years Canada and the United States have demonstrated that it is practicable for nations living side by side to settle all their disputes by peaceable means, even though such disputes affect territory and so-called questions of national honour. They have also proved that it is beneficial to both nations to so settle them.

During the past one hundred years Canada and the United States have also demonstrated that it is possible for nations having a common frontier of 5400 miles strictly to limit naval and land forces and fortifications; that such a limitation promotes the spirit of peace, and greatly reduces the military burdens of both countries.

The best contribution Canada can make at the present time to the cause of peace and of human progress is the testimony based on over a century of experience, that the limitation of both naval and land forces by neighbouring nations contributes to peace and a good understanding between them, and is compatible with the highest of national safety; and that all disputes between nations can be settled by reason rather than by force; and that both national interest and national honour will be best served by so settling them.

Canada stands for the new spirit in international relations; she stands for the substitution of international co-operation in the preservation of peace, for international competition in preparation for war.

Canada is one of the important states facing the Pacific. She must in time be one of the great nations on the Pacific as well as on the Atlantic, and the problems of the Pacific are of vital interest to her. We can understand and appreciate the point of view of the citizens of the United States in reference to Pacific problems in a way that it is hardly possible for the people of Great Britain to do, and we should be able to interpret the real American sentiment and spirit to Great Britain in a way that should promote a good understanding. One speaks not only of the present but of the future, of the time when Canada will contain not ten millions but twenty or thirty millions or more of Canadians of the type we have in Canada today. What will be our position and influence in the world then? Who can foresee what the next fifty years have in store for us? Co-operation between the British Empire and the United States may be even more important than that it is today. Canada's position and influence as a member of the British Empire and as a nation dealing with the United States will be much greater than that at present, and no nation has an opportunity of making a finer contribution to international peace than has Canada by means of her ability to act as an interpreter and reconciler between the Britannic Commonwealth and the American Republic.

The admission of the Dominion to the League of Nations was but the recognition internationally of the

Canada Among the Nations

(Continued)

status which this country had already acquired within the British family of nations. Since the war Canada has asserted her right to independent consideration of matters of world policy within both the British Commonwealth of Nations and the League of Nations. She secured from the British government in 1920 the right to separate representation at Washington because of her especially close relations with the United States, but it was not until 1926 that a Canadian Ambassador was appointed to Washington. Furthermore, quite recently Canada obtained the right to send an ambassador to Japan. These things give an excellent illustration of Canadian determination to exercise an adequate voice in foreign relations.

◆ Now let us turn to the Imperial Conference of 1926, which codified and clarified the post-war developments in the British Empire. Its historic report is the fulfilment almost in its entirety of the dream of Sir Wilfred Laurier and vindication of the wisdom of Sir Robert Borden's resolution. The key sentence of the report declares that: "The group of self-governing communities, composed of Great Britain and the Dominions, are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status and in no way subordinate one to the other in any respect of their domestic or external relations though united by a common allegiance to the crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." Thus, the Dominions are equal in status if not in stature, to the Mother Country, and it rests with them to make good their assumption of power and responsibility.

In Geneva, as in London, Canada has played a creditable part. To the League secretariat and the International Labour Office she has sent sixteen of her citizens, seven of whom are still in League employment. In the League Assembly and in the International Labour Conferences, Canada has been worthily represented by men like Sir George Foster, Mr. Lapointe and Mr. Tom Moore. These men by their ability and by their willingness to take an independent stand have won the respect of other nations. This partly accounted for the election of Canada to the League Council in 1927. Until 1927 no Dominion had been elected to the Council, though the ever-adventurous Irish Free State had made an attempt in 1926. When Senator Dandurand arrived in Geneva in September, 1927, he was urged by M. Lange of Norway, to present Canada as a Council candidate and was promised the support of the Scandinavian States. Soon after he received instructions from Ottawa to make the attempt and was promised the whole-hearted co-operation of the other Dominions who were very anxious for Canada to take the lead and pave the way for them.

As it happened, there was unusually keen competition for the three vacancies and among the aspirants were Belgium, Greece, Portugal, Persia, Finland, Cuba and Uruguay. When the results were known Cuba had polled forty votes, Finland fifty-three, and Canada twenty-six. For Canada to have claimed what had previously been almost a European perquisite, was a striking achievement.

On the Council Canada occupies an interesting position. She will naturally interpret the attitude of a continent safely removed from the immediate effects of European complications. With no grievances for redress, with no boundary disputes for adjudication by Geneva, with no really serious minority problem to embarrass her, Canada occupies a relatively detached position at Geneva and will inevitably be called upon before her term of three years has expired to mediate as a neutral in some European dispute. It remains for

Canada to meet the obligations of position and to work for "the good of the British Commonwealth and the Peace of the World."

For better or for worse—Canada is in the wider world of international affairs and she cannot draw back. It is the duty of the Canadian people to remain in the vanguard of progress in the struggle for world peace. Gradually an appreciation of our international responsibility is dawning upon our more thoughtful citizens and there is little doubt but that Canada will live up to her obligations.

* * * * *

The New China

A new day is dawning in China and many signs indicate that it will be one of unparalleled progress.

The present upheaval of China started in 1911. For centuries before this the Manchus, a people from the north, had reigned. The Manchus came as conquerors and wherever their people went they did not mingle but built their own walled city, either alongside or inside the Chinese city. These Manchu garrisons were supported by the government and retained many Tartar customs, such as modes of dress and living. Thus they kept their identity even down to the recent years. This may have been a wise procedure at first but it would have postponed the downfall of the Manchu dynasty had they gradually removed these distinctions, for the maintenance of these was a constant reminder to the Chinese that they were a conquered people. The Manchus imposed some of their Tartar customs upon the Chinese, as the growing of the queue or the pigtail, as we call it, though no pig ever had such a tail. One of the first things rebels did in the revolution of 1911 was to discard the queue.

In 1895 Sun Yat Sen, a Christian, led a revolt against the Manchu throne, but failed. From then he was a wanderer going from nation to nation, spreading among his people an anti-Manchu feeling, and advocating the establishment of a republic. Sun was a splendid agitator and by 1911 plans were completed for another attempt to overthrow the Manchus. The result was that a republic was set up and the seat of government changed from Peking to Nanking. Sun became the first president. Though a splendid agitator and excellent at evolving theories, Sun was not a clever politician, nor had he any special constructive ability. Sun and the republicans soon realized their need for a man of action, so Sun readily retired in favour of Yuan Shi Kai. This change was a great mistake, for Sun represented progress, while Yuan stood for the status quo, and through influence and not ability had attained his military position.

In 1911 Yuan managed the abdication of the Manchus and then remained at the head of the army, easily the strongest man in the country. When Yuan became president he moved the seat of government back to Peking and organized the country on a military basis. After a few years Yuan died, a wealthy man, who had obtained first place in a nation of four hundred millions. But the Chinese historian heaps curses upon him as the man who plunged China into the military struggle which is still going on.

After Yuan's death his generals and their successors formed themselves into various groups fighting for wealth and power. Thus there was constant warfare, each general trying to increase his army, and thus gain the more wealthy parts of the country. It is the military that really controls everything now, and every legal and illegal means is used to obtain money from the people. In many places the taxes have been collected for seven years in advance. Duties are levied upon goods going from one district to another. Two towns

The New China

(Continued)

may be only thirty miles apart, yet duties must be paid at both places. Kidnapping of people that may be held for ransom, highway robbery and looting of towns are other methods by which the military obtain money. From all this you can easily imagine the train of evils that must follow such a condition.

The educational revolution opened the door to millions, formerly open to thousands. Under the old system the boys and only a very occasional girl received instruction in reading, writing and the memorization of the ancient Chinese classics. There were no government schools, so it was largely the boys of wealthy families who received an education; or perhaps several parents joined together and engaged a teacher. Sometimes scholars would open a school as a private venture. The Chinese student learned to write by tracing the characters, slowly and carefully, and so became beautiful writers. His first reader was a book of surnames. Fancy having to spend hours learning Brown, Smith and Jones, etc.! Other books were of poetry, law and philosophy and Chinese history. No mathematics, geography or sciences were taught. Learning was accomplished by chanting a few words at a time, and one always knows when he is approaching a school by the din from lusty young voices. When a student has learned his piece, he turns his back upon the teacher to avoid seeing the book, and recites what he has memorized. The only thing the state concerned itself with in the old days were the examinations to obtain the degree, which was required to hold public office. The new schools are state managed. They are very similar to our schools, where the boys and girls receive instructions in the subjects we do from well-trained teachers. Physical training is taught and recreation grounds are provided.

The facilities of communication in China have been greatly improved. Under foreign guidance a splendid government mail service now serves all parts of the republic. All the larger cities are now linked up by the telegraph which is very efficient except when the military interferes.

China still lacks proper roads. For the most part the roads are about four feet wide, paved with flagstones and so winding that often three times the actual distance between two points has to be covered. Near the coast there are a few railways but for the most part on the land the old methods of transportation still prevail, although new roads are being constructed in many parts of the country. These new, wide roads are the only good thing for which the military can be credited. To travel on land a man, according to means, must either walk, drive in a wheel-barrow that squeaks continually and jolts most unmercifully, or ride a pony whose high wooden saddle gives little comfort, or in a sedan chair carried by two, three or four men, according to his weight. The average day's travel by these methods is thirty miles. It used to take a month to go by houseboat from Ichang to Chungking in crowded quarters with no conveniences and often in great danger from the rocks and currents. But now steamers and launches are found everywhere, accomplishing in a day what formerly took a week and offering a maximum of comfort and convenience.

Another great revolution that has taken place in China is the social status of women. As compared with many eastern countries the position of the women was an honorary one, though they were never considered the equal of men. A girl's education was not cared for as was that of a boy, but she was trained in the arts of homemaking. The girls were subjected to many cruel customs. Footbinding, the origin of which is not known, was prevalent for a thousand years. It per-

sisted because the girl with unbound feet had great difficulty in securing a husband. The Chinese girl was not consulted about her engagement, this being arranged by the parents. She was not even supposed to see her future husband until sent to his home to be married. In New China footbinding has been officially discouraged and in some places prohibited, and a girl may have a word as to whether she will be engaged, and may seek an annulment of the engagement if she is not satisfied.

It is essential to an understanding of Chinese standards to realize that in China all that a man did bore an important relation to his family. If he were successful the family expected to share in any benefits; if he failed or made mistakes or committed crime, the family suffered and were held responsible and might be punished. The unit of political thought and relationship was the family, not the nation nor the bond of citizenship. Because of this loyalty to the family when a man received an appointment, his relatives looked to him to find them a job. This family loyalty together with the ancestor worship, often hindered a man's advancement and limited his usefulness. These attachments to the family together with the difficulties in communication and travel, have developed a local clannishness, rather than a national spirit. The Chinese people were distinctly lacking in any national spirit.

Turning back to the political side we shall see how this national spirit has been developed in the last few years. During the time of Yuan, the republican party tried to limit the power of the president and this led to a violent struggle with Yuan, and finally the dissolving of parliament. The republicans under Sun withdrew to Canton, and set up a government known as the People's Party, which we now call the Nationalist party. It is this party that has been responsible for creating a national spirit among the Chinese people. It carried on a continuous propaganda and flooded the country with literature. At first it directed its efforts to the students and the intelligent merchants, sending literature through the mails. After securing a large following among these people it focused its attention on the labor class, organizing them into unions. Recently organization has taken place among the farmers. Till 1925 the Nationalist party had made little progress. It realized that the family rather than the nation was a man's outlook, so it cleverly seized upon anti-foreign agitation to bring the people to its cause. While obtaining what it sought it also produced the spirit of nationalism, such as was never known in China before. The Chinese were so lacking in that spirit that during the Japan-China war out of sixty millions in a certain province not a single person went to defend his country. But now let any foreigner in any part of the land, come into conflict with even the humblest of China's citizens and it may be the cause of strikes and demonstrations thousands of miles away. While the Nationalists have stressed their great objective, that is, the establishment of a people's government over all China, they have gone the way of all other groups. The Nationalist soldiers have oppressed the people in the way common to militarists. Nevertheless, through them that which is the most significant factor in the New China has been brought about. The revolution of 1911 was a change in labels only, but the Nationalist advance of 1926 has brought about a great change, the participation of the masses of the people in thought at least, in government. China is struggling to become a modern nation; it has become the changing East; she is what Napoleon anticipated when he said that China was a sleeping giant that would shake the world when awakened.—CATHERINE COX.

College?

Time fleets with stealthy step, O class of '29, and June draws ominously nearer—June—with its roses, its brides and its exams. Final classes—last warnings—harrowing days of frantic cramming—feverish nights of sleepless nightmares—suspense—period of numbness—reaction. The exams are over—you are Grads!

After that—what? Do the flowery paths of knowledge attract you further? Or is that familiar question troubling you, "Will a college education be of any use to me?" It is a strange thing that so much discussion should arise over this point. Can it be possible that the knowledge, the culture and the sophistication developed by higher education, is not the best quipment with which to face the world? Surely this is not so. Surely the power of thought, the might of the pen and the wisdom of the written word are the most potent forces in the world today.

And yet—let us consider the arguments of those people who claim that a college diploma is a useless scrap of paper—rather imposing to look at but of little account in the great game of life. They love to point out such people as Abraham Lincoln and Henry Ford—men who, without the aid of four years at Harvard, reached the top in their respective lines.

"If a man has the right stuff in him," they remark, sagely, "he doesn't need a university degree to bring it out."

It is only the professional men, they say, who must have special training, that a college education benefits. The business man does not need it. He will get his training in the school of experience. Moreover, it is said that on the modern frivolous-minded, jazz-mad young man or young woman a college education has no effect in any case. They attend university for the fun of the thing or for the athletics. And even if they do assimilate some of the teachings of their learned professors, what have they? A more or less superficial knowledge of the classics, a cultivated appreciation of fine literature, some ideas concerning economics and philosophy—but what are they to do with it? It is only the occasional man or woman who should attempt to teach. The moulding of the plastic minds of boys and girls, especially in high school, is a hard, often thank-

less task, requiring not only wisdom but superlative tact and long-suffering endurance. There are, of course, the different professions—law, medicine, engineering—where a college education is a necessity. But does a young man going into an office make very much use of his B. A. degree? It almost seems that he might better have gone to business college and learned the double entry system and filing.

Furthermore, the average young woman gets married and it is very unlikely that she has learned much about homemaking at college.

Does it pay?

Yes, I think it does. After all, each individual must live most of his life within himself. And if he has not, within his own mind something upon which to draw when he is lonely, when his friends prove false or when his youth and optimism are gone, then life is a very gray, sad affair. A college education introduces us to an endless variety of fascinating subjects. It opens up for us whole new worlds of learning where we may wander at will. It is a weapon with which we may fight boredom.

If we must be mercenary, the value of a college education in business might be worked out to a very considerable number of dollars and cents. In the first place the college man is apt to have poise, to be sure of himself. Again, he has been trained not only to grasp intricate lines of reasoning, but also to think independently. He has the initiative and the originality so essential in the business world today. He is the man who gets the job at the top.

These are selfish arguments. There is a broader outlook, I think,—a vision of a Utopian world where there will be no war, no dishonesty, no greed. We are moving very slowly towards this ideal, for it is a hard task to forget selfishness, indifference and narrowness. From the broad portals of our universities comes youth, with buoyant step, ready to reform the world. High above his head waves a banner and on it are written enthusiasm, idealism, tolerance.

In Memory of

DOUGLAS THOMPSON

Whose Tragic Death Took Place Last April.

Scholarship Winners



KEITH McEWEN

Keith McEwen has proved himself to be a "real" student and the school has reason to be proud of him.

In the last two years Keith has won two scholarships: the "Walter Hoare" and the third "Carter". This last year the third Carter Scholarship brought Keith \$40 in cash. Although he has not yet entered McGill University to make use of the "Walter Hoare" Scholarship, he is planning to do so in the near future. We are sure that if Keith continues to "keep up the good work" we will, in time to come, read of him in the famous annals of "Who's Who."

Besides the honours Keith won in academic work we appreciate the good sportsmanship and school spirit he has always shown in his collegiate life. At every game Keith was present cheering and encouraging the team. Keith was a faithful member of our Soccer team and although we did not see him in action a great deal, he was always there on the job ready to do his bit.



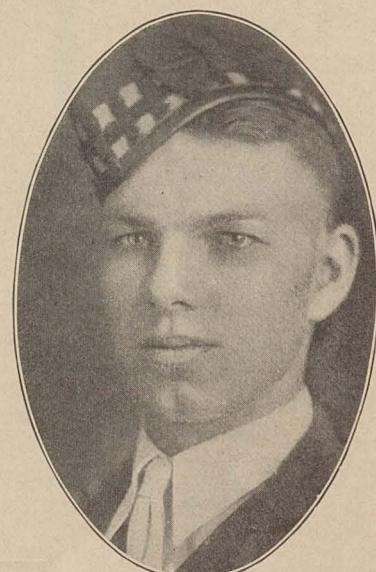
HELEN O'NEIL

To Helen O'Neil let us extend our congratulations.

Helen entered the Walkerville Collegiate Institute in September, 1927, as a student of the Upper School. One year was enough time for Helen to show what she could do for us. She captured, for the honour of the school, a scholarship which entitles her to \$250 tuition fee in Western University. Helen is now in attendance in the above mentioned "U" and as far as we can make out is doing excellent work.

It is quite in order here to compliment Miss O'Neil on her achievements in English. Most of us have had the privilege of hearing her speak as girl oratorical champion of our school; we have read samples of her splendid poetry and stories and now we understand, her stories and poetry are being accepted by an American magazine.

Let us wish Helen the best of luck.



GROSVENOR SHEPHERD

Grosvenor Shepherd, whom we knew so well as the "C. O." of our Cadet corps, and who did so splendidly as such, is now in attendance at McGill Pre-Medical School, taking every advantage that the "Walter Hoare" Scholarship offers. In winning this scholarship Grosvenor added another laurel to our school.

We are sure that as a doctor "Grove" will excel.

The school is indeed proud of the splendid showing our Cadet corps made under the capable command of Grosvenor Shepherd. Too much cannot be said in appreciation of Grosvenor's untiring efforts which led the corps to success.

* * * * *

SCHOOL PINS

This year the Board of Education have seen fit to give a visible emblem in the form of a pin to the student who attains a certain standard. There are many fields of endeavour in which a student may qualify himself for these awards. Even the student who does not excel in any line may purchase a school pin which he may display as the insignia of his Alma Mater.

This last pin consists of an old English "W" worked in blue on a white shield with a gold bevelling. It is very distinctive and no mean emblem to adorn a boy's lapel or a girl's gown. This pin is not a merit pin and therefore any one may buy it.

Our school life is many sided and to the athletic inclined is offered a pin which will make every one strive hard to get on a school team and consequently earn this pin. It is in the shape of a cut out blue "W" edged with gold and filled in with white.

As for academic work there is a pin for the student with

the highest standing for the year. It has a blue "W" on a white shield which is set in a wreath of laurel. Just as the ancients decked their victors with the laurel so are the academic victors of the Walkerville Collegiate to be adorned.

The members of the Orchestra and the Glee Club are to receive a pin having the blue "W" set in a white shield. Across the shield is a staff of music worked in gold.

All those who have debated for the school will receive a pin in the form of a scroll on which is emblazoned the school crest surmounted by a scone. Along one roll of the scroll will be written "Debating." The winners of the Oratorical contests will receive a similar pin. Instead of the word "Debating" the word "Oratory" will be written on the scroll.

The most desirable pin is the one given to the student who graduates from the school having passed in seven or more Upper School subjects. The pin is a blue "W" punched out of a white shield with gold bevelling.



POETRY



Out of the mountains dark with pine!
 Lord of the fields of smoking snow!
 Grant to this vagrant heart of mine
 A path of wood where my feet may go,
 And a roofless world to my journey's end,
 And a cask of wind for my cup of wine,
 And yellow gold of the sun to spend,
 And at night the stars in endless line,
 And, after it all, the hand of a friend—
 The hand of a trusted friend in mine.

Wilson MacDonald

* * * * *

LIFE.

Life is a delicate tinted shell,
 Washed by Time and Eternity's flow,
 Thrown on their banks of quick sand to dwell.
 Thus a moment its loveliness show.
 Gone, yea gone, back to its element
 Fled the billow that washed it on shore,
 Look! Yet another has reached the sand—
 Now the delicate shell is no more.

—E. CLEMENT.

JUNE

Just June and thou and I, Oh Sweet,
And violets nestling at our feet,
And zephyrs gently floating free,
Bring peaceful thoughts to you and me.

Beneath the wildwood's comely mien,
All nature seems sublime, serene,
The brook and squirrel and beechwood tree,
And everything is fair like thee.

The glade is filled with colours rare;
The deer glide stately, archly by,
An artist's inspiration there,
And mid the quiet, thou and I.

The flowers unfold their lovely hues,
Their whites, and reds, and gorgeous blues,
But thou my inspiration be,
By far the fairest there to me.

Could we but linger here, my Sweet,
With violets nestling at our feet,
Till zephyrs float us up on high,
'Twere bliss to die,—just thou and I.

E. CLEMENT.

* * * * *

DAWN

Hush! The restless silence of early morn
Hangs softly o'er the lightly-sleeping land.
An expectant stillness ere day is born,
Awaits the magic touch of Nature's hand.
By force divine, the veil of mist is torn
From the rising sun. Then the rooster band
Bursts forth in wild discord, voicing its scorn
In shrill tones, and imperative command
For a slumb'ring world to rise. The flowers
Sparkling with silver dew raise their shy heads
For the sun's caress. In the barn cowers
The bat, fearful of the pale light which sheds
Its rays on the green fields where blithe and gay
The whistling farmer lad hails another day.

—MARY HICKMAN.

* * * * *

BOYHOOD MEMORIES

Oh stream that foameth white,
By rock and hill and lea,
'Neath light of day and night,
Will I again see thee?

And are those waters still
Asparkle as they flow,
Down by the ancient mill,
Or near the ferny cove?

Do still the small fish leap,
As oft they did of old,
Beneath the mountains steep,
By rocky shores, so bold?

And oh, will I once more
Along thy waters wander?
Will I again adore
The falls that play yonder?

No more by waters clear,
Do I my footsteps wend.
Adieu to thee, so dear,
A fond adieu I send.

—FRED KRAILO.

* * * * *

OUR DOROTHY

It was many and many a day ago,
In that wonderful form 3B,
That a maiden there sat, whom you may know,
Studying her geometry.
And this maiden she lived with no other thought,
Than to study her geometry.

It was hard, but she studied harder,
In that wonderful form 3B.
And she worked with a love, that was more than a love,
To succeed in her geometry.
And you can guess without any strain,
That she's none other than Dorothy.

(Adapted from Poe's "Annabel Lee".)

—BRYCE AND MAHONEY.

* * * * *

GETTING OUT A PAPER

Getting out a paper is no picnic—
If we print jokes, folks say we are too frivolous;
If we don't, they say we are too serious.
If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.
If we are rustling news we are not attending to business
in school.
If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper
appreciation;
If we do, the paper is filled with junk.
It is quite probable some fellow will say we purloined
this from another paper;
We did—and we thank him.





MUSIC



The man who has no music in his soul,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treason, strategems and spoils.—
 —Shakespeare.

THE GLEE CLUB



Back—Mary Hickman, Henry Bull, Shirley Bennett, Eric Morriss, Miss Auld, Mr. W. O. White,
 Olive Elley, Winston Mahon, Jean Burt, Edgar Clement, Stuart Young.
 Middle Row—Alan West, Virginia Frink, Verlyn Saylor, Jean Long, Thelma Hyland,
 Patricia Lamers, Louis Clement.
 Front Row—Elsie Leonty, Clifford Taylor, Morris Kelk.

An entirely new undertaking in the school this year which met with considerable success is the Glee Club. The choir has made several appearances in assemblies. When the school attended the Lincoln Road United Church in a body last fall, the Glee Club led the visiting students in singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." A special group also sang "Stracathro."

The choir furnished an interesting portion of the commencement exercises. Robed in cassocks and gowns the choir made an imposing group on the stage. During the singing of the Christmas carol, "The First Noel," an illuminated star shone above the group. Later a coloured slide of the "Nativity" was projected

on the screen while the choir sang most charmingly, "Silent Night." A special girls' chorus also sang the old favourite, "Cantique Noel."

The Glee Club is practising many sacred songs known to all. With passing of the old year and Christmas, music more appropriate to the new year was essayed. This includes selections from favorite operas as well as popular community songs (not omitting the boys' favourite (Sweet Adeline).

Miss Auld and Mr. White are earnestly endeavouring to give the choir a firm foundation and deserve all the support which we can give them. The choir also thanks Mrs. White for interest in their work.

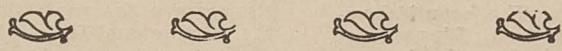
—E. CLEMENT.

THE ORCHESTRA

W. O. Connell



Back Row—G. Philpotts, J. O Connell, E. Wilson, W. Mahon, H. Stafford, C. Gilbert, A. West, E. Clement, J. Jackson, L. Clement
Middle Row—L. Malania, Lillian Menard, Evelyn Fox, Shirley Bennett, Angelo Russo—Director, Bernice Vincent, Verlyn Saylor, Marion McGrath, Wm. McColl.
Front Row—R. West, M. Bunt, F. Dillon, J. Jenkins, D. Gilbert.
Inset—Donna Stephenson.



THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra has emerged after four years of hope and splendid effort into an organization of premier importance in the school life. Success has been followed by success until the orchestra ranks high above the expectations of its pioneers. This school year is half finished and we outline the "log" of our barque "orchestra" upon the soulful sea of music.

Music is pre-eminently a constructive factor in the development of our boys and girls in both a moral and spiritual sense. We, of the orchestra thoroughly enjoy our work and are truly grateful for the kindly benefits and privileges placed before us. Absence from practice is never voluntary, and the musicians always look forward to their hours of music rehearsal.

Walkerville takes nobody's dust. This has been the cry and will remain the cry of those who carry the school's colours for all time to come. Walkerville has hired a splendid instructor, Mr. Angelo Russo, exclusively for the purpose of coaching the orchestra. Mr. Russo conducts the orchestra at the Capitol Theatre and is well known and beloved by Border folk who are acquainted with him.

It is much to the credit of American organizations that high school orchestras in the United States have reached such an acme of perfection. Almost every school has its special musical instructor; many schools supply their students with instruments. One of the climaxes of the American High School musical year is the mighty student symphony held in the United States at different points. Representatives from many different secondary schools assemble

at some American city and there are instructed by some one of the nation's greatest maestros.

Mr. Russo, besides conducting the orchestra at the collegiate, has charge of Walkerville's public school orchestras. There he prepares the juniors for future study at the Collegiate.

The orchestra has played at several assemblies and debates, regaling the time with popular and semi-classical selections. At the commencement exercises the orchestra furnished an entertaining part of the programme.

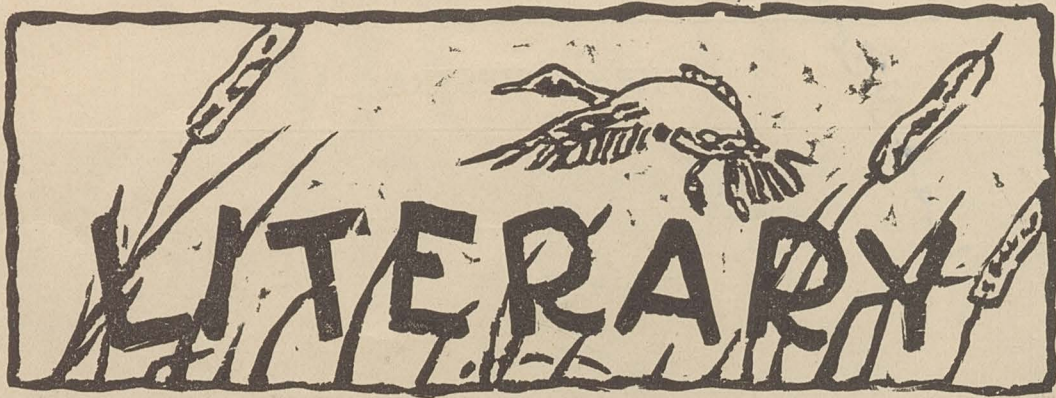
On Tuesday and Friday nights from four till six the orchestra assembles for practice. Then musical "kinks" are ironed out and the theory of co-operation and "pull together" is learned.

For the concerts all the scenery is designed by Shirley Bennett. Her art in last year's concert was the source of much sincere admiration. The scenery is always constructed by members of the orchestra; even the talented misses taking a dabble in the paints—at their own request.

The programme of this year's concert gives an excellent idea of the class of music played by the orchestra. Many popular numbers and miscellaneous selections complete the repertoire for this much of the year.

The school is supplying pins to members of the orchestra, which will be most sincerely appreciated in the years to come.

All honour is due to the gentleman whose tireless energy and keen foresight has helped to make possible this splendid kindly interest in our welfare and success.



THERE'S ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE.

The burglar stood inside the door of the bedroom. Blackness. Silence—

Furtively, silently, with fingers groping at the wall he moved forward. He gasped in dismay as his fingers caught at a slight metal projection near the door jamb, and following a faint click, the room was bathed in light. A revolver leaped swiftly into his hands.

Sitting bolt upright amid a snowy billowing setting of bed clothes was a tiny maiden of some few summers. She was smiling sweetly. Smiling and looking,—looking—

Where was she looking? He stared at the big, blue innocent eyes with a vague disturbance. They had a vacant faraway expression. They seemed to be looking out—out into nothingness. They somehow—they didn't seem to focus.

The man pocketed his weapon as a flash of understanding came to him. Silently, without a betraying sound, he moved forward three paces, watching the child furtively.

Her eyes still remained vacantly fixed in the direction of the door.

"Is it mamma?" she piped, "or is it papa?"

"I thought it!" muttered the man. "Blind!"

The child's head turned swiftly. The beautiful vacant eyes searched eagerly in his direction. Lips scarlet as the poppies of the cornfield, arched as the bow of Cupid, wreathed in a smile of delight.

"It is Santa Claus!" she breathed in delight. A pair of snowy arms fluttered from beneath the clothes, were extended appealingly.

"It is dear, dear Santa. I knew you would come at last. They told me you only came at Christmas; but when you didn't, I was sure you'd come to me later. Come closer to me, Santa, dear Santa."

The burglar laughed shakily.

"I hear you laughing!" beamed the little maid. "Have you a big red cloak?—and a bag? Are your reindeer outside? Have you rosy cheeks, and nice crinkly eyes with a laughing look in them? Have you, Santa Claus? Come close to me, dear Santa."

Stupidly cursing himself for the thickness in his throat, the man approached the bed.

"Poor little dev—mite!" he said hoarsely. "Blind!"

He started convulsively as soft lips pressed his hands; and looked down with fastly blinking eyes at a mass of golden curls.

"You are sorry for me?" she whispered tremulously, and smiled up to him with a wide vacant gaze. "But I feel so happy, so safe now dear Santa is with me. You have a big warm heart." She sighed in ecstasy.

The man's face whitened and twitched.

"Kiss me," she whispered. "Do kiss me just once."

The burglar kissed her, felt warm, soft arms about his neck and stared about him helplessly with eyes he silently cursed for their mistiness.

"Kissed by Santa Claus!" breathed the little one.

"Oh, lucky, lucky Isabel. Oh, how happy I am."

"Poor little dev—mite!" muttered the other. He rubbed his eyes with horny knuckles. Burglary? Now? after this—no!

He moved restlessly; then paused, watching the tense expression on the child's face.

"Some one is coming!" She spoke urgently and listened. "It will be papa, perhaps; or one of my brothers. They musn't see you, Santa. It would break the spell, wouldn't it?" She pointed excitedly towards a window near the foot of the bed.

"A garage lies under the window. You could easily drop from the roof to the road. Your sleigh and reindeer will be waiting there, won't they?—Quick, dear Santa; don't let them spoil the spell. The window—"

The burglar's leg was already over the sill. The face he turned back was almost human.

"Good night, honey!" he gulped and was gone.

Isabel listened to the sound of his retreating footsteps down the roof; then she rose, calmly walked to the window and fastened it. She knocked on the wall.

"You can go to sleep, people," she announced.

"That's the third burglar this year whom your little Isabel has gotten rid of. I certainly got his eyes flowing freely. He's probably sobbing his heart out down the road somewhere.

"You won't need a safe while you've got Sarah," she added. "Good night, people."

And she crawled back into bed.

EDWIN HAWKESWOOD, V.

* * *

Canadian historians write concrete history.

Wharton (looking at a broken bolt)—How can I knock this nut out?

Truman—Hit it on the jaw.

* * *

Some one in IID thinks that Miss Auld should have been an opera singer.

* * *

Blest be the tie that binds

My collar to my shirt;

For underneath that blessed band,

There lies a ring of dirt.

* * *

What is it that is so easy to catch that nobody runs after?—A cold.

A CHINESE TEMPLE.

The parched atmosphere danced in heat waves above the stubby fields, where the scorched earth was warped and cracked into a thousand little chasms and fissures—open-mouthed in expectation of the thirst appeasing rain.

We passed a little farm house. The mud walls and straw roof only helped to emphasize the hot, dry, reddish-brown landscape. The breathless stillness was only broken by the far-off baying of a dog, the perpetual hum of the harshly musical cicada, and the sounding crunch of crumbling earth under our feet.

There appeared in the distance a large grove of trees. As we drew nearer we could see that the trees were surrounded by a large mud wall. The road circled the wall until it ended abruptly at a large arch, fantastically decorated in an oriental design. Guarding the gate on either side, there was a huge stone lion. The large open mouth displaying a set of ferocious fangs, extended a formidable reception to all evil spirits.

Stepping over the door-sill we found ourselves in the usual courtyard. The flag-stoned yard, the brick walls, the tile roof all radiated and magnified the heat to a greater intensity. Long strings of dried corn were strung along the eaves. Large shallow baskets strewn with peppers were drying in the sun. From one of the side rooms we could hear the heavy breathing of a sleeper deep in the clutches of opium.

Mounting the stone steps we entered under the decaying door-beams. For a moment, blinded by the darkness we were unable to see anything, but gradually there arose before us the imposing image of a clay god. The once bright and gaudy colors were so thickly coated with dust and cobwebs that they were hardly discernible. A little pan of oil greasily burned its homage to the god. We stepped aside and moved along a gloomy aisle while the hot dry air seemed to hang in suffocating clouds around us. Through wooden bars were to be seen ancient gods, some hideously ugly, others majestically self-important; but all dwelt in the same atmosphere of dirt and neglect.

Around the inner court were idols depicting the tortures awaiting all evildoers in the life after death. One showed a huge mountain, up the side of which were driven long sharply pointed spikes; at the summit a demon was in the act of hurling his victim upon the mountain side. The next was a huge pot of boiling oil into which other offenders were dropped, while here a

grindstone ground the bodies of the culprits. Other scenes showed men being stretched or shortened on a bed of torture, men hanging from the trees by their pigtailed, in fact, every conceivable torture that only Oriental minds can conceive. Tortures more hideously cruel than even the old Spanish inquisitions were delineated in those clay models.

In the next court I found some of the more familiar gods. The Goddess of Mercy stretched out her thousand arms in supplication. The horned God of War glowered upon his insignificant inferiors. The laughing Budha beamed placidly down from his elevated position. His unctuous smile so pervaded the whole court that the lesser gods dwindled away in their dark cobwebbed corners.

A cracked gong sounded somewhere in the inner depths of darkness; shuffling feet announced the approach of the priests. We stepped aside to let them pass. They shuffled forward with bowed heads and moving lips, but on seeing us they forgot their priestly duties and openly stared. Foreigners were still an unfamiliar sight.

They halted before the Rain god, in front of which greasy candles sputtered and flickered and incense curled and wreathed long fragrant columns to the obscure rafters. A priest chanted in a thin cracked voice, weird words while at intervals the others joined him in a

pathetic wail. They prayed for rain. They were afraid that they had displeased the Rain god, and that as a resulting punishment for their carelessness he had brought on the drought.

Behind us there was a creak; then a flood of light. Turning, we saw an old man enter through a postern door. With bowed head and rounded shoulders, he groped past us to kneel in supplication before the wrathful god.

We stepped out of the door into the old burying ground. Before us the mounds, large and small, looked scorched and baked. Even the indestructible weeds seemed to be parched,—dying of thirst. The dusty trees seemed weary of shadowing Mother Nature's lesser plants from the burning, searing sun.

A patch of sodless earth told of another grave to be. Only about six inches of earth had been removed, for the superstitious Chinese were afraid of digging too deep and risking the calamity of striking the great dragon which dwells in the depths.

On the far horizon there rose a small cloud, the only break in that wide expanse of dazzling blue. The long-prayed for rain was coming at last. It would be another deed of mercy credited to the mute god of the pagans.—LOIS COX, IV-A.

* * * * *

A STRANGE LEGACY.

Once, in a small village of Northern Italy, there lived a little boy and his father. Leonardo had a talent for painting and although he had sold several pictures he received such a meagre sum that it scarcely sufficed to keep the little abode going.

Leonardo's father was partly paralyzed and had been confined to an invalid's chair for some time. So Leonardo painted in his little studio in the daytime and

in the evening he hoed and watered the little vegetable garden behind the cottage.

One evening Leonardo's father seemed worse and called his son to his side.

"Leonardo," he said, "I have something to tell you. Often have you asked me what was behind the little door in the vault. Tonight you are to learn. Take this."

He produced a little rusty key.

Leonardo took the key and carefully climbed the rickety ladder to what might be termed a loft, rather than an attic.

The place was dismal and bare. The only window in the place was curtained with gossamer of numerous cobwebs, and dirty webs were suspended from the rafters of the roof.

Leonardo, with his candle which was somewhat abashed by the musty air, approached a little door under the window. The candle sputtered enough light to enable him to unlock the little door. He drew forth a small rosewood box, and descended to his father.

"Open it," said his father.

Leonardo opened it, amazed. His father took it and began to speak with great difficulty.

"These," he said, "I have collected on various journeys. There is a ruby, an emerald and a pearl. This little slab is ivory. This is a solid gold nugget and in this package of silk are four tiny diamonds. Keep them, guard them, my son, and part not with them until the time arrives."

His breathing became harder and his eyes were wild and bright with fever. He began to rave and as Leonardo watched by his father's side far into the night he began to grow afraid, and wonder. Then, just as the dawn was breaking his father breathed his last.

Leonardo was greatly grieved and thought over what his father had said. How should he know when the time arrived? He locked his treasures in their former hiding place and began a strange new life from which his father was absent.

As months passed after the death of his father, Leonardo thought more and more about his strange legacy. Then one day he received his inspiration. He took his small savings and counted them. He would probably have enough if he could sell his picture that was now nearing completion.

A few weeks later he returned home one day with a box of curious little instruments. The next day he did not occupy himself with stool, paints and easel but instead he again unlocked his little rosewood box and went to a large plain table with his jewels and newly-purchased box of instruments. Day after day he worked there steadily—faithfully—carefully.

Some days later Leonardo turned the key in the cottage door and set out down the road with his rosewood box.

As evening fell Leonardo entered Turin. The next day he sold his production to the museum for two thousand dollars.

From seven jewels, a slab of Ivory and a nugget of gold, he had created a tiny boat. The swell and concavity of the boat was made from the pearl. A perfect ruby shone as a light at her prow. The emerald was the rudder. A tiny sail of beaten gold, studded with diamonds enabled the unique craft to sail over the waves of the carved ivory sea. Leonardo had also skillfully adorned the rosewood box with carving.

The queer little boat was once more shut in the rosewood box and secured by a tiny gold lock and key.

Today it is in the Turin museum, guarded and protected—probably worth a fortune.—ELLEN BENNETT.

* * * * *

MEMORIES OF ITALY.

Yes, indeed, you'll rub your eyes many times, in Italy, to make sure you're not dreaming. Italy! That land where the past and the present, the old and the new, the sublime and the sordid, rub elbows constantly and defy even a Mussolini to weld them into factory-made modernity.

But even after you have looked twice, and rubbed your eyes again, you declare that the haycock in the nearby field is actually moving. At last, however, you perceive a patient little donkey under the hay and realize that his master, who still uses the most primitive methods of farming, has simply hung a bundle of hay over each flank of the beast and placed another on his back; and so the little hay-burdened donkey moves away to the barn, led along by his mistress, while the farmer throws himself on the next haycock to wait, comfortably, until donkey and wife return for another load.

The day is hot and sultry, the train is dirty and uncomfortable, but soon you are startled out of yourself by the sight of white-topped mountains. Snow? It must be snow—but surely snow would melt in this heat. And then on every road you see great oxen pulling heavy loads of slabs, and with a thrill you see that they are not snow-clad, but marble mountains, which gleam with such brilliance in the dazzling sunshine.

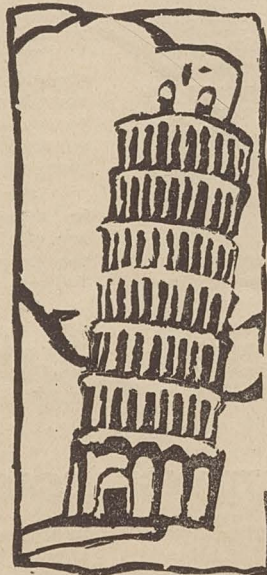
Then, Pisa. Nothing could be finer than the trinity of buildings here—the cathedral (where Galileo watched the swinging lamp, and discovered the principle of the pendulum), the famous Leaning Tower, and the Baptistry with its delicate laciness—all in perfect harmony with splendid carving and statues adorning them.

On to Rome—to tread the ground the Caesars knew; to build up again from the fragments still remaining, a picture of the Forum and to hear, in imagination, Mark Antony's impassioned speech. To go by moonlight to the Coliseum where it is easy, in the silvery light, to vision Nero and all his train looking on with cruel delight while gladiators fought and died in the vast ring, or white-faced Christians turned whiter still as from the cells below came the hollow roars of the hungry lions soon to be loosed upon them.

It were impossible to mention all those things which even yet impress one with the "grandeur that was Rome." History lives again on every side—in the seven hills, the old walls, the gates, the Appian way. And one is ever marvelling at the solid way in which the ancients built; water is carried away in sewers laid before the days of Caesar, and water pours in to the Trevi fountain from sources miles away in the hills, as it has poured in for more than two thousand years; and, of course, you throw your penny into the Trevi, for luck, and so that you'll be sure to come again to Rome. The Pantheon, once a pagan temple, calls forth your admiration, and you always find your bearings by looking for St. Peter's dome. You are willing to crane your neck for hours looking up at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, where Michael Angelo painted his immortal pictures of the Creation, the prophets and the sybils.

Indeed, when finally you must pass on from Rome, you go with many a backward look, catching a last glimpse of the Claudian Aqueduct as the sun goes down gloriously behind it.

From Rome, you may, perhaps, go to Naples, and it, too, is unforgettable—dirty, disordered,



unbearably hot in summer, but fascinating in its variety, in its unexpected beauty spots, its insouciance, its very impertinence. For is it not a bold city that dares to nestle in the very arms of a volcano? By day you may always see Vesuvius smoking above you, and by night a dull red glow flares up at intervals to warn you that the fires inside still burn. You shudder to think of the buried cities nearby and marvel at the faith of the people who live in the shadow of such a menace, working their little farms up and up the mountain side, stopping only when they reach the barren earth where there is no soil.

But, ah, it is a land of unsurpassable beauty! Turn about and gaze off over the Bay, over the waters of

such a blue as one might dream of but never hope to see. And then drive to Amalfi, nestling in the hills, and such a feast of beauty greets the eye that one longs for brush and canvas, and the skill of an old master. Dull gray olive trees behind, with the occasional cypress "like death's lean lifted forefinger"; the old, old highway winding white like a ribbon before you; and below you the bright yellow of oranges gleaming among the trees down to the blue waters beneath. And your picture is complete if into it there steps a young Italian, indolent, carefree and happy, with a sunny smile and a lilting song, or a maiden with a face of such exquisite beauty and sweetness that you see at once why Italy, and Italy only, could produce a Raphael.

* * * * *

MY OWN GHOST STORY.

There is a peculiar distinction attending the person who has a ghost story of his own, a distinction that is by no means lessened when one comes to consider how few people really have one. It is for this reason that I sometimes wish that mine had not happened, though at other times, night, especially, I am glad that it did. But you shall judge for yourselves.

It was all the fault of the repair man at the last village. He had told me that there was enough gasoline in the tank to take me to the next town. He proved wrong, however, for dusk found me stranded in a lonely country-side and among other things, mentally sending all optimists to a destination where the weather though constant, is rather warm, they say. However, making the best of a bad situation, I set out to look for shelter for the night. After a few minutes walking, I discovered where the occupant, an old man, agreed to give me supper and a bedroom. I was tired, and after a satisfying meal, retired to my room, or rooms, as I later discovered.

As I was getting into bed, I heard what was apparently a horse cantering up the path. I went to the window and looked out, but could see nothing. Just as I was returning to bed, I heard in the little room next my own, a sound that no one in his senses could possibly mistake—the whirr of a billiard ball down the length of the slates when the striker is stringing for break. No other sound just like it. A minute afterwards there was another whirr, and I got into bed. I was not frightened—I never am. I was merely curious to know what had become of the horse. I jumped into bed for that reason.

Next minute I heard the double click of a cannon and my hair sat up. It is a mistake to say that the hair stands up. The skin of the head tightens and you can feel a faint, prickly, bristling all over the scalp. That is the hair sitting up.

There was a whirr and a click and both sounds could only have been made by one thing—a billiard ball. I argued the matter out at great length with myself; I told me that there was no such thing as a ghost playing billiards, but after another salvo, (a three-cushion one, to judge by the whirr), I argued no more. I had found my ghost and would have given worlds to have escaped from that bedroom. I listened, and as I listened the game became clearer. There was whirr on whirr and click on click. Sometimes there was a double click and a whirr and another click. Beyond any sort of doubt, people were playing billiards in the next room. And the next room was not big enough to hold a billiard table!

After a long while the game ended, and I slept because I was dead tired. Otherwise, I should have preferred to keep awake. But not for all the wealth of the Indies would I have gone into the next room.

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PESTS ON THE FARM AND HOW TO GET RID OF THEM.

By the Eminent Farming Authority, of IVB,
Wm. Moore.

Pests of the farm are of various varieties. There are bugs and worms, moss and fungus, birds and beasts, and two-legged creatures with hands, feet, heads and no sense. We shall deal with the latter pestilence since it is by far the worst. These pests are easily recognized since they wear flashy clothes and talk a great deal. There are many ways in which this appears throughout the country and we shall deal with each thoroughly.

One of the worst is the plague of fox-hunters, gentlemen of great aspirations, out for a little airing, chasing about the country after a scent, merely because they have been making millions all their lives. These gallant horsemen, while in pursuit of their harmless sport, ride over hill and dale, over hedge and fence, and also over fields of ripening grain, leaving trails of destruction after them. There are few ways of preventing this pestilence, in fact, there is only one effective way. Station your hired help in various ambushed spots about the farm and put each in possession of a slingshot and several smooth stones. Give each man the order to shoot, when the pestilence arrives, at the nearest rider's head. Now you are ready for the assault. The riders come, each man takes careful aim at one of them, or two if he be an expert, and fires. The result is instantaneous. Gay-coated men topple over and lie senseless on the ground and are at the farmer's mercy. By the time they have come to they have been bound and gagged, ready to be disposed of, which disposal is left to the farmer's discretion.

Another bad pestilence is that which razes fruit from the vines and trees. It is indeed a hard one to deal with, but if fought properly, can be overcome. The farmer should possess himself of two or three savage police dogs (half wolf, preferable) which should be turned loose in the orchard or in the patch where the fruit is. This is a precautionary measure. To get real results a current of electricity should be passed through the fence surrounding the field; this gives the pest an extremely shocking feeling when it tries to climb the fence. Results are inevitable with this method.

A less frequent pestilence, although a devastating one when it lands, is the "aviation bug." These fly across the country and sometimes due to motor trouble they find that they must land. They pick out a good level field of grain or hay and proceed to land thereon. The result is terrible; grain lies scattered here and there and a large path is torn through the field. But that is nothing. Soon people start arriving at the scene of the disaster, running through the fields, leaving destruction in their wake. But even for this, there is a cure. The farmer, if his farm lies in a zone over which

(Continued on Page 60).



ALMA MATER

*Bright school time years, with pleasure rife,
The shortest, gladdest years of life.
In after life should trouble rise
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,
How bright will seem, through memory's haze,
The happy, golden, bygone days!*

—Old Song.

* * * * *

VALEDICTORY.

It is my extreme privilege to be before you this evening as the valedictorian for the graduating class of 1928. An honour has been conferred upon me. It is, therefore, with pleasure that I come to make a formal farewell for the class which I represent. Every sincere farewell must carry along with it a note of sadness as well as a feeling of joy. The sort of farewell which we must say suggests to me something in addition. We are like a young nation stirred for the first time in our lives by a feeling of self-consciousness. Under that impetus our vision is beginning to stretch beyond the confines of a school and a community home. A new and a greater adventure opens before us. Much of the history of the world is but the history of individuals who said farewells to the things they had learned to cherish and love and went out, not knowing whither they went—"to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

We say farewell to the school which has provided us with the equipment for our first great self-appointed undertaking. If we have worked conscientiously and played with enthusiasm, we have prepared our minds and bodies adequately for the risks and difficulties and hazards which will beset us in the future. This adventure will be like a great marathon race which will occupy our whole lives. There will be many dropping off but the goal will be as high and as noble as we wish to make it. The entries for the race will be many and varied; there will be doctors and lawyers, teachers and nurses, clerks and stenographers, carpenters and engineers, labourers, orators and ministers. There will be scholarships to win, touchdowns to make, goals to achieve, operations to perform, mountains to tunnel, rivers to span and audiences to thrill with silver-tongued oratory, but each will have in mind the ultimate goal, a way of life.

We are touched with sadness as we say farewell to our beloved principal and friend, Mr. Meade, and his worthy staff. Their virtues of friendliness, patience, toleration, culture, humour and intellectual curiosity, in so far as we have grasped them will assist us in our great adventure with life.

We are sad because for some of us, the days have gone when the four walls of the school re-echoed with the shouts of our wellwishers, when the name of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute was to be carried in victory and honour within and beyond the borders of this province. These days will be relived by others; for us they have gone forever.

We are happy because we have had the opportunity of attending such a school as the W. C. I. and because we found such good friends here. We are happy because the memories of the Literary Society and the Orchestra and the soccer and the basketball and all the other activities of the school are such happy ones. We are happy because we belonged to a community the generosity of whose citizens made all our joys possible.

And most of all, we are happy because it is our privilege to be young men and women in a period of history beset with difficulties. The opportunity is ours to prove that youth in spite of modern criticism does not shrink from difficulties, but is anxious to face them and show its strength and its courage by overcoming them. And so, graduates and undergraduates, the world challenges us; the young men and women who have lost their lives in recent years in the cause of the advancement of science and knowledge challenge us; the brave lads who rest across the sea have thrown to us the torch from their still glowing hands.—"Be ours to hold it high."

We are not here to dream, to play, to drift,
We have hard work to do and loads to lift,
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.

—IAN A. ALLISON.

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TO MY ALMA MATER.

If, as is generally the case, one should even mildly wonder what the meaning of "Alma Mater" consists, it will require just a few moments to appreciate its full significance. First, a glance at a Latin dictionary will be necessary, however cursory, in order to obtain a foundation on which to work; that is, a translation. Of such a one, may "bounteous mother," suffice.

Probably, it will be asked: "How is this applicable, especially to graduates?" But examining into this translation, and all its manifold suggestions, it will be seen that a great deal of legitimate generalisation may be indulged in.

Now, more or less figuratively speaking, Walkerville is the mother of all of you as well as of those who already have gone from the comforting protection of her marble corridors, beyond to other things. It is she who takes all of us who are at first comparatively helpless in the field of knowledge and nurtures us carefully, kindly, through easy degrees until that seemingly ultimate goal, graduation, is reached.

It is she who has taken you first formers under her all-seeing care and is carefully, wisely guiding your intellectual footsteps to the immediate peak of success, second form. In her generous, open-handed, but not too rigorous manner, is she now lighting your path and pointing the way onward.

To you of the second form, is she gently introducing to real things which are to come. She is widening the field of your vision, the scope of your mind. She is implanting in you the things of better tastes and giving root to that which will finally blossom out to a better knowledge of the life which lies ahead and a finer appreciation, thereof.

Not too abundantly to be burdening, is this widening of your horizons, but none the less, by her graduated munificence, is it occurring.

Now, in third, does she seem easier, more approachable, now does she come nearer to your very selves. Her life, her ideas, her activities, and her honour are yours. You are on the threshold; standing between the first two years, on the one hand, with its attendant preparation over which she has labored so patiently, so kindly persuasive, yet so unobtrusively insistent, and, on the other hand, your next two all important years to come. You are nearing the first real peak of your career at Walkerville. Just now she is cleverly concealing the hidden jags of your future with a beautiful complexion of carefreeness. This is your happiest year of all.

This is when you really begin to understand both yourself and others, to appreciate your life at home and at school and to catch a glimpse, no matter how vague nor far reaching, of things that might be. This is the beginning of the formulation of ideals, by the employment of that curious part of your imagination which is the essential fundamental characteristic peculiar to humanity.

You, of the fourth form, are in a somewhat different situation. The majority of you are probably leaving. Do you understand what your "Alma Mater" will mean to you, when you have finished this year? Can you see what she is doing for you now? What she has done for you? This is when you vindicate her faith in you, justify her endeavours; when you fully take advantage of her splendidly generous and bountiful opportunities, above all, when you show those principles of character she has fostered in you; when you utilize the knowledge she has given you, when you truthfully expose those attainments she has laboured to make manifest in you.

Those of you who venture into the freer atmosphere of fifth form will know her yet in another light. Where

before she was just the all-seeing, guiding hand, now she is the intimate companion, the associate in all things and the willing colleague at your beck and call. She is ready, if you will, without reserve to open up the founts and depths of her knowledge for you, ready to extend a helping hand and, if you can but see it, to point out those heights, the road to which she has contributed much of incalculable value.

She has been the "bounteous mother," to you indeed, you will see that if you look back after your graduation. You will see her, beneficent, liberal, and ample; ample if you have realized her wise teachings and directions. You will comprehend that she has freely bestowed upon you with munificent liberality all the advantages of which she was capable, and they are many, many more than a natural mother could have done in this particular field. These advantages were there for your taking. Yours be the fault if you have not reached that goal which, with her discriminating finger, she has pointed out to each individual among you graduates and graduating class.

To all who have known her, to all who know her now and to all who will know her, is she the splendidly generous, not too rigorous or bigoted, never dogmatic, always just, open-minded and candid, unprejudiced and ever democratic mistress. What is allowable to upper school is ethical for the first former.

She will clear your way of obstacles and soothingly minister to you so as to banish that ever present, ever looming spectre, failure.

This will all of you realize if you have played the game; played not only to Walkerville, but to yourselves. If you can truly say, "I played the game to what seemed to me the best of my ability," then is she content and rests satisfied with the product of her endeavours.

It is not so much in absolute facts that satisfies and mean so much as the well developed, proportional appreciation of manifold things. Appreciation is greater than absolute understanding. This, she would have you know, not to rage that you know nothing of calculable value in money. She did not mean to immediately give you that, but to endow you with the rudiments of those things in life which are worth while.

If there is a bard among you, let him compose a hymn to "Alma Mater." If such were composed and truly representative you all would realize fully in respect to Walkerville, while it were being sung, the things you ought to have done and didn't, the things you might have done but couldn't, and the things which you are yet to do.

Hail! "Alma Mater."—GROSVENOR SHEPHERD.



THE HACK'S CONSOLATION.

Oh, Muse, I have no desire
To pen an immortal line,
That will echo down the centuries
And defy the march of Time.

For think of the countless hordes
Of students, with eyes of scorn,
Who might read it, a thousand years from hence,
And wish I had never been born.

And I think of Virgil's remorse,
As he drifts through the world of shades,
For all the worry and work he caused
To defenceless youths and maids.

Oh, give me mediocrity!
I would gladly forego the fame,
Rather than share for eternity,
His crushing burden of blame.

I would even brave Pope's scorn
And sing of the "western breeze,"
I would be so bold as to say
That it "whispers through the trees,"

Rather than face the reproach,
As they drift through the pearly gate,
Of the succession of students,
Who have perished from working too late.

—HELEN O'NEIL—'28.

GRADUATES, 1928.

Rene Flint, the gay and exuberant, has chosen the supposedly serious occupation of teaching and is attending Toronto Normal School this year. We expect great things of Rene for whatever she undertakes to do she generally succeeds in doing.

Grosvenor Shepherd has left our midst to take up his learning at McGill. One of these days we shall be calling him "doctor."

Marie Cox, we hear, is becoming quite adept at running the typewriter at the Windsor Business College.

Irvine Simpson, whose motto all last school year was "Better late than never," is now conscientiously setting his alarm clock to waken him in time to attend the U. of D.

Jean Churchill, last year's society editor, is pursuing her studies at Michigan State College.

"Where'er her footsteps went,
She was the Queen of Merriment."

Bill Van Wagoner is now working in the office of the Chrysler. Bill spends two evenings at the Technical and the rest in our county town of Sandwich.

"He loveth music and also beauty,
The night for love, and the day for duty."

Isabel Leishman, too, has decided that it is her vocation to train the young Canadian mind and is attending London Normal. We miss Isabel in all our sports, for "She was active, stirring, all afire; age cannot wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Bill Young, last year's brilliant basketball captain, is now attending Western where he is still showing his skill at that grand game. Good luck, Bill.

"He is a worthy fellow,
And so divides his energies twixt work and pleasure,
That in both he doth win success."

Helen O'Neil, who brought much credit to Walkerville C. I. by winning a scholarship, is now enrolled as an honor pupil of Western University.

Ray Beaton, Walkerville's dashing Don Juan, is now thrilling the hearts of the fair sex at Toronto University. Ray was a fast player on the basketball team also.

"The ladies as his graceful form they scan,
Cry with ill-omened rapture, 'Killing Man!'"

Margaret Flint is also attending Toronto Normal this year. What an attractive addition to the teachers' ranks.

Clarence Buchta is now studying finance at the U. of D. Clug will soon be blossoming as a broker.

Stella Cockran, we hear, is plugging away at the Bell Telephone Company. The service is improving.

Anson Moorehouse is another of our young men who is attending Assumption College this year.

"Quiet, collected, calm, serene,
A man of matchless work and noble mien."

Ethel Levy is taking a secretarial course at the Technical. We wish her all sorts of luck.

Doug Finch, our talented artist of last year's Blue and White, is now using his gift in drawing pickles for Heintz Co., and tries to impress us that he is Heintz Variety No. 58.

Nora Low, former pupil of Walkerville, is continuing her studies at Branksome Hall, Toronto. We miss Nora, for although never pushing herself forward she was always willing to do her bit when needed.

Ian Allison, one of our star basketball players, is now in attendance at Assumption. With the fair sex he had a way all his own and it is rumored that he is missed in more ways than one about the school.

Jean McClymont is now attending the Windsor Business College. Winsome is the word which best describes our Jean. We love her for her gentleness, her rare charm of manners and a certain wistful sweetness which clings to her.

Keith McEwen is working for a time before starting his course in medicine. Keith has won two scholarships. "With force and skill, to strive, to fashion, to fulfil."

Ivor Cross, who completed his high school course at Walkerville, is now in the builders' supply business with his father.

Doug LeSueur, a great favorite with teachers and pupils alike, is now living in Fort Erie.

Tom Fraser, our former trumpet player, is now employed in the offices of the Ford Motor Co. We certainly miss that trumpet, Tom.

Douglas Drake is another of our graduates who is attending the University of Michigan. We miss Doug's clever conversation and jovial antics.

Jack Steiner—Jack is now working in the office of Chrysler's De Soto plant. We wonder that Jack with his dramatic ability, is not studying with Jessie Bonstelle.

Marian Gibson, girls' student manager for '28, is becoming quite adept at typing at the business college.

Alvin Crouchman is now working in the office of the General Motors. We expect to hear soon that he has been appointed general manager.

Clifford McKinnon is another of our pupils who is just a gentleman of leisure—at present.

Gilbert Whitmore, although not an artist, is nevertheless dabbling in paints at the Walkerville Paint Works.

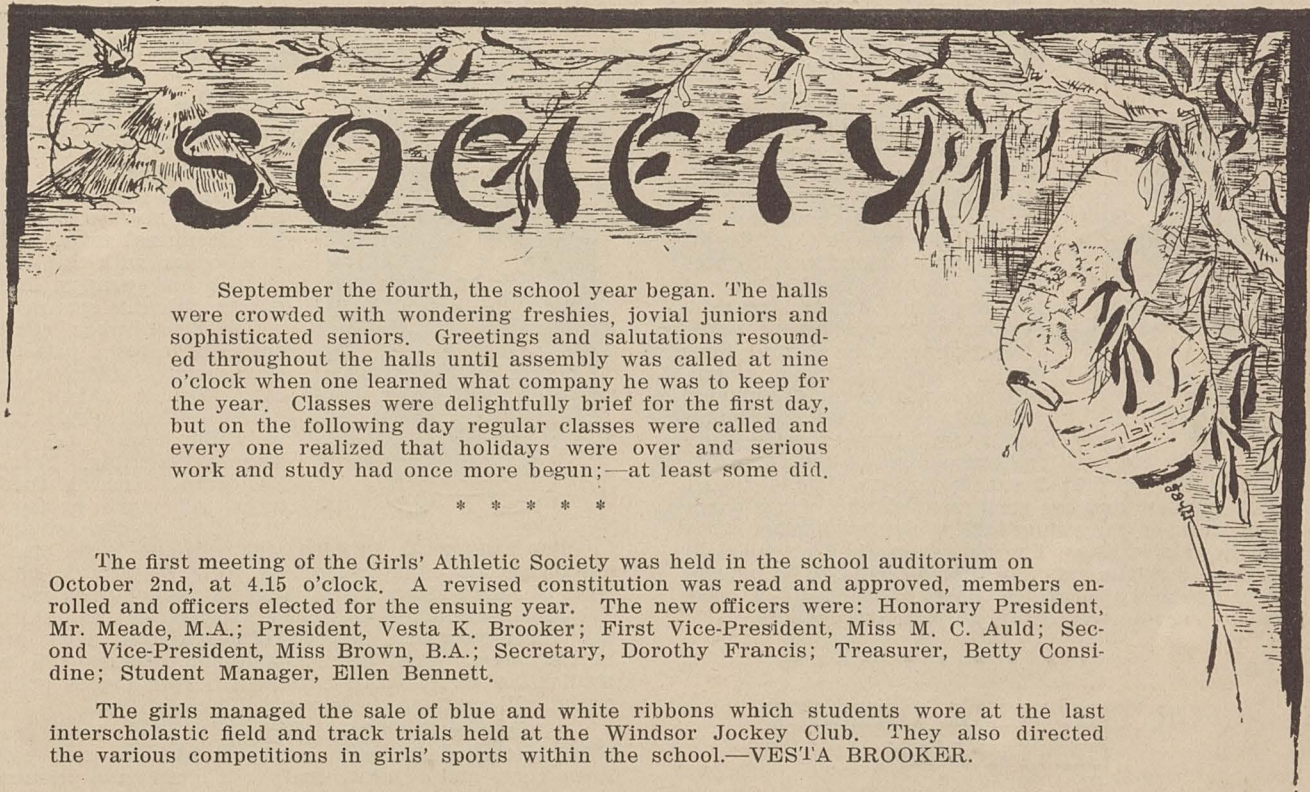
Jimmie Stewart, veteran star of our all-victorious basketball of '28, has given up school to become a gentleman of leisure. Jimmie is, however, still at sports.

Gale Taylor, whose company we enjoyed for two years; is now a local business man.

Ronald Todgham is now studying business administration at Michigan. We all know Ron's arguing ability and hear that he is still at it. We might say of Ron that "Tho' even vanquished, he could argue still."

Marion Lanspeary—School seems lonesome since the vivacious Marion left. No doubt she is stirring things up a bit at the Havergal Ladies' College in Toronto.

Albert Carley, another of our basketball stars of '28, "Sly", who is taking a business course is also leading Tech's basketball team this year.



September the fourth, the school year began. The halls were crowded with wondering freshies, jovial juniors and sophisticated seniors. Greetings and salutations resounded throughout the halls until assembly was called at nine o'clock when one learned what company he was to keep for the year. Classes were delightfully brief for the first day, but on the following day regular classes were called and every one realized that holidays were over and serious work and study had once more begun;—at least some did.

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The first meeting of the Girls' Athletic Society was held in the school auditorium on October 2nd, at 4.15 o'clock. A revised constitution was read and approved, members enrolled and officers elected for the ensuing year. The new officers were: Honorary President, Mr. Meade, M.A.; President, Vesta K. Brooker; First Vice-President, Miss M. C. Auld; Second Vice-President, Miss Brown, B.A.; Secretary, Dorothy Francis; Treasurer, Betty Considine; Student Manager, Ellen Bennett.

The girls managed the sale of blue and white ribbons which students wore at the last interscholastic field and track trials held at the Windsor Jockey Club. They also directed the various competitions in girls' sports within the school.—VES'IA BROOKER.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The annual commencement exercises of the Walkerville Collegiate Institute were held on Friday evening, December the fourteenth, 1928, with Mr. Nate Cornwall acting as chairman of the occasion.

The school orchestra, under the leadership of Leo Malania, one of our talented pupils, delighted the audience with a number of well-chosen selections.

Mr. Ian Allison, one of the graduates, gave the Valedictory address in a very impressive and pleasing manner for the graduating class of '28.

Presentation of High School Entrance Certificates to King Edward and King George school pupils by their former principals took place.

Field Day Medals and W's were presented to the boys and girls of the collegiate by members of the Board of Education. The Strathcona medal for marksmanship and the B. C. S. S. A. track and field championship medals, were also presented.

The Carter Scholarship was presented to Keith McEwen of the graduating class, by Inspector Husband, who also proved to be a great speaker. His words were not only pleasing and complimentary but also highly instructive and inspiring to those to whom he directly spoke—the graduating class.

The newly organized school glee club and a special girls' chorus rendered a few appropriate sacred songs.

The Rev. Mr. Morden, in his usual pleasingly efficient manner, addressed the graduating class. His keen insight and sympathy toward the problems of youth enabled him to pass on wonderful advice to the students passing into the new adventures of life.

The concluding feature of the programme was a one-act play called "The Boy Comes Home." The various roles were portrayed by William Sansburn, Nita Staples, James Rapsey and Madelon Hyland.

In this play a young man returns to the home of his rather tyrannical uncle after having been transformed from a boy to a man by war.

First, he very cleverly brings to terms the cook, who has been tyrannizing the household. In the meantime, his blustering uncle who has been impatiently waiting from his business to question him as to his plans for the future, falls asleep before the comfortable fire. In his dream, which is very amusingly portrayed, he is disillusioned as to his nephew's standing and ability. When he is awakened by the youth who returns from his late breakfast, he very timidly broaches the subject of the future to his ward for he is still shaken by his disturbing dream.

The ironical connections between the dream scene and the latter part make the play uproariously comical.

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Many of our graduates spent the Christmas holidays with their parents. Among them were: Irene and Margaret Flint, Jean Churchill, Isabel Leishman, Helen O'Neil, Lucille Sansburn, Elinor Wortley, Nora Low, Bill Young, Doug Drake, Ron Todgham, Ray Beaton and Dick Orved. Many gay functions were given in honour of these pupils.

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Douglas Drake and Bill Sansburn spent their Thanksgiving in Toronto. They were guests of Miss Lucille Sansburn, who is attending Toronto Art School.

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Miss Nancy McGregor with her mother, sister and brother, is spending a few months on a cruise along the Mediterranean. She left New York February the fourth, on board the S. S. Leviathan.

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Evelyn Bridges, with her parents, is spending the winter months on the sunny beaches of Florida.

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Jean Norbury, who has been so seriously ill for several weeks, is once more with us. Jean is so popular that we are glad to see her back.

THE SCHOOL DANCE.



One of the unusually delightful affairs of the Christmas holiday season was our annual School Dance, held December 27, 1928, in the gymnasium of the school. The committee under the chairmanship of Mr. W. O. White, tastefully decorated the hall in our school colours of blue and white. Long streamers of blue and white crepe paper stretched from the central dome of the ceiling and fell in beautiful clusters over the illuminated W's on the four walls. Palms and shaded lights formed a delightful enclosure for the popular orchestra. Bright Japanese lanterns lent a festive air to the room and the variegated shades of the dance frocks worn by the young ladies, blended harmoniously with the decorations. The dance was well attended by present and ex-students and their parents. The popular Border orchestra provided peppy music and a most pleasant evening was enjoyed by all the dancers.

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* * * * *

FOR THE WELL DRESSED GENTLEMAN.

As the first few breaths of Spring are wafted to us our thoughts in this day and generation naturally drift to new spring clothes.

The predominating colours this year, as in the past, are soft shades of gray and tan. Heather and pepper and salt mixtures will also be in the foreground. These suits will be seen in the ever-popular two and three button models, as well as in the smart appearing double breasted jacket. Much popularity this year has been gained by the double-breasted vest with lapels as well as the pants plaited in the waistband.

The new spring topcoats are of fair length, falling just a few inches below the knees. They are principally single breasted three and four button models, in tweeds which should harmonize with the suit worn. These topcoats are full and roomy, with plain backs. A few double breasted topcoats are to be seen, but are as yet not nearly as popular as the single breasted creations.

"Riots of colour" in cravats are no longer in demand, but, rather subdued shades in a colour, with plain ties, in the foreground, while the others have a small patterns. Cravats in small polka dots and in geometrical designs are also in good taste. Socks are also coming in plain colours, as well as those distinguished by small unobtrusive patterns. It should also be borne in mind that the cravats and socks should harmonize with the colour of the suit worn.

Hats this year are in pleasing shades of gray, brown and green, ranging from the darkest to the lightest shades. They have hightapered crowns and narrow brims. Care must be taken that the shade falls into line with the colour ensemble of the spring outfit. The ever-popular derby will also be much in evidence for town wear.

Many collegiate men will be seen wearing spats this spring, not only because they are in vogue but because they are so appropriate for the chilly weather which we get quite a bit of in the spring. These will be worn in shades of tan and gray, depending on what is best suited to the clothes of the wearer.—R. YOUNG.

FASHIONS.



Now as concerning the very latest styles Mitzi informs us that the evening wrap must melt into the lines of the long full evening dress now so popular for the formal wear. The cape collar with the long sleeves and wrappy lines is very chic this season.

For sport wear smart sweaters in block patterns of variegated colours worn over divided skirts disguised by front pleats, and matching berets are considered the thing. Scarfs and berets match these days and make a smart part of the sports costume.

For head wear, turbans will continue to be smart and crepe de chine ribbon for this purpose is new. Hats of bakou straw will also be very much in vogue.

Jacket costumes with black satin jackets and skirts and white georgette blouses with scalloped edges are entirely new. Coat dresses and suit dresses will be modish for street wear, but the frock that goes under a coat will continue to show a frilliness of line.

A massing of fullness in back is new. Long coat ensembles, too, are going to be fashionable and both these coats and separate coats will often have princess lines.

The Misses Evelyn Butler, Isabel Hallman and Dorothy McHattie were guests of the Messrs. Clyde Brown, Ron Todgham and Douglas Drake at the Michigan-Iowa in Ann Arbor. In the evening they attended a large dance and returned to their homes in the Border Cities on Sunday, November 25.

* * * * *

Your Job

Don't be a slacker at your job;
You've often heard good men tell,
That any job worth doing at all,
Is surely worth doing well.

Don't just do what you have to do,
To your work add something fine;
Don't just do what you're paid to do,
Be at the head of the line.

Don't always be seeking pleasures!
Your duty you'll surely shirk;
Remember the man who is a man
Is never afraid of work.

When things go wrong in your business,
Just stick and plug at your job;
The world is truly very cold
To those who grumble and sob.

There is surely some satisfaction
In having a job well done,
To have the boss slap you on the back,
And say "good stuff, my son!"

If you'll succeed in this world,
Just stick to your job like glue;
If you want your job, get on with your job,
It's the sporting thing to do.

—FRANCIS HOWARD MORROW—V.

EXCHANGES

EXCHANGE.

Truly, it seems that the exchange system cannot be over-praised. It would be most difficult to improve our Blue and White without the helpful ideas and kindly criticisms of other magazines. We heartily thank the various schools for their willingness to exchange publications. "The Review" of the London Central Collegiate won the shield awarded to the finest school paper in Ontario, and it richly deserved it. At present it is quite unique but we have the presumption to hope that we shall some day rival it.

The Oracle—London South Collegiate.

We like your magazine. It has personality. How satisfied you must be to have turned out such a fine issue during your first year in the new school. We admire your unselfish praise of the L. C. C. I. Review.

Acta Victoriana—Victoria College, Toronto.

A fine piece of literary work. We commend your effective woodcuts, and your short stories which we found enthralling. Why not a little touch of humour, though?

Windsor-Walkerville. Year Book.

A real good publication, but we believe a few more headings and small cartoons would be of much value in enlivening it.

The Collegiate—Sarnia.

A most interesting and helpful magazine. It quite radiated school spirit and wit. We liked your many photographs and found the "Uncensored Celebrities" intensely amusing.

The Collegiensis—St. Catharines.

Your art work is clever and original. Is it not customary to have a larger poetry department? We would suggest more form notes. Otherwise excellent.

The Bloor Breezes—Bloor C. I., Toronto.

Quite extraordinary for such a young school. We like the paper you use—it makes the photographs stand out so well. Every department is finely represented, and our criticism is entirely favourable.

The Howler—North Toronto Collegiate.

An awfully peppy magazine. We have watched your progress with interest for several years. Your form notes are probably the best we have seen and your cover design is splendid.

The Lampadion—Delta Collegiate, Hamilton.

Your radio number was a great idea well presented. Why not comment on the exchanges, and where is your poetry section? Your jokes are truly laughable.



The Drury Academe—Massachusetts.

A charming paper, a little different in type from most of our Canadian magazines. We noticed with surprise that you have no advertisements. A few would permit a larger book. Every department seems nicely handled.

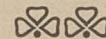
The Year Book—Shelburne High School.

It is difficult to believe that your school is so small, for you have a very excellent book. We find every department competently represented.

The Review—London Central C. I.

Splendid! It is evident that your students support the staff by the amount of the excellent material. We find your "Slicker" as clever and amusing as ever. You must have a great school if the REVIEW mirrors it. We trust you will continue the exchange as it is undoubtedly our best.

—RUTH McMULLEN.



Teacher—What is pasteurization?

Student—Where they paralyze milk to kill the germs.

Please use the word 'avaunt' in a sentence, so that I can learn what it means.

Ole Olson—"Avant vat avaunt ven avaunt it."

Bill—"Did you see the fire at the circus?"

Jim—"No; was it bad?"

Bill—"Yes; the heat was in tents (intense)."

Sam—"How's the milkmaid?"

Ham—"That's a trade secret."

AROUND THE ROOMS



Form IVB.

Stan Venning is the kind of guy who would wonder why the sailors plough the sea when they can't grow anything on it.

* * *

Breese (buying a canary)—Can you guarantee these canaries?

Bill Moore—Guarantee them? Why, sir, I raised them myself from canary seed!

* * *

Small Town Cop—Say, you can't go through here with your cut-out open!

Harry—But I haven't got one on the car.

Cop—Well, then, put one on and keep it closed.

* * *

Any more when a fellow plans on going into the dairy business, according to certain sections we have been reading lately, his best plan is to set out a forest of these "milk trees" just discovered by scientists.

* * *

Harold Trimble thinks a seaplane is a spot in the ocean where there are no waves.

* * *

Due to our recent work in Latin we have found out that women were the same in Virgil's time as they are now.

Virgil represented the deity, Rumor, as a woman.

* * *

Miss MacDonald—Bees, you know, spend the middle stages of their lives in cells.

Colthurst—Just like my uncle Oscar.

* * *

Breese was sauntering along one day when he saw a twenty-five cent piece lying on the curb. He stooped over and picked it up saying, "This is what I call help from an unexpected quarter!"

* * *

Dad—Who did you take home in the car last night?

Art—Why-er- Archie Stewart.

Dad—Will you tell Archie that he left his ear-rings, a hair net and a compact with initials L. M. on it in the car.

* * *

We notice that in our midst we have several dog fanciers, at least, several of the boys are sporting new puppy blankets—not mentioning any names.

* * *

Colthurst had been late eight days in succession:

Mr. Donaldson—What's the matter, Harry, did the sun forget to get up this morning out where you live?

Harry—Yeh; and so did dad.

* * *

Mr. White—Hall, give the class some idea as to the size of a microbe.

John A. Hall—Well, they are so small that you can put a handful on the tip of a needle.

* * *

We notice that several of the boys are coming to school with their heads bare. The old saying still holds: Where there is no sense there is no feeling.

Miss Dickey (after reading a poem to the class): Doesn't this poem show you clearly that man has no more faithful friends than women?

Stan Venning—I still think dogs are just as good.

* * *

Francis—I'll give the boy friend credit for getting me a nice ring.

Helen—Yes, that's what the jeweler gave him, too.

* * *

Bill Sansburn—Say, haven't I seen you some place before?

Art Hall—I expect so; I've been there.

* * *

Jim Rapsey—Say, I bought a bag of potatoes from you the other day and they were all small on the bottom. Can you account for that?

Farmer—Why, yes; it's due to the warm weather lately. The spuds grow so fast that we have to start digging before they get too big and by the time we get a bag filled, the top ones are big.

* * *

Art Hall (in physics)—Why doesn't the water's edge cut the beach, Mr. White?

Form IIIA.

Pepper—Boiled cow's milk is not good for adults.

Krailo—I should think that a boiled cow doesn't usually give good milk.

* * *

Janisse—You know, we eat all the peaches we can, and what we can't eat we can.

Truman—The same in our business. We can sell an order when we sell it and when we can't sell it, we can sell it (cancel it).

* * *

On going into producer's office—Peters, this office is as hot as a baker's oven.

Peters—Well, why shouldn't it be? It is here that I make my dough.

* * *

Charlotte Kellner (to a policeman)—Oh, Mr. Policeman, do help me. I'm looking for a small man with one eye.

Constable—Well, if he's really small, I should suggest using two eyes.

* * *

McClymont—You've trodden on my toe.

Harrison—I'm sorry.

McClymont—But couldn't you see my feet.

Harrison—Of course not; you've got your shoes on.

* * *

Olive Elley—By the way, did I tell you they're putting in "Who's Who?"

Lois Bennett—Really, Who's zoo?

* * *

Latin Comedy.

IIIA in Miss MacDonald's space.

Harrison—What case should "enemy flows" be in?

Keane—Enemy Flue.

Form IB.

Songs and Who They Remind Us of in IB.

That's How I feel About You—Miss Bergoigne.
 My Wild Irish Rose—Muriel Sherman.
 Girl of My Dreams—Noreen Beebe.
 Remember—Mr. Ball.
 Gorgeous—Algebra (?).
 Laugh, Clown, Laugh—Jack Blythe.
 That's My Weakness Now—Latin (?).
 Sonny Boy—Ray Lyons.
 What Does It Matter—Any exam.
 I'm Having My Ups and Downs—Jean Barron.
 Me and My Shadow—Helen Hanson and Raymond.
 It Goes Like This—Ed. Keith.
 It—Milard Steiner.
 Are We Downhearted?—After Mr. Ball is through haranguing us.

* * *

"Jean Long," asked Miss Brown, "do you know your alphabet?"

"Yes, Miss Brown."

Well' then, what comes after A?"

"All the rest of them," was the triumphant reply.

* * *

Betty—Can you imagine anything worse than being a cornstalk and having your ears pulled by farmers?

Mary—How about being a potato with your eyes full of dirt?

* * *

Dick Johnston—That lawn mower I bought for my dad is all rusted.

Merchant—That's because there's so much dew (dew) on it.

* * *

Johnston used to live in the West; his father took him to school when he was quite big.

This boy's after learning. What's your bill of fare? Our curriculum, sir, embraces geography, arithmetic, trigonometry—

That'll do; load him up with triggerometry, he's the only poor shot in the family.

* * *

Miss Brown—Do you have trouble with shall and will?

Bud Glunns—Not a bit; mother says "you shall" and I reply "I will."

* * *

Mother sent Margaret Cody to the store for dog biscuits and she came back with animal crackers.

But, Margaret, I told you dog biscuits.

Well, mother, you see I thought I'd get something both I and the dog could enjoy.

* * *

Clifford—My aunt was reading about the ice jam the other night. What kind is that?

Maurice—I guess it's the kind the Eskimos eat.

People that live in glass houses should have them frosted.

* * *

Mr. McNaughton—Dick, tell me the number of bales of cotton exported from America in any one year.

Dick—1492, none.

* * *

Pompous Visitor—Many years I was like yourself a poor ignorant little boy. Now, by hard work and perseverance what have I become?

Sinclair—A swanker.

* * * *

Betty—What should I read after I graduate?

Mary—The Help Wanted Column.

Form V.

Can You Imagine?

Art West—without his work done.
 Bob Young—ever facing the front in Geometry class.

Henry Bull—playing the "Timid Soul."

Bill Rowland—ever saying anything.

James Leroy Hayward—with no gum.

Isabel Hallman—never primping.

Winston Mahon—being a violinist.

Bus Morrow—in long pants.

Frank McCarthy—coming two days in a row.

Luther Clarke—not having something to argue about.

Edgar Clement—coming to school two days in a row with his hair coiffed the same way.

Mr. Horwood—suppressing a blush.

Miss Auld—venting her ire for a long time.

* * *

Our Mistress' voice—Oh, come! Come! Come!

* * *

Glendel Shafer—What's a parasite?

Bull—A parasite is a man who walks through a revolving door without doing his share of pushing.

* * *

Frank McCarthy—I'm sorry that I killed your cat, but I will replace it.

Miss Dickey—Oh, so you can catch mice, can you?

* * *

Miss Dickey--You must do more home work; let us alter our "status quo."

J. Leroy H.—What is "status quo"?

Miss Dickey—"Status quo," I believe, is Latin for "the mess we're in."

* * *

Mr. Donaldson—What, late again? Did you ever do anything on time?

Patterson—Yes, I am buying a car.

* * *

Edgar Clement has gleaned from his readings that a Socialist is a man who has nothing and wants to share it with everybody.

* * *

Most people lie in the beds which they themselves make. Not so the politicians; they make up their bunk and then lie out of it.

* * *

Miss MacDonald, in Caesar class—Tell me in what other way this could be said: "Ambiorix asked Caesar for a quarter (in which to station his soldiers).

Millie (quickly)—Ambiorix asked for twenty-five cents.

* * *

Mr. Donaldson—I'll give you one day to get caught up.

McCarthy—How about the fifth of July?

* * *

Millie (in Trig. space)—Mr. Ball, in making a ditch, why do they slope one side more than the other?

Mr. Ball—Why—er—I suppose so one can climb out of it more easily.

* * *

Laugh and the class laughs with you—but you stay alone after school.

* * *

Tacher—Fermez la porte, Mlle. Hallman. Isabel blankly looks around, then gets up and puts her gum in the basket.

* * *

Janisse—Did you ever see an ice floe?

Wharton—Yes, in last summer's hail storm.



BLUE AND WHITE

Miss MacDonald—Why don't you answer me?
Winston—I shook my head.
Miss M.—Well, did you expect me to hear it rattle
away up here?
* * *

Isabel thinks it a great pity that French can't be
written the way Art West pronounces it.

"It would be such a splendid joke," she says.
* * *

He calls his girl Geometry because she is so plain
and solid.
* * *

Hayward—I wonder why the girls call me maple
syrup?

Vaughan—I guess it's because you are such a re-
fined sap.
* * *

McCull—What do you mean by boiling that ben-
zine. There will be an accident.

West—Heck! It's a good thing everyone isn't as
superstitious as you are.
* * *

Miss Dickey—Robert, are you learning any French?
Bob—Well, I can shrug my shoulders now.
* * *

Catherine—I wonder why there is so much electric-
ity in my hair?

Brennan—I guess it is because it is attached to a
dry cell.
* * *

Vaughan—No, Henry, all that glitters is not gold—
just look at the seat of Ted's trousers.
* * *

English Teacher—How would you say in Elizabeth-
an English, "Here comes a bow-legged man?"

Stu. Young—Behold, aha! What is this I see ap-
proaching in parenthesis.
* * *

Isobel—If you were my husband I'd give you poison.
Vaughan—If you were my wife I'd take it.

Miss Dickey—When did the "Revival of Learning"
begin?
Bob—Just before the exams.
* * *

Mr. Donaldson—Miss Gordon, why haven't you your
homework done?

Millie—I couldn't; I had to go to London on Friday
to have my teeth fixed.

Mr. Donaldson—Well, where were you on Saturday?
Millie—Why, I was in London—with my teeth.
* * *

Clement (at the photographer's)—Have I the pleas-
ant expression you require?

Photographer—Perfect.

Clement—Then shoot quick; it hurts my face.
* * *

Bob—My father thought I was expelled last night.

Bill—How's that?

Bob—I took some books home.
* * *

Millie Gordon was very anxious to let us know the
other day in History class when a study of the political
ideas of Thos. Jefferson were being discussed that it
was the same Jefferson who inaugurated long pants for
men.
* * *

The Blue and White is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the gold,
And the staff gets all the blame.
* * *

Form IIIC.

Bob Parent told his parents that he got 100. He
did—50 in French and 50 in Algebra.

Edna Urban says that Lindbergh didn't have the
first "We"—look at Jonah and the whale.
* * *

Mr. Meade—If your neighbour has a wife and baby,
how many are there in the family?

O. Bunt—Two,—and one to carry.
* * *

K. Holt—How long did it take you to learn to skate?

Martin—Oh, several sittings.
* * *

Pete Zeko—You certainly can eat well.

Art Teckell—I ought to; I've been practising all
my life.

Form IE.

Miss Brown—Who was King of France during the
revolution?

Helen D.—Louis the 13, no, 15, no, 16—well, anyhow
he was in his teens.
* * *

Mr. McNaughton—What is a Fjord?

Barney Reid—Ah—er—well (brain wave) a little
Scandinavian automobile.
* * *

Mr. Ball—Is it possible to add seven boys and eight
cows?

Audrey Carver—Yes, sir.

Mr. Ball—Well, what would the answer be?

A. C.—Fifteen cowboys.
* * *

Mother, was your name Pullman before you were
married?

No, John; why do you ask?

Well, I just wondered. I saw that name on a lot
of your towels.
* * *

Petruniak—It's hot in this baseball park, Alfred.

Hardcastle—I should say so, William. See if you
can get a couple of those baseball fans.
* * *

The saddest words of tongue or pen, "Report at
four, for extra work."
* * *

Walter—Oh, Jimmie, did you know that the cops
raided the library last night?

Jimmie—No! Why?

Walter—Because they found liquor in the diction-
ary.

Form IIC.

Mr. Horwood—I am tempted to give this class an
examination.

Frank Oatly—Yield not to temptation, sir!
* * *

Miss Robbins thinks that Sylvester Cracker would
make a good baseball player. He loves catching flies
in History space.
* * *

Mr. Hartford—Marian, give me an example of hard
water.

Marian—Ice.
* * *

Lois—What are mumps?

Harry—Oh, they are a swell disease.
* * *

We always laugh at teacher's jokes,
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny,
But because it's policy. Audrey Lavallee.
* * *

Would the world still go around if in IID.:
Jerome Janisse came early in the morning.
Bernard Brown stopped chewing gum.
Tom Ryan wore rubber heels.
John Considine had his homework done.
Jean Wright stopped laughing.



*Now, this is the law of the jungle, as old and as true as the sky;
And the wolf that shall keep it shall prosper, but the wolf that breaks it shall die.
As the creeper that girdles the tree trunk, the law runneth forward and back—
For the strength of the Pack is the wolf, and the strength of the wolf is the Pack.*

* * * * *

SOCCER.

For the first time in so long that the average student at Walkerville can't remember it, Walkerville C. I. is without the Wossa soccer cup.

Five years ago 11 sturdy boys fought their way through to the Wossa championship. Each year for the last four years 11 likewise sturdy boys have donned the blue and white zebra soccer sweaters of the Walkerville C. I. to defend this cup. For three years they have been successful in accomplishing this task.

This year, however, after winning their way through to the finals, they were defeated by the Sir Adam Beck C. I. of London, after losing two to nothing in London, Walkerville was host to the Beck team. Beck did not prove to be very good guests, however, for they trimmed us four to two right in our own back yard.

Due to hard practice and the able coaching of Mr. Ball, the Walkerville boys showed mid-season form in their first game. In this game Tech was on the short end of a four to one count.

Windsor C. I. was the next victim on the list and like Tech, they were apparently misinformed as to the location of the Walkerville goal.

Tech then came down to Walkerville, but I don't think that they enjoyed the trip. This proved to be another easy victory for the Blue and White. Now for a few words about the personnel of the team.

Mr. Ball—The man behind the gun, in plain English, the coach, and a good one, too. Mr. Ball has been directing the destinies of the Walkerville soccer team for the past four years. We have come to the conclusion that if he can't find the player he wants, that he develops one.

Willie Duncan—The captain, because he's Scotch? No, because he plays first class soccer. Willie is a veteran, having been on the squad for three years, but he is gone now. So long, Willie!

Curtis Potter—When it looked as though Walkerville's goal was going to look like the hole in the proverbial doughnut, that is, vacant, somebody told Potter that he could play goal. He believed them, and did he show them how?

Joseph De Rush—Joseph may be all right for home use, but to us he's Joe. Joe never played soccer until this year, but he turned out to be one of the best full-backs ever seen at Walkerville.

Ken "Swany" Swan—Swany was also a first year man on the team, but he had all the ear-marks of a veteran and was responsible for saving many a goal during the season.

Neil McClymont—This is Neil's second year and he has two more. The way he plays half-back—why, we're not crying over it.

Doug. Vaughn—Could this boy play soccer? As the season is over, I can't show you and so must tell you. If you don't believe me, ask any one that has ever seen him. What he doesn't know about soccer, they don't teach in high schools. Doug is also a veteran of three campaigns.

Doug. Joyce—This was Doug's first year on the team but after seeing him in action, we hope it's not his last.

Martin Young—Our dashing outside right. He is a brother of the famous Bill Young, so that should be saying plenty. He plays right outside as Bill played full back in former years.

Stanley "Shadow" Venning—Another veteran forward. I heard that Shadow plays soccer to train for basketball. I hope he plays basketball as well as he trains.

Edwin "Ted" Hawkeswood—Ted must have been told that soccer was the same as rugby. No matter how heavy the line was Ted always plunged through and took any passes that were sent towards the centre.

William McClymont—Yes, he is Neil's brother, and he is just as good. He has three more years left and if Neil didn't make us cry, it's a cinch Bill won't.

Van Lewis—Stan Venning had to get hurt before we found out how good Van was. If the opposition started a rush on Van's side of the field it usually didn't get very far.

Harold Keane—Keane proved his worth by stepping into Bill McClymont's shoes after Bill was hurt in London. Keane also held down the outside position to advantage when London came here.

Art Hall—Art handled his share of relief duty like a veteran this year and we are counting on him to hold down a regular berth next year.

Joe Burns—Joe also helped the boys out a great deal this year and should make a regular position on the squad next fall.

Archie Stewart—If Archie didn't play soccer during the first part of the season, it wasn't his fault. Archie was called into the breach in the last game and certainly used his two previous years' experience in the critical moments.

Lorne Hymers—Another of the boys who won his letter this year. Lorne is well trained material for future championships.

SOCCER



Back Row—H. Colthurst, Student Manager; S. Venning, K. Swan, A. Hall, A. Stewart, D. Vaughan, E. Hawkeswood, Mr. W. N. Ball, B.A., Coach.

Middle Row—H. Keane, L. Hymers, W. Duncan, D. Joyce, Van. Lewis.

Sitting—M. Young, J. DeRush, C. Potter, N. McClymont.

Two Things to Do Saturday!

- 1.—Take a bath.
- 2.—Buy a Pair of "Trott Shoes".

Models of exquisite distinction—whether designed for the strenuous pastimes of out of doors, the regular pursuit of daily affairs or the smart functions of evening. Always correct and possessing that air of distinction the well-dressed person demands, these shoes are so modestly priced as to be well within the most modest means. Our new collection is now on display.

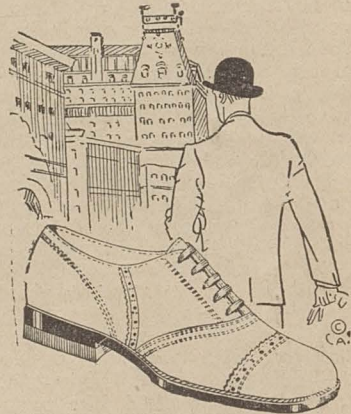
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They're here! All that is new and chic: short vamps, spike heels, all the chosen colours in most any desired styles, as well as a smart range of sport shoes in all fitting and popularly priced,—

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MEN



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Don't Wear

Hockey

In spite of the fact that Coaches Ball and Philip developed one of the best hockey teams ever seen at the Walkerville C. I., the sextet was unable to get very far in Wossa circles.

This year's six can boast of only three veterans on its roster, all the others being new material. This gives promise of some very strong teams for Walkerville in the near future.



Our boys were able to humble the Windsor puck chasers twice, but we in turn bowed to Tech. twice. This however, as was the case of the Intermediate Girls against John Campbell, was no disgrace as the Tech team boasts six Junior O. H. A. stars.

In all their games the Walkerville boys were decidedly outweighed and in hockey this practically means elimination. The boys, however, fought it out and easily triumphed over Windsor and were only defeated 6-0, 5-0 by Tech. Tech proved themselves able to beat O. H. A. teams by scores as bad as this.

The squad this year consisted of the following:

Captain Gordie Ashley led the squad and proved himself to be one of the trickiest stick-handlers in the Border. John Petruniak and Gordon Bishop held down the wing berths by their flashy stick work and speed. Bill McClymont and Beckett did all the relief work on the forward line and were just as able to get goals and play good hockey as were the regulars.

Roy Ayton, Al. Langford and "Ruffy" Clarkson formed a defence that was practically hole-proof. These three boys also showed that they were able to play excellent offensive hockey if the game demanded it.

"Sinkey" Clarkson, although only in first form, played the nets like a veteran, and cheated many an ambitious forward of what looked like sure goals.—BRYCE.

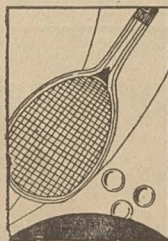
* * *

Track and Tennis Court Addition

Inspector Rogers, after his annual inspection two years ago, gave the Walkerville C. I. the highest rating obtainable in every department with the exception of grounds. This was due to the very obvious lack of depth. Keenly sensible of the existing flaw in what was otherwise a perfectly equipped and perfectly directed school, the people of Walkerville added 170 feet and have developed it into a wonderful athletic field—in fact, the best in the district.

The soccer field, which was so short before, has been lengthened to the required depth. The remainder was utilized for a 290-yard cinder track. The value of such an addition to the school was very well shown last fall when the Blue and White track and field team made the greatest showing it has ever done in a Border meet.

Within this are two fine jumping pits and a ring for shot putting. There are also two very fine hard clay tennis courts. That such an addition was welcome was shown in the way that they were constantly used by all the students last fall. We are certain that Mr. Horwood's intention of inaugurating a tournament will be enthusiastically supported.



Golf

For the second successive year Walkerville Collegiate rules supreme in the Border Cities High School Golf ranks by virtue of their spectacular victory over Sandwich Continuation School last fall.

To win the beautiful cup donated by the Little River Golf Club as a three year trophy, Walkerville had to defeat Windsor Collegiate Institute and the Technical School entries as well as Sandwich.

The team this year consisted of four members—Douglas Le Sueur, captain; Archie Stewart, Bill Warren and Stuart Young. With the tournament almost over and every one in except Le Sueur and his opponent from Sandwich, it was discovered that Walkerville was fourteen strokes down. Then with a finish worthy of a fifteen cent thriller, Le Sueur came in seventeen strokes ahead of his rival, to give Walkerville the notch by three strokes.

Doug. Le Sueur, by shooting 80, was low scorer of the tournament and as a reward received a free year's membership to the Little River Golf Club. As Doug was leaving the city he gave his membership to Cyril Pope of Tech, who was the runner-up in the individual scoring.

Well, brethren, only one more golf championship and the silverware is ours.—BILL BRYCE.



* * *

Cadets

The Walkerville Collegiate Institute has every reason to be proud of its Cadet Corps. Last year it ranked first in Military District Number 1, in the matter of general efficiency. However, because of a new regulation by which extra points are given for the number of men in uniform, the Walkerville Cadets were given second place.

Captain McNaughton and Mr. Philip spent no end of time and energy in preparing the officers and men. The officers in turn did excellent work in training the ranks in the drills. The auxiliary units were well filled and did noble service on inspection day. The whole corps in their Highland dress and especially the bugle band in their new scarlet tunics with white trimmings made an imposing spectacle.

The Cadet Corps was inspected on the 31st of May by General Armstrong, Colonel Gillespie and staff. The work done was highly commended by the inspecting officers.

The battalion was in command of the following officers:

- Battalion Commander—Ray Beaton.
- A Company Commander—Robert Young.
- B Company Commander—Jimmie Stewart.
- C. Company Commander—Ian A. Allison.
- Bugle Band—Albert Carley.
- Signalling Corps—Stuart Young.
- Ambulance Corps—Ronald Todgham.

—H. H. B.

Field Day Champions



Back Row—Sylvester Crocker, Lionel Tidridge, William McClymont.
Front Row—Margaret Drowsky, Arthur Scott, Leila Dudley.

Track and Field

What is that sentence that is so common around all schools on the opening day in September?

"It's the same old place, isn't it, Art?"

Well, if you attend Walkerville C. I. you couldn't say that this year, because there was a new cinder track there for you on your return to school.

Did that track do us any good? Well, that is history. For the first time since students at Walkerville have been wearing spiked shoes and track suits, Walkerville C. I. threatened to take championship at a Border track meet.

On October 12, after one of the most successful track meets ever held in the Border Cities, it was found that Walkerville C. I. was only four points behind Windsor C. I. for the championship.

Now to any one picking cotton in Louisiana, or

oranges in California, this wouldn't mean a thing. But to any one living in the Border, and knowing that both Windsor and Tech have over two students to every one attending Walkerville, this achievement is not to be overlooked.

The track team as a whole is deserving of great praise, but special mention must be given to our junior and senior champions, Art Scott, by his brilliant sprinting (he does the 100 yards in 10 $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds; the 220 in 23 $\frac{1}{5}$, and the quarter mile in 52 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds) won the B. C. S. S. A. senior championship. Sylvester Crocker, our promising junior, won six firsts in six starts to out-class any opponents in his ranks, and thereby won the district junior championship.

So much for the Border meet, but we must not forget our own field day held October 3. On our splendid new track new champions were crowned and new stars uncovered.

(Continued on Page 56).

Girls' Basketball



Back Row—Margaret Threapleton, Josephine Bennett, Francis Clinton, Miss Robbins (coach), Ellen Bennett (manager), Hilda Cornwall, Mamie Thompson.

Front Row—Dorothy Frances, Grace Bigness, Jessie Stewart (captain), Audrey Roher, Elita Paul.

Girls' Basketball

The Walkerville Girls' Intermediate Basketball team just finished its most eventful season since the intermediate league was formed in the Border Cities.

Although the young girls did not win the league they bowed to defeat but twice, each of these setbacks being given them by John Campbell. This, however, is no disgrace, for at present it looks as though the same team that represented John Campbell High School will win the senior Wossa trophy.

Where Coach Miss Robbins and her able assistant, Joe Bethlehem, got the team has been a mystery, and I

guess will always remain so, unless we come to the conclusion that they developed it.

Their scheduled games with the Windsor Collegiate, the Windsor-Walkerville Tech, and the Sandwich Continuation School were merely "just another game" to the girls.

In their first game, which was played at Sandwich, although five out of the six girls that started had never played basketball at Walkerville before, they immediately proved their worth. They were able to defeat the Sandwich girls by ten points.—B. BRYCE.

Continued on Page 56).

Collegiate!

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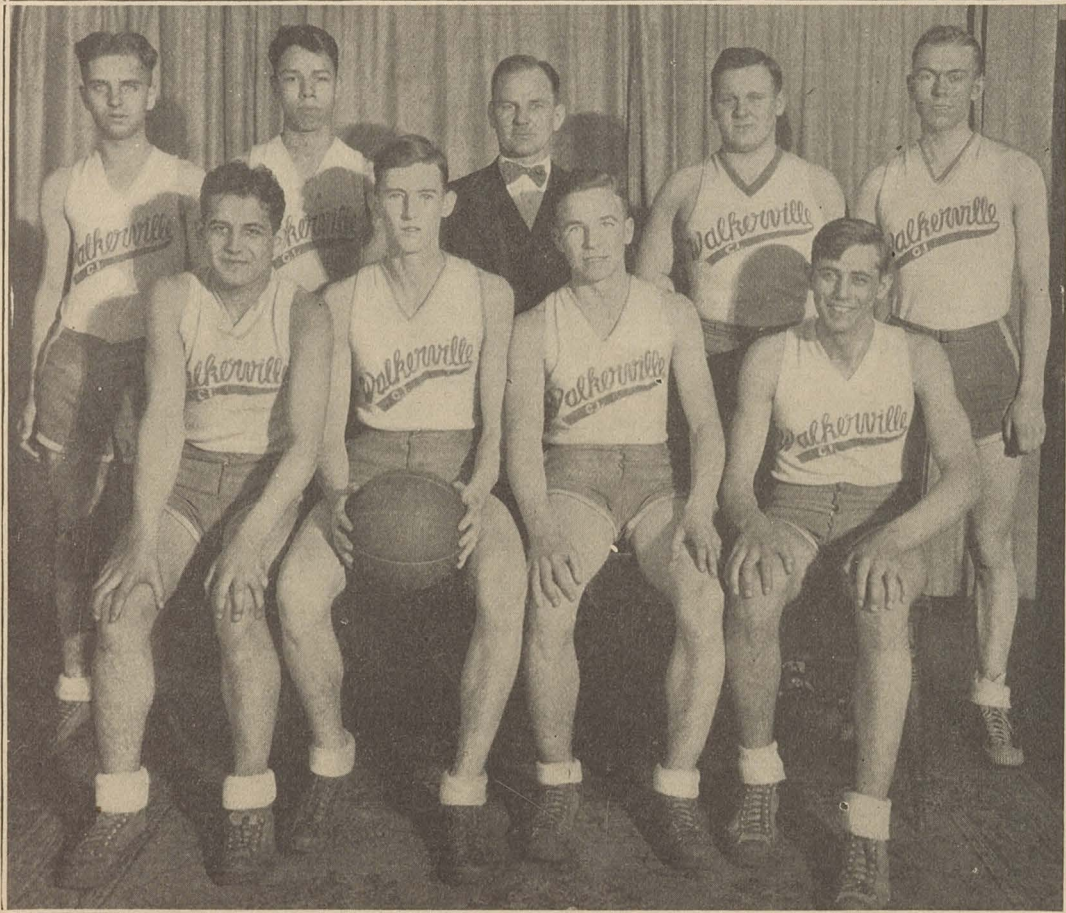
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WINDSOR

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Boys' Basketball



Front Row—J. DeRush, A. Stewart, D. Vaughan, J. Bethlehem.

Back Row—R. Parent, Van Lewis, Mr. J. L. McNaughton, B.A., (coach), E. Hawkeswood, S. Venning.

Boys' Basketball

To win the boys' basketball championship of Eastern Canada is something that every high school in Eastern Canada strives for every year.

For a school to win this coveted honor is a wonderful feat, for the same school to win it two years in a row is little short of a miracle. But for the same school to win it three years in succession would be a miracle. As you know, miracles do not happen in everyday high school life. Hence there should be none of the so-called "sobbing" if this year's basketball team does not come up to the standard set by the teams of the last two years.

Players that can play on university teams in their freshman year do not grow on trees; they have to be developed and it takes more than one year to do it.

From the last year's line up at Walkerville C. I., Western University, University of Toronto, and Assumption College have each drawn a player while Walkerville C. I. Alumni has taken two.

Ray Beaton has proven himself to be a most valuable asset to the Toronto U., while Bill Young is one of Western U's most stalwart guards. Ian Allison has been holding down a forward berth on the Assumption college team this season and is easily the best forward on the Purple and White squad.

Jimmy Stewart and his famous cousin, Archie, who stands higher in the world, are now playing regularly on Walkerville Alumni quintet. Archie started the season with the school but was forced to give up his position due to that old nemesis, "Percent", but enough for the past; let us now look on the present.

Continued on Page 58.)

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Archie—Why didn't they play cards on the ark?
 Jim—I'll bite.
 Archie—Because Noah sat on the deck.

* * *

Miss Dickie—Arthur, what is a simile?
 Hall—I don't know.
 Miss Dickie—Well, if I were to say that my hours
 in school are like sunshine, what would that be?
 Hall—Irony.

* * *

The Collegian, St. Thomas.
 Clerk—"Yes, we have a Latin text. That will be
 \$1.50."
 "Any amusement tax?"

* * *

Bob Young—"Have you heard the new 'Trio' song?"
 Henry—"No; what is it?"
 Bob—"Trio clock in the morning."

* * *

"Did you get your hair cut?"
 "No, I washed it and it shrank."

* * *

There is one pupil in the school so Scotch that he
 stays until 4.30 every night.

* * *

Mr. Philp—"What is a cell made of?"
 "Iron bars and a cement floor."

* * *

Junk Dealer—"Have you any beer bottles, ma'am?"
 Dorothy Parnell—"Do I look as if I drank beer?"
 Junk Dealer—"Any vinegar bottles, ma'am?"

* * *

Doug.Vaughn—"Let me see some hats."
 Clerk—"Fedora?"
 Doug—"No, for myself."

* * *

T. H.—"I've just been reading some statistics;
 every time I breathe, two men die."

B. R.—"Gosh, man, why don't you use Listerine?"

* * *

On mules we find two legs behind,
 And two we find before;
 We stand behind before we find
 What the two behind be for.

* * *

"Who killed Cock Robin?"
 "I did," admitted Mr. Ball. "He perched on the
 window sill listening to me teach, fell asleep and
 dropped on the sidewalk. I couldn't help it."

"Stu" Young—"!! * * * ? ! * * * !"
 Mr. Meade—"See here, young man, you musn't use
 such language as that."
 "Stu"—"Oh, it's all right, sir; I'm just pretending
 I'm a soccer coach."

* * *

Auditorium—Owen Sound C. I.
 What's that noise, Mrs. West?"
 "Arthur is practising the scale."
 "Begorra, he must weigh a ton!"

* * *

"Judge—"What brought you here?"
 Morrow—"Two policemen."
 Judge—"Drunk?"
 Morrow—"Yes, both of them."

* * *

Helen had a little lamp,
 She had it trained, no doubt,
 For every time that Bobbie came,
 The little lamp went out!

* * *

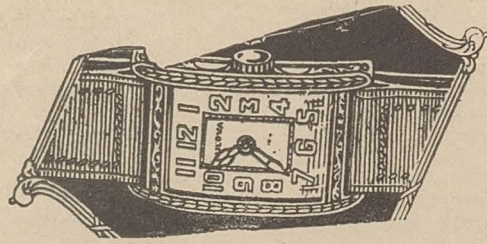
A TELEPHONE COMIC.

Heard over the telephone:
 "Are you there?"
 "Yes."
 "What's your name?"
 "Watt's my name."
 "Yes, what's your name?"
 "I say my name is Watt. You're Jones?"
 "No, I'm Knott."
 "Will you tell me your name?"
 "Will Knott."
 "Why won't you?"
 "I say my name is William Knott."
 "Oh, I beg your pardon."
 "Then you'll be in this afternoon if I come around,
 Watt?"
 "Certainly, Knott."
 And they rang off.



FRENCH LESSON FOR FIRST FORMERS.

A qui sont ces lunettes?"
 Ah, c'est facile, elles sont à Mademoiselle MacDon-
 ald pour chercher nos faux-pas.



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BLUE AND WHITE

* * *

Nancy—"Has my mail come yet?"
Her Mother—"Nancy, you must stop that slang."

* * *

Mr. White—"What can you tell me about nitrates?"
Clement—"Well—er—they're cheaper than day-rates."

* * *

Hayward (in restaurant)—"Hey, waiter "
Waiter—"Yessir, how will you have it? Cream and sugar?"

* * *

Clarkson—"You are the very breath of my life."
Kathleen—"Did you ever try holding your breath?"

* * *

Mrs. Lockwood—"For goodness sake, Al, what are you feeding the baby yeast for?"
Allan—"Well, he swallowed two bits of mine and I'm trying to raise the dough."

* * *

Brice—"Has Mike Howe registered here?"
Clerk—"What do you think this is, a stable?"

The Oracle, W. C. S.

* * *

"I heard they found Columbus' bones."
"Zat so? Never knew the old boy gambled."

* * *

Critic—"I strongly urge that the hero shoot himself in the last act, instead of taking poison."
Author—"Why?"
Critic—"It will serve to waken the audience and let them know the play is over."

* * *

Generally speaking, women are—generally speaking.

* * *

To the Thin—"Don't eat fast."
To the Fat—"Don't eat—Fast."

* * *

Bob Young still thinks that love is like a photograph film; it develops better in the dark.

* * *

No, dear reader, you are not two-faced, for if you had two faces, you wouldn't wear the one you have now.

* * *

It was Ted Hawkeswood's first day in the country, and Ted was given a glass of milk for breakfast.

"Where do you get this from, ma'am?" he asked after a long, delicious draught.
"From the cow, of course," was the reply.

He drank again, then wistfully—"Wish our milkman had a cow."

* * *

Donna—"Are we near the falls yet?"
Guide—"Yes'm, If you ladies' stop talking, you'll hear the roar."

* * *

There are blondes and brunettes,
I notice as I roam,
But be it ever so humble,
There's no face like my own.

* * *

First Colored Gent—"Yah, you're a blockhead, sah."

Second Ditto—"Say that again and I'll knock you down, sah."

"Consider it said."
"Consider yourself knocked down."

* * *

Mahon (in meat store)—"Can you supply me with a yard of pork?"

Butcher (to assistant)—"John, give this fellow three pig's feet."

Breathes there a student
With a soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said:
Lessons be damned—I'll go to bed!"

* * *

Mother—"Did you sweep under the carpet, dear?"
Audrey Roher—"Yes, I swept everything under the carpet."

* * *

"Great weather for the race!"
"What race?"
"The human race!"

* * *

Miss Dickie—"Give the principal parts of slay."
Morden (coming to)—"Sleigh, box, runners, seat and—"

* * *

Blotting paper is something to look for while the ink is drying.

* * *

Mr. MacNaughton in rifle drill being doubtful whether he had distributed rifles to all the boys, called out, "All those without arms, hold up their arms."

* * *

Little Willie stole a penny,
And to jail was sent;
The jury said "Not guilty!"
So he was in-a-cent.

* * *

Keith M.—"I have to thank you for all I know."
Mr. Meade—"Oh, don't mention the trifle."

* * *

W. Mahon resolves to study less
To see if more he can progress.
Because his brain is overwrought,
With useless things that he is taught.

* * *

Mr. White—"What is local colour, McGorman?"
Don—"Er—uh—Blue and white, sir."

* * *

Mr. Vaughan—"And is my son getting well grounded in French?"

Miss Robbins—"Grounded! He's absolutely stranded in it."

* * *

"What is the difference between a Jew and a banana?"

"Oh, I know! You can skin a banana."

* * *

There is a natural affinity between a darkey and a chicken, because one is descended from Ham and the other from an egg.

* * *

Bill (to girl in box office)—"What price glory?"

"Girl—"Fifty cents."

Bill—"All right; gimme a dollar's worth."

FAIR VESTA.

That Vesta is artistic
I know when we embrace;
She has a taste for painting,
I see it in her face.

* * *

Miss Dickie—"Rowland, what is a parasite?"

Bill—"One who uses a revolving door without doing his share of pushing."

* * *

"How come you're so round shouldered?"

"I've been writing with a heavy pencil."



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Track and Field

(Continued from Page 47).

Art Scott carried off the Senior Boys' Championship with first place in every run up to the 880 yards, winning two jumps as well. Lionel Tidridge was first in three sprints, capturing the intermediate title. Sylvester Crocker made a clean sweep of all the events in the junior class.

In the girls' events, the senior individual championship went to Leila Dudley, and the junior crown to Margaret Drowski.

With this showing Coaches McNaughton and Philp have promised a track team that will cause many schools to lose sleep before the W.O.S.S.A. meet this spring.

The results of our own field day were as follows:

SENIOR BOYS.

100 yards—10 2/5—Scott, Green, Bethlehem.
 220 yards—24—Scott, Green, Bethlehem.
 440 yards—54—Scott, Bethlehem, Clarke.
 880 yards—2.16 2/5—Scott, Clarke, Bethlehem.
 Mile—5.32 2/5—Bryce, Clarke, Bethlehem.
 Shot Put, 34 ft. 3 inches—Hawkeswood, A. Stewart, Bethlehem.
 Hop, Step and Jump—37 ft. 1 inch—Scott, A. Stewart, N. McClymont.
 Broad Jump—16 ft. 2 inches—A. Stewart, N. McClymont.
 High Jump—4 ft. 2 inches—Clarke, A. Stewart, N. McClymont.
 Javelin—112 ft.—Clarke, A. Stewart, Bethlehem.

INTERMEDIATE BOYS.

100 yards—10 4/5 sec.—Tidridge, Fursey, Van Lewis.
 220 yards—26 1/5 sec.—Tidridge, Fursey, Trueman.
 440 yards—58 sec.—Tidridge, Clarkson, Trueman.
 880 yards—2.24 4/5—Clarkson, Van Lewis, W. McClymont.
 Shot Put—32 ft. 1 inch—Tidridge, Clarkson, W. McClymont.
 Hop, Step and Jump—35 ft. 1 inch—Clarkson, W. McClymont, Agla.
 Broad Jump—16 ft. 4 1/2 inches—Van Lewis, W. McClymont, M. Young.
 High Jump—4 ft. 11 1/4 inches—Agla, W. McClymont, Fursey.
 Javelin—119 ft. 3 inches—W. McClymont, Agla, Van Lewis.

JUNIOR BOYS.

100 yards—11 2/5—Crocker, G. Beckett, Van Wag-
 oner.
 220 yards—27 3/5—Crocker, G. Beckett, B. Wilson.
 Shot Put—35 feet 2 inches—Crocker, Potter, Simp-
 son.
 Hop, Step and Jump—33 ft. 9 inches—Crocker, Wil-
 son, Simpson.
 Broad Jump—15 ft. 4 inches—Crocker, Potter, Wil-
 son.
 High Jump—4 ft. 8 inches—Crocker, Potter, A. Beno.

SENIOR GIRLS.

100 yards—14 1/5—Leila Dudley, E. Coatsworth, L.
 Thornton.
 Baseball Throw—162 ft.—D. Taylor, L. Dudley,
 Jean Burt.
 Shot Put—26 ft. R. McMillan, H. Cornwall, F.
 Clinton.
 High Jump—4 ft. 2 inches—F. Clinton, J. Burt, E.
 Paul.
 Broad Jump—12 ft. 7 inches—L. Dudley, J. Stewart,
 D. Taylor.

JUNIOR GIRLS.

75 yards—M. Drowsky, L. Sherbank, L. Johnston.
 Throwing Baseball—R. Brewster, M. Drowsky, A.
 Vaughan.
 Shot Put—M. Drowsky, A. Lavallee, D. Anderson.
 High Jump—D. Anderson, M. Drowsky, D. Appleby.
 Broad Jump—R. Francis, L. Jones, L. Sherbank.

* * *

Gee, Art, you got long legs.
 Scott—Yes, they run in my family.

* * * * *

Girls' Basketball

(Continued from Page 48).

The Senior Girls did not succeed quite as well as the Intermediate girls, in spite of the fact that they received the same coaching. Three of the regulars on the senior team wore intermediate uniforms earlier in the season, but they were not quite big enough and neither did they have enough experience for the senior squad.

Size proved to be one of the main factors in the downfall of the older girls. If they had all been as tall as Francis Clinton it would have been too bad for the other school in this group. As it was, however, all "Mike" Rudding of Tech, or Cath. Dewar of Windsor, had to do was hold the ball up in the air and the Walkerville girls had to yell for the step-ladder.

Jessie Stewart and Joe Bennett along with Audrey Roher, proved to be real flashes on the forward line, but like the old adage, "Good things come in small bundles." The guards found themselves in the same position; it was just over their heads and into the basket.

In spite of this handicap, however, the girls played a wonderful basketball. The strong Tech sextet were only able to beat our girls by nine points and it took some excellent play to do it. Windsor C. I. did not find the girls as did Tech, for they were forced to play overtime to beat Walkerville by two points. The third game, which was also with Windsor, was also won by Windsor after one of the hardest struggles of the year.

Joe Bennett—Star forward on the junior team. Joe's sure shots gained her a place on first.

Elita Paul—Elita's long arms proved too much for opposing centres, and first team is making use of them. Grace Bigness—Captain of Junior team. Grace's first year proved her a good little forward. Grace is sub on first.

Mamie Thomson—The opposing forwards have a hard time getting by Mamie on first team.

Ruth Frances—Ruth takes after her sister. "Rough and ready," that's their motto.

Harriet Corlett—A strong guard on the Junior team.

Marian Bernhardt, Jean Burt, Ruth MacMillan, "Fuzzy" Keane, Ada Vaughan, Audrey Lavallee all proved efficient subs on the Junior team and we wish them even better success next year.

SENIOR TEAM.

Jessie Stewart—Senior team captain, a fast stepping crack shot forward. Joe Bennett and Jessie make a steady pair.

Audrey Roher—Audrey survived from last year and is still keeping up her good record.

Dorothy Francis—Dorothy is another veteran. Fast stepping Dot makes an excellent defence.

Frances Clinton—Frances, another veteran, makes an excellent defence under the basket.

Margaret Threapleton—Marg is a willing player and makes a good sub at guard.

Hild Cornwall—Hilda subs on first and opposing forwards find her quite a task.

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Burnside 4000

Boys' Basketball

(Continued from Page 50).

To date the boys have won six, tied one and lost three out of ten scheduled contests, one of the losses being received at the hands of the Alumni, which is far from disgracing.

This very enviable record has been accomplished by an entirely new team, therefore all the credit should go to none other than our able coach, Mr. McNaughton.

Mr. McNaughton has already given us three championship teams and as long as he stays with us we can always look forward to more.

The first game of the season was played at home against the Tech quintet. Tech did not prove to be very formidable, however, and they bowed to a 32-14 score.

A tie game with the Mohawk A. C. followed. As this was not a league fixture, the tie was not broken. Another non-league game followed this. This, however, was won by us by the score of 23-21.

The hardest set-back of the year was received from the Assumption College High School. The Purple boys managed to hand our boys a 21-10 defeat. This was all the harder to take as it would have been the 48th consecutive league victory for Walkerville.

The Walkerville boys were able to produce a brand of basketball good enough to win two league games before they were defeated by the Walkerville Alumni.

After another win over Tech the boys suffered another defeat at the hands of Assumption. This defeat was taken after one of the most exciting and hard fought battles ever staged in our gym. The score was 20-19, with the winning basket in the air as the whistle blew.

The next and last game to date was won by our squad, Sandwich taking a 31-13 score.

Although visions of a championship this year are very dim, our chances for the next few years look very bright. Mr. Philp's Reserves and Bantams are showing a brand of basketball worthy of veterans, and not a few promising stars are among them, ready to shine forth in the near future.

Archibald "Mallet" Stewart—Basketball to Mallet is just like food, a necessity, but he can't seem to understand why a little word like percent should rob Walkerville of their captain.

Junior "Joe" Bethlehem—He's a forward, a guard and can receive personal fouls on his head equally well, regardless where he plays. He is, nevertheless, high scorer to date.

Stanley "Shadow" Venning—Shadow is that skinny one you always see trying to do fancy tricks with the ball. But he sure knows his basketball.

Joe DeRush—The man you can not find. He is so small and fast that if the opposition takes their eye off him, they are lost. Joe had the tough luck to be ill in that fatal game with Assumption.

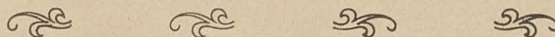
Stanley Van Lewis—No, he's not an English nobleman, but a first class forward even if it is his first year on the senior squad.

Douglas Vaughan—The boy that runs from no one but girls. Doug. proved himself to be a real stone wall in Walkerville's defence.

Edwin "Ted" Hawkeswood—Although not a regular, Ted played some wonderful basketball, and proved himself to be the "weight" of the team.

Charlie Leeson—Charlie saw service in not a few of the games before he became ill.

Robert "Style" Parent—Bobbie is one of the greatest style artists ever seen at Walkerville. If his body isn't in the correct poise before he shoots, he simply won't shoot.



Cheers

Given sharply; watch the leader,
that's what he's for.

We are, we are,
The Walkerville C. I.,
We can, we can,
Do anything we try.
We'll fight, we'll fight,
We'll fight, we'll fight,
We'll fight until we die,
Walkerville, Walkerville,
Walkerville C. I.



To be given rapidly and
distinctly.

Blue and White, fight, fight,
Who fight? We fight.
Blue and White, fight, fight.

To be given slowly—Follow
Your Leader.

Fight—fight—fight—fight—
Wal-ker-ville, Wal-ker-ville,
Fight—fight—fight—fight—
Wal-ker-ville, Wal-ker-ville,
Fight—fight—fight—fight—
Wal-ker-ville, fight!



Mr. White—"If you set a sharp piece of limestone under a tap and let the water run for two weeks—what would you find when you came back?"

Mahon—"A summons for wasting water."

* * *

The other day Glendale Shafer was seen turning the pencil sharpener backwards, trying to make his pencil longer.

McCarthy (in Mechanics)—Velocity is that with which a man sets down a hot plate.

* * *

An epicure dining at Crewe,
Found quite a large mouse in his stew;

Said the waiter, "Don't shout,

And wave it about,

Or the rest will be wanting one, too.



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"Save the Surface and You Save All"

My Own Ghost Story

(Continued from Page 33).

When the morning came and with the clear light of the rising sun, I began to think of it all merely as a trick of the imagination, and as a good story to tell my friends. But, meanwhile I would put about 80 miles between myself and that little bedroom.

I went down to the kitchen where the old man had breakfast prepared for me, and when the meal was over I set out to find my car again. As I went out the gate, however, I remembered that I had left my handkerchief on the dressing table in my room, and turning back into the house, reascended to the scene of the night's happenings. As I entered the room a sound reached my ears so that for a moment I stood stock still, my heart palpitating. For in the next room a game of billiards was going on.

Suddenly I determined to end the mystery, and walking quickly along the passage threw open the door of the little "billiard" room. The window was open and the breeze blowing in, was keeping the peg attached to the cord of the blind dancing to and fro. Sometimes it hit the glass with a click, other times it slurred along, giving forth a whirring sound. The sounds were so realistic that when I shut my eyes I could have sworn that a billiard game was going on.

As I have said, I am sometimes sorry that the sequel ever happened, and then again, sometimes I am not. But you can now judge for yourselves.—CARL



Pests on the Farm

(Continued from Page 33).

air traffic is heavy, should plant mines throughout his fields; then he is safe. The aviator brings his plane down and glides along the ground. The result is instantaneous. A loud report is heard and the plane and occupant may be seen soaring heavenwards and finally come to rest in a neighbor's field. This is rough on the neighbor, but nevertheless effective.

There is yet another pest worth fighting. Invariably a farmer has relatives in a city, who at frequent intervals visit their relative. They wander about the farm, chase the chickens, open gates and let cattle in the corn, throw stones at the horses and, worst of all, ask foolish questions. They usually ask such questions as: "What makes the corn grow up instead of down?"

This usually drives the farmer to the point of madness, at which, there would be little hope for his recovery were he not healthy, as farmers generally are. But this pestilence, too, may be stopped very effectively. The operations are quite simple.

The pests should be gagged and bound, a rope should be tied around their middle and they should be lowered into a well so that the water reaches a point just below their noses. Leave the miscreants there until they are well water-logged (usually about two days). The result is much more effective if the water should rise about one foot during the operations.

In closing, we also recommend the above procedure for another of the farmer's pests—the travelling salesman.

Bridge

I have suffered through my last evening of bridge. I shall never play again. A delightful feeling of peace, of release, floods me. It was quite simple. I simply played a card like any other card and raised my eyes to find three cold, fish-like pairs of optics fixed on me. A faintly suppressed giggle came from the young lady on my left, a sniff of doubtful origin and the baleful gleam in the eye of my partner combined to inform me of the awful truth: I had perpetrated the most atrocious crime in history. So it is the end. A fat man without any hair has looked at me with scorn and released me forever from my spineless subjection—to my pet aversion. I shall rise superior to these horrible people, lost in the intensity of their one superiority—a facility with cards.

I glared as my male opponent explained how he set me. "Clubs. Strongest suit. No trumps. Played out the tops. I got in. Should have given away a diamond trick earlier." A dull, stolid fellow, this man who was patronizing me. Show me a dull, stolid fellow and I shall show you a good player. He smoked cigars. He waggled them in his mouth. He arched one eye-brow. He had been major in the army. Ho, majors are my meat! Let's get this major, fellows. Softly, softly—I must remember that he is the man who has released me.

Fellow had never heard of half the things I knew. Yet there he sat—implying that his brain worked better than mine. I should have hit him. But no—don't hit them. Be above people like that. Never play again. Never be leered at by dull women with an incongruous power at cards. Never be chided by majors who woggle cigars. Never meet such people again. Lovely ladies can't play bridge. Gifted fellows can't play bridge. Pick up a stolid fellow leaning against the rail of a ferry boat—he can play bridge.

Take a fat-fingered man getting off stupid stories in a smoking car—he can play bridge. Forget about them; forget about bridge. Not worth a thought.

It was a relief to get out in the air. But I'd love to play that major again some time, after I had brushed up on the game—or when I was keeping my mind on it. I'd love to play him and that woman, just the three of us, somehow, under bright lights as in a fight ring, with a crowd watching. Play him off his feet. Think fast, major! Think fast! Play on that! Fence around the ring back him into a corner! Then play a little nine of clubs finally, last card, just turn up, slowly a little nine of clubs—and ruin him. Stakes, ten thousand, sav. Too bad, major, didn't count on that baby, did you? Well, you would lead back your six of diamonds, instead of your seven, thinking the quick sequence in a minor suit would out-run a longer sequence in a major, banking on my finesse of that recently ruff—which I didn't make—and you gave away two club ruffs on that first heart ruffentry, on and on like that, confusing him, making a fool of him. Then just for fun, I would name off all the cards in the deck in the exact order in which they had been played. Then take up the stakes and sweep out—

Better not play again, though. Just never play again. Be swell to start to play, though, and then quit by yelling whoopee! and upsetting the table. Now, now be a lady! Again, the thing might suddenly come to me, like a dance step. A dance step which somehow or other majors and women with straight hair get into at birth, to make up for their terrible dumbness at everything else. Let 'em play bridge. Let 'em win, poor fish, I don't care anyway. At least—not much.

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School Boy Science

Physics and Chemistry

The advance of science's branches, physics and chemistry in the past year has been remarkable. It can best be told by showing what physics and chemistry would do in the next war.

The sky would be full of aeroplanes, but where are they? Oh, they are made of a new substance invented in England that is transparent like glass, but hard as steel. Why can't we see the men in them? Why? Because there are no men in them—they are controlled by wireless. But how can a man control them when he cannot see them? Just a television set in each plane.

This is the aviation corps of the future. Their method in the last war was deadly, but that was peace compared to the next war. People will hide in steel rooms, let us say 200 feet under ground. The invisible planes soar seven miles up carrying a "burning glass." Focused on the steel room, the rays will mercilessly eat into the ground. The people are trapped, heat, intolerable heat, death. Meanwhile, outside giant masked guns boom at the invisible planes, seven miles up, aimed by the noise of the motors of those invisible planes. Twin rays of death, a pale green, harmless looking beam, stabs the air, passing a paralytic shock through any material in which they come into contact.

A bit fantastic? The world has seen greater, and this is the war of the future. Knowledge of science—its wonders, its destructive potentiality, will eliminate war for such, in the future, can be nothing less than race annihilation. Science, while it may be hard, and monotonous, has done more for mankind than all the classics, poems and prose ever written or that will be written.

* * *

Television

Last year television was called extravagant fiction, and people looked forward to this invention as one to come in the next decade. But here it is, today, or rather, yesterday. Today the scientists have reached the next stage and are broadcasting in colours. Last fall every one said television of outdoor scenes was not to come within five years, yet here it is. The Bell Telephone laboratories today broadcast such pictures as tennis players in motion.

Radio is hearing at a distance; television is seeing. There only remains three senses, feeling, smelling and tasting, and I (Brennan) predict that even for these when they become commercially necessary that an apparatus will be made to smell and taste and feel at a distance.

* * *

Aviation

The lighter-than-air machine has once more been brought before us and signally failed to impress as a means of safe, speedy communication. This is shown by the Graf Zeppelin's broken fin and the length of time required for its Atlantic crossing. Unless great strides forward are made in this line of machine in the near future, the zeppelin can not be the final product of aviation. The heavier-than-air craft then remains. So far practical they nevertheless fall to earth. Then the final outcome must be a heavier-than-air machine which is held aloft by the direct breeze of its own pro-

pellers. The answer to this problem thus far lies in the decidedly unusual plane of Juan de Cierva. I (Brennan, again) predict, contrary to Henry Ford, that the outcome of aviation will not be a cross between a dirigible and a present-type aeroplane, but rather a craft of the windmill type of de Cierva.

* * *

Radio

What a thrill it used to be to sit for half the night with a head set on your head and your ears burning just to hear somebody whisper K. F. I., Los Angeles. But now unless your loud speaker bawls it out and all the neighbors know about it by being kept awake half the night, the station does not go down in the log. The old sets had transformers so built that either the low or the high sounds would not be reproduced. Now the voice of a singer is the same volume regardless of the pitch of the note. The loud speakers as well have been improved. In place of a horn about three feet long, or shaped like a goose neck, we now have a round artistically designed and mounted cone speaker that reproduces truly the entire scale without emitting sounds somewhat similar to "la musique des chats."

But what if you do get K. F. I., how would you like to get Australia LO.? It is quite possible with the new shielded grid tube to get stations you never heard of before. This tube is used in the radio amplification end of the set and one tube will amplify 25 to 30 times.

* * *

Pyrotechny

Pyrotechny is the art of making fireworks.

Now despite the fact that the Chinese originated fireworks and as I am not an illustrious member of the benevolent race, I can give you a few mystic formulas for making whoopee with.

Now first of all, never pound the chemicals and by all means keep your mortar and pestle clean, and keep away from heat, even if you have to get in the ice-box. Every chemical must be finely ground, and when combined, most of them are explosive.

A fire pot is easy to make. It is just a cardboard tube 5/8 of an inch in diameter, and closed at one end. This is filled with different chemicals, according to the color of the fire desired.

For red fire, mix ten parts of potassium chlorate, eight parts of white granulated sugar, and five parts of strontium carbonate.

For blue fire, mix fifteen parts of potassium chlorate, twelve parts of white granulated sugar, four parts of powdered copper sulphate, and seven parts of powdered calomel.

For yellow fire, use five parts of potassium chlorate, four parts of sugar with four parts of powdered washing soda. The latter should be exposed to the air for two days or more.

If you should wish green fire, use five parts of barium chlorate with four parts of white granulated sugar.

By mixing successive layers of the various combinations, different colors of fire will be gained, giving a beautiful rainbow effect.

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More Rhyme

A Bashful Boy's Lament

In days of old, the knights were bold,
And all girls wore long dresses,
With no marcel or finger waves,
To beautify their tresses.

But nowadays it's not the same,
This modern life is just a game,
Where each bold sheik has his lamb's lettuce
Who says, "If you can pet, then let us."

The knights of now are all so bold
They knock the older type stone cold;
At school their time is more than half
Devoted to some pretty calf.

The maidens fair are not so shy,
And don't refrain to wink an eye,
Or try to tempt some helpless boy
With smile so luring and so coy.

Now Robert Young's a modern knight;
He fills the females with delight,
A broad, bright smile lights up his face,
When he meets Jean or Marj or Grace.

The "modern miss" or "signorita"
Is typified by girls like Nita,
Or some fair belle like Lil or Francis,
Who goes to parties, hops and dances.

Another sheik is Arthur Hall,
This handsome chap, so straight and tall,
The average girl will fascinate,
And win her for his fair playmate.

But I am just a bashful boy,
And not a girl do I annoy;
But blush and hide with cheeks aflame,
If any girl should speak my name.

The girls don't seem to care for me,
They like such boys as Ruffie C.;
I wish the lucky chaps success,
I'm not the type, that's all, I guess.
—JOE BURNS—IVB.

Roll On!

Roll on, thou low and dark blue Packard, roll,
Ten thousand cars have tried to pass in vain;
Cops mark thee, pass in ire; their control
Stops with ninety; upon the widespread plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain
A vestige of the Ford you struck
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
It hung above, then fell in a shady tuck
Some miles away;—that goof was out of luck.

And I have loved thee, Packard, and my joy
Of youthful sports were on thy seat to be
Bound, like the gods, onward; from a boy
I dreamed of all thy marvels. They to me
Were a delight and if the thickening traffic
Made driving thee a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear
For I was, as it were, a part of thee
And trusted my life both far and near
To thy brakes, thy pick-up and thy gear.
—DON MCGORMAN—IVA.
(He wishes to thank Byron for his aid).

Maths and Maths and More Maths.

Said A to B and B to C
In Geometreeeee—
Of this nonsense we're tired,
No longer are we hired
To torture pupils poor,
So of our plan we're sure.

Said X to Y and Y to Z,
With Algebra we full are fed;
We dazzle students by the swarms
In first, third, fourth and fifth forms,
And to them we're no real thing,
But no end of trouble bring.

Said Sin to Cos and Cos to Tan,
Trigonometry let us ban;
For where and when can they relax,
When we continually tax
From night till morn and morn till night,
And yet they never will see light.

But, oh!—Before they reached the hall,
Descended Donaldson and Ball,
And seized were they by teachers two,
And now we're ever to be blue,
For still we find them in our books;
They still provoke our angry looks.

—CATHERINE COX—V.

* * *

Our Colours

With our colours of white and blue,
Symbolizing the good and the true,
Don't forget!
We must ever the honour uphold,
Which was gained by the youth of old,
In this school,
When let us in life ever fly,
As these colours, our ideals high,
Don't forget!
As the fights of their nation they bore
In this life!

—CHARLES CLARKE—1B.

* * *

"Latin".

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
It is time for Latin now;
And while Mr. Horwood slumbers,
We kick up an awful row!

Life is real, life is earnest;
Horwood cannot sleep for 'ere,
And from dreamland he returnest,
Saying, Stop that racket there!

Not enjoyment: Yea, it's sorrow,
That's our destined end and way;
And our work mapped for tomorrow,
Finds us same as yesterday.

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Sense and Nonsense



Young was playing golf and his performance was distinctly bad. He felt it necessary to make some apology. "I declare," he said to his caddie, "the more I play the worse I play." "You've played a great deal, haven't you?" asked the caddie quietly.

* * *

Stu, Young, Hank Bull and W. S. Mahon were returning from a party in the wee small hours of the morning. One of the boys could talk a little but couldn't walk much, one could walk a little but couldn't talk much, and the other could neither walk nor talk. Finally they came to a house and one of them rapped. A window in the top story opened and a woman peered out on the three. The one who could talk a little but couldn't walk much, asked, "Does Mahon live here?" "Yes, blast him!" the woman answered. There was a pause and the spokesman said, "Well, please, would you mind coming down and picking him out."

* * *

If a fellow's car turns turtle after he's been drinking like a fish, doesn't that prove the theory of evolution?

* * *

Crime is a disease that calls for arrest cure.
Teacher to students in back row—Can you hear me?
Students in unison—No, sir!

* * *

The height of some boys' ambition is to become mayor of this town, while of others it is to act the rowdy at the Lit's meetings.

* * *

Teacher—What did Newton think when the apple fell on his head?

Boy—I suppose that he was glad that it wasn't a brick.

* * *

Father—This is going to hurt me more than you.
Son—Don't be too severe with yourself.

* * *

It seems that a certain ventriloquist farmer had been missing chickens nightly and he suspected the hired man, who was colored. One night he hid in a dark corner of the hen house and after a short time Sambo walked in and started looking the roost over. He spied a very large rooster and was just about to take him off the roost when the ventriloquist, making his voice come from the rooster, said:

Keep yo' col' han's off me.

Sambo gave a yell and shot out of the hen house.

The next day the farmer met Sambo out in the yard where the chickens were.

"Boss, ah gotta quit," said Sambo.

"Why, Sambo," the farmer said, "what's the matter? Aren't you getting enough wages? Is there something wrong with the meals? Tell me?"

"Yas, boss, di meals am alright, but ah—ah (he noticed the same old rooster coming his way) ah—Boss if while ah'm gone dat rooster says anyting 'bout me, he lies," and Sambo was gone on the run.

* * *

Man—So you think you wouldn't want to be a girl, eh, why not?

Small Boy—Gee, no! Lookit the neck she's gotta wash.

Where you goin'?

Down to the river to go to sleep.

Sounds fishy—where you going to sleep down dere?

In de river bed.

What you going to use for covers?

Sheets of water.

Are there any springs in the bed of the river?

No, but there's plenty of current in it to make it light—the river's a swell place to sleep in.

Can I bank on that?

Yes, you can't get around it.

Well, I've got to run on; good-bye.

Wavy! Wavy!

* * *

IN SOME HOTEL.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb-waiter.

Guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-rising flour for supper.

Guests wishing to do a little driving will find hammer and nails in the closet.

If the room gets too warm open the window and see the fire escape.

If you're fond of athletics, and like good jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

Baseballists desiring a little practice will find a pitcher on the stand.

If the lamp goes out, take a feather out of the pillow; that's light enough for any room.

Anyone troubled with nightmare will find a halter on the bedpost.

Don't worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by its foundations.

* * *

Judge—Did you or did you not strike this woman?

Landlord—Your honor, I only remarked that the wall paper in her apartment bore fingerprints.

Judge—Two months for knocking her flat!

* * *

A man is known by the company he avoids.

The road to health is paved with good digestions.

There's many a true word spoken in church.

The early bird catches a cold.

Bad luck is the dumping-ground of incompetency.

An honest man is the noblest work of God—and one of the rarest.

Early to bed and early to rise is the slowest existence a man can devise.

A penny saved is a pleasure lost.

The road to wealth is paved with good inventions.

An honest confession is good for the soul; also a front page story.

* * *

She—My face is my fortune.

He—Well, poverty is no disgrace.



A qui est ce peigne?

C'est le peigne de Monsieur Clement qu'il employe pour peigner ses beaux cheveux.

JOHN WEBB

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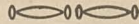
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5 Minute Interviews

(Extracted at the point of the gun).



After having compiled a list of five questions they were put to various well-known persons around the school. The following were the interesting answers:

The questions:

1. What do you want to do when you leave school?
2. Who is the person you admire most, or in other words, your hero or heroine?
3. What is your favorite book?
4. What is your favorite sport?
5. What did you do last summer?

Bob Young—

1. Have my doubts about ever leaving school.
2. Don't be silly—Miss Dickey, of course.
3. None.
4. Tiddy-winks (Gee, it's hot).
5. Worked—just for the novelty of it.

Isabel Hallman—

1. Study dramatics and music, then go to university.
2. Lindbergh.
3. Les Miserables, by Hugo.
4. Dancing.
5. Oh, just bummed around!

Edgar Clement—

1. I am going to be a politician and a millionaire.
2. Jean Norbury.
3. Telephone directory.
4. Picking my teeth and combing my hair.
5. Don't ask.

Stan Venning—

1. U. of D., probably.
2. Babe Ruth.
3. Bellarion, by Sabatini.
4. Snooker—this is not in the dictionary, so don't bother looking it up.
5. Worked at Ford's.

Henry Bull—

1. Next year university—going to be an architect.
2. Bob Young.
3. Alice in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll.
4. Dominoes.
5. Worked hard for a living.

Adelaide Bell—

1. Be a lady of leisure.
2. Duke of York.
3. Encyclopedia Britannica, by er-uh.
4. Poker.
5. Swam.

Bill Sansburn—

1. Go around the world in a tramp steamer.
2. Mussolini.
3. Sam the Sudden, by Wodehouse.
4. Ping-pong.
5. Caught up on my sleep.

Vesta Brooker—

1. Too far away.
2. Al Jolson.
3. Fortitude, by Walpole.
4. Basketball.
5. Visited St. Catharines.

Mildred Gordon—

1. Live, laugh, finally die.
2. The person who can get the most marks out of a poker-face teacher.
3. Most assuredly not "Macbeth."
4. Arguing.
5. Marked time.

Ted Hawkeswood—

1. I'll hunt for a job for a year, then go to university.
2. Jack Dempsey.
3. The adventures of Jimmy Dale, by Packard.
4. Basketball.
5. Worked at Ford's for a while, then "rested" and had a good time generally.

Luther Clark—

1. University in Toronto, to study political economy.
2. Cecil Rhodes.
3. Don Quixote.
4. Keeping Miss MacDonald company after four.
5. Helped Henry make cars.

Dorothy Francis—

1. Be an aviatrix.
2. Caesar.
3. None.
4. Swimming.
5. Loafed; got tanned and enjoyed myself.

Gordon Hall—

1. Run a fruit wagon.
2. Miss MacDonald.
3. An American Tragedy, by Dreiser.
4. Pool (politely called billiards).
5. Slept and slept and slept.

Don McGorman—

1. Be a bouncer in a speakeasy.
2. Mr. Donaldson.
3. Purple-Whiskered Pete, the Pirate.
4. Sleeping.
5. Pursued my favorite sport.

Shirley Bennett—Vagabond around Europe with Ruth.

2. Hermes.
3. The Eternal City, by Caine.
4. Writing poetry.
5. Nuthin' (much).

Art West—

1. Metallurgical engineer.
2. Oh! I don't like to boast.
3. Encyclopedia Britannica.
4. Debating (commonly called arguing).
5. Was an amateur farmer.

Madaline Hyland—

1. Teach the little first formers dancing.
2. Doc Deans, of course.
3. Madame Claire.
4. Doing 20 algebra questions every night.
5. Had a good time as hard as I could.

—RUTH McMULLEN.



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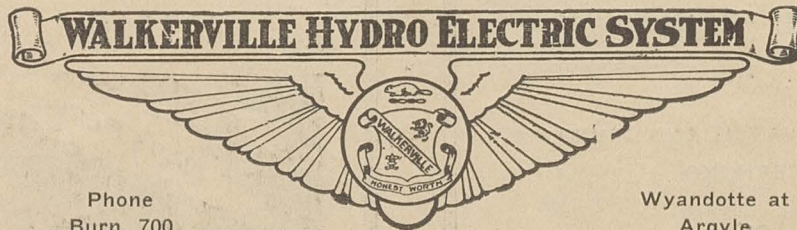


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6

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