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Betty W. Gould

The Argus Annual



Essex High School

Essex, Ontario, 1933

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HS

Essex County Branch of The Ontario Genealogical Society (EssexOGS)

Active Members: Preserving Family History; Networking & Collaborating;
Advocates for Archives and Cemeteries

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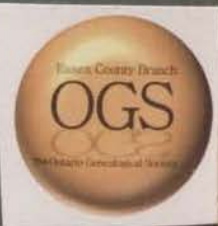
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One of the greatest weakness of our modern society and one of the most fruitful causes of discontent and unrest is the prevailing tendency to try to get something for nothing. Every day one meets people who expect to receive fabulous remuneration for their services and those same services, alas, are for the most part trivial or entirely non-existent. Rest assured that the world is a sharp trader, ever ready to get the better of the dreamer, the dishonest men and the lazy men, but with equal readiness ever quick to reward the thinker and the doer and the man or woman who gives his best. It is time that your awards will not be stated in terms of a king's ransom but will be rather stated in terms of contentment.

H. W. HALL
PRINCIPAL



EARLY DAYS

When I was asked to write a few lines about the early days of Essex High School, I could not possibly refuse. All my associations with the school have been of such a friendly and kindly character, that it is a pleasure to do everything within my power that I am asked to do.

My direct knowledge though does not go back to the beginning; the school had been in operation for three years before I became Principal in October, 1888. The first Principal was Mr. Weir, but he is dead and for the inside story of those three years one would need to go to some of the surviving students of that time, such as Dr. Margaret Wallace, Mrs. J. J. Tully of Windsor, J. L. Naylor of Essex, W. Tilden of Point Pelee, Dr. McCormick of Windsor, Prof. A. T. Laing of Toronto, Dr. J. W. and Dr. W. W. McQueen of South Dakota, W. B. Clifford of Ruthven, and others. It was the great good fortune of Essex High School to begin with such a fine band of young men and women who started it with a tone, an esprit de corps, and the beginning of a tradition that lasted till long after my day—and which, I hope, endures still.

The school building to which I came was far from being attractive or convenient; it was an old frame church just behind the station which had been used for worship by the Methodist Episcopal Church before the various

Methodist Churches had been united into one body, a small room at the back serving for a second classroom. But what we were to speak of for some time as the "New High School"—the building which was destroyed by fire some years ago—was nearly completed and we were soon able to move in, and to have a third teacher.

The Village of Essex Centre, as we knew it then, was very different from the Town of Essex as we know it now—sidewalks of wooden planks, mostly laid lengthwise—streets of mud with no vestige of paving—no public water supply—no natural gas—no electric lights; the only light at night on Talbot street outside the business centre, was an oil lamp in front of Dr. Prowse's office—hitching rails in front of all the stores, and so in the school—no water but what was carried in, no lights for evening meetings—stoves in the classrooms were the only source of heat, but these burning good body hickory, no heat in the halls—no laboratory, a cupboard and table in one of the classrooms serving for all purposes of Chemistry and Physics. One of the most noticeable changes in recent years, is the much larger number of students attending the High School. Until the opening of Leamington High School in—I think—1895, Essex had the only High School in South Essex, and the population of the town itself was greater than now, yet I do not think that we ever had much over

ninety in attendance.

I should like to write something about the greatly increased prominence now given in all schools to athletics and recreation—too great a prominence perhaps—and to pay some tribute to the outstanding and public spirited men who sat on the High School Board—to the able, hardworking, conscientious men and women who were my associates on the staff, and to the students who brought so much credit to the school during their years of attendance, and by their lives and careers since they left, but I am overrunning my space and will conclude by extending to the Staff and students my best wishes for success in their arduous tasks.

-C. L. Crassweller

The staff of the Argus Annual wish to thank Mr. Crassweller, Principal of the E. H. S. from 1888-1902, for this very interesting review.

HISTORICAL ESSEX COUNTY

Although Essex is not the oldest part of our Dominion, it has no small claim to an interesting history. Because of the older and more glamorous history of Quebec, we are apt to overlook the work of the brave pioneers who laid the foundations for the prosperous county in which we live.

The first knowledge we have of exploration in this district is in the time of Champlain. He sent the courageous bushranger, Étienne Brûlé, on a series of voyages of discovery around the Huron District and down to Ohio, he explored what is now Essex County. The purpose of these trips was to collect Indian Allies, and Essex was then inhabited by Indians, loyal to neither French nor British.

In 1640 two Jesuit priests, Father Jean de Brébeuf and Father Gabriel Lalemont, spent the winter in this country. When Brébeuf returned to France, he described the county to a map maker named Sanson who prepared a map—the first of this part of the country that has been found. These two men named many familiar landmarks in this county, such as Point Pelée (Bare Point), now Point Pelee, and Bois Blanc (White Wood), which has been changed to our Bob-lo. They

passed the little Indian village of Khi-oetoo at what is now Walkerville and named it Petite Cote (Little Shore). They called Belle Isle "Isle aux Cochons", or Hog Island. When they camped for the night near a little river on the north shore of the county, they were so infested with fleas that they named the river Rivière aux Puces. They also named the Canard River (Duck River), Belle River and Stony Point.

About this time Jesuit priests, probably going to the missions in the Huron District, travelled along the shores of the county. These men had with them a species of pear tree which bore very sweet, though small, fruit. They planted them wherever they camped for the night and there are still a few left along the shores of the county. They are outstanding because of the size and flavour of the fruit.

The first farmer in this county settled at L'Assomption, which is now Sandwich, in 1735. Shortly afterward a mission church was established and soon there was a fair-sized colony of French soldiers at L'Assomption with a few at Bois Blanc. Another survey was made, and the maps are very accurate, even showing the site of Windsor. The survey was made by a French spy who was sent to discover the strength of the English forts.

The first survey under British rule was made under David William Smith, who later became surveyor general. John Wilkinson was the surveyor of Windsor and he set the line for Dougall street. Detroit was destroyed by fire in 1806 and Smith was appointed to design the new community. The hub arrangement of the streets branching out from a central square is still according to his plan, although the outside section has been changed.

The British started the fort at Amherstburg and called it Fort Malden in 1796. Amherstburg is named for General Amherst, one of Wolfe's generals in the Seven Years' War. There were block houses built on Bois Blanc (Bob-lo) for further protection against the Indians. There are many interesting relics of this period in Amherstburg. The trenches used at the time of the



ARGUS ANNUAL STAFF

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War of 1812 are still plain and the block house is well preserved and open to the public. There is also a stone marking the spot where Tecumseh made his famous speech to his braves, and the house where he stayed is still standing. British troops were located at Amherstburg even before the war.

When war was declared, Hull and his army captured Sandwich and from there issued an order that the Canadians remain neutral and Indians be kept from fighting. Brock marched at once from Niagara to Malden with a force of 200—mostly regulars and United Empire Loyalists. Tecumseh and 600 Indians joined him and they forced Hull to retreat to Detroit. Brock, who was as daring as he was clever, managed a scheme to deceive the Americans. He took possession of a house in Sandwich and marched his men in the front door and out the back and around again, keeping this up so that a steady stream of men seemed to be marching in. The red coats of the British showed up to advantage so that from across the river Hull believed that a huge force was opposing him. Brock also gave Hull the idea that his Indians were fierce, causing him even

greater terror. He had them go across the river at night and serenade the American general with "unholy yelling". The houses where Brock made all his plans and developed his strategies are still standing in Sandwich. The Indians had cut off supplies for the garrison at Detroit and when Brock daringly crossed the river and invaded the enemy, Hull surrendered Detroit and Michigan without a fight.

These last events form the background for Major Richardson's "Wicousta" and Parkman's Conspiracy of Pontiac. These events show us that from the time that records have been made, our county has had an honourable place in history. Windsor, especially, is alive with memories of the war and in many ancient rooms of the historical houses there lurk the ghosts of red coats and militia, who fought that our generation might have peace and liberty.

—Patricia Naylor, IV Form

Mrs. McClelland (after Marshal had taken an enormous bite) "Another bite like that and you'll leave the table."

Marshal: "Another bite like that and I'll be through."

EDITORIAL



FOREWORD

The time has come for the publishing of another of our annual year books. We have a high standard to maintain. Last year our magazine was outstanding because it was the very first and contained a great deal of originality. We all have done our best to make this year's magazine as successful as that begun last year.

The members of the staff of the Argus Annual have worked hard and faithfully to put out this book and we want to take this opportunity of thanking the school in general for their cooperation. A great deal of credit is due the teachers who have given so amply of their time and knowledge in order that we may have our magazine.

Lastly, but not least, we want to express our thanks to all those who advertised in our book, for they have made this edition of the Argus Annual possible.

The future success of this magazine lies in the hands of the advertisers. Therefore, readers, we urge you to read the advertisements carefully; do business with those who have patronized us, and tell them of seeing their advertisement in our year book. This will show them that their outlay was not in vain, and they will advertise in future books.

To future editors let me say that we receive more benefit than the honour of editing the Argus Annual in the gratification and satisfaction of having tried to accomplish something worth while.

HAROLD E. NEWMAN,
Managing Editor.

CITIZENSHIP

A citizen is a member of a city or a country who is free to go about as he wishes. He is a man who takes an interest in all his country's affairs, who

is familiar with her political and financial position, who realizes her needs and her faults and who may even have an opinion concerning a remedy for her ills. He willingly does his share in running his country, not necessarily by becoming a member of parliament, but at least by casting his vote carefully in every election whether federal, provincial, or municipal.

Though the men who control our industries, our government, our trade, and other national enterprises, may exert the greatest influence on Canada's development, yet every citizen has his responsibility, vital though seemingly trifling. The boy or girl in High School should understand his or her country's problems and acquire a knowledge of all current topics. He is building a foundation for citizenship in taking an active interest in all his school activities. If he strive to make of himself a student of whom his school may be proud, and to develop a character which will command the respect and emulation of his fellows, he will some day become a citizen who is a credit to his country as well as his school. He will have laid a solid foundation for a greater life and his experience in school citizenship will have fitted him for the greater duties of being a citizen of his country.

He may never become even a member of the council of his municipality but if he takes an active interest in everything that concerns his country, knows what she is doing and why, does his share to rule his community, and lives at peace with his neighbour, he will be a good citizen. On the other hand he may become a great statesman. Some day, one of our own school mates may become a leader in parliament or even Prime Minister

—Elsie Dawson, Form III

CHOOSING A CAREER

Boys and girls of Essex High, you have now reached the age when you are to decide your future course of life. Many of your school careers will end with high school; others will go on to college and become great doctors, lawyers, financiers, etc. What are YOU going to become?

When you have obtained your senior "matric", you have attained life's second great success. For you who will not have the opportunity of going on to college, the question arises, "Now that I have my matriculation, what good is it going to do me, if I can't go on to college?" True! Your mathematics, your languages, and your sciences will be of little practical value to you in later life, but in learning them, the ability to think, and to make your own decisions has been taught you. You should be mentally above the average boy or girl who has not attended high school. Hence, if you cannot make a success of life, with this ability to think, the fault must lie in yourself.

There are many courses open to those unable to attend college. If you have excelled on the sports field during your high school days, you might make a success of an athletic career. Professional jobs are waiting to be filled in baseball, hockey, tennis, and scores of other sports. If you are not athletically inclined, the business field has a wide scope of position to be filled. Perhaps you have the silver tongue of the salesman, the originality of thought of the newspaper editor, or the practical mind of the office hand. If so you might well succeed in the business field. If there is some trade which appeals to you, you can qualify yourself for that trade by attending Technical school or by serving an apprenticeship. Lastly, but by no means least, is the good, old-fashioned farming. Farming offers the same opportunities for success as any other field. You must remember that it is not so much your opportunities, as what you make of your opportunities, that leads to success.

Now, let us discuss the case of those who are going to attend college. You

must first choose your career, and in so doing, be sure to choose something which appeals to you. You cannot make a success of something which you do not like. Moreover, you must not be discouraged if you have not been particularly clever in high school. Cleverness, while being a great help, is not essential to success. Some philosophers say that if we desire a thing hard enough, and if we are willing to work hard enough, we can attain anything we wish. Louis Pasteur, the great French physician, is an example of this. At school, he was considered dull and slow-witted, yet he became one of the world's most famous research men in medicine.

And so, pupils of Essex High, you might consider yourself as so many Louis Pasteurs, who can make a success if you are willing to put forth the effort. You all have a place to fill in this world. Find yours! Work hard, and success lies just around the corner.

—Norman Heath, Form V

OUR CONQUERING HEROS

Ludos manumque cano, Essico qua
 prima ab schola
 Venit, omniaque celeriter superavit.
 Multa sustinerunt, illi gravibusque iac-
 tatus
 Rebus propter invidiam Lemintonum
 autiquam.
 Acriter bella Amerstburgo multa longe
 lateque gesserunt,
 Dum inferrentque tropaea; genus unde
 victores,
 Heroesque inter moenia alti gymnasii
 scholae.

—Donald Richardson

Getting out a paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.

If we don't they say we are too serious.

If we publish original matter they say we lack variety.

If we publish things from other papers we are too lazy to write.

If we are rustling news, we are not attending to news in our own department.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them the paper is filled with junk.



GODDESS VESTA

O, Mother Vesta, who dost guard
The sacred hearth,—our fireplace,
Your praise from every single bard
Hath flowed with love from all our
race.

Your bright red flames come leaping
up

To comfort us in time of dread,
To heat the meal o'er which we sup,
And guide us in the paths we tread.

Your spirit lives in every blaze,
Your image in the life-like flame,
Whose steady glow to us portrays
The love that binds us in thy name.

Your altar, which our gifts have
graced,

Where solemn vows of love are
giv'n,

Where every child is blest and placed,
Is the hearth for which brave men
have striv'n.

'Tis here that all our family prayers
Are offered up in thanks to thee,
Who dost receive our humble cares,
And watchest o'er the family.

The younger daughters of the race
Replenish thy bright glowing coals,
While every boy with cheerful face,
Brings thee wood from o'er the
knolls.

At night our final task is done,
When from the hearth the ash we
dust,
For cleanliness is scorned by none,
Who in great Vesta put their trust.

O, Mother Vesta, who dost guard
The sacred hearth—our fireplace,
Your praise from every single bard
Will ever flow to all our race.

—Mae McGuire, IV-A

1963—MAYBE!

Bright May sunshine flooded the
darkest corners of the earth as once
more I found myself in Essex. Thirty
years had passed, and I had returned
to visit the scene of my happiest days
—those spent at the Essex High
School.

Walking down Talbot Street with
its magnificent boulevards, statues,
fountains and sunken gardens, I tried
to imagine that street, where on rainy
days years ago, one had to wade
through the puddles and mud to reach
his little "house of learning". Well
did I remember how Guernseys roamed
where that statue stood of—what! Not
our old friend Roger Purvis. The
nameplate read "The Model Husband"
by Michael Angelo Simpson. It was
truly a masterpiece—a great work by
a great sculptor. He had skilfully
carved those arms of iron and that
chest of hair. Yes, the resemblance
was striking.

But now the school came to view.
Behind a grove of trees stood that
mighty mansion of humming industry
and wasted time. Before me stretched
a dazzling view. Beautiful buildings
reared against the sky and there
among them was what I had known
as the Essex High School, but worn
and bedraggled it looked among those
mighty edifices. Indeed it was dwarfed
among them. I entered the most
imposing of the structures, and quickly
stepped to the door of the principal's
office. What a sight met my eyes!
Marshall McClelland, bald and rotund,
was chuckling over a glass of soda
water. On recognition, he jumped to
meet me, his double chin completely
covering his tie, his paunch straining
at the buttons of his vest, and his bald
pate shining from the reflection of a
huge chandelier above.

Row upon row of books filled this elderly gentleman's office, yet occupying the place of honour, was a group of gilded portraits. All the members of our old staff smiled serenely down from the canvas. The dignity of expression, and the excellence of form were carefully wrought by the master artist, Raphael Sadler.

A long row of push-buttons on the wall controlled countless contrivances throughout the school. One machine automatically printed seating plans; there was another machine to compare examination papers with a certain standard and mark them in this manner. A large dial controlled a television set, through which any student in the school could be "bawled out" for missing his subway and thereby being late. In one corner was a machine in which one could speak and a minute later be presented with a type-written sheet of the words just spoken.

Again, off through gaily-coloured halls as long as streets, he led me to the auditorium. It was a great amphitheatre, seating thousands, with a stage in the centre for plays, concerts, boxing and wrestling. Here, too, was a screen for moving pictures which were shown every day as a diversion for the students when the work became boring. On then we went to the dance hall. A beautiful terrazo floor reflected the dim, rose coloured light from myriads of imitation candles set in alcoves in the wall. Gorgeously decorated was the orchestra pit, filled, at the present time, with all instruments available.

Across the block, we entered the newest of the buildings—the gymnasium and swimming pool. On the ground floor was the pool with its marble floors, its shining diving-tower and huge thermometer registering the temperature of both air and water. Back in the dim days of 1933, this would have been the ideal place for "Fat" Neice. In a door at the end, I spied dressing rooms—rooms which spelled comfort. Plush chairs filled the lobby and farther on, row upon row of wire-caged stalls filled the long halls. In each of these was a shower and a spacious locker.

Each door had a combination lock

which kept out all the "borrowers". "lippy Jake" O'Connor would have been at a loss to apply his talents in such an establishment. Boys of this day could never know what locker room congestion and locker-room "borrowing" can amount to, such as thirty years back in the dreamy days of 1933.

Picking one room as an example of the others, Principal McClelland led me to the spacious well-furnished Fourth Form. I was dazed by the elaborate equipment of the room. Each desk-set was a marvel of modern engineering—a mechanical contrivance all in itself. The deep plush seats were swivel chairs fastened to the floor. The desks were marble-topped with an ivory ink-well at the front. On each desk many push-buttons, similar to the principal's, controlled numerous individual electrical appliances. One large button controlled the desk of books which slid from beneath the writing desk, and locked automatically when pressure on the button was released. On one side of the desk was a fan which cooled the overworked student during hot and sultry summer days, while on the other was a heater to warm the frozen ears, nose and body of anyone who rashly ventured forth on cold mornings. Then, too, rising from the front of the desk was a television set, which the student might use at will when the studies of the day became too tedious and called for a diversion.

Looking forth from the window, I beheld a cinder track and a huge stadium. As I was later told, the stadium had been dedicated by that millionaire sportsman, and wealthy philanthropist, Earl Schulties, and was consequently known as Schulties Stadium. Coming towards the building, I noticed the janitor, Mr. Oliver Wilcox (still riding a horse) came from the city of Woodslee each day to perform the sacred duties, in times past skilfully taken care of by Mr. Garney Johnston.

Drifting back to the present through a hazy and indistinct future, one is tempted to ask, could such a tale, by any stretch of the imagination, be within the realms of possibility?

—Don Richardson, Form IV

deplorable, but to change it would quite spoil the effect.

"Then why do you sob like that?" I asked.

"I've gotta," he wailed.

"You have to!" I ejaculated, "Well now, that is a bit thick you know, old fellow. Why, bless my soul, what a bally nuisance that must be; and why, may I ask?"

"I'm destined to go on sobbing forever," the Thing mourned. "Woe is me!"

"Who are you?" I asked, suddenly remembering that we had not been introduced. "I am Professor Obadiah Horatio Q. Withersnall, of the—."

"I know," it said disconsolately.

"Oh you know," I replied, pondering for a moment as to how he could know, "and who are you?"

"The ghost of a man, or maybe it's a woman, who knows?" he said sombrely. "I don't know who it is. Nobody ever tells me anything."

"You do not know of whom you are the ghost?" I asked, feeling rather annoyed that I should be uttering so ridiculous a question.

"The other ghosts tell me that I'm the ghost of a man who had a terrible memory," he explained, "and I've inherited it. He couldn't remember his name and now I can't either. I guess he must have been a professor. Professors are quite often absentminded, I'm told."

"I'll have you know, sir—" I began, but interrupted myself. After all, one cannot quarrel with a voice. "Go on," I added.

"The other ghosts think it's a great joke and they won't tell me," he then said bitterly.

He seemed so utterly miserable that I sobbed in sympathy with him.

"There, there, old chap," I said, "don't take it to heart so. After all, what does it matter who your—ancestors are. I dare say that it what you would call them, eh what?" I reflected for a moment here, racking my brain for a suitable name to apply to the relationship between the living person and his ghost.

"It matters a great deal to me," he mourned. "Even a ghost must keep his social prestige, you know. After all, a horse thief's ghost, for instance,

couldn't associate with the ghost of Baron Dentinthehead, could he?"

"No, I dare say not," I answered, mopping my brow. This conversation was becoming rather difficult and I was hoping for an avenue of escape. Then a most happy thought hit me.

"Why don't you read the gravestone?" I asked, infinitely relieved to be able to help him.

"That doesn't seem to do any good," he wept. "I always forget again!"

At this I raised my hat and proceeded on my way. After all, a mere professor can be of no assistance under conditions like that.

My tale is over, dear readers. Whether you believe it or not is of no consequence to me. If you have been interested, be sure to read my next installment concerning the "Ghost Who Knew All", which tells how the ghost in this story is enlightened as to his identity.

—Alice Taylor, III-C

MUSIC

An Essay

Music is an expression of the soul. From the earliest times music has expressed in mankind that which mere words could not be made to do for him. The understanding of music does not depend on technical knowledge but upon the reaction of the listener. Of course, technical knowledge can aid him to understand more rapidly as it strengthens his memory and enables him to fix impressions by naming them.

Primitive conditions were unfavourable to the development of music. They gave the first musical attempt a mysterious power over listener and musician by awakening instincts which are hidden deep in every person. It is hardly surprising that music long remained so imperfect, as its legendary power was portentous even in the hands of so supremely artistic a race as that of classical Greece. What wonder this backwardness might still rouse in us vanishes when we realize the extreme difficulty of the process by which the principle of modern music was established.

Archaic music is of two kinds, the unwritten or spontaneous, and the recorded or scientific. The unpremeditated lyric which we call folk songs

often shows more real beauty than the more systematic music. Moreover folk music and the present music of barbarous and uncivilized European races furnish a means of studying musical origins. We have no musical records, except a few fragments, older than the Greeks. There is no reason to suppose that music among the oriental monarchies ever progressed much beyond its condition among the barbarous people of the present day.

The Greek musical system was the predecessor of that of the Early church and goes down through the days of the Roman Empire to the Middle Ages and Modern Times. Pagan Rome made no contribution to musical progress. All musical inspirations were received from the Etruscans and Greeks. In the early centuries the church was the guiding angel of music.

In the hymns and songs of the church, music is carried through the early centuries. Progress continued in Italy and Western Europe with the growth of the ceremonies

The Catholic Church did much for music, requiring music in its impressive rites and chants. The songs were spread all over Western Europe by Roman Catholic missionaries till about the eleventh century. Musical culture was carried on in the convent. Even in the sixteenth century the church took the lead in musical affairs. The organs added their tones to the voices and even attempted a few modest solos. Another great school of religious music was established in Germany where we find the Lutheran hymn tune or chorale. This form of music spread to England where it was a part of the Anglican church services.

But a form of music was needed which would be suitable for the theatre, social gatherings, and in the home. About 1600 the first opera appeared, which was really the first appeal to musical value alone. During this time instrumental music was gradually increasing. A change took place at the end of the sixteenth century. Composers sprang up everywhere. Dance music, the real basis of modern music, was begun. The violin put in its appearance now. The seventeenth century is chiefly concerned with the writing of Sonatas. The eighteenth

century brings us to the period in which keyed instruments become more or less common.

One of the earliest composers still revered for his works was Bach, a German who produced varied types of musical compositions. With Bach, let us mention Handel, another German composer, whose musical compositions have come down to us. These composers are followed by a score of other men whose mere mention brings to our minds many of their well known pieces. Mozart has given much to the musical world. About this same period belong Beethoven. Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Litz followed one after the other; musicians whose compositions have world-wide fame.

Musical culture among the English-speaking nations was never in so vigorous a condition as at the present day. The appreciation of what is best in musical art is extending among the masses of the people. It is recognized to be as necessary to education as languages or mathematics. This widening of musical culture cannot be predicted yet, but it is certain the amount of original creation has increased in recent years. —Betty Auld, V Form

A STORY OF EARLY CANADA

More than a hundred years ago, an old hunter and trapper made his home at the northern end of the Great Lakes. For years he had studied the cunning ways of the beaver, the otter, the mink, and the marten, until he knew just where and how to set his traps for furry creatures.

Every year the old hunter, Thomas by name, carried the skins which he had collected during the winter to the nearest trading post down the lakes. There he sold his load of furs and bought his supplies of powder and lead, and many other things which he needed in his lonely cabin. At one time he bought a pair of skates, which he thought would be useful when the ice was smooth.

One very cold, clear day he went to visit some traps which he had set almost twenty miles north of his cabin. He skated along the shore of the lake as far as he could, and then took off his skates and put on his snowshoes in

order to reach the traps, which were a mile or two from the shore.

Suddenly his good dog, Bruno, that had been running ahead on a deer track, stopped and began to growl. Before Thomas could carry his rifle to his shoulder, he was surrounded by Indians who had sprung from their hiding place in the thicket, brandishing their tomahawks and yelling fiercely.

The old man was brave, but he was not rash enough to fight against such odds; and so he laid down his rifle and folded his arms. He knew but little of their language, and they could speak even less of his; but by signs and motions, he let them know that he was not on the warpath and meant them no harm.

When they understood this, the Indians ceased to threaten him. They were much interested in his arms and dress, for they had seen but few white men. They knew all about the snowshoes, but the skates puzzled them.

As the hunter saw their curiosity, a happy thought occurred to him, and his gray eyes twinkled merrily. "Ice moccasins," he said, putting a skate to his foot, and making with his hands the motion that the feet make in skating.

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian chief, pointing to the narrow blade of the skate and shaking his head. As plainly as looks do it he made the hunter understand that he was not so foolish as to believe that anybody could stand upon those things. As they were near the ice, Thomas proposed to fasten them on a young brave for trial.

The Indians welcomed the plan with glee, for they are lovers of sport. Selecting a courageous young fellow, the chief bade him put out his feet, which he did rather suspiciously. The skates were soon strapped on, and the young brave was helped to his feet.

The ice was like glass, and, as he started to move, his feet flew from under him, and down he came. Such shouts of laughter as the others sent up! But the young fellow was determined, and scrambled to his feet; but again and again the result was the same.

The chief now signaled to the hunter to show them how he used the skates.

Thomas fastened them on with great care, picked up his rifle, and pretended to support himself with it. He moved about awkwardly, and stumbled around, while the Indians laughed and capered to see the sport.

Gradually he moved farther away, whirling about and pretending that it was hard work to keep his balance. Suddenly he grasped his rifle firmly and dashed up the lake like an arrow.

If he had disappeared in the air, the Indians would not have been more astonished. Of course, they could not hope to catch him by chasing him over the glassy ice, and so they stood gaping after him, wondering more and more at the magic "ice moccasins". Nothing pleased old Thomas more in after years than to tell how he escaped from the redskins.

—Dora Levi, V Form

THE MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

By Lloyd C. Douglas

One of the most widely read books in Canada today is the "Magnificent Obsession". It was written by a minister of Montreal and takes place, for the most part, in a clinic in Detroit.

The dominating figure in the first part of the story is an eminent brain surgeon, Dr. Hudson, who is, indeed, possessed with a "Magnificent Obsession". His only fear is that of drowning and he tries to overcome it by going swimming frequently at Flintridge. As a precaution he has an inhalator installed at his cottage.

When the story opens we see him very much worried over his motherless daughter, Joyce, who is leading a very wild life with a group of the "idle rich" of which the chief leader is a young and clever but rather irresponsible fellow—Bobby Merrick.

It chances that one day some people rush to Dr. Hudson's cottage to borrow his pulmotor to save the life of a chap who had been knocked unconscious by a jibing boom, and pushed into the water. In the meantime Dr. Hudson, himself, collapses in the water and drowns as a result of not having his pulmotor. When the young chap is at last revived, he is found to be none other than Bobby Merrick.

During his convalescence, Bobby experiences a change of character. He

realizes that it was his fault that the beloved Dr. Hudson had died and he resolved to work and prepare himself to take Dr. Hudson's place in the world of brain surgery. In time he completes his course, and having discovered from a code diary Dr. Hudson's obsession, he accepts it also as his and thereafter becomes a most successful surgeon, inventing an electric scalpel which revolutionizes brain surgery. Around these facts a very intriguing love story is woven. We discover what the Obsession really is and our attention is held until the very end. The author's latest book, "Forgive Us Our Trespasses", promises to be equally interesting.

—Frederica Chapman

THE CALL OF ENGLAND

By H. V. Morton

This book is a delightful companion volume to another by the same author, "In Search of England", which is one of the most popular books on England published for many years.

In "The Call of England", the author describes how he sets out alone in his motor-car in search of adventures on the high road, "on one of those gold mornings which April borrows from June". His love for the country and its green hedges calls him north to the abbeys of Yorkshire—Fountains, Rievaulx and Jervaulx—to the sea-coast of Northumberland, to the Holy Isle of Lindisfarne, across England to Lancaster and the great manufacturing towns and cities of the North and Midlands. His description of the abbeys is most beautiful. In the author's own words, "only the birds sing vespers now . . . the shadows lengchen, a bar of sunlight falls across the green high altar of Fountains, and the space between the pillars of the nave grows darker. It is difficult to tear yourself away. The stones are soaked in peace".

Mr. Morton aptly describes the beauty of rural England and the fascination of the great towns and cities, and we are sure that everyone would enjoy reading it.

—Melba F. Malott

Russ Hill: "The girl I kept looking at this afternoon has made a date with me."

Arnold Mulcaster: "You ought to thank your lucky stares."

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

In a little home, in West Seventh Street, a young married couple sat. They were not doing as recently married couples usually do, but they were quarreling. And why were they quarrelling? Simply over a little matter of a hat.

George, the same as all men, disapproved of the latest styles, while Vi was accusing him of being old-fashioned. Finally, when they were tired of quarrelling, they went to bed.

And so he dreamed.

The following morning:

Vi: "George, my clock on the wall just announced that it is eight o'clock. How would you like to have your breakfast in bed this morning?"

George: "That would be fine, Vi, but who's going to get it if you lie in bed?"

Vi: "Why George, don't be so old-fashioned—your breakfast is on the table beside you."

George: "You don't mean this little round pill, do you?"

Vi: "Yes, that pill is composed of grapefruit, coffee, eggs and bacon."

George: "It may consist of all those things, but I would like to see what I am eating. What is that noise? It sounds like an aeroplane."

Vi: "It is an aeroplane—it is the paper boy. Here is the paper. It came through my special tube."

George: "What's this two by two bit of paper? The headline is 'Money', and the weather says, 'As you desire it'."

Vi: "What is so peculiar about that?"

George: "Who ever heard of weather being as you desire it?"

Vi: "Why anyone can have whatever weather he wants. Here is some rain, and now a little sun and there you have a rainbow. Now, George, I think we had better get dressed."

George: "What is this, a suit with a zipper up it? Am I supposed to wear that? What happens if the zipper gets stuck, or if it won't stay done up?"

Vi: "Oh, George, be quiet and put it on. Here, put this lawn out, will you?"

George: "Why, Vi, what did you call this? It is only a dark green handkerchief."

Vi: "That is our lawn, and it is the biggest and best in the town. We are

having dinner in Ottawa in five minutes, so hurry."

George: "I think you are crazy, but I'll have to hurry anyway if I want to catch the trolley."

Vi: "Don't be silly, George, and get into this Delivery Tube. Here, press this button. Good-bye."

George: "Hello, Miss Thompson, take a letter. 'In reply to your request—

Yours truly,

George Hall.'

"Another Miss Thompson:
'In your catalogue I see—

Yours truly,

George Hall.'

"All right, good-bye Miss Thompson."

Vi: "Why, hello, George, you are on time. Just a moment and I'll be with you. Ottawa at last, and it took ten whole seconds to go just over 700 miles. Isn't that slow service! We must go in here and get our dinner. Yes, another pill. Hurry up, George, a minute for dinner is entirely too much. Let's leave. Ah, here we are at home at last."

Ding-a-ling-a-ling.

George: "Who started this system anyway, Vi, who did?"

Vi: "Who started what, dear; you must have been dreaming. If you don't get up you won't have time to eat your eggs and bacon before catching the trolley." —Vivian Martin, II-A

FRENCH JOKE

Sous un noyer magnifique près d'un village deux petits garçons ont trouvé une noix.

—"C'est à moi"—a dit un garçon—"pour je l'ai vue d'abord—"

"Non, elle est à moi"—s'est écrié l'autre—"pour je l'ai ramassée."

Puis il y a vait une dispute violents.

"Je ferai la poix entre vous"—a dit un traisième garçon qui passait à ce moment. Celui s'est placé entre les deux prétendants, est ouvré la noix et est prononcé cette locution.

"Une des voquilles est à lue qui a vu la noix le premier, l'autre à lui qui la ramassait quant à l'amande, je la garderai pour la frais de la cour."

"N'est-ce pas ainsi qu'un procès se termine ordinairement?"—il a ajouté, rirant. —Mary Louise Webb, III

UN ACCIDENT TERRIBLE

Mardi, avril cing, une des plus grands aéroplanes des Etats-Unis a été frappé par éclairage. Beaucoup de peuples ont été tué. Un autre aéroplane a été frappé aussi par éclairage pendant qu'il cherchait l'Akron. C'est arrivé vingtaine de kilomètres du bord. Les mouvelles a été envoy tout autour de l'Amérique du Nord. Les peuples ont appris bientôt l'accident.

—Carson Radcliffe, III

OUR BASKETBALL

(Latin Version)

Pila sporta est bonus ludus omnium,
Et pueri et puellae in ludis dimicant.
Sive superent sive in proelio amittant,
Amnes opera sua facere optima tenant.

Gymnasium victorias multas nostrum
vidit,

Signa quattuor muri pilae sportae
abdunt,

Multi homines nobiles in suas portas
ierunt,

Multae turmae fortesque potentesque
hic pulsae sunt.

(Pila sporta est ludus certe amnium,
Sed fuisse hominum solum volumus.
Tum forsan celeriter mittere potuissemus

Puellas ex gymnasis hieme omnius).
Our basketball motto—"primus inter multos".

—Donald Richardson

FRENCH POEM

Quand je suis avec vous
Tout cela m'est égal
Si je suis dans la salle
Ou si c'est à un bal
Quand je suis avec vous.

Quand je suis avec vous
La nuit devient le jour
Nous marchons à la cour
Raconter le mal de coeur
Quand je suis avec vous.

—Donald Coutts, III

Just Imagine

Doug. Keeley—doing his homework.
Earl Schultheis—in long pants.
Maurica Weir—not talking.
Wilbert Queen—an ash blonde.
K. Little—in pig-tails.
Popeye Purvis—in "kilts".



VALEDICTORY



VALEDICTORY

And now we have reached the summit of the road through high school and are about to step off into the beckoning but uncertain future. However, we pause for a moment and, looking back, we meditate over that which we have so recently traversed.

This last expanse has been indeed the most impressive, for during this time we have been inspired with incentives to make the most of ourselves and our opportunities.

How proud we are to have attended a school with such a worthy and creditable record as has Essex High. How glad we are to mention the name, Essex High School, whenever we find occasion.

To our teachers, who so earnestly instructed us in the various branches of learning, we extend our sincerest thanks. It is they who have directed us up the arduous ascent of achievement to the broad plateau upon which we are now standing. They, through their sympathetic guidance, have led us to mature thought.

Here the intellectual and social sides of life, developed each in its due measure, have contributed much to prepare us for the larger world outside. It is here friendships have been formed which time will strengthen.

When we recall those functions and activities experienced during the time spent at Essex High School we readily agree with the philosopher who said: "Life is but the accumulation of memories,

And as those memories are worth while
So is life worth living."—Earl C. Reeb

SCHOLARSHIPS

We wish to take this opportunity of extending our heartiest congratulations and to wish every success in life's journey to the students who have won glory and honour for both their school and themselves.

Harry Hutton came to us in his fourth year and it wasn't long before he had taken his place among the first-class students. Harry proved to be a particularly distinguished President of our Lyceum Society during his last year in Essex. His winning of both a scholarship and the Governor-General's gold medal in his last year at Western University serve to increase our former pride in such a remarkable student.

Max Coutts held the position of President in his Senior year and left our halls of study for a more advanced knowledge. Max upheld the standards of Essex High by carrying off the flag of victory in the form of the Bapstie Scholarship in 1931 at Toronto University and adding still greater renown to his school and himself when in 1932 he succeeded in capturing the War Memorial Scholarship along with the scholarship in memory of Harvey Agett. Keep up the splendid work!

Jim Jones is a prominent Essex boy and needs no introduction. He took a leading part in school activities and proved his popularity among the student-body as was shown by being elected President of our Lyceum Society in 1931. Of course we all knew Jim would be a credit to his school and he fulfilled our expectations when last year at Western University he won the Blake Scholarship for proficiency in Economics.

Mary and Helen Millen. Not only have the boys made a name for Essex High School but we also have some girls who have distinguished themselves. Both took an active part in sports while here in Essex High and Mary made a particularly fine showing in Western University. During her second year she carried off a scholarship for general proficiency while Helen won a prize for Mathematics.

—Hawley Keane, V

1932 GRADUATES

Ethel Croft—is attending Western University this year. Ethel has made a fine start towards obtaining the B.Sc. degree this year. In a few years she will occupy the superintendent's chair in some large hospital.

Douglas Pitts—Last year we were very unfortunate in losing the prominent student Douglas Pitts. After receiving his Junior Matric, moved to Hayesville, Ontario, where he is continuing his education at Kitchener Collegiate.

Chester Stotts—is now living a peaceful life on his father's farm in the district about Cottam, where men are men, and work is play. Ches received his diploma for Junior Matric, and finished most of his Upper School at the Essex High.

Helen Hicks—Who has not missed Helen at the High this year? Helen is attending Ontario Ladies' College, at Whitby, Ont., after having received her Junior Matric at Essex.

Leda Hall—is attending London Normal and is doing well. If she shows the same good disposition to her pupils that she showed during her school career she will be bound to be successful.

Kathleen Doyle—is holding up the high standard of the Essex High School at London Normal. Funny! how all good-looking girls go in for teaching.

Fred Keane—The star centre of last year's basketball team is following in the footsteps of his father. He is now taking a medical course down at Western University. Freddy was president of the Lyceum last year and under his good management it was the best the E. H. S. has had in years.

Earl Reeb—Founder and chief editor of the Argus Annual is attending Normal School at London this year. Earl may become a K. C. some day and here's wishing him every success.

Albert (Bunker) Hill—The star reporter for the E. H. S. last year is spending this year at home receiving a little practical knowledge in Agricultural Science.

COMMERCIAL GRADUATES

Eleanor Allison—Graduated from the Special Commercial Class. Eleanor has such gentle ways and can get along so well with anyone and everyone, that we are sure she will make a fine stenographer. During the past year she has been doing secretarial work for some of the townships.

Roger Barlow — After a year of heavy responsibility, taking on his broad shoulders the cares of the Commercial Department, Roger was particularly well-fitted for taking over all of Mr. Hall's office work. His strong personality strikes fear to all lates and would-be visitors in the office.

Madonna Brown—Madonna was last year's record typist. Her fingers worked so fast she was sometimes accused of doing nothing at all. She has, at present, dreams of being a nurse and we are sure she will prove as efficient in her new position as she was in her work at school.

Mary Dawson—We all liked Mary and we were all sorry to see her leave. In the three years Mary attended our school she succeeded in getting her diploma and Theory Certificate.

Mary has no position yet but stays at home—at least in the daytime.

Luella Gillett—Luella has a different position from all the rest of the graduates of last year, and we feel sure it must have been her long wavy hair that obtained it for her. She was married shortly after she left school. We hope she has not forgotten her past school days and chums.

Clair Keeley—In graduating Clair won the medal which marked him first in his class. He was also a great goal keeper on our football squad. This year instead of kicking the football he is driving horses in the daytime, and calling off square dances at night.

Floris Rawlins—Floris should be a most desirable office assistant, for her constant good nature along with her good looks make her most attractive. However, even these qualities have little value in these times, and Floris spent some time at home before she began working in Kingsville.

Garnet Stockwell—Garnet must be lost this year after his close association with Roger and Clair in the Commercial Class last year. Evidently the hard work and fresh air on the farm agree with him for he is much taller than he was when at school. Perhaps he will one day look down on Roger!

Kathleen Ward—Kathleen was always so full of life no wonder she was exceptionally speedy at Shorthand. We could always count on Kay to uphold the athletic honours of the Commercial Department, especially in basketball. After leaving school Kathleen held two or three temporary positions and is now working in Kingsville.

OUR COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

In a corner of the Essex High School is the Commercial Department. Although the whole Department is in one room and the rest of the school rooms are General classes, we play an important part in the school routine.

Most of the students of the General school will be graduating and going to college to become lawyers, doctors and engineers; they will then be in need of business men and secretaries, and what would they do without us, we wonder? And so we spend hours each day studying Shorthand, Typing, Law, History, Economics, Penmanship, Spelling, Arithmetic and Office Practice in our effort to make Essex High's contribution to society more complete.

In order that we may see the concrete application of these subjects we are allowed to do the general office work of the school; that is, writing and typing letters for teachers and others. For instance, when teachers want any work typed, they just say, "Please type this for me," and we do it. Programmes and notices for the school are also typed by us. Mr. Hall succeeds in keeping one of our graduates, Roger Barlow, busy with his secretarial work.

The typing of the examinations is entrusted to Form IV-C. This is where we think we can brag a trifle. Luckily Form IV-C is considered honest and trustworthy, because when we type the examinations, not a word of information must leak out. We pride our-

selves on never revealing one question or figure on the papers.

We keep track of all marks obtained in the examinations. Then we enter the marks and work out the averages, type the reports and send them out. This all has to be done in spare periods and mostly outside classes.

There are financial statements to be done which brings in our knowledge of book-keeping. Whenever the school has an event where money is involved, our pupils must prepare a complete statement of receipts and expenses and file it away in a business manner.

When it comes to our Lyceums and Commencement, although one or two from the Commercial Department may take part, we must all type plays and programmes, and we enter into it as whole-heartedly as if we were in it.

We try through all our work to carry out the school motto: "All for Each and Each for All."

Ella Allen

Margaret Keown, IV-C

Some Hints on Etiquette

1. When the inevitable run appears in your stocking when you're out in company don't try to mend it. Merely pull a run in the other stocking at the same place. This not only solves the difficulty, but also enhances the appearance of the stockings.

2. Always wear glasses when eating grape-fruit.

3. When sitting down to the table make a flying leap, in order to arrive first and during the meal. Above all other things, watch your competitors.

4. When chewing gum, be sure to make a loud smacking noise as it attracts much admiring attention.

Popular Songs at Essex High

Try A Little Tenderness—ode to the teachers.

Till Tomorrow—three-thirty.

You're Telling Me—reports.

At The Babies' Parade—cadet inspection.

I Guess It Wasn't Meant To Be—after flunking an exam.

I'm Sure of Everything But You—Upper School Algebra.

In the Dim, Dim Dawning—home-work.

One Hour With You—late-comers.



LYCEUM EXECUTIVE

Back Row—H. Newman, H. Jackson, E. Truesdale, R. Martin, E. Billing, S. Kennedy, M. Stevenson, D. Coutts, M. Denison, J. Sadler, D. Collard, E. Hines, G. Damm.
Front Row—M. Malott, N. Heath, F. Chapman, H. Collard (President), R. Barlow, B. Auld, H. Gammon, D. Jackson.

THE LYCEUM SOCIETY

Our education today does not consist of merely mathematics, languages and science, but is of a wider scope. To take care of our physical development and to train the students in sportsmanship and teamplay we have our sports. Basketball and football teams and our field day activities are carried on for this purpose.

As to the literary side of our education, that is where the Lyceum Society proves its value. The purpose of this organization is to teach students to think on their feet and to give them practice in speaking before an audience. The executive has to plan and arrange for all the meetings carried on throughout the year, and usually has charge of the Graduates' Dance. The programmes that comprise these meetings are put on by the students for the benefit and amusement of the school.

No matter what branch of work a student takes up in after life he will find that this training will be a great help to him.

Executive

Honorary President Dr. MacDonald
 President Harold Collard
 Vice-President Frederica Chapman

Secretary-Treasurer Roger Barlow
 Editor Norman Heath
 Assistant Editor Betty Auld
 Reporter Henry Gammon
 Pianist Malba Malott
 Assistant Pianist Dorothy Jackson

Form Representatives

V Harold Newman, Helen Jackson
 IV Etta Truesdale, Roy Martin
 III-A Dorothy Collard, Jack Sadler
 III-B Elverda Billing, Donald Coutts
 II Gladys Damm, Edward Hines
 I-A Isabella Near
 I-B William Hines
 I-D George Heavens

Commercial

IV-C Mary Denison
 III-C Madeline Stevenson.

NEW METHODS IN FIRST-AID

1. "In case of fainting, keep the patient hot but not too warm."
2. "If anyone has a cinder in their eye take a pencil or any kind of stick and tell them to roll their eye around it."
3. If anyone is drowned, you put him on their back. Then one person sits on his stomach and pushes, while another person pulls the tongue until the water 15 minutes. Don't let him walk away at once.

ATHLETICS

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Hon. President Miss Bearder
 President Dorothy Collard
 Vice-President Mae McGuire
 Sec. Treasurer Kathleen Little
 Cheer Leader Dorothy Doyle

Form Representatives

Vth Helen Jackson
 IVth Etta Truesdale
 III-A Elsie Dawson
 II-A Victoria Jones
 I Betty Johnson
 IV-C Madeline Stevenson

Girls' athletics still play a prominent part in school life. This year has brought an added attraction in the form of First Aid training. Marked interest has been shown in this work, and we expect it will increase in the following years.

At the athletic entertainment, directed by Miss Bearder and Mr. Smithendorf, the girls gave a splendid exhibition, being surpassed not even by that of the boys. But basketball remains the high-light. This year's team tried for second place, and decided interest was displayed by the large crowd of spectators at all the games, at home and away. Also, we must not forget the points brought in by the girls on Field Day that made it possible for the trophy to adorn our front hall.

Where would Essex be without her girl athletes?

—Dorothy Collard

BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Hon. President Dr. Procnier
 President Roy Martin
 Vice-President Russell Hill
 Reporter Henry Gammon
 Football Captain Norman Heath
 Assistant Harold Newman

Form Representatives

Form V Bill Jones
 Form IV D. Richardson
 Form III H. Johnson
 Form II E. Hines
 Form I-A James Radcliffe
 Form I-B Bill Hines

Form I-D Garnet Sample
 Commercial Wilbert Queen

Boys' Athletics

The boys of the Essex High School this year have a splendid record of athletic events. They have an undefeated football team, two champion basketball teams, the Senior and Mid-get, and the honour of winning the championship in Intercollegiate Field Meet with a wide margin.

Now that the sports events are over, preparations are being carried on for Cadet Inspection and Strathcona work. Last year the corps ranked first of the high schools of Western Ontario in a competition among schools of over 100 enrolment. We express our hopes that the Essex High School will carry on as in former year, and will be able to win the Field Day Cup and Basketball Shield to keep as their own.

—Roy Martin, IV Form

FIELD MEETS

Several new school records were established on October 7, when Essex High School held its annual Field Meet at the fair grounds. The day was ideal for sports and the track and jumping pits were in good condition, thanks to Mr. Smithendorf and volunteers who prepared them the previous day.

Two sensational records were made, by Ed. Hines in senior boys' javelin throw and by Orlin Fox in intermediate boys' half-mile race.

The champions of the day were:

Juvenile Girl—Vivian Martin, 18 points.

Junior Girl—Elsie Dawson, 18 points.

Senior Girl—Mae McGuire, 20 points.

Juvenile Boy—Ercell Brown, 24 points.

Junior Boy—Donald Coutts, 30 points.

Intermediate Boy—Orlin Fox, 34 points.

Senior Boy—Norman Heath, 39 points.

Would-be humorist: "What would you give me for those jokes?"

Jokes Editor for the Argus Annual: "Ten yards start."



INTERCOLLEGIATE FIELD DAY

Back Row—E. Hines, H. Collard, A. Mulcaster, G. O'Connor, J. McGuire, R. Purvis.
Second Row—Miss Bearder (Coach), D. Coutts, A. Hensman, O. Fox, H. Cunningham, R. Martin, N. Heath, D. Keeley, G. Simpson, Mr. Smithendorf (Coach).
Third Row—L. Seifker, M. McGuire, F. Chapman, G. Johnson, D. Doyle, H. Sadler, K. McGuire, E. Dawson.
Front Row—T. LaPointe, L. Little, N. Heaton, R. Jackson, B. Linton, E. Brown, V. Martin, V. Jones.

ESSEX COUNTY FIELD DAY

On account of unsuitable weather the meet had to be postponed twice. Essex High School turned in a big upset at the local fair grounds on October 21. Our boys and girls took the undisputed possession of first place by a lead of 21 points over Amherstburg, second place winner.

In the senior boys' division Eddie Hines won the javelin throw, while A. Mulcaster and R. Purvis took second and third in the mile race. H. Collard and G. O'Connor took second places in the 12 lb. shot put and pole vault respectfully. J. McGuire scored third in both high and broad jumps.

In the intermediate class Orlin Fox set a new record in the half-mile while Norman Heath took third place. Norman took second in the broad jump while Orlin took third. L. Armstrong won second place in the running hop, step and jump. The pole vaulting finished with Doug. Keeley taking third place. Roy Martin won first in javelin and shot-put and second in the 100 and 220 yard dashes. H. Cunningham took third place in the 100 yard dash.

Donald Coutts dashed to victory in the junior boys' 100 and 220 yard sprints and also took second in the broad jump and third in the pole vault. B. Tofflemire won the junior pole vault and A. Hensman third place in the high jump.

The point winners among the girls were: M. McGuire, second in broad jump and hop, step and jump; L. Seifker, third in the shot put; F. Chapman and H. Sadler, first and second in basketball throwing.

In junior girls E. Dawson won first in high jump and second in broad jump. T. Lapointe third in broad jump. D. Doyle won second in hop, step and jump and first in basketball throwing. K. McGuire established a new record in the 4 lb. shot put.

—Roy Martin

THE SCHOOL YELL

Umpa, Umpa, rum, rum, rum,
 Rumpa, Rumpa, dum, dum, dum,
 Double E, Double S, and an X,
 Is what we're yelling for, yes, by heck.
 —Maurice Weir, I-A



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

N. Hooker, K. Little, G. Johnson, M. McGuire, H. Newman, H. Sadler (Captain), L. Selfker, D. Doyle, D. Collard, F. Kennedy, Miss Bearder. (Coach).



BOYS' FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row—J. McGuire, G. Reed, D. Keeley, Mr. Smithendorf (Coach), R. Purvis, E. Hines, G. Simpson.
Front Row—N. Heath (Captain), L. Armstrong, R. Hill, H. Newman (Assistant Captain).

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Basketball seems to be unanimously the most popular sport among the girls of the E. H. S.

Our team this year was composed of many small players and, considering the opposition that they had to buck up against, they did very well.

The team was composed of the following: Forwards, Helen Sadler (capt.), Ferne Kennedy, Dorothy Doyle, Kathleen Little and Mae McGuire; guards, Norma Hooker, Dorothy Collard, Lucille Siefker, Grace Johnston, Helen Newman and Lenore Little.

Our girls' basketball team always strove to win,

They were never known to slack,
They gave their best which is enough,
For the good old red, yellow and black.

—J. Sadler

SOCCER

Mr. Smithendorf, our football coach, with the aid of Norman Heath, captain, and Harold Newman, assistant captain, coached the team to it's first championship.

The first game was played at Harrow on October 24. The strong Essex forward line was too much for the weakening Harrow defence as they were beaten 5-0. On Friday, October 28, Leamington players were the guests of Essex and were turned back 4-2. Leamington scoring the only goals against Essex for this season. Amherstburg was defeated at Essex on November 4, 3-0. The Amherstburg players never gave up fighting until the final whistle.

The last game of the season was played at Kingsville on November 14, Essex scoring two goals to defeat Kingsville for the first time in years, the final score being 2-0.

The team was made up of:

Forwards: R. Hill, E. Hines, N. Heath, L. Armstrong, J. McGuire, G. Reid, D. Keeley.

Halves: G. Simpson, R. Purvis, H. Newman, D. O'Connor.

Full Backs: H. Collard, C. Foster.

Goal: O. Fox.

BASKETBALL

This year Mr. Hall against coached the basketball teams. With his aid the Essex players carried off two



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Back Row—N. Heath (Senior), D. Coutts (Junior), O. Fox (Intermediate).
Middle Row—M. McGuire (Senior), E. Dawson (Junior), V. Martin (Juvenile).
Front Row—E. Brown (Juvenile).

championships out of three. The Seniors and Midgets went through the season without being defeated. The Junior team ended the season in a tie with Amherstburg for second place.

The first games of the season were played at Leamington on January 20. In these games the Seniors and Midgets won, but the Juniors lost. The next game was played at home with Assumption as the visitors. Assumption had no Midget team, and so there were only two games played.

In the Junior game Essex came out victors after one of the hardest games of the season. In the Senior game Essex again came out as victors. The third game of the season found Essex At Amherstburg. In the Senior game Essex won. In the Junior game Amherstburg was the winner. The Midgets followed the good work of the Seniors and they also won.

The next night Essex played Leamington at Essex. In these games the Seniors and Midgets won and the Juniors lost. Essex went to Assumption for the next game. At Assumption the Seniors won, but the Juniors lost. Am-

herstburg played Essex in the last games of the season at Essex. In these games Essex was winner in all three.

The Essex players were as follows:

Midgets

Forwards: Jackson, Brown and Heaton.

Guards: Linton, Birch, Fairbairn and Benson.

Juniors

Forwards: Pizer, Reed, Simpson.

Guards: Sadler, Coutts, Richardson.

Seniors

Forwards: G. O'Connor, Hines, Heath, Mulcaster.

Guards: D. O'Connor, Hill, McGuire.
—R. Purvis



SENIOR BASKETBALL

A. Mulcaster, G. O'Connor, R. Hill, D. O'Connor (Captain), N. Heath, E. Hines, J. McGuire.

CADET CORPS

The E. H. S. Cadet Corps under the supervision of Lt. H. F. Smithendorf, has a total enrolment of 110 private cadets and cadet officers this year.

Last year the corps ranked first of the High School of Western Ontario in a competition among schools of over 100 enrolment. This year or in some future year the Cadet Corps hopes to obtain first placing in the Secondary Schools of M. D. No. 1, in which it now stands second, and of which Sarnia C. I. is the leader.

In last year's rifle team, H. Newman won the Strathcona silver medal and the D.C.R.A. gold medal, and E. Reeb, H. Collard, N. Heath, A. Pitts and D. Pitts received D.C.R.A. bronze medals.



MIDGET BASKETBALL

Back Row—B. Linton, L. Fairbairn, C. Benson, H. Birch.
Front Row—R. Jackson, N. Heaton (Captain), E. Brown.

This year the marksmen of the rifle team consist of G. Sample, H. Newman, N. Heath, W. Gilbert, R. Martia, J. Pizer, C. Gulliver and G. Heavens.

Daniel O'Connor, captain of the corps last year, is captain of the corps again and the Cadet Band is under the command of Harold Newman.

—Arnold Mulcaster



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

D. Richardson, J. Sadler, G. Reed, D. Coutts, G. Simpson, J. Pizer (Captain).



FORM NEWS

FORM I-B

What are so rare as brains in I-B?
Here and there are signs of some.
Our teachers labour results to see,
But some way or other they fail to come.

When we think we are not dumb,
Mr. Hall calls us another I-D.
While we can do most any sum,
I think we're doing justice to I-B.
We can depend on Hilda or Frank
To answer up when the rest are slow.
Our brains are young, and life is fun;
Cheer up everyone, the "nuts" will grow!

—Francis Cohoe

COMMERCIAL FORM NEWS

The commercial students are so bright.
They do their homework every night.
They come each day with shining faces,
Assembly finds them in their places.
When general folks have work to do,
They come to us to help them through;
Typing exams, and studying Law,
We're the busiest it you ever saw.

In the Lyceum we do our part,
We always did, right from the start.
On Field Day we all did our shares,
And helped to win the cup downstairs.
As for athletes, III-C is best;
Any of us can stand the test.
But when P.C. period comes around,
The IV boys cannot be found.

Writing poetry Oh! what fun;
Can you beat us, ANYONE?
Even though it doesn't rhyme,
It passes away our spare time.
—Ray Sweet and Orlin Fox

"IT'S A POEM"

I-A is made of funny guys,
Some are funny, some are wise,
Some are smart and some are dumb,
To visit them now with me come.
See Roger seated over there?
He's known as our questionnaire.
Bertha Belcher is our vamp,
Albert Humber is our scamp.

Our little cutie is Maurica Weir,
Our brilliant student is Isabella Near.
In basketball "Erce" holds his place,
And saves his form from great disgrace.

George Lefebvre is our smartest lad,
What he doesn't know is just too bad.
Billy Linton is our weeper,
Murray Kennedy is our sleeper.
Charles Benson is our shiek,
He has a new belle every week.
Now to the finish we have come,
We hope you've enjoyed our little fun.

—Ruth Keane

III FORM

Again the year is almost ended,
And again Third Form lives down:
We know some students are mended,
For they carry a terrible frown:
And now as a holiday approaches,
They put away their groans and cares.
But still some are very atrocious,
And think nothing of lessons or fares:
On a whole, Third Form is brilliant
In studies and in athletics;
At basketball they are jubilant,
And some even enjoy the classics.
And now since my news is all told,
And I am growing weary:
To those who are seeking a new abode,
Do not forget Third Form is so cheery.

—Helen Newman

YE OLD SCEOND FORM

The Essex High, the school of schools,
Where students are many and few are fools,
Each form is noted for some particular thing:
In Commercial they have some people that sing.

The worst of these to which I refer
Is called Two A where is always a stir,
As Ed, and Wid, and Bud, and Bill
Chuckle and laugh over some recent thrill.

Then, too, we have in our pleasant form
Reg. and Raymond who laziness
scorn,

And Donald the noisy, and Heaton the
joker,

Together with Manley the continual
talker.

Others are Shrimp, Carlyle and Cronny,
And Max and Cut, who are all quite
naughty.

These five make such a terrible noise
That they scare away all the teacher's
joys.

Last but not least are the maidens fair,
Who spend much time at curling their
hair.

They cheerfully chatter like a group of
squirrels,

Now isn't that just like High School
girls?

First there is Marion who is quite
studious,

Then comes Vic. who is always quite
curious.

There's Florence and Harriett and Hilda
too—

Beware of Galdys—she'll flirt with you.
Vivian and Eleanor are two fine girls,
And Reitta is crazy over Elizabeth's
curls.

And these four with their giggles and
laughter,

Make the old school shake in every
rafter.

There are some who like the old form
so well

That they whistle and sing although
they fail,

While others say it is like a jail
When your friends neglect to provide
your bail.

—D. Cronmiller

FOURTH FORM

Fourth form, fourth form,
The dream of every first form,
But when they do reach that form
They'll think it's a nightmare!

They think when they get that age,
That they will be so old and sage
That nothing on a Latin page
Can give them any worry.

In English period stories are told
Of war and peace and adventures bold,
A wealth of joy fills hours of gold,
And thus the period ends.

And besides that there's Chemistry,
Which muddles us so we cannot see.

We wonder whether it should be
HCL or SO₄.

French of course means much hard
work,

A duty which we cannot shirk;
It makes us labour like a "Turk"
To get our verb forms right.

Geometry is best of all,
Because it's taught by Mr. Hall,
And every theorem great and small
Is fun to figure out.

And thus our fourth form lives its life,
Amid great battle and great strife,
But when we succeed it'll sound like fife
Compared to the troubles of fifth form.

—Grace Johnson and
Ruby Croft, IV-A

FORM V

Dear Betty Auld is sighing,
She's destined to awful fate;
Her greatest tribulations
After every date, she's late.

Our ritzy little Fritzie
Is quite the male students' pet,
The reason for this being
She resembles Etta Kett.

Knifey holds the Presidential seat,
This being his superb feat.

Everett is a nice kid,
His last name is Gaughan;
But if you ask us about it,
Its the lassies who are "gone".

Norman is our "Baby-Face",
But at basketball he's our "Ace".
In Latin grades Jackie holds the place
Of honor, but her pa says, "Of dis-
grace".

When Hawley get a letter
The whole school knows she's feel-
ing better.

Doug, who's always known as Keeley,
Thinks he resembles Clark Gable,
really.

Hazel will have quite a wait
If she's expecting Knifey to make a
date.

But when the story is all told
Little Katie knocks 'em cold.
Pat is sure the handsome lad,
About him all the girls are mad.
Harold Newman has the brains,
But he's pretty dumb around the
dames.

Popeye Purvis at Mathematics is a wow:
He even shows the teachers how.
Helen Sadler is our model student,
My, oh, my, but she is prudent.

Scarlett's Christian name is Roy,
 At Chemistry he's quite a boy.
 Kayo departs from our school this year,
 Then Pizer will she many a tear.
 Thus see yourself as others do;
 These pictures, I believe, are true;
 But if I see you're in a rage,
 I will then estroy this page.

—Bill Jones

P.S.—
 Bill Jones is a poet of renown,
 But if his poem doesn't suit you
 You'll have to call him down.

THE CLASS OF I-D

The boys by the windows all sit,
 In English and History they move a
 bit;
 The fifth period they think is time for
 fun,
 But never forget lunch is yet to come.

We're four girls, the boys outnumber
 us twice,
 Bt when we're together, we look
 pretty nice;
 At recess and lunch, in fact all the time,
 We march down the halls in double
 line.

When Mr. Hall stands there, the boys
 are most quick,
 For they know if they aren't, they'll
 get the stick.
 When exams come most every one works
 like a bee,
 For there is no other class as good as
 I-D.

—Marjorie Lounsbrough

ARGUS ANNUAL DANCE

The executive of last year's Argus
 Annual Staff staged their first party
 on the evening of September 16. Other
 years we have had to wait for the
 Hallowe'en party for our first social
 event, but this year we were fortunate
 in persuading our principal that a party
 was what we needed to make the work
 go along more briskly.

Myron's Melody Makers provided
 the music for the dancers and, although
 the dance was no tso largel attended
 as some, it was very much enjoyed by
 those present. They were able to go
 home and tell the others what they had
 missed.

—Kay and Kayo

THE ATHLETIC ENTERTAIN- MENT

The Athletic Entertainment brought
 the social activities of our school year
 to a close on February 17.

The entertainment was extremely
 interesting, giving the audience cause
 to be proud of Essex High School.
 Dances were put on by the girls, under
 the supervision of Miss Bearder, then
 the boys displayed their agility and
 physical development on the parallel
 and horizontal bars. Next came the
 feature of the evening, the presenta-
 tion of the E.C.S.S.A. sports cup. The
 cup was presented by Mr. Hall who
 emphatically expressed his apprecia-
 tion to the school athletes who figured
 in the winning of the cup for Essex
 High School.

Following the presentation of the
 sports cup were other individual
 awards given to outstanding athletes
 of the school. The girls' track team
 and basketball team were presented
 with letters for the first time in the
 history of the school.

When all awards had been given,
 the auditorium was cleared of the
 chairs and made ready for a few hours'
 dancing. Myron's Melody Makers sup-
 plied the dancers with the strains of
 many popular musical hits.

Who was the young couple in the
 corner?—Kayo and Jack—well, really!
 And that handsome Apollo who liked
 to dance around the edge of the floor
 —not alone by any means—a fair
 young lady is in his arms—right the
 first time, it's Kay Little. The captain
 of our undefeated senior basketball
 team escorted a dark haired young lady
 around. And say, did you see Ed.
 Hines? How that boy was rushing
 Dorothy Doyle. There were many ex-
 pupils and graduates present and
 everyone had a wonderful time, even
 to th eteachers, who turned out in full
 force.

We had some lively square dances
 which were much enjoyed by all and
 it was with a keen sense of disappoint-
 ment that we heard the strains of
 "Trees" blending through the laughter
 and mirth of the crowd. The array of
 brilliant colours of the young ladies'
 gowns disappeared—and the auditor-
 ium was again just another room.

—Leone Goodwin

WE IVC

We're so smart,
Oh, say!
Before you start,
We're away.

We do our work
And try never to shirk,
With never a frown
From our dear Miss Brown.

When Miss Rivers comes in
Every one has a grin.
There's Wilbert and Cecil,
You should hear them sing and
whistle.

Well here we have our Bookkeeping
Class,
There's Ella Allen, a clever lass;
She has achieved her Trial Balance,
You can see it's right at a glance.

There's Edith, she is so shy
We sometimes wonder why;
The beauty of her golden hair
Makes all the pupils turn and stare.

Here's Charlie and his Chevrolet,
And listen to what everyone may say,
We know why
He's so sly.

He has a boy friend Henry
And don't we wish that we were he.
For he can go for a fine long ride
While we labourously at school abide.

There's Evelyn doing her daily act,
She has her nose in a nice compact;
And Margaret's laughing "I forgot my
comb,
I must have left it behind at home."

Mary's trying to us impress
With the fact she has a lovely new
dress;

We wonder when she trips around
Just what she thinks that she has
found.

Margaret Lounsbrough, O so fine,
Flirting with the boys most all the
time.

And Alma Field, better known as Sally,
But to Roy she's the "Rose of the
Valley".

—Elsie B. Elford

Wanted: A smart woman who can
wash, iron and milk cows.

COMMERCIAL GRADUATING
CLASS

Ella Allen, Oh! she is so clever,
At the bottom of the list, her name
is never.

Margaret Lounsbrough, she should be
good,
But study Economics she never could.

Evelyn Jessop, the flirt of the room,
Dances along like a witch on a broom.

Elsie Elford's voice is very shrill,
And gives our Miss Brown many a
thrill.

Alma Field, better knowns as Sally,
Looks like a blossoming rose in the
valley.

Cecil Cowan is the commercial shiek,
When Miss Rivers says "Silence" he's
the first to speak.

Edith Reeb is slow but steady,
When Miss Brown speaks, she's al-
ways ready.

Charlie Wambeke, eyes so blue,
When Shorthand comes, well, he will
do.

Margaret Keown, the talkative girl,
Sets all the commercial boys' heads
in a whirl.

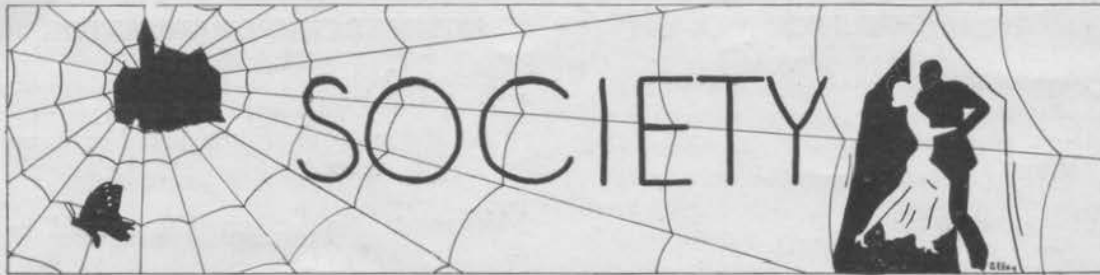
Mary Denison is right in luck,
Because her boy friend drives a truck.

Wilbert Queen's head is covered with
curls,
And this is why he is a success with
the girls.

Henry Gammon is tall and lean,
But the silliest guy you ever have
seen.

Roger Barlow, the commercial ex-star,
Still hasn't gone away very far;
He is now our office boy,
Full of merriment, fun and joy.
Two Three C "Skeeters"
—Orlin Fox and Ray Sweet

For Rent: Rooms to let in the best
part of North London. Suitable for two
young ladies fifteen feet wide by
twelve feet long.



Many of our graduates spent Christmas season in the old home town. It is great to get away but, it's better to come home again and see all our old friends we have left behind. Some were not able to get home, but among those who did were: Kay Doyle, George Rogers, Leda Hall, Ethel Croft, Max Coutts, Jean Hooker, Jim Jones, Fred Keane, Alice Metcalfe.

After the Lyceum of March 3, the chairs were cleared away and the Auditorium made ready for a few hours' dancing. The orchestra from Mandarin Garden provided music. Dancing broke about 1.00 o'clock, and everybody drifted homeward.

Miss Mary Rogers had as her guest of the Christmas season, her cousin, Miss Margaret Lindsay, of Toronto, in whose honour she entertained a number of young friends to a Five-o'clock Bridge on December 23.

After the Commencement on December 9, Mrs. Chapman entertained the cast and those who had helped make the evening a success. A very dainty lunch was served about midnight and once again Commencement was just a memory.

After the final game of the season, Dan O'Connor, the popular captain of senior boys basketball team, by way of a little celebration entertained the members of his team and their "Better Halves" to a marvelous chicken dinner at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Connor.

The guests enjoyed themselves immensely at games and dancing until dinner was served at 12.00 o'clock. Russell Hill very fittingly proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor for their fine hospitality.

Douglas Keeley had not been any more mischievous than usual on February 9, but Miss Rivers told him to report. This enabled about twenty of the senior boys to drive out to Keeley's

at Gesto. When Doug. arrived at home about 5.30, weary from detention, a real surprise party awaited him.

During the dinner, Mickey finished three servings of chicken and a bowl of jello.

The teachers were more than busy when Murray Hawkes began to play the piano. Later Mickey presented Doug. with a "Pen and Pencil" set from the gang.

The senior boys' basketball team went through the season without one defeat, as did the Midget team. Great credit must be given to the girls also for these astounding victories, since without their lusty cheering, we are almost certain the boys would not have done so well. Perhaps we should not go so far as to say that, but we still maintain that our enthusiastic "Fight 'em Team" helped a great deal.

How times have changed since it was thought unladylike for young girls to even watch manly sports! Those ladies of olden times would promptly go into a swoon to see that two-thirds of the spectators now are young ladies of very tender age. Among them were: Helen Sadler, Kayo Shipway, Dorothy Doyle, Ferne Kennedy, Patricia Naylor, Ethel Hooker, Dorothy Collard, Nancy LeMire, Victoria Jones, Helen Newman, Freda Chapman and Kay Little.

On Friday, February 10, Leamington basketball teams returned to Essex to seek revenge on their previous games, but again they were unsuccessful. After the game Russell Hill, popular left guard, entertained a few of his friends. The evening was spent in playing cards and dancing. About 12 o'clock Mrs. Hill served a dainty lunch which was enjoyed by all. Those who attended the party were: Kay Little, Kayo Shipway, Dorothy Doyle, Helen Newman, Jack Pizer, Ed. Hines and Dan O'Connor.

—Kay and Kayo

E. H. S. HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The Hallowe'en party is the first party sponsored by the newly elected Literary Society for the school year. It is always much anticipated by the students, for it marks the beginning of the social activities of the year.

The Auditorium was most appropriately decorated as a September harvest, with its cornstalks and pumpkins harmoniously arranged around the room.

The costumes, always most interesting, showed careful thought in preparation. As might be expected, Douglas Keeley won first prize for the boys' comic costume and his brother, Donald, was awarded first for the girls' comic costume.

The ghost room provided plenty of thrills for the timid members of the weaker sex, judging by their screams and frightened exclamations.

This year, also, there was a fortune telling booth where Orlin Fox prophesied castles in pain or dark sinister villains, according to his whims.

After a dainty lunch, dancing was enjoyed until midnight to music provided by Myron's Melody Makers. From the time the doors opened until the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" died away on the air, the party was voted a huge success.

—Victoria Jones

COMMENCEMENT

The E. H. S. Commencement was held on December 9, and got off to a flying start when the genial Mr. Hooker took the platform as chairman for the evening. He made a few remarks of appreciation on the work of the school both in Academic and Athletic lines.

The first number on the programme was the presentation of a Doll Dance by a few of the Lower School girls, followed by an exhibition of tumbling. Harold Collard proved that his head was heavier than his feet by performing the difficult task of walking all over the stage on his hands. A pirate dance was next given by the Middle and Upper School girls.

"Paying the Fiddler", with Hawley Keane, Catharine Shipway and Russell Hill in the leading roles. The cast

was composed of nine students who evinced the careful training given them by Mrs. Chapman and Miss Rivers.

—Don McGill

GRADUATES' DANCE

The vanguard of students, returning from the various universities throughout the province, gathered in the school auditorium on Thursday evening, December 22, for the gala affair of the season.

The teachers very ably performed the duties of hostesses. Their cheery smiles assured everyone of a very pleasant evening.

Our future interior decorator, Russell Hill, succeeded in bringing the Christmas spirit into our midst by means of the artistic display of decorations. From the centre of a huge fireplace, Myron's Melody Makers poured forth melodious strains of many popular dance numbers.

The ladies of the Institute served a delicious buffet lunch. After a brief intermission the dancing continued for a short time. Amid many good wishes for the coming season the crowds slowly dispersed.

—Jack Pizer

A Toast

Here's to the Essex High!—
Though her walls slant out
And her roof caves in
She's a wonderful school
For the shape she's in!

Mickey McGuire: "Dad, I have splendid news for you. Mr. Smithendorf, our form teacher, is going to retain my services for another year.

Hank Gammon: "The more I read, the less I know."

Cecil Cowan: "You're well read, aren't you?"

Mrs. Chapman: "Donald, give me an example of passive voice."

Donald Keeley: "I kick myself."

Mrs. Chapman: "That isn't passive, but its a good idea."

Eddie Hines: "Are you going to the show to-night?"

Dorothy Doyle: "Yes, I think so."

Eddie Hines: "Well, I'll meet you inside."



COMMENCEMENT

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MRS. SARA CASTLE—Grandma. Wise in her Generation	HELEN JACKSON
HENRY CASTLE, SR.—Her Son. An Overburdened Business Man	RUSSELL HILL
MRS. HELEN CASTLE—His Butterfly Wife	CATHERINE SHIPWAY
IRIS CASTLE—Their Ultra-Modern Daughter	HAWLEY KEANE
HENRY CASTLE, JR.—Junior, Their Pampered Son	WM. GILBERT
LINDY CRAIG—An Orphan, and a Distant Cousin of the Castles	MARY ALICE DENISON
BOB EATON—The Young Man Next Door	DOUGLAS KEELEY
BROWN—An Officer of the Law	STERLING KENNEDY
JENNIE—The Maid	ETHEL HOOKER

JOKES

Mae McGuire: "I've changed my mind."

Chorus: "Does it work any better?"

Oliver Wilcox: "I guess I've got insomnia."

Lawrence Armstrong: "How's that?"

Oliver Wilcox: "I woke up twice during Literature period this afternoon."

Murray Hawkes: Miss Collip, I have a certificate from the doctor saying I can't work today.

Miss Collip: "I could give you a certificate saying you never have."

Bill Gilbert (at the board in Geometry) "Mr. Hall, I just thought of something."

Class laughs.

Mr. Hall: "The class seems to be as much surprised at you."

A schoolgirl was asked to write an essay on motor cars which was to con-

sist of two hundred and twenty words. This is what she produced: "My uncle bought a motor car. He and father were riding in the country, when it broke down going uphill. I think this is about twenty words. The other two hundred are what uncle said as they were walking back to town, but my father told me I mustn't write them."

Murray Hawkes: "I would go to the end of the world for you."

Ferne Kennedy: "Yes, but would you stay there?"

Jack Pizer: "Do you like to see a man smoke a pipe?"

Kayo Shipway: "Yes, why don't you give yours to one?"

Brown: "Who gave the bride away?"

Smith: "Her little brother. He stood up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled: "Hurrah, Annie, you've got him at last."

Lost: An umbrella in Victoria, by a lady with whalebone ribs.

DEPARTMENTAL RESULTS

Catherine Allison (1), Lawrence Armstrong (4), Manley Barnett (2), Pearl Bedal (4), Elverda Billings (4), Wallace Boggs (1), Mark Brown (4), Jean Brush (2), Elsie Buhler (2), Dorothy Colard (3), Elizabeth Collins (4), Dorothy Cook (3), Donald Coutts (4), John Couture (4), Lois Croft (4), Donald Cronmiller (2), Albert Cunningham (2), Howard Cunningham (1), Gladys Damm (4), Harriett Davidson (4), Elsie Dawson (4), Ralph Dawson (4), Mabel Eede (3), Albert Ellis (4), Reitta Ellis (4), Audrey Farough (4), James Flood (4), Melvin Foster (2), Wilmer Francottie (2), Wilbert Gammon (2), Viola Haggins (1), John Hall (4), Murray Hawkes (1), Nelson Heaton (4), Arnold Hensman (3), Ed. Hines (2), Ethel Hooker (3), Norma Hooker (1), Elizabeth Huggard (4), Raymond Jackson (3), Ivy Jessop (4), Josephine John (4), Victoria Jones (4), Donald Keeley (4), Leonard Little (1), Arnold Loebach (4), Marjorie Lounsbrough (1), Glen MacKenzie (4), Kenneth MacKenzie (3), Marshall McClelland (3), Bridget McCloskey (3), Patrick McCloskey (3), Rita McCloskey (4), Donald McGill (4), Marion McIlwain (4), Katherine McGuire (4), Elinor McKenzie (4), Gordon McKenzie (3), Frances McLeod (3), Melba Malott (4), Chester Marshall (4), Vivian Martin (4), Maxwell Miller (2), Weltha Montgomery (4), Carlyle Mossop (2), Helen Newman (3), Hugh Newman (4), Lorne O'Neil (2), Murray O'Neil (2), Lorraine Osborne (3), William Piper (4), Dorothy Queen (1), Garnet Queen (3), Ivan Queen (3), Russell Quick (4), Ruth Quick (4), Carson Radcliffe (3), George Reed (3), Murray Rice (1), Douglas Roadhouse (1), Mary Rogers (4), Jack Sadler (4), Garnet Sample (1), Roy Scarlett (1), Arthur Schooley (3), Reginald Shuel (4), Bill Simpson (1), Eleanor Steed (2), Hilda Tofflemire (4), Mary Louise Webb (4), Oliver Wilcox (4), Clarence Wolfe (2).

B. Auld (7), F. Chapman (7), H. Collard (5), H. Collins (3), M. Cowan (5), R. Croft (5), D. Doyle (5), F. Ellis (5), W. Gilbert (2), I. Green (5), N. Heath (7), H. Hicks (1), R. Hill (2), N. Hooker (2), D. Jackson (5), H. Jackson (7), H. Johnson (3), G. Johnston (5), V. Jones (2), F. Keane (3), H. Keane (7), D. Keeley (6), F. Kennedy (5), H. Leatherdale (7), D. Levi (7), K. Little (7), L. Little (2), R. Lounsbrough (3), J. McGuire (4), M. McGuire (5), D. MacKenzie (2), H. McLendon (4), R. Martin (5), H. Merritt (5), L. Mitchell (4), A. Mulcaster (1), P. Naylor (5), G. O'Connor (2), W. Patterson (3), J. Pizer (2), R. Purvis (3), E. Reeb (4), G. Reed (1), D. Richardson (5), H. Sadler (3), L. Salter (3), R. Scarlett (4), N. Sergison (2), C. Shipway (5), G. Simpson (3), R. Sweetman (3), E. Truesdale (2), A. Pitts (1).

B. Auld (1), F. Chapman (2), E. Croft (4), K. Doyle (7), L. Hall (7), N. Heath (2), A. Hill (2), H. Jackson (1), V. Jones (3), H. Leatherdale (1), K. Little (2), R. Lounsbrough (1), A. Mulcaster (2), H. Newman (6), E. Reeb (2).

—Bill Jones

N.B.:—The figures indicate the number of credits obtained.

SCHOOL CALENDAR 1932-33

Field Meets

- Sept. 14—E. S. S. S. A. A. met to discuss the sports for the year.
 Oct. 7—Essex High School Field Day.
 Oct. 21—Essex County Field Day.

Literary Society

- Oct. 7—Nomination of candidates for Lyceum Executive.
 Oct. 12—Campaign Speeches.
 Oct. 17—Election.

Lyceums

- Nov. 25—Afternoon—Few numbers given by I-A, including a three act play—"Quality Street." Entrance certificates and medals presented by Mr. Dowswell.
 Jan. 26—First evening programme attended by a good audience. A short skit and a play "Bardell vs Pickwick", were the main features.
 Feb. 15—Afternoon meeting attended by a good number of students. A good programme was given by II-A. A debate: "Resolved that War Debts should be Cancelled", and selections by their class orchestra were the main items.
 Mar. 10—A good attendance attendance at this evening meeting. The play "Long Distance", was followed by a three hour dance sponsored by the Lyceum Executive.
 Mar. 31—Afternoon. Last meeting of the season. The programme was given by Third, Fourth and Fifth Forms. A skit, a boys' quartet, and a drama "Memories" were appreciated items.

Entertainment

- Sept. 16—Argus Annual Dance.
 Oct. 13—Hallowe'en Party and Dance.
 Dec. 9—Commencement.
 Dec. 22—Graduates' Dance.
 Feb. 17—Athletic Entertainment and Dance.
 Mar. 10—Lyceum Dance.

Girls' Basketball.

- Oct. 29—Essex at Leamington.
 Essex 18; Leamington 31.
 Nov. 4—Essex at Kingsville.
 Essex 15; Kingsville 13.
 Nov. 18—Essex at Amherstburg.
 Essex 22; Amherstburg 28

- Nov. 25—Kingsville at Essex.
 Kingsville 17; Essex 25.
 Dec. 2—Leamington at Essex.
 Leamington 35; Essex 17.
 Dec. 6—Amherstburg at Essex.
 Amherstburg 17; Essex 26

Boys' Basketball (Midgets)

- Jan. 20—Essex at Leamington.
 Essex 13; Leamington 4.
 Feb. 3—Essex at Amherstburg.
 Essex 24; Amherstburg 7.
 Feb. 10—Leamington at Essex.
 Leamington 8; Essex 10.
 Feb. 24—Amherstburg at Essex.
 Amherstburg 8; Essex 14.

Juniors

- Jan. 20—Essex at Leamington.
 Essex 12; Leamington 18.
 Jan. 27—Assumption at Essex.
 Assumption 16; Essex 26.
 Feb. 3—Essex at Amherstburg.
 Essex 6; Amherstburg 22.
 Feb. 10—Leamington at Essex.
 Leamington 18; Essex 11.
 Feb. 20—Essex at Assumption.
 Essex 15; Assumption 23.
 Feb. 24—Amherstburg at Essex.
 Amherstburg 16; Essex 31.

Seniors

- Jan. 20—Essex at Leamington.
 Essex 24; Leamington 16.
 Jan. 27—Assumption at Essex.
 Assumption 14; Essex 20.
 Feb. 3—Essex at Amherstburg.
 Essex 27; Amherstburg 15.
 Feb. 10—Leamington at Essex.
 Leamington 12; Essex 16.
 Feb. 20—Essex at Assumption.
 Essex 24; Assumption 22.
 Feb. 24—Amherstburg at Essex.
 Amherstburg 19; Essex 29.

Soccer

- Oct. 24—Essex at Harrow.
 Essex 5; Harrow 0.
 Oct. 28—Leamington at Essex.
 Leamington 2; Essex 4.
 Nov. 4—Amherstburg at Essex.
 Amherstburg 0; Essex 3.
 Nov. 14—Essex at Kingsville.
 Essex 2; Kingsville, 0.
 Henry Gammon
 Roy Scarlett

Miss Rivers: "Could you tell me why they put a hyphen in bird-cage?"
 Orlin Fox: "For the bird to sit on."

7/10/19

Arnold Malcaster
"Pat"

Mary Jones

Elsie Dawson

Your Autograph, or --!

Kathleen F. Lyle

W. Brown

James Flood

Leslie Boutts

Marshall McCalland

Charles Langis

Wilbert Queen

Roy Scarlett

Hazel Deatherdale

B. B. B.

John Davidson

H. F. Smithendaf

Garnet Houston

Suella Satter
L. Lueda Billing

Deep Pursamble

Frances McLeod

Mary Louise Webb

Heltha Montgomery

Gladys Damm

Rutha Ellis

Victoria Jones

R. E. Collip

Everett Gaughan

Helen

Edna Seawardale Josephine John

Proctor Purvis
Popple

Ed Hill
Rue Hill

Dorothy Jackson

Norman
Barnes

Heath

Gene
Goodwin

Maudie Stevenson
Lily J. Jones



Handwritten text around the illustration: "Handwritten text" and "None Little" and "at the" and "at the" and "at the"

Arley

Mary Rogers

Norma Hooker

Exel Hooker

Helen Newman

Maurice Heir
"Bunkie"

Patricia Maylor
Dorothy Colman

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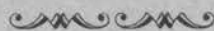
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