

The Boys Own London Tiser

A Paper By Boys For Boys.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15.

Vol. 1. No. 9

WINDSOR GETS A GREAT RECEPTION FROM ASKIN ST.

Mr. Walker Gives Boys Hearty Welcome to South London's Church.

The Askin Street Groups again made a big hit with the public last week-end. What happened? Well, here goes. On April 1st the Askin Street Hawks and Elks journeyed to Windsor to play basketball. In these games Windsor was victorious. Last Saturday the Windsor boys arrived in London with the intent purpose of cleaning the locals works. In the afternoon they were a great help to the local basketball moguls by refereeing several C. S. E. T. basketball games.

The games started at 8:15 sharp. The Thistles for an opener showed the Imps how they thought the cage game should be played. The Hawks were out of luck and came out on the wrong end of the score. The last and feature game of the evening went to the Elks. The Windsor boys could not get wise to the locals' combination. The game ended 31-21 favor Elks.

After the game, oh, what a feed they had, Pies and cakes galore, and here and there a few sandwiches thrown in for good measure. "Kitch" Willoughby, in all his glory, acted as chairman, and when he wasn't stealing Frank Shaw's cake he did admirably well. Our biggest worry was Harold Todd, and he seemed to think it his duty to stick around the kitchen. Whether he was afraid someone was going to steal the "chicken," or watching "Spider" Webb, who, by the way, has a habit of walking off with pumpkin pies, will forever remain a mystery. Feeds are never feeds unless you have a few speeches. We had one from Bob Liddle, who welcomed the Windsor boys. Mr. Walker, the Askin Street Sunday school superintendent, who is gradually becoming an orator. He asked the visitors to come over the Askin Street on Sunday.

Our pleasant evening came to a close just as the church bells struck twelve. The next day at 4 o'clock they headed again to Windsor.

WISE CRACKS

George McCracken was going to visit his best girl the other evening, so he thought it would be a good investment to purchase a shave. So without further thought he wended his way to the nearest barber shop. The tonsorial artist very diligently covered George's "Map" with lather. Then he sat down. After a few minutes our hero started to get anxious and after an hurried consultation with his Ingersoll said, "See here, my man, how about shaving me?" The knight of the brush got up and rubbed George's face, and replied: "What's all the hurry, boss. I was just waiting to let some hair grow."

McVicar was engaged in his favorite pastime of breaking stones, when his minister came by. "Good morning," said the minister, cheerfully. "Quite a lot of stones there to break yet." "Yes," replied cheerless Mac. "Them stones are like the Ten Commandments." Why so? asked the minister. "You can keep right on breaking them, but you can't ever get rid of them," grunted Mac.

Bob Ferguson and Chas. Colbert were arguing about their dogs.

"Dogs have more intelligence than most of their masters," maintained Bob.

Charles could not agree on this, so they decided to ask Thornton Fitzgerald, who was in the room. "Sure," replied Thornton. "Why I have a couple like that myself." And he is still wondering what caused the riot.

Jack Johnston—"It's a nice day, don't you think?"

Phil Burton—"No, not on a nice day."

Meyer Lerner to Allan Kay—"What an awful gash you have on your forehead?"

Allan Kay—"Oh, next to nothing—next to nothing."

STRANGE!

Have you ever noticed that the letter G is the initial letter of the following words: God, good, goodness, gladness, glory, grand, great, greatness, gratitude, grace, gospel, gold, gift, germ, genuine, genteel, gentleman, growing, gallant, generous, gifted, gleaming and guardian?

And that D is the initial letter of the following words, viz.: Devil, death, damnation, darkness, doubt, downwards, dullness, desolate, despair, drink, dirt, dust, dungeon, distill, dwindle and disturbance?

Perhaps only a coincidence, but it seems strange.

BOY'S MANHOOD MORTGAGED BY DILATORINESS

By L. M. Houlding, Secretary of the London Boys' Work Board.

"What are you going to make of yourself, Bill?" is a common question of the boy to boy, parent to boy, instructor to boy and church to boy; common but vastly more important in its consequences than any other question save that of his decision to follow the Christ.

Keeping in mind the boy, the leadership and the church, let us honestly and frankly discuss the question of how we can wisely direct the boy into his proper life-long calling.

Few teen-age boys know themselves. Their whole life spells activity, and they rarely ever take time to sit down by the side of the road and watch themselves go by with the definite object of placing themselves into their life's work. I know of nothing finer to make these boys think than the use of a well prepared self analysis blank, such as that issued by the London Boys' Work Board. A large number of boys answering the many printed questions, received a revelation of their own temperament and were more than surprised to know of the variety of opportunities of work open to them in the industrial, professional, commercial and agricultural fields.

Self Determination.

Every boy must study his own talents or faculties or capabilities and alongside of this self analysis he must place his knowledge of the jobs available in life. This plan should at least give him a general direction.

He needs help. He looks to the public schools and finds no solution to his hunger for a knowledge of vocations and their requirements. In the average school he gets little to help discover his individuality. One of the liveliest agitations in educational circles today is for vocational educators. Detroit, like many other wide-awake cities, has full-time vocational directors, who not only help the boys while in school, but they follow them out into their employments.

In London today we need a new hotel, it is true; we also need a union station and many municipal improvements, but there is even a greater and a more insistent need. If it is true that boys are the greatest asset in the community, then it naturally follows that one of the first acts of the new board of education should be the securing of two efficient vocational counsellors or directors one for boys and one for girls; experts who not only assist the boys and girls to find their callings, but who will see that they get better facilities for training in the schools, where the boy spends 1,000 hours a year in a man-making process.

Education is misunderstood by so many chaps. They see their pals out making money, and they want to cut school and light on to the first job that presents itself. Here is where the church can step in to dignify education; to concern itself with the boy who is too anxious to pass out into the domain of toil and at an early age mortgages his manhood.

Let the church assist the boy to choose his calling and get ready for it, to teach that education means better jobs, higher wages, greater efficiency, truer happiness, nobler citizenship and increased service.

What is of more value to the church, a skilled efficient man, or a cheap, idle man, disposed to worthlessness. The church answers this easily, but it so often forgets its mission to the young, growing manhood, and spends its time in a sort of mutual improvement society for adults. The teen-age boys drift out of the church body so easily, and then we strain our patience, our energy and our money to bring them back into the church membership and church relationships.

The church has a mission to the growing boy to guide and inspire him. I owe much to the splendid leadership of men in the church of my boyhood, which had vision enough to handle our gang so ably, that when it came time for us to choose our life's work they were prepared to wisely suggest the occupations open to us through their knowledge of our dispositions, our faculties and our ambitions.

Vocational Guidance.

This is the age of service. No unit is more fitted than the church to point out to the inquiring boy the jobs that will best enable him to serve his community yielding him the maximum amount of enjoyment and of service. If we were conscientious about this task it would not be necessary for two of our strong denominations to go over to England and Scotland in order to recruit preachers for Canadian pulpits.

Most of the failure and disappointments in life, and possibly much of the crime that abounds, may be attributed to the fact that so large a proportion of boys go out from public schools and Sunday schools imperfectly prepared to meet the demands of the world in which they find themselves living.

There is something for every boy to do, as leaders and parents find out what it is. Love plus capacity will conquer employment tasks, therefore study the boy's inclinations or desires, which are almost positive indications of capacity. Once you have helped him make a choice your responsibility will increase by intelligent guidance. If any parent or leader wants help you can always call the Boys' Work Board, phone 341. A serviceable text book is "Profitable Vocations for Boys," by E. H. Weaver.

LORD BYNG, YOUNG LONDON WELCOMES YOU!

[By a Staff Reporter.]

With the utmost anticipation and also with evident concern, the boys of this fair Forest City have been waiting the imminent visit of one who will prove to be Canada's most popular governor-general since the time of Confederation, the Right Honorable Baron Byng of Vimy, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O., etc., and his wife, Lady Byng.

Since their arrival in Canada some seven short months ago, when they made their "debut" at the Canadian National Exhibition, they have been met with characteristic enthusiasm which reached to infinite extremities. Canada is proud and exultant in her "Hero of Vimy," whose career is so well known to every local Canadian. Nothing creates so much admiration—yes, even envy—in the heart of a boy as does the sight of one who fought for liberty and peace. At every turn we meet some poor chap minus an arm or a leg or with some disfiguring scar reminding us of his service for us. Then does the "soul of a boy" revolt against the narrow confines of his stature and is filled with an urgent desire to do his bit for those courageous men who have done so much for us.

Lord Byng, who arrives today was among those who faced the veritable hell of Vimy, so clear in our minds through constant description, and still more vivid is the late commander of the Canadian corps as we see him today—honorable, clean living and upright—truly a boy's man. In every paper on every hand we meet his smiling countenance, which makes us revere and respect him, not only for his position, but for his impressive personality.

When it was announced that Lord Byng desired to meet personally as many Londoners as possible, the news was received with great joy, especially among the boys.

Owing to the extensiveness of the reception program, young London has not been awarded much opportunity to display its prowess as desired. The Boys' Naval Brigade, from which a guard of honor has been selected, will, however, be on hand. This brigade is recognized as one of the most efficient in the Dominion. The Boy Scouts will also be out in full to finish up the representation of our future citizens.

AT LAST! ONE GOOD EFFECT OF ELECTRIC STORM

Scouts of Eighth Troop Out En Masse Despite Inclement Weather.

The Scouts of the Eighth London Troop met at their clubroom on Friday, March 31. Although the electric power was not on and the rain was coming down hard, the boys did not stay away from their meeting.

Points were given for the competition in neatness of uniform. Patrol Leaders Blackwell and Burrows are in the lead at present. Announcements were made and then various work was carried out. Games were played. The Scouts were dismissed early.

LATTER DAY SAINTS BOY SCOUTS ARE BUSY

Thirteen Pass Tenderfoot Examinations on Monday Night.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Tenth London Troop of Boy Scouts preparations were made for a big hike on Friday night. Scoutmaster Robert Blanchard gave a speech which was very well received. The troop also made sure all the details were ready for their part in the welcome of Lord Byng of Vimy, Canada's popular governor-general, who visits the city on Saturday. Thirteen of this troop passed their tenderfoot examinations at this parade.

EFFECTS OF SMOKING.

Some interesting experiments have been made recently to prove the bad effects even of moderate smoking on athletes. It was found that a baseball pitcher after smoking one cigar lost twelve per cent in accuracy and fourteen per cent after smoking two cigars. In shooting at a target rifle men lost four per cent in their score from smoking one cigar and six per cent after smoking two cigars. Bicycle riders after smoking two cigars or three cigarettes lost nine per cent endurance and increased their heart beats ten per minute. Similar tests with fencers showed a serious loss in precision in lunging with a fencing foil at a target after smoking two cigars. All these athletes gained in accuracy and endurance when they did not smoke. From Canadian Mentor.

START ANNUAL SPRING TRAINING FOR BASEBALL

Ahmeeks Left For the South On Friday Morning at 8 a.m.

The Ahmeeks, London's most progressive Tuxis Club, once more staged their annual London to Port Stanley tour. Said tour has been harbored in their meagre minds since their stupendous initiation ceremony, and a great deal of superfluous anxiety has been exhibited during the past week, due to the fact that the proverbial weatherman has been dishing up a varied and not exactly favorable degree of sunshine.

Much argument ensued as to the proposed route of locomotion. Of late years the L. and P. S. tracks have been gratefully patronized, but this year certain Ahmeeks have observed in certain papers that numerous well-meaning hoboes who, doubtless affected by the spring fever, had strolled along the tracks to view the countryside and have since been hauled to court to contribute to the country's coffers considerable of hard-earned cash. Now, as the majority of the club members have recently purchased spring apparel and are not very flush, they have judiciously avoided the railway ties.

They consequently betook themselves southward by the Wellington road route. The mud had little effect as their twin-sixes (pedal extremities) came through intact. A prompt start at 8 a.m. was made, and as usual, some were late and only overtook the gang as they were passing through the metropolis of Glanworth. Fred Rose set the pace (for the first hundred yards), but soon subsided to a contented amble. The aggregation kept somewhat together, not being distributed at more than half-mile intervals over the countryside at one time.

Despite their grueling pace hunger soon overtook them and camped at their heels until they unanimously decided to eat about 11 a.m. All members had been warned not to bring prepared lunches, but as usual one poor demented chap departed from the established custom and brought sandwiches. Needless to say he was ostracized for the time being. Sausages and bacon occupied a very prominent position, but they soon were stowed away in one more prominent. The farmer, who evidently resented the intrusion on his rail fence as a camp fire, appeared in time to hasten them on their journey.

For some time they were lost in the maze of streets boasted by St. Thomas. A cooling and refreshing swim was enjoyed at the St. Thomas "Y" and renewed their vigor momentarily. They stopped for a respite at Mr. T. R. Elliot, their mentor's summer home, a few miles from the lake shore, and reached Port in ample time for tea. After wandering about the almost deserted resort and lamenting the fact that there was no dancing they boarded the cars and returned to "Skin" Thomas, where they took in a thrilling (?) show. Needless to say they slept all the way home and the bread-earners were doubtlessly late for business this morning.

The Hornets' Nest

Who are we? We hate to pat ourselves on the back, but we believe ourselves to be the liveliest bunch of Trail Rangers in the city. If you come from Missouri and have to be shown, you'll soon see. George Mace is mentor of our group, and Mr. Hartley McVicar is the chief ranger, and they hail from New St. James' Presbyterian Church.

We thought we would tip you other Trail Rangers off, so you can train in order to make the National athletic meet look like something. You know the old saying about "dark horses." Well, that's us.

Our regular meeting was held on Wednesday, and as usual was a "hummer." Mr. W. D. Beamer, former head of the Boys' Work board, gave us a talk. His subject was "The Aims and Duties of a Trail Ranger." That the fellows appreciated it is putting it mildly. The way they "buzzed" around afterwards was a site for sore eyes.

If you think that honey bees are the only ones that store up honey you are an awful "ignamus." Just go into the "Y" diningroom next Wednesday night and watch the hive of Hornets gather it in.

Enthusiasm is a great thing, and it will take you a long way. Inject it in your group, and it will work wonders. The "Hornets" have it. Watch 'em.