CDITED BY WATFORD HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE Editors tal portunity of V Staff and Stud W.H.S. a Ven and a Hay

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WATFORD HIGH SCHOOL, FRID AY, DECEMBER 19, 1924.

EDITORIAL

As a possible help in the future, we have considered it appropriate to write a few words on the lack of support shown by the students in the production of this paper. Much is yet to be desired in bulk and variety of contributions. To those who have helped us we express our have helped us, we express our thanks on behalf of the school and chanks on benait of the school and our personal appreciation of their assistance. To those who have failed to contribute to the paper we pres-ent a few reasons why their co-operation is necessary.

The prevalent idea seems to be that the paper is a medium through which the editors express their opwhich the editors express their opinions. This is a very serious mistake. The paper is essentially the
mirror and the common product of
the entire student body. When many
students fail to realize their responsibility and make no effort to contribute articles, they are betraying
the confidence which their fellow
students have placed in them. It is
only by common and united effort
on the part of all the students, that
a paper that is really worthy of our
school can be produced.

There are many who say they cannot write. It is true that there are people who can express their thoughts and ideas in beautiful English without any apparent mental exertion. They are the fortunate few. Most of us find writing a labour, a joyous one perhaps, but nevertheless costing us a great deal of effort. Writing is not after all, a gift from the gods but the natural result of clear thinking and steady and persistent practice. To those who have difficulty we offer a word of encouragement and remind them that he who writes an article, even if it is rejected, is infinitely better than the slacker who is content to sit back and allow some one else to shoulder his responsibilty. Although the result of your efforts may be unsatisfactory, keep trying! Improvement is sure to come and we re-mind you again that an improvein the quality and in number of your contributions will result in a paper that is worthy of

Our Literary Society

DRIOR to this year for a number of years the school has organized an institution which is necessary to complete secondary education, namely a Literary Society. The development of literary and debating abilitnot take our place in business, in society, or even in the realm of sport unless we are able to advance an argument and with a degree of strength to present a view-point clearly and logically. A student who graduates without some measure of this training has missed one essential of modern education.

The oral composition class must share its limited weekly periods with other composition work, and there-fore little time is given to the art it seeks to cultivate. For this reason the Literary Society should supply

a long-felt need in our school. This is the first meeting of our organization and is merely a beginning, and if everyone would enter into it with the right spirit, could we not have monthly meetings? Debates and speeches should predominate. Then the "School Mirror" is always looked forward to with great interest. Mock trials and dramatic art might also occupy some of the time in the plan of activities. Another that would be instructive to

all would be a Parliament meeting.

The success of the Literary Society depends on each and all of us. May we enter into this branch of the school work whole-heartedly and make the 1924-5 "Lit" the best yet.

Boxed
The editors take this opportunity
of wishing the staff and student
body of the W. H. S. a very Merry
Christmas and a Happy New Year. Boxed

In a recent lesson in Physics in Form V, Mr. Cameron told the class that the friction between ice and a person was less than between wood The class did not readily grasp the new idea. Thinking to impress it upon them, he has since given a practical demonstration. Not being satisfied with this, Mr. Erb repeated the experiment. It reminds us of this quotation, "The wicked stand on slippery It reminds

SCHOOL ALPHABET

A stands for Alice, with hair of bright red, When she goes to college she'll some co-ed. B stands for Bertha, a girl of great

might, I'd pity the boy, if she got in a C is for Charlie, a fine lady's man, He goes out with the fair ones,

whenever he can. D stands for Dorothy, a girl, whom they say,
Goes driving with Campbell, three

E stands for Evelyn, so gentle and slim, If she jumps on a fellow, what will happen to him?

F stands for Florence, some flapper

If she can't catch a fellow, it's G is for George, who on Field

is she,

nights, Says ministers' daughters stand up for their rights. H stands for Howden, a man of much note,

But Marjory Prentiss, has sure got his goat.

I stands for Ivan, a fine basketballer, However he takes size seventeen

collar. stands for Jack, he is all Wright, But Marguerite keeps him out

K stands for Kelly, a man brave and strong, A janitor's job he'll have before long.

L stands for Loretta, her last name

is Bryce. The boys say that she is, most awfully nice. stands for Morgan, whose looks

are quite stately. He's been seen down at Kelly's quite a bit lately. N is for Nettie, our Algebra star, May she this record in Math.

O stands for Olive, who faints in never mar. Just to recline in the arms of a boy. P is for Prentiss, he sure is a

scream. But Frances is his ideal of a dream R stands for Rapson, her name's Emma Jean,

It's her disposition not be mean. S stands for Stevie, and Fat is her

man, We think, when they're married, they'll make a fine span. T stands for Teresa, a long time

she's been here. But still she keeps coming, year v after year.

V stands for Verlie, who at Alex

winks. And he in return goes off into kinks. W is for William, the orator of today.

No wonder the teachers are getting so gray.
So endeth our rhyme, 'tis enough

of for to-day, Hoping no one is vexed we'll keep on our way.

Teresa applying for admission slip, "Er, Good-morning, Sir." Mr. Cameron, just removing hat, Late again! Teresa, "So am I."

Jean Nixon, rushing into the library, "Give me the life of Caesar!" Librarian, "You're too late, Brutus

Miss Mitchell: "What is our debt to Athens?" Campbell (sleepily): "I don't know I haven't my bill yet."

Mr. Erb: "Did you get the first Algebra question?" Cookie: "No Sir," Mr. Erb: "How near were you to the right answer?"

Cookie: "Oh, about five seats away."

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, If French doesn't get you, Latin

They say in England, drinking is

Mr. Cameron: "I asked you a question Bert Morgan, and you didn't answer.

Bert: "I shook my head, sir."
Mr. Cameron: "Hm, that's funny, I
didn't hear it rattle."

The Boys' Track Team of 1924

Throughout 1924 the W. H. S. track team has been very successful. The track events for the year began on May 17, when the team competed in the W. O. S. S. A. track meet in London where they won, one first place, one second place, two third places, and three fourth places. This was a very creditable showing for a small school without a track coach

Again, in the fall, though the team had been deprived of the Vail brothers, they went into action and defeated Forest High School Strathroy Collegiate in quick succession, in the track and field meets.

The Field Day held in Watford this Fall was a grand success, the three schools, Watford, Strathroy, and Forest, entering into the competitive events with much enthusiasm. A banquet, at which three hundred were present, was given in the evening and ended a very successful day. Watford H. S. track team for

1924 was as follows:— Don Vail, Doug Vail, G. Tait, (Jr. Champion) D. Rayner, J. Frank-lin, A. Gilroy (Sr. Champion) A. Heaton, J. Parker, O. Shugg.

HOUSE-CLEANING

by L. Atchison, Form V.

SPRING is here, and with it come the inevitable desire for cleanli ness and change so dear to the heart of every woman, be she sixteen or sixty! In the younger set it finds expression chiefly in the acquisition of beautiful new garments suggestive of spring itself, varying in quanttiy and quality directly as the wealth of the wearer. The matron, whose first pride is in her home, craves just as intensely for new hangings or new furniture, and a house devoid of cob-webs, coal-dust and all classes of dirt and germs. According, she leaves the "flapper" to display her new plumage withersoever chooses, dons cap and duster, attacks she has emerged from the spotiess

enjoy the balmy spring air when to their evident distaste, they come home to find a scene such might expect after a cyclone, when the barrels from the cellar have been shifted to the back porch, the kitchen-ware to the dining-room, and that if the house-cleaning monster trouble was he was sorry for me. creates such an upheaval in his daily comforts to abolish it forever and ever! Wise from experience the ofexcellent dinner and places the outraged peron's chair in such a position that he sees least of the disorder. Soothed by these measures life during the noon hour assumes its accustomed pleasantness and conver-

sation drifts to masculine interests. During the days and weeks which follow intermittent disorder reigns and is banished triumphantly each time a room is completed. The ambitious house wife spasmodically seeks the carpenter, the painter, the paper-hanger; then failing to secure immediate attention on the part of these artisans, she hammer and brush with results sur-prising to the whole household and gratifying to her own vanity. carpet beater is dragged from its place of storage and used unmercifully alike on rug, pillow, mattress.

Meals take on a marked sameness as the cleaning nears its conclusion. The men are again beginning to complain that supper is just dinner spelled backwards, that wife is only a spectre with a broom in one hand, a mop in the other, and that life in

general is a disappointment.

Then one day the unexpected happens! Mr. Man arrives for supper to find snowy linen and delicate china on the table, a winsome afternoon common, but it is not nearly so common as the winking that goes on between Verlie and Alex.

on the table, a winsome afternoon frock on his beloved, and the whole aspect of the house cheerier and more beautiful than ever before. He is won over to a marked degree of enthusiasm for the departed house cleaning, and proudly confides in his friends that his lady 'did it all her-Secretly he proclaims 'Three for Housecleaning', cheers

LATEST EDITIONS ADDED TO OUR SCHOOL LIBRARY

"The Lost Ruby" By Allan Heaton.
"Dean The Miller"—R. Cooke. "Dean The Miller"—R. Cooke.
"Johnny The Hair"—E. Watson "The Beaty of a Dymond"-F. John-

ston. "Whale Fishing"—D. Rayner. "Jack The Runaway"-R. Dodds. 'How to Cure Rheumatism"-D

"Care of Ducks"—G. Tait.
"My Dickie Bird"—M. Stephenson.

McCaw to Form II, "I'm Miss tempted to give you a test in Latin to-day.' Form II, "Yield not to temptation."

Heaton: "Gee, boys,, Bill Fitz was sent down to the office just now. Kelly: "Did he take it cool?" Heaton: "Oh yes, his teeth were

MY FIRST DOG

By Marjorie Leach, Form 1.

My first dog was, what I believe the best companion a boy ever had. He shared in both my happiness and my sorrows and accompanied me almost every place I went. He was a small, black terrier,

with a fine silky coat and black beadlike eyes. I had much difficulty in naming him but finally decided on "Trixie."

I taught him many things and we soon grew to be great friends. I had to deliver papers each evening and Trixie always walked along beside Trixie always walked along me. I talked a great deal and he tried to answer me by looking up at me. I taught him to beg for his food, and he soon learned that he would not

get it unless he did. He enjoyed his play more than anything else. Every evening he would come to me, carrying his ball in his mouth, and coax me to play with him. I would throw the ball some distance and he would run after it, catch it and carry it back to me. He liked swimming more than anything else. On warm Saturday afternoons in the summer we would the cellar with vim nor desists until go down to the river and swim. In the winter, he would go with me to whispers in his ear.

I must not forget those which he taught me. The greatest of these was how to sympathize with others. One evening when one of my play- Kelly: "Why?" the unnecessaries of the dining-room mates was sick, I was sitting down First Speaker: "Because it is not huddled in the corners. Vainly the woman remonstrates that this is usually played with him, he came only a fleeting stage in a glorious running in with the rope. He soon revolution. Unobservant man expostulates and scolds and storms that sat down, quietly beside me. Althis is unnecessary and foolish, and though he did not know what the

One evening, after Trixie had been sick I was going for a walk and thought I would take him with me. fending mistress quickly serves an He ran on ahead of me but, as he never crossed the street very far ahead of me, he waited. He then ran on but stopped again in the middle of the street to wait for me. Just then an automobile coming around the corner struck him. He few sharp barks, but died before I could reach him.

> miss him until after his death, when I felt I had lost one of the best companions I would ever have.

WANT C

Wanted By

Wanted By.

Harold Hodgins—A Wen
Jean Nixon—More Time to St.
Chas. Miller—A Book on, "How
Become a Shiek."

Editors—A Rest.
Miss Mitchell—A Dog Chain.
Don Prentiss—A Playmate.
Chas. Miller—Katy's Hair Shingled.
Marj Prentiss—The Voice of a Songbird.

LATEST SONGS FOUND IN ALL UP- TO-DATE MUSIC STORES

"Shufflin' Along" By W. Fitzgerald.
"I Love Me"—Harold Hodgins.
"Easy Melody"—School Orchestra.
"When Frances Dances With Me"—

D. Prentiss.

"Charlie My Boy"!—Gladys Kersey.

"Homesick"—Miss Minore.

"I Never Thought You'd Care"—

Mac. MacIntosh.

"Sleep"—Teresa McManus. "The Shiek"—Fred Kidd. Somebody Stole My Gal"-Roy Cooke.

Whose Sorry Now?"-Basket-Ball Team.

'Mad"-Beatrice Cooke. 'She Told Me She Loved Me, But Oh, How She Lied''—Allan Hodgins.

'The Campbells Are Coming''—Dor-

othy Delmage.
"I Ain't Nobody's Darling"—Earl Gilliland.

Mary"-Allan Doolittle. 'Me and the Boy Friend"-Marj Prentiss. Love Me, Love My Dog"-Miss Mitchell.

Hodgins: "Say Parker, where are you going for the holidays?" Parker: "Oh, to Regina, I suppose.

Mary Connolly is a girl of principles, the chief of which is Do-

Mr. Erb, working an algebra problem, notices Fat asleep. "Donald, what would you do if there was a flood right now?"

Fat wakes up but does not hear the question. Shugg, sitting behind, His favourite Fat replies: "I'd use a blotter."

Miss McCaw: "Give the principal parts of "do." Bertha: "Flour, lard, milk."

Heard on Field Day: "This tea is like the quality of mercy!"

Mr. Cameron: "What is on the out-

side of a tree?" = Gilroy: "I don't know, sir." Mr. Cameron: "Bark, lad bark." Gilroy: "Bow-wow."

One day Marguerite Fisher came into school with her hair shingled. When someone asked her the reason for this new bob, she curtly replied, "I had to get my hair shingled because my roof leaked."

Another holiday problem is finding a secret parking space for Christ-mas gifts for junior.

Mothers can easily know when I never knew how much I would their children are troubled with worms, and they lose no time in applying a reliable remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. m

The New Year's Term

January 5th, 1925 Monday,



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