

EDITED BY WATFORD HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY SOCIETY.

W. H. S. "MIRROR"

THE Editors take opportunity of wishing Staff and Students W.H.S. a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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WATFORD HIGH SCHOOL, FRIDAY, 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.

The prevalent idea seems to be that the paper is a medium through which the editors express their opinions. This is a very serious mistake.

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.

Our Literary Society

PRIOR 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 oral composition class must share its limited weekly periods with other composition work, and therefore little time is given to the art it seeks to cultivate.

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.

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 and a person.

SCHOOL ALPHABET

A stands for Alice, with hair of bright red. When she goes to college she'll be some co-ed.

B stands for Bertha, a girl of great might. I'd pity the boy, if she got in a fight.

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 times a day.

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 is she. If she can't catch a fellow, it's some mystery.

G is for George, who on Field 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.

J stands for Jack, he is all Wright. But Marguerite keeps him out every night.

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.

M 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. never mar.

O stands for Olive, who faints in Strathroy, 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 to 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 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 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 took it."

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 must.

They say in England, drinking is common, but it is not nearly so common as the winking that goes on between Verlie and Alex.

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.

Again, in the fall, though the team had been deprived of the Vail brothers, they went into action and defeated Forest High School and 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.

Watford H. S. track team for 1924 was as follows: Don Vail, Doug Vail, G. Tait, (Jr. Champion) D. Rayner, J. Franklin, A. Gilroy (Sr. Champion) A. Heaton, J. Parker, O. Shugg.

HOUSE-CLEANING

by L. Atchison, Form V.

SPRING is here, and with it comes the inevitable desire for cleanliness and change so dear to the heart of every woman, be she sixteen or sixty!

The men-folk have just begun to enjoy the balmy spring air when to their evident distaste, they come home to find a scene such as one 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 the necessities of the dining-room huddled in the corners.

One evening, after Trixie had been sick I was going for a walk and thought I would take him with me. 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.

Another holiday problem is finding a secret parking space for Christmas gifts for junior. Mothers can easily know when their children are troubled with worms, and they lose no time in applying a reliable remedy—Mother Graves' Worm-Exterminator.

LATEST EDITIONS ADDED TO OUR SCHOOL LIBRARY

- "The Lost Ruby" By Allan Heaton. "Dean The Miller"—R. Cooke. "Johnny The Hair"—E. Watson. "The Beauty of a Dymond"—F. Johnston. "Whale Fishing"—D. Rayner. "Jack The Runaway"—R. Dodds. "How to Cure Rheumatism"—D. McKercher. "Care of Ducks"—G. Tait. "My Dickie Bird"—M. Stephenson.

Miss McCaw to Form II, "I'm 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 chattering."

MY FIRST DOG

By Marjorie Leach, Form I.

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 bead-like eyes. I had much difficulty in naming him but finally decided on "Trixie."

I taught him many things and he soon grew to be great friends. I had to deliver papers each evening and Trixie always walked along beside 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 go down to the river and swim. In the winter, he would go with me to the woods to hunt. His favourite sport in the evening was to get hold of a rope and let me swing him.

Although I have told of the many things which I taught him to do, 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 playmates was sick, I was sitting down and crying. This being the time I usually played with him, he came running in with the rope. He soon saw that I was in great sorrow and sat down, quietly beside me. Although he did not know what the trouble was he was sorry for me.

One evening, after Trixie had been sick I was going for a walk and thought I would take him with me. 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 gave a few sharp barks, but died before I could reach him.

I never knew how much I would 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: Harold Hodgins—A Wen. Jean Nixon—More Time to Sp. Chas. Miller—A Book on, "How to 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 Song-bird.

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"—Dorothy DeImage. "I Ain't Nobody's Darling"—Earl Gilliland. "Mary"—Allan Dookittle. "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 Dookittle.

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, whispers in his ear. 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!" Kelly: "Why?" First Speaker: "Because it is not strained."

Mr. Cameron: "What is on the outside 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."

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The New Year's Term BEGINS Monday, January 5th, 1925 AT THE Sarnia Business College The completion of one of our courses will not only place you in a good position, it will place you in line for promotion, it will increase your chances for success. STUDENTS FROM WATFORD AND VICINITY CAN SAVE more than their tuition by taking advantage of students' tickets on the train. Write for full particulars. d19-3t