

CRESCENT'S FIRST SCHOOL

SONG

n d

(To the tune of "Calgary")

Crescent Heights, Crescent Heights, Whose honor we now claim:

Ours to keep, free from blame, Fair play is our aim.

Crescent Heights, Crescent Heights, Loyal we will be:

C.H.C.I. Crescent! Rah! It means so much to me.

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SECOND SCHOOL SONG

Three cheers for Crescent - Hip-Hip Hooray.

She is the school we fight for each day.

In the school and on the ground,

United and loyal we are bound,

In basketball and rugby too,

Our team from Crescent will see us through!

So hold your heads up to the sky,

and three cheers for Crescent High!

1989 - SCHOOL SONG

We are the Cowboys, we are Crescent.

We wear the colours red, white and blue.

You can be the best, when you wear the crest

And bring victory to our school.

The Crescent Cowboys have the top guns

And we're determined, watch them roll.

We're the ones with spirit, the ones with zest,

The ones who'll conquer all the rest.

We call the dream our goal.

We are the Cowboys, we are Crescent.

And we are stronger than the rest.

We have tradition,

It's our ambition

To be the very best.

Crescent's Duty

Rear up a school with name to last,
The school of Crescent Heights,
Hold up her honor of the past,
Her triumphs and her rights.
Let every Crescent pupil be
A book within a book,
Let every Crescent student see
Respect in others' look!
Though pleasures you needs must forfeit,
Let not that bother you,
Your duty to your school demands it—
Crescents! To it be true!

Love her who educates you well,
Do not a slacker be,
And when 'pon memory you dwell
Say, "Dearly I love thee."
Love her, however hard the work
By teachers asked to do,
Toil on, though easy 'tis to shirk—
To your best self be true.
And then in all the years to come,
Though scattered far you be,
Through Memory's vast priceless tome
What joy she'll yield to thee!

H. SADLER, XC.

HOPE'S REALIZATION.

nd

Full many a time in the years gone by
Had I heard the praises of Crescent High
And I often wished for the happy day
When through her portals I could take my way.

But little I thought that my fondest dream
Which then, a mere fantasy did seem,
Should ever be realized, and that I
Should enter the gates of C.H.C.I.

Then came a time, for me with pleasure dight
And a light shone forth from out of the night,
For I was to come, a whole year to spend
In the grand old school which I now attend.

On September First nineteen twenty-one
Was a happy year of my life begun
For that was the day on which I became
A Crescent Heights student in heart and name.

And now that I've been there eight months or more
I know that to leave her will grieve me sore;
For of all the schools in our glorious West
C.H.C.I. is the noblest and best.

RAYMOND KLINCK.

Buy Your Caps at The New Hat Store

BILL WILSON COMPANY

— HATTERS TO MEN —

Allen's Palace Building

DREAD WINTER.

1922

(After the Shakespearian Sonnet)

Four seasons are there; three are good as gold,
Glorious summer, spring, and gladsome fall;
But one there is, of most uncertain brawl,
Which bringeth sorrow in amounts untold.

Dread Winter, when thou blowest keen and cold,
Thou drivest gloom into the hearts of all;
Yet, with many a fearsome bitter squall,
Thou thunderest still, as in the days of old.

But monster, thou now art doomed to die;
Inevitable, thy fate shall be at last—
Alas! no one shall mourn thy loss or sigh

That thou should'st come again. Thou are past,
Thou sorry season of deep-clouded sky:
And joy shall come, ere 'gain thy spell be cast.

RAYMOND KLINCK.

—:o:—

Miss Ball—"What's the matter with you today?"

Chas.—"I have a cold in my head or something."

Miss Ball—"Probably a cold."

* * *

Miss McKellar—"Where has my Polygon?"

H. McCallam—"Up the Geometree."

* * *

Mary had a Thomas cat,

He warbled like Caruso;

A neighbor swung a baseball bat

Now Thomas doesn't do so.

* * *

Brother—"Sis, haven't you and Jim been engaged long enough to get married?"

Sis—"Too long, he hasn't got a cent left."

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
I know exactly what you are,
A floating sphere of flaming gas,
Condensing into a solid mass.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
I need not wonder what you are;
For seen by a spectroscopic ken,
You're helium and hydrogen.

* * *

Good old C.H.C.I. Good old C.H.C.I.
We are a jolly company,
But we hold your honor high,
A better school you never could find.
Should you travel the whole world through,
A better time we could never have had,
Getting an education, too.

So here's to the school, the staff and the students
Of good old C.H.C.I.

M. CLYDESDALE.

IF.

1922

If you can do your work when all about you
 Are leaving theirs for afterwards to do,
 If you can concentrate with noise around you,
 But not berate it as the noise of fools,
 If you can joke and not give way to joking,
 Or being whispered to, a whisper can refrain,
 Or being played with, play without indulging,
 And yet keep on the steady tenor of the Game.

If you can read and not make books your master
 If you can sport—and not make sport your aim,
 If you can meet with Success and Defeat,
 And treat those two bluffers just the same.
 If you can bear to see the papers that you've written
 Marked by teachers seemingly unfair,
 Or see omitted the parts you gave your time to,
 And write and hope and still ward off Despair.

If you can make one guess of all your learning
 And risk it on that question you forgot,
 And fail, and start to work another term
 And never groan or breathe the marks you got.
 If you can work with notes and texts and brains
 To learn the work long after it is taught,
 And so plod on when there is no one near you
 Except the teacher grim, who says, "Fail Not."

If you can chum with friends and play the Game,
 Or talk with foes nor show the inner hurt,
 If you know more than those about you—boast not,
 If you know less—take care that lack to hide;
 If you can fill the non-repeating period
 With forty minutes' worth of work that's done!
 Yours is Success and all that goes therewith
 And what is more, You'll Pass, my friend!

HATTIE RICHARDS.
 (From Kipling)

—:O:—

YELL (Loud)

Caesar's dead and buried,
 So is Cicero,
 And where these two noble men have gone
 I wish their works would go.

* * *

Miss Cunningham—"In what battle did General Wolfe say, "I die happy?"
 B. Van Buren—"I think it was his last one."

THE RADIO.

1922

Only a month or so ago
There wasn't any radio.
But now, Good Luck! that's all you hear,
That word rings always in your ear.
Even The Herald, that company wise
Have bought a radio to advertise.
Preachers and teachers have the craze
And nobly strive some "dough" to raise,
For they cost thirty-five bucks, you see,
If you haven't a knack for machineree,
But all bright boys who have the knack
And one unbent carpet tack,
One short strand of copper wire,
And if an oyster can they hire;
Forthwith they set to work to make
A thing that music from the air will take
And sometimes shrieks and groans as well,
And now and then a frightful yell.
Nevertheless it's a useful thing
For it uses up the old pieces of string
And all the tin cans from the yard
For to make it really is not hard.
It decorates the old wood sheds
And keeps the boys out of their beds;
And though it really is not pretty,
'Tis a worthy subject for this ditty.

Above the class the teacher's words were drifting,
The orchestra practised below,
The blackboard far beyond uplifting
Its heliographs of snow.
The sun deceptively painted
Expressions thoughtful and deep
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for sleep.
Till one snored loud, and from his seat's scant
surface

By gravity downward slid,
And all rose up with mutual purpose,
To see the thing he did.
The teacher rose with visage wild
And said to him in tones not mild.
These words which caused a roar,
"Archie Ortan! You child!"
Come to me after 4.

SILVER, XA.

A temporary erythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy, aetiologised by over-perceptiveness of the sensorium in a predicament of shame, anger or other cause, ventuating a paresis of the vasometer filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby being divested of their elasticity they are suffused with a radiance effeminating from an intimidated precordia,—is a blush.*

J.W.B. (with apologies to the R.D.A.)

MEMORIES



Up on the Heights the old school stands,
The school we knew so well,
The old door is worn by our hands,
We list for the sound of the bell.
Many are the days since we trod the path;
Leading to the well known door.
Many are the years which have rolled past,
Since we trod on the good old floor.
Our teachers and classmates have now gone away;
Some have passed to the other shore,
But still we remember when they passed this way;
As we stand at the old school door.
As we stand in the hall, our eyes fill with tears,
When we think of the time here spent;
When we think of the changes wrought with the
years;
But each of us must be content.
But one tear of joy is shed through it all,
One pleasure the scene ever gives;
Though long years have passed since we met in
the hall,
We are thankful that the "memory" lives.
When many days have passed and gone,
And also many nights;
I'll often sit and think of home,
And my days at Crescent Heights.
When in my dreams I've travelled far,
And fancy takes its flights;
Still will it be my guiding star,
The school on Crescent Heights.
If far away I've gone to stay,
In darkness or bright lights;
I'll wish myself on a weary day,
Back at Old Crescent Heights.
Let us each remember the truth we have guessed,
'Twill save many a weary sigh,
If we make the best of the days we have left,
To remain at C.H.C.I.

ONE SCHOOL DAY.

I arise each day in a rush,
For the clock is striking eight.
Wildly I search for clothes and brush,
It never would do to be late.
One gulp of breakfast suffices,
As I dash for a fleeting car,
How full is my life of spices!
And how my books scatter afar!
Sadly rings the gloomy school-gong,
As I climb the weary stair.
My life is of woe, a long song,
My Latin's at home on a chair.
My French isn't done, I recall,
As the teacher enters the room.
And I got not a bright look at all,
Oh, find me a comfortable tomb!
My restlessness greatly increases,
As I feverishly dash through my Trig.
My memory has quite gone to pieces,
I'm as hungry as any wee pig.
How welcome then is the chatter
Of the jolly twelve o'clock bell!
As I rush for the car, my tears scatter,
I enjoy my dinner so well.
But I rush off at once, again,
For my chemistry nukes must be done,
I reach school, at length, at 2.10,
The car missed us all, just for fun.
When our blank clock says, "Tis four,"
I visit Miss Giles then,
She cries, "You've been bad once more,
Now don't you dare do it again."
And then to my old violin
And to practice at feverish rate,
The music I make is a sin,
But my supper is simply great.
Yet our school-days here have been happy
And useful too, we believe,
Our homework sometimes is snappy,
But Labor, pray grant a reprieve!

R. C. S.

When the time for exams hangs over the college,
 And the students are raking their brains for knowledge,
 Oh, then I wish I had studied more,
 Instead of the times that I did snore,
 And wasted my time in a little play,
 While all the teachers gazed with dismay,
 Or shook their heads as if in pain;
 And each one called me a scatter-brain.
 But now I guess that I must cram,
 The night preceding each exam,
 And take a chance of getting through,
 Or stay in Nine and start anew.

D. NORMAN, IXC.



Hoddington had bought a new dog, and took his friend Pitts to have a look at it. They stood at the stable door and peeped at the puppy, which was twisting round and round in a frenzied effort to catch its own tail. "What sort o' dog do you call that?" asked Pitts. "Oh," replied Hoddington, "I bought it for a watchdog." "Oh, I see," remarked Pitts, "I suppose it's winding itself up now."

THE CIRCLE TOUR

Suppose we start a circle tour,
This is how it is done—
We pack a box with lots of sox
And hit the hills upon the run.

We take a long, long look for cops,
Then step upon the gas;
And all the summer scenery,
With all its pretty greenery,
Goes whizzing past.

We started out at ten o'clock—
We'll stop at Banff for lunch;
Past ragged hills, past rippling rills,
We're sure some speedy bunch.

We'll stay the night at Windermere,
Then on with dust like fog;
Through old Crow's nest, to our town of the west,
We're home again—Hot Dog!

J.S.—XIA.



MOONLIGHT ON THE BOW

The stars are out, the sky is dim,
The moon hangs low upon the rim
Of grassy hills along the Bow.
The river laughs in bubbling mirth
At sleepy town and dreamy earth,
As rapids close or wider grow.

Upon the clouds, a silver ledge
With foamy lace around the edge,
The moon sweeps on in splendor pale,
A silver barque with vapor sail
Veiled in the mazy mists of night,
Blending a chorus of shadow and light.

High hills along on either hand,
Like velvet rolls along the land,
Were guardian to the jewel they held
A river pure among them swelled
A necklace rare, a diamond band,
Sparkling in rapids, glazed in the deep,
Cradled in silence, a valley asleep.

MURRAY MACLEAN, XIC

To guard against the sad mistakes,
The untrained chemist ever makes,
To Marcus Dabb was given free,
When he first took up chemistry
At Crescent Heights Academy
The rules of this labratr'y
For there it stated in writing true,
The list of things he must'nt do.

Thus Marcus all the more to shame,
Had only got himself to blame,
For what occurred to him when he
Mixed concentrated "A" with "B"
(I fear to give the proper name,
Lest other boys should do the same,
At home upon a smaller scale,
And should not live to tell the tale).

Now Marcus held that laws were naught,
And so in chemistry he sought,
To do the things he didn't aught;
He wasted gas ah woe!
And ran the tops till H^2O
Leaked through on classes down below,
Until he warmed one awful day
Some "B" with concentrated "A"!


I draw a veil o'er what occurred,
Suffice to say the bang was heard,
From Crescent Heights to Hudson's Bay,
And just as far the other way.
Oh, boys, when you are in the lab,
Think now and then of Marcus Dabb,
Lest you should prove a problem too,
To those who have to bury you.

RICHARD STANDERWICK, XIA.

SCHOOL COLORS

Allison J. Grant - "The Crescent Bugle - 1927"

Cardinal red, navy blue, and white were selected as Crescent's colors, officially accepted and registered with the Calgary Board of Education. In 1942 light blue and white were further chosen as Crescent's athletic colors.



We have all seen these two words on many of the school's emblems over the years and some of us probably may not have known what they meant. Hopefully this explanation will serve to enlighten you.

A feature which gives any organization, but particularly an educational institution, individuality is a motto. Up until 1927 Crescent Heights had been without one and the students felt it was needed.

We are led to understand that Allison J. Grant chose "CRESCIT EUNDO" which freely translated from Latin is "It grows as it goes". This was suitable for the school, because in her own words, she felt: "The attendance of the school has been steadily increasing year by year until now there are approximately five hundred students attending. With this increase in the number of pupils the teaching staff has grown, so at the present time there are fourteen of the finest instructors in the province. The probable increase in future years is given by the fact that the School Board has finally decided to build a new school with a capacity for one thousand pupils. In view of these facts "It grows as it goes" seems very fitting indeed for this fine school of ours.

In the second place, growth of knowledge is more to be desired than mere increase of numbers. In this respect we hope Crescent Heights will grow too. It is certainly not the fault of the teachers if this does not come to pass for our school is famed throughout the province for its splendid instructors. The responsibility of giving the school the name it deserves, then rests with the pupils. Many of our scholarship winners have already done so, and we hope more will continue the good work. Our motto must act as a guiding star to us all. May Crescent Heights be renowned throughout as a 'Growing school'."

The Flight of Time

1928

"Tempus fugit," said the Romans
Yes, alas, 'tis fleeting on;
Ever coming
Ever going
Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.

But as I think of next vacation,
Poring o'er these lessons huge
Ever harder,
Ever longer,
All I say is, "Let her fuge!"

What is it makes our heads to reel
And hurry home with hurrying heel
And bolt in haste our evening meal?
—Our Homework.

What is the cause that one bright light
Should burn far, far into the night
Should flare with strong and steady might?
—Our Homework.

What makes us then to leave our cot
And seek a still and quiet spot
Where free from noise we do our lot?
—Our Homework.

Although we rose at early seven
And went to bed far past eleven
He had our sleep, by headaches riven—
—Our Homework.

Julia Glambeck—IXA.

Frontispiece



A NEW SCHOOL SONG

(To the tune of "Calgary")

Crescent Heights, Crescent Heights
Whose honor we now claim;
Ours to keep, free from blame,
Fair play is our aim.

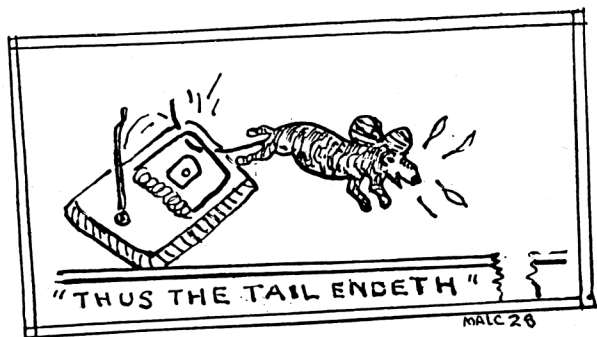
Crescent Heights, Crescent Heights,
Loyal we will be;
C.H.C.I. Crescents! Rah!
It means so much to me.

—G. M. T.

SAVE THE AUTO FOR PLEASURE

- 1.—I made a dash to Arthur Dash
To give my shoes the charm of chic(?)
I rushed up to the dairy to Carry Home a Brick,
And went into a candy store for a five cent Chicken Dinner,
On my way to Alice Murdoch's class
To get a little thinner.
- 2.—I went to Penley's to make friends,
Instead I got the Grippe.
I bought some Buckley's Mixture
Which cured it with a sip.
- 3.—I joined the anti-vivi's
To save the helpless pet.
(I hope they save my little mutt,
I haven't bought his license yet.)
- 4.—I went to Grant's for the latest book,
I sent my hat to be made like new,
I saved my hands from the dishpan look
After heating up some Hedlund's Stew.
- 5.—A single street car ticket
Will inspiration raise
For rhymes as bad or worse than this:
O Street Car Advertising Pays!

—E. HORNBY, IXG.



VALENTINE POEM

The second month, the fourteenth day
 Of any year you may name
 Is justly celebrated
 And is never quite the same.
 In days of old, the happy swain
 In lace and powdered wigs
 Would call upon their lady-loves
 In coaches, chairs and gigs.
 But now the youth of our land
 In flivver, crate and can
 Will call upon them just the same
 As mediieval man.
 And in the future who can tell
 Perhaps they then will call
 In blimps and monoplanes and things
 That generally fall.

G. MACHON—XIIA.



VALENTINE MEMORIES

She keeps a faded valentine,
 Relic of a sweet day long ago.
 Its lace is gray, and fragile now,
 The flowers are faded, too;
 When first she gazed at its rose and lace,
 Their loveliness matched her fair young face,
 And life and love were new.



He hides a lilac spray between
 His favorite book; once mauve and green,
 The garland hung upon the wall
 Where o'er her head the sunbeams strayed;;
 He loved her, but he dared not call.
 And tell her so, and that was all
 And she is still a maid.

BERNICE ETHREDGE—IXB.



THE QUITTER

- I.—Do not be a quitter, friend,
When weary tasks do irk.
Each toilsome task will only tend
To harm you, if you shirk.
- II.—If Algebra seems loathsome,
If Lit. a blessed bore,
If Comp. is not too wholesome
And Latin makes you sore,—
- III.—Raise your head, collect your wits;
Your faults and failures face,
For pity sake don't say, "I'm quits!"
But buck up,—win your race!
- IV.—With stern but kindly teachers,
Like ours of Crescent Heights,
Don't let your mind's eye feature
You, in flunked and sorry plight.
- V.—The world cares not for shirkers,
Hears not their groans and sighs;
She blesses all the workers,
The quitter passes by;
- VI.—Do not be a quitter, friend,
When all is dark as night;
Just buckle down to work, and then,—
All things will come out right.

THE COURTSHIP OF ED.

(Dedicated to J.W. and E.O.)

You've heard about the courtship
Of Miles Standish long ago.
Well I'll tell you of another guy,
But this one's not so slow!

Ed doesn't need to get a pal
To plead his cause to Jen;
A guy who'd be as dumb as that,
Is nutty in the bean!

Ed takes his Jen to parties,
And sits beside her tight.
His luck in games uncanny,
Always gets her number right.

He takes his Jen to church at night
And listens to her sing.
And in his mind imagines
He can hear the wedding bells ring.

Whenever you go calling
At that mansion of theirs,
You'll always find Ed whispering
Sweet nothings in Jen's ears.

And so you see Ed is not slow;
Of wisdom he can boast,
And Jen is wise and feeds him well
On kisses, tea and toast.

A. CAMPBELL, 9B.

TO THE YO-YO

Around the school these days there's seen
A silly looking toy
There's no telling what it may mean
To a childish girl or boy.

Some colored wood and a length of string—
That's all that there is to it,
It works as easily as anything,
Why, any sap can do it.

Sensible students look on in disgust
At this would-be clever show,
But the saps keep on going, it seems they must
Twirling that crazy Yo-Yo.

XIB's BRIGHT LIGHTS.

JUNE

Closer creeps that month so fair,
Our drooping heads for freedom crave.
And yet to put aside our care
Would be,—ah! woe! our teachers rave.

Closer creeps that month of gloom,
We make our resolutions firm:
Before that fateful day in June
To know each Trig'n'metric term.

Closer creeps that month of doom,
Trig, Geom., Lit. and History.
How? Oh, how? Will there be room
In one small head for such as these?

Closer creeps that month of fate,
Determinedly grim we face exams,
E'en tho' our thoughts repeat—Too late—
We sit us down and cram and cram.

Closer creeps that month so fair,
When we, with one last lingering look
Will cast aside our load of care,
Farewell for now—thou high school books.

IVY BENTLEY—XIIA.



THE STUDENT'S LAMENT

From Monday to Friday
It's always the same,
We do all the work
And take all the blame;
For no matter how hard
O'er our lessons we pore,
The answer is always:
Report after four!

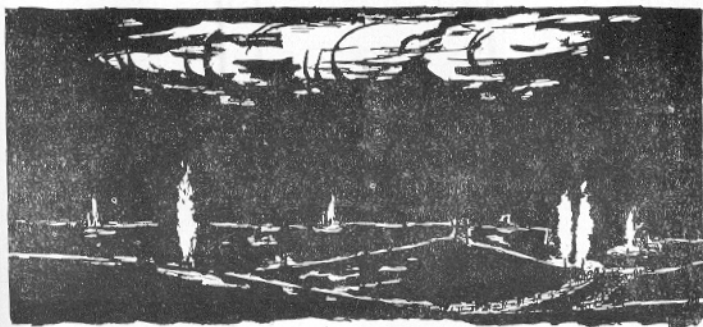
Noun and pronoun
Conjunction and verb;
All must be said
'To the very last word,
For if we should stumble,
And this makes us sore,
We hear the old phrase:
Report after four!

In History and French,
In Grammar and Art,
Our answers get mixed
As our thoughts stray apart;
Then we look at the clock,
Where it hangs near the door,
And we hear with a start:
Report after Four!

LAURA W. HENDERSON.



J. McDougall

*Turner Valley By Night**J. McDougall*

TURNER VALLEY BY NIGHT

By

Jim McDougall



Derricks stand like sentinels, still,
Some in the valley, some on the hill,
Each with a flame, just like a soul,
Striving for some unknown goal.

Searing, roaring flames, roll high,
To dance on a cloudy scarlet sky,
Spreading around a marvellous light;
Such is the valley in the night.



"DIDJEVER"

1932


Didjever say, "Heck, I think I'll quit school"?
 Didjever write out the sixth (the gum) rule?
 Didjever arrive at the old school late?
 Didjever say, "This and that teacher I hate"?
 Didjever have to report after four?
 Didjever have to say, "I'll do it no more"?
 Didjever say, "Please sir, I forgot my note"?
 Didjever say, "Yes, by my mother was wrote"?
 Didjever fail in a final exam?
 Didjever say, "How dumb I am"?

Didjever spill ink all over the floor?
 Didjever have teacher look at it then roar?
 Didjever arrive with no homework done?
 Didjever say, "Gosh, but we had a ton"?
 Didjever throw chalk all over the room?
 Didjever sweep it up with the janitor's broom?
 Didjever cartoons on the blackboard draw?
 Didjever draw teach. with a swollen jaw?
 Didjever tie knots in the window string?
 Didjever shudder as you heard the phone ring?

Didjever deard to take home your report?
 Didjever make the folks growl and snort?
 Didjever tie pigtails on teacher's back?
 Didjever repent and say, "Alas and Alack"?
 Didjever say, "Jack, got a drop of ink"?
 Didjever hear teacher say, "Wake up and think"?
 Didjever look forward to June of the year?
 Didjever look forward with worry and fear?
 Didjever receive your report in the fall?
 Didjever discover that you'd passed in them all?

Didjever.?

BILL BUCKLEY.



Did You Ever?

1933

Did you ever see young Benson without that white felt hat?
Did you ever see Carscallen with his hair slicked down—straight back?
Did you ever see Ed. Aylsworth without his little toque,
Or our “Reporter”—Dunn, without that “scandal” book?

In winter—Betty Campbell without a pair of skates,
Can you feature Elva Gier in shoes size seven or eight?
Can you think of Mr. Ferguson running down the stairs?
Or even “Editor” Thompson giving Marjoirie Brown the air?

Have you ever seen Slick Winters at school five minutes early?
And who’s seen Mrs. Hill with her hair all fluffed and curly?
Can you feature Teddy Callbeck with all his homework done
Or even Carry Hopkins with her hair up in a bun?

Imagine Arnold Johnston without a string of girls
Imagine Betty Burke making up with Earl,
I’m not quite through, but here I’ll end
I want to leave myself some friends.

GLADYS FISHER—Room 21.

I.—Morn after morn, at the break of the dawn
 I rise and sup and then
 Haste, for a whistle sharp and clear
 Warns that my transport draws near and near
 And I'm off to school again.

That alarm! It seems to me I just went to sleep. Mother, where are my stockings? Heavens the toast's burnt black and this porridge! There's that crazy street car tooting (I race frantically out the back door, then back into the house), I forgot my lunch and pen! Thanks. Puff, puff. . . . For goodness sake conductor wait! ! . . . Thank you! No not that kind, students' tickets, please!

II.—We ascend the stairs in happy pairs,
 Uncloak ourselves, and then
 Chat, till a pedagogue passing by
 Disperses our party, and sigh on sigh
 We take to our rooms again.

Why the world don't they have elevators in this school? Stop bumping me around! . . . No, I haven't got it done—yet . . . but come on down to Mary's locker. . . . Oh drat that man. . . . Yes Mr. Laurie, we are going right to our rooms.

III.—The joy bells ring and a silence bring
 For five whole minutes, then
 Quick, out with an Algebra book
 Haste into the halls and look, oh look,
 Everyone's off to their classes again.

Say is that the last bell! Bang? Yes I'm here Miss McKellar, I was behind my desk. . . . No it was not me . . . er I . . . talking. . . . R-r-r-ring! Say, who's got my Algebra book. Don't apologize—lend me your Geom. text. . . . Wait a minute, Mary.

V.—Hello stranger, how's the history? Yes it's a good game. . . .

We hie to our lunches, and then

Back, seek still some lore

In lessons till four—or more,

Then out thro' the portals again.

Is it only third period? I'm starved. . . . Happy! Don't kid yourself, I'm just trying to look as though I knew this. . . . Dinner time at last! . . . Well fer the . . . this isn't my lunch! Oranges!! I always knew I'd have to go on a diet some day but. . . . (Interlude here while oranges are consumed). Let's go out for walk Muriel and do Chemistry while we're walking. . . . We have to do the metallurgy of gold—"Crush the gold . . ." Say, that reminds me wasn't that a swell rugby game, etc., etc. . . . Caesar! It's a quarter to two. Out of the road everybody, I've got to learn the metallurgy of gold. . . . Four o'clock at last! . . . Tee, hee—I'm glad I don't take history this year. . . . See you again about five o'clock. I'll just watch the basketball game to fill in time. . . . Say, were you trying to hit me?

V.—Hello stranger, how's the history? Yes it's a good game . . . No, of course I don't intend to use them, I just carry a lot of books to make an impression. . . . This slush!! . . . Just because I refused to wear my overshoes.

Homeward we go, o'er the soft melting snow,

Laugh and talk, and then

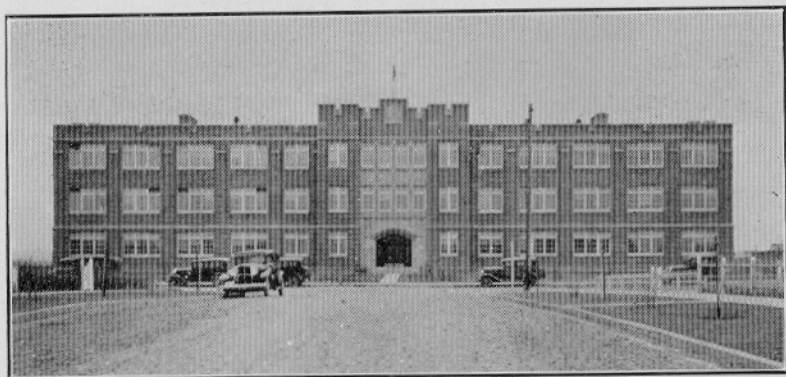
Stop, no more time to waste;

To homework, to sleep, then haste, oh haste,

Here's another school day again!

And again! And again!

IDA N. VYSE.



OUR SCHOOL

OUR HOPE

1934

That we may stronger grow each day,
Keep steadfast on our path, nor stray,
—That is our hope.

Nor may we falter as we go,
May we be fair to friend and foe,
On up the slope.

The ladder to success is steep,
And lo! we fall, if once we sleep
While yet we grope.

New difficulties bar our path;
Let glory be the aftermath,
We shall not mope.

Thus shall we rise, we younger folks,
We'll laugh at woe, and, cracking jokes
Make cares elope.

How now, my friend, where's cause to grieve?
We'll climb as one, and here we'll leave
Dread misanthrope.

RAY CONNETT.

Evening On The Pacific

1935

Golden paths shine o'er the placid sea,
So like my dreams they seem to me;
The night is still, save for the towering trees,
Which whisper softly in the evening breeze;
Save for the gentle lapping of the waves
Upon the shore and in dark ocean caves.

The sun has set and even now I see
The pale moon rising o'er a quiet lea;
It is a silver lantern bright
That bathes the world in shimmering light;
Now silver pathways trace the sea
Where golden roadways used to be.

Majestic trees stand tall on guard
Against the sullen rock and hard,
Where echoes many a sea-gull's call
Along that rugged darkening wall.
Soon dusky night will clothe the sky,
And swift-winged birds all homeward fly.

JEAN FOLEY, Room 18.

Friday The Thirteenth

1935

The morning wakened bright and fair,
I got up and dressed and combed my hair,
And after breakfast, I went on my way,
At Crescent Heights to spend the day.

The journey there was very pleasant,
And as I came to dear old Crescent,
The best of moods developed me,
For the good old world was great to see.

It seemed that I'd forgot, alas!
The day and date which came to pass,
Friday the thirteenth,—sure as fate,
And I was more than five minutes late.

At the office, I tried to explain,
In bed too long it seemed I'd lain;
Finally I went up to my room,
Enwrapped in miserable gloom.

I sauntered into Chemistry,
Like a member of the ministry,
When I discovered to my sorrow
An examination on the morrow.

The next bell rang, and away I went,
To find a book, which I had lent.
But nowhere could I find that book,
And the teacher gave me such a look.
Somehow I hadn't done my work,
Although I didn't mean to shirk;
And so I got a nice detention,
In spite of all my good intention.
Mechanically, I went for Trig.,
With head as seedy as a fig;
In there my dignity was shattered
And my respect entirely battered.
The bell at last broke on my ears,
As I was on the verge of tears;
The luncheon meeting, next attended,
And there with "coffee" was offended.
Thus drugged, the afternoon, I faced,
In many "fixes" I was placed;
My faith, in two, was almost rusted,
And I was thoroughly disgusted.
The evening came, as come it must,
With Anger, I was fit to bust;
Take my tip, and make your "by-day"
The Thirteenth, when it comes on Friday.

LEONARD SYKES.

Graduation

1935

Enough! Enough! Oh drowsy soul,
Enough of childish dreaming!
You are grown through sheltered years,
Oh happy years of little meaning.
Guided through the sunny fields,
You're loath to pass the gate;
But the hurried world of strife
Calls and scolds that you are late.

Enough! Enough! Oh tardy soul,
Awaken! Is it as you thought it,
This world? . . . Farewell to those illusions.
Alas! It is as men have wrought it.
Enough! Enough! Oh dallying soul,
Prepare! The time is almost here
To turn your back forevermore
On childhood, with its happy year.

LILLIAN KEY-JONES,

Grade 10, Room 19.

The Ship Sails On

1935

Over life's sea we gaily sail,
But now and then as we stand at the rail
Watching familiar things slip past,
The speed of the ship seems far too fast.

Some dearly cherished faces and scenes
Will, this year, pass into a land of dreams,
And more closely than ever before
The wild, dark waters of the future roar.

Death may be riding on the next wave's crest,
Taking you or me to a long, long rest.
So for a moment we sadly stand,
Bidding silent good-bye to that happy band.

Our pals and friends of high school days,
Then turn,—and steer for those bright rays
Shining on a haven of great happiness,
A bright little bay which is called "Success."

HELEN AULD, Room. 21.

Spring

When on the crest of gentle breeze
Comes the first sweet tang of spring,
Of budding trees, that always please,
And songs the robins bring.

Then into every wooded dell
Flow countless little streams,
Which into babbling brooks impel
Through nooks where sunlight beams.

Blue skies again come peeping through
Their fleecy, snow-white shrouds,
At last the sunshine breaks anew
From underneath the clouds.

In every little shady nook
Spring many woodland flowers,
While yellow buttercups must look
For all the sunny bowers.

At last we see her in her glory,
The spring in all her bloom,
Brought by winds in fabled story,
To bring drear winter's doom.

JEAN FOLEY, Room 18.

"That Telephone"

1935

Did you ever sit and shiver
With that awful unknown fear
That shakes you like a flivver
When that telephone you hear?

And then teacher glances round,
And you feel his piercing look.
"Yes. I'll send him right around."
And puts the receiver on the hook.

He turns around and coughs a bit
And with his gaze so clear
He seems to freeze you where you sit,
And then these words you hear:

"That fountain pen you left behind,
They tell me has been found,
And you can get it any time
You care to call around."

GERALD LARUE.

The Moon

1935

'Tis an hour after sunset and the sky
Is dull and starless to our eye.
Then o'er the blue horizon a golden beaming face
Peeks shyly down upon this human race.
Rises, then mixes with those sparkling gems,
It seems so far, and yet so near to them.
A path it rides among its friends,
Until to us its glimmer ends.
No, the moon is no more. It hides its golden ray
Behind a travelling cloud of misty gray.

P. EVES.

"The Usual Day"

1935

The day is just the usual grind.
When we get up we're sure to find
That it's after eight
And we're late
Unless we leave our food behind.
We run out fast and slam the door.
The street car passes with a roar
And then we find
We're left behind
And now we have to walk once more.
And now we climb that awful hill,
If it's slippery we're sure to spill;
We drop our books,
Cast awful looks,
And keep a-climbing up until
We reach the final rise,
And here we stop with gasps and sighs.
We look behind
For'er to find
Those mountains towering near the skies.
We sigh and go on to the school
To sit and fidget and abide by rules
That teachers make
For us to break,
And thus we get the dunce's stool.
And thus we pass another day
And while the study hours away,
THEN come home
To sit and groan
O'er ghastly homework—instead of play.

GERALD LARUE.

Thoughts On Being Late

I'm late again—oh gee—maybe Mr. Watts hasn't closed the door yet—can I run up these stairs—I hope against hope yes, it's closed. I open it, but still I have to go to the office. The third time this week—oh what to do—oh what to do!

I went down to the bottom floor,
And in the glassed-in office door,
I'd ne'er be late again I swore,
Or Crescent Heights I'd see no more.

Well, I deserved a bawling out, I suppose, but heck, I was out late last night, and ma had to call me three times to wake me. Oh well.

I ran up all the winding stairs,
Twelve and thirteen placed in layers;
I crashed through students without a care,
To walk in class 'mid icy glares.

Boy, we sure need more time between periods. I would go up the wrong stairs. Gee, those kids are sore, and now I've gotta mess up two classes for my books and get it in the neck from two teachers—Oh well!

I never will be late no more,
It makes school life an awful bore,
Because the teachers growl and roar
When you are late and slam the door.

GERALD LARUE, Room. 23.
