

Appendix

This page has never been in here before because our editor-in-chief didn't know till last week that such a thing existed. When she found out about it she asked me to write it. I said to her, "But I don't know anything about 'appendixes.'" "Well, that is why I asked you," she said. I hate to disappoint anybody, so here's the result:

When many people find they have something wrong with them they get their appendix out. Well, something was wrong with the paper so I am putting an appendix in. Though the name is *Chanticleer* I hope the bird won't contract appendisitix.

The first thing I must mention is the hockey game. I don't quite understand yet how they played it. There were two men on the ice who kept whistling all the time and they just had to skate around fancy and watch the others. I really think they were trying to learn how, for every once in a while they would make everybody stop and do the same thing over again. They were awfully stupid because they were still whistling when the game finished. They said the score was 9 to 2. I guess the two must have been the accidentals, a broken rib and a cut in the face.

Between periods some girl from up in the gallery dropped her handkerchief, and one of the boys from the Windsor team put it on the end of his hockey stick and handed it up to her. I was awfully jealous because I didn't have any but you can depend on it next time I'll have two.

Everyone has been asking what the *Chanticleer* on; it's one of the records gone out of date. Oh my yes. The rooster has been crowing some new verses though. Here they are:

TUNE OF "OH, MY, YES!"

Oh Chloe said to Marjorie,
"Listen now and I'll tell thee
The things that go to nourish me
Are puzzles and thrills." From Johnny?

Oh Haynes in Latin is a star,
He beats the others, oh! by far!
One day he got up to translate,
"Im Aeneas" he did state.

Oh Helen's skared one of the janes
Will take from her her lov'd Haynes;
One day from school they both did stay
It looks suspicious.