

HIGH LIGHT



Junior Assembly

March 6, 10A—Mr. Yearsley, director of recreational activities, gave a short talk on his work. Three records played were "Grieg Piano Concerto," "Ciri - Biri - Bin", "I've Got Rhythm".

March 13, 10B in charge—Three records were: Harry James "Flight of the Bumblebee", "Trumpet Blues" and "Carnival of Venice".

March 25, 10C in charge—Officers were: Ronald Stone, Butch Fisher and Ken Bayliss. Evelyn Reeves played "Londonderry Air". It was a very short assembly.

April 1st, 9A was in charge—Helen Patchett, Gordon Flowers, Keith Simpson were officers. Marg Dempster sang "I Can't Begin to Tell You". Also "One-zy, Two-zy", accompanied by George Buck, who later played, "Give Me a Little Kiss" and was accompanied by himself. Very good assembly, really "swooney".

April 3, 9B officers were: Marian Donnely, Jean Wright, Jim Ailles. Mr. Wood reprimanded us on stone throwing. Announcement concerning Variety Show. P.T. display. Alan Forest favoured with two piano solos. (Good assembly.)

April 8—Mr. Wood read the

EASTER

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise;
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

Bible. Glee Club sang "Oh Happy Fair". Fine singing. Mr. Buley spoke on the "Art and Handicrafts Show" in Clarke Hall urging everyone to come. Then the Glee Club sang "Desert Song".

Gwen Matheson.

Our NEW HEADING Design was done by Bill Bleakley, 12B. Thanks, Bill.

**Don't DELAY
It Doesn't PAY
Get Tickets TODAY**

for

"Out Of The Locker"

our

VARIETY SHOW

May 2, 3 - Admission 35c

in auditorium

"POISONality"

If you want to develop your **poisonality** (not personality), or make your friends love you like a lemon, just abide by the following little tips:

Don't be above stealing your gal-friend's boy-friend or vice-versa.

Make it a point not to read anything but comic books.

If a student—don't co-operate with the teachers (strictly optional).

If a teacher—always give an unreasonable amount of homework (not optional).

Say exactly what you think, when you think it.

Either don't give your friends any praise, or sugar them with adjectives (gush).

MORAL: Of course, if you want to develop your **personality** (not **poisonality**), or make your friends love you like their last butter coupon, just reverse the above rules.

Gwen Matheson, 9D.

Athletic Night

Yes, it's come and gone, the P.C.H.S. Athletic Night. Many of the grads came out, and helped to make it a success. A boys' and girls' gym display provided interesting entertainment. The girls have been practising in their PT periods, and after school, to show the Spectators their talents. Basketball games between the senior girls and grads, and the senior boys and grads were played. The grads must have kept up on their Basketball, for they certainly were keen competition for the Students. The boys who performed on the parallel bars caused a few cases of heart failure, while doing their spectacular feats. A hush hung over the crowd as Derrick Mettrick walked across the bars standing on his hands.

Music (?) by the Bugle Band added to the evening.

Refreshments were served in the cafeteria to everyone's satisfaction.

Dancing in the auditorium from 10.30 p.m. till 12.30 a.m. rounded off the evening.

We are looking forward to having more of this kind of evening.

Flattery is soft soap; and soap is 90 per cent lye.

Hubba! Hubba! Hubba! Haven't You Heard?

HIGH-LIGHT

Published October to May
— by the —

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EDITORIAL

This is the second last issue of the "Highlight" and in this column I am going to try to correct some of the ideas you people have of our school paper. I am also thanking you for your ingenious ideas for new columns, and for telling us frankly what you do and don't want to read in your paper.

The questionnaires that were distributed to the students have helped us tremendously in planning the paper. They have also shown us that some students have no idea what work there is to this project, or of the cost of printing it. They have marvelous inspirations on how to make this a "super-special" bit of reading material; but what they do not realize is that these are expensive ideas, and we need everyone to support the paper wholeheartedly, before we can even consider these things. Another thing that needs to be supported is the columns, and local news. Our columnists cannot possibly cover everything, and need you people to hand in bits of information that you find interesting. This is your paper, and if you find that you are annoyed by

something put in or left out, please let us know, by speaking to your editors or columnists. This is the only method we have of learning your likes and dislikes.

Some people want more first form news or a separate column for this. This is up to our first-year students. Hand in your data, even if it is only a few lines. Every little bit counts you know! For our next issue, we hope that more people (not only the first formers) will contribute to make the last issue the "Highlight" of the Year.

We are planning some new columns to be used next year. Some of the titles handed in were: fashions, (which is now in effect), staff news, letters to the editor, Gallup polls, extra activities, and last but not least, a column for students to contribute their grouches. (We've had this all year.)

Several people mentioned the use of more pictures, and of cartoons. Here I again mention money; but that is the only thing which holds us back. We have many budding artists hereabouts, who would be glad to furnish amusement in this manner.

Another column that was called for is "Notices of Coming Events"; not only pertaining to school, but also to outside events such as "Club-teen", and Clarkson Community, and other schools. Everyone is interested in these activities and should be informed of them. Therefore, if you know of something that would be of interest to the rest of the school, write a notice of it for the paper.

A major grouch is the News 'N' Nonsense Column. A greater variety of names should be included and not

the same people all the time. From now on, it depends on your form representatives, whose names appear in this column. Each representative is to write up the form news, and the best written is to receive a reward.

So-o-o, how's about it, representatives? Let's try and make the last issue the best ever!

Below is a list to show you how expensive your paper is: Cost of print.—\$38.50 (issue) Pictures—\$4.50 (per picture). Headaches—\$1,000. per issue. Time—\$1,000,000. per issue.

SPRING MEDITATION

If a feminine frog
In some bottomless bog
Gets a kick from the noise
Of her myriad boys—
The ranarian ear
Must be plugged to the drum.
Or else she would leave
Her ranarium.

As for me it's O.K.,
And I'll hark any day,
But were I a frog femme
With the cutest of them
I would think of the abashed
Lad on sinewy knees
That he sure had a dashed
Funny way to say 'PLEASE'
George James.

Luke: I maintain that love-making is just the same as it always was.

Paul: How do you figger that?

Luke: I just read about a Greek maiden who sat and listened to a lyre all evening.

Reeve's Mother: How many marks did you get today?

Reeves: All of them.

Mother: I'm glad to see improvement. How many were given?

Reeves: None.

Why is it that since Jack Reeves has changed his seat in Latin periods he finds them much more enjoyable? Watch out Howard.

Who is it Kay Parish writes all the notes to in school? It isn't the teacher, is it Kay?

Mr. Bailey: Eleanor, why are the days longer in the summer than in the winter?

Eleanor: Because the heat expands them.

Helen had promised to get tickets for six people for Blackstone. She called up the theatre.

"Hello! I want to order a box for to-morrow."

"What size, please?"

"There will be six in the party."

"But they come in single sizes—we'll have to have it made special".

This puzzled her. "Is this the Royal Alex?"

"No, this is the undertakers!"

"Jeanette, as-tu dit au bon Dieu dans ta priere combien tu avais ete mechante aujourd'hui?"

"Oh, non, maman, j'ai pense qu'il valait mieux que ca reste entre nous."

Judge: Have you ever been up before me?

Accused: I don't know, what time do you get up?

Clipped from the Lost and Found:

"Found—bird or hat which flew or blew into Murphy's Service Station. It's sort of round with green and red feathers or quills in it. If you've lost a bird or a hat, or even if you haven't, drive by and see it; it's worth the trip." (Dodd's Joke Book)

HUBBA! HUBBA! HUBBA! I'LL GIVE YOU THE WORD

THE BASKETBALL GAME

The track in the gym is packed just so,
 It's Port Credit versus Mimico.
 The whistle blows, the game begins,
 Everyone hopes that his side wins.
 It's Mimico's Ball, but not for long,
 He passed to another but his aim was wrong.
 Now Smith is speeding down the floor
 And from the crowd there comes a roar.
 He shoots for the basket and in it goes,
 And another cheer from the crowd arose.
 The score mounts up as the game goes on,
 Each team showing skill and brawn.
 Now Mimico has the ball again,
 The crowd is almost going insane.
 He shoots and misses, oh that was corny,
 Why don't they give the ball to Lornie?
 Alas and alack, we lost the game!
 But we know our turn will come again,
 And when it does, oh boy watch out,
 We'll win that game without a doubt!

Grade IX, Anon.

PERSONALITY PARADE—10B

- Beckett—Hubba, Hubba, Hubba
- Bodley—Chickery Chick
- Bonter—Dream
- Cox—Small Fry
- Croft—Softly
- Cross—Old Rugged Cross
- Cobden—Solitude
- Chittick—Can She Bake A Cherry Pie Billy Boy?
- Cuming—Waitin' For The Train To Come In
- Denike—I'll Walk Alone
- Evans—Oh "Donny" Boy
- Freeman—Curly Top
- Gooderham—The Old Gray Mare
- Hillis—Ya-ta-ta—Ya-ta-ta—Ya-ta-ta
- Hooper—I'll Buy That DREAM
- Lowe—Sweet and "Lowe"
- Lewis—Beat Me Daddy Eight to the "Barr"
- McCague—Oh Johnny
- MacDonell—Old "MacDonell" Had A Farm
- Miller—Charlie Is My Darling
- McGill—Slowly
- Orr—Gotta Be This "Orr" That
- Proud—Serenade In Blue
- Ragath—K-k-k-k-Katy
- Roberts—That's What I Like About The South
- Swain—Johnny Got A Zero
- Terry—Slender, Tender And Tall
- Whammond—Personality

Platter Chatter

by Doug Gemmel.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered by record collectors is the ability to buy the record they want when they want it. Many collectors find that they are not near a record store very often, and when a new record is released that they want, they are frequently not able to buy it because it is not in stock when they visit the store.

However, as most of you know, I am referring to Bonter Electric. They have a good supply of the latest Victor and Bluebird record releases. You may now ask "What are these records?"

Well! here are a few records that they have just added to their stock. You may find your favourites amongst them.

1. "Seems Like Old Times" is the latest release by Vaughn Munroe. On the reverse side is "Gee, I Wish" which is a very clever portrayal of a "G.I." wish. Both pieces are vocalized by

Vaughn and the Norton Sisters. Victor record 20-1811.

2. Perry Como, assisted by Russ Case and his orchestra, does a very fine job on "All Through The Day" backed by "Prisoner of Love". Victor record 20-1814.

3. From the picture "Road to Utopia" come two hits ably vocalized by Dinah Shore. They are "Personality" and "Welcome to My Dream". Victor record 20-1781.

4. 23 - year - old Martha Stewart, one of Victor's newest recording artists, sings "Tomorrow Is Forever" from the picture of the same name. "Day By Day" is on the other side of this Victor record 20-1828.

5. Tommy Dorsey and his "fluid-drive" trombone has recorded swell arrangements of "If I Had A Wishing Ring" and "We'll Gather Lilacs". Stuart Foster does the vocals on both sides. Victor record 20-1809.

6. Last, but not least, we have—(oh, this is silly!—or is it?) "One-zy, Two-zy" by Freddy Martin; vocal refrain by the Martin Men. A very clever version of the melody by the string section is featured in this recording. On the reverse side Artie Wayne sings a sentimental ballad "Sleepy Baby". Victor record 20-1826.

Customer: "Have you a book called, 'Man, the Master of Women'?"

Sales-girl: "The fiction department is on the other side, sir."

HELLO HI CROWD

Yes, the selection of records is getting better.

NOW IN STOCK

Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief

also

One-zy Two-zy

by Phil Harris

Bonter Electric

Phone 4225

46 Lakeshore Rd., E.

Wilson—That Went Out With Button Shoes

Wren—And There You Are

Wood—You Won't Be Satisfied

The Lost Race

Joan Pilling

The editorial staff have decided to print this poem, despite its length because they feel it says things that need to be said about racial intolerance.

Oh, I am a lost soul, wandering eternally!
 Oh, I am a lost soul, searching eternally!
 For what?
 Why, what do you seek, besides great wealth?
 Oh yes, I know, security, health;
 Little things like peace, a house, a wife.
 Just a simple organized, well-lived life.
 Oh, it must be great to be satisfied!
 Oh, you must be happy and gratified
 To settle down
 In your little town;
 And eat and drink,
 And sleep and think,
 And spend,
 And lend,
 And love and hate,
 Oh, it must be great to hate!
 Well, you should know!
 No, I'm not crazy.
 Perhaps, mostly lazy.

You've hated for quite a while;
 And lots of things,
 Especially the Jews, they're a sneaky lot.
 Why it'd be a good thing to have them shot!
 And those Italians, they're so greasy.
 Why they almost turn your stomach queasy.
 Those negroes smell, and besides they're dumb.
 Why didn't you know they've heads a funny shape,
 Resulting in intelligence just like an ape.
 Why, that's what he told me!
 Yes, that's what he told me!
 And Ukranians and Poles,
 And Chinks and Wops,
 And Niggers and, and—
 But I could go on all night!
 Oh, I could go on all night!
 Oh, it must be nice to be right!
 Yes, it must be nice to be right!

I'm English, that's what I am;
 I'm the best, that's what I am;
 I'm Scotch and Irish, Canadian, American.
 Why, I'm white; my name is Smith,
 And Jones, and Brown and Green.
 I'm the guy that could have been
 President, Prime Minister, statesman.
 My names's just Patrick Yateaman.
 I live in River Fall
 The prettiest town you've ever seen!"
 Oh, it must be great to be a Green!
 Oh, it must be great to be a Green!

And what is you name?
 "My name is Sammy Levy"
 And what is your business?
 "I run a clotink store,
 I gyp pipple out of dere money,
 They think it's pretty funny,
 They laugh at de vay I talk,
 And my lonk, lonk nose;—
 But dey buys my clotes."

Yes, they laugh at you in ignorance!
 Yes, I laugh at you in ignorance!

"I'm a Tony Caruso.
 Mia beesiness is a Fruit store,
 Whicha I own alla myself,
 I gotta bananas and squasha,
 But dey maka da fun of my beega moostash;—
 But I get der beesiness and all da cash".

Yes, they laugh at you Tony!
 Yes, I laugh at you Tony!

"They call me Cab Jones.
 I fight. You see I'm a nigger,
 And I guess they all figger
 I can't do much else, 'cept beat on a drum,
 Or dance, and drink gallons of rum,
 So I keep on hittin' and punchin.
 When I'm in the ring, they yell
 "Come on you dumb nigger, kill 'im."
 Maybe I am dumb—I don't know
 They don't give me no chance to think.
 No school, no vote, just Jim Crow.

They curse at you big, black nigger.

We've a negro problem in the States;
 We've the Frenchies in Canada;
 We've the Jew that bates
 Us on a hook.
 We've China town, the den of sin,
 We've got hate, that's enough to begin!

"I knew a guy once, a little wop,
 Took every cent I had
 He was rotten, bad."

"I knew a white man once,
 Who scraped away my last dime.
 But of course I was just unlucky."

Government of the people, for the people, by the people,
 This is a free country.

We worship as we please.
 But we don't worship.
 We vote as we please.
 But we don't vote.
 We say what we think
 And boy, does it stink!
 We're free from hunger and fear
 Because we all live here.
 Oh, can't you see?
 We're free, free?
 Oh, can't you see
 That we're really chained
 To previous ideas?
 That nothing's been gained,
 We're still a small, uneducated
 Race of men, so easily elated.

Oh, I am a lost soul, wandering eternally.
 Oh, I am a lost soul, searching eternally,
 For what?
 Decency, love thy neighbour,
 All the same old ideals
 That a mad man feels.

"Tear out a gut, and rip out an eye,
 Watch death, slow, beat out a sigh.
 Watch a man heave, then die.
 I'm a soldier,—I was a soldier
 I fought overseas.
 Oh, please, please
 Don't lets have another war
 Just like it was before!
 I've had my share,
 I'm sick and tired,
 And scared, sure;
 What the hell, wouldn't you be?
 Even if you were back home again,
 Thinking—I might be going back
 To the blood, and stink
 Think, think, think.

"I am content with the way things stand
 I've a wife and kids, good piece o' land;
 It ain't up to me what them governments do—
 Why should I set, and gripe, and stew!
 Ah, they make me sick with all this talk
 About bombs and hunger; I'm gonna walk!"

There is a moon, yellow, shining,
 Leaving rays for a golden lining;
 There is a big, bright star in the sky
 That I see from where I lie,
 And lots of little twinkly ones
 Glistening like a million suns;
 There's a cobweb—black shadow tree
 Bending over, watching me.
 The grass is soft, and wet with dew
 From the tears which I have shed for you,
 A lost race ambling aimlessly,
 Towards destruction, needlessly.

Home on the Range —Sally Evans 10B

How about putting it in reverse, gals and lads, and help fill the cookie jar (if you can scrape up some sugar and shortening)? Once you get the green light it is simply a matter of scattering some papers on the floor to save any disaster in that quarter, and stirring up a few odds and ends. Form the result into two or three rolls, wrap in wax paper and chill. Slice and bake when needed.

Well here it is:
 1 C. shortening
 ½ C. Brown sugar
 ½ C. White sugar
 cream
 ½ tsp. salt
 ½ tsp. Baking soda
 2¾ C. flour
 sift together
 1 egg
 Juice and rind half an orange; nuts if you have any.
 These are really scrummy and it's not a yolk, son!

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF 12B

Bob Cunningham — Why, Miss James, don't you know?

Mr. Bailey—What do you mean by density, Olga?

No answer.

Mr. B.—Well, what do you mean by dense, Olga?

Agnes—Mr. Munro, when is the Ides of March? Is it the 14th or 15th?

Mr. Munro—Oh, one day or the other! (groan-n-n-n!)

Kellet—I don't know what you are talking about.

VARIETY SHOW—MAY 2nd, 3rd



NEWS 'N' NONSENSE

Phyl and Dave

Congratulations Grade 11. You're really in the news this week. What's wrong with the rest of the school? Is Grade 11 the only form that does anything?

PARTIES

Private parties have made up for lost time during the past few weeks, partially because there were so many birthdays in March.

Hunter's mansion really rocked on its foundations when Cay gave a party on March 5. The event of the night was when Cay arrived at her own party with Frank. Music provided by Eric and Pat helped digest the food which was excellent. Where did Rosie and Richard disappear to when it was time for them to leave? All in all, everyone had a wonderful time and another one is hoped for soon.

March 30, Phyl Ray had a very successful birthday party. She received many gifts varying from two tins of meat and a baby's rattle, to a pair of lovely ear rings. Some couples seemed to find relief from the heat by dancing in the sunroom, though to outsiders they were "Cod in a fishbowl". It was cooler there wasn't it Colleen?

Everyone was glad to see Bud dancing again, the same day he had his cast removed. Nice going Bud.

The same evening Pauline Trimble threw a "Lights out" surprise party for Molly Beckett. Molly is now sweet sixteen and never been ??? You weren't disappointed you didn't get to Oakville were you Molly?

Nelson (Flash) Tilbury made himself very unpopular

with his camera. Fortunately the pictures taken didn't turn out. Just think what lovely blackmail they would have made too.

Dave Hendrick's party on March 23 gave the gang some relief from the examinations. The indirect lighting system was the dimlight (dim, that is) of the evening. Cokes, sandwiches and cookies seemed to go well with everyone — as did the dancing.

Why did Margot and Don prefer to walk home when they could have gotten a ride?

Another birthday surprise party was thrown at Leaver's for Frank, Jack Burton and Bud Evans, at which all seemed to enjoy themselves. Soap was substituted for wax on the terrace for dancing. Who wanted to dance there anyway?

— WHAT'S NEW —

Arcy Everett's moustache or at least what there was of it.

The return of the curtains in the auditorium.

Our present principal.

The ring Johnny Schrieber wears.

Ron Morden's new sweater. Oh kid!

The big coloured pictures in some of the classrooms.

Mr. Wood's baby boy.

Don Skinner's watch back after a year in the repair shop.

The Marg Bonter — Doug Woods twosome.

The clean mats in the gymnasium.

Bud Evans back at school intact. Welcome back Bud!

The loafers Ted Stock is wearing. They're pretty smart, Ted.

Has anyone seen the way

Cay Hunter rides home from school at night? Oh Boy! Ask Eddie Jackson, he'll tell you. It just goes to show that Cay is sweet and innocent, eh Frank?

The victims that ate any of Dave Hendrick's candies will agree that the spirit of April Fool's Day was kept very much alive. No they weren't Jenny Lind chocolates — not on your "Life-Buoy".

OUR CLASS 9-D

If you hear mysterious, scraping and screeching sounds issuing from the auditorium on a Friday at 3.30, don't be alarmed. It is merely our instrumental class practising.

Incidentally five of our seven members are from 9 D. It seemed that no one would join the orchestra this year so we are trying to build one up from our class.

The work is interesting and we are doing fine, thank you.

IN THE LOCKER ROOM

Inside the locker room door I step,
Each morning 'round about nine,
Smiling because I'm feeling gay
But this will change in time.

For just inside the locker room door
Someone pushes me,
And my books go flying all over the floor
And everyone laughs with glee.

But as for me well, I get mad
And pick up my books and say:
"I'm tired of my books being pushed on the floor
And this is the very last day."

But seriously, they didn't push me
Because they wanted to,
They just couldn't help it, I understand,
Because they were being pushed too.

Well at last I reach my locker door,
Not meaning what I said,
Until someone's elbow comes flying down
And hits me right on the head.

Of course my temper rises again
And makes me blow my top,
So, I up and say "Who did this ill deed,
For her I would like to bop."

I look up to find my very best friend
Who shares the locker with me,
She explains her queer behaviour this way,
She only reached up for her key.

But you can imagine from what I've said
That everyone has a good time
'Cause this happens at noon and after four
Not only just at nine.

—Betty Proud—9D

JOKES (jokes that is)

The Gum Chewing Girl

The gum chewing girl,
And the cud chewing cow,
Are somewhat alike
Yet different somehow,
And what is that difference?
I think I know now,
It's the clear thoughtful look
On the face of the cow.

Boys

I hate boys, the conceited things,
They think they know it all,
That every girl that passes by
For them alone should fall.
They think it plain to everyone,
That they're a regular sheik,
And every girl that's out with them
Should be so nice and neat.
There's one thing I've forgotten
I think I'd better say—
It's the girls of this generation
That make the boys that way.

The editor put all the discarded jokes in the furnace and the furnace roared.

Miss Walter (in library);
Only low talk permitted here.

Definitions

A gentleman: a man who can disagree without being disagreeable.

Studying in bed: the triumph of mind over mattress

The upper crust: a lot of "Crumbs" held together by their own dough.

Modern idealist: a man with a dream-lined brain.

Everybody is ignorant except on different subjects.

Thanks Dave

"Chick" B.—Women don't interest me—I prefer the company of my fellow men.

Laurence N.—I'm broke too.

A lot of girls aren't as pretty as they're painted. Their beauty is only skin dope.

Thanks Phyl

Even If

—Brown was at school for a whole week

—Dorene Wilson understood some Physics

—we didn't get any Latin homework

we wouldn't believe it!

The Feminine Touch —by Anne

Easter's here! ! ! So, being a woman I began to think of new clothes and started looking around. Here are some suggestions which I hope will help you in choosing your new Easter outfit.

I was down to Northway's last week-end and their Easter styles are just beginning to arrive. Suits, as usual, seem to be the specialty and the favorites are either a nice soft plaid or a two-tone of pastel shades. Under these you will be wearing nice frilly, really feminine blouses in white, which looks well with everything. Above all be sure that there is no clash between your blouse style and colour, and those of your suit. To set your suit off to the best advantage wear a light shortie coat in either a plaid or a material to match your suit. One which especially caught my eye in Northway's was a brown and yellow plaid with big slash pockets and an all-round belt of the same material.

All eyes are on legs this

year because the nylons are back. So be sure your seams are straight and your shoes are clean.

Now we turn to the most important item of your wardrobe. Of course, you guessed it, your new EASTER BONNET! It can make or break your whole outfit. Buy one to suit your face and beware of a colour which may clash with your ensemble. Above all buy a hat to suit your personality as well as your purse. Your gloves should match your hat in colour.

Now, how about some really smart outfits this Spring? Show us how feminine you can be!

Mr. Sniderman: You had better get a text book.

Eleanor: I had.

Mr. Sniderman: You had what?

Eleanor: Had better get a text book.

Johnny: My mother says I'm a wit.

Dave: Well, she's half right.

Pete: What's a mouse?

Gwen: I'll bite.

Pete: It's a rat that hasn't been washed in Lux.

Mr. Sisler: "What is it that Brazil produces more of than anything else?"

Bill Trenwith: "Brazilians".

Miss Rutherford: Nelson, this poetry is nothing but a lot of escaping gas.

Durie (ardent poet) Something wrong with the metre?

It is estimated that if Jane Armstrong had been born five minutes earlier she would always be on time.

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SHAW SCHOOLS

DAY-NIGHT
CORRESPONDENCE

DES PLAISANTERIES**Helen Proud**

Le Professeur—Oh, mais c'est agacant a la fin. Chaque fois que j'ouvre la bouche pour commencer, il y a un imbecile qui parle.

La Dame — Voici un bon verre d'eau froide.

Le Chemineau—Je le refuse, madame, j'ai une constitution de fer et cela pourrait la rouiller.

Sanders—Ma soeur souffre d'un mal secret; elle pleure toute la journee.

McMillan—Ce doit etre une pleuresie.

Buck—Comment avez-vous explique a notre pere que vous etudiez l'histoire encore cette annee?

Crossman—Je lui ai dit que l'histoire se repete.

Mouse Grocock—Combien d'argent pour vos chiens,

NIGHT SHIFT

I'll never get my homework done,

It's midnight and I've just begun.

Of course, it had to be postponed,

When certain parties telephoned.

Then, too, I simply couldn't cope,

With Ancient Hist'ry and Bob Hope

And, by the time that Bob was through—

I had my hair and nails to do.

Oh, evening duties are so myriad—

I thank my stars for Study Period.

(From Calling All Girls)

monsieur?

L'homme—Deux dollars la piece.

Grocock—Mais je ne veux pas une piece. Je desire un chien entier.

BOOK REVIEWS

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE? — By George H. Waltz Jr.

Although essentially written for boys, this book is a good one for any girls interested in the things it covers. Since it is written to interest boys, who do not go for very dry facts, the style is engaging and interest does not lag. The articles usually mention a few famous people of each occupation with a little of their biography and then go on to tell you of the requirements and chances in the particular occupation. Included in the book are articles on the following: Aviation, medicine, engineering, scientific crime detection, radio and television, writing, photography, art, exploring, law, farming, forestry, governmental work, teaching, business and a career quiz. This is a very helpful book in aiding you to choose a career.

THE DOCTORS MAYO — by H. Clapesattle

At first appearances one would think that such a large book as this would be rather dull. However, such is not the case. The more of the story you read, the more interested you become. The book gives the history of the numerous and amazing discoveries of the Mayos and lists many of their more interesting case histories. It tells of the struggles of the brothers and their father, in the earlier days, to overcome the prejudice against hospitals. It also tells of some of the slightly unethical processes used by the father to aid the sons, such as having them give anaesthetics almost as soon as they could spell the word. So don't be afraid when you take a look at this book. Go on and read it; you'll enjoy it.

DISRAELI — by And Maurois

This book, covering the life of Disraeli, was rather a surprise. In the play Disraeli, certain impressions are created and built up. When reading the Maurois book, one has these impressions pushed into the background and replaced by new ones. He realizes that the play was merely a phase of Disraeli's career, rather than a cross section. This book gives the life of a man who was considered a misfit. He was a Jew in Gentile society, even if he was a Christian. His difficulties in adjusting himself make interesting reading, as everyone tries to think of a way for him to get into society. However, it is his clothes and his speeches, both brilliant, that finally help him make the grade. From there on life is just a series of ups and downs, until the final goal of prime ministership.

By Helen McCauley, XIA

DEFINITIONS

Monologue: Conversation between husband and wife.

Neatness: The one good thing about being bald.

Father: What did you take up in school today?

Son: A lot of room.

SORORITY DANCE
Friday, May 17th

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in Classroom Classics?*

• Datin' duds?



• The favourite teen best seller?



• A hobby to while away some leisure?



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