



DELEGATION AT BOARD MEETING

The big "light" question has been settled. A student delegation made up of Jim Brayley, vice-president of the Students' Council; Bill Schreiber, president of the Ski Club and David Bate, editor of the High-Light, took the matter to the Board meeting of Monday, the 11th of December. The result is this: the usual stage lights will be on, plus a 100-watt frosted bulb on each side in place of the blue lights.

KIDS HAVE A SAMPLE HOLIDAY

Despite a slight blizzard and rather chilly winds, a few hardy perennials arrived at school last Tuesday.

"Duck" MacDonald (from Erindale) struggled through wind and drifts to reach the school. Where he went after that we don't know. What would happen if everyone was like that?

There were Mr. Sisler and Lee Broderick, two of Port Credit's heroes. Mr. Sisler—now hang on—snow-shoed all the way, bundled with scarves and coats. He certainly showed a cheerful and undaunted spirit by trudging through drifts to the "little red school" in this manner.

We would like the school and especially fifth formers, to notice that most of the kids that came were first formers!

Special Christmas Issue

This issue of High Light is a special one for the Christmas season. It contains many stories and poems written by students, and consequently does not have as much news and articles as usual. This issue shows what can be done when fellows and gals get the urge to write. We think the result is good—how about the rest of you?

Since this is the Christmas Issue, we would like to wish the whole school and Mr. Doupe and especially those who have made this paper possible a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SKI CLUB FORMED

A Ski Club has been organized by a few of the older boys of the school, and the first meeting was held on Wednesday, December 6th to elect officers and to discuss skiing and monetary affairs. The club has had a fine start, there being at least thirty members who have paid their fees. Those who have not paid their fees should hurry and do so to enable the club to buy crests and start competitions and dances.

After, and during, the Great Storm, many of the club members were seen crashing and tumbling and turning down and up hills at the Mississauga, Glenleven and Power Line hills. Mickie says that the Glen is pretty good with plenty of snow. The Mississauga is not so good as the wind has blown the snow

"TAC" HOUSE OPENED LAST SUNDAY

The official opening of the "TAC" House, donated for the use of the Y.W.C.A. by the Government, was held on Sunday, December 10th. The Minister of Agriculture, Col. Kennedy, Mr. McLaren and representatives of the various organizations such as the Y.W.C.A. both Lakeshore and National, the Students' Council of the P.C.H.S., were present.

The guests who arrived at 3.30 inspected the house and found it to be an ideal place for entertaining the youth of

off the crests and made large drifts all over the place. The powerline is very good. The snow is fast everywhere.

COMMENCEMENT NIGHT AT P.C.H.S.

Last Friday night was Commencement Night. Despite the snow, many people managed to plow through to the school. Mr. Everett did a very good job as chairman, and set the example of short speeches, which generally prevailed throughout the evening. Highlights of the evening were the Valedictory, which, according to Mr. Doupe, was one of the best ever heard at Port Credit High School; an impromptu address by Mr. Gordon Graydon; the presentation of Victory Bond scholarships by Miss Johnston and Mrs. Harshaw and the presentation by Stan Heywood, of the Sydney (Continued on page 3)

Port Credit and surrounding districts. Such games as ping pong, Chinese checkers, billiards, as well as dancing can be enjoyed.

Refreshments were served under the supervision of Mrs. Foster.

During the meeting plans were discussed for holding open house Friday and Saturday nights.

All those who are interested in joining the T.A.C.S. (Teen Agers Club) are asked to contact the president Bonnie Costello, or the treasurer, Theresa Bedford, or phone the secretary, Ruth Cormack at Port Credit 2611.

HIGH-LIGHT

Published October to May

— by the —

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Here we go again! Once more we have set sail and embarked on a voyage on a sea every bit as deep and unknown as the real McCoy—the Christmas exams! Probably we should be thankful that we have had an extra week to study (?) for the exams, but then, it has its drawbacks too.

However, we did not intend this to be a criticism of exams. It has been whispered around that a certain festive season is very near. It would be a good idea if all of us got rid of our surplus energy during the holidays, and came back to school resolved to help in the place, rather than do our best to drive the staff nutty and get ourselves run out on rails. We would suggest that the bigger fellows form a sort of vigilant committee with powers to punish offenders. In any case, it is up to the older ones to maintain decent order and to set an example to the little monkeys in lower school. Perhaps the Student Council could do something about the state of affairs.

We leave you to chew on this until 1945. The editorial staff, and all those concerned with this paper, wish the school staff and each and every one of the students the Merriest of Christmases and the Happiest of New Years. See you next year!

GUEST EDITORIAL**B. K. SANDWELL,**

B.A., F.R.S.C., LL.D., D.C.L.

Editor of the Saturday Night

One of the legitimate objects of the student body of a high school is to have a good time. The present policy of the educational authorities is to encourage that object as much as possible without interfering with the even more important object of educating the students. The old nineteenth-century idea that students should be kept as miserable as possible in order to prepare them for the sufferings that they might be expected to meet in later life has pretty well disappeared; it was never consistently lived up to anyhow, for it was recognized that students cannot be kept miserable all the time, and so there were always playgrounds provided where they might be happy in the intervals between the misery of classes.

But while having a good time is now one of the legitimate objects of the student body, and providing the student body with a good time is one of the objects of the educational authorities, these are not the primary objects of either authorities or students. The primary object of the student body is to learn, and of the authorities to teach. And it is one of the interesting things about life that a secondary object can never be attained if the primary object is neglected. So a student body which is not learning will find that it is also not having a good time, no matter how hard it may work at that secondary object.

This is a truth which is universal in all stages of human life, but it is also a truth that everybody has to learn for himself. High school students, in this era of early freedom, are just at the stage

A Fifth Former Looks at P.C.H.S.

Looking back through the office records of the school's activities from 1930-1942 (the previous Students' Council having kept no records of 1943), I saw a gradual decline in both spirit and financial standing of the school's activities. Some of you Fifth

where they are for the first time beginning to manage their lives to some extent for themselves—the stage where they will have to discover this truth. It is very easy to discover, and there is no need to take anybody's word for it. All that is necessary is to watch carefully one's own experiences, to observe when one is having the best times and when one is having not so good a time.

There may be young people who can have a really good time at a high school without learning anything to speak of, but if so they have no business in a high school, because their primary object is not to learn. Those who go to the high school to learn will not have a good time unless they are learning, no matter how much energy they put into getting themselves a good time. And those who don't go to learn ought not to be in the high school; they are making a wrong use of the facilities that are provided by the community for people who want to learn.

So watch your own experiences, and not how much better a time you are having when you are doing well the proper work of a high school student, the learning of the things which the high school exists to teach you. When you are doing that you will fully enjoy all the dances, parties, games, that you can squeeze in on top of your work.

Formers may remember the successful year the Student Body had back in 1941-42. For the benefit of those who were not here that year, I will briefly outline the activities, and the spirit in which they were done.

We had both a Senior and Junior Literary Society (Students' Council was formed in 1941) which met four times a year in the auditorium. The meetings consisted of: treasurer's and athletic reports, plays put on by the pupils, sing-songs, oratorical contests, and guest speakers. These student activities were so popular because at first everyone took part in them. But they have gradually degenerated to their present condition.

During the year 1939 the students had only four dances — Hallowe'en, Annual At Home (annual in 1930-1942, but never heard of since), Rugby and Basketball. They had only these four, but they were extremely successful financially and socially. Take for example the Annual At Home of February 17, 1939. It was organized weeks in advance, and had on the various committees students supervised by about five teachers. The committee hired an orchestra from Toronto and charged \$1.50 per couple for admission, with dancing from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (note 1 o'clock). They had a turnout of around 125 couples, which meant they took in around \$180. Why did they have such a good turnout? Simply because the committee in charge saw to it that they had an orchestra. I am sure that we too could have better turnouts if our committee in

(Continued on page 5)

SENIORS HAVE TOUGH TIME BEATING OLD BOYS

The wooliest rugby game of the season came off on Dec. 1 when our seniors battled it out with former boys to an 11-6 win. The football was not up to a very high standard and fumbles were numerous and the team certainly did not appear to be the same fellows that played so well against Runnymede and Vaughan.

The Old Boys got off to a good start when Bill Cunningham fumbled and Bond Head regained for the Old Boys and ran it to the five yard line before he was pulled down by Bob Cunningham.

Arcy Everett scored and Dave Gray missed the convert 5-0.

A Bill to Bob Cunningham evened the score shortly afterwards and Chazz Pavanel put the seniors ahead by kicking the convert.

There followed about twenty minutes of hectic rugby. Finally Dave Bate intercepted a lateral pass and ran thirty-five yards to make the score 11-5.

The game ended at three quarter time as Dave Gray broke an ankle when tackled. Incidentally we all hope Dave will be up and around again soon.

Standouts for the seniors were Chas. Pavanel, Bob Cunningham, Dave Bate and Lorne Smith who contributed some fine body-blocks.

The old boys were sparked by Dave Gray, Arcy Everett, Bill McKay and Ernie Duz.

—Bob Cunningham.

Audrey Erdmann: "Can this coat be worn out in the rain without hurting it?"

Arcy Everett: "Lady, did you ever see a skunk carrying an umbrella?"

MIGHTY MIDGETS

The Midget and Minor-Midget Leagues were decided about three weeks ago on the campus of P.C.H.S. Both games ended with high scores for at least two teams. Bob Cunningham's "Mighty Midgets" seemed to burn up the field and won the game by a wide margin, leaving Golden Boy's team lost in the dust. In the Minor Midget game, Mickie's "Marauders" took Sam's team for a ride and really piled up a score in the first half. Although Pat McGlaughlan and the rest of Schreiber's team tried hard to win, they couldn't seem to stop Reeves and Davis.

The Midget and Minor-Midget Leagues turned out to be a great success, with lots of fun, and we hope it will be even bigger and better next year.—Bill Schreiber.

Jumpin' Gyminy —Stinky and Stuffins.

Greetin's, gals! Here we are again with news and criticisms. The girls' gym parties, both Junior and Senior, were successful in some respects but lighting in the school—namely: no electricity — went off and had not been completely fixed on the Wednesday. However, a joint Junior and Senior party seems to have more life in it.

The volley-ball finals will be played the first week of school after the holidays. So don't wear yourselves out skiing—save yourself for volley-ball. But you don't use that part of you for volley-ball anyway !!!

THE NIGHT BEFORE EXAMS

'Twas the night before exams, when all through my brain The subjects were racing, like cars on a train:

Who were the Persians, and what did they do?
Divide by the quotient and multiply by two.

My composure had left me, I tore at my hair,
While visions of failing caus'd utter despair.
With my books piled high so that I could not see,
I had just settled down to the task before me,

When up from below came a terrible crash;
I sprang from my desk and made a dash

For the stairway. I leaped and missed the first stair—
Downward I fell as if into a lair.

Then, among the stars I forgot my sorrow,
And what would befall me on the morrow,
When, what to my bloodshot eyes should appear
But a world upside down and my foot in my ear.

Hearing no sounds from below I arose,
And took my self back to my Latin and prose,
But alas and alack, as I tried in vain,
I could not recall a thing to my brain.

To keep me from dozing, black coffee I took,
But it wasn't successful—my French I foresook;
I propped up my pillows and jumped into bed
Hoping to study; but I slept instead.

—Marjorie Grant.

COMENCEMENT NIGHT

(Continued from page 1)

Watson Memorial Prize to Myrtle Lane. This last stood out because Stan received the biggest ovation since the departure of Miss Sissons.

Following are the names of the pupils who won scholarships and prizes—

Board of Education

Lower School — Agnes McArthur.
Middle School—Ross Paisley.
Upper School—Jean Rose.
Commercial—Velma Shaver.

I.O.D.E. for History

Grade IX—Ruth Winter.
Grade X—Agnes McArthur.
Grade XI—Jane Armstrong.
Grade XII—Myrtle Lane.
Grade XIII—Lois Terry.
Sydney Watson Memorial for Grade XII English—Myrtle Lane.

Canadian Legion Prize for Grade IX English — Mary Lou Grimshaw.

Awards for Field Day Championships

Boys—
Junior—John Kelly.
Int.—Ted Stock.
Senior—Lorne Smith.
Girls—
Junior—Carol Freeman.
Int.—Jane Armstrong.
Senior—Doreen Cox.

Dr. Brayley Cup for Individual Effort on Sports Day—Ted Stock.

Strathcona Trust Medal for Rifle Shooting (Cadets) —Bill Warfe.

Board of Education Entrance Medals

Forest Ave. — Frank Philbrooks.
Riverside—Shirley Ellis.

Victory Loan Scholarships
Grade IX—Helen McCauley.
Grade X—John Keeler.

Grade X Commercial — Bernice Lowe.
Grade XI—Nelson Durie.

Grade XI Commercial—Rosebud Payne.

NEWS 'N NONSENSE

—Adams and Warren.

Students! This is YOUR paper! (And this is starting out like an editorial a la David Bate but don't let that stop you—read on!) This is YOUR paper and this column especially is yours—so why don't you give a little help with it? I admit that this is neither News nor Nonsense but it has to be said so—here goes!

First of all, you yell, "More Scandal! ! !" at us from all sides but "scandal" is a word that fails to be appreciated by certain important members of the Faculty — regardless of the fact that it is more than appreciated by the students. Secondly, everyone wants scandal but only a very few bother to dig in and get some—the rest sit back and wait for the paper to come out. Then they turn to "News 'n Nonsense" and, while reading it, make such comments as "Ooooo — corn!" and "Why don't you think of better ways of writing it up?" I may add here that when "News 'n Nonsense" was originated it was not meant to be composed purely of scandal but of things more on the social side of school life such as parties and dances and any other student activities of interest to the whole student body. Any criticism—good or otherwise—and any contributions, will be gratefully accepted. How about it, eh?

To all ye who would gain inspiration from others' efforts, hark to what our Billie Schreiber conjured in English class as a metaphor for "She rose quickly". His well-meaning effort was "She was yeast for rising!"

That dreamy look on Joanna Crickmore's face at the

rugby dance was due to Flip — but only indirectly. It seems that, for some unknown reason he doesn't like Joanna to wear her glasses—so, she took them off. All of which gave poor Jo a rather short-sighted aspect on life.

A fine tribute to the lasting memory and consideration of P.C.H.S. students was evidenced on Monday the 6th, when middle and upper school students brought apples, shoe-laces and a few tins of soup to honour Mr. Sniderman's birthday. To show his appreciation he loaded down 5th form with generous presents of fruit. What we'd like to know is—who got the shel-lacked apple some practical joker in 4th donated ? ?

Much wonder and amazement was caused last Monday when our docile Ross Paisley appeared in class wearing a shirt, the collar of which was quite besmirched with some brilliant vermilion dye. Could it be, Ross, that you put on one of Don's shirts by mistake?

We have been told that there should be a clear-cut definition for everything, but look at this!

What is a man?—

A man is:—

—What if there were more of around here a lot of people would be happier.

—Bonnie's ideal.

—What puts the "grrr" in girls.

—In the plural, what makes scandal sheets.

—What makes marks in English classes.

! ! ! ! !

New party fads include putting vitamin pills into the

REMEMBER?—"Mac"

There was a teacher and what a teacher ! ! We sure do miss her. Miss Sissons is now acting as "General Mother" to about one hundred and twenty-five girls at Whitby College. Is she popular? What a silly question. The girls just love her. Miss Sissons' grand personality and humour has fascinated them. Our loss certainly is their gain.

Well, this does seem to be our lucky week, doesn't it? Yes sir, Jim Gray is home on leave from the Navy and so is Lorne Gray. You remember them, don't you? Say, about the Navy: There are two of our former boys who are out "somewhere" on the sea and they are John Bate and Brock Bartlett. We certainly hope they get home soon.

Miss Gardiner and Miss Becking. That is what they are being called, as they are acting as school-marms at two different schools up north. Betty is teaching near Bracebridge and Muriel is at Minnett, Muskoka.

punch — puts more life into the get-together, no doubt. Margot Knox tried it and look at all the life there was in that party ! ! !

It is encouraging to see some of the good old school spirit in our first formers. Of particular note is our up and coming Bruce Young, who seems quite undaunted either by speaking before the student body or by the wiles of the women he encounters, with, of course, particular reference to his next door neighbour of late.

Much learning shows how little mortals know.—Young.

THE FLIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

or

"Was This Trip Necessary?"

'Twas the night before Christmas and old Santa knew
If he didn't get started, he'd never get through!
So he hopped on his sleigh, while he chuckled with glee
As he thought of his oncoming midnight spree,
And over the hill tops and house-tops he flew—
A small silver speck, nearly lost in the blue.

And Santa was laughing as he flew along;
He called to his reindeer, and urged them with song;
And the reindeer responded—all eight in a row
Took to dancing and prancing, now high and now low,
Till the people on earth (if their eyes chanced to stray)
Were amazed at the star that was acting that way!

But Santa was happy—and just a bit chilly
And he laughed at himself, for it really was silly—
Such a beautiful beard, so snowy and white
That tickled his sides, when he wrapped it 'round tight!
And so cross the sky he went, dodging each star,
Till crash! he ran into a huge stratocar!

And there was poor Santa left floating in space,
While his reindeer ran off at a merry old pace!

And so Mrs. Santa had nothing to do
But take over the job till the war was all through;
For Ottawa said that as long as it lasts

Santa couldn't return 'thout his visitor's pass!

—Marion Clark.

Sorrows are our best educators. A man can see further through a tear than through a telescope.

Christmas Customs

Most of our Christmas customs had their origin in Old English or Anglo-Saxon times. There are some, however, that date as far back as Roman and even to Egyptian periods, since nearly all races celebrated a mid-winter feast.

The modern custom of the Christmas tree had its origin in Germany but we are told that the ancient Egyptians used a palm branch of twelve fronds at their feast of the winter solstice — about the 2nd of December—to symbolize the “completion of the year.”

Holly, called “Christ’s-thorn” in Germany and Scandinavia from its use in church decorating, and its putting forth of berries about Christmas-time, was used by the Romans to decorate their temples and dwellings at the great feast of the Saturnalia, which occurred at this season of the year.

Christmas cards also originated among the Romans who used to send holly-sprigs to their friends with wishes for their health and well-being.

Christmas carols, begun in England or Wales, are sung in commemoration of the singing of the angels to the shepherds at the Nativity. Before the date of Christmas was changed from January 6 in 1582, the clergy used to sing and play games on Christmas Day.

The giving of presents originated of course, when the Three Wise Men brought gifts to the Christ-child, but in the early days of Christianity, boxes were placed in churches before Christmas and opened on Christmas day by the priests when the contents were distributed among the poor.

—Tom Lightfoot, 12.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

CHRISTMAS PICTURES

Pictures of your Christmas tree setting are easy to make and will give you a permanent and valuable record of this year’s Yuletide. The equipment is simple—a subject, a few strong light bulbs (or photofloods) with reflectors, (bent cardboard boxes), and a camera with a fairly good lens, mounted on some sturdy support.

Arrange the lights on either side of the tree, being careful that they don’t shine directly into the lens. To focus the camera, open the shutter, and replace the back with a ground glass or wax paper and adjust the camera to get the sharpest image. Be careful to place the light so that the subject is not out by heavy shadows, nor appears too flat. Exposure is from 1/2 to 2 seconds with the largest diaphragm opening, using Panchromatic, Plus X or Verichrome film.

The above method can be used with moderate success in making portrait pictures, if care is taken that the subject does not move.

—Bruce Young

A FIFTH FORMER'S VIEWS ON P.C.H.S.

(Continued from page 2)

charge could procure an orchestra for our dances.

Let’s not evade the issue any longer! If you are on a committee, say to yourself, “What can I do to add to the life of the school?” When you attend meetings, don’t be afraid to get up and state your opinions—that is what you are there for. P.C.H.S. is coming more and more into the public eye—let’s do our

CANDLES FOR CHRISTMAS

Here is a novel idea you might like to try to brighten up your Christmas table—make your own Christmas candles. The method is simple and the results are super. Take an ordinary medium-sized soup tin and clean the inside, line with wax paper. Pinch a hole in the detached lid and tie the wick—a piece of thick cotton string—through it and lay it on the bottom of the tin. The other end of the wick is fastened to the middle of a nail that straddles the top of the can, holding the wick erect. Then pour in the wax, preferably colored, and allow to set. The depression around the wick, caused by contraction during cooling of the wax, can be refilled to bring it up to level. When the wax has hardened the candle may be taken from the can. Any irregularities in its surface can be smoothed out with the hands after dipping it in hot water.

When lit the candle burns down in the centre, leaving a glowing, translucent shell, hiding the flame completely.

—Warren.

SNOW SHOVELLING

Here is a useful tip to keep snow from sticking to your shovel as you may have found it does when you go a-shovelling. Heat and clean the shovel and pour melted paraffin evenly over all metal surfaces. Allow to cool thoroughly and it is ready for use.

very best to help it come through the inevitable criticisms with flying colours!

—A Fifth Former.

A Christmas Wish

At home we have our Christmas cheer,
But do we think of the boys who hear
The big guns roar, and the bullets fly
As in the mud and filth they lie?
Should we go on, from day to day
In such an unsympathetic way
Without a single thought or prayer
For loved ones who are over there?
Canada, you should be proud,
And voicing a wish: shout it aloud!
May they be home next Christmas day—
Not just on furlough, but home to stay.
Don’t celebrate Christmas in selfish joy,
But help in some way to bring home that boy.
—Burney E. Goddard.

OFFICERS CHOSEN FOR SKI CLUB

The Ski Club had a meeting on Wednesday, December 6th and the officials chosen are: President, Bill Schreiber; vice-president, M. Clark; secretary-treasurer, Don Skinner; social convenors, Doreen “Gus” Cox, Cally Croucher, Molly Beckett, Herb. Sanders, Don McMillan, Bill Cunningham; instructors, J. Armstrong, M. Clark, Dan Hancock, Bill Schreiber.

The first ski meet will be held at the Mississauga, the first week-end that there is snow.

A wasp made a three point landing in Jackson’s soup.

“Hey, what’s this?” he exclaimed.

“Vitamin Bee, of course,” replied John “Money-bags” Becking.

VALEDICTORY

Editor's Note—The following is the Valedictory Address, delivered by Jean Rose, at the Commencement Night. Although in the first person, it is not a verbatim account, but is an approximation made from notes.

We stand on the threshold of life and look back with mixed feelings at all the memories — the assembly on the first morning. We were very humble. Out of a sea of faces Mr. Doupe arose. Then came our initiation. The Seniors for a week before, went around with the most diabolical smiles on their faces. I have never seen so thorough a job as they did on us! Then, of course, there was the work — dull and hard, but we enjoyed it nonetheless. We owe a debt of gratitude to the teachers for their co-operation, during and after school hours! And of course, there were exams!

But it wasn't all work: there were all kinds of sports — rugby, basketball, volleyball, gym work, and all the winter sports. And there were dances, like the Annual At Home. And we mustn't forget the cadets—though the day of the annual inspection was generally muddy, they were usually a success, in spite of the rain.

Every year we looked forward to the Night of Plays which was directed by Miss Sissons and Mr. McDonald. No words can describe the pleasure they gave us. They were a tribute to Miss Sissons. She helped us in dramatics and other things too numerous to mention. We owe her a debt of gratitude and we sorely miss her.

But then an ominous cloud loomed over us — war was declared in September, 1939.

XI-B PERSONALITY PARADE

Becking — Ain't going nowhere.
 Belle—Careless rhapsody.
 Biggar—Sweet and low.
 Bleakley, B.—I've really learned a lot.
 Bleakley, T.—Undecided.
 Buck—I don't want to set the world on fire.
 Clarkson—Do something.
 Cormack—Is it a sin?
 Crandell — Come out, come out, wherever you are.
 Crickmore—Featherbrain.
 Croucher—Oh, you beautiful doll.
 Dolan—Tear it down.
 Found—At last.
 Gemmel—One alone.
 Goddard—That old gang of mine.
 Grant—Gone!
 Grocock—If you build a better mousetrap.
 Hooper—Do you care?
 Jackson—Don't fence me in.

The years before that became vague. We all pitched in and collected baskets, and scrap, and magazines and bought war stamps. The boys went off by twos and three's to war. Some will never return; others will, eager to work to prevent another war.

*Our high school education has prepared us for the future, through school mags. and dramatics, teaching us leadership and co-operation. They showed us that it is quality, not quantity, that counts. They helped us to conquer shyness.

Many at Fourth or Fifth form didn't know what course to follow, so I think Vocational Guidance is very important.

"In these days courageous, intelligent, loyal young men and women are needed to fight the battles that lie ahead. We have a job to do—we will not shirk it!"

*—Really rough!

A SONG TO REMEMBER

The Lorry stood in the shadow of the stone wall. It was a huge mobile repair unit, set up within reach of the front line. The day had been unusually quiet, only a few minor repairs, so I wasn't tired. That is why I sat there in the cab, long after the rest of the crew had gone to bed.

Outside, the moon cast a bright path on the glittering snow. It seemed impossible that only a short time before a fierce battle had raged over this same valley, which now looked so peaceful. With the ground clothed in a blanket of white, and the trees laden down with snow, war seemed so far away.

The radio gave forth with some soft dance music. That radio is our pride and joy. We rescued it from a wrecked tank, and after fixing it up, it was the envy of all the other crews.

As I looked out, the snow was once again falling from the heaven, coming down softly and gently. The dance music had changed to "White

Christmas", which filled the cab with welcome melody. My thoughts slipped back to the last time I had heard this song.

The snow fell silently. On the corner, the street light cast a feeble yellow glow into the surrounding snow. "White Christmas" came over the radio. I stared out into the night. It was my last leave.

Francis and I would soon be parted. Words failed me. I bent down and found her lips in a tender embrace, expressing what I couldn't put into words. Later we parted.

The last strains of the song faded away as I came back to the present. It had given me something real that I could cling to.

As I climbed into bed, the guns had opened up with renewed vigor, but I felt strangely sure that the new day would bring hope and strength to my dreams of a better day

—Jack Wright—11A

One Better

"I have a brother with a wooden leg."

"That's nothing. I've a sister with a cedar chest."

Accurate Description

"I had an awful headache last night."

"Yes, I saw you with her."

Carrying Analogy Too Far

Minister (at funeral): "Friends, all that remains here is the shell—the nut has gone."

St. Peter: "How did you get up here?"

John Clifton: "Flu."

Warren: "I'm handling this plane pretty well, instructor."

"Yes, just keep it up."

Kellett—Humpty Dumpty heart.

Lackie — All the things you are.

Lightfoot—Keep an eye on your heart.

Manners— Stop pretending.

Maybe—Stay as sweet as you are.

McKee—He's only a "Boyd" in a gilded cage.

Pickett—All's well.

Proud—Mad about him blues.

Rae—I'm the reluctant dragon.

Rigby — None but the lonely heart.

Stock — Maybe she'll say maybe.

Squires — Don't sweetheart me.

Thompson—Do I worry?

Christmas Eve

Christmas is a special time of year for everyone, from small children to granny and grandpa. This Christmas is an eve of victory. Some families will be rejoicing; others lonely.

The snow falls gently, adding to the white blanket already folded over the ground.

The stars are shimmering in the inky sky, and the moon gazes down, watching o'er the earth with a cool, silvery light.

Houses are glowing with lights. Christmas trees stand decorated, or are being decorated. The radios play soft Christmas music, or Scrooge with his raspy old voice, is talking to the "Ghost of Christmas past."

Questions run through the minds of people. They are wondering, "What is in that green and red package near the tree?" "Where is Johnny to-night?" and "Why do they spend so much money?"

The children are in bed, asleep. But somehow every now and then a giggle is heard, and mother looks in, finding only peaceful, innocent faces.

Some of the almost, but not quite, adults are skating. Others are at parties, or at home eating to-morrow's Christmas dinner.

It is almost Christmas day, eleven-thirty. As I sit before the fire I wonder what millions of other people are doing at this moment. I hope they are as happy as I am, but not as sad.

The first Christmas was a long time ago. Today few of us really think of Christmas as the time of Christ's birth. At least the things which come into my mind first are, Christmas trees, laughter,

See You At the Clarkson Dancel

Hy, Gang! How about having a good turnout at the coming Christmas Dance at Clarkson on December 28th? It's really going to be snazzy. Dancing to the Rhythm Rascals from 9 to 1. And girls, if you are able to get an evening gown, wear it to the dance, although formal dress is optional. We want to see a big crowd so come on out and have a good time. Admission only 50 cents per person.

huge turkeys, carols, snow, Scrooge, presents, Christmas cards and Santa Claus.

When I was younger Christmas was nothing but the excitement of waiting for Santa Claus to arrive. And I will swear that I actually heard the tinkle of his bells one Christmas eve.

I really do not think of religious things at Christmas. Perhaps that will come later, when I am older. But I think back to all the other Christmas Eves I have known and I hope I will remember them when I am a grandmother.

As I look at the Christmas tree, it seems more beautiful than ever.—

"Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright"
—a voice sings softly from the radio.

"Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace."

The clock is striking twelve—five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve.

"Merry Christmas," is all I can whisper, because the tears are streaming down my face. "Merry Christmas, everybody! Merry Christmas to you who are fighting for just exactly a night like this. God bless you, and keep you safe."

—Joan Pilling.

Does Santa Claus Come Down the Chimney?

I wonder if the legend that says Santa Claus comes down the chimney is quite right? How does he get down a narrow chimney when he is always represented as being fat? And would not Mr. Claus fall down a wide chimney? There would certainly be a noise if he landed on the sharp point of a grate! Does the said Santa Claus use a rope? If so, it is certainly amazing how he can lower himself down a rope with one hand, while holding a heavy sack of gifts in the other. Perhaps he carries the sack on his head like a native woman.

Now here is the most amazing thing. I have taken down old furnace pipes and there has always been lots of soot which sticks to clothing. My

feet leave marks when I walk on a clean spot, and my hands soil everything I touch. Yet the gentleman in question leaves no signs of his presence. The ashes in the fireplace are not disturbed, there are no foot marks, and the gifts are always clean. Of course, there is the chance that S. Claus, Esq., removes his mitts and takes off his shoes, like a husband coming in in the small hours and trying not to draw any rolling pins.

But seriously, we need not worry about how the aforesaid Claus enters, or even whether he enters at all. We all realize that Santa Claus is a fine old Christmas tradition which will, perhaps, never die out—we hope!

—Nelson Durie.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Pushing through a crowded store,
Getting shoved into a door,
Dropping parcels, losing mitts—
Just like living in a blitz.

Trudging, panting, up the stairs,
Nearly dead, but no one cares.
Elevators? Not for me—
Suicide would sweeter be.

Street cars with their bells so loud,
Each one wrapped around a crowd,
An autoist passes, blows his horn,
(Isn't this poem just plain corn?)

And how ! ! !
—Marjorie Drummond, 10-A.

Connolly: Stock, did you take a shower?

Stock: No, is there one missing?

CHRISTMAS

Christmas comes but once a year,
Full of laughter, full of cheer,
To the people of this earth,
We celebrate our Saviour's birth.

Christmas every year has brought
Many a happy and lovely thought;
To bring to people comfort and joys,
And to the children many toys.

Carols are sung and tales are told,
Of how the Wise Men came with gold
To rejoice over the Saviour's birth,
Who has brought to the world joy and mirth.
—Patricia Ward, 10-C.

Miss James (in modern history): Who was Talleyrand?

Marshall Jess: A fan dancer—everybody knows that!

RAGS AND FADS

BOYS' OPINION ON GIRLS' FASHIONS

Boys disapprove of girls putting make-up on in restaurants, or public places. Girls really can't expect them to like this as everyone is certain that if a gentleman brought forth an electric razor, plugged it in a wall socket and began to shave, they would be highly disgusted and embarrassed.

The majority of males don't like coloured nail polish but say a natural shade is all right. They don't like flowers worn in the hair at school but think they look effective in the evening.

They definitely like dresses and high heels for parties and dances but say loafers and moccasins are taboo without a pair of smart bobby sox. In other words they claim bare feet are O.K. on the farm but not elsewhere and sloppy shoes make a girl look as if she just got up and hadn't taken the time to put her feet into them properly.

As far as the tunics go (in more ways than one) boys think they should be worn according to a girl's height and build—not too short but not drooping around the knees.

In the jewellery line boys' and girls' tastes run to identification bracelets and rings. In their opinion one ring is sufficient and much more attractive than three or four.

Practically all boys agree that plaid skirts rate high with them and the gentlemen (?) hereabouts have broken the tradition and prefer brunettes. They also like their brunettes with their hair parted on the side.

Red and blue seem to be the favourite colours of the men.

GIRLS' OPINION ON BOYS' FASHIONS

Girls don't like boys wearing suits to school but naturally think they're swell for parties and suitable occasions provided there isn't a heavy sweater underneath the jacket.

And boys, the girls highly object to greasy hair — they say a brush makes a much better job. Brush cuts are also disapproved of.

One thing the fairer sex really like is the boys' good taste in sweaters — specially patterned ones, worn on the outside of the belt. And the smart tweeds they wear with them. They also like the dark brown trousers being worn by several of the fellows.

You boys may have beautiful necks but the girls prefer shirts and ties with sweaters instead of the sweaters alone.

Above all, boys, wear clothes that go, even remotely, together. (Here we might add that an occasional shave would be appreciated).

Moccasins are in favour, especially with white wool socks.

This is no reason for fair hair to go into hiding, but dark hair is popular with the femmes.

Now that you have read this column, and your temperatures are soaring, please remember that this is the result of a general census of the whole school. —Phyl. T.

Well fellas, now that you've had your "say" let's hear what the girls think about you.

G. Graydon Speaks At Commencement

Gordon Graydon delivered an impromptu speech in the absence of the guest speaker, Dr. W. P. Brown, of Victoria University, at the Commencement Night. He said, with emphasis, that he had never in the whole of Ontario seen better school spirit than that at Port Credit High School. He mentioned that he was from Brampton and that Port Credit's rugby team had swept all before them; however, Brampton expected to put one over next year.

At this point he spoke directly to Jean Rose, the Valedictorian. He said, "I have been in the House of Commons for ten years, Jean, and I have heard poorer speakers there and very few better."

He mentioned the British Prime Minister's speech, in which he said that wars have been won on the playing-grounds of England, and that a major part of the war is being won by high school boys from Canada. When Mr. Graydon switched back to Brampton and rugby, someone in the front made a noise. Mr. Graydon smiled and remarked: "I didn't know they had hecklers in Port Credit!"

Then, he declared that it is not enough to be brilliant, hard-working or courageous — one must be all three combined! With great emphasis, he said that to be honest and straightforward is a **must** in life. He finished with the lines from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall":

"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled, In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

A MOTHER'S WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS

She sat by the window alone
As the sun set low in the west;
On her face were marks of worry,
But in her soul was peace and rest.

Many days had come and gone
Since her son had left last May;
Each hour she hoped and prayed
He'd return this Christmas day.

Now she hears some foot-steps
And a merry whistle rings;
The evening postman enters,
But what is this he brings?

A message strangely folded—
Her heart beat hard and fast;
Had it brought her joy or sorrow
Since the news had come at last?

Somewhere in England, she read
Of a boy who had fought in the air,
And had battered the enemy's stronghold,
Then returned to his post with care.

He had brought to them fame and glory,
—This gallant son and brave;
Her proud heart was almost bursting—
These men our country will save.

—Mary Hogg, 13.

FOR SALE

GIRL'S SKATES — Two prs. girl's white fancy skates. Both size 5. Price \$8 and \$10. Apply to Molly Beckett 9-B.