

High Light

PORT CREDIT HIGH SCHOOL

LUX NUMQUAM DESIT

VOL. 4—No. 3

PORT CREDIT HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY JOURNAL

15 Cents

SENIOR HIGH-POLL

A survey was taken of grades XII and XIII recently, on questions concerning something near and dear to us—education, and it appears that a few major changes are in demand.

When asked if they were satisfied with the type of education provided by Canadian high schools:

81% said NO!

A variety of reasons were given and a few of the most popular are listed here:

More practical subjects,
More options,

More extra curricular activities,
Less work,
Better teachers,
Fewer subjects.

The majority were also in favor of having the school used to a greater extent during the evening.

The next question was: "Do you expect to get your Senior Matric?"

68% said YES!

13% said NO!

19% said we're doubtful but still hoping.

—Virginia Clippingdale.

SVENSKA SKOLOR

What does that title mean? Has this paper ignored such a spelling mistake? I'll set your mind at rest and tell you that that is no spelling mistake. It is Swedish and means, simply, Swedish Schools. Yes, they have such things in other countries too. When I was in Sweden recently, and inquired into the subject of schools I discovered that they really are quite different from ours in Canada. In the city in which I stayed, after the first six years, schools are no longer co-educational. They have one year or more of play over there than we do, for they do not start school until they are seven years old. They go first to the equivalent of our Public Schools for a period of six years. They begin foreign languages while attending these schools. After trying a type of entrance exam they enter (if they pass) a school known as "Real" School. At this point they must begin to pay for their schooling. They go to this school for four years. Then they try another entrance exam which again if they pass enables them to enter the "Gymnasium" School. This

school is really like our High School or Collegiate. When they have attended this school for three years and still wish more education they go to what they call a High School (College) or University. In the "Gymnasium" School they go each weekday from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. and they also go on Saturday mornings. They have, however, more holidays than we do. I also found out that they are never given homework to do over the week-end. (Teachers, please take note.) If they wish to take Technical or Business training they may go to such schools instead of attending the "Gymnasium." As you can see they also get an education over there.

—Estrid Wallberg.

An Indian came to a mid-western city, and went up to the lunch counter of a large drug store.

"Gimme ham sanwij," he said.

The soda-jerk complied. Peering between the two slices of bread the Indian said:

"You slicum ham?"

"Yes," said the soda-jerk, "I sliced the ham."

"Ugh," said the Indian, "you darned near missum."



Joan MacLean
Giving the school's new grand piano
a tryout

WINNERS OF SCHOOL CONTEST ANNOUNCED

Marjorie Crimp and Rice
Honeywell Share Honours

The contest for a school song sponsored by the Students' Council is over. After serious consideration, judges have announced that Marjorie Crimp, XA, has won the \$10.00 award for the best words and Rice Honeywell, also XA, has written the prize-winning music. We feel proud to know that for years to come, we will go on singing the song written by our own students. And so, the whole school congratulates this talented pair.

We are grateful, too, to the judges who made such a careful study of the work submitted and such helpful suggestions for improvement. The judges were: For words, Miss James, Miss Sissons, Mr. Damude; for

"AND THE GHOST TRAIN COMES . . ."

After a delay in schedule the Ghost Train finally ran on January 16th and 17th in the High School Auditorium. The engineer, the crew and most of the passengers are highly satisfied with its performance, and they have a right to be. The play was one of the best which has been produced in the school.

Much of the credit goes to Miss Detenbeck, Joyce Dadson and Sheila Smith. As teacher and student directors they achieved that perfect co-operation without which such a play would not have been possible. The rest, which is still quite a bit, goes to the actors, actresses and the production staff. When they were most needed, they were always to be relied upon. But enough of scattering laurel leaves in ambiguous phrases.

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music, Miss Walter, Mrs. Muir, Dr Osbourne.

And now that Marjorie and Rice have done their part, let's get behind them and learn to sing our new school song. These are the words:

A song of praise proudly we
raise

To hail her noble name;
The honour of our school to
sing.

Her standard to maintain;
To keep alive the spirit
bright,

The flaming torch to bear;
We hail the burning emblem
light,

Our loyalties declare.
So pledge we now our love
to thee,

And loud thy motto sing;
"Lux Numquam Desit" ever-
more,

As gold and blue we fling.
—Joan Treble.

HIGH - LIGHT

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EDITORIAL

KILL THE CLASSICS

This month I plan to reveal a heinous and evil minded fellow to you. The kind of fellow who would affect the minds of not only his generation but also the generations to follow. He frequently lives in poverty to beguile the working classes into trusting him. Often he works night and day perfecting and polishing his instruments of batle. Sometimes, when he is discovered, he will die rather than give up his foul work. Who is this fiend? He is the writer of classics.

Since, at some time in your life, you are bound to come up against his trickery it will be just as well if you were forewarned. There are a few signs which, if remembered, will help you know his work for what it is. For example, if you by chance pick up a book and find that there are an unusual number of clear, beautiful and effective word structures in it, throw it in the fire at once and be thankful you are saved. The chances are that the book is a classic, for such devices are common with the classics writer. His writings are exciting but not wanton. He brings uplifted thought to the level of common understanding rather than petty thought to the level of mock profundity. His thoughts are stimulating rather than commonplace. His conflicts involve more than physical endurance. The words he makes use of are flowing rather than awkward. Now any one can see, without even looking closely, that these are not symptoms of a healthy mind. It is a vile person indeed who would stoop to such tricks.

Imagine what effect such writings would have on the minds of youth. Think what would happen to our civilization if people were torn from the improving influence of

murder stories and westerns, tales of brutality and bloodshed, of glorified immorality and warfare, and had to read such trash as fiends like Dickens, Plato, Shakespeare and Sophocles, turn out to beguile people into living peacefully. We are fortunate indeed to live in a modern age where such events are impossible. Students of this age are too wise to be ensnared by the classical writer. Examine them with pride as they troop into school, each with his trusty comic book tucked under his arm. The pleasure is such that it brings tears to one's eyes when he remembers that these are the leaders of to-morrow. No soft fools are these, with silly notions of co-operation, justice, and the dignity of their fellows. They pick their idols in the sensible way, for popularity rather than worth. From their feet right up to the crowns of their heads they are solid citizens. No, the classic writer won't be able to get his clutches on them.

As to modern writers of the dripping dagger school, our populace, recognizing the fact that they are victimized, supports them in every possible way. These authors are handicapped by the fact that the loathsome classics have used up all the forceful, beautiful and intelligent thoughts, and our thriller producers have to make a living don't they? Nobody seems to quite know why but are assured that they do. So be it.

And so you have been warned against a great danger. Bear it in mind and never read a classic. Classics are like drugs; when taken as ordered they will do you little harm, but just once start taking them for the pleasure of it and you will become addicted. Stay on guard against the classic writer. Prevent him at all costs from breeding the germs of love and friendship in our civilization.

—The Editor.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

I have become more annoyed and more annoyed and so I write to you.

What has happened to the Highlight? Where is all the humour and sparkle? The

whole project is a flop.

This new ban on outside news reminds me of the dictatorship of Petrillo. Who is our little Caesar? Any news of any interest happens outside the school. What is one supposed to write about? X was seen talking to Y in class. Scandal! As for Clubteen news nothing need be said. Ninety per cent. of the students of P.C.H.S. attend Clubteen, but we mustn't read about its activities in this, supposedly, students' paper. How absurd!

And I see we have gone highbrow. Divine literary masterpieces now occupy pages and pages which no one reads until desperate. Last year one issue was devoted to literary efforts and that was sufficient. Either the work is far above the meagre brain of the average or so low we have to crawl down to grasp it. What a waste of time!

Why must the teacher have a controlling interest. After all we read and write it.

I am not advocating a nonsensical gossip sheet. But a little of the present standard goes a long way.

In past years we have had a marvellous paper which the students assembled, read and enjoyed. We should be proud of that.

This year the staff "advisor" seems to control the staff like puppets on a string. The staff have become "yes" men. The strict censorship is past the laughing stage.

Talk to the students and you will find out what they think of your paper. I'm afraid it isn't printable. In fact I doubt whether you will have enough nerve to print this. There is too much truth in it.

The paper is a fine example of how things are run in P.C. H.S. The odour is rather strong.

So how about a little clean up campaign. Fight for your paper. If you don't you might just as well stop the presses. It would make excellent material to wrap up the garbage. A Disgusted Reader and Resigned Editor.

—JONE PILLING.

REPLY

In the first place there are few enough people in P.C.H.S. capable of producing "Divine Literary Masterpieces." If there were the Highlight would have to be larger to accommodate them.

Some people can take drivel and make it interesting but a short term as editor of the Highlight would soon convince you there are far more who can take drivel and make it look like drivel.

"Any news of interest happens outside the school." A great many people disagree with that. The Highlight is not a community service. It is printed for the students of this school and will therefore print articles concerning this school. A village paper supplies outside articles. "What is one supposed to write about?" A news writer does not pick his articles. He must be capable of writing whatever he is requested to without waiting for inspiration. Unfortunately there is a minority in the school who considers it a duty to protest at the top of its voice whenever a minor restriction for good or bad is enforced. So absorbed are they with their profaned "rights" that they ignore the greater privileges which are not restricted by any rules but those of decency. A good example of this was shown in the reaction to the new recommendation regulations. While others were protesting and looking misused, one person sat down and wrote a calm and polite discussion of the matter, which was duly answered in an equally polite manner. The student was commended for her interest in school matter and a subject of close interest to the students had been managed without any verbal onslaughts or petty haggling. There are other topics concerning the school and school life which could be gone over in an equally co-operative manner if, instead of complaining, howling and condemning some of our students spent a half of an hour writing a well mannered and reasonable article.

"Scandal!" After a number of years of observation I have yet to see schoolgirl scandal that was anything but schoolgirl scandal. The force of this

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REPLY—Continued.

Continued from Page 2

type of writing lies not so much in its new value as in its manner of treatment. Unless one is experienced it is hard to achieve the trick effects necessary. Try it sometime. A light and easy result comes from lots of hard work.

Pertinent Information:

1. The Highlight is not and can not be a newspaper. It more closely approximates a magazine.

2. The paper is produced by the students but only about 7% of them do the slightest work on it.

3. When masterpieces are presented to us we will print them.

4. The staff advisor's sole interest is in keeping the paper from becoming "A nonsensical gossip sheet."

5. This year for the first time the Highlight contained ten pages in a regular issue.

6. Clubteen news has seldom occupied 2% of the paper in other years.

7. The production of the Highlight is a privilege, not a right, extended to the students.

—The Editor.

AT HOME DANCE

The night is gone. Gone but not forgotten by any means.

Entering the auditorium Pete Davidson, Ruth Winters, Mr. and Mrs. Doupe, Mr. and Mrs. Harshaw and Mr. and Mrs. Buley received you into soft music, lights and flowing gowns.

Girls in formal dress of every colour and design were predominant with many of the boys in tuxes and even "tails."

The hall was beautifully decorated with balloons of all colours adorning the walls and suspended in hammocks high up in the air. Something different was added when at the stroke of midnight confetti and balloons sailed through the air, soon to be picked up for souvenirs. We weren't sure whether it was New Year's Eve or not.

Many of the old students were seen dancing. Among these were Mary McDermatt, Charlie Pavanel, Lorna Ashfield, "Arcy" Everett, Cleta Scarlett, Bob Cunningham, Mickey McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Hare.

COLLINGWOOD BOUND

Throughout Port Credit High School there was one very important question everybody was asking. That question was: "Are you going to Collingwood?" Of course the answer was, "yes." This was the case of ten boys who decided, that if one of them could obtain a car, they would go skiing. Barry Glover was able to get his father's car thus everything was going according to plan.

Jack Reeves, Millar Gallow, Bob Glatt, LeRoy McKenzie, Bill Bleakly, Bill Leavers, Ian Cameron, Frank Schnee, Barry Deacon and myself left Sunday morning at 6 o'clock. Everything was going very well when a tire blew out, two miles from Shellbourne. Naturally we were all happy about this until we discovered we didn't have a spare tire (one of those forgotten things), a jack, or even a wrench to change the tire. We telephoned a garage in the town and the garageman said he would be out immediately. We figured he would come and tow us in; we turned the car around by carrying it. The garageman came out, but he didn't have a tow truck. He took the tire off and went back to town where he discovered that the tire was useless. We bought a new tire, returned to the car, put it on, and continued on for Collingwood. At 11 o'clock we arrived at the mills which are six miles past Collingwood.

The skiing was wonderful and every one enjoyed himself immensely. The "Granny," as one of the hills was called, was very tricky and very fast. By 5 o'clock we were all tired and wet, but very happy (I could tell by the singing). We then left for Collingwood where we had a full course dinner. Saying good-bye to the pretty waitress we headed home. Half a mile from Shellbourne the car stopped and we discovered that we were out of gas. A car came along and gave us a push as far as a gas station. At the station we refilled our car and had a cup of coffee to warm us up. We continued home and arrived, without further incident, in Port Credit, at 11 o'clock Sunday night.

—Barry Glover.

FASHIONS OF TO-DAY

A short time ago I overheard a conversation on the bus between two girls. They were discussing, enviously, a girl who, in their opinion, had "oodles of clothes" and all of the latest styles. She had so many skirts, sweaters and blouses that she hardly ever wore the same thing twice in the same month. They both agreed that if they had as much money to spend on clothes as she, they too could look like models for Glamour.

To put it mildly, these two poor things are clueless. What's the good of having a stack of clothes you wear only infrequently? Remember, quality is much more important than quantity.

The Ten Best Dressed Women of America have been chosen and it is interesting to note what they wear. Their clothes are in exquisite taste, but not always the most expensive. Neat suits with many appropriate accessories are popular with them. One of the Best Dressed Women buys one new suit a year. The remainder of her money is spent very carefully for necessary garments.

Their main trick for becoming Best Dressed Women is that they dress to fit their own personalities. That is something that every one should remember and put into practice. Never buy an article of clothing merely because it is in style or because it is a pretty colour. Make sure it suits you. You and your friends differ from each other because your personalities are different. Why not make the most of that difference and buy your clothes to help you? Buy carefully and buy the best quality you can afford.

The Duchess of Windsor, one of the Chosen Ten, is never seen without immaculately white gloves.

Hair styles are gradually changing, but not back to the 1920's, we hope. Hair is shorter, sometimes just barely below the ears, but it is usually turned under a bit at the bottom to break the line, or it may be softly waved. If you still

COMPOSE A SCHOOL SONG?

The first thing to do when you notice the bulletin about the School Song Contest is turn your back quickly and ignore it. If however you are fool enough not to, then the following plan is most acceptable for coming through the ordeal with little more than a fractured brain.

The first thing to do is to go to the Counselling Office and persuade the one in charge there to dissuade you from any such crazy enterprise. You will not get away with it though, so just take the staffed paper offered and get out as quickly as possible. Now, armed with this unnecessary and obligating paraphernalia (for you would not want to take the paper and then not return it), hurry home all in anticipation about this tremendous brain child which is going to spring at you out of thin air. You will probably find there are other things more pressing to be done (Thank Heaven!) than composing a piece. Thus you will find that the days fly by with amazing rapidity till it seems that the deadline (that object of worry from the word go) will have come and gone like the Port Credit trains, before you know it! And so you sit down one Saturday afternoon to compose this masterpiece. After a few minutes heavy concentration you may begin to wonder why inspiration doesn't come. And then, "Well what would Beethoven have done in a circumstance such as this?" "Don't be silly, he was never in one equal to this!" 'Tis then that you realize what a composer is—just a bag of inspiration—plus a few other things.

At this point you get what you think to be the solution to the whole problem. So you set about cutting out little squares of paper and after writing a note on each, you lace them all, carefully folded, in a hat

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insist on wearing it longer, the big bow at the back is a popular style.

That's all for this month. Next month we'll bring you up to date again with the news and styles of to-day's fashions.

50% WIT By Frank Jessup

Due to the close proximity of the railroad, an old proverb with a new look, is very aptly demonstrated to the students of P.C.H.S.

"Empty boxcars make the most noise."

1st former: "Isn't it awful the way the boys stare at you?"

2nd former: "I wouldn't say that, kid. It's better to be looked over than overlooked."

It's bad to be old and bent, but it's worse to be young and broke.

The student was deeply absorbed in the book, oblivious to all that was going on around him. The plot of the murder mystery was approaching the climax. Suddenly an interruption caused him to look up quickly and say, "Would you mind repeating the question, sir?"

Mr. Molotov must be an intellectual person, at least he seems to "no" a lot.

If at first you don't succeed, try, try a gun.

How not to treat your records: A friend of mine was given an old record player, with the heavy magnetic pick-up. Unfortunately the counter weight was missing from the far end of the pick-up arm, putting an excess pressure on the needle. So great was the pressure, in fact, that when a record was played, a curl of wax climbed from the needle

"HOW I RELAXED LAST SUNDAY"

The ominous clang of the alarm clock pierced my ears in the early hours of last Sunday morning, and I bounded from my bed, into my ski-togs, ate, grabbed my skis and made for the 9.07 bus to Toronto. On my arrival, I mounted one of Mayor Saunders' street cars at Yonge Street and sat down. About two stops on, millions of skiers bound for Summit (which I wasn't) boarded and prepared themselves for the long ride.

As my intentions were to get off at Heath Street to meet a friend—I made my way at the appropriate time to the door and signalled by means of the buzzer that I wished to decant. The conductor, with a puzzled look between the other skiers and myself, asked me if I was sure I wanted to get off. "Yes please," I said, so he let me off a block further than my stop.

I had arranged to meet my friend at 10.00 a.m. When I arrived, I helped him into his ski clothes, ate half his breakfast and by means of his father's car we went to pick up another friend. The wee lass whom we had arranged to pick up complained bitterly of our being three-quarters of an hour

wisp of blue smoke! After going through this treatment about a dozen times, so he tells me, you could play the selection from the under side of the disc, without turning it over.

When you get something for nothing, that's what it's worth, usually.

late—"Couldn't be helped," we said, "Snow drifts and all that!"

Our eventual destination was a farm near Aurora. We landed there stuffed and smeared with licorice which we had bought on the way, and prepared to go ski-jouring with more friends.

This business of ski-jouring is real fun by the way. It is the art of being towed on skis behind some mode of locomotion—in this case a small truck. The freshly ploughed country roads with a thin layer of powder snow supplied excellent routes for our purpose. We were able to ride two at a time, while some one drove. By riding up over the snow banks on the roadsides, it was possible to be almost directly alongside the truck. Naturally the fun grew as the speed increased. At 35-40 m.p.h. with the snow blowing in your face and your skis leaping over little bumps in the road, you had the sensation of flying blind most of the time.

Like all things—ski-jouring has its ups and downs. As per usual, it's the down part that hurts.

Sitting or falling while travelling rapidly is not the most comfortable pastime. The most frequent cause of this occurs when one ski (or both) suddenly hits a little sand exposed by the snow plough. Since skis were designed for use on snow, they are quite reluctant to being dragged over sand or dirt—with the result—a down fall on tender portions of one's posterior.

One of the party caught a

ski-tip in a snow bank and he followed the tip head first into the pile—he's still pulling ice out from the back of his shirt!

After a couple of hours of thrills and spills, we adjourned to the farmer's house for some hot apple pie and cocoa made by the farmer's wife. It really was delicious (I had two pieces!) We then skied over to a hill on the next farm and proceeded shooting the innards out of a tin can with a revolver. The wee lass (bless her heart) was a fair shot—she hit the can twice out of six shots. (We boys behaved ourselves from then in!)

One fellow found a dead skunk on the hillside; we wish he hadn't!

Before doing any more ski-jouring, four of us went to a "greasy spoon" down the road for a bite of lunch. I was gypped though, I had to pay fifteen cents to hear one record on the juke box—(out of order) and I played a pinball machine for the first time in my life and tilted it on the second ball. We bought three cigars but our company was not welcome in the car with the "wee lass" so we disposed of them reluctantly. (She's a temperance girl I guess).

We ski-joured for a couple more hours, took a drive through some backroads and headed home.

The "wee lass" and I went to her place for supper. After a little while I informed the family of my intentions of leaving for home, but one of the (guess who) persuaded me to

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COMPLIMENTS OF
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NEWS 'N NONSENSE

By Nancy Elliott and
Margot Knox

Ajax seems to be the main topic of conversation with several of the fifth formers. Maybe it could be because some of last year's students are there.

The At-Home has come and gone and I think every one will agree with me when I say that it was the best one yet. At this gala affair a number of "different couples" were seen. Namely, Marilyn Nobles, Ron Dixon; Lil Matthews, Ian Cameron; Helen Harris, Bob McKee; Anne Smith and Nelson Tilbury.

CHIPS FROM 11A

(Compiled and edited by a member of the "Women's Auxiliary and Aid Society of Form 11A.")

Mr. Knight seems to have taken an absorbing interest in the art of catching runs in Kay Mathew's nylons.

We 'uns of 11A take this opportunity to welcome Jennifer Boulton to our form. She arrived in Canada from South Africa last November. It would be nice if we all were as bright as she is.

Is Stue Connolly becoming a second Frankie — "With a Hey and a Hi and a Ho Ho Ho."

Has "Duck" O'Gorman really got webbed feet?

Young, Connolly and Miles (the warbler) ought to join the Music Appreciation Class!

Where does Mervyn Priest get those luscious diamond socks?

Was the "Prisoner of Zenda" really hot stuff Charlie?

Joe Orr has inherited Invisible Scarlet O'Neil's invisibility — especially around 9 a.m. Miss Collip knows that.

Several people differ with Skip's opinion that, to quote Nellie Lutchter—"the woman I love."

An example of the temperamental male, Pinead—will not sit with his feet under Miss Collip's desk.

Does Marilyn prefer Plymouths, Oldsmobiles or Willys?

Say kids—Don't gym rompers make the lights in English class a pretty shade of blue?

Romance begins to bud in 10A! Who? Why, Jenny Lynd and Albert (better known as Tubby) of course.

Rice Honeywell and Bob McLean have been seen with several different femmes lately.

Who was Helen Harris' mysterious date at the At-Home?

Well so much for 10A! Why doesn't a chicken cross the road?

He's scared. (That was a fowl joke.)

And now for another pomme:

I shouldn't have eaten that minister,

Said the cannibal chief with a frown;

I should have remembered that proverb,

That you can't keep a good man down.

A few kindly students are taking up a collection to buy an electric blanket for Johnny Schreiber to use on those icy mornings when he is waiting for Ginny. He's liable to drop dead!

Barb Bodley seems to be our chief candle burner at both ends this year. Will somebody please make up their mind? Barb has too many rings on her fingers.

Our editor Rowland McMaster collects hot jazz records. The other day he was jumping for joy because he had found the collectors' item "Beethoven's Concerto No. 2 as played by Artur Schnabel."

My parents told me not to smoke—I don't.

Nor listen to a naughty joke—I don't.

They say it's wrong to flirt with men or wink,

Or think about intoxicating drink—I don't.

Wild girls chase men, and wine and song—I don't.

I kiss no boys not even one, In fact I don't know how it's done.

You wouldn't think I had much fun—I don't.

It seems that Pete Bacon, our studious boy, prefers Ye Olde Englishe language. When asked in a polite way to move nearer the front in History class, he replied (equally

politely) "Where wouldst thou have me sittest?"

10A HAS FUN

By Bob McLean

Forty-two of the class gathered with six toboggans at the Mississauga Golf course on Friday the 23rd and had themselves a whale of a good time. The snow was fast and so it was no surprise when we arrived at Harris' to find one less toboggan and a good many bruises. And here let's move a big vote of thanks for the nice warm welcome at the Harris' and for the generosity of Mr. Weryha, and his transportation.

We all had such a good time that we're planning another right away. We feel that 10A has a lot of school spirit. (Too bad it isn't more contagious.)

We're very proud of the performance 10A girls gave in the "Ghost Train." Jim's the only one who has a complaint. He tells us that Marge wasn't very co-operative.

WOULDN'T IT BE A CATASTROPHE IN 9E IF—

Connie didn't blow up balloons in school?

Huth T. didn't turn around? Karol was on time?

Pat didn't bother Mr. Fullerton?

Lois' books weren't flying around the room in French?

Ardeth learned memory work for Mr. McGill?

Ruth B. wasn't forever blowing bubbles?

Shirley didn't pound poor Jean on the back?

There were enough boys to go around so we could have some?

12B THROWS IN THEIR

By Barb. C.

TWO CENTS WORTH

Mr. Knight: "Lightfoot, what is the Munroe Doctrine?"

Lightfoot: "Don't come to class without your geometry done."

Nancy doesn't seem to be having rice for supper anymore.

Why was Ted walking walking around in the cor-

ridors carrying Helen's flashlight? Is it because the Halls are so dark?

Helen McGill is still looking for her Glove—er something.

We would like to recommend Vitamin B1 Complex Tablets to Bob Eve.

Walt Orr is the tall dark handsome silent type.

9C NEWS

1. Bob Smart—how is the musical nose coming along?

2. Wayne Coulter—has all the girls making eyes at him.

3. Jack Gent—six tongues attached to one head.

5. Bill Pollock—he does pretty well in everything.

6. Jim Phillips—be careful with your fountain pen.

7. Ronald Orr—back to school again.

8. Paul Perry—could she be from 9E?

9. Mr. Volpe—who is he wearing the sweater for?

10. Bruno Verano — 9C's block of granite.

11. Fay Stoll—got another argument for Mr. Sisler?

12. Roy Tibbin—Who pickabacked you in P.T. (poor guy).

13. Margaret Smith—caught making eyes at Joe.

COMMERCIAL NEWS

We have a secretary going to our school, Joey Johnson. . . Secretary of the Junior Farmers.

Rickey Walker, who hasn't even started Public School, had his first lesson in Health with Grade 12 girls at that.

It is bad enough standing out in the cold watching a hockey game, but when you go in the clubhouse to get warm and have a partition fall on you, accidentally of course, it's too much, eh Edna. Oh well, Scotties won.

According to Mrs. Harshaw, June Pollock keeps a Lakeview Golf Club in the files in the cupboard.

We shall end off this column with a word of warning: Look before you leap this year, girls!

GIRLS' SPORTS

Even if it is rather an old bit of news no one minds thinking of nice memories, so let's think about the gym party of December 18. About 200 girls came out to play games until 4.05 and then every one went up to the auditorium. Here we were entertained by various groups. First of all the grade 12 girls forth with their Hillbilly Band playing "St. Louis Blues." The 5th form girls acted out the Christmas poem "The Night Before Christmas," which was good. There were several other skits and dances all which provided good entertainment. Norma Varley taking the job of Santa Claus for the day, made a very jolly Master of Ceremonies. We all then adjourned to the cafeteria for ice cream, cookies and pop. I'm sure everyone will agree that it was a super Gym Party.

The Senior Girls Basketball team has been chosen, those lucky people being: Josephine Lee, Wilma Stanfield, Jean Thompson, Barb Cross, Sally Evans, Jenny James, Elizabeth Jenekins, Marion Arnold, Kay Parish, June Leslie, Phyl Ray and Ruth Winters. Well, good luck, kids, and good playing.

The Tumbling Classes have at last started on Monday nights with the Leadership Girls in charge, also the apparatus work is every Friday night.

The year being 1948, the G.A.A.'s annual Easter Dance is taking the form of a leap year dance. So here's your chance girls, don't miss it. We want to see every one there, even you.

P.S.—I have been asked to suggest that to any of you male readers of this column who are complaining of the girls' noon-hour games being too slow, well if you would stop "bugging the players" perhaps the games would not be so slow.

Barb. Bodley, 12B.

TRIP TO THE HOSPITAL

We girls of Port Credit High had a very interesting tour through Toronto General Hospital. The pleasant assistant superintendent of nurses received us; and we then proceeded to the lecture room. The pleasures and hardships of nursing were explained, and we asked any questions we wished.

The nurses' study hall was shown to us and we all agreed it would be a pleasure to study in such an inviting room. Next we were introduced to the library—a comfortable room with adequate space for study or reading. Near the library the reception room is situated. In this large attractive room the nurses meet their parents, and friends. The demonstration room was also on our list. Here we all got quite a fright to see a covered body lying on the hospital bed. The assistant superintendent assured us, however, it was only a large life size doll (the nurses have named her July) for demonstration purposes only.

The best response, of course, came after close inspection of the dining room and cafeteria. The dining room is spacious, decorated in grey and pink. As we walked through the cafeteria, supper was just being put on display and the food seemed to say: "Train as nurses at Toronto General Hospital." After this we left the tantalizing odour of food to whiff that clean antiseptic smell you get as you approach the wards. We glimpsed a few of the public wards, and saw the cheerful nurses doing their duty.

We were pleased to be made so welcome at such a busy place, and all left completely satisfied.

BASKETBALL

The Senior basketball team has played six games and the Junior team five.

On December 12 the teams won an Exhibition double-header from Long Branch in the home gym.

On December 19 the Seniors were beaten by a powerful team of Old Boys.

On January 9 the teams journeyed to Long Branch where the Seniors won, 30-27, and the Juniors were defeated, 55-44.

On January 16 the season opened officially with Credit playing host to Brampton. The

Seniors made a great comeback in the second half but were defeated, 40-34. Reeves was high man with 11 points. The Juniors came from behind in the last two minutes to gain a 22-22 tie. Hunter was high man with 7 points.

The following week the teams made a disastrous trip to Mimico. The Seniors were swamped, 59-29, and the Juniors, 46-10. Hooper was high man for the Seniors with 9, and Priest for the Juniors with 4. Darachuk scored 22 points for Mimico Seniors.

On Thursday, 29, Long Branch payed a visit to Port Credit. Credit Seniors defeated Long Branch, 34-27, in a very close game. Reeves was high man with 13 points, and Dorney was best for Long Branch. The Juniors lost to Long Branch by a score of 19-17. Brock was high man for Credit with 4.

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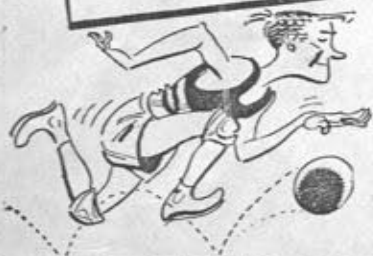
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THE GHOST

Continued from Page 1

Down to facts.

As every one now knows, Phyllis Ray and Calvin Lightfoot won the Bradley Shield. This is Calvin's third success and it has been suggested that it would be cheaper to put in a plate with his name on it and a list of dates, than to have one for each year. But joking aside, these twodeserved it. Even those who had seen it dozens of times at rehearsal were convulsed when Phyl became "inebriated" in Act 2. An unexpected touch was her free advertisement for "Forever Amber." When Calvin started acting superior with Elsie (Barbara Dempster), we all writhed as much as she did. That is Good Acting. Honourable mentions were given to Joan Treble and Alvin Costello. That Alvin sounded peculiar, because the cast know him best as "Whistler." But under either name he succeeded in frightening the audience with his narration of the Ghost Train story, something which the adjudicator, Miss Patricia Godfrey, pointed out to be very difficult. Joan had the "heavy" lead in the play. At times when the audience were not in the eery mood which was best, she was able to get them into the right mood with some very dramatic work. It is not easy to quiet an audience which is on the brink of laughter.

The supporting cast were very good a t it. Barbara Dempster hit just the correct tone as the self-sufficient wife. Jim Mathieson was the embarrassed groom, complete with blush, who never did succeed in kissing his bride. Marj. Crimp, as the bride, was equal-

ly blushing and when emotions were called for in the script she could come through with them quite well. Jerry Pillsworth, as the English detective, kept the comedy element going, which is a much more difficult task than it would seem. It is hard to get laughs and yet not distract attention from the main action. Alan Simpkins as the stern uncle and Colin Becking as Sterling helped very much in carrying through the serious side of the story. Jon Jennekens and John McArthur as the two officers handled their brief but important roles well.

Behind the scenes things were very ably handled by: Costumes and make-up, Miss Carscallen; lighting and sound effects, Mr. Howden; properties, Miss Rutherford; set, Mr. Sisler; programme, Miss Detenbeck and Mr. Sniderman; poster, Miss Martinson; tickets, Mr. Sniderman; ushering, Mr. McGill and Mr. Sniderman, all of whom worked with student committees. To all of these go the thanks and congratulations of the school. Thanks are also due to Miss Godfrey, our adjudicator, who was introduced after Saturday's performance by June Leslie. Miss Godfrey's comments were used as a basis for this article.

After the performance on Saturday night, the cast and crew enjoyed a party in the cafeteria. They were pleased to have as their guests Miss M. Pames and Miss D. Walter, both former teachers of this school. During the party Joyce Dadson presented Miss Detenbeck with an album of records on behalf of the company. After the eats, the evening was "polished off" with dancing in the gym.

—Helen McCauley.

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HOW I RELAXED

Continued from Page 4

stay and hear Fred Allen's show, so I did. When that was over, there were no more programs she wanted me to hear so I took my leave.

By means of a street car, I made my way to the bus terminal, and as would be my luck, I was the first person to stand up for the ride. The man in front of me got the last seat on the bus. This put me at the very rear of the vehicle, which was an old coffee grinder.

These buses were not designed for the transport of lumber, at least not in the form of seven-foot lengths with curved ends and ski poles attached.

The three-quarter hour ride home was very uneventful, however some amusement was supplied by four people who were necking in the back seat, with a portable radio playing sweet music.

At last the Mississauga Road appeared in the distance and I ploughed (you know skis in a crowded bus) my way to the door and alighted. I still had to walk a mile and a half to get home. By the time I arrived, I was well prepared for a hot chocolate and bed.

I woke up Monday morning feeling bright, cheerful and stiff. I think I had every kind of stiffness this side of rigor mortise, but, a deadline had to be reached so out came pen, paper, and this epistle.

All contributions to the welfare of this writer will be gratefully received, however such things as arsenic, broken razor blades, ground glass, rope-nooses or such things that when used properly, will endanger his life, will be returned promptly to the sender.

COMPOSE A SONG

Continued from Page 3

(or some other suitable container). Now draw them out one by one and transpose the net result on the lined paper. But oh! What ever made you do that? For when you at-

tempt to play (I can't just say play) this opus you will find it was not such a good idea after all.

The best thing to do is to go for a walk and think about it, come home, write it out and hand it in, quickly before you change your mind. "Phew, what a relief, they'll probably laugh at it, but at least they can't say I didn't try."

—Elizabeth Matthews.

11C

Israel Gorlick—Why does he keep to himself?

Eva Kowalski—Does she or doesn't she?

Marion Donnelly—Huggin' and a chalkin'.

Joyce Hammill—Why all the phone numbers!

Dugan Turner—Wat does he see in Cluff?

Bruce Langdon—How's Pat?

Helen Cluff—"Don't Fence Me In."

Leona Turner—What is Ray's phone number?

(Balance of 11C held over)

"READERS' DELIGHT"

For you interested in medicine and research and the preservation of mankind, one of the books you should read is "Banting's Miracle," by Seale Harris, M.D. It is the story of the discovery of Insulin by Dr. Frederick G. Banting, Dr. Charles H. Best and their associates, without whom the discovery would never have been made. The book traces the life of Sir Frederick from his youth spent on the family farm at Alliston, Ontario, up to his death in an aeroplane crash in the winter of 1941, while on active service with the Canadian Army. It tells of the trials and tribulations encountered while these great men were fighting for the lives of Diabetics. It is a very interesting and inspiring book. Again, the name is Banting's Miracle, by Seale Harris, M.D. It is published by J. M. Dent and Son, Canada, Limited. There is a copy in the School Library. —Estrid Wallberg.

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