

High

PORT CREDIT HIGH SCHOOL



Light

Vol. 2—No. 3

PORT CREDIT HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY JOURNAL

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January, 1946

HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT

On Friday, Dec. 7, 1945, Port Credit High School held its twenty-fifth Annual Commencement, which consisted of the Graduation Banquet and the regular Commencement exercises.

The banquet, catered by the ladies of the Home and School Association, was attended by nearly sixty people, including many of last year's grads, Mr. Doupe, Mr. Duncan, the staff and several of the executives of the various student organizations of the school. After the excellent meal, Barb Lightfoot proposed a toast to the School, to which Mr. Harshaw responded. Frank Leavers toasted the staff and Mr. Wood replied; Don Hancock made the response to the toast to the Grads given by Doreen Cox. Later, all retired to the auditorium for the Commencement exercises.

The program opened with a short address by the chairman of the Port Credit Board of Education, Mr. William Duncan, followed by several numbers by the School Choir, ably conducted by Miss Walter. The various academic and athletic awards were next presented. The pictures of some of the recipients appear in this issue. Those receiving prizes for highest standing in History in their respective grades during the school year 1944-45 were: Grade IX, June Pollock; Grade X, Joan Rob-

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SKI PATROL WEEKEND

The Ski Patrol, under the leadership of Mr. Harshaw, spent a very enjoyable weekend at the Blue Mountain Lodge, near Collingwood, last week.

Perry Connolly, Miller Gallow and two army trucks provided the transportation and arrived there about 2 p.m. Saturday. That afternoon found all of us skiing and generally enjoying ourselves — although there were a few spills. In the evening most of us enjoyed a steak dinner followed by a show and a dance. Herb Sanders distinguished himself as the leading wolf of the crowd with Perry Connolly, Ted Bleakley and Bill Trenwith close runners-up.

Sunday morning some of the more ambitious boys went skiing before breakfast. Later, the contestants of the Ladies' Ski Meet gave a marvellous exhibition. From many parts of Ontario and Quebec, competitors came, including the famous Wurtele twins. In the afternoon we skied until 3:30, at which time we started for home, a tired, somewhat sore, but happy lot of fellows.

The lucky boys attending this event were: Don Skinner, Ted Bleakley, Perry Connolly, Pete Davidson, Herb Sanders, Miller Gallow, Bill Trenwith, Doug Wood, Peter Bourne, Lawrence Neden, Jamie Ferguson, Camp McLeay and Ted Stock.

By Ted Stock

THE SNOW-BALL

On Dec. 21, the Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Walter, presented an interesting and colorful evening in the form of the Snow-Ball, to the students and former students of our school.

The auditorium was gaily decorated in true Christmas spirit and the inevitable Christmas trees graced both sides of the platform.

The students danced to the "sweet and low" and "jivy" music of the Counts. There were several novelty dances. Herb and Lorna wouldn't be eliminated. (How did you like the reward, Herb?) Other prize-winners were Colleen Warlowe with Don Hancock and our old friends Mildred Croucher with Dave Gray.

Bill Hendrick was the winner of two prizes, a hubba hubba calendar, and — while someone held the mistletoe above his partner's head, he — well, anyway, he did.

The mistletoe played a leading role in the doorway to the cafeteria. No one ventured from the stairs in search of any refreshments, while those who were already inside before the branch was hung stood tantalizingly eating. A little later several attempts were made to begin a sing-song but everyone was so busy eating that they did not last.

It was a rollicking party and a relief after those dreadful examinations of the same week.

SKI DANCE

Some fellows of the Ski Club trekked over the snow to Collingwood on the weekend of January 26th to spend a very enjoyable time at skiing. So that they might start the trip off on the right foot a dance was held on Friday the 25th at the school. The members of the club decorated the auditorium very nicely with skis and poles, also with some beautiful drawings to fit the occasion.

Music was provided by Jack Merrifield—a very jovial fellow from Toronto. The music was very good and well heard throughout the auditorium.

The novelty dances were won by students of the school: Spot dances, Jean Ellis-Keith Comly, Colleen Warlow-Bud Evans. The non-eliminates were Doreen Cox—"Arcy" Everett.

Refreshments were served in the cafeteria and were thoroughly enjoyed by all. These refreshments helped provide warmth for the people because it was quite cold outside. Also a movie on skiing was shown. This movie was entitled "Ski-Eta."

Special thanks should go to all those who helped in the planning of the dance and especially to the president, Don McMillan, who in spite of his broken leg, came out to watch the others have a good time.

Remember the "AT HOME"
Feb. 22nd, — 9.00 to 1.00
Lee Barwick and Orchestra

HIGH - LIGHT

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PORT CREDIT HIGH SCHOOL

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THE VALEDICTORY

We consider this year's Valedictory so good that we are printing it in its entirety on what is usually our editorial page. In fact, it serves rather well as an editorial — and postpones our worries for another month! The Editors.

As I have attended High School during the past five years, and been to one commencement exercise after another, the thought has come to me that the valedictory addresses all seemed very serious—not dry at all, but just rather sedate for such an occasion. I thought that if I were graduating I would surely not feel sorry about it. I would like to tell the students the grim story of what lay ahead of them and then say I was glad to get out and be through with High School life.

But now that I have served my last detention here, and written my last examination, I find the thought of saying farewell to the school is extremely sobering, and it is not without a feeling of sorrow and loneliness that I think back on all the adventures here that have made this period so complete for me.

Certainly we have worked hard while we were here. Who of us hasn't at some time or another complained of hav-

ing to do a day's work at school, then come home to spend the evening preparing work for the next day? Sometimes we haven't seen reasons for taking certain subjects and have found it difficult to study them as a result.

Indeed when the homework fell behind and teachers gave us detentions because of slight misunderstandings and exams were just a few weeks away — perhaps then you might have heard us mutter something about the injustice of a student's life.

But surely there have been compensations — the thrill of a chick-a-dee-rick when Port Credit carried the ball over Runnymede's line at Oakwood — the feeling of pride as the High School Cadet Corps marched behind the band to the park for inspection. And I don't think there was anything to raise students' morale like one of the big dances as a climax to weeks of preparation. Probably the greatest reward of all has come this evening, coming up here to receive our Honor Graduation Diplomas — the symbol of all we have worked for at High School.

Yet it is not just these big events of High School life I have missed. There are also little everyday occurrences that put pleasure into a day's work — things like ambling down the hall out of line between classes or arguing fiercely a point in Physics, or sitting in the back of a French class — not doing French.

Besides the worries and the pleasures, there have been sorrows in these last few years — the knowledge that the fellow who used to sit in front of you and borrow your notes went down with his corvette — the feeling of our own helplessness when the list of "our honored dead" was read in the stillness of a

Remembrance Day assembly. And remembering these things, we begin to feel very humble and very thankful. We realize that it was for us they fought—and died—and we cannot let them down. It is up to us, the youth of the nation, to insure individually that this peace will be lasting.

And it is here, at High School, that we get a good share of the preparation for a life of peace. Here we learn to reason for ourselves, to think a problem out clearly and analytically, and separate the right from the wrong, fashioning firm, sound opinions of our own.

In physical training periods and sports, our bodies are trained as well as our minds to work at our bidding.

In such enterprises as the school paper, dramatic societies or cadet inspection, we find satisfaction in doing our best, helping each other to work constructively for the common good.

In our contacts at High School we learn to make friends with strangers and mix with others about us, sharing their joys with ours. Many of the young people we meet here will be our friends for life (in some cases the feeling is stronger than friendship).

The programme is complete and well-balanced if we take advantage of it. Though certainly not sufficient in itself to prepare us for earning a living, it does give us a basis of training, socially and academically, which will stand us in good stead later in life.

In conclusion, if there is something I might say just to the students this year, it is the wish that you may find in High School as much enjoyment and satisfaction as I did and the hope that through your Students' Council and

other students' activities, you may carry on the fine school spirit that has always characterized Port Credit High School as one of the best of its size in the province.

Remember our motto "Lux numquam desit" — "Let the light never fail." Now, in these years of peace, let's keep it shining more brightly than ever.

H. Robert Warren

RHAPSODY IN BLUE

Music, music everywhere, and all of it by Gershwin!

People have been dancing, singing, and just plain enjoying George Gershwin's music for a long time. Finally Warner Brothers have brought all the favorites to "Us The People," in a picture that laughs, cries and fairly breathes music.

It has been said that even Gershwin's best friends never knew him. And in this two-hour-and-fifteen-minute spectacle of varied scenes, one never penetrates to the real man; but the theme that prevades is one of ever-longing and loneliness that seems always to pursue genius.

A newcomer, Robert Alda (who previously worked at our own Toronto Queen Street Casino) portrays George, very handsomely, with inward depth and boyish restraint.

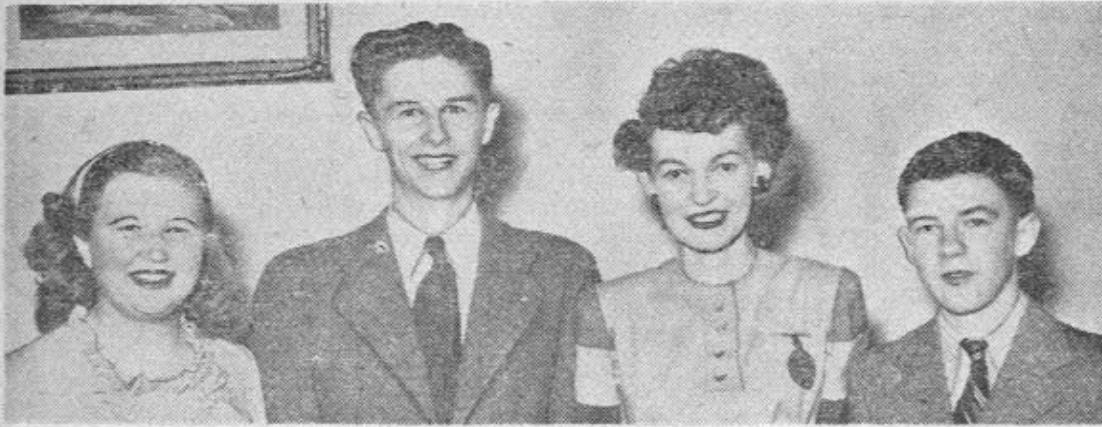
Of course a love interest is added in the persons of Joan Leslie, singing, dancing and worshipping George, and of a cold, hard sophisticate, Alexis Smith.

But the character who almost steals the show with his dry humour, lack of seriousness and marvellous "piano-pounding," is Oscar Levant, playing himself.

Other outstanding personalities are Momma and Poppa Gershwin (Rosemary De

(Continued on Page 4)

Leaders In Studies And Sports



HELEN McCAULEY
Lower School

BOB WARREN
Upper School

ROSEBUD PAYNE
Commercial

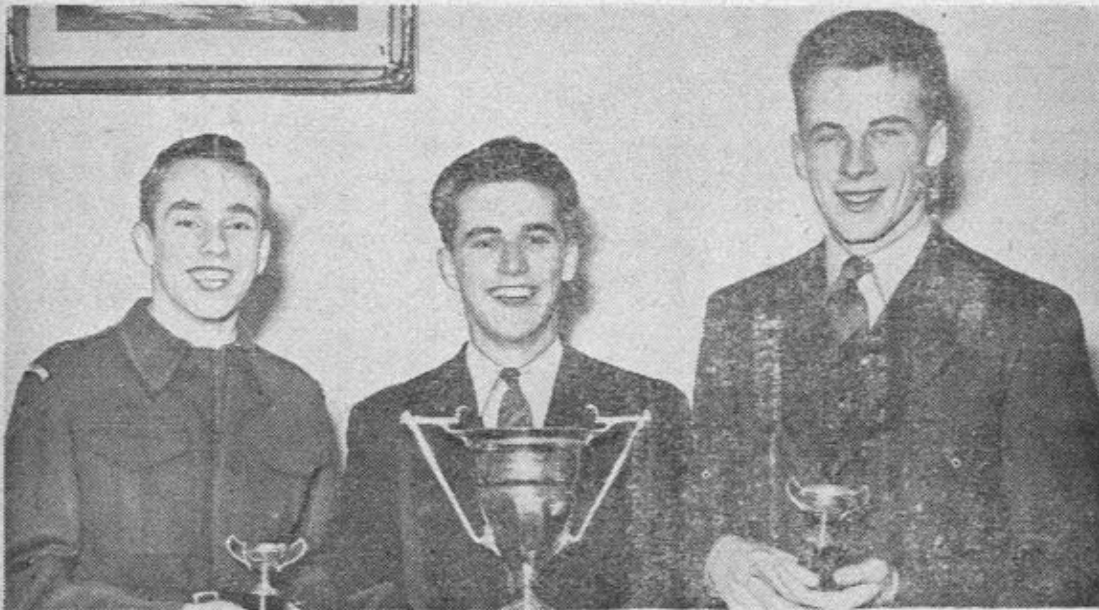
NELSON DURIE
Grade 12 English



JEAN WRIGHT
Junior

DOREEN COX
Senior

CAROL FREEMAN
Intermediate



BOB HOOPER
Junior

DOUG. MANNERS
Intermediate

TED STOCK
Senior
—(Telegram Staff Photos)

Commencement (Continued From Page 1)

erts; Grade XI, Jean Grassie; Grade XII, Jane Armstrong, Grade XIII, Audrey Norman. The Canadian Legion Prize for Grade IX English was awarded to Gloria Fowler. Nelson Durie obtained the Sidney Watson Memorial Prize for Grade XII English, and Rosebud Payne the Board of Education Commercial Scholarship. The recipients of the Board of Education Scholarships for the highest aggregate in Lower, Middle and Upper School were Helen McCauley, Jane Armstrong and Bob Warren, respectively. The winners of the Victory Bond prizes for Grades IX, XI, and XI Commercial were Bob Hooper, John Keeler and Anne Haslett.

More choral numbers and the presentation of the Secondary School Graduation and Honour Graduation diplomas followed.

The Valedictory Address, given by Robert (Bob) Warren was of outstanding merit, and it too, appears in this issue.

Dr. Walter T. Brown, President and Vice-Chancellor of Victoria University gave the main address of the evening — one by which every student of the school should benefit — in which he advocated the maintenance of high standards in the schools. He showed us that the so-called "useless" subjects, singling out Latin in particular, are very often actually the most useful and valuable. He advised the student to concentrate on his better subjects in order that he might become good in a few rather than average in all. Commencement ended with two violin duets by Helen George and Nancy Spring, accompanied by Isabelle Howard.

Photos Courtesy of
Toronto Evening Telegram

HIT PARADE

1. Symphony
2. It Might As Well Be Spring
3. I Can't Begin To Tell You
4. Let It Snow
5. Chickery Chick
6. It's Been A Long, Long Time
7. Come To Baby Do
8. Wait And See

WAXING WISE

The current favourite "Come To Baby Do," backed by "You Won't Be Satisfied," is ably recorded a la Les Brown. Both sides are vocals and rendered in true Doris Day fashion.

By Pat McConnell

LET IT SNOW!

LET IT SNOW!

LET IT SNOW!

With apples so scarce these days, desserts are quite a problem in most homes, so how about trying your hand at making a Lemon Snow?

First look over your supplies — you'll need a lemon, ½ cup sugar, 3½ tbs. cornstarch, and an egg.

In a double-boiler, put—
sugar
cornstarch

1 cup boiling water

Add egg yolk. Cook about 1 minute. Grate lemon and add juice and rind. Cook until it coats the spoon. Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold into lemon mixture. Chill.

The process is so simple you'll wonder why you've always thought scrummy desserts were something you'd leave to the gals who've had loads of experience. This one will net you laurels—not to mention dates!

Sally Evans, 10B

He that stays in the valley shall never get over the hill.

—John Ray

RAGS AND FADS

Sterling silver hair clips have taken the spotlight recently as far as jewellery is concerned. Special hairdos do not seem to be necessary for the wearing of these flashing clips. Identification is being worn in the hair as most of the girls have their name inscribed on their attractive-looking clips. Matching identification bracelets and rings are climbing to the top as favourites on the jewellery ladder. To make things more exciting we would like to see the boys get a new fashion for the majority of them to wear.

As for our fads, the past month has brought to light a new "hubba hubba" club. Most of the girls know the secret of joining the club and for those who don't — well, if you are interested in joining just get in touch with the officials!

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BITS OF THE BEST

Dr. Malcolm Sargent, as the story runs, was directing a Royal Choral Society rehearsal of "The Messiah" and was displeased with the women's section's rendering of "For Unto Us a Child is Born." Calling for attention, he begged, "Just a little more reverence, please, and not so much astonishment."

A prospector working in the goldfields of British Guiana noticed that the contents of his precious whisky bottle, while the same in quantity, were becoming inferior in quality. Suspecting what had happened he called his boy: "You, Kanaka, have drunk my whisky and put dirty water into the bottle."

"That's no true," replied the boy indignantly. "Me go fetch clean water from cistern."

The quaint old character, Grand Duke Carl Alexander of Weimar, once asked a girl at a Court ball how many brothers she had. "Three, Your Royal Highness," was the reply.

Later in the evening, he put the same question to her brother, one of his officers. "Two," was his answer.

Somewhat taken aback, the Grand Duke murmured, "That's strange, I asked your sister the same question and she said three."

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."

Month after month a firm sent its bill to a customer and finally received this reply:

"Dear Sir: Once a month I put all my bills on the table, pick five at random and pay these five. If I receive any more reminders from you, you won't get a place in the shuffle next month."

Visitor—"What is this on the register?"

Hotel Clerk—"A bug, sir."

Visitor (laying down the pen)—"I don't mind if you have bugs in this hotel, but when they come down to see what room you take — that's too much."

It was a deathbed scene but the director was not satisfied with the hero's acting.

"Come on!" he cried. "Put more life in your dying."

Performer—I certainly object to going on right after that monkey act.

Circus Master — You're right. They may think it's an encore.

At the dance, a gangling fellow walked up to a lovely girl and asked:

"May I have the last dance with you?"

"Big Boy, you just had it 10 minutes ago!"

Hoping to get a rise out of a farmer hoeing in a field by the road, a city smarty called: "Hey, Rube, did you see a wagon load of monkeys go by here?"

"Nope," replied the farmer. "did you fall off?"

Helen McCauley and Luke Grimshaw

Rhapsody in Blue

(Continued From Page 2)

Camp and Morris Cainovsky); brother Ira (Herbert Pudly), manager Charles Coburn, and kindly professor Albert Baserman.

One of the finest renditions of Rhapsody in Blue is performed by Paul Whiteman and Gershwin, a duplicate of the original 1924 Aeolian Hall concert. Also included are full orchestrations of Concerto in F, and An American in Paris. A glimpse of Porgy and Bess, George White's Scandals (with Al Jolson singing Swanee) and Hazel Scott beating out various tunes will give you some ideas of the extent of the music.

Mention should be given to the technicians for the fine recording, and to the photographers for many very effective scenes.

Even though the actual story is sometimes submerged beneath the cavalcade of sequences, we guarantee you'll come out with a better understanding and love of George Gershwin, and his music. Perhaps you'll even pull out your handkerchief, (your reviewer did). And if all this musical drama leaves you cold, "You're a hard man M'Gee." We loved it!!

Joan Pilling, XIB

BOYS' SPORTS

Now that winter is here and the snow has come, sports at the school have moved inside to the gym. Basketball and gym club have taken the spotlight.

The first two basketball games of the season were played on Jan. 11th, Runnymede being the visiting team.

Unfortunately we lost both games, Seniors 19-13; Juniors 23-13. Ward, of Runnymede Seniors, was the most dangerous player, getting 10 points. Smith was best for our boys with 6 points. Other point-makers in the senior game were McLauchlan 5, Coulter 4, R. Cunningham 4, Medcalf 3. Junior scorers were D. Hooper 5, Golding 5, B. Hooper 2, Manners 1.

The following Friday, the 18th, the teams ventured to Brampton. The same story applies here, Seniors lost 38-15, Juniors lost 25-9.

Mimico seniors were visitors at our school to play an exhibition basketball game on Tuesday, Jan. 29, with our seniors. The game was close all the way but Mimico finally finished up on top 33-29. Points were scored as follows: Mimico — Darichuck 19, Woodward 8, Doyle 6; Port Credit—Lee 11, R. Cunningham 6, Metcalf 5, Smith 4, McKitterick 2 and Everett 1.

Noon-hour basketball is rolling along nicely with each team having a name—Canadiens, Leafs, etc. A standing is kept, just like a hockey standing and the winning team will probably receive crests.

The newly-formed gym club is also an important factor around the school. Several fellows have turned out for the club which is under the direction of Mr. Wood.

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NEWS 'N' NONSENSE

To those who are interested in horses and riding. First lesson: Don't ride in the moonlight. Take this from Iris Crandell. You know what happened to Iris, don't you? Do you remember that cast she wore for four weeks? Well, she fell off a walking horse in the moonlight.

Now Mickie and Barb, they make a cute pair;
'Cause Mick is so dark and Barb so fair,
Oh, she is sweet and he's no bore —
Write it yourself, if you want any more.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

If you're madly in love with that handsome hunk of man across the aisle, don't wait till he asks you out, just dash up to him and throw your arms around his neck — and don't let go.

Accept with pleasure your own invitation to the "At Home" with him. Before 9 o'clock the next morning bring the news to everyone's attention by hanging posters up in every available space in the school and don't forget when you have to announce the G.A.A. meeting to tell the few unfortunates who can't read the posters.

When you near the door that night, slip your hand in his pocket and withdraw a \$5 bill from his wallet. On reaching the cashier toss the \$5 to him and in a very low voice holler, "It's my treat, keep the change."

Don't dance with your escort until you're absolutely stuck for a partner. Then go back to him and haul him onto the floor. Jive when he attempts to waltz; waltz when he starts to jive. On that eye-catching pivot he's been perfecting for weeks, stand on the tops of his shoes so it's a cinch to follow him, while giving your own feet a rest at the same time.

When Jack and his girl-friend offer you both a ride in his coupe, accept immediately. As soon as the car door is unlocked hop in the front seat and tell "Handsome" he can ride in the rumble seat as ten below is too cold for you.

Ask Jack to stop at the corner of the street where your dream man lives. Throw him a good-night kiss and say "Thanks' for the swell time, you won't mind walking the mile and a quarter from here, will you?"

Joan Pilling's Christmas Eve party went over with a bang and so did Mrs. Pilling's butter tarts. Don't you agree with me, Bruce?

For those who might possibly be in doubt — Skip and Wendy celebrated their 100th anniversary on Friday the 25th. We wish them luck and hope they may have many more happy anniversaries.

Another successful skating party was held at Bill Cunningham's Saturday, Jan. 19th. From reports all had a swell time — skating. This is the kind of a party that our community has been lacking, and is a good idea even if it did keep Phyl Ray home from school the next Monday.

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MOONLIGHT SKI

The night-time world is all aglow,
Each hill and dale, stream,
path and cedar
All covered o'er with sparkling snow,
A white winter land of fairy wonder;—
Skiing, enchanted with the grandeur.

Across the vales, up over a hill,
'Long blanketed footpaths mysteriously wound
Through an evergreen wood, majestic and still
Of silver-blue shadows, fantastic and round;—
Skiing with the wind, swiftly over the ground.

Flying over a slope, down into a dell,
By a stream that bubbles and stumbles off
In and about a crystalline shell

'Neath billowy banks of downy white fluff;—
Skiing atop of a wintry bluff.

In heavens above diamonds twinkle
The bright moon shines with a deep delight.

The keen, frosty air has the blood atingle
Transporting, inspiring the skier to flight;—
Skiing in the grandeur of this night.

Cherie DeGuerre

MORNING SMILES

Helen—You know, Lucy, I've always had a presentiment that I would die young.

Lucy (sweetly)—Well, darling, you didn't after all, did you?

For high gallantry a Scottish soldier was given a decoration. A week later a pal asked him:

"And what does your wife think of your medal, Sandy?"

"She doesn't ken yet," was the reply. "It's not my turn to write."

"THE BURNING LIGHTS"

Chapter III

Down 38th Street, New York, drove a long, black sedan. With a screech of brakes it pulled to the curb. Out stepped an assistant police commissioner and a young major of the United States Army Air Forces, and both disappeared into a large, foreboding building containing the offices of Edgewater and Son, Detective Agency.

Knocking, they were admitted by Mick Edgewater, the son.

"Well," he said, "this is the first time the police department has ever come to us for help. It couldn't be the governor's death, could it, Bob?"

"Maybe and maybe not," replied the assistant commissioner. "You see, this is the governor's son, Jim. He made me come here. Besides, there is the disappearance of that postal clerk and now of the police chief. I really can't make it out. Jim here has just returned from Burma, and when he found his Dad and servants dead, he was very upset."

The young major was obviously on the verge of an emotional breakdown.

"Have you any idea who could have done it, Bob?" asked Mick. "I've never been out to the old house, but I guess I'll have to go now."

"We have a few clues, but nothing really concrete," admitted Bob. "However, I can't let you in on them yet, so you'll have to work by yourself for a while."

With that the two took their departure.

The young detective sat for awhile, smoking and "doodling" with his pencil. Suddenly he smiled, crushed out his cigar and prepared to leave. At that moment, Dick Edgewater, his father, entered.

"Well, Father, the money

has started rolling in again," Dick greeted him. "I've just got a case. And who do you think gave it to us? Bob, no less. He and the governor's son were here. I'm going out to the house just before 7 tonight — you know, that's when the lights come on mysteriously. Would you mind waiting up till I get home—just in case? If I'm too long, send out the police. I'm going over to headquarters now to see Bob and will leave him the same instructions."

"Don't do anything you'll regret, my boy," cautioned his father. "I'm leaving myself now. See you later."

Shortly after this, two men emerged from the shadows. One went into the office, the other followed Mick's car to the police station.

When Mick returned to the car, fastened to the horn button was a dirty piece of wrapping paper, on which was scrawled:

"There's five dead; one more won't matter. Don't go near that house, or else!

The Burning Lights."

"Well, I'll be — — — ! Who knew I was going there? Here I go into another trap."

Chapter IV

Investigation

As Mick's car approached the old, unpainted house, the setting sun made it look like something out of this world.

The car stopped and Mick jumped out. He first looked into the garage, and while inside narrowly missed being locked in when the doors started to close. On investigation he found them to be electrically operated. "H'm—Must look into that. Guess I still have time to see the shed over there before I go into the house," he muttered.

Near the garage was an old shed, resembling a wooden

ship. Feeling that eyes were following him, Mick walked cautiously, turning repeatedly for a backward glance. After examining the shed doors carefully, he entered the building. What he saw surprised him. On all sides were queer gadgets usually seen in a chemistry laboratory.

"Well! I wonder what this place is for? All those jars of green liquid and that pipe from the centre one? Wonder what's in it? Better get on to the house. I don't want to be here much after the lights come on."

Entering the house, two days after the crime, Mick failed to notice anything unusual, except some foot-prints on the floor and a faint odor of coal gas. Then, remembering the man the police commissioner had appointed to look after the place, he decided the footprints must be his.

"Goodness," he exclaimed suddenly, "almost seven o'clock. I'll just look upstairs and in the cellar before I go."

It was now about two minutes to seven. The clocks ticked away, the mice scurried about playing hide-and-seek among the furniture. Mick quickly mounted the stairs and looked into each bed-room. "Wonder what kind of gas those killers used. Must have been potent stuff. Five dead, two missing, and no clues of any sort," he mused. Going down cellar, he flashed his light around. He looked at his watch. Thirty seconds to go.

"What! Who turned those lights on? That smell? Gas. I've got to get out fast. Who's that moving upstairs?"

A scream shivered the air.

It was a matter of seconds before Mick was outside. On the ground near the door was a constable, dead.

"Strangled," said Mick. "Better get to town quick.

What was that constable doing here, anyhow?"

Angus Hughes

IN DEFENCE OF FUTURE FREEDOM

My mind is my own;
My heart is my own;
Yet surely I am not free—
But bound by chains
Of a family's gains.
Oh, how I long to be me!

Their values are not mine,
And I pray will never be;
Ah yes, their home to me belongs,
But in my heart are stronger songs

That are odd to the ways they taught,
But familiar to ways I've sought.

And so I say, man and woman grown,
Long before, and far, have I flown,

From your trodden path
Though wise it may be:—
For I am young and free!

Let me walk ahead,
And assured as I am,
Or my heart is dead.

Let me fly!
Let me fly
High into the sky.
For I — I am the Future,
And you shall soon die!

Joan Pilling XIB

BONERS

From a Grade IX English examination:

Question: Distinguish between sat and set.

Answer: You use sat when you refer to yourself and set when you set something else down.

From an Agriculture Paper:

B.T.U. is used to measure so many grams of water by yards.

From an Ancient History Paper:

Socrates' most famous pupil was Pluto.

GRADE 11 SCANDAL

Well, here it is a few weeks late, but we bet Cay Hunter is still rebuilding the house after Eleanor gave Harry a surprise party. And just how do you account for Harry's getting home at 4 a.m.? Say Bill, were you pushing or pulling Marion and who was "carrying" whom in the case of Nels and Ann Smith? We might add that Ruth and Pete seemed to be enjoying themselves that night. All in all, it was a swell party and we hope for another one soon.

* * *

Was it just coincidence that Mr. Sniderman asked Barry who Elsie is?

* * *

A party at Di Gooderham's was held on New Year's Eve, and by the look of things, everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time. Mary Dickson seemed to be enjoying herself with Bill Savage especially near the end of the evening—pardon—morning.

* * *

Mistletoe was a predominating feature, and thoroughly enjoyed by most at a New Year's Eve party held at Anne Sinclair's (hubba hubba!)

The New Year came in with a BANG!!

The favorite piece of the evening was—"It's Been A Long, Long Time"!

* * *

One of the local twosomes that has been watched with interest is the friendship of Marilyn Nobles and Jack Reeves. It looked for a while as if Jack was losing Marilyn to anyone of a gang including a certain Mr. Buck and Miller Gallow, but Jack has finally wakened up to the fact and we trust his new interest will continue. Marilyn's a swell gal if you can hold on to her, Jack.

TO A CAT

Before the fire you sleep
On cushion's down,
And dream, perhaps, of fields
And mice full-grown.
You see the small gray form
Through blades of grain;
Too late he danger knows,
He leaps in vain.
The pounce your slumb'ring
frame
Electrifies;
You wake and shake yourself,
And, stretching, rise.
Within your eyes of green
The embers dance,
And flickers for a time
The lost romance
Of trackless jungle wilds,
The old felicity—
But now are only bonds
Of domesticity.

**George James
Essex High School**

THE TOYLAND HERO

There was once a tin soldier
A hero so great
Who fought all the villains
And caused them their fate.

He had only one arm
And many a scar
That showed he was a hero
The greatest by far.

The clowns on the shelves
Sitting side by side
Were all green with envy
At the hero's great pride.

He stood so still
So proudly, so straight
He stood unconcerned
By the black castle gate.

But now battles are over
And the children in bed;
He lies in the corner
With a broken-off head.

By Michael Steckley

From our own boners:
Question on a Grade XII
History Test: How did Vesalius introduce a revolution in medical research?

Answer: He dissected himself while lecturing.

THE BATTLE FOR THE CAFETERIA

At noon hour when the lunch
bell rings,
Everyone in a hurry springs
From his desk, and runs in
haste
To see what Mrs. Gibbs has
baked.

Down the stairs in one great
rush,
Nobody shoves, but do they
push!
When you finally reach the
bottom step,
You've very little left of your
pep.

If a place you do secure,
The waitress doesn't see you
there,
But when you finally catch
her eye
You find there's nothing left
to buy.

**Evelynne Reeves
Grade XC**

BOYS' SPORTS

(Continued From Page 5)

The display in the gym at noon hour on Friday the 18th was quite good and everyone enjoyed seeing the club in action after a year or two's non-existence.

The Ski Club is taking the spotlight for outdoor sports. Lack of snow has caused a delay here, but there is plenty of it now and the club is making good use of its opportunities.

Doug. Manners

Father: Do you suppose our son gets his intelligence from me?

Mother: He must. I still have mine.

Eager Student: "What, sir, is the most interesting fact which you have ever discovered concerning the human anatomy?"

Famous Doctor: "That if you pat a man on the back his head will swell."

WHAT WILL I GET?

Oh! What will I get for my mother,
For father, sister, baby and brother?
For brother, I know! I know what I'll get,
I'll get him a puppy to be his pet.
But then, what would mother say?
She wouldn't let him have it for even a day.

For mother, I thought I would get her a pair
Of stockings—but alas! I found them too rare.
Father? A stick of shaving cream. But that won't do
Shaving cream — sticks of shaving cream; he's got twenty-two!
Running shoes, thought I, would be nice for sister
But I had heard her before, "They make my feet blister."

A rattle for baby? I think that will do.
But mother would fret, "It puts my head in a stew."
And now I'm just right back at the start,
Try to get what they like? I just haven't the heart.
I still haven't a present to give to my mother,
Or to father, or sister, or baby, or brother.

**Richard E. Hobson
Grade IXD**

(This poem was omitted from the Christmas issue because of lack of space.)

A kindergarten teacher wishing to test the general knowledge of her class, laid a 50-cent piece on her desk and asked, "Can anyone tell me what this is?"

A small boy in the first row leaned forward, examined the coin and promptly answered: "Tails."

Book Reviews

In answer to a request by Miss Detenbeck this month's column is devoted to the books in the library dealing with Occupations and Vocational Guidance. We hasten to add that almost any biography will give you information on a particular vocation, the one of the subject of the story.

DENTAL CAREERS — By Chase Going Woodhouse

This book not only describes the occupation which occurs to you first, dentistry, but also the fields related to dentistry. It covers dental surgery, dental X-ray work, dental nursing, dental hygiene, all the host of occupations connected. It gives a short history of dentistry in which it features the rather amazing fact that originally dentists and barbers were one and the same person. Thank goodness that condition no longer exists! It goes on to give the requirements of a dentist and the outline of a dentist's day. After that comes the things a dentist must know and then the related occupations with their outlines in the same fashion. This book is an excellent one in its section and well worth your reading if you are interested.

CAREERS IN SCIENCE — by Philip Pollock

Another one in the career series, this book deals with all phases of scientific careers. Written in a style which is informative as well as interesting it "gives out with the info" on everything in science. Courses, opportunities, needs, ideas of wages, it's all there for the reading. There are articles on chemists, chemical engineers, physicists and all the others. It's well done and a good book.

DANCING STAR (story of Anna Pavlova) — by Gladys Malvern

If your supplementary reading is lacking in a non-fiction this is the book. The life story of the great Pavlova, it gives many pointers on dancing for those interested but also it gives an exciting life story with triumphs, disappointments and thrills from start to finish. Through the story runs the current of her devotion to her occupation, a virtue necessary for any type of job. Her desire to continually do better is an attribute much to be valued. Would that we all possessed it! Don't forget this book, because it is quick to read if an English teacher simply demands a book report by tomorrow morning.

NURSE! — by Irmegarde Eberle

The sub-title states the subject of this book excellently. It is—The Story of a Great Profession. One of the most important and certainly an essential occupation is nursing. Without nurses the world would be full of illness. In the opening chapter of her book Miss Eberle tells of the response to the call for volunteer nurses after Pearl Harbour. This is just one example of the many times when nurses are needed at one time, in one place and in large numbers. One of the first nurses described is Olympia, a young girl who lived in the year 368. She realized the need of a person properly trained to care for the sick and ever since then women have answered the same call. Did you know that until two or three hundred years ago the doctors had to do their own surgical

RAGS AND FADS

(Continued From Page 4)

We thought you might be interested in the Ten Commandments for Charm suggested by Pasquale D'Angelo in the Globe and Mail last week. Here they are:

1. I will strive to maintain a friendly outlook.
2. I will strive to to make the most of my ability and talent, and above all things — time.
3. I will strive for a just valuation of my abilities and talents and never underrate myself.
4. I will strive to employ my personality to the advantages of those around me and will endeavour to emulate the valued traits that I observe in others.
5. I will strive to remember that I am being "seen or

heard" at all times, so therefore I must not compromise my personality.

6. I will strive to be well-groomed — always.

7. I will strive to see the bright side of life . . . to think pleasantly that I may look pleasant . . . and remember that a smile is often the key that unlocks the golden door.

8. I will strive to gain self-confidence by trying to instill confidence in others — through the medium of my bearing, voice, manner and outlook.

9. I will strive to be a sympathetic listener, but never, never will I burden others with my own troubles.

10. I will strive to be slow to anger, realizing that anger and revenge will injure me more than they could possibly injure others.

Audrey Grocock

nursing except for the few hospitals? Anaesthetics were unknown and if the patient were strong as many as two dozen aides were required merely to hold him as the surgeon went about his gruesome task. But now the nurses' jobs are not quite so unpleasant. After the time of Florence Nightingale, the nursing profession was given more recognition and steadily improved. Now, with Red Cross nurses and well-equipped hospitals, an operation does not hold nearly the dread or danger of olden times. With the present and future improvements in medicines the nurse will require less time to do more for humanity but she still will definitely be required. All this and more for all who want to know is in Miss Eberle's book.

Helen McCauley XI

NEWS 'N' NONSENSE

(Continued from Page five)

What was the concoction the kids put on the floor instead of wax at Barbara Haney's party on the 18th?

Who is the cause for the change in Mary "no panic" Dickson who is drooping more than usual these days? Oakville is a pretty nice place, isn't it, Mary? (In a "savage" sort of way — of course!)

What's the reason it takes Johnny Schreiber till 1 a.m. to get home when he takes Ginny to the early show?

Mother had just finished a stern lecture on the subject of Barbara's wayward little playmates. "Now tell me, dear," she concluded in a kinder tone, "where do bad little girls go?"

Barbara smiled winsomely: "Everywhere."

"Phyl and Bill"