

High

PORT CREDIT HIGH SCHOOL



Light

Contest Awards

The results of the literary contest are as follows: Short Story, Middle and Upper School—first prize, Jone Pilling; second prize, Anne Evans. Short Story, Lower School—first prize, Jean Lawson; second prize, Joan Treble; Editorial—first prize, Rowland McMaster; second prize, Alan Cobden; Poetry—first prize, Margaret Spicer; second prize, Roselyn O'Neil.

Activity Points Are Totalled

You can have your beehives and your bargain basements, but for real all-out activity I'll take P.C.H.S. Since the introduction of the activity point system, those points have been flying thick and fast, and some amazing scores have been run up. It was estimated that it would take a fairly active student about two years to accumulate 30 points for the primary award.

(Continued on Page 5)

Staff Changes

This year two of our teachers are leaving: Miss James, to be Librarian at Danforth Technical School, Toronto; Miss Holmes, it is rumoured, to enter the far more glamorous realm of radio. In the fall we welcome three new staff members: Mr. F. W. Knight, an ex-army captain, and Mr. A. E. Fullerton, both History specialists and U. of T. graduates; and Mr. P. J. Volpe, also of the U. of T., and a Health Physical Education specialist. The first two will replace Miss James and Miss Holmes, while Mr. Volpe will be in charge of all the boys' P.T. and Health.



"THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES"

Wisty Beckett and Julie Chittick, caught between events on Sports Day, by our hard-working (?) photographers, R. McMaster and J. Owens.

HIGHLIGHTS OF 1946-47

- September 27—Sadie Hawkins Night.
- October—New Student Council under way.
- October 18—"I" Day.
- November 1—Hallowe'en Dance.
- November 8—Debate (and, oh yes, Commencement).
- November 22—Rugby Ball thrown in Gym.
- December 12, 13, 14—Imaginary Invalid; Calvin Lightfoot and Joyce Dadson "Oscar" winners.
- January 23—"The" At Home.
- February 1—The Lost Week-End, or The Muskox.
- February 21—Ski Dance.
- February 21—Our Dance; High-Light Hop.
- March 3-7—Let's not talk about them.
- March 11, 12, 13, 14—Clarkson Variety Show.
- April 18—Easter (Hubba! Hubba!) Parade Dance.
- April 23—Girls' "Short" Gym Night.
- May 12—Field Day.
- May 23—Cadet Dance.
- May 26—Cadet ("Eyes Right") Inspection.
- June 9—No! No! Eeeeh!

Cadet Inspection Is Best Yet

Cadet Inspection has rolled by for another year, and although we had little time for practice we made a good showing, as confirmed by Lieutenant Haines. Mr. Harshaw, Mr. Wood and Miss Martinson are to be congratulated on their fine work. Mr. and Mrs. Harshaw were in charge of the Cadet Dance, which was held on May 23rd, prior to the Inspection. The majority of the boys were in uniform, and looked very smart.

The Commanding Officer was Major E. Bleakley. Second in command was Captain W. Bleakley. Captain D. Manners was the adjutant, with W.O.1 B. McKee as Company Sergeant-Major. The lieutenants of Company A were: Stock, Trooper, R. Buck, Wood and Gallow. The sergeants were: Bacon, Neden, Trenwith, Brock and Martinello. In the band, H. Bickering was lieutenant and Crabbe and Sinclair were sergeants.

In Company B, Barbara Lightfoot was the Company Commander, with Agnes MacArthur as Company Sergeant-Major. The lieutenants were J. Maybee, W. Bourne, J. Cormack, F. Slacer, P. Davidson.

(Continued on Page 5)

THE CHAMPIONS!

On Sports Day, Monday, May 12, the following carried off the top honours:

Senior boys—Don Hooper; Intermediate boys—Bill Morrison; Junior boys—Bruce Langdon; Senior girls—Barbara Lightfoot; Intermediate girls—Florence Johnson; Junior girls—Beth Armstrong.

For further details, see the two sports columns.

HIGH - LIGHT

Published October to April

by the

PORT CREDIT HIGH SCHOOL

Editorial Staff:

Managing Editor: Helen McCauley

Literary Editor: Jone Piffing

Assistant Editors:

Frank Philbrook, Jack Crickmore

Business Manager: Bob Hooper

Staff Advisers:

M. James, M. Sniderman

SHE'S LEAVING

She's leaving us. That's the way it goes. We've always taken her for granted. Why, she'd be here until we were through, and long after! But just why will we miss her? It's hard to explain spiritual reasons in material words.

She makes us work like slaves in class; always something extra. She's so fascinated by the topic herself that we become enthusiastic. With a soft, low voice she keeps a firm grip over the noisiest boys. Yet her classes manage to have a relaxed and orderly quality. We feel free to discuss our differences and problems because we know she loves a debate. History is no longer dull. She always has some added information, an article, pictures. The dead poet becomes alive again when she relates his life story.

We like the way she gets such a "big kick" out of everything—funny little incidents—amusing paragraphs.

But what's she like outside of school? She's still warm and friendly. We, who have worked on the paper with her know what a grand person she is. There would be no paper if it weren't for her untiring efforts. She tracks us down until we've wrung every ounce of news there is to be had. She's all for our ideas. She's modern and is all for us, and we're all for her.

When she's not compiling the monthly High-Lite she dashes off a variety show or two. Whatever she tackles seems to be a success.

Next year it isn't going to be the same without her. The paper won't have that extra touch. The dramatics won't be as wonderful. History and English will go back to being the same old drab subjects.

So from everyone. Here's wishing you the best of everything. Please come back and see us, because it is only once in a lifetime that a teacher comes along to whom you feel like saying, "Hello, Mary," and not "Miss James."

HE'S STAYING

Maybe we called him "Pinky," but that's as close to being in the red as Mr. Sniderman has got us this year. Last year and the year before we barely scraped through on finances. This year our books came through with sufficient balance to allow this eighteen page splurge (plus pictures). A lot of the credit goes to our staff business adviser. He was the instigator of a vigorous advertising campaign. If you don't believe it, compare the ads. in this issue with last year's issue. But that's not all. He spends a lot of time on the actual keeping of the books. And throughout the year he has been only too willing to help us in our schemes, wild or otherwise. That's why we say "Thanks" to Mr. Sniderman.

**LUX ATA NUM-
QUAM DESIT!**

Good-bye's are uncomfortable affairs, and the briefer, the—No, that won't do. Much too gloomy. Start again.

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things"—Unoriginal. Besides, am I a walrus?

The principles of good newspaper writing—fairness, accuracy, humour—are also fairly satisfactory guides for living. But who wants a sermon?

The hours tick by. My pencil top is in splinters. Still nothing comes. It is apparently impossible to say good-bye. But to my friends of the High Light staff, who have given

COMMENDATION

In this, the final number of the High Light for the year, it may not be out of place to offer a word of commendation to the editorial staff on the high standard they have achieved and maintained during the current school year. This has been due to the arduous effort and the close co-operation of all concerned. The result of this effort will be shown in the future by increased facility of expression and finer discrimination between the important and the non-important. High Light offers scope for literary talent, and it gives training in business and executive skill which will not come amiss, no matter what the field of endeavour.

All in all, the editor and staff deserve the hearty support of every student and teacher, and the highest commendation in producing a school paper of such excellent literary merit.

H. A. DOUPE, Principal.

Who's Who in PCHS

Students' Council—Pres., D. Manners; vice-pres., D. Hendrick; treas., P. Golding; sec'y, T. Stock.

Girls' Athletic Society—Pres., B. Lightfoot; vice-pres., P. Ray; sec'y-treas., R. Winter.

Boys' Athletic Society—Pres., D. Hooper; sec'y-treas., R. Hooper.

Glee Club—President, W. Wright; vice-pres., J. Grassie; sec'y-treas., A. McArthur.

Dramatic Society—Pres., W. Wright; vice-pres., N. Varley; sec'y-treasurer, K. Squires.

Leaders' Group: Second-year credits—J. Maybee, A. McArthur, B. Lightfoot, E. Crandell, M. Knox. A large number of girls have also received credits for first-year work.

Captains—Junior rugby team, V. Di Marco; midget rugby team, R. Davis; boys' senior basketball team, W. McKitterick; boys' junior basketball team, J. Reeves; girls' senior basketball team, V.

"blood, sweat, toil"—and perhaps even the occasional tear in its behalf, thank you. It's been fun to work with you, to share your ideas and enthusiasms, your triumphs and your headaches—and to read your uncensored copy! To all of you, writers and readers, "au revoir" and "bonne chance"!
M. J.

Cafeteria Credits

—To all monitors.
—To all tray carriers.
—To all cashiers and dish-
outers.
—To all hot-plate and pie-
makers.
—To all inflation-fighters and
cooler-providers
who have made this year's
lunch hours something to re-
member, THANK YOU, from
all of us.

Maybee; girls' grade 10 basket-
ball team, Wilma Stan-
field; grade 9 volleyball, Jean
Lawson; grade 10, Josephine
Lee; badminton, B. Bodley, K.
Hunt, E. Jones, P. Terry.

High-Light—In the inter-
ests of space-saving, we are
asking you to look at the
mast-head, and under the
High-Light staff picture for
some of this information.
Here are the names of our
form representatives and other
workers, not previously
published:

Advertising, H. Robinson, J.
Hills; sec.-treas., Ninfa Noro;
chief banker, Ken Bayliss;
fashions, M. Nobles, P. Mc-
Intosh; records, D. Gemmel;
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ni, Doreen Cox; Port Credit
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E. Groom, B. Young, B. Cross,
M. Sora, S. Smith, R. Winter,
E. Reeves, M. Grant.

Photographers, R. McMas-
ter, J. Owens, B. Young.

PRIZE WINNING ENTRIES

Where Is The Spring, God?

FIRST PRIZE, SENIOR SHORT STORY

This is not a happy story. There is no hope in it. But it is the truth. The war is over but there are many stories left to be told. I will tell you the one I know.

In a little village, not far from here is a family by the name of Smith. There were eight children in this family, five boys and three girls. Now there are two boys and one girl. The oldest two boys were killed in the army, and one in underground work. The two girls were shipped away for "medical experiments."

Momma and Poppa and Henry and David were trying to grow food for the little girl, Julienne. But it was winter and the soil was hard, and no matter how hard they all worked there was little to eat. At the supper table Poppa smiled and said,

"Spring will soon be here. Then the plants will grow and we shall have enough food for all."

"Then I can have two helpings, Poppa?" asked Julienne. "If Momma says yes."

Momma smiled. It was yes. And David and Henry laughed, and drank the potato soup.

So the days were worked by. There was no work for Poppa in the village because there were no factories left. The potato soup was getting thinner and weaker. David and Henry found it hard to work. And they often snapped at little Julienne.

"Momma, why do they get angry at me?"

"They are tired. They work hard all day for our food." And the boys were ashamed.

Every night Momma said a prayer for each of her children, the dead ones too.

Instead of getting warmer it got colder. The snow piled up. Momma and Poppa had to burn their bed to feed the fire. One day, David walked to the village for firewood. He came back with only a few sticks.

There were hollows under all their eyes, like the deep brown furrows in the spring. Julienne's belly was becoming bloated.

"Momma, why am I getting fat? I don't eat much."

"That shows that you are in good health. So be happy." Momma left quickly and prayed.

The winter was the worst in years. After the prayers had been said an extra one was added for the coming Spring.

Julienne could no longer run about. She was kept in blankets on the floor. Henry gave her most of his soup but still her belly expanded.

"Poppa, Spring will soon be here, won't it?"

"Why yes, it's just around the corner of the house. One of these days you will wake up and the flowers will be out."

Julienne smiled happily and went to sleep. Momma and Poppa and David and Henry prayed harder than ever for the end of winter.

The next night there was a terrible blizzard and the family were huddled together to receive each other's warmth. There was no soup.

Julienne was delirious. Her little legs could no longer hold up her enormous belly. But she struggled to stand. She turned to Poppa. "When is Spring coming, Poppa? I've waited a long time."

Then she looked up and screamed.

"God, where is the spring?" And they were silent for they were wondering, too, and waiting for the answer. And Julienne fell dead.

The next day the sun shone and the snow melted. The ground was now soft enough to plant in, and to bury Julienne.

—Jone Pilling

Bourdin's Confession

FIRST PRIZE, JUNIOR SHORT STORY

Not a muscle quivered as the man stood with his gaze fixed on the dead woman.

Through half-closed eyes he looked at the white form on the marble slab with a red gush between the breasts where the cruel knife had entered. In spite of its rigidity the body had kept its rounded beauty and seemed alive. Only the hands with their too-transparent skin and violet fingernails and the face with its glazed, wide open eyes and blackened mouth that was set in a horrible grin, told of the eternal sleep.

Lying on the ground beside the dead woman was the sheet that had covered her. There were blood stains on it.

The magistrate spoke. "Well Bourdin, do you recognize your victim?"

The man moved his head looking first at the magistrate, then with reflective attention at the dead woman as if he were searching in the depths of his memory.

"I do not know this woman," he said at length in a slow voice. "I have never seen her before."

"Yet there are witnesses who will state that you were her lover . . ."

"The witnesses are mistaken. I never knew this woman."

"Think well before you answer," "I advise you to confess."

"Being innocent, I have nothing to confess."

"I myself am prepared to believe that you gave way to a fit of passion, a sudden madness when a man sees red. . . Look again at your victim . . ."

Can you see her lying there like that and feel no emotion, no repentance?"

"Repentance you say? How can I repent of what I have not done . . . As for emotion, mine was not entirely dead-end, it was at least considerably lessened by the simple fact that I knew what I was going to see when I came here I feel no more emotion that you do yourself. I might just as well accuse you of the crime because you stand there unmoved."

One of the officials said in an under tone: "They will get nothing out of him. He will deny it even on the scaffold."

Without a trace of anger Bourdin replied: "That is so, even on the scaffold."

Through the dirty window-pane, the setting sun threw a vivid golden glare on the corpse.

"So be it," said the magistrate. "You do not know the victim. But what about this."

He held out an ivory-handled knife, a large knife with clotted blood on its strong blade.

The man took the weapon in his hands, looked at it for a few seconds, then handed it to one of the wardens and wiped his fingers.

"That? I have never seen it before."

"Systematic denial . . . That is your plan, is it?" sneered the magistrate. "This knife is yours. It used to hang in your study. Twenty people have seen it there."

The prisoner bowed. "That proves nothing but that twenty people have made a mistake."

(Continued on Page 6)

More Prize-Winning Entries Will Be Found on Pages 6 and 7

12B NEWS

By Ruth Winter and Jone Pilling

Joan Millward—The brain who actually answers in Latin class.

Ruth Winter—Who is going to stay home this summer and knit, while her man builds up his muscle.

"Doc" Brown—Handsome, intelligent, and absent.

"Liz" Mathews—An odd sense of humour, and Jack too.

Anne Sinclair—Underneath those bangs—brains to lend.

Jone Pilling—Egad, she's going steady (joke). (Anchors aweigh). Yea, Oakville!

Bill Buck—Quote, "Isn't he cute?"—Mr. Sniderman, Unquote.

Jack Bye—Curly, the 12B wolf boy.

Bob Stewart—Look, it's a bird! No, it's Bob in his model plane!

Jack Owens—Lights, camera, action!

Dino Mattiussi—(Meat-head, to his friends), who occasionally strolls out of Miss James' class, in disgust.

Jean Ellis—A "Scotty" lassie.

FALCONRY

A wide plain stretches beneath a clear sky and the chill autumn air of Europe drifts in from the sea.

At one place on the plain a well-concealed hawk trapper's outfit is located. This outfit consists of a half-buried hut with observation slits around the four walls, a pointer shrike and pigeons together with a net as the actual means of taking the hawk.

Pigeons and nets are connected by wires and cords to the trapper's hut. The trapper awaits the warning call of the shrike as notice of an approaching hawk. The shrike, tiny bird that it is, has excellent eyes, well able to see a hawk far beyond the sight of human eyes.

Let us suppose that a hawk has been sighted. The hawk trapper manipulates a cord pulling a pigeon into view, far out in front of the hut. This bird is only a decoy and is permitted to hide when the hawk approaches. Now the trapper pulls a second cord allowing another pigeon to flip into view. When the hawk dives at this pigeon, the trapper pulls the cord forcing the pigeon down in the centre of the net. The hawk now lands on, or beside the pigeon, allowing the trapper to pull the net over

hawk and pigeon both. The trapper now takes his hawk home and if a reasonably good falconer, he should have the hawk taking pheasants, grouse and rabbits in six months (depending of course on the individual hawk).

Modern falconers, not to be discouraged, trap their own hawks or get young birds from the nest. Falconers now have an association in England and one in America, while in the nineteen-thirtys falconry received State recognition in both Hungary and Germany.

Persia is believed to be the home of falconry, for inscriptions pertaining to falconry have been found in Persia dating back over four thousand years. From Persia, falconry spread over nearly the whole world, even to the Aztec Indians in Mexico. And yet, even in this last modern war, falcons were used. They rendered valuable service by capturing enemy pigeons carrying secret messages.

Thus falconry, a sport practised from time immemorial, continues to afford pleasure to those able to understand and appreciate its peculiar qualities.

—Alan Cobden

TO ERR IS HUMAN, TO FORGIVE . . .

Julie Crandall tossed her head and bit her lip. She rushed past the snickering faces of her "friends", opened her locker door and reached for her coat. It wasn't there!

The tittering of the girls behind her stopped. All eyes in the room were suddenly focused on her. Julie's eyes travelled down the locker. Her books, records, everything! was gone. And then the cool voice of Marcia, her locker mate, purred into her ear. "They're on top of the locker."

"What are they doing up there?"

"Laying, I suppose," said Marcia, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "You see, I put them there."

"Oh, you did! And might I ask why?" retorted Julie.

"You locker with me and as your name is Crandall my reputation is in danger."

The blood raced up into her face and there was a sharp crack as Julie's hand met Marcia Brendall's satiny cheek. A sob started way down in Julie's tummy and made its way up to her mouth where it cracked the air in the form of a scream and then Julie raced outside, the snow cracking under her tiny bare feet and the wind rustling in her sleeves.

The sunlight lit the stained windows of the old church and the sound of the organ filled the room. The sunlight crept through the window and came to rest on the golden hair of Julie Crandall and the music struck memories in her ears.

Suddenly she was in a field of waving wheat, her laughing-eyed mother perched on the back of her muscular father. And then her mother was sitting in their canoe, moonlight touching her hair, singing love songs to her and her father.

Put now—they were both dead! DEAD! and her mother's name was on the lips of every person in the country! Oh yes! she could hear them now: "Can you imagine, Myra

Crandall! killed in an automobile accident! Drunk! Not really! Oh yes! YES! YES!!

The voices rose to a loud climax in her ears and then she could hear the honey-dipped voice of her friend laughing, laughing, LAUGHING! She was a Crandall—an outcast! AN OUTCAST! The Crandall family had always been the black sheep of Norrville. They had never done anything wrong but yet someone had to be looked upon with disdain so it had been them! Slowly, however, since her father had married Myra Gorna the town had become friendly, and now this! Once more she could hear Marcia saying—"you're a Crandall—you endanger my reputation!"

But Julie's problem was solved now, she knew exactly what to do. Slowly she whispered "Amen" and walked quietly outside.

Snow was falling softly and a moon lit the falling diamonds until they shone with a supernatural glow.

As Marcia walked along guilt pricked at her. She couldn't help but think that everyone was treating Julie meanly, particularly herself. After all, she thought, it isn't Julie's fault that her mother and dad died—drunk. Gosh! It could have been any of their parents! Suddenly she, too, knew what to do! She turned up the street feeling much better.

Marcia sat down across from Julie's aunt and said, "But—I don't understand. You said that—that—I'd never see Julie. Don't you see that I want to be her friend?"

"Yes, Marcia. I see—but you don't—Julie is dead. They found her body floating under the ice just a few minutes ago."

And far upon a golden cloud a golden-haired lady met a laughing golden-haired miss and whispered, To err is human—to forgive, divine."

—Joan Treble.



THE STAFF

Left to right: Row 1—Miss Johnston, Miss Collip, Miss Wilford, Mr. Doupe, Mrs. Marsh, Miss Martinson, Miss Holmes, Mrs. Harshaw. Row 2—Miss Detenbeck, Miss James, Miss Carscallen. Row 3—Mr. Sniderman, Mr. Howden, Mr. Wood, Mr. Sisler, Mr. Munro, Mr. Harshaw, Mr. McGill. Absent—Miss Rutherford, Mr. Christie.

SELECT LITERARY CONTEST WINNERS

Well, here they are, the potential O'Henrys, Shakespeares and B. K. Sandwells in our midst. The response to the High-Light literary contest was most gratifying and we do not envy the judges their tough job of deciding between entries. Especially commendable were the poetry contributions and it was in this division that the judges had the most trouble agreeing.

We wish there were room to print more of the fine contributions. Don't be surprised to see them next year. Meanwhile our congratulations go to the winners, and our sincere thanks to the judges—Miss Detenbeck, Mr. Buley and Helen Proud. Thank you too, Miss Wilfred, for looking after the pseudonyms, and Ted

Bleakley for making the "certificates."

The prize-winning entries are printed elsewhere in this issue. Here are some of the judges' comments.

Where Is the Spring, God? (Short Story) — Jone Pelling Plot good; element of suspense maintained; real atmosphere created; human interest for our day; simple, direct, touching.

The Fir Tree (Short Story) Anne Evans. Description, suspense, plot — all good; emotionally appealing.

Rowdin's Confession (Short Story) Jean Lawson. Good attempt at development to climax; lacks authenticity of details a bit gory; verbose.

To Err is Human, To Forgive (Short Story) — Joan Treble. On the whole a good

piece of writing, but lacks narrative and description, and is sometimes verbose and laboured.

It's Murder (Editorial) — Rowland McMaster. Delightful satire on murder stories; Interest sustained; humour good; unusual.

Falconry (Editorial) — Alan Cobden. Excellent description; accurate details; instructive; interest sustained.

Still War (Poetry) — Margaret Spicer. Has a message for our present day; composition good; inclined to be prosy and trite.

CADET INSPECTION

(Continued from Page 1) M. Grant, I. Grassie, and E. Jones. The sergeants were: C. Hunter, M. Knox, P. Rav, P. McIntosh, C. Warlow, I. Pilling, P. Terry, and A. Smith.

Afternoon tea was served in the library for the parents, friends and teachers, after the Inspection.

Activity Points

(Continued from Page 1)

Look at some of those scores below and see what has happened. Wow! If those Grade IX girls keep up that pace we're going to need a lot of money to buy all the awards that will soon be required. Lack of space prevents us from printing all the names, but those who have acquired 15 points or more are as follows: (Note: If your name does not appear below you can get your score for the year from Mr. Wood.)

Grade 13: H. Becking 15, E. Crandell 16, J. Grassie 19, D. Hooper 28, B. Lightfoot 34, D. Manners 36, J. Maybee 30, A. McArthur 25, E. Stock 17.

Grade 12: M. Arnold 19, J. Bye 16, J. Ellis 24, M. Gallow 26, B. Glover 19, D. Hendrick 23, J. Hillis 16, C. Hunter 26, M. Knox 19, J. Leslie 19, H. McCauley 15, E. Morden 16, E. Matthews 21, K. Parish 22, P. Ray 35, J. Owens 16, J. Pilling 17, J. Reeves 23, A. Smith 20, S. Smith 19, P. Terry 19, C. Warlow 17, R. Winter 22.

Grade 11: B. Bodley 20, J. Chittick 19, H. Cuming 16, B. Cross 17, N. Elliott 20, V. James 20, R. Hooper, 30, E. Jennekins 18, L. McKenzie 20, M. Nobles 19, E. Wallberg, 17, D. Wood 24.

Grade 10: M. Croft 17, M. Dempster 19, C. Marando 19, K. Adkins 15, W. Morrison 15, C. Paul 18, J. Hammil 18, J. Lee 25, L. Turner 17, G. Acheson 22, E. Brogna 15, J. Schrieber 18.

Grade 9: P. Grisewood 16, M. Hancock 21, M. Crimp 18, J. Dadson 27, J. Lawson 23, G. Lowther 17, B. Armstrong 19, W. Beckett 16, J. Cohoon 15, B. Dempster 18, V. DeMarco 21, S. Harmer 17, M. Heaton 20, D. Hutchinson 19, N. Johns 15, J. Lynd 18, B. Neden 16, N. Maybee 21, G. Scarr 20, B. Thompson 16, J. Treble, 21, N. Waller 16, L. Watson 16, O. Werhya 31.

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BOURDIN'S CONFESSION

(Continued from Page 3)

chin of the dead woman. There were violet marks on the white skin of the neck. At the end of every mark, the flesh was deeply pitted, as if the nails had been dug in.

"There is your handy work. While with your left hand you tried to strangle this poor woman with your free hand you drove this knife into her breast. Come here and repeat the action of the murder. Place your fingers on the bruises of the neck. Come along?"

Bourdin hesitated for a second, then shrugged his shoulders and said in a sullen voice: "You wish to see if my fingers correspond? And should they do? What will that prove?"

He moved towards the slab: he was noticeably paler, his teeth were clenched, his eyes dilated.

For a moment he stood very still his gaze fixed on the rigid body, then with an automatic gesture, he stretched out his hand and laid it on the flesh. The involuntary shudder that ran through him at the cold, clammy contact caused a sudden, sharp movement of his fingers, which contracted as if to strangle. Under this pressure, the set-muscles of the dead woman seemed to come to life. You could see them stretch obliquely from the collarbone to the angle of the jaw; the mouth lost its horrible grin and opened as if in an atrocious yawn, the dry lips drew back to disclose teeth, encrusted with thick, brown slime.

Everyone stared with horror.

With one bound the man

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The Fir Tree

(Second Prize, Senior Short Story)

Misery dulled her enormous eyes. Her pinched face and puny body looked pathetic beside the other boisterous children. She slowly moved among her school mates who all tingled with the expectancy of Easter.

The usual schoolroom chaos became less noisy as the teacher appeared. The child smoothed the shabby folds of her best dress as she gazed wistfully at the teacher's beautiful gown. An overwhelming desire to touch it filled her whole being, but she realized that she must admire it from a distance.

She forgot the schoolroom and began to dream of the fir tree. It had become an obsession. Every day she dreamed about fir trees—trees of all sizes, shapes, and colours. There were so many varied shades of green that she imagined that there must be fir trees of every hue. She had never had a fir tree, but she had seen them in gay Christmas windows. More than anything else in the world she wanted a fir tree of her own—a fir tree that would grow in her own yard.

The children were restless. The multiplication table did not hold their attention on the last day of school before the Easter holiday. Finally the teacher gave up, and asked her pupils what they wanted for Easter. The room was a bedlam. Everyone yelled what he wanted. The teacher calmed the uproar and asked the children individually. The majority wanted Easter eggs, some desired toys.

When the girl in the shabby leaped backwards, his eyes wild, his hair on end, his hand stretched out, his whole body quivering as he shrivelled like a madman: "I confess! . . . I did it! . . . Take me away!"

—Jean Lawson

dress was asked, she answered dreamily, "A fir tree, a green one."

For a moment there was complete silence. Then everyone laughed. A little boy mimicked her. The whole class tittered, "A fir tree, a green one."

For a minute she sat confused amid their laughter. She could not escape because the doors were blocked by giggling, sprawling children who eyed her with distasteful amusement. Her face flushed crimson. Never had she endured such a long day.

The bell rang. The school day was over. The little girl soon wished that she was back in the schoolroom. As she trudged through the playground and along the street, the children ridiculed her clothing and her hair. Worst of all, her beloved fir tree was exposed to their contemptuous merriment.

The girl was proud. She did not cry or answer their insults. Her eyes were dry, but they smarted with shame and indignation.

After her meagre supper she went to bed. Her emotions were confused after the nightmare of her school mates' jeers.

Moonlight streamed through the window. The swaying branches of the trees cast forbidding shadows on her wall—silhouettes of great, idiotic creatures.

Her eyes discerned figures—figures waving their arms, mocking, pointing at her, swaying with the intoxication of their bullying game. They surrounded her, pressed on her. She could hardly breathe. They pointed to her—the girl without a fir tree. She screamed and struggled with the bed clothes. Her eyes dilated and her breath came in quivering gasps.

She sprang from her bed and ran to the window. Perspiration blinded her momentarily. She leaned into the cool, windy night and drew a long, tremulous breath. Her fuddled brain began to clear. She listened to the wind rustling through the trees murmuring a familiar lullaby. The full-faced moon seemed to beckon to her with a dimpled smile. He was a remote friend asking for forgiveness for his part in the treachery. They were not taunting her; they were friends.

Reluctantly she tumbled into bed and pulled the coverlet over her head. Soon she fell into a dreamless slumber.

The morning sunshine awakened her, and beckoned her into the yard. There by the fence lay a fir tree! The little girl rushed up to it and flung her arms around it. Her large eyes widened in ecstasy. Her face was transfigured with wonder and awe. Yes, this was the happiest moment of her life!

Did she wonder how the fir tree appeared? Did she believe in fairies? Would she have been disappointed if she had known that during the night, the tree had slipped off a passing nursery truck? Of course not. The little girl had always known that some day she would own a fir tree, a green one.

—By Anne Evans.

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STILL WAR**(First Prize, Poetry)**

God, why is there war?
 What can people find in its
 fulfillment
 But hate and desolation?
 Its cruelty claims all:
 Starving people the world
 over, razed once - magnifi-
 cent cities.

Fighting countries true to the
 last

But then forced to show the
 white flag;

The cruelty behind barbed
 wire;

Guadalcanal, Dieppe, Dunkirk,
 Iwo Gima!

The lives, the blood, the filth,
 The suffering and anguish,

Torment and sadness mingled
 with hate and love!

The death-dealing machines
 moving with bloody might.

What when the greedy, grasp-
 leaders of war are abol-
 ished?

What when the empty shells
 of houses, the maimed and
 heartache only are left?

The world does not rest and
 delight in

The beauty God created.

No! Treaties, conferences,
 bickering,

Unrest between religious
 faiths,

On and on and on.

New dictators and men shriek-
 ing.

"Follow me, and we will be
 The Master Race!"

O God, will this world ever
 realize

The truth of love and fellow-
 ship?

When will this world be freed
 From war and all it brings?

—By Margaret Spicer

IT'S MURDER**(First Prize Editorial)**

The night was cold, misty, and jet black, with a certain eery foreboding of terror about it.

(Doesn't that make you shiver in your boots, reader? You know you're going to be in a paroxysm of fear if you read on but you can't help yourself. That modern fiend, the mystery writer, has trapped you. If it had been an ordinary mild, peaceful night you would probably have thrown the book out the window. But let's read on.)

The mansion was in darkness except for a window on the second floor. This gave the mansion the effect of being a sinister, one-eyed monster ready to pounce on any who entered the grounds.

(Notice that. A charming little cottage would never do. It would be unthinkable to work up "a certain eery foreboding" about a medium sized bungalow. It would be just as unpardonable to put an "eye" in any cheerful looking house.)

Ellery Holmes, the detective, drove up to the mansion in his powerful custom-built car. He slid out of the car, yawned, went over to the house and rang the bell. He was rather bored tonight.

(Here is an interesting point or two. He has a "powerful, custom-built car". Of course he is the detective and must have such a car. He would not be able to carry out the delicate mental processes necessary in solving a crime unless backed by the assurance that he could dash out at any time and hop into his "power-

ful custom-built car". Besides, his prestige depends upon it. Can you imagine him "driving up to the mansion in his wheezing model T"? Never.

Notice also, that he is bored. He has to be. It's all in preparation for his becoming puzzled. He could never be expected to become puzzled unless he was bored first. However, let's continue.)

In answer to his ring the butler let him in and informed him that the police were in the library looking at the body.

(This is interesting. Shortly before we were informed that "that mansion was in darkness" except for one light. Now we find that a murder has been committed, the police are there, and the servants are trotting around. Are we to suppose that the police and the servants have weak eyes and don't like the light? Also "they are in the library". Of course they are in the library. It is officially recognized by the well-informed that a man may be murdered nowhere but in his library. If he is murdered anywhere else the police know that the criminal is a novice and don't even bother to become "stumped" by the affair. They just take him in and hope for a real professional library murder.)

After the introductions, which are a series of growls and grunts, this sort of thing is encountered:

"I warn you, Holmes, stay out of this thing. The police

SHE'S LEAVING TOO

Staff and students will regret the resignation of Miss Holmes. We shall all miss her constant willingness to cooperate, her enthusiasm, her fund of new ideas and her capacity for hard work. The best wishes of the school go with her in her new endeavors.

can handle everything without your help."

(This, to be sure, is ridiculous. It is well known by everyone that the police are incapable of handling anything. The only thing they are allowed to do is become "stumped".)

However, having been warned to "stay out of this thing" the detective feels free to proceed, and rapidly becomes puzzled. From there we are all acquainted with the method. He becomes "aggravated", then he finds "the clue". Having found the clue he calls a meeting of all concerned and announces that he is ready to "apprehend" the culprit.

Consider that. He won't capture, take, trap, trip or catch the criminal. He will "apprehend" him. It is agreed between the detective and the police that a man decent enough to give them a "library murder" must be no less than apprehended in return.

When everyone knows the killer and hands have been shaken firmly all around the detective is asked for the astounding explanation of how he learned the killer's identity. Nobody really cares, but they allow themselves to be talked at until the detective runs out of elementary deductions. They are all the same in any book and run something like this:

"Having seen the murderer's foot print, I knew it wasn't the butler because the weight of a floating body is equal to the weight of the liquid it displaces when floating, which after all is only reasonable."

A profound statement expressed as simply as this will satisfy anyone's curiosity, but he goes on describing so many people who weren't the murderer that you seriously wish someone would murder him. However, he finally lets you know who the murderer is and as rapidly as possible he becomes bored again, climbs into his "powerful custom-built car" and departs in search of another "dark mansion".

—By Rowland McMaster

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LOW-DOWN ON THE HIGHER-UPS

By KEITH SQUIRES and

JONE PILLING

Becking, Hugh ("Hug")—Born Nov 24, 1927, in New Toronto. "Hug" (my goodness!) is one of our studious students. But he has other interests—hockey and baseball. He was a member of the Intermediate Basketball Champs of 42-43. He collects stamps, does woodworking and loves classical and popular music. Next year he's going to Victoria College to take an Arts course. Hugh would also like to travel (who wouldn't?). But what we'd like to know is who calls him "Hug"? —J. P.

Bleakley, Bill—Born in Toronto, Feb. 11, 1927. Willy hasn't always gone to "good old" P.C.H.S. He came from Lawrence Park to Grade XI here. It's too bad he isn't attending Lawrence Park now, what with "interests" definitely in the city. But we would have lost a valuable asset. Those posters that announce all the big "do's" and campaigns aren't done by Kilroy. Bill was also Advertising Manager of the High-Light in 1945-46. This year he was our representative on Simpson's Collegiate Club, where, we might add, a very, very attractive girl entered into the life of W. Bleakley, Jr. Naturally enough, Bill's hobbies are sketching and oil painting. Next year he plans to attend either the School of Architecture at U. of T. or the Ontario College of Art. His main ambition we quote: "to induce a certain someone to live nearer Port Credit"—unquote. Well, maybe in a year or two—who knows? Port Credit's population may go up one person! —J. P.

Bourne, Wendy "Shorty"—This tall, dark and solemn beauty was born at Clarkson on the 27th of the merry month of May, 1929. She is interested in music of all kinds and dramatics (Bill can be so dramatic!). Next year she plans to attend a Home Economics course and hopes to become a dietitian. —K. S.

Burton, Norman "Norm"—Born in Toronto, April 4, 1928. Norm has won both bronze and silver Dominion Marksman medals, and his activities include canoeing, bike hikes, and having fun with his girl friend (Don't we all!). His hobbies are fixing bicycles and cars and working in stores. He plans next year to work in Toronto for the Dominion Stores. Norm's ambitions are to enjoy life while he's young, then settle down and—well, settle down, anyway. —K. S.

Connolly, Perry, "Clem"—Born June 24, 1927, Vancouver. Well, Clem's been around these old halls for many a year, standing neck and ears above the mob. Where to find him?—on the rugby field in the fall, and at the Yacht Club. This year he'll be puttering around that new part-ownership '21 Ford knockabout of his. The only thing Clem wants to do is "to go away for a year." Unquote. There seems to be a slight interest in a Girls' Private School in Toronto (Branksome Hall, hmm?). —J. P.

Cormack, Joan—Born at Long Branch on September 5, 1929. This lass with the charming smile and intelligent head carried off the Grade XII history award and, finding out that history paid, has been remarkably good in it ever since. Her interests outside this "institution of learning" are dancing, reading and teaching a Junior Congregation. Joan's plans for next year are to take nursing and her ambitions are to become a nurse. (Natch.) —K. S.

Crabbe, Richard "Dick"—Born in the windy month of March, on the 23rd day, in 1930. He is the editor of that popular column, the High Poll, and the Sergeant of the Drums

in the Cadet Band. Not only that, but he is the first vice-president (we have about 17) of the "Non-Fritz Getters Union." This "brain" is the winner of a Dominion Provincial Scholarship (1946) to the sum of \$100.00. (Can you lend a poor dumb student a fiver till Monday?) Outside high school he likes dancing (inside), table tennis (ping-pong, that is), and hockey. Dick collects stamps, coins, pictures, records (must we go on?) postcards, etc., etc., etc. He likes to practise with drumsticks and harmonica, all of which drives his mother to desperation and him out of the house. Next year he plans to take Commerce and Finance at U. of T. His ambitions are to make a million before he's forty and to retire at an early age. —K. S.

Crandell, Elsie—Born at Worches Point, Lake Simcoe, on April 1-, 1930, Elsie is the "outdoor" type. She loves riding, swimming, in fact any variety of sports. In the more serious vein she collects foreign money and reads. Her plans for next year are to attend Normal School and take a two-year course. At the end of this she will be ready to teach kindergarten (of all things!). We hope she has superwoman constitution! Elsie's ambition is to travel—everywhere. Perhaps she can do it with that foreign money! —J. P.

Crossman, Ronald "Ronny"—Born in Port Credit, March 17 (B'gosh and b'gorra!), 1928. This "Dead-eye Dick" has won the Bronze, Silver, and Gold Dominion Marksman Medals and just in case anything happens, he also has a senior St. John's First Aid Certificate. He is also an assistant Cub Master, member of the Rover Group, and the Scout Leaders' Group. His hobbies can't be mentioned here, but don't play for money or you'll be sorry; Next year he plans to go to University and take medicine, and his passionate ambition is to have a car like Barbara Ann Scott. (Mine is Barbara Ann Scott!) —K. S.

Davidson, Joy Patricia, "Pat"—Born in Toronto, Nov. 2, 1929. She is to be forgiven for once attending Moulton College, as she has redeemed herself admirably. Pat was a Grade IX Students' Council Rep., and her interests outside of school are skiing, sailing (she is a Yacht Club enthusiast), and "Bill". Next year Pat plans to take Philosophy and Psychology at the University of Western Ontario. (A potential female Socrates!) Her ambition is to own a sail-boat. May a fair wind always blow in your direction, Pat!—K.S.

Doyle, Daniel "Sylvester"—Born in Fort William, Ont., on October 23, 1929. Has attended (?) schools from Winnipeg to Port Arthur to Toronto. Started High School in Port Arthur, later came to Bloor Collegiate in Toronto, and is now giving this fair Killage the honour of "polishing him off." He seems to do pretty well by himself, however, because he earned \$10.00 for general proficiency when in first form, all of which may be handy for his bobbies of coin collecting and running up a bank account. (You figure out which one.) He is, at present, working for the C.N.R. and plans next year to become an Accountant's Apprentice. Looking into the future, he has his eye on the C.N.R. Presidency. (That's the way to juggle the books!) —K. S.



Left to right: Row 1— A. McArthur, C. DeGuerra, J. Cormack, M. Grant, W. Bourne, E. Crandell, N. Aihoshi. Row 2: B. Lightfoot, E. Jones, J. Fanson, P. Davidson, J. Maybee, D. Cox, N. Noro. Row 3: D. Manners, D. Hooper, M. MacPhayden, K. Squires, B. Bleakley, I. Kellett, D. Crabbe, R. Morden, D. Sinclair. Row 4: B. Wright, T. Stock, D. Doyle, H. Becking, B. Humphrey.

Jazz Heat Wave Hits Assembly

By Jone

The old assembly really rocked when those new jazz artists dished out arrangements of Louise, It Must Be Jelly, and "C" Jam Blues. The sextet made enough noise for a thirty-piece Kenton outfit and we think it's just as good. With more hard work they'll be in like Flynn. The boys responsible for the jive session are Rice Honeywell (what a boogie beat!), pianist; Frank (Krupa) Schnei;; Ted Hall (who blows clarinet and alto sax with equal fervour); Bob MacLean, trumpet (who's Ziggy Elman?); Tubby Webster, trumpet and guitar; and "Count" Manners on doghouse. In vocals "Louise", "It Must Be Jelly" Jone managed to outshout the ensemble. The boys deserve a lot of applause for the way they're on their own. Maybe in a year or two we'll be dancing to their orchestra.

(Continued from Page 8)

Golding, Herbert Philip "Flip"—Born in Toronto, Feb. 9, 1929. He was the secretary of the Students' Council last year and is the present treasurer of that honourable gathering. He majors in basketball and baseball, likes ice and floor hockey. When spring rolls around you are more than likely to find him chewing up the turf on the old Mississauga (on a Monday afternoon). Other outside interests of note are Scouts and Christine Apps. As a hobby "Flip" paints and sketches (in Miss Rutherford's room!). He may be back at school next year or he may get a job. "Flip" wants to be a successful business man, earn a billion, and be able to retire and play golf "all my life."
—K. S.

Gowe, Bill—Born in Winnipeg on November 8, 1927, Bill has attended back and forth between Port Credit High and Dominion Business College. Sounds like they caught up with him in both places. Next year? He doesn't know. But this year he has been sailing, playing badminton and poking the old billiard ball around (pool to you). He also dabbles in oils. Bill seems to be definitely interested in the scenery (mainly a cute little brunette) around Indian Road. He has one "small" ambition, "to make a million dollars—fast and easy." But then who wouldn't? (hmm!).
—J. P.

Grant, Marjorie "Rusty," "Wimpy"—Came into the world at Toronto on the fiery (cracker) day of May 24, 1929, and holds the position of form representative for the High Light and star salesgirl at Simpson's on Saturdays. Marjorie likes the game (?) of badminton, swimming, skiing and record collecting. On condition that "Ye Olde Battle" with Senior

Matric is won, she intends to take either a Pass Arts at U. of T. or a business course. Her ambitions? To be a private secretary (just what I always wanted. You're hired!), to travel around the world (specially to see Gloca Mora), and to learn to ride a horse. (Don't combine the last two or you'll be sorry!)
—K. S.

Grassie, Margaret Jean—Born Nov. 17, 1929, in Evanston, Ill. Jean was an Athletic Rep. for Grades XI and XII, and has been V.P. of the Glee Club for the last two years. She won the Junior Athletic cup while in Grade X and the Grade XI History prize. Jean plays in the Church Basketball League and belongs to the local Choral Society. Her hobbies are photography, reading and music; and if she passes in Latin this year (pure modesty!) she plans to enter Victoria College in Modern History. Her ambitions are to go to the Ontario College of Education. After that he intends to do some music work (vocal) and—aaah, get married.—K. S.

Hooper, Donald James—Born in Toronto, Dec. 27, 1928. At last, girls, we hear Super Hooper the Unobtainable has been obtained (by another one of those Private School ladies?). Seriously, Don is President of Boys' Athletics, a Lieut. in the Cadet Corps and Grade XIII Form Rep. in the Students' Council. He won the Junior Field Day award in 1943. This year, he was on Eaton's Junior Executive, and an active member in Boys' Parliament. He likes dancing and sports. We'll be seeing Don around because he's going to work with his father, then attend the Ontario College of Pharmacy, in 1948.
—J. P.

(Continued on Page 18)

NEWS 'N NONSENSE

If you're wondering why you don't see your form news in the paper, it's either because your form rep. didn't hand any news in, or because we ran out of space; so please don't be angry with us! We've tried our best to please everyone.

—Dave

9A NEWS

By Mary Heaton

9A gives our warm thanks to Miss Martinson and the other teachers for their work in making the Gym display such a success.

Do you know Watt?

Marie Lapat—has beautiful black hair and eyelashes.

John Lowe—whirls his eyes at the girls.

Marjorie Hancock—(shrimpy) gets two hot plates at noon for her brother Don.

Don Hutchinson—is just "it."

Jean Tee—(Easey) is the "History girl."

James Eige—simply knows everything.

Marion Johnson—(blue eyed) has beautiful nails.

Doug Gilmore—(handsome) adores arguing with the girls.

Nora Johns—is really getting down to business.

Tommy Gibb—has long eyelashes!

Helen Harris—(Blondie) doesn't give up in Math.

John Jones—is the "professor" of 9A's class.

Audrey Kane—is awfully nice.

Bill Eveliegh—(flashy) has the most colourful ties you ever saw.

Jessie Gillies—is our "Everlasting Pal."

Peggy Tzatt—the "Athletic Girl."

David Prior—is every girl's boy friend.

Pat Irwin—loves to flirt with the boys.

Ray Ionson—has only one girlfriend.

Marjorie Hornick—has great advantages in sitting near the door.

Ted Humphries—is the girls' "Pin-up Boy."

Jenny Lynd—is our "Pretty Girl."

Steve Gaulka—is always on the 8.20 bus, girls!

Daphne Good—loves to put paper down Gilmore's back.

Albert Hurst—is the smartest one in the Dance Class.

Mvrna Kellow—seems to be everywhere.

Pill Harris—finds it difficult to work in ANY class.

Pat Groswood—"Dimples" really knows her work.

Russel Habkirk—doesn't say a word.

Kay Hisaky—has an average of 90%.

Howard Henry—never speaks to girls.

Margaret Hussey—has a cute figure!

Bobby Lowndes—simply loves his plaid shirts!

Sybil Harmer—constantly getting along with her male friends.

Ray Latham—says—"I didn't hear you."

Margaret Kennedy—has the nicest eyes.
Bill Heathcott—is "Macbeth."
Mary Heaton—Hot stuff, eh!
Donald Miles and Glenn Fotton—our wolves.

9B NEWS

By Joyce Dadson

In 9B we'd like to know—

Is Bert Proud?

Is Barry Mayor?

Does Betty Payne?

Does Kelvin Krowe?

Does Mary Pinchuk?

Will Jim Pech'am?

Is Betty Neden?

Has John Manners?

Does Ellen Russell?

Will Murill Patchett?

Does Ellen Curie?

Is Pat King?

9B NEWSSTAND

LOST—

McKee won't open anything. Keep it for a keepsake. Please return. Big Reward!

FOUND

One Krowe—Wing badly broken; can have same on payment of this ad.

MISSING

One Murphy. Last seen in five pound bag in Dominion Store.

FOR RENT

McLeay's upper story. Never been used. Will rent to veterans only.

9D NEWS

By Barbara Acheson

Wisty Beckett—What do you use for bait, Wisty?

Beryl Arnold—is 9-D's Daddy-long legs.

Diane Dellow—At school—well! Week-ends arf!

Gordon Crandall—Little Wonder.

Ron Adams—Le professeur.

Audrey Banks—Quoth the raven "Never here."

Pat Fletcher—Seem's to like sitting near the back. I wonder!

Audrey Burke—Our little ink spot.

Bill Burns—It looks as if Jean gave you the brush off.

Jackie Cohoon—Everybody's girl friend.

Barbara Dempster—Must like homework.

Henry Irhoshi—brainchild.

Jack Bennie—Tries to live up to his name.

Floyd Arnold—Enjoys his walks at 3.30.

Leigh Barnum—One of the Cumberland Gang.

Ray Bertrund—Where do you get those diamond socks—?

Florence Rimmer—Can you imagine Florence without Boyd's bracelet.

Doug Bowen—School starts at 9.00, Doug.

Shirley Davidson—Beautiful but not dumb.

Vic De Marco—Nice performance at Varsity, Vic.

Barbara Acheson—One Ukrainian dancer.

Beth Armstrong—Our Junior athletic winner. A good job well done, Beth.

Tom Conelly—Keep your eye on Connie, Tom. She's a slippery character.

Gladys Clarke—Hold on to Freddie, Gladys. Handsome men are hard to get.

HAVE YOU READ THESE BOOKS?

- Cliff Tragedy, by Eileen Dover
- The Drunken Sot, by Titus Canbee.
- The Sentinel, by Stan Dalone.
- The Last Lap, by Willie Makitt.
- Failing Strength, by Peter Out.

E. D. Maguire

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7 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Marion Burton—Is puzzled when it comes to English.
 Ray Cox—Back with "Wings" eh!
 Eva Pitchell—Taking her holidays ahead of time.
 Mary Cairns—Donnie's boy. Mary hopes (and soon).
 Roger Aggett—Our yittle swea spwout.
 Roy Bochnerd—Seems to like English (Silly boy).
 Grant Ailles—Miss James wasn't far wrong when she picked Ailles for a clown.
 Isabelle Pinkney—Our day-dreamer.
 Janet Currie—Glad to see you back Janet.
 Colleen Figg—Is the athletic type.
 Bill Cormack—Really learns something in Mrs. Harshaw's Math classes.
 Geno Bresolin—"Monk"-ey joke!
 Bob Cawley—Keep trying Bob, Isabelle will give in.
 Edward Barratto—Fritzy boy.
 Connie Corbett—Too bad Ted left school, Connie.
 Florence Bonner—Our quiet lass.
 Marian Atkinson—(Barb Acheson, 9-D's Rep.)

10A CAN YOU IMAGINE Richard Hobson

—Helen Pashak without gum in Agriculture?
 —Molly Beckett on time five days in a row?
 —Don Terry giving the right answer in French?
 —Bruno Martinello hitting a bunt?
 —Bill Groom without a joke in English?
 —Gordon Cistello at school every day?
 —John Nicholson in his right seat?

10B NEWS by MABEL ROWE

10-B is in a HULL these days and we haven't much HOPE left.

Last MUNDAY some of the boys took a TRIPP in their new BOXFORD. They stopped off at "DENNY'S" Drive-In for some of MATHEWS-Mix and while inside, the PRIEST, who is JACOBSON, invited them to visit his two new HOLMES on "DURIE-Drive."

On arriving at BROGNA Parkway SCHREIBER and ACHESON, who are always chewing, stopped for some JENNY LIND chocolate and some RIGBY'S gum. Here they decided to continue in a ROWE.

When they finally arrived at the REAR, DON found one of the houses on fire. GILLES (who was so nervous he had TREMILLS going up and down his spine) watched the beautiful new window fall and the SILBURN.

Finally, he called for SISLER'S Fire-Engine which soon arrived. With MARANDO'S help the fire was soon put out and new hope was BOURNE.

11A—CAN YOU IMAGINE?

By V. Clippingdale and M. Nobles

Toni—without a late slip.
 Maudie—getting into trouble.
 Heather—without Cal.
 Becking—with a haircut.
 Crossman—without his thumb-tacks.
 Jimmy—without Joan.

Walker—not saying "How Are Ya?"
 Sally—without her pleasant smile.
 Mike—without Estrid to wink at.
 Cumming—in a hurry.
 Janet—with blond hair.
 McMaster—with a poor composition.
 Pillsworth—not telling us his troubles.
 Gloria—without her Latin done.
 Lynne—without a man.
 Trenwith—sitting straight.
 Dorene—without that wiggle.
 Wood—with straight hair
 Norma—without her music.
 Philbrook—not arguing.
 Betty—giving an answer sitting down.
 Neden—not using those 50¢ words.
 Freddie—without a detective story.
 Sloan—without his ears.
 Shirley—with an answer we can hear.
 Barb—going with anyone but Howard.
 LeRoy—with his French all right.
 Webster—without that vacant stare.
 Mac—being a bad boy.
 Hooper—with peach fuzz.
 Steamboat—behaving himself.
 Holness—awake.

Utterly Fantastic Situations of 11B

By Barbara Cross

IF—

Joe Orr—forgot to bring his comb.
 Lois Herridge—didn't bring her dictionary to English class.
 Helen McGill and Barb Bodley—stopped giggling in school.
 Virginia James—didn't stop to talk to Johnny in the hall.
 Frank Marando—stopped eating during periods.
 Pat Roach—failed in a Latin test.
 Jean Thomson and Joan Yowart—got to schools before the second bell.
 John Swaine—answered a French question perfectly.
 Americo Del Col and Kurt Raguth—stopped telling jokes in Physics.
 Ruby Johnson—had a detention.
 Julie Chittick—didn't have a detention.
 Helen Binns—wasn't talking with Frank.
 Chris Apps—stopped looking for Phil.
 Hermo Laurilla—wore his glasses.
 Walter Orr—knew what he was talking about.
 Joan Lewis—stayed home on Saturday night.
 —Just imagine what kind of a form 11B would be!

12A CHARACTER STUDY

By Sheila Smith and Mary Sora

Marion Arnold—"Lois, stop it!"
 Peter Bacon—"Where's Gwen?"
 Margaret Baer—our silent friend.
 Ted Bleakley—Yea, St. Clements!
 Bob Buck—"Do you know anybody from St. Clements?"
 Rusty Crossman—I'm just BUGS about you.
 Jack Crickmore—"Now if it weren't for Russia—"
 Lois Denison—"Is my face Red!"
 Anne Evans—"I'm so worried about my French."
 Barry Deacon—our pilot of P.C.H.S.
 Millar Gallow—"Everything's O.K. (Oh Kay) with me."
 Jim Gillies—"Don't give me that!"
 Cay Hunter—"Hello Darling."
 David Hendrick—"Wouldn't that rot your socks!"
 Margot Knox—Hard to get a hold of (not literally).
 June Leslie—"Hey Morden!"

THE HEADQUARTERS FOR
 Textbooks and School Supplies

HOOPER'S DRUG STORE

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THE UKRAINIAN DANCERS



Directed by Olga Weryha, these dancers were one of the most colourful features of the girls' Gym Night. Left to right—Row 1: Gail Lowther, Jean Lawson, Nora Johns. Row 2: Barbara Acheson, Leona Watson. Row 3: Jean Paul, Mary Pinchuk, Olga Weryha, Nancy Maybee.

THEY'RE OFF!



Senior boys' 100-yard dash—Left to right (runners only): J. Owens, D. Hooper, D. Hendrick, D. Manners.

VOCATIONS AFTERNOON

On Tuesday afternoon, April 1, the first of what promises to be an annual vocations afternoon took place at the High School. The occupations presented for our consideration were those found, as a result of a questionnaire circulated among the pupils, to be the ones which held the greatest interest for the greatest number of students. Of the nineteen occupations selected, each student was permitted to select two and attend discussion groups on these occupations.

GIRLS' GALA GYM NIGHT

On Wednesday, April 23, the girls of P.C.H.S. presented a P.T. display in the Gym. At 8.15 p.m., after the visitors were seated on the track and gym floor, a grand march of all who were taking part opened the programme.

Rhythmics and gymnastics by the girls of Grade IX were next.

The girls from Grade XI, with Jane Maybee in charge, then did some apparatus work on the box and horse.

Fourth on the programme was a group of Grade IX'ers. These girls performed a Ukrainian dance. This dance was directed by one of the group, Olga Weryha. Ukrainian costumes added to the effect.

We went to a Square Dance next and "Portland Fancy" and "Hinky - Dinkey Parlee Voo" were performed for us by girls of Grade IX.

Four girls from Grade XII and XIII next gave an exhibition badminton game. Ann McLaren and Barbara Bodley lost to Eva Jones and Anne Sinclair. The game was refereed by Cay Hunter.

A short intermission followed this and everybody adjourned to the boys' cafeteria for ice cream.

First on the programme after intermission was a Swedish Scottische performed by girls of Grade XI.

Two dances by Grade X girls followed this. They were "Vienna Waltz" and "Ace of Diamonds," the latter being given a different effect by

We were proud to present the following excellent groups of speakers:

Accountancy and Book-keeping—Mr. J. C. Saddington, C.A., Port Credit.

Architecture and Drafting—Mr. A. Adamson, Lecturer in Architecture, Ajax.

Chemistry and Chemical Engineering—Mr. A. R. Wallberg, Chief Chemist for Toronto Carpet and Barrymore Cloth Companies.

Farming—Hon. T. L. Kennedy, Minister of Agriculture,

having phosphorous paint on bottom of the girls' skirts, cuffs and on the stripes down the "boys'" slacks.

Anne Smith, Phyl Ray and Margot Knox then took over the tumbling group.

Relays by Grade X in charge of Eva Jones and Jean Grassie were next. Then the girls of Grade XII and XIII floated around in formals in an exhibition of Ballroom Dancing.

The end came as it always does and a grand march of all performers, in their costumes, followed by God Save the King, brought the evening to a close.

Much hard work on the part of Miss Martinson and all participants was responsible for the excellence of the display. Everybody looks forward to another such successful and enjoyable evening next year.

—Kay Parish.

Interior Decorating—Mr. E. C. Budd, formerly of Robert Simpson Co., Ltd.

Journalism—Mr. Earl Damude, Editor of the Pharmaceutical Journal.

Nursing—Miss Jarvis, R.N., head of Peel County Public Health Nurses.

Professional Engineering—Mr. W. McElhinney, Lecturer, Ajax.

Radio Operating—Mr. F. W. Clarke, Radio College, Toronto.

Broadcasting—Mr. R. Kesten, Manager, Station CJBC.

(Continued on Page 17)

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FIELD DAY RESULTS

BOYS

On Monday, May 12, under the direction of Mr. Wood and his various helpers, namely, Monsieur "Pinky" Sniderman, Captain "1 Gun" Harshaw, "Where's that tape measure" McGill, "Keep those runways clear" Munro, "Watch where you're throwing that Shot-put" Sisler, and "Atom-Bomb" Howden, a very successful field day took place.

The results of all the boys events are as follows:

Senior: 100 yd dash—Hooper, Manners, Owens. 220 yd. dash—Hooper, Manners, Acheson; 440 yd. dash—Hooper, Becking, Doyle; 880 yd. dash—Becking, Doyle, Gemmel. Running Broad Jump—Hooper, Mattiussi, Marando. Hop, Step and Jump—Owens, Marando, Hillis. High Jump—Acheson, Owens, and Oh! Yes Gallow was there somewhere. Shot Put—Mattiussi, Hooper, Hope. Mile Open—Becking, Schreiber, Walker. Pole Vault—McLaughlin, Hope, Paul.

Intermediate: 100 yd dash—Morrison, Reeves, Hull. 220 yd. dash—Reeves, Hooper, Pillsworth. 440 yd dash—Morrison, Schreiber, McKenzie. 880 yd dash—Morrison, Reeves, Schreiber. Running Broad Jump—Hooper, McKenzie, Hobson. Hop Step and Jump—Morrison, Hooper, Woods. Shot Put—"Muscles" Glover. Wood, McKenzie. Pole Vault—Di Marco, Cuming, Humphreys.

Junior: 100 yd. dash—Langdon, Ailles, McLean. 220 yd dash—Hunter, Gilmore, Spence. 440 yard dash—Langdon, Hunter, Spence. Running Broad Jump—Ailles, Langdon, Spence. Standing Broad Jump—Langdon, Hunter, Barnum. Shot Put—Gilmore, Munro, Barnum. Pole Vault—Rav, Gibb. High Jump—Gilmore, McLean, Ailles.

Odds and Ends

The "H. A. Doupe" cup for the mile event was won by Hugh Becking.

GIRLS

Jr. champion, Beth Armstrong, 13 pts.; 2nd, Josephine Lee, 11 pts. Results of other events are: Dash, Josephine Lee, Beth Armstrong, Betty Thomson. High Jump: Leona Turner, Collen Figg, Nancy Maybee. Broad Jump: Beth Armstrong, Josephine Lee, Colleen Figg (tied). Hop-Step-Jump: Beth Armstrong, Betty Thomson, Kay Parish.

Inter. champion: Florence Johnson, 17 pts.; 2nd Jean Lawson, 11 pts. Other events: Dash: Ellen Russell, Florence Johnson, Alma Thorpe. High Jump: Barbara Dempster, Jean Lawson (tied), Alma Thorpe. Broad Jump: Florence Johnson, Jean Lawson, Julie Chittick. Hop-Step-Jump: Alma Thorpe, Jean Lawson, Florence Johnson.

Sr. champion Barb., Lightfoot, 2nd Kay Adkins, Jenny

At Varsity Stadium, Vic Di Marco and Hugh Becking saved us from coming away empty-handed as they finished second in the Pole Vault and Mile event, respectively.

—By Jack Reeves

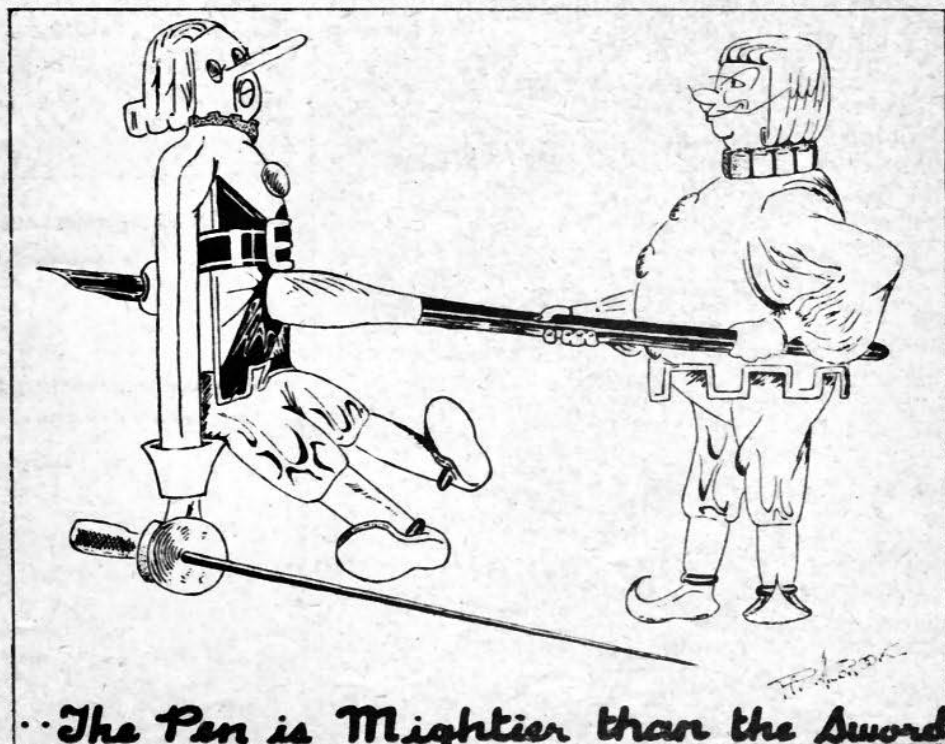


EDITORIAL STAFF —Photo by Rowland McMaster

Front row, left to right—B. Cross, B. Bodley, K. Parish, J. Ellis, A. Smith, P. Ray. Second row left to right—J. Reeves, E. Mathews, M. James, J. Pilling, C. de Guerre. Back row, left to right—B. Wright, J. Crickmore, M. Snderman, D. Crabbe, D. Hendrick, F. Philbrook, H. McCauley, B. Hooper.

Lind, Jean Grassie (tied). Lightfoot, Agnes McCarthur. Results of other events: Dash: Jean Grassie.

Results of open events were: Slow Bicycle: Jenny Lind, Josephine Lee, Marjory Crimp. Soccer Dribble: Florence Johnson, Marian Owens, Dorothy Bethell. Baseball Throw: Wilma Stanfield, Florence Johnson. (Continued on Page 16)



Low-Down On The Higher-Ups

(Continued from Page 9)

Humphrey, Norman Bruce—Born in Toronto on June 14, 1928. Bruce climbed up to the Mount Royal High School before coming here. But 'tis said he misses waving to the mountain goats in the morning. At Mount Royal, Bruce was a Biology demonstrator (seems he passed out the frogs' legs). His hobby is philately (that's stamp collecting, not pin-up girls, dearie). Bruce intends to become a chemical engineer, and he has already worked out his lifetime formula, which is an amazing and original combination, said formula being Charles Darwin plus Costello equals B. Humphrey. (I expect the fad to spread rapidly.) —K. S.

Ionson, Joyce—Born at Toronto, May 2, 1929. This lady, with the flair for Spanish, also has a flair for dancing and she's pretty good at both. She also likes sewing (that's what I like to hear). Has plans to attend a four-year course in Psychology and ambitions to go in for professional speech therapy work. Well, as they say in Spanish, "Bonne Chance." —K. S.

Jones, Eva—Born in Toronto, August 11, 1928. Attended Moulton College, which she shed for Runnymede (moult'n—shed, get it, ha-ha!) and finally for the best of them all. She likes playing badminton, and is interested in music. She plans to take one year at Victoria and no less than ten years at Normal, and obviously wishes to become a school mar'm. (Oh! if only I could start all over again.) By the way, Mr. Doupe, she definitely wants to finish fifth this year, so bring on the scholarships. (What happened to last year's matrimonial ambitions, hmmm?) —K. S.

Kellett, Irwin George, "Lefty," "Ike." — Was born on Feb. 25, 1929, in Buffalo, N.Y. "Lefty" won a Student Aid Scholarship for Grade XIII last year and in '45 was a member of the House League Basketball Champs. His interests include golf, baseball and choo-choo trains (that's a pun, son!) and he is a present Social Convenor of Clubteen. His hobbies are, quote: "thinking of ways to get out of doing the dishes, and uncovering who-dunnits on the radio." Next year, George plans either to work, or to enter a Social Service Course at U. of T., and his ambition is to see Mrs. Dick hang. By the way, this year's "Imaginary Invalid" saw him in the role of Bonnefoi, the lawyer. —K. S.

Kemp, Donovan "Casonova"—Born in that sports-minded town of St. Catharines, on November 18, 1927. Attended Oakville High School; was a form representative during his "time" there, and was on the executive of the Athletic Society. At Port Credit he was co-director of this year's Dramatic Society play (a tough job at best). Being born in "St. Kitts" has no doubt affected the boy's mind towards sports. He plays good goal (2 years running champs, Oakville Jr. "C") in hockey and generally likes athletics. He "tinkers" with radios and model aeroplanes as hobbies and has ambitions of owning his own radio store or perhaps playing N.H.L. shinny. Well, whether you're fixing my radio or playing through it, may the best of luck be yours, pal! —K. S.

Knox, Margot "Pudge"—Born on August 18, 1928, in dear old Hogtown. (To you uninitiated individuals, Toronto). She was a third form representative to the High Light and is at present a reporter (?) to said honourable chronicle. She is interested in sports, dancing, drawing lessons and a certain charming young man, Philip by name. She is also the present secretary of Clubteen. Next year Margot plans to take a journalism course at Western University. "or else" return to P.C.H.S. Her ambition in connection with said course is to be a newspaper reporter and later (?) to be a housewife.—K.S.

(Continued on Page 18)

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DOUPE, H. A.

Attended St. Mary's Collegiate, U. of T. and College of Education (henceforth called C. of E.). Taught at Amherstburg, Dresden, Lucknow. Likes gardens—looking at; fishing—marvelling at optimism of the person who does it; photography—strictly amateur; crossword puzzles—easy ones. Is annoyed by people who come to the office and ask, "Are you busy?" and people who can eat an oversize lunch but are too weak to put the lunch paper in the basket. Would like to play a violin; play a good game of golf; play a good game of bridge, and play.

MUNRO, W. F.

Attended Lindsay Collegiate Institute, U. of T. Taught at Blind River, St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Lakefield. Is a fancier of poultry, Bantams, White Fantails; likes radio, philately, movies, philosophy, baseball (pro and amateur), hockey, rugby, etc. Is annoyed by the lull between fifth and sixth periods. Secret ambition to own a helicopter.

WOOD, WILFRED JOHN

Attended Essex Public School, Toronto; Oakwood Collegiate; U. of T. Is interested in photography and reading. Says he has no pet peeve, but perhaps he dislikes people calling him Mr. WoodS. Ambition to have enough time to do the things he'd like to do.

CARSCALLEN, LOUISE

Attended Delta Collegiate, Hamilton; Hamilton Tech. Institute; Queen's University; C. of E.; L'Institut Jeanne d'Arc, Ottawa; Middlebury College, Vermont. Taught at Saltfleet H.S., Stoney Creek. Likes sketching and water-colour painting; drama, music, reading; knitting, sewing, cooking. Thinks petty peevish should be ignored. Ambition to retire from school-teaching on a large, unearned income (this is no secret).

COLLIP, RITA

Attended Belleville High School, U. of T. Taught at Kenora H.S., Essex H.S. Likes books (especially classics and detective stories); theatre (especially Greek drama and Shakespeare); English movies; cats, cooking. Is annoyed that Greek is not taught in all Ontario schools. Ambition to have a large Greek class; to be a really good cook; to own several assorted cats and dogs.

DETENBECK, PATRICIA

Attended McMaster University. Taught at Kitchener-Waterloo Coll. and Voc. Inst. Likes canoe trips; "the theatre"; friends; steak and olives. She doesn't believe in petting peevish. Secret ambition—"Give away my secrets? Now really!"

HARSHAW, MRS. H. H.

Attended Dundas High School, McMaster. Interested in one small boat. Annoyed by people who forget notes. Ambition to own one new car.

HARSHAW, V. K.

Attended Burlington High School, McMaster. Interested in one small boat. Annoyed by people who do not return promptly school property loaned to them. Ambition to own one new car.

HOLMES, EMMA JANE

Attended Harrisburg C.I.; U. of T. Taught at Warkworth Continuation School. Interested in music, friends, sports. Annoyed because there are only 24 hours in a day. Ambition to have a farm.

HOWDEN, O. H.

Attended Grimsby and Flesherton High Schools; U. of T.,

degree of M.A. Taught at Thessalon H.S.; Toronto Rehabilitation Institute. Interested in gardening.

JAMES, MARY

Attended Petrolia High; Victoria College; C. of E.; Library Course; School of Experience. Taught at Essex High. Interested in music; drama; The New Yorker; cooking; her "kid" brother; babies (other people's, that is); canoeing; swimming. Pet peeve—"Oh, HIM!" Secret ambition, censored.

JOHNSTON, FLORENCE M.

Attended Jarvis Coll. Inst.; U. of T. Taught at Richmond Hill H.S.; Long Branch Continuation School. Interested in painting, carpentry. Annoyed that everybody does not type. Ambition to travel.

MARTINSON, DOROTHY M.

Attended St. John's Technical High School (Winnipeg). Taught at Flin Flon Collegiate (Manitoba). Interested in sports and music. Annoyed by having to fill out forms, marking registers, etc. Ambitions to be able to find things when she wants them; to play violin; to travel.

McGILL, WALTER ROWE

Attended HumberSide C.I.; U. of T. Taught at Lawrence Park C.I.; Western Tech-Com., Harbord C.I. Interested in teaching swimming, travel. Annoyed by little lakes (?) on the playing field. Secret ambition—"Shhh, it's a secret."

RUTHERFORD, HELEN

Attended Oakwood C.I.; Victoria College; C. of E. Taught at Central Tech. School. Interested in drama; music; reading; swimming. Ambition to travel around the world. (We have a long list of boys willing to accompany you.)

SISLER, IVAN

Attended Newmarket High; Queen's University. Taught at Fenlon Falls, Luvac, Parry Sound. Interested in photography, woodwork. Annoyed by students meeting in the hall between classes. Secret ambition—"I don't tell secrets."

SNIDERMAN, MORRIS

Attended Harbord C.I.; U. of T.; Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio. Degrees B.A., B.Paed. Taught at Toronto, Fort William, Barrie and ? Interested in young people; music; theatre; movies; books. Pet peeve is unprintable. Secret ambition too secret to disclose.

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DATIN' DATA

A couple of months ago an article appeared in "Miss America" on rating your dates. It told girls what their boy friends should be like if they were ideal. Some of the boys saw the article and asked us if that was how the girls around P.C.H.S. felt on the matter. We didn't know, so we decided to find out and while we were doing it we thought we'd quiz the boys. We selected "hand - picked" groups of girls and boys and had them fill out questionnaires. Here are some of the things the girls said. Unfortunately we can't include the boys' answers.

The first thing they notice about a boy when they meet him is either his eyes or his clothes. He should be neatly but not necessarily expensively dressed.

He should have a sense of humour, but he should know when to control it.

No one wants a "Sad Sack" or a practical joker all the time.

No one likes to be stood up on a date, but the girls agree that if a boy has to drop a date because of something important, they'll forgive him, provided they have some notice.

The boy who wants to make a permanent "good impression" will have to brush up on conversation. The girls like their men to talk to their parents when they call. They claim to be able to judge them by this.

The boys will have to watch their manners if they want to succeed. They should never honk their horn when they

call for their date and a slip in their language will put them so far back they'll never catch up.

Another thing is this subject of kissing. No girl likes to be rushed, and asking for a kiss on a first date is usually rushing. However, there are some girls who would not consider that rushing. At any event, don't wait too long. If no attempts are made after three or four dates, he'd better go back to his books.

At the movies he should not attempt anything more than holding hands. After all, they did come to see the movies.

FIELD DAY RESULTS

(Continued from Page 13)

son, Florence Morrison. Badminton Rally: Mildred Croft, Virginia Clippingdale. Basketball Free Throw: Gwen Holmes, Wilma Stanfield. Nancy Maybee, Anne Evans; (tied). Volleyball Keep - Up: Nancy Maybee, Anne Evans, Marjory Hancock, Joyce Daddson; Eva Brogna, Betty Proud. Novelty Relay: Team 6, Team 9, Team 2-10 (tied). Shuttle Relay: Team 9-10 (tied), Team 3.

"The Forgotten People"

The legend, "Printed by The Lakeshore Weekly," does not tell the whole story about the way this publication "is born." Mr. T. E. Dunn, Kay Barron and staff have taken such a personal interest in their "baby" that the project has brought them much pleasure but little profit. We are deeply grateful.

LOW DOWN ON THE HIGHER-UPS

(Continued from Page 18)

hobbies are knitting, dressmaking, cooking (yum) and writing letters to a "certain someone". She hopes next year to become a private stenographer. —K. S.

DeGuerre, Cherie "Rie," "Poogie," "Sherry"—Missed being born on July 1st by six days—July 7th it was in 1928. She attended North Toronto for two years before she heard of Port Credit, whereupon she immediately transferred. While here, she has been Circulation Manager of the High Light and a staff writer, Director in the Dramatic Society this year (a tough job, well done) and Secretary of the Camera Club (45-'46). Cherie is at present holding down the Vice-President's chair of the Trixie Junior Farmers, and was Secretary of the Bethsada Young People's in '44-'45. Her hobbies are writing and skiing. Next year will see Cherie in MacDonald Hall, Guelph, or maybe in a business position. Some day she would like to be a journalist and eventually to marry. By the way, she is interested in one, Ian Davidon by name.—K. S.

George, Helen—Born at Lorne Park, May 31, 1931. Everyone who thinks of Helen simultaneously thinks of "violin." She has played in the school orchestra, which was directed by her father. The Lorne Park Teen-Agers' Club holds her interest. And although she claims NO SPECIAL MAN IN HER LIFE, we doubt it. Next year Helen hopes to get a job, bookkeeping. Her ambition is to be a "good" figurer. Uh, huh! —J. P.

Morden, Ronald "Ron"—Born in Toronto Oct. 18, 1928. This quiet lad is Sec.-Treas. of Lakeview United Young People's Society. His hobby is mechanics, and he plans next year to repair and sell appliances and radios. His ambitions are politics (Egad, a Senator Claghorn in our midst!) and playing musical instruments. I'll drop in and hear you play the kazoo when you're Prime Minister, Ron. That's a promise. —K. S.

Noro, Ninfa—Born in Cooksville, Ont., March 23, 1930. Ninfa appears to be an un-and-coming secretary. In fact, she wants to be a Private Secretary. But for next year she is planning to procure an office position requiring mainly typing and shorthand knowledge. The funds of the High Light have been in the pockets, pardon us, the hands of Ninfa, our Secretary-Treasurer. Outside of the brain factory her hobbies are dressmaking, stamp collecting and dancing. Ninfa would like to take a course in Languages (Spanish, French, etc.). P.C.H.S. hopes that all her dreams come true soon. —J. P.

We are sorry that due to lack of space we had to cut down some of our biographies to a minimum and because the type was set we had to leave others, long ones, in. We trust that all those concerned will understand.—Ed.

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**VOCATIONS
AFTERNOON**

(Continued from Page 12)

Toronto.
Commercial Art — Mr. F. Halliday, Halliday Studios, Toronto.

Civil Aviation, —Mr. H. B. Paillefer, T.C.A., Toronto.

Dressmaking and Designing—Miss P. Redsell, Lorne Park.

Forestry—Mr. A. R. Fenwick, Dept. of Lands and Forests, Prov. Parliament Bldgs.

General Office Work—Mr. Rickey, Campbell Soup Co.

Recreational Services—Mr. Jack Dane, Director of Recreation, Brampton.

Lawyer — Mr. K. E. Kennedy, Secretary, Goodyear Co.

Photography—Mr. A. Van, News Photographer, Toronto Telegram.

Each speaker was met at the door by a senior student who introduced him to the group to whom he was to speak. Dick Crabbe, Bill Bleakley, Helen McCauley, Joan Cormack, Agnes McArthur, Evelynne Reeves, Eleanor Browning, Murdoch McPhadyen, Barbara Lightfoot, Joan Millward, Don Hooper, Ted Stock, Doug Gemmel, Phil Golding, Ted Bleakley, Perry Connolly, Dan Doyle, Doug Manners, Keith Squires, Jack Reeves, Frances Slacer, Don Kemp, Bob Stewart, Irwin Kellett and Ronald Dickson were responsible for the welfare of our speakers during the afternoon.

After the speeches refreshments prepared by Miss Johnston, Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Flewelling were served in the library. Mrs. Cross, president of our Home and School Association, poured tea for the

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SHAW SCHOOLS

**DAY — NIGHT
CORRESPONDENCE**

first hour and during the second hour Mrs. Grant, past president of the Home and School Association, and Mrs. Davidson, a member of our Board of Education, presided at the tea table. The hostesses were Cay Hunter, Ruth Winter, Marion McCartney and Elizabeth Mathews. Those assisting were Nancy Maybee, Leone Watson, Jean Lawson, Elinore Sandham, Winnifred Spencer, Betty Neden, Betty

Millward, Mary Heaton, and Olga Weryha.

Bill Bleakley and Ronald Adams did the poster work and other printing for the event.

Wednesday another questionaire was circulated among the students asking for criticisms and comments on the success of the afternoon. The following are a few typical comments:

"I think it is a good idea because it gives you a chance to learn about occupations from someone who really knows about them."

"You are learning things from experts."

"We need the guidance of experienced men."

"It would help if students had lined up questions ahead of time."

"I wasn't able to hear

enough of the vocations; there were so many to choose from and so many I wanted to hear about."

"I would rather have heard one speech for 1½ hours than two."

"I get tired sitting so long."

"The question and answer periods were well worth while."

"I think shorter talks, perhaps three in an afternoon instead of two, would help if it could be arranged."

"I received some extremely useful information and I believe this afternoon was a wonderful aid in deciding our futures."

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Low-Down On The Higher-Ups

(Continued from Page 14)

Lightfoot, Barbara—Born July 24, 1929, Toronto. Girls' Ath. Rep. grades 9 and 11. This year is G.A.A. President. Was also S.C. Treasurer in grade 12. Likes horses, skating and skiing. Was this year Eaton Fashion Council Rep. Hopes to take Pass Arts at Victoria College, then teach. For further plans ask Micky McMillan. —J.P.

Maybee, Jane—Born Dec. 10, 1928, Toronto. Was S.C. Form Rep. in Grades 10, 11, 12. G.A.A. Rep. this year and captain Senior Basketball Team. Likes piano too, not to mention Ted Stock. Hopes to take Pass Arts at Trinity College and to get married. Attention, Ted!

McArthur, Agnes "Agy"—Born May 27, 1929, Chatham. Sec. Treas. Glee Club. Copped General Proficiency Prizes, Grades 9, 10, 11, 12, and Grade 10 History Prize. Is president of Dixie Y.P.U. Likes reading and "bratting." Hopes to take Honour Chemistry at Victoria College. Would like to be chemist and marry at age of 23. —K.S.

MacPhadyen, Murdock "Mac"—Born Sept. 15, 1929, Que. Was Junior Track and Field Champ at Malvern. Likes skiing and sailing, photography and model-building. Next year hopes to take architecture at U. of T. Wants to be successful architect and to travel through Europe. —K.S.

Manners, Douglas Oakley "Doc" "Count"—Born September 26, 1928, Port Credit. Is S.C. President, Sec. Treas. of Cadet Corps and Ath. Rep. Won Int. Ath. Champ. "45" and also Brayley Cup. Likes all sports, dancing, movies, plays, "studying people," make-up (stage), collecting pictures, and letter-writing. Plans to take Medicine at U. of T. —K.S.

McLaughlin, Patrick "Pat"—Born March 14, 1928, Clarkson. Shines in pole-vault and has been a member of various rugby, basketball and hockey teams. Likes hobby-horse riding. Future plans are secret but would like \$5,000,000,000. —K.S.

McKitterick, Bill "Kitty"—Born May 16, 1928, Toronto. On Senior Rugby Teams '44 and '45 and on Junior and Senior Basketball Teams (this year Senior Captain). Is interested in all sports including "Legs" and stamp-collecting. Plans to work next year. —K.S.

Sinclair, Douglas Edward "Porky"—Born Sept. 22, 1928, Clarkson. Also attended Dominion Business College. Member Senior Rugby Team 43 and Basketball Teams of 44, 45 and 47. Likes girls, badminton, hockey and the classics. Plans to take Civil Engineering at U. of T. —K.S.

Squires, Keith "Thomas", "Bess", "Mad Russian", "Keith-lee", "Hubba-Hubba"—Born April 18, 1928, East York. Is Sec. Treas. of Dramatic Society. Was on 44 champion midget rugby team. Likes hockey, record collecting and dancing. Plans to work next year. —K.S.

Stock, Edward "Ted"—Born February 1, 1928, Toronto. Is Sec. Students' Council. Won Int. Boys' Cup and Brayley Cup in '44, and Senior Cup in '45. Likes sports, Jane Maybee, radio, photography, and dancing. Has varied ambitions including taking Engineering Physics at U. of T. —K.S.

Wright, William James "Wilbur"—Born August 20, 1929, Stratford. Is President of Glee Club and Dramatic Society and Secretary of the School Orchestra. Likes Wendy, playing on a church organ and would like an A.T.C.M. in organ. Plans to take Dentistry at U. of T. —K.S.



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COMMERCIAL

Aihoshi, Nora—Born in Vancouver, B.C., Oct. 18, 1929. Nora has lots of ambitions: to be a commercial artist, to travel around the world, and to speak at least four languages. That's quite a large order. Until all this takes place, Nora is going to work in an office. In her spare time she draws and collects pictures. St. George's Teen Town is one of her main interests (Hmm!). Nora attended High School in British Columbia. (That's the place where it never rains—just like California!) —J. P.

Browning, Eleanor—Eleanor? Why, she's the girl that goes with Harry! Of course she's accomplished a few other things, one of them being chosen Students' Council rep. this year. She likes to ski and knit, and is a mad movie fan. Fashions also fascinate her. Eleanor wants to be a stenographer for a while, but, as she puts it, her ambition is not to be a stenographer all her life. Harry will be through his course in three years! —J. P.

Cox, Doreen Grace "Gus"—Born on the 25th day of the gusty month of March, 1927. She was a beautiful (and still is) cheer leader in 1946. Also in that year she became Vice-President of the Students' Council, and was a Lieut. in the Cadet Corps. She won the Senior Girls' Field Day championship in '44 and '45, which is really "going some". Her outside interests include "Bob" (that's all, just "Bob"). She was a representative for Clarkson Recreation Centre in '46. Her

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