

High

PORT CREDIT HIGH SCHOOL

Light



Vol. 4—No. 6

PORT CREDIT HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY JOURNAL

15 Cents

CONTEST AWARDS

The results of the Literary Contest are as follows:

Short Story, Middle and Upper School — First prize, Charlie Miller; second prize, Richard Hutson.

Short Story, Lower School—First prize, Joan Treble; second prize, Ellen Currie.

Editorial — First prize, Mary Mikolaski; second prize, Joan Treble.

Poetry—First prize, Margaret Spicer; second prize, Barbara St. John.

HIGHLIGHT ATTEN - SHUN

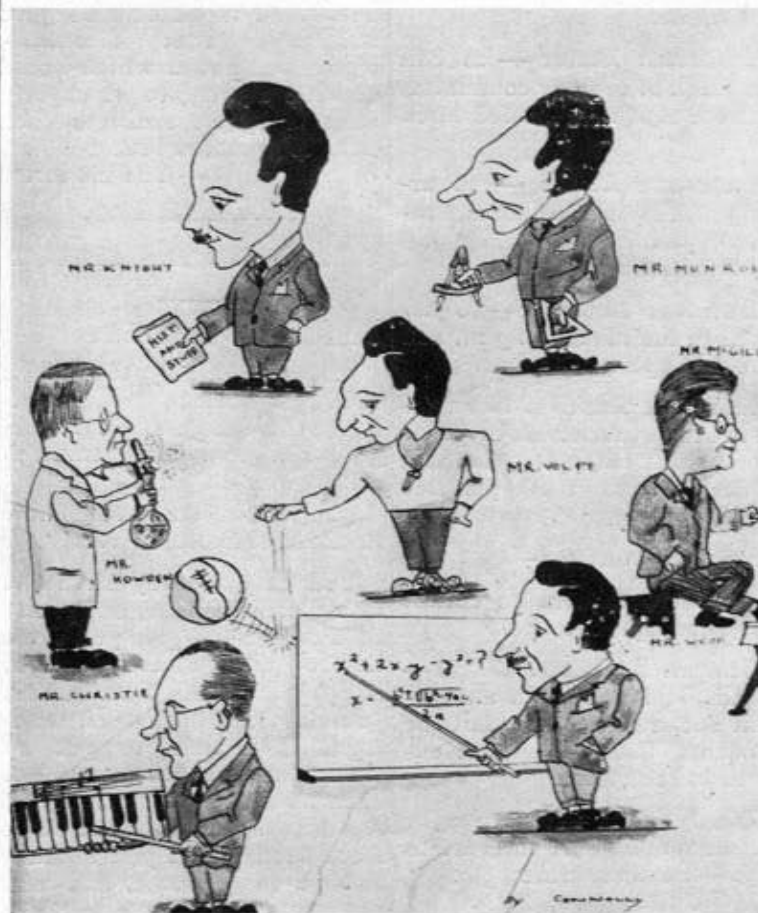
The way some couples get mixed up is enough to make you "dizzy." Everyone thought Rice and Jo Anne were a permanent fixture. Then Jo Anne turned up with Iain. Not only that, although Rice has been seeing Liz McDougall, Bob McLean claims to be dating her. To top it off, we thought Don and Nancy were a nice settled couple, but when we ask Nan if she's going steady, we get an emphatic "No."

Incidentally, what sort of progress is Joe making with Olga?

How did "Thuper-Thonic Thethil" lose his teeth? Did the teachers finally do what they've wanted to do for a long time?

What with rising cost of living, the butchers will have to start filling the centres of their sausages with sawdust. Even then it will still be a job to make both ends meet.

A Woman's tongue is the only instrument that grows sharper with constant used.



BATTLE OF THE PLATES

The "Battle of the Plates" turned into a wonderful dance when the Paper and the Dramatic Society held the second Annual Highlight Hop, Friday, April 9, 1948.

To make the evening more enjoyable many of our teachers and their wives were present. Some of the teachers dancing were Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Knight and Mr. and Mrs. Sisler. Miss James, the staff advisor of the paper last year, was present to make the evening an even better success. And oh! We mustn't forget Mr. Sniderman, our staff financial advisor.

Many novelty dances provided entertainment throughout the evening. Some of these were won by Willa McCauley and Rusti Crossman, Marg Hussey and Alvin Costello, and Barb St. John and Rusti Crossman. (He must have been in good with the dance convenor.)

Two skits under the direction of Joyce Dadson and the Dramatic Society added the spice of Dogpatch to the evening.

Couples seen dancing were Ginny James and Johnny Schrieber (natch!), Jo Anne McLeay and Rice Hoheywell, Marilynne Nobles and Ron Dickson, Colin Becking and June Wren, and Joan McLean and Bob Hooper.

Last and by no means least Frank Schnee played the disc jockey for the evening. He certainly gave out with some sweet and low music.

Compliments are due to Elizabeth Jennekins for the painstaking job she has done in copying the school song for publication.

HIGHLIGHTS OF 1947-48

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|--|--|
| September 16—Student Council Elections. | January 30—Annual at Home. |
| September 26—Sadie Hawkins Dance. | March 2-6—No, not again. |
| October 31—Hallowe'en Party. | March 19—Leap Year Hop sponsored by G.A.A. |
| November 7—Graduation Banquet and Commencement. | March 24—Vocations Afternoon. |
| November 17-21—Remember? | April 20-May 3—Peel Music Festival. |
| November 21—Rugby Dance. | May 26—Cadet Inspection (eyes right). |
| December 19—Old Boys' Basketball Game and Dance. | June 8-16—Regular Examinations. |
| January 16-17—"The Ghost Train." | June 14-23—Departmental Examinations. |

HIGH - LIGHT

Published by the
PORT CREDIT HIGH SCHOOL
Editorial Staff:
Managing Editor: Rowland McMaster
Assistant Editors:
Estrid Wallberg, Helen McCauley
Business Manager: Bob Hooper
Staff Advisers:
M. Knight, M. Sniderman

EDITORIAL

In the year's last issue we may be expected to sum up, giving learned opinions on what does not interest us, deftly patting our backs for problems well handled, and slyly mortifying our enemies. We may be expected to, but we won't. Instead of discussing the past which, good or bad, can not be altered, let us rather consider the future in the light of past experience. We may have made mistakes, some unavoidable and some unfortunately avoidable if we had known what we know at this time. Therefore, leaving the unavoidable in the hands of the gods, let us see how our system may be made more efficient so as to exclude as many chances for future mistakes as possible. In this way we will be doing something constructive rather than gently washing our hands for a year.

With this in mind I have worked out a reorganization for the paper staff. It includes new positions and retains many old ones. And while devised as the staff of a periodical, it may be used for the most part as the staff of a year book. The main purpose of this plan being to relieve efficiency-destroying pressure and to apply pressure where there is too little to get anything done. This staff would assure the proper function of all paper departments and at the same time add variety and flexibility to the paper itself.

A new post, for example, would be that of assistant editor in charge of special features. This editor would do nothing but arrange for special columns, usual features and pictures for each issue. Without other burdensome duties he would have time to do a good job. "Highlight" would thereby have "Something New"

and stimulating in each issue.

As things are at present, the staff is rushed in getting its own work done and a great amount of time can not be spent on extra material.

This new staff would consist of the following positions:

Staff Editor — to decide policy, manage affairs and lay out the paper with the help of assistant editors, and settle the numberless special problems as they arise.

Assistant Editor — to edit the work of regular columnists and see that it is handed in on time.

Assistant Editor — to arrange for special columns, features, pictures and other unusual articles.

Business Manager — to arrange for advertising in, and sale of, paper.

Assistant Business Manager — to see to mechanics of paper work, such as typing, folding, having plates for pictures made, etc.

Regular Staff —

2 Sports Editors to collect and write sports news.

Student Activities Editor — to collect items from all student societies and see that the Students' Council news is entered in each issue.

Boys' Editor — to write or collect material of interest to boys — hobbies, crafts, etc.

Girls' Editor — to write or collect material of interest to the girls — fashions, etc.

Literature Editor — to discuss rather than summarize books and perhaps plays.

Music Editor — to see that a column concerning music is entered in each issue.

News and Nonsense Editor — to collect news, with the assistance of form representatives, concerning the students' and classes' activities.

Feature Writer — to discuss the unusual in the school life.

An Artist — to draw cartoons, etc.

Photographers —

Form Representatives — (2 per class — 1 boy and 1 girl). A member to be elected by each society or club in the school and to supply news of that club's activities or plans.

Perhaps a few things have been overlooked in this scheme for organization I do not claim that it is perfect. However, I sincerely believe that if it were adopted and reasonably supported, it would solve a great many of our present difficulties. And it would also give the paper that freshness, vigour and power which would make it a thing to be eagerly awaited by all students each time the presses rolled.

— The Editor.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor and Staff:

"Dear," I hardly think it is the right word to use in a letter of this kind, but please forgive me. It is only through force of habit.

(Editor's Note: And how flattered it makes us feel!)

You may already have the swing of this letter, but please read on. It will give you some idea of what others think of the paper and the staff besides yourselves. I have been waiting a long time to get up enough nerve to write this, but until now you haven't got my blood high enough. Don't think I am writing this just because I hope to graduate, and can run away; as I have felt like this since my second year here, but have withheld my thoughts until now.

The staff, everyone hopes and few believe is a group of intelligent students who assemble the news of the whole school under the heading of the "Highlight". — Of the whole School? — Not quite! There are a handful of us, under the name of Commercial students, who also have every right to have our news in the paper and more consolation than just "If we have some room left." Some of the trash that fills the paper, the students don't even bother to look at. Why can't these be replaced with some Commercial News? The things

we have submitted have had a lot of thought behind them in an effort to make them attractive enough, so that you will put it some other place, other than "in the basket," the favourite resting place of the items submitted by us.

Don't think I am speaking my own thoughts alone, because I know that there are a lot more with the same regard. It is only fair that the Commercial Department of today and tomorrow have a fair representation in the school paper. Remember 12C is also graduating this year, and I think we deserve just as much mention in their last year as the other grade 13.

If there is any typing to do, who does it? We do. We don't mind doing it at all; in fact, we think it our duty as we are the typists of the school; but what thanks do we get? We don't even get our news put in. We make up about one-sixth or one-seventh of the student body, and there are eight pages in the paper. We don't even get half a column in it most of the time.

This letter may seem a waste of time to you, but I have put down what I think. I suppose this letter will get as much attention as our other items, namely "The Basket!"

But if the Commercial seem slack and act aloof, maybe this is one of the reasons, as we have been getting it for quite a while; and this is my contribution to what seems a losing battle!

Yours sincerely,

Sophie Sierpniak, 12C.

— We assure you that no intentional slight of 12C has been made. If unintentionally there has been a mixup in 12C news we are very sorry. Also 12C's co-operation in typing has been very much appreciated.

— The Editor.

THANKS

The Highlight staff extends its thanks to the commercial students for their valuable and generous efforts in typing throughout the year, and to all others who have helped in the production of the Highlight.

PRIZE WINNING ENTRIES

NIGHTMRE

First Prize, Senior Short Story

The twilight slowly lengthened and the eye-fooling filminess that denotes dusk was overruled by the descent of actual darkness, revealing a long line of low rocky mountains with rounded bluffs lifted to the cloudless heavens.

The hunter unsaddled his horse and laid his sleeping bag and mess kit beside a miniature oil stove before finally standing erect, pushed back a battered stetson and gazing with tired eyes at the mountains around him. A worried expression told of certain qualms about spending the night within a possible stone's throw of a mountain lion which he had wounded earlier in the day, but the trance was broken by a thin smile and a shrug, and the young man fell to manipulating the tiny burner.

It was his interest in his work which prevented him from noticing a sudden movement as the rocks took motion, marking in full splendour the magnificent form of a giant cougar silhouetted against the evening sky. The great cat remained there for a few seconds and then equally soundlessly slid from his throne and disappeared into the shadows.

A heavy silence followed, broken only occasionally by a muffled curse from the hunter, prompted by his failure to gain response from his attempt at fire making.

Then once more the beast appeared; this time a scant few yards back of the stetson and about twelve feet above it. The great cat's lithe body tensed with excitement and the strengthening moonlight revealed a glistening red patch over the shoulder which merely served to contrast with the flickering yellow of the brute's eyes. The nimble form contracted and for a moment only the slow even movement of the lion's tail marred the exact stillness of the scene. Then

the animal's body uncoiled and in a steel-like spring shot forward like a rocket. Simultaneously the small burner flared into life with a flash that caused the cougar to snarl viciously in midair,

The contact sent the man crumbling to the earth, the stove spinning into the air and flaming with such sudden violence that the cat sprang aside in sudden terror.

The hunter was now on his knees and widened eyes paid little attention to the terrible rents down his back, but a trained hand instantly drew a long knife from its sheath and he quickly observed his rifle resting within a few feet of the cougar. Rising to shaky feet he circled warily, edging toward the gun as the great beast leapt again.

Almost uselessly the man tried to dodge the onslaught but a raking claw opened one cheek wide and the pair crashed to the earth locked in violent combat. The giant brute's hind claws did their work well, but the gleaming hunting knife plunged again and again, and as the old wound was reopened by a stroke of the knife, the cat sprang aside once more.

The ground was reddened in mute evidence of the hunter's wounds and he seized the opportunity provided by the lull to crawl the remaining few feet to his gun. Feebly he slipped the safety catch and raised the weapon. As the cat crouched for a renewed attack the rifle sounded.

The giant cougar barely moved when the heavy soft-nosed shell entered his body. The man rose slowly to his feet and stood looking at the beast, and as he did so for one terrible instant, all the combined furies of hell flared from those tawny-yellow eyes and concentrated on him, and then the great cat

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THE GOLDEN CURL

First Prize, Junior Short Story

Beckoning trees cast furtive shadows over the curving lane while whispering winds whistled mysteriously through the soft brush. Silver slivers of moonlight filtered through the dark clouds, and stars blinked sleepily. Suddenly a dark cloud cast an eerie shadow over the sky and blankets of dark fell over the world. An echoing silence filled the air and over it all was the sound of gravel crunching under his feet and the gentle crooning sound of his voice as he whispered to the broken thing in his hands.

In the morning they found her lying on the grass with her neck broken. The public demanded protection and the police force ran in circles.

Gradually the furor died down and people began to forget. Forget! They forgot—until one morning they found another one. She was a school teacher who had gone for a walk along the beach. Her body was found near an old quarry, her neck showed bruises where she had been strangled and her hands were clenched together in a vise-like grip.

The inspector wiped his brow and sighed. "They're all undoubtedly by the same man. He must be a fiend."

The reporter shifted uneasily and cleared his throat. "Is there anything in common connecting the murders, inspector?"

The inspector raised an eyebrow and polished his glasses. A speculative look crossed his face, he put down his glasses and pushed his chair around. His pencil rose to his mouth and he fingered his glasses once more. "Well, I might as well be honest, we haven't any clues except that none of the girls were over twenty-five and they were all blonde. That's all."

"Thanks, Inspector—g'bye!"

said the reporter as he bounded out of the room.

The inspector looked after him, and then went over and said, "Send Carstairs and Donovan."

Donovan strolled along the beach. Leaves were falling and the stands were closed. He noted that several curious people stood about the beach talking about the murder and any clues that might have been there, would certainly be gone now. He strolled along kicking the leaves, when suddenly he saw something silvery in the brush. He automatically bent over and picked it up. It was two curls of blonde hair, each a different shade. Donovan stared at it for a moment and then ran swiftly to the police car.

The waves rolled quietly onto the beach and the wind crooned over the sand. Donovan crouched for what seemed hours in the underbrush until he heard it. A soft crooning child-like voice breaking into the silence. His hands hung at his side and he walked along awkwardly, murmuring in a low voice, "Jarda, where are you, dear? I lost the last part of you last night, Jarda. I thought I'd found you—but she was tricking me like the others. Oh, Jarda, where did they take you?" Suddenly he bent over the figure lying on the sand, "Jarda, Jarda, it's you; oh dear, at last I've found you!" He reached out to touch it but instead sank to the sand, sobbing furiously. Donovan straightened up and moved towards him his hand in his pocket.

"YOU! You're not going to take her again! Go away, go, go! Leave us in peace!!"

"I won't touch her, come, pick her up and bring her with you; you'll both be safe, then."

He eyed him apprehensively but finally bent over and picked

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THE DECIDING FLIGHT

Second Prize, Junior Short Story

The airplane taxied smoothly across the runway and gradually began its ascent. Dawn was just breaking and rays of light flashed against the wings of the rising plane.

A man stood where the plane had taken off, watching the plane as it levelled off and started for the mountains. His keen eyes took in every line of the aircraft. It was in perfect condition for the flight, as he himself had checked it over thoroughly the night before. Airplanes were his business and his life. Airplanes and his son Dick, who was piloting the disappearing aircraft. He frowned as a thought crossed his mind. He had thought Dick would refuse to take this flight again as he had not seemed very anxious to. As a child, Dick had expressed a fear for airplanes and of heights. But of course it must have been a childish notion. "Who wouldn't like airplanes?" he thought happily. As the aircraft disappeared over a rim of trees, the man turned and started for the hangar.

But inside the plane it was a different story. A young man sat in the pilot's seat, his face white and drawn, beads of perspiration on his forehead. As he gazed down upon the bare mountain peaks, a feeling of nausea swept over him. He had always hated great heights and the responsibility of the plane and of the supplies but he had been scoffed at, called a coward, told he was a fool to pass up such an opportunity, and it was difficult to let down his father who had worked so hard for what he had now — an airline which flew supplies to the remote mining districts of his one hundred mile radius.

He rose another fifty feet as if to escape the terrifying mountain peaks.

The thought of his destination made him feel no better, for there was always Bud Blakely to unload the supplies. Blakely was the boss of the Green Bay post and he, who was an expert pilot, knew of

Dick's fear. Dick's welcome was always a chorus of jeers and sneering faces from Blakely and his group of men.

The hours dragged on but one cheering thought for Dick was that the mountains would soon cease into rolling country of forests and rivers. Half an hour yet.

Suddenly Dick's attention was drawn to an area slightly flatter than the rest. He did not see what had drawn his attention for several moments, but after he passed another peak he saw a whisp of smoke. Some hunter must have built a cabin, but suddenly his eyes caught another feature. The sun shining through the trees had struck some metal object. It was an airplane and no airplane would land there unless forced to. No circles above the smoke. Yes, a plane was down there and a fire used as a signal was burning. This meant some person or persons were down there possibly seriously injured. He must hurry to Green Bay and have someone else come back with help. But no, he couldn't face the jeering of Bud Blakely and his men. The only thing to do was to attempt a landing and help whoever had crashed.

He circled again. Nausea swept over his suddenly cold and tense body, but thought of the jeers and sneering looks of the men at Green Bay kept him going. The trees swooped up at him and he again swung the plane up. He couldn't do it — but this time the disappointed look on his father's face made him try again. His body was now damp with perspiration. The trees swept by his eyes and he saw a stretch of ground almost like a rummy, which the other pilot had probably also tried to reach. The ground was suddenly too close and he was going too fast! He quickly cut off his engine and braced himself for the landing. The plane touched ground, bounced along the runway and halted some ten yards from the other aircraft. He sat for a moment in the seat. He suddenly real-

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SYMPHONY OF SPRING

Second Prize, Poetry

Blue is the sky, a bright, bright blue,

And soft is the green the breeze blows through.

Gold daffodils curtsy, and nod, and sway,
And the sun on the water loves to play.

Red robin sings in the apple tree,

And the bobolink chatters and calls in glee-

Down in the marshland the frogs rejoice,
And high overhead sounds the wild-goose voice.

There's spring on land, and air and sea.

There's spring that sings in the heart of me,

I'll raise my voice in thanksgiving then.

That Youth has come to the world again!

— By Barbara St. John.

RACIAL INTOLERANCE

Second Prize, Editorial

In a world of bitter pain and heartbreak man has created a problem that has brought misery and poverty to thousands of people. A problem ridiculous and minute compared to the more important things in life and yet it is gathering in volume and importance day by day. Years ago the Israelites, while building a temple, began to quarrel. They quarrelled so furiously, the work stopped. God then gave each man a different language. Not being able to understand each other they stopped quarrelling and finished the temple. Thus different races were created for peaceful purposes and yet, today, this same difference in colour, race and creed is used to erect social barriers against fellow men. Scientists have continually proved that there are no differences of mental or physical status between any two races, but still the social barrier is there — still man fights man — colour fights colour — creed fights creed. Those barriers are there in my home — in your home! How can the teen-ager be expected to be tolerant if the elders do not lead the way? Did the good Samaritan stop to think that the man lying on the roadside was a Jew? Does a difference in race, colour or creed mean that a man is not as good as me? — or you?

In a local town in Ontario there is a negro boy of eighteen who attends high school. He "goes steady" with one of

the girls in the school and is a vice-president of the students' council. He is a prominent figure in both sports and social functions. Could not such a spirit spread? Couldn't we try to understand the man on the other side of the fence? Could we put ourselves in his place, think of his feelings and of his emotions? It is time we threw away our prejudices and accepted the fact that the other fellow is equal to us. Until we do this, the problems of the world will never quite be settled and peace will never be definitely secure.

— By Joan Treble.

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NIGHTMARE

(First prize — Senior short story)

twitched convulsively and lay still. The moments crept by as the hunter stood and stared at his quarry with glassy eyes, and then quietly fell forward on his face by the side of the cougar; and nature's justice was evident by the pair of vanquished victors.

A half hour later the stillness had descended once more, and there were no spectators to the scene of the encounter but a few winking stars, and the moon.

By Charlie Miller.

Moral—If you're not born a Tarzan, better leave wild cats alone.

LITERARY CONTEST MOST SUCCESSFUL

The response to the literary contest was more than gratifying. The judges, Miss Martinson, Miss Detenbeck, Miss Rutherford and Miss Cars-

callen, deserve our sincerest thanks for the large and difficult job they have done in deciding on winners.

JOKES

By Phyl Ray

Policeman — "How did you get up that tree?"

Tramp — "I sat on it when it was an acorn."

Man — "Well, at last my business is on a solid foundation."

Wife — "Wonderful."

Man — "Yep, it's on the rocks."

Teacher — "What tense is: 'I am beautiful?'"

Little Boy — "Past."

She — "This dance floor is certainly slippery."

He — "It isn't the floor, I had my shoes shined."

A Chinese had a toothache and phoned his dentist for an appointment.

"Two-thirty all right?" asked the dentist.

"Yes," replied the Chinese, "tooth hurtie, all right. What time I come?"

Tourist: "I clearly had the right of way when this man ran into me, and yet you say I was to blame."

Local Cop — "You certainly were."

Tourist — "Why?"

Local Cop — Because his father is mayor, his brother is chief of police, and I go with his sister.

"Yep," said the guide to the wide-eyed travellers, "there has been many a couple, go up that mountain and never been seen again."

"Gee, what happened to them?"

"Oh, dunno. . . Went down the other side, I guess."

Her boy friend calls her Bacon because someone is always trying to bring her home.

"How many studies are you carrying?"

"I'm carrying one and dragging four."

Mr. Howden:

"Thousands of bacteria can live on the point of pin."

Student: "What a strange diet."

"Ever had a serious illness?" asked the examiner.

"No," was the reply.

"Ever had an accident?"

"No."

"Never had an accident in your life?"

"Well, no I ain't. But last Spring when I was out in the meadow a bull tossed me over a fence."

"Don't you call that an accident?"

"No, I don't. That darn bull did it on purpose."

Just about the time we think we can make both ends meet, somebody moves the ends.

GIRLS' SPORTS

B. Bodley

We hope to finish this year's athletics off with a really "hot" field day. As the paper deadline arrives before field day, I can't give you the results, but "good news travels fast" so you'll hear about them. The girls are being divided into teams of about twenty, and each team is to be captained by a member of the Leaders' Group. This arrangement offers both group and individual competition.

Did you know that the G.A.A. went shopping? Well, it did, and here are a few of the things they bought: a stop watch, basketball, volleyball and field-day crests, a horn and a shield.

The finals of the senior noon hour basketball schedule have at last been completed and the winning team is as follows: Pat Root, Toni Brown, Barbara Cross, Lois Herridge, Nancy Elliott, Marj. Norman and Doris Campbell. Nice going, gang!

A badminton tournament was run off to select four girls to go in to an Inter-School Tournament to be held at Vaughn Road Collegiate. The lucky girls are A Team: Jean Thompson, Sally Evans. B team: Toni Brown and Mary Anne Coles.

We wish you all the best of luck and playing.

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THE DECIDING FIGHT

Second prize — Junior Short Story.

ized that there was no fear or tenseness in his body but a glow of excitement! He leaped from the plane and ran to the figure lying beside the fire, but stopped short as he recognized the man. Bud Blakely. Bud Blakely who had never crashed, never would and was afraid of nothing, was lying on the ground with a greater fear in his eyes than Dick had ever seen in anyone's.

Dick suddenly laughed in spite of himself and knew then that he would never again be afraid to fly supplies, especially to Green Bay.

— By Ellen Currie.

IT'S A SIN

Mary Heaton

Have you ever thought what category "stealing" comes under? It is worth stopping to consider.

When you were a little tot, you probably did help yourself to your mother's cookies, or sugar, or jam, and cake. Surely you did. Have not we all! Now you are grown up. Your growth should have been mental as well as physical — then you begin to develop into a lady or gentleman and "right from wrong" should by this time be firmly planted in your mind and character.

To steal from your fellow student is both low and despicable. You think you get away with it but your conscience haunts you; you cannot get away from yourself. "Thou shalt not steal," the eighth commandment — E x o d u s 20:1-15.

It destroys trust in our fellow student, we are always wondering who took our compacts, our money, our shoes, our purses and scarves. This is a horrible thought.

Now sit back and I'll ask you a few questions.

(1) Do you feel good after you have stolen something?

(2) Do you feel fresh, happy after you have stolen?

(3) What do you do when you have stolen something?, laugh, celebrate, or do you think you have done your "good deed for the day?" What do you do?

(4) Do you feel free from worry when you have stolen something from your fellow student?

A thief (pretty strong language) does not grow up or develop into a good citizen. They after become gangsters, burglars. Read the papers — find their reward and what they end up in getting.

If you are a thief, stop right now — take time and look into your conscience — mend your ways. There is still time. You will be a happier person.

I think that I shall never see a pair of knees

As lovely as a pair of trees; Indeed, unless the long skirts fall,

I'll never see a knee a tall.

SILVERT'S

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WICKEN'S BAKERY

**MESSAGE FROM
MAJOR GENERAL O.
VOKES, C.B., CBE., DSO.**

The following inscription appears on the new trophies awarded by the Ontario Local Committee of the Strathcona Trust for annual competition:

"The vision and generosity of a great Canadian citizen, Lord Strathcona, created this trophy. It is awarded to the cadet corps of this school as the most efficient in its class and perpetuates the solicitude of the donor for patriotism, fitness and discipline in young Canadians. He believed that the first duty of a free citizen is to defend his country."

Every boy and girl in Canada is a free citizen. It is your heritage to enjoy freedom from hunger, freedom of speech, freedom from fear and freedom of religious worship. Your forebears have fought, and many have died, for this heritage which they have handed on to you. It will become your turn, and your duty, to preserve it for the future generations of Canadian boys and girls.

Lord Strathcona believed the fundamental requirements in a free citizen to be Patriotism, Fitness and Discipline.

PATRIOTISM means love of country and pride in national achievement. All of you must grow up with the following word on your lips and thought in your hearts:

"I am proud to be a Canadian. What can I do to maintain my Country's greatness and make her greater yet?"

FITNESS means a healthy mind and a healthy body. In other words, clean living, which makes you fit to discharge your duties as a free citizen of Canada.

DISCIPLINE means a dis-

(Continued on Col. 4)

THE VALLEY OF THE BLIND
Second Prize, Senior Short Story

"In the Kingdom of the blind, a one-eyed man is King" is a saying which to Juan Quanto is truly false.

I was a mining engineer in the Andes, and my work often forced me to take trips up the mountains. On one trip I took Juan Quino as my guide. Everything had gone according to plan, until as we rounded a ledge, Juan slipped and fell. He disappeared from sight over the edge, and I gave him up for lost.

One day, two years later, I walked out of my office to see a wizened little man sitting on the steps. As I approached him he said, "Senor Peterson?" "Yes," I replied, and to my amazement he said, "You do not remember me, senor?" I looked at him closely and faintly remembered the face. "You look like a guide of mine," I said. "His name was Juan—yes, Juan Quito, but he is dead." "No, senor," he replied, "he was not killed. I am Juan." I regarded him with disbelief. "You are Juan, but where have you been?" "I will tell you, senor. You will not believe me, but I will tell you.

"When I fell, senor, I slid several miles down the mountain in the snow, but was not seriously injured. As my descent ended, I looked around for a way to return to you, and suddenly realized that below me was a beautiful valley. There was no snow in it, but trees and grass. It was like a paradise in Hades. I quickly descended, and as I reached the valley was surprised to see a village, for I thought I knew all the villages in that part of the mountains.

"I started towards the village and as I got closer I saw two men with their backs to me. Suddenly, as I approached,

they turned and faced me. I walked up to them and asked where I was. Then, senor, I froze with horror. These men were blind. "Who is this creature, Pablo?" one said to the other. The man called Pablo reached out and placed his hands on my head. I almost fled, but something stopped me. Pablo felt my features carefully, especially my eyes. Then turning to his friend, he said, "He is like us, Bolivar, but his eyes, they are deformed. We will take him to the chief." They led me through the village and I saw several other people who were also blind.

"We entered a large hut, which was in darkness. I could faintly make out a small man, and behind him sat a beautiful girl. Without a word being spoken, the old man said, "Who is this stranger, Pablo?" I was astounded that he knew of my presence. I spoke for myself, telling him I was from Santiago and that I was lost. I also told him that I could see. He had never heard of Santiago and as said "see" his face puckered as if he did not understand the word. He ordered the men to take me away and imprison me.

"To make a long story short, senor, after a few days I was given my freedom in the village. I discovered everyone there was blind from birth, but had an extremely acute sense of hearing and smell. They could follow my movements even at a distance of a hundred yards.

"I fell deeply in love with the chief's daughter. She was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, but her eyes were sunken as were those of the other villagers. We became

engaged, and I thought everything was fine, until the day before the wedding. Then I was told that I must have my eyes removed. Even Sylvia, my betrothed, agreed to this.

"On the morning of our wedding day, I rose early and went outside. I looked up at the crystal blue sky, and made my decision. I chose my eyes rather than Sylvia.

"I raced to the mountains and began climbing. I was not equipped for the terrible journey, and the blazing sun on the snow had its destructive effects. I escaped the Valley of the Blind, senor, but now I, too, am blind."

— By Richard Hutson.

(Continued from Col. 1)

Message From Maj.-Gen. Vokes
discipline of self. It is easy to be disciplined when misdemeanor brings immediate punishment. It is more difficult when there is no one standing by with a big stick. Self-discipline means a respect for your elders, the rights, privileges and property of others, and for law and order.

To preserve your heritage as a Canadian you may be called on to defend Canada. To all of you will not be given the privilege of bearing arms to preserve Canada against subversive influences to produce the sinews of war and to maintain the united will of the nation to win through against all adversity.

Canada has provided you with a great heritage. Your duty is clear.

**COMPLIMENTS
of the
Port Credit Dairy**

SHOP AT
SHERIDAN SHOE STORE
for
Quality Shoes, Rubbers and
Hosiery

COMPLIMENTS OF
ED LUPTON
IMPERIAL SERVICE
STATION

THE HEADQUARTERS FOR
Textbooks and School Supplies
HOOPER'S DRUG STORE
PHONE 4242

LOST WORLDS First Prize, Poetry

Worlds found — lost — forgot-
ten
In time's mad rush with fate
'Neath centuries of dust, hu-
manity
Swallowed in sad decay,
Yet to be redeemed
To reap toil on toil
To loss again.

Will this be our ignoble end?
This our country — untried —
true,
Shattered, to remain
Lost forever.
Aspired might crushed by des-
tiny.
Be this our imminent reward
For outrage committed
In a warring world?
Or shall we rise above
The foils of war and greed
To a reincarnate universe,
So peaceful in its greatness
It stirs not but by God alone.
—By Margaret Spicer.

JUDGES' COMMENTS

A Remodelled Democracy —
Sincere, convincing — a few
non-idiomatic expressions —
title not clearly connected with
subject.
Racial Intolerance — Weak
examples — ideas put forth
convincingly — has warmth.
Worlds — depth of thought.
Symphony of Spring — good
rhythm and meter, melody.
Nightmare — graphic.
The Valley of the Blind —
well developed — appealing —
interesting.
The Golden Curl — good
style — good attempt at con-
versation.
The Deciding Flight —
Clear-cut plot — easy to fol-
low — suspense sustained.

COMPLIMENTS OF
**RED and WHITE
GROCETERIA**

With the Compliments of
**SHELL
SERVICE STATION
ART BABCOCK**

A REMODELED DEMOCRACY First Prize, Editorial

Customarily the word de-
mocracy has been used to de-
scribe our western way of life.
However, Marshal Stalin has
used the same word more
often than any of the British
or American political leaders,
since the new Soviet Constitu-
tion of 1936.

Here in Canada, democracy
as we know it implies that a
citizen shall have the right to
chase his own occupation, place
of abode and use of leisure;
freedom of speech, religion
and social security; recogni-
tion of his rights as an indi-
vidual. Here every citizen is
more important than the state.
A majority of discontented citi-
zens can change a government
not striving for the things that
concern them, by peaceful and
legal means.

The Russian democracy is
absolutely no kin to the Anglo-
Saxon democracy. To coun-
tries such as Yugoslavia, Po-
land and Czechoslovakia, a
democratic government con-
sists of a small group holding
absolute power and running the
country for its own benefit.
This forces the individual to
invest his rights in an absolute
state. Criticism of this govern-
ment means the firing squad or
forced labour in Siberia!

The extent to which this
"new democracy" has penetra-
ted politics and labour demands
much more consideration by

every individual and official.
Just recently Russian agents,
operating from within the
walls of the Russian embassy
in Ottawa, used persons in
positions of trust to betray
Canada in the Russian interest.
This execrable record should
be read by every man who
doubts the existence of a fifth
column and does not believe
that Russia can be guilty of
vicious crimes — such as es-
pionage — against human de-
cency and civilizaion.

Any belief that communistic
philosophies of Russia offer a
new solution to the problems
of the modern world are ut-
terly fantastic. We have seen
and read of the tragic results
in the pre-mentioned Russian
satellites. Therefore it would
appear vitally important that
our government should take
stronger and more vigorous
action against flourishing com-
munist propaganda in Can-
ada. Every newspaper —
whether Slavic, English or
otherwise — which advocates
the overthrow of government
by force should be stopped.
Every person who thinks of
communism as a "Happy
Hunting Ground" ought to be
shipped to Russia. No matter
how good and enlightened
communism may appear in
theory, it does not work out
in practice.

— By Mary Mikolaski.

ROYAL CANADIAN ARMY CADET SUMMER CAMP

Location: Camp Ipperwash,
Ontario, situated on the shore
of Lake Huron, approximately
30 miles from Sarnia.

Dates: Two ten-day camps.
First camp from the 20th to
29th June 1948 inclusive. Sec-
ond camp from the 30th June
to the 9th July 1948 inclusive.

Camp Activities: General cadet
training and special courses in
Armoured Corps, Artillery, En-
gineer and Infantry subjects
under the supervision of regu-
lar army personnel; First Aid
Courses under the supervision

of the St. John Ambulance As-
sociation; Swimming and Wa-
ter Safety Courses conducted
by the Canadian Red Cross
Society; organized sports and
recreational activities, with
many trophies and special
awards. Canteen, movies and
church are all available within
the camp.

Cost: Absolutely nothing!
Transportation to and from
camp, excellent accommoda-
tion and wholesome meals are
all provided without cost to
all Royal Canadian Army Cad-
ets selected to attend.

ANNUAL CADET INSPECTION

By "Skip" Young

The Annual Cadet Inspection
has again come and gone,
striking another note in the
history of P.C.H.S. Despite
setbacks, such as the rain and
mud of late, everything ran
very smoothly.

At deadline time the names
of the inspecting officers were
not known. However, they
commended the corps highly
on the showmanship put forth.

The cadet officers, in addi-
tion to Captain Harshaw, were
as follows:

For the Boys' Company

Miller Gallow, Officer in
Command; Jack Owens, Sec-
ond in Command; Adjutant,
Rowland McMaster; Regimen-
tal Sergeant Major, Barry
Glover.

Lieutenants: Frank Maran-
do, Jack Reeves, Bill Trenwith,
Robert Brock, Bruno Marti-
nello.

Sergeants: Albert Yarnell,
Allen Cobden, Lawrence Neden,
Bruce Young.

For the Girls' Company

Ruth Winter, Officer in Com-
mand; Phyl Ray, Company
Sergeant Major.

Lieutenants: Elizabeth
Mathews, Anne Smith, Joan
Allen, Colleen Warlow, Mar-
got Knox, Cay Hunter, Sheila
Smith, Ann McLaren, Jone
Pilling.

Sergeants: Christine Apps,
Roselyn O'Neil, Kay Parish,
Anne Evans, Norma Varley,
Evelynne Reeves, Joan Mill-
ward, Doris Cambell.

The girls put forth a very
good show, in a demonstration
of tumbling and square danc-
ing, and the boys gave a very
interesting exhibit of gym
work.

A Tea Dance was held in the
school after the inspection.

COMPLIMENTS OF
McKEE BROS.

LOW-DOWN ON THE HIGHER-UPS

By FRANK R. JESSOP

Buck, Robert "Rusty".

Not to be confused with another low character in fourth form, Rusty was born in New Toronto, September 24, 1927. Active in basketball, Rusty likes most sports, and is also interested in boats, being a member of the Port Credit Yacht Club. His hobbies are sailing and trying to collect what he loans to Bill. He is Head Server in the Server's Guild, Trinity Anglican Church. At present Rusty, along with his Dad and Bill, is working on an addition to their house. He would like to eventually have a construction contracting job with long holidays during the sailing season. — F.R.J.

Mattiussi, Dino "Meathead".

Born in Cooksville, April 15, 1930, Dino is an all-round, not a square, athlete with a preference for baseball. He also likes algebra and chemistry, and if all goes well in the final exams, he hopes to take up Dentistry at the Ontario College of Dentistry in Toronto. — F. R. J.

Cameron, John Ian Eric Duncan Scott.

John Ian Eric Duncan Scott, usually called Ian Eric Duncan Scott for short, was born in Toronto on July 17, 1928. His hobbies are firearms, radio and records. Ian likes late hours, smoking, quiet discussions over cold beer and taking long bus trips; but hates getting up in the mornings and doing routine work. His ambition leans towards Physics Research. Probably to study Ian-ization. Eric-ting bridges and Duncan doughnuts on the side. While at Humber College, he won the T.S.S.A.A. Senior Swimming Championship 1945-46. — F. R. J.

Owens, Jack.

Was born (probably) in Toronto, although he's not sure, being out of town at the time. The date was February 1930. Jack lends a hand (attached to a long arm) in the Senior

basketball team. One-shot Owens he's known as. Oh! well, some day, who knows? Perhaps you'll get a second shot, Jack. He's also busy with the Cadets, being Captain 2 i/c, and chief operator, transporter and lens polisher of the school's movie projector. Jack's hobbies are shooting and photography, about which he complains there is a regrettable shortage of good models. Well, what do you expect at ten cents an hour? Other interests include the latest pictures out and lurching up the Mississauga Road, not to mention gazing at pictures of Glenburnie's most photogenic resident. — F. R. J.

Stewart, Robert "Bob".

Born on December 8, 1930, in Dixie, a bend in the road located somewhere north of Lake Ontario. Bob's hobbies are collecting records and building gas model aeroplanes. He likes music, especially piano. Say, have you ever heard that man give forth with the "Bumble Boogie" on the piano? Solid. Bob doesn't go for "corny" movies, "two-bit" orchestras, sour pickles and people who call him Robert. After all, just because his name is Robert, is no reason why we should all get together and start calling him Robert from now on, is it? Or is it? His ambition, and I quote, "Waal—ptui)—I figger I might be one of them thar agriculturalists," unquote. — F. R. J.

Sinclair, Anne.

Born January 27, 1931, in Oakville, a western suburb of Port Credit. Her favourite sports are badminton, swimming and horseback riding. Anne is a student of the cultural arts, singing, piano painting and the ballet. But what really takes her interest is horse racing, and some day she hopes to own a racing stable. She has a yen to travel, to visit the West Indies, Norway and India especially. Painting is her hobby, and in the future

she hopes to concentrate on portraiture. U. of T. is also on her schedule. "I hate shows and other animals (people, that is) who disagree with me," says Anne, "but I like St. Bernard dogs and the New Look." — F. R. J.

Crickmore, John David "The Mad Russian."

Born September 2, 1930, in Toronto, thirty years too soon. That's alright, Jack, it's the world that's wrong. Clipping and filing pertinent information from here, there and everywhere, is one of his hobbies, along with collecting maps, coins, mineral samples, etc. His interests might be listed as everything in general and politics, geo-politics, and science in particular. Likes reading, dancing, people and lots of fresh air. Dislikes blind obedience and anyone who can't stay calm and cool in a discussion in which case Jack is his own worst enemy. Plans to go on to Chemical Engineering, although alma mater undecided. Won a Dominion Provincial Grade XII Scholarship. — F. R. J.

Knox, Margot.

August 18, 1928, was the big day and Toronto the place. She is Student Council treasurer this year and also active in basketball. The News 'n' Nonsense column is her brain child, for which she is very well qualified, having the nose for news and the head for nonsense. Favourite pastimes include swimming, dancing, driving, writing letters to Ajax, and generally being lazy. Goes for men wearing Ajax pins in general and A man wearing an Ajax pin who comes from THE farm in particular. Pet peeves, P.C.H.S., tall thin women, gardening and conceited men (which covers a wide field). Likes hen parties, new houses and Lincoln Continentals. Hopes to go to University, or failing that, Mothercraft Nursing. Life occupation, get married and have a large family. — F. R. J.

Glover, Barry.

On October 29, 1930, Mr. Glover thought a cat had got across the 110 volts, but it was just Barry saying hello to the world. Port Credit takes the credit. He is one of the Three Musketeers, the one who takes the rap. Active in all school sports, Sgt.-Major in the Cadets, Students' Council rep. and also likes to get in some hunting, fishing and skiing. (Pronounced She-ing). His hobbies are cars and electric motors and he is interested in anything pertaining to electricity and Helen McGill. Girls with their hair cut too short bug him. Hopes to push on to University and take Electrical Engineering. — F. R. J.

Ellis, Jean.

Another of the many born in Toronto, the date being November 16, 1930. Vice-president of the Clarkson Teen Town, and on the Students' Council, Jean also likes to swim, dance and practice ballet in her spare time. She lends her voice quite capably to the Clarkson Choir. Knitting and piano are her hobbies, and she likes red carnations, babies, black cats and King Cole's "Nature Boy". Some of her peeves are cutting grass, and people who decline her invitation to supper. But who'd do that? He'd have to be either blind or have just finished two full-course dinners! Jean hopes to go on to take Business Admin. at Shaw's, then School of Nursing at Toronto General hospital. And then? Well, to quote her, "Marry the man I love and have two girls and two boys". Won the I.O.D.E. History Award in Grade XII. — F. R. J.

Varley, Norma.

October 1, 1929, Cooksville, in case you're interested. Fond of dancing and swimming, Norma also likes basketball, trying to play tennis, and talking to Frankie at 3:30. Her chief hobbies are letter writing



Front row, left to right: Sylvia Ledden, Nancy Elliott, Barbara Bodley, Estrid Walberg, Dorothy Walker. Second row: Barbara Cross, Marilynne Nobles Virginia Clippingdale, Phyllis Ray, Margaret Knox. Rear row: Bob Hooper, Raymond Cuthbert, Elizabeth Mathews, Rowland McMaster, Helen McCauley, Mr. Knight, Mr. Sniderman.

and trying to figure her way out of homework. Other interests are good music, by her definition Kenton and Lucher, architects and sailors. Now Bill Buck is a sailor, and he's working up to be an architect; any connection? Her pet peeve is against procrastinators, herself included. Norma's ambition is to own a new Monarch (would a slightly used Duke do?) and a radio of her own. See Jessup for all types of radio work, unplug. — F. R. J.

Buck, William.

Born May 11, 1929, in New Toronto, Bill is a fast man on the school basketball team. (Ed. Note: Is that the only place?) and a solid sender in the band. He likes sports of all kinds, movies, dancing and shooting pool at the "Hall of Balls" in Long Branch. His chief hobby is sailing, although

borrowing money from Rusty runs a close second. Bill has done quite a bit of work in the building trade and likes to spend his spare moments sketching houses. Hopes to take architectural draughting at Centech and become an architect. — F. R. J.

Hunter, Catherine.

"The Hips". The short girl in the tall skirt, Cay was born in Toronto, October 19, 1930. Her hobbies are eating, collecting school pins, eating, trying different hair-do's and eating. She has a liking for clothes, men (especially if they have a cigarette lighter), and convertible Cadillacs. As for dislikes, other women in general come under that category. For spare time occupations Cay likes riding, swimming and ballet dancing. This I would like to see! Her ambition is

to go to McGill or Meister-schaft College and then marry a man with a million and, of course, a Cadillac convertible.

— F. R. J.

O'Hare, Margaret.

Another one from across the pond, Margaret was born in Liverpool, England, January 21, 1931. She came over to Canada in —, registered at P.C.H.S. in April and hopes to write off her senior matric. in June. In the line of sports she likes table and lawn tennis, riding and rowing, cycling and swimming. Her hobbies are sewing and reading detective stories. Some of the many things she likes are Robert Taylor, motor cycles, cokes, Boogie-Woogie, Perry Como, Chopin, Strauss, Brahms, cocktails, Irish accents and France in the spring. Dislikes include small boys 10 to 12 years of age and dill pickles (same cat-

egory), anyone lacking a good sense of humour, English summers and Canadian springs. She plans to take a chartered accountant's course and qualify as a chartered accountant.

— F. R. J.

Humphrey, Norman Bruce.

Was born in Toronto, a suburb of Port Credit, June 14, 1928. His activities include acting in the capacity of scribe for Clubteen, and also is one of the few, the very few, who listen to what is going on in English literature. A philatelist. Bruce also shows considerable interest in science and economics. If all goes well he is going in for Metallurgical Engineering. His ambition is to organize a baby-sitters' union, whose motto will be "A change is NOT as good as a rest". — F. R. J.

James, Katherine.

Born on Christmas Day, 1927, in Toronto. Her parents aren't Scotch, but they weren't ones to pass up a good way to save money on presents. Her interests are ice skating, music, the theatre, art and science. At present is hard at work trying to get a grasp on the difficult German language. She is another one of the many philatelists in the school and also likes reading, biographies in particular. Is planning to take a lab. technician's course at Central Tech next year. Has a yen to travel widely some day. — F. R. J.

McCauley, Helen.

Born June 11, 1930, at Port Credit. Works on the High Light (assistant editor) and also dug up the required properties for the Ghost Train. Have you ever tried to get a loan of somebody's stove in mid-winter? Helen's hobbies are stamp and match book collecting. Her interests are making up scandal sheets on all and sundry; reading sexy novels, such as Forever Amber, Kitty et al; and Liz. Her ambition is to take Pass Arts at U. of T. next year, followed by a Librarian course and eventually to be a Librarian. Helen has won a Victory Bond Prize while in Grade IX, Lower School Board of Education Scholarship, and a Dominion Provincial Scholarship in Grade 12. — F. R. J.

(Continued on Page 14)

NEWS 'N NONSENSE

9A NEWS

By Elouis Hugh

Don Bevington has taken to FLASHY socks.

Mary Salvian and Jean Scarfe hold daily contests to see who can blow the biggest bubble.

Short but sweet Bobby Mc Gill and Bobby Dyer just had their curls cut off and now are making a clean sweep with brush cuts.

Don Laughton, Bill Bud and Taylor Ledden and John Marshall are expert Shakespearean actors! Who knows, maybe he was their grandfather?

Shirley Bevington and Edna Baker look like future prospects for the 1953 beauty contest.

Doreen Barnstaple, Betty Peck and Yasuko Machero are three quiet little girls but they can be noisy too.

Jack Burdney (the giant) thinks most girls are too short. Martin Hicky always wears a tie now.

Earl Huxted, Michale Wyrath, John Jakobson and Arthur Beard just love School!

John Manners would also be better to have his say to Joan Foster in the halls instead of wasting Joan's precious time in writing notes.

Jean Slade and Lillian McNeill are back at school now, also a new addition to our merry class in Don Brown. Welcome, Don.

Marion Habkirk and Georgia Warlow have decided to settle down for the rest of the year. It's working, too!

Ken Cliffton, Archie Fraser and Bruce Green are usually good little boys.

Fred MacDonald says — "Take it or leave it." He means his attitude towards school.

9C NEWS

Ritchie — for garbage collector.

Margaret Smith — likes being called "babe" and Gent can say it the way she likes best.

Jean Welstead — Why does she sometimes sit with a vacant stare in some of our studies? Who can it be!

The only head work Coulter

can do is a head stand.

Bob Smart — can do the Hula Hula better than anyone.

Roy Tiben combs his hair and cleans his teeth with a ruler.

Ronnie Priest — must be wearing his brother's diamond socks.

Donald Finkle — "Jenny My Cherie" come with me to the Casbah, (Guy's Restaurant).

Donald Fox — Do you know what is wrong with him? — He doesn't eat enough Pablum in the morning.

Wayne Coulter — likes Jean Walstead's brown eyes, his favourite colour.

Don Nelison — should stay home in his play-pen.

9E NEWS

Pat Holmes — Likes to chat with the teachers.

Helen Steckley — Silence is golden.

Helen Nicholson — Never say can't.

Barbara Main — Our stitch and chatter girl.

June Livingstone — She's taking leap year with a bound.

Ruth Becking — Has a good time in French.

Emma McBey — Always has her work done.

Willa McCauley — Keeps the kids in the corner laughing.

Muriel Campbell — Our "brain."

Doreen Davis — Such a big noise from such a little girl.

Margaret Murphy — Our Polly Pigtailed of 9E.

Mary Jane Bailey — Holds the record for detentions in 9E.

Elizabeth Brown — See no evil?

Karol Frazier — Hear no evil?

Lois Grassie — Speak no evil?

Mary Lasby — Hmm . . . uh.

Pearl Kohn — Our silent friend.

Mary Yarnell — Our favourite basketball sub.

Marilyn Stonehouse — Always knows the answers.

Ruth Terry — Either the back of the room fascinates her or she can't stand looking at the teacher.

Jean Howard — Mr. McGill doesn't like animals at school.

Jean Duncan — What did she

do in Agriculture to make Mr. Sisler blush?

Mary Jane McCartney — Walks with her head in the clouds.

Marg Leslie — "The Chuckle".

Helen Goggin — Ought to start a "Loan Company" of her own.

Kit Bacon — That disgusted look.

Ardath Battie — She's not so batty in History.

Kitty Walker — Saves her homework for French.

Roberta Apps — Has she lost her "Bugle Boy"?

Doris Hurst — Our future housekeeper.

Jane Davidson — Our "brawns" girl.

Anne Brock — 9E's Rep.

Alice Monks — Won't she look cute in bell bottoms?

Irene Smith — Our little workin' gal.

Connie Bye — She laughs like a billy-goat — (any resemblance is purely coincidental).

Louise Stuart — Here today and gone tomorrow.

Joan Hassel — You can tell her future by her hands.

Geraldine Hilditch — Pretty good in basketball.

Hi da O'Hare — She can speak up when she wants to.

Joan McKetterick — Lady MacBeth in person.

Jean Everett — Seems pretty good in Agriculture.

Shirley McCollum — Draws glamorous girls.

10C NEWS

Herridge — Devotes ALL his time to his cows??

Kane — "The Mystery of Audrey's Ring". (It couldn't be that Lionel we hear so much about?) ...

Lynch — Why were you so late last week, Norah? (It couldn't be that mysterious fellow we heard about).

Pinkney — Isabell's asset is her lovely blond hair.

Brogna — Eva's the basketball star of 10C.

O'Neill — How Jim's nose fascinates Mr. McGill.

Kennedy — Things are reversed. Marg fascinates O'Neill now.

Manley — What in Oakville

attracts Dorthy?

Jones — The glamour boy of 10C.

Corbett — She doesn't think we have any glamour boys in 10C. (Do you blame her?)

Gillies — Strictly speaking "Ho! Stuff".

Thompson — Rita amazes Mr. McGill with all her household furniture.

Cox — We caught Doreen writing a note to Georgie. (What about?)

Lee — Jean, too has beautiful blond hair. (It runs in 10C.)

Eige — Pretty sharp, eh? (The haircut.)

Belleghem — Ruth didn't want to go on strike against Mr. McGill's French.

Arnold — Beryl's an asset to any basketball team.

Crawford — Why does Mr. McGill call Ruth Mrs. Eige?

McNeice — Marilyn wears a flower in her hair now. (I wonder who for?)

Davidson — Sweet Sixteen and never been kissed.

King — Your hair looks attractive that way, Pat.

Pal'et — There was a little girl and she had a little curl, right in the middle of her forehead.

Burton — Marion's forever writing notes and chewing gum.

Dellow — How's Jack?

Pell — Why does Pell stick his tongue every time he answers a question?

Hornick — And what's the matter with you?

Russell — The quiet girl of 10C.

Fletcher — Pat charms Mr. McGill when she serves biscuits and tea.

10D

Daved Sloane — He whistles, he sings, he even talks.

Jim Murphy — Our debate critic.

Tom England — There'll always be an England in 10D (probably).

"Jo" Gilmore — Beautiful Joe.

Jack Thomas — Lucky Old You.

Elizabeth McDougal — New Inmate, and a nice one.

Ken Irvine — A New brace-

let, ah Ken?
 Audrey Townsend—Frenchy.
 Bob Cawley — Usually joins Ailles in dreamland.
 Gail Lowther — Eagah Beavah (purrhaps).
 Jack Henry — Mislead.
 Chris McPerson — Music critic (we think)?
 Grant Ailles — Sleepy time boy (in Math, that is).
 Audrey Burke — Is his name Tangee?
 Paul Simpkins — These boys are.
 Barry Monro — Hard as nails.
 Sybil Harmer — Pianissimo.
 Hugh Cortney — He's not so funny really.
 Jean Paul — Tries and succeeds.
 Jim Peckam — Here today and gone tomorrow.
 Barry Mayor — He's a good kid at heart.
 Nancy Maybee — Main interests — Horses and Hutches.
 Stevey Galka — Our Brain Child.
 Marion Johnson — Oh, those eyes.
 Geno Bresolin — You should bring an extra pair.
 Edna Walker — "She's learning" Mr. Monro.
 Bill Cormack — An exception to "good things come in small packages."
 Beth Corman — More fun stag, eh?
 Nora Johns — She certainly gets around these days.
 — By Joyce Dadson.

Chips From the Mill (11-A)

Prepared by a Wee Member of the Ladies Aid Society for "Boys Who-Don't-Do-Home-work."
 What is Mr. Knight, rodent or mammal? He is reported to have said, "Speaking of rats on a ship, I was on one myself!"
 The pen is mightier than the sword. This is especially true with Mr. Knight — the only reason he has one is to write invitations for detentions. Therefore everyone keeps quiet as he takes it from his pocket.
 Why does John Miles always look for his book under Myrtle's desk?
 Looking up antilogs under logs seems to be catching Mr. Wood.
 11A's man of di-stink-shun

is "Skip" plus Havana's.
 Pete Neilson has apparently entered the hardware business, his specialized line being thumbtacks.
 The whole school almost benefited by Kay M's gym rompers being nearly thrown into the coal shute. They might have kept us ALL warm next winter.
 What is a kirtle, Myrtle?
 "Pin-head," Mathieson and Yarnell seem to be picking up — chalk!
 'What's trying to pick Stu up in the halls lately?
 Why is John Miles moved up to the front of the class in History periods? Is it "weak eyes" or girls, John?
 Ans. Mr. Knight!
 We are wondering how Kay knows so much about fish.
 Judging by the sounds coming from the front of the room — "Pin-head" seems to have become "Pigeon-head."

11B NEWS

We would like to know:
 — Why Jennekens always looks forward to Physics class.
 — If Courtney is going to go West again this year? We hear the surroundings are very pleasant, both coming and going (mosly coming).
 — Where Molly goes at lunch hour?
 — Why Nickolson insists on sitting in a back seat behind a certain young lady. Also what will happen if he doesn't stop it.
 — If Brock is slipping, and why he looks so bewildered these days.
 — If Joan McLean had a happy birthday?
 — To whom Millward was referring in his oral comp.
 — If John H. is making progress, and we don't mean in school work, Joan.
 In closing we would like to welcome two new members to our class. They are John Van Hezewyk, and Victor Worns.

COMPLIMENTS OF
5c to \$1.00 STORE

12 A
 By V. C. E. W.

Nothing exciting happens here, It gets duller all the time, And that is why, to fill up space We've composed this little rhyme.
 It's partly about our teachers, Hey! don't stop, read on! Sometimes they're quite intelligent, "Though they often seem quite "gone".
 At times we often wonder, If teachers ever play, We know they never do it When they're with 12A.
 Our Monsiear Sniderman Knows his "parlez-vous", We're sure he often wonders, Why we don't know them too?
 Mr. Howden is the man we like, He mixes up the brews, But sometimes things go wrong with them.
 And reds turn out as blues.
 Theorems, problems and deductions Are the pets of Mr. Munro, If you can work out the answers, You're really in the know.
 History for Mr. Knight We study hard with all our might The resuts are mostly bad, Which makes us just sort of sad.
 Miss Collip talks of Hannibal, And mighty Roman leaders. But what we really want to know is this: "Who's got our Latin reader?"
 Miss Carscallen teaches English, And does it very well. But we bet she often wonders If we'll ever learn to spell.
 Miss Martinson is always willing For us to play the game. Sometimes the pace is killing, But to her it's just the same.

12B

Abbreviations:
 Amb: Ambition.
 P. D.: Probable Destiny.
 Name: Rowland MacMaser.
 Rowland says: "There will be a paper meeting - - -"
 Pastime: Taking pictures (mostly of girls).
 Amb: To write another For-ever Amber!!

P.D.: Forever broke.
 Asset: Camera.
 Name: Helen Binns.
 'Helen says: "Gee, I feel awful!"
 Pastime: Taking pills.
 Amb: Female Rembrandt.
 P.D.: Female Varga.
 Asset: (A Secret!)
 Name: Barbara Bodley.
 Chick says: Don't know."
 Pastime: Laughing.
 Amb: To be taller than someone who is older than she.
 P. D.: Stilts.
 Asset: A brother.
 Name: Marjorie Norman.
 Marj. says: "For John's sake."
 Pastime: Jo-Jo.
 Amb: Nurse.
 P.D.: Holding hands.
 Asset: Smile.
 Name: MacLaren Wilson.
 Mac says: (Nothing!)
 Pastime: Looking at trains.
 Amb: Big railroad executive. P.D. Little railroad executive.
 Asset: Shyness.
 Name: Raymond Cohoon.
 Coutzie says: "How can ya tell?"
 Pastime: Ask Marj.
 Amb: Vet.
 P.D. Leading a dog's life.
 Asset. White hair.
 Name: Frank Marando.
 Frank says: "Oh, you make me tho mad."
 Pastime: Bothering the girls.
 Amb: To get out of school before he is 25.
 P.D. Janitor at P.C.H.S.
 Asset: Hairy chest.
 Name: Margaret Spicer.
 Spice says: "Oh really!"
 Pastime: Talking.
 Amb: A writer.
 P.D. A wronger (that's a joke).
 Asset: Collection of hand-knit sweaters.
 Name: Toni Brown.
 Toni says: "Oh, you're wearing your mother's army boots!"
 Pastime: Eating.
 Amb: To be a cook.
 P.D. Always in a stew.
 Asset: Eleven toes.
 Name: Calvin Lightfoot.
 Calvin says: "Will you read the vocabulary please, Miss Collip?"
 (Continued on Page 10)

Pastime: Complaining.
 Amb.: To pass in Grade 13-P.D. Bribing the teachers.
 Asset: A car.

Name: Douglas Brown.
 Doc says: "Nuthin".
 Pastime: Shooting (with a rifle, of course).
 Amb.: Multi-millionaire.
 P.D. Bank robber.
 Asset: Eleven toes (runs in the family).

Name: Jean Rae.
 Jean says: "Have you seen my latest letter from Billy?"
 Pastime: Writing letters to Billy.
 Amb.: To be a sky writer.
 P.D.: Writing letters in the sky.
 Asset: Tony permanent.

Name: Wilda Crott.
 Willy says: "Darned if I can remember."
 Pastime: Cycling.
 Amb.: Nurse at St. Joe's.
 P.D.: Janitress at 999.
 Asset: A lady-like manner.

Name: Bob Hooper.
 Hoop says: "Hey Philbrook!"
 Pastime: (He does everything.)
 Amb.: To be happy.
 P.D.: Might be anything.
 Asset: Smile.

Name: Pat Root.
 Pat says: "I don't know a thing."
 Pastime: Knitting diamond socks.
 Amb.: To get a man with a car.

P.D.: Get a man with a gun.
 Asset: Brains.

Name: Leroy MacKenzie.
 Leroy says: "Hullo."
 Pastime: Taking holidays.
 Amb.: To go to California.
 P.D.: Alaska.
 Asset: Freckles.

Name: Alex Walker.
 Maza says: "Good even'ning."
 Pastime: Moving up to the front of the room.
 Amb.: To sit at the back in History.
 P.D.: Front seat, as usual.
 Asset: Shoulders.

Name: Helen McGill.
 Helen says: "Isn't Barry cute?"
 Pastime: Smiling.
 Amb.: To be tall and thin.
 P.D.: To be short and fat.
 Asset: Teeth.

Name: Ruby Johnston.
 Ruby says: "Oh, stink."
 Pastime: Meeting the Hamilton bus.

Amb.: Nurse at St. Joe's.
 Prob. Dest.: Nurse in Hamilton.

Asset: A man in Hamilton.
 Name: Walter Crossman.
 Ted says: "Take gas!"
 Pastime: Loaf-ing.
 Amb.: To make lots of dough.

Prob. Dest.: Baker.
 Asset: Curly hair.

Name: Frank Philbrook.
 Frank says: "Hey Hooper."
 Pastime: Playing ball.
 Amb.: To find a teacher that doesn't tell him he has a chip on his shoulder.

P.D.: Wood chopper.
 Asset: A girlfriend.

Name: Bob Eve.
 Jeeves says: --- (censored.)
 Pastime: Sitting.
 Amb.: To be a bachelor, like his father.

P.D.: President of Lonely Hearts Club.
 Asset: Energy &.

Name: Nancy Elliott.
 Nan says: "But, Miss Colip . . ."
 Pastime: Arguing.
 Amb.: To have Rice for Breakfast.

P.D.: Lose it as usual.
 Asset: Look for yourself.

12C

Florence Mary Ruth Johnson

Born at Brampton, July 14, 1930. Attended Britannia public school and Brampton high school before coming to Port Credit high. Flo is secretary-treasurer for the Trixie Junior Farmers' Association, 1948-49. She won the P.C.H.S. Intermediate cup, Field Day 1947; and was the Peel Junior farmers girls' champ, Field Day 1947. Ambition: To play professional baseball and to own a Chrysler—Town and Country model.

Likes: Sports, horses and photography, and two young farmers. Dislikes: Censored!

Doris Isobel Campbell

Born in Toronto, June 26, 1931. Attended Lakeview Public School for seven years before coming to P.C.H.S. Was secretary for the Lakeview Young People's during 1946.

Ambitions: To obtain a first-class diploma, then to get a job as a secretary.

Interests: Travelling, photography and sports.

Dislikes: Homework.

June Pollock

Born in Toronto, June 13, 1931. Attended Lakeview and Forest Avenue Public Schools, and then P.C.H.C. Winner of history prize in first form and two general proficiency awards in Grades X & XI of the Commercial Course. Was member of The School Glee Club and Comptroller of finance for school societies 1947-48. Likes—outdoor sports and music. Hobbies—gardening and knitting. Ambition—a first-class diploma, then to continue studies at the University of Toronto.

Marion Annie Fenwick

Born in Summerville, on Friday, March 13, 1931. Attended Dixie Public School for eight years. Was secretary for the Dixie Young Peoples during 1946. Have been a faithful member of Trixie Junior Farmers for three years.

Ambitions: To obtain a first-class diploma, then to get a job as secretary and finally to marry at the age of 21.

Interests: Travelling, photography, and a certain young farmer.

Dislikes: Homework, and people who jump to conclusions.

Sophie Sierpniak

Born: September 8, 1930, Toronto.

Attended: Givens-Toronto, Angincourt and Burnhamthorpe Public School, Then P.C.H.S.

Ambition: To enter in the C.N.E. ladies swimming marathon. Travel extensively and just finish school.

Likes: Crazy about shows and all good books and Alan Ladd.

Dislikes: This new look like Grandma's.

XIIC IN SHORTHAND

The last period for the morning. The class was very sad. When up piped Farmer Johnson.
 "Gee! is Lizzie some bag!"

"Florence Johnson" cried Evelynne,
 "You mustn't say it so loud; She couldn't take it as a joke, Because she is so proud."
 Then June, that bright ray of sunshine,
 Said "Shorthand let us do."
 But Pauline had enough of that stuff
 And said "Nuts to you."

My does Dorothy look disgusted,
 Chewing the fat with Joan.
 Then Joan's face lightened up and said,
 "I wonder if Elmer will phone?"

But Doris is paying no attention
 To all our jokes and gags.
 She has no lines on the boys,
 And she just doesn't discuss old bags.

But Sophie, that's our genius,
 Is working like mad
 To help Marion Fenwick
 Think up some joke or gag.
 —Eega Beeva, 12C.

NEWS 'N NONSENSE

Glad to see Helen Cluff back after her recent "holiday" with appendicitis.

Mike certainly likes typing these days, or is there some attraction in the typing room?

Marie Lake is the "I don't know girl."

Miss Johnston's weekly saying: "Who will volunteer to carry the board?" As usual, no reply.

Wimp: The only girl with a "fritz".

Beware of Marion Donnelly when the bell goes for lunch. We know you love to eat, but we want to be able to eat too.

11C sure is a bright class. Maybe it's because of Shirlee "Beam"er.

Compliments of

**VOGUE
THEATRE**

•



Front row, left to right: Doris Campbell, Evelynne Reeves, Kathleen Parish, Anne Smith, Margot Knox, Ann McLaren, Sheila Smith, Ruth Winter. Second row: Dorothy Walker, Florence Johnson, Joan Allen, Sophie Sierpniak, Lorna Hare, Katherine James, Norma Varley, Jean Ellis, Chris Apps, Marion Arnold. Third row: June Pollock, Marion Fenwick, Pauline Metcalfe, Roselyn O'Neil, Barbara St. John, Mary Mikolaski, Elizabeth Mathews, Joan Millward, Helen McCauley, Anne Evans. Fourth row: Bill Wright, Jim Gillies, Bob Stewart, Frank Jessup, Bruce Humphries, Jack Owens, Millar Gallow, Barry Glover, Jack Reeves.

(Continued from Page 3)

THE GOLDEN CURL

1st prize — Junior Short Story. her up with one hand. The other hand he placed trustingly in Donawan's and followed him away.

The inspector waited till the reporters were seated, and then he motioned Donavan to the front of the room. Donavan pulled out his pad and sat on the desk. He grinned, pulled up his pant leg and started, "Curt Massey killed his wife accidentally two months ago. He was a strong man in a circus and his wife was a blonde snake-charmer. Because she—well, she charmed more than snakes. Massey got horribly jealous. He loved her fiercely. When he realized he'd killed her, his mind snapped. He thought that someone had taken her away from him and he went at night matching a blonde curl of hers. If the hair differed in colour he thought she was tricking him again, and killed the girl. He really deserves sympathy because Jarda took advantage of him. When I found the blonde hairs in the bush I had a hunch and I followed through on my own time. I planted a rubber mannequin with blonde hair, the same shade as Jarda's on the beach and—well—now he's in the mental hospital."

The reporters stood up, put away their pencils and filed out. The inspector looked up and tapped his pencil, "Feeling pretty good, aren't you, sergeant?"

—Jean Treble.

PERSONAL PARADE

Jerry Scarr — She'll be coming around the mountain — (when she comes!!)

Marj. Crimp — Life CAN be beautiful.

Wisty Beckett — THAT'S my desire.

Jackie Cahoon — Swinging on a star.

Leone Watson — Scatter-brain.

Ellen Currie — THAT'S what I like about the South.

Betty Neden — Im a Big girl NOW.

Rose Murphy — Homespun.

Barb Dempster — Girl of my

dreams.

Marj. Hancock — Tell me a story.

Winnie Spencer — Give Me the SIMPLE life.

Jenny Lynd — E-E-Easy to LOVE.

Betty Millward — I fell for you — (by the way, not Miss Martinson).

Nora Waller — Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.

Kay Hisaki — Worry, Worry, Worry.

Ted Humphreys — I'm always chasing?? (rainbows??)

Ted Hall — Old MacDonald had a Farm.

Olga Weryha — I left my

heart at the (Oakville?) Canteen.

Joan Treble — YOU can't be true, dear.

Marlene Starchuk — With a song in my heart.

Doreen Webster — My heart is a Hobo.

Bill Heathcote — Dancing in the DARK.

Bob McKee — Ain't misbehavin'!

Leigh Barnum — Nature Boy.

Ray Bertrand — COAX me a little bit.

Nicky van Burkel — "24th of May — Queen's Birthday!!

Peter Baker — FISHING!! — for the moon?

Albert Webster — Baby Face, Don Hutchinson — NANCY with the laughing face.

Lido Pellgrini — Shine.

John Jones — Beg your pardon.

George Kerr — Dream — OR Never trust a woman.

Bob McLean — All IS me, opps! sorry, made a slip — all OF me.

Elinor Sandham — Oh Johnny! Oh Johnny how you can love!

Rice Honeywell — DISSY - - fingers?

Bill BURNS — I cried for you — now it's your turn to cry over me.

JAZZ AND CLASSICAL MUSIC

There has always been a great deal of controversy between those who are lovers of classical music and those who are ardent popular or jazz fans. There is certainly something to be said for both sides and one shouldn't say that just because he likes popular music he thinks that the classical is no good or vice versa. This is a vary narrow-minded attitude as one must consider that every person has his individual tastes in all fields and is entitled to his own opinions. You may not agree with the other fellow's views but at least respect them as equal to your own.

Music, like all the arts, is merely an expression, a representation of things done or seen. The composer strives to express something by his music, the performer to bring out the idea and interpret it in his own way. It is not, therefore, in all fairness to judge another's interpretation in comparison with your own, for though it may be different, it is individualistic. This, of course, can go a little too far as in the Bumble Boogie. Now, when this something which the musician expresses by music ceases to be any known sense or scene, but becomes something like fate or misery or excitement, then some call it the degenerate product of a degenerate people. This, to my mind, might be jazz. By this I am not saying that it is to be despised. On the contrary, let us say that we are not advanced enough to understand it.

Speaking to an ardent jazzman the other day I could see that he was more sincere and engrossed in his passion for it than many so-called "classics-crazy" people. The fact that a person of such musical knowledge and ability is so wound up over jazz is enough to make me at least stop and wonder if perhaps there isn't something to it which I hadn't noticed before. Of course there is a lot of it he doesn't like, just as we have our dislikes in the classical field. There is something personal to Jazz, he said, which gives one the opportunity of putting oneself into it more than in classical music.

This is merely his opinion with which I only agree in part.

True, one can improvise and "put himself into it" in jazz but so he can, certainly, in the other. I feel that one can put his whole being in any bit of classical music as much as in jazz, which can easily be proven by listening to any two people play the same piece. There is no difficulty in distinguishing them and indeed one sometimes wonders if it is the same piece in both cases.

So I think the conclusion of all this argument is to give the other fellow in any case a chance to prove his points and whether we agree with him or not to realize his point of view.

It is certain that even though classical music has more depth and greatness to it, every one who wasn't of this opinion wouldn't immediately revert to this idea any more than a Disk Tracy fan would change over completely and read nothing but Greek drama forever after.

Elizabeth Mathews.

"ODD NEWS HERE AND THERE"

Ron Pillsworth likes them with blonde hair, blue eyes, and 5'2". (mmm) Not bad, eh!!! Too bad he's moved to Port Hope.

Practice makes perfect! Congratulations, Marlyn Star-chuck, who was awarded two firsts by the judges for singing. You have an inspiring voice, Marlyn.

We are proud of you, Sharon Nabetu, for the great achievement in your academic work. Keep up that successful work. Your average per cent of 93.5 is excellent.

Roger Aggot! Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette!

A young couple were going to buy a house, and they told the real estate agent they wanted one in a healthy district. "Folks," said the agent, "I have a house in a district so healthy that the only person who has died as far back as I can recollect was a doctor. And he died of starvation."

Don't forget, there's a lot of squares that know the right angles.

(Continued on Page 4)

Low-Down on Higher-Ups

McLaren, Patricia Ann.

Born August 23, 19—, in — Ann gets dreamy-eyed over Howie Meeker and the Page Caivina Trio, but doesn't go for Frankie Laine. Her recreation is riding back and forth on the bus, although she tosses a mean pass in basketball too. Ann likes writing, and if all goes well, plans to take up Journalism at U. of T. Her ambition and life occupation are, respectively, to own her own car and settle down in a 20-room vine-covered cottage. Personally I prefer Insul-brick.

— F. R. J.

Mikolaski, Mary.

Born June 23, 1929, in —. A quiet girl who finds Serbian easier than English, Mary likes reading, baseball and fashions. Her hobby is collecting fancy handkerchiefs, the kind you put to your nose to sniff, not blow. She is interested in the study of theology and philosophy, and dead set against Communism in any form. She knows what it has done to her homeland. Mary can't stand people who talk too much, and she won't talk much herself. She won't even tell us about her future plans. They're secret, other than that she hopes to go to Victoria College in Toronto. — F. R. J.

Smith, Anne

A native born Port Credinian. Anne arrived April 28, 1929. Volleyball and basketball are her meat, and dancing and skating are O.K. by her. She finds interest in knitting, sewing, making spaghetti with Italian sauce (paging Dino), cokes after school, Nellie Lucher, and brush cuts. Carrots and chow dogs give her the screaming meemies, along with Miss Collip's early morning Latin classes (horrible dictu). Her special interests are A.U.C. Tilbury, L.N., and a bunch of youngsters she rides herd on at Sunday School. Anne wants to be a R.N. and some day go to China. Would like to get married on Christmas Eve. Which one, Anne?

— F. R. J.

Smith, Sheila Ann.

No relation to Anne Smith, Sheila was born in Toronto on January 28, 1930. Her extra-curricular activities include music and dramatics, music being her chief hobby. She is interested in swimming, tennis, camping, riding, and some day hopes to own a ranch and breed race horses. Her racing colours will likely include paddy green, for that is her favourite colour. Sheila likes to keep to herself and mind her own business, and her pet hate is gossip mongers. She is undecided as to what will follow her high school daze.

— F. R. J.

Hare, Lorna.

Port Credit welcomed Lorna on July 6, 1929. Active on the Girls' Basketball team, she is also kept busy as Superintendent of the Primary Department of Trinity Church Sunday School. Other interests include reading, cooking, sewing and dancing. Blue is her favourite colour and her pet peeve is people who wear colours that clash. Bill Buck's red shirt brings her to tears. Hopes to continue on to Normal School, and after that she'll be prepared for a career, but hoping for a husband.

— F. R. J.

Leslie, Anna June.

Toronto was the place and June 5, 1929, the date. Active in basketball and baseball, June is fond of dancing to the music of Frankie Laine and Howie Meeker. She dislikes noon refs. for girls' basketball, housework, homework, work, upsweeps, and Victor Mature (too maure). Thinks the T.T.C. should pay her to ride in their buses. Her pet peeve is the ruling that the girls can't play basketball with boys' rules. June is now vice-president of the Dramatic League. As far as further education goes, she thinks the best thing would be a trip around the world. Ambition — to inherit a fortune and own her own private plane, yacht and Buick convertible. What, only one of each? Why be a piker when it's only wishing anyway. Life occupation — "a hermit" unquote. — F. R. J.

"GROOVIN' HIGH"

Well, it's all over but the writing—school, that is—and in this last column of the year we would like to extend our thanks to the people who have made music possible in this school: Mr. Christie and the Glee Club; Mr. Foster and the school orchestra; Mr. Harshaw and his Bungle Band.

Dept. of Things-We-Didn't-Hear-and-Are-Glad-We-Didn't:

In reviewing the recent jazz at the Phil Concert, we have to base our comments on second-hand information. However, what we have to say seems to be unanimous among all those present at the bash. Why wasn't Max Roach there? Did his beret slip down over his eyes so he couldn't see, or was he lost before he started? Charlie Parker, alias the "Bird" must have had a little too much of the Canadian spirit (Seagrams) as he only played one and one-half numbers. To look on the bright side of things, Parker's "Groovin' High" really had the crowd swinging from the chandeliers. The other stand-outs were Barney Kessel, a-strummin' his po'k chop, and a graduate of the Herman Herd, Flip Philipps. Although it was a third-rate concert, it wasn't bad for Mrs. Granz' little boy Norman.

I-Said-It-and-I'm-Glad Dept:

At the recent Lucher do at Massey Hall, Nellie of the fine brown frame withered the audience in their seats with her high-pressure singing. Nellie sang all the usuals, "Hurry on Down," "Let Me Love You Tonight," etc. The conclusion drawn from all we heard of this performance may be expressed in a familiar saying: "A little goes a long way."

This being the last column of the year, we would like to list and review a few records well worth adding to your collection:

1. "Groovin' High"—it is classy bop played by the "Bird," Diz and their cohorts. The platter was cut when Parker and Gillespie were very careful how they played. The solos are neat and meticulous and in the best "bop" tradition.

2. "Weary Blues" (Brunswick) Johnny Dodds and his Black Bottom Stompers—a real old-timer mad 'way back in '27 or '28. It's played in New Oh'lins style and is a real collector's item.

3. "I Must Have That Man," (Columbia) Billy Holliday. A torch song, sung in true Holliday fashion. In the background is tasty piano by Teddy Wilson, dreamy sax by Lester Young, and sharp clarinet by Benny Goodman.

4. "My One and Only" (Decca) Eddie Condon, slow, dreamy tune just right for Bobby Hackett's trumpet.

5. "Ain't Misbehavin'", this twelve-inch span, although hardly the best of Fats Waller's discs, is played and sung in the Waller tradition by the Maestro himself. Stars on the record are Zuty Singleton, whose drum stanzas are perfect. Tram man Slim Moore, combined with Bonny Carter, Slam Stewart and Irving Ashley make the record fairly reet. Flip over is "Moppin and Boppin," last record Fats made before trading piano for harp.

6. "Emanon"—by the Dizzy. (Spelt backwards Emanon is "No Name"). Really something for the cats to sink their teeth into. Milt Jackson's vibes leave a burning wax wake. Flipover is "Things to Come"—bop at best with a V-8 pick-up.

7. "Borderline" by Ray McKinley whose drum solos spin side by side with Vern Friley's slushpump, makes ideal listening for any person. Reverse is "Tumblebug", a musical nightmare by a composer bitten by a bumbebee.

8. Three o'Clock in the Morning", a receiving disc by Dorsey (Jimmy, that is) soft and melodious to begin with, fading into strictly scat song at the end. M.G.M. supplied the wax.

9. "What is This Thing Called Love?"—Artie Shaw's Orchestra, with Mel Torme and his Mel Tones, a showpiece for Torme's vocal technique, blended with the sweet-hot clarinet of Shaw.

Be-bopically yours,
Jim 'Sugar' Mathieson,
Bruce 'Fireball' Campbell.

Low-Down on Higher-Ups

(Continued from Page 2)

St. John, Barbara.

From Bowmanville, this time, born November 22, 1928. Funny the name's not Metcalf. "Barb" likes dancing, bridge, fishing, canoeing and moonlight sleigh-riding with Fern. Her hobby is collecting school pins and rings. Only school rings Barb? She likes chop suey, convertibles and sleeping, but abhors onions, brown nail polish and big words. Her ambition is to be a librarian, and then change from tome minder to home minder. — F. R. J.

Mathews, Elizabeth "Liz"

She was born February 25, 1929, in a remote western country known as Saskatchewan. Finally after fifteen years she could stand it no longer and immigrated to Canada (i.e. Ontario) in 1943. Can you blame her? Her interests include the orchestra, school paper, piano, painting, writing, dancing, skating, A.Y.P.A., baby sitting, and her chief cohort, Helen. Dislikes intensely people who call her Lizzic. Plans include a B.A. at U. of T., an A.R.C.T. at the Conservatory, piano of course. Her life occupation is a mere detail that is as yet unanswered, but the way is open for the right man to answer it. Has won many ribbons for track events up to Grade IX, History and General Proficiency Prizes in 3rd form and Sidney Watson Memorial Prize in English in 4th form. — F. R. J.

Parish, Kathleen Ann.

The fog rolled in from the Thames, Big Ben tolled the hour and the population of the big city was increased by one; Kay Parish. The date, February 19, 1931. One of the mainstays of the basketball team, Kay is also fond of volleyball, swimming, dancing and skating. She is very interested in county politics, and hopes to be a Reeve some day. As well, window shopping, travelling, scrubbing floors (there must be some mistake there) and cats call for her attention. Hates getting up in the morning and is a dud when it comes to cooking, hence doesn't like it. Hopes to go through for either a High School teacher or a nurse, but her outstanding ambition for the moment is to learn to drive a car successfully. Says Kay, "The main trouble I find is that there are so many telephone poles, trees, fences, pedestrians and other cars always getting in the way." — F. R. J.

Millward, Joan.

Another entry from Hog T—I mean the Queen City, born September 22, 1929. Joan likes to play basketball or tennis, listen to classical music, read, and go dancing. Her pet peeve is against people who ramble on and on about nothing, such as some of the teachers are wont to do at times. Joan's ambition is to go to Normal School and take up teaching as a career. She has won a Dominion Provincial Scholarship in Grade 12. — F. R. J.

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BIRKS

Yonge at Temperance, Toronto

Hutson, Richard Eyare Charles.

Dick hails from far away, as he was born in Bridgetown, Barbadoes, British West Indies, September 2, 1929. All sports interest Dick, and he likes to participate in cricket, rugby, soccer, squash, tennis and swimming. His hobby is stamp collecting. Is that all you're interested in, Dick? Who's this Jane Hagerman? He has won five life-saving awards and a Cricket award at Ridley College, St. Catharines. Dick plans to enter the Faculty of Medicine in U. of T. and become a Psychiatrist. — F. R. J.

Pinkney, Brian.

November 5, 1929, will go way down in history as the day Mr. Pinkney Sr. gave out the cigars. To celebrate the event, proud Cooksville started decorating her streets with gay lights. The fact that Christmas was approaching was irrelevant. With regards to University next year, Brian says, and quote, "Maybe", unquote. His chief interests are girls, a Lincoln Convertible, girls, jazz records, and girls. He likes the kind of jazz records that are so hot they have to be stamped on metal because they'd melt wax. Staunch supporter of Stan Kenton. — F. R. J.

MacLeod, Margaret.

Born March 9, 1929, in Toronto. Music is Margaret's chief interest, both in and out of school, although she is a tall girl on the basketball team. Also likes baseball, swimming and skating. Other things that arouse her enthusiasm are travelling, movies and butterscotch sundaes. Now Margaret, you should stay away from those butterscotch sundaes; they do something to your figure, and it ain't good. Treat them like gardenias, which you say you don't like. Margaret hopes to go through for a nurse after high school.

— F. R. J.

Evans, Angeline Rosemary.

Born July 8, 1930, in Chapleau, Ontario. Girls' Athletic Association Representative, Ann also takes part in ballet dancing and archery. Her hobby is knitting and she likes

swimming, canoeing, dogs, University boys, fire places and children. What she doesn't like is people who nag, are conceited or carry chips on their shoulders. Ann plans to take Pass Arts at U. of T. and then travel extensively, probably working for a magazine, and finally to marry someone tall. Ann is somewhat of a Skyscraper Blonde herself. She has won a Grade XII Dominion Provincial scholarship and last year won 2nd prize for her short story in the Literary Contest. — F. R. J.

Gallow, Millar Wallace
"Horse"

Millar was born September 15, 1929, in Oakville, but otherwise it's a nice town. Active in all sports, he is our star basketball forward. His chief occupation in English is looking for lost books. He is the O.C. of the Cadet Corps and school representative for Eaton's Junior Executive. His interests are dancing, movies, driving new cars, and Wisty Beckett. He is the head man of the Three Musketeers, Beau Gallow, as one might say. His ambition is to pass his Senior matric and then if he gets that, to go on to University. — F. R. J.

Winter, Ruth.

Born April 14, 1931, in Port Credit. President of the Students' Council, Ruth is active on the basketball team and the church choir. She likes to take part in skiing, swimming and sailing; and enjoys playing the piano and reading. As well as these, her particular likes are her boat, Cocker spaniels, kittens, tall boys, figure skating and children, but she doesn't care for big scrawny cats and people who break their promises. She plans to take Household Economics next year in U. of T. and then practice the principles she learns in her own household. But who, pray tell, might be the tall hubby? Ruth won I.O.D.E. prizes for Grade VIII and IX History and a Board of Education prize for proficiency in Grades XI and XII. Also has a good chance of winning a scholarship this year, as she scored eight firsts on the Easter exams. — F. R. J.

Reeves Jack.

Born July 31, 1930, in Burnhamthorpe, two houses and a store up near Islington. Jack is active in all sports, president of the Boys' Athletic Association, vice-president in the students' council, and Lieutenant in the Cadet Corps. Another of the Three Musketeers, Jack, is also always busy losing books in English. By special request, and at a slight sacrifice in the way of alphabetical arrangement. Reeves is being placed next to Parish, just as Reeves is next to Parish in English. His ambition is to pass the finals and then to go to O.A.C. and become an Agricultural Economist and then — Oh! Kay, is it O.K.? — F. R. J.

Manners, Douglas Oakley.

Was born in Port Credit, September 26, 1928. Is widely known as Doctor Manners. When called down to his office to supply first-aid, returns to class looking downcast. "Only

surface abrasions, and I was hoping for an amputation case this time." Active in school sports, gym club, Cadets, Students' Council, First-aid Class and Drama League (make-up). Has won Junior Field Day Championship '44, Intermediate Field Day Championship '45, Dr. L. G. Brayley Award '46, Activity Award '47, and all St. John's Ambulance Certificates and Awards '43 to '47. His more outstanding hobbies include collecting autographs, medical books and medical instruments and supplies. All people interest him, especially those connected with medicine. Other interests are all sports, music and dancing, writing letters, and, last but not least, Barbara Lightfoot. Commencing this fall Doug plans to enter the Faculty of Medicine U. of T. and eventually specialize in abdominal surgery. (Legalized cloak and dagger man).

— F. R. J.

O'Neil, Beatrice Roselyn.

Brooks Alberta was the scene of the tragedy. The date was March 29, 1930. The event, the first and only debut of Beatrice Roselyn (Rosie) O'Neil. Extra-curricular activities include the Glee Club, hitch-hiking home from school and talking. Hobbies include collecting snapshots, men, also dieting and talking. She likes Nellie Lutcher, music, people and talking. She dislikes everything she can't stand and especially people who say "And how much do you weigh now, dear?" She once came second in a literary contest (by accident, she says). Her ambitions are firstly to sing high opera in P.C.H.S. Assembly Hall, and watch all the students (?) drop dead, and secondly to be able to sing high opera. — F. R. J. & B. R. O.

Evelynne Yvonne Reeves:

Born in Burnhamthorpe on May 10, 1931. Attended Burnhamthorpe Public School for 7 years. Secretary for Burnhamthorpe Young People's, 1945-47. Ambition: To finish my 5-year diary. Interests: Cake-baking, and horseback-riding with student of Western Tech. Dislikes: People who call me Evelyn or Fatty!

Jessup, Frank Ronald.

Born August 25, 1922, in Brockley, London, England. The only character in Ontario who has taken twelve years to get through High School. Frank started at Centech in September 1936. He took Aircraft Mech. course for three years. Then there was a brief lapse, during which several minor events transpired, such as a World War and four years and eight months in the Army. Then came the biggest event of his life. He registered at P.C.H.S. last September. Frank is the guilty party responsible for the 50% Wit column and these biographies. His hobbies are designing and building radios and numerous other things; carpentry; and wood carving. Frank likes trailers; Bing Crosby singing Hawaiian music; and ocean trips (crossed the Atlantic five times so far). Hot music leaves him cold and he doesn't care for gardening,

lifeless hobbies like stamp and coin collecting, or the "old" look. Plans to take Electrical Engineering, specializing in Communication at U. of T. and eventually be chief engineer of his own electrical manufacturing plant. — R. A. J.

Gillies, James.

According to the information he handed me, Jim was born on Centre Road, Port Credit, August 15, 1929. Where Jim? In the centre of the road or off to one side? He takes part in hockey and baseball, and his hobbies are collecting stamps and "pop" recordings. Jim likes popular music and rugby, but can't go for long-hair music and the new old look. He plans to go to the Ontario Veterinary College to study veterinary science. — F. R. J.

Dickson, Ronald Thomas

Born July 29, 1930, in Toronto, Ron is active in basketball and likes to play hockey as well. He is credited with the "jigger" system. It works like this. Suppose you are talking to some one, and you want to use some certain work, but can't think of it off-hand. Just say "jigger" in place of it, and continue on with your conversation. Thus your train of thought is uninterrupted, and the person you're speaking to should be able to fill in the missing word. If they can't and question you about it, sweep them with a cold intellectual stare, say "jigger" with a sneer and walk off. Ron is just a little doubtful whether this would work on an exam, though. His likes are sports (watching in particular), carpentry, and arguing with Crickmore. What he hates in particular, is to be kept waiting on a date. Ron is an honourable young man, filled with Noble thought and Noble purposes. He hopes to go into business next year, probably working for his dad.

F. R. J.

50% WIT

"Father, Oh, Father, I am being pursued by a wolf," screamed the railway engineer's daughter.

Said the engineer, "Run into the roundhouse, daughter, he can't corner you there."



Phyllis Ray



Millar Gallow

Your EATON Junior Reps! Phyllis Ray and Millar Gallow

We've a "HI" I.Q. down here at EATON'S, thanks to our 83 Junior Councillors and Executives! Because they keep US informed on all your ideas and activities, and fads and fancies; and keep YOU up-to-the-minute on what has been planned for you at

EATON'S *The Store for Young Canada*

The Staff Wishes You A Happy Holiday

One of our worthy dons said that there was nothing on earth which does not have an explanation. Perhaps we should ask him to explain a few of these:

— Why one couple remain so crazy about each other even though they fight every time they're together.

— What fuels the flaming torch that a certain fifth former (not Gallow) carries for Wisty Beckett.

— Just what are Rusty Buck's intentions with regard to a certain pair of friends.

— Why lots of the boys, especially the Clarkson ones, have found Brampton so interesting.

— Just whom Casanova Burns is interested in.

— Why Willa always stays home on Sunday nights.

— Where Jack and Kathy plan to establish their farm and when.

— Why our staff photographer dreams of Havergal and Toronto every time he eats raisins.

— Why our 10D dreams of Erindale.

— What rekindled the flame between one of the 10A boys and a Clarkson gal.

— Why is "Rosie" having so many parties?

— Why do Gwen and Phyl go to the city every Saturday?

Jean Ellis seems to think that "Variety is the Spice of Life".

She jumps from Kieth to Lawrence and back to Kieth again every little while. Now rumours tell me that Lawrence holds the key to her heart.

In Cay Hunter's biography you will read that she is interested in Convertible Cadillacs. Why then, oh why does she drive around in a Mercury? Couldn't be John? Also who's the "man" at Ridley? Do you know yet Dick?

Who's the millionaire who phones Phyl every few days and talks for an hour.

There must be quite a rivalry between Norma's beaux, since one is an Architect and the

other an Artsman. Where does the navy fit in?

Fifth form recently welcomed to its numbers Margaret O'Hare. Margaret recently arrived in Canada from Liverpool. She is fascinated by things Canadian, but especially by one of our Fifth Form boys. Speaking of boys, Margaret's brothers are something to talk about. Too bad they're too old for school!

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