

# High

PORT CREDIT HIGH SCHOOL



# Light

Vol. 1—No. 5

PORT CREDIT HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY JOURNAL

10 cents

March, 1945

## F.O. "RED" METTERICK IS MISSING

Pole-vaulting, running and apparatus were his strong points at school—in 1943 he won the Field-Day Championship and the mile run—Derek Metterick, a swell fellow and a great athlete, is missing over Germany. Everyone at Port Credit High School is hoping that word will come soon that he is safe.

## DON MILLER WEDS RUTH CORMACK

A wedding of particular interest to Upper form students was solemnized on Wednesday, March 14th, in Trinity Anglican Church, Port Credit, when Don Miller, R.C.A.F., married Ruth Cormack, who went to school with him. Don was flying in England and came home on the ninth for a month's leave.

The wedding was very quiet. Afterwards everyone went up to Crofton Villa, Cooksville, where a reception was held. On Thursday, Don and his bride were to have left for Muskoka, but, instead, they remained at the Weir Apartments. At the end of Don's leave they will go to Nassau.

Congratulations!

**Easter Dance**  
AT CLARKSON  
**Thurs., April 5th**  
With the Rhythm Rascals  
Dancing from 9 to 1

## "Trial By Jury" Presented Friday and Saturday, Mar. 16-17

Opening night of Port Credit High School's presentation of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "Trial by Jury" was a bang-up success. Congratulations are forthcoming to Miss Marion Hogg, Mr. M. Sniderman and the students who partook in the operetta. Miss Hogg directed the operetta with Mr. Sniderman's able assistance. The whole thing certainly surpassed everyone's expectations.

Worthy of first mention is Bill Wright, who played the part of the usher. His interpretation of his part was so full of pep that he kept the play fast moving in places where it might have dragged. To most of us it was quite a surprise to learn that John Hetherington had such a pleasing voice. He did a grand job of portraying Angelina's counsel. Joan Pilling, as Angelina, has a sweet little voice. Ronald Stone, the defendant, also sang well.

The judge was Johnny Keeler, much as appearances

would have us believe otherwise.

The gentlemen of the jury, particularly the clown in the first row, nearest the audience, provided quite a few laughs. Besides that, their song was good, mainly from the fact that their words clearly reached those sitting at the back of the hall.

The chorus, plus the dainty bridesmaids, was very nice, indeed. They were loud enough so that everyone could hear what they were singing and they were always together, as a well-directed chorus should be.

The cast of the operetta and the students in the Glee Club presented Miss Hogg and Miss Mavis Anderson, the accompanist, with bouquets of flowers. Mr. Sniderman and Mr. George also received presentations. There was dancing after Saturday night's performance, and much to the delight of the boys Miss Hogg and Miss Anderson stayed for the fun.

## T.B. TESTS TO BE MADE AFTER EASTER

Tuberculosis, in the same period, has killed 42,000 Canadians, 10,000 more than the war. It is not under control. To control it, every Canadian must be examined. The quickest way, and painless, is

by the Vollmer patch test. Sometime after Easter, the school will receive this test to find those who have ever even inhaled the tubercular germs. These will be X-rayed at the school's expense. The test is absolutely painless.

## ANNUAL-AT-HOME DANCE

One of our most successful dances in a long time was the Annual-At-Home Dance on February 16th. Music, supplied by Jack Bond was top-notch, and with Don Hancock as Master of Meremonies, everything ran along very smoothly. Beaming faces seen on the reception were those of Mr. and Mrs. Doupe, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Colleen Warlowe and Don Hancock.

A new type of novelty number was introduced in which the girl with the "openest" shoes and the boy with the loudest socks were given prizes. The guilty ones were Cherie De Guerre and Howard Fleischer (in different couples). Spot dances were snaffled by Joan Cormack and Dave Bate, and Colleen Warlowe and Mack Hancock. The positives that would not be eliminated were Audrey Warren and Tom Lightfoot.

The conga line, usually a very long, unwieldy affair, was much better this time because of its shortness. Doug. Manners led in a manner that would have done justice to Carmen Miranda herself.

The next dance is the Cadet Night on Friday, April 13th. There will be fun, games and dancing. The boys will wear their uniforms. The proceeds will be for Cadet funds.

**HIGH-LIGHT**

Published October to May

— by the —

**PORT CREDIT HIGH SCHOOL**

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**LIL' ANGELICO**

Everything is quiet; the halls are like a tomb—it is five seconds to twelve. Gi-i-i-i-i-nk! (That's the bell outside Mr. Sniderman's room. It has a bird's nest on it). Wham! Crash! In half a tick, the halls are full of struggling, fighting humanity — Lil' Angelico, our hero, fights his way downstairs, grabs his lunch, and whips into the lunchroom. Zip! Thud! He gets up, muttering "Why didn't someone pick up that banana peel?" and leaves it for Mr. Tilbury. He sits down in the most crowded section he can find, and proceeds to throw paper, sandwiches, apple-cores, and other such welcome trash at his enemy at the next table. Of course the enemy has to retaliate. After this display of good breeding, Lil' Angelico eats his lunch. Half way through, he decides that he wants a hot-dog, so he untangles himself from the bench, lowers his head, and charges the struggling mob at the cafeteria. Of course the iron railing stops him momentarily, but undaunted he picks himself up and climbs over it, and with the aid of elbows, knees and a fine sense of fair play, he reaches the counter. Getting back out is another problem, but

**A Letter From Miss Sissons**

Thank you very much for the compliment of asking me to write a few words for the P.C.H.S. High-Light.

Let me congratulate you warmly on your commendable achievement in getting out a regular paper. Very attractively arranged it is, too; and with considerable variety in its news articles, reviews, essays and poetry. The production and circulation of such a paper is not only excellent experience for its contributors and managing staff, and one of the very best builders of school spirit, but also a precious link with the old school for those who have recently left it.

From all I hear the students of P.C.H.S. have been enjoying a most successful year socially and athletically. It remains for me now only to wish that success may crown their academic efforts, for which there is still time—but not much.

Dr. Sandwell in his interesting editorial in your Christmas number, spoke of the impossibility of achieving a secondary object if the primary objective were not attained, or, in other words, of the foolishness of kidding yourself that you were having a good time when you were not at the same time doing the best job that you could do. No one who is the least bit honest with himself will refuse to admit that that is perfectly true.

If only we could all acquire the habit of being strictly honest with ourselves, what a wonderful chance this world would have of being the kind of world we want! "The Greeks had a word for it", a word which, being translated, means "Get wise to yourself." It is a wise saying, for by far the most effective discipline is that which comes from within. Just as to-day's high speed, complicated machines call for absolute discipline of hand and mind, so to-morrow's "brave, new" but very complicated world will call for much more perfect discipline of character than we have yet achieved.

Yours very sincerely,

MURIEL H. SISSONS.

he is equal to it, and with the odd remark to some clumsy hulk who deliberately jabs his eye into the mustard on Lil' Angelico's hot-dog, he regains the table.

Lunch over, he leaves any left-over paper, mustard, etc. on the table and displays his jolly sense of humour when some poor guy sits on the mustard. He shouldn't have sat on the table, anyway.

Lil' Angelico then goes into the track and proceeds to make himself popular by making others miserable with his inexhaustible supply of

hoots, hollers and heckles, directed toward the fairer sex on the gym floor. A couple of screamingly successful hot-foots by the time the bell goes, and Lil' Angelico goes to classes, happy in the knowledge that he has completed another pleasant noon-hour.

Lil' Angelico is not, of course, any particular boy, but there are quite a few like him in the school. If a stranger came in some day to eat his lunch here, do you think that he would care to stay? Or are all you "Lil' Angelicos" ashamed to answer? ?

**THE COUNCIL REPORTS**

The balance forwarded from last year was \$155.25. The Encyclopaedia Britannica Year Book of 1943 was purchased at a cost of \$11.00. Incidentally, the 1942 was not obtained last year, so unfortunately it is missing from the series. In January, \$25.00 was donated to the I.O.D.E. "Books for the Forces" drive. The balance to date is \$114.20.

Now the social side. The social activities of the Student Council started with a bang-up Hallowe'en Party on October 27th. A profit of \$82.00 was realized. Commencement Night was held on December 15th, with a short dance with music provided by our own public address system. The big dance of the year, the Annual-At-Home, took place not long ago, on February 16th. The music-makers were Jack Bond and his orchestra. On the evening of March 2nd, about 170 students and others came to school for games and dancing from 7.30 till 10.00 p.m.

After Easter, we hope to have more things lined up. Some are still in the bud, but we hope they will mature. Here they are in short:

An oratorical contest;

A cadet dance, after the annual cadet inspection;

A "War Savings Stamp" tea dance;

and more Friday evenings at the school.

The Students' Council would like to express its gratitude to Audrey Grocock for approaching the School Board in order to obtain permission for the school to be open on Friday nights. Thanks a million, Audrey!!

Don't forget the Cadet Night on the 13th of April. Make it a big success!



## NEWS 'N NONSENSE

(VERBOTEN)

—Collaborators-in-Chief, Adams and Warren.

Here is a story of truly touching devotion — Bill "Damon" Bleakley and Bill "Pythias" Hare seldom lose sight of each other, which Phyl sometimes finds very inconvenient. Would it help matters any if Bill suddenly got tired of Bill, Phyl?

On the third of March was the Ski Club's last get-together for the season at the Tac House. With a turnout of about thirty, the event was reported quite successful. The process of elimination, however, just wouldn't conform to the whims of the judges, who insisted that Joan Pilling and Bill Bassford be eliminated rather than the other finalists, Pauline Trimble and LeRoy McKenzie. Maybe 'twas because it was Joan who had made up the list of eliminations! A touch of excitement was supplied by the "Lucky Teetering" Hancock brothers, who gave a daring exhibition of motorcycling by flying up and down the drive at quite a low altitude, while the awed Ski-Clubbers looked on from the ditches.

Any noticeable change in the orchestra, lately, is owing no doubt, to the new additions in the bass section. Phyl Trenwith and Doug Manners are able to render the "Barcarolle" beautifully and the enthusiasm they display is wonderful to behold. So enthusiastic are they, in fact, that they insist on playing "Barcarolle" even when the rest of the orchestra is playing "Scipio".

A new form of social evening was tried on Friday, Mar. 2nd. Ping-pong, Chinese checkers and group - games

were combined with dancing for recreation in the evening. We hope that there will be many more such occasions in the future. The plan is to divide the nights between the boys and the girls and let the various student organizations plan a night.

Norma Burton has been getting rather muddled up lately. During the rehearsals of "Trial by Jury", instead of singing at the front of the stage, she found herself behind the scenes. Is Keeler worried? Not much!

Music hath charms, and so, perhaps, has the person who provides music. After operetta rehearsals, the kids generally prevailed upon Miss Hogg to play the piano for them and she very obligingly complied. The result: many of us have come to realize that the piano can supply some pretty lovely music, especially when it is Miss Hogg who calls it forth.

After the Ski Club party at Tac on February 17, there was, they tell us, quite a bit of cleaning-up to do. Who got joed for it? Yes, it was Bill "G.I.K.P." Schreiber, aided and abetted by Caroline Croucher. May we offer our sympathies if Bill and Cally are somewhat dish-gusted?

Something new has been added, thought the goldfish at Nancy Maclaren's party on March 3rd, as they swam dazedly through a mixture of punch, ice-cubes and blue colouring. Myrtle Lane insisted on adding the punch to see if the bubbles would "tickle the goldfish"! The blue colouring is attributed to Nelson

## Woodcarving AS A HOBBY

—By Margaret Hunter.

A living tree is one of Nature's most beautiful gifts to man. Indeed it is hard to imagine a world without trees. Frequently a single shade tree will provide home, shelter and food for innumerable birds, small animals and insects. The point, however, with which we are concerned is the fact that a tree is a beautiful thing, living or dead, standing or felled and converted into grain-traced timber with its knots and whorls, its lace-like grain designs and its variations of density and colour.

However, the beautiful tree we speak of need never

Tilbury. No one is quite sure whether it was the effect of the punch or Isabelle Howard that caused Doug Sinclair to roll on the floor. And what chance did Bill Bleakley have with Phyl giggling and people passing him candy right in the middle of the dreamiest pieces? Loran Gowe and Ross Paisley found that onions, smeared on one's clothes were bound to secure privacy—but did they **have** to feed them to Nancy's dog? It's a tough life, but parties like that certainly make it easier!

Another party we mustn't overlook is the one Ed Jackson threw on February 24th, his birthday. Casual observers reported that the cake wouldn't have fitted into a bathtub! We gather from this that everyone had a good time. Such an effect did it have on Eddy himself that on the following Monday he wore the big, red ribbon that he had received. (It was a dare). A happy birthday? What do you think ???

die, so long as the artist has the will to prolong its life and the lives of its numerous inhabitants. From the dried and seasoned wood each of the bird, animal and insect associates may be brought to life with the aid of a few simple tools, a little patience and determination.

Wood carving is a cure for many social ills, for you either have or acquire, a good disposition when working in wood. There is a tonic quality in the feel of the chisel against the block, in the contest between your mastery of the tool and the wilfulness of the grain that renders you for the time being, wholly oblivious to all earthly cares.

As a spare-time occupation it has many virtues, not the least being the ease with which it can be sandwiched between tasks as a refresher. The project is clamped to the bench awaiting your leisure; you step in, pick up your chisel and go on from where you left off. It particularly suits the sedentary life, yielding a mild exercise, and affording the teamwork between hand, eye and brain, which is the most satisfying combination, the most rewarding exercise.

One of its charms — and this applies to all crafts followed as hobbies — is that there is no discouraging standard of perfection with which you must compete. What you do is done for your own satisfaction, and for that of no one else. You are at liberty to make yourself as expert as you can, to go as far as you like and perhaps discover that you have an unsuspected bent for this form of self-expression. That would be agreeable, but it is not necessary for complete enjoyment of the craft. You will find delights and surprises all along the road from novice to expert.

**SKI CLUB HOLDS TOURNAMENT AT POWERLINE**

The Ski Club held its first ski tournament on February 12. Perfect snow conditions, excellent organization, a large entry list and general enthusiasm combined to make an enjoyable afternoon of sport and competition.

Much credit and thanks are due to Mr. Clint Melville, R.S.I., and the others who helped him run off the competitions in great style. More of these meets are planned for the next ski season.

The results are as follows:

Girls	Dh.	Sl.
1. G. Playle .....	50.6	103.0
2. J. Armstrong	63.8	129.4
3. E. Jones .....	90.0	152.0
4. D. Cox .....	93.2	.....
Boys		
1. D. Skinner ....	40.6	63.0
2. D. MacMillan..	41.8	74.0
3. D. Sinclair ....	50.6	73.8
4. D. Hancock ....	43.6	88.0

Note: Dh.—Downhill;  
Sl.—Slalom.

**CHECKERS**

Instead of sulking in a corner during noon-hour, why don't you get hep and bring a checker-board to school? That is what the boys are doing now, and the battles rage fast and furious. (I don't know about the "fast", but they certainly are furious!) In the lead so far is Bob Watson, with Herb Sanders breathing down his neck for second place, and Micky Mc-Millan breathing how Herb's neck—through a hose about fifty feet long!

She (I'm afraid to say "who"),—Do you think that plastic surgery would improve my features?

He: No.

She: Then what would you suggest?

He: **Blasting!**

**Jumpin' Gyminy**

—Stinky and Stuffins.

Hello girls! Here we are again with a round up of the month's events.

On March 1 competition for the basketball crests began. 12A is the winning team from fourth and 11B the winning one from third. So they will have to play off. We hope to have all the competition finished by Easter and we'll have the winners for you next month.

On February 28 there was a basketball game between Brampton and Port Credit girls and guess what — Port Credit won (21-15).

Twice since then the team has gone down to defeat. First on a return game at Brampton (32-19) and then at a game at Long Branch (28-20).

But on the 19th, we took a home game from Long Branch (38-28). It took smart, fast playing to win, but Marion Clarke and Bonnie Costello provided it. Long Branch, Merle Gray in particular, were dangerous to the end.

Gym party! Gym party!! Gym party!!! The girls still haven't forgotten the swell time they had at the gym party held on March 7. We were entertained by a swell programme. Here are two of the numbers we especially liked—a song and dance by Rosie O'Neill and a guitar duet by Julie Chidick and her sister Connie.

Then the teams took part in two relays and a quiz programme. After we were thoroughly worn out we went to the cafeteria for some much welcomed food.

Well, that is all for now, we'll be seeing you next month.

**Rifle Shooting Competition**

These are the fifteen highest in the Dominion Marksman Rifle Competition, held recently. The indoor range at the Post Office was used and as Mr. Foster, in charge of Cadets, said "There were some pretty fair scores turned in!" Judge for yourself.

R. Crossman .....	(11)	94
Don Ray .....	(11)	94
B. Young .....	(9)	94
D. Hancock .....	(13)	92
J. Brayley .....	(13)	91
D. Bate .....	(13)	91
Del Col .....	(9)	90
J. Ferguson .....	(12)	90
G. Jackson .....	(13)	89

B. Buck .....	(11)	88
G. Longo .....	(9)	88
D. Skinner .....	(12)	88
D. Greene .....	(12)	88
L. McKenzie .....	(9)	87
H. Becking .....	(11)	87

The highest fifteen or so will be in a second competition to decide the school champion.

The form with the highest average score is 9-A, with 11-B second and 11-C third. It is good to see the lower forms so interested in this activity; let's hope that in years to come they will do as well in everything!

**PORT CREDIT JUNIORS TAKE GROUP**

In what the officials called the "hardest contested final of Junior 'B' Hockey", Port Credit took their group championship 9-4 from Richmond Hill, on March 9th. The game was played at Markham.

It opened fast and continued that way. Davison scored first for the Ports, then Milne, Rowntree scored for the Hillmen, but Galbraith came right back for the Ports. By the third period, Currie, Lorne Smith, Milne, Davison and Galbraith put the Credit score at 8, while, thanks to Cosgrave and J. Smith, Richmond had 4. In the hard-fought third period Cassidy made the final tally for the Credit. Kemp, in goal, was best for Port Credit while, Rose sparked the Hillmen.

**BASKETBALL**

Although Credit beat them in 3 out of 4 games, through a quirk of fate and some outside games, Mimico won the Lakeshore League. The last game, overtime, decided the league by points. Congratulations, Mimico!

**FARRELL'S PARTY**

One of the biggest private parties this spring was the one held at Farrell's home on the 17th with about seventeen couples present, to celebrate Donna's birthday.

Shy Doug "Shutterbug" Sinclair was there with his flash camera to provide illumination and enlightenment in the dark corners. Perhaps when the films are developed we'll have more material about the party in our column.

Among old faces from school there were John "Opus No. 1-For-Ever" Lytle, Loran "Shortnin' - Bread - For - Me" Gowe, and brother Bill. John is now at Meisterschaft College and the Gowe brothers are at Dominion.

As might be expected, green was the prevalent colour and those bedecked entirely in that hue were Myrtle Lane, Norma Cotton, and Joy Stewart.

**WANTED**

12 gauge shotgun or .22 rifle in good condition. Will pay cash. See Jamie Ferguson, in, IXC.



## QUELQUES REMARQUES SUR LES CANADIENS-FRANCAIS

—Par Monsieur Sniderman.

Pour mieux comprendre nos compatriotes francais il est bien de rappeler certaines choses. La France a decouvert et explore le Canada au seizieme siecle et l'a colonise au dix-septieme et au dix-huitieme siecle. Apres avoir vaincu les Francais, les Anglais leur ont garanti les droits de langue, de religion et d'instruction.

Parce que les Canadiens-Francais ont peur de perdre leur religion et leur langue dans un pays principalement protestant et anglais, ils resistent depuis longtemps aux changements et aux influences "etrangers". N'oubliez pas non plus qu'ils sont venus au Canada avant la revolution francaise (1789) qui n'a pas exerce beaucoup d'influence sur eux. Mais les Canadiens-Francais changent lentement en reponse aux idees democratiques. Par exemple, ce n'est que recemment que les femmes ont gagne le droit de voter et que les enfants ont ete obliges d'aller a l'ecole.

Si vous visitez la belle province de Quebec, vous comprendrez mieux les Canadiens de langue francaise et vous les trouverez hospitaliers et bienveillants. Le redacteur du journal canadien-francais, "Le Jour" nous dit que 90 pour cent des Canadiens-Francais desirent savoir l'anglais et le francais, et blame les leaders de l'ignorance du peuple.

Enfin, n'oublions pas les paroles du grand Canadien-Francais, Sir Wilfrid Laurier: "La Providence nous a places . . . sur cette terre du Canada pour y vivre ensemble sous le meme drapeau . . . Il est indigne de nous de poursuivre plus longtemps nos luttes."

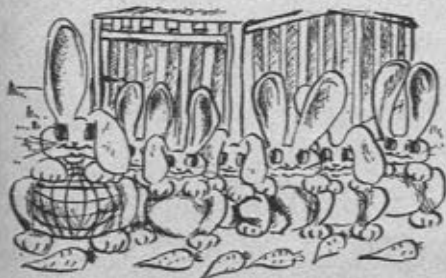
(Editor's Note:—The above article contains no accents or the like owing to the lack of these marks on the type-setting machine.)

### JOANNA'S PICTURES

In response to many requests, we print these two pictures drawn by Jo Crickmore, and two other articles, one on this page and the other on page 7. The pictures have been published before but the articles have not. Joanna did quite a bit of this and contributed



frequent drawings to a magazine. In the next issue we will show another of her sketches. It would be well if all of us took to heart the excellent advice given us, in the piece "Our Friends", by this unusually observant young girl.



## The Homeric Underworld

(Part I.)

—By Tom Lightfoot, XII.

According to the ancient Greeks, the Underworld, or the Realm of Shades, was located far across the stream Oceanus, that surrounded the earth. In this cold land of mist and cloud (in contrast to sunny, clear Greece) lived Hades, or Pluto, the God of the Underworld. Hades had obtained his kingdom in the beginning of time, when he with Zeus and Poseidon, his brothers, had cast lots for the Land, Sea, and the Kingdom of the Dead. Zeus, the luckiest, happened to receive the Land and the Sky, Poseidon the Sea, and Dis or Hades had to be content with the least desirable kingdom.

Hades is represented as a deep, murky, wide-mouthed grotto, at the mouth of which lay Cerberus, a three-headed, serpent-tailed dog which allowed no one to pass from Hades, and who was later dragged to earth by Hercules. Legend has it that Orpheus and Eurydice were the only persons ever to pass through the gates of Hades on the way out.

Pluto, the god and lord of the Underworld, had the privilege of travelling on earth unseen by means of a miracu-

lous helmet. Since Pluto was god of the infernal regions, he became associated with all things coming from the earth and so became the patron god of gold and wealth in general. Black sheep were sacred to Pluto.

One of the most tragic tales of Greek folk-lore was the story of how Pluto obtained his wife and queen, Persephone. As a young girl, she was picking lilies and violets one day in the Sicilian countryside when Pluto, who had been pierced by one of Cupid's darts, carried her off in his black horse-drawn chariot to his kingdom far below. Persephone's mother, Ceres, searched many months before discovering her daughter's abductor. Ceres appealed to the Olympian gods to force Pluto to give up Persephone. However, the gods agreed on a compromise; Persephone was to remain with her husband for six months of the year and with her mother for the remaining period. This led the Ancients to associate Persephone with Autumn when she went forth to Hades and with Spring-time when she returned.

(Continued next issue)

### OUR FRIENDS

If we gave friends our love without reckoning the cost, or how we would benefit by it, and if we appreciated their friendship with loving words and deeds, then in our darkest hours we'd never be alone, for we would have our friends to stand by us.

So if you wonder why others have friends while your are limited or few, perhaps a kind deed on your part, or an effort at seeking them out instead of expecting them to come to you, would make you a much happier person and not quite so lonely. Good friends are wonderful things to have and if we would only realize how important they are to us we would be more peaceful and much happier.

— By "Jo" Crickmore.

# The Lady Who Swallowed a Fly

I once knew a lady who swallowed a fly,  
 I don't know why she swallowed the fly,  
 I'm afraid the poor lady's going to die.  
 And this old lady swallowed a spider,  
 Imagine a spider, down deep inside her,  
 She swallowed the spider to eat the fly,  
 I don't know why she swallowed the fly,  
 I'm afraid the poor lady's going to die.  
 And this old lady swallowed a bird,  
 Now isn't that absurd—swallowing a bird?  
 She swallowed the bird to eat the spider,  
 Imagine a spider down deep inside her,  
 She swallowed the spider to eat the fly,  
 I don't know why she swallowed the fly,  
 I'm afraid the poor lady's going to die.  
 And this old lady swallowed a cat,  
 Imagine that—swallowing a cat,  
 She swallowed the cat to eat the bird,  
 Now isn't that absurd—swallowing a bird?  
 She swallowed the bird to eat the spider,  
 Imagine a spider down deep inside her,  
 She swallowed the spider to eat the fly,  
 I don't know why she swallowed the fly,  
 I'm afraid the poor lady's going to die.  
 And this old lady swallowed a dog,  
 Now wasn't she a hog—swallowing a dog?  
 She swallowed the dog to eat the cat,  
 Imagine that—swallowing a cat,  
 She swallowed the cat to eat the bird,  
 Now isn't that absurd—swallowing a bird?  
 She swallowed the bird to eat the spider,  
 Imagine a spider down deep inside her,  
 She swallowed the spider to eat the fly,  
 I don't know why she swallowed the fly,  
 I'm afraid the poor lady's going to die.  
 And this old lady swallowed a cow,  
 I don't know why she swallowed a cow,  
 She swallowed the cow to eat the dog,  
 Now wasn't she a hog—swallowing a dog?  
 She swallowed the dog to eat the cat,  
 Imagine that—swallowing a cat,  
 She swallowed the cat to eat the bird,  
 Now isn't that absurd—swallowing a bird?  
 She swallowed the bird to eat the spider,  
 Imagine a spider down deep inside her,  
 She swallowed the spider to eat the fly,  
 I don't know why she swallowed the fly,  
 I'm afraid the poor lady's going to die.  
 And this old lady swallowed a horse,  
 She died — of course.

### FARM LEAVE

Those interested in Farm Leave should be sure to read the posters at the back of the room.

## Remember? -By Mac.

Hello yo' all!! What a lot of news this time! Remember that nice young Airforce officer that talked to us in assembly one day? I am talking about Flying Officer Donald Ray, graduate of Victoria College 1940; Navigator in a Pathfinder Squadron, RCAF, who was enrolled in Emmanuel College before his enlistment and who won the D.F.C. Congratulations, Don, we are glad you are home.

Does anyone remember Julius Smith? I think he attended a little before our time but anyway he is now Dr. Julius Smith. He graduated on February 16, 1945 in Medicine from the University of Toronto and is now interning in the Royal Alexandra Hospital, Edmonton.

Of course we all remember Harold Doupe, P.O. Telegraphist. I'm sure most of the girls who took Morse last year will remember the interesting period Harold gave to us explaining his work. He was home on a twenty-eight day leave in February, but has now gone back.

Eric Tompkins who has been overseas returned home on Friday, February 16. Welcome home, Eric.

In the Christmas holidays "Mac" Munro came home. It had been a long time since we had seen him.

Well, as some come home on leaves others go into the services. Dave Gray, Frank Rutledge and Ernie Duz all got their Navy call together and for two weeks and a half now, have been at Quebec taking Visual Signalling. Soon after they left Charlie Pavanal got his call and is now at H.M.C.S. York, while Bill Schreiber is stationed at Newmarket.

Well, the boys seem to be pretty much in the limelight, but remember Betty Gardiner? Well, as you know, she is teaching up near Bracebridge but she was home for Christmas. I wonder how "Mac" Munro worked his leave at the right time!! Anyway she was looking fine and we were certainly glad to see her.

Here are some recent visitors. Remember Norman Thacker? Well, he has been in the Airforce for a number of years and is now on embarkation leave. Lieut. John Ruse called here at the school yesterday. Believe it or not he was in London three days ago! Naturally, he flew here.

It seems that most of our boys and some girls in the Navy have made their home in Halifax. While there, Leonard McNeice met Jack Hare, Al Hare, Trixie Schreiber, Shirley Dunn and Sandy Milne.

While some are there, others have left for the Army. Dick Smith went in on Tuesday 13, while Charlie Manners went in on Saturday 10.

## KIDS—Keep Kool!

— at the —

# CREDIT VIEW DAIRY

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Eskimo Pies

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**WINS D.S.M.**

Lieut. Jim Bradley, R.C.N.-V.R., has been awarded the D.S.M., for his part in the sinking of a sub by the frigate Saint John. We're proud of you, Jim!

**HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH TEACHERS**

1. Upon entering the classroom, make all the noise you can; throw your books down, scrape your chair across the floor and slam the desk-top down. Teachers like to develop headaches.

2. Be cheerful. When in difficulty, whistle or hum. Do it anyway—it shows you have nothing on your mind.

3. Do not start to wrestle until you are on the stairs—it's more dangerous then.

4. Keep in shape physically—practise broken field running by galloping down a congested corridor.

5. Be independent. Do your Chemistry during English, your English during Geometry, etc. You will thus lend variety to a monotonous life and show great individuality.

**NOON DANCING**

It is encouraging to see how many are co-operating to keep the noon-hour dancing going successfully. But let's see more of you gals and guys down from the track; here's your chance to get a bit of practical practice at hoofing it without embarrassing yourself at some big ball. Might we also suggest that those who do want to dance get down there a little earlier to make the period of a worthwhile length? And it would be appreciated if those on the track would confine their very cute remarks on the ability of the various dancers to the person beside them.

**MEET MISS HOGG**

—By Dave Bate.

Music, English and History from nine till three-thirty, then the direction of "Trial by Jury" till five-thirty, with the odd Glee Club practice thrown in, keeps Miss Marion Hogg, taking over in Miss Dillon's absence, busier than a mother hen convoying fifteen chicks through a den full of foxes.

But I managed to catch her one day, and, after a great deal of persuasion (she still does not think it such a hot idea), found out she was born near Peterborough, graced the halls of Perth Collegiate, then graduated from Victoria College with her B.A. in Honour Music, and her A.T.C.M. She studied piano under Ernest Seitz for three years and would like to go on with music.

While we talked, Miss Hogg occasionally fingered a very pretty locket given her by her brother in the Royal Air Force. She said the boys of Third Form sometimes remind her of her other brother, who is fifteen.

This far was easy; now the third degree became harder. Favourite music? "Oh, symphonies." Favourite piece? She laughed. "Mostly everything, but I guess I like Beethoven best." Do you like books? Oh, yes, especially poetry." Have you any pets? Here she very kindly showed me a picture of a handsome brown Springer spaniel. When asked about sports, she decided that although she liked them all, her favourites were swimming and skating, while she loves to walk or bicycle in the country.

Last summer she was Director of Music at Bolton Camp, and on top of that was a Nurse's Aid. Perhaps she could be used on the first-aid end of the rugby team. How about it, boys?

**A FATALIST**

—By "Jo" Crickmore.

Try your hardest, do your best,

Fate will aid you through the rest.

But if you do not try at all  
Fate departs and then you fall.

If your lot is sad with strife  
And you worry all your life,  
In Heaven you will take your place

And you'll see God's shining face.

Do not drift, as drifting sand,  
Through life, with fate go hand in hand.

Trust in fate and do your best,  
God will handle all the rest.

**WAXING WISE**

—By Pat McConnell.

Featured on a Columbia record is the "young man with a horn"—namely Harry James, and his orchestra, in that ever popular, semi-classical "Estrallita". The arrangement on this number is super

**In Memoriam**

The school extends its sincerest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Hare in the loss of their son, Cyril, who has been killed in action on the western front. He joined the Lorne Scots in 1940 and transferred to the Highland Light Infantry of Canada. He took part in D-Day, going across the channel in his brother Al's barge. He had been away from home four years. He was 22. Cyril went as far as third form in high school, leaving in 1938 when he was seventeen. Although rather quiet, he was well liked by his fellows and his death is felt by many.

**YOUR HIT PARADE**

March 11, 1945

1. Accentuate the Positive.
2. Saturday Night.
3. My Dreams are Getting Better All the Time.
4. Don't Fence Me In.
5. Sleigh Ride in July.
6. Sweet Dreams Sweetheart.
7. A Little On the Loney Side.
8. I Dream of You.

and presents Harry James at his best in a beautiful trumpet solo. The reverse side of this humdinger is "My Beloved is Rugged", done up in a typical Helen Forrest vocal job.

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## RAGS AND FADS

(By Phyl. T.)

### How to be a Good Date

Be a good listener but not a clam that shuts up completely as soon as it meets others. Act naturally. Take boys for what they are — they are human like yourself, you know. Try to carry on pleasant and interesting conversation, but don't discuss past dates and escorts.

When your escort calls for you, don't stand at the door and holler, "I'll be out in a minute" — but bring him in the house and if Mother and Dad are around, make sure you introduce him. They will entertain him while you get your coat. Don't be late unless you have a genuine excuse. You are allowed five minutes but don't be twenty-five.

A boy wants to be proud of the girl he is taking out and expects you to live up to his hopes. So girls, it's up to you to make him proud. Dress carefully and suitably. If it is a big affair wear that darling new dress and high heels, but if it's bowling or the movies or such, a skirt and sweater or your smart light wool suit, fits the occasion to a "T". Make your hair a high light—no male wants to see a girl's hair hanging in rat tails or standing on end as if he'd frightened her to death. Make it soft and shining like satin with a good brushing a few moments before he arrives. Slight make-up attracts him far more than excess war paint that some girls insist in wearing.

Be sure you always thank your escort for the grand time he has given you. Remember most boys **earn** their own spending money and they like a girl who appreciates the fact that he spent it on her.

### How to Be a Good Escort

When you take a girl out do not talk of past dates and girl friends. Have pity on the girl and don't make yourself the main topic of conversation but for suggestions you might use sports, recent school activities, or as a last resort current events.

If the cash on hand is rather low, suggest listening to a radio programme or perhaps have a foursome in to play records for the evening.

Don't be late but call for your date at a time planned on by both of you. If driving, open the car door for her, letting her step in first. Never make a dash for the car in hopes of getting the most comfortable seat. If walking **always** walk on the outside of the sidewalk.

Be yourself, cheerful and pleasant and the rest will work out for itself. Always help her in and out of her coat. This is greatly appreciated at all times.

Don't turn her family against you by bringing her home several half-hours late.

There is little to be said on the question of dressing suitably for the occasion as this is one feature most boys uphold except perhaps for the occasional bright blue tie and green suit, or orange sweater and red socks. As a general rule the males seem to have fairly good taste in clothes.

Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties. — Sydney Smith.

## — The — MYSTERY OF THE ATOM

Atoms, though infinitely small, are easily comparable in their law and order to the stars of the universe.

In ordinary chemical reactions, the atoms are not divided, but the facts discovered in connection with radioactivity have led to the conclusion that chemical atoms are really complex systems of small particles, or of positive and negative charges.

The atom consists of a nucleus and a number of planetary electrons. The nucleus is made up of: first, small positive electrical charges called protons, and secondly, neutrons which are formed by the combination of one positively charged proton and one negatively electron to form an electrically neutral particle. The protons give the nucleus both weight and a positive charge corresponding to the number of protons present. The neutrons give the nucleus only additional weight.

Revolving about the nucleus in orbits are the planetary electrons. These are minute negative charges. There are always as many planetary electrons as there are protons in the nucleus. Thus the atom as a whole is electrically neutral. The distribution of the planetary electrons in their orbits gives an element its chemical activity. This distribution is called the atomic structure of the atom.

All the known elements have been classified by their atomic number. The atomic number is a number from one to ninety-two inclusive, representing the number of protons in the nucleus of one of the ninety-two known elements. Thus hydrogen whose atomic number is one, has one proton in the nucleus. Uranium whose atomic num-

## JESTS —By Jess.

Mr. Sniderman: "As the story goes;

Talkative: Doctor, I talk to myself.

Doctor: Well, there's nothing serious about that, lot's of people do.

Talkative: Yes, but I'm such a bore!"

Mrs. Harshaw: Why don't you answer me?

George Thomas: I did: I shook my head.

Mrs. Harshaw: But you don't expect me to hear it rattle way up here, do you?

Mr. Foster: I say, your tubular air container has lost its rotundity.

Mr. Leitch (who is a motorist): What?

Mr. Foster: The cylindrical apparatus which supports your vehicle is no longer inflated.

Mr. Leitch: But—

Mr. Foster: The elastic fabric surrounding the circular frame, whose successive revolutions bear you onward in space, has not retained its pristine roundness.

Skip Young (To motorist): Hey, Mister, you have a flat tire!

ber is ninety-two, has ninety-two protons in its nucleus.

There still lies ahead of us the task of harnessing the tremendous power which the atom contains. The astounding speed of the planetary electrons—ranging from one thousand three hundred miles a second in hydrogen to one hundred and twenty-five thousand miles a second in uranium—is an enormous source of energy which has yet to be tapped. The problem of utilizing it is far from being solved, but perhaps it will be YOU who will find that solution.—Junior.