

Betty Middleton
M.B.

The Echoes



Peterborough Collegiate Institute
and
Vocational School

CORONATION YEAR 1937

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PETERBOROUGH

The ECHOES

Vol. XXIII.

Coronation Year
1937

THIS volume is dedicated to loyal students throughout the Empire with the wish that their manhood and womanhood may be devoted to the interests of freedom, humanity and peace in the world.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL
of
Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational School

PETERBOROUGH COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND VOCATIONAL SCHOOL



COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

IN THE Collegiate Institute pupils are prepared for entrance into the Normal Schools, the Universities and Professional Schools. Attendance for four years, and in most cases five, is required to complete the studies in this school.

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In the Commercial Department of the Vocational School pupils are prepared for commercial pursuits. It requires three years to obtain a Commercial Graduation Diploma. This may be obtained either through the Secretarial Course for Girls or the Accountancy Course for Boys. In addition there is a Special One Year Course in purely commercial subjects for those who have successfully completed at least three years of a regular High School course or for those who are graduates of either the Household Arts or Industrial Arts Departments.

In the Industrial Arts Department of the Vocational School courses are offered in Draughting, Machine Shop Practice, Woodworking, Auto Mechanics and Electricity. In this department boys are trained for industrial pursuits. The length of the course is three years.

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In each of the three departments of the Vocational School a good general education is given along with the special training in the purely vocational subjects.

NIGHT CLASSES

Vocational Night Classes will open in October, 1937, and will continue until March, 1938. During the past year instruction was given in Cooking, Dressmaking, Typewriting, Stenography, Bookkeeping, Woodworking, Commercial Art, Machine Shop Practice, Industrial Electricity, Blue Print Reading, Machine and Architectural Drawing, Auto Mechanics, Machine Design, Armature Winding, Mathematics, and Chemistry for Nurses.

All the courses mentioned above have the approval of the Provincial Department of Education.

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Chairman, Board of Education

MR. W. A. RICHARDSON,
Chairman, Advisory Vocational Com.

DR. H. R. H. KENNER, B.A.
Principal

MR. G. H. THOMPSON,
Sec.-Treas., Board of Education

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DR. H. R. H. KENNER, B.A., L.L.D.

Jottings of the Principal

THE following may be of interest to the recent graduates of the school:

Staff Changes

MR. F. J. A. MORRIS, M.A.

Last June, Mr. Morris resigned his position as Head of the English Department in the Academic School. He joined the staff in 1913 and for 23 years rendered excellent service. He will be greatly missed alike by his former colleagues and by his pupils.

Mr. Morris was, indeed, a great lover of English, a distinguished author, a well-beloved teacher and a cultured gentleman. The staff, in saying good-bye, wish him and his good wife many a year in which to enjoy a well-earned holiday.

MISS PEARL FAINT, M.A.

When school reopened in September last another well-known teacher was missing from the ranks. Miss Faint, owing to continued ill-health, sent in her resignation as Head of the department of French and German. This position she had held for 18 years, having returned to her Alma Mater as teacher in the year 1918.

Those whose good fortune it was to spend any part of their student days in her classes will always remember her skill as a teacher, her great interest in their studies, and her outstanding loyalty to the school.

MR. E. F. LEGON, B.A.

Another absentee in September was Mr. Legon, the Princeps Alumnus of his year. He joined the staff of his Alma Mater in 1928. Although without teaching experience he was made Head of the Classics department and justified the confidence placed in him by administering that department with marked success.

He resigned in June last to accept a similar position in the Lisgar Collegiate Institute, Ottawa, at an advance in salary. Mr. Legon was much interested in sports and rendered valuable aid as Coach. His one-time colleagues and pupils wish him every success in his new position.

MISS EDITH MURPHY, B.A.

Miss Murphy joined the staff in 1921 as Director of English in the Commercial Department of the school. After 15 years of excellent service in this position, she was promoted in June last to succeed Mr. Morris as Head of the English department, in the Academic School. We have every confidence in Miss Murphy's ability as a teacher to justify her appointment as Director of this most important department of school work.

MISS HELEN MCGREGOR, B.A.

We welcome to our staff, as successor to Mr. Legon, Miss Helen McGregor, B.A., a specialist in Greek and Latin. She has had ten years' experience as a teacher of the Classics and Ancient History. Miss McGregor has made an auspicious start, and we feel assured that she will prove herself to be a valuable addition to the staff.

MISS MARGARET WHITE, B.A.

Miss White was engaged by the Board to act as substitute teacher for Miss Faint during the time that the latter was absent on sick leave. Miss White, who is a specialist in both French and German, gave such general satisfaction that on the resignation of Miss Faint in June last she was permanently appointed Head of the French and German department.

MISS LEONORA PARK, B.A.

Miss Park, who is an Alumna of the P. C. I., was engaged by the Board to succeed Miss Murphy as Director of English in the Commercial department of the Vocational School. Miss Park is a specialist in both English and French and is an experienced teacher. We welcome her to our staff.

MISS ALEXANDRIA HOWSON, M.A.

Last September, Miss Howson resumed her duties as teacher of Junior English in the Academic School. During Miss Howson's absence on account of sickness, Miss Mary Heasman acted as substitute teacher for her and gave satisfaction to all concerned. Miss Heasman is at present on the staff of the Chatham Collegiate Institute.

MISS SYBEL KENDALL, B.A.

Miss Kendall spent her Christmas holidays in Nicholls Hospital and remained there the first six weeks of this term. Mrs. Charles Ray, B.A., has taken her work at the school. The Board was fortunate, indeed, in securing her services. Mrs. Ray, ten years ago, was the Director of Household Science at P. C. I. She was then known as Miss Hazel Moffatt. Teachers and pupils unite in wishing Miss Kendall a speedy recovery.

MISS AMELIA THOMPSON, B.A.

About the middle of February, Miss Thompson, on account of sickness, was obliged to give up teaching for a while. We were fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. S. J. Graham, an experienced teacher of Commercial subjects, to act as substitute teacher for Miss Thompson.

Scholarship Winners

Our greatest academic achievement during the past year was the winning by Ferguson Barr of the Edward Blake Scholarship in Latin and Greek at Toronto University. Ferguson is at present in attendance at the University, and we one and all congratulate him on his success.

Football Championship

Our greatest sporting success was the winning for the second time of the C. O. S. S. A. football championship. Coach Bamforth and his gallant band are to be congratulated on their success. The boys, by the way, are grateful to the Board for the financial help given them both this year and last for the purchase of uniforms and defensive armour.

The At Home

Our greatest social success was the Annual At Home held on Wednesday, Dec. 30th. As usual it was the social event of the season. Mr. Richardson, the senior staff member on the Students' Council, was mainly responsible for the success of the event. He was ably assisted by Miss Montgomery, convener of the Decoration Committee; Mr. Pettit, convener of the Refreshments Committee; George Hall, president of the Students' Council; Mr. Wesley Brown and Mr. John Rutherford; and by the members of the various committees. These are all deserving of praise for their united and well-organised efforts.

H. R. H. KENNER



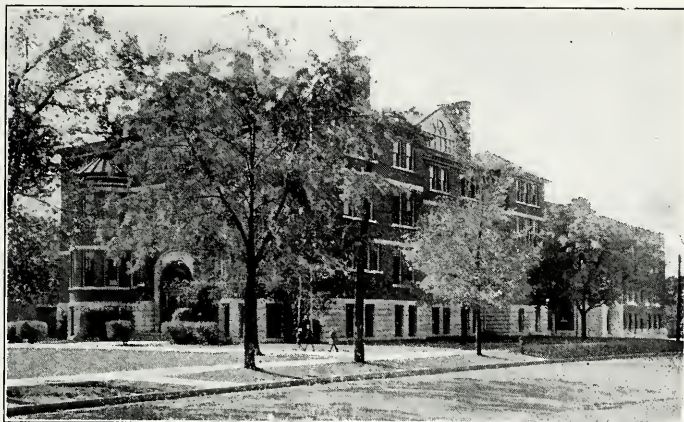
THE TEACHING STAFF

BACK ROW: V. R. Henry, W. Brown, J. C. Rutherford, R. G. Cornell, H. H. Graham, R. D. Brown, H. Bamforth, A. Shearer, L. M. Richardson, D. Ross, L. H. Collingwood, G. E. Beals
 SECOND ROW: A. J. Weames, Misses M. A. Bailey, G. M. Meredith, H. R. McGregor, M. A. O'Connell, A. S. Zavitz, E. J. Davies, C. S. Browne; Misses G. M. Moore, D. M. Park, L. J. Pettit, H. A. Crag
 FRONT ROW: Misses J. Cowling, J. M. Hicks, M. A. Lees, A. A. Howson, F. E. Johnston, H. R. H. Kemer, H. A. Toole; Misses H. Gerrard, M. McIntosh, D. E. Brishin, B. Sawyer.



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BACK ROW: Mr. Graham, Miss McGregor, Miss Murphy, Miss Lees, Mr. Henry, R. Dick, J. Pratten
 MIDDLE ROW: J. Platt, G. Allen, G. Johnston, D. Glover, P. Demos, D. Moscrop, M. Smart, D. Perks, D. McAdams, L. Lewis, I. Wray
 FRONT ROW: Jean Flett, P. Bassett, H. Davidson, A. Dawson, E. Borland
 ABSENT: W. Saunders, H. Thompson, J. Morrow



PETERBOROUGH COLLEGIATE AND VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

The Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief..... Hugh Davidson
 Assistant Editors:

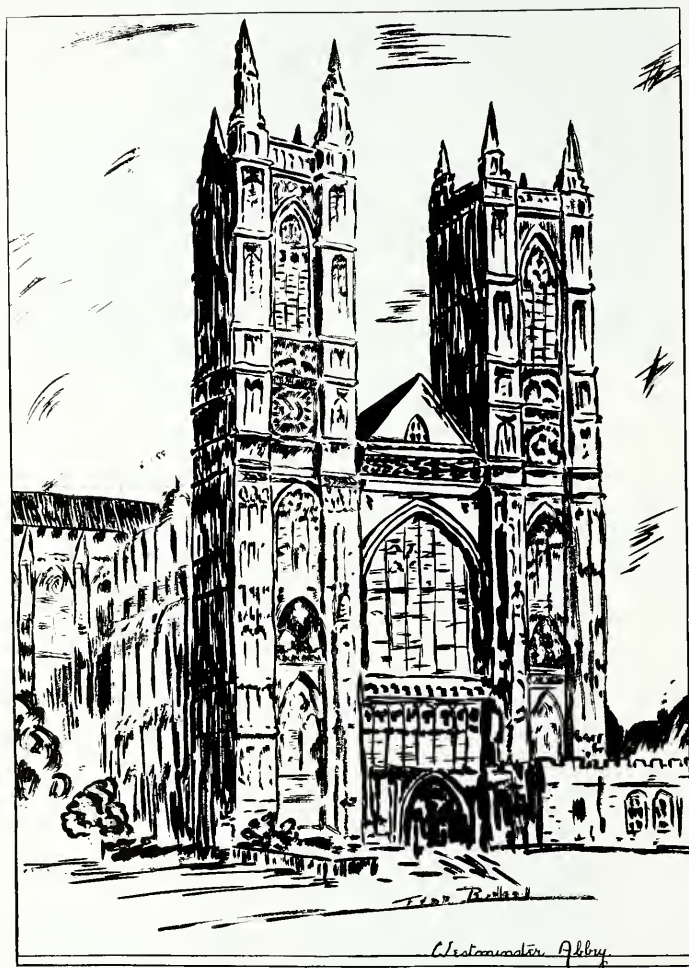
Academic..... Hilda Thompson, Margaret Smart, Peter Demos
 Vocational..... Dorothy Moscrop, Marion McAdams, Donald Perks

Form News..... Ronald Dick
 Humour..... John Pratten
 Exchange..... Jean Platt, Glen Allen
 Athletics..... Isabel Wray, Jim Morrow
 Social..... Lenore Lewis
 Camera Club..... Jean Flett
 Art..... Edna Borland, Doris Glover

Circulation..... Wilda Saunders, Gordon Johnston
 Advertising..... Alfred Dawson
 Typing..... Peggy Bassett

Advisory Teachers

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Art: Miss M. Montgomery; *Photography and Engraving:* Mr. V. R. Henry;
Typing and Advertising: Mr. A. Shearer; *Circulation:* Mr. H. Graham;
Printing: Miss H. McGregor; *Business Manager:* Mr. H. Toole.



A new King is crowned:
And the Archbishop prays:
"May God crown you with a crown of Glory and Righteousness!"



EDITORIALS

SALUTE! The twenty-third edition of *Echoes* is in your hands. It has been our aim this year to place the magazine on sale at an earlier date than formerly and as a result some articles had to be curtailed or entirely omitted. We feel, however, that our efforts to produce a school year-book worthy of the precedents set in P. C. V. S. have not been in vain. We would urge all our readers to patronize the advertisers in *Echoes*, without whose assistance publication would be impossible.

Coronation Year

THE major event of this year is, of course, the Coronation, and although this is not a Coronation number we are making some recognition of the crowning of King George VI. and his Queen. Our cover is in the colours chosen as the official Coronation colours. We are fortunate, also, in that the prize drawing, which is our frontispiece, portrays the edifice which will have such prominence and importance in the ceremony of crowning our new King and Queen.

Volume XXIII

WE miss Mr. F. J. A. Morris who for so many years was the guiding hand of the *Echoes*. In his place we welcome Miss Murphy who was formerly on the staff as Commercial supervisor. We also welcome to the *Echoes* Staff Miss McGregor, Miss Park, and Mr. Toole.

The prize list for contributions to "Purple Patches," which is sponsored by Miss Murphy this year, has been increased. Twelve prizes were awarded in the Academic School and twelve in the Vocational School. This resulted in a greater number of contributions, especially from the Lower School.

The art prizes, given by Miss Montgomery, Director of Art, were awarded as follows:

First prize illustration (see frontispiece) — Edna Borland.

Second prize illustration (see page 60) — Ralph Johnston.

First prize tailpiece (see page 43) — Jean Johnston.

First prize comic (see page 103) — Donald Duncan.

First prize linoleum (see page 37) — Jean Johnston.

First prize assortment (see page 97) — Hugh Kenner.

The *Echoes* Staff prize for headings was not awarded this year.
And now we give you — *Echoes* — 1937.

H. B. DAVIDSON

Music in the School

The success of the Operetta this year is very gratifying, not only because it ensures sufficient funds for the activities of next year's Students' Council, but in that it is developing a sphere of activity which has been sadly neglected — music. We sing, or claim we sing, in the morning assemblies; Mr. Weams coaxes music out of the few instrumentalists who turn out for the Orchestra, and this year glee clubs have been organized; but no definite move to teach music has been taken. If schools in other cities, not so large as ours, can and do produce choirs, a band, and a well-equipped orchestra, why can't we?

We have the talent but no one to develop it or to provide instruments. Surely someone will come to the rescue of music in P. C. V. S.

Wilson McDonald's Visit

On the afternoon of November 20, 1936, Mr. Wilson McDonald, one of the most gifted of Canadian poets, gave a recital of his poetry to a large and appreciative audience. His vibrant verse, which he read in a most entertaining fashion, was much enjoyed by the audience of student poetry-lovers. Proof that the love of poetry is very much alive in P. C. V. S. was evinced by the fact that a large number of his books were purchased by the students. Among the poems which he read were the ever popular "Song of the Ski" and the amusing French dialogue poem "Joliat," which appealed especially to the boys. We look forward to the pleasure of another visit from this eminent poet. H. D.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Uniforms! The school is crying for them. Oh, for uniforms! We look at other girls of different schools and longingly wait for the time when we will be in garnet tunics with grey sashes and white blouses.

Many people object to wearing the gymnasium outfit because it is too short. We do not need to have our uniforms above our knees but they would very smart just below the knees.

There are many advantages in having a school uniform. It is neat, plain, and easily taken care of. It is made of good substantial material and less expensive than many dresses. Some girls come to school with expensive and gaudy clothes on, making the poorer girls feel very uncomfortable and out of place.

A school uniform would always be the same irreproachable costume meant for girls of high schools and collegiates. H. S.

To the Editor of *The Echoes*.

Dear Sir:

I have a problem to lay before you, dear sir, and one which, if solved, would be hailed by students the world over and gain instantaneous popularity for the master mind discovering its solution. In brief, sir, I refer to the abomination of all normal people, the scourge of a free mind in the bestowing of which all teachers have the greatest generosity, *viz.*, homework.

How often have I seen a minute first former staggering homewards beneath a pile of books rivaling that of Mr. Pettit's? (yes, how often???) Think of giving up those sweet hours of relaxation after a hard day's work (?) and missing seeing your little thought-of-the-moment on account of some vulgar fractions and common denominators. It's preposterous and I, as the echo of one thousand other brave P. C. V. S. hearts, demand its abolition by organizing a Homework Club.

There are, in this worthy institution, a few people credited with average intelligence (no, I am not referring to teachers) who have the pleasant faculty of always doing their homework. Not being a member of these ranks but belonging to those in the "Crib Age," I have great trouble every morning in borrowing such people's books and diligently copying their contents. However, there are some who are not endowed with twenty-two spares a week and Trigonometry classes and are therefore forced to do their own work. A Homework Club, besides relieving the mentally distressed, would benefit such people as these. Its organization would include:

(1) A Homework Bureau.

Any member not wishing to do his homework for various reasons need only hand in his books and an efficient typewriting staff will copy the night's work from Peter Demos or other reliable sources.

(2) A Lending Library.

Any member arriving late or forgetting his books has only to ask for the desired text which will be lent on daily terms. This will eliminate all worry from regular borrowers.

N. B.: An extra stock of Latin books will be on hand to guard against Miss McGregor's needs.

(3) A Small Membership Fee.

This will cover costs of services of scholarship winners, typing and man-aging staff and first-class forgers.

All you have to do to join this club is to sign your name on the lid of the stove and mail in your nearest ash-can.

Acknowledging your thanks in advance, I am,

Sincerely yours,

G. WHIZ.



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FRONT ROW: M. Kennedy, M. Borcham, R. Fisher, M. Harding, A. Elliott, P. Bassett, I. Winslow, D. Milburn, A. Kelly, M. Duncan.

Dear Editor:

The following is a question which members of both sexes ask, the girls for the sake of their tender little feet, the boys for the sake of their reputations:

Why aren't the boys of Lower School taught dancing?

Those who attend the rugby dances will have noticed the great contrast between the embarrassed Lower School Students and those of the higher forms.

The latter sail about easily and gracefully, while the former stumble about on some poor maiden's pedal extremities.

I believe it would be a great help if one or two P. T. periods were devoted to the teaching of this very necessary accomplishment with the teachers as instructors. The forms could also take turns having weekly dances throughout the school year.

Now, dear editor, after perusing this pitiful tale of woe and the remedy, I ask you, are you not moved to compassion?

And last, but by no means least, I suggest a bit of action on the part of our renowned Students' Council.

Yours till the floor wears out,

A LOWER FORMER.

Dear Editor:

Well, it sure has been a funny winter, and I've seen quite a few around this institute (for the exact number I refer you to Mr. Pettit), but this 'un beats all. Speaking of the weather, I told my friend, Joe "Burp" Gemmell, that I would put on his tombstone, "Gone with the wind," with special permission, I hope.

Well, this year's rugby team sure deserves an orchid for its work. Speaking of rugby, the doctor told Kelly, because he's had water-on-the-knee so often, that he was going to attach a tap to that part of his pulchritudinous anatomy.

Speaking of nothing in particular and Dawson in general, my good friend Alf told me that a cowboy from the States visited England in the time of Shakespeare and upon meeting Shakespeare he said, "Howdy, Bard" — this pun may be one of the reasons why Dawson has been disporting a discoloured orb of late.

This is not a whining letter, in fact I won't even complain about draughty corridors. Speaking of draughts, Ken Hunt asked John Patterson why he didn't try sugar to coax his pants down to get acquainted with his shoes. Patterson replied that his pants aren't scared, they're 'fraid (*frayed* — get it?).

As the Polar Bear which was sitting on a block of ice said, So say I.

Yours for the best *Echoes* yet,

G. GUNSOLUS.

P.S.: That "Polar Bear" said (quote, "My tail is told" (unquote).

Dear Editor:

What about the school athletics and all the clubs? Is everyone for them, with them, in them?

No.

Why not?

Because there isn't enough school spirit.

Well, what is school spirit?

School spirit, my friends, is a feeling that some of the pupils have when any school activity is announced. They cheer the school, and help themselves to a good time. Imagine our rugby score if all the school were there at the game, cheering, yelling, shouting for the team.

Now don't get the wrong impression. Just going to a game and cheering till you are hoarse doesn't necessarily mean school spirit. If that isn't your line go to the Glee Club, or Camera Club. If you are a Rubinoff or a Tschai-kowski, join the orchestra. For those with acting ability try dramatics, operettas or literaries. Perhaps you are a born business manager; then you should be connected with the school magazine. Sports aren't the only thing in which you can uphold your school. Someone really enthusiastic about other hobbies might start a new organization — not that we really need it. Those we have should be more fully developed first.

Yours for more school spirit,

M. W.

United Empire

These are the men who made Canada great,
These are the men who dared,
These are the men who risked all to make
A home for those who cared:
Whether the flag that flew from their roof
Was the "Stars and Stripes" or the "Jack,"
These, rather than forfeit th' enviable right
Of being called British, would track
Through the virgin bush to this land of ours,
A land yet to clear and to tame;
And coming thus to the land of the "Leaf,"
They founded our nation's fame.

CATHARINE WHITE, IC Commercial



Honourable Mention



Princeps Alumna

THIS year we all join heartily in congratulating Margaret Lundy, who won the much-coveted honour of being named Princeps Alumna. Margaret is well-known and popular throughout the school. She is a keen member of the basketball team, and a thorough good sport, not only in athletics but in all she has to do. She has shown herself most capable in the many tasks about the school that fall to the older girls. She stands well up in her scholastic work.

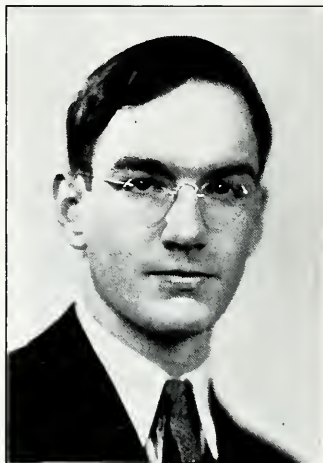
May your success and popularity continue, Marg, through the coming years.—M. M.

Princeps Alumnus

THIS year the recipient of Dr. Kenner's much coveted prize is Charles Edward Allan Cragg. Edward was voted by Dr. Kenner, the teachers and the pupils of the Upper School, as the best all-round boy and the most deserving of the title, "Princeps Alumnus."

Ted, as he is known by all, has a truly enviable record. His scholastic ability is of the best. In thirteen of his fourteen middle school subjects he has taken honours. For four years Ted has played rugby and this year he is a member of the Junior Basketball Team. His ability as an athlete and as a clean sport has made him esteemed in the hearts of his fellow-pupils. A winning personality has added greatly to his popularity.

P. C. V. S. is proud of you, Edward, and we offer you our heartiest congratulations.
J. P.





MORROW SCHOLARSHIPS: COMMERCIAL STUDENTS

BACK ROW: M. Byers, M. Henry, F. Neary, M. Duncan, M. Walker
FRONT ROW: M. Sisson, D. Moscrop



MORROW SCHOLARSHIPS: HOUSEHOLD AND INDUSTRIAL ARTS

BACK ROW: J. Kennedy, M. MacKeage, G. McFarlane, E. Armstrong, A. Ellis
FRONT ROW: J. Graham, E. Revoy, V. Sexsmith, F. Gishman



NICHOLLS SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

BACK ROW: E. Sellon, R. Graham, R. Dick, K. Gates, B. Henry
 FRONT ROW: P. Demos, H. Rogers, N. Green

*Winners of Scholarships and Prizes**Nicholls Scholarships*

These are awarded in the Academic School. First prize has a value of \$12.00, second prize \$8.00.

- Form V: Ferguson Barr
 Harold Rogers
 Form IV: Peter Demos
 Norman Green
 Form III: Ronald Dick
 Kenneth Gates
 Form II: Robert Graham
 Eileen Sellon
 Form I: James Giffen
 William Henry

W. G. Morrow Scholarships

These are awarded in the Vocational School. First prize has a value of \$9.00 in the Commercial Department and of \$12.00 in Industrial and Household Arts. Second prize is \$6.00 and \$8.00, respectively.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

- Form III: Harold Mackey
 Mary Sisson
 Form II: Dorothy Moscrop
 Mary Duncan

- Form I: Margaret Henry
 Frances Neary
 Special Com. Muriel Byers
 Mary Walker

HOUSEHOLD ARTS DEPARTMENT

- Form III: Edna Revoy
 Viola Sexsmith
 Form II: Gladys MacFarlane
 Jean Stinson
 Form I: Eunice Armstrong
 Muriel MacKeage

INDUSTRIAL ARTS DEPARTMENT

- Form III: Boyd Stinson
 Michael Conroy
 Form II: Frank Gishman
 Jack Graham
 Form I: Jack Kennedy
 Alexander Ellis

Upper School French Prose
 Harold Rogers

Middle School French Prose
 Peter Demos

Commercial Writing Prize
 Carlyle Jaquith

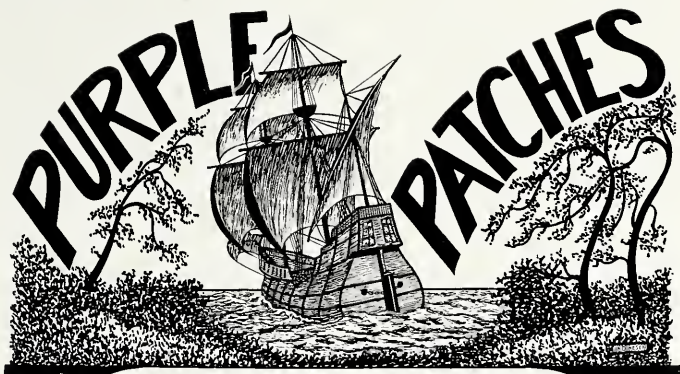


THE CHOSEN FEW—STUDENTS WITH 80 PER CENT. AND OVER

BACK ROW: P. Demos, M. Miller, R. Graham, H. McFarlane, E. Routley
 THIRD ROW: N. Timlin, E. Darling, M. Westbye, H. Ballard, C. White, M. Henry, J. Hamley, S. Boorman, P. Bassett, R. McNeely
 SECOND ROW: B. Henry, R. Dick, J. Moore, E. Ashbury, A. Gallagher, G. Tully, J. Kennedy, A. Ellis
 FRONT ROW: B. Hall, J. Davidson, R. Rogow, C. Jacupath, H. Keener



WOMAN WITH A WATER JAR



Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis, Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter, Adversatur pannus.
Often to weighty enterprises, and such as profess great objects, one or two purple patches are sewed on to make a fine display in the distance.

HORACE, *De Arte Poetica*.

The Hunt

'Twas morn on dewy turf and misty hills,
O'er which the sun had ris'n an hour past,
On knolls commanding aspect of the chase,
Stood groups of Tipperary folk, close massed.

From distant hills rang back the tally-ho,
And o'er a summit's verdure broke a pack
Of baying hounds, scarce heeding where they went,
Pelting, panting, on a fox's track.

Behind the hounds two riders galloped up,
Vaulted a hedge, digging their stirrups in,
Then drew their reins and turned about to urge
The others on, by upward toss of chin.

A mass of gay-frocked riders, active dames,
As if by magic summoned by this sign,
Came hurtling madly down a slight slope's side,
Red coat-tails blending with their horses' shine.

And in the glen below a fierce clamour
Of bellowing hounds arose, and with the sound
A fainter, whimpering, hopeless cry was heard —
The *dogs* have run the fox at last to ground!

Then onward, hunters, onward to your fame,
Who dips his hand first in that fox's gore
His spurs has won, and henceforth will he ride
Among the ranks of "masters" evermore.

And yet this fox, this pawn of human ploy,
Feels fear and pain, and values life as they,
Suffers to satisfy their supporting whims,
And lies now, victim of this fatal day.

ALICIA LANGLEY, V A Academic

The Birth of a Masterpiece

FIRST PRIZE, UPPER SCHOOL

SLOWLY, disconsolately, the spare, almost gaunt, figure of an old shabby man mounted the creaking steps to an upper garret, furnished solely with an ancient arm-chair and a piano. The musician's pale, intellectual face was furrowed by a series of spasmodic twitchings that told of the tumult of music within his soul. Why must he suffer thus? For what reason must he endure the torturing inability to express the music crashing and echoing within him?

His slight body was convulsed with a racking sob cut from his innermost being. It was not the sob of a weak man, beaten, but that of a strong man at the point of desperation. What could he do? Thoughts of suicide flickered through his brain, but, with the strength of one who regarded his life as a talent given him by God, he cast them aside. Like insidious demons they returned. Would it not be for the best? Who was there to miss him? Who to mourn? What would there be but a desultory examination and a verdict of suicide — motive unknown?

Entering his garret through a doorless doorway, he flung himself into his old armchair carrying scars from a life as barren and ill-used as his own. The sounds of the city surrounded and enclosed him; the crashings, the murmurings, the screams of the streets creeping up in the night air. Oh! for quiet! The peace of a lonely country-side, where his soul could find expression in immortal music.

The words: "Out of suffering comes inspiration" vibrated in his brain. But this was more than suffering. This was torture, mental, bodily, reaching his very being with its intensity. Suddenly, exhaustion took control of his tired body and he relaxed into a stupor from which he aroused later with perspiration on his brow. Again the sounds of the city

bore in on him with an intensity that made his brain a whirling cauldron of spinning thoughts. For hours he sat thus, in the dark, his intellect slowly responding to the suggestions of suicide which persistently pierced his weakened mind. His will-power gone, he arose — a mere automaton responding to the hypnotism of self-suggestion. Slowly he turned toward the door and moved forward! Then he stopped! Was that a cry he heard? No, it was a tiny sky-lark, singing sorrow up into immortal spheres. Suddenly the hypnotic influence ceased! Turning like a flash, he sprang to the ancient piano and let his hands fall in one great solemn chord. Then the tumultuous chaos of music burst forth like a fire from his body. His hands, urged on and guided by some spiritual agency, produced a great melody of sound, a symphony of the city.

Hard and metallic, soft and yielding, unscrupulous and humane, all such moods were depicted in his vibrating, tremulous chords. The notes flowed forth in a very ecstasy of sound. The great bass throbbed and thundered; the soft diminuendos added a remote intimation of the joys and, somehow, sweet sorrows behind the accompanying thunder. Yet through it all was a single melody, the melody of life, ebbing back and forth in inspired notes, carrying the theme of the symphony on to its end. Slowly the musician's face softened, taking on an almost ethereal glow. His body relaxed as the pent-up force of his soul dissolved. The tempo grew softer and slower. Suddenly, with a gust of energy, the music flared into a mad burst of flame, only to die away and be stilled.

The man's frame, suddenly old, sank forward over the keys he loved. With the death of a master, came the birth of a masterpiece.

HORACE STEER, VB Acad.

The Duel

OUTSIDE Le Rouge Lion, the rain falls in a steady drizzle.

Suddenly from the darkness down the road three men appear. In spite of the gloom of the night it is possible to see that they wear the red, white and blue cockades of revolutionary France. They come stealthily up to one of the partially shaded windows of the inn and stand grouped in front of it, speaking occasionally in hoarse undertones.

Inside the inn two noblemen, Alexandre de Nemours and Dupont d'Alembert, sit discussing their plans for the next day. They are fugitives from the Terror.

"Well, *mon ami*," says Nemours to his companion, "to-morrow we will reach the coast unless the Jacobins lie in wait for us at Caen."

"Do not lose hope, *mon brave*," replies d'Alembert, "I believe that we lost them at Orleans, where we tricked them into thinking that —"

"On guard," interrupted Nemours, "someone is watching at the east window!"

In the meantime, outside the window, tension is growing.

"How shall we attack?" asks Carrier, the leader, Citoyen Greuze. "We cannot enter boldly and engage them hand to hand for they are very adept with the rapier and are not lacking in skill with the pistol."

"We shall wait for an opportunity to trick them," snaps Greuze, whose temper is on edge after tramping all night through the rain.

"Look," rasps Lebas, the third conspirator, "the aristocrats are quarreling!"

Indeed, from inside the inn, come sounds of heated argument. Finally, the conspirators heard d'Alembert challenge Nemours to a duel. The two draw their pistols and fire simultaneously. Both fall to the floor, remain motionless, and for several moments the conspirators look at each other, speechless with amazement.

"Look," gasps Carrier, "they have

shot each other, neither of them moves."

"Let us return to Orleans at once," says Greuze excitedly, "and report to Citoyen Marat that we have killed both of the accursed aristocrats. He should reward us well."

Two days later, two men stand on the deck of the schooner Cloud, bound for England from the port near Caen.

"Thanks to you we have escaped," says one whose name is Nemours, "but we were almost food for Madame Guillotine."

"It was a simple plan," replies d'Alembert, "I counted on the cowardice of those rogues to delay them long enough to allow us to put on our little duel."

TOM HOOPER, VB Acad.

The History of a Fine Old Joke

FIRST PRIZE, HUMOROUS VERSE



These verses were inspired by the lines below:

"Whatever you do, do not include much joke-telling in the programme, for there is nothing more boresome than an old joke, that seems to have lived ^{ever} since the Flood."

There's nothing so infectious as
The prehistoric joke;
It dates from times when mortals by
Gesticulations spoke.

Come, listen to the history
Of one undying brand,
Which may be heard in vogue to-day
When walking down the Strand.

It first was perpetrated by
A merchant from the East,
Who told it while conversing with
A Babylonian priest.

The latter was too solemn to
Expand into a smile,
He passed the joke to Egypt then,
Engraved upon a tile.

The reigning Pharaoh thought it so
Particularly smart,
He had it widely spread about
In hieratic art.

It came into the keeping of
A wily Philistine,
Who passed his time in dyeing cloth,
In David's house to shine.

But ages passed, the joke was told,
With effervescent fuss,
Unto a Greek historian
Of name Herodotus.

He carried it about with him
And spread it far afield;
Athenian archons over it
With laughter fairly squealed.

Still farther west it travelled, till
It came to Cicero,
They say that he was too refined,
And thought it rather low.

A Roman legionary in
The latest Gallic war
With joy incorporated it
Within his repertoire.

'Twas brought across the channel next
Despite the choppy seas,
By merchants seeking metal from
The Cassiterides.

It cheered the hearts of all the men
Boadicea led
When squatting round the ruddy blaze
Before they went to bed.

It has been circulated in
Each dialect and tongue,
Until we wish the merchant had
Been prematurely hung.

Its time-worn humour often decks
The after-dinner speech;
To parsons and to undergrads,
It clings as would a leech.

'Tis like the evil deeds men do;
It terrifies the brave;
Though men may come and go, this
joke
Can never find a grave!

G. SHEARER, IVB Acad.

Rescue

A GENTLE breeze fanned the new
green meadows in the distance
and swept up the river.

It was pleasant to sit there, my back
against the bole of a great tree, and
to sketch the beautiful landscape
which unrolled before me. A few
fleecey white clouds drifted lazily across
a sky of deep blue.

Above me and to my right, earth
and sky met rather more abruptly, it
seemed, along the top of the high bank
strewn with boulders. From behind
one of these rocks, even as I looked, a
small form came into view peering
this way and that. It seemed strange
to me that in this place, which was
almost a wilderness, a baby should be
wandering alone. I felt, therefore,
that his mother was not far off for
the baby was not any more than old
enough to get around by himself.

He seemed to be on an exploring
expedition, for he toddled along the
top of the bank inspecting the ground
and turning over rocks in what seemed
a most interested fashion.

Then he slowly began to work his
way down the bank, not seeming to
notice me. Suddenly he stepped on a
loose stone which slid out from under
him, taking his feet with it. He rolled
over and over down the bank and shot
out into the black rushing waters. I
jumped up and was about to dash to
the rescue when the baby's mother,
whom I had suspected to be near by,
rushed panic-stricken over the hill and
down the bank. Without a sound or
a moment's hesitation she dived into
the cold waters and struck out strongly
for her baby, who had by this time

been caught in branches which hung over the river.

The mother soon reached the spot, but seemed unable to get at the tiny creature which was entangled amongst the branches. Finally, with super-human strength, she tore the branches away and grasped her baby. She struck out for the bank and tried to scramble up, but it proved steep. Then, still carrying her precious burden, she made for a place where the bank was not as steep. I stood rooted to the spot, watching this battle against death.

Finally the mother reached her objective, half swimming, half carried by the current. She climbed out and placed her offspring on the grass. Then instead of fondling her baby, just snatched from the jaws of death, she delivered one good cuff which sent him rolling along the grass, and turned away.

To a human being this was an heroic self-sacrificing rescue, but to the mother bear and her cub it was just another incident in a normal day.

FRED HOOPER, VB Acad.

Indignation

FIRST PRIZE UPPER SCHOOL

You held it in your hand, the dying dove,
When first I came upon you in the wood,
And the soft colours of its gentle throat,
Were streaked with ruby blood.

You said with scornful look, "It's just a bird!
Don't cry about it, silly one," you said.
And, "There are plenty of them in the wood,
No one will ever notice *this* one's dead."

I wanted, then, to ask you if you thought
You could bring back the tender cooing note
Its mate had heard and loved; or paint again
The iridescent rainbow of its throat?

Oh, how I wish I could have called you *brute* —
I only turned, and slowly walked away.
You didn't understand? — You never could —
I hope you will — some day.

HILDA THOMPSON, VA Academic



My Library

FIRST PRIZE, JUNIOR MIDDLE SCHOOL

ONE Christmas I was presented with three little books. I had just learned to read, and these were the first books I had ever had all my own. With horror I followed the terrifying adventures of the "Little Red Hen," spelling out the words with my finger. St. Nicholas had no more fervent admirer than I, as I visualized him dropping down the sooty chimney; and with tender compassion I read that great Christmas story of long, long, ago — the first Christmas.

The "Little Red Hen" died of pure love. I regret to say I read it too much, and its disintegrated parts found their way to the dust-bin. The other two little volumes set out on the long trail to the west — the missionaries wanted books. But my library did not stop there. Its growth has been slow but steady. I progressed through "Peter Rabbit" and "Uncle Wiggily" and such childish woodlore, then the more reasonable works of Charles G. D. Roberts, and, finally, my endeavours in anthropology had their birth in the multitudinous pages of Wells' "Outline of History."

I had, perforce, to seek new fields. Soon Alcott's books appeared on the shelf — "Little Women" and "Little Men." "Tom Brown's School Days" will always occupy an honoured place on my shelves. The volumes of my childhood end with Crawford's "Little City of Hope."

I began, at last, to read in earnest. At a comparatively late date, Stevenson's "Kidnapped" and "Treasure Island" took their place on my shelves. I remember I could not at first understand whether the "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest" were sitting on a box, or acting as a sort of poultice to the deceased. At a later date, light began to show.

Distinguished authors soon began to shine on the shelves. Scott, Dickens, Shakespeare, Gatie, Stratton-Porter, Ebers, Beaconsfield, Scott, Connor, and Verne — all the great Honour Roll of authors whose books will be

read forever, and forever admired — I have, and love them all.

Few people can realize what travelling I have done, and in what company. I have lain on the wet Highland moors with David Balfour, as Stevenson himself must have done. I have ridden by the side of the Prince of Orange to fight the Spaniard, though I doubt if Ebers knew it. With Tancred, Beaconsfield and I have made our pilgrimage over the burning plains of the East; and I sat with Bob Cratchett, warming my hands over the selfsame candle.

I know what the inside of a debtor's prison looks like, and with Scott's "Julian Peveril" have I lain in a dungeon in the Tower of London. I have fought the beasts in the arena at Rome; and with the Thracian Spartacus have I fought, sword in hand, through the mountains of Italy.

But another library I possess — the library of memory. I know not how many volumes are in that great library of books I have read but do not own, but I know and love them all. I can read them any time, for they need not be carried with me. It is my great library, and it can never be taken from me.

My library! What meaning the word possesses. It is not merely morocco covers and printed pages; it is love, honour, truth, justice, history — all the knowledge of the past, and it is all mine. Certainly the greatest gift of a Divine Creator to his greatest creation was the gift of writing and reading, and the mind to understand. May it never be lost, for it holds, forever, the key to every door.

BARRIE JACK, III A Acad.



A Reverie

THE setting for this reverie is that part of the historic Bay of Quinte at Picton, Ontario. Whitechapel is one of the first Methodist Churches in Canada — built in the year 1809 — and stands today in its quaint churchyard on the wind-swept hill overlook-

ing the beautiful bay. It was around this little church that much of the life of the staunch United Empire Loyalists centred, and the graves of many, including those of my own grandparents, still nestle in its sacred old burying ground.

The wind, where sway the rain-drenched lilacs now,
Is that the wind from out the bay's far gleam?
Or alien gale that stirs a squall and whines
To mock away my dream?

Has Maytime loosed the slumbering cascade yet,
Until it surges with a boisterous rush?
Or is it last spring's melodies that haunt
My soul's sad hush?

I hear forefathers raise their lusty hymns,
Within Whitechapel where they sang of old;
I see their graves deep hid beneath tall grass —
O hearts so nobly bold!

Still holds the steep shoreline its turbid cove
Where black snakes poke their heads, then slip below?
Do dormant clams and shells begem the beach
As just a year ago?

At sundown floats the bay upon its breast
A ship with low sails anchored 'gainst the tide?
Do eerie screeches sound and far resound
Adown the other side?

Oh! Give me two strong wings that like the gull
I might sweep o'er the bay and up the hill;
For what was dear and sweet all yesteryear
Is dearest, sweetest still.

JEAN WARREN PLATT, IV B Acad.



A Visit to the Royal Mint

THIRD PRIZE

LET us all take a trip to "The Royal Mint," situated in the beautiful city of Ottawa, the capital of our fair Dominion. On account of the great treasure contained within these gates it will be necessary for each of us to secure a pass. We see a policeman standing outside and several guards inside; one of these unlocks the great gate, permitting us to enter the yard, and relocks the gate after us. The guard leads the way across the yard to a door which he opens and allows us to enter a large room similar to a rotunda. In the centre of this room is placed a desk upon which is a large register in which each of us will put his name and address before proceeding onward.

The guard opens another very heavy door and beckons us to enter another room, after which he securely locks the door after us. Here we notice a number of workmen employed in melting nickel from large blocks, till it runs like water. It runs into moulds and when cool enough is put through rollers which flatten it out into strips about two and a half inches wide. These strips are then put through stamping machines which punch holes in them the same size as our nickels. The parts which are punched are put into another machine which puts a rim around each edge. These nickels are then put through a number of machines till, at last, after being stamped, we see a "Perfect Canadian Nickel," new and shining, weighed, counted and sent to the Government vaults to be stored until required by our banks.

The system of weighing gold is very accurate. They do not weigh this money in large open rooms on account of the change in weight of the air. For this reason it is weighed in a small room, not more than eight feet square, made of glass.

ORMA LACHEUR, II H. Arts

English Schools

THIRD PRIZE

ONCE spent three months in an English council school and found it very interesting. The school I attended was Walker-Gate School, situated on Walker-Gate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, not far from a railway depot. This railway brought many other students to the school.

The school is a long, two-storey structure. The first floor contains all the rooms for the boys, and the top floor those for the girls. As there is no communication between the two floors it is essential to have two assembly halls. As I was never on the top floor I know nothing about it. All my knowledge of English schools was learned from the bottom floor.

The assembly hall contains no seats, which means that while not standing one must sit on the floor. The seats of the students are all double, giving them plenty of opportunities to talk. The teacher is seated on a high stool so that she may look over the whole class.

The grounds around this building are very small, with a stone floor. They are enclosed with large iron spikes, the only entrance or exit being the huge iron gate which is locked when school is in session.

The studies are similar to ours. Examinations are held every month, and are conducted by the principal, whom they call the "master." On all examinations the maximum is fifty. After passing through the last class in a council school one is ready for a secondary school. All books in the council schools, with the exception of one, are provided free, although no fees are paid.

These schools differ greatly from ours. Our teachers teach us to write on a slant, but there one is taught to write a perpendicular hand. Our *r* is written *1*. The seating plan is different also. Our classes are called Junior II., Senior II., etc., while theirs are called standards, and range from one to seven.

I. BOLAM, IB Commercial

Poetics

SECOND PRIZE, SENIOR MIDDLE SCHOOL

You'd suppose that the ways of writing a poem
 Would constitute rather a sizeable tome
 (There are, in reality, only three,
 Among you and Shakespeare and Byron and me).

If your poet write with a vacant mind
 His rhyme comes first, and his thoughts behind.
 His poems are models of rhythmic patter
 It's the jingle counts, and not the matter.

If he feels an emotion he longs to express
 And chooses to rhyme his way to success,
 Seeking evasive words that lurk
 In dictionaries, or thoughts — that's work.

But once in an age, this divine innovation —
 A poet imbued with sublime inspiration —
 Snares flying thoughts, like winging birds,
 To make them immortal in singing words.

ALAN BROWN, IV A Academic

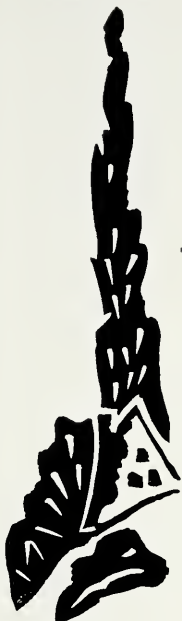
*Tasks*Parody on Masfield's *Cargoes*

Dusky, splendid negroes, toiling at a pyramid,
 Hauling blocks of limestone up the steep sand plane,
 With aching back-bones,
 Seared by the snake-whip,
 Fainting from the heat upon their raw ribs' pain.

Daring pioneers that venture out from Old France,
 Clearing off the forests, seeding virgin land,
 With sharp new axes,
 Wooden spades, flintlocks,
 Crude tools, rough homes carpentered by hand.

Sweating, ragged farm boy, drudging 'long a fence line,
 Sizzling in the sun's heat, longing for the shade,
 Dragging cloddish work boots,
 Soft hands blistered,
 Digging dirty burdocks with a dull, bent spade.

ALAN BROWN, IV A Academic



The Harbour by Night

I STAND on the farthestmost end of the old east pier. There is a full moon. The wavelets gurgle gently as they playfully seek entrance to the numerous cracks and crannies of the stone wall, or sigh plaintively when they find their meagre strength is not enough. Behind them are countless ranks eager to take their place and pit themselves against the old bulwark.

Out at the entrance to the harbour stands the blinking, one-eyed sentinel, veteran of many storms, proudly upright as if fully aware of the important position he holds. Small sailboats rest at anchor, casting sharply defined shadows on the mirror-like lake.

Far over on the beach is the pavilion, outlined in pin-points of light; and the faint strains of a waltz, made fairy-like by distance, float out on the tide. Near by, a ghostly skeleton (a prosaic person would recognize it as the water-slide) rears itself against the sky.

It will continue thus until the ferry comes in. Then the radiance of the moon will be eclipsed by artificial light, the soothing music of the waves will be drowned by a blare of "jazz," and Nature relinquishes her brief sovereignty to "modern civilization." Is it any improvement, I wonder?

CATHARINE WHITE, IC Com.

The Soul of a Ship

TOO tired to heave herself over the approaching wave, the Josephine sloughed drunkenly through it, gasped, shivered, and covered from the next. Twenty-two years was a long time for continuous service and the old tug was weary. Toiling, buffeted, dragging loads too heavy for her old seams, which even now were bursting under the strain, she shoved herself through the water that hung about her like glue.

Tired . . . tired . . . tired . . . she reeled under a sudden shock sterner than the rest; dazed, shuddering, she fought for headway, a gaping wound in her side. Slowly, her former boon companion, the sea, dragged her down, heedless of the frantic efforts of the men aboard her to keep it out.

She plunged a hundred and fifty feet down the side of a wave, tried to

give up the fight, was driven through and up the next, two-thirds under. Were the men off? She could feel the boats being lowered, could hear the shouts of the men, the awful screaming of her propellor, momentarily lifted clear of the waves.

She was drowning — slowly, slowly, always fighting to free herself of the water, wanting to rest, to be quiet, only for a moment till she caught her breath. Were the men off? Her decks were awash now, but yet she fought, struggling, it seemed, to give her friends time to escape, and ready — aye eager for the plunge.

The last boat fought free, and all was quiet on board. Quietly, softly, her stern slithered under the surface and she sank . . . rest at last.

ALLAN PARK, IV A Acad.



*A Little Girl's Song to a Star*

FIRST PRIZE

Each night, before she falls asleep
 She wishes on a star —
 A little, white-clad figure there,
 An upturned face, and curly hair,
 Against the curtains, gazing far.

I wonder what she wishes for!
 She says she "dasn't tell."
 She has a special one — and bright —
 That shines so clearly every night,
 She sighs, "What if it fell?"

Ah, little one, so sweet and young,
 I had a star once, too,
 But long ago mine fell; I pray
 That yours may guide you every day
 To fairer things, and true.

OLGA WESTBYE, IVA Academic

Cowboy's Ode to a Star

FIRST PRIZE

Hey little star!
 Way up thar —
 When I lie down to sleep at night,
 All in my sleepin' bag up tight,
 And when my fire's burned quite low
 I like to watch yer shimmeyin' glow.

I ponders
 And I wonders —
 What makes yez all so golden bright
 Like pin sticks in the bloomin' night?
 I wonder if some guys like me
 Look down from thar, the earth to see.

Yeah, I know it
 I ain't a poet!
 I think I'll snooze, I'm in too deep,
 Before I go — thanks, God—a heap.
 For leavin' them there things to keep
 Their watch on me when I'm asleep.

OLGA WESTBYE, IV A Acad.



Making Crown Jewels for the Movies

FIRST PRIZE

UP to five years ago the motion pictures used whatever jewelry the costumer could supply. Then the public arose and demanded accuracy in gems as well as in costume and customs.

Simultaneously with this demand there appeared in Hollywood a slender Dane who had walked through all the capitals of Europe, studying the designing of jewelry, viewing the world's famous gems, and learning to make what we now know as "period jewelry." His name is Willy Peterson-Fagerstam, and he is descended from generations of jewelers in the Danish capital. From white and coloured glass he fashions gems of all kinds; from copper, pewter, German silver and brass, he works the platinum, gold and silver mountings; and from glass, blown this as a sheet of goldleaf, he forms pearls, covered with fishscale composition of all the shades of the sea treasures of Ceylon and the South Seas.

He uses glass and glass only, to produce replicas of the famous and common jewels of the world. Virtually all of it, cast and ground with the proper "faceting," comes from Czechoslovakia — Prague being the largest source. These countries produce a cast glass, uniform in colouring, with a very high factor of reflection such as can be had nowhere else in the world. This cast glass is used for diamonds (except when wanted in large quantities as for the covering of slippers, sandals and gowns, when rhinestones

are called in), for emeralds, rubies, sapphires, topazes, amethysts, zircons — indeed for every "solid" stone. No paste or other composition stone is ever used. These "casts" are made in duplication of the originals from exact measurements and colour photographs. They mimic not only the size, shape, and colour, but reproduce every flaw possessed by the originals. Once cast, the imitation gems are ground by hand. There is no wholesale production of these stones. Almost as much attention is given to each as the cutters of Amsterdam give to the genuine stones.

Pearls for the motion pictures are blown in the thinnest of glass by the workers of Central Europe. When the "pearl" has cooled, it is covered with several coats of a varnish made from fishscales and coloured to the exact tint of the original. Laid side by side, except by weight, it would be extremely difficult to distinguish the original from the imitation.

D. BARRINGER, IIIF Ind. Art

God's Watch

The little brook ran down the hill
To greet the river wide
And the little flowers along the bank
Drooped their heads and sighed.
And while the earth with beauty rare
Was sleeping in the dell,
God was watching over all
To see that all was well.

JIM SANDS, IB Ind. Arts

The Cabin Fire

FIRST PRIZE

BEADS of perspiration were on the heads of my Cousin Jack and me as we wearily climbed to the barn roof, from the infernal dust and heat that reigned within. We were dead tired from that still heat that had withered the pastures in the past month.

For three weeks we had toiled by day at the harvest, and every evening we worked diligently, long hours after we should have been asleep, at that cabin on the lower slopes of that wooded valley, by Crooked Arrow Creek. The harvest was finished and for the next two weeks we would make our abode there.

We climbed to the peak of the roof and glanced in the direction of the cabin, when the sight of smoke caused us to scamper from the roof, and to start at top speed for the cabin.

Following the old beaten track, we topped a hill; the sun gleamed in our eyes; long shadows darkened the valley below; we emerged into denser forest. As we made a steep descent, we crossed a running brook with a bound, a quick turn, and in a small clearing stood the cabin.

We had tried to imagine that smoke was something else, but no, the flames leaped from the window; every small crevice revealed one mass of flame; smoke poured from every opening.

I sprang to the door and flung it open, but was met by such a burning wave of heat and flames that my

quivering body was sent back — if I could only get the tool chest. I charged again, but had scarcely entered when a warning call from Jack made me spring out in time to hear a deafening roar.

Although I clawed at my eyes to remove the stinging smoke and flames, I could see the roof as it crashed inward. We retreated farther, as the sparks flew into the air, and burning splints were hurled high. The walls quavered, an ear-splitting crackling was followed by a roar like thunder, the posts snapped off, and the front wall fell outward. The angry flames leaped from it; the shower of sparks obscured our view as the other walls caved in and left a heap of burning debris.

We returned home that night, with sunken hearts; every step jarred my body.

The next day a neighbour told us of a man, an old man, unshaven, with cane in hand, who, the previous evening, was headed in the direction of the cabin.

For several days we cursed the wandering vagabond, but when the ashes of the cabin had cooled, our curses were revoked when we discerned the skeleton of a human being. We came to the conclusion that this man of feeble frame met his death indomitably fighting the fierce blaze which overwhelmed him.

K. E. TURNBULL, IIF Ind. Arts



Freight Train Eastbound

Out of the night of the West
 Thundering, swift and black,
 Swift as the west wind's eddying
 whirls —
 As the west wind blowing the black
 smoke curls
 Up, and around, and back.

Out of the night of the West —
 And the Rockies' towering peaks
 She came in a cloud of dusky smoke,
 And the brass bell clang'd, and the
 whistle spoke
 In long and warning shrieks.

Out of the night of the West
 Tea, and spices, and silk,
 Ivory, sandalwood, fish in tins,
 Whale oil, and bone, and glistening
 skins
 Of the fur-seal's luckless ilk.

Out of the night of the West
 They came, and passed me there;
 For the freight train comes, like a
 meteor's flight
 A whistle, a roar, and a burst of light,
 And a tang of smoke in the air.

Out of the night of the West,
 They come, like things of a dream,
 Tho' 'tis not a dream, but iron and
 steel —
 A ship of the land, with a steel rail keel
 And sails of smoke and steam.

Out of the night of the West
 Far into the East they go —
 While the watcher stands, like a man
 of stone
 Till the last car's gone, and the train
 has flown
 Into the void of snow.

BARRIE JACK, II A Academic

In an Attic

SECOND PRIZE

Heaps of rubbish can be found in a garret,
 Heaps of rubbish can be found in a garret,
 Even grandfather's favourite stuffed parrot,
 Marbles, old coins, all kinds of toys,
 Relics of childhood and its carefree joys.

Wagons, balls, and shoulder to shoulder
 In a lone corner stands each tin soldier;
 All the toys are covered with dust,
 The soldiers are old and red with rust.

Here in childhood's happy hours,
 We played together building towers
 Of dreams, we hoped would be fulfilled
 Before our hearts in death are stilled.

QUEENIE HOLDEN, I H. Arts



Girl Guiding

FIRST PRIZE, ACAD. FIRST FORMS

GUIDING is really just a wonderful game in which all the members are sisters, working and playing together. The Brownies are our little sisters, and the Rangers and Leaders, bigger sisters. This idea comes first from the fourth law — "A Guide is a Friend to all and a sister to every other Guide," and secondly from the fact that when we are all dressed alike, working towards the same end, playing the same games, and singing the same songs, it makes us feel closer together than we feel ordinarily.

Guiding is not all work nor yet all play. They are blended together so tastefully that even the hardest work seems jolly. Some of our work is very hard and takes much time and study. However, when you realize that we can get badges for doing our work well, then you do not wonder that we go at it so zealously.

After a Guide gets her Second Class Badge, she may try for some Proficiency Badges. There is no excuse for a girl who has progressed this far not earning at least five of these sixty-four badges. For those who excel at Music there are Singer's, Music Lover's, and Minstrel's Badges; for those who like housework, Cook's and Domestic Service Badges; for those who sew, Needlewoman's, Embroideress' and Decorative Needlecraft Badges, and so on. Almost every girl has a hobby, and badges can be easily won by the girl who develops her hobby or her natural talents. Some of the badges that can be won for hobbies are: Photographer, Book Lover, Bird Lover, Friend to Animals, Flower Lover, Astronomer, Airwoman, Cyclist, Writer, Knitter, Hiker, Swimmer, Canoeist, Athlete, Horsewoman, Gardener, Dancer, Gymnast, Artist, Entertainer, and many more.

No one need think that as soon as a girl wins a badge she forgets what she has learned. She is called upon to use her knowledge almost every day, at Guides, at home, at school or in case of an emergency. Girls who qualify for their Lifesaver, Ambu-

lance, Sick Nurse and Child Nurse Badges are following their motto to "Be Prepared."

There are summer camps at which the Guides are taught many useful things about camping, pitching tents, cooking, hiking, building fires, swimming and boating.

For a Guide who has been taught to observe things around her, there is no such thing as a dull hike. Did you never see a group of happy, care-free Guides or Scouts, with knapsacks over their shoulders and note-books in their pockets, set off on a hike, singing so whole-heartedly that you longed to join them?

There are Guide songs for every occasion — funny and happy songs, rounds, marching, hiking, camping, rally and patriotic songs and Guide hymns. As a Guide "Smiles and Sings Under All Difficulties," these songs are often in use.

The Ranger Branch is for the more advanced Guides who wish to go on after the age of sixteen, and learn how to become good citizens, how to take care of homes, how to think and act quickly in emergencies, how to teach younger Guides and many other things.

There are also Extension Guides. These are girls who are blind, deaf, crippled, mentally deficient or invalids. These handicapped girls sometimes live in an institution, a hospital or a home. Often the captain is in the same condition as her company. In such a company there must be one normal person to help the others.

Lone Guides are those who live too far from an active company to attend their meetings. These do most of their work through correspondence with the Lone Captain.

No matter what branch of Guiding a girl belongs to, if she is really in earnest and works hard to do her best she cannot help growing into a useful, healthy and able citizen of her country. Every girl who has the opportunity should become a Guide, and every boy

Continued on page 133

The Wanderer's Song

THIRD PRIZE



Give me the friendly winding road
That goes I know not where,
A joyful word and a happy smile
A heart that's free from care.
For the countryside has a haunting call
That cannot be denied
To meet Life's flowing Tide.

Give me a dancing morn in Spring
With bluebells all the way,
Or the drowsy, drowsy drone of bees
That crown a summer's day;
For the countryside has a lasting charm
That never will grow old
That holds the sweetest memories
More precious still than gold.

Give me a true and thankful heart
For all these joys and more.
Give me the lips to praise the Name
Of Him whom worlds adore.
For the countryside proclaims His
worth
In bird and flower and tree
And as I love the countryside
I can but thankful be.

GRACE MARSHALL, III A Acad.

Alone

FIRST PRIZE

Give me an old log cabin,
Under the tree I love,
And there let me dream in the moon-
light,
'Neath the bright, white stars above.

Give me a couch made of scented
boughs,
With a pillow at my head.
And there when the lonely darkness
comes,
I'll creep snugly into bed.

Give me as my alarm clock,
The bright red sun of dawn,
With the sweet fresh air of morning,
And love-birds singing their song.

Give me as my companion,
An Indian bark canoe,
And I'll clear the silver waters
Till they melt in Heaven's blue.

I love those great tall tossing pines,
I love those silvery streams,
And whenever I need solitude,
I'll go there to dream my dreams.



Rustic Grandeur

FIRST PRIZE

"POETRY," so one writer has said,
 "is the key to one's inner being."
 Not long ago I chanced upon a bit of
 verse written many years ago by Omar
 Khayyam reading thus:

*Wake! for the Sun who scatter'd into
 flight
 The Stars before him from the field of
 Night
 Drives Night along with them from
 Heav'n.*

As I read that bit of poetry many
 thoughts and scenes flashed on the
 screen of memory. Because of the very
 nature of the poem the scenes pro-
 duced in panoramic sequence were
 those of the outdoors.

Next in these brief scenes I see the
 glories of the awakening dawn. One
 morning I had occasion to rise early
 and cross to the opposite shore. Not
 a sound was heard save the sweet and
 mellow sound of the water idly lapping
 on the pebbled beach, and the familiar
 "putt-putt" of the outboard. Nature
 had rung down the curtain in the form
 of a mist. Yet, even then that delicate
 drape was lifted and the sun in regal
 splendour made its début for the day.
 Yonder on the rock was poised ready
 for instant flight a long-legged, un-
 gainly yet gracetul, heron, its image
 mirrored in the placid waters.

Finally, in fancy I see the climax of
 the day—the setting of the sun.
 Yonder, from my vantage point here
 to the left I saw it set, leaving tatters
 of purple and gold behind it to mourn
 its passing. What words of mine can
 express the scenic beauty—splendid
 flocks of pinks and blues and delicate
 pearly greys like sheep being herded
 into the oncoming night? Directly in
 the west were heaped up masses of
 velvety purple and midnight blue
 clouds, rent here and there with ragged
 splashes of heavy gold.

As the sun slowly sank to the
 horizon, paused as if for a long last
 breath, and then was gone from sight,
 I found myself reading this bit of
 appropriate verse:

*The sun declines o'er land and sea;
 Creeps on the night;
 The twinkling stars come one by one
 To shed their light.*

My mind travels back to a little
 cottage which might best be described
 as a rude structure of logs and boards
 hewn from the forests nestling near by,
 a strong door, and five small windows
 with wooden shutters. The moon is
 peering over a huge rock on yonder
 hill, its silver beams woven into the
 finest gossamer as they filter through
 the branches of the stalwart pines.
 My eyes linger on the wide expanse of
 sky, the purple curtained mountains,
 the dark plumy woods, the river
 winding like a silver thread along the
 valley.

*"The Moving Finger writes; and having
 writ Moves on."*

MARGARET PARKER, Spec. Com.

Snug-l-Inn

SECOND PRIZE

SNUG-L-INN is a tiny summer camp
 nestling in the trees and shrubs
 along a river bank. It is set back from
 the shore against a background of
 small, whispering pines. The shoreline
 is marked with snowy white rocks,
 worn smooth from the weather. During
 the day the sun glistens on the water,
 casting beautiful shadows on a velvety
 carpet of grass. A silver canoe drift-
 ing to and fro in the breeze gives one
 a feeling of everlasting peace.

Behind the camp a tiny brook
 babbles over smooth pebbles, telling
 the story of its travels. It winds its
 way in and out until it is lost in a
 huge forest.

In the evening the birds begin to
 fly to their nests in the forest. They
 come in flocks, with a drowsy, hum-
 ming noise. At sunset the water
 becomes a vast, bottomless pool of
 colour. The trees cast weird shadows
 on the cabin and its surroundings.
 Night falls like a heavy velvet curtain,
 and complete silence reigns over one
 of nature's most beautiful spots.

FRANCES NEARY, IIA Com.

Exonerated

FIRST PRIZE, ACAD. FIRST FORMS

IT HAS been said of the amateur Photographer that he invariably takes the worst possible view of everything. George's parents probably inclined to this opinion when their son and heir proudly exhibited his first attempts along that line. Certainly they made every effort to discourage his aspirations towards that expensive hobby, but to no avail. George filled the basement with mysterious bottles and boxes, locked himself in his temporary darkroom for protracted periods of time, left innumerable prints lying around the house, disposed of his pocket-money as fast as he received it, and spent all his spare time roaming the countryside with a second-hand Brownie.

His parents, learned to treat all these activities with outward indifference. Accordingly, when one day George returned from a trip downtown carrying several large and shapeless parcels, they took little notice. He had brought home similar bundles before, but he had never handled any so carefully as he did these. Our young photographer carried his treasures to his room and locked himself in. Here he remained for the rest of the day.

At suppertime, George let slip a leading statement, and a few well-directed questions, from his parents, elicited the information that he was contriving, with the aid of several flash-bulbs, batteries and wire, a device which, if a certain wire outside were stepped upon, would cause the bulbs to flash and the camera to click. The net result of this would be a photograph of whoever had set off the device. George had completed the contrivance, and had left it set up before the window of his room, which was on the ground floor, when he was called to supper.

George had for several days been engaged in such experiments, requiring much out-of-the-way apparatus, and had often been known to abstract household articles from their proper

places without permission. Consequently, when his mother found a silver plate missing that night, she put two and two together, and pounced upon her son as the culprit. It did not occur to her to ask herself to what use George would put a silver plate, and she was furious when he denied the accusation. After a thorough cross-examination he was confined to the house while a search was made, and having nothing better to do, retired to the room where he had left the camera. He examined the flash-bulbs, and to his dismay he found that they had been set off. Someone had passed in front of the window — who could it have been but the thief!

George removed the film from the camera and retired to his dark-room to develop it. Fifteen minutes later his father was aroused by a shout of triumph. He was met at the top of the stairway by a jubilant son, who held aloft a square of celluloid. The former was startled to see a man's features impressed on the film. This was dispatched to the chief of police, who pronounced it to be the likeness of Raffles, a notorious criminal, who was known to be in the neighbourhood. The felon was subsequently captured and the silver plate returned to George's mother.

HUGH KENNER, IC Acad.



The Pirates

FIRST PRIZE

Sailing the ships of old
Was a reckless and daring band,
Combing the seas for gold
In their ships from every land.

They sailed the seas by night
On the moonlit waters of blue,
Then vanished with the light
For shelter in caves they knew.

Night after night they roamed
For the sight of that precious dust,
Day after day they dreamed
Of the gold for which they lust.

That night they spied a ship
Sailing the stormy sea,
It was an English ship,
Which was called the Manushea.

They boarded the luckless ship
And fought till they entered the hold
But no one left the ship
Till their chests were filled with gold.

They left the Manushea
And sailed for distant caves,
But in the stormy sea
They perished in unknown graves.

HUGH McFARLANE, IB Ind. Arts

Stardust

SECOND PRIZE

The hills are just as purple,
The pastures just as green,
There are still as many colours,
On the sunset's silver screen.

But there is something missing;
Life isn't just as gay,
Since my pride and joy, a filly named
Stardust, is gone away.

There leans her polished saddle,
Close up against the wall;
It doesn't seem to shine so bright,
Since Stardust had her fall.

And there yon clinking bridle,
That fitted her shapely head:
I'll never use it, never again,
Now that Stardust is dead.

I guess when you have ridden a horse,
For years, most every day,
She sort of becomes a part of you,
And when she goes away,

Things can't be quite the same; and
yet,
Though skies aren't quite so blue,
Stardust is going down God's Trail,
To pastures green and new.

GEORGE EASTON, I B J Com.

My Dog

THIRD PRIZE, JUNIOR MIDDLE SCHOOL

There's a pal who comes to meet me,
When I come home each night,
With a joyful bark he greets me,
He's a friendly little tike.

He cannot boast of pedigree,
Or blue blood in his line;
He's nothing much to look at,
But to me he's very fine.

When I put on my hat and coat,
He's standing at the door,
He thinks we'll go together
To the corner grocery store.

And if I have a parcel
He can carry home for me,
He's the proudest little fellow
You would ever wish to see.

Get a little mongrel puppy,
Treat him as you would a friend;
And he'll give you steadfast friendship
Love and Faithfulness, no end.

GEO. SPICER, III A Academic



Travel

*I know a place where the sun's like gold
And the cherry blossoms burst forth like snow
And down underneath is the loveliest nook
Where the four-leafed clovers grow.*

— E. HIGGINSON

Canterbury

SECOND PRIZE

THERE is no spot which I visited in England a few years ago which impressed me quite so much as that ancient city of Canterbury.

The beautiful Norman-built cathedral is particularly interesting — but let me begin at the entrance to the city where the "Westgate Towers" built in the thirteenth century are still the gateway to the city. In these towers are relics of by-gone days, such as the ducking stool for scandal mongers and a jaw clamp for local gossips — which still might be effectively used. Though now only a museum, it still holds something of those days when men were beheaded for such small offences. Its large spikes, which are now only decorations, once held the heads of those who were executed.

When one passes through the narrow, old-fashioned streets on his way to the Cathedral, he is amused at the mixture of ancient and modern, short, narrow streets where stores and houses built in the thirteenth century stand next to the very modern ones built recently. One would be startled to notice a bank messenger dressed in the uniform of 500 years ago step from the latest model in buses, or town criers with large three-cornered hats. By this time we had come to the narrowest street in the city, where neighbours can touch hands by leaning from the upper windows, and where at the end is the beautiful Norman-built Cathedral so well preserved in spite of its age.

Directly inside the nave is the tomb of the Black Prince, and above it his black coat of mail. Just beyond this is the little room where Thomas Becket was murdered. Rays of light shine through a stained glass window to his memory and dance on the floor where a brass plate with a black cross marks

the place where he fell. The guide's voice droned on but we were more interested in looking than listening, except when the choir began to sing, and then we had to listen to the clear voices of about 50 young men and boys coming from the main Anglican part of the Cathedral, for it has a number of little churches within its walls to suit all religions.

The Cathedral is in the centre of what seems like a little village for all the Bishops, Canons and ministers connected with it live around it. The Archbishop of Canterbury lives here in his palace which stands next to a boys' school built by Henry VIII.

Extending from the opposite side of the Cathedral is another building shaped like a castle, which is St. Augustine's Abbey, built by St. Augustine for the training of young priests when Christianity was first taught by him. It is still used for the same purpose. The inside has been modernized, so it is not so interesting, but the outer walls are the same with quaint turrets all around which make an ideal nesting place for large black rooks.

The little place of interest is the pretty little church of St. Martin's,

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The New Pacific Coast Highway

THIS summer I went from California to Vancouver on the new highway built along the Pacific coast.

As far as we could see to the right there were mountains and to the left the ocean. For miles there was nothing but the Rocky Mountain country and the steep wooded slopes of the foothills. In the mountains we went through a densely-forested redwood region for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles or more. The trees in this forest were the largest we had ever seen, many towering more than three hundred and fifty feet overhead. We saw one of the largest trees in the

forest growing by the side of the highway. It was four thousand years old, the circumference at the ground one hundred and one feet, the diameter thirty-three feet, and the height two hundred and fifty feet. The interior of this tree was burned out to make a store where we bought postcards and souvenirs.

Throughout this woodland it is always twilight and there rests an atmosphere of ancient calm. There are resorts in it, and by government intervention the forest is saved for all time for the enjoyment of the public. Along this highway we saw some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. We caught a glimpse of the Eel River through the Grant Redwoods. Silver

Lake is seen over the Snowy Ranges, lying far below the road amid pines and cliffs. We saw Mount Rainier, one of the most beautiful snow-covered mountains in United States. At the foot of the mountain nestled a small farming village.

We stopped at a place called Agate Beach and gathered agate stones, some of which are very valuable. As we got near Vancouver we saw oyster beds in the bays, and resorts where oyster dinners were served.

This paved highway, built through the mountains in places where a pathway seems almost an impossibility, is a wonderful engineering triumph.

JEAN CLARKSON, VB Acad.

Old Erin

FIRST PRIZE, UPPER SCHOOL

THERE is a land where the shamrock grows" — and a hardy blue-eyed race has filled this land for centuries. Heather-covered hills, a rugged Antrim coast, red-roofed towns with a peat smoke haze floating above, and the salty tang of sea air — all these seem peculiar to Ireland alone. Those who know them, love them. The green-clad hills have lured many a would-be traveller there to remain in domicile.

The Irish people themselves seem to be the possessors of an individual and appealing charm and grace. Their careless good nature and utter impracticality is a source of annoyance to the more practical among us, but beloved by the majority. Poverty-stricken folk living on cold wind-swept moors appear contented with their lot. Irish wit and humour, to me, is the best in the world. What other people display that genius of quick repartee, that ever-present sense of humour which carries them through misfortunes? Quick humour goes hand in hand with a temper, which, like our winter temperature, rises seldom and drops quickly.

The feeling existing between factions in the north and south is an ever-present source of bitterness. Now and

then a flare occurs and some Northerners or Southerners, as the case may be, cross the border to remove the object of their annoyance. As an instance of this, when the new Craigavon bridge in Londonderry was to be opened officially by the Lord Mayor of London, flags and streamers waved gaily all over the city. At night a party of Southerners removed these flags to the great indignation of the populace, who turned out *en masse* and patrolled the streets till dawn to prevent further outrages.

Class distinction is clearly marked in a way difficult to imagine in such a democratic dominion as Canada. The lower classes, even if their wealth be greater than that of the upper classes, revere them nevertheless.

Ireland is a country where a happy-go-lucky temperament predominates everywhere. Conventionalism with regard to one's attire is thrown to the winds. Trains seldom run on schedule. Time means nothing and regular habits depend upon the individual.

With all its colourful customs and peculiarities, Ireland, beloved home land of millions of people, is deservedly named the "Emerald Isle."

ALICIA LANGLEY, 5-A Acad.

Schools of Bolivia

THERE are three types of schools: one for Indian children, one for Cholo or middle class children, and the other for the upper class. There are also a few mission schools where all castes are admitted, and two or three private schools.

In the Indian schools the children have a slate and perhaps a reader. They generally sit on the ground or on planks which are placed on stumps or boxes. The school room is generally a mud hut about 10 feet by 12 feet, with one small door and no windows. In this room there are anywhere from twenty to thirty children crowded in. In the lower and warmer climates they have their schools out of doors under the trees. They are taught to read and write and also some arithmetic. They are very clever in modelling objects from clay. These schools are all in the country.

The Cholo schools are in the city. The schoolrooms are a little larger and they have one or two windows. The floors are wood and so are the benches. The children have more books to study from and they learn more subjects.

The upper-class schools are the same as the Cholo, the only difference being that they are separate from the others. Recently they have been joining them together (that is the Cholo and upper class) because the government is not able to pay so many teachers. As it is, the teachers are usually six months behind in their pay anyway.

The schools are not heated and during the two coldest weeks in June the children are given a holiday.

The Indian children are dressed in the distinctive dress of their tribe. From the time the children are three until they are ten they are sent into the fields to watch pigs, sheep, and cows. Then they are sent to school

until time for harvest or seeding and then they have to work in the fields.

The Cholo children are sent to school when they are five. They belong



to what is known as the working class. These children also wear a distinctive type of dress but very similar to that of the Indian.

The upper class dress in the the European style. Their children are educated to be government officials, doctors, or lawyers. They are taught that working as a cook or cobbler or tailor is degrading and only the Cholo or Indian is supposed to do this kind of work.

Does this make Peterborough appeal more to you?

MARY C. HADDOW, IIB Acad.

Around the Gaspé Peninsula

SECOND PRIZE, JUNIOR MIDDLE SCHOOL

THE Perron Boulevard or Gaspé Highway of which I write is considered by many experienced travellers to be the most beautiful in the world.

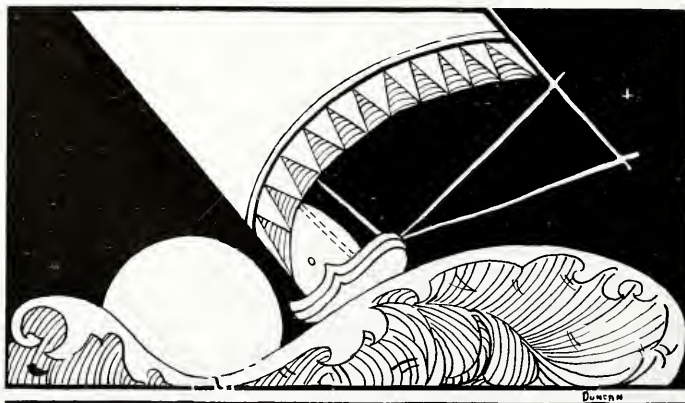
The great scenic drive does not begin until one reaches the quaint little French-Canadian town of Rivière du Loup, one hundred and twenty miles below the most picturesque city in North America, Quebec. This town is steeped in the historic traditions of the French-Canadian people. Its narrow streets wind up steep hills from the water front. Its quaint seigneurial-styled houses, and its tall church spires all bespeak to the traveller the charm of a people deeply imbued with the love of antiquity, and romance of bygone days. From this delightful town one drives east toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Gradually the hills on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence grow fainter until all that can be discerned is a dark irregular horizon. Soon the skyline melts away into a vast expanse of blue ocean. We notice with interested curiosity the fishing equipment arranged along the sea-shore ready for use, and also the crude fishing skiffs. The quaint villages impress one with the peculiar

fact that here are a happy home-loving people who have not adopted any mode of life different from that of their Norman forefathers who settled there three centuries before. In places there is a beautiful green coniferous forest to our right; to our left is the vast and mighty Gulf. All too soon we reach Metis where we stop for the night. It is a beautiful summer resort by the sea.

In the morning we leave on our eastward journey. Now we are on the Gaspé Coast proper. What beauty! What grandeur! To our right are great towering mountains covered with evergreens which give them the appearance of enormous moss-blanketed hills. To our right the breakers of the mighty ocean roll against the embankment, upon which the road is built, with such violence that our car is drenched by the salt spray. Soon we begin to climb. Up through the virgin timber and over and around the mountain winds this snake-like road, a modern marvel of engineering. We are two thousand three hundred feet above sea-level. The throbbing of the engine becomes hard on our ears. Away to

(Continued on page 114)





THE campaign for the election of officers to the Students' Council for the year 1936-37 was staged early in October. The two parties took the names "Jeeps" and "Goons."

The Goon party supported George Hall for President; Dorothy Moscrop for Vice-President; Olga Westbye for Secretary and Alexander Ellis for Treasurer. The opposing Jeep Party urged the election of Jack Cowling for President; for Vice-President, Jean Dorris; Secretary, Eileen Schoales, and for Treasurer, Tom McMillan.

Colourful posters, both comical and serious, adorned the halls and then each candidate addressed the student body to present the promises of his party. Came election day and the electorate voted one Goon and three Jeeps into office.

<i>President:</i>	George Hall
<i>Vice-President:</i>	Jean Dorris
<i>Secretary:</i>	Eileen Schoales
<i>Treasurer:</i>	Tom McMillan

The Executive, with the assistance of Mr. Richardson, entered upon the various activities of the Council, namely, Commencement, Literary Meetings, At Home, and the fulfillment of election promises.

It was decided to have four Literary Meetings during the year, which would be completed before the presentation of the Operetta.

On Wednesday, November 18, the first meeting of the Literary Society was presented by forms VA, VB and

IVA Academic, under the supervision of Miss Brisbin, Mr. C. S. Browne, and Mr. Zavitz. The meeting was of a musical nature and opened with a medley of songs given by the entire cast. Jim Morrow very ably filled the position of Master of Ceremonies. Instrumental and vocal selections were rendered by Olga Westbye, Alan Brown, and other members of the cast, including Merrill Smith, who accompanied the orchestra and many of the soloists. The second part of the programme consisted of a skit acted by Allan Park and Eric West. The whole performance was a very creditable one.

The Academic Third Forms and IVB were responsible for a varied and interesting programme, presented on Monday, November 20. Sam Rogow was official announcer. The first number was a violin duet by Bill Moorehead and John McMillan. Bob McKinley greatly amused his audience with his skilful imitations. A chorus of fourteen voices, eight girls and six boys, under the direction of Miss McGregor and accompanied by Joan Ottewell, delighted their audience with three songs: "As I Went Down to Dover," "Vive l'Amour," and "Neapolitan Nights." Following this a tap dance was given by Misses Hope and Clarkson of IIIB. The meeting concluded with a play, "Brothers in Arms."

The first meeting of the New Year, presented on Friday, January 22nd, proved a decided success. The forms taking part were Special Commercial, Commercial III, Commercial II and



STUDENTS' COUNCIL AND FORM REPRESENTATIVES

BACK ROW: D. Diplock, B. King, A. Cummings, G. Charlton, L. Campbell, A. Scott, J. Davidson, K. Gates, P. Demos
 THIRD ROW: M. McAdams, E. Dundas, E. Reid, E. Armstrong, J. Coleman, M. Westbye, E. Phillips, J. Platt, B. English, S. Boorman, J. Moore,
 M. Wainwright, F. Latimer
 SECOND ROW: D. Ross, J. Morrow, J. Flett, Mr. W. Brown, T. McMillan, J. Dorris, G. Hall, E. Schoales, Mr. Richardson, E. Borland, I. Ray, G. Johnston
 FRONT ROW: A. Ellis, A. Lacey, J. Rochetta, H. Keuner, G. Easton, A. King

IIA Academic. The programme opened with a piano solo by Carlyle Jaquith, then Commercial II presented a pretty dance. A piano duet was played by Mildred McIntyre and Lenore Skitch. The Special Commercial Form contributed its share with the presentation of a musical burlesque, "The Merchant of Venice." The score was played by Norma Hughes.

The last meeting of the year, Friday, January 29, was sponsored by forms III Industrial Arts, III and II Household Arts, and Academic IIC and IIB, and IIB, and was one of the most interesting of the year. IIB and IIC Academic presented the play *Pyramus and Thisbe* from "Midsummer Night's Dream." A fashion revue was given by Household Arts II. The dresses, which were described by Muriel MacKeage, represented all styles from the modern to the archaic. Gwen Bond, of IIC Academic, did her part for the programme by singing hill-billy songs,

and accompanying herself on the ukelele. The musical part of the programme continued with a solo, "Smilin' Through," by Jim Hawthorne, in fine soprano voice. Jack Thompson, announced as "a one-man band," executed a difficult number with a mouth organ and an auto-harp. Tom McMillan, secretary of the Students' Council, in an address on driving, pointed out several neglected rules of Safety.

An interesting demonstration was given of blue-print developing detailed by Alexander Ellis. The uses of the electric eye were shown by Bob Whiteside, Don Perks and Gordon Benson. Not the least interesting was a wood-working demonstration by Joe Cook and Bruce Clark of Industrial Arts and an illustrated explanation of the modern automobile engine. Concluding the programme was an instructive lighting demonstration given by Lionel Campbell and Robert Dean.

Commencement

ON THE afternoon of December fourth the annual Commencement Exercises of the school took place in the auditorium with Dr. Moir acting as chairman.

The school orchestra, under Mr. Weams' direction, added much to the enjoyment of the programme. The newly-formed Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs made their first appearance on this programme and were very well received.

After a short address by the chairman, the diplomas were presented to the several graduating classes by members of the staff. Mr. F. D. Kerr's address to the graduates was humorous as well as inspiring. In it he included an eloquent appreciation of Dr. Kenner.

Mr. Duncan Walker presented the Nicholls Scholarships, and the appearance of Mr. F. J. A. Morris (still "Bobby" to us students) to present the W. G. Morrow Scholarships, was

an opportunity for us to show how much we welcomed him back.

The Wander Co. trophies for athletics were presented by Mr. Charles Shaw to Peggy Lawless and Jack Paterson, senior field-day champions.

An excellent Valedictory Address was delivered by Ferguson Barr, now of University College, Toronto.

After the Writing Prize was presented to Carlyle Jaquith, Dr. Kenner disclosed to an expectant audience the names of the *Principes Alumna* and *Principes Alumnus*. The former honour was bestowed upon Margaret Lundy who received Mrs. Downey's prize, and Edward Cragg, *Principes Alumnus*, received Dr. Kenner's special prize.

Harold Rogers and Peter Demos were then presented with the Upper School and Middle School French Prose prizes by Miss Margaret White.

The programme, which had also included a piano solo by Merrill Smith, was concluded with the singing of the National Anthem.

Immediately following this, afternoon tea was served in the gymnasium to the guests, the members of the graduating classes assisting.

In the evening a dance was held in the school gymnasium, bringing one more very successful Commencement to an end.
H. T.

Valedictory

MR. CHAIRMAN, guests, members of the Board, Dr. Kenner and staff, and pupils of P. C. V. S.:

Commencement, the annual event in the course of Collegiate education, is upon us once more. Another class has passed on and left the torch to be held aloft by the incoming class.

Commencement — when we say the word does it have any special significance for us, or do we think about it at all? Some may think the name "Commencement" inappropriate since it does not actually take place at the beginning of the school year. But they have not gone deep enough. It is a commencement for us — the graduating class — a commencement of a life in which we are dependent upon ourselves. No longer have we helping teachers at our sides to guide us through the toils and tribulations of our young lives.

On leaving P. C. V. S. we enter upon an entirely different phase of life. Some may go into business and others may continue their pursuit of education, but in both cases there is a break to all previous life, and the beginning of a new one. But like young birds learning to fly we must have preparation before we take our flight and P. C. V. S. prepares us thoroughly for our start.

A tree begins its life under humble auspices. It is like all the rest — a young plant that is weak and needs protection. It grows rapidly and expands and soon reaches shrub-height. Hitherto all have been pretty much alike. Now the young tree enters upon a new phase of its existence. It now puts forth effort with the others to reach the height at which it will receive more sun. Each tree feels this new urge but each with different results. For some reason or other,

some never rise above their shrub-height existence.

On entering this new stage the tree is only a sapling, young and pliant. As it grows in this period it digs its roots in deeper, its base becomes larger. It broadens out in its trunk. It branches out above into new directions and finally reaches its objective only after undergoing this period of expansion. Now it is able to withstand the storms that come from every direction. It may bow beneath them but it always straightens up, triumphant in the end.

So we, on entering Collegiate, enter upon the moulding period of our life. When we come in we are young and pliable too. We receive in this institution instruction to widen our outlook and likewise material to strengthen our characters. During our stay here we have dug our roots in deeper so as to be well-rooted when necessary. We have strengthened our foundations by absorbing and putting to good use the information we have received. We have grown taller and broader; we have put our branches out into new and varied fields and all the while our aim has been to get to the top. We too, are now able to withstand the storms of life. We too, may bow but not break beneath the tempest. But all is not as happy as this picture paints.

The young tree may be in such a hurry to attain full growth that it forgets to root itself firmly. It puts all its strength and nourishment into growing higher. As a result its roots are shallow, its base narrow and its trunk slender. It will not be long before it is blown down.

So we are inclined when we enter this institution to neglect to build from the ground up. If it were not for our

ever-patient teachers we would grow out of proportion and proper weight to make a good start. And here I should like to offer a few words of exhortation to those who remain.

You have seen right from the first year you were here the opportunities which are yours. A secondary school education is not meant to be a narrow education. To those who have taken advantage of these opportunities, may I offer my congratulations. To those who have not, I have a few more words to say. You have all heard, no doubt, this quotation from Shakespeare. It is very apt and I shall quote it here:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

You have a commodious and up-to-date building, an able and efficient staff, headed by a principal of merit in Dr. Kenner, and a variety of school activities with which to develop your capacities. Take advantage of these provisions for your advancement. It is to your gain to do so.

P. C. V. S. is a school that is "Tops" in every way. It is only when one gets away and can compare it with other schools that one realizes what a fine

school we have here. No other school has such wonderful openings by which the student may profit. And in the past its record has always been brilliant.

P. C. V. S. is noted for its Rugby teams and on the morrow a team of our fellows will be out on the field playing the game for the game's sake and for the school's sake. Our Student Councils have always been energetic and progressive, and this year's Council under capable leadership is more than maintaining its past record. Our *Echoes*, our Orchestra, in fact every school organization deserves a word of praise

And what about school spirit? Well, it is my own personal experience that our school spirit never dies even though we are graduates. When our school gets behind its school functions, as it has in the past, I do not think we need to worry about a lack of spirit.

But what of the future? To quote an eminent Toronto clergyman: "We may take our hats off to the past, but we must take our coats off to the future." To you who remain is the duty of maintaining the high reputation already established. Do not fail us who have just gone on. We did our best and we hope that you will continue and do your best. "Take off your coats."



In Old Vienna

FOLLOWING the success of last year's operetta it was decided that such would be our annual form of school entertainment. The musical comedy, "In Old Vienna," chosen for this year's presentation, was colourful and gay and the music most intriguing. The argument concerns an American millionaire pickle manufacturer who, with his daughter June, arrives in Vienna at carnival time. To his consternation he finds Jones, his advertising expert, advertising Pennington's Peter Piper Pickles too well. An old acquaintance, Lady Vivian, a wealthy English woman, also arrives on her annual search for her daughter who was lost near Vienna at carnival time when a baby. Kinski, the pompous police chief, plots to substitute the lost child of Lady Vivian and marry her for her fortune.

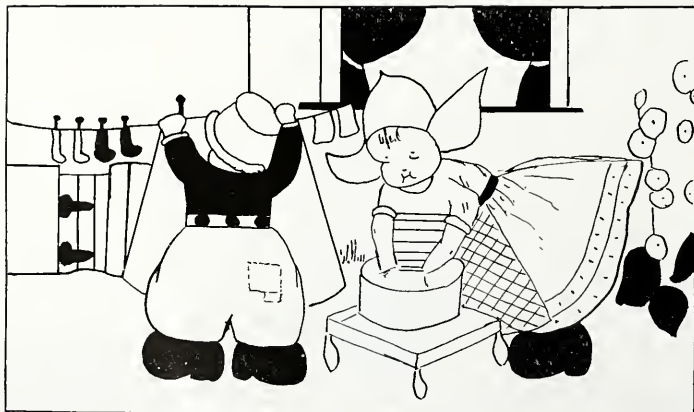
A band of Gypsies visits the carnival, led by Jigo the chieftain, and his supposed daughter Ilona. Events lead all to the Gypsy camp where a magic pool reveals the face of Lady Vivian's daughter. Arthur Crefont, a poor artist, wins recognition of his art and

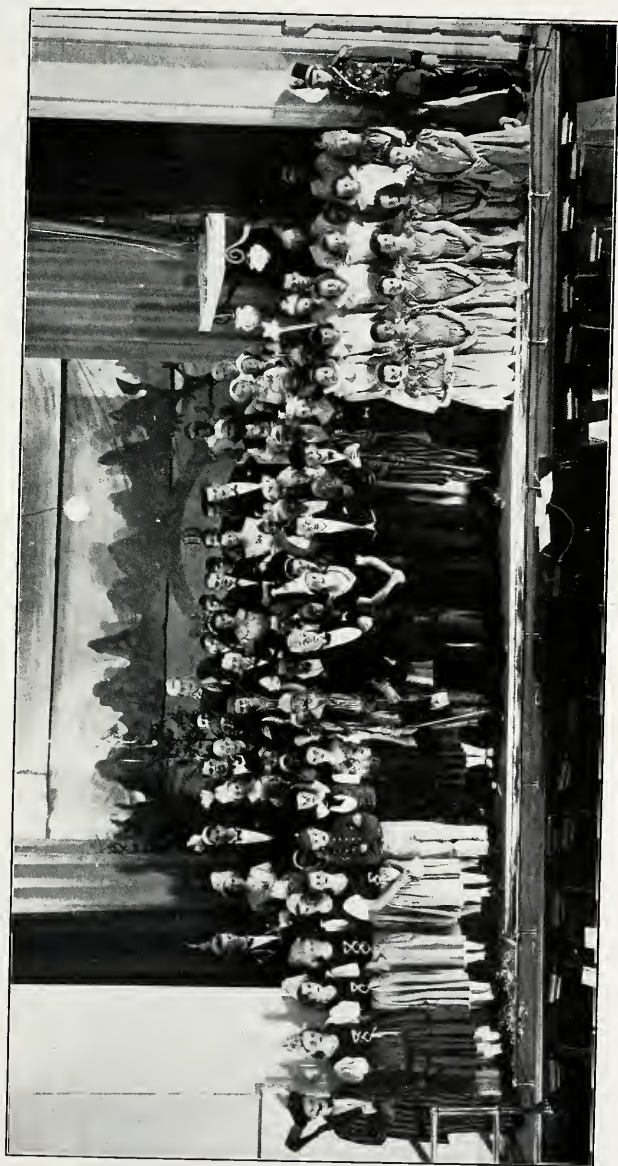
also the hand of June Pennington. Lady Vivian consents to become Mrs. Pennington; Kinski's plot is exposed; Ilona is restored to her mother and Jones is rewarded with success in his campaign for the hand of Ilona.

Rehearsals for the choruses and principals were under the able direction of Mr. Chenhall and Miss Hicks. The operetta was presented in the school auditorium on March 4 and 5 and was a decided success at both performances.

The members of the cast, who were almost entirely chosen from the ranks of the newly-formed Glee Club, were as follows:

<i>Hans</i>	John Hooper
<i>Louisa</i>	Orma Ristow
<i>Captain Kinski</i>	Bill Wheeler
<i>Bumski</i>	Fred Hooper
<i>Rumski</i>	Horace Steer
<i>J. Jennison Jones</i>	George Hall
<i>Jigo</i>	Bill Moorehead
<i>Ilona</i>	Olga Westbye
<i>Arthur Crefont</i>	Griffin Young
<i>June Pennington</i>	Orma Lacheur
<i>Jonas H. Pennington</i>	Tom Hooper
<i>Lady Vivian Delancy</i>	Alicia Langley





THE OPERETTA CAST



THE ORCHESTRA

BACK ROW: R. Hiscox, R. Ferguson, E. Gibson, R. Graham, A. Brown, D. Moore, D. Seymour, J. Parr, Mr. Weaues
 FRONT ROW: H. Davidson, R. Huggins, D. Cunningham, E. Borland, M. Smith, A. Macleod, B. Staples, J. Prophet, J. Lillico

Orchestra

IN PREVIOUS years, members have graduated from our ranks and others have sufficiently taken their places. This year, however, we seem to be especially lacking wind instrumentalists. If any of our readers are interested in the study of music won't you please consider the wind instrument. We are asking your aid not only for our benefit but for your own.

But please don't think we have no players in that section for we have! A trombone player has this year swelled our ranks and we have two cornetists.

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks and appreciation to Mr. Weames, our conductor, and to the Executive of the Students' Council. Mr. Weames, with the support of the Council, has obtained new music, including "Marguerite" from *Faust*, "Nights of Gladness" and "Caprice Viennois."

The orchestra has assisted at the following functions: Armistice, Commencement, Literary Meetings.

The personnel of the orchestra is as follows:

First Violin

Russ Huggins Edna Borland Jim Lillico Alan Brown

Second Violin

Jewitt Parr Doug. Moore Duncan Seymour Dorothy Cunningham
Jean Prophet Barbara Staples Anna MacLeod

Cornet

Earl Gibson Bob Ferguson

Clarinet

Bob Graham

Trombone

Roy Hiscox

Drums

Hugh Davidson

CONDUCTOR

A. J. WEAMES, B.Sc.

E. BORLAND.



Social

ONE of the most important phases of school life at the P. C. V. S. is that of the school dances, rugby banquets and basketball lunches. Even more important than these are the Annual At Home and the Commencement dance.

A great deal of credit is due to the social committee under the capable chairmanship of Mr. L. J. Pettit. Other members of this committee are Miss Mary O'Connell, Miss Helen McGregor, Mr. H. L. Collingwood, Isabel Wray, Lenore Lewis, Gordon Johnston and Jim Morrow.

RUGBY BANQUETS

The rugby teams this year merited the fine Banquets served to them after each home game. The girls offered their services as waitresses and could be seen almost any Saturday morning in the school gymnasium, busy decorating tables and buttering bread. This year the boys of the teams supplied the more staple food such as cabbages and pies, and certainly did justice to them. After the banquets the melodious strains of "Lost" started the rugby fans on a gay evening of dancing to Bill Wheeler and his orchestra.

COMMENCEMENT DANCE

After the commencement exercises a dance, which was open to the graduating classes and students of third, fourth and fifth forms, was held in the school gymnasium. Music supplied by George Broadley and his trio provided an excellent background for the fun of the evening.

THE AT HOME

Glowing with colour and soft lights our gymnasium was filled to capacity on Wednesday evening, December twenty-ninth, for one of the largest dances in the history of this centre of learning. Over five hundred people attended. It was one of the gayest and prettiest events in the Yuletide calendar with every detail arranged to perfection by the Students' Council, under whose auspices the dance was held.

May we extend our appreciation to the following who served as patrons and patronesses: Dr. and Mrs. H. R. H. Kenner, Dr. and Mrs. A. Moir, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Pettit, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Johnston, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Richardson.

The decorative scheme, which was elaborate and striking, was carried out in school colours of garnet and grey, with silver and black highlights. The committee, under the leadership of Miss M. Montgomery, did very excellent work in this capacity.

The supper was served at midnight, catered for by Messrs. Hooper and Sons.

Mose Yokom and his ten-piece orchestra supplied the music for dancing and all too soon the most successful dance of our school year was brought to a close.

THE BASKETBALL DANCES

So far this year our basketball teams have been very successful and so were able to enjoy the lunches served after each home game. The brief dances were clearly very popular with both the rival teams and their supporters.

The Social Committee would like to express their sincere appreciation to the B. A. A. and G. A. A. executives for their services in connection with these affairs. There were four in all.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL ENTERTAINS OPERETTA CAST

On Friday evening, March 5, after the presentation of the operetta *In Old Vienna*, the members of the cast, the orchestras, stage hands, ticket-sellers and all who had helped to make the operetta a success, were entertained in the school gym. by the Social Committee at the command of the Students' Council. About one hundred and fifty were present. Refreshments were served by the girls who had acted as ushers for the operetta. Music for dancing was supplied by members of the orchestra, tunes from the score being heard again and again. Many of the dancers were still in costume. Altogether it was a very merry and successful evening.

LENORE LEWIS



A VALENTINE FOR YOU

M. Perce



Flashes From The Dark Room

"What is an amateur photographer?"

"An amateur photographer is one who takes the worst view of everything."

This pessimistic outlook is exactly what the Camera Club is striving to overcome, and in the light of that statement our object is to have a club of optimists — those individuals who look on the bright side of life and with a clear view.

The executive of this year's club is as follows:

Honorary President	Mr. V. R. Henry
President	Bill Donaldson
Vice-President	Jean Flett
Secretary	Margaret Parker
Treasurer	Jack Craig

and an advisory committee of five members: Evelyn Lawless, Fred and Tom Hooper, Bill Henry, and Barrie Jack.

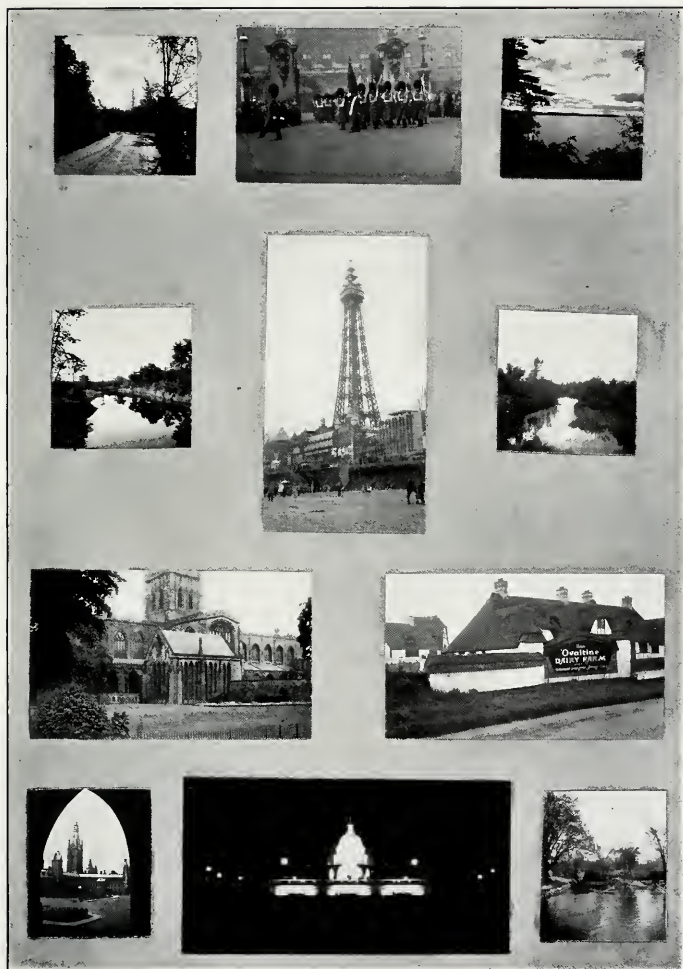
This year at the initial meeting so many members turned out to learn the do's and don'ts of photography that one of the first steps taken by the newly-elected officers was that of equipping a second dark room. Since even with this second dark room accommodation was still taxed, a system was adopted whereby members having study periods might use two of these per week in the dark room. We are very grateful to Dr. Kenner for granting us this privilege.

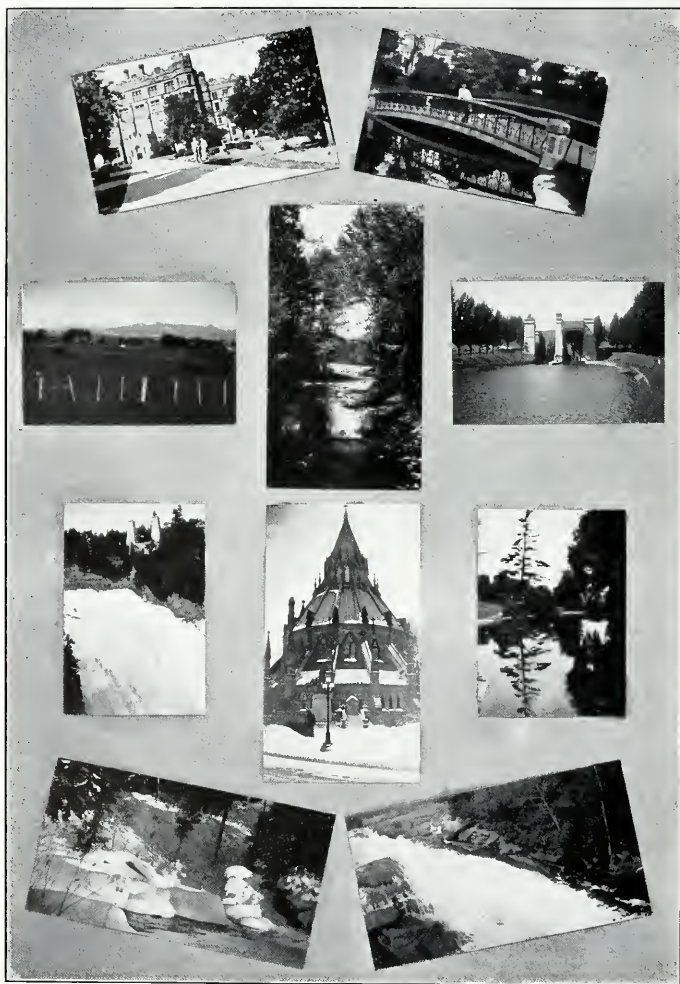
Most of the students know the purpose of the club, but to those who do not may I explain? We hold fortnightly meetings at which we learn first the rudiments such as developing and printing our own rolls. Then, as the season advances, topics such as enlarging, taking of silhouettes, indoor photography, etc., are dealt with.

This year a first attempt was made by some of the Senior Members of the club to produce their own personal Christmas cards. As in previous years, the Students' Council granted the Camera Club permission to select and distribute the school Christmas cards. Two cards were selected by the executive, and these were posted on the bulletin board in the main hall, with injunctions to the senior forms to make their selection by vote.

We were quite unfortunate this year in losing our president, Bill Donaldson, through illness. We sincerely hope that Bill will be back to lead the club to greater achievements next year. In the meantime, Jean Flett, the vice-president, at the unanimous request of the club members, has very ably assumed the duties attached to the presidency.

MARGARET PARKER







AS IN former years a large number of last year's graduates of P. C. V. S. have obtained positions with various firms of this and other cities. Some are continuing on the path of knowledge in Universities and Business College.

ACADEMIC SCHOOL

Of the Academic graduates *Toronto University* has claimed: Ferguson Barr, Douglas MacPherson, Marion Harvey, Whipple Kelly, Beverly Rogers, Helen Steer, Gladys Watson.

Those attending *Queen's University* are: Lorene Piper, Jean Scott, and Clarence Stabler.

Gordon Hunt, John Quirt, Clairemont Morgan and Alice Darling are at *Normal School*.

Jack Couper is working at the Quaker Oats Co., Llewellyn Griffith at the Canadian Sealright Co., and Harold Rogers at the Canadian General Electric. Earle Florence is working in New York and Don Richardson in the Canadian Department Store. Bill Scott is in the Royal Bank. Sherry Bond is continuing her studies at Branksome Hall, as are Dorothy Turner and Leone Comstock. Marguerite Lillico is in the office of the A. Wander Co. Marion Stacey is training for a nurse at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal. Don Shiner is at the C. G. E. Muriel Stenson and Phyllis Cruthers are attending Business College.

Lorne Janeway, Marg. Macdonald, Ruth Ellis and Norma Hughes are taking Special Commercial this year.

The following students are at home or working:

H. James, K. Irwin, G. Sedgewick, S. Smith, J. Sheehan, S. Patte, O. Braden, V. Braden, M. Edmison, I. Flannery, M. Renwick, J. Dewart, D. Routly, O. Boate.

Students who have left school since September are: Don Ross VA, Louise Spriggs IVA, both at Business College; Eric Edmonson VA, Katy Rogow IVA, Marguerite Woods IVA, Claude Freeman IIIB, all with Canadian General Electric; David Pearse VB, with the Quaker Oats Co.; Don Carr, IVB, with Dominion Bank; Jack Ferguson, IIIB, with Biggar and Crawford; Gerald McKinnon IIA, at De Laval; Alice Laing IIIC, Gertrude Lancashire IIIC, Hilda Mumby and Lavina Whetung IIID, Douglas Darling IIB, Helen Horick IIB, Ethel Cox and George Snider IIC.

III COMMERCIAL, 1936

From last year's III Commercial Class, we found that Clifford Cruikshank was employed at the Scarfe Paint Company, Walter Dyer at the Brinton

Peterborough Carpet Company, Douglas Grant at the Goodwin Machine Tool Co., Arthur Houghton at Campbell's Dairy Ltd., and at the Canadian General Electric Company there are Harold Mackey, Donald Menzies, Allan Parker and Gerald Rusaw.

Of the girls, the C. G. E. has claimed Irma Beatty, Marguerite Sullivan and Dorothy Waldie. Reta Butler is employed at the Law Office of J. F. Strickland, and Mabel Clarke is with the Ontario Department of Agriculture. Theresa Corbett is working at the Metropolitan Store. Lillian Hardy is at the Office of the Warne Bros. Store. Helena Gough is in the Law Office of Hon. G. N. Gordon. Jean King is at the Western Clock Co. and Jean Nichols is working at Soden's Book Store. Mary Sisson is in the employ of Zeller's Limited. Kathleen Thackeray is at Grant & Loucks and Eleanor Delehaye is in the Law Office of Jacob Low. Lorraine Vass is at the Colonial Weaving Co.

Edith Laws is attending a special class for Commercial Graduates. Joyce Wills is with relatives in Massachusetts.

SPECIAL COMMERCIAL, 1936

From Special Commercial, Ross Allen, Ross Pulkinghorn, Zita Kennedy, Margaret Preston, Katy Rogow and Norma Shaughnessy are at the C. G. E. At the De Laval Company we find George Huot, Mary Walker, and Barbara Dawson. Lloyd Lewis is teaching school in Haliburton. Grant Smedmor is at the Auburn Mills of the Dominion Woollens & Worsteds. Amy Bull is in the employ of Richard Hall Ltd., and June Best is in the office of R. Neill, Ltd.

Muriel Byers is in the office of G. Whittaker & Company and Betty Castle at the Canadian Johnson Motors. Jean Cowling is Dr. Kenner's secretary here at the P. C. V. S. Margaret Lytle is in the office of Nicholls Hospital. Dorothy Merrett is at the Western Clock Company. Vera Moore is in the office of the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby. Margaret Pitchford is in the employ of the Prudential Insurance Company and Della Smedmor with the London Life Insurance Company. Elva Roseborough is working in Woolworth's. Marion Whaley is in the employ of Zeller's Limited. Kathleen Foster is taking some subjects at school this year. Anna Edmondson is employed at the C. G. E. Patricia McGrath is not in Peterborough.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS GRADUATING CLASS, 1936

BOYD STINSON — Graduated in *Machine Shop and Draughting*, with Honours. Employed by Canadian General Electric Co. as an apprentice in Tool Room.

DOUGLAS ABRAHAM — (*Machine Shop and Draughting*), with Canadian General Electric Co. as apprentice in Switch Gear Dept.

JOHN BRADY — (*Machine Shop and Draughting*), with Canadian General Electric Co. as assembler in Fractional Motor Dept.

ERNEST CASTLE — (*Auto Mechanics*), with Canadian General Electric Co. as helper in Structural Steel.

HAROLD CHOATE — (*Auto Mechanics*). Harold won a Thirty Dollar Scholarship from General Motors Co., last spring. Auto Mechanic apprentice at Detcher's Garage.

MICHAEL CONROY — (*Machine Shop and Draughting*), with Canadian General Electric Co. as apprentice in the Tool Room.

LEONARD COPSON — (*Auto Mechanics*), at Phillips Dental Laboratory.

STANLEY DARLING — (*Machine Shop and Draughting*), with Canadian General Electric Co. in Meter Dept. as machine operator.

STEWART GARDINER — (*Auto Mechanics*), at Lillico Motors in the Stock Room.

BURRITT HARRISON — (*Machine Shop and Draughting*), with Canadian General Electric Co. as apprentice in Switch Gear Dept.

SHERMAN KELILE — (*Machine Shop and Draughting*), with Canadian General Electric Co. as apprentice in Tool Room.

- ALEXANDER LASENBY — (*Chemistry*), with Canadian General Electric Co. as apprentice in brass foundry.
 GEORGE MALONEY — (*Machine Shop and Draughting*), with Canadian General Electric Co., as apprentice in switch gear.
 ALFRED MATTUCCI — (*Machine Shop and Draughting*), with Canadian General Electric Co., Machine Operator in Fractional Motors.
 ARTHUR MILLARD — (*Machine Shop and Draughting*), with Canadian General Electric Co., in Laboratory.
 ALEXANDER THORNE — (*Chemistry*), with Dominion Woollens and Worstedes at Bonner-Worth Mill.
 EARL WOOD — (*Machine Shop and Draughting*), with Canadian General Electric Co. as assembler in Fractional Motor Dept.

HOUSEHOLD ARTS

Of the Household Arts graduating class of 1936, Jean Blewett, Elma Moffat, Edna Revoy and Dorothy Blade are taking special sewing classes. Alma Milburn is working at Woolworth's. Viola Sexsmith is employed at the Westclox. Audrey Doig is working at Lapp's. Violet Stanley is now at the C. G. E. Jean Matchett is attending the Peterborough Business College.

We have been fortunate in receiving a letter from the editor of last year's *Echoes*, Harold Rogers. The letter follows:

Dear Editor:

Please allow me to take this opportunity to express my appreciation for being asked, once again, to contribute to your celebrated annual publication, *The Echoes*. But honestly, friends, all big words and fancy phrases aside, it seems like old times to be able to greet you again from these pages.

Living right here in town, I find myself handicapped for material to put in this letter, since, without the risk of being called a liar, I cannot "string a line" like the more fortunate alumni who are now occupying the spotlight (?) in some of our larger cities.

I feel certain that any description of the humdrum routine of factory life would be, at best, boring to the up-and-coming, wide-awake collegiate student. Did I say factory life was humdrum? Well — hardly! When a fellow is busy he hasn't time to worry about a little thing like that. And then, just to relieve the monotony (if any), we find, after making a mistake, that our supervisors certainly do know how to give us — !. Oh yes! You know! You don't have to be a Kirma to read those signs. Also, in industry today, we realize that we are working toward a definite goal; we know that after years of diligent application, we may be able to sit in a cushioned swivel-chair too, our feet on the desk, smoking a ten-cent Perfecto, and telling our friends about the big muskie we almost caught out at Chemong last summer; or in the winter time we may engage in a heated argument about the outcome of the game this week between the Leafs and the Maroons. Other subjects are treated in a more casual way, but Mrs. Simpson, President Roosevelt, the Mississippi Valley Floods and the Dionne Quintuplets are given due consideration.

I fear that I have disclosed too many of the trade secrets, so I shall try to repair some of the damage by paying a tribute to our foremen; they are exceedingly long-suffering and indulgent toward us. However, if any supervisor reads this letter I fear that I'll "get my neck in a sling," and if worst comes to worst, please think of me kindly and remember that I died a martyr in the cause of the junior clerks. In the meantime, here's wishing the teaching staff, the students and *The Echoes* a happy and prosperous 1937.

Yours as ever,

HAROLD V. ROGERS.

We have also received a letter from Lorene Piper, a graduate of P. C. I., who is now attending Queen's University:

Queen's University,
Kingston, Ontario.

Dear *Echoes*:

Or "Dear Students," which is a more amiable beginning.

I first want to thank the editor for this opportunity to revive former memories and friendships with P. C. I. As a "dignified" college student, I look back on my high school days with much pleasure. Only after beginning our college studies do we realize the value of our high school education. Despite the "drudgery" of homework and the "wretched" examination (so students say), the program of study gives you a general knowledge. The athletic and social activities of P. C. I. develop personality and character. The spirit of loyalty felt by post-graduates is great evidence of the school spirit existing in your institution.

One of our great desires is to attend a university. The general broadening, the opportunity of meeting young people from all parts of the Dominion, the formation of life-long friendships are some of the most valuable acquisitions of college education. The medium for attaining this to its full is residence life. This environment offers pleasant social contacts, teaching you to live congenially with others — young people whose minds are developing can meet on a common basis to discuss some of the problems confronting us today. You begin to develop individualism and power of independent thought. Most illuminating are the views and opinions on Europe today, given by the exchange students from Germany and France.

Open to every student are the facilities for diversified sport and enjoyment of inter-collegiate games.

The college clubs are especially interesting because of their cultural development. There are the English Club, French and German Clubs, Biology Club, the Dramatic Guild and Camera Club, the League of Social Reconstruction which is a society devoted to the study and improvement of our social conditions, and the student Christian Movement for the study of religion and its full realization in life. The bi-weekly school paper encourages those interested in journalism. You are surrounded by an atmosphere of learning, by eminent professors and great scholars. Advanced studies in your chosen subjects, mingled with a bit of philosophical thinking, constitute the academic side.

Such as these opportunities are, I believe that the old saying, "You get out of college only what you put into it," is true. You must participate in student activities in order to gain the real benefits derived from a college education.

The advantages of the university library, where current papers, magazines and thousands of volumes of the best books are obtained, give students every opportunity to become literary. We, as young people, are facing the troubled world of today where economic stress is causing unemployment, war, bloodshed and suffering. In the face of these problems we are trying to fit ourselves to earn a living. It is very important that we choose our vocation wisely and endeavour to help society intelligently, to further the cause of democracy and to help our less fortunate brothers.

In conclusion, I wish this year's graduating classes, who are choosing a career, the very best of success. I hope that those remaining will enjoy their years at P. C. I. as much as I did.

Yours sincerely,
LORENE PIPER.



Now comes the *piece de resistance* of our Alumni Section — a letter from an ex-student who was Princeps Alumnus in 1922, who joined the staff of P. C. I. in 1928, and who left us last year to accept a position with Lisgar Collegiate Institute, Ottawa — a letter from E. F. Legon:

404 Laurier Ave., East, Ottawa, Ont.
February 2, 1937.

Dear Editor:

It is a difficult task you have assigned me, and I would that I had the power to phrase my words in a way to interest your many readers.

Those who find pleasure in the handicraft of nature will readily admit that Peterborough and the lake district hold a charm that delights the pleasure seeker, and a restful quiet for those wearied by the toil of cities.

Ottawa, too, abounds in nature's gifts and, though it is a much larger city, the country-side is accessible in a very few minutes. Much of the city itself is as nature provided, and man's handiwork has but added to its beauty.

As I walk my way to school I cross a bridge over the Rideau Canal. There, to the north, is Parliament Hill, the Chateau, and beyond, where the canal lowers to the river level, is the valley of the Ottawa, and in the background, the Laurentian Hills. It is a sight that never wearies the eye, whether a rainy mist blows down from the hills or the sun glints on the metal roofs of the buildings and lends a deeper azure to the hills beyond. 'Tis to such a place we have come to work and live and we are naturally happy to have such realms to explore. So much about our new home. Do I think of P. C. I.? Yes, quite often. There are many incidents that creep back into my memory, too numerous to mention. I might indulge in the usual encomia, but I shun these. Everyone knows that P. C. I. is one of the best in the land. Its staff is surpassed only by the man who heads it, Dr. Kenner. Its teams have always been outstanding. Why should I eulogize?

A word to the pupils, perhaps? No! They will be castigated often and encouraged in turn by each and every one of their masters. Hard is the lot of the pupil, yet it is the best time of their lives. That statement will be received by all school children like the utterances of Cassandra by the Trojans; and alas! they will realize it only when the days are gone and but a memory.

And so, if once in a while you become reminiscent and we choose to enter your thoughts, remember that we cherish the days at P. C. I. Remember, too, that we still find, like Horace in his Sabine Farm, the sincerest pleasures in the simplicity and grandeur of nature. And our wants are amply supplied here.

You will excuse these rambling thoughts of mine. Do accept my thanks for the opportunity of being back in P. C. I. once more, in thought at least.

Yours sincerely,

E. F. LEGON.



EXCHANGES

MANY useful ideas for our own year book have been derived from our exchanges. They have been a constant source of both pleasure and information to the whole editorial staff.

Of those that appealed especially to us, we would mention the *Capreol Year Book* with an interesting foreign section and an attractive cover. *The Student* contains very good photographs. The sections on the British Empire in *The Vulcan* are of particular interest.

As Others See Us

"YOURS is one of the most interesting magazines that we have received. The smart cover design immediately catches the eye, and the illustrations, class write-ups, 'Purple Patches,' and abundant humour are excellent." — *The Annual*, Burnaby, B. C.

"A well organized and neatly arranged magazine. We especially liked your literary and photography sections." — *The Vulcan*, Central Technical School, Toronto.

"A two-star magazine. Your printing is too ornate." — *Norvok*, Northern Vocational School, Toronto.

"Your 'Purple Patches' held our attention all the way through. The photography page is excellent." — *Eastern Echo*, Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto.

"Your literary section is especially fine. The numerous drawings are quite good." — *The Crescent Bugle*, Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alta.

Our Exchange List

We are pleased to welcome four new magazines this year:

Tech Talk, Ottawa Technical School.

Year Book, Commissioners High School, Quebec City.

Year Book, Capreol High School.

Zephyr, Ridgetown High School.

The complete list follows:

Acta Collegi, Chatham Collegiate Institute.

The Alibi, Albert College, Belleville.

Annual, Burnaby South High School, Burnaby, British Columbia.

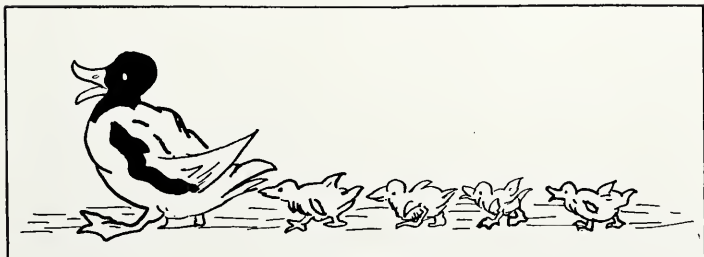
The Argosy, Central High School of Commerce, Hamilton.

The Argosy of Commerce, High School of Commerce, Ottawa.

Auditorium, Owen Sound Collegiate and Vocational School.

The Collegian, St. Thomas Collegiate Institute.

The Crescent Bugle, Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alberta.
The Delphian, Earl Haig Collegiate Institute, Willowdale.
Eastern Echo, Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto.
The Elevator, Belleville Collegiate Institute.
Hello, Brantford Collegiate Institute.
Hermes, Humberstone Collegiate Institute, Toronto.
Harbord Review, Harbord Collegiate Institute, Toronto.
The Howler, North Toronto Collegiate Institute.
Kelvin Year Book, Kelvin High School, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
The Lantern, Sir Adam Beck Collegiate Institute, London.
Lampadion, Delta Collegiate Institute, Hamilton.
The L. C. C. I. Review, Central Collegiate Institute, London.
Lux Glebana, Glebe Collegiate Institute, Ottawa.
The New Era, Collegiate Institute, Brandon, Manitoba.
Northland Echo, North Bay Collegiate Institute.
Norvok, Northern Vocational School, Toronto.
Oakwood Oracle, Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto.
The Oracle, Woodstock Collegiate Institute.
The Oracle, London South Collegiate Institute.
Parkdalian, Parkdale Collegiate Institute, Toronto.
The Peptimist, Mimico High School.
The Spotlight, Trenton High School.
The Student, Welland High School.
The Tatler, Lindsay Collegiate Institute.
The Tatler, Tillsonburg High School.
Tech Tatler, Danforth Technical School, Toronto.
The Times, Kingston Collegiate Institute.
The Torch, Napanee Collegiate and Vocational School.
The Torpedo, Central High School of Commerce, Toronto.
The Twig, University of Toronto Schools, Toronto.
Vox Lycei, Central Collegiate Institute, Hamilton.
Vox Lycei, Lisgar Collegiate Institute, Ottawa.
The Voyageur, Pickering College, Newmarket.
The Vulcan, Central Technical School, Toronto.
Westward Ho, Western Technical School, Toronto.
Wolf Howl, Sudbury High and Technical School.
Year Book, Commissioners High School, Quebec City, Quebec.
Year Book, Capreol High School.
Zephyr, Ridgetown High School.



Cadets

ON May 28, last year, the P. C. V. S.

Cadet Corps gave a splendid display of company and platoon drill before Captain De Le Panet, the inspecting officer. The ceremonial drill was smartly executed and then the individual platoons gave a display of platoon and sectional drill.

One of the highlights of the inspection was the excellent display by the school bugle-band led by Lieutenant Hugh Davidson. The band executed several difficult trick-marches flawlessly. The inspecting officer was well pleased with the display put on by the school guard and he stated that that was the first time he had inspected a guard in a secondary school inspection. The school first-aid corps gave a very efficient exhibition of bandaging and stretcher bearing. During the course of the inspection the signallers took a message from Captain De Le Panet and relayed it around several blocks back to the school.

After the inspection the company was formed into a hollow square and Captain De Le Panet made a short speech. He presented the I. O. D. E. shield to Number One Platoon for general efficiency. He also presented several medals and pins to members of the school shooting team who had won them during the course of the year.

Our cadet corps is indeed fortunate in having Captain H. A. Craig as instructor. It was largely due to his untiring efforts and personal zeal that the corps was able to put on such a splendid display.

Plans for this year's inspection are already being formed. The Officers' Training Corps is being trained by Sergt.-Major Frape of the Prince of Wales Rangers. As an added attraction for those who turn out for this course, machine-gun drill is taken up one night a week. The school rifle teams, under the capable tuition of Ralph Hagerman, are in the D. C. R. A. and R. M. C. competitions. These are not yet finished but we expect our school teams will give a very creditable showing. The Board of Education has seen fit to donate a hundred dollars towards the replacement of the uniforms. It is very likely, however, that this money will be used to dye the old uniforms navy blue.



J. McMILLAN



AS IT comes time to write another chapter in the history of athletics in P. C. V. S., we do so with a great deal of pride and a distinct realization that once again athletes from this school have distinguished themselves in competition with others of more than ordinary ability.

Since athletics have always held a prominent place in the life of this school it is only fitting that considerable attention be given to this department in our annual publication, *The Echoes*. But possibly one of the most difficult sections to be written is this very department; for it is by no means easy to give credit where credit is due and verbal punishment where it seems merited, without slighting someone or incurring the disfavor of another. Although all worked equally hard, success came to some in a greater degree than to others.

But such has always been the fate of those who aspired to fame in the field of athletics. In rugby, basket-

ball, hockey, and track and field events, we of P. C. V. S. have our champions as well as those ordinary athletes, who, if the truth were told, really go to make a successful team. Much of the credit for the success enjoyed by these various groups goes to those coaches who worked diligently to produce teams worthy to represent P. C. V. S. — to Mr. Bamforth, who coached the senior rugby and basketball teams; to Mr. Craig, whose interest in track and field events and in the junior basketball team ensured success in this direction. They have co-operated with the B. A. A. to such an extent that this year has been an outstanding success both financially and from the standpoint of athletic achievement.

Teams have set a standard this year which future representatives will find difficult to better. But we wish P. C. V. S. athletes continued and greater success during the coming year.

JIM MORROW

Field Day

Date— October 7, 1936

Scene— The Exhibition Grounds

Occasion—P. C. V. S. Field Day

PERFECT weather conditions, together with the keen interest shown by the large number of students who were present, made this Field Day one of the most successful we have ever had.

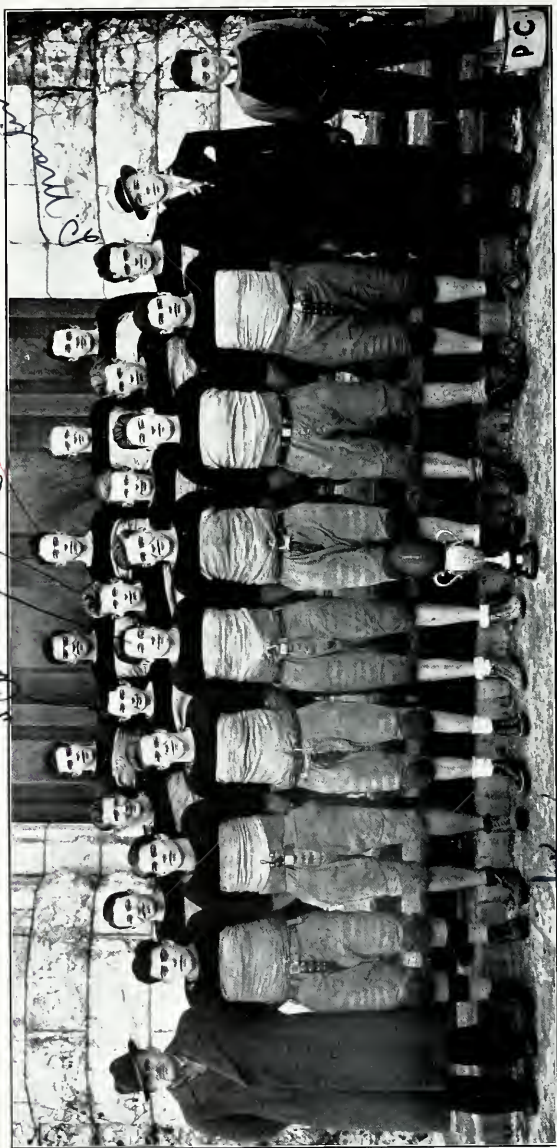
Jack Patterson won the Senior Championship with first in the 440, high jump, the shot, the javelin throw and the open half-mile, to garner 25

points. Jack Ferguson was runner-up with 14 points.

Jack Jopling led the Intermediates with 23 points, Rex Forsythe being second with 15.

In the Junior section, Donald Duncan earned 16 points, and A. Mason was runner-up with 9.

D. Quirt was Juvenile Champion with a total of 19 and Frank Gishman was second with 12 points.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM, PROVINCIAL FINALISTS

BACK ROW: G. Clark, S. Csumrik, F. Patterson, E. Ward, B. King

SECOND ROW: A. Leether, W. Grady, C. Perks, D. Sedgewick, J. Gemmel, W. Farr, L. Martin

FRONT ROW: Mr. Bamforth, M. Giardino, D. Duncan, A. Clark, D. Hendren, H. Kelly, J. Hall, G. Gansolus, J. Patterson, R. Rogow

Senior Rugby

PARDON us for boasting about our rugby record this year, but it can't be helped. When a team wins its group, the playoffs in its league, and advances to the Ontario finals, there is room for some self-praise. And this is just what the senior team did this year.

Since there was no junior team in the school, all efforts were concentrated on the senior aggregation; and under the watchful eyes of Coach Bamforth, as well as with the advice of a group of bench warmers who don't know the difference between a rugby ball and an Eskimo pogostick, the results were astounding.

Grouped with Oshawa and Bowmanville, the team experienced no difficulty in working to the top of the heap, defeating both teams by large scores. Oshawa was beaten in two league games by a total score of 35 to 8 while Bowmanville was likewise beaten to the tune of 36 to 7. After winning this group the team proceeded to Belleville where they won two games by a total score of 42 to 8 to win the playoffs of the Lakeshore League and the Dr. Neal Trophy. Next Barrie was played in Toronto for the right to go into the Ontario finals and P. C. V. S. came out with the long end of a score of 11 to 1. Incidentally this game showed some terrible refereeing on the part of two Toronto men who seemed more at home on a ping-pong table than a gridiron.

Now came the crucial test. P. C. V. S. met St. Mikes here in Peterborough in the finals for the Ontario championship, and while they didn't win they played a great game against a team with facilities for training which we cannot hope to have. Couple this with a few bad breaks (it sounds like an alibi but it isn't) and you have the reason why an Ontario championship doesn't belong to P. C. V. S. At that the score was only 7 to 2 for St. Mikes.

So much for the season's play. A little research work has brought to

light the fact that in league games, exhibition games and playoffs, P. C. V. S. scored 240 points and had only 45 points scored against them. This shows that a good offensive team is no dummy when it comes to playing on the defensive. We have also found that, of this year's team, many will be here next year to really go and get that provincial title.

To name those on the team who were outstanding would be unfair and more than likely untrue. Kelly stood out because of his height, Gunsolus because of his width, Gemmell because of his lack of width and Grant Clark because of his lack of height. Al Clark, Hendren, Duncan, Hall, Perks, Luther, Patterson, Turner, Ward, King, Grady, Sedgewick and Czumrik were all ready when needed and all worked equally hard to make the season's play a success.

In passing out bouquets here and there we can't forget the kindness shown us by the team from Grove School, who were so ready and willing to arrange practice games, and who took the ego out of a good many P. C. V. S.'ers who believed themselves to be invincible. An exhibition game with Central Technical School of Toronto will be long remembered. Then, too, we must mention Mr. R. D. Brown, Mr. Ross and Mr. Collingwood, who teach the rudiments of the game to stars of future teams. Our thanks also go to Dr. Neal, whose interest in the team has helped immeasurably, and whose medical advice and help has been much appreciated by injured gridders as well as by an athletic association whose finances at no time have been very great. Dr. Neal had one particularly hard case. It was rumored that Jim Hall had a blood clot on the brain, but the doctor could find nothing but the blood clot.

We are also grateful to Dr. Clark, who has a personal interest in the team and who is really one of the gang, and to Dr. Craig for dental service.

But enough space has been taken up with this. Suffice it to say that we are proud of our success this year, we hope for even greater success next year, and with fine support from the members of the school there is no reason in the world why P. C. V. S. cannot win a provincial championship.

SCORES OF GAMES PLAYED

P. C. V. S.	34	Grove	5
"	24	Oshawa	1
"	8	Central Tech.	9
"	11	Bowmanville	7
"	25	"	0
"	11	Oshawa	7

PLAY-OFFS OF LAKESHORE LEAGUE

P. C. V. S.	11	Belleville	7
"	31	"	1

SEMI-FINAL

P. C. V. S.	11	Barrie	1
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ONTARIO FINALS

P. C. V. S.	2	St. Mikes	7
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THE TEAM

Flying wing, Giardino; halves, Al. Clark, Grant Clark, Grady; quarter, Leether; snap, Hendren; insides, Gun-solus, Duncan; middles, Kelly, Hall; outsides, Perks, Gemmell; subs: Sedgewick, Merrett, Czumrik, Ward, Martin, King, Farr, Patterson.

The End of a Perfect Game

The whistle blew a mighty blast,
The crowd began to cheer at last.
The ball went sailing through the air
To the little half, who waited there.
The middles were upon their guard,
But the little half-back lost a yard.
A forward pass was thrown with zest,
It gave the passing team a rest.
The pass complete, a daring feat,
Brought all spectators to their feet.
A yard to go to cross the line,
The quarter called the number nine.
A touchdown play was on the way.
The ball was snapped to save the day;
The inside, who was large and tall
Unfortunately dropped the ball.
He dropped the ball, hence our defeat,
That last play made the game complete.
A yard to go, a fumbled ball —
And that's the way to end it all.

HAIG KELLY, II B Com.

Interform Rugby

A NEW system was tried in the school this year. To replace the junior team, three interform teams were created. Anyone might play on these teams, except, of course, members of the senior squad. The Greys captained by Alvin King and coached by Mr. Collingwood, the Garnets captained by Ralph Johnston and coached by Mr. R. D. Brown, and the Vocational team captained by Verne Ferguson and coached by Mr. Ross, provided a lot of fun for the players, who

benefited a great deal from their season's play.

Playing among themselves, each team took part in four games, after which an all-star team was selected which played several games with Lakefield and St. Peter's School.

The team is indebted to the three coaches already mentioned for their co-operation in instructing the new enthusiasts, and to Dr. Preston who did some dental work for them.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM, C. O. S. S. A. FINALISTS

BACK ROW: J. Craig, N. Foster, Mr. Craig, D. Sedgewick, O. Weir

MIDDLE ROW: L. Loudon, T. Cragg, H. Cutting, K. Gillespie

FRONT ROW: R. Johnston, B. Dyer, J. Doherty

Junior Basketball

THIS year's Junior Basketball team had a very successful year, proceeding right into the Ontario finals. They won their own group, defeated Bowmanville in the Lake Shore play-off, and won against Meaford in the Ontario semi-finals at Toronto. In the final game against Welland, the opposition proved too stiff and P. C. I. lost.

The Juniors were grouped with Cobourg and Oshawa this year, Whitby, Oshawa, and Bowmanville forming another group. In the season's opening game, Cobourg was defeated by 33-6. The following week Port Hope was beaten on their own floor, 33-9.

On the small Cobourg floor, tougher opposition was experienced but P. C. I. won by a 40-28 score.

In the closing game of the schedule, Port Hope was defeated 29-12.

The following week, in an exhibition game against Dominion Life of the Y. M. C. A. City League, P. C. I. won a 28-15 score.

By virtue of winning all their scheduled games, P. C. I. met Bowmanville Juniors for the Lake Shore championship. In a home-and-home series, P. C. I. defeated Bowmanville by a total score of 73-27.

At Danforth Technical gymnasium, Toronto, P. C. I. defeated Welland

36-23, thus advancing into the finals against Welland. Here, the P. C. I. Juniors met defeat by a 33-18 score — to finish a creditable season.

Not enough credit can be given to Coach H. A. Craig for the manner in which he has given untiringly of his time and effort to produce a winning team. With but three players of last year's squad with which to form the nucleus of a team, he has rounded out

an aggregation of enthusiastic boys which is a credit to him and to this school.

PERSONNEL OF TEAM

Centres: Ormie Weir, Nels Foster, Jack Craig; forwards: Harlow Cutting, Bob Dyer, Jack Dougherty, Lloyd Loudon; guards: Don Sedgewick (Captain), Ted Cragg, Ralph Johnston, Ken Gillespie.

DON SEDGEWICK

Senior Basketball

AT THE present time any account of the activities of the Senior Basketball team would be quite incomplete, since the schedule is just nicely under way. However, in the games played so far, the P. C. V. S. team of this season has shown itself to be of as good calibre as any preceding team. Up until now, Bowmanville has proved to be the main threat to P. C. V. S. supremacy. Then, too, Cobourg is always dangerous on its own very small gym. floor. Oshawa has produced, as in the past, a team of average ability, while Lindsay have shown themselves to be of their usual calibre.

The team this year is composed of many types of individuals. Jack Gemmell is captain, and has time and again proved his capacity for leadership, and at all times exerts a steady influence upon his team mates. Then, too, Gordon Gunsolus, the original "Rodney the Rock," can cover at least half of the average sized gym. floor, and proves a valuable man when the team is shorthanded. Bud Patterson, a quiet, unassuming lad, together with Ernie "Foul-a-Minute"

Ward, Gord Johnston and Stuart Laing made up the Four Horsemen of the Senior team. Hymie Smith plays a "tight" game as always, and Clarence Davern, since his recent injury, has taken the position of assistant coach. "Spud" Turner and "Nip" Galley, alternating at centre, have given strong support in the games played so far.

This year the team entered the Senior City League and has, as in the schedule, lost but one game. It is rather unfortunate that this publication requires news of the senior basketball team at this time, for we are quite confident that in the course of a few weeks we shall be able to report that a championship has come to P. C. V. S.

SCORES

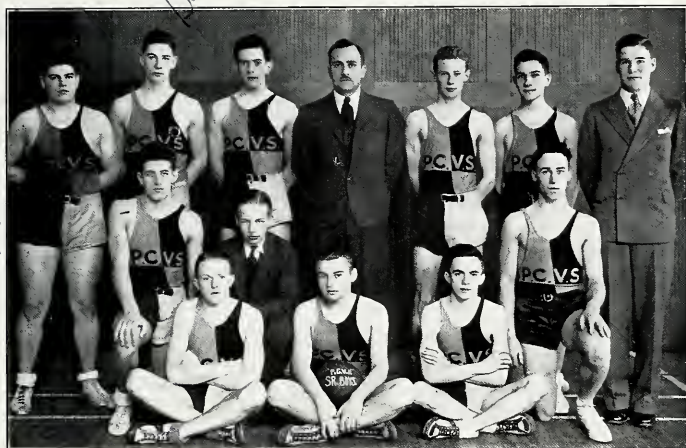
P. C. V. S.	41	Cobourg	13
"	38	Lindsay	6
"	21	Bowmanville	39
"	29	Oshawa	15

CITY LEAGUE

P. C. V. S.	26	Dominion Life	22
"	14	St. Paul's	14
"	12	C. G. E.	19

E. WEST





SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: G. Gunsolus, D. Turner, S. Laing, Mr. Bamforth, J. Gemmel, C. Johnston, H. Kelly
 MIDDLE ROW: H. Galley, E. West, F. Patterson
 FRONT ROW: E. Ward, H. Smith, C. Davern



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

BACK ROW: D. Quirt, J. Patterson, D. Duncan, J. Jopling
 FRONT ROW: P. Lawless, J. Carter, H. Beatty



THE HOCKEY TEAM

BACK ROW: S. Czumrik, B. Parnall, J. Patterson, R. Parnell, F. Patterson
 FRONT ROW: G. Pettersone, B. King, A. King, B. Dorris, E. Ward, H. Morrow

Hockey

HOCKEY, which has been more or less neglected in the school in the past, came into its own this year when a team was entered in the South End League. We were fortunate in obtaining the services of Jack Patterson as coach and manager. A decided factor in the team's success this year is the fact that the boys have played hockey together for several seasons.

Exhibition games proved to be by far the best of the season's play. We lost to Grove Preparatory School twice and defeated Lakefield High School once. The attendance of students in large numbers at our exhibition games was quite encouraging.

Due to an unfinished schedule, we have been unable to list the scores of all our games, but Kirma has prophesied a championship for us.

The team was composed of Bud Driscoll in goal, who certainly proved a stumbling block to opposing forwards. Bill King, "Hop" Ward and Steve Czumrik made up a hard hitting defence. The speedy forwards, "Mink" Morrow, Bob Parnall, Alf. King and Pete Pettersone, together with Ralph Parnell and Bill Dorris, were certainly dangerous to opposing teams.

This year we have been successful, but next winter will see us better than ever.

SCORES OF SCHEDULED GAMES TO DATE			
P. C. V. S.	5	King Edward	2
"	4	St. Peter's	2
"	6	King Edward	2
"	0	Aces	2
"	4	Canucks	2

BILL KING

Girls' Athletics

EARLY in the fall the girls of P. C. V. S. met to elect an executive to look after their sports. The results of this election were as follows:

Hon. President: Miss D. E. Brisbin
President: Isabel Wray
Secretary: Wilma Saunders
Treasurer: Peggy Lawless

FIELD DAY, OCTOBER 7, 1936

This year the weatherman did everything in his power to make field day an outstanding success for our school. The girls took every advantage of his generosity to show their interest and fine sportsmanship.

The competition was keen in all events, but especially in the senior group. Peggy Lawless won the senior championship with 18 points, just one point more than Mary MacPherson's record.

The intermediate cup was won by Helen Beatty, junior champion of last year. We expect to hear more about Helen next year.

Jean Carter showed herself to be a budding athlete by winning the junior trophy.

Another feature of our field day this year was a booth sponsored by the Boys' and Girls' Athletic Association.

WEINER ROAST

On the nineteenth of November the girls held their annual weiner roast, in the school gymnasium. The games were supervised by Miss Brisbin. A very exciting volley-ball game between the academic and commercial started the entertainment off with a bang. A very amusing skit was put on by IA Academic. Soon the weiners began to appear and disappear.

The weiner roast once more was a very successful affair.

VOLLEY-BALL

Each year the girls are becoming more enthusiastic about volley-ball. Because it is becoming more interesting as the girls understand it better, and a large number of girls are needed to take part in it, it is a very popular game.

After the inter-form play-offs the laurels went to III Commercial, who were successful in defeating VA Academic by a considerable score.

Basketball

A LARGE number of girls turned out to basketball practice this year to uphold the honour of the school. Although they didn't win, they played their best at all times.

The girls are especially indebted to the Students' Council for the grant to buy new uniforms, which everyone agrees are exceedingly smart.

Those who were fortunate enough to make the Senior Team were:

Mary MacPherson — our captain — who is certainly worthy of the confidence the girls placed in her. She is our best forward and the fastest player on the floor. Mary has the happy faculty of scoring with but a minute left to play and thus saving the game.

Ruth Ellis — forward — who plays

a good game on defense, but when a forward is needed Ruthie is the one to take the place. Her long shots often fool her opponents and incidentally raise the score.

Wilda Saunders (Babs) — centre forward — who, even though short, overcomes this by her speed and ability to handle the ball.

Joan Ottewell — who plays alternate guard and forward. Although this is her first year she has proved herself to be a steady capable player.

Doris Glover — guard — who is another addition to the line-up this year. She can be depended upon at all times to prevent her opponents from scoring.

Peggy Lawless — alternate guard —

Continued on page 81



GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: D. Glover, J. Fowler, J. Ottewill, Miss Brisbin, M. McPherson, P. Dawson, W. Saunders
 FRONT ROW: M. Juby, R. Ellis, M. Lundy, Wray, L. Reed, P. Lawless



B.A.A. AND G. A. A. EXECUTIVES

BACK ROW: G. McFarlane, Miss Brisbin, Mr. Bamforth, E. West, P. Lawless
 FRONT ROW: G. Clark, I. Wray, J. Morrow, J. Gemmel, W. Saunders

whose speed and height make her a great asset to the team.

Isabel Wray—guard—whose true sportsmanship and basketball ability make her one of the favourite players. Her long shots to the forward line and skill in guarding aid the team in many difficult moments.

Margaret Lundy—alternate forward—who plays a good combination game, working well with her teammates. At every opportunity she showed her ability and filled the position.

Jean Fowler—sub. forward—who has not as yet been able "to show her stuff" but we are sure will fill an important place in the future.

Marion Juby—sub. forward—who is a very steady player and shows real promise in the position.

Linden Reed—sub. guard—who had not an opportunity to display her talent but will prove a good, reliable player next year.

Miss Brisbin—our coach—every year has a larger place in the heart of every girl on the team. She is always helpful and encouraging and teaches us how "to play the game" in every sense of the phrase.

Phyllis Dawson—score-keeper.

COBOURG vs. P.C.V.S.

P. C. V. S. Senior Girls started their 1937 schedule by playing Cobourg at home. The teams were quite evenly matched and the score at half-time was tied. However, the Cobourg team had a slight edge in the second half and won the game by a score of 20-10.

PORT HOPE vs. P.C.V.S.

The second game of the season was played in Port Hope. The game was close with never more than four points between the scores. Ruth Ellis was a welcome addition to the forward line. The game ended with a 23-23 tie.

LINDSAY vs. P.C.V.S.

P. C. V. S. went to Lindsay to play an exhibition game. Again the girls

met with stiff opposition. The score was tied at three different times but in the second half P. C. V. S. scored 19 points and won the game by a score of 34-19.

P.C.V.S. vs. COBOURG

The last out-of-town game of this season was played in Cobourg. The opponents had the edge throughout the game. P. C. V. S. began to come up towards the end of the game, but not soon enough. Cobourg won the game with a score of 44-22.

P.C.V.S. vs. PORT HOPE

The last schedule game was played at home when Port Hope came here. For this game the team had new uniforms. The game was close in the first half, the score being tied at half time. In the second half there was no holding the P. C. V. S. girls and they won by 33-13.





FORM VA ACADEMIC

BACK ROW: D. Drummond, H. Vass, G. Johnston, T. Craig, O. Weir, K. Brenton, R. Yelland, D. Tanney, S. Canley, G. Young
 THIRD ROW: W. Wheeler, R. Hagerman, M. Jackson, W. Campbell, F. Ashbury, D. Ross, M. McPherson, J. Morrow, P. Braund, J. Pratten, B. Detcher, J. Matheson
 SECOND ROW: L. Perdue, H. Thompson, R. Forsythe, M. Haddon, J. Craig, A. Langley, S. Laing, N. Fee, H. Vallery, E. Lawless, H. Davidson
 FRONT ROW: C. Davern, N. Green, P. Demos, J. Pierce, C. Tully, H. Smith



Form VA Academic

E. ASHBURY, P. Braund, B. Detcher, N. Fee, M. Hadden, M. Jackson, A. Langley, E. Lawless, M. MacPherson, H. Thompson, K. Brenton, B. Campbell, Stuart Cauley, J. Craig, E. Cragg, C. Davern, H. Davidson, P. Demos, D. Drummond, R. Forsythe, N. Green, W. Griffith, R. Hagerman, G. Johnston, S. Laing, Jack Mathison, J. Morrow, L. Perdue, J. Pierce, J. Prattren, H. Smith, D. Tanney, C. Tully, H. Vass, H. Vallery, O. Weir, W. Wheeler, G. Young, R. Yelland.

Above you may read the distinguished names of the distinguished members of Form VA. What you really want, I suppose, is what is commonly called "the low-down." Well — much might be said — but on second thought, maybe it had better not. (I've noticed several medals for shooting, adorning manly chests in our form.)

The members of the fair sex are outnumbered but by no means outshone, especially about 9:01 A.M., when several members come rushing in "with shining morning faces," as Mister Shakespeare would have it; due no doubt to the fact that those funny little affairs known as compacts are very elusive at times.

If you were to come into VA's stronghold at the south-east corner of the second floor, some morning about 8:59, you'd find us in a more or less relaxed mood. You would probably be greeted by the lilting strains of "Do you know a lovely lady with a scintillating smile?" — which ought to warn you that Alicia was going through a few Operatic in preparation for those two glorious nights when she will be "a dreamy, schemy widow" — boys.

Perhaps, on the other hand, you might hear Miss P. Braund, just *one* of the fair followers of Sappho in fifth, reading her latest poetic outpouring, dedicated to her pal across the aisle:

"A woodpecker sat on Hilda's head,
And settled down to drill,
When next I looked, the bird was dead,
Poor thing — he broke his bill!"

I leave you to imagine the disastrous effects this produces. In the midst of all this confusion, Marg. Jackson and Marg. Hadden will be peddling well-prepared homework at a premium. They have a monopoly on the racket and the girls report that business is rushing.

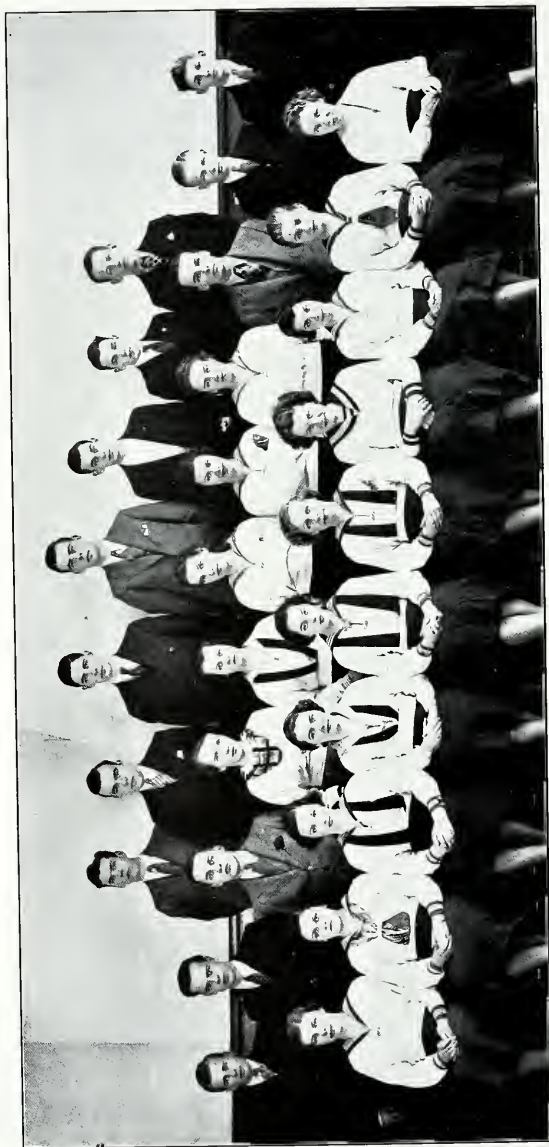
Drifting across the room a bit, Young and Brenton (you know Kennie, girls), our trusty troubadours with the deep blue voices, are apt to greet you with some soul-stirring new song like "Waltz me around again, Willie," mainly for the benefit of our very own Cab Calloway, Swingster Bill. Behind them Jimmy Morrow may be heard observing in profound oratorical tones that if all the people who sleep in the study room were placed end to end, they — well, they'd be much more comfortable anyway. By the way, up till now VA has pointed with pride to its one perfect and persevering bachelor — but Your Girl Friday has it on good authority that James was lately observed actually talking to — oh well, maybe, it's not serious.

Then of course there is Pierce. Miss Murphy says Pierce's work in Composition is improving weekly, especially in the branch of letter writing. John admits practice makes perfect — keep up the good work, John, say we (in passing). The outstanding qualities of character possessed by his friend, Edward Cragg (Princeps Alumnus), are extolled elsewhere in these pages and our feeble pen can add nothing to the tribute except perhaps — "orchids to you," Ted.

I must not overlook our new thrill, girls. I mean Stuart Cauley, of course, who says he hails from Cobourg, our little suburb to the south, you know; or Campbell and Drummond, those two cut-ups from the fair metropolis of Keene.

You may find Demos, Mathematical Wizard and French Fiend, carefully explaining to Hugh Davidson (Hoocy, by the way, isn't as formidable as he looks), that there isn't really any aristocracy in Canada but we usually call the leisured class fifth form.

And who is the little lady in the biology



FORM VB ACADEMIC

BACK ROW: J. Hiland, D. Wood, W. Turner, M. Gates, T. Hooper, F. Hooper, G. Hall
 SECOND ROW: G. Peterson, D. Miller, B. King, M. Staples, I. King, O. Parrington, P. Dawson, I. Wray, H. White, E. West, H. Steer
 FRONT ROW: M. Lundy, M. Harris, V. Allen, J. Platt, B. White, J. Clarkson, G. Hunter, P. Nesbitt, M. Van Allen, R. Sproule

class who told Mr. Henry that the reason mushrooms look like umbrellas is because they grow in damp places? We'll never tell!

I'm afraid I haven't room to extol further the virtues and accomplishments of the rest

of the illustrious citizenry of VA; but keep an eye on Walter Winchell's column or the Reform School News in the next five years. You'll be hearing about us, no doubt.

YOUR GIRL FRIDAY

Form VB Academic

BOYS: Noel Barr, Murray Gates, Jim Hall, Joe Hiland, Tom Hooper, Fred Hooper, Russell Huggins, Bill King, Don Miller, Guy Pattersone, Horace Steer, Bill Turner, Eric West, Harvard White, Don Wood.

Girls: Verna Allen, Jean Clarkson, Phyllis Dawson, Jean Flett, Margaret Harris, Isobel King, Margaret Lundy, Phyllis Nesbitt, Olive Parrington, Rita Sproule, Mary Staples, Marie Van Allen, Betty White, Isobel Wray, Gladys Hunter.

To bring to you the personalities of V B is a very difficult task since we have represented here many varied types, ranging from the intelligent, who are few and far between, to the not-so-intelligent, of whom you can find many examples. None the less, these form, we are glad to say, the nucleus of most of the organizations throughout the school.

We would be failing in our duty to the form if we didn't give you some idea of the talent existing here. Murray Gates and Marie Van Allen provide most of the scholastic ability (and homework) in the form and are members of the great army of unemployed. Then there is that budding musician of the form, Horace Steer, who plays the clarinet for his own amazement. Miss Dawson measures up to the collegiate viewpoint that "it isn't the girl that counts, it's what she stands for." The President of the Students' Council, George Hall, is, by popular acclaim, a finished actor — finished for life. We also have James Frederick Malcolm Hall, James Frederick Malcolm for short, who is steadily developing into an Olympic threat through his daily dashes designed to defeat the bellow of the bell. (Phew!)

The Misses Parrington, Staples and Allen add that rural atmosphere so necessary to the harmonious existence led by our group. Harvard White, the dashing driver from Douro, believed that "death begins at forty" and is frequently found hugging the wrong curves. Joe Hiland likes work, it fascinates him — he can sit and look at it for hours. Miss Harris, Miss Nesbitt and Miss Flett have formed a knitting circle, the knitting gives the girls something to think about while they are talking! Marg. Lundy, this year's princeps alumna, is the kind of girl who picks her friends — to pieces.

Members of the "Woodsmen Spare That Trio" can always be relied on to produce some educational gems. Turner still thinks the feminine of bachelor is lady-in-waiting.

West translates *hors d'oeuvres* by "out of work," and King thinks heredity is a bad thing and ought to be prevented.

Isobel Wray, President of the G. A. A., is taking up golf but as yet doesn't even know how to hold the caddy. Donald Wood, the lady's man, exemplifies the romantic type. Our form boasts of three travelled members, Miss Clarkson, Miss Hunter and Don Miller, arriving daily from Keene, Havelock and points east, respectively. The other day the Scotsman of the form, Noel Barr, left a tip for the waitress — he had been eating asparagus.

Tom and Fred Hooper cast the odd shy glance over to the fairer sex and chuckle inwardly, convincing themselves that the average woman is proof enough that man can take a joke.

Reta Sproule and Isobel King will no doubt maintain their usual high standard in the future by being well-groomed at their weddings. Russell Huggins, the fiddlin' fool and Jack Benny's only rival, is now laid up in the hospital. He tried to set a speed record, playing his violin, and contracted a bad case of Saint Vitus Dance. Last and not least, we have Guy Pattersone, the mighty atom of Bridgenorth hockeydom. In a few years, Guy is threatening to run for the reeve of Ennismore. *Au reservoir*. These are your hill-billy correspondents signing off,

DILLY AND DALLY.



*Your sympathy I wish to beg
For young Augustus John McKegg,
Who stroked a bull-dog on the pate
Supposing it affectionate;*

— It wasn't.



'SHIRLEY'



TALKIE-STAR



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



SONG BIRD



JIGGS



E. R.



? ?



I-SCREAM



'BIG NOISE'



MORE DOGS PLEASE



POSING



DAISY



EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY!



18475 32



BUDDING TEACHER



CAMERA CLUB HIKERS



MODEL PUPIL



LONELY ??



UPS & DOWNS
IN LIFE



'TAFFY'



WELL! WELL!!

Form IVA Academic

MARGARET BAIRD, Edna Borland, Alan Brown, Marion Brown, Allan Clark, William Cranford, Ronald Dick, George Ebbs, Doris Elliott, Helen Fleetwood, Margaret Foster, Kenneth Gates, John Hooper, Alice Kay, Ruth Kingan, Melville Legros, Lloyd Loudon, Helen McGee, Melville McKee, William McKinlay, Allan Park, Pauline Rigg-Story, Bessie Ruskin, Harold Rutherford, Wilda Saunders, Eileen Schoales, Eleanor Shaw, Merrill Smith, Louise Spriggs, Mary Stewart, Olga Westbye, Mary Williams, Frances Wolfe.

After looking over the records of form IVA, I have come to the conclusion that the temperament of this form is decidedly artistic. This form does not specialize in scholarly greatness, although it is led by that brilliant student, and winner of scholarships, Ronald Dick, and by a newcomer, Pauline Story, a very promising young lady (so the boys say). Sport, also, would see little of IVA if it were not for that Achilles of the Academic, Allan Clark, who was almost missed for good by the rest of the rugby team, when he started using his thumb against the enemy lines, instead of using his head.

Pauline Story made the headlines when she won a prize offered for a school-flag design. This young artist likes to do "anything in colour" and three art scholarships have fallen before the attacks of her brush. Edna Borland and the several other artists of distinction in IVA must work hard in order not to be outshone by one whose brush is so enthusiastic and vigorous. A modernist, visiting the form room of IVA, would be

thrilled with the work appearing on the side boards, and he would call it "*A Black Cat's Tracks on Snow*" or "*Black Snails in the Sunset*." A more probable title, however, would be "*Greek Writing After Hooper*."

In the field of music, Merrill Smith is IVA's contribution to the musical life of the school. Merrill plays for the assembly, for the orchestra, and for many other activities in the school, and IVA is proud to have such a pianist in its ranks. There are many other talented musicians who deserve mention — such as Edna Borland, pianist and violinist; Eleanor Shaw, pianist; Lloyd Loudon, guitarist, and George Ebbs, cazoist. Space does not permit the full recognition due to the members of IVA for their remarkable talent, but we must mention the famous music critics, Messrs. Dick and Hooper, who pull apart the great masterpieces, and rend (or is it *render*) their pet obsession, *Scheherazade*, quite well.

May I add a word or two about drama and literature. Pupils of this form have transformed the tragedy of *Macbeth* into a comedy of merit, on presenting it in class. But for real comedy you must visit this form and look at some of the students. The Browns, Molly and Allan, have taken poetry to heart, and the enchanting verses which flow from their pens melt the hardest hearts (they should write poetry for some of the teachers, and let us pass our examinations).

I must apologise for merely scratching the surface of the accomplishments of which this form is capable (writing is not one of them), and say, *Auf wiedersehen*. K. G.

Form IVB Academic

G. ALLEN, V. Betts, J. Fowler, J. Gillespie, C. Hanbidge, G. Hunt, B. Jack, H. Latimer, L. Lewis, H. Miller, A. Murray, J. Ottewell, F. Outram, J. Platt, Y. Quirt, L. Reed, M. Smart, D. Smith, B. Stewart, A. Weir, M. White.

IV B Girls' Translation of "The Theme of the Aeneid" Virgil:

I sing of a *Hunt*, and an *Allen*, who at first came from the township of *Smith to Fowler's* Corners and the *White* house and *Stewart* hall. Exiled by *Miss McGregor*, this heroine *Allen* was tossed about much on No. 7 highway and Chemong Lake by the violence of the goddesses above (*Juno — Betty Jack*, *Minerva — Jean Platt*, *Venus — Betty Wolfe*, *Diana — Agnes Weir*). Unmindful of the unforgetting wrath of cruel *Betts*, *Allen* had many blow-outs on the way. Before she came to build her city of *Peterborough*, and brought back the goddesses to the *White* house, from all this came the *Smart* set, *Latimer's* grocery, *Lewis's* beauty parlour, *Gillespie's* garage and *Miller* (and *Powell*), *Miss McGregor's* Latin class, and the walls of lofty P. C. I.

We regret greatly that we have to *Qui(r)t*. Thus ends the first section of Virgil. If time permitted, we would proceed with the "Wooden Horse" which would hold *Corona Hanbidge*, *Arleigh Murray*, *Florence Outram*, *Jorn Ottewell* and *Linden Reed* under the capable leadership of our form teacher, *Miss M. White*.

C. Andrews, J. Bannister, G. Clark, B. Clarke, D. Hill, R. Ingram, A. LeClair, A. Leather, J. McMillan, L. Martin, A. Pilley, S. Rogow, D. Sedgewick, G. Shearer, E. Ward, J. Wray.

The male inmates of IV B

Really are a classy lot as you will see, We have athletes we do esteem,

Who were members of '36 C. O. S. S. A. football team.

On our side of the house we are blessed

With JOHN McMILLAN on whom we call when pressed,

For homework in Physics, Latin and French, Which if we left undone would raise an awful stench.

PILLEY and LeCLAIR in certain lines do shine,
When the class as a whole in fifth period
does whine,

Like an infant small in cuddling arms,
The whole school is awakened by our
alarms.

LUTHER, ROGOW and PILLEY, too,
Are so very busy they lack the time to do
Their homework and especially history,
But cheer up, my lads, there will come a
day.

And then there is powerful, pugnacious
PEPPER,

Who says the exams. are getting better and
better,

But SEDGEWICK and WARD to this do say,
Ah! let's go home and sleep to-day.

The attempt at this lies in the fact
That Miss MURPHY caught us in the act
Of chewing Wrigley's famous gum,
And by way of punishment, by gum,
A poem for the next day was ordered,
And thus, our friends, our talent was
discovered. Amen.

L. M.

Form IIIA Academic

BOYS — W. Davidson, R. Ferguson, W. Ferguson, H. Galley, R. Graham, W. Green, R. Hamilton, J. Harvey, B. Jack, J. Lillico, D. McKinlay, W. Moorhead, F. Patterson, D. Rogers, A. Scott, G. Spicer, W. Trotter. *Girls* — A. Dainton, M. Foster, M. Hall, G. Marshall, J. Moore, A. Murray, S. Reynolds, M. Richardson, R. Robinson, M. Rowan, E. Scott, Z. Stayzer, J. Stenton, P. Thompson, F. Trebilcock, J. Turner, D. Wallis, L. Wellwood.

Ship ahoy! Form 3A is setting out on an expedition to the North Pole to discover what constitutes the snow up there, and incidentally because they heard that the nights are six months long. Barrie Jack is leading the expedition with various members of 3A helping him, including Florence Trebilcock, in case any scientific aid is required. We couldn't do without Grace Marshall, who does double duty as a reporter and as a comforter for discouragement with her soothing poetry. Bob Graham is our wireless operator and, although we see little of him, it is not due to seasickness (he sticks to Dr. Jackson's diet) but to his continual tampering with his radio. Mary Hall and her shadow, Sherry Reynolds, intend to interpret the language for us (let's hope it isn't German or French).

We all enjoy the voyage with the exception of some, who must remain in their cabins for

a few days. However, our bright young nurse, Mary Richardson, tries to cure them but to no avail. We discover later that she has misinterpreted the Latin inscriptions on the medical supplies.

Luck is with us until nearly the time for our departure. Our cook, Eleanor Scott, is found to be missing and so Mary Hall kindly consents to do the cooking. Since we prefer Eleanor's, we decide to rescue her. Bill Davidson gallantly offers to play the hero and sets out, confident that his blazing crest will supply him with exothermic heat. O'er the Arctic wastes he hears a sweet voice — "Calling, calling," and he rushes to the scene, only to find our brave cook, one foot planted on the hefty chest of a senseless Eskimo, resembling Bill Moorhead. The happy couple are cheered lustily by the crew, who have visions of more Mocha cakes.

We return home after experiencing only one other mishap, when Sherry, seeing water for the first time instead of ice, forgets that it is still winter and, with her unfailing grace, hits the water with a resounding plop.

Strange to say, the snow up there is of the same composition as that of our own home town and we feel confident that one more scientific problem has been solved.

JEAN MOORE

Form IIIB Academic

WILMA ARMSTRONG, Margaret Arnold, Dorothy Bateson, Jim Beatty, Florence Beebe, Dorothy Boyle, Beverly Bruce, Alex Carlisle, Warring Clarke, Harlow Cutting, Jack Davies, Don Duncan, Don Diplock, Charles Dobbin, Jack Dougherty, Jean Elcombe, Jack Estlick, Nelson Foster, Kenneth Gillespie, Doris Glover, Helen Grant, Mary Haddon, Jean Hendry, Phyllis Hill, Don Hendren, Jean Horton, Marion Juby, Bob Juby, Betty Kirn, Margaret Loudon, Janet McIntosh, Betty Middleton, Stewart Miller, Beatrice Mahood.

As this is a very valuable publication and space is limited, I cannot do ample justice

to the merits of the brilliant members of this form. However, I will try to describe the activities of the class as best I can.

As is natural, the fair sex should be considered first. On entering the room one cannot help but see the perplexed faces of Phyllis Hill, Marion Juby and Jean Horton, puzzling over a Chemistry problem. They enjoyed the subject so much last year they are taking it again. Mary Haddon introduced a bright idea into the school this year, by carrying her books around in a hand bag. Mr. Pettit, however, has not made use of this helpful method.

The marking of the register is rather a

difficult task, as Harlow Cutting and a few of his associates arrive just in time to retrace their steps to the Assembly Hall, whence they have just come. There must be something down there that attracts them to it each morning.

We are proud of having so much talent in our midst. Our tall, dark and rubber-legged friend, Harlow Cutting, set a new record in the Junior high jump this year, as well as being a valuable member of the Junior Basketball squad. Other members of the team include — Ken. Gillespie, Jack Dougherty, the Junior Flash, and Nelson Foster. Doris Glover is doing a great job on the girls' cage squad. Don Duncan set the pace in the Junior class at the Field Day this year, by winning that championship. He also did splendidly on the football field, playing a bang-up game. He was banged up every

game. He serves in the capacity of B. A. A. representative for III B. The G. A. A. representative is Doris Glover. Don Hendren proved to be a valuable snap on the senior pig-skin team by playing fine football.

We can't leave III B's gift to the ladies, "Warring Clarke," out of the picture, nor his pal, the mighty atom, Alex Carlisle, who insists on falling down-stairs to the general amusement of two or three forms.

Bob Juby is still faithful to III B and adds life to this class of super-men, along with Jim Beatty, Bev. Bruce, Charlie Dobbin, and last, but not least, Jack Davies and Stew. Miller.

To those who happen to read this feeble description of life in III B, I ask your indulgence and to any of the class whom I have unwittingly omitted, I humbly offer my apologies.

DONALD DIPLOCK

Form IIIC Academic

ROSAMOND BURNS, Vivian Brown, Margaret Clarkson, Dorothy Ferguson, Audrey Garside, Velma Hope, Marjorie Lewis, Elizabeth Lillico, Mary Millar, Wilhelene Miller, Irene Poolman, Aubrey Braund, Garth Cowan, Jack Craig, Jack Hope, Gerald Juby, Aleck Lacey, Robert MacKinley, Ralph Parnell, Verne Perdue, Douglas Quirt, Brian Roberts, Frank Smoke.

There are twenty-three of us in our form. The boys in our form are quite remarkable for their prowess in sport. Ralph Parnell played on the hockey team, Doug. Quirt won the juvenile championship on field-day, Jack Craig played on the junior basketball team and Brian Roberts was quarter-back on the All-Star Rugby team. Our G. A. A. representative is Elizabeth Lillico, and our B. A. A. representative is Aubrey Braund.

It was a cold day in January when our form decided to skip school for the afternoon. All of us piled into Irene Poolman's car and she drove us out to Hope's farm. We thought we would like to go for a sleigh-ride up into the mountains just near Keene. Far up on the mountain we could look down into a deep *Craig*. At the bottom of the *Craig* we could see a *Browne* object running around. We were informed by our guide, Perdue, that it was Roberts still playing rugby. A fire was lit. Some wood we had collected was damp and it began to *Smoke*. Braund immediately sets out and collects some dry wood. When it *Burns*, Perdue is amazed. The return to the city was uneventful. Each of us went our way home, not daring to think what would happen next morning.

A. LACEY

Form IIID Academic

MILDRED HENTHORNE, Norma Jackson, Hilda Mumby, Joyce Powers, Gwen Record, Lenore Richardson, Mary Robson, Jean Rylott, Elsie Saunders, Eileen Sellon, Helen Smoke, Grace Stewart, Hazelle Tighe, Audrey Timlin, Mary Wainwright, Eileen Wild, Greta Wilson, Olga Wilson, Norma Whittaker, Lovina Whetung, Sam Andrew, Frank Pammett, Elwood McCarrell, George Northcott, Duncan Seymour, Jim Seymour, Gordon Smith, Phil Turner, Alton Van Allen, Bob Young.

F is for flappers, three have we
Helen, Hazelle and fat Mary.

O is for order, we have none
When Turner and Smith begin their fun.

R is the rhythm which we haven't got
When Sammie and the Wilsons do a trot.

M is for manners — a very low score,
Except little Elsie, the Eileens and Lenore.

III is the number of this fine group.
D is the letter (also first in dupe!)

A is for Audrey the best in our class
Alton Van Allen close behind the little lass.
C is for customs, any will do
See Northcott and Pammett, they'll tell you.

A is for allies — they stick like glue
Grace and Mildred truly are two.
D is for dummies we've none to spare
Seymour and Seymour rate just fair.

E is for energy, Jean has loads
Norma and Norma are learning the modes.
M is for midgets, they're Joyce and Gwen
They'll likely disagree — what then?

I is for innings, McCarrell and Young
Likely want theirs in this bit of fun.

C should be 'E' to mean the end:
So this is all, folks, for I've reached the end!

Form IIA Academic

GIRLS: B. Hughes, W. Hunter, J. Johnson, D. Kelly, M. McIntyre, M. Mason, N. Moore, J. Moncrief, F. Mullen, M. Munro, A. Osborne, B. Pettersone, M. Pierce, H. Reid, E. Rosborough, G. Shaw, P. Simpson, L. Skitch, L. Stewart, E. Taylor, J. Walker, R. Wilson, S. Zacks.

Boys: W. Gamble, J. Goselin, B. Henry, F. Hill, E. Johnston, R. Johnston, K. Kidd, A. King, G. McKinnon, W. Mathews, J. Milburn, W. Morrow, R. Rogow, G. Smedmore, M. Thompson, W. Thompson, E. Westman, V. Whitley.

Forty are we in Form IIA,
All of us full of fun and play.
Homework hard we never do,
Except Bill Henry, smart and true.
Pinkie Simpson's hair is red,
Whitley agrees with "Early to bed."
Juliette Osborne and Organ Grinder Morrow
Are always blue and full of sorrow.
Cupid Kidd has pierced many hearts,
By means of his bows, his arrows and darts.
Winky Johnston and Goldie Shaw
Are reading a book about marriage law.
While Ted and Mildred are hitting it high,
Smedmore looks on with a menacing eye.
Mary Pierce — our Shanghai Lil,

Has fallen hard for Farley Hill.
And Jimmy Milburn, the ladies' man,
Is anxious for Dot Kelly's hand.

Our midgits are: Little Miss Stewart, Miss Brownie Mason, "Waterboy" Rogow, Reverent Westman, "Smart" Henry, "Cupid" Kidd or "Rodney the Rock," and "Porky" Mathews.

The giantess is Miss Maralin Munro and her mate, "Always Late" Warren Gamble. There is a feud going on between Minnie McIntyre and "Fred Astaire" Goselin.

The tongues of the class are "Gabby" Zacks and "Smiling" Smedmore.

The "Pep" of the class is Betty Hughes, and Joy Walker never has the blues.

Winifred Hunter and Noreen Moore are the smart girls of the class.

Our Country Maidens are: Miss Moncrief, Miss Reid, Dimble-Checked Miss Roseborough, Our Botanical Lass, Miss Mullen, and Miss Mary Tripp with her northern drawl.

Martin Thompson and Eleanor Taylor are a perfect pair. Our imports this year are two of the McNaughton clan.

ALVIN KING

Form IIB Academic

ARTHUR ACKERMAN, Ronald Ackford, Betty Allen, Marjorie Armstrong, Betty Barr, Evelyn Beatty, Helen Beatty, Newton Bell, Berta Bellegem, Marjorie Benson, Roger Blackwell, Elsbeth Boorman, Ruth Brockwell, Kenneth Brown, Harold Brumwell, William Buckham, Marie Casey, Lorne Casey, Dorothy Clark, Betty Couper, Margaret Cournea, Jean Cox, Flora Craig, Mary Curry, James Davidson, Mina Dunford, Walter Dunford, Joan Eldred, Gerald Fitzgerald, Iris Fitzgerald, Harold Florence, Eleanor Glover, Doreen Groombridge, Erminie Gurney, Lloyd Harvie, Helen Hornick, Donald Howell, Isobel Howson, Doris Hutchinson, Robert Packer, Mona Seney, Gordon Valley.

Let me inform you, dear readers, of how those excellent students of IIB spend their mornings.

As we straggle along to the Assembly Hall, it is pleasant to glance in at the first form rooms where everyone is hard at work (?) and know that they are wishing that they also were missing a few minutes of the first period.

Then we straggle back again to our form room where the windows have been thrown open to the invigorating winter breeze, making the room feel like a refrigerator.

The next notable event of the morning is Howell's daily trip to the basket to deposit his gum. We wonder how many dollars he spends on gum each week.

To-day we have French Authors and Helen

Beatty, our field-day champion, is asked to read. After a few sentences, punctuated by many "ah's," Miss Moore concludes there has been no preparation and we spend the rest of the period worrying our heads over the vagaries of irregular verbs and queer constructions.

The second period is Latin, where we are continually discovering we no longer deserve the certificates in English Grammar for which we worked so hard.

Third period, we migrate to the gymnasium where for forty minutes we are put through our paces.

Having finished our calisthenics we climb unending flights of stairs to Zoology class. There we learn how to dissect all animals, from grasshoppers to pigeons. You may not think either of these animals but we are assured that such is the fact.

At last comes the bell and we rush off to our lockers.

J. D.



THEY WUD THE DAYS I

Form IIC Academic

ECHOES' time again—and with it an interesting, brilliant attempt (we hope) to outline the activities of Form IIC. Of course, we are a highly favoured form, brimming over with brains, looks, athletic ability, and what have you? Everyone from Mac Powell to Carmen Bell excels in some one thing, whether it be P. T. or Latin. Then, we have the outstanding girls' volleyball team, whose able captain is Margaret Westbye, and who won the Junior Championship. So far, our girls' basketball team, whose captain is Taffy Platt, has been successful in its games.

Our congratulations go to Bob Crocker, who stole the show acting as Pyramus, in that tender love scene from "A Midsummer

Night's Dream." And also to Gwennie Bond whose interpretation of "An Old Cowhand" brought down the house. All in all, our Lit. programme was a huge success.

Oral compositions seem to be the bane of Douglas Wolf's existence. But isn't it everyone's? We have also Meridith Miller—sketcher of feminine beauty, and Bert Bethune (Scotty) Hoot Mon. Aye, he's a funny lad.

Normal students' brows are always wrinkled over that famous company of Richardson, Richardson and Richardson, Barbara, Betty and Shirley, respectively. In closing, may I compliment our form teacher, Mr. R. D. Brown, on his never-failing patience with us — Form IIC. T. P.

Form IA Academic

GIRLS: E. Armstrong, S. Ashby, H. Ballard, S. Boorman, S. Bothwell, D. Burnham, J. Burrows, D. Cathcart, H. Edmison, M. Edmonds, M. Hooper, J. Ireland, A. Koster, A. McLeod, R. McNeely, J. Melton, I. Pogue.

Boys: B. Ackerman, R. Ainslie, H. Amys, R. Barrie, W. Bartlett, A. Black, K. Brockwell, J. Brown, B. Burrows, E. Clarke, J. Corbett, J. Ferguson, W. Gray, A. Marshall, J. Merrett, R. Mowry, A. MacNaughton, G. Windsor.

Ah! I A Academic news. Wonderful! Colossal! What is? Bill Bartlett's green tie with yellow dots, of course. Bill Bartlett is our form representative but just what he represents we're still trying to find out. And there's Ruth McNeely, short—but is she snappy! Her main ambition is to work in either Neil's or Agnew's shoe-store. Oh yes—there's Marge Edmunds—better known as Peggy. When she wants to go to the show, she says, "'Hew' will go with me?" and the question is already solved. Ah, here is Benny Ackerman (*petit garçon*), who, if he has his grammar done, hasn't his French. And the Burrows kids; they mustn't be left out. If one of them isn't in trouble, the other one is.

One day Benny A. and Bernard B. were walking across a little bridge over a stream. When they got over, Bernard said, "My! We made that bridge shake, didn't we?"

And then we have the school colours, Garnet and Gray, also Brown and Black. John Corbet—Oh! His questions would try the patience of a saint, if there were any saints around here to try the patience of. Then there is Miss Melton, who can actually do Algebra! When she has worked out, and got the answer to a question, then Miss Hooper, Clark Mowry and Miss Edmunds also have theirs done.

Shirley Bothwell is the one who gets 100 minus the 1 in Algebra, but who would

blame her when Mr. Craig gives us questions like this, e.g., If A equals the cost of a package of gum, how do you find how much money Marshall loses per day?

If you would like to become more intimate with us, come down and see us sometime. We probably won't be in, but come anyway. Oh, yes! You should see little Roger. He is a Barrie nice fellow (pun). Well, Good Hunting, Folks.

P.S.—Helpful Hint: Always wear woolens next the skin.

P.P.S.—Never sit down quickly in a hot bath. (See that the soap is in the holder.)

Isobel Pogue's theme song: Start me with ten who are nice-looking men.

Ferguson: Why is a can of soup like a starched shirt?

Merrett: Well?

Ferguson: Because neither of them can ride a bicycle.

Merrett: Plop!!

SYLVIA BOORMAN



Form IB Academic

MISSES: Best, Bestard, Boyle, Chambers, Clark, Cunningham, English, Ferguson, Foster, Graham, Graham, Hamley, Hughes, Hunter, Huffman.

Messrs.: Chate, Constable, Cox, Craig, Cranfield, Crouter, Crowe, Curtis, Eason, Elliot, Fee, Fowley, Gillespie.

Over in one corner of I B room are pupils copying notes, talking and amusing themselves generally. Girls rush in and out demanding if they have all their equipment. The first bell rings and in troops the rest of the class. Assembly knocks off part of the first period. Botany is quite easy (for some), while Algebra considerably muddles others. Going up the dear, worn stairs some fall under

the load of books but we finally get there. Latin is still more confusing. After the slaughter we stumble despairingly up to third floor. At fourth period, Geography, we are looking very decidedly worn out. When the bell goes a great stir commences, pupils grab their books and rush out.

Who is the Shirley Temple of I B who holds the P. C. I. Orchestra together by her magic violin playing?

Who is it that trills blues songs like a real torch-singer in P. C. I.?

Who are they that eat apples, shoot paper, play games and entice dogs to school?

BETSY ENGLISH

IN MEMORY OF

FRED GANDY

I B Academic

Who Met a Tragic Death by Accident in His Thirteenth Year

SEPTEMBER 18, 1936

Quem di diligunt, adulescens moritur.

Form IC Academic

MISSES: Jessie Haddow, Katharine Hendry, Thelma Howell, Jeanne Ketcheson, Iva Lackie, Grace Lundy, Frances Merrett, Muriel Miles, Helen Miller, June Pidgeon, Janet Prophet, Betty Puffer, Agnes Richardson, Ardyth Richardson, Frances Ruskin.

Messrs.: Edward Gall, Edward Gorman, Clegg Hall, Wm. Hall, Ross Hart, Jim Hawthorne, Wilson Henry, Wm. Kemp, H. Kenner, Don Metherall, Doug. Moore, Ken. Mowry, Eric McBain, Harry McKnight.

If Bill were a ROOM instead of a HALL;

If Edward were WORMWOOD instead of GALL;

If KEMP didn't ask sill' questions in French, And GORMAN didn't bounce but sat still on his bench;

If AGNES and JEANNE sat silent and mute;

If ARDYTH were taller and not quite so cute; Were HARRY MCSQUIRE instead of McKNIGHT,

And MOWRY didn't answer his Grammar all right;

If Muriel were INCHES instead of just MILES,

And JESSIE didn't know all Bolivian styles; If Jim were not HAWTHORNE but rather an OAK,

And CLEGG with his wave didn't charm the fair folk;

If Ross were a LIVER instead of a HART,

And ERIC of Dickens had read a small part:

If June were not PIDGEON but rather a DOVE,

And IVA and CATHERINE their History did love;

If Douglas were LESS instead of much MOORE,

And Miss MILLER sat right next to the door;

If Frances were THACKERAY, not RUSKIN, by name,

And Metherall, called DONALD, had a DUCK which was tame;

If Betty, called PUFFER, were a PANTER of note,

And Janet, our PROPHET, were a PEER quite remote;

If Thelma signed "WHISPER" instead of "MISS HOWELL,"

And FRANCES made "BASKETS" with never a foul;

If Wilson, called HENRY, instead were a FORD,

And GRACE by no subject could ever be bored —

Then wouldn't our teachers bewildered all be, Because of these changes in poor old One-C?

HUGH KENNER

Form ID Academic

SOME of the illustrious members in our form are: Don Westlic, who hasn't hatched yet; Jack Ridyard, who can't stop grinning; Helen Wade, who would rather talk than eat; Don McPherson, who never brings the right books; Bob Parnell, who plays hockey for the school; Margaret Wood, who never knows when to sit down.

9:00 A.M.

P. C. I. excursion train is about to leave the station for its rocky ride through and over the rails of I D activities.

All aboard! Andy Scott almost misses the train but by fast running gains the tail end where he usually hangs on. The express gets under way for the auditorium, whereupon Thomas Stanley's leaning soprano goes into full force while singing the songs.

We are under way again but not for long because we come to a rough spot: French.

We have a miracle man in our form, Eric Taylor, who, strange as it seems, thinks out loud.

At last the time has come when we continue our rocky trail to Physical Training. There Mr. Craig goes and reads the morning paper while the boys have a mixed game of rugby and basketball. By the time the game is over it is time to go on an awful climb. I doubt if old I D will make it but, as time proves, we do. During the next ten minutes, Mr. Richardson gazes around the room to see if everybody is here. We usually persuade him to show us slides on our previous work, which takes up most of the period. The first half of our journey is almost to an end, but we still have Botany to go through yet. Most of the girls shudder throughout the whole period. Why? Ask Mr. Bamforth. And so, we leave I D and rush home for dinner.

Vocational School

Special Commercial

WE, OF Special Commercial, have the particular honour of having as a fellow-student, Miss Norma Hughes, a swell person, to be sure. She moves us all down one place when it comes to exams.

The members of this illustrious form are as varied as human beings can be and still be human beings.

We have that tall willowy lad known as Jack Patterson, who calmly walked off with a "silver" cup on Field Day. Do you think he won it?

We possess one Gord Gunsolus (need I describe him?), who certainly can block basketball passes. He takes his exercise with Spearmint.

There are the Misses Jackson, Cathcart and Lawrence. I hear one of them has a pick on short, dark men.

Misses M. Macdonald and I Conroy enter hilariously, every day. We wish they would tell us about it.

Miss Bridcott is our quiet little girl who manages the noisiest typewriter in the room.

Miss Dorris put us on the map with her electoral speech and her resulting election to the Students' Council. She acquires her speaking practice through Dorothy Macdonald.

Lakefield's representative is Miss "Diddy" White, the popular heroine of the "Merchant of Venice."

Ruth Ellis "does us proud" on the basketball team, while Willow Wilfred refuses to believe that Kerma is a fake. Why, he even read her mind. Idle moments.

Does Isobel Skitch use eye-shadow or does someone keep her out too late?

Misses Margaret Parker and Doris Routley may seem quiet. They are fooling you.

There's Rowland smiling to himself. I bet he's thinking of a certain young maestro, muffling the efforts of Lloyd Rowland on his sax. It's a sin. Gillis and Ristow seem happy enough. However, Gillis tries to duck his creditors and Ristow tries to ring bells. I fear they must part.

Mystery-Man Gemmell plays nice basketball. I imagine Dawson builds him up a bit in class.

Lorne Janeway and Ken Hunt say they are girl-haters. I am told it is not so. Better watch them.

For the information of all our teachers the gum dispensers are L. J. and M. M. Don't mob them, please.

In spite of all our failings, weaknesses and bad points, we should go down in history as Mr. Toole's greatest worry.

K. HALES





SPECIAL COMMERCIAL

BACK ROW: P. Ristow, R. Gillis, L. Janeway, J. Patterson, J. Gemmel, G. Gimsolus

SECOND ROW: L. Rowland, K. Hunt, A. White, I. Jackson, K. Lawrence, M. Cathcart, J. Dorris, M. McDonald, R. Ellis, E. Reid, A. Dawson, D. Marocco

FRONT ROW: N. Hughes, D. Routley, M. Parker, G. Brideot, W. Wilford, I. Skitch, M. Macdonald, I. Conroy

Form III Commercial

JUNE ARMSTRONG, Peggy Bassett, Lillian Bathgate, Alice Belfry, Myrtle Boreham, Winnie Cunningham, Mary Duncan, Audrey Elliott, Ruth Fisher, Lena Forsyth, Kathleen Hales, Muriel Harding, Catharine Hill, Aileen Kelly, Marguerite Kennedy, Peggy Lawless, Ruby Leach, Norma May, Dorothy Milburn, Dorothy Pearson, Margaret Rea, Orma Ristow, Winogene Shadgett, Marion Shaughnessy, Arabella Thompson, Ileen Winslow. Boys: Donald Chamberlain, Gordon Courneya, Sidney Craig, Arthur Cummings, Gerard Heffernan, Otto Mackey, Fred Vivash.

This year our form is made up, for the most part, of members of the fair sex. Time never hangs heavy for there is always some amusing incident to take the minds of the diligent pupils off their work.

Our reputation for being winners in sports is upheld by Peggy Lawless, who has been a field-day champion for the past three years and also by the Girls' Volleyball Team who won the Senior Pennant this year.

Mr. Shearer, our form teacher, is very fond of making witty remarks about the pupils, especially Don. Chamberlain, who hails from Bridgenorth. He has also promised us a dancing exhibition, to be put on in the typing room by those spirits of rhythm, "Dot" Pearson and Gord Courneya.

"Bink" Shadgett seems to be going around in a daze most of the time, probably thinking about the doctor's son. Eh, Bink!

Otto Mackey is the tiny fellow of the class this year, but don't worry, folks, he does all right by himself when it comes to talking to the girls in the hall.

I'm afraid Miss Park doesn't consider us very brilliant students in Literature, but at making noise we do too well. I think the real difficulty is the creaking of the seats.

Well, I guess that takes enough valuable space of the *Echoes* for this year.

ANONYMOUS

Form II A Commercial

A. BAKER, E. Baldry, H. Batterson, I. Batterson, E. Battle, E. Beatty, M. Berwick, E. Butler, A. Clark, B. Craig, F. ruikshank, J. De Maio, M. Dorrington, D. Dummitt, M. Dummitt, L. Edwards, I. Everitt, M. Fairbrother, M. Foley, I. Gandy,

M. Grahame, C. Gurney, H. Harte Maxwell, M. Henry, I. Killoran, M. King, F. Latimer, H. Liddell, L. Lynch, J. McDonald, F. McMahan, M. McManus, F. Metcalfe, F. Neary, I. Young. I. E.

Form I A Commercial

Here we are again
Noisy as can be
All smart gals and
Jolly good company.

Bernardine Allen
Josephine Bedore
Erma Jackson
Janet Kearns
Alberta Friedly
Doris Downer
Hazel Hunt
Marjorie Jackson
Ruby Harding
Lily Long
Eileen Collins
Rita Condon
Wylma Lockie
Doris Bradley
Phyllis Crowe
Ruth Dalliday
Dorothy Ephgrave
Margaret Legros
Shirley Brown
Jean Carter
Viola Edwards
Mary Campanaro
Jean Coleman
Madelyn Gilgour

I Found a Million S Baby in a 5 & 10c Store
Now I'm a Lady
Hold My Hand
May I?
I Dream Too Much
When There's a Rainbow on the River
I Never Had a Chance
Over Somebody Else's Shoulder
Takes Two to Make a Bargain
You're My Best Bet
The Object of My Affections
Lovely to Look At
We Agree Perfectly
Ready, Willing and Able
Keep Young and Beautiful
Why Don't You Practice What You Preach?
The Girl With the Dreamy Eyes
She's a Latin from Manhattan
The Lady in Red
Everybody's Truckin'
Out of Sight, Out of Mind
Lady, be Good
In a Little Gypsy Tea-Room
Pardon My Southern Accent



FORM III COMMERCIAL

BACK ROW: O. Mackey, F. Vivash, L. Badgute, W. Shadgett, S. Craig, D. Chamberlain, A. Cummings, M. Shaughtnessy, J. Armstrong, G. Courneya, G. Hefferman
 MIDDLE ROW: L. Forsyth, O. Ristow, C. Hill, D. Pearson, A. Belfry, W. Cunningham, D. Moscrop, N. May, P. Lawless, K. Hales, M. Rea
 FRONT ROW: R. Leach, M. Kennedy, M. Boreham, R. Fisher, M. Harding, A. Elliott, P. Bassett, I. Winslow, D. Milburn, A. Kelly, M. Duncan, A. Thompson

Jean Hopkins
Eleanor Craig
Evelyn Gardner
Alberta Ellis
Marjorie Hanrahan
Irene Forsythe
Dorothy Dolan
Margaret Henry
Mary Jamieson
Dorothy Lord
Norma Collins
Viola Hobson
Eleanor Brown
Peggy Leonard
Mary Conlin
Aileen Brisco
Clarabel Kelly

Curlytop
Happy Days are Here Again
Bend Down, Sister
That's Life, I Guess
Don't Blame Me
When I Grow Up
I Was Saying to the Moon
There's Something in the Air
I'm Painting the Town Red
It's the Gypsy in Me
Little Dutch Girl
Baby, Take a Bow
Rural Rhythm
From Coast to Coast
Sweet and Slow
Don't Say a Word
Fare Thee Well, Clarabel

A. GALLAGHER

Form IB Commercial

THAT great ocean liner, "One Bee," swings away from the dock. If you hurry you can come aboard with me and go on the trip.

We stroll along and are met by Captain Jim Clancy who directs us to the dining saloon. As we near the saloon there is a crash of dishes. A door opens and out run Anna McLean, Ethel O'Toole, Mary Pepe, Maureen Perdue and Audrey Rose. In the doorway we see Harold Moore, the cook, standing. "I'm sorry, Captain Jim," he says, "but these girls are always taking the pies I bake." At one end of the dining saloon we see a full orchestra, John Fife, Wallace Agnew, Ervine Fraser and James Buchan are all beating one bass drum. Helen Simmons, Clare Saunders, Marion Lyons and Dave Chamberlain are all playing trombones. And there is Roy Fairbairn peeking from behind that base violin. Two waiters usher us to our table. They are Bob Doris and Carl Guerin. Now enters First Mate J. Jopling,

B. A. A. representative. Carrying his Junior Field Day Championship is Ken Handbidge. Through an open door we see Adelle Morrow with a bottle of Orange Extract. H. Ephgrave, G. Dundas and J. Crough get seasick and are taken away by Nurses Barbara Meikeljohn, Dorothy Mitchell and Jean Pearson. After dinner, much is added to our enjoyment by a tap-dance, which included Phyliss McClelland, Irene Niles, Mary Moore, Ruth Morden, Audrey Murray, G. A. A. representative, Mary O'Brien, Merion Peters and Viola Price. They are led by those able dancers, J. Belfry, G. Allen, and K. Bolam with his clarinet. Then we see a movie starring Evelyn Ranger and Harold Campbell, and assisted by such such artists as Misses Vellela Richardson and Barbara Millar. The picture was entitled, "Love in Bloom."

That's all I'll say about our trip, but come again next year and maybe we'll visit China.

G. EASTON



NIGHTMARE OF ANCIENT HISTORY STUDENT

Form IC Commercial

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW:

1. How did Miss Wells happen to fall in the creek on the day of the Physiography Examination?
2. Where do Miss Stocker and Miss Symonds get all the gum? (This question by special request of Mr. Collingwood.)
3. Who is the girl in green Pogue is always seen with?
4. Why are McWilliams' feet so sore after coming out of Literature Period?
5. Where did Miss Stenson get her information that Garnet and Gray was the school motto?
6. Why doesn't Tully walk in from the corner?
7. Just how do you pronounce Schiarizza?
8. Who is the gentleman seen at the show with Miss Smith?
9. Why did "Red" Williamson lose interest in a certain young lady?
10. Who's the baby of our class?

PUPILS' NAMES

Messrs.: Keith Smyth, John O'Brien, Walter Murphy, Art Winslow, Charlie Willis, Jack Ryan, Andrew Price, Graham Strickland, Calvin Nichols, Ralph Tully, Bill Millar, Jim Shadgett, Malcolm Packenham, Edward Patterson, Roly McWilliams, Walter Packer, "Red" Williamson, Joe Rochetta, Norman Sargeant, Bob Pogue, Stewart Lockington.

Misses: Leona Slite, Sylvia Temm, Catherine White, Ruby Scott, Goldie Tully, Grace Schiarizza, Dorothy White, Marion White, Madeline Wheatley, Moira Whalon, Madeline Stark, Helen Weston, Barbara Staples, Marjorie Yates, Dorothy Symonds, Jean Schollard, Doris Savigny, Roana Wickenden, Doris Withers, Maxine Wells, Betty Sayer, Norma Stenson.

Form III Household Arts

A MERRY group indeed are we
The girls of H. A. III
Carefree and happy one and all
As we trip gaily down the hall.

Bernice goes first so broad and tall,
Hiding Audry like a high brick wall;
Betty comes next with rapid pace
She may be training for a marathon race.

Ellen steps in so meek and mild,
It makes the others seem quite wild,
Then smiling Jean with hair a flame
To call her wild, would be a shame.

Isabel is often late,
She gets there at any rate,
Fair Gladys last with Marion's two,
Class is all in, we say "Adieu,"
MARION McADAMS



HOUSEHOLD ARTS GRADUATING CLASS

BACK ROW: E. Thexton, M. McAdams, B. Vandervoort, G. McFarlane, J. Blewett, B. Vandervoort
FRONT ROW: M. Hall, D. Blade, E. Revoy, J. Hanbidge

Form II Household Arts

MARY ALEXANDER, Eunice Armstrong, Gladys Brock, Beryl Johnston, Orma Lacheur, Muriel MacKeage, Eleanor Morrison, Marjorie Plumpton, Dorothy Pringle, Doris Sayer, Hazel Telford, Isobel Thorne, Lenore Tinker, Betty Whaley.

One day we decided to go on a hike to Hazel Telford's farm. After an early breakfast we started on our long and perilous journey out the Lakefield Highway. Making our way cautiously along the road we spied Eleanor Morrison in a near-by field hilling potatoes while singing, "I'm sitting on a hill-top." Coming along in a horse and buggy were Isobel Thorne and Doris Sayer, taking their farm produce to the city of Peterborough. They were dressed in bright gingham dresses which they had made in H. A. II at P. C. V. S. Slowly trudging along and thumbing our way we saw a bright shiny baby Austin coming along the road. As it neared us we noticed that Orma Lacheur was at the wheel. Being very hospitable, Orma asked us to hop on the car, as she was going to pass through Lakefield. By the time we were settled and ready to start, the baby Austin looked as if it had been in a wreck. Slowly making our way along the highway,

we reached Nassau, that great railway and industrial metropolis. We stopped here a while and obtained refreshments at the railway depot. Gladys Brock and Eunice Armstrong were serving the customers bits of tasty morsels, which only these girls could cook. The recipes are the personal property of these two girls and have never been entered on a piece of paper and the results can be seen if any day you look at the bridge and see human beings hanging over it ready to drop themselves in the canal. In another corner of the depot, Betty Whaley and Lenore Tinker were busily making tablecloths and tea-towels for the lunchroom. Arriving at Lakefield we saw Mary Alexander, Beryl Johnston, Marjorie Plumpton and Dorothy Pringle all on one corner selling tags. Curious to know what the proceeds were going to be used for we asked Mary. We learned the proceeds were to be used to educate underprivileged and backward elephants in Africa. We were glad to learn that Muriel MacKeage, our fair damsel, was mayoress. When we arrived at Telford's farm we were footsore and weary.

H. A. II signing off till next year.

Form III Industrial Arts

BARRINGER: What fair curly-haired III Former has all the girls ga ga?

BENSON: The brawny electrician. (There seems to be a short circuit somewhere.)

BOOTH: Always wide awake and on the job.

CARPENTER: Tall, dark and handsome.

CAMPBELL: The reason the girls come to school.

COSS: Boy Scout does his good deed every day.

CLARK: "Farmer" specialized in wood-working to become a country plumber.

COURNEYA: The little French dynamite man.

DEAN: Collegiate's gift to the women, especially H. A. IV.

FARR: The All American Drawback.

FERGUSON: The Flashy basketball forward.

GRADY: The country boy who made good.

HALL: The man with hair like Jean Harlow.

HALES: Mad Master Motor Mechanic.

HESS: Can't seem to get his special subject out of his head. (Woodworking.)

MCLENNAN: The school's most promising mathematician.

JACKSON: The only resistance in the day's circuit.

PAGE: The calm, cool, clear-collected kid.

ROBLE: The Norwood Flash, picked to go to Toronto for exams.

Form II Industrial Arts

JACK KENNEDY played on the Senior Team.

ALFRED PROUT is working at McLeod's Drug Store.

HAROLD MORROW was hurt while sleigh riding in December.

BOB DYER and EARLE GIBSON are in the orchestra.

TOM McMILLAN, treasurer of the Students' Council, was hurt in woodworking in November.

DON PERKS, ALEX ELLIS, C. FISHER and E. HOFFMAN attended the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto.

BOB WHITESIDE spent a few weeks in the hospital in October.

For several days MEL ANDRUS was the centre of much activity as he had several puzzles which everyone was trying.

PLUMPTON and BILL FRANCIS had their Mathematics homework done after Mr. Browne's threat of 50 questions if it were not completed.

Both JACK EASTON and T. McMILLAN received valentines from an unknown party who prints her "G's" the same as a certain Mary A. does.

When REN TURNBALL was asked why he

was out of line he replied that the teacher was mistaken, that he was the only one in line.

A newcomer in our class is WINSTON SMITH who just arrived from New Brunswick.

What with breaking cutting tools and other things, several of the boys, including HERB BROMLEY, have been experiencing quite an exciting time in machine shop.

Tuesday in IIE Industrial Arts

TUESDAY morning in the Composition class, we are given the period in which to use our imagination in composing something to represent the Industrial Department in *The Echoes*. At 9:50 A.M. we amble down to Mr. Davies' room to draw circles and lines to the tune of the leaking tap. Pete Morley (the class vocalist) becomes jealous of the tap's singing qualities and tries to push it over, thus taking a piece of flesh out of his hand. Next, we go to Mr. Corniel for Science. Here, Mr. Corniel has his annual singing period and, after his voice passes through several mysterious objects, we see it

BOB FRANCIS was full of information in Machine Shop several days ago as a result of reading the free booklet which he received.

Mr. Davies was heard uttering dire threats against any boy who forced him to compose a June Exam. in Shop Mathematics. It is not to be imagined that anyone will do this purposely.

flashing around the wall of the darkened room. Then home for dinner. After dinner we assemble in the gym. for 40 minutes of bending and stretching under Mr. Bamforth's watchful eye and cane. Somehow we manage to struggle through this and go upstairs again for Spelling. With Mr. W. Brown in the Machine Shop, we can turn a common-looking piece of steel into fantastical shapes simply by pulling levers and turning wheels. Then with Mr. C. S. Browne for Mathematics, we finish a delightful day (?).

ALEX ELLIS

Forms IA and IB Industrial Arts

LYLE GLOVER has joined the Boys' Glee Club. Lyle is still trying to discover when and where the practices are being held. "Chuck" Gray belongs to the School Bugle Band. He plays well, being long-winded. When he "blows" it comes out in musical form.

Fred Brisco was ill during several weeks in December.

Don Douglas was involved in an accident while sleigh-riding in December. Don claimed he had the right-of-way. Who knows?

Christmas card representative was Jim Northam — votes from all the class.

Crary is leading the St. Peter's hockey team to victory. It was learned recently

that he accepted a position with the "Wrigley Chewing Gum Co.", as he freely displays this product.

Sands broke his wrist while playing hockey in January. By reports, it was a thrilling game.

Ted Freeman spent a few days in Toronto attending the Motor Show. Now he tells of being fascinated by the display of "Chrysler Products." We are inclined to believe that Ted was admiring a member of the fairer sex instead of "Chrysler Products."

Ronald Burgess gives nightly skating lessons on the canal. Blondes are preferred.

Don Douglas and George Charlton while in Toronto attended the rugby finals.

FORM IA

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

LLOYD ABRAHAM didn't chase the blondes.

Fred Gall missed the Keene bus.

George Charlton's car didn't start.

Ray Crary forgot his gum.

Jim Goudy wasn't late for once.

Lewis Evans had a flat.

Harold Gray stopped talking to—

Ronald Gyane in class.

Frank Doris didn't do his homework.

Ronald Burgess didn't overdo himself in P. T.

Ted Freeman wasn't absent once each week.

Jim Baird brought a pen and pencil to class.

Bill Anderson didn't chat with the girls.

Tom Bestard answered a question.

Jack Ball forgot to write good notes.

Hugh Heslip didn't go to sleep in class.

Harry Allen stopped stuttering.

Frank Benzke didn't leave a book in every room.

Vincent Holland missed his weekly permanent.

Harry Currie didn't sit in front of Miss Bailey.

FORM IB

TAKE A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE

<i>Name of Pupil</i>	<i>Occupation</i>
S. Smith	Carpenter
W. Westman	News Reporter
B. Roode	Movie Star
J. Wade	Music Teacher
D. Young	Electrician
J. Welbourn	Street Cleaner
C. Westman	Taxi Driver
J. Withers	Garbage Collector
K. Rose	2nd Lindbergh
F. Thompson	P. T. Instructor
R. Nesbitt	Dietitian
N. Millen	Hockey Player—Ace Bailey
B. Jackson	Barber
H. McFarlane	Minister of Agriculture
E. Hopkins	Auto Mechanic
J. Northam	Baker
D. Rennie	Farmer
C. Kelcey	Boxer
W. Wilkinson	Race Horse Driver
J. Sands	Opera Singer
L. Vass	Janitor
A. Northcott	Machinist



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BACK ROW: R. Dean, J. Hales, W. Farr, L. Campbell, W. Grady, M. Sesssmith, T. Robb
MIDDLE ROW: G. Bennett, L. Adams, G. Benson, C. Courtney, E. Hess, P. Hall
FRONT ROW: G. Benson, C. Courtney, E. Hess, P. Hall
(ABSENT: D. Bartinger, B. Clark)



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JEAN F----



'K'



DOT R----



ATLAS



'PHYL'



HOT DOG !!



'ZAVY'



SHOT-PUT



VENUS



MARY R.
JUNCAN S.



'IZZY'



MARION & B



We hope you all appreciate the precarious position held by the Humour Editor (or any other editor for that matter). The staff regret that we are unable to let you all in on the "jokes" which did not find their way to this page. Well, every bad job has its compensations.

P. S.: Have you noticed John blushing?

(Signed) YE EDITOR



GOSSIP

Oh boy! Oh boy! Let down your hair
There's a bit of gossip in the air,
A certain swain from Form VA
Has got the love-bug, so they say;
Each morn at nine and sometimes noon,
A note is left in Form VA room
And while he reads this *billet doux*
His face takes on a roscate hue,
And then, of course, he answers it,
Placing it where his girl will sit.
I think his pals in this honoured room
Should take a collection for the groom.

Eileen Schoales: "Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

John Pierce: "Now that you mention it, you do look familiar."

Murray Gates: "Who are you?"

Pew Wee West: "Just a little dandruff trying to get a-head."

George Hall: "Down south, we like our liquor hard and our women soft."

"Spark": "Up north we like our liquor straight and our women curved."

Don H.: "She said she would be faithful to the end."

Grant: "Congratulations, that's swell!"

Don H.: "Yes, but I'm the snap."

INK SPOTS ON THE WALL

When first the building was encased
With walls of plaster in good taste,
The builder never once had dreamed
That those white walls would be blasphemed.
Look over there on yonder wall;
Observe the inkspots, how they fall;
In rhythmic lines they trace their way
To gain in numbers with each day.
Youths may come and go anon,
But each in ink spots will put on
The walls of this old institute
As the seeds of knowledge bear much fruit.

Gus GUNSOLUS, Spec. Commercial

If this poem you accept,
I shall be very much indebted to you all.

"Spark": "When I grasp you in my arms like this, darling, doesn't something within seem to snap?"

"Flo": "Yes, usually my shoulder strap."

One Clarke: "What's the idea, wearing my raincoat?"

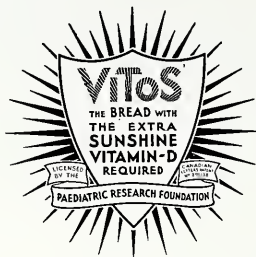
Other Clarke: "It's raining. You wouldn't want your suit to get wet, would you?"

G. G.: "My, this suit of mine is tight! I feel as if I were poured into it."

Mr. Bamforth: "Yes, and forgot to say 'when'!"

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Evelyn Lawless (to garbage man): "Am I too late for the garbage?"

Garbage Man: "No, Miss, jump right in."

Garth Cowan: "I'm thinking what it must be like in the Arctic, where the nights are six months long."

Molly Brown: "So am I. That's what an evening with you seems like."

The shades of eve were falling fast
And for a kiss he asked;
She must have answered yes, because
The shades came down still faster.

ANON.

Gates looked in vain for a German verb—
Gates: "I looked but I couldn't find it."
Miss White: "You're not a good looker."



Somehow life seems cold
without you!!

Theme Songs

(Continued from 1935)

Dr. Kemmer: You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes.

Mr. Pettit: Tell Me Why.

George Hall: Love and Learn.

Miss McGregor: Trust in Me.

Jean Platt: I Ought to Have My Head Examined.

Mr. Browne: C. S., I Love You.

Jim. Morrow: The General's Fast Asleep.

Pauline Storey: Who Loves You?

Bill Wheeler: I Wanna Lead a Band.

Mr. Zavitz: Did I Remember???

Tom Hooper: Serenade to a Wealthy Widow.

Mr. Richardson: Come Out, Vienna.

Hilda Thompson: I'm No Angel.

Mr. Graham: Where There's Smoke There's Fire.

Doug. Tanney: Mr. Ghost Goes to Town.

Miss Montgomery: Love, What are You Doing to My 'Art?

Dolly McAdams: One in a Million.

Griff. Young: I'll Sing You a Thousand Love Songs.

Miss Murphy: Whispering.

"Spark" LeClaire: A High Hat, a Piccolo and a Cane.

Jack Patterson: River Man.

Mr. Bamforth: I'm Popeye the Sailor Man (peep peep).

Noel Barr: Take My Heart.

Orma Lacheur: Picture Me Without You.

George Ebbs: Papa Tree Top Tall.

Mr. Corniel: There's Something in the Air.

Edna Ashbury: You Can be Kissed (or can you?).

Jack Mathison: Dream Awhile.

Did you ever notice how much thought
Betty White and Glen Allen seem to put into
their gum-chewing.

What scholar working his way through
reform school sold the teachers in the study
room a subscription to the *Coronet* magazine?

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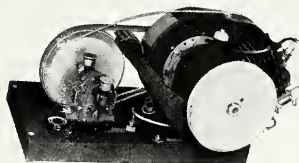
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Customs inspector to Flora Craig (asking the usual question): "Anything to declare, madam?"

"No," replied Flora, "not a thing."

"Well," responded the official, "could you tell me if that fur tail hanging down from your coat is yours?"

Dr. Kenner: "What! You back again?"

Jim Morrow: "Yes. Any mail come for me during the holidays?"

Mr. Craig: "Why is a crow?"

Bright Student: "Caws."

"Well, my boy," Uncle Roy said, "and how are you getting along in school?"

Stu. Laing, his nephew, looked at him a trifle despondently. "Oh, not so bad, uncle," he replied, "and I'm trying awfully hard to get ahead."

"That's good," said uncle, absent-mindedly, "you need one."

Mr. Park: "You were out very late with the car last night. Did you have a flat tire?"

Al: "No, I'd have been home early if she had been."

Alvin King: "I see you're back."

Betty Hughes: "Oh, that's all right, it's the style."

Glen Allen: "Say, what picture is at the theatre?"

Frances Latimer: "God's Country and the Woman."

Glen: "Oh! I didn't know there was a double bill on."

Miss McGregor: "Smith, I don't think you know any Latin."

Smith (thoughtfully): "Then we're even, you don't know any Yiddish."

We admit Bill Wheeler has something in his orchestra but we advise him not to keep it.

Heard at Supper Club the other night: The dessert isn't half bad — not quite!

Should a couple on the stage hold hands while God Save the King is being played? Anyway — why do it so tenderly, Ken?

What's this about Bob Juby going Wolfe hunting?

EPITAPH

*There once was a Pratten named John
The Editorship he took on*

Of this terrible page:

Are you all in rage?

Are you looking for him? Well, he's gone!

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 Amy Bell
 Janet Mcintosh
 B. C. Ferguson.
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 Don Miller
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 Margaret Arnold.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

We know of no better way of expressing our appreciation to the teachers, students and ex-students for their continued patronage during the past year than through the medium of the Echoes. This encourages us to redouble our efforts to maintain the leadership in style and quality which we have attained.

AL. SHARPE

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Phyl. D.: "This floor is certainly slippery."
Bnd P.: "It isn't the dance floor, I just had my shoes shined."

Heard in the locker-room:

Bill Wheeler: "This sure is a number that won't tire an audience."

Hugh Davidson: "You're darned right. It won't get a chance to."

Betty White: "Do any of your boy-friends try to go too far when they take you out driving?"

Jean Flett: "Yes, some waste entirely too much time driving before they stop."

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communities of fishermen and as we approach we sniff the irritating odour of drying cod.

Presently we begin to ascend another mountain until it seems as if we were going to ascend into eternity, and then we see below the world-famous village of Percé. We view with wonder the mighty rock and the bird sanctuary on Bonaventure island, thousands of feet below. Then we descend to this beautiful and picturesque village. We bathe in the ocean and are almost frozen, but we love it. As evening approaches we see the most magnificent sunset imaginable. The flaming orb slowly and in grandeur sinks down behind the majestic mountains, casting its brilliant red rays on the colossal rock which then takes on the appearance of a great wall inset with billions of rubies, with an arch at the foot through which one might pass into an enchanted world.

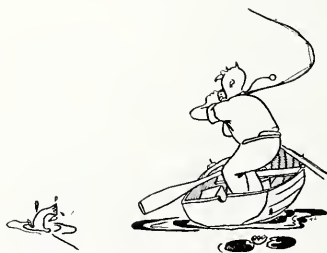
Alas! The greatest part of our trip has now ended. In the morning we shall turn south-west and homeward.

BILL DAVIDSON, IIIA Acad.

Around the Gaspé Peninsula

(Continued from page 48)

our left and in front of us spreads the great Atlantic Ocean. Here and there on the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence Gulf are great ocean vessels, which look like toys. It is imperative to change into low gear in order to descend, as otherwise the brakes would be hopelessly ruined. There are the endless mountains and ocean for almost nine hundred miles. Down in valleys tiny villages tell of the small



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CANTERBURY Continued from page 45

built by Ethelbert and Bertha for St. Augustine, now kept in excellent preservation as a shrine to his memory. Here are exhibited coins, bones and ornaments from the time of the Romans which have been unearthed while digging graves. We left the church and went along a street which is part of the original wall that once surrounded the city. Screaming, proud peacocks perched on the "Rocket," the engine built by Stevenson in 1825, announced our approach. Here is the Dane John Park where the capstan of Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*, is displayed, and a cannon from the Crimean War.

One can imagine, as he walks through the ancient city, the knights and pilgrims who visited A. Becket's shrine in the olden days, as told in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. If ever you have money to travel about at will, you will be well repaid if Canterbury is on your list.

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"You ain't got no brains."

"Ain't got no brains? Why, man, ah got brains which ain't never been used before."

First Basketball Fan: "Did you hear about the basketballer who shot himself?"

Second Basketball Fan: "No; and why did he shoot himself?"

First Basketball Fan: "Because he had no one else to pass to."

Drummer: "Yes, I'm the fastest man in the world."

Violinist: "How come?"

Drummer: "Time flies, doesn't it? Well, I beat time."

Crazy Inventions

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QUICK HAM AND EGGS — Cross a hen and a pig and fry the egg which the new animal lays and you will automatically have ham and eggs.

FISH AND CHIPS — Have a fishery and feed the little fish nothing but potatoes. Later, cut the fish up and you will have fish and chips.

PINEAPPLES — Graft an apple on a pine tree.

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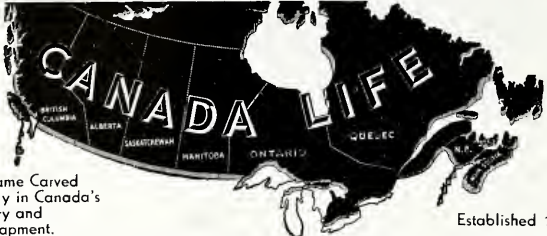
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"I am prosperous to-night, Hubert. I feel like a raisin inside a cake."

"A raisin inside a cake? I get it — you're in the dough."

Helen McGee: "Isn't that a beautiful butterfly on my knee? It must think I'm a flower."

Lenore Lewis: "That's no butterfly, that's a horse-fly."

Alf Dawson (to Gus Gunsolus, an amateur artist): "Draw me a picture of Mr. Toole."

Gus: "Sorry, Alf. I'm an artist, not a cartoonist."

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Did *you* receive four invitations to the At Home and four to the Commencement Dance? We hear that a very lovely, young second former did.

We hope that none of the teachers stay after school to listen in on the conversation that takes place in *The Echoes'* office — they might be shocked!

Sure, boys and girls kissed back in 1890 but it resembled a chicken picking up corn, instead of vulcanizing.

You may have ten guesses as to the identity of the 5A girl who spent an evening, in early February, on Armour's Hill, with a gentleman (?) from 3A. (In a rumble seat, too.)

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SOME TRANSLATIONS

Je levai les yeux.
 I closed my eyes.

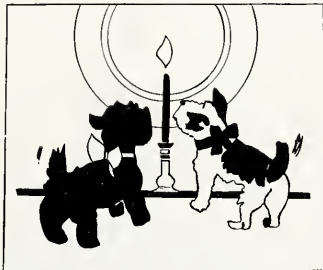
*"Ouvrez," dit gaiement en dehors une voix
 d'un timbre musical.*

"Open," said gaily a voice with a musical
 tone without.

En jetant un regard sur la table.
 Throwing a look on the table.

Le feu vous sort littéralement des yeux.
 Smith put it into English — bad English,
 and said: "Her eyes were bloodshot."

A sample of Fifth Form French:
 The horse ran fast: *Le cheval cuisait vite.*



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Believe it or not . . .
Mr. Zavitz to Bill: "Moorehead, one of us
is batty."

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Doc: "I never miss an opportunity."

Does Mary McPherson *waste* as much time with the boys as Mr. Zavitz believes?

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Miss Murphy tells the class that they should take a moral from their literature. From some of the laughs that go around it is more probable that they are taking the immoral.

Noel Barr: "You're dancing with me to-night and I suppose to-morrow you will be making a date with another man."

Orma Lacheur: "Yes, my chiropodist."

Mr. Graham: conducting a chemistry class (in front of him he has a container of sulphuric acid):

"Now, class, when I have dropped the silver coin into this, will it dissolve?"

Lloyd Perdue: "No, because if it did you wouldn't drop it in."

Betty D.: "I've got my heart set on marrying a middle-aged ghost writer."

Evelyn L.: "That's the old spirit."

Miss McGregor (referring to Latin sentence): "Ebbs, what is the first mistake?"

Ebbs: "Me?"

Miss M.: "No doubt about that!"

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Girl Guiding

Continued from Page 39

who has the opportunity to be a Scout should be glad to take it.

Perhaps you have heard a boy say, "I wish there were knights nowadays. Wouldn't it be fun if there were?" There are knights in the present, and let us hope there will be more in the future, in the shape of the Guides and Scouts who battle bravely to keep their law and promise every day by helping others. The Guide and Scout Law stands for the knight's Vow, their belts represent his belt, their flag his standard, and their badge his crest. If you read some of the stories of Arthur's knights you will find their Vow in the front of the book. This Vow is almost word for word the Guide and Scout Law. Let us hope that knighthood will never grow "old-fashioned" and that young people of our country may for many centuries receive the benefits of belonging to this great company of knights.

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