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High School

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TILLSONBURG

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DYERS

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DRY CLEANING

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AND OUR DRIVER
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THERE IS NO BETTER TIME**

SO WHEN PLANNING, DESIGNING OR REMODELLING
YOUR HOME, PLAYROOM OR KITCHEN JUST CALL

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AND

BIRTHDAY CAKES

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TILLSONBURG

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TO T.D.H.S. STUDENTS
FROM

**LADY ANNE
DRESS SHOP**

The Leading Fashion Shop
in Town

96 Broadway

Phone 546

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and
BEST WISHES
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ARMSTRONG'S

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PLUMBING - TINSMITHING - HEATING
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"The Shop for Men"

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"The Best Way to Get Business Is to Deserve It"

Walter P. Chrysler

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Selling and Servicing Chrysler Products

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"You Get the Girl
We'll Supply the Flowers"

Livingston House of Flowers

Phone 61

Tillsonburg



To Her Most Gracious Majesty

Queen Elizabeth 2nd

In the First Year of

Her Reign

The 1952 Edition of the Tatler

Is Respectfully

Dedicated

Tatler 1952

Table of Contents

Foreword From the Principal	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	15
From the Chairman of the Board	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	16
T.D.H.S. Teachers	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	17
Tatler Staff	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	18
From the Editors	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	20
Script Scraps	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	22
Alumni and Graduates	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	23
Activities	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	29
Boys' Sports	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	41
Girls' Sports	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	47
Prose	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	50
Poetry	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	57
Languages	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	60
Form News and Pictures	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	66
Jokes	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	81



Foreword From The Principal

We are now completing our second year in the new Tillsonburg District High School. This edition records permanently the activities and achievements of the student body. It is my pleasure to congratulate the staff of the Tatler and their supervising teachers on a job well done.

I believe that the Tatler has been published yearly, with a few exceptions, since 1908—perhaps even before that. This accomplishment has been made possible by the loyal support of our advertisers. The names of many of our present advertisers appear on the pages of earlier editions. This whole-hearted support, year after year, is greatly appreciated by all students.

Every person associated with a group, whether it is a team, a club, or any other

organization, wants to be proud of it. We are all proud of the Tillsonburg District High School.

We are still in the growing stage, in campus development, in organization, and in student body. You, who are students, will have a part in forming the traditions that will be carried on here in years to come. We want them to be fine traditions, worthy of a fine school.

It is my hope that Tillsonburg District High School will be an outstanding school—outstanding in scholarship, in sports, in activities—and that you, its students, may be outstanding in co-operation and loyalty toward your school.

W. P. Kirkwood.



TILLSONBURG DISTRICT HIGH SCHOOL BOARD

Standing—Mr. Burt Neale, Mr. Grant Brown, Mr. W. P. Kirkwood (Principal), Mr. K. C. Emerson, Mr. Sidney Ronson.

Seated—Mr. Warren Rock, Mr. H. F. Johnston, Mr. Grant Haley (Chairman), Rev. Fr. J. H. O'Neil.

Absent—Mr. J. D. Vallee, Mr. H. A. Ostrander.

From the Chairman of the Board

The youth of our country to-day are facing a challenging future. All about them is unrest, evidenced in strikes, crime, revolution, and war. As the men and women of to-morrow they have this heritage to meet. Certainly education must play a decisive part in preparing them for this important task of living. Spurred by the needs of the present our educational facilities must be geared to the task of aiding our young people to prepare themselves for the future.

The objective of all educational institutions should be to provide a means for an equal education to all who seek it. Thus in the Tillsonburg District High School we are striving to meet it more all the time. Now with the night classes as well as the New Canadian classes we are nearing this objective. It is a challenge to the staff and

students as well as the board, to make this school one of the best in this part of the province. We should be interested in not only the academic side of education but also interschool activities, vocational guidance, sportsmanship and a knowledge of plain courtesy to all. Good manners and common courtesy are tending to become a premium amongst young people to-day.

Youth is a time when most of us hate to be "different", but some have the foresight to weigh the price of popularity against its actual worth.

On behalf of the board I wish to extend to the editorial staff of the Tatler our good wishes.

Grant Haley,
Chairman, Tillsonburg District
High School Board.



T.D.H.S.



Teachers



1. Born—Marjorie E. McIntosh, Toronto.
University—Toronto, Hon. English, Hist., P. E.

Subject—English.
Extra-curricular—Badminton.
Hobbies—Sports, Travel, Little Theatre.

2. Born—Alice J. Volker, Toronto.
University—McMaster, Sociology.

Subjects—Home Economics.
Hobbies—Sewing, Weaving, Sports, Loafing.

3. Born—Alan J. Beattie, Cobourg.
University—Western, Hon. Geology.

Subjects—Physics, Agric. Science, Guidance.
Extra-curricular—Q.M. Cadet Corps.
Hobbies—Georgian Bay Cottage, Boating, Fishing.

4. Born—Robert J. Sinclair, Belmore.
University—Queen's, Chemistry and Mineralogy.

Subjects—Chemistry, Physics.
Extra-curricular—Musketry Instructor.
Hobbies—Woodwork, Amateur Radio, Golf.

5. Born—Grace E. Grieve, Ingersoll.
University—Western, Classics (Latin and Greek).

Subject—Latin.
Extra-curricular—Tatler, Puppet Club.
Hobbies—Reading, Music, Weaving, Travel.

6. Born—A. Robert Harden, Folkestone, Eng.

University—Toronto, Modern Languages.
Subjects—French, Music.
Extra-curricular—Glee Clubs, Orchestra.
Hobbies—Cooking, Record-collecting.

7. Born—Walter Moore, Toronto.
University—Toronto, General.

Subjects—Commercial.
Extra-curricular—Typing, Cadets, Tatler.
Hobbies—Golf, Garden, Music.

8. Born—J. Reid Murray, Toronto.
University—O.A.C., Bacteriology.

Subjects—Agric. Science, Agriculture.
Extra-curricular—Rifle Shooting, Agric. Club.
Hobbies—Music.

9. Born—H. Willard, Parkhill.
University—O.C.E. (U. of T.), Industrial Arts.

Subjects—General, Metal Shopwork.
Extra-curricular—Shopwork.
Hobbies—Photography, Travel.

10. Grace B. Harden, Ostrander.
University—Western, French, English.

Subject—French.
Extra-curricular—Drama, Students' Council.
Hobbies—Golf, Badminton.

11. Born—J. Walling Reid, Toronto.
University—Toronto, Arts, P. E.

Subjects—History, P.E.
Extra-curricular—Cadet Chief Instructor, Sports.
Hobbies—Reserve Army, Little Theatre.

12. Born—Stewart K. Dicks, Toronto.
University—Toronto, Modern History.
Subjects—History, English.
Extra-curricular—Drama.
Hobbies—Little Theatre.

13. Born—Alan B. Taylor, Toronto.
University—Toronto, General Arts.
Subjects—English, History, Library Sc.
Extra-curricular—Library.
Hobbies—Little Theatre, Church Work.

14. Born—James E. Tulloch, Owen Sound.
University—Toronto, Arts.
Subjects—Geography, English.
Extra-curricular—Camera Club.
Hobbies—Fishing.

15. Born—Rheta T. Field, South Grimsby.
University—Queen's, Biology and Geology.
Subjects—Art, Agric. Sc., Biology.
Extra-curricular—Art Club.
Hobbies—Birding, Painting, Fishing.

16. Born—U. Preston Williams, Wyoming.
University—O.C.E. (U. of T.) Industrial Arts.
Subjects—Woodwork, Drafting.
Extra-curricular—Woodwork.
Hobbies—Hunting, Fishing.

17. Born—Margaret Blascik, Welland.
University—Queen's, Arts, P.E.
Subjects—Health, P.E.
Extra-curricular—Coach Girls' Sports.
Hobbies—Painting.

18. Born—David R. Campbell, Elgin County.
University—Western, Math. and Physics.
Subjects—Mathematics.
Extra-curricular—Cadets, Signalling.
Interest—Boys and Girls.

19. Born—Nancy L. Boyd, Regina, Sask.
University—Manitoba, Home Ec.
Subjects—Home Economics.
Hobbies—Tennis, Music, Handicrafts.

20. Penelope S. Dunbar, Embro.
University—Western, General.
Subjects—Hist., Eng., Geog., Penmanship.
Extra-curricular—Jr. Red Cross, Puppets.
Hobbies—Weaving.

21. Ira C. Demsey, Rotterdam, Netherlands.
University—Queen's, Mathematics.
Subjects—Mathematics, P.E.
Extra-curricular—Basketball.
Hobbies—Music.

22. Born—R. D. Alexander, Port Rowan.
University—Toronto, Arts.
Subjects—Mathematics, P. E.
Extra-curricular—First Aid.
Hobbies—Lodgework, Hockey.



Tatler Staff

CO-EDITORS

Lucy Rokeby

Wally Hoyle

DEPARTMENT HEADS

Girls' Sports	Jennie Ghesquiere	Alumni, Graduates	Margaret Dawson
Boys' Sports	Richard Gregson	Photography	Leonard Libitz
Activities	Gloria Haycock	Form News	Sheila Rokeby
Languages	Janice Diver	Exchange	Lucy Rokeby
Poetry	Aldona Vasiliunas	Humour	Mary Mason
Prose	Mary Elizabeth McLeod	Art	Bob Mason

ASSISTANT DEPARTMENT HEADS

Activities	Lois Brinn, Marion Jones, Joanne Allen, Janice Scrimgeour, Alan Turner.		
Form News	Mae Nunn, Patricia Ross, Mildred Sandham, Carol Franklin, Isabel Darrow, Donald Pratt.		
Humour	Shirley Eichenberg, Ian Aldworth.		
Girls' Sports	Linda Lounsbury	Photography	Douglas Dutton
Boys' Sports	Robert Nagy	Languages	Josephine Knautz
Poetry	Margaret Brown	Prose	Alice Silverthorne
Art	Robert MacLennan		
Adviser to the Editors	Miss Grieve.		

BUSINESS STAFF

Manager	Lillian Hogarth.	Assistants	Colston Hale, Bill Newman.
Adviser to the Business Staff	Mr. Moore.		
Typists	Gloria Haycock, Margaret Dawson, Jennie Ghesquiere, Lois Brinn.		

CONTEST JUDGES

Miss Field, Miss McIntosh, Mrs. Harden, Mr. Harden, Mr. Dicks, Mr. Campbell.

Tatler Department Heads

Standing—Mary Mason, Sheila Rokeby, Aldona Vasilunas, Miss G. E. Grieve, Richard Gregson, Bob Mason, Leonard Libitz.

Seated—Jenny Ghesquiere, Janice Diver, Lucy Rokeby, Wally Hoyle, M. E. McLeod, Gloria Haycock, Margaret Dawson.



Tatler Assistant Department Heads

Top—Douglas Dutton, Ian Aldworth, Bob MacLennan, Alan Turner, Bob Nagy.

Centre—Don Pratt, Joanne Allen, Pat Ross, Linda Lounsbury, Mae Nunn, Isabel Darrow, Alice Silverthorne, Carol Franklin.

Front—Mildred Sandham, Marion Jones, Shirley Eichenberg, Josephine Knautz, Margaret Brown, Lois Brinn.



Tatler Business Staff

Colston Hale, Mr. W. Moore, Lillian Hogarth, Bill Newman.





Wally Hoyle



Lucy Rokeby

FROM THE EDITORS

1952 marks Canada's eighty-fifth year as a nation. With our birth our forefathers, hardened to their task and fertile with creative ideas forged ahead to build a strong country for their descendants.

Canada was larger than they could imagine, richer than their wildest dreams but her destiny has not followed the path they laid for it.

We stand in line to correct it.

Our government is constantly trying to develop a strictly Canadian heritage by encouraging originality in music, painting, sculpture, literature, drama, education — that is, our general culture.

In other words they are trying to Canadianize Canadians.

Why?

Because the majority of people in Canada consider it stylish to copy the trends of the United States. Therefore, we are not Canadians but Americans in the sense of that ambiguous word when it applies to the

(Continued on Page 21, Column 1)

Thinking back to the Tillsonburg District High School I knew in Grade IX and X, I see a sharp contrast with the school we now occupy. In 1949 T.D.H.S. was a shabby twelve-room structure with twelve teachers. The rooms were crowded and badly lighted, and each one had stark white walls with drab wainscotting. The assemblies were held in the gymnasium but the commencement had to be presented in the town hall to accommodate the crowd. In those days the commencement was THE affair of the year, when a three-act play was enacted and the Glee Club and other groups contributed their talent to the splendid entertainment which accompanied the official ceremonies of commencement. The executive body was the Literary Society and its duties were to plan the "At Home" and assemblies.

T.D.H.S. of 1952 is the huge brick building situated on Tillson Avenue. It is made up of nineteen rooms and there are twenty-

(Continued on Page 21, Column 2)

population of the United States not the people of the Western Hemisphere.

For most of us, Canada is the land of our birth. But that is all. Make no bones about it; we go out of our way to keep up with our friends south of the border. This fact is particularly applicable of Southern Ontario.

If we are not to copy the U.S., whom should we follow?

Maybe we should follow the attitude of our countrymen in Victoria, blase and British. How about duplicating the philosophy of the hardened chisel-faced Bluesoners of the Maritimes or adopting the quiet air of the quaint homespun peasant of Quebec?

Definitely not!

Let's take stock of ourselves and see what we alone have to offer.

We have the most heavily populated province; hence, we should have the most varied, the best, and the largest developed culture in Canada. And how can this be brought about? Champion a wider scope in education; encourage originality in personal skills; adopt the cultures of the various nationalistic groups predominant in this province and the rest of the country; cooperate with our fellow Canadians from East to West and, most of all, drop the bad American influences.

What are the influences from the United States?

The average American is the most honest, upstanding human on this earth. However, the United States is led by some of the most narrow-minded, ill-informed people on the face of this earth.

However, the leaders of their government lack insight into the solutions of everyday problems. They are not insincere. Their ignorance probably stems from the fact that the Americans were isolationists up until 1941. Now they have awakened to find that they are the leaders of the free world. They don't know how to go about their task. The members of their government don't know what to do or say.

All of us recall the words of Timothy P. Sheehan on the floor of the U.S. House of Representatives earlier this year. Mr. Sheehan proposed that the United States take over Canada as payment for Britain's colossal debt built up through Lend-Lease.

Whether Mr. Sheehan made this statement in ignorance or "with tongue in

two teachers on the staff. The rooms are cheerfully decorated in various pastel colours and one wall of each room is made up entirely of windows. Most school functions are held in the gymnasium which accommodates a thousand people. The commencement has become exclusively a farewell to the graduates because they and the other students receiving diplomas are so numerous that there is no time available to exhibit the school's talent which is now displayed at the "T.D.H.S. Revue". The students' executive is called the Students' Council, fulfilling largely the same duties as the Literary Society.

To many of us who are attending T.D. H.S. at the present time, that gymnasium surrounded by a heap of bricks and plaster on the corner of Concession Street and Lisgar Avenue is merely what it appears to be, but to thousands who knew it not so long ago it recalls memories of years of unsurpassed happiness and rewarding labour. Some alumni say that they could never think of the T.D.H.S. of to-day as anyone's Alma Mater. They forget that the reputation and traditions of the old school migrated to the new, and that they are there upheld and cherished. Because of this fact, we, who have studied in the old school and the new, will have one Alma Mater, a combination of the memories and traditions of the two.

It is our wish that the students of T.D. H.S. fifty years from now may cherish the same memories of this school as we do of the old one.

Lucy Rokeby, XIIB.

cheek", it greatly insulted us Canadians.

Other evidences of insults such as these are found in the American press and radio which blare boastfully that the United States of America either has or is the greatest or largest of everything and anything in the wide world. (Strangely enough the closest rival of this indoctrination is the propaganda machine of Russia.)

Let us not consider joining their fumbling bureaucracy. We are a nation vastly different in temperament from that of the United States. We are quite capable of developing our own resources with Canadian know-how. Once we became a small proportion of the United States in comparison to population, we would have lost every-

(Continued to Page 80)

Alumni

The shining new portals of our Alma Mater have made their first closing behind last year's graduates as they leave for the world outside. Behind them they leave many memories so much a part of our school. Past year's top athletes, as well as top students, are held as examples for the rest of the school.

Many of last year's graduates are pursuing the path to higher learning. Seven of last year's students are now attending the London Normal School. They are Eileen Brown, Lucille Monk, Maxine Sanderson, Elizabeth Simmons, Betty Grey, Jack Culp, and Richard Jones.

Studying at the University of Western Ontario are Ann Dean (English) and Robert Heckadon (General Science). Walter Berko, who has moved to Brickden, is attending Westervelt.

Donald Lee is at the Ontario Agriculture College. Marion Swance is also in Guelph at Macdonald Institute. Marion is taking up Economics.

To the nursing world we have contributed Margaret Howey at McMaster University, Ena Bradfield at the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children, Agnes Thurston at the Hamilton General Hospital, and Shirley Steele at the Toronto General Hospital.

Dick Gibson's new abode is at Queen's University, where Dick is studying to be an engineer. At McMaster can be found Gary Miller (General Philosophy) and Douglas Eckel (General Science).

Victor Racz is now flying with the Air Force. Assumption College claimed George Gyulveszi until the New Year, when George was hospitalized.

John Fody is at present at home preparing to attend Tri-State College in Indiana. Ramona Kisielis is taking a secretarial course in Montreal. Georgette Gilbert has taken up residence in Goderich as Mrs. Jack Anderson.

Vickie Vance is repeating grade thirteen at Alma College, while Herbert Augustine is repeating grade thirteen at Woodstock Collegiate. Joyce Hustler is attending the

Tillsonburg Business College and teaching music after school.

Russell Mannell has taken up farming and Harvey Smith is working in the A & P. Continuing school at T.D.H.S. are Charles Baldwin, Jack Tanner, and J. Chambers.

Most of the '51 commercial specialists are employed here in our little town. However, Lorna Tupper is at John White's in Woodstock, Rosemary Toth is at the Garden City Corporation in Toronto, and Ella Gyulveszi is employed as the wife of Dr. M. R. Szoranyi in Delhi.

Pat Boughner and Lorene Bridge are working at the hospital. Margaret French and Donald Peacock are in the Bank of Montreal.

Busily employed at Bennett's is Ruth Hawkins working as bookkeeper and sales clerk. Pat Hillis is very much concerned with Massey-Harris machinery at MacBeth's. At Heath's these days we find Dorothy Lambert. Record Librarian at the St. Thomas Radio-Station is Lois Law.

Evelyn Matthews, Jean Trickett and Moon are at home. Also at home is Marion Nethercott, who is planning to attend school next year.

Jean Scrimgeour is at the Federation Insurance office; Jean Smith is in the Anglo-Canadian Insurance; Dorothy Weeks is employed at the Blake McDonald Insurance; and Nancy Warren is at the Denton and Vance office.

Joan Wellman is at Carroll Brothers. Jacqueline McDonald is in Eichenberg's. Lloyd Rogers is now managing the Tillsonburg Auto Wreckers. Joyce Hibbert is employed at the Tillsonburg News Office.

Scholarships

Richard Jones and Betty Grey each won a Dominion-Provincial Bursary for Normal School valued at \$250.

Kathleen Sandor won a bursary for grade thirteen. The Second Carter Scholarship went to Richard Jones.

The Courageous Chapter of the I.O.D.E. presented Douglas Eckel and Joyce Hustler each with a scholarship.

Grade XIII Graduates — 1952



DAVID RICHARDS

Interests
Football
Basketball
Shooting
Drama
Plans
Medicine

MARGARET COOPER

Interests
Jr. Red Cross
Glee Club
Plans
Kindergarten
Teacher

DONALD MacLENNAN

Interests
Badminton
Basketball
Tennis
Golf
Plans
Medicine

SHIRLEY TAIT

Interests
Students' Council
Glee Club
Basketball
Volleyball
Field Ball
Plans
Normal or Western

J. F. CHAMBERS

Interests
Typing
N.C.O. Class
Plans
University

KATHLEEN SANDOR

Interests
Glee Club
Drama
Basketball
Badminton
Volleyball
Plans
Indefinite



MURIEL COOPER

Interests
Glee Club
Piano
Plans
University

WILLIAM FRANKLIN

Interests
Cadets
Signalling
Shooting
Hobbies
Woodwork
Leathercraft
Plans
Engineering

LAUREL AGUR

Interests
Glee Club
Basketball
Volleyball
Plans
Home Ec.
Teacher

JACK BELL

Interests
Typing
Drama
Radio
Plans
Ryerson I.

JACK FISH

Interests
Shooting
Plans
Grade XIII or O.A.C.

HILDA KNAUTZ

Interests
Glee Club
Typing
Skating
Plans
Nursing



JACK TINDALE

Interests
Rugby
Basketball
Hockey
Baseball
Plans
Undecided

PATRICIA GRAY

Interests
Glee Club
Skating
Basketball
Reading
Plans
Undecided

NORMA GILBERT

Interests
Glee Club
Reading
Piano
Plans
Normal School

JACK TANNER

Interests
Rugby
Shooting
Basketball
Cadets
Fastball
Plans
Undecided

GERALD WEBSTER

Interests
Music
Reading
Chemistry
Plans
Dentistry

ELIZABETH GIBSON

Interests
Glee Club
Orchestra
Badminton
Typing
Plans
H.S. Music Teacher



PAUL SERES
Interests
Basketball
N.C.O. Class
Shooting
Plans
Undecided

CYRIL WILKINSON
Interests
Basketball
N.C.O. Class
Plans
University

ALDONA VASILIUINAS
Interests
Glee Club
Basketball
Volleyball
Tatler
Plans
University

CHARLES BALDWIN
Interests
Rugby
Basketball
Glee Club
Shooting
Drama
Plans
Undecided

KERENE KELLY
Interests
Music
Photography
Typing
Glee Club
Plans
Undecided

CLIFTON RONSON
Interests
Glee Club
Plans
Undecided



NORMAN SMITH
Interests
Track and Field
Plans
University

IRENE BUSZKIEWICZ
Interests
Basketball
Volleyball
Dancing
Flower-gardening
Plans
Normal School

THEODORE VARGA
Interests
Athletic Society
Model Planes
Plans
Medicine

FRANCES MONK
Interests
Typing
Photography
Reading
Plans
Nursing

MARION PEARCE
Interests
Glee Club
Typing
B. Y. P. U.
Basketball
Reading
Plans
Nursing

JOHN ALEXANDER
Interests
Shooting
N.C.O. Class
Plans
University



PETER GIBSON
Interests
Hockey
Signalling
Typing
Rugby
Plans
U. of T.

GARY HORLICK
Plans
Uncertain

ELIZABETH BURN
Interests
Puppet Club
"At Home"
Plans
Normal School

VERNE HARVEY
Interests
Students' Council
Glee Club
Sports
Plans
Teaching

IRMA FAZAKAS
Interests
Music
Typing
Reading
Plans
Private Secretary

NOEL MASON
Interests
Basketball
Glee Club
Orchestra
Shooting
Plans
Dentistry

MARGARET
BROWN

Interests
Glee Club
Typing
Piano
Plans
Undecided



JEAN
HELSDON

Interests
Glee Club
Reading
Piano
Plans
Undecided

Commercial Graduates — 1952



BERNICE
MAECKEL-
BERGH

Interests
Glee Club
Basketball
Plans
Office Work

MARGARET
BUTI

Interests
Dancing
Swimming
Basketball
Plans
Undecided

WRAY
WATTS

Interests
Students'
Council
Football
Track and
Field
Hockey
Plans
Undecided

MAYBELLE
THOMPSON

Interests
Glee Club
Drama
Students'
Council
Plans
Office Work

JENNY
GHES-
QUIERE

Interests
Drama
Basketball
Tatler
Glee Club
Red Cross
Public
Speaking
Plans
Journalism
Secretary

DIXIE
GRANT

Interests
Music
Badminton
Skating
Plans
Office Work



ANNE
SLOBODA

Interests
Glee Club
Drama
Basketball
Plans
Stenographer

BARBARA
LAMBERT

Interests
Young
People's
Drama
Glee Club
Plans
Journalism

SHIRLEY
BELL

Interests
Glee Club
Riding
Baseball
Plans
Undecided

GEORGE
BUCKRELL

Interests
Basketball
First Aid
Plans
Undecided

ALLIN
SHARP

Interests
Basketball
Rugby
Plans
Westervelt

ROBERT
CLARING-
BOLD

Interests
Shooting
Plans
Mortician



LOIS BRINN
Interests
Glee Club
Drama
Tatler
Plans
Office Work

GRANT NEALE
Interests
Basketball
Plans
Undecided

DOROTHY MCKENNEY
Interests
Cheerleading
Glee Club
Basketball
Plans
Undecided

SHIRLEY SMITH
Interests
Basketball
Plans
Secretary

BILL HILLIKER
Interests
Orchestra
Plans
Work

ANDY CHOMA
Interests
Reading
Typing
Plans
Mechanic



GLORIA HAYCOCK
Interests
Basketball
Red Cross
Tatler
Glee Club
Drama
Plans
Undecided

SHIRLEY JENSON
Interests
Dancing
Basketball
Plans
Secretary

MARCEL VERSCHEURE
Interests
Drama
Glee Club
Basketball
Plans
Tobacco
Farming

EILEEN BIENER



BETTY ANN EWERTH
Interests
Riding
Reading
Badminton
Plans
Undecided

MARY LOU PEGG
Interests
Volleyball
Skating
Plans
Office Work

GRACE HARRIES

JUNE FAULKNER
Interests
Glee Club
Plans
Undecided



SHIRLEY LOUCKS
Interests
Basketball
Volleyball
Dancing
Plans
Stenographer
Modelling

JAMES SINDEN
Interests
Basketball
Plans
Undecided

BETTY VANDERHOEK
Interests
Badminton
Basketball
Volleyball
Plans
Secretary

GEORGE LEATHERDALE
Interests
Lab. Work
Reading
Plans
Work

CLARA KOHL
Interests
Baseball
Plans
Secretary

MARGARET DAWSON
Interests
Tatler
Drama
Reading
Scrapbooks
Plans
Office Work

Activities

Gloria Haycock, Lois Brinn, Marion Jones,
Joanne Allen, Janice Scrimgeour, Alan Turner

Commencement

On Friday night, November 23, 1951, T.D.H.S. held its annual commencement exercises. The gymnasium was filled with proud parents and friends who came to witness the accomplishments of award winners.

After "O Canada", Mr. Kirkwood extended a welcome to all and the school voiced its welcome in the school song. Five melodious selections were offered by the Senior Glee Club under the direction of Mr. R. Harden. Marianne Moore at the piano.

Intermediate diplomas were presented by Harvey Johnston. The history prizes donated by the James H. Wilson Chapter, I.O.D.E., were presented by the regent, Mrs. J. A. Gillett. Winners of the British history awards were Frances Gray and Dorothy Stover. Arnold Stover won the Canadian history award.

Proficiency shields and athletic prizes were presented by K. Emerson of the High School Board.

At this point in the programme Bill Popham received much well-deserved applause for his cornet solo, and Marianne Moore delighted the audience with a piano solo.

Scholarships given by H.M.S. Courageous Chapter, I.O.D.E., were presented by the regent, Mrs. M. Truefitt. Joyce Hustler and Douglas Eckel, grade thirteen students, were winners of these awards.

Capt. R. D. MacDonald, Company Commander of the Oxford Rifles, presented the cadet prizes. Following this, the Junior Glee Club made its debut singing three enjoyable folk songs. The T.D.H.S. orchestra played a lively minuet.

H. A. Ostrander, chairman of the Tillsonburg District High School Board, presented the secondary school graduation diplomas and secondary school honour graduation diplomas. Ann Dean, valedictorian, was introduced by Mr. Kirkwood. Ann, well known for both her academic standing and her charming personality, delivered with poise an inspiring address.

To conclude this memorable event, a tea and dance were held in honour of the graduates and award winners.

Those receiving awards were:



Secondary School Honour Graduation Diplomas—Herbert Augustine, Ena Bradfield, Eileen Brown, J. F. Chambers, Jack Culp, Ann Dean, Douglas Eckel, Wallace Fletcher, John Fody, Richard Gibson, Elizabeth Grey, Robert Heckadon, Margaret Howey, Joyce Hustler, Richard Jones, Ramona Kisielis, Donald Lee, Russell Mannell, Gary Miller, Lucille Monk, Margaret Neale, Maxine Sanderson, Elizabeth Simmons, Harvey Smith, Marion Swance.

Secondary School Graduation Diplomas—Laurel Agur, John Alexander, John Bell, Shirley Bell, Lois Brinn, Elizabeth Burn, Irene Buskiewicz, Margaret Cooper, Muriel Cooper, Margaret Dawson, Irma Fazakas, John Fish, Elizabeth Gibson, Peter Gibson, Patricia Gray, George Gyulveszi, Verne Harvey, Gloria Haycock, Wanda Heckford, Bill Hilliker, Garry Horlick, James Jones, Kerene Kelly, Hilda Knautz, Donald MacLennan, Marilyn Mabee, Noel Mason, Fran-

(Continued on Page 86)

Cadet Inspection

May 9, 1951, marked T.D.H.S.'s annual cadet inspection. The inspection under the new training officer, J. W. Reid, was held for the first time on the campus behind our new school.

The '51 corps was composed of five companies, two boys' and three girls'.

The first event of the programme was the march-on of companies and the inspection of the corps by the inspecting officer, Lieutenant Colonel N. F. Wilkins, accompanied by the T.D.H.S. Cadet Corps Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Baldwin, Captain Carson, Major R. D. MacDonald and Captain A. D. Goodlett of the Oxford Rifles and Second Lieutenant J. W. Reid.

Demonstrations of platoon drills, precision squads, boys' and girls' gymnastics and tumbling, followed the inspection.

The highlight of the programme was a mock battle accompanied by Verey Pistol Signals and much popping of blank shells.

This was followed by a demonstration of bren-carrier driving, physical training tables and a square dance by Grades IXD and IXE.

Afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel Wilkins and Captain Carson commended the Corps on its fine display and congratulated the training officers and teachers responsible for making the inspection "one of the best in Western Ontario."

Robert MacLennan, XIIA.

Fair Winners at T.D.H.S.

T.D.H.S. is overflowing with talent. The abilities of geniuses were acknowledged at the Tillsonburg Fair this year. In the home economics contests winners were:

Salad dressing: Joan Merriot.

Butter cake: Barbara Darnley.

Candy: Joan Merriot.

Poster: Joan Sharpe.

T.D.H.S. took the prize for the linoleum and poster design contest also. Bill Franklin won a prize for boys' hobby display, while Lucy Rokeby was the winner of the girl's hobby display.

Gloria Haycock, XIIC.

Students' Council Elections

On November 30th it was announced that elections for Students' Council officials would be held on December 6th. The Lincolnite party, headed by Shirley Tait for president, offered Noel Mason as vice-president and Wray Watts as treasurer. On the other side of the fence, Kathleen Sandor led her Laureates. Verne Harvey was the candidate for the vice-presidency; Lois Brinn was competing for the office of secretary; Dick Gregson vied with Wray for control of the money.

The usual signs and hats appeared the first day. Next day "Huffy", the great soothsayer, set up shop in the hall and said sooths. Inevitably he ended up foreseeing that everyone would vote Laureate. That day two stiff individuals arrived at school and stood through the entire campaign holding signs displaying the faces of the Lincolnite party.

At the next noon dance the Lincolnites formed a snakedance among the dancers in the gym and sponsored a spot dance. The traditional trumpeting and drumming resounded through the halls and the Laureates paraded around with fanfares and noise. Two huge grade thirteeners strode about with signs reading, "I'm Hot for the Laureates!" They kept yelling, "I'm Hot!" But then, why shouldn't they be hot, wearing hats, scarves, mitts, boots and coonskin coats?

In the assembly the Laureates turned up in working clothes as Champion Timber Cutter, Champion Turnip Hoer, and Champion Gold Digger. Lincolnite Shirley Tait portrayed two types of politicians; Noel played the ideal type, Abraham Lincoln.

The speeches were full of jokes and depreciating remarks about opponents and sales-talks about the speakers themselves. It was revealed that the Lincolnites stood for Liberty, Equality and Truth, and that the Laureates were worthy of praise because of their willingness to work.

Results showed that voters were more interested in Liberty, Equality and Truth than in hard work, or at least the promise of it. Shirley Tait was elected president; Noel and Verne tied and are holding office jointly; Maybelle Thompson is our secretary; and Wray Watts looks after our money.

Congratulations to all candidates and especially to those elected.

Lucy Rokeby, XIIB.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Wray Watts, Verne Harvey, Noel Mason, Shirley Tait, Maybelle Thompson.

Famous Poet Visits T.D.H.S.

An expression of inspiration and admiration was upon the visages of the students and teachers who assembled in the auditorium as they listened intently to Wilson MacDonald, on the morning of October 6th.

Wilson MacDonald, world-famous Canadian poet, was introduced by Noel Mason, president of Grade 13. Born in Cheapside, the speaker attended school at Port Dover, Woodstock College and McMaster University. He commented on the beauty of the trees at the east of the campus and stated, "You have a rich heritage in this part of the world."

Among his many poems, Mr. MacDonald read "Whist-A Wee", "Song of the Ski", "A Song to the Valiant", "Negro Spiritual", and French-Canadian poems. A musical poem which had taken the speaker ten years to complete, revealed his genius. The French-Canadian humorous poem, "O Go Me Once to Baseball Game", and the more serious, "Little Arlett", concluded a memorable poetry recital.

Mr. Kirkwood thanked the guest artist and told him that his presence would be welcomed and appreciated at any time in the future.

Gloria Haycock, XIIC.

Inspector Davies Guest at Assembly

On January 29, 1952, we were privileged to hear, in a special assembly, an address by Inspector Norman Davies of the Department of Education.

Expressing pleasure at the opportunity of addressing the school, Mr. Davies congratulated it on its success in recent sports and on the increased enrolment. Extra-curricular activities, he felt, were aids in developing interest; in his school days there were few such opportunities. In these activities and in the remainder of the school's work he recognized the co-operation between staff and students; with such co-operation great progress can be made.

This progress, Mr. Davies explained, could be seen in today's world. Great improvements in transportation have made the world seem smaller. In this connection Mr. Davies quoted the humorous poem, "Life Gets Tedious."

Discussing the aims of education, the speaker stressed the importance of acquiring suitable attitudes: tolerance, consideration, courtesy, and a sense of responsibility. These, if learned now, help the student in his career.

In conclusion Mr. Davies offered his best wishes for success.

The assembly ended with a short sing-song.

Lois Brinn, XIIC.

Memorial Assembly

At 11 a.m. on Wednesday, February 6, 1952, a short memorial service was held, dedicated to King George VI, our beloved monarch who passed away Tuesday night.

The "Lord's Prayer" was repeated in unison.

Mr. Kirkwood then expressed his sorrow on hearing of the King's death. Although the King's reign was short, he said, it was an inspiration to all because of his courage in wartime, his love for his family and his people.

A hymn was sung then—"When on My Day of Life the Night in Falling," especially chosen for the occasion.

Mr. Harden then read the English church

service: "I am the resurrection . . ."

The hymn, "The Sands of Time Are Sinking," was sung, piano accompaniment by Gerald Webster.

A one-minute silence was observed by all. After this silence, everyone joined in the singing of "God Save the Queen".

Lois Brinn, 12C.

February Assembly

The assembly of February 19, 1952, was opened by the singing of "O Canada". Kathleen Sandor recited the "Twenty-third Psalm"; this was followed by the "Lord's Prayer".

To begin the programme, the Cooper twins were featured in a duet at the Grand Piano.

The next entertainment of the programme was the introduction of "Little Sebastian". After a few minutes interruption, we found that Little Sebastian was none other than Charlie Baldwin, dressed in farmer's garb. He entertained us with a joke, and the poem called, "Life Gets Tedious, Don't It?", with variations.

The programme again switched to the musical and Bill Popham gave us a trumpet solo, "Stardust," with Mr. Harden at the piano.

Verne Harvey then told us a joke. 'Nough said!

As our next entertainer Marcel Verscheure offered a monologue, "The Parson Delivers His Text".

Mr. Kirkwood congratulated the basketball team on their recent victory over Medway, and reminded us of the "At Home" on the twenty-second.

A short sing-song was led by Mr. Harden, and the assembly was ended with "God Save the Queen".

Lois Brinn, 12C.

Mr. Dicks walked painfully into the consulting room. "Doctor, my shoulders are dreadfully stiff this morning. What could it be?"

"Just take off your coat and we'll remove the hanger."

Buy the best from the best—our **Tatler** advertisers.



Nautical Nocturne

It was "THE NIGHT" when the teachers, the students, and the graduates of previous years of Tillsonburg District High School, gazing upon the nautical decorations of our lovely gymnasium, naturally thought "Shrimp Boats Are A-Coming, There'll Be Dancing Tonight."

And they were surely right, for, after being cordially welcomed by the receiving committee, they were tempted by the tantalizing "swing-music" of Neil McKay and his orchestra.

To those people looking on, it was a beautiful sight, with all the dancers swirling in their finery and exuding their best personalities.

The decoration of the gymnasium, in nautical blue and white with a lighthouse in the centre of the dance floor, was admired and reflected the ingenuity of the decorating committee under the supervision of Betty Burn and John Alexander.

The crowning of the Queen of the Ball was impressive. Duly elected by the previous vote of the dancers, lovely Miss Bernice Macklebergh was crowned by Miss Margaret Howey, last year's queen.

With a staggered intermission no one had to be urged to present his coloured ticket at the cafeteria for the tasty lunch served there.

Couples, Isabel Saxton and Wayne Fitzpatrick, Janice Scrimgeour and Bob Mason, who were in the right place at the right time, won "spot prizes."

Great praise and credit is due to all

teachers and students who gave of their time and ability in making the dance such a success.

And thus, our "At Home" ended with the playing of "God Save the Queen," and we went home knowing that some of us, next year, would be alumni at the "At Home."

Joanne Allen, XIA.

"At Home" Committees

Invitations: S. Bell, G. Haycock. Orchestra: M. Thompson. Decorations: B. Burn, J. Alexander (conveners), W. Franklin, S. Tait, L. Hogarth, W. Osborne, H. Katona, M. Barrett, L. Libitz, D. McKenney, S. Eichenberg, J. Fitzgerald, M. Moir, R. MacLennan, D. MacLennan, B. Franklin, W. Hoyle. The art classes: Miss Field, Mr. Tulloch, Mr. Williams. Arrangements for Queen: G. Haycock, O. Legein. Door: Mr. Sinclair, A. Rice. Refreshments: J. Ghesquiere, J. Jones, Miss Boyd, Mrs. Harden, Mrs. Guest.

First Spring Assembly

The assembly of March 21, 1952, was opened by "O Canada", followed by a Scripture reading by Shirley Jones and the "Lord's Prayer".

As you all knew, or had just found out, Mr. Harden had been teaching a violin class for grade niners. On that day we were shown the success of this class by the presentation of two selections of music by them.

Then we were entertained by Richard Gregson's account of his trip to Ottawa sponsored by the Rotary Club last May. Richard showed pictures of places of interest.

We were honoured to have with us the Chairman of the Rotary Club, Mr. Hoyle, and Mr. Walter Gibson. Mr. Hoyle revealed to us the candidate chosen for the honour of going to Ottawa this year—Lucy Rokeby. Mr. Gibson also offered his congratulations.

Mr. Kirkwood called the members of the senior basketball team up to the platform and offered his wishes for success in the big game with Beck that night. The cheerleaders then led a pep rally.

The assembly closed with the singing of "God Save the Queen".

Lois Brinn, XIIC.

Senior Glee Club

Our Senior Glee Club is larger this year than it has ever been before in the history of the school. The leader of the hundred-voice choir is Mr. Harden and the accompanist Marianne Moore.

At the commencement exercises the choir was well received when, in formal dress, it presented several numbers. The club has a large repertoire of sacred numbers, "Gay Nineties" numbers, and light opera.

The choir's major effort this year has been the two-night performance of the "Golden Vanity Revue" on March 6 and 7. For this highly successful production the Black Marauders and the Junior Glee Club assisted again as they had the previous year.

Marian Jones, XIII.

Junior Glee Club

The Junior Glee Club is made up of seventy grade-niners whose voices blend very nicely. Their capable leader is Mr. Harden, their accompanist Marianne Moore.

The Junior Glee Club sang at the commencement exercises and assisted with the Golden Vanity Revue in March.

One sign of the club's expansion is the fact that last year there were only girls in the Junior Club; this year boys are included.

Ann Williamson, IXD.

T.D.H.S. Revue

On Thursday and Friday nights, March 6th and 7th, the auditorium of the school was filled to capacity when the second revue was presented by both Glee Clubs and the Black Marauders under the direction of Mr. Harden.

The first part was a sea scene, "Golden Vanity". The Glee Clubs told the story in song with several students portraying the characters—Charlie Baldwin, captain of the "Golden Vanity", Oscar Legein, Ian Aldworth, and Cyril Demeyere, sailors, and Jim Hyatt, cabin boy.

The story concerned the attempt of the Navy to make an attack on the Spanish.

The captain suggested a song to speed their journey. The chorus sang "A-Roving" with June Ewerth, Steve Gradish and John Schonberger acting in pantomime.

The cabin boy suggested that he should swim to the nearest ship and bore a hole in her hull. The captain agreed and promised the boy gold, silver and his daughter, Mary, as rewards. The Junior Glee Club sang "Mary of Argyll".

The cabin boy accomplished his task but the captain refused to keep his promises. The captain went below and the sailors drew the boy up but he died of exhaustion on the deck.

The second part of the programme was a cathedral scene in which both Glee Clubs took part. They sang "Panis Angelicus", "Aberystwyth", "Vesper Hymn" and "Creation's Hymn". In the background was a coloured church window, lit up from behind.

The third part was "La Mer", danced by Edwina Heckford, accompanied by the Senior Glee Club.

Finally came the "T.D.H.S. Music Hall" with Wally Hoyle as M.C. and vocal numbers by Shirley Jones and Nancy Dennis in a duet, "Two Little Girls in Blue", Mary Elizabeth McLeod in "Where Did You Get That Hat?", Jenny Ghesquiere in "You Made Me Love You", Charlie Baldwin in "She Was One of the Early Birds", the Black Marauders Chorus sang "Comrades", and brought down the house with "I'm Henry the Eighth, I Am".

Marianne Moore was the able accompanist.

Designer of lighting—Wally Hoyle.

Lighting technician—Jim Leach.

Lighting assistants—Jim Misener, Jim Sinden, Leonard Libitz, Bruce Austin, Colston Hale, Bruce Franklin.

Scenery—Miss Field, the Art Club and Art Classes.

Stage manager—Mr. Tulloch.

Backstage crew—J. Leach, C. Hale, B. Austin, J. Love, G. Stier, T. Varga.

Make-up—Mrs. Dunbar, Miss Boyd, Miss Blascik, Miss McIntosh, Miss Volker, Miss Field, Mrs. Harden, Miss Williams.

Costumes—Miss Volker.

Marian Jones, XIII.

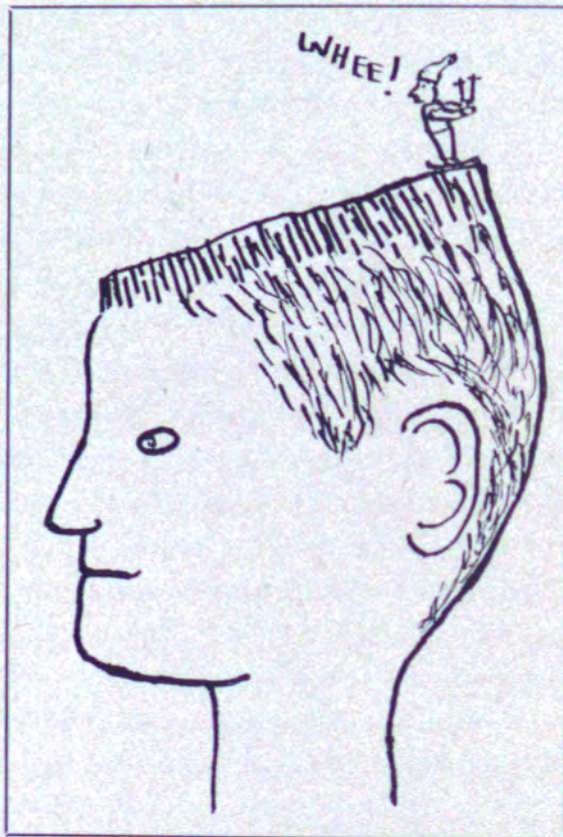
Ron L.: "Ginger Ale, Please."

Waitress at Thomson's: "Pale?"

Ron L.: "No, a glass."



The Revue of '52



Charles Thomas III—Ski Slide for Rent.
(Best Cartoon) —Donald L. Pratt, XA

Orchestra

The orchestra played for the commencement this year and opened the Revue with "God Save the Queen." Although it has been rather inactive this year, it is hoped there will be a great change next year with the addition of Mr. Harden's violin classes.

The orchestra boasts a membership of fifteen, including trumpets—Barbara Robinson, Myra Ludwig and Bill Popham; trombones—Rosalie Cattell, Jack Popham and Don Hutchinson; violins—Noel Mason, Bill Hilliker, Stan Sitts, Miss Field and Mr. Murray; cello—Elizabeth Gibson; clarinet—Patsy Cull; bass horn—Jack Louche; piano—Marianne Moore. Mr. Harden is the leader.

Bill Popham, XI.

Shirley Jones, "Say, it's past midnight. Do you think you can stay here all night?"

Bob MacLennan, "Gosh, I'll have to telephone Mother first."

Strike Up the Band!

Mr. Harden is the leader of the rugby band which played at all the home games.

Bill Popham and Myra Ludwig are the trumpeters, Jack Popham, Rosalie Cattell, and Don Hutchinson play the trombones. Patsy Cull plays the only reed instrument in the band, the clarinet. Jack Louche plays the bass horn, and his brother, Lloyd, is the baritone player. Ron Lowe and Don Cook are the snare drummers and Bill Hilliker is hiding under the bass drum.

Bill Popham, XI.

Squeaky, But Not Mice!

Those strange sounds issuing from Room 35 need not cause anyone to worry. The baby chicks are still to be found in the incubator in Room 12 and Mr. Mansfield's handsome feline disposes of all stray mice. Moreover Miss Hicks does not remove anyone's appendix without the benefit of anesthesia. No! Those lovely tones come from our first violin class. As members of this class we find it even more interesting than math. or history. Why wouldn't we? It means the putting away of our books for the next thirty-five minutes and the making of all the noise we can.

Now there aren't any other classes that get the privilege of doing such a thing. Mr. Harden, the poor man, who is the instructor of this class, just has to stand there and bear it. We often wonder how he can stand it, because we have had visitors and not many of them would remain for the whole period, but I guess in time you can get accustomed to anything. Still, people are curious about this class because we have often caught them peeking through the windows in the door. We stopped this by pulling the blind. Now they find some silly little excuse to stick their heads in the door to have a word with Mr. Harden, but mostly to peer around the room looking at the makers of—music?

We gave our first public performance at the assembly on March 21st. At that time our repertoire consisted of two works. There we performed with gusto if not grace.

We consider ourselves pioneers and we hope to have blazed the trail for a larger instrumental class in years to come. Next year we anticipate beginning classes on wind and brass instruments as well as continuing the string classes.

John Schonberger.



T.D.H.S. Camera Club

The second year of the Camera Club has interested many new members who now are very active since we have a printing box and a new enlarger.

The executive of the club: director, Mr. Tulloch; president, Leonard Libitz; secretary-treasurer, Helen Katona; superintendent of activities, Douglas Dutton.

The club had planned a photographic contest which would enable anyone to enter his favourite pictures. The judges were to be Miss Field, Mrs. Dunbar, Mr. Mansfield, and prizes would be awarded. The contest was cancelled because of other activities and the Easter examinations. Therefore the club will start the contest in the month of September, 1952.

Thanks goes to Andy Jorgenson, Bruce Franklin, Margaret Barrett and other active members for their voluntary help in preparation for the contest.

The weekly schedule:

Tuesday—Outside (taking pictures).

Wednesday—Storeroom (lighting, portraits, tabletop lighting).

Thursday—Darkroom (developing, printing, enlarging).

Friday—Discussion (weekly work and difficulties).

Our thanks and appreciation go to Mr. Tulloch for his second year of patient guidance and the opportunities he has given us. We wish to thank also Mr. Kirkwood for allowing us the dances on Thursday and everyone who supports us by attending our dances.

Helen M. Katona, XA.



Drama Doings

During the activity period on Thursday afternoon, the members of our club assemble with Mr. Dicks and Mrs. Harden to discuss and read plays. We have some thirty members in our club this year.

At the first of the new year Mr. Dicks in several meetings stressed the necessity of correct breathing for volume. Mrs. Harden also has instructed us on gestures or pantomime.

The officers who were appointed after Christmas are: President, Kathleen Sandor; vice-president, Jenny Ghesquiere; treasurer, Marcel Verscheure; secretary, Margaret Dawson; and publicity manager, Shirley Jones.

One activity undertaken by the Drama Club this year was the production of an original one-act play, LATE RECOVERY by Wally Hoyle, before a student assembly. The play, concerning the problems of a college football coach was performed at the end of the rugby season.

The cast of this Gridiron classic: Mrs. Hirsch—Evelyn Tondreau; "Runt" Hirsch—Jack Hyatt; Sally Hirsch—Shirley Jones; Marilyn Hirsch—Maybelle Thompson; Coach Hirsch—Wally Hoyle; "Hammerhead" Lansdowne—George Leatherdale; "Spike" Eustache—Richard Gregson; Mr. Hobbs and Postman—Marcel Verscheure; Mrs. Purcell—Jenny Ghesquiere; Mr. Purcell—Steve Gradish. Lighting crew consisted of Wally Hoyle, Jim Leach, Jim Miener, Bruce Austin.

The Drama Club also assisted in the production of this year's T.D.H.S. Revue.

Margaret Dawson, XIIC.

Home Economics and Shop Talk

T.D.H.S. was chosen this year as one of the training schools for students of Ontario College of Education in shop work.

Student teachers arrived in groups for two-week periods of observation and practice with Mr. Parkhill and Mr. Williams in the metal shop and woodworking classes.

This year for the first time, too, students from outside the high school have enjoyed the shop and home economics facilities. Grades seven and eight from town public and separate schools, the Bayham school area, and grades nine and ten from Brownsville and Mount Elgin have used these departments to take instruction in homemaking from Miss Volker and Miss Boyd and in shopwork from Mr. Parkhill and Mr. Williams.

Another innovation of this year was the choice of T.D.H.S. for special night school courses in agriculture, arts and crafts, leather work, shop work, welding, woodwork, sewing, and nutrition. The school is one of twenty in Ontario and the only one in Oxford to be so chosen.

Senior Oratorical Contest

On March 28, 1952, the senior oratorical contest was held. The candidates were Lucy Rokeby, who spoke on "Why I Am Proud To Be a Canadian"; Richard Wilson, who spoke about Lou Gehrig, the famous ball player; Mary Mason, who chose as her subject "Synthetic Chemistry"; Richard Gregson, who amused us with "A Local Incident"; Jenny Ghesquiere, who informed us on "Folk Tales of Other Countries"; Shirley Jones, whose subject was her home town, Straffordville; and Emily Slama, who told us about the movie, "Hamlet".

The winners of the contest were Mary Mason and Richard Wilson.

Lois Brinn, XIC.

Junior Oratorical Contest

Junior oratorical contestants on April 2nd were John Augustine, whose subject was "Plastics"; Zoli Varga, "Jet Propulsion"; Roselyn Harper, "Vincent Massey"; Donna Ferguson, "Queen Mary's Carpet".

Winners were Rosalie Cattell, speaking on "Claire Wallace", and Marsun Lipsit, speaking on "My Stay in Tucson, Arizona".

Our Visit to Ryerson

Everyone will remember the day the students of grades twelve and thirteen and special commercial took their trip to the Ryerson Institute of Technology in Toronto. In spite of rain and ice we started out about seven-thirty and after a few detours reached Hamilton where we stopped and filled our pockets with chocolate bars and potato-chips.

We arrived at the school about eleven-thirty and were ushered into the auditorium where we were introduced to the principal. Taken next to the cafeteria we enjoyed an enormous free dinner.

Dinner over, we were divided into three groups and started on our tour. We visited the huge kitchen and bakery where the students help to prepare the food for the cafeteria as part of their training; the laboratories and the shop rooms where we saw furniture made by the pupils. We visited the watch shop where we saw the tiny pieces the students had to work with and visited the jewellery shop. Another point of interest was the broadcasting rooms where we saw students recording voices. The girls visited the home economics and sewing rooms, but what attracted our attention was the house, then being built, in which five girls at a time were to live and look after a real baby.

Almost everything seemed taught here and everyone was ready to explain the courses to us.

The time soon came to leave, however, and we set out to see the university grounds and visit the museum. Unfortunately our bus decided not to shift gears any more and a few of us were obliged to wait for another bus. The boys amused themselves by throwing snow-balls until our bus arrived to take us to the museum where we spent a half-hour.

At five-thirty we set out for home, stopping in Hamilton for our supper. We arrived home about eight o'clock, tired, but all agreeing that we had had a very interesting day.

Florence Makins, XIIB.

Ian Aldworth; "Darling, I've made up my mind to stay home this evening."

Joanne Allen; "Too late, I've made up my face to go out."



Puppet Club

Anguished cries of "Who took my head?", "I've lost an arm", and "Miss Grieve, what'll I do now; I've got my body stuffed," emanating from the upper store-room, signal almost any meeting of the T.D.H.S. puppet-makers.

Mainly novices at puppet-making, this year's members of the Puppet Club are having their own problems manufacturing marionettes for the play "Cinderella". Assisting the newcomers are Betty Burn and Mary Mason from last year's club, and Miss Grieve, who says she is a holdover too!

The 1952 executive consists of: Mary Mason, president, Shirley Logger, vice-president, Barbara Robinson, secretary-treasurer. Active members are Betty Burn, Marilyn Anderson, Joan Cole, Madeline Dair, Myra Ludwig, Kathleen Marshall, Betty McDonald, Virginia Roloson.

Art Club

The Art Club meets every Tuesday and Thursday at 3:20. During these periods we made the scenery for the At Home, posters advertising Red Cross meetings, and scenery for the Revue.

Scenery for the Golden Vanity taxed our ingenuity, but the club's three boys devised a plan to make the ship sink. To our delight, the audience seemed really puzzled about how this was accomplished. The Golden Vanity itself was a creative effort by the club in which everyone had a hand in painting or cutting out the ship. Painting of the ocean for the back-drop was done in three panels, and with a little retouching after it was put on the frames looked like the real rolling ocean.

Our next effort may be to create some scenery for the Puppet Club.

Vivian Hall, IXB.

Bibliophobes Banished!

Every noon hour and extra-curricular period, students of this high school will find Mr. Taylor and his two assistants, Nancy House and Douglas Dutton, satisfying the book needs of the student body.

During the two years in the new school, the book collection has grown by leaps and bounds. From approximately two hundred musty and dusty volumes of yester years at ye olde high school, our book collection has increased to sixteen hundred titles carefully selected to appeal to the varied tastes of modern readers. The book collection has been designed to provide a wide range of choice for supplementary reading, reference, and pleasure. Some teachers give assignments which make it necessary for a pupil to visit the library and "dig out" the information, and the librarian offers his help in searching for the material.

For the first time in Tillsonburg District High School, library science is being taught to all grade IX classes. The grade niners learn the Dewey Decimal System of classification of books, the use of reference books and magazines, and how to find the answer to your problem. Mr. Taylor encourages reading by giving book talks.

Reading is very definitely on the increase for the pupils of Tillsonburg District High School. The book covers on view in the library, posters, and very attractive book displays on the foyer showcase, have made the students aware of the pleasures that are in store for them in the library.

The day of the reluctant reader has gone. Supplementary reading headaches are a thing of the past, unless of course, you are a procrastinator. Gone (Bob Galloway excepted) are the types that come into the library the day before a report is due and cry out in utter despair, "Please sir, ain't you got no thin ones, with lots a pitchers and big 'riting?"

Mr. Taylor hopes to provide the right book, for the right person at the right time, and apparently he is meeting with success. Many students are coming back to the library and saying, "Please sir, that was the best book I've ever read. Have you another like it?" A comment such as this is music to a librarian's ears!

Nancy House, XIA.

What latest tune was caused by an onion?
"Cry."

—Barbara Schultz, IXE.

Agriculture Club

This is the first year that T.D.H.S. has had an Agriculture Club. Mr. Murray is the supervisor; Bill Chanyi is president, Syd. Johnson vice-president, John Zabik secretary, and Doug. Vallee and Terry Carroll committee members.

Meetings are held on Tuesday afternoons at 3:20. During these meetings agriculture movies are sometimes shown. One afternoon the members went over to Tillson's barn where Earl Pearce gave a talk on preparing a calf for a show.

During one noon-hour Mr. Davies, the high school inspector, gave a talk on the value of agriculture in high schools.

At the time of writing the Agriculture Club is testing soils.

Doug. Vallee XA, Syd. Johnson IXB.

Noon-Hour Dance

A very popular attraction which takes place every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday in the school gymnasium is the dance held during the noon-hour. These dances are sponsored by the various organizations in the school. Some of these are the Girls' and Boys' Athletic Societies, the Camera Club and the Junior Red Cross. A small admission is charged to the students when they enter. The money is used by the clubs in order to provide new equipment to work with.

Several new records have been purchased this year to add delight to the listeners as well as the dancers.

The noon-hour dances have added a great deal of enjoyment to the students' life and we hope that they may be continued through the school year.

Janice Scrimgeour, XIA.

Graduates of '51 Entertained

After the commencement exercises the graduates assembled in the home economics room for lunch. A number of home economics students prepared and served the delicious refreshments. Very nicely done, girls!

In the receiving line were Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood, Miss Volker and Miss Boyd.

There was a warm and friendly atmosphere in the "home ec." room that evening. It was a reunion for the honour graduates, many of whom had positions already or were

continuing their education elsewhere. All were happy to be together once more with their high-school chums. Congratulations and best wishes for the future were exchanged in all corners of the softly lighted, flower-decked room dressed in its best to bring to a pleasant close the first commencement exercises to be held in the new T.D.H.S. building.

Junior Red Cross Organization

A new activity was added to the extra-curricular programme this year, Junior Red Cross. The entire student body was enrolled in this nation-wide organization.

Each form elected a representative and these representatives formed the executive part of the organization. They met regularly and planned the various projects for the year.

The first project was a "Dance and Penny Parade". The objective of this was to raise \$10.00 for the enrolment fee. The students gave generously and the objective was reached. In addition the Junior Red Cross held home-made candy sales, which proved very successful. The money which was raised during the year was sent to needy children in other countries and Crippled Children's Fund.

The organization was under the supervision of Mrs. Dunbar, capable teacher-director. Because this was the first year for the Junior Red Cross, it did not get under way till later on in the term. Consequently the members did not have a sufficient amount of time to fulfill their desires. The executive worked diligently and deserve much credit for the success. Last but not least the students themselves deserve much praise for co-operating in supporting the organization. They determined whether the various projects would prove to be a success or not. They gave willingly, always keeping in mind those people of our own age who are homeless and starving and in great need of our help.

The executive of the organization are: G. Haycock, president; B. Newman, vice-president; S. Jones, secretary; G. Leatherdale, treasurer.

I am sure that the Canadian Junior Red Cross was proud of the efforts of the students of T.D.H.S., and was proud to include her as a member of Canada's greatest organization.

Gloria Haycock, XIIIC.



Boys' Sports

Richard Gregson
Bob Nagy



SENIOR FOOTBALL

Back—Jim Milton, Roy Stewart, Bob Galloway, Bob Claringbold.

Fourth Row—Bill Watts (Trainer), Colston Hale, Peter Gibson, Alan Turner, J. W. Reid (Coach), Andrew Spriet, Bob Nagy, Jack Tindale, Bob Mason, Jim Misner (Manager).

Third Row—Jim Leach, Edward Gibson, Jack Tanner, Gary Horlick, Fred Hill, Paul Jackson, Grant Neale.

Front—George Leatherdale, Vernon Holmes, Dave Richards, Wray Watts, Chuck Baldwin, Irving Horton.

The verity of the fact that sports play an important part in school life is again evident as we review the sports of another year at T.D.H.S. With the coaching duties still under Mr. Reid, the Senior W.O.S.S.A. rugby and basketball teams put up good shows. Ira Demsey, a new member of the staff, assisted in the supervision of the regular P.T. class, as well as in organizing the inter-form basketball schedule.

Boys' Athletic Society

This year's Boys' Athletic Society was

under the capable guidance of Paul Jackson, president. The other members of the executive were Bill Watts, vice-president, and Arnold Stover, treasurer. In addition to sharing the responsibility of the dances held after basketball games, the Society also assisted in financing the Badminton and Swimming Clubs.

A successful noon-hour novelty was provided with the introduction of amateur shows, held weekly in the auditorium. This new idea certainly captured the interest of



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Back—W. Coyle, H. Holbrook, A. Stover, J. Koteles, Mr. Murray (Coach), J. Kisielis, C. Rigole, C. Rogers, J. Augustine.

Centre—G. Moody, S. Jaknunas, W. Oatman, R. Milmine, C. Thomas, A. Jackson, R. Wilson.

Front—R. Franklin, R. Tyrrell, D. Turnbull, I. Aldworth, T. Carroll, S. Johnson, J. Chrysler.

the students as well as uncovering much hidden talent.

Track and Field

No more muddy tracks, no more trips to the fair grounds, no sir, for now T.D.H.S. has its own cinder track surrounded by a beautiful green carpet right in its own back yard. This new facility was for the first time used at the annual track and field meet in September.

Juvenile

The juvenile champion this year was J. Hyatt with a total of thirteen points; however he was closely followed by D. Pratt who came in second with twelve points. J. Hyatt besides being champ established a new record of 10.7 seconds in the 75-yard dash. D. Oatman, another keen competitor, broke the high-jump record with 4'7".

Junior

W. Coyle was the junior champion, having 15 points. The runner-up with 13 points was R. Tyrrell. Tyrrell in the battle for

champion set a new record of 8'1" in the pole vault.

Intermediate

In the intermediate division, I. Horton emerged as champion with 17 points. P. Jackson and P. Seres tied for runner-up, each with 15 points. The new record in 440-yd. dash was set by Horton who accomplished it in 61.3 seconds.

Senior

The competition for the senior championship was very keen ending in a three-way tie of 17 points, with D. Richards, N. Mason and G. Leatherdale sharing the championship honours. D. Richards established the only new record for the 440, time being 58.8 seconds.

In the relay division, the winning teams were as follows:

Juvenile 300-yd. Relay: W. Moon, L. Turner, D. Vallee, D. Pratt (42.5 sec.)

Junior 440-yd. Relay: W. Coyle, B. Chanyi, H. Holbrook, R. Tyrrell (60.3 sec.)

Intermediate 440-yd. Relay: A. Spriet, I. Horton, E. Gibson, P. Jackson (56.4 sec.)



SENIOR BASKETBALL

Standing—Bob Nagy, Irving Horton, Marcel Verschuere, R. W. Reid (Coach), Bill Newman, Paul Seres, Allan Sharpe.

Seated—Bob MacLennan, Paul Jackson, Dave Richards, Noel Mason, Charles Baldwin, Bob Mason (Trainer).

Senior 880-yd. Relay: C. Wilkinson, N. Mason, N. Smith, V. Harvey (1 min. 52.4 sec.)

T.I.N.D.A. Meet

The 1951 T.I.N.D.A. inter-school track and field meet took place at Norwich, where our noble T.D.H.S. students displayed the best of their talents, and managed to tally up a number of first-place wins. Even though Tillsonburg emerged with the highest score, when the points were divided in accordance with the schools' enrolments, our Alma Mater was found to be on the bottom rung.

Nevertheless consolation came from the fact that three of Tillsonburg's male contestants were sharing the championship honours. Paul Jackson's prowess enabled him to walk off with the boys' intermediate championship. Noel Mason put up a stiff fight and tied for senior champ, while Wayne Coyle gained second place in the Junior division.

Rugby

All home games were played this season on T.D.H.S.'s own new campus, which had its official opening on September 26 with an exhibition game between Ridley College

and the Black Marauders. The newly-installed bleachers were filled to capacity with eager students, teachers and school board officials, who witnessed the grand opening.

The senior team in spite of worthy attempts fared no better in the W.O.S.S.A. "A" competition this year than in previous years. Out of the five league games played, Tillsonburg emerged the victor in only one game. This one battle, fought on our own soil against Medway, was an easy victory for the Marauders and ended in a 28-0 score.

In the three exhibition games played the seniors shone brightly and brought home victories, two from Ridley and one from Beal Technical School, London. The league results were as follows:

Catholic Central 26, Tillsonburg 5.

Medway 0, Tillsonburg 28.

Tillsonburg 0, St. Thomas 25.

Tillsonburg 5, South 6.

London Central 17, Tillsonburg 0.

Although the Marauding Blackers weren't too successful in capturing individual game-victories, proof of the outstanding playing was shown by the honours

(Continued on Page 80)



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Standing—Oscar Legein, Ian Aldworth, I. C. Demsey (Coach), Joe Mitchell, Charles Rogers, Don Cook (Trainer).

Seated—Gerald Moody, Charles Thomas, Jack Russell, Bob Tyrrell, Leo Turner.

Basketball

The Senior Black Marauder squad under Coach Reid was an outstanding success this year, and was referred to by the press as the "surprise team of the league". The mighty basketeers blazed a spectacular trail of wins right up to the semi-finals where, in a spine-tingling game, they were defeated 35-31 by Beck C. I.

To top T.D.H.S.'s glory Noel Mason and Dave Richards, two key men of the team, were ranked on the London and District Conference All-Star team. T.D.H.S. was the only school to place more than one player on the dream team. Bob MacLennan and Paul Seres were given honourable mention.

In the 19 games played by the seniors they lost only 4. The results of the ten league games:

Catholic Central 27, Tillsonburg 37.
 St. Thomas 40, Tillsonburg 35.
 London Beal Tech. 40, Tillsonburg 42.
 London Beck 39, Tillsonburg 46.
 London South 46, Tillsonburg 52.
 London Medway 36, Tillsonburg 41.
 London Central 43, Tillsonburg 27.

St. Thomas 34, Tillsonburg 44.
 London Medway 29, Tillsonburg 40.
 Catholic Central 32, Tillsonburg 34.
 Semi-final at Thames Hall:
 Beck Collegiate 35, Tillsonburg 31.

The Junior Black Marauder team was under the capable supervision of Mr. Dempsey this year. The team, however, wasn't quite as fortunate as its big brother since only one league game was won. For all but two members of the team it was the first year of W.O.S.S.A. competition, but judging by their attempts we can be sure that with more experience the promising young stars will take their share of glory next year.

The scores of junior league games:
 Catholic Central 60, Tillsonburg 37.
 St. Thomas 23, Tillsonburg 12.
 London Beal Tech. 55, Tillsonburg 28.
 London Beck 90, Tillsonburg 21.
 London South 44, Tillsonburg 14.
 London Medway 26, Tillsonburg 39.
 London Central 62, Tillsonburg 33.
 St. Thomas 28, Tillsonburg 26.
 London Medway 50, Tillsonburg 34.
 London Catholic Central 52, Tillsonburg 19.



TRACK AND FIELD WINNERS

Standing—Wayne Coyle, Irving Horton, Noel Mason, Dave Richards, George Leatherdale,
Jim Hyatt.

Seated—Sharon Doyle, M. E. McLeod, Brenda Sinden, Marianne Moore.



Boys' Athletic Society

Bill Watts, Paul Jackson, Arnold Stover.

If you want to see the names of some of the most community-minded citizens in Tillsonburg and district, read our advertisements.

Black Outshines Green

(Honourable Mention School Life Poem)

'Twas Friday night in T.D. High
When Beck Collegiate came;
Little did they realize
That they'd return so tame.

Riding on a winning streak
Of forty games or more,
Never thinking that we'd break
That jinx and make them sore.

They took the floor so proudly,
Quickly the lead did gain,
While supporters shouted loudly,
But, alas, 'twas all in vain!

When the game had finished,
And the final whistle gone,
The tumultuous cheers diminished
But memories lingered on.

Of victory night in T.D. gym
As any fan will tell,
Beck Collegiate looked so grim
When the mighty green wave fell.

Charles Baldwin, XIII.

Signalling

"Hello, ROR, ROR" (Roger, oboe, Roger.)

That's the call in the upper storeroom nightly as the signalling club gets under way. The club is under the supervision of Mr. Campbell.

The club is open to all cadets who wish to learn Morse and Radio technique. The results of knowledge gained in signalling class are remunerating in two ways. Cadets are given cash bonuses for measuring up to certain qualifications; also, knowledge gained is valuable in later civilian or military life.

Probably the most difficult task is to learn the Morse Code. Then there is the memorization of the phonetic alphabet (Able, Baker, Charlie, etc.).

Naturally, everyone is anxious to get a crack at the radio sets. First "using" procedure is instructed over the telephones which are connected to central control. This procedure teaches us when to talk, how to talk, and when not to talk. (Ed. note: **Most** valuable!)

Instruction in the use of No. 19 radio set used as a main unit in the field and the No. 58 set, a portable unit, is very complicated.

Enrolment in the '51-'52 signalling class was around twenty. We hope to have more students in the club for the coming year.

Roy Bratty, XIII.

First Aid Fun

In conjunction with Cadet training, T.D.H.S. has a first aid class instructed by Mr. R. D. Alexander. It is necessary to receive instruction for twelve half-hour periods in order to try an examination divided into oral and written parts.

One studies bandaging broken bones, treatment for shock, and bone body construction. An interesting sidelight in this study of body construction are some of the glaring weaknesses in the human frame such as the little flipper at the back of your throat which covers one opening while you breathe and another while you swallow. Everyone knows what happens at times; it flips when it should flop.

A first-aid demonstration is planned for the Cadet Inspection this year. Among the treatments will be a demonstration of atomic attack precaution and first aid.

First aid is knowledge everyone should be

Shooting

This activity is the most popular of all the extra-curricular activities among the boys.

Rifle shooting is open to all boys from grade ten to grade thirteen. The boys are admitted to the range after a period of "dry shooting" during which they learn how to act on a rifle range and how to handle a loaded gun.

Mr. Murray, the teacher in charge, has kept all the targets and scores in order to enter them in any of the many competitions open to teams from the school. Before Christmas, targets for the Governor General's Trophy were shot. Through January, February and March the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association targets were shot. In this latter competition the school has entered two teams.

First Team

J. Alexander	W. Moir
H. Baxter	R. Nagy
R. Claringbold	W. Oatman
W. Coyle	D. Richards
W. Franklin	D. Hurnbull
J. Fish	J. Tanner
J. Jeneroux	A. Turner
N. Mason	D. Ostrander
R. Mason	

Second Team

W. Bradfield	P. Seres
R. Gillett	A. Sowa
F. Knautz	W. Sutherland
R. Lucas	Z. Varga
G. Moody	C. Dennis
W. Neff	D. Hutchinson
D. Pratt	E. Pearce
E. Robbins	L. Libitz
F. Ratz	

There is also the Royal Military College shoot and the Royal Canadian Army competition for which targets have been kept.

Within the school there is the "25 Club". This club is made up of boys who have shot five perfect grouping targets. A perfect target has five shots placed so that they can be covered by a twenty-five cent piece. In the near future Mr. Murray expects to form an "eighty club", made up of boys who have shot ten targets of eighty or better.

Wm. A. Franklin, XIII.

acquainted with in order to preserve life. It's to your advantage to join our first aid class.

Roy Ingraham, XIIB.



Girls' Sports

Jenny Gresquiere
Linda Lounsbury



Girls' Athletic Society

Violet Laur, Shirley Eichenberg, Janice Diver,
M. E. McLeod.

Girls' Athletic Society

May we take this opportunity to thank the Girls' Athletic Society for their support at the games and for the lunches that were served after the games with visiting teams.

Executive members are: President, Shirley Eichenberg; vice-president, Mary E. McLeod; secretary, Janice Diver; treasurer, Violet Laur.

Field Day

This year the field day events were handled in an entirely different manner than in previous years. Instead of electing teams, as has been the custom in years past, the P.T. teachers decided to allow every contestant to fight for himself.

This year the track stars enjoyed the benefits of our new campus and especially of our new cinder track.

Individual champions were:

Senior—Sharon Doyle with 21 points; runner-up, Patricia Gray with 11 points.

Intermediate—Mary E. McLeod with 13 points; runner-up, Marg. Ann Glover with 10 points.

Junior—Marianne Moore, 9 points; runner-up, Marlene Becker with 7 points.

Juvenile—Brenda Sinden with 23 points; runner-up, Agnes Rosastic with 5 points.

Tinda Meet at Norwich

Because of the fact that Tillsonburg's points had to be divided by 11 because of the largeness of its enrolment, we again went home with an overflow of trophies and ribbons but minus the championship. The girls, in particular, returned with three of the individual cups.

Our fast and speedy Sharon Doyle retain-

ed the Senior Cup for Tillsonburg, and Mary Elizabeth McLeod brought home the Intermediate Trophy for the second consecutive year. Newcomer to the T.D.H.S. track, Brenda Sinden proved that age means nothing by returning from the battle-field with the Juvenile Cup. Congratulations all!

Badminton Club

Under the supervision of Miss McIntosh, the Badminton Club of 1952 was formed. Every Friday night at three-twenty a meeting was held and then followed by a practice session.

Members of the executive were: President, Don MacLennan; vice-president, Bob MacLennan; secretary, Lillian Hogarth; treasurer, Shirley Jones.

Volleyball

This year for the second year the Tillsonburg High School entered a Girls' Volleyball team in WOSSA competition. In exhibition games, Tillsonburg Seniors lost one and won one; both of these games being played against Aylmer. The Juniors were more successful, winning one and tying the other.

At Thames Hall the senior girls' team showed fighting determination but failed to overcome the stronger, more aggressive teams. In the first game, Medway downed Tillsonburg, 24-30. In the next, Tillsonburg put on all the fighting spirit it could muster but lost, in spite of it to Central, 42-14.

In the final game Tillsonburg again failed to come back, and lost to Tech, 24-36.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

Standing—E. Sergeant, G. Haycock, M. Nunn, Miss Blascik (Coach), C. Dreyer, S. Tait, S. Eichenberg.

Seated—F. Makins, M. E. McLeod, L. Lounsbury, S. Doyle, L. Fairbairn, W. Collings.

Inter-Form Basketball

This year instead of having an inter-form basketball championship team, each form played with others of its own grade.

The grade niners proved most closely matched, and the final winners were 9B, with 9C close on their trail but losing by one game.

The grade 10 squads fought until 10A emerged winner of the coveted honour. In grade 11, the 11A squad triumphed by winning two games and losing one. Unbeatable team of this year was 12C with 4 victories and no defeats to its credit.

WOSSA Basketball

For the first time Tillsonburg High entered two teams in WOSSA "A" grouping. The Seniors, stocked with many new players and three from last year's senior team, played a total of 8 games, winning 3 and losing 5.

Led by Sharon Doyle and Shirley Tait, last year's Seniors, the Seniors faced their WOSSA opponents with rugged determination. Forwards Winnifred Collings, Elizabeth Sergeant, Mae Nunn and Linda Lounsbury completed the forward line.

Our defensive line proved to be one of

the most feared in the league. Consisting of M. McLeod, C. Dryere, G. Haycock, F. Makins, S. Eichenberg, and L. Fairbairn, the guards may well be proud of their performance throughout the entire season.

The junior team did better for themselves than any junior team in the past. They won a total of nine games, winning seven and losing two. They played games with Ingersoll, Aylmer, Woodstock, London Central and Beal Tech.

The junior team have, by their battle, won themselves a berth in the play-offs.

Led by Janet Stilwell who racked up a total of 66 points throughout the entire season, the Juniors proved to be a credit to their hard-working coach, Marg. Blascik. Violet Laur, Palma Maloney, Nola Sinden, Jean Verbauwede and Joan Fitzgerald completed the forward.

On the defensive end of the team, stand-outs for this year were Marg. Glover and Joanne Allen. The rest of the guards also showed themselves to be worthy of the play-off berth which they have. The guard line were completed by the following: Barbara Darnley, Olive Petric, Marilyn Markham.

That the sports activities have been so



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Standing—M. Markham, M. Glover, J. Fitzgerald, Miss Blascik (Coach), B. Darnley, O. Petrie.

Seated—J. Stilwell, J. Allen, V. Laur, P. Maloney, N. Sinden.

successful this year is mainly due to the efforts of Miss Blascik. May we take this opportunity to extend our thanks and congratulations on a job well done.

How I Do My Homework

Dear Mr. K.—

Seeing that you asked mee to right a propozishun on the method used by your's trooly about how i dew my homework—XXXX here it iz. (Ugh!)

When I get home each nite, I lie my books all out nise & neet on my desk. Nekt XXX i tern on the raideo to my favoright program, "Whoodunnit, the madman's mystery searies".

XXXX Listening to this perzentayshun is very intristin. It allso helps to releive the teedyus boardumb of the site of the books in frunt of me & etc. Algebra i all-

ways do furst. My hiest mark at Christmas wuz in Algebra. Got 23.

Than i due Ingleesh—wunnerful subjick, Ingleesh. Sumtymes XXXX my teacher gits awfull peived at XXX?SX me, tho. i git Sam Spade mixed up with the prince in Juliet & Romeo X\$XXX*X writan by Willum Shakspeer.

i lyke XX!?!X Geehografie a lot. They're is plenty of deteckatives in the sitties XX wee studee.

history, sighense, and french are my werst XX???!\$&&XX subjicks, sew i studee it real hard—even 5 minuts a nite.

Hoap XXXX thiss halps u, mr. k.

Your's, trooly,

Wally Hoyle.

P.s. By thee way, wen em i goein too git owt uf grade IX?! i startid skule hear in i9 fourtie-five.

Prose

Mary Elizabeth McLeod
Alice Silverthorne

Cyrano de Bergerac—A Review

(Best Serious Prose)

I have not chosen my life's work and, therefore, I cannot apply this play to any particular field, but it seems to me that Edmond Rostand's drama would be of great value in all walks of life for the lesson that it contains.

We may learn from this play that a physical deformity need not stand in the way of success. If we cannot be noted for physical perfection, we can at least be famous among those who know us for character, wit, brilliance, or courage, perhaps.

Cyrano de Bergerac was one of the most ludicrously deformed men in all literature. He had a nose that was preposterous in its size, but, even so, he was noted for his biting wit, his beautiful poetry, his swordsmanship and his courage. The best-known example of his wit is his "nose speech" in which he laughs at his own nose. He remarks that when it bleeds, it creates a red sea. Cyrano's gift for poetry and beautiful similes is evident in his expression through another man, of his hidden love for the beautiful Roxane. Speaking to her in the darkness he says,

"Your name is like a golden bell hung in my heart,

And when I think of you, I tremble,
And the bell swings and rings—Roxane,
Roxane,—along my veins,—Roxane."

This play teaches us to, that personal unhappiness should not keep us from making others happy. Cyrano was unhappy, because, loving Roxane more than life itself, he knew that she loved Christian, a handsome young soldier. Nevertheless, Cyrano helped Christian, who was clumsy with words, to court her. Even after Christian's death Cyrano would entertain the mourning Roxane with gay stories of court life, but, not wishing to disillusion her, he would not tell her that the beautiful letters for which she had loved Christian came from Cyrano himself.

Perhaps the most important lesson to be learned from this play is that we must face

our problems before we can expect to attain happiness. Because of his ridiculous nose, Cyrano never declared his love for Roxane to her openly; he learned when it was too late that Roxane loved Christian only for the beautiful letters and speeches that really came from Cyrano. If Cyrano had overcome his fear of being laughed at and had declared his love to Roxane, both would have been happy. As it turned out, Cyrano and Christian both died before the end of the play and a desolate Roxane was left to mourn Cyrano, the one man that she had ever loved.

Thus, this book would be valuable in all walks of life for these three lessons.

Kathleen Sandor, XIII.

Dismissed

The clock slowly ticks away the seconds as the pupils sit watching the last minutes of the period drift away. Endlessly the teacher drones on about his lesson, trying to put the main point into the heads of his uninterested pupils.

Finally the two-minute bell rings and pandemonium breaks loose as everyone begins slamming his books together in preparation for the dash to freedom. Two girls in the seats ahead begin their never-ending gossiping about their dates of the night before; an argument breaks out between two boys in the back seat over a minor problem. While all this noise reigns supreme the teacher is still trying to put over the main point of his lesson. All in vain he strives, for his students pay no attention whatever to the lesson. Finally the teacher collapses in his chair, wiping the angry sweat from his brow with a large handkerchief as he waits for the last bell when he can have peace and quiet until the next morning at nine o'clock.

At last the final bell goes and the pupils are dismissed for another day. Now, however, it is their own time to spend as they wish and they are in no hurry to leave the room. Two love-birds stand in one corner

making final plans for the big Friday night date. In another corner the basketball team gathers to go over plays for the next game; while elsewhere the two gossips can still be heard.

Silently the harried teacher rises from his desk and with downcast eyes and a defeated attitude leaves the room to his ungrateful pupils.

Arnold Stover, XIA.

Long Short Story

Chemistry has always been my first interest, outside of my family. Therefore it won't be such a surprise for you to learn that on this particular day in late April I was in the chemistry lab with Joe Mills, working on a difficult experiment. He had called me in to help him after several unsuccessful attempts to obtain the correct results.

All morning I had been unable to escape the premonition that something terrible, or at least very unpleasant, was about to happen and I had begun to be a little fearful. My fears were soon to be double, for as Joe and I were working a message for me came over the P.A. system saying "Can you come to the office now?"

As I walked down the corridor towards the principal's office, many thoughts assailed me. What type of reception would I receive from the one who awaited me there? Maybe skipping school wasn't such a terrible offence after all and perhaps he felt the punishment had been too harsh? Would it be a calling down? Was I to be thrown out? If so, how could I ever face the folks at home and tell them the news?

Because I felt in need of something to refresh me and time to compose myself, I stopped for a moment at the drinking fountain. Mr. Cooper, the English teacher, happened along just then and engaged me in what might have been a lengthy conversation. He seemed to be like a ball of yarn just beginning to unwind. I answered his questions politely and with seeming interest, but all the while something inside me kept saying, "Why can't he keep quiet and let me go? I'm in a hurry to get this over with." Finally in exasperation I just up and told him I was on my way to the office and asked him if he would please excuse me. He was too enthused over what we had been discussing to notice anything amiss and

walked off with a "Sure! I'll see you later."

As I rounded the corner and saw him smiling at me through the open office door, relief swept over me like a flood. As in a dream I grasped his hand, outstretched in greeting, and heard him say "I'm glad for what you've done for my boy, sir. He's been a different young man since you corrected him."

Perhaps you are puzzled, so I hasten to explain. I am the principal. I was summoned from the lab to meet the father of a boy who had been punished for skipping school. As for the premonition, it must have been my mind playing tricks, or perhaps as they say, "The worst is yet to come."

Lois Powers, XIIB.

Operation "W"

(Best Short Story)

All afternoon from our point of vantage in the old tall oak beside the graveyard, Charlie and I viewed our evening's objective. There it was in a field near an old farm house about a half mile away. We charted our route—down the old stump fence, through the bog, across an uncared-for orchard and under an electric fence; from there it would be necessary to crawl. If we succeeded it would almost ensure us immortality. All we waited for was the cover of darkness.

I nervously gulped down my supper, climbed into the darkest clothes I could find and strapped on my twelve-inch Boy Scout knife. The evening breeze had blown the sun from the sky but I had little trouble finding Charlie at the old oak. We made a quick recapitulation of our afternoon's plans and both agreed we would not use a light—neither flashlight nor matches.

We silently made our way along the stump fence. Four sopping-wet running shoes emerged from the bog and their owners ducked from tree to tree through the tall weeds of the orchard. Then we propped the electric fence up with a stick and crawled under it. By the full moon our objective was as plain as it had been in the afternoon sunlight, but that didn't stop us. It meant all the more glory if we succeeded.

As we inched along on our bellies we cautiously eyed the farmhouse a mere hundred yards away. We wondered if he had been waiting for us, and if he were, whether he would warn us to stop or would shoot

first. We wondered if he could hear our hearts beating or the cold chills running up our backs. Then, here it was—our objective.

We selected two perfect specimens apiece and started back for the fence. A dog barked at the house. We froze where we lay, debating whether or not to run for it. Before we could decide, our canine friend stopped barking although we could still hear him growling. We crawled forward and after what seemed to be an eternity we reached the fence. Once into the orchard, we ran, down the slope, into the bog. We had succeeded!

We laughed as we entered the graveyard. We had just done what no one had done before. We were sole owners of four of Silas Skinflint's choice specimens, his pride and joy. Charlie took out his knife and there was a dull thud like a skull crushing. We sliced the biggest specimen and even if there had been no moon above, there would have been no doubt in my mind as I prepared to eat my portion of it. This was truly the best watermelon I had ever tasted!

Jack Tanner, XIII

Meet My Friends

"I am only a school desk, and to the many people who use me every day I am merely an inanimate object of wood and metal, with a comfortable seat, a hard back, a dry inkwell, and no brains. My life has been short, but I have met many people, and shared many experiences with them. I have supported students through sessions of Shakespeare, Milton, Browning and Wordsworth, and through close association, I have come to know these students very well; to me they are more interesting than the characters who have lived in the realm of literature, and after listening to my story about them, perhaps you will share this opinion with me.

"It is Monday morning, the beginning of a typical day of my life, and after passing a very quiet week-end I am suddenly awakened by Muriel Cooper, who is supported by one of my nearest neighbours. Now I hear Kerene Kelly coming, and so does everyone else. She lives out in the country on a tobacco farm near a small village called Glen Meyer, and she comes in on one of Travers' busses. Although she does not excel at school, she has managed to reach grade

thirteen, and I often wonder what the future holds in store for her.

"After Kerene has moved on to her next class, I have a new caller. She is a cute blonde and one of the school's cheerleaders. Joanne Allen lives in Tillsonburg, but her parents are southerners, and each summer they go to Virginia for a holiday. Last summer Joanne visited her father's college at Williamsburg; this town is especially interesting because, although it is very old, the original buildings still stand. Joanne has many interests and hobbies, and besides being interested in sports she enjoys reading, Glee Club, and 'Tatler' work.

"My third visitor is Josephine Knautz. Her nickname is 'Josie', and she lives on a farm three miles from Courtland; Josie's parents originally came from Germany, and they must be firm believers in the value of education, for at present there are four in the family attending high school. Josie enjoys school, and she likes English classes, especially when the class acts **Romeo and Juliet**, the Shakespearean play that her form is studying this year.

"Another of my daily visitors is Violet Laur; Violet must be a very trustworthy girl, for recently she was elected the treasurer of the Girls' Athletic Society. Violet has a wide variety of interests that include basketball, volleyball, playing the piano, and collecting pennants.

"I have still another visitor, Rhoda Bowlby, and although she is only in grade nine she already has great plans for the future. Rhoda, who has reached the seventh grade in piano would like to be either a musician, or a nurse.

"I have introduced you to several of my friends, but twice a week I have my most interesting visitor. I will now try to tell you her story which is one of suffering and sorrow. "Leidae Seickemiae escaped to Canada three years ago from Communist-occupied Estonia. Leidae, a blue-eyed blonde of about forty years, received a good education in Estonia. She started public school at the age of eight, and finished when she was fourteen; at the age of twenty she graduated from what we would call high school, and found a job as an office clerk in one of Estonia's large shipbuilding factories.

"Leidae lived a normal life until the outbreak of World War II; in 1941 the Russians marched into her country and for eleven

long months Estonia was under Communist control. In 1941, the Germans seized Estonia from the Russians, and occupied it until 1944.

"During the war, the people were faced with a critical food and clothing shortage. Often three or four ragged dresses would be cut up and pieced together to make one wearable garment. Many of the farmers who could not buy clothing were forced to shear their sheep, and spin their own cloth. In 1944, the Russians again took over control of Estonia. They imprisoned the clergy, and the churches that they didn't burn they converted into stables for their horses. 'You don't need churches to pray to your God in', the Russians told them. 'Stalin is your God.' The schools and government officials were placed under Communist control, and if anyone showed disagreement with the 'Red' regime he would be shipped to the frozen waste lands of Siberia. The Russians even exported large numbers of innocent farmers to Siberia, and handed their farms over to the Communist party.

"Throughout the three years that Leidae has been in this country she has been trying to contact her mother who still lives in Estonia, but has received only one letter. She has come to Canada to try to make a new life for herself, and she is availing herself of every opportunity to become a good Canadian citizen.

"That is my story. Night has fallen, and once more silence reigns in room twenty-three. I realize that my story does not bear comparison with the works of Shakespeare or Dickens, but I am sure that you will agree that the people that I have introduced to you are as interesting, and thought-provoking as any of their characters."

Kerene Kelly, XIII.

Basketball vs. Homework

First, may I state that I am not approaching this subject without partiality. For who could remain unprejudiced about homework?—even you, dear teachers, are prejudiced for it.

Let us take the point in which homework supposedly excels. Teachers say homework is necessary for the development of the mind; I say that basketball matches this because every second of the play presents a new situation to the mind. The player must decide at once; he must seize his

opening the moment it occurs. How is that for developing the mind?

Next, basketball is primarily noted for development of the body because it calls for healthy exercise of most parts of the body. Alertness, quickness of movement, accuracy, and endurance are taught, and the more you play, the more these are developed. On the other hand, look at homework (if you can bear to). The more one wrestles with Latin vocabularies, chemistry formulae, and geometry prepositions, the more one's head aches. What use are they anyway? Sitting in a chair, bending over school work all the time is not good for posture, even if you don't slouch. And what about those red-rimmed eyes you get from burning the midnight oil? Carrying those heavy piles of books does not help weary back muscles either.

Aside from quickness of movement and of judgment, basketball requires coolness and self-control. The training thus acquired will stand one in good stead in later years. Basketball, furthermore, develops good sportsmanship in the player and promotes the spirit of fair fighting.

Homework, on the other hand, tends to develop copying and cheating. Coolness and self-control? Very funny! Parents and friends will willingly testify that homework makes us as cross and ugly as old bears. It develops considerable self-pity too.

Seriously, though, wouldn't you be lost without homework? You would miss that merciless friend of so many long and weary hours. How about basketball? I know, you wouldn't be able to live without that thrilling game.

And myself? Well—uh—I went to basketball practice last night—stayed till six. Then I came to the game at 7:30—Didn't get my homework done!

Mary Elizabeth McLeod, XIII.

Korean Kanasta

Guess everybody hereabouts knows Charley Riggins; not very many people can forget the wiry kid who used to play goal (with such dexterity) for the local senior hockey squad.

As you recall, Charley's old man plucked him out of school at the ripe age of seventeen. He was in grade seven then—must have been two years ago.

Well, Charley wasn't so fond of hanging

around home. On top of it he didn't like playing hockey in front of crowds. Remember the time he got in that big brawl with some out-of-town fans? He never forgot that.

When the Black Wings called him to their training camp, he received his father's permission to try out. Somehow he never did get to that camp. Next time anyone heard of him, he was in Korea (last summer) with the Princess Pats. Not long afterwards I was transferred to the Pats and joined them in the front lines.

Before I had time to read my orders, I had heard what I thought was everything to be told about Careless Charley, Ruseful Riggins, the craziest hero on the whole front. Of course I didn't believe that he had made a trip behind the lines, posed as a Russian general and married the most beautiful babe in all Northern Korea, the daughter of the Communist Mayor of Pyongyang, or that he hustled a Mig to bring her back to the safety of Seoul, or that when returned to the lines he muddled up the whole Russian High Command by playing a pair of bagpipes that were pitched so high they reversed every Communist radio wavelength. I have deduced that Charley's hate for the enemy stems from the fact that in Korea he felt that the Gooks were the spectators and that the allies were the team.

Not long afterwards I ran into Charley coming into headquarters. Strangely enough, his clothing was stuffed with Chinese dollars—oh well, we won't get into that story.

Charley explained that his captain thoroughly disapproved of his taking leaves of absence for jaunts behind the Commy lines. This was the umpteenth time he had been sent back to the Brigadier, and it proved to be the umpteenth time that he was sent back with a letter of explanation saying that the Pats couldn't get along without such fine fighting men as Charley. In desperation, the Brigadier issued an order to the effect that any captain sending Charley back to H.Q. would be demoted. Within two weeks, there was a company of ex-captains doing K.P. in an orphanage near Pusan. However, the captains wouldn't have to worry about poor ole Charley much longer.

One bright moonlit August night, Charley was engaged in a game of canasta with some Turkish sergeants when some Gooks stumbled across the game. They were so entranced by the combinations that Charley

kept turning up, that instead of causing fireworks, they sat and watched, open-mouthed. Gradually the number of Gooks grew and grew until a whole regiment was watching Charley and the Turks.

Probably Charley had something up his sleeve to trick the Chinese. Nevertheless, he just kept on playing—red treys, melds, pure canastas.

Then it happened.

Charley's captain happened on the spectacle and the Gooks went crazy. Appears as though they don't appetize brass either. All of a sudden the Commie artillery opened up, Molotov cocktails began to fly, a couple of Stalin tanks came rolling up the valley and a squadron of Migs swept strafing up the valley.

Last anybody saw of Charley was when he jumped for the nearest rice paddy. However, someone radioed in about the raid. Nobody knew anything about it except Charley, the Captain and the Turks.

The Captain says that he didn't inform H.Q. Neither did the Turks; they can't speak English.

So?

Well, anyway, the whole Gook outfit was captured because of that radio message. Who was rewarded?—the captain, of course. The Prime Minister sent the Turks a new deck of Canasta cards as they lost theirs in the skirmish.

You know, things are the same on the front as they used to be. That's right, no Charley. One does hear a lot of rumours though. Charley's North Korean wife has definitely disappeared.

Somehow all the persistent stories agree to the fact that Charley lost a leg in the proceedings that night.

One guy I know says that Charley is definitely running a fleet of thirty-three Chinese junks that blew up Vladivostok with a bomb they hustled from the local Russian atomic factory.

Some claim he stole a helicopter and is now living the life of a Tibetan monk on top of Mount Everest where there are Communists all around but none can touch him. Charley would love that.

The commonest tale circulating, however, is that Charley, now living in the Highlands of Scotland, playing his bagpipes, is the only one-legged goalie in the Scottish Hockey League.

Wally Hoyle, XIIA.

The King Is Dead!

On the morning of February 6, 1952, my everyday, humdrum thoughts of school were shattered when Ann, coming to call for me, told me of George VI's death. He had silently passed away into the pages of British history, and Elizabeth II had succeeded to the throne. As soon as the news had registered, I rushed into the apartment, and told Mom and Dad the news. Dad's face became a pulp-paper white as he turned on the radio. My news was confirmed as an announcer stated that the beautiful princess who had visited us a few short months before, was now our sovereign.

Then, turning away, I realized that time was flying, and that I would have to hurry to school. However, on the way, I noticed that the day was gloomy and hushed as if it too mourned the monarch's death. The sky was clad in a mourning cloak of greyish-black clouds, against which the trees stood out like sentinels. The flag above the school had been lowered to half-mast, and hung listlessly in the still air.

In school, however, classes continued as usual except for the memorial service which was held in the morning. Hymns were sung and prayers were said both verbally and silently for the King who would never speak to his people again. We, his subjects, felt sad and lost. How, indeed, did his daughters, his wife, and his mother feel?

The day finally ended, and with the coming of night the radio broadcasts arrived also. There were recordings of the King's latest speeches, and accounts of his life. Furthermore, everyone agreed that George VI had ruled the Commonwealth wisely and bravely, and had brought it through a period of chaos resulting from the Second World War. On the other hand, Britain and her dominions still required the symbolic, guiding hand of a monarch; and so, after the announcement that the King was dead, trumpets blared, and a loud voice proclaimed, "God Save the Queen!"

Janice Diver, XIA.

Mr. Dicks: "Who were the Phoenicians?"
Dick Wilson: "They're the ones who invented the Phoenician blinds."

Roy Bratty, XIII.

What Is This Fuss About English?

What is this fuss about English? I don't know! Personally, I never fuss about English, except when our dear English teacher aids me to fuss about "this profound art of pronunciation, punctuation, paragraphing, and paraphrasing."

Just the other day I had the miserable opportunity to read a few of the essays written by the students of middle and lower school. Grade nine must be a brilliant little form, or forms, since I found relatively few errors in the essays. The girls of grade eleven were also good essayists. However, take my advice, never attempt to plough through the work of a grade eleven boy. Here you find no continuity, no care, no originality, and no ideas. Articles and prepositions are omitted as if they were extraneous roots of corresponding quadratic equations.

Who is to be blamed for all these blunders? To answer this question, I have come to the conclusion with relatively little meditation that mostly to be blamed are boys—those blessed little know-it-all's of middle and upper school. With no prejudice against anyone, I feel free to say that these young adolescents take great pride in not doing work, not doing homework, and not studying. They also pride themselves on not fearing the teachers.

In my opinion, these pupils may as well discontinue school altogether. They are not only wasting their own time, their teachers' time, and the country's money, they are also endangering the reputation of good high-school graduates.

Those university professors who fuss about English have, no doubt, found these very students staring, open-mouthed, without the foggiest knowledge concerning the most fundamental rules of English grammar. These pupils have passed their examinations by using the night-before-the-exam. study method. Everything they had crammed left them five and two-thirds seconds after they deposited their bluebooks.

Those university professors who fuss about English have hurled some of these students out of school at the end of the first semester; at the same time they have hurled insults at high-school graduates in general. This is scarcely fair. If the standards had

been adjusted against cramming beforehand, the good students would have a better chance to prove their worth.

By this essay, I mean to harm no one. However, I have merely attempted to point out a few of the most outstanding characteristics of student life-revelations which I hope may help teachers in their eternal struggle with those problem students. With this thought, I must part, for I have yet to begin studying the material for tomorrow's English exam.

Tibi Varga, XIII.

Hats!!!

(Best Humorous Prose)

"What's in a name?" asked Shakespeare. But listen. "I bought another sailor today", said our friend, not knowing our illiteracy. The first thought that entered our minds was, that really, after all these years, our country was not yet completely civilized. "It's navy", was the next bewildering remark and our minds became still more befuddled until from her further revelations we put two and two together and got a hat.

After this episode we became more wary but were further flustered when to our question of, "What hat are you going to wear tomorrow?" our friend replied, "Oh, just my last year's hankie." You can imagine our consternation as we pictured a dab of lace and linen on her brown head. Our relief was boundless when the mystery turned out to be a type of flat, head-hugging hat.

Another example will serve to prove that in the millinery field, at least, Shakespeare would have to admit that there is something in a name. Because of our mania for hats, the question, "What hat did Miss Hattie Chapeau wear?" did not surprise our friend. Her answer, "A rust-coloured stovepipe," made us pinch ourselves to see if this wasn't a horrible nightmare. After all, a stove-pipe *sur la tete* seems rather ridiculous even in this sphere of creative genius (that is, hat production).

We're sure that Shakespeare would have qualified his statement, "What's in a name", if he had suspected such hat styles as the pancake, mushroom, pill-box, sailor, stove-pipe and the hankie were going to be invented.

Margaret and Muriel Cooper, XIII.

Banff

It was with mingled gratitude and surprise that I received the news that I had been fortunate enough to be chosen to represent Tillsonburg District High School as one of the 150 Cadets from the whole of Canada, at the National Cadet Camp at Banff, Alberta.

This camp, which is held annually, is intended to provide an intensive and interesting programme which will enable cadets to take advantage of the many training and recreational facilities which exist in Banff National Park. The only regret I had at this time was that camp didn't begin until July and this was only May. I would have to content myself to wait for two long months.

However, July finally arrived and I left for Camp Ipperwash for my initial preparatory training. After two weeks of marching, bed-making and the usual soldierly duties, the cadets chosen for camp at Banff left Ipperwash for Toronto. From here we started our trek across Canada.

For some of us it was our first travelling by train and we enjoyed every minute of it. The meals were excellent and the ever-changing scenery a source of great interest. Banff National Cadet Camp is situated in the Bow River Valley, about three miles from the town of Banff, directly at the base of Cascade Mountain. From the camp one can look up at the towering Rocky Mountains and I assure you it leaves one feeling very small in comparison.

Along with our cadet training and recreational activities came one week spent camping in the mountains. Here the scenery is breath-taking and sunrise and sunset something to be remembered forever.

Something also I can never forget were the trail rides after which, in spite of bathing in the Upper Hot Springs with their 112° temperature, we found a sitting position a bit difficult.

All good things must come to an end and the day arrived when with great reluctance we broke camp.

Yes, my trip to Banff is a thing of the past but its pleasant memories of the boys with whom I associated and whose friendship I will always value, the beautiful scenery, and my cadet training are things not to be dimmed by the passing of time. To you who made my trip possible I will remain forever grateful.

Paul Jackson, XIIB.

Poetry

ALDONA VASILIONAS
MARGARET BROWN

Homework

(First Prize School Life Poem)

Each night I struggle home from school
With twenty pounds of books.
The teachers meet me in the hall
And cast admiring looks.

My fellow pupils see me
And look at me with scorn;
They say, "Well, there's a bookworm
If ever one was born."

I take the books into the house
And set them on a shelf;
At night there're more important things.
Let homework do itself.

Next morning in the classroom
When lessons have begun,
And comes my turn to answer,
I stammer, "It's not done."

The burden I take home each night,
Though easy to escape,
Does little to improve my mind
But keeps my arm in shape.

Jack Tanner, XIII.

Duplicates

My sister is co-editor,
She looks a lot like me.
At least, some people say she does,
But the resemblance I can't see.

The teachers have an awful time
To tell us two apart.
We think they might as well give up
Before they even start.

There is a way you can find out
which one you're talking to.
Just say, "Are you your sister,
Or are you really you?"

Sheila Rokeby, XIA.

Moonlight

(Honourable Mention Serious Poem)

Moonlight you're so wonderful
As viewed from here on earth,
And those who never stop to gaze
Don't really know your worth.

You're a messenger from Heaven,
That's sent by God above.
You fill the night with sweetness,
You fill the night with love.

You brighten up the darkened earth,
Bring forests into view,
You cover roads and little trails,
You sparkle on the dew.

O moonlight, keep on shining,
Come silently as prayer.
You're like a quiet blessing
Sent through the soft night air.

Charles Baldwin, XIII.

To the New Canadians

(First Prize Serious Poem)

We are strangers and have never met,
Nor is it possible that we shall ever meet
In this world; and yet,
I feel as though I could greet
You, if ever it should be our fates
To chance upon each other at more worldly
gates,
Than the gates of Heaven.

I know that you in these strange lands
Feel lonely for those who are across the sea;
But grieve no more, for our hands
Reach out to welcome you. Therefore be
Of good cheer and laugh and play
With us, and pray
For those you love.

Robert Nagy, XIA.

From Start to Finish

(Second Prize School Life Poem)

At last—High School.
We join the throng
That hastens along,
The Grade-Nine crowd
Young, shy, but proud
To enter the long-cherished halls
Of Wisdom.

Grade Ten—One niche
Towards wealth and fame
We now can claim;
Mathematics expands
New science demands
A deep probing of the truth to
Apply it.

Step up—Grade 'Leven—
By now we sew
Or cook or know
The farm machines.
All lead to dreams—
A forward march towards life's great call
To service.

Grade Twelve—Junior Matric.
The goal we face—
Success? Disgrace?
Firm application!
Good examination!
A passport to careers acclaimed
Far and wide.

Coveted—**Thirteen,**
A grade uncowed,
But revered, endowed,
With prestige and honour
From students lower;
Slaves all year to subjects nine, then—
GRADUATES.

Mary Mason, XIA.

Via Vitae

We all must tread the road of life,
Though each in his own way.
A smile, a cheer, a helping hand
Will brighten up each day.
O woe to him when life is done
Will to the Master groan
"I saw no one in need of me;
I came the way alone."

Doris Thurston, XIIA.

What Is It?

(Honourable Mention School Life Poem)

It sneaks along the sidewalk,
It gently opes the door,
It steps into the foyer
And tip-toes across the floor.

It scurries past the office
For fear of being caught;
A teacher in the hallway!
It almost dies of shock.

The teacher spies the victim,
It knows there's no escape,
It trudges to the office
To report that it was late.

Moma Fardella, IXB.

Mais Oui!

Now every year at high school
As sure as sure can be,
One subject always hounds me.
You guessed it: French, mais oui!

I ask my patient teacher,
"Is it any good to me?"
He answers with a Colgate smile,
"Oh yes. Mais oui, mais oui!"

With these words of consolation,
I do my French with glee;
But every time I write a test
I fail it. Ah, mais oui!

But this year I'm determined
This French won't conquer me;
I'll work! I'll sweat! I'll pray! I'll toil!
I'll pass it! Ah, mais oui!

Then let the question "Parlez-vous
Francais?" be put to me:
I'll burst the poser's ear drums,
When I proudly shout, "Mais oui!"

Jack Tanner, XIII.

(This poem was awarded second place in the school life section, but as the writer was already first-prize winner, the second prize went by reversion to "From Start to Finish.")

A Student's Conception of Hamlet

(Second Prize Serious Poem)

Upon a dark and dismal stage
A weary Hamlet raves:
"We are but dead who walk this earth
Destined to lie in graves.

"Oh why am I so slow to act?"
He cries in tearful shame.
"My heart says 'Yes'; my head says 'No',
The heartless king I blame.

"O wretched king! O murderous villain!
My father thou hast taken,
And sweet Ophelia whom I loved
Lies where the flowers waken."

The queen the poisoned wine doth sip;
Laertes cries in pain,
"The king, the king's to blame
And, Hamlet, thou art slain."

Irene Buszkiewicz, XIII.

Rain

(Honourable Mention Serious Poem)

Rain in the city comes quickly,
Makes sidewalks deserted and bare.
The sky up above is darkened,
The city below full of care.
Close by the curb are swift rivers,
Torrents of water so black
The people gape out of wet windows
And pray for the sun to come back.

But,

Rain in the country is different.
The world becomes fresh and clean.
It paints, above, a rainbow,
And causes grass to grow green.
It lightens the hearts of the robins,
They burst into song anew.
It causes the roses to sparkle
As though they were sprinkled with dew.

Jack Tanner, XIII.

Valedictory

Continued from Page 231

than just the three R's; and to our parents, whose pride in their sons and daughters tonight may, we hope, compensate in some small measure for the sacrifices they have made.

To-night we must all have a feeling of accomplishment. We have met the required standards; we have accepted challenges; we have passed examinations and have emerged a finished product qualifying for a graduation certificate. But mixed with this warm glow of satisfaction is the contrasting emotion of regret. Many are the friendships that have been formed and many the lessons learned, some from books, and many from people.

In Tennyson's poem *Ulysses*, the ancient hero says, "I am a part of all that I have met". And so it would seem to follow from this that "All I have met is a part of me". We have realized at last the success for which we have been striving. But with this realization comes the necessity of passing from school life into life's school. From this time on our paths diverge, and what has been a united group may become only a delightful memory which will remain forever.

In triumph or in failure the bright recol-



"Mr. Campbell, would you please go a little slower?"

Rosalie Cattell, XA.

lections of our years here will never fade, and to use the words of the Latin poet Vergil, "Haec meminisse olim iuvabit"—the memory of this will someday give us pleasure.

Languages

JANICE DIVER
JOSEPHINE KNAUTZ

Latin Literature—Short Course!

Latin Authors students! Tired of weary and lengthy translation of Nepos and Livy? Here is the story in a NEW, SHORT version with no subjunctives (pesky things!), no "ut" or "ne" or "cum" clauses, and in fact nothing. Oh if only Livy had such an understandable style! Money back if you can't read it.

Hannibal erat filius Hamilcaris qui erat imperator militum Carthaginiensium. Hamilcar mortuus est et imperium ab exercitu Hannibali datum est. Hispaniam bello subegit; in Italiam pervenit et paucas pugnas consecutus est, pugna Cannensi inclusa. Sed Publius Cornelius Scipio bellum in Africam coepit; itaque Hannibal revocatus est. Colloquium pacis cum Scipione non successit et Scipio Hannibalem Zamae profligavit. Hannibal ad Antiochum regem fugit. Antiochus cum Romanis pugnavit, et Romani post suam victoriam Hannibalem petiverunt. Hannibal fugit et ad Prusiam pervenit. Ubi Romani eum ibi invenerunt, Hannibal venenum sumpsit et mortuus est.

Finis.

Mary E. McLeod, XIA.

A Day at the Colosseum

In ancient Rome the favourite entertainment of the masses was the gladiatorial contest. These contests were given by the emperor or by candidates for office who wished to obtain the favour of the voters.

Some days before the contests, signs such as the one to follow, could be seen painted on walls to inform the populace:

"Thirty Pairs of Gladiators,
Furnished by Gnaeus Alleius Nigidius
Marius,
Quinquaennial Duumvir,
Together with their substitutes,
Will fight at Pompeii, November 24, 25, 26.
There will be a wild animal hunt.
Hurrah for Maius the Quinquaennial!
Bravo, Paris!"

Maius was likely a rich man seeking office and Paris perhaps a gladiator.

The night before the contest, tickets were distributed at no cost of the citizens of Rome. These were in the form of clay tablets known as *tessera*.

On the day of the contest the Colosseum was filled with spectators. At a signal from the giver of the games, the gladiators were led into the arena by chariots. These gladiators were slaves, prisoners of war, and even free men who hoped to become rich in the contests. They halted in front of the emperor's box and spoke the age-old salutation, "Morituri, te salutamus." (We who are prepared to die salute you.) Then the show began.

The first events were duels to the death between wild animals. Then came wild animal hunts with men destroying animals with all types of weapons. These events, however, were merely appetizers for the main events. Pairs of gladiators were drawn by lot and would now fight to the death. Often people bet on the outcome. When one competitor was killed, slaves dressed as Charon, Hades' funeral-pilot, carried off the body after giving him a final blow with a mallet.

Sometimes a downed combatant would look to the imperial box for mercy. Then the emperor would note the attitude of the crowd and consult the Vestal Virgins before giving his signal, thumb up or thumb down, to either spare or kill the downed man. Sometimes, because gladiators were too expensive to be killed, criminals would be executed to keep the crowd in a good mood.

At midday there was a break for lunch when vendors sold olives, meats and wines to the hungry spectators.

After lunch unarmed criminals were thrown to wild animals to begin the show. After this gory business the events continued in the same pattern as in the morning until the sun set. Then the bloody holiday came to an end and the peaceful citizens of Rome went home to enjoy their suppers. Meanwhile the corpses were being dragged away and the arena cleaned in preparation for another Roman holiday.

Bob Nagy and Arnold Stover, XIA.

Crazy Couplets

Pyrrhus said if he conquered Rome
Without one soldier he would go home.

Mettus Curtius jumped in a crack.
I think his mind was off the track.

Horatius killed the brothers three;
You guessed it, the Curiatii.

The Greeks captured Troy by means of a
horse.

The craft of Ulysses was its source.
P. Ross, S. Rokeby, XIA.

Alexander king of the world was not,
But he still untied the Gordian knot.

A. Stover, XIA.

Latin is a helpful subject
We all try our best to do,
But when it comes to learning it
I haven't got a clue.

Corinne Carson, XIA.

Joanne (translating, in Latin class, the
sentence "Cupid was the god of love"):
"Juppiter erat dominus amoris."

Miss Grieve: "'Dominus' is the wrong
word and it's Cupid we're writing about; but
speaking of Jupiter—how true! how true!"

Punny Latin

1. **I wonder** what the grade twelve girls are always looking at in their lockers.
2. Where is **the second** worst place for a man to go?
3. If a person is over **the hill** and you want him, what do you do?
4. Whose **state of mind** is the most intelligent?
5. How do **men** feel after a hard day's work?
6. What **will you ask for** when you sit down to dinner?
7. What soap **or** detergent do you buy?

(By D. Franklin, A. Silverthorne, A. Stover, C. Franklin, R. Nagy, I. Aldworth, P. Ross.)

(Answers Elsewhere)

This Is How They Say It

English	French	Latin	German	Belgian	Hungarian	Lithuanian	Slovak
Hello	allô, bonjour	Salvete	Gruss Gott	Góeien dag	Jonapot	habas	
How are you today?	Comment allez-vous aujourd'hui?	Quid agitis hodie?	Vie biest du?	Hoc gaat het vandaag?	Hogy vagymáma?	Kaipėinas sende	Jak sa mate nieskaj?
I'm fine, thanks	Je vais bien, merci	Bene ago, gratias	Ich gehe gut danke	Zeer goed dank U	Jo vagyok, közönöm	Gerai, deku	Ja sa mam dobre diakujm z Bohom
Good-bye	Au revoir	Valete	Auf wiedersehen	Tok later	Isten áldja meg	Sudev	
I love you	Je t'aime	Te amo	Ich liebe dich	Ik bemen U	Szeretiek téged	As miliu tave	Ja ta mam rad
What time is it?	Quelle heure est-elle?	Quod tempus est?	Wifel Uhr ist es?	Hee laat is het?	Menhye az ido?	Kiek laika?	Bot Tiche
Be quiet!	Taisez-vous!	Tace!	Bleib still!	Zyt still!	Csend!	Telek!	Kolkko je hodin!
	Rita Donais XC	Pat Ross XIA	Josephine Knautz XIIB	Gerarda Demaiter, XIIA	Bob Nagy XIA	Aldona Vasiliunas XIII	Emily Slama XIIB

Schools in Italy

It is sometimes interesting to know about the school systems of other countries besides Canada. In this article I should like to describe the system in Italy.

The earliest schools in Europe were established by the Greeks about twenty-five hundred years ago. These schools were divided into three groups, for reading and writing, for music and literature, and for gymnastics, all on the elementary level.

Under the Romans, elementary schools led to grammar schools and to schools of rhetoric, these last of secondary level.

Children of Italy today are compelled to attend school from the age of six to fourteen, having eight years of compulsory learning. From the age of six to nine they attend the "maternal schools" or *Osili*; from nine to twelve they attend what is called the lower school. In the next two years they attend the higher school.

A day in an Italian school is similar to ours. Pupils walk to school five days a week. Their school day begins at eight o'clock and ends at five o'clock. One hour is set aside for lunch, but they enjoy no hot lunch as we do, and are required to remain in their seats during this period and eat their cold lunch in silence. Talking during the school day, unless in answer to a teacher's question, is a grave offence and is severely punished.

Girls are taught by women, boys by men. Both are taught gymnastics and ballet dancing. Italians take much the same subjects as we do, especially Latin and French and some English. Subjects are not optional, and religion is compulsory. That and music are stressed above all. Since the country is Catholic, the schools are closed on all religious holidays, but those days are spent in church. Each subject is allotted so much time, but there are no extra-curricular activities.

The government supplies school books for three years. Because schools are mostly in cities and school books are so costly, many young people can not attend high schools, or as we know them, universities.

This brief sketch of Italian schools should show how fortunate we are in Canada, where even the poorest boy or girl is able to attend high school and university or trade school with the help of our government. Don't grumble too much because you have

to go to school; think of others who have not or will not have the privilege you have in occupying the seat of learning.

Lillian Medai, XIIB.

"Toga Virilis" Escapade

"Who has the **Latin For Today?** I've forgotten my line."

"Aw, why do we have to roll up our pants-legs and wear girls' jewellery?"

"Hurry with the pins, Miss Grieve; my toga's slipping down!"

Such were the typical bellows from the upper storeroom by Grade XI A Thespians on Monday, October 26th. They were preparing for the Latin play, "Toga Virilis", written and directed by Janice Diver, Sheila Rokeby, Bob Nagy, and Arnold Stover.

Class artists, directed by Bob Nagy, composed a Roman street scene, with Douglas Franklin acting as "lamp-post." The introduction was given by Arnold Stover.

"Lucius" and "Publius", young boys in long, draped togas, were aptly played by Wayne Coyle and Dick Wilson. Pat Ross and Joanne Allen played the pretty "sorores" of the above characters. "Decimus", the proud receiver of the "toga virilis", enveloped in a huge white sheet, was manfully played by Ian Aldworth.

All players glibly rolled the Latin phrases off their tongues as if they had never left the confines of Rome. Furthermore, the play was made more enjoyable when Miss Grieve rendered an English translation of it after the play's end!

J. Diver and L. Lounsbury, XI A.

Answers To Punny Latin

1. miror.
2. alter.
3. collem.
4. mens.
5. viri.
6. petetis.
7. vel.

We are proud of our advertisers; we know that you will be proud of what you buy from them.

La Valse Tennessee

Je dansais avec ma favorite,
"Le Valse Tennessee,"
Quand un ami je me suis passé à voir.
Je l'ai introduit à ma bien-aimée
Et pendant qu'ils dansaient
Mon ami m'a volé mon amante
Je me rappelle la nuit et "Le Valse Tennessee"
Maintenant je sais combien j'ai perdu.
Oui, j'ai perdu mon petit chou
La nuit qu'ils jouaient
Le beau "Valse Tennessee."

Noel Mason, XIII

La Journée d'un Petit Alsacien

Le petit Frantz était un écolier alsacien qui n'aimait pas aller à l'école, mais il y est allé parce que ses parents l'ont voulu être instruit et devenir médecin. Frantz en avait d'autres idées. Il a désiré ressembler à Hopalong Cassidy.

Ce matin-la il était très en retard. Il pleuvait et il s'est arrêté pour jouer dans la boue. Sa mère l'a vu et, après l'avoir grondé, elle l'a fait marcher sur la route pour l'école.

Quand il y est enfin arrivé, le maître était très fâché et l'a envoyé au tableau noir pour écrire ses exercices. Au lieu de les écrire, Frantz a dessiné le visage du maître avec un long nez et avec des grandes oreilles. En le voyant les élèves commençaient à rire, mais le maître n'a pas ri. Il a envoyé Frantz à une place au fond de la salle de classe et il a recommencé les leçons sans lui.

Maintenant Frantz était fâché aussi. Aussitôt que le maître ne le regardait pas il a grimpé hors d'un fenêtre ouverte mais, quand il a tâché de sauter à terre, ses pantalons se sont attrapés sur un clou. Plusieurs élèves l'ont vu et ils ont commencé à rire de nouveau. D'abord le maître était fâché quand il les a entendus mais, cette fois après qu'il avait vu le pauvre petit Frantz il a commencé à rire aussi. Frantz avait honte et il a décidé de ne plus faire des joyeusetés. Cet après-midi Frantz était le meilleur élève de l'école.

Lois Powers, XIIB

Une Faute

À l'état de Minnesota il y a beaucoup de faisons, de cerfs et de canards. Quand la loi permet la chasse des menus gibiers, beaucoup d'hommes s'y rassemblent pour aller à la chasse. Ordinairement quelques hommes sont fusillés quelquefois fatalement. Cet an un itinérant équipement pour des transfusions de sang est stationné près du pays giboyeux. Tous des chasseurs doivent porter des pardessus et des chapeaux de rouge clair pour se faire visibles.

La dernière semaine les trois hommes, Paul, Guillaume, et André, sont allés à la chasse. Ils n'ont rien tué le premier jour. Rien le deuxième jour. Eh alors, le troisième jour ils ont vu un oeil étincelant parmi des arbres. Ils ont visé. Les fusils nous partis. Ils ont trouvé qu'ils avaient tué un cheval blanc couvert d'une couverture rouge. Maintenant chez Paul, Guillaume et André, ils mangent de la viande de cheval.

Lucy Rokeby, XIIB

Une Journée dans Notre Ancienne École

Au printemps de 1948 nous avons eu quelques visiteurs odoriférants à la vieille école, mais un matin quand nous sommes venus à l'école, en ouvrant la porte de l'école nous avons senti la terrible odeur de mouffette. Nous avons découvert que les garçons avaient tué d'un coup de fusil la mouffette dans le gymnase et ils l'avaient emportée avec une longue jalon.

Cela sentait mauvais dans l'école et après une demi-heure dans les salles de classes la senteur est devenue si mauvaise que des étudiants sont tombés malades, haletant à la fenêtre.

Alors, M. Kirkwood a dit aux professeurs et aux étudiants d'aller à la maison, et de revenir l'après-midi. Nous sommes partis malades et très contents. Pendant que nous étions en ville M. Kirkwood et M. Taylor et les autres professeurs sont allés en courant par l'école avec des bouilles d'Air-Wick.

L'après-midi nous sommes revenus à l'école et nous avons commencé nos leçons. Nous avons encore senti un peu l'odeur, mais nous sommes restés à l'école et y en essayant j'ai pensé à la pauvre mouffette qui avait donné sa vie pour nous donner congé.

Henry Mueller, XIIB

Mon Voyage A Montreal

A onze heures et demie, jeudi le quatre octobre dix-neuf cent cinquante et un je suis partie pour Montréal. J'étais infiniment heureuse d'être finalement en route. Le temps s'attardait devant notre arrivée à Toronto. Sur la chaussée nous avons marché à toute vitesse. Nous sommes passés directement à Kingston, mais le fameux Fort Henri était fermé pour des réparations. J'étais deçue.

Nous conduisions le long d'une route très en lacet car nous suivions le Saint-Laurent. Pendant la nuit les lumières dans l'eau sont tres belles. Nous n'avons pas eu le temps pour nous arrêter ni aux Mille Îles ni à Cornwall. Comme nous nous approchions de Québec signalisations routières étaient en anglais et en français aussi. Au bord de Québec il y avait un grand signe. Nous n'avons pas été longtemps avant d'arriver aux limites de la vieille ville de Montréal, la plus grande ville du Canada.

Le lendemain matin ma mère et moi avons fait des achats. J'ai pensé que je parlerais en français aux vendeuses mais la plupart d'elles savaient parler anglais. Par conséquent je n'y ai pas employé mon français. Dans les ascenseurs les opérateurs disaient toujours par exemple: "Deuxieme étage, third floor."

Le lendemain nous avons fait un tour dans une auto de la ville. À Montréal il y a beaucoup plus de taxis que d'autos personnelles. Beaucoup de rues sont étroites, bizarres et par monts et par vaux; mais d'autres sont larges et belles. Il y a beaucoup de beaux parcs.

J'ai visité l'Église de Saint-Joseph. Elle est l'église la plus grande que j'ai jamais vue.

Je suis montée au sommet du Mont Royal où se trouve la croix. Pendant la nuit elle était éclairée et on peut la voir de n'importe quelle partie de la ville.

J'ai aussi visité les grands quais où il y avait plusieurs navires de haute mer.

Le samedi mon père et moi sommes allés voir une partie de football a McGill.

Nous avons assisté a une noce d'un ami.

Le lundi matin nous sommes partis de Montréal. Le même jour la reine Élisabeth et son marié sont arrivés à Montréal mais nous sommes déjà partis.

J'espère que j'irai bientôt à Montréal la ville de ma naissance encore une fois et que ma visite sera plus longue.

Emily Slama, XIIB

Un Faineant a L'Ecole

Sur sa place il se repose;
Il n'aime pas faire d'autres choses.

Il y est, les yeux fermés fort
Quand on part il y reste encore.

Il aime se reposer et s'endormir,
Et voir les élèves aller et venir.

Il reste tranquille n'ouvrant la bouche,
Et dort toujours comme une souche.

Hilda Knautz, XIII

Le Colin-Maillard

Savez-vous comment "Le Colin-Maillard", le jeu favori des petits enfants a commencé? Voici l'histoire.

Il y a beaucoup d'années un mendiant aveugle, natif de Paris qui s'est assis tous les jours sur le trottoir au carrefour. En tendant sa boîte, il criait, "Avez pitié d'un pauvre aveugle."

Un jour un gamin lui a pris la boîte et s'est sauvé en courant ce jour-là les gens avaient été plus généreux que d'habitude parce que c'était le veille de Noël. Le mendiant a oublié par conséquent qu'il était aveugle, et il l'a chassé. Les gens se sont arrêtés pour regarder bouche bée la vue d'un misérable qui chassait un gamin.

Le gamin s'est dépêché et il n'a pas vu où il courait. Tout à coup il avait renversé une table sur laquelle il y avait un tas de choses. Le boutiquier est sorti de son magasin. Quand il a vu ce qui est arrivé, il s'est fâché et il leur a demandé une explication. Ce boutiquier a reconnu le mendiant parce qu'il avait été souvent généreux au misérable. Enfin le boutiquier a deviné qu'il n'était pas aveugle. Le mendiant a trouvé que ses affaires étaient finies.

À partir de ce moment les camarades du gamin jouaient un nouveau jeu-"Le Colin-Maillard."

Emily Slama, XIIB

Le Fanfaron (Boaster)

Je suis si bon,
Et le plus beau,
Je suis un garçon
Qui s'appelle Joe.

Blues sont les yeux,
Blondes les cheveux,
Je suis certainement
Un cadeau du Dieu.

Hilda Knautz, XIII

Ottawa and an Adventure in Citizenship

Ottawa, Canada's national capital, last year was the setting for an adventure in citizenship—an adventure in which one hundred and thirty-two students, girls and boys from every part of Canada, participated.

This project, sponsored by the Rotary Club of Ottawa to promote better Canadian citizenship, certainly accomplished its aim; for, as one of the group who toured Ottawa between May 21 and May 24, 1951, I know that one hundred and thirty-two students are more conscious of Canada's government and of being Canadians. I only wish that every student had the same opportunity!

During this trip all expenses were paid; every day a carefully-planned programme was arranged for us. We might take breakfast in the Lord Elgin Hotel, where our signatures on the backs of the cheques satisfied the cashier; we might be engaged in group discussions of democracy, or find ourselves on a chartered bus, which was carrying us to our next place of interest.

This adventure, or dream as it often seemed, really started on Sunday, May 20, when a fellow traveller (from Woodstock), and I boarded our magic carpet, which carried us to the capital city, where we were to glean four wonderful days of enjoyment.

The outstanding events of Monday, May 21, included luncheon at the Chateau Laurier with an address from the Right Honourable Lester B. Pearson, a visit to the Royal Mint and National Research Laboratories, and finally a rollicking "Get Acquainted" party.

Tuesday found us still gasping from Monday, but excited as we visited the National Art Gallery, toured the Parliament Buildings and witnessed Parliament in session. Perhaps the most memorable event of the trip occurred Tuesday afternoon when each of us personally shook hands with the Right Honourable Louis S. St. Laurent, Prime Minister of Canada. He rewarded each of us with a certificate of Canadian Citizenship.

That evening C. D. Coyle, M.P. repre-

senting Elgin county, entertained two other delegates from St. Thomas and myself, in Parliament Restaurant in the Parliament Buildings. This dinner was followed by a baseball game, between Ottawa and Baltimore, in floodlit Lansdowne Park.

Wednesday's highlights were a visit to the National Museum of Canada, another luncheon at the Chateau, and an address by special speaker, the Right Honourable W. E. Harris, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration. A visit to the Peace Tower was followed by a dazzling tour of Rideau Hall, residence, at that time of Lord Alexander, Governor-General of Canada. During the two-and-a-half hour stay here, after being received by their Excellencies, we strolled through the spacious, richly-furnished rooms; we picked carnations from the private greenhouses; we promenaded through the beautiful private gardens; we played ping-pong on their Excellencies' tables; we enjoyed refreshments and finally left the mansion spellbound. On Wednesday evening, our only night for which nothing had been arranged, several newly-acquainted adventurers and I relaxed in the cool refreshing water of the Chateau's magnificent indoor swimming pool.

On Thursday, the last day, we enjoyed a sight-seeing tour along the scenic driveways of Ottawa, through the Central Experimental Farm and across the Ottawa River into Hull, Quebec. A farewell luncheon ended the prepared schedule at 2 p.m.

Our train left that afternoon at 4 p.m. but we were not on it. (We missed it, accidentally on purpose). During that extra afternoon and evening in the city we again visited Parliament in session, swam in the Chateau Laurier pool, went boat-riding on the Rideau Canal, and later walked in the moonlight around Parliament Hill.

But all good things must end! At 11:40 p.m. on Thursday, May 24, we stepped back on to our magic carpet, tired, happy, pondering over the new knowledge gained, and cherishing memories of our pride in being young Canadians.

—Dick Gregson, XIII.

Mosquitoes are very religious. First they sing over you, then they prey on you.

—Mildred Sandham, XIIA.

Form News

XIII

On the morning of Friday, December 21st, Grade XIII held a short Christmas Party. Although it was not on a large scale with all the trimmings, the festivities were very merry, for besides being in keeping with the Christmas season, it marked the completion of examinations.

Like most of the class rooms, Grade XIII was gaily decorated with a distinctive appearance thanks to the artistry of Bill Franklin. A striking Christmas scene was painted on the door-window and evergreen boughs with red candles glowed on the window sills.

Santa Claus bustled into the room soon after the last exam paper was handed in. Loaded with bundles he explained that a number of Grade XIII boys and girls, and also Miss McIntosh had written him asking for special presents.

S. Rokeby, C. Franklin, P. Rosz, D. Pratt,
M. Nunn, M. Sandham, I. Darrow

After sitting on Santa's knee while hearing their letter read, everyone who had written was given the present he had requested. Then Santa on behalf of the class, presented to Miss McIntosh, our form teacher, a sparkling box of cosmetics.

To top the merry-making off, we all received presents. These were the results of exchanging names.

Taking his leave after distributing these gifts, Santa warned us all to be good little boys and girls for the year to come.

—Kerene Kelly, XIII.

She Really Said It!

In teaching her English lesson, Margaret Cooper pointed out the sentence, "He only lost his hat"; however, she blurted out, "He only lost his window!" Grade XIII is still wondering just what kind of window he lost; his bay-window or . . . !

XIIA

Ballerina

XIIA lays claim to another honour!

An ex-member of the class, Edwina Heckford, is now training for a dancing scholarship with Richard Errington of London. Edwina, looking forward to dancing as a career, is teaching a dance class of nineteen here in Tillsonburg while continuing with her studies.

At the tender age of seven, Edwina be-

gan to take ballet lessons from Constance McCormick in Toronto. After a year she began a four-year term with Boris Volkoff. Then came a three-year lull without any studies in the art.

After she came to Tillsonburg in 1948, she took up with Mr. Errington, where she had left off.

Edwina's fellow pupils of XIIA wish her good luck in her career.

—Shirley Jones, XIIA.

XIIA's Alphabet

A is for Al, a Latin whizz.

B is for Bratty,—passes many a quizz.

C is for Cyril, with his many cars.

D is for DeVos, one of our hockey stars.

E is for Eich, destination Mrs. Paul.

F is for Franklin, Home Ec is her call.

G is for Gerarda, with sister Freda.

H is for Hicks, saying, "I needa . . ."

I is for Erwin, sometimes misspelled Irwin.

J is for Jackson and Jones, Shirleys and Marion.

K is for Knautz, per game four goals.

L is for Lorraine, who with Humphrey con-
doles.

M is for MacLennan, the Marauder's
"babe" by gosh!

N is for Napoleon Leach, fugitive from
Ipperwash.

O is for Oscar, a knight of old on charger.

P is for Photographer Libitz and his en-
larger.

Q is for Quizz-kid Gregson of the Tillson-
burg News.

R is for Roy, often caught taking a snooze.

S is for Sharon, whose hair lost its curl.

T is for Thurston, a very reserved girl.

U is for Ulysses DeKindt, after Pat
a-racin'.

V is for VanDyke, somewhat like Mason.

W is for Wally, exuberant yours truly.

X is for Xerxes Misner, always unruly.

Y is for You, Austin, with ambition to pass.

Z is for MacLeod at the bottom of the class.

—Wally Hoyle, XIIA.

XIIA

Back—W. Hoyle, A. Turner, R. MacLennan, J. Leach, R. Bratty.

Third Row—R. Mason, B. Austin, L. Libitz, S. Eichenberg, Mr. Harden, M. E. McLeod, O. Legein, M. DeKindt.

Second Row—M. Jones, G. Demaiter, F. Demaiter, S. Jackson, W. Collings, D. Thurston, S. Jones, L. Chute, J. Hicks.

Front—R. Stewart, F. Knautz, I. Robbins, A. DeVos, J. Misner, C. Demeyre.



XIIB

Back—J. Nezezon, R. Lucas, W. Newman, I. Horton, P. Jackson, R. Bennell, C. Hale, R. Ingraham, R. Willaert.

Centre—W. Watts, Y. Burnett, M. Goegebuer, Miss Grieve, A. Spriet, F. Makins, L. Rokeby, E. Sergeant, L. Medai.

Front—D. Franklin, M. Stroud, E. Slama, B. Morrison, L. Hogarth, L. Powers, H. Nezezon, J. Knautz, J. Hetherington.

Absent—R. Galloway, H. Mueller.



XIA

Back—R. Wilson, H. Horlick, W. Bradfield, I. Aldworth, W. Popham, D. Franklin, A. Stover, H. Lambert.

Centre—M. Sandham, O. Petrie, J. Allen, J. McAllister, C. Carson, M. Mason, Mr. Sinclair, I. Darrow, A. Silverthorne, J. Scrimgeour, C. Franklin, W. Coyle.

Front—E. Lee, P. Ross, J. Diver, E. Fazakas, S. Rokeby, L. Lounsbury, M. Nunn, N. House.



XIIA

Christmas Party

Oh, do we go in for style!

After presenting Mr. Harden with—you've guessed it—another bow tie plus a year's subscription to Time magazine, we celebrated royally.

With the girls decked out in party taf-fetas and earrings of all sizes, shapes and materials, each boy claimed a girl and an earring. A sweetmeat banquet was served

buffet style from several desks. Pop, chocolates and cigars as well as a solitary plug of chewing tobacco rounded out the menu.

After the exchange of gifts, the room was livelier than a three-ring circus with all sorts of weird wind-up toys running all over the place.

Later, we celebrants retired to the auditorium to join the rest of T.D.H.S. in expressing our holiday spirit singing carols.

—Donna Franklin, XII.

XIIB

Angels ???	Alias	Location	Ambition
Florence Makins	Flossie	Cafeteria	Mrs. Russ Mannell
Bill Newman	Bert	Mr. Reid	Smell like a rose
Lucy Rokeby	Sheila	Board-room	Editor of The News
Richard Lucas	Rich	Near Helen	Marry Helen
Mary Goegebuer	Googie	Near Millie	Out-talk Millie
Bill Watts	Pee-Wee	Around Marauders	Increase in stature
Lillian Medai	Honeybun	With her mommy	Attend all weddings
Joseph Nezezon	Joe	Outside XIIB door	Bass singer
Jean Hetherington	June	In library	Quit school
Roger Willaert	Rodg	In a red truck	Truck driver
Emily Slama	Emmie	Studying	Lawyer
Andrew Spriet	Andy	Arena	Red Wing star
Barbara Morrison	Bar-bar	Close to Joyce Hicks	100 in Geometry
Paul Jackson	Prip	Lower Hall	Mr. S. Eichenberg
Donna Franklin	Doughnut	Home Ec. room	Nurse
Henry Mueller	Chicken	By Nancy Pegg	To court Nancy
Marie Stroud	Bobbie	At her locker	Baby-sitter
Colston Hale	Colie	Poolroom	Pool shark
Lillian Hogarth	Lil	Anywhere	To get a man!
Roy Ingraham	Hank	Around his car	Milkman
Yvonne Burnett	Cutie	Fernlea	To own an orchid
Irving Horton	Erwin	Grade Nine	Mr. Betty Maloney
Josephine Knautz	Joe	Near Joe	Be a Mrs. Joe?
Bob Galloway	Galliger	Arena	Play for Maple Leafs
Lois Powers	Loie	Glee Club	Bell Singer
Helen Nezezon	Nez	On a farm	Farmerette
Elizabeth Sergeant	Liz	Gym	Basketball coach
Raymond Bennell	Redge	Wandering	Marry a little girl

—Lillian Hogarth, Donna Franklin, XIIB.

XIB

Back—J. Kisielis, G. Elker, C. Rogers, E. Gibson, C. Dennis, F. Vyse, D. Turnbull, J. Knautz.

Third Row—R. Burnett, R. Alward, M. Glover, S. Scruton, S. Doyle, Mr. Dicks, J. Fitzgerald, M. Chilton, B. Bowlby, P. Pegg, G. Deli.

Second Row—E. Sowa, V. Laur, B. Matthews, S. Drake, S. Law, J. Smith, N. Pegg, J. Merriott, D. Sinden, N. Pritchard, D. Dutton.

Front—L. Chambers, R. Crawshaw, R. Lowe, H. Floyd, G. Ketchabaw, G. Carson.



XIC

Back—W. Osborne, W. Sutherland, D. Ostrander, R. Neff, D. Foster, D. Hutchinson.

Third Row—D. McDonald, G. Maeckelbergh, R. Mills, Mr. Alexander, B. Bristol, D. Sherman, M. Ludwig.

Second Row—J. Verlauwhede, V. Denys, K. Yallop, P. Maloney, L. Fairbairn, F. Girvin, E. Barnes, E. Tondreau.

Front—L. Cowan, J. Gerow, H. Baxter, C. Rigole, S. Sitts.

Absent—N. Ward, M. Moir, J. Louch.



XA

Back—R. Warren, C. Thomas, J. Mitchell, J. Koteles, J. Russel, F. Turner.

Third Row—S. Popham, M. Becker, M. Barrett, Mr. Campbell, R. Cattell, S. Jaknunas, R. Tyrrell.

Second Row—C. Buszkiewicz, C. Hawley, M. Gale, F. Gray, E. Edworthy, D. Heyrman, N. Dennis, M. Moore, J. Chute, B. Franklin.

Front—W. Moon, P. Buchner, D. Vallee, G. Lawrence, L. Hodgson, E. Pearce, D. Pratt.



XIIB

Christmas Party

Our shyness was evident in the conduct of our Christmas Party!

The celebrations were very quiet in comparison to those of other forms we know of.

After discussion of our most desired presents, we presented to Miss Grieve, our home-room teacher, a blue nylon blouse and

an orchid brooch. She delighted us by saying that if all went well, she would take the blouse along to Europe on her tour next summer.

Then, we discovered that Miss Grieve was handing out candy canes, wrapped in silver paper and tied with a red ribbon to which a green tag bearing the words "Ferias Laetas" (Happy Holidays) was attached.

Donna Franklin, XII.

XIIC

Special Commercial and the Class of '52

As I quietly sit here knitting at the youthful age of 75, my mind (what's left of it) recalls those unforgettable high school days.

I think about my beloved teachers and the hours I spent on my homework desperately trying to listen to "Johnny Ray" at the same time. The year all graduates remember the most vividly is probably the last. Oh! my yes, how well I remember that last year in good old Special Commercial.

Little does one know what will become of one. Why, did you know that we had students in that class that are today world-renowned.

Most of you will remember Andy Choma rendering a violin solo at assembly. Or was that his brother? How my mind fails me at times. Well, anyway Andy recently left for Europe where he will present another of his inventions for inspection by Lord Van Hewillfix. Everyone is certain the invention will prove successful for Andy has such an intellect.

And then there was my dear friend Jenny Ghesquiere. She is the star in the new Broadway hit, "You Made Me Love You". She is terrific, considering the fact that she is 74 years of age. A talent-scout discovered Jenny way back in '52 at the annual Revue in which she sang "You Made Me

Love You". She still sings it with the same sweet voice. The only difference is that she sits down now.

I read in the paper today that Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Vogin and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ravin are celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary together this week. Of course, you know who they are, nee Shirley Bell and Maybelle Thompson respectively.

Everyone will remember Wray Watts, the athletic champ of the '52 class. He's a trainee for the Toronto Maple Leaf hockey team now.

Most of the students were successful with their office training, and proved to be efficient bookkeepers, stenographers and typists. But there was one . . . his initials are G. B., who ended up at Kingston. Mr. Moore warned us not to use an eraser!

Clara Kohl and Barbara Lambert known as the "Giggling Gals" in '52 are in business together now. They have a hat shop which they christened "Mesdames Clar-Lam Chapeau Shoppe".

Oh! my yes, I have happy memories of the year I spent in Spec. Comm. There's someone at my door, I'll answer it . . . Fancy! That was George Leatherdale selling TATLER magazines. Poor George hasn't graduated from Spec. Com. yet.

This knitting is getting me down. I guess I'll just lay it aside until another day when I can reminisce once more.

—Gloria Haycock, XIIC.

Our Girls

The B's in our room are Bell, Brinn, Biener, Buti,

They're four slick chicks, yes, each one is a cutie.

Then com Dawson, Ghesquiere, Faulkner & Grant

Followed by Haycock our basketball champ. There's Shirley & Shirley and Betty & Grace

Each one has a pin-up of stars in their place.

There's Maybelle, Marylou, and Ann, they're just reet;

If you notice they're always so shining and neat.

Bernice, Dot, and Shirley are all rather chummy,

And I as the authoress think this poem is just crummy.

—Betty Ann Ewerth, XIIC.

XB

Back—J. Jeneraux, A. Hunter, L. Turner, R. Milmine, A. Fletcher, J. Popham, B. Stoud.

Third Row—B. Sandor, I. Sedlacek, J. Maldeikis, R. Smith, C. Van Loon, R. Monk, B. Reid.

Second Row—D. Humphrey, D. Stover, M. J. Kent, A. Stirling, J. Lambert, S. Moody.

Front—A. Jackson, R. Holmes, W. Ghesquiere, R. Gillett, J. Augustine.



XC

Back—K. Pickersgill, J. Milton, L. Steers, F. Hil, H. Gehring, V. Pickard, P. Ryan.

Third Row—N. Cooper, N. Cooper, R. Donais, J. Stilwell, A. Rosastik, B. Darnley, H. Hessler, G. Powers, P. Dreyer, H. Vandewoude, B. Porter, E. J. Sundy, N. Sinden.

Second Row—B. Boe, M. Markham, M. Wallace, B. Hill, A. Esseltine, Mr. Tulloch, D. Townsend, M. Nezezon, C. Skevington, S. Pauls, P. Ireland.

Front—H. Kipp, O. Sharp, J. Love, G. Moody, N. Pearson, D. Cook, G. Stier.



XD

Back—J. Cavers, L. Schultz, R. Hillis, A. Jorgenson, W. Hessler, D. Moir, W. Oatman, J. Rodgers, D. Schweyer, M. Treffry, R. Peters, L. Louch.

Centre—R. Vandergunst, E. Baldwin, D. Gaskin, M. Courtney, M. Anderson, Miss Field, B. MacDonald, M. Brown, P. Atkinson, I. Saxton, E. Barnes.

Front—G. Besley, D. Fish, W. Fitzpatrick, P. Ryan, W. Trickett, F. Manning, B. Franklin.



XIA

Mr. Campbell to XIA after handing back Math tests: "There wasn't any general pattern of errors—you each seemed to find your own."

WE WONDER why Joanne Allen wants to be a minister's wife when Olly can't stay awake in church . . . if "Bratty" Bradfield will ever accomplish saying "Kangaroo Hop" . . . when Wayne Coyle will dispense with brushcuts in order to sell Fords . . . that Miss Blascik doesn't give in and let Jan Diver make the Golden Gophers . . . where Olive and Bill are now . . . who will arrest Herbie Horlick as a bigamist . . . if Sheila (or is it Lucy) will ever beat Stover and his high marks . . . where Alice S. gets her clothes cleaned . . . who Wink will say

"flick-dick" to next . . . where Simcoe and Millie are . . . how Physics and Isabel Darrow are getting along . . . if Corny will ever make the cheerleaders . . . why Lizzy smiles and winks . . . that Mary Mason doesn't cease giggling . . . where Lambert gets those ties . . . if Janice is able to speak up in Physics . . . that Shorty Nunn likes motorcycles . . . why Pat R. says, "Watt?" . . . what are the weaknesses of John Nagy besides girls . . . where Carol Ann Franklin can get a ride on Travers' new bus . . . who the Harry James of XIA is . . . if Joanne MacAllister is still looking for Doris . . . when Dougie Franklin will shave . . . how Nancy House will make out as a lumberjack . . . why XIB attracts Linda . . . if Eleanor Lee will ever answer a history question.

XIB

How Come

. . . Chicken Bowlby wants to be a Math teacher . . . Gerald Carson says, "think so" to Linda . . . that Marilyn Chilton loves musical authors . . . Shirley Drake repeats "I say again" . . . "Flash Bulb" Dutton likes ballet pictures . . . that Elkeer wants to be a shoe salesman when his weakness is any figure . . . "Hotrod" Floyd raves, "Did you see that Babe?" . . . sewing and Gerald Fitzjoan go together . . . "Prove it!" means

Gibson's around . . . Margaret Ann isn't a chicken . . . "Joekins" Kisielis's favorite pastime is either blushing or driving a Dodge . . . Johnny and a green Monarch mean so much to Sandra Law . . . "Take off!" probably is said by the voice of Ron Lowe . . . Blondie Meriott wants to play a guitar . . . Nancy Pegg is Nancy . . . Pat Pegg is Pat . . . Donelda Sinden can't see the board . . . Joanie is always combing her hair . . . Eddie Sowa can't take out a girl . . . "Shag" Vyse likes blondes . . . Nova Pritchard says, "Calm Down!" . . . Violet Laur is trying to lose weight.

XIC

What Would Happen in XIC If . . .

If Bud Baxter didn't talk out loud in class?

Violet Denys didn't talk to the teachers?

Stan Sitts didn't see Betty for a whole day?

Margaret Moir could understand algebra?

Chere Dreyer didn't get a letter every day?

Lois Fairbairn got in class by 8:55?

Georgette Maecklebergh missed Chuck? Palma Maloney didn't get caught by Mr. Demsey chewing gum?

Evelyn Tondreau didn't talk with her hands?

Katherine Yallop brought her Math Book to class?

Danny MacDonald was at school every day for a week?

Bill Osborne wore the same shirt two consecutive days?

Nola Ward caught laryngitis?

Esther Barnes, XIC.

Mr. Dicks: Now I will give you some quotations for you to determine if they came from a story or an essay. The first one is: "It isn't often that a person is reading a book in the library when he raises his eyes and

finds a beautiful girl sitting opposite him." Is this out of a story or an essay?

Bill Sutherland: A dream.

Esther Barnes, XIC.

Rogues Gallery	Alias	Weakness	Favourite Saying	Ambition
Lois Fairbairn	Jake	Chuck	Yea, Tillsonburg	To turn cartwheels
Pamela Maloney	Pam	Gum	Can't do Algebra	To go to Toronto
Margaret Moir	Marg	Algebra	Sir . . .	To drive a car
Katherine Yallop	Kay	History	Any gum?	Simcoe High School
Nola Ward	Pinky	Toothpicks	Otay	Live in Hamilton
Evelyn Tondreau	Evy	Talking	I know	Walk faster
Chere Dreyer	Merty	The Navy	Johnny	Write longer letters
Violet Denys	Vi	Gilbert	Mr. Demsey . . .	More questions
Ruby Mills	Bubbles	Candy	Holy Hanna	Blow bubbles
Donna Sherman	Don	Comics	I don't know	Read more comics
Georgette Maeckelbergh	George	Chuck	Oh, heavens	Mrs. Baldwin
Myra Ludwig	Lester	Physics	Yah	Live in Florida
Esther Barnes	Mushy	Questions	Shucks	To stretch in height
Harry Baxter	Bud	Mr. Demsey	I know the answer	To keep quiet
Danny MacDonald	Dan	Haircuts	Who's got candy ?	Have long curls
Lloyd Cowan	Red	Jokes	I'll never tell	Keep secrets
Stanley Sitts	Peachy	Betty	Yep !	To grow up

—Esther Barnes, XIC.

XA

What Would Happen If:

Charles Thomas quit talking out in class.
Joe Mitchell got more than one point in a basketball game.

Larry Hodgson quit talking to Beth.

Stan Jaknunas quit saying "eh".

Earl Pearce got 100 in history.

M.M. quit going with J.R.

George Lawrence quit selling magazines.

Margaret got to bed early (at night, not in the morning).

Wray Moon shot a target of over 65.

Bob Tyrrell quit playing basketball.

—D. Pratt, XA.

Favourite Sayings in XA

Margaret—"Watch your language."

Grace—"Oh yah."

Marlene—"Heavenly days."

Nancy—"Pussie foot."

Jack—"Come on a-my-house."

Jacqueline—"Anything but that."

Joe—"I'm from Texas."

Don—"There goes Beth."

Frances—"Crumb."

Helen—"Fuss-bomb."

Marianne—"He's my favourite, Stewart Granger, that is."

—Helen Katona, XA.

Rogues' Gallery of Teachers and Their Favourite Sayings

Mr. Reid—"You stunned character."

Miss Field—"Now, I've had enough of this nonsense."

Mr. Taylor—"Shut up Thomas, and you too Sid."

Miss Grieve—"Eject that juicy morsel."

Mr. Tulloch—"Write out fifteen pages of Geography."

Mr. Murray—"Jack Russell and Joe Mitchell . . ."

Mr. Demsey—"Okay, shut up or someone will get extra work."

Mrs. Harden—"Were you talking, Merle?"

Mr. Campbell—"Now that wasn't hard, was it?"

—Helen Katona, Don Pratt, XA.

After Bob Tyrrell gave his history essay, Mr. Reid called on Frances Gray, remarking mischievously, "Don't forget to keep up the good marks in the family."

—Helen Katona, XA.

XA

A Day in the Life of XA

A typical day in the life of XA starts with The Lord's Prayer in Room 29.

We begin the day right with an oral composition by Charlie Thomas on "Why I Should Keep My Mouth Shut In Math Class". Then we settle down to some very simple geometry. Just as Mr. Campbell is telling us how to prove the Pythagorean Theorem, we hear the patter of little feet as in fly Marlene and Gloria. Before we know it the bell rings for us to move to our next class. Everyone moves as quietly as a mouse in single file, our brains overflowing with "which two squares are equal to the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle?"

During our next lesson, French, Mrs. Harden has to explain to Larry, one-half of the Gold Dust Twins, the difference between words that are accompanied by the articles "le" and "la". While this is going on, no one smiles. We just sit there like perfect angels, which we always are. Mrs. Harden next addresses Marianne. "Quelle age avez-vous?" Without blinking an eye, Marianne replies, "J'ai quarante annees."

We next find ourselves in Miss Field's mysterious Junior Lab. This room is filled with many strange objects, a wriggling salamander; plants that eat insects, and many pickled bugs. Today we are talking about cows and milk. Charlie (don't you like my hair cut?) Thomas has just shocked the world by finding out that cream comes from the cow along with the milk.

We now enter the library to read the next exciting act of Julius Caesar. Everyone but Wray Moon is anxious to see who kills whom. Wray has just finished a course in road construction. Wray seems to like watching the men building the street better than seeing what happens to the corpse of Caesar on May Taylor's desk. A girl in an-

other form of Grade Ten became very excited about seeing the body of the great man move. On the two-minute bell everyone rushes out the door, for our next class is P. T.

After a good lunch we hurry down stairs for our daily instruction in Canadian History by none other than Mr. Reid. After some minutes of waiting filled with a little conversation, we see a map sailing through the air toward one of the boys' desks. We know by this that the Master has entered the room. Today we have the great pleasure of hearing from Sid Popham, the great hockey player of the Toronto Maple Leafs, whose speech, we think, is on General Brock. After this enlightening speech we read pamphlets on current events or take up some homework.

Mr. Taylor's cosy library we enter next where Mr. Taylor tells us fairy tales about prepositional, infinitive and participial phrases.

We now discover ourselves in Miss Grieve's room. On finishing our work for the day we are permitted to have a spelling match. Our sides are the "Milites Romani" and "Nulli". Somehow we, the "Milites Romani", always seem to be on the losing end of the score.

For the last period we visit Mr. Tulloch. This is the room in which Don's book is used by many people who are just too busy to do their own homework. Because Mr. Tulloch is getting tired of saying, "Be quiet", he has decided to make a record of his favourite two words so that he can leave it running all period instead of talking himself hoarse. To our disappointment and Mr. Tulloch's joy, the five-minute bell rings and he starts dishing out pages of geography. As the last bell rings we rush through the door out of our favourite class to play basketball or take part in some club.

Frances Gray, XC.

Charlie Thomas is a drip,
And for him nobody gives a rip.
You should see him roar around town.
Does he ever think of slowing down?

—Bob Warren, XA.

Excerpt from Mitey Moon's geography paper: "Montevideo is noted for television."

Say you saw it advertised in the **Tatler**.

IXA

Back—E. House, L. Cooper, G. Vincent, T. Carroll, M. Gilbert, W. Chanyi, V. Bowman.

Third Row—D. Curtis, J. Eacott, K. Rothenberg, K. Boam, Mrs. Dunbar, J. Armstrong, G. D'Ambrose, J. Chrysler.

Second Row—A. Dodge, M. Martin, E. Powers, M. Fody, R. Harper, D. Ferguson, R. DeWitte, J. Kaleta, J. Ashman.

Front—J. Czerlau, D. Strufkirk, F. Slama, G. Esseltine, J. Schonberger, K. Esseltine.



IXB

Back—H. Holbrook, W. Koleszar, W. Gehring, L. Goldik, F. Kolsca, G. Koleszar, J. Hedderson, L. Gall, S. Johnson.

Third Row—J. Hutchinson, H. Wilson, S. Simmons, S. Knechtel, K. Fairs, Mrs. Harden, L. Spriet, S. Boc, M. Gasparina, I. Fulop, J. Ketchebaw.

Second Row—G. Varga, S. Lambert, M. Fardella, C. Hall, R. Hotchkiss, S. Grant, E. Czerlaw, V. Hill.

Front—R. Hollister, R. Kipp, R. Jeneroux, J. Hyatt, M. Lockwood, R. Franklin, S. Gradish.



IXC

Back—R. Marshall, N. Mueller, D. Oatman, H. W. Parkhill, D. Burnett, L. Pieters, T. Lowrie, J. Medai.

Third Row—K. Mudge, C. Manary, J. Ewerth, R. Bowlby, M. Caswell, S. Roloson, D. Newman, T. Papp, B. Roose, Miss A. Volker.

Second Row—M. Bratty, J. Mitchell, B. Robinson, S. Moore, M. Marshall, P. Cull, P. Moore, C. Alward, J. Peacock, G. Harvey.

Front—S. Lucas, J. Martin, V. Roloson, P. Brown, R. Verbuyst, E. Roose, A. Demaitre, H. Balaisis, D. Race.



XA

- Probable destination of:
Frances Gray—Bob Tyrrell.
Gloria Glover—Going to "At Home" with Joe Mitchell.
Don Pratt—Dancing with Beth Franklin.
Frank Turner—Trying to make up his mind whether to come to school or not.
Rosalie Cattell—Public speaker.
Grace Lounsbury—Still smiling.
Bob Warren—Changing from Camels to Winchesters.
Marg. Barrett—Getting her eyes tested for Miss Field.
Merle Gale—Getting her mother's lipstick on straight.
Doug. Vallee—Opium merchant.
Marianne Moore—Caged.
Sid Popham—Still writing a 2,000-word essay for Mr. Demsey.
Joe Mitchell—A politician.
Larry Hodgson—Finding out the meaning of "gender."
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Stan Jaknunas—Stealing Jack's jokes.
Helen Katona—Telling jokes.
Jack Russell—Trying to get Frank Ratz out of the way.
—George Lawrence, XA.

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XB

Christmas Party

IOB celebrated Christmas in their own way in their Form Room. The boys and girls crowded into different corners of the room and sang their old favourites. Mr. Taylor then opened up his Christmas present, a red plaid shirt, and was very pleased. Mr. Taylor then taught us a new dance which he demonstrated. After the lesson in dancing the class retired to the auditorium where Christmas carols were sung. What would happen in XB if:
John Augustine didn't say "duh" before answering a question.
June Chambers and Dorothy Stover spoke above a whisper in class.

Operation Stitchcraft

After wrestling with Mr. Taylor's gerunds, infinitives and participles, XA's weary women wend their way to the home economics room. Once-white nail-brushes become blue with ink as they scrub for Operation Stitchcraft.

Seeing them scutter to the back room for their half-completed skirts, Miss Volker knows that she will get no spare sewing done in the next two periods. Everyone has troubles. Beth doesn't know that it is customary to go forwards when back-stitching. Cecile still does not understand, after fifteen demonstrations, how to put in a zipper. Marlene can't explain why her skirt now goes around her twice, and Evelyn is madly tearing out her stitching for the fourth time. Nancy and Frances find their machine thread breaking every two seconds, and Gloria makes the discovery that the steam iron won't work without water.

But time passes even in the midst of all these troubles, and to the squeaking—pardon me!—the music of the violin class the seamstresses hurriedly put away their work, scrape the floor for the precious pin which they have to hand in as an exit-slip, and head for the basketball game.

Gloria Glover, XA.

Arthur Fletcher ever gave a wrong answer.

Allan Jackson didn't blow his nose in Geography class.

John Jeneraux's voice cracked.

Barbara Reid ever came to school for a whole week.

Donna Humphrey and Irene Sadlecek were ever parted.

Rosemond Monk was ever awake in Science class.

Shirley Moody ever changed the subject.

Ann Stirling ever stopped swooning over Garry Crosby.

Zoli Varga stopped trying to attract attention.

Walter Ghesquiere read his sister's column.

Elizabeth Haslett ever got caught chewing gum.

Jenny Maldeikis didn't have a bag of candy in her pencil bag.

Robert Holmes didn't look out the window while answering a question.

Cherrill Van Loon, Margaret Kent, XB.

XB has:

An Augustine, but no saint.
 A Chambers, but no rooms.
 A Ghesquiere, but no calendar.
 A Gillett, but no blueblade.
 A Holmes, but no gardens.
 A Humphry, but no Bogart.
 A Jackson, but no bread.
 A Jeneraux, but no major.
 A Kent, but no Duke.
 A Lambert, but no cherries.

A Milmine, but no salt mine.
 A Monk, but no bananas.
 A Moody, but no underwear.
 A Moore, but no meadow.
 A Popham, but no popcorn.
 A Ratz, but no mice.
 A Reid, but no Wally.
 A Stirling, but no silver.
 A Turner, but no pancake.
 Any name not mentioned was purely impossible.

XC**Christmas Party**

Christmas carols and a lunch of cookies, cakes, and pop were the highlights of 10C's Yule party. When gifts were distributed Mr. Tulloch received a shaving set.

Sid: Sir, may I open the window?

Mr. Taylor: No Popham, snow might blow in, and you've got enough water on the brain as it is.

Dorothy Heyrman, XA.

What would happen if Don Cook didn't have his hair combed . . . if Norm. P. got caught without a necktie . . . if Fred Hill didn't eat peanut butter sandwiches for breakfast . . . if Pat I. had a poodle cut . . . if Nola Sinden picked on someone her own size . . . if H. V. wrote some perfect French . . . if George S. didn't ask stupid questions in French . . . if Henry failed to do his homework every night . . . if Pat D. didn't have a B. F.

XC Type-Table	Alias	Weakness	Ambition	Favourite Saying
Elva Jean Sundy	Jean	Nails	To learn	Tough bananas
Pat Dreyer	Pat	Maurice	Fighting boys	Hells' Bells
Audrey Esseltine	Sophie	Subjects	Florence Nightingale	Tough bananas
Marilyn Markham	Liz	Bill	Mas. B.	Son of a bee
Beatrice Hill	Bea	George S.	To manage Bordens'	I did not
Janet Stilwell	Stankles	George B.	P.E. Teacher	Tough rolls
Norm Pearson	Nonnie	Bottles	Bottling wine	Down boy
Barbara Darnley	Bobby	Speeches	Orator	Friends—
Nola Sinden	Pee-Wee	Boys	To go steady	Quit it!
Hilda Hessler	Chicken	Vernon	Marry the boss	Banana nose
Jack Love	John	Agnes	To shave	Hey!!!
Pat Ireland	Fat Pat	Terry	To grow up	Such beans
Nellie Cooper	Nell	Junior	Guess!	Stop it!
Nettie Cooper	Net	Al	To be herself	Oh, Al!
George Stier	Gorge	Geraldine	'52 Buicks	That's O.K.
Don Cook	Cooky	Liz	Disk jockey	Stumble bum
Henry Gehring	Henri	Bea	Minister	What d'ya mean?
Vernon Pickard	Lanky	Hilda	Skate with Hilda	Hilda
Jim Milton	Rocky	Movies	Movie director	How far?

—Marilyn Markham, Audrey Esseltine, Elva Jean Sundy, XC.

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Operation Stitchcraft

After wrestling with Mr. Taylor's gerunds, infinitives and participles, XA's weary women wend their way to the home economics room. Once-white nail-brushes become blue with ink as they scrub for Operation Stitchcraft.

Seeing them scutter to the back room for their half-completed skirts, Miss Volker knows that she will get no spare sewing done in the next two periods. Everyone has troubles. Beth doesn't know that it is customary to go forwards when back-stitching. Cecile still does not understand, after fifteen demonstrations, how to put in a zipper. Marlene can't explain why her skirt now goes around her twice, and Evelyn is madly tearing out her stitching for the fourth time. Nancy and Frances find their machine thread breaking every two seconds, and Gloria makes the discovery that the steam iron won't work without water.

But time passes even in the midst of all these troubles, and to the squeaking—pardon me!—the music of the violin class the seamstresses hurriedly put away their work, scrape the floor for the precious pin which they have to hand in as an exit-slip, and head for the basketball game.

Gloria Glover, XA.

Arthur Fletcher ever gave a wrong answer.

Allan Jackson didn't blow his nose in Geography class.

John Jeneraux's voice cracked.

Barbara Reid ever came to school for a whole week.

Donna Humphrey and Irene Sadlecek were ever parted.

Rosemond Monk was ever awake in Science class.

Shirley Moody ever changed the subject.

Ann Stirling ever stopped swooning over Garry Crosby.

Zoli Varga stopped trying to attract attention.

Walter Ghesquiere read his sister's column.

Elizabeth Haslett ever got caught chewing gum.

Jenny Maldeikis didn't have a bag of candy in her pencil bag.

Robert Holmes didn't look out the window while answering a question.

Cherrill Van Loon, Margaret Kent, XB.

XB has:

An Augustine, but no saint.
 A Chambers, but no rooms.
 A Ghesquiere, but no calendar.
 A Gillett, but no blueblade.
 A Holmes, but no gardens.
 A Humphry, but no Bogart.
 A Jackson, but no bread.
 A Jeneraux, but no major.
 A Kent, but no Duke.
 A Lambert, but no cherries.

A Milmine, but no salt mine.
 A Monk, but no bananas.
 A Moody, but no underwear.
 A Moore, but no meadow.
 A Popham, but no popcorn.
 A Ratz, but no mice.
 A Reid, but no Wally.
 A Stirling, but no silver.
 A Turner, but no pancake.
 Any name not mentioned was purely impossible.

XC**Christmas Party**

Christmas carols and a lunch of cookies, cakes, and pop were the highlights of 10C's Yule party. When gifts were distributed Mr. Tulloch received a shaving set.

Sid: Sir, may I open the window?

Mr. Taylor: No Popham, snow might blow in, and you've got enough water on the brain as it is.

Dorothy Heyrman, XA.

What would happen if Don Cook didn't have his hair combed . . . if Norm. P. got caught without a necktie . . . if Fred Hill didn't eat peanut butter sandwiches for breakfast . . . if Pat I. had a poodle cut . . . if Nola Sinden picked on someone her own size . . . if H. V. wrote some perfect French . . . if George S. didn't ask stupid questions in French . . . if Henry failed to do his homework every night . . . if Pat D. didn't have a B. F.

XC Type-Table	Alias	Weakness	Ambition	Favourite Saying
Elva Jean Sundy	Jean	Nails	To learn	Tough bananas
Pat Dreyer	Pat	Maurice	Fighting boys	Hells' Bells
Audrey Esseltine	Sophie	Subjects	Florence Nightingale	Tough bananas
Marilyn Markham	Liz	Bill	Mas. B.	Son of a bee
Beatrice Hill	Bea	George S.	To manage Bordens'	I did not
Janet Stilwell	Stankles	George B.	P.E. Teacher	Tough rolls
Norm Pearson	Nonnie	Bottles	Bottling wine	Down boy
Barbara Darnley	Bobby	Speeches	Orator	Friends—
Nola Sinden	Pee-Wee	Boys	To go steady	Quit it!
Hilda Hessler	Chicken	Vernon	Marry the boss	Banana nose
Jack Love	John	Agnes	To shave	Hey!!!
Pat Ireland	Fat Pat	Terry	To grow up	Such beans
Nellie Cooper	Nell	Junior	Guess!	Stop it!
Nettie Cooper	Net	Al	To be herself	Oh, Al!
George Stier	Gorge	Geraldine	'52 Buicks	That's O.K.
Don Cook	Cooky	Liz	Disk jockey	Stumble bum
Henry Gehring	Henri	Bea	Minister	What d'ya mean?
Vernon Pickard	Lanky	Hilda	Skate with Hilda	Hilda
Jim Milton	Rocky	Movies	Movie director	How far?

—Marilyn Markham, Audrey Esseltine, Elva Jean Sundy, XC.

XD

We're stupid we know, but we can't help that:

It just comes natural to us.
We can't learn English and Math's hard too.
Still the teachers make an awful fuss.

"I've never had a class that's so hard to teach."

Is heard every day by XD,
But we're hard to beat in failing exams,
So we're not what we're thought to be.

Eunice Barnes, XD.

IXA

Christmas Party

Last Christmas, IXA held an entertaining festive party. Marshmallows and popcorn decorated a tree provided by Karl Rothenberg.

Some unsuspecting victims were called on to act in a play written by George D'Ambrose, after which presents were distributed. Most of the celebrants received gifts

IXB

Christmas Party

Yuletide festivities in IXB were celebrated merrily despite the absence of our form teacher, Mrs. Harden, who was unable to attend.

In her place, Mr. Reid took over the helm in his usual humorous fashion. First of all, he enlightened us on the latest rib-tickers he had collected.

After this he requested our permission to

IXC

Christmas Party

Since our class is made up entirely of girls, IXC's Christmas party varied from the trend of most of the others.

A sled filled with gifts took the place of a tree, while certain students performed

Bride: "When you married me I thought you were daring and courageous."

Groom: "That's nothing. Name one person who didn't."

—Lou Ann Moulton, IXE.

Imagine

—what would happen in XD if every teacher didn't call us the worst class in the school; Gerry Besley forgot to chew gum in class; Don Fish didn't have freckles; Wayne Fitzpatrick came early at noon; Bob Hillis remembered to come to school every day; Isabel Saxton got over being shy; Eunice and Marilyn didn't get separated in English periods; Bill Oatman didn't get 100 in shooting; Doug Schweyer had his history homework done; Joyce Rodgers didn't visit XIIC daily; Walter Hessler didn't make a mistake in English; or Bob Peters ever answered a question.

ranging from rattles, bibs, or dolls to cigars or chewing tobacco.

Miss Blascik had the "honour" of taking the class picture.

Refreshments consisting of soft drinks and cookies were served before the class retired to the auditorium for T.D.H.S.'s Christmas Assembly.

Class president, Margaret Lee, was the head of the entertainment committee for the party.

Mary Fody, IXA.

hand out the presents. A week before, we had drawn names for the exchange of gifts. All agreed to his proposal. (We didn't want to face the consequences, if we refused.)

Then we ate. A box of candy thoughtfully sent by Mrs. Harden, went well with pop and cookies to fill our tummies.

Thanks to the committee that saw to the erection of our Christmas tree and to class members that brought decorations.

especially for us. Before devouring cookies and drinking Miss Volker's special punch, we exchanged gifts.

A gift was presented to Miss Volker, our form teacher, on behalf of the class.

In return, Miss Volker donated candy sticks to the class proceedings.

Annette Demaiter, IXC.

Why is a cracked chair like a policeman?

They will both pinch you if you don't park right.

—Helen Tuttle, IXE.

IXD

Back—W. Sol, W. Wilkinson, J. Vyse, D. West, P. Vindasius, G. Swick, J. Youse.

Third Row—D. Hendrick, V. Godby, S. Seymour, B. Sinden, D. Sangster, Mr. Demsey, R. Smith, M. Spanics, B. Atkinson, J. Dickinson, L. Smith.

Second Row—G. Barendregt, M. VanDenNeucker, D. Somerville, P. Vallee, A. Williamson, N. Tait, B. Hobgood, H. Santo, M. L. Wingrove, J. Wilson, B. Cole.

Front—L. Taylor, M. Lipsit, L. Ireland, L. Gooding.

Absent—G. Soper, C. House, L. L. DeMent.



IXE

Back—R. Moore, D. Wilson, J. Zabic, R. Logan, T. Chenier, A. Clark.

Third Row—G. Garrison, R. Oliver, B. Maloney, E. Haslett, J. Sharpe, B. Zirkle, J. Warren, W. Heckford, J. Andrews.

Second Row—M. Dair, K. Marshall, L. Moulton, H. Tuttle, B. Jones, Mr. Murray, M. Humphrey, S. Priddle, B. Genevic, B. Schultz, J. Young.

Front—B. Hodgson, K. Marshall, D. Hodgson, F. Bennett, W. Lucas.



IXD

Christmas Party

After our final examination, all of IXD gave out a sigh of relief while some of the girls passed out the treats—sandwiches, cookies, candies and even Christmas cake, along with soft drinks.

While we were devouring these goodies who should walk in but old St. Nick himself,

minus Rudolph and the rest of his reindeer. After a bit of idle gossip, Santa (who was actually one of our IXD boys) handed out presents. Finally, we presented our form teacher, Mr. Demsey, a pair of back-up lights for his car.

Thanks to the many people responsible for the Christmas tree, decorations and refreshments that helped to make our party so successful.

Nancy Tait, IXD.

IXE

Radio Station IXE

"This is your favourite radio announcer, Joan Younge, bringing you predictions of tomorrow through the courtesy of Mr. Murray and his chickens.

"Sitting to my left is Gary Garrison who wishes to garner the world's champion tooth-pick chewer crown in 1960. Everyone knows Ross Logan and Joe Andrews who doodle all through classes; well people in the future will remember their names as synonymous with the great masterpieces of painting produced in the twentieth century.

"Our dreamers, Roland Oliver, Tom Chenier and Fred Bennett will return from the moon in their rocket with proof that the moon does actually shine at night.

"Broadway critics will be delighted by the puppet productions of Madeline, Kathline and Shirley within the next few years. Meanwhile Bruce Hodgson, our member of the Gold Dust Twins, is giving them plenty of opposition with his TV show, 'Home on the Tobacco Ranch.'

"We predict Dave Wilson will not succeed if he uses his head. Remember the time that IXE lost a basketball game because the ball bounced off Dave's head into our basket?

"Joan Sharpe is destined to be the only baby-sitter in the world that uses two chairs.

"John Zabik will become the detective that will specialize in recovering stolen jalopies, especially near reservoirs.

"When June Warren opens her sweetmeat shop assisted by Betty Jones, Helen Tuttle, and Shirley Priddle, while Ken, Bill, Austin, Donald and David opened up a gymnasium and reducing salon alongside.

"Richard Moore probably will complete his radically new Grammar by 1962.

"O yes, Wray Lucas will escape from the confines of his locker in 1987.

"And that is the news, world and local prognostications, for today."

Shirley Logger, Joe Andrews,
Barbara Schultz, Joan Sharpe, IXE.

The Editors

(Continued from Page 21)

thing we are so proud and independent about.

Joining the United States is one thing;

fitting into its radically different ways of general life, another.

Nevertheless, the abandonment of our tendencies toward American culture should no bring about the termination of our friendship with them. Without an about-face in the attitude of our people who staunchly believe in the same fundamentals such as democracy and the Four Freedoms, such a breach in relations would be quite impossible.

We must stick together.

Despite our affinity towards the U.S., our generation should be able to realize the solutions to the problems of Europe, the Near and Far East and the British Commonwealth in order to offer real opposition to the enemies of freedom.

To accomplish this, a broader culture is needed.

That is our generation's responsibility. What are you going to do about it?

Wally Hoyle, XIIA.

Rugby

(Continued from Page 43)

bestowed on several of our "stars". Congratulations go to Dave Richards who was chosen to represent Western Ontario schools in passing at the Red Feather football tournament in Toronto last November. Dave was also selected as quarterback of the London Conference Senior A, all-star first team! Paul Jackson was ranked on the second team as an end, with Gary Horlick, Ed Gibson and Wray Watts receiving honourable mention.

Golf Team at Union

Something new in the line of sports this year was Tillsonburg's Golf Team. The four-man team of D. Richards, J. Alexander, D. MacLennan and W. Hoyle, carried the T.D.H.S. name to Union, where they competed with other W.O.S.S.A. schools in the golf tournament. The competition was very keen but in this, their first attempt, they acquired no glory.

Swim Team

In T.D.H.S.'s first year of competition, our finny flounders took part in the W.O.S.S.A. swim meet at Thames Hall in London March 15. The team ran up a total of six points to place second to last in the tourney. Bob Crawshaw, Bob Hillis, Bob

(Continued on Next Page)



Jokes

MARY MASON, IAN ALDWORTH,
SHIRLEY EICHENBERG

Nancy House was out with her father when he was looking over his lumber. She saw a plank with some holes in it and said, "What are these holes for?" Her father replied, "Those are knot-holes." After several seconds of hard thinking, Nancy said, "Well if they are not holes, what are they."

—Jim Hyatt, IXB.

Bob MacLennan: "Wally, you're maple syrup."

Wally Hoyle: "Why?"

Bob: "Because you're a refined sap."

—Shirley Eichenberg, XIIA.

Mrs. Dunbar: "Bob what's the matter with your writing?"

Bob Claringbold: "The dot in my eye is upside down."

Shirley Eichenberg telephoned Paul Jackson one night and said, "You'd better not come over to-night. Papa is mad. He found out that we used his car for joyriding last night."

Paul: "How did he find out?"

Shirley: "We hit him."

Miss Field: "I guess we won't have to worry about studying the mushroom."

Jean: "Why, Miss Field?"

Miss Field: "We have already studied it!"

—Irene Buszkiewicz, XIII.

Magistrate Groom: "Have you anything to say before I sentence you?"

Noel Mason: "Only that I'm not guilty, and that I object to being identified by a fellow who had his head under the bed-covers all the time I was in his room!"

Franklin, Bill Franklin, Margaret Barrett, Rosslyn Harper, Pat Dreyer, Bruce Franklin, Wray Moon, Jim Armstrong, Wayne Fitzpatrick, Brenda Sinden, Janet Stilwell, Corinne Carson, took part in the meet.

—Richard Gregson, 12A.

Mr. Reid, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Tulloch have died and we now see them talking to St. Peter at the Golden Gates.

St. Peter: "Mr. Tulloch, you said that you have told five lies while you were on earth. So you must row around Lake Dalton five times in that rowboat in order to enter heaven."

Mr. Tulloch: "Alright."

Mr. Campbell: "If I take the square root of it, it will come to about 7.8 lies that I have told."

St. P.: "Then you must row around the lake eight times."

Mr. C.: "Gladly."

St. Peter turns to talk to Mr. Reid, but Mr. Reid starts to walk off.

St. P.: "Where are you going, Mr. Reid?"

Mr. Reid: "Well, St. Peter, it takes a lot to get me tired but I'm going home to get my motor boat."

—Bob Warren, XA.

Bill: "Who was that cute little blonde that I saw you with last night?"

Bud: "Oh that was the brunette that you saw me with last week."

—Chere Dreyer, XIC.

There was a young man named Keith,
Who sat on a pair of false-teeth;

He said with a yelp,

"Oh dear! Doctor, help!

I've bitten myself underneath!"

—Cherill VanLoon, XB.

Mr. Taylor: "Charlie have you got your English done?"

Charlie Thomas: "No, sir, I ain't got my homework done."

Mr. T.: "Charlie you must not say ain't. You should say,

I haven't got my work done,

You haven't got your work done,

He hasn't got his work done,

She hasn't got her work done,

They haven't got their work done."

Charlie (surprised): "Gee, sir, ain't nobody got their work done?"

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Commencement

(Continued from Page 29)

ees Monk, Lucille Monk, Marion Nethercott, Donald Peacock, Marion Jean Pearce, David Richards, Clifton Ronson, Kathleen Sandor, Shirley Tait, Maybelle Thompson, Theodore Varga, Aldona Vasiliunas, Gerald Webster, Cyril Wilkinson.

Secondary School Graduation Diplomas, Commercial Special — Patricia Boughner, Lorene Bridge, Margaret French, Ruth Hawkins, Joyce Hibbert, Patricia Hillis, Lois Law, Evelyn Matthews, Jacqueline McDonald, Edith Moon, Lloyd Rodgers, Jean Scrimgeour, Jean Smith, Rosemary Toth, Nancy Warren, Joan Wellman, Dorothy Weeks.

Intermediate Certificates—Ian Aldworth, Joanne Allen, Robin Alward, Marie Armstrong, Esther Barnes, Lillian Bates, Harry Baxter, Elizabeth Bowlby, Corrine Carson, Gerald Carson, Lewis Chambers, Marilyn Chilton, Marilyn Cosyns, Lloyd Cowan, Wayne Coyle, Isabel Darrow, Gordon Deli, Clare Dennis, Violet Denys, Janice Diver, Shirley Drake, Chere Dreyer, Douglas Dutton, Betty Ann Ewerth, Lois Fairbairn, Elizabeth Fazakas, Julia Fitch, Hunter Floyd, David Foster, Carol Franklin, Douglas Franklin, Jack Gerow, Edward Gibson, Margaret Glover, Mary Goegebuer, June Hetherington, Nancy House, Donald Hutchison, David Jarrett, Daisy Jennings, Harry Jennings, Shirley Jones, George Katchabaw, Mary Lou Ketchabaw, Joseph Kisielis, John Knautz, Gwendolyn Kneller, Harold Lambert, Violet Laur, Sandra Law, Eleanor Lee, Ronald Livingston, Jack Louch, Linda Lounsbury, Ronald Lowe, Myra Ludwig, Georgette Maecklebergh, Maxine Main, Palma Maloney, Kelly Marlatt, Mary Mason, Betty Matthews, Danny McDonald, Donald McQuiggan, Joan Merriott, Jack Miller, Ruby Mills, Margaret Moir, Ray Neff, Larry Nunn, Mae Nunn, William Osborne, Donald Ostrander, Nancy Pegg, Patricia Pegg, Nova Pritchard, Constance Rankin, Charles Rigole, Charles Rogers, Sheila Rokeby, Patricia Ross, Mildred Sandham, Janice Scrimgeour, Shirley Scruton, Alice Silverthorne, Donna Sherman, Liliane Simons, Donelda Sinden, Stanley Sitts, Joan Smith, Marilyn Smith, M. Joan Smith, Edward Sowa, Arnold Stover, Charles Thomas, Evelyn Tondreau, Douglas Turnbull, Robert Tyrrell, Jean Verbauw-

hede, Frank Vyse, Nola Ward, Arthur Williams, Richard Wilson.

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English	Richard Jones
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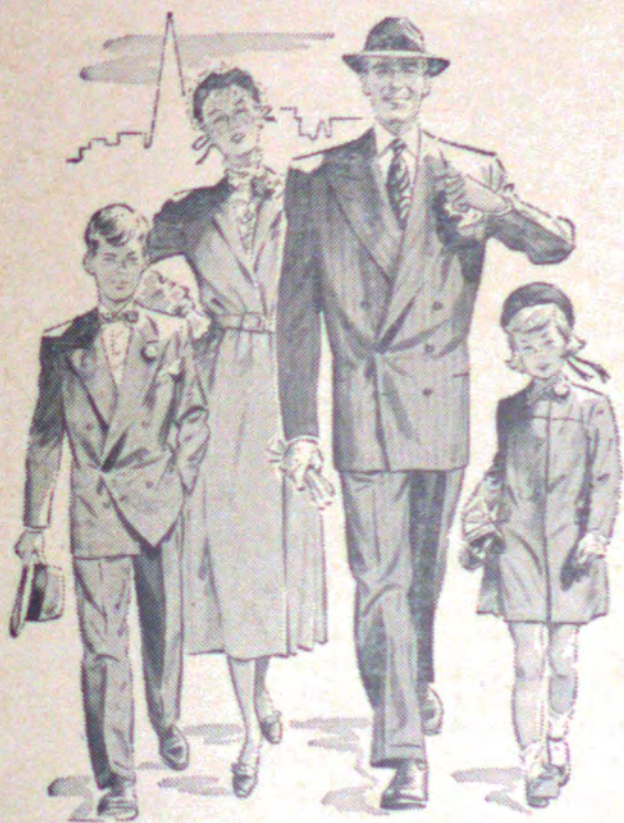
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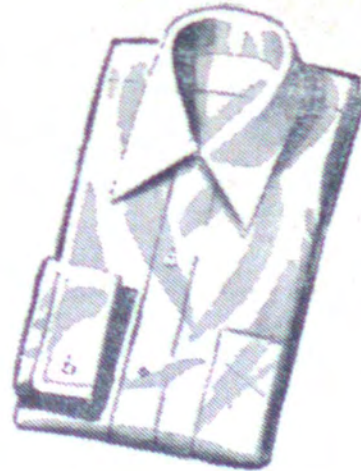
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