

Vol. 1
No. 1

THE

WORLD



1930

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1. Kingston, as a university city, is an ideal place for study.
2. The cost of living is relatively low.
3. Queen's was the first university in Canada to introduce student self-government.
4. Splendid equipment is provided in college and hospitals for teaching of applied science and medicine.
5. The geological formations and the diversity of land surface near Kingston enable students of Geology and Botany to make extensive field studies.
6. For reference purposes Queen's Library is unexcelled in Canada. The Canadian section has many rare and valuable documents of particular benefit to students of research.
7. A beautiful residence for women students and a Union for men have recently been built.

Write for a Calendar of the Faculty in which you are interested, also for information about Matriculation Scholarships.

W. E. McNEILL, M.A., Ph.D., Registrar.

To Our Advertisers

The Staff and Students of the INGERSOLL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, sincerely appreciate the loyal support of the advertisers of Ingersoll, and other centres, who helped us to produce this number of "The Volt." We trust that their confidence in us will be entirely justified.

Look Ye! Look Ye! Look Ye All Ye Readers.

Have you enjoyed our magazine? We hope so. Would you like another next year? You would. You may have one next year if.....

Do you see an article or a service advertised in The Volt that you would like to have? Go down town and get it, but don't forget to say, "I saw your advertisement in "The Volt." That will please Mr. Advertiser Man, and next year when some of our representatives go to him and say, "Will you advertise again in "The Volt"? he will say, "Sure! I couldn't miss a chance like that." Then you'll have "The Volt" again next year.

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 It is sited near the outskirts
 Of a small town, pure and wholesome,
 Free it is from smoke and clatter
 Free from influence of city.
 There the pupils' minds are open
 To receive the wise instruction
 Of the great and learned teachers
 Who take charge within the schoolrooms
 Of that far-famed institution.
 Proof of their sagacious methods
 Is revealed by many prizes
 Captured from the other High Schools
 By the gifted Ingersollians.
 Spring they from a noble father,
 Ingersoll, the mighty founder.
 He who gave us Laura Secord,
 Woman raised above all women
 Great by bravery and wisdom.
 Sons and daughters of the father
 Onward bear the grand tradition
 Splendidly supreme and upright
 Living life in fullest measure
 Glorifying the All-Father,
 Great must be this town of ours
 Great this Ingersoll Collegiate.

—Marguerite Brown.



FOREWORD

In our schools to-day, young people are cultivating school spirit, which, in the broadened field of later life, is known as citizenship. Our students are living in a youthful country among the nations, a country which needs citizens, not merely in number, but more urgently citizens, who will give Canada leadership and who will enable our country to make the most of her great undeveloped resources so that she will become the great nation which we believe she is destined to be.

Through the Provincial Government, Canada seeks to prepare her citizens, by providing instruction in those things which will train her young people, to think and co-ordinate action with thought, to see and appreciate the other person's viewpoint and thereby learn to co-operate, and to take their places, in the competition and stress which adult life requires them to meet.

Clearly, then, it is the duty of young Canadians to make the best of the opportunities provided and to strive to become the best kind of citizens. To that end we would point out that every ambition and effort to cultivate habits of industry and thoroughness, every ambition and effort to surmount difficulties, every effort to cultivate a spirit of readiness in co-operation, to promote progress in the daily routine of the class rooms and not only there but in the extra-curricular activities of the school, the Literary Societies, the Athletic Societies—these are some phases of school spirit. Their diligent practice will help toward that desired goal of good Canadian citizenship.

R. H. YOUNG.

The Editor's Message

In publishing "The Volt" as our year book for 1930 we have done so for several reasons. We have felt that our Collegiate contained talent that was lying dormant, and that a magazine would provide an adequate means of calling it to life. That it has achieved this purpose can be judged by a perusal of this our first number.

Another reason was that ten years ago the I. C. I. was capable of publishing a monthly magazine of exceptionally fine quality. We felt that we should at least be able to edit a year book, which would chronicle the year's activities and achievements. We felt also that the students ten years ago passed on the torch to us and that we should be false if we did not also hold it high.

We have changed the name of the former school magazine, "Excelsior", to "The Volt", as more fitting to the times in which we live. Although we have changed the name, our motto is still Excelsior—ever upward.

To the business men in our own centre, and the business houses in other cen-

tres, who were so generous in contributing the advertising which made our magazine possible, we owe a deep debt of gratitude. To the public who have aided us so well in buying our magazine we hope we have sufficiently rewarded their trust in us.

To publish a school magazine for the first time is no easy task. Only those in the thick of a fight know what foes have to be beaten back and because they refused to admit defeat this magazine comes to you.

Here is the I. C. I. Volt for 1930. May you find it good.

HELEN BOWER.

Appreciation

To all who in the past year have given our school friendly support and encouragement, the staff of "The Volt" on behalf of the Teachers and Pupils of the I. C. I., desires to express its sincere appreciation. To the donors of prizes which have stimulated the students to greater academic effort, to the citizens who have shown their interest in our inter-school contests, to the members of Board of Education who have shown their personal concern for our physical, mental, and social development, to the advertisers who have made this magazine become a reality, and to all who have given us incentives to higher ideals we owe a deep debt of gratitude. Help us to press still onward, that our school may become a greater instrument for the moulding and upbuilding of true character than ever before.

C. L. BOLE,

The Naval Conference

On Tuesday, Jan. 21st, 1930, the greatest sea powers of the world met at St. James' Palace, London, England, to discuss naval reductions. The powers represented were Great Britain, United States, Japan, France, and Italy.

This conference, as His Majesty King George said in the round-the-world radio broadcast was not to abolish the navies or armaments of these nations but to lessen the competition of navy-building carried on by them.

By the Washington Treaty of 1927, it had been decided by the nations concerned that there would be no limitation on transport and hospital ships, sloops and mine sweepers; that each merchantman might carry two planes as these were needed for commercial purposes.

Japan at the London Conference, contended that merchant ships should not be armed or converted into air-craft carriers. The efficient air-craft carrier "Argis" had been a British merchantman. Japan has little or no merchant marine, whereas the other nations concerned have. Japan therefore was warranted in opposing the arming of merchant ships.

United States is the only nation at the conference that can truly afford to support her present navy. The others have plunged into national debt. They ask United States to desist in spending her ample millions on her navy. United States is willing to do so only on conditions, as she has a long coasting and much tonnage under her protection.

France and Italy prefer submarines to heavy ships as they can maintain twenty of the former at the price of one cruiser. The other powers object as the submarine is a purely offensive weapon. It might be safe to let them have their wish as submarines must, to be sure of making a hit, release their torpedoes within a six mile radius. During the day by alert observations these torpedoes can be

avoided by skilful maneuvering. At night, ships may extinguish their lights and thus lessen the chance of their becoming a target for torpedoes.

The eyes of all nations are centred on this court. It is hoped that this conference will be fruitful in its results, but we cannot close our eyes to the claims of the various nations for adequate protection until war is entirely outlawed.

GEORGE CARR.

Gymnasium and Auditorium

A better time could not be chosen to express what value a gymnasium and auditorium is to any educational institution. Almost every newly erected educational building is equipped with these two departments and they have been added to many older buildings because their value in the development of mind and body has been realized.

Just imagine how monotonous it is to be bending over a desk all day breathing sluggishly the foul air of the room, developing the mind, but leaving the body to get along the best way it can. This is often the case and after people get their education they are too physically unfit to do justice to their work.

In ancient Greece the gymnasium was an elaborate combination of halls and courts for exercises, wrestling and running, with baths and porticos frequented by philosophers who instructed the youths who took part in the exercises. Gymnastics were practiced by the Greeks as training for open air sports and games, and were recognized as of benefit to health and a valuable adjunct to the moral and literary training.

Since the times of the Greeks, the value of a gymnasium for the cultivation of the physique has been recognized in all civilized countries. The value of an auditorium to develop the artistic gifts such as music, dramatics, and oratory, has also been fully appreciated. It exhibits the literary progress of a school, and stimulates a spirit of competition and also co-operation, both of which are greatly needed in our schools of to-day.

A school adequately equipped with a gymnasium and auditorium has a great opportunity to develop the physical, mental and moral possibilities of its student body.

MAX SUMNER.

W.O.S.S.A.

The aim of the Western Ontario Secondary Schools Association is to encourage athletics and literary ability through inter-school competitions, and in this way inculcate sportsmanship and high ideals in the student body. The W.O.S.S.A. activities include the following sports :—Rugby, soccer, hockey, basketball and the following cultural pursuits : Debating, oratory and spelling.

W.O.S.S.A. requires that a student who competes in its activities obtain fifty per cent standing in all subjects. This provision tends to improve the scholarship of students who might be more inclined to athletics than to studies.

W.O.S.S.A. for the small school has however this disadvantage : Distances which competing teams and students have to travel are so great that the small school cannot defray the expenses. Perhaps the day will come when distance will mean nothing, when hundred-passenger, street-car fare aeroplanes will speed between the towns of Old Ontario—For the present it would seem that more schools would be induced to compete if the area embraced by W.O.S.S.A. were smaller. Divide Western Ontario into three groups and let the goal of achievement be the winning of the group.

EDGAR GILL.

School Spirit

Great importance should be attached to school spirit, but it must be of the right kind. School spirit is sometimes mistaken for excitement, for enthusiasm over social festivities, for hilarity over the winning of athletic contests. Pride in mere athletic prowess does not constitute the ideal kind of school spirit.

School spirit may be characterized as an atmosphere where everyone concerned is cheerful and earnest in making the all round school life what it should be. School does not exist merely for play; it carries on primarily for improvement. If this is not so, why do we go to school?

Two extreme attitudes towards school may be considered. There is the hard grinding after knowledge, burning midnight hydro with no pleasure. This is one extreme. The other is where there is no seriousness, but all is amusement, frivolity and day dreaming. No school, however goes absolutely to either of these extremes. Every school contains both types of students. The ideal school is one whose atmosphere is that in which cheerfulness arising from play casts a glamour over study and begets throughout the school, enthusiasm for the deeper realities of life.

Along with cheerfulness and earnestness should be found an intense pride in the school and a loyal support to all its undertakings. Let us make the Ingersoll Collegiate Institute such a school.

GOLDIE SWARTOUT.

Winner of I.C.I. Beauty Contest



G.M.D.



JUNIOR W.O.S.A. HOCKEY TEAM, SEMI-FINALISTS

Top Row--R. Harris, R. Defence; W. Lindsay, L. Defence; E. A. Fleming. Second Row--C. Cragg, C. Forward; L. Haycock, L. Defence;
J. Scott, L. Wing. Third Row--G. Butler, L. Wing; A. Thornton, Goal; K. Henderson, R. Wing.

“Town Topics”

Unique ! Yes, that's the word we want to describe this chatty, entertaining little paper that has appeared in Ingersoll during the past month. Not only is “Town Topics” unique, but Ingersoll is unique, in having such a delightful news medium, and an editor of such talent and enterprise. The managing editor of The Volt is proud to have the opportunity of tendering his meed of praise to its efficient editor. May we have the pleasure of perusing many issues of ‘Town Topics.’

A LETTER

January 22nd, 1930

To the Editor of “The Volt :”

It is with very great pleasure that I address to you a few lines reminiscent of my old days at the I.C.I

My introduction was on a hot June day between thirty-five and forty years ago, and the occasion was the Entrance Examinations being held in the Collegiate. The first paper was spelling - - the first word dictated to us to spell was “isosceles.” I had never heard of it, and needless to say, could not spell it, and even now I am depending upon the orthographic skill of my secretary to record it here from my spoken word.

My exit from the school was marked by my inability to answer or even deal with the last question on a departmental paper in Algebra. Thus you see that, notwithstanding anything that may have happened in between, my entree into the school was anything but auspicious, and my exit far from being in a blaze of glory.

But the years between were very happy ones; now alas, only memories : memories mainly of old friends, not a few of whom have passed beyond. The majority of the friends are widely scattered—a few, all too few, are handy by, and when we meet invariably discuss the old days and times spent “over the river.”

One event was recalled to me the other day—An interform football match was on for four-fifteen. Several of us who were more or less engineering the affair were anxious to expedite the commencement of the game, so we accordingly sounded the recently installed fire alarm and emptied the school in record time. Unfortunately, the pedagogical authorities were entirely unsympathetic with our well meant efforts and the game ultimately proceeded minus the services of myself and several other players, although we thought we were more or less indispensable.

One winter, a more or less prolonged vendetta had been carried on between the town boys and the lads from the rural sections. The honours had been more or less even when we urbanites determined to make a “coup de maitre” and annihilate our enemy for once and for all. The country lads were accustomed to bring their lunch to school—a sufficient amount of cayenne pepper was procured at a convenient grocery store on the way to school, and at noon, a ruse was adopted to draw our rural friends down to the gymnasium. While they were being entertained down there, their luncheons were all opened and their sandwiches and such like fare treated to a liberal taste of the hot pepper. All would have been well, had not the learned principal of the day, unknown to us, tarried a while in his office and happening to look into one of the forms discovered what was going on. We were promptly ordered to muster our forces, an assessment was made and several of us despatched to the nearest bakery to procure buns and cakes to replace the defiled lunches of our enemies.

But enough of this—I must pause a moment to pay tribute to the principal of the day, Mr. William Briden, M.A., a splendid scholar, an excellent teacher, a

gentleman—what more need I add.

Let me just conclude with a parting injunction, participate in the sports, take every advantage of the contacts to make friends, but above all, pay strict attention to your studies. This is the age of the trained man and the trained woman. Those without special qualifications are finding themselves under more of a handicap every day.

Close attention to languages, both classic and modern will be of incalculable help to you in becoming a master of English. English literature will give you a background and a taste for good reading; Mathematics will be of practical value to you and certain branches of it teach you to reason and develop your mind along analytical lines; Science will enable you to appreciate the better the great discoveries being made every day in this realm; History is one of the greatest subjects and only by the knowledge of the past can you appreciate the events of the day.

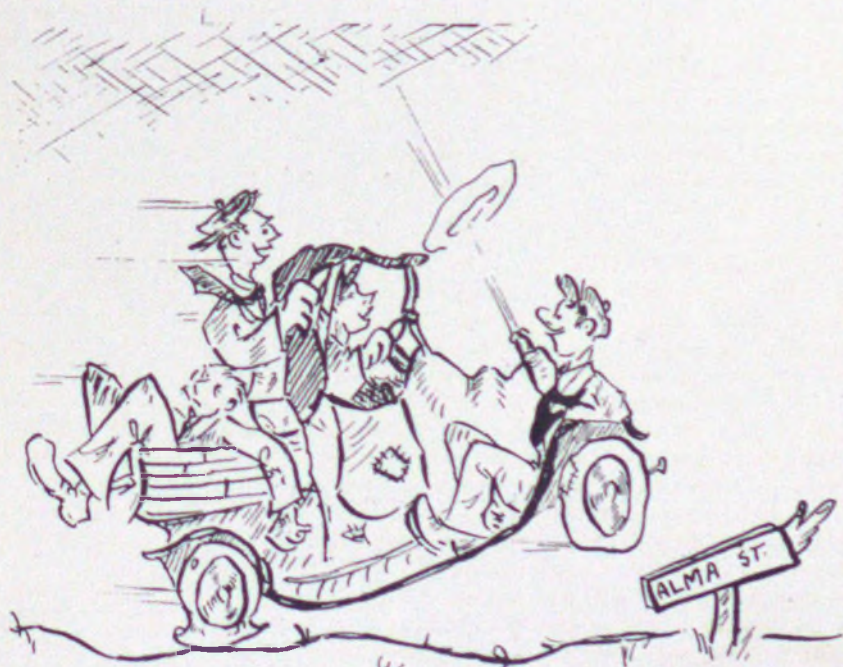
And so—I just close by saying get all you can out of the old school. What you get will stand you in good stead all through life's journey.

Faithfully yours,

J. G. GIBSON, K.C.

The editors of the Volt appreciate very much the entertaining and stimulating letter of Mr. J. G. Gibson, K.C., an old I.C.I. student.

Communications were received from Mr. McGill, a former principal wishing our magazine success; also from Mr. Malone who was a student in '63-64, when the I.C.I. was a Grammar School. Mr Malone writes, "I still take an interest in the Ingersoll School, and am proud of the fact that I am an Ingersoll Old Boy. You have my best wishes for the success of your paper."



THE GILLS - OF COURSE !

ABC

NOTES ABOUT THE SCHOOL

INGERSOLL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

From the Ingersoll Sun, 1907

Prior to Jan. 1st, 1886, this excellent educational institution was a high school, the last principal of which was F. W. Merchant, now principal of the London Normal School. In that year it was advanced to the status of a Collegiate Institute, and Wm. Briden, B.A., became the first principal, a position which he has held with honor and success continuously ever since, highly respected by an ever increasing host of personal friends and graduates of the seat of learning over which he presides so efficiently.

A few years ago the building was enlarged by the addition of more rooms and extensive alterations and improvements were made, while the equipment was brought up to a high standard.

The curriculum embraces all the subjects prescribed for Collegiate Institutes by the Department of Education, and the present attendance is 160 students, the highest yet attained in the records of the institution.

THE SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

Under the able leadership of William Hills, president of this organization, representative of student opinion, the Senior Literary Society had a very successful year. The meetings were characterized by enthusiastic audiences and excellent programmes. Such eminent speakers as Colonel Hegler and Rev. J. A. Brown addressed the Society on different occasions. At one commendable meeting, entirely Shakespearean in character, the quarrel scene from "Julius Caesar" was presented by pupils of Form III. and a parody on the Witch scene from "Macbeth", was humourously portrayed by pupils of Form IV and V. The crowning achievement was the Christmas meeting which featured the presentation of a sketch entitled "Scrooge's Christmas." This play was revised from Dicken's Christmas Carol by Russel Coles, who took the part of Scrooge and displayed marked talent.

In all, the Literary Society this year has experienced a very successful season. Interest has increased fourfold from that evidenced last year, and those pupils who will have charge of its activities next term will have no hard task in maintaining the Society on its present level of efficiency if the enthusiasm now evinced continues.

HELEN CAIN.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The Junior Literary Society was organized at the beginning of the year with the following officers in charge :—

President—Agnes Pearson.

Vice-President—Inez Butler.

Secretary—Frances Fuller.

Treasurer—Miss Depew.

The meetings were held in the Third Form with a full attendance at each meeting.

Each one who took part in the programs did so most creditably. At the meetings the chief features were the debates, which were very interesting and instructive, and kept one guessing which side would win. Skits and plays also were

presented by each form respectively. At one of our meetings a very amusing and diverting radio program was put on which proved most entertaining.

From the success already attained by the Junior Literary Society, it is only reasonable to look forward to something bigger and better during 1930. There has been much ability as well as enthusiasm displayed by its members and there is every indication of maintaining the keen interest in the programs to come, so that we all view the future with pleasurable anticipation.

AGNES PEARSON.

OUR VISITORS

The I. C. I., within the last year, has been privileged to listen to several persons of distinction. These visits have proven an academic stimulus not only to the student body but also to the individual scholar.

No inconsiderable distinction was conferred on us by the visit of Dr. Charles Gordon, Dr. Gordon, more generally known as Ralph Connor, is one of Canada's most brilliant writers and also one of her outstanding clergymen. Before the assembled students of the senior forms he delivered an address of an exceptionally inspiring nature.

Another visitor of noteworthy repute was Walter MacRae. Mr. MacRae is well known throughout the country as a patriot and lecturer and is recognized as a capable critic of Canadian literature. His book, "Town-Hall To-Night", recently published and predicted to be a good seller describes his experiences as a lecturer. Needless to state, the visit of Mr. MacRae was entertaining as well as instructive.

The initial meeting of the Senior Literary Society for the fall term was honoured with the presence of Colonel Hegler, a member of the School Board. He advised the students, in a splendid address to strengthen and develop their powers of retention by memorizing excerpts from the best literature. In conclusion he quoted several literary gems which he had committed to memory when a young man.

We were also fortunate in having as our guest Mr. Irwin, a representative of a noted Canadian publishing house, who treated us to a "chatty" talk on books. He stressed in particular the importance of reading only the best class of books. For illustration the speaker read to us portions from a few works of this kind. A touch of humour lent interest to Mr. Irwin's address, which, on the whole, will greatly assist the students in guiding the course of their reading.

At the Christmas meeting of the Senior Literary Society we had the pleasure of welcoming Rev. J. A. Brown, as our guest speaker. Rev. Brown in a humorous vein proved the truth of the statement that education does not educate by calling to mind the general lack of knowledge we have of the everyday things in life. He also expressed his delight at being present and commented very favorably upon the spirit of the meeting.

We heartily welcome to our school again all these visitors who have kindly and thoughtfully taken the time to talk to us, and any others who may give us a word of encouragement and inspiration. To the graduates also we say, "Welcome to the I. C. I."

BERTRAM CARR.

THE AT HOME, 1930

The one big event of the I. C. I. 1930 School Year was the At Home which was held in the Town Hall on February, the seventh. The hall transformed by a beautifully executed color scheme of valentine colours cast a radiant glow on the billowing sea of dancers—Subdued lights, red streamers, latticed windows, and a canopied stage created a scene of enchantment.

The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Young, assisted by Agnes Pearson, and William Hills—the presidents of the two Literary Societies, the sponsors of the At Home.

Tim Eaton's orchestra from Woodstock, so delighted the guests that one o'clock came too soon. From nine till one all mental worries vanished with the fleeting hours. But at one the magic web was rent asunder, leaving only golden memories. So the At Home of 1930 passed into history.

ELEANOR GREEN.

COMMENCEMENT

The annual Commencement Exercises for the year 1929 were held in the town hall on Friday evening, December 13. The great interest taken by the parents and students was indicated by the large crowd that assembled.

The gathering was called to order by P. L. Smith, a member of the prize committee who officiated as chairman. Mr. Smith on behalf of the members of the Board, thanked the parents and pupils for their interest in the exercises.

The presentation of the awards to the pupils of the I. C. I. for success in their studies came first. Among these were scholarships, The George Beaumont Memorial Scholarship and a University of Western Ontario Scholarship, both won by Donald Wallace. There were numerous other prizes consisting mostly of money. Wm. Hills, Jr., president of the Middle and Upper School Literary Society, on behalf of the students, thanked the Board for their interest in arranging the Commencement Exercises. He also added that the teachers were deserving some credit as well as the students.

The Public Speaking Contests formed the most interesting feature of the evening. Those taking part in the Girls' Contest were:—Grace Goodrich, who spoke on "The Pioneers of Canada"; Mae MacDonald whose subject was "Canada Among the Nations," and Marguerite Brown spoke on "Sportsmanship." Miss Goodrich won first prize and Miss MacDonald second.

Those taking part in the Boys' Contest were Lawrence Owen, who spoke on "The Progress of Aviation in Canada"; W. Edgar Gill, who spoke on "Mussolini," and Bert Carr who chose as his subject, "The Development of Canadian Nationalism." Edgar Gill won first prize and Bert Carr second.

Following the Public Speaking, the Field Day Championships, the Public School Prizes and the Separate School Prizes were presented. The gathering dispersed after singing the National Anthem.

EVA ELLERY.

THE INSPECTION OF THE CADETS

FORM I PRIZE CONTRIBUTION

"Why all the excitement!" comments a visitor to the Collegiate.

"Oh, the annual parade of the cadets," remarks Mr. Fleming. Indeed, excitement was predominating. Even the veteran fourth and fifth formers were looking forward eagerly to the day. The only disappointment for the boys was that the girls had nothing to do. But they would of course turn out and show their interest and approval. For some time before the day arrived, the gallant lads drilled with great signs of pep and snap.

And then came the time to report for uniforms. Some rushed to the scene of action immediately. Others waited. But, the early bird gets the worm. So it seemed this time. Those who went early—Cheerio—but those who waited—too bad. Some of them spent much time looking for a uniform which would fit and much

more time finding a cap which suited them. But with all the fussing, the choosing was soon over with the exception of a couple of the little fellows who could not be fitted. I think they might have managed with one uniform between them for the time.

And then—the suspense of waiting for the day. There wasn't much wait because we were too busy drilling and sloping arms. But all the same everyone wondered what the day would be like. It would be just like it to rain because the inspection was to be held on that day.

The great day came. All prophecies were shot. The day was bright and clear. By the looks of the weather, it was not going to rain for a week or so. At about a quarter to nine the army began to arrive in full splendor. Nearly all appeared in uniform in the morning with the exception of a few who thought they would leave it until noon. The morning passed off quickly and at half-past one some eighty cadets turned out at the collegiate campus, ready to form in their respective battalions. Inspector Fleming was there on time all decked out in a khaki uniform, rushing about delivering orders to captains and sergeants, and looking uniforms over.

A few minutes later the band arrived and by two o'clock the Collegiate Cadet Company was marching peacefully toward the business section of the town. The Ingersoll Pipe Band was at the head of the company, playing inspiring marching tunes. Everyone just seemed to swing with the beat of them. After crossing the Canadian Pacific Railway, a convenient rest was obtained while the Pipe Major tuned up. The parade then proceeded along Thames street to King, where they wheeled east to the park. I may further add that our big Chief of Police stood at salute while the company passed him.

On arriving at the inspection grounds the work began. The squads marched up and down, past the Inspector with a salute, and wheeling, did it all over again. After a while the two battalions parted for separate work and later came together again. Over in the other corner of the grounds the signallers were working up elbow grease flinging their flags around. When a great deal of marching had been carried through, the physical drill company separated and added their spectacular scene to the inspection. When this was finished the cadets gathered in a hollow square to listen to an address of commendation from the inspector and to receive a flag from the Noreworthy Chapter of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire.

The company then formed again and with three rousing cheers for the Inspector, marched around the block and then dismissed. As it was decided that the second Company was the best, they proceeded to a local store where they were treated generously by Mr. Fleming.

JACK HUNSBERGER.

OFFICERS

Captain—Norval Bonesteel.
 No. 1 Platoon Commander—Lt. Fred Adams.
 No. 2 Platoon Commander—Lt. Edward Carr.
 Signaller—Lt. Gordon Butler.

SERGEANTS

No. 1 Platoon—Harold Nancekivell.
 No. 2 Platoon—Robt. James.
 Signaller—Geo. Carr.

DOMINION OF CANADA RIFLE ASSOCIATION REPORT

Both the senior and junior teams were successful in getting first class certificates. Fred George was the winner of the Strathcona Medal with an average of 97%. Other members winning were: Keith Geddie, Donald Buchanan, Leslie Scourfield, Jas. Revell, Gordon Butler, Earl Brown, Jack Hunsberger, Jack Pellow.

THE FIELD DAY

The students of Our Collegiate, as it happened that there was a very full sun and it was nearing the Ides of October, stirred up by their ancient love of the god Sport, crossed the river Thames, keeping the sun on their right and proceeded by uncertain routes with the legions in light marching order (for the benefit of the ignorant--without the usual baggage of books and compacts) to a place very favorable to our troops.

The officers and tribunes of the soldiers among whom were starters, time-keepers, judges, their men having been collected, began to carry out the programme for field day, which commanders and those of the first ranks whom we have mentioned above, ordered it to be announced that the walking and running contests would be held first. Then they proceeded, a common plan having been adopted, to draw up the lines for basketball and softball throwing and the many jumping contests. Those who fought bravely and conquered their rivals were honoured with red, blue, and white ribbons for a witness to their rank (that which the officers thought would happen actually did happen—the boys too liked the ribbons.)

While these things were going on, those girls of fourth and fifth forms who had been stationed at the gates and who had been put in command of the refreshment booth were vigorously besieged especially by the infantry of the lower orders. No wounds have been received except perhaps by the coffee cups, and no soldier having been killed they withstood the attack until the eleventh hour of the day and retreated to camp bearing a goodly bag of silver and bronze coins.

At length, everything having been finished, a council of the troops having been called (i. e. commencement), the commander-in-chief made the following announcement:—

Senior Champion—Marguerite Brown.

Intermediate Champion—Grace Tarrant.

Junior Champion—Jean McDougall, Elsie Tye, (equal)

The competition in the Boys' Sports resulted in the following awards:—

Senior—Roy Haycock.

Intermediate—Robert James.

Junior—Jim Scott.

LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

Fifth Form feels that it is just about to respectfully pass out. They therefore, dedicate to "The Volt" their last will and testament.

To Mr. Young, our Principal, another class who will follow in our decorous ways.

To Mr Brogden, we will and bequeath another class with some intelligence.

To Miss Carney—All our Latin keys and notes.

To Miss Depew—A basketball team which can make 50%.

To First Formers—The right to refer to us as good old Fifth Form.

To Second Formers—All our old books.

To Third Formers—All our much abused pep to be used effectively.

To Fourth Formers—The right to follow in our footsteps.

Several Fourth Formers and Third Formers think they may as well give up now. Here goes :—

I, Dollo Eidt, on the eve of my departure from the toils of school life, do bequeath to Betty Wade, all my numerous Ancient History notes which I have spent many hours of my valuable time on, so that she may save many bottles of ink as well as hours of study.

I, Catharine Hargan, do hereby bequeath to Fourth Form Detention Room my talkative nature.

I, Derwood Markham of Fourth Form, being of almost sane mind, make my last will and tesament. To Miss Depew I bequeath my entire set of French books, also all the knowledge that I have gained therefrom.

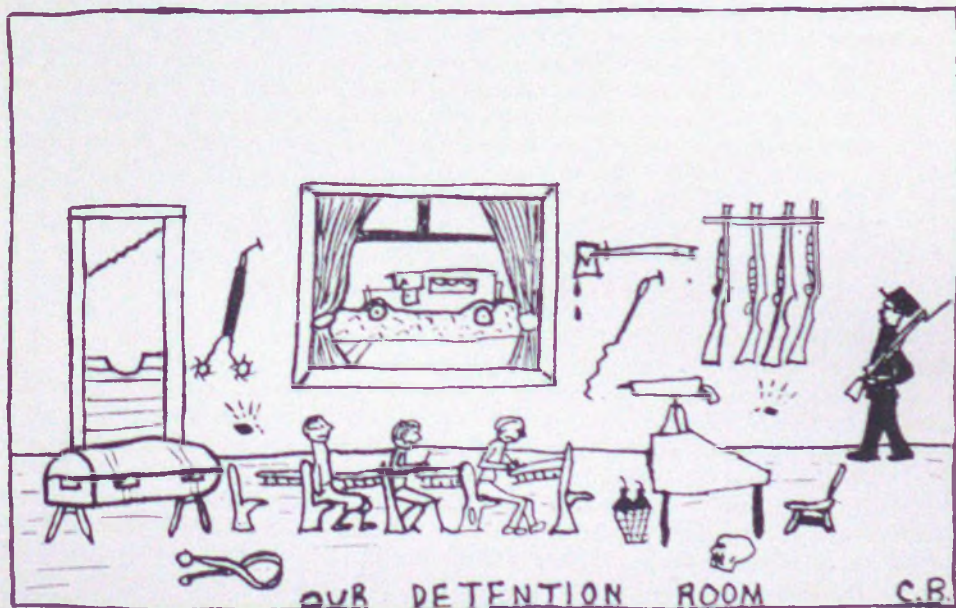
I, Bert Carr, do hereby will my surplus height to Ross Hossack, that with this addition his dignified form may tower to the heights of lofty Olympus and there with Zeus take pity upon the unhappy victim of Third Form Latin Class and in spirit form whisper a perfect translation in their shell-like ears.

In case that I, Edna Kerr, should be suddenly called upon to depart from school life, I do hereby bequeath my earthly possessions to my friend provided they are well taken care of. My last marcel to Ed. Gill, a stick of chewing gum located behind my ear to Jean Hossack, my gym. shoe-laces to Margaret McCrae. These being all my earthy possessions, I cannot leave now.

I, Grace Goodrich, do hereby will and bequeath to Marie Downing my two by twice compact, containing my school girl complexion, and my weekly allowance to keep as a fond remembrance of an attentive school-girl chum.

I, Evelyn Freeman do will and bequeath my many ink bottles and corks, the former contents which have supplied various people with ink since September first, to the collection of relics of Fifth Form.

I, Mary Breen, hereby will and bequeath to Miss Carney, my boyish bob, to enable her to hear not the whispers which she always hears in the class room, but the respectful voices of her pupils when they are answering her unanswerable Latin questions.



STORY, ESSAY AND DRAMA

FORM II, PRIZE SHORT STORY

PIONEER DAYS

Many years ago, Joseph Mariner and his bride decided to leave New Brunswick and try their fortunes in a new country. The Government Agency located one hundred acres, and gave them a Crown Deed of same.

They travelled by horseback, packing their few worldly possessions on another horse. At times they got a night's lodging, but more often they camped in the woods, stopping where night overtook them. As wolves and wild animals were everywhere, they kept fires burning all night, watching by turns.

Elizabeth's horse, Toby, was a very faithful animal, and one night as Elizabeth watched, Toby whinnied. Elizabeth listened. Something was crawling stealthily through the leaves and underbrush. Toby whinnied again, and there almost upon Elizabeth, was a huge grizzly bear. Grabbing her gun Elizabeth fired, just wounding him enough to make him furious. Before she could fire again, the bear was upon her. Then Toby, breaking his tether rushed in, striking the bear, and drawing his attention from Elizabeth. Joseph, now thoroughly aroused, shot the bear. Packing some bear steaks, they journeyed through more or less difficulties until they finally reached their destination.

They found trees of all descriptions, and, choosing a high spot, they proceeded to erect a temporary abode. A log cabin was soon built which was chinked in with clay. A fire-place made out of huge stones; tables and chairs hewn out of huge timbers, as also were their bunks. Trees were felled and burned until some land was cleared for cultivation. Crops were planted as soon as possible. Deer and wild game provided plenty of meat, while other provisions were packed in from the village of London—thirty miles away. Hides were exchanged for food-stuffs—it taking a couple of days for the round trip. Other settlers came. Road Houses were built along the main trail. Corduroy Roads were made out of trees, and buck-boards replaced the saddle somewhat as the roads improved.

About this time, Joseph received a letter telling him to come for a fortune left him in England. In those days ships were a long time crossing the ocean, and many were lost. Elizabeth could hardly bear to see him go, but as money would make life easier for all, Joseph started while Elizabeth and her little family struggled along alone, waiting and watching for his return.

The ship was wrecked and Joseph was picked up by some Indians on a little island. He was taken to the Big Chief to be scalped, but the Chief's daughter, Olga, took a fancy to him, and saved his life.

One day while waiting for a ship, three Indians seized him and dragged him into a cave. They wanted him out of Olga's sight, and kept him there on black bread and water.

Olga hunted and eventually found him, terribly ill, on the dirty floor of the cave. Going to her father she got his consent, and had Joseph moved to their wigwam, where she nursed him back to health. The Indians were furious and plans were made to fight each other, and Joseph to fight the winner.

On the day of the fight, the Indians, all be-decked in war-paint and feathers, circled around the fighting Indians, whooping and yelling as two of them were knocked out. It was then Joseph's turn, and such a fight it was! It seemed he couldn't survive the Indian's awful wallops long, but finally he tripped the Indian and he lay still.

They told him he had won Olga. He did not want another wife—he wanted

his freedom—so what was he to do?

As soon as he could make the Big Chief understand, he told him his desire to go on the first trading vessel, which was due in a few weeks.

Great were the rejoicings at his safe return. Joseph remained there, taking a prominent part in all the barn-raisings, logging bees and social gatherings as long as he lived—fortune forgotten.

They have all passed to the Great Beyond, and an up-to-date brick dwelling replaces the log cabin of by-gone days, but who shall say the days there are happier now than of yore, when neighbours were neighbours and friendships life-long?

RITA TURNER.

FORM III, PRIZE SHORT STORY THE MYSTERY OF HANGMAN'S HOUSE

Jack and Jim Brant, two brothers, had come to Brighton for a holiday and had put up at the small village inn. They had been there for two very quiet and uneventful days, and a third one had almost passed. Supper had been finished and all the men were gathered in the front room of the inn. Some were smoking and reading, while others, among them, Jack and Jim, were listening to an old sailor tell of his many strange and exaggerated experiences.

Suddenly there was an interruption of the story. The front door of the inn had opened and a dishevelled figure staggered into the room shouting, "The face, the face, I saw a face at Hangman's House!" When he recovered his breath and had become more composed he told his story.

His name was Ludkins. He had been over to a friend's house during the afternoon and was returning home for supper. He was late in starting and had taken the short cut through a field and past the back of the deserted house. Sud-

denly he saw a light in one of the windows and then a horrible face was pressed against the glass. He waited to see no more but had run from there to the inn.



"A horrible face pressed against the glass"

The house was reached but a search revealed nothing and the party returned to the inn to talk over the mystery.

"Who was the last owner of that house?" Jack asked when they were seated in the inn.

"It used to belong to an old fellow who lived there with his son", said the Innkeeper. "One night they quarreled and in a fit of rage the son killed his father. The boy realizing what he had done hung himself."

"Is that why it is called Hangman's House?" broke in Jim.

"Yes," the Innkeeper replied, "and although it was supposed to be haunt-

ed, this is the first time anyone has seen anything strange there."

After much talking and speculation it was decided to search the house again the next day. The next day the house was again searched but like the night before nothing was found. Many were now inclined to think that the seeing of the face was pure imagination on the part of Ludkins but this was stoutly denied by him.

However, nothing could be found to throw any further light on the mystery and the matter was abandoned. It was noticeable though that people gave the house a wide berth, especially at night.

If the others were satisfied with the mystery remaining unsolved, Jack and Jim were not. They decided to do a little investigating on their own.

Early one morning they started out for the house, first tying Blacky up so that he couldn't follow them. When they reached the house they started looking for a way to get in. The doors and all the cellar windows were locked. Finally, Jim found a window on the main floor. They climbed in and found themselves in a room which had once been a library. The bookshelves were still there but the books were gone.

They were just starting to leave the room to examine the remainder of the house when they were startled to hear a bark outside. Running to the window Jack saw Blacky standing below looking up at him. He had knawn through the rope a piece of which was still hanging from his collar.

The only thing left to do was leave Blacky outside while they looked through the house. As soon as they started to leave the window Blacky started barking. "That's no good," exclaimed Jack, "Jim you will have to stay here and keep Blacky quiet while I see if there is anyone, or anything in the house besides ourselves. If I am not back in ten minutes come and look for me." With these parting words Jack set out and Jim turned to his task of keeping the dog quiet.

The ten minutes passed but there was no sign of Jack's returning. Jim waited a minute longer and still there was no sign, Jim, therefore, set out to see what had happened.

He looked along the hall but saw nothing. Then he started looking through the rooms beginning at those in the front of the house and working towards the back. Finally, he came to what had once been the dining-room. A door led from it into the kitchen and lying motionless in it half in the kitchen and half in the dining-room was Jack.

With a cry Jim ran to his brother and knelt down at his side. As he did so he felt a board give slightly beneath his knee, and an iron bar with a weight on the end of it, swung down from a niche in the ceiling, like a large pendulum, passed over his head, and swinging back again disappeared in a groove in the ceiling. At the same time Jim thought he heard a bell ring softly below him.

Taking care not to step on the board which operated the weight he examined Jack. The weight in swinging had hit Jack on the top of the head. Although the blow hadn't cut Jack's head it had swung with sufficient force to render him unconscious. He was already beginning to show signs of returning to consciousness and after a minute or two opened his eyes and with the aid of Jim sat up. "Wow, but my head aches! What happened?"

"There is some kind of machine arranged so that anyone entering the doorway sets it working and gets hit on the head by it. That's what hit you and it nearly hit me only I was on my knees beside you and it swung over my head."

"Let's go home, Jim, and get some others to come out and investigate. My head hurts too much to stay here."

Jim helped Jack to his feet, and they started to go into the dining-room when suddenly a gruff voice behind them commanded, "Put your hands up and

come back here, quickly now."

Turning around and going back into the kitchen Jack and Jim saw a tall man in white overalls covering them with a shotgun. He was standing beside an open trap door, in the floor of the kitchen, which had escaped notice when the house was searched the day before.

"Sheram, the Counterfeiter," they both exclaimed at once.

"Yes, that's me," the man replied, "and since you two know where I'm staying now I'll take care you don't tell anyone."

"But you can't keep us here," said Jack. "We will be missed and looked for and sooner or later they will look here."

"Can't I though? All the searching in the world will never find you two when I'm finished. Stand over there against the wall. Now you have two minutes to say your prayers so you had better begin."

The brothers looked at each other. They both knew they were in a grave situation and realized that Sheram meant all he had said. They had told no one where they were going and there seemed little hope of being saved.

Suddenly a patter of feet sounded in the dining-room. Before either Sheram or the boys could guess what was happening a black streak shot through the door and launched itself at the counterfeiter. The gun went off but the shots went wide. The boys turned their attention to the counterfeiter to see what had saved them and saw him fighting for his life with Blacky who was trying to get his teeth in the man's throat. Finally he succeeded but Sheram in the meantime had managed to draw a knife from his belt and now began stabbing the dog. Blacky hung on gamely and Sheram's stabs grew weaker. At last they ceased and his eyes became glazed. Blacky seemed to know that his work was done and let go of Sheram's throat. He managed to get to his feet and started to walk towards Jack and Jim but the knife had done its work. After a few steps Blacky suddenly crumpled up and fell to rise no more.

Making sure that both man and dog were past all human aid and that nothing could be done for them, Jack and Jim set out for the village to notify the constable.

The constable was found, and followed by a crowd of curious villagers they returned to the house. On examining the body the constable confirmed the brother's assertion that it was the much wanted counterfeiter and also informed them that there was a handsome reward for his apprehension.

The party then went down the trap door in the floor of the kitchen. The door had been skilfully made and when closed looked just like the rest of the floor. At the bottom of the ladder they found themselves in a small room bricked up and having no connection with the other part of the house or the larger cellar. It was filled with strange machines, bottles of chemicals and printing ink, and over in one corner was a small safe. This was taken out into the yard and after a great deal of trouble the lock was broken and the safe opened. Inside was a stack of new five-dollar bills all skilfully forged and several plates which had been used to effect the forgeries. All these were secured by the constable to be taken back to the village. Everyone again returned to the hidden room to smash the printing presses, before they could be used or any parts stolen.

"Look!" Jim cried suddenly, "there's the mechanism that works the lever which hit Jack."

"There is a bell too. It must be what we heard ringing when the lever worked, and here's a lever which stops the machine from working," said Jack.

In a cupboard in one corner of the room a rather hideous falseface was found.

"I guess that was what Ludkins saw in the window," said the constable.

"Sheram evidently used it to frighten away anyone who came near here at night."

The machinery was smashed, the dead counterfeiter taken to the village, and faithful Blacky buried by Jack and Jim. In due time they received their reward but both declared that all the money in the world would never buy another dog like Blacky.

CLAYTON DRUM.



DONALD WALLACE

Always a front rank student, Donald last year concluded his high school career by winning the George Beaumont Memorial Scholarship, the E. R. Hutt Memorial Prize, the Upper School Classics Prize, and the University of Western Ontario Scholarship.

THE JOYS OF LEARNING

Have you ever heard anyone say something like this? "Why I think it's lots of fun to learn things." If you have did you ever notice that nearly always it is someone who doesn't go to school! who makes such a remark.

Joy in learning? Of course! Why we have the time of our lives in Latin class, adorning the musty pages of our text-book with remarkable caricatures of the teacher; or absent-mindedly declining an adjective when we are ask-

ed to conjugate a verb.

O what a thrill we get out of French class, especially when the teacher asks us to translate! After a prolonged silence, which we suddenly break by asking what the third word is, (just by way of showing our interest), the teacher brings us back to earth by remarking dryly, "I am sure you understand it, with your book upside down. You had better take your seat." We proceed to do this, thinking that we have escaped very easily, but our neighbor is not disposed to let us wholly escape for, ouch!—the point of a compass is not usually dull, and we hear the sharp voice of the teacher, "You will take one hour."

"There isn't much joy in jotting down silly-looking symbols in doing our geometry homework, but there is real joy in geometry when we emerge triumphant from a tussle with a difficult problem, our hair bearing a very remarkable resemblance to a floor mop, but the correct answer carefully underlined.

While an earnest teacher endeavours to impress upon our rather "muddy" minds those great truths, which (unfortunately) have been handed down to us by ancient historians, our "muddy" minds are concentrating on their own more interesting problems such as, "What would it be like if everyone had green hair and red eyes," or "Would I faint if someone said I would never again have to do homework?" However, our pleasant meditations are rudely interrupted by the unimportant question, "In what year did John Cabot reach America?" To this we brightly reply, "1947," and wonder why everyone laughs.

Another of the joys of learning is one which seems very popular with teachers

as well as with pupils, that is homework. Oh what happy hours we spend doing homework! (yes hours, and hours). Not content with trying to fill our young innocent minds with knowledge, they make us waste our valuable time doing all those silly things at home—history, geometry, literature, Latin, French and physics. Physics is a lovely subject. (I have my doubts.)

Of course, learning has its compensations. For instance, there is gum. Gum—what a delightful word! Really, one can have a wonderful time watching pupils chew gum. What sound could be

more musical than the cracking of gum? That is, from the pupils' point of view. Gum, however, seems to irritate the teacher. "Put that stuff in the basket and remain after school," he shouts. It is with a look of sorrow and regret that the pupil discards his gum but—What's the difference? There's still another stick of it in his pocket.

So, although we quite often find it boring, still, school has its bright moments. "It's lots of fun to learn things?" Well, I guess so!

GRACE GRIEVE, Form. III.



In Memoriam

All the students and teachers of the Ingersoll Collegiate Institute mourn the death of Bonabelle Crawford, who died Oct. 1, 1929.

Bonabelle entered the school in September, 1928, and although she spent but one year in our Collegiate, during that time she endeared herself to all who knew her. She was of a sunny disposition, possessed marked musical talent and was interested in sports.

On behalf of the teachers and students, "The Volt" staff extends to the family their heartfelt sympathy.

On March 14, 1930, Mr. Luke Miller passed from our midst. For twelve years Mr. Miller was caretaker of the Collegiate Institute and Ward School. His work was marked by patient effort and the desire to fulfill his duties to the satisfaction of all concerned. He was highly esteemed by the members of the Staff and beloved by the students.

"The Volt" Staff extends sincere sympathy to Mrs. Miller and Family who mourn his loss.

JUDGE OR JURY

Purpose :

1. To provide a moment's entertainment for the reader.

2. To show how that trial by Judge or Jury became the jewel of English constitution, and how the people fought for it.

Period 1. Sc. I. Introducing the DeBeaufort family.

Sc. II. Runnymede—John signing the Magna Carta.

Period 2. Sc. I. DeBeaufort Castle some months later—absence of Lord DeBeaufort.

Sc. II. Flight of DeBeaufort. Hides in serf's cottage.

Sc. III. DeBeaufort Castle — Hal brings news of his father's death.

Sc. IV. Newark Castle—Death of King John (visit of shades.)

Epilogue

JUDGE OR JURY

A "Playlet" of the signing of the Magna Carta.

Cast of Characters :—

Lord DeBeaufort—An average British nobleman.

Lady Francis—His wife.

Hal—His Son.

Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury—Leader of the Church of England.

DeFontaine—A courtier.

DeCoursey and Fitzwalter—Leaders the Barons.

Albert—A faithful serf of DeBeaufort.

NOTE :—John of England represents the leader of those who desire only magistrates.

DeBeaufort, those who desire judge and jury.

Trial By Judge or Jury

Act One

Scene one :—(Time : A summer afternoon, July fourteenth, 1534. An old raftered gallery of an English manor of the fourteenth century.)

Hal. is talking excitedly to his mother, the Lady Francis. He strikes the oaken table from time to time. The

Lady Francis is trying to calm him.)

Hal : I tell thee, darling mother, that the time is now ripe for action. The barons chafe against the king's yoke. They demand freedom, and I for one, am ready to support them.

Lady Francis : Shush, my son ! Dost thou then think that thou art capable of challenging the king's power ? Dost thou not know that the very walls have ears ? For thy father's sake commit no rash deed.

Hal : O mother—my lady mother ! Thou dost not know—thou canst not understand the magnitude of the discontent. The king is openly sneered at and despised by the lords. They have besieged Northampton, taken Bedford, and they have received the acclaim of London Town.

Lady Francis : True my Hal ; but I am certain that my lord will remain loyal to his king. The king hath not a more fearless soldier than your father, (Clatter of hoofs : flourish of trumpets) but hush ! Thy father comes, now. (Enter Lord DeBeaufort.)

Lord DeBeaufort : Quickly crossing to Lady Francis' side and fondly kissing her.) My wife, thou lookest sour and glum. What Hal ! Art thou such poor company that thou canst not wipe away thy mother's gloom ? But come ! I've been to London and I wager that thou canst not guess what I have brought thee. Close thine eyes and see what Jack sends thee. (Quickly droops golden chain about her neck.)

Lady Francis : Oh—husband ! It is too wondrous . I-I-I-(begins crying for joy.)

Lord DeBeaufort : There, there, wife. Cease thy tears for I have something of import to tell thee. Come hither Hal. Tomorrow, the king will sign the Great Charter.

Hal : Hurrah for true England !

Lady Francis : Thou shouldst be ashamed ! But is—is it true ?

Lord DeBeaufort : True wife ? Why my name was fifth on the petition ! We

are sure that the king will listen to our demands and I am glad—why, what ails thy mother, Hal? Art thou sorry dear wife, that I have taken the side of justice and freedom? But I am resolved. Let us go hence, for I must rise early and meet the great Fitzwalter and De Courcey, who go to Runnymede.

(Curtain.)

Scene II. (Runnymede Field. June 15th, 1534.) A lofty raised throne draped with banners, upon which is seated John of England. Around the throne is an immense gathering of nobles including: Earl DeBeaufort, Fitzwalter, and Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury. The king is angry and sullen. He bends over to a friend.

John: DeFontaine, I tell you that we will see London burn before we place our Great Seal to their scroll. Haste thee to that false priest, Langton, and tell him that we would like to return soon to our palace, and that we command this womanish council begin.

Langton: (Approaching throne). Most Gracious Sovereign, we place ourselves at thy gracious mercy---

John: Less of thy words, my good Archbishop. Quickly to thy business. Proclaim to us what the rabble wish--and that right promptly. We are weary my good Canterbury, of this unseemly assemblage. (Menaces from nobles near to throne). Ha! They would murder me! About me, gentlemen.

Langton: Nay, my good lord, fear not for thy safety if thou carriest out our requests. But if thou deignest to ignore them--then let the consequences be thine.

John: They have me DeFontaine, they have me. A king of England, they scorn me. (Rises.) But away with such womanish thoughts. Let us rise in our glory and scatter them like leaves before the wind. What's this! They come with bare swords against me. (Sits down.) Curse them. Let utter damnation fall upon them. Bring hither their clerk and bid him read the scroll to me.

(Clerk reads scroll to King.)

John: Nay—this is a hard blow.

DeFontaine, oh DeFontaine, by circumstances must I sign this hateful scroll; by circumstances must I make these promises. But DeFontaine, it rains today, but the rain is gone tomorrow. Likewise I am forced today but tomorrow I shall revenge this slight and drive this herd of petty squires before me like cattle. (Rises and addresses nobles). Worthy cousins and right noblemen of England, it is our pleasure to think kindly of the measures which thou hast presented for our approval. We will not go against any man, nor send against him, except by lawful request of his peers, or by the law of the land. To no man will we sell, deny or delay right or justice. Give me the quill and here affix our seal.

(Cheers of nobles.)

Lord DeBeaufort: He hath done it, Fitzwalter, he hath done it. Hola! Herald! (enter herald). Proclaim through my earldom and to the Lady Francis that the king hath signed---though grudgingly--the Great Charter (exit herald). Thus Fitzwalter, posterity is assured of justice.

Act II.

Scene I. (DeBeaufort Castle, some months later. Hal is talking in grave tones to the Lady Francis.)

Hal. Oh mother, I fear for father's safety. Three months ago last Tuesday, he left for Leicester and we have not heard by letter or by herald of his fortunes. The king has waived all his promises which he swore at Runnymede, and now does play the tyrant, sacking and plundering the homes of the nobles who assembled against him.

Lady Francis: Times are hard, Hal. Never did I think that the king could become such a tyrant. He hath taken our neighbor Cressy, and cast him into a dungeon. He cried for a trial by his peers, but the king laughed at him, and swore that for his insolence he would receive twenty lashes a day. Oh God above, guide this blind England. Sunder this autocrat. Shrive! his black heart. Keep my husband free from harm. (Sobs.)

Hal: Why mother thou art crying!

Come cast thy gloom from off thee as thou wouldst a cloak. Dost think that England lies dormant under the flesh-biting lashes? Nay. Even the common people are revolting against his merciless hand. He shall reap full harvest for his deeds.

(Curtain)

Scene II. (A serf's humble dwelling. Earl DeBeaufort ragged and uncouth, is talking to Alfred.)

Lord DeBeaufort: Alfred, hide me here 'til the king passeth. He hath pursued me from Leicester and hath offered silver for mine head. I am weary and hungry. (Alfred goes to prepare food.) Stay good Alfred, stay. Show me a secret place. There I can rest in safety. Rather would I have peace of mind than peace of body.

Alfred: This way, good Lord, this way. (Shows Lord DeBeaufort a secret place and prepares for the arrival of the king's soldiers.)

Voice: (Loud knocking.) Hola! Slave! Open the door in the name of John of England. (Blows of lances upon the door.)

Alfred: (Opening Door). My lords, what have I ---

Captain: Knock this fellow down! Close his burbling mouth! Search this hovel, you men-at-arms. Fifty silver pennies to the brave who hunts out this miscreant lord! Attune your senses like blood-hounds, soldiers! Ferret this fleeing rabbit out from his hole. What? Can you not find him? Away then! But stay. Bind this miserable serf upon your horse and let the greedy flames sear and eat this wretched dwelling. (Soldiers prepare faggots and torches.)

(Curtain.)

Scene: (DeBeaufort Castle.) Lady Francis talking to Hal.

Lady Francis: What! Didst thou not hear of thy father when thou wert at Leicester?

Hal: (Dully). It was rumored that my father had journeyed to a serf's cottage pursued by the king's knights.

Lady Francis: And what happened my son, what happened?

Hal: (Dully). I journeyed to the

cottage mother --- and found only a blackened ruin --- and (showing ring), my father's ring

Lady Francis: Woe! Woe! Darken the windows. Shut the light from this house, for the light hath gone from my heart. Oh Tyrant.....tyrant.....tyrant!

(Curtain)

Scene IV. (A room in Newark Castle months later. King John is lying upon a couch, tormented by fever and slowly dying.)

John: Doctor, doctor! What is this I see before my fevered eyes? Strange shapes --- hated faces. (Enter shades of DeBeaufort and many others whom John put to death unjustly). Fade foul visions from my sight! Doctor, drive these fiends hence! Call the soldiers, ho! sweep them from this accursed room! List it speaks.

Shade of DeBeaufort: We are those whom you unjustly slew. Look upon us, recognize us. Dost thou not tremble? Ay, but thou dost, and still more shalt thou tremble, when thou hearest thine indictment.

John! Mercy! Mercy! Great DeBeaufort!

Shade of DeBeaufort: Thou offeredst none, thus thou canst receive none. To work, my spirit friends. Pronounce upon this knavish king your dire indictment.

Shades, (in unison): O miserable king, thou promisedst mercy, yet thou scorned it. Thou promisedst freedom, yet thou chained it. Yet hear our indictment. Justice and mercy shall reign throughout thy land, and the land of thy successors in the great hereafter. Cursed be they as thou shalt be cursed, who suffer justice to be smote asunder, who take freedom captive, who break the oaths of the Great Charter, so ficklely promised by thee. And now thou shalt see Justice walk abroad. Thou shalt see her as the pillar of the future peoples of thy land. Thou shalt see her cherished and loved. In her triumph may all tyrants have their downfall!

Shade of DeBeaufort: Then, O King, die; and thy name shalt be hated of all peoples. (John expires---confus-

ion--shades disappear - - curtain comes slowly down - - soft music. Epilogue dressed as Justice with scales, swords and so on, walks to centre of stage in front of curtain.)

EPILOGUE

I come to ask you pardon
 The faults of this poor play,
 The characters uncouth
 Unfinished in every way.
 Yet we have tried to tell you
 How England fought for Right
 How English steel woke English blood
 In this harsh fight for Light.
 A question they did settle
 For all posterity
 That English hearts in English lands
 Hold with tenacity,
 That when a man do wrong
 Be he evil, be he good
 To trial he is entitled
 By jury or by judge

WILLIAM HILLS, JR.
 Form IV.



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**GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM**

First Row--J. Wallace, C. Hargan, M. Brown, (Capt.), L. Eidt, B. Wade, Second Row--D. Rowsom, H. Cain, M. Adams, M. Clifton, G. Swartout.

the ball and scored for Ingersoll. Loud applause. The game continued only to be cut short for quarter time.

The siren sounded and the game began. This time Marjorie scored for our team, but this good fortune was interrupted by the half-time. When the play resumed Marion entered the courts and during the next quarter some hard fighting took place.

Ingersoll had just started to redeem herself. From the gallery encouragement was gently whispered. But alas! our dreams were shattered, it was all over. The score was just too bad.

Probably the above account will give you an idea as to the fashion in which our games generally proceed.

Woodstock—Ingersoll

This game took place in Woodstock. A considerable number from our school attended along with the teachers. Although our team was defeated it proved to be a very pleasant event because after the game Woodstock treated us to hot chocolate and some stayed to attend the show.

Ingersoll—Woodstock

Here Woodstock again carried off the honors of the game along with some hot-dogs and coffee which the faithful Ingersoll crew served.



PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTESTANTS

BOYS' SPORTS

Rugby

The past rugby season was about an even break for the I. C. I. Mr. Fleming finds it rather hard to enter a team in the W.O.S.S.A. series because there are not enough boys of the right size and age in the school. However a scrub team was gathered together and a few exhibition games were played.

The results of the games were as follows :—

Ingersoll, 28. Norwich, 1
 Norwich 7. Ingersoll 7.
 Ingersoll 7. Norwich 8.
 Ingersoll 0. Westervelt, 5.

The material for the team had plenty

of promise but lack of practice ruined their chances of winning consistently.

The team :—Snap, J. Revell. Insides, (L.), W. Kennedy; (R.), C. Cragg. Middles, (L.), E. Eaton; (R.), E. Carr; Ends, (L.), A. Brown; (R.), P. Maurice; Backs, R. Haycock, R. James, R. Harris; Flying Wing, G. Pirie. Quarter, G. Butler, (Capt.) Subs., J. Scott, A. Thornton, R. Knott.

Basketball

The boys' basketball team confined their activities to exhibition games. They did not win any games for they are under a great handicap, because our gym. affords little chance of real

practice. What practice they did get was obtained mainly in the Trinity United Church Gym. Their first game was with Tillsonburg where they were very badly beaten by a score of 31-9. However they never gave up trying and were by no means disgraced.

Hockey

This year a Junior team was entered in the W.O.S.S.A. series.

The boys were placed in a group with Tillsonburg, St. Thomas and Woodstock. Tillsonburg and Woodstock dropped out and there were left only St. Thomas and Ingersoll.

St. Thomas was eliminated without much trouble. The scores were 2-1 and 5-1 for the locals.

In the next round I. C. I. met the Kitchener Juniors who proved to be too much for the I. C. I. and won by scores of 9-1 and 6-0. Thus we were eliminated from further W.O.S.S.A. play.

Three exhibition tilts with London Central were staged and I. C. I. lost two and tied one.

The team :

Anderson, "Gump" Thornton, our goalie. 'Gump is not very big in actual size but he certainly looked big enough to opposing marksmen at times.

"Wilfred "Wilf." Lindsay, left defense. Wilf. was the pepper pot of the team. He never backed up an inch from anyone and was always in the thick of the play.

Ralph "Tobe" Harris, right defense. Tobe was one of the best body-checkers on the team and also looked after his share of the rushing.

George "Skimmer" Fuller, center—the biggest man on the team and the fastest skater He played a great game all year and scored his share of the goals.

Kitchener "Kit" Henderson, right wing--Kit was the smallest player on the team and also the most consistent scorer. He possesses a shot that struck fear into the opposing goal-tenders every time they saw him coming.

Charles "Chuck" Cragg, left wing (Capt.)—Chuck is a valuable player and has been a tower of strength offensively to the team.

James "Crow" Scott, alternate. Jim is the strongest sub we have and the best checker on the team. It is his delight to worry the opposing forwards.

Delbert "Del" Wollin, alternate. Del is alternate wing man. He is a fast skater and a good stick handler but he is a little shy of the crowd.

Gordon "Gord" Butler, alternate. Gord subbed on the forward line. He was not used as much as the others but when called upon he was always ready to jump in and do his best.



RIFLE TEAM



THE SUNLIT HILLS

The morning woke without a sound;
I rubbed my eyes and looked around.
Upon the grass the drops of dew
Glittered and shone as diamonds do.

Higher and higher climbed the sun,
His sunbeams dancing one by one;
'Till all these jewels away were swept,
Leaving a glossy green carpet.

Here and there a bush or tree,
Tucks in its shadow by slow degree,
Among their boughs a warbler gay,
Trills out his song to the glorious day.

Out of the slope a chuck appears;
First his nose and then his ears.
Upon his mound of dry soft loam
He wonders whereabouts he'll roam.

All on a sudden a bunny brown
Comes a-bobbing o'er the crown;
Straight for his home he hippity-hops
Just over a field in yonder copse.

A butterfly in silent flight,
Now to the left and now to the right,
Searches a fresh unfolded flower
To rest a moment—never an hour.

Slowly a dreamy stillness comes,
Hushing all except a bee that hums
Past me, then all at last
Seems to sleep in silence vast.

JEAN BEATTIE.

A SUMMER STORM

Let's hurry past these winter days
And vision summer fair;
Perfume of flow'rs
Coming from bow'rs
Floats through the cool, damp air.

A storm is threat'ning in the west,
But that is naught to fear;
I love to sit
As swallows flit
And watch the clouds appear.

A calm then covers all the earth;
With baited breath we wait;
The birds and bees
And flow'rs and trees
All seem to hesitate.

The wind starts slowly to increase;
The leaves fly everywhere;
The windmill clangs;
The barn-door bangs;
Excitement fills the air.

The clouds commence to roll up black,
And thunders roll and roar
While lightnings flash
And rain drops dash
To drench the earth once more.

The thunder rumbling now far off,
The drowsy hum of rain
Both on the leaves
And down the eaves
To me is a refrain.

The rain cloud rushes overhead;
The sun creeps out to shine;
The rain drops glist'n;
And, O! just list'n,
The birds say life is fine.

Why do some people hate the storms
That lessen summer's heat?
From daily grind
They ease the mind
Of those who face defeat.

EVA ELLERY.

VICTORY

III. Form Girls' Prize Poem

It is right that you should struggle
 To get to the top of the tree,
 By roads that are fair and worthy,
 Whatever the prize may be;
 Therefore in all things do your best,
 Make the very best your aim;
 Never mind what the rest of them say,
 As long as you play the game.

And whether it be in games or fun,
 Or whether it be in work,
 There's always the prize of tasks well-
 done,
 For these who never shirk;
 There's glory and fame in a fight well-
 won

Truly a tempting prize;
 But the finest joy of all belongs
 To the plucky lad who tries.

Go bravely out competing,
 With dauntless courage true,
 And not for the sake of defeating
 The ones who strive with you.
 Another may gain the prize, lads,
 Another may win the game,
 But he who pluckily tries, lads,
 Is victorious just the same.

GRACE GRIEVE.

NIGHT

III. Form Boys' Prize Poem

Night is here again - -
 Stars sparkle like white jewels
 In the dark sky overhead;
 A silver moon peeps from behind the
 clouds

And casts its radiant beams
 On Mother Earth and her children;
 People hurry to and fro
 Under the mantle of darkness;
 Young swains and maidens
 Trip lightly and gaily along
 To a dance or theatre, or concert;
 Older people walk more slowly
 But they, too, are in the quest of
 pleasure

Some haunt where they might dispel
 The day's worries and sorrow
 With laughter and gaiety
 And so it will go on 'til the end of time

At the close of every fateful day
 There will be a night
 The balm of hearts, wrenched and sad.

KENNETH CAREY.

I. C. I.

I. C. I., they laugh at thee.
 Scorn thy fast decaying frame
 Call thee wretched; smirk and sneer
 At the mention of thy name.

I.C.I. not all are thus
 One, I know, is staunch and true
 One can visualize thy pain
 As those voices come to you.

Deep within thy silent heart
 What a store of knowledge lies.
 If thou hadst the gift of speech
 What a host of tales could rise.

Many faces thou hast seen
 Many feet thy floors have known
 Year by year you've kept the faith
 But the scoffers—they have flown.

Voices that are unheard now
 Feet that tread in other lands
 Weary bodies laid to rest
 Lying cold upon the sands.

Men forget those who have gone
 Memory dies when school-friends part;
 But each face, each voice, each tread,
 Is engraven on thy heart.

Let the mockers sneer and smirk,
 I. C. I. they do not know
 That themselves must reach old age,
 Where thou art—they too must go.

I. C. I. tho' years have left
 Traces on thy floor and wall.
 Thou art still the patriarch
 And the teacher of us all.

MARGUERITE BROWN.

"What did you have for breakfast?"
 "Something beginning with letter n."
 "N'apple, n'egg."
 "No."
 "I give up."
 "No, you're wrong, it was n'orange."

Junior School Section

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE

The Typewriting room enlarged, School out at four instead of five. No Homework. The desks a little larger. A few more spares. New lighting system, no wonder so many are getting glasses, but it may be just a fad. School colours shown more. A school song. A concert or something to wake up the school. A little more co-operation between the Upper, Middle and Lower School. More School Spirit.

POSSIBILITIES

Eric Eaton not detained. Marjorie Hofstetter with her homework not done. Alice Revell with a tidy desk. Hilda Watson with her homework done. Ruth Dales not chewing gum. Margaret Smith not blushing when a boy looks at her. Marjorie Foster and Helen Bowman not talking. Marion Young thinking less of the boys and more of her work.

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

A powder puff makes a good blotter. A straight back comb is a possible ruler. A rubber or a pencil makes a dandy meal

THE HAPPY STUDENT

Happy are they that do their homework,
For they shall have no correction.
Happy are they who mind their teachers,
For their hours will end at four.
Happy are they that can see the board,
For they shall not have front seats,
Happy are they who have spares,
For they shall not have homework.

A FEW JOKES

Breathes there a student
With soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
Homework be darned—I'll go to bed.

Marion Murray—Hey, Janet, lend me

your Latin.

Janet Thompson—Don't copy it.

Marion—Certainly not! I'll correct all your mistakes.

Jack Dunn—Say Dad, I can't get these 'rithmetic examples. Teacher said something 'bout findin' the greatest common divisor.

Dad—Great Scott! haven't they found that thing yet, they were looking for it when I was a boy.

Mr. Young to Marjorie Foster.—Why were you late?

Marjorie—Well I had to wait for the stop lights.



JUNIOR LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Middle and Upper School Section

Can you imagine :—

- Edgar Gill silent ?
- Bert Carr in short pants ?
- Max Sumner in rompers ?
- Kirk Whaley on a bicycle ?
- Eleanor Green in Mildred Hunsberger's dress ?
- Ross Hossack with a goatee ?
- Catherine Hargan and Marj. Adams early for one day ?
- Helen Bower in a red dress ?

FIFTH FORM NEWS

Fifth Form is not such a dead form as fourth and third are led to believe.

It must be a form of very diligent and well mannered students as it is left to itself in bona fides between nine o'clock and nine-forty each school morning, conditions permitting.

However, general discontent sometimes arises as is invariably the case even in the best managed establishments. The storm broke last week in a highly electrified debate. "Should we accept the scientific theory of evolution as an explanation of our present civilized existence, imperfect as it is." Had you been privileged to have been present although obscurely located, you should have gone away harbouring more doubt in your mind, than all the proffered explanations of Einstein's theory of relativity would provoke in two weeks.

You should either have attempted to climb to the top of the ceiling, via the electric light cord, throw an imaginary tail over the nearest chandelier, clamber into a sitting position and at once go through the motions of eating bananas, or you should have been amazed at the difficulty confronting you as you endeavoured to go from fourth to third form directly through the intervening wall.

Mr. Young naturally was attracted by the sound of rapid arguing and consequently arrived in the doorway "pro tempore." But it was not to be endured

long, for his ears were baffled by the staccato cascade of scientific words, theories, idioms and expressions not to mention a suggestion of sermons and Bible study.

He left immediately wearing an expression of disgust and boredom and no doubt was asking himself, "What will the next year bring?"

"Evolution" three guesses. What is it, take it or leave it.

FOURTH FORM NEWS

Well as to Fourth Form, Mr. Young does not need to worry. The star pupils are now in Fifth Form. Fifth will drift away from the I. C. I. but poor old Fourth will remain in Fourth forever and ever.

Chemistry seems to be Fourth's worst ailment. Perhaps it will be like this :

Fourth Form studied Chemistry,
They study it no more,
For what they took for H₂O
Was H₂SO₄.

THIRD FORM NEWS

Now we come to Third Form. All we know about them by sight is loads and loads of books and we presume hours and hours of home work. Behold the future Prime Ministers, Bishops, Inventors and what not. Here's a third form for you. Every day at four o'clock they carry home all the books in their desks, lay them on the hall-rack and other places which such monstrosities should not deform, and promptly forget them until next morning when they carry them back again feeling very virtuous for having done homework. Their main reason for attending school at all is for the girls to get out of doing dishes and the boys to evade the furnace. The careers they plan for themselves vary from time to time. At home they are dreamed of as ministers, doctors, lawyers etc., but they are torn between

truck drivers and dog-catchers.

In their own words they're tough enough to chew nails and spit tacks. When they are quiet, they are dears, but when they are noisy they are unmistakably just "Third Form painting the school red again."

—o—
DITES-MOI

Is Eleanor Green ?
Does Grace Grieve ?
Is Eileen Brown ?
Has Margaret Nichols ?
Does Betty Wade ?
Is Isabelle Dunn ?
Can Ken Carey ?
Can Clayton Drum ?

—o—
FORM V

Now listen and we'll tell you
About the good Form V
Fourteen is our number
And for honours we all strive.

Helen with auburn hair
Sits in the very front seat
She's a favourite with everyone
Because she looks so neat.

Good things in small parcels come,
Often this we're told,
Mildred proves this statement
Because she's good as gold.

Edgar is a clever lad
Who teases everyone,
He played with Morton's pen-knife,
Oh! how the blood did run.

Marion and Marguerite
Would be friends for evermore,
But Marion takes great pleasure
Pushing Marg's books on the floor.

Harold asks questions,
With little hesitation,
For what he doesn't understand
Must have an explanation.

Grace and Marie are good friends
To that I will swear
Wherever you find one
The other sure is there.

Maurice and Don are rivals
That much we have heard

And often times they tell us
That blondes are much preferred.

Olive says the trip to school
Is not so very far
For what does distance matter
When a girlie has a Carr.

Morton comes each day to school
Why we cannot tell,
He goes to sleep at nine each morn
And wakes at the noontime bell.

Evelyn we understand
Is training for a race,
She rushes in each day at nine
In flushed and breathless haste.

Gerald says it gets his goat
It really is a bother,
When daughter puts on Ma's fur coat
You can't tell one from the other.

MARIE DOWNING.



I. C. I. TEACHING STAFF

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS
FROM FIFTH FORM

Dear Santa Claus :

We find it meet
At this far distant day,
To write a note
And tell you what
To bring on Christmas Day.

Dear Donnie wants some brand-new
books

His old are quite out-worn
His hungry search for pictures bright
Has left them old and torn.

And Maurice wants a Teddy Bear
To hug and sing to sleep
Dear Santa, please be kind to him
We cannot see him weep.

Wee Marion demands a doll
With flaxen, curly hair,
With big blue eyes that softly close
At times when Joe is there.

But Olive asks for skimming sled
Because, (I whisper low),
A certain lad has volunteered
To draw her to and fro.

Now, Helen wants a party dress
Just like the grown up girls
So she can go to the dancing class
And wear coquettish curls.

The little Gill boys want a car
With four wheel brakes and horn,
O Santa Claus ! don't disappoint,
You know, 'tis Christmas morn.

Marie and Grace and Mildred seek
An aeroplane to fly
Above the trains and tired horse
Which drag so slowly by.

And Evelyn asks for something nice
"Dear Santa, I don't care
As long as I awake to find
That something waiting there."

O Santa Claus I 'most forgot.
Wee Morton wants a gun
To shoot at everything he sees
In short, to have some fun.

For me, I don't want anything,
Be good to all the rest,
I'll slip downstairs before they wake
And take what I like best.

We sign ourselves
With heaps of love,
And loads of Christmas cheer
Good little girls,
Good little boys,
The happy fifth form year.

A CARTOON IN WORDS

We've a genius in the school, a tall,
handsome genius. His dark hair waves
above a high brow furrowed with think-
ing, his long fingers extended as if in
search of knowledge seem to show how
very little of the commodity we possess.
When he smiles all is sunshine; but
when he frowns, a cloud has passed
over the sky and the world is shadowed.

You are all familiar with his tall
figure in the halls as he argues with
some of the fellows about the sagacious
policies of the Conservative Govern-
ment, or discourses on Evolution. His
oratory is the acme of perfection to
which the rest of us vainly struggle.
His cartooning skill is known by every-
one. His gracious but firm opinions are
broadcast extensively.

He is the delight and despair of the
teachers. You can ask him a question
and he'll answer it. If he doesn't know
a thing about it he'll answer anyway—
it's all the same to him. In short he's
the Book of Knowledge and the Web-
ster's Dictionary put into one volume.

But let me say as an asset to the
Ingersoll Collegiate there are few like
him. The Collegiate will be the poorer
when he goes. Who is he ?

RUTH MEINZINGER.

"YOU ASK US WHY"

You ask us, why tho 'ill at ease,
Within this ark we shake and freeze.
Our spirits falter 'mid the gloom,
And languish in this dreary room :

A room so very still and quiet
When sage Miss Carney is our diet;
Where Latin slowly penetrates
The crusty shells of our dumb pates :

Where Mr. Bole in phrases strong
When hot debate we would prolong

Says, sharp and firm, "No time to lose,
Work or remain, it's yours to choose."

Where Miss Depew in accents fine,
"Mes enfants, please translate this line.
For if you don't, you'll surely stay
For half an hour in Form 2A."

Where Mr. Brogden, tall and grand,
Draws on the board with skilful hand,
Circles and squares and triangles too,
What baffling things that man can do !

Mr. Young, with eloquence rare,
Teaches physics with patient care.
He is the principal of our school,
A friend to all who obey his rule.

Pardon these verses—our very first try,
Sorry to say, our brains have run dry.
Some other time, perchance we may,
Write numerous poems that are O. K.

Grace Grieve and Jean Beattie

FROM THE DAILY PRESS, 1940

"Air News." Morton Wilson has been successful in inventing an airless balloon which has ascended to the height of 20,000,000 feet.

"Pictorial Review." Doris Keeler, noted designer, is now designing new styles in hoops and bustles.

"Chemistry Research." Gerald Gill, noted chemist and experimenter, has discovered a new formula for coffee. It is $H_2SO_4 + H_2CO_3$.

"Sentimental Review." Marguerite Brown has just graduated with honours in Geometry, due to the tuition of Professor Maurice Hughes, B.A. Professor Hughes is now instructing Mary Breen.

"New Outlook." Rev. E. Gill, M.A., has been called to Trinity United Church. We wish Rev. Gill all success.

"Musical Magazine." Miss Olive Stewart is directing a two piece orchestra.

"Canadian Railroader." Theodore Nancekivell has been appointed engineer on the C. P. R. Ingersoll—Port Burwell line. He succeeded Charles Cragg, who was two minutes late on his last trip.

"Air News." Marion Clifton, the famous woman aviator, took off at dawn in the "Hope of Folden's Corners", on

the Folden's Corners to Sweaburg flight.

"Chicago Herald." Bert Carr has joined the ranks of Barnum and Bailey Circus as the tallest man in the world."

"Brantford Expositor." Donald Rogers was the soloist at the Colbourne Street Church last evening. His fine tenor solos were greatly enjoyed by all.

"Buffalo Courier." Fred George passed through yesterday with his rare collection of animals and birds.

"London Times." Helen Cain and Ted Carr were fined for parking by a hydrant. The fine was \$19.98%.

"Sentimental Review." Mesdames Catherine Hargan and Marjorie Adams gave a lecture in the City Hall on the subject, "How Homework may be done easily and quickly."

"Detroit Adventure." Russell Coles, head of the city Detective Department, was shot down to-day while investigating in the district of Delbert Wollin's Speak-easy.

POOR BUTTERFLY !

It is a flippant dama-sel,
And she stoppeth one of three.
By thy cherry- red lips and flirting eyes
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?

"My fiancee's doors are opened wide,
And I must keep my date;
The family's gone, we'll be alone :
Let go ! I cannot wait."

She holds him with her lily hand,
"There was a girl," quoth she.
"Hold off ! unhand me, gay coquette !"
Eftsoons her hand dropt she.

She holds him with her flirty eye—
John Kirkwood stood quite still,
And listens like a love-starved man:
The flapper hath her will.

The hinder'd swain sat on a stone :
He cannot choose but hear;
Although he would much rather be,
With Marjorie Foster dear : - -

"The word was said, and we were wed,
Merrily did we go
Below the kirk, below the hill,
To our cute bungalow.

"A year passed by and Ken and I
Dwelt in rapturous bliss :
Each morning as the whistle blew
We parted with a kiss.

"And then the storm-blast came, and she
Was cruel and very fair !
She captured him with her coyish ways:
He soon gave me the air !"

"Come off ! come off ! quoth the ang-
er'd youth,

"Relate not your sins to me !
Let me go ! Wild wench, I must be gone,
Girl, away with thee !

"Forsaken went I to my mother's
As Mrs. Kenneth Carey,
I filed a divorce, granted of course,
And now I'm just Marge Bailey."

"God save thee, gay coquette,
From the fiend that plagued thee thus !
If thou had'st knifed her murky heart,
'Twould have been all too just !"

"Take back your words, thou strung-on
knave,

Mark well what I say :—
Why look'st thou so ? - - With my
cross-bow
I shot your fiancee !"

The dama-sel, whose eye is pale,
Whose locks with fear are hoar,
Is gone : and now the hinder'd swain
Turned from the cottage door.

He went like one that had been stunned
And is of sense forlorn :
A clammy corpse, all still and stark,
They found the morrow morn.

RUSSELL COLES.

MOSTLY NONSENSE

The old dilapidated "Carr" which had the appearance of having been constructed in "Adams" day, was of a "Maxwell" make. Being fast-day at the "Kirk", Gerald Pirie was "Downing" the "Hills" in great speed like a "Freeman." The wheels made so many "Grace"-ful "Revell"-utions per minute that the "Dunlop" tires gave way and rolled down over the "Craggs." There being but one "Goodrich" tire remaining he set out afoot with his crooked old "Cain" under his arm. Often he became frightened by the "Russell" of

the "Bobbies" and "Harolds" who were taking a "Knapp" among the ever-"Green" shrubs. Coming to a stream of water he was forced to "Wade." Having, "Dunn" these proceedings he arrived at the church late. After throwing "Nichols" at the "Clark", he asked him to "Carey" him to his vacant chair.

The "Grieve" 'd old man was now "Brown" behind the "Gills" with an "Eric"

Here sat in his presence, "James" "Watts" still watching the steam and King "George" with his toy "Drum", while "Nelson" and "Edward" III were making themselves "Mary" by flirting with Queen "Elizabeth". Later Gerald related his story and he was awarded by the "Butler" with "Laurel" and "Olive" wreaths.

T. R. NANCEKIVELL.



SENIOR LITERARY EXECUTIVE



Bert Carr, (mushly) — Thinking about me, dear ?

Olive—Oh, was I laughing ? I'm sorry deary.

Mr. Brogden, teaching Third Form Geometry—What is ON ?

Ralph Harris—A preposition.

Helen Cain says she can't get along without her car.

We wonder which car she means.

In a Latin sentence Don Rogers put a feminine ending on a masculine word.

Miss Carney—"Can't you think of anything but women, Rogers ?"

"When love comes," says a certain doctor, "The eye is blurred, the face becomes pale, the heart palpitates, sleep is irregular and the sufferer loses weight."

Comment—Sounds like the flu.

Stout Lady (to small boy)—"Can I get through this gate to the park ?"

Alan Hargan—"I guess so, a load of hay just went through."

Iva Riddle—"What is the hardest thing when you learn to use roller skates ?"

Elsie Richardson—"The floor."

One night Howard Carr's father asked him how he was getting along at school.

"Oh fine," said Howard. "The teacher said if everybody was like me he would close the school to-morrow, so he must think I know a lot."

Stranger (at gate)—"Is your mother at home ?"

Bill Kennedy—"Well, do you suppose I'm mowing this lawn because the grass is long ?"

Cecil Henderson—"I've had this car for two years and never had a wreck."

Ty Markham—"You mean you've had this wreck for two years and never had a car."

Mildred Russell—"Do you think my voice would fill that big hall ?"

Jack Mayberry—"No, but it would probably empty it."

"That is a skyscraper," announced Mr. Fleming.

Ruth Sutherland ! "My, I'd love to see it work." (Copied.)

Bill bent over her and whispered—"Honey, if I asked you in French if I might kiss you, what would you answer ?"

Marion quickly called up remembrance of the French language :—"Billet Doux!" she said.

Madam—"Clarence, I am not accustomed to calling my chauffeur by his first name. What is your surname?"

Chauffeur—"Darling, Ma'am."

Madam—"Drive on Clarence."

Chuck C.—"Her niece is rather good looking, eh ?"

G. Butler—"Don't say 'knees is', say 'knees are.'"

Katherine Hargan—"Sakes alive, I don't believe a woman could have ever been so fat."

Harold N.—"What are you reading now, Kay?"

Katherine—"Why this paper tells about an English woman who lost two thousand pounds."

Mr. Bole—"In what condition was George III., at the end of his life."

Fred George—"Dead."

"Hey, punkinhead! Why don't you get married?"

"Well gump, there's five reasons."

"What are they?"

"Wife and five kids."

Watts (reading)—

He look and more amazed

Than if seven men had set upon him,
saw

The maiden standing in the dewy light

He had not dreamed she was so beautiful

Mr. Bole—"And it was in the morning, too."

Mr. Young, having come down the aisle seeing that Revell had the gas going full force—"Have you got shares in the gas company?"

Father—"I never smoked when I was your age, Don. Will you be able to say that when you grow up?"

Don R.—"Not with such a straight face as you do Dad, you've got me beat there."

Don Rogers' father, (to Don)—"Now when you are going to school I don't want to hear any bad reports about you."

Don—"I'll try to see that you don't, but you know how these things leak out."

Paternal voice from second floor—"Oh Helen, is the light on down there?"

(Muffled reply)—"No papa we turn-

ed it out."

"That's a good girl."

Laura—"Was Harry much cast down after he spoke to your father?"

Nora—"Yes, three flights of stairs."

"Mildred R. seems very fond of music doesn't she?"

"Yes indeed. You'll always find her at the piano when her mother is washing the dishes."

Jerrie—"I tell you old man, when I get married I'll be the boss or I'll know the reason why."

Delbert—"Oh, you'll know the reason all right."

Aviator—"Wanna fly?"

Edna Kerr—"You betcha."

Aviator—"Wait, I'll catch one for you."

Ruth rode in my new cycle car

In the seat in back of me;

I took a bump at fifty-five

And rode on ruthlessly.

Miss Carney—"What age are we living in now?"

Butler—"The Hard-boiled Age."

He passed the bobby without any fuss,
And he passed a cart of hay:

He tried to pass a swerving bus,

And then he passed away.

Ted Carr—"You're buying your girl's face powder now?"

Whaley—"Yes, some that won't show on a blue serge suit."

Markam—"My uncle is feeling sore."

Cragg—"Which uncle?"

Markham—"Carbuncle."

Miss Carney to Delbert Wollin in a Latin class—"What is the conjunction used in Latin to introduce a clause of indirect command."

Delbert—(Hesitating), spells ne.

Miss Carney—"Don't you know how to pronounce it?"

Delbert—"Nay (ne)?"

Jones—"The girls of to-day dress like Old Mother Hubbard."

George—"No they don't. They dress like Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard."

Mr. Bole—"When did Julius Caesar appear to best advantage?"

George—"When he asked the conspirators in for a drink before they went to the Capitol."

The following is a letter written by a thirteen year old school girl to her mother 110 years ago :—

Ingersoll, June 2/1820

My dear mother :—

It is with the greatest pleasure I announce to you what I trust will be welcome intelligence, that our vacation will commence on Wednesday, the fourteenth of this month when I hope the improvement I have made in every branch of my education will answer your expectations.

With affectionate duty to my father and love to my brothers and sisters, I remain, my dear mother,

Your dutiful daughter,

Mary.

In contrast one of our girls writes :—
Dear Mum :

Isn't it the bee's knees that we'll be through the grind next Wednesday? We're having a wov of a party to wind things up with. Will jam my stuff together and beat it for the train the minute the last yell's yelled. Tell Dad I need a 10-spot to get home on. I'm down to the last smacker.

Just dying to squeeze the whole bunch of you to nothing.

Yours frantically,

Molly.

They say that Kilarney ;

Is famed for its blarney ;

But if you'd be thrilled,

Just hear our Miss Carney.

LeRoy Haycock and Robert James, two of our foremost athletes, were discussing their respective abilities to see and hear :—

Haycock—"Do you see that barn over there on the horizon?"

James—"Yes."

Haycock—"Can you see that fly walking around on the roof of the barn?"

James—"No, but I can hear the shingles crack every time he steps on them."

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Waitress—Hawaii, gentlemen. Youse must be Hungary to eat in a dump like this.

First man—Yes Siam. And we can't Rumania long either. Venice lunch ready?

Waitress—I'll Russia to a table. Will you Havana?

First man—Nome. You can wait on us.

Waitress—Good Japan the menu yet? The Turkey is Nice.

First man—Anything at all. But can't Jamaica little speed?

Waitress—I don't think we can Fiji that fast but Alaska.

First man—Never mind asking anyone. Just put a Cuba sugar in our Java.

Waitress—Sweden it yourself. I'm only here to Servia.

First man—Denmark our bills and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who I am.

Waitress—No, and I don't Carribean. You'se sure Armenia.

Boss—Samoa your wise cracks is it? Don't Genoa customer is always right? What got India? You think maybe this arguing Alps business?

Customer—Canada racket! 'Spain in the neck.

—Copied.

Sumner—"When I put the coat on the first time and buttoned it up, the seam burst down the back.

Tailor—"Yes! 'Vell dat just show how vell our buttons are sewed on."

Morton—"I hear you quit stepping that school teacher."

Edgar—"Yes, I didn't show up one night and she asked me to bring a note signed by my mother."

Ted Carr (excitedly)—“Oh, Sir, there's a Scotchman out there who wants ten cents worth of poison to commit suicide. How can I save him?”

Boss—“Tell him, it will cost twenty cents.”

Mildred Russell—“What do you do to keep your hands so white?”

Ruth Jenvey—“I do nothing.”

“Here Dora, is an apple. Divide it politely with your sister.

“How shall I divide it politely, Mama?”

“Why always give the larger part to the other person, my child.”

Dora thought a moment then handed the apple to her sister saying:—“Here Sis, you divide it.”

—(Short Stores.)

Small boy (to old man with whiskers)—“Say Mister, were you on the ark?”

Old Man—“No, my boy.”

Small boy—“Then why weren't you drowned?”

Motor Cop—“I've a good mind to give you a ticket.”

Helen Cain—“Well, if you must, make it for a musical comedy.”

Ted Carr, returning from Toronto.—“Gee, I think I've got Whooping Cough.”

Ken.—“You mean Whoopee Cough don't you?”

Oath.—“I never associate with my inferiors. Do you?”

Marg.—“I don't know. You see I never meet any of your inferiors.”

Maurice to Don.—“Which is the easier to learn, rugby or baseball?”

Don.—“One is as easy as the other. In baseball you hit nothing, in rugby you hit everything.”

Gerald (who has been to the Zoo)—“Why do elephants have such big trunks?”

Evelyn—“They have to come all the way from India, stupid.”

King Arthur—“I'm afraid the Round Table is doomed.”

Lancelot—“Doomed my Lord.”

King Arthur—“Yes, Guinevere thinks that an oblong table would go better with the rest of the palace furniture.”

Teacher—“What tense is “I am beautiful?”

Pupils in chorus:—“Past.”

Teacher in Physics Class—“In what three states is water found?”

Pupil (just waking up)—“Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania.”

Goldie—“What is the most dangerous part of an automobile?”

Doris—“The nut that holds the steering wheel.”

“She's rich now her father struck oil.”

“And she now does nothing but gush.”

Jean Wallace—“Why do they have knots in the ocean instead of miles?”

Mable Clark—“Well if they didn't have knots they couldn't have the ocean tide.”

Mr. Young, (At an examination)—“Does the question embarrass you, Hills?”

“Not at all sir,” replied Hills, “not at all. It is the answer that bothers be.”

Land-lady, (knocking at the bed-room door)—“Eight o'clock! Eight o'clock.”

Eva, (sleepily)—“Did you? Better call a doctor.”

Wilford Lindsay—“The girls all smiled at me when I came in the room.”

Alan Crawford—“No wonder; I laughed out loud when I first saw you.”

Teacher—“Max, is trousers singular or plural?”

Sumner, (after much thought)—“Singular at the top and plural at the bottom.”

(Canadian Farmer.)

During a hold-up in Chicago according to the Ingersoll News Reporter, a young stenographer, Marguerite Brown was grazed by a bullet. Thinking she was dying she dictated a farewell note—"Write to Maurice", she whispered, "give him my true love and best regards. Carbon copies to Don and Harold."

—(Copied.)

Harold Smith—"I've got to see Edgar about one-twenty."

Don Rogers—"Well, I'd like to see him about two twenties and a five."

(Frantic)—"It's all over the school, isn't it?"

(Excitedly)—"What?"

(Calmly)—"The roof."

Mr. Brogden asked Harold Smith a question in Algebra class and inquired why he didn't answer.

Smith—"I did, I shook my head."

Mr. Brogden—"You don't expect me to hear it all the way up here do you?"
(Ontario Farmer.)

"POPULAR SONGS"

Now "Ramona" was a pretty young thing, and "Barnacle Bill, the Sailor", adored her because she was so "Lovable and Sweet."

One afternoon as Ramona was returning from "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," Bill happened along near "Weary River" in his jolly little roadster.

Oh here is my "Vagabond Lover", he said, "I may be wrong, but I think

you're Wonderful."

How happy you must be, I heard you "Singing in the Rain" was Ramona's only reply.

"Well, he said, if I don't, 'I get the Blues When it Rains.' Oh 'Don't be Like That,' 'Am I Blue?'" she said.

That night he popped the question and as he left her he said, "I Kiss Your Hand Madame," I will go home now "With a Song in My Heart." She replied "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," and thus they parted. That night the "Carolina Moon" shone brightly for both.

Soon "Wedding Bells" were in the air.

They went to "Constantinople" on their honeymoon, the land "Where the Shy Little Violets Grow." He kept repeating in ecstasy, this is "My Blue Heaven."

Everyone that saw Ramona and Bill so happy, said, "That's What I Call Heaven."

—(Copied)

PRIZE WINNERS

Form III.—Poetry, Grace Grieve, Kenneth Carey. Short Story—Clayton Drum.

Form II.—Short Story, Reta Turner.

Form I.—Composition, Jack Hunsberger.

Cover Page Design—Allan Crawford.

Circulation:—

Senior Lit.—Nelson Jones.

Junior Lit.—Marion Young.

The Volt Staff, thanks the teachers who so generously donated the prizes.

Biltmore Cafe

"The Best Place to Dine"

John G. Lee, Prop.

Just An Old I. C. I. Boy

ALUMNI

The students who last year came to the end of their school days at the Ingersoll Collegiate Institute have chosen many different walks of life.

Among those studying at University are :—

At Toronto—Norval Bonesteel, Herman Herring, Kathleen Pirie.

At Western—Donald Wallace.

At Queen's—John Walton.

A number are also attending Business College. At the Ingersoll Business College are :—Claude Cain, Esther Bowman, Beatrice Sumner, Myrtle Watson, Mary Watson, Bernie Zurbrigg.

At Westervelt—Audrey Riddle.

In the Ingersoll banks are :—Harry Arkell and Clifford Baynton.

Those attending Normal School are :—London, Catherine Hanlon; Toronto, Helen Carney.

Ronald Mayberry is attending London Technical School. Jean Dunn and Marion Skinner are studying at Macdonald Institute, Guelph.

Many have not decided on their course yet and are now at home:—Olive Humphries, Beatrice Leslie, Cecil Riddle, Ruth Meinzinger, Ivah Bartindale, Carl Edmunds, Hugh Crotty, Hubert Fitzmorris, Gordon Elliot, Marion Hawkins, Hazel Law, Jean Reith, Dorothy Kennedy, Fred Oldridge, Jean Clarke, George Savage, Howard Zavitz and Fred Shelton.

Those attending other collegiates are: Effa Cuthbert at Woodstock, and Grace Thomas at Harriston.

Those who have moved to other centres are:—Lawrence Patterson, Helen Smith, Maribel Carmichael, Kathleen Pardoe, James Butler, Grant and Martin Mathewson.

Mildred Muir is at the Graham Designing School in Toronto.

Robert Needham is working for the London Advertiser.

Fred Adams is working at the Ing-

ersoll Machine Company.

George Bowe is operating cafes at Brantford, Paris and Ingersoll.

Douglas Carr is at Agnew-Surpass Shoe Store.

Leta Manzer is bookkeeper at the Ingersoll Telephone Co. Office.

Harold Gray and Donald Griswold are working at the Morrow Co.

Clifford Stevenson delivers for Greenaway's Grocery Store.

Nan Anderson is clerking at W. A. Forman's.

Lillian Baynton is working at Gibson and Taylor's Stock Office.

Edith Making in office at Eckhardt's.

Harry Farncombe is working at Zurbrigg's Bake Shop.

Ruth Wilson is clerking in Cairns.

We all extend our best wishes to Maurice Hughes for a recovery so that he may be amongst us once again.

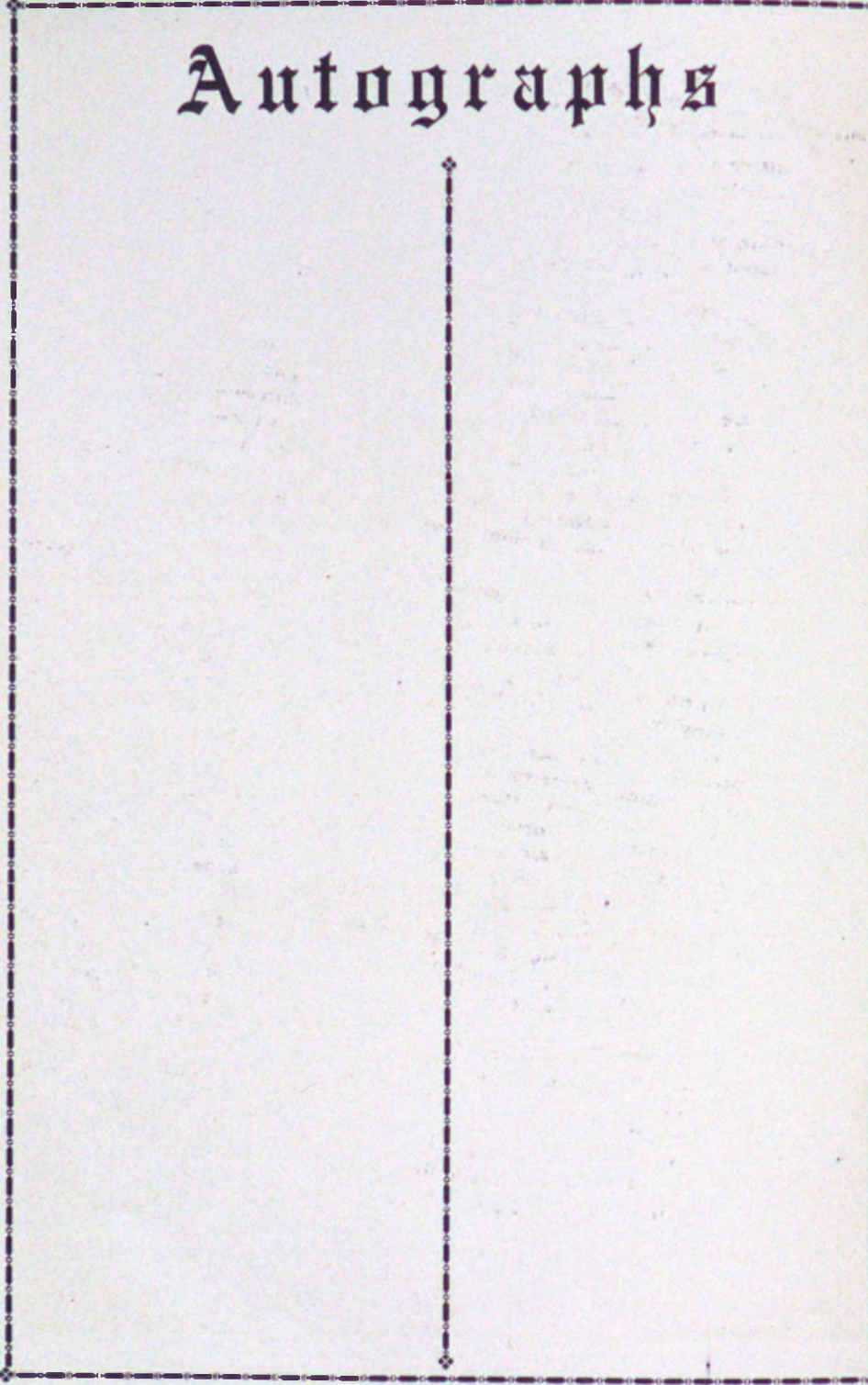
We all hope that Katherine Batcheller may soon recover.

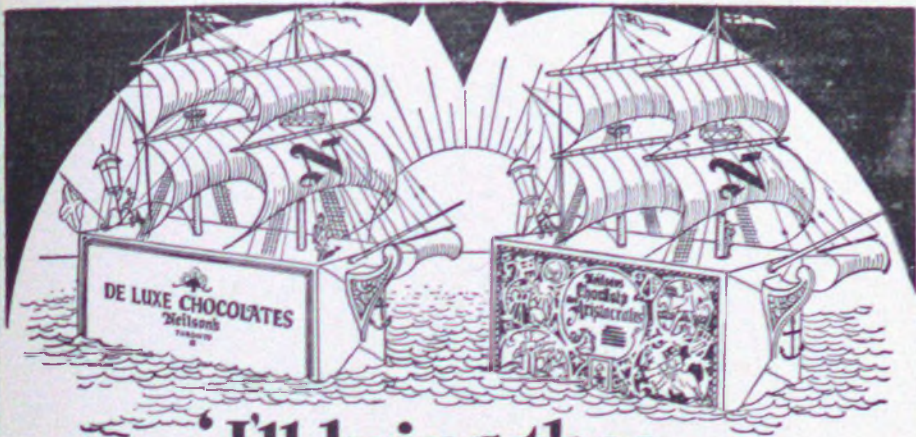
Of the two teachers that left us last year, Miss Hendershott to become Mrs. Brogden and Miss McConnell we often think and hope that they still remember the pupils here.

I wonder if the members of the Alumni remember when they too were here in the halls we now frequent and perhaps played the same pranks on teachers as we do? Isn't it a glorious life?

Don't you all remember those basket ball, hockey, and rugby games you went to and literally hollered yourself hoarse and deafened others in your attempt to let them know you belonged to the Ingersoll delegation? Do you remember those long, too long hours you spent in detention thinking penitently of misdeeds? Do you remember when that picture was taken and the queer look on your face? Do you remember.....?

Autographs





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CROOKS' GALLERY

NAME	ALIAS	NOTED FOR	HABITAT	FAVOURITE SAYING	MOTTO
Don Rogers	"Doc"	Hockey Powers	Pool Room	"Why did you do that?"	Never agree with anybody.
Maurice Hughes	"Mosie"	Personality	"Metro"	"Let me show you"	Help those in need.
Marion Clifton	"Slip"	Bright Remarks	Wilson's Truck	"Marg do you love me?"	Love and learn.
Olive Stewart	"Oly"	Music	V Form Desk	"Who told you?"	To get 'em bigger and better.
Marguerite Brown	"Mag"	Homework undone	Library	"Wouldn't that scald ya"	It's never to late to mend
Catharine Hargan	"Toots"	Dancing	With Doris	"Oh, I couldn't do that"	Always borrow from a pessimist.
Marjorie Adams	"Slick"	Homework	With Catharine and Doris	"I really did it all myself"	Never follow anothers footsteps.
Doris Keeler	"Dee"	Music and Art	With Catharine	"I've got a new song"	Live while you may.
Isabelle Dunn	"Bis"	Size	Fosters	"Oh, do you know what happened"	Look up, lift up.
Bert Carr	"Bertie"	Height	Stewarts	"I wonder where Olive is?"	To surpass every man.
Helen Cain	"Cainey"	Alacrity	With Ted	"Lets do that again"	Time will tell.
William Hills	"Bill"	Orations	Church	"Now we must decide"	Let us enlighten others.
Charles Cragg	"Chuck"	Teachers Pet?	School	"Can that be right"	Variety is the spice of life.
Gordon Butler	"Gordie"	Ways with women	Garage	"Wouldn't that cut you?"	The sooner the better.
Fred George	"Freddie"	Simplicity	Anywhere	"Nothing in particular"	Play the fool.
Kenneth Carey	"Ken"	Appearance	Unknown	"You don't say"	May I always remain beautiful.
Betty Wade	"Bet"	Sauciness	Dean's	"I didn't do it"	Laugh your way through trouble.
Jack Dunn	"Dunnie"	Cleverness	Hardware	"Well I did"	Set on 'em.
Donald Buchanan	"Don"	Lateness	Bed	"A train detained me"	Sometime I'll do it.

Keep on top.
 Take 'em or leave 'em.
 The more the merrier.
 Save and grow rich.
 Loaf while you may.
 Keep 'em going.
 Sleep makes you thin.
 Get 'em in a rumble.
 Never satisfy.

It was wonderful
 "I've got a detention"
 "Well now"
 "Oh, uh, uh"
 "Will you have a humbug?"
 "I'm going to..."
 "Did you notice?"
 "Would you like that?"
 "I'll flip you"

Home
 Streets
 Kirk's Car
 Smith's
 Dean's
 Oyster Supper
 His Trousers
 Foster's
 Anywhere

Laughing
 Impishness
 Boy Friends
 Goodness
 Trouble
 Parties
 Appeal
 His Car
 Character

Mirah
 "Daro"
 "Marj"
 "Donnie"
 "Dollo"
 "The Queen"
 "Sax Munner"
 "Kirk"
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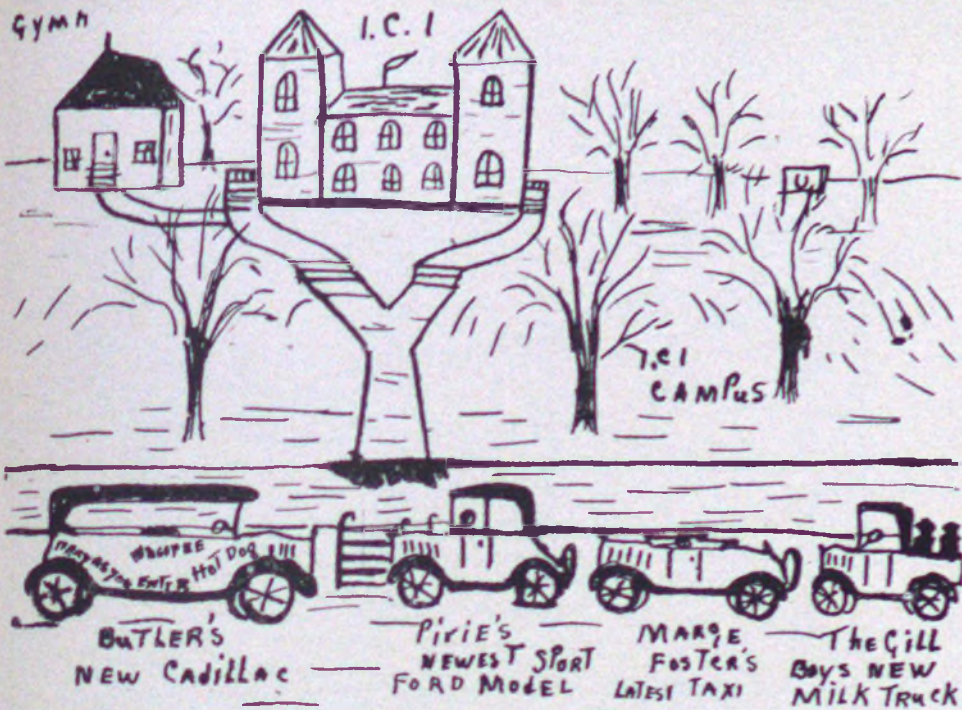
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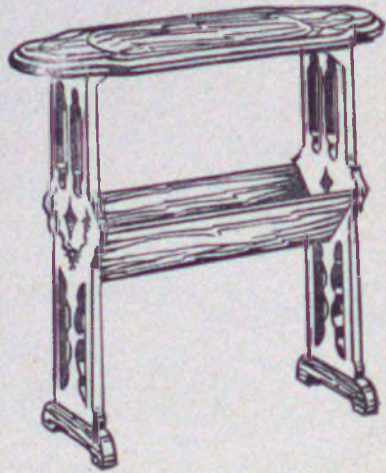
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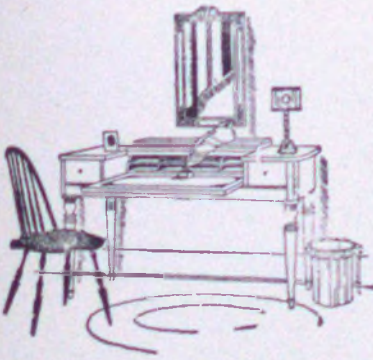
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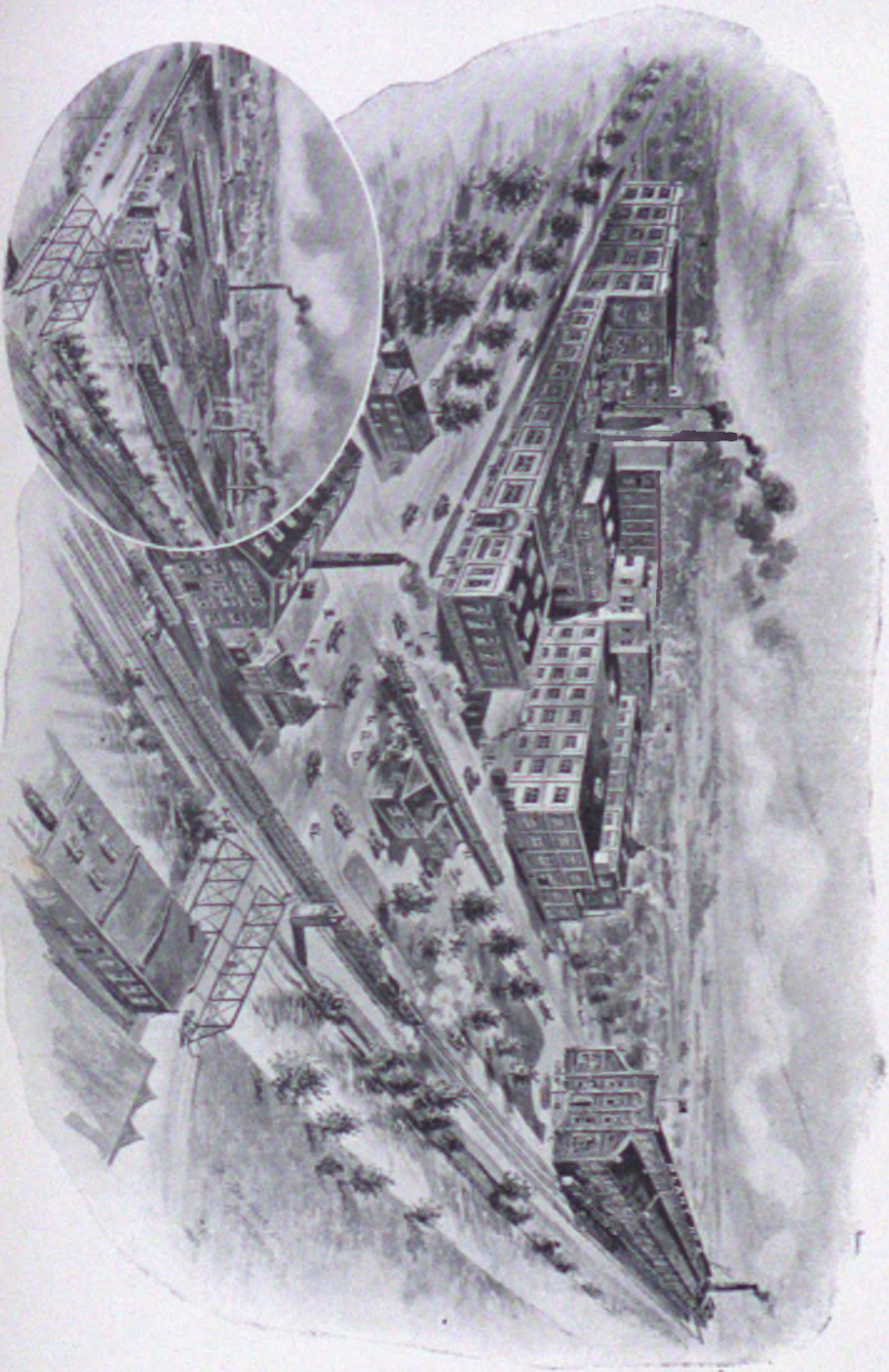
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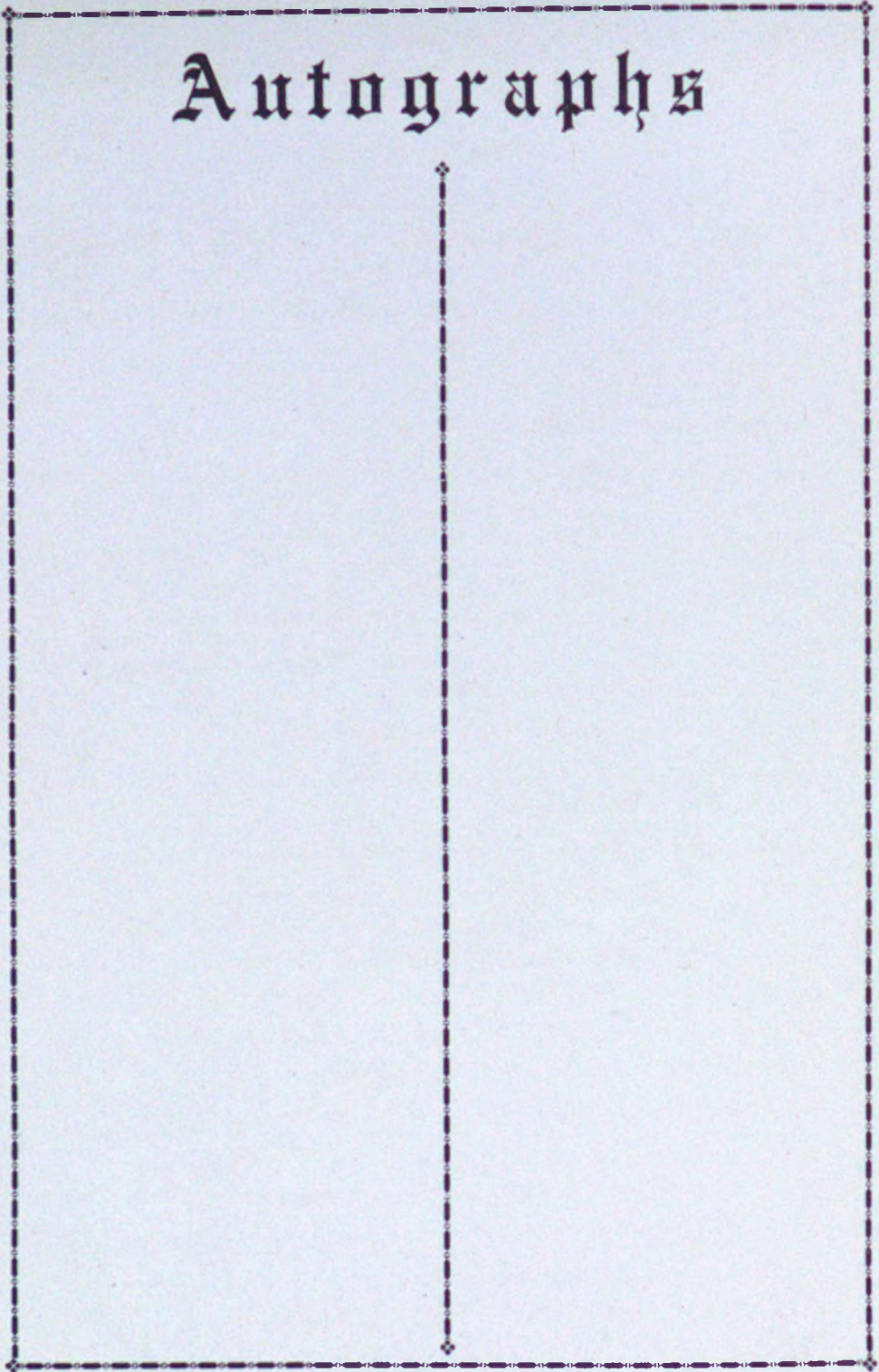
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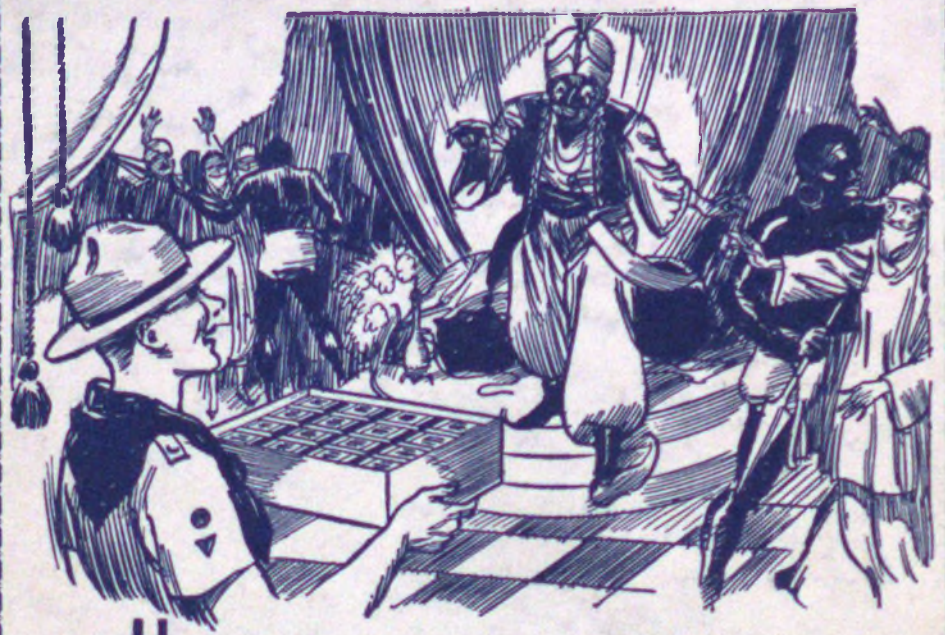
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AUG 21



How Jacky Canuck became Grand Wazir of Khorassan

"Let him approach at once. Hold back these envious hordes. What ho! — a princely Gift. O marvellous! — a package more rare than jewels. O gold-and-white covered cubes of ecstasy! Long have I wanted a box of that great Western comfit "Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate" and never could I get one through because of the greed of my attendants. Let this thrice welcome stranger be rewarded above the first of my subjects."

In such impassioned terms did the Sultan of Khorassan greet Jacky Canuck from Canada as that intrepid lad journeyed East in search of adventure and, having saved the greatest of his trading treasures, a 5 dozen box of Neilson's Jersey Milk Chocolate Bars, for the eye of the Sultan alone, was duly and properly rewarded with the lordly position of Grand Wazir of Khorassan. Then by establishing a fleet of aeroplanes between the Court and the Neilson plant in far away Toronto he was able to maintain a constant stream of cases of Neilson's Chocolate Bars for the Sultan's private use and thus made his position doubly secure. Of course, in due time, he shared the Sultan's throne and bossed the Kingdom.

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