

Vol. 3
No. 1

THE

WORLD



1933



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Mr. Stevens: "What was her name?"

Mr. Herbert: "I found out later it was Hill."

* * *

Doris Le Faive (over telephone): "Doc what time you fixee teeth for me?"

Doctor: "Two-thirty all right?"

Doris Le Faive: "Yes, tooth hurty me all right, but what time do you want me to come?"

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Mr. Stevens: "First I'll take some sulphuric acid, and then I'll take some chloroform."

Pearl Sheldon: "That's a good idea."

* * *

Mary, Mary quite contrary,
How your hem-line grows!
It used to swirl about your knees,
And now it hides your toes.

Keith Geddie: "Have you heard Freddie Wurker's new tune, it is dedicated to the North American Indian."

Donald Wilson: "What is it; our band is looking for some hot numbers."

Keith Geddie: "Was my face Red?"

* * *

Mr. Brogden: "Give me an example of 100%."

Student: "Forman's Superior Store."

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Mr. Stevens (to Physiography class):
"When water falls over the cliff—there's
a hum in the class, but not of industry."

* * *

Mr. Bole (in History period): "Which
do you consider the most war-like nation?"

Doug. Fitzmorris (bright pupil): "Vac-
ci-nation. It's always in arms."

Mr. Brogden: "Give me a sentence with
'triangle' in it."

Edna Wilde: "If flies don't catch them,
tryangle worms."

* * *

Fanny Parker: "Ouch! I bumped my
crazy bone."

Jean McDougall: "Oh, well! comb your
hair right and the bump won't show."

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Who is a duchess?

The wife of a man who is Dutch.

* * *

Plural for "Forget-me-not".

"Forget-us-not."

* * *

Howson Johnston and George Simister were very late for school.

Mr. Bole said severely: "Johnston, why were you late?"

Howson replied: "I had a dream and dreamed I was going travelling, and got as far as the station and I woke up to find I was late for school."

Mr. Bole: "And you, George?"

George: "Please sir, I went to the station to see Howson off."

* * *

Jim Butler: "What is consecrated by drochloric acid?"

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Old Lady (to Frank Presswell): "Get out of that water puddle immediately."

Frank: "Aw, find one for yourself."

* * *

Mr. Brogden: "What is 1/5 of 3/17?"

Jean Kennedy: "I don't know exactly, but it isn't enough to worry about."

* * *

Mr. Brogden: "What is a polygon?"

Jack Gundry: "A dead parrot."

Margaret Beatty: "This liniment makes my arm smart."

Irene Sheldon: "Why not rub some on your head?"

* * *

Dora Hawkins: "When do leaves begin to turn?"

Pearl Sheldon: "The night before examinations."

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Pearl Sheldon: "What's the difference between a hill and a pill?"

Mr. Stevens: "I don't know, unless it's that a hill is high and a pill is round—is that it?"

Pearl: "No! A hill is hard to get up and a pill is hard to get down."

* * *

What has 18 legs and catches flies?
A baseball team.

Jack Pellow: "Have you an opening for a bright young fellow?"

Mr. Herbert: "Yes, but don't slam it on the way out."

* * *

Ruth Kennedy was late at church again and entered just as the congregation was rising to sing.

"Dear me," she said, "don't get up on my account."

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Helen Weir (in Geometry period):
 "This point is a straight line."

* * *

What is steel wool?
 Steel wool is the fleece of an Hydraulic Ram.

* * *

Why was veal invented?
 So delicatessens can make chicken salad.

Miss Carney (in Ancient History):
 "We'll take the next three kings as they are rather short."

* * *

Bagpipes were under discussion as the origin was in doubt. The Irishman provided the solution. "It came about like this," he explained. "The Irish invented it and sold it to the Scotch as a joke and the Scotch haven't seen it yet."

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Irish: "Not when they sell chocolate buds so cheap."

* * *

Miss Carney (prompting): "What goes with a bow?"

Muta Roe: "Which way do you mean it?"

Charles Court: "What kind of pie have you?"

Waitress: "We have lemon, peach, apple, strawberry, mince, chocolate, blueberry, loganberry, blackberry, pumpkin, custard, banana, carmel, butterscotch, elderberry, rhubarb, cocoanut and pineapple."

Charles Court: "Bring me a ham sandwich."

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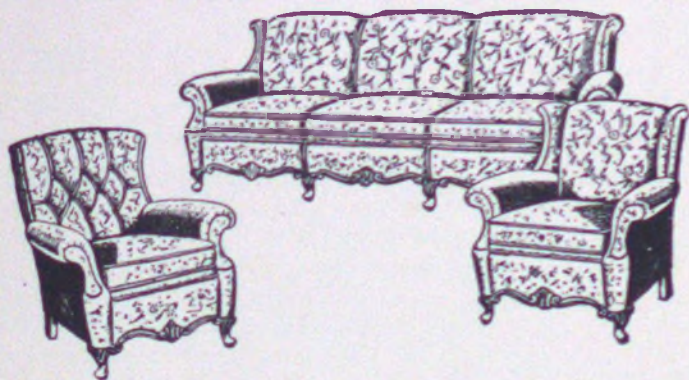
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To Bill Rogers

Old Bill Rogers chews his gum,
He chews it by the bag;
If Bill should ever lose his cud,
He can always chew the rag.

* * *

Mr. Stevens: "Irma, tell us how
matches are made."

Irma Hutt: "I don't know; I never had
much experience along that line.

Abe Haycock: "This scheme of sending
messages without wires isn't new."

Ted Stone: "Not new? What do you
mean?"

Abe: "Well every time we have com-
pany at our house my mother manages
to keep in touch with me under the
table."

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- Notes About School - - - - (a) Norah Hargan, (b) Frances Gayfer.
- Alumni - - - - Marjorie Bailey.
- Poetry - - - - Helen Elliott.

Foreword

SOME morning—if a magician should wave his wand—I might go to school and find the classrooms filled, not with the familiar faces of students, but with the less familiar faces of the fathers and mothers. And what might I say to these parents as I went from classroom to classroom?

I should tell them that, when their children come to the Collegiate they have taken a very big step—a step so big that it is not bridged by the passing of an entrance examination. In high school the whole character of their work changes, many new and difficult subjects confront their children, more responsibility must be taken by their children towards the work. In the first year the foundation for all the later work is laid, and for this reason the first year is all important. If a student does not learn in his first year to work regularly, and systematically, he is almost certain to fail.

I should say also to the parents that high school is not a happy hunting ground where all homework can be done in spares. Perhaps no fairy tale has been the cause of more failures than this fairy tale which pupils tell their parents. So exacting is the work, and such the quantity of work, that it can be said in all seriousness that few students can succeed without conscientious home study. The rewards of home study discipline exceed all the rewards of evenings entirely given over to social activities.

Another thing I should say to the parents is that the teachers realize that a great responsibility is theirs in presenting ideas to the pupils, but they realize also from their own experience that a great deal of the assimilation must be done in the quiet of a study in the evening, which time in school does not permit. Teachers are attempting to develop the pupils physically that they may exhibit poise and alertness, mentally that they may have self-reliance and sane judgment, and spiritually that they may be tolerant and considerate.

In achieving this task home and school must co-operate, and the closer the co-operation in each case the better for the student.

C. L. BOLE.

Life

If I should come at candle glow,
And kneel beside your chair;
And look into the flames with you,
I know that you would care.

But since there isn't time for that,
And candles aren't in style;
We pass each other with a nod,
And absent-minded smile.

—Mildred Russell.



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Victorials

Again "The Volt" makes its bow to its eagerly waiting readers.

We have striven to make this third issue surpass those of previous years. By willing co-operation, careful planning and the addition of several new departments, we feel that this has been attained, but we leave this for you to judge and may you praise its merits and criticize its defects justly.

This opportunity we take to express our sincere appreciation to the business men of Ingersoll and to the business houses of other cities who so generously placed their advertisements in this magazine. To the teachers, who guided and encouraged us in our undertaking and to the public, who so willingly supported us, we wish to express our gratitude. Our thanks are due also to Mr. Gordon Payne and Mr. Alan Crawford for their contributions to the art department.

Well, here it is, the proof of our labours, which our readers seem anxious to inspect. So, let's go!

To the Editor of "The Volt"

To address to you a few words of good wishes for "The Volt" of 1933, I consider a very great pleasure. It did not occur to me that I should have this privilege; I acknowledge it sincerely.

In the prolonged interim that has elapsed since the second appearance of "The Volt" the creative energies necessary for the success of such an undertaking have enjoyed a wholesome reprieve. Would it be too presumptuous of me to assume that this latest effort, due to the recuperative suspension, eclipse even the two former splendid journals? I think not!

Another milestone along the way of academic achievements has been passed. As we gaze reminiscent towards the Past we see other milestones, each a monument to some fine accomplishment. And ahead—for we may peer into the Future—stand the milestones that are symbolic of still more glorious unwaged conquests.

Soon the school that you have known during childhood will be behind you and the portals of the great school of life will swing wide for you to enter. There will be obstacles to overcome, disappointments to forget and other milestones to pass. Someone has said, "If we do our best, remain true to ourselves and our ideals we shall be worthy and we shall not fail in life."

This rambling epistle may seem maudlin and uninteresting; yet I have tried not

to make it so. I trust that you will bear in mind that my initial intentions were of the best.

And now in closing may I suggest a motto which we, as a people, would do well to remember as we join the noble march onward:

"To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

Sincerely yours,

RUSSELL E. COLES.

The British Empire Economic Conference

THE British Empire Economic Conference convened at Ottawa, Canada, July 21, 1932. Delegates were present from Great Britain, India, the Irish Free State and all the self-governing Dominions and many of the Crown Colonies. The object of this group of learned and distinguished men was to try to work out the details of a plan to divert the trade of Empire countries into Inter-Empire channels by means of tariff concessions and other modes of preference.

This program was dictated not only by patriotic sentiment but by stern necessity. The countries of Europe, overburdened by war debts, were making desperate efforts to curtail their imports by means of prohibitory tariff; France, Germany and Italy had raised their tariff against Canadian wheat to nearly two dollars per bushel while the Hauley Smoot tariff of the United States had effectually cut off Canada's best market for agricultural products.

At the Conference, agreements granting mutual concessions and preferences were entered into between Great Britain and the different Dominions. Inter-Dominion pacts, which were afterwards ratified by the parliaments of the various countries, were also made. The only exception to these agreements is between Great Britain and the Irish Free State, where, on account of a dispute over land annuities due former British landlords from Irish estates which have been defaulted, a tariff war now exists, the outcome of which is still uncertain. These agreements have been entered into for a period of five years, at the end of which time, of course, if satisfactory to both parties, they may be renewed.

In the Canadian Parliament, the Liberal members, with one exception, voted solidly against ratifying the agreements, and the Progressives and Independents divided about equally for and against. From the National Government in Great Britain, Viscount Snowden, an outstanding labour minister, and formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer, and some of the Free Trade Liberal members resigned in protest.

As far as Canada is concerned what the effect will be is not yet apparent but in the few months in which it has been in force, while trade with the United States still continues to decline, Empire trade shows signs of revival. However, agricultural products, which the agreements were designed chiefly to aid, are now selling at the lowest prices in history. A preference of six cents a bushel on Empire wheat was expected to aid the grain growers of the West but the Co-Operatives there claim that the provision that this wheat must be shipped via Canadian ports will nullify any advantage to the grower because of increased freight rates. This ruling, nevertheless, may yet be amended.

From a Canadian standpoint, the greatest handicap to the success of the pact seems to be the question of exchange. Britain being off the Gold Standard while Canada still nominally adheres to it, results in the pound being at a discount of about twenty-five per cent. as compared to the dollar and when this amount is deducted from the price of Canadian products marketed in Britain, it means a great loss to the producer.

To remedy this situation, many throughout the country advocate inflating the currency till it is on a par with the pound but the financiers claim that this would be disastrous because of the huge sums which Canadians have borrowed in the United States, where the Canadian dollar, already at a discount of from twelve to fifteen per cent., would probably sink to a discount of thirty-five per cent.

About the most noticeable feature of the pact, to date, is the great increase in the quantity of British coal being shipped into Canada. Owing to duties placed on American coal and the adverse rates of exchange, Welsh anthracite is now able to compete with the American product and has displaced about fifty per cent. of the American anthracite on the Canadian market.

Coal is the largest item on our expense account to the United States, Ontario and Quebec being hitherto almost entirely dependent on United States mines, and, while the prices have not been reduced to the consumer, still by using the British product we are enabled in that measure, to keep down our already highly unfavourable trade balance with the United States.

One of the favourable results anticipated by the Canadian promoters of the pact is that after the prevailing depression is past, United States branch factories in large numbers will be induced to locate in Canada in order to secure the preferences in supplying their customers in Empire countries.

Viewed from a local standpoint the agreement has yet to prove its ability to benefit the primary producer. Oxford and adjacent counties are the centre of the dairy and live-stock industry of the country and on the success of these industries the prosperity of the community largely depends. Cheese is the king-pin of the dairy industry and the price of cheese on the English market regulates the price of all milk products here, the large dairy companies and processed milk factories being able to obtain their raw material on a slight premium above that which would be obtained if manufactured into cheese. Now nearly ninety per cent. of the cheese consumed in Britain is of Empire origin so that a preference is of little benefit to Canada. New Zealand is our greatest competitor supplying twenty-five per cent., but the English money by which we are paid is at a twenty-five per cent. premium in New Zealand while in Canada it is at a twenty-five per cent. discount leaving Canadians with a fifty per cent. handicap. The same difficulty applies in the hog-raising and cattle industries. While the pact assures Canada of a quota of two and one half million hundred weight of pork products, Denmark and adjacent countries with currencies on a par with pound sterling are able to overcome our slight preference and it is obvious that, if the dream of welding the Empire into an economic unit is to be realized, we must go still further and have an Empire currency or a uniform standard of value of some sort.

From the British manufacturer's and the Canadian importer's point of view, there are also complaints of manipulation of the custom charges to restrict importations. However, British manufacturers seem to realize the importance of gaining a hold in Canadian markets, the British Federation of Industries having applied for a double allotment of space at the Canadian National Exhibition for 1933.

Summing up, we believe the attitude of the Canadian people to the pact is one of hopefulness. While realizing the difficulties of co-operating with the peoples of an Empire, the units of which are so scattered and so cosmopolitan and with local, and in many cases nationalistic sentiment predominating, still they believe it is the best they can do under the circumstances. They are determined to give it a fair trial, trusting that at the coming World Economic Conference, which is called to meet in Geneva shortly after the War Debt adjustment parley at Washington in March, some of the difficulties may be smoothed out.

What would be the result if the Great Republic to the South should assume a more reasonable attitude in tariff matters, is uncertain, for in the words of Prime Minister Bennett in a recent address before the Toronto Board of Trade, Canada is "geographically and financially a part of the North American continent."

MARY BREEN (V).

The National Anthem

A TORONTO man recently remarked that the singing of the National Anthem was an outworn custom and that it aggravated him greatly. This remark has been taken as an offence by a large number of his compatriots, and has raised many comments.

Should this mediaeval custom be retained or abolished?

Those, who are loyal supporters of their country, consider it a pleasure to raise their voices to show their loyalty to their sovereign. When we hear this simple but majestic anthem played, there is awakened in us a feeling of patriotism; we are reminded of the unity of "Our Great Empire". It bolsters up a national spirit among British subjects; it encourages them to be ready to aid their Motherland as it did in the years of the Great War.

On the other hand, those who think it an annoying waste of time will probably prove disloyal. The man, who thinks that it is unnecessary to rise to show his allegiance, will undoubtedly think it unnecessary also to rise to protect his nation against disaster. If this is not the case it may be the result of sheer idleness.

At any rate, "God Save The King" will continue to be sung by the majority of British subjects and may they never have cause to regret their loyalty!

MARJORIE CLENDINNING (V)

Sportsmanship

SPORTSMANSHIP shown in our studies is as important as that displayed in athletic enterprises. So many students on the track of studies lose the alertness of brain they show on the race track. They do not have the same steady persevering spirit in regard to study as in regard to athletics.

Athletes take advantage of every opportunity to advance their understanding of a sport. Students, on the other hand, too often undermine their opportunities and advantages and destroy their faculties of thinking by outside interests and careless habits. Sportsmen tax their physical being to its utmost in the effort to excel. In school work many pupils fail to test their true ability in classwork by the constant practice of small deceptions. As an ideal sportsman is always true to himself and others in all matters so should we exercise the same spirit in acquiring our education.

Athletes strive to achieve success and by constant perseverance and practice accustom themselves to meet the unknown. They believe in their ability to cope with greater tests and are continually seeking wider fields to conquer. Students in school become discouraged when faced by difficult problems. They instantly decide that they cannot be solved or that they lack the ability to work them out. In sports, people that fall down in a competition usually enter again with renewed determination.

A good athlete is true to his coach and to the organization for which he plays, so

should we be true to our teachers in trying to follow their teachings and to bring credit to our school. We, the students of the I.C.I., need to show a more serious sportsmanlike attitude toward our studies. So let us, in whatever we undertake, be true to ourselves and believe in our ability to overcome all obstacles that confront us.

AGNES WADE (III).

Why Go in For Dramatics?

THE DRAMA is gradually coming into the sphere of the ordinary man. Since it was originated by the Greek and perfected by the Englishman and Frenchman, drama has ebbed and flowed until of late years it has been considered suitable for traveling companies or established dramatic societies only. However, through the ingenuity of certain dramatists and the interest displayed by many, the drama has come into the life of the student, the factory man and the business man.

The person who does not study the drama, partake in, or witness its presentation, travels in the prosaic strata of life. To him life is a colourless evolution. He experiences neither the sublimity of Shakespeare nor the delicate buffoonery of Shaw. Whose emotions are not stirred upon reading the demoniacal plans of revenge of Shakespeare's Hamlet? Yet who does not pity this same Hamlet in his hopeless love for Ophelia?

Drama has played too small a part in the life of the student. Primarily, drama should be studied in the school. The school has been regarded as an institution for instruction in subjects which will enable the student to take his place in the world. Drama teaches life! The beauty and truth of life and the goodness of living are revealed in this, the oldest of the arts.

Drama has its advantages for both the student and the teacher. During the presentation of a play a feeling of friendship and co-operation is created. The school then has strengthened its grip on that evasive spectre, school spirit. What a boon that should be to the teacher!

Dramatics cannot succeed without effort from the student body. For too long drama has been ridiculed in the school. Locally we have much more satisfactory conditions than formerly for the presentation of dramatic productions. So let's boost the drama. Take Shakespeare's suggestion:

"Come, sit down, every mother's son and rehearse your parts."

JACK MAYBERRY (IV).

Musing

There is beauty and life in the years;
 But what lies in between?
 Just the care and toil and tears,
 And the happiness we glean,
 In hope and in slaving
 For wealth, success, and fame;
 A futile and worthless craving,
 That fades on the sands like a name.

—H. Y. Elliott.



What is Poetry?

THERE are some things of which, we, of the modern world, are forced to admit, we stand in awe. There are some things which man has not been able to chain down to the everyday production of dollars and cents. Man, besides body, heart and brain, really does possess a soul, that indennable something which only he himself can steer on its way through this life. However, it has expression; and, just as the soul itself is man's most prized possession, the expression of his soul is one of the world's wonders. Might I, who do not profess wisdom in such a deep subject, give simply my conception of poetry?

To illustrate my idea more clearly, I am going to relate poetry to music and to painting. These are really sister arts. Chopin expressed his inmost feelings in beautiful sounds ruled by metre and time; Raphael—his, by beautiful colours ruled by tones and shades; Wordsworth—his, by beautiful words also ruled by metre and rhythm. Chopin, were he here, could sit at your piano, and so touch your heart and soul that you would hear rippling waters, see the dance of the nymphs. Raphael could paint a mother for you whose portrait would bring the joy of your soul to your eyes in remembrance of that mother of yours. Wordsworth could cause, in word-painting, your feet to march, your eyes to see the sunset, your mind to wander in fairyland, because the thoughts of his soul are setting fire to your imagination.

Poetry is artistry. Nothing can more truly prove this than this one verse of Stevenson's poem "Armies in the Fire".

Armies march by tower and spire
Of cities blazing in the fire—
Till, as I gaze with staring eyes,
The armies fade, the lustre dies.

If you would like to see this just gaze
Into your own open fire.

Poetry is music. It trills, thunders, and tinkles; its notes are clear as a bell. Listen to the music of it.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddyng bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter by my cresses.

Can you not hear the music of Tennyson's brook?

Perhaps poetry is most useful in its role as teacher—a teacher of the deepest and most wonderful subject—life. Poetry teaches us to build a character, to cultivate high ideals and lofty ambitions. With its teachings it mingles in mother's advice, philosopher's logic, optimist's hope and heaven's reward. Here is a little poem that teaches and tells us all these:

A Farewell

My fairest child, I have no song to give
 you;
 No lark could pipe in skies so dull and
 gray.
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I shall leave
 you,
 For every day.

I'll teach you how to sing a clearer carol,
 Than lark who hails the dawn o'er
 breezy down,
 To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
 Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
 be clever;
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day
 long,
 And so make Life, Death, and that vast
 Forever,
 One grand, sweet song.

What a multiple role Poetry plays!
 To tell what Poetry is, is similar to delv-
 ing into the unknown mysteries of life.
 We said it was the expression of man's
 soul but even that seems to fall short as a
 complete definition of poetry.

MARGARET BOWER (V)

**I. C. I. LITERARY SOCIETY**

Back Row: J. Hall, B. Swallow, H. Jones, J. Healy, B. Foster, H. Elliott.
 Second Row: T. Stone, J. Butler, J. Thompson, A. Pearson, E. Elford, Miss Hudson, D. Henderson.
 Front Row: I. Butler, J. Pellow, J. Hutt, Mr. Bole, D. Wilson, Miss MacKay, Miss Carney.

The Mummy's Hand

IN an idle moment I had strolled into one of those obscure curiosity shops, the owners of which, in the unintelligible Parisian jargon, are called *marchands de bric-à-brac*, in the hope of adding a Kang Hsi vase or some other rare piece to my collection of Chinese treasures.

My search had nearly ended when I beheld an exquisitely molded hand almost invisible behind a screen of various odds and ends. Its lightness amazed me and upon closer examination I discovered that it was not a piece of beautiful carving after all, but a human hand—a mummy's hand. This was indeed unusual, and I determined I would have it.

The old dealer appeared somewhat disconcerted, when I expressed my intention of purchasing the article, and from his incoherent mumblings I caught the words "Pharaoh" and "pleased". He informed me that the hand was that of an ancient Egyptian princess: it had been spirited away from its tomb and eventually had come to light in Paris.

During the transaction I had noticed a tall, slim gentleman outside the shop whose steadfast gaze directed towards the hand, had at first startled me, but, dismissing the matter from my mind, I left the "boutique" well pleased with my acquisition.

* * * * *

Through the flimsy curtains of my bed, I could see the princess's hand as it reposed on my table, and in the sparkling moonbeams it was even more beautiful than before. In a moment the serenity of the scene seemed to become disturbed; the woodwork creaked stealthily and odd points of light flashed before my eyes. Presently however, a vague mist filled the room and gradually transformed itself into two shadowy figures. One was a tall, half-clad Oriental with a sinister face whose taunting smile mocked me. I knew that face, having seen it somewhere before, and it suddenly dawned upon me

that it was the face I had seen gazing at the hand in the dingy curiosity shop. The other figure was a girl, the most gorgeous creature I had ever set eyes on, but she was not looking at me. She was staring fascinated at the hand on the table and I noticed for the first time that she possessed only one hand.

"The old Pharaoh is not pleased," cried a rasping voice, "so I have come to take my daughter's hand back to its tomb—back to its rest."

The old, straining voice of the *bric-à-brac* dealer uttering these same words came back to me with force and I realized what his mumblings had meant.

The girl by this time had recovered her lost hand and danced joyously round the room until she became again a vague mist, finally disappearing in the shadows. I looked for the Pharaoh but he also had vanished.

* * * * *

Shortly after the disappearance of these two fantastic figures, I awoke in a cold fright. Unwilling to believe it had all been a dream I looked for the hand but was astounded to find that it had vanished also.

My perplexity, regarding its disappearance, was relieved a few days later when I read that the body of a tall swarthy Egyptian had been found. Clutched in his lifeless grasp was a hand—the hand of a mummy!

Jack Hutt (IIA)

Inspiration

A fiddler touched the humble strings;
His bow brought memories sweet
Of other joys that once we knew,
And youthful dancing feet.
Seemed a strain from worlds ethereal,—
Eternal hope, that laid
Earth's sorrows in a sealed tomb:
The soul of a master played.

—Ewart Miller.

The Round Table

by "The Black Trinity"

Warning!—Don't read this if you have anything better to do; but remember, it's a sure cure for everything, from chimney disease up,—or down.

ONCE upon a time, there lived a great and noble king, admired and loved by all his subjects. Now the king's wife, high Guinevere, was renowned throughout that mighty land for her ability as a very charming hostess. On the particular occasion of which we write, this remarkably versatile couple entertained the knights and ladies of the realm at a most splendidly formal annual banquet. The clear-cut cameo castle of Camelot was decorated gaily with powdered blood, orange rinds and the odd pear peeling.

The banquet hall was adorned, after the manner of the day, in the most elaborate of futuristic architectural designs. We saw the ceiling strewn at two-minute intervals with last year's banana stocks; the walls highly polished with goose grease; the floor slitheringly smooth, save for the abundance of slushy sand and soapy sawdust.

Through the open windows the orange-scarlet sun might be seen as it sank slowly behind a hill of empty gallon casks. As if it had remained behind, and in such company too long, night descended with a lurch looking like an over-ripe olive. The guests relapsed into each other's laps in concyclic and anti-concyclic circles, round and around the round table. With tables prodigally decked with garlic bloom and diced cabbage leaves, the delicately fragrant perfume which permeated the old hall was exotically intoxicating.

The guests were floundering in the slough of fashion, the entertaining pastime of the evening. Ladies were exquisitely gowned in burnished fish-net lace, with a petunia motif. Ankle length hose were woven nicely of wee hawthorn twigs. Slippers, of curiously carved tusks, had brown butterflies for buckles. Dexterously cut rings of unwatered soapstone

and glittering pumice effectively disguised pink palms by their superfluity. The men were dressed in formal attire of tailored armour, gunmetal and bessemer blue the shades most in evidence; chromium-plated lapels, touched off with a spray of poison-ivy, were a feature of all models. Dancing pumps were of silver and gold chain mesh; as were the gloves, though the latter were tinted to match the sparkling eyes of the wearer's lady-love.

On the upper dais gathered the knights and wise fools whose partners had become enamoured of the crooning prince. Here the mighty, thousand-piece jig-saw puzzles were thrown together at random—careless like. Perpetuated depression in the steel market furnished the smug snobbish wisecracks with plenty of interesting gossip regarding the probable future of Technocracy.

A trumpet call shattered the air; the Imperial orchestra entered; the melodious harmonies swelled, and the exuberant crowd waltzed to the svelte cadences of Auld Lang Syne. Presto! a homogeneous host of gas-filled balloons rose from the Well of Death in the centre of the floor, completely obliterating the inadequate indirect lighting which emanated from the slabs of ignited whale blubber. Crimson streams of moonlight trickled in through the raised roof. Perfectly pale Icelandic-green stars glistened and gleamed in the apricot sky. The balloons had now reached the level of the spluttering torches. Pooouff! a myriad of pilot parachutes glided gently to the dancers below, each bearing an orchid rugby ball, as favors for demure demoiselles.

The bong of a great gong donged a sonorous song-like summons, and the

waiting men-at-ease brought on the banquet.

Picturesque goblets were filled to overflowing with beverages of ancient vintage: Whippoorwill brandy from the Azores; Bean beer from Timbuctoo; Sandalwood sherry looted from Tibet; and the famous champagne with the unpronounceable Czechoslovakian cognomen, which is familiarly recognised as Harttzuzzelly. Cocktails of petrified prunes, salt-water vinegar and haggis were served in true feudal elegance.

The hors de combats were thereupon heaved in, consisting of orange, lemon, grape, pomegranite and grapefruit seeds; these combined with Aztecian apple pips from the remote parts of southern Australia to provide a deliciously rare conglomeration. The iced tonics from the tepid tropics and steaming-soups from the Scandinavian shores stimulated the jaded appetites of guests whose eyes were bulging at the prospect of the forthcoming courses.

Parboiled rhino rinds garnished with awk eggs, and luscious luring lizard livers secluded under mounds of cantalope caviar, vied closely for greatest popularity among the jolly banqueteers. There was

wildly weeping-willow-salad with a mayonnaise of snail shells and over-ripe jack-in-the-pulpits. Added to this were huge platters which staggered under gobs of chocolate-coated sardines, fresh flying-fish fins and old sawfish blades. Bowls full of pleasing pineapple stew, case-hardened tomatoes and toasted tips of red rhubarb roots served as side dishes.

Siberian coffee was dished out in coconut husks with llamas' lactose and hemp cane

Editor's Note:

Unearthed this valuable manuscript from the crumbling ruin of Camelot, where it lay beneath a heap of rat-gnawn legal papers which had proved indigestible to the marauders. It appears, from the attached decree, that this Black Trinity had been judged guilty of witchcraft and sorcery, for their practice of reporting to the surrounding townspeople, (by some unknown means), events which took place around the castle.

Merlin, the Master of Magic, would brook no rival claimants to supremacy in this mystic lore; so the three unfortunates suffered what was recorded in the decree as "total extermination".

Father Time appropriated the evidence on a fateful day when he found the state archives unguarded; and, genial humorist that he is, preserved this document for posterity.

The Scholars

All are prisoners of Fate,

Serving in these walls our Time;

Some with ambitions not so great,

Some with notions quite sublime.

Everything senseless is and slow;

Each thing at its best is worst;

But with this, that you should know

Cram your brains until they burst.

For the knowledge that we raise,

Over our exams is spilled,

But as we sit in stupid daze,

Just picture how reports are filled!

Truly fake, high marks to receive,

Leave no yawning gaps between;

Think not, what you may believe,

By examiners your view is seen.

Learn today, then, to endure,

Simple trials though e'er so great,

They prepare for your future,

And success will not be late.

—Donald Wilson.

The Modern Girl

LIKE a breeze on the water, a spurt of flame above the embers—vivid, yet elusive—is this fascinating creature, the girl of today. An exquisite bit of humanity, charmingly wrought and endowed with the ability to think (for centuries women have been deprived of this pleasure) and yet cunning enough upon occasion to conceal her cleverness from masculine eyes.

These care-free sophisticates, so vitally alive, are symbolic of a restless age: a time of world-change, a period of uncertainty when youth says follow the creed, "Live while you may". Possibly someone may question how they live. During the day they eke out an existence in this greedy world and through the night they play desperately, gamely, as youth has done since the beginning of time. The darkness holds gaiety, youth and life.

"There is music in everything, if you have the ears to hear it" are the words of that distinguished poet, Lord Byron, and they are indisputable in their meaning. They are beautiful words steeped in the philosophy of the east. The moderns are poetic optimists and live to the rhythmic pulsations of a jazz band while the ancients raise horrified hands toward heaven as though asking delivery from this madness. They, however, appear happily oblivious of their own younger days when they danced and pranced and shouted to the monotonous scrape, scrape of a fiddle. Do not wonder, though; life is like that. If everyone's tastes were the same there might even be more jig-saw puzzles sold.

You say the young people of today are dissipated? No, a thousand times no! There are more students graduating from the country's colleges and universities every year. The standard of intelligence is gradually becoming higher. Book learning at one time was thought impossible for women to imbibe and it was not until recently that they proved their merit on

the battlefield of commerce, politics and literary endeavour. Are these Amazons the product of the eighties? Decidedly not! They are a result of that "horrid flapper age", the reaction from the war.

You say that woman will tire of education which is not her rightful heritage and return to the home? It is hardly likely when she has shown herself so capable. Supposing she did return to the home she would die of mental and physical sluggishness. If invention proceeds as swiftly as it has been doing the housewife's menial tasks will all be mechanically performed.

The modern girl is a vast improvement over those complaining, fussily dressed creatures of a half century ago, who swooned when exposed to any excitement or emotional strain and who considered it not only impossible but ridiculous to face life unprotected. The girl of today is lithe and sinewy with not a pound of surplus flesh on her brown body. This does not mean that she is any less attractive than her grandmother—far from it! She is fresh and healthy, bubbling over with the zest of living. She meets the world with the confidence and poise of a cosmopolite.

If you think that there is nothing more to the modern girl than a veneer of frivolity and happiness—a "smile to the world" attitude—then you have never come in actual contact with the lives of our young people. They laugh at circumstances which would have subdued their ancestors and sent them to an early grave or to the seclusion of convents. The modern girl possesses all the admirable qualities of human nature and with her fearlessness is capable of facing the present turmoil of civilization undaunted.

H. Y. Elliott (III)

The Romance of a Persian Rug

LET me take you back a few hundred years to a tiny bazaar in a crooked street. Here, as a Persian rug, I began my career under the guidance of an old but kindly Persian. Tamshyd, my maker, used to sing all day long at his work, in simple contentment. I was made at the request of a wealthy man in a far-off country where men's faces are white instead of a dusky brown.

The materials which made me were put on a frame and day after day old Tamshyd and his little slave boy worked at me, weaving bright threads to and fro. Now, all the while, I was wondering where I was to go, to whom I belonged, and whether my owner would be pleased with me. Sometimes I would listen to my master chant in his soft musical voice, the verses of Omar, the tent-maker:

"The worldly hope men set their hearts upon,

Turns ashes, or it prospers and anon
Like snow upon the desert's dusky face,
Lighting a little hour or two, is gone."

Tamshyd often said I was the "worldly hope" upon which a great English sahib had set his heart and then—how I feared for myself! Would I please him?

At last I was finished! There I lay on my frame, resplendent in my bright rich tones with gleams like filtered gold running through me. My fringe lay soft and silken over the frames and I was fairly vibrant with joy at being so beautiful. The passers-by at the bazaar stopped to look at me—old men, dark-eyed maidens and veiled women. How proud I was as I looked out on that world of vivid, moving figures covered by the deep blue of a cloudless sky.

But alas! the day for parting came and I was tenderly wrapped around some spices and placed upon a camel's back. Leaving old Tamshyd in the distance, we jolted on till all I could see was dunes of shifting sand, and all I could hear was

the weird songs of the camel-drivers. Once we were stopped by some fierce men on beautiful horses, who carried strange gleaming things called sabres. They rudely seized the camels' cargoes and quickly searched for the golden coins they wanted. I lay in the sand thinking I would never see my English master. Fortunately, the Arabs did not want a rug of any description but only money.

Finally we reached a great city but just as I was about to feast my eyes on the crowds of people I was covered up and eventually hoisted into a ship. Many weeks passed slowly in the dark hold. Then I found myself travelling over a strange country and over another stretch of water to a land where people speak a strange tongue.

The next thing I remember was lying before my lord and an agent was saying: "Dost please you, my lord?" and he replied, "Exceedingly". I had gained my first triumph!—that of winning my master's affections. He gloated over me tracing tenderly my exquisite pattern which old Tamshyd had so lovingly woven through me. But Madame did not like me—I did not suit her dreadful taste. My lord put me at my ease when he said, "Madame, did I buy this treasure to please you?"

It so happened that I was carried off to his hall and placed before his fire. Every night a thousand candles gleamed over me and by day the sun shone through the diamond-paned windows on my glowing pattern.

I have witnessed many strange things and have experienced many lonely hours. My colours are now mellowed with age and I am treated carefully for I am a great treasure—I, whom humble Tamshyd made in his crowded shop back in the East.

Jean McKenzie (IV)

SCHOLARSHIPS



GORDON BUTLER 1930-31

Gordon laid a strong foundation for his future while attending the I.C.I. He took an interest in every phase of school activities and then concluded his high school career by winning the George Beaumont Memorial Scholarship, the E. R. Hutt Memorial Prize, the Maurice Cody General Proficiency Scholarship, the First Carter Scholarship and the Mayberry Prize, which, by reversion, was awarded to Laura Eidt.



GRACE GRIEVE 1931-32

Grace while attending I.C.I. has shown remarkable ability in everything she undertook. She possesses will power which will help her to succeed in the field of education. Grace matriculated in 1932 by winning the George Beaumont Memorial Scholarship, the University of Western Ontario Scholarship, the E. R. Hutt Memorial Prize and the Mayberry Prize, which, by reversion, was awarded to Katharine McDermott.



KATHARINE McDERMOTT 1931-32

Although Katharine was with us only one year she took a prominent part in our school affairs. Her cheery manner won her many friends. Katharine finished her matriculation course by winning the Ursuline College Scholarship and the Mayberry Prize.

My Literary Career

WHEN I give a speech I get rattled. The people rattle me, the chairman rattles me, the lights rattle me—in short, everything rattles me. I get rattled even at the thought of giving a speech. I was aware of all this before I entered the collegiate; I was happily unconscious, however, that I would be asked to give a speech—in fact, several speeches. Of course I have been known to deliver quite lengthy orations in school—but at the most inopportune times according to the teachers.

One day I sauntered into the room, my mind completely at ease. The class had finished with the day's speeches. Miss Brett was announcing the speakers for next week. I was beginning to feel pleased with myself. She had not as yet mentioned my name. It was the last! The shock stunned me. It took me unawares. A queer feeling came over me. My head swam, my face burned.

So, I was to make a speech! The fact had hit me hard but after awhile I became more accustomed to it. It was not so bad as it had appeared at the beginning. I already felt better inside. My swimming head gradually cleared and I felt normal again. Indeed, as time went by, I rather liked the idea of making a speech. I even imagined myself uttering the nicest jaw-breakers easily and waving my arms about in the best oratorical fashion.

So the week rolled by, I was as cool as a cucumber or squash (whichever is the cooler) and felt in the best of spirits. The fanciful picture in which I featured myself as a great orator still looked good to me. I had come prepared for the great day.

Soon my name was called. My heart sank. The cucumber coolness was gone; so was the fanciful picture. The old sickly feeling came back. My head was dizzy.

"Next speaker, please."

It sounded far away. They were asking me to come to the front. I know I should have declined the invitation but somehow I managed to get on my feet and struggle to the platform. Somehow (don't ask me how) I reached it. There I stood before the class—all alone.

Then slowly it came back. A speech. O, yes! But what was I to speak about? I looked down at the class. Everybody seemed to be deeply interested in me just then; at least, everybody was looking at me. In a sea of faces I could distinguish nothing but eyes. They looked like hundreds of devil-fish. Behind me I heard the chairman tap on the desk. I jumped.

That did the trick. Suddenly I came to. Julius Caesar regained his lost footing in my mind. Unsteadily I began to recount his adventures. I do not know whether I said all I planned to say as I intended to say it but something made the class laugh. Maybe I said something I shouldn't have. However, I had said it and that was all there was to it. It was too late to repair my mistake. Besides I did not know what I had said. So it was not my fault if I said something awful.

It was all over. Julius Caesar was dead. I was nearly dead myself. My knees had knocked together so often that they were clinking quite naturally. I started toward my desk. I can't remember how I managed to reach it. I know my legs never could have carried me. Anyhow I found myself back in my seat. I know I must have fallen into it or how else could I have gotten the terrible bruise I had?

No more speech-making for me! I admit that I am a rotten speaker. I never pretended to be a good one. It suits me very well to sit back in my place in peaceful repose and to hear more gifted persons than I pour forth the elo-

quence of Demosthenes. After this literary lapse my readers are probably thinking that I had better brush up my

conversational English and stick to that. I agree.

Eric Eaton (IV)

The Ghost Walks

THE clock in the dining-hall of Cloverlea Castle struck twelve precise strokes, and the watch-guard, who had been posted at the gates of the castle, shifted his gun to his left shoulder and muttered:

"Well, it won't be long now, according to the time, that my hair'll be standing on end." For had not last week's night watchman declared that at twelve o'clock a weird, breath-taking sound had been heard coming from one of the rooms of the castle? True, Cloverlea Castle had got to be a very nerve-wracking place within the last two weeks. The master, Sir Nelson Stokes, had been informed by the guard that the castle was haunted by the ghost of his murdered brother-in-law. Sir Nelson refused to be excited by such trivial fictions, and remained in his home in spite of the departure of practically all his terrified household.

"Stuff and nonsense!" Sir Nelson had declared to himself when he was alone that evening. "How could a ghost haunt my premises? My brother-in-law was murdered in the Assembly Hall here more than two years ago, and his ghost certainly would not walk now. However, for curiosity's sake, I'll post a guard by the gates in case of alarm."

Accordingly, the guard who answered to the name of "Jake" was keeping tab on the hour so that he could report the exact time in case of emergency. Tiring of walking to and fro in front of the gates, Jake took out a bunch of keys and selecting one which fitted into the lock of the back door of the castle, turned it, and entered.

As Jake tip-toed through the large hall which looked misty and dismal with its enormous pictures, costly rugs and steel-armoured statues, he stopped short in his tracks for a clear treble note pierced

the air. The noise became a moan and continued in funereal, solemn notes. As the mysterious sound died down a little, Jake seized his gun, after the first wave of amazement had passed, and cautiously made his way in the direction of the piano. I daresay, if anyone had happened to hear that noise and had called for Jake or had come and touched him while he was in this terrorized state of mind, he would have dropped dead in his tracks. As Jake opened the huge door of the Assembly Hall and searched the dark, spooky interior, he had a feeling that the floor might suddenly open and swallow him. As he was striking a match to light his steps better, the noise began again—eerie—ghastly—phantom-tones of inexplicable terror. It seemed to be coming from the direction of the piano! Jake's face turned almost green with fright, for it was at this piano where Sir Nelson's brother-in-law had been playing before the lights had gone out. Presumably after a scramble for freedom had taken place the lights had been turned on and the pianist lay dead on the floor with a rude knife in his back.

One's feelings can easily coincide with poor Jake's as he approached the piano, his face ghastly white above the flickering match. Turning on the piano-light he jerked himself upright, and after a fleeting glance around the room decided to open the piano, for the noise seemed definitely to be coming from there.

Imagine his surprise and relief when, lifting the piano cover, he saw a large black rat huddled in the corner of the keyboard. Jake uttered an exclamation of amazement and, after the rat bounded from Bb to F, he grasped it between his two hands and, turning the lamp off, left the room with the ghost in custody.

Esther Green (IIA)

ALI-BABA

ALI-BABA looked over his crew. First and foremost came Dangerous Jan the Jew, officially known as "Soapsuds". Jan was a valuable man. He was said to have thrown a knife so surely that—oh, you've heard it, eh?

Then there was Shifty Sam—a permanent case of spring fever, with a shot of sleeping sickness and delirium thrown in. Sam's nose was red. You're telling us? Say! Sam used to work on the railroad—that is, he slept at crossings and when a train came along, they would turn him around like a red light on the end of a pole. It cost the company ten-fifty per year to keep a lamp there and Sam only charged half-price. They wanted Sam to sit there all night but Sam put his foot down at that. In fact, he put both feet down. He said he wasn't going to work all the time. He certainly didn't. Nevertheless, Sam was a good man with a blackjack.

Slinkey Snider would pass, too. Slinkey had a disposition like a horse-chestnut, but he made a good appearance—and disappearance.

Ali-Baba sighed. Ah-h-h! Just like that. The rest would all have to stay at home. No room for wooden legs or glass eyes on this voyage. This was to be a crack crew—not cracked.

Just then along came Gorilla and his pals. Gorilla could help him get more men. He was an old friend of Al's.

"Hey! Gorilla! Come here a minnit will ya? Say, listen, youse guys, we want some of ya with us this trip. We're going out to bring home the little old frog-skins; iron-men, pieces of eight—Savvy?"

"Yes—us savvy" was the reply. Perhaps you wonder at the rather crude speech. You don't know Gorilla. He's got a one-track mind. Unless you speak to him in his native language he doesn't understand. Al explained to him and his associates that they were going off to

sail the seven seas, plunder Spanish galleons, rescue a princess and take revenge on King Lapalino III, the Bloody Hand of Spain.

In half an hour they had rounded up twenty more able seamen. Six were negroes—not civilized, just ornery, flint-chewing cannibals.—bringing their dinners along with them. Four were Chinese and the remaining ten were just deck-hands. Gorilla was the champion boxer. His ancestors were indigenous to the trees and not in the stone age, either.

With a length of lead pipe and a chunk of concrete Ali-Baba and Gorilla got the men on board the good ship "Wenceslas". Ali-Baba went down to the corner store and stocked up with supplies for the long journey, and on the morrow set forth upon the quest with all his might and main.

On the fifth day Mr. Slinkey Snider was brought to Ali-Baba for stealing a bowl of milk from the cat. He and his men were aghast. "What! Took the cat's milk? No!"

But it was true. The crew broke down and wept. To think that Slinkey Snider, the man they thought lacked the gumption of a snail, should prove so ferocious and daring! The ship's cat was no ordinary cat; it was two thirds panther. It stayed in the hold and only six steel cables kept it there. Sometimes it was used to pull the Wenceslas off sandbanks and it came in handy in the ship's torture chamber. None, save Ali-Baba himself, could touch it without being decomposed to atoms and then to electrons and so on. Slinkey was rewarded for his valour by being made first mate on board.

After three days, Scarface sighted land off to larboard. It proved to be a deserted isle and on coming up to it, who should they see but Barnacle Will the Whaler sitting on the sand singing the old Barber's college yell! Ali-Baba sent

out a small boat (the smallest they had) and Barnacle Will was brought on deck. He was given a warm welcome by all the crew especially Dangerous Jan, who threw a knife at him just to make him feel quite at home. Will's father used to be a butcher and he and Will's mother used to throw cleavers at each other every evening after tea. Even now, the sight of a cleaver skimming through the air, or a butcher knife quivering in the wall, makes Will homesick.

Ali-Baba and he retired to the cabin to talk business. Will was told that they were off to "deeds of derring-do". The King was to have his beard singed and the beautiful princess Mehitabel was to be rescued from some giants who were holding her for ransom. Then Ali-Baba asked Will if he would like to join them. He was quite sure he would—he was positive, in fact. Then Ali-Baba bade bad Billie sign the dotted line, which he did. After that they sampled some ginger ale Will had made on the island.

The next day was cloudy. Then the wind blew up a hurricane and Ali-Baba and Slinkey tried to head the ship for shore but Borealis, or somebody, decided otherwise and the Wenceslas was blown clear from one wave to another until finally Slinkey could see land far to northward. The next morning they dropped anchor in a bay surrounded with high wooded hills; in the distance could be seen a beautiful city with towering spires and minarets and large domed buildings—all made of pink marble. Ali-Baba sailed into the harbour and tied up at one of the docks. No one seemed to know where they were—not even Barnacle Will, nor Ali-Baba himself. They sent Gorilla on land to reconnoitre for them. In a few minutes back he came. "Well"? said the crew.

"Itsay ipjay" said Gorilla.

"Huh?"

"—Eethay eoplepay oundray earhay avehay, ongay witonay."—

"What's he talking about?" asked Ali-Baba.

"Sounds like Greek to me," said Dangerous Jan.

"Ha! that's what it is" said Barnacle Will. "This yere place is under a magic spell. Everyone who sets foot on the land has to speak this strange lingo as long as they are on it, and the only thing that will break the spell is for the king to stop talking it."

"Humph! Don't believe it," said Dangerous Jan.

"Go on land and see for yerself" was the retort.

"We'll all go on land" said Ali-Baba. And they all did.

"Ecsay, cresthay othingay inay itez" announced Jan as soon as he set foot on the beach. Then his eyes widened and he yelled: "Elphay! Ookspays!" The others began to chatter immediately in this meaningless tongue. When they had begun to understand each other better they set out for the pink city on the horizon. Gorilla led the way, telling how he had come into the city and found everybody spouting this foolish language. They decided something must be done about it.

On arriving, they were received at the palace of the king and they told how they had come to the city. The king gave Ali-Baba the keys of the city and told the travellers to consider the palace theirs.

Jan asked the king why he didn't give up speaking this crazy jargon. The king said it was against his principles so Jan began teaching the king Gaelic, and next day he started to take lessons in Yiddish from Angus McGregor, the chief engineer. By noon the king was tongue-tied. He made a New Year's resolution to drop either Yiddish, Gaelic or his own language but Angus and Jan literally crammed Yiddish and Gaelic down his throat so that he had to give up his own and thus his people could talk naturally again. The king is taking up Hungarian now for a change. Ali-Baba gave the cat as a present to the king, and in return was given many tons of gold and rubies for the great service done to the city.

Then they sailed away and soon they came to King Lapalino III's summer residence in the land of Nod. King Lapalino III is a half-brother to Cigar-face Al Capone. Ali-Baba had a private bone to pick with King Lap. He was going to singe his beard, so to speak. The whole crowd marched right into the king's private audience room for revenge. Ali-Baba whipped out a cigarette lighter and pulled back the curtains.

The king hadn't any beard!

Ali-Baba picked him up by the neck and threw him out on the lawn and let the Devil Tree on the lawn take a few bites out of him. Then they drove spikes into the soles of his feet and boiled him in oil.

After punishing the king and courtiers and sinking their ships they sailed southward in quest of the princess Mehitabel, and came to a land covered with old volcano craters. They saw giants climbing in and out of their volcanic dens. They considered it wise to send Slinkey on land to do some hot slinking around in order to find out where the princess was kept. He heard someone singing the old song you all know:

"Keep kissable
Oh Mehitabel
Keep kissable
For me."

Slinkey found her in the largest crater, guarded by six giants. They were all asleep, however, and he sneaked in without being noticed. He told her they would try to rescue her somehow. Then he went back to the Wenceslas and told them what he had seen. So Ali-Baba and six picked men took six big tanks of

compressed laughing gas, donned their gas masks and went on shore.

On reaching the giants' hang-out they demanded the princess. The giants woke up, looked around for awhile and then saw the six men. They all went to sleep again after saying they would think about it. The six tanks were discharged into the air and immediately all the giants woke up and started jumping around and laughing right up and down the scale. Every one of them fell asleep, still laughing.

Ali-Baba and his men slid down a rope they let down into the crater and picked up Mehitabel who was laughing as hard as any of the giants. They brought her back to the ship and sailed away and the giants are probably laughing yet.

That night Slinkey stole the remainder of the laughing gas and kept the rest awake laughing until Gorilla doused him in the ocean for a few minutes. After that he was quite serious.

Although blown about for nearly a month, the good ship Wenceslas reached home again where the sailors were welcomed by the whole town and Ali-Baba was knighted by the queen for his bravery. The princess Mehitabel went back to her own people and her father and mother offered her hand to Ali-Baba, but he refused. He said he did not feel worthy of such a great honour, and besides he had six wives anyway. Ali-Baba retired, leaving his ship to Slinkey who is off looking for the eighth sea row. Everyone says he'll turn out to be something some day. They don't say what, though.

George Simister (III)

Brunette

Impression of universe, new glimpsed at
dawning;
A vision of stars in ethereal courses;
A throbbing, hushed echo of passionate
longing;

The muffled stampeding of distant wild
horses:

Whatever the rhythm arousing elation,
Synonymous all with thy dark fascination.

—Ewart Miller.

At School Close

The end has come, as come it must
To all things; in these sweet June days,
The teacher and the scholar trust
Their parting feet to separate ways.

They part: but in the years to be
Shall pleasant memories cling to each,
As shells bear inland from the sea
The murmur of the rhythmic beach.

COMMENCEMENT! After years of intensive study comes this triumphant closing—commencement! It is a shimmering, beautiful, festive affair with American Beauty roses everywhere, glimmering candles, music and mirth. Bright-coloured dresses flit through the hall. Happy smiles, merry laughter, words of cheer and encouragement are manifest on every side, and "all goes merry as a marriage bell."

The curtain rises. The class president moves forward; the audience settles itself with a gentle, unintentional rustling of silks and scrapings of feet, to listen. Youth opens her lips and speaks. It is a splendid discourse, rich with expression and feeling. It is our Valedictory—our last, fond farewell to our Alma Mater.

And as we, the graduates, listen to the parting address, we are carried far away on the wings of thought to the pages of the past. Can it really be true that those *x* years have rolled by since that bright morning when we, with bowed heads and quickly-beating hearts, began our steep climb up the mountain of knowledge? Yes, it must be so. To our youthful minds graduation days seemed veiled in the dim, far-away future. To be in the entrance class was our one ambition. How we laboured over that puzzling papering question, over that page (yes, it was on the right-hand side) with the headline in italics—"Pick out the subordinate clauses and give the case of the underlined words." It was always a mystery to us why words couldn't be spelt

just as they sounded. Why did they have to finish those spelling-bees with such words as zephyr, eczema, etc., to force upon the last survivors a hasty retreat?

But at last, our goal was reached. Entrance examinations were passed with flying colours. September came and we were ushered into our second home of learning. Our initiation into the mystical body of Freshmen—what memories does it not recall! The year passed slowly. (ah! as we look back, it seems to have passed all too quickly) and from the ranks of the Freshmen we advanced to the position of Sophomores. During those first two years, how we were burdened with those "ologies", (they almost caused our elegy), with arithmetic and algebraic numbers and fractions, with isosceles triangles, besides "la belle langue," and that difficult Latin!

Our Junior and Senior years followed during which we spent our evenings in the farthest corner of the house, our heads buried in Cicero's orations, in those volumes for supplementary reading, or in any other of the thousand-or-so books that were piled upon us.

September came around once more. Quiet and composed we assumed the dignity of members of the Fifth Form, and exacted the homage of the rest of the school. There came a feeling of responsibility. It became our duty to be "a shining star" for the younger students to lead them on the rugged path of learning.

And again June drew near. On every side were signs of concentrated studying. The dreaded tests passed, never again to return. For the last time we answered to the roll call, for the last time our footsteps echoed through the halls of our beloved school. Ah, yes! we may have cast one "long, lingering look" at our dear school while our eyes grew dim with tears, for in our hearts were enshrined priceless treasures, memories of our hap-

py youth spent within those sheltering walls, memories of a youth never again to return.

From our reverie of things past and gone, we are aroused by the stirring opening words of the class prophecy:

"Then I dipt into the future far as human eye could see."

We are now standing on the threshold of life. The future with its charms and allurements lies before us. Many diverging paths stretch out before our eyes. One we must choose to follow. Our steps divide; from now on we walk on separate paths into the veiled, mystic future. Some may tread "the starlit path of fame," others "along the cool sequester'd vale of life may keep the noiseless tenor of their way." We part: but in the years to come may we ever hold in grateful remembrance our teachers who have patiently helped us along the way of knowledge. May we ever live up to the maxims taught, and may the life that we shall lead be a help, a stimulus and an inspiration to others. May we ever

cherish the friendship of our school companions who have shared the joys and sorrows of our youth, and together may we always sing the praises of our Alma Mater.

What matter that old Time, with withering hand,

Doth sift upon our heads the ash of years?
Doth mask our faces with the lines of age?
Doth dim the brightness of our eyes with tears?

Still shalt thou be our mentor, dear old school.

In age e'en as in youth we'll turn to thee,
Still looking back through vistaed years
and long

Our eyes shall smile when gazing upon thee;

Our lips thy praises sing. Ah! Fair as dawn

Thy vision living in our memory.

Loved Mother! Through all time shall we be true

To thy pure white—thy sweet and gentle blue.

Jean O'Brien (V).

Studies

The life of a student,
From his point of view,
Is nothing but hardship
All the way through.

On days that are sunny
He sits at his tasks,
Replying unwillingly
To what teacher asks.

"What use is our Latin?"
He's muttering low,
"The people, who spoke it,
All died long ago."

And over his Grammar
He ponders and pauses,
"If I'd made our language
I'd have left out all clauses."

His French rules he regards
With no less despise.
"With so many exceptions
One can never be right!"

The voice of the teacher
Breaks in on his musing.
"Why sit you there moping
Much costly time losing?"

"Your future, my boy,
On you efforts depends,
Then this hard-earned knowledge
Will make you amends."

For all our dull learning
We shall find recompense;
But studying to most of us
Is purely nonsense!

—Marjorie Clendinning.



By Gordon E. Payne, O.S.A.

Courtesy of Art Gallery of Toronto

"Sunlit Seas"

P
O
E
T
R
Y

All of a beauty maddening,
Breeze and a temple dome.
Soul of a mortal saddening
In the lost hope of a poem.

—H.Y. Elliott.—

Soulstrings

A violin is surging just at dawn;—
Its stirring rhythm penetrates our sleep:
"Come! Take again fresh duties of the
way;"

Deep underneath, a counter-melody
Still chants a dirge to faults of yesterday.

A violin is throbbing in the morn;—
It duplicates the robins' throaty call,
Or echoes rapturous notes of larks awing;
All Nature swells the chorus presently
In full-voiced anthem to a laughing
Spring.

A violin is humming in the dusk;—
Its mellow tones fade into the mists,
That gently gather from the stagnant fen;
Tree shadows seem to dance along the
hills,
As if released from bondage once again.

A violin is murmuring at night;—
Its sound is scarce distinguished from the
breeze
That softly swishes pine boughs hanging
low,

Whispering songs that, ages old, are new;
The stars, awinking, gossip to and fro.

A violin is playing everywhere,
Interpreting each mood, just as it comes;
As sensitive to happiness as pain,
It oscillates with melancholy joy,
Restoring us to normalcy again.

—Ewart Miller.

Among My Souvenirs

Rain-sunken roof, grown green and old,
Approaching its doom long foretold;
Dishevelled eaves, unwieldy doors,
Cracked window-panes and creaking
floors.

Idly-pencilled names and jests,
Various pictures and school crests.

All merry noise of children astir,
Recollections of strange allure,
Or teachers' voices above the din,
Come through the walls all worn and
thin,

"Stand straight, heads up, chins in,
And quickly erase that grin!"

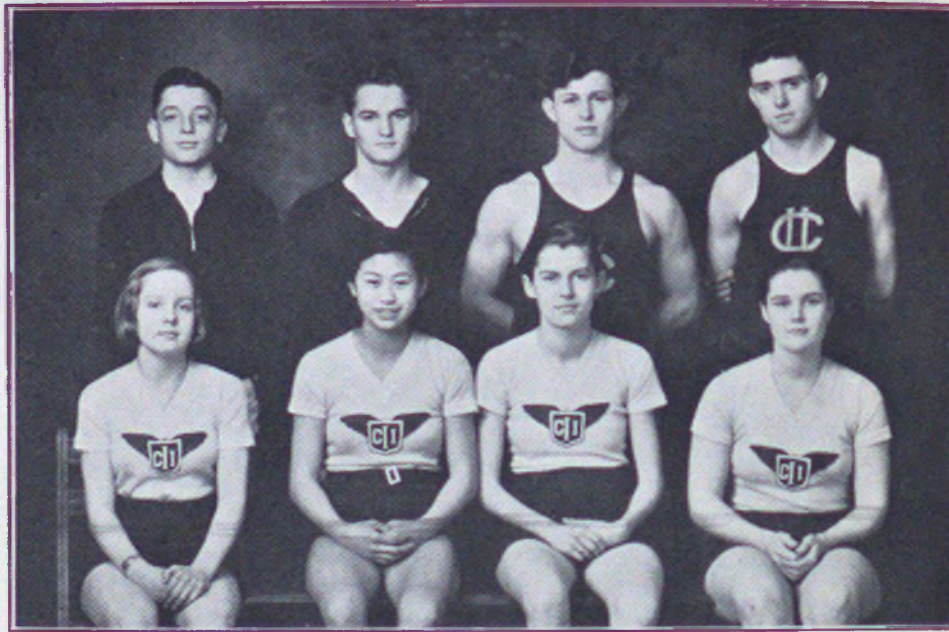
In spite of all these dread remarks
Still we had many playful larks;
Cobwebs and dust and speckling sun
Come to old buildings everyone.
Our gym is old, but a worthy friend,
And will last in our memories till the end.

—Marjorie Clendenning
and Margaret Bower.

Only A Dream

I dreamt I did die,
Into heaven did go,
"Oh! where did you come from?"
They wanted to know;
When I said from Ingersoll,
Oh, how they did stare,
"Come in!" said St. Peter,
"You're the first one from there!"

—Peter Condos.



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Back Row: R. Thurtell, Juvenile; H. Jones, Jr.; A. Thornton, Int.; F. George, Sr.
Front Row: J. Kennedy, Juvenile; A. Lee, Jr.; J. Mackenzie, Int.; E. Wood, Sr.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

The Household Science and Manual Training Display

On June 9th, after much preparation the Kindergarten room of the Victory Memorial School was the showroom of the amateur—but neat and particularly fine—work of the Household Science and Manual Training classes. This exhibit consisted of the work of the public school and collegiate institute pupils under the direction of their most efficient teachers—Miss Marjorie Nichol, B.A., and D. W. Gordon. Large throngs came and viewed the display on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon.

The sewing of the collegiate pupils consisted of dresses and pyjamas of various hues, material and fashion. The sewing of the public school was an exhibit of aprons, towels and dainty underwear and numerous other articles. There was also

a small but interesting display of canned fruits and vegetables.

In the Manual Training display were found serving trays, hall-trees, medicine cabinets, lamp-stands, magazine racks, miniature motor launches, end tables, and many other articles displaying the fine carpentry of the boys.

On Friday evening those attending the exhibition were entertained by a splendid program consisting of picturesque dances and violin and piano solos. The program was prepared by Miss Ervillia Brett, B.A., of the I.C.I. teaching staff and Miss Nichol.

Displays of a character such as this one are a source of encouragement both to the teachers and to the pupils. The exhibition of the classes of 1933 is looked forward to with anticipation by all.

—Agnes Wade.

The Literary Society

Since Christmas there have been two meetings of the Literary Society held in the town hall. The society appreciate the efforts of the Board of Education in securing the hall. Both meetings have been very successful. The programs have consisted of short plays "Wanted A Valet" and "Nicholas Nickleby," the reading of the school journals, musical numbers and selections from the school orchestra.

Forms V and IV have been responsible for these two programs and Form III are busy preparing for the next meeting.

The School Orchestra

This year we have a fine new orchestra in the school. The boys have put a lot of time and effort into it and we vote it a howling success.

Oratorical Contest

At the Commencement Exercises in the Fall the Collegiate Oratorical Contest was held. There was a large entry in the preliminaries at the school. The judges of the finals gave the following ranking to those who were successful in winning the first three places in the preliminaries:

Senior Boys: Tom Comiskey, Howson Johnston, John Moore.

Junior Boys: Bob Swallow, Edward Pad-don, Donald Coles.

Senior Girls: Mildred Russel, Hazel Mc-Beth, Agnes Wade.

Junior Girls: Edith Wilson, Helen Le-Faive, Jean Kennedy.

The Art Show

Who said that he would not cross the street to look at a collection of paintings, because he could never see anything in them? We contend the unfortunate soul would have spent a very pleasant hour on Tuesday, February 7th, if he had visited the town hall along with the pupils of the I.C.I.

Before discussing the variety of treatment, Mr. Payne explained the attitude of the artist to models which inspire his creations. No artist copies the scenes which he finds in nature. Though he did not express it in so many words, he implied that each picture must be studied from the artist's angle, if we would appreciate his work.

As the student of human nature finds the key to the character of an individual in an eccentric gesture, so the artist gains inspiration from the majestic thunder cloud or a crazily staggering log cabin. He, now, must evolve his composition. True art is present only when interest is sustained for the individual spectator by a series of alluring subtleties. That is, unless there is a definite arrangement of material with an object in view, the final result will be unpleasant due to the chaotic impression.

The first picture studied belonged to that group known as the Traditional, which verges into the Impressionistic. Atmosphere is the sole aim of this treatment. The trees, clouds and sky are not drawn exactly as they appeared; rather, there is a blocking effect predominant, which will seem obvious if the monochrome impression of a distant object be observed.

In direct contrast to this group, the second one disclosed the Modernist School in its rigidly non-atmospheric precision of draughtsmanship. Basically, these paintings are constructed on an intricate pattern of lines. They are theoretical designs, purposely constructed to convey enough stimuli for a vivid memory image of a similarly attractive scene. The art of the Traditional might be duplicated; that of the Modernist, never.

Until the end of the eighteenth century, all landscapes were painted in garrets, according to a conventional mode of dull coloring; one of the most popular subjects was twilight gloom in a very shady glade. Men became tired of this one-sided interpretation, so they set about capturing the sunlight for their canvasses.

Likely, someone who knew the spectrum result suddenly realized that it would be necessary to imitate nature in the manufacture on canvass of this elusive effect. Grouping small spots of colour in complementary relation is the underlying principle of this impressionistic technique.

The rugged appearance of a rocky sea-coast aroused our interest as to how the realism might be secured. Some of us tittered when informed that a trowel was used. It seems that the rocks look like pillows when painted with a brush. Since the whole must be done by the same method, according to the laws of unity in art, real skill and delicacy of touch are necessary to secure a watery sea and an airy sky.

Ivan F. Choultze had enjoyed an enviable reputation as court painter to the Czar, but he was forced to flee when the revolution compelled all artists of the aristocracy into exile. Since then, the rare lighting of his extraordinary and beautiful canvasses has attracted the attention of people the world over. In looking, one may shiver in the frosty air, or bask in the sunshine mid the fragrant aroma of many flowers.

A Canadian, by the name of Franz Johnston, successfully analysed the work. He has duplicated the technique and even some of the artistry, though perfection in the latter only comes after years of patient endeavour.

Lawren Harris has been known for several years as the most radical member of the Group of Seven Canadian artists who sponsor the Modernist School. Admittedly, no one ever saw a mountain shaped as he represents them; but he deserves praise for the lofty representation of universal majesty which permeates his entire production. In these times, when simplicity of line is so eagerly sought after, Harris stands out as the natural leader in things of the Modernist mode.

The water colors appealed to us more than the oils, because memories returned of many futile attempts at mastery of

this art. We could imagine the infinite patience and subtle blending which these artists must have exercised to mould this unstable medium into such pleasing studies.

So many other interesting pictures hung on the walls in artistic grandeur, that we could gain but a general idea. This we pass on to you with the hope that, if you visited this exhibit, you enjoyed it as much as we did.

—Ewart Miller.

The At Home

The subtle syncopation in the vivid harmonies of red, silver and black seemed an eloquent and welcome prophecy of an evening of rhythm for pleasure-seeking guests. Dusky shadows, like the pranksome gnomes in some magical forest, wandered about waiting for the first strains of the woodland orchestra.

Here and there, groups of satyrs lolled impatiently in dark apparel which suited their melancholy dispositions. By and by the nymphs arrived with other yet more gloomy fauns who nodded fraternally to their fellows in a manner half-proud, half-envious. Of course, the nymphs still wore their dull cloaks, which enabled them to pass unrecognised among mortals.

Hark! The happy piper commences to pipe. True, 'tis but an extra to limber up the muscles of the guests, but these melodious tones echo through the glen, an irresistible invitation to join in the pleasures of the dance.

See the graceful maidens, dressed in gorgeous gowns of silky gossamer, as they appear at the edge of the magical ring. Even the uninteresting satyrs have lost their melancholy look. Swaying to the rhythmical pulsations, the joyous crowd gives itself over to the terpsichorean pastime with abandon.

Sometimes, the radiant effulgence of the midnight sun filters through the leafy glades, and sometimes, when clouds surround this ruddy-faced patron, the pale-visaged moon acts as chaperone while

the dancers glide to the dreamy lilt of a waltz. Perhaps once or twice, Miss Chaperone's back is turned; but everything is serene, because no one knows when she may turn around again.

A period of relaxation enables the revellers to recuperate their famished frames. This is no painful duty, but rather a very pleasant hobby which occupies the entire attention in a fascinating way.

A certain immortal mortal wrote of the inevitable aftermath to a similar festive occasion in the following lines:

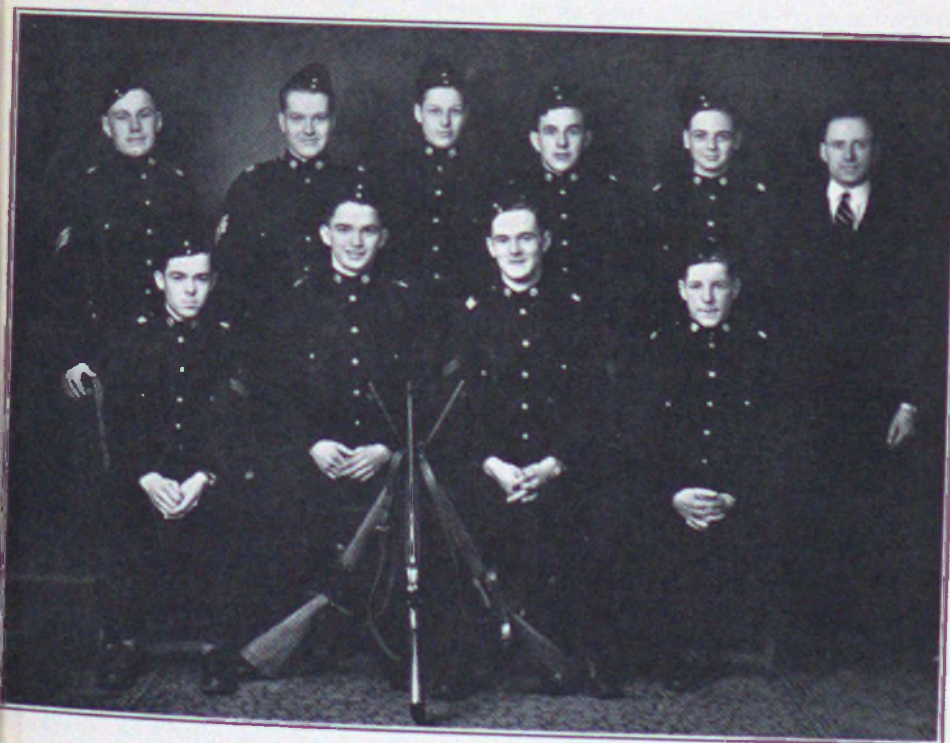
"I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have over-
watched."

How well he knew the propensities of his fellow mortals! The dance goes on to the second wee sma' hour, with ever-increasing rapidity of motion. Even at the expense of enjoying three or four delightful tunes at one's leisure, a mad



desire to totter to the complete list in the short remaining time impells the physically exhausted dancers to superhuman feats of endurance. All is over at last, and the joy-seekers float away to their several homes on the imaginary wings of synthetic strength.

There remains a whole year to prepare for the next ordeal. Everyone certainly had a good time at this one. With the Baron, we ask any doubters whatever, "Vas you dere, Sharlie?"



RIFLE TEAM
Left to Right, Back Row: E. Paddon, E. Stone, L. Knott, D. Wade, J. Van Norman, J. T. Byron.
Front Row: J. Morgan, W. Cook, D. Rymer, E. Allborough.

LUCRO ADPONE LATINUM

Caesar ad sum jam forti.

Just wish we might be served with jam and tea in our afternoon Latin classes instead of hard tack. If we persevere we may gain our wish. That reminds us of the small boy who wanted a watch. His parents did not feel able to gratify his wish. His teasing became so immoderate that at last he was forbidden to mention even the word watch. Now it was the custom—this happened a long time ago—for each member of the family to recite a verse of the Bible at breakfast. So the morning after the prohibition went into force our small hero quoted, "What I say unto you, I say unto you all, Watch." He got what he wanted.

Catullus, a Roman poet, wrote some beautiful lines on visiting the tomb of his beloved brother.

"Sailors, heed the moaning ocean as you gently row,
Mourning my departed brother in the undertow;
Far I've travelled, over mountains, stifling utter woe;
Lo, these waters feel my sorrow, how, I do not know.
Young he was—too young to perish!
Wherefore is it so?"

Here lie ashes, deaf to sobbing, in the dusky glow;
Last sad rites by lonely mourner, ere he turns to go,
Bring a meagre consolation to him, even though
Death gifts never soothe the heartache tossing to and fro;
Hear his "Ave atque Vale"—breathed from Sirmio.

Horace: Book I, Ode 5.
Who is coming tonight? One more unfortunate
Youngster, heedless of plight, rashly importunate?

I'll bet he sent roses;
Hope the nit-wit proposes.

Golden tresses may fool; elegant witchery
Seem sincere—by a pool. Picture his misery.

When tempests are raging,
His intense love assuaging.

Disillusioned in Life: epitaph reckons him.

Soaked to skin in storm's strife; rescued from siren whim;
I offer wet relics,
Humble thanks to angelics.

Father Cornrossel (looking up from the letter in his hand and addressing Mrs. Cornrossel): "I just can't figger Lizzie out. When she was around home she wouldn't even look at the fellers. But here at school she writes that she spends most of her time with Virgil. I hope he's a nice boy."

It is related that P. T. Barnum, the famous showman, on one occasion, when the crowds in the menagerie tents were moving too slowly to suit him, posted large signs reading: "This Way to the Egress". The desire to see this strange animal quickly thinned the crowds.

"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?"

"I've been to a Latin class, therefore my grin."

"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, what is the joke?"
"The Latin's all right—it's the way they spoke."

One boy ha! ha! ha! said 'erám' and 'erát'
Why even a kitten knows better than that!

Another one spoke of the object of est!
I thought he must surely be speaking jest.

I think I'll tell all to an old friend of mine

And sign it ha! ha! 'From the Young Cat-a-line.' "

* * *

The advertising man knows his mythology these days and with skill adapts it to his purpose. The Roman fire god Vulcan is featured in the names of products or companies as the Vulcan Gas Range, and the Vulcan Iron and Steel Company. Minerva who sprang full-armed from her father's brain has as some of her commercial namesakes the Minerva fountain pen, the Minerva Pure Silk, and the Minerva Lustre Wool, although we are quite sure that Minerva never wore a sweater. We all are familiar with the trade mark of the Goodyear Tire Company, Mercury the messenger of the gods, represented with winged sandals. The health-giving goddess Hygeia is not forgotten in Hygeia Slippers. We can write on Triton Bond or Venus writing paper—with Venus pencils.

Relation of English to Latin

Just as the English language has absorbed a large part of the Latin language, so has the English literature of the last four centuries borrowed freely from Latin literature. The writings of English authors contain numerous references to the history, poetry, mythology, religion, and customs of the Romans. A familiarity with Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid and other great Latin writers will make these borrowed learnings as much yours as the borrowers. It is like meeting some one from your home town when you are away on a journey. The Latin language and literature are living roots out of which our own language and literature continue to grow.

* * *

Mr. Facere

We wonder if you would care to read the story of the famous traveller Mr. Facere. He is unknown personally to anyone in the present generation. His life is one of interest for he was always making or doing something. It is not known definitely but there is good reason

for believing that Mr. Facere came to this land on the Mayflower. He was by birth a Roman, flourishing long before the birth of Christ. We have evidence that he emigrated to France for the French speak of a Mr. Faire who was always working at something. Also he lived in Italy under the name of Mr. Fare.

The family tree of Mr. Facere is a large one, including many famous characters; the best known probably are Mr. Fact and Mr. Fect. Among his grandchildren is Factory, who apparently followed in Facere's footsteps, since there is always something being made when he is around. There is also his granddaughter Facilitate who spends her time making things easier for others. Faction involves himself in politics, while Factor turned to Mathematics in his youth. That smart young lady Fashion snobbishly conceals her connection with the family, puts on airs, and is constantly telling others what to do and how to do it. One of Mr. Facere's daughters married a young fellow named Ad and had several children, among whom are Affect, who is ever influencing someone, the loving child Affection, the very unpopular Affected, disliked because she never ceases to pose. Then another daughter married the kindly man Mr. Bene and their children are Benefit, Benefactor, and Beneficient, all of whom make a success of their lives. On the other hand Defeat, Defect, and Deficit, sons of the scoundrel De turn out to be black sheep. Among the cousins are sweet Confection, the worthless scamp Counterfeit, Infection who is always catching something, the capable Perfect, the wise Sufficient, and the indiscreet Surfeit who eats too much. We must not overlook Manufacture, the son of the skilled handicraftsman Manus, but so lazy that he has everything done by machinery.

There you are. Some have inherited good qualities, others the characteristics of worthless fathers. Much like any family.



UN ECLAT DE FRANCAIS

Les Français

On penserait, peut-être, que les Français sont oisifs, doués d'une imagination illimitée mais manquant beaucoup d'accomplissements. Notre étude de "La France et Les Français" a fait beaucoup de créer une connaissance de l'histoire de la France et sa civilisation. La Grèce ancienne et Rome exceptées, elle était civilisée avant tous les autres pays de l'Europe.

Les Français sont très actifs, presque indefatigables au travail. Bien des personnes pensent qu'ils cherchent que le plaisir. Peut-être voit-on une foule énorme dans les rues encombrées de Paris et les lieux d'amusement. Mais si l'on parlait à un de ceux qu'on croyait être Français, on trouverait probablement, par les terribles mots que cet homme prononcerait, qu'il n'était Français. Ce serait étranger, qui fréquente Paris.

La femme française possède au plus haut degré les qualités de ménagère et de bonne cuisinière. Elle aime à découvrir et à employer de nouvelles recettes. Il faut avouer que la France est fameux pour ses "chefs". On croierait que ces Français, après leurs mariages respectifs, souffraient tant de tristes expériences, au temps des repas, qu'ils ont essayé de voir s'ils pouvaient surpasser leurs femmes à la cuisine. Ce n'est pas le cas. Ce n'est que le désir du Français à essayer des tâches nouvelles et variées. D'autre part, la femme française rivalise son mari. Dans les grandes villes, quelquefois elle fonde et dirige elle-même d'importantes maisons de commerce ou d'industrie. Quelquefois même, elle condescend à employer son mari comme comptable ou caissier.

La jeune fille française jouissait peu de liberté autrefois. Elle n'allait jamais au théâtre ou au bal, sans que sa mère l'accompagnât, par le regard au moins, dans tous ses mouvements. Son mariage était l'affaire de ses parents. Celui qui pré-

tendait à sa main lui était connu surtout par ce que ses parents lui en disaient. Rarement, elle le voyait. Le fiancé et la fiancée ne sortaient pas ensemble. Si cette coutume durait ce serait une grande aide au garçon moderne pendant cette crise commerciale. On a dit: "Le cours de l'amour véritable ne court jamais doux". C'étaient probablement les mots d'un prétendant amoureux il y a vingt-cinq ans.

Cependant, les conditions de la vie sont changées. De nos jours le jeune français et la jeune Française ont ordinairement du moins ce qu'on appelle "une connaissance passante" avant que les parents fixent la date des fiançailles. Le mariage de la fille française est maintenant sa propre affaire. Comme un des "petits garçons" de la classe dit en traduisant, "Quand l'obstacle (prétendant) se présente, elle-même décide; elle l'accepte ou le refuse!

En concluant, il faut dire que les Français sont, en général, une nation qu'on devrait admirer, un peuple plein de compassion envers leurs semblables et dont les bonnes qualités surpassent toujours leurs défauts.

—Angela Moyses.

* * *

Deux mam'selles qui habitent près de
Bosphorous
Avec yeux aussi brillantes que phosphor-
ous;

Le Sultan crie: "Parbleu!
J'épous'ra tous les deux"

Elles disent: "Ah, mais non, devez 'flip'
le sou".

* * *

Il y a un homme de Berlin,
Qui est très fou pour son vin;
Il tient le verre haut
Son oeil brille beau.
Mon Dieu! il tombe de sa main!

Les Aventures de Zéro

Zéro était le chien de Jean Pigault, un ancien capitaine au long cours qui jouissait d'une honnête aisance, honorablement gagnée par son travail sur terre et sur mer.

Jean Pigault avait rencontré Mme. Pigault en nom de jeune Mlle. Lise Lehalleux, la trouva de son goût à première vue, la demanda en mariage le lendemain et un mois après, vent arrière, toutes voiles dehors, il se lançait, le cap vers l'inconnu, sur cet océan de la vie conjugale, qui ne cache pas peut-être moins d'écueils que l'autre. (Quel homme rapide) Lise a dû tomber pour lui comme un chargement de briques!

Jean Pigault formait avec Lise Lehalleux le contraste le plus frappant. Jean était le type du loup de mer. Lise était l'image de délicatesse et semble être une petite dame "chaude". Il avait reçu en partage un grand cœur—mais ce cœur était mal logé. Vrai, il avait un aspect original!

Madame aimait les chats mais n'aimait pas les chiens. Il fallait qu'un des deux décampe et Madame décida que ce quel qu'un n'allait pas être elle. Quand il a vu que sa femme n'aimait pas Zéro Jean Pigault sembla aimer son chien mieux. Il parlait souvent avec Zéro en disant: "Tenez une lèvre raide il nous faut sourire et le souffrir. Ce n'est pas comme autrefois, quand j'étais garçon.

A ce moment difficile de son existence, Zéro eut le malheur d'être exposé à une tentation, et d'y succomber. Un jour, Jeanneton, la bonne, laissa tomber un des oeufs sans pareils, pondus par les deux poules de Mme. Pigault. Zéro mangea l'oeuf et en le trouvant à son goût, il se mit à voler les oeufs du cellier.

Quand la maîtresse de la Villa des Roches-Blanches ne trouva pas ses oeufs dans la place accoutumée au matin elle se décida à découvrir le crime et punir le criminel. Elle se leva de bonne heure et prit Zéro la patte dans le sac! Le capitaine dormait encore, mais Lise entra comme un ouragon, culbuta un fauteuil

qui se trouvait sur son chemin et réveilla le dormeur en sursaut. Elle lui parla du crime de Zéro. Pigault était un représentant de la théorie que "Il est bon de se lever le matin mais il est meilleur de coucher dans son lit". Peut-être parce qu'il ne s'était pas réveillé complètement il dit: "Il les mange, et à quelle sauce, je te prie? En omelettes, farcis, brouillés, au jus, aux pointes d'asperges?"

* * *

Le navire vint à Sénégal où Zéro disparut. Il rencontra un marin de Honfleur et navigua vers ce port avec lui. Le marin mourut en route et Zéro devint un chien errant encore sans un maître. Alors le voyageur se trouva sur beaucoup de navires différents. Enfin il arriva au quai où il avait visité deux fois avec Jean Pigault. Ensuite il retourna à Honfleur à pied.

Au retour de Zéro Lise apprit à l'aimer. Elle admira la fidélité du chien. Jeanneton qui n'était que de seconde force en géographie disait partout qu'il était revenu du Sénégal à la nage. "La preuve", ajoutait-elle, "est qu'il était encore tout mouillé quand nous l'avons trouvé à la porte, Madame et moi".

Maintenant, il y a un héritier de Jean Pigault. Zéro adore le fils de son maître et souvent le permet de faire la promenade sur le dos. Les quatre êtres vivent en intelligence parfaite et après quelques années je pourrai dire "Ils vécurent heureusement pour toujours".

—Howson Johnston.

M. le Juge—Qu'avez-vous pour votre défense?

Le Défendeur—Plus rien, mon Président, on m'a retiré mon couteau et mon revolver.

* * *

Qu'est-ce que vous trouvez le plus difficile dans l'agriculture?

L'étudiant Agricole—Me lever à cinq heures du matin.

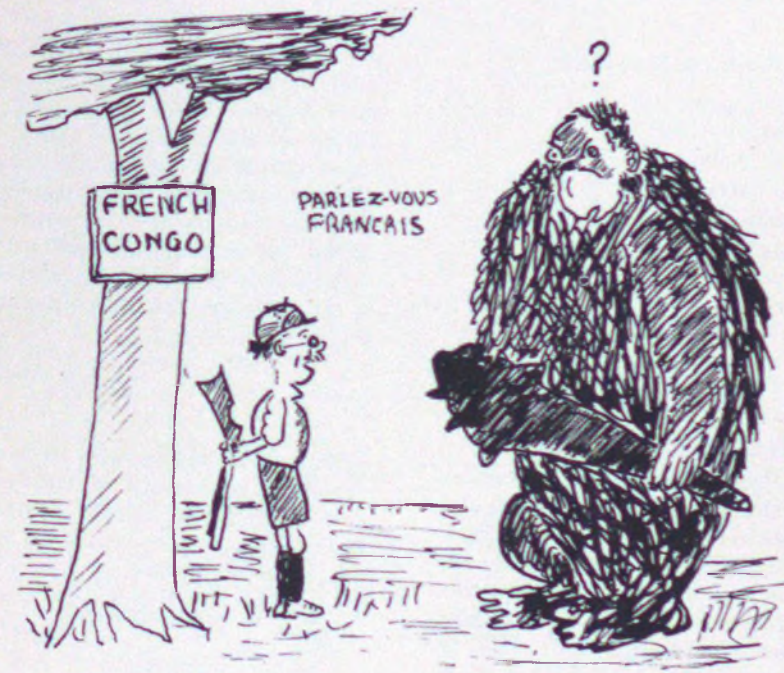
Calembours

Quand peut-on manger un bateau à vapeur?—Quand il échoue (il est chou).
Quelles sont les notes que redoutent le plus les musiciens?—Ce sont les notes à payer.

Savez-vous pourquoi l'Océan finira par devenir tout noir?—C'est parce que depuis longtemps on y jette l'ancre (l'encre).

Quelle est la chose qui ressemble le plus à la boîte de Pandore?—C'est un dictionnaire; comme il renferme tous les mots (tous les maux).

De jeunes enfants sont groupés autour d'un arbre et contemplent avec avidité une branche couverte de fruits. Quels sont ceux qui pourront l'atteindre?—Ceux qui savent l'A B C (abaisser).



Winter Sunset

Across the long white hills,
Fall evening shadows cold;
Naked trees as God wills,
Outlined with ebony and gold;
The sky is a shifting mass,
Of saffron-coloured clouds;
Gilding a rocky pass,
Mellowing cold snow shrouds
On cedar and on pine.
The air is keen with a frosty tang.

And the first star now doth shine;
A meandering brooklet in summer sang.
Now checked by an iron hand;
Winter in its cold embrace,
Transforms the autumn land
To this glittering triumphant place
Of sparkling dawns and silent nights
Where the north wind howls in cruel
delight.

—Helen Y. Elliott.



Form 2A Concerned

Has Ray Cussons?
 Does Charlie Court?
 Is Shirley Stone?
 Is Molly Green?
 Has Pauline Groves?
 Has Mildred Eaton?
 Is Waldo Dunn?
 Will June Kneale?
 What's Helen Worth?
 Does Kathleen Revel?

"Ye Ancient Architecture"

When Chris Columbus came barging into America in 1492, he was a doughty lad and walked with a priceless slant, to windward. Now gentle reader, you may think that our old pal Chris was interested in shoes and ships and sealing wax, in cabbage and kinds. (Excuse me Isabella, I meant Queens).

But you are all wet, just like Chris was himself. I'll give you six guesses as to what did interest this old salt. No, you're wrong again, so I'll have to tell you. It was nothing else but Architecture, and particularly North American Architecture. "Show me," says he, "your most historic building, your structure resembling most the ruins of ancient Rome." Happening to overhear the dear old palooka's request, I mutters, "Come with me, Chris old boy". Taking him gently, but firmly by the hand, I led him up hill and down dale, until finally we came to the one building in all the Northern Hemisphere, that had weathered the march of centur-

ies and was still standing. (if a trifle lopsided,) and had the hoary barnacles of time dripping from its sagging eaves. "What is this precious antiquity?" says Chris, trembling with delight. "This," I says, mopping away the streaming tears. "This is the only piece of ancient architecture left on this whole continent. It is in a class by itself. This, Chris, me lad, is the Ingersoll Collegiate Institute."

Signed,

Dusty Rhodes.

The English language undergoes a change of vocabulary as well as dress does a change of fashion. Following is an English exercise similar to those in the Latin Grammar:

Vocabulary

Hello—Hi.
 All right—O.K.
 I'll be seeing you—Abyssinia.
 This evening—this p.m.
 Yes—yeh.
 No—Nix.
 Couldn't possibly—phooey.
 Friend—pal.
 I must study—I gotta lay low ovah the cahiers.
 Going out—steppin' out.

Example I

"Hi pal! Steppin' out this p.m.?"
 "Nix! I gotta lay low ovah the cahiers."
 "Phooey pal! There's a hockey match."
 "Nix. I gotta lay low."
 "Yeh? O.K. Abyssinia."

Perhaps these jokes are old,
 And should be on the shelf;
 But if you do not like them,
 Just hand in some yourself.

* * *

Ten Good Reasons Why We Have Detentions

- Mr. BrogDen
- Mr. BoLE
- Miss BretT
- Mr. HerbErt
- Miss Hudson
- Mr. STEvens
- Miss Nichol
- Mr. ByrOn
- Mr. GordoN

* * *

Books That May be Written

- The Broken Heart Ruth Sutherland
- The Reformer Fred Miller
- The Sabbath Scene Inez Butler
- Homesick in Heaven Frances Gayfer
- The Future John Mayberry
- Flaming Youth Claude Baynton
- My Life is Like a Summer Rose
 Norah Hargan

If We Could Run School We'd:

Talk when we pleased.
 Do just what we liked.
 Look out of the window.
 Chew gum.
 Do no work.
 Throw chalk.
 Watch the teachers do our homework.

* * *

To Hal Stevens

Old King Hal is a merry old pal,
 A merry old pal is he,
 He called for his grain, and he called
 for his seeds,
 And he calls for his gardeners three.

* * *

To Jack Herbert

Poor Jack Herbert was taken very ill,
 He had to swallow medicine and a great
 big pill.
 But I'm going to tell you in this brief
 little verse
 He went up to the hospital to see a
 pretty nurse.

Our Respected Father



(TURN UPSIDE DOWN)



JUNIOR BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Left to Right, Back Row: J. T. Byron (coach), A. Hargan, W. Cook, G. Crown, M. Cragg, C. L. Bole
 Second Row: E. Stone, D. Rymer, T. Markham, K. Campbell, E. Paddon Sitting: T. Patry, W. Maurice.

Bygone Ages

Mystic lore
 Expressively rings,
 As ever before,
 In bygone things.
 Time worn structures,
 Broken with age,
 Reveal to me
 Man's efforts vain.
 Sad ashes of Tyre,
 Once grand metropolis,
 Stamped out by time,
 Have come to this.
 Man's span of life,
 A pulse of time—
 Rift with strife,
 And joy sublime.
 The voice of eternity
 Calls back its own;
 The soul everlasting
 Wings onward home.

—Eric Brown.

Sonnet

Should all his troubles come to naught,
 Man's destiny, by God alone
 Decreed, would lifeless be; a moan
 That wails despair of those who sought
 Eternal peace, and found it not:
 In ever vernal lands, which zone
 The sun forever lights—no home
 For his dull wits—he'd pine and rot.
 Since Man learns, through environment
 How best to rule his span of years.
 The troubled life is richer far:
 Then, no amount of stale content
 Can pacify his childish fears,
 Or hang these worries on a star.

—Ewart Miller.

To Mr. Bole

I do not sing of a bowl of soup,
 Nor yet of the bole of a tree
 I only sing of the kind of Bole,
 That's the "Principal" thing to me.

COMMERCIAL

IIB Commercial Mystery

All was silent! Two weary rows of students bent hard over their desks, as they sought only to solve the mystery. For two days they had worked hard at the solution, but it seemed impossible. Miss Hudson walked up and down the aisles, lending here and there a helping hand to some weary student. A few grew angry, and tossed their pencils and papers aside as they realized that it was well nigh impossible to finish what they had started. Two days they had worked at it, and the solution seemed as far away as ever. Would no one ever get it. Suddenly, the bell rang. Miss Hudson gave a sigh, and told the students they would have to finish it tomorrow. The students gave a sigh of relief and darted to the hall to get ready to go home.

Next morning, a storm was brewing, and by the time the dreaded mystery period had come, a high wind was scattering the snowflakes in all directions. However, this morning, heads were clearer and work seemed to progress more rapidly. Amazement was written on the faces of some who thought they had solved the mystery, but in a few minutes they changed to looks of gloomy despair. They were wrong again. Miss Hudson was getting rather discouraged, and the class had frankly given up, that is, with the exception of a few of the brighter students, who still worked hard over their rows and rows of figures.

Suddenly, the bell rang. No one had got it. Perhaps now Miss Hudson would take it in her own hands and see where the mistake was. But that did not happen. Miss Hudson announced that the mistake would soon be found and that they would spend next period trying to find it. If, then, they did not find it, she would help them. The students once more settled down to work, and suddenly from the back of the room came two low gasps, both coming from different

people. The class turned in wonder, and saw the two bright students of the class coming up to the front. Each girl's face was weary, but a happy smile lingered on their lips. Had they solved it? Yes, Miss Hudson looked anxiously over the figures and nodded to the two girls. They had solved the mystery. What mystery you ask? Why, the mystery of the missing cent in the Trial balance.

A few days later, in the local press, the following announcement appeared in the society column. "Last night, a banquet was held in honor of two Commercial students who rendered their class great service. They were the first to find where the mistake was in the Trial Balance. Both lucky young ladies were presented with large loving cups as a mark of appreciation from a grateful class."

III Form Commercial

Mildred H.: "Did you hear about the stenographer who was hurt in the explosion last night?"

Doris B.: "No, how come?"

Mildred: "A smile lit up her face and the powder went off."

* * *

Miss Hudson: "Why are you beating around the bush?"

Carson Lampkin: "I'm looking for an inspiration so I can lead the class to freedom as Moses did."

* * *

Carson Lampkin: "Do you know the gorilla song?"

Jim Scott: "Why no, I don't believe—"

Carson: "Gorilla my dreams I love you—"

* * *

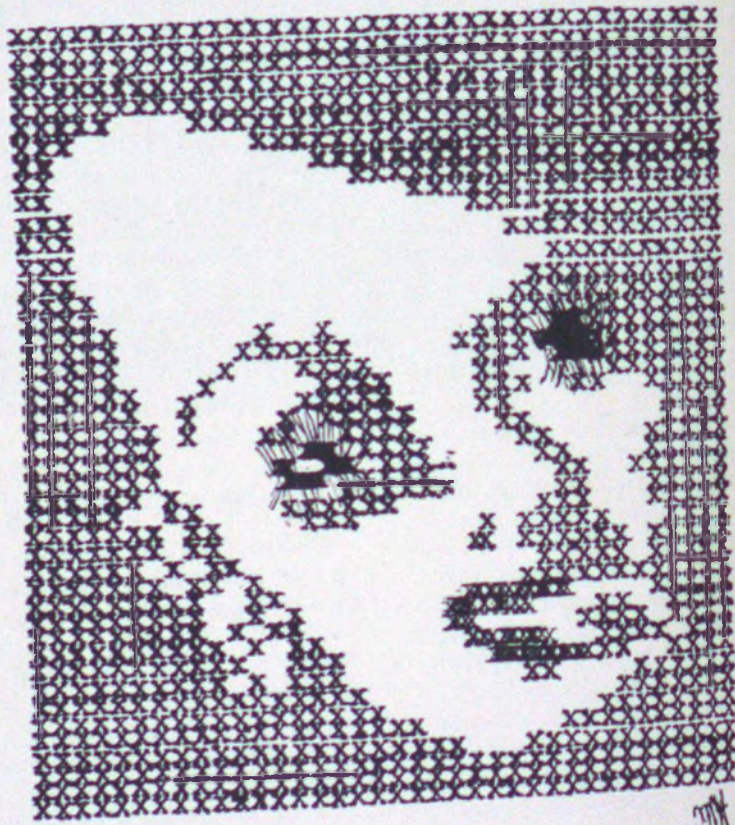
Doris Beatty: "Why does a chicken cross the road?"

Pearl Sheldon: "Because the good-looking young man with the car is on the other side."

Employer (spotting mistletoe above stenographer's head): "What's the meaning of this in the office?"

Bernie Foster (archly): "Go on! Pretend you don't know."

Our Creed:
Be happy, lighten care with fun,
And laugh with all, but not at any one.



What a Typewriter can Do.

"A Friend of All"

We have a friend sincere and true,
The busiest one about the school;
He's always willing to help you through,
Thus obeying the golden rule.

From early morn till dark at night
He goes about his daily rounds;
And all his tasks are done just right

Dora Hawkins: "When does a book become a classic?"

Jim Scott: "When people who haven't read it begin to say they have."

In Law Class:

Miss Hudson: "James what do you call it when a girl gets married three times?"

James Scott: "Trigonometry ma'am."

In keeping straight the High School grounds.

He has a cheery winning smile,
Is noted for being our peace-maker;
And for you to meet him is worth while
The best of friends is our caretaker.
—Marj. Clendinning and Marg. Be...

SCIENCE

Transmitting Electricity by Radio

A few weeks ago we were startled to hear that a gentleman in Kitchener had succeeded in sending electricity by radio. It is a possibility that is by no means modern. Years ago when the radio was first found to be of practical value in reproducing the human voice it was prophesied by the scientists of that day that some day the radio would be used for transmitting electrical energy also. Reading from an early edition on the subject: "It is not too much to expect that our scientists and inventors may ultimately find a way of transmitting electricity without wires—" Such a possibility may be close at hand. We may be on the verge of another mechanical wave of invention for certainly if this man's machine is capable of doing all the inventor claims it can in a practical way, it will sooner or later replace the usual conducting wires.

But is it possible to transmit electricity by this means? Undoubtedly it is. We may not be conscious of the fact, but our bodies, our trees, our houses and towers, the earth itself, are constantly receiving electrical energy sent out by the many radio broadcasting stations. The charge is small but it exists.

The Northern Lights are a strange phenomena. No one knows what they are or how they are produced. It is thought that they are electrical discharges. How is it that they appear in the sky? It is quite possible for electricity to be borne in the clouds but the Northern Lights often appear in a cloudless sky. Moreover, they are exhibited far beyond the clouds far out in space beyond the stratosphere. The charges were produced on the sun by some disturbance there and from there were transmitted to the earth, or nearly so, where they discharge to exhibit the strange phenomena so often seen and heard in the Northern hemisphere. Nature can thus transmit electricity.

If nature can transmit electricity by radio, without wires, why cannot we? We have to a certain extent wrested from her at least part of her great secret. After years of study and experiment the scientist has produced the modern radio. But the greater part of the secret lies behind closed doors. The gentleman in Kitchener perhaps has chipped off another chunk of the secret. At least he states he has. But whether or not he has, we cannot be sure. We have not heard about him for quite a while back. Perhaps he has had to give in to nature like scores of other investigators have done. It is doubtful if he has succeeded in sending electricity by "radio". If he has failed, another man has succeeded in transmitting electricity without wires, for in Pittsburg engineers have already succeeded in roasting a hot dog by radio.

Space

It is common knowledge among the public school children that the earth is a spinning globe of a certain circumference and diameter with land masses called continents and bodies of water called oceans. Vast though it seems to us it is but a mere speck of matter in the greater vastness of space.

But what is space?

Space is, for the most part emptiness or, to be more explicit, emptiness in which at immeasurable distances from each other, are found flaring centres of heat and light called "fixed stars" and which, despite their name, move constantly about but so far away from us, that a movement of millions of miles is imperceptible. Some occur at lesser distances so that examination by telescope, is possible and these are seen to be whirls and clouds of shining vapour which we call nebulae; but the others, when examined similarly, are but points of light with some brighter than others.

One fixed star however, is so near to us that it appears as nothing but a ball

of flame and a surface which consists of clouds of incandescent metallic vapour. This is the sun. It is near, only in comparison with the other fixed stars, for the actual figures are staggering to the imagination.

Let us reduce these tremendous figures and consider the sun a ball nine feet in diameter. Accordingly the earth would assume the size of a one inch globe, and the moon that of a pea and they would be at distances of 323 and 324 yards respectively. On this same minute scale the fixed star nearest to us would be 40,000 miles away. Nearer the sun than the earth would occur two other similar specks, the planets of Mercury and Venus, at a distance of 125 and 250 yards and beyond the earth would appear Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune 500; 1,680; 3,000; 6,000; and 9,500 yards away respectively.

So may be seen by this rough sketch the extent of that infinite emptiness around us which is eternal.

—Jack Hutt.

Speed

It is an age of speed, and man's craze for it seems insatiable. Faster! Faster! Faster! You remember when a mile a minute was breath-taking, but now the four hundred mark has been achieved. Now for five hundred and then on to one thousand. Rocket ships, shooting thro' space dynamite-tailed, faster than light skimming the stars!

On foot Percy Williams and Eddie Tolan, the fastest sprinters in their 100 yards do over 21 miles per hour.

For transcontinental speed we find along in 1870 that the pony express covered the distance over in the short time of 7 days, 17 hours. In August last, Roscoe Turner flew with a non-stop flight the same distance in 10 hours and 58 minutes and 15 seconds.

Now we will take ships. The one-man boats came first and then the galleys with their large crews; then came the sail boat, the fastest crossing the briny

deep in 13 days, 1 hour and 28 minutes. In 1498 Columbus tiptoed across the ocean in 71 days while in 1620 the Mayflower speeded across in 63 days. Now the Empress of Britain cuts the water at a rate which puts the record down to days, 8 hours, 57 minutes. Some speed

The railway too has had its day. In 1829 it was able to steam along at the tremendous rate of 23 miles per hour. In 1931 in Florida a speed train held down the rails at the rate of 120 miles per hour. A Canadian train from Toronto to Montreal, 334 miles, thundered through in 6 hours flat. The Cheltenham Flyer, non-stop from London in 77¼ miles hurtles past at 80 miles an hour to make the fastest regular land travel in the world.

Four men have died who hit over 200 miles an hour in an automobile, but Sir Malcolm Campbell remains with his blistered hands, with aching arms glued to a wheel whose slightest shift meant death, with eyes glued to a telescopic sight as his thunderbolt car races along the Daytona sands. Now a little information about his new car. A 12-cylinder aeroplane motor of Napier make, water-cooled, will develop 2500 horse power, weighs 4 tons, requires a gallon of gasoline per mile. The wheels, three feet in diameter revolve 2500 times a minute developing such a centrifugal force that the whole car will be lifted one inch at least, and will develop a kinetic energy of 23,000,000 foot pounds. On February 22, 1933, Campbell again raced across Daytona Beach at the comet-like speed of 272 M.P.H. The beach was very rough and the visibility so poor that he could only see one second ahead of him.

Motorboats in 1903 tore up the water at the terrific speed of 17 miles an hour. Later, in September, 1932, Gar Wood on the St. Clair river cut along at 125 miles an hour to set a new record.

In the first Schneider race for seaplanes in 1913, Maurice Prevost made 44.6 miles an hour. In 1931, September

(Continued on Page 64)



BOYS' SPORTS

Inspection of Cadets

As in preceding years our cadet inspection was quite a success. Sergeant Usher from London came a week previous to the inspection and helped get the boys of the Ingersoll Cadet Corps No. 109 in trim.

The usual rush for uniforms followed, the quarter master being kept quite busy after four o'clock. Some of the smaller fellows were disappointed in not being able to get uniforms to fit and who could blame them? Our smart blue uniforms are something to be proud of and are quite a contrast to dull khaki.

The weather for the day of the inspection appeared to have been ordered, for the day dawned bright and clear. In the morning for about two hours, the company was put through the march past and platoon drill. Uniforms were then inspected by Mr. Wilson and advice given as to how to improve our general appearance.

At one-thirty everything was set to

move off. The newly formed bugle band led by Ken Handley supplied the martial airs. The company proceeded through the business section to Canterbury street, wheeling south to the park.

Operations began with Major Jeffries taking the salute from the corps. The march past was carried out in columns of platoons, in close order and in fours. After this trying ordeal a good half hour of drill followed. The individual section commanders had their opportunity of shouting commands. Under the able leadership of Mr. Wilson a smart showing was made in physical training. Our rifles may have been taken away but we still had the opportunity of waving the Semaphore flags, much to the delight of Major Jeffries.

On completing these movements Major Jeffries said a few words to the corps complimenting us on our neat appearance and also on the ability to stand steady in the ranks.

Marching to the market square the



company dismissed. The entire company was then treated to ice-cream by the Daughters of the Empire and after a very hot afternoon it was certainly appreciated.

Officers

Captain: George Carr.
2nd in Command: Robert Watts.
Com. No. 1 Platoon: Lawrence Owen.
Com. No. 2 Platoon: Alan Crawford.
Company Sergt. Major: Jack Taylor.

Rifle Team

The I.C.I. Rifle Team succeeded in winning second place in the shooting contest held for all schools in Ontario. The boys turned in smart scores under the able coaching of Mr. Wilson.

Field Day

October 7th saw the I.C.I. student body at Victoria Park for their annual field day. The events were keenly contested and many spectators witnessed a fine exhibition of skill and endurance.

Following are the winners:

Senior: Fred George, Form V, 30 points.
Intermediate: Anderson Thornton, Form IV, 26 points.
Junior: Harry Jones, Form IB, 26 points.
Juvenile: Richard Thurtell, Form IC, 18 points.

Fourth Form took first place with a grand total of 59 points for girls' and boys' events.

Rugby

The season of thirty-two saw two W.O.S.S.A. teams entered from the I.C.I. Coach Herbert boasted both a senior and junior squad, but unfortunately was fore-

ed to withdraw his senior team, before the schedule got properly under way, due to the fact that many members were disqualified according to W.O.S.S.A. rules. However the games were played according to schedule as exhibition tilts only.

In spite of the fact that the junior squad could not get by the first round, they turned in a smart performance throughout the season. They were practically all youngsters playing their first season of rugby, but showed ability and courage which won the acclaim of many supporters.

Next year, prophesies Coach Herbert, should see a marked improvement in rugby at the I.C.I. and from the plucky display of our "kids", we heartily agree with him.

In all, nine exhibition games were played with St. Thomas, Norwich, Mt. Elgin, and the town team. We lost to St. Thomas but won our games with the other teams.

Basketball

Owing to the fact that many students play in the O.B.A. League, the I.C.I. was unable to enter a team in W.O.S.S.A. However Coach Byron has promised us a team for exhibition games. That should at least provide entertainment for local enthusiasts.

Hockey

The I.C.I. Junior W.O.S.S.A. team, handicapped by a mild winter and consequent lack of practice lost two games to the fast Stratford squad to eliminate them in the first round. In the first game at Stratford they were defeated by the score of 7 to 0 and in Ingersoll were defeated 5 to 1. An exhibition game was played with London South Collegiate

RUGBY TEAM

Left to Right, Back Row: W. Maurice, J. Payne, A. Hargan, P. Williams, A. Pearson, R. Beck.
Second Row: J. Butler, J. Burroughs, D. Rymer, N. Moulton, G. Hayes, D. Buchanan, K. Campbell.
Front Row: E. Eaton, T. Stone, J. C. Herbert (coach), C. L. Bole (principal), H. B. Stevens (assist. coach), J. Pellow, W. Cook.
Sitting: J. Sherwood, A. Thornton, C. Lampkin.

which resulted in a win for the visitors with a score of 6 to 2.

The team: Goal, Tyrus Markham, Ben Crown; Defence, Ted Stone, Warren Cook; Forwards, Moran Cragg, Alan Hargan, Jack Payne, Eddie Paddon, Tom Patry, Bill Maurice, Dave Rymer and Ken Campbell.

Then they played a team from the Mt. Elgin Continuation School which they defeated by the score of 5-0. Tillsonburg

GIRLS' SPORTS

Officers of Girls' Athletic Society

President	Helen Nichols
Vice-President	Jean McDougall
Secretary	Inez Butler
Treasurer	Miss McKay
Head of Basketball	Eleanor Wood
Head of Hockey	Janet Thompson
Head of Volley-Ball	Frances Parker
Head of Other Activities	Irma Hutt

Form Representatives

Form IA	Jean Kennedy
Form IB	Elizabeth Mason
Form IIA	Esther Green
Form IIB	Alma Lee
Form III	Agnes Wade
Form IV	Rita Nichols
Form V	Mabel Clark

The Annual Paper Chase, Sept. 23, 1932

On Thursday, September the twenty-third the annual paper chase was held by the Girls' Athletic Society at the Upper Dam.

By some, swimming was very much enjoyed, while others looked on or scoured the nearby woodland in search of material for the huge fire, thus increasing their appetites for the wholesome lunch of coffee and hot-dogs that was prepared by the teachers and assistants.

The gathering broke up with the fast approaching dusk, each one carrying home as a souvenir torn clothing, smudged faces and hands and a joyous feeling of satisfaction.

next made a visit to Ingersoll and defeated the local kids 5-4. However Ingersoll avenged this score by swamping them on the return game 3-1. This was probably the best game of the season and saw plenty of action.

In these exhibition games the school ranks were bolstered up by several veterans, including Jim Scott, Anderson Thornton and Jack Pellow.

Field Day, Oct. 7, 1932

On Friday, October seventh, the annual Field Day was held on the grounds of spacious Victoria Park. This year a full day was devoted to the lengthy program of sports which was better than ever.

Despite the cold atmosphere of the morning Old Sol turned out clear and bright in the afternoon, along with a crowd of proud fathers and mothers.

The Girls' Athletic Society conducted a well patronized booth, selling coffee, hot-dogs and candy.

The girls' events consisted of the basketball throw, shot put, baseball throw, standing hop, step and jump, seventy-five yard dash, running high jump and the running broad jump.

The open and inter-form events were pursuit relay, three-legged race, and slow bicycle race.

The championships were won as follows:

Senior: Eleanor Wood, 14 points.
Intermediate: Jean MacKenzie, 16 points.
Junior: Alma Lee, 26 points.
Juvenile: Jean Kennedy, 24 points.
Form Championship: IA, 70 points.

Basketball

Our girls' basketball team made a better showing than ever in the Senior W.O.S.A. series this year. In fact they attained their ambition of winning a game from Woodstock by playing one tie game with them. The other three games were



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right, Front Row: A. Rymer, P. Sheldon, E. Wood, H. Le Faive, D. McDonald.
Back Row: E. Long, D. Hawkins, Miss Brett, E. Thomson, S. Stone.

Woodstock were well-fought with the issue in doubt right up to the last whistle. Owing to the fact that our own gym was undergoing improvements until nearly Christmas our team was not able to get a great deal of practice. After Christmas, through the courtesy of the Triangle Club, we were able to secure a few practice hours with the Triangle Club girls. Our team appreciate also the assistance given them by Mr. George Munkwitz of the Triangle Club.

The line-up of the team was as follows:
Forwards: Helen LeFaive, Pearl Sheldon, Shirley Stone. Guards: Eleanor

Wood (captain), Dora Hawkins, Ann Rymer. Subs.: Doris MacDonald, Edna Thomson, Esther Green, Eleanor Long, Gertrude Spittal.

The scores of the four games with Woodstock were: 44-30; 34-25; 30-30; and 37-29.

Exhibition Game in Tillsonburg I.C.I. vs. Tillsonburg

Although closely guarded, Ingersoll girls were able to win this game by a substantial margin 24-7, owing to the excellent combination play and the shooting ability of our forwards.



M. WATKINHOUSE

We were unable to secure a return game in Ingersoll.

The entertainment committee of the Girls' Athletic Society are to be congratulated on their spirit of co-operation and on the success which they have made of a task which is often difficult. We wish to express our appreciation of the help given by Miss Nichol and the other teachers.

In the interval between now and Easter

it is planned to complete the inter-form basketball games and to conduct a volleyball tournament. Although a group interested in hockey got together they were unable to hold any practices owing to the lack of ice. Our gym has been marked off for badminton and a net and standards have been secured. Several have taken advantage of these facilities already.

—Helen U. Nichols.

FORM NEWS

IA

Eva MacDiarmid is IA's human pole.

* * *

Elizabeth Elford is the IA bookworm.

* * *

Marguerite Murray is good at doing no homework and having it all right.

* * *

Marguerite Douglas is the apple of Miss Carney's eye in Latin.

* * *

IA Orchestra

Elizabeth Elford plays the drum.

The harp is played by no one.

Then Flo comes in with the violin;

Betty Rose plays the mandolin.

Then the leader starts to bellow

For Rosalie fell asleep and completely

forgot the cello.

The name of the tune would not rhyme.

So we'll just call it—Sweet Adeline.

* * *

IB

A is for Armstrong who sits and grins,

B is for Bagnall, he's the fellow who wins.

C is for Coles who eats candy all day.

D is for Dryden who's always away.

E is for Elliott; with songs she wins fame.

F is for Florence who never acts tame.

G is for Gladys, the one that means Law,

H is for Harris who in latin does fa'.

I is for Irene, IB's little girl.

J is for Jones, little boy with a curl.

K is for Kathleen, the blonde of IB.

L is for Lornie, the pest we all see.

M is for Margarets—we have them galore!

N is for Nagle who makes a high score.

O is for Owen, Ghandi, we mean.

P is for Petrie who sits in a dream.

Q is for Questions—we get such a lot!

R is for Richardson who studies a lot.

S is for Sage, a kind of a spice.

T is for Topham and she's very nice.

U is for Uncles we have a great many.

V is for Verbs, we wish there weren't any.

W is for Welburn who's first name is

Willie

X marks the spot, it sounds rather silly.

Y is for Young who is not very old

Z is the last letter so I was told.

* * *

IC

There must be a depression. Andy Dunn's yarns are shorter.

* * *

IC is simply loaded with heroes. Andy Dunn did some work as a fireman at the Presbyterian church fire and John Burrows rescued some people from drowning in Smith's Pond.

Mr. Herbert must be better. We hear
that he was playing tag around the room
the other day. "Vas you there, Sharlie?"

* * *

Bill Langdown has such a great big grin
If he ever cried, 'twould be a sin.
Bill Hawkins is so very bright,
Everything he does is right.
Bill Pellow is so small!
Johnnie Burrows is so tall!
Berries Mills is such a sight,
The only thing he does is fight.
"Mayor" Parker thinks he's a tough guy,
But not so tough by the look of his eye.
When Wesley Couch, the farmer boy,
Gets anything right, he shouts for joy.

* * *

2A

"Ann Rymer is 2A's artist. She wishes
to make it known that anyone wishing a
portrait of himself or friends, will be
satisfied. Some well-known people in 2A
have posed for Ann, probably unknown
to themselves."

* * *

"The new fad in 2A, originated by Mor-
in Haycock is crawling. This crawling
is very different to the style when we
were very young. It requires some skill,
because it is done by moving swiftly on
hands and knees around the two back
desks while the teacher's attention is
elsewhere."

* * *

Mr. Brogden (to class as the fire en-
gine was seen coming up George Street):
"Never mind, class, there's no fire in this
school—if there were I would not be
here."

* * *

Can You Imagine:

Tessie Condos shoes not squeaking?
Tom Patry not fooling with the girls?
Jack Hutt not knowing his work?
Alex. Pearson behaving himself?
Waldo Dunn smiling for 2A?

* * *

It Is Obvious:

That Cleveland Eggleton, a newcom-
er to our midst, has the distinction of

being "le plus petit garçon de l'école."

That likewise Gertie Spittal is the tall-
est maid to ever cross the threshold of
dear old 2A.

That Peter Williams is the Clark Gable
of our form.

That gum-chewing honours must be
given to Bill (schnozzle) Rogers and
Willie Empey.

* * *

IIB

IIB's row of boys responded a little
to Mr. Bole's criticism of their work and
all succeeded in receiving a pass average
on the Christmas examinations.

* * *

Little Warren Cook
Took out his book,
While writing his French exam.
He picked up his pen,
To himself said—ahem!
What a bright boy I am!

* * *

We had with us for a while
A broad, happy, smile;
It was worn by one
Who the teachers did rile;
He left us one day to go his own way,
And is now playing Junior O.H.A.
The opposing teams are as if in a daze,
When down the ice goes George Wil-
liam Hayes.

* * *

Ted Stone says he's not going shoot-
ing with Mr. Gordon again, because he
scares all the rabbits.

* * *

Who is this tall dark man reported tak-
ing Edna B. Wilde to our "At Home"?
Anyone answering to this description,
stand by.

* * *

III

We gather from the ruddy hue on sev-
eral students' faces, that they are not
fond of sitting at the professor's desk in
Geometry period. We realize however
that they are usually looked upon as ear-
lier models—hence the curiosity shown
and the sans sophistication expression.

Did Eleanor Wood fall in the laps of the two young men on purpose at the basketball game?

• • •

Geometry class is no longer peaceful but a strained silent feud between Auld Agnes, Alberta and David to see which will be successful in getting a hand at it first.

• • •

The God of Laughter Says of III Form

Jack Pellow will soon be "Jack in the Pulpit".

George Simister is planning a trip to Mars in the near future.

Jack VanNorman will be a chemist in 1960.

Agnes Wade is delivering the "Speech from the Throne," at Parliamentary opening.

Jean Wilford will be teaching Latin to the Hotentots.

Helen Elliott will be a famous poetess. Fannie Parker's latest craze is punctuality.

Ron. Sage will be growing spinach.

Jack Morgan will be Mayor of Ingersoll.

Donald Wade will be teaching Manual Training.

—Jean Wilford.

• • •

IV Who's Who

Submitted by the students of Fourth Form. It is what they think of each other—believe it or not!

Claude Baynton: Walking encyclopedia, book-worm, cartoonist, strong silent men, afraid of Miss Carney, blushes at every interested glance of ladies—which is often.

Eric Eaton: Great chemist, mathematician, electrical engineer, weakness—something to eat, rugby star, very fierce.

Rita Nichols: Star gagger, literature homework undone, the mathematical scream.

Howson Johnston: Scientist, philoso-

pher, orator, dancer, ambitious, smart and everything.

George McSherry: Party play-boy, follower of Mr. Brogden, ambition to be a sheik.

Kenneth Campbell: Hockey star, ambition—to get Mr. Stevens mad.

Helen Pirie: Drives a car, weakness chemistry manual and Warren Cook.

Bill Douglas: Midget of Fourth, brilliant chemist, good in nature and mathematics.

Helen Wilson: Very quiet, ambition—music and chemistry.

James Wilford: Big guy, future orchestra leader, follower of Cab Calloway, French student.

Inez Butler: An aristocrat, very sweet young lady.

Jean MacKenzie: Willowy type, brilliant conversationalist. Tim Eaton's sparring partner, clever student, very Scotch.

Mable Thompson: Pugnacious, ambition—grand opera.

Lawrence Owen: French and Latin always prepared, astronomy.

Ruth Sutherland: French student, weakness—Gnat, IV's addition to the lollies.

Francis Gayler: The class chemistry student, very ambitious.

Jack Mayberry: Musician, prospective ice-hunter, class clown, interested in hip-mates.

Alfred Crutcher: Future college professor, ambitious, brilliant.

Jack Payne: Athletic star, short in stature, gum-chewer, champion detention skipper.

George Smith: IV Form Romeo, ambitious, peroxide blonde, paper-tossing artist.

• • •

Form V

Who's Who in Form V

We have this year in Form V, one of the liveliest groups of amicably, cheerful, friendly students that could be assembled in one form. This form of ours is packed full of intelligence, wit, school spirit,

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athletic and literary ability, and good-natured fellowship.

Our most admired and influential student is the President of the Literary Society, Donald Wilson, under whose able leadership our literary meetings are fast improving. Not only has he this high office but also he has the position of Editor-in-Chief of the "Volt".

Jack Dunn, that tall, black-haired rascal and Paul Bowman, the form sheik, make up the mathematicians of Form V.

Ewart Miller is a newcomer in our Form since Christmas holidays, and I hear that he is the cause of many a feminine heart flutter.

John Moore, Form V's "Joker", never fails to add spice and humour to our French and Latin periods by giving us his interpretation of how to speak those languages.

Many of the boys of Form V are accomplished musicians and their delightful melodies are enjoyed immensely at our literary meetings. Dick Seldon peps up the orchestra with his snappy and efficient piano accompaniment; Eric Brown, that quiet chap, (well, maybe it's love!) plays the violin-cello; Donald toots on the trumpet; Del Wollin, with his left leg keeping time like a prancing steed, plays the saxophone. Tom Comiskey is an "all-round" good fellow, even if he does enjoy smashing bumpers. Ross McWilliams, Leslie Scourfield, Norman Moulton and Wilfred Allen are rather quiet, but anyone can see that they are an asset to the Form. Bill Maurice is the Form's athlete, and although he is shy,

we must admit that Bill sure can play rugby and hockey.

Fred George, the Form tease, is also athletically inclined, having won the Senior Boys' Championship.

Of course we're leaving the best until last, so let's now discuss Form V's girls.

Jean O'Brien, the Form's cleverest and most studious girl, is setting a splendid example for the rest of us to follow. Jean, good-natured Beatrice Mousseau, retiring Mary Shannon, clever Angela Moyse, demure Alma Adamson and loquacious Pearl Fishleigh, make up Form V's sewing circle or Ladies' Aid meeting. Of this group Pearl Fishleigh is specially noted for adding humour to our spare periods.

Marjorie Bailey and Dorothy Budd are "good heads" and run close competition with the boys in mathematics. Margaret Bower and Marjorie Clendenning, although rather quiet, are two of the most likeable girls in Form V. We seldom see Merrie Breen and Helen Sutherland but we all agree that they are first-rate.

Mabel Clark is very fond of talking, but we won't hold that against her. Jean Wallace and Agnes Pearson, two of the Form "belles" are close friends, strange as that may seem. Helen Nichols and Vera Downing are always looking for some mischief. Eleanor Ellery and Muta Roe never have much to say and maybe some of the rest of us should follow their example.

All in all, you can't find a finer form in the school than Fifth Form.

—Vera Downing.

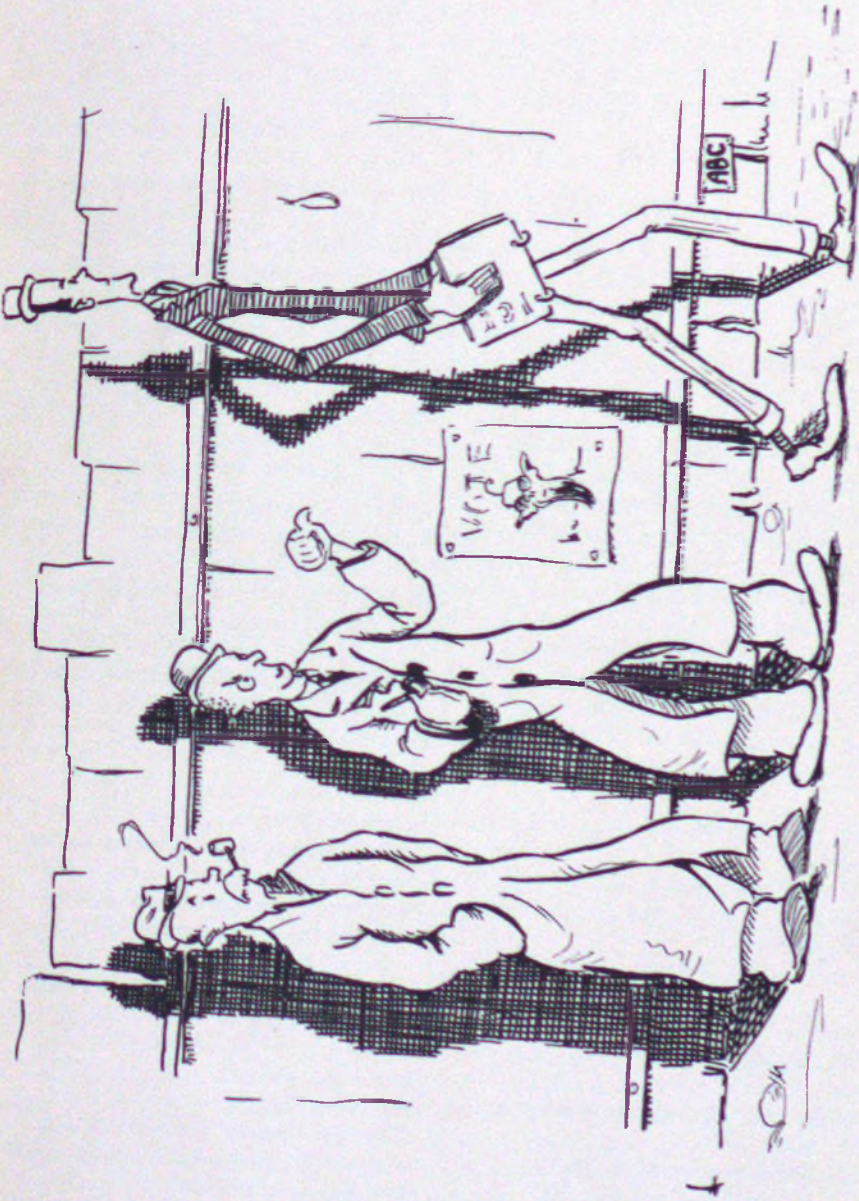
Science

(Continued from Page 54)

30. Flight Lieut. O. N. Stainforth went out and made 408.8 miles per hour on a three kilo course, actually going 415 miles on a lap. That is from Montreal to Toronto in three quarters of an hour, if that's any help to you.

The earth speeds around at 1000 miles per hour and light flashes along 186,000 miles a second. Well, we have something to achieve yet.

—Paul Bowman.



— S'Matter? - Steam-roller run him down?
— Nope! - Over-crowding at the Collegiate did it.

POT POURRI

The I.C.I. Orchestra 1933

The orchestra blares in uncertain quavers
Till once they are headed away,
Then, sensing pulsations, the band never
wavers
In playing the hits of the day.

And all on account of Geddie's smooth
leading,
The genius dubbed Rubinoff II,
Whose tone, whether fiery or tenderly
pleading,
Brings applause when the number is
through.

The traps, at command of Wilfred the
lanky,
Keep time for the rest of the crowd;
His drum-rolls and wavings are dextrous-
ly swanky,
And seldom are overly loud.

The bass-violin, plucked by Brown,
looks so simple
That each of us thinks "That it is pie!"
Forgotten the magical power in a dimple;
If I'm wrong, why not give it a try?

The trombone responds to Butler's per-
suation,
Though ever reluctant, I fear;
No doubt that he blows the right notes
on occasion—
They get twisted in transit, My Dear.

For saxophone moans we present Wiz-
ard Skinner,
Creator of I.C.I. blues;
Remorse for his folly has not made him
thinner,
So this player we won't likely lose.

The trumpet sonorous of Wilson is certain
To focus attention on him;
But when it is silent, he doesn't start
flirtin'
To keep in the popular swim.

The keys, white and black, Seldon tickled
to laughter
Are gloomy when lying at ease;
But chuckles return in abundance soon
after,
When his fingers are eager to tease.

The faults of the others are Wollin's de-
light,
He fills in the gaps with deft chords;
He senses all discords, then blows with
such might
That his tenor sax rocks the stage
boards.

—Ewart Miller.

* * *

New Views About Gnus

When cares attack,
And Life seems black,
How sweet it is to pot a yak.
Or puncture hares and grizzly bears
And others I might mention;
But in my animals' Who's Who
There's none stands higher than the gnu.
And each new gnu that comes in view
Receives my prompt attention.

When studies pall
In wisdom's hall,
And pleasures beckon, Spring or Fall,
I shelve my books in secret nooks,
In spite of conscience warnings;
No doubt at all I temporize
And shun the counsels of the wise:
For soon or late will come my fate
To summon me to mournings.

Now gnus are shy,
And often sigh
When pestered by the hunter's cry:
Would you be brave if some gnu knave
Had you in observation?

Yet when our chances we abuse,
Our neighbours often change their
views:
So shun the news of frisky gnus,
And heed this intimation.

ALUMNI

Greetings - I. C. I. Alumni

One of the pastimes we find very interesting is to take stock of the old 'gang' that used to occupy the seats of the great and glorious I.C.I. Through the medium of this section of "The Volt", we hope to keep in touch with those who have left us to continue a higher education, and with the remainder who have entered upon the walks of life for which they have been fitted.

Of those who departed from our familiar corridors in 1931:

Gordon Butler is taking Honour Arts and Charles Cragg is taking Pass Arts at Toronto University.

Western University has claimed Catharine Hargan who is taking Secretarial Science, and Geraldine Stone who is taking English and French.

At Westervelt School we find Elizabeth Foster taking a secretarial course and Edith Foster, office training. Laura Eidt took a business course and was then placed as a stenographer at Saunders & Co., wholesale druggists in London.

Two girls who attended Normal School are now teachers. Mildred Richardson is teaching at Walker's School and Marjorie Roberts at Crampton.

Helen Cain is attending Shaw's Business College in Toronto.

The following are continuing their high school training elsewhere: Chester Brown, Florence Brown, Jean English, Edward Goff, Kenneth Hill, Wilbur Jellous, Vivian Longfield, Enid MacDonald, Donald Strachan, Eleanor Smith, Mabel Rath.

Those who have entered upon other occupations are: Mabel Campbell, Jean Elliott, Florence Eaton, Mary Ely, Jack Hunsberger, Sadie Mattson, Max Sumner, Ben Sheldon.

Those at home are: Winnifred Boniface, William Brewer, Russell Coles, Ruth Dale, Dorothy Ellis, Dorothy Eidt, Viola Franklin, Ruth Hammond, Emma Haycock, Ralph Harris, Verna Henderson, Myrtle Hutcheson, Margaret McCreery, Margaret Moyer, Ruth Nicholson, Nelson Noad, Margaret Nichols, Charlotte Revell, Luella Rath, Margaret Smith, Marjorie Spencer, Jean Wisson, Lily-Anne Wilson, Roy Weeks.

Miss B. Mossop of the 1931 staff is now in London.

Those who left the I.C.I. in 1932 are:

Bill Wallace who is taking Commerce and Finance at Toronto University and Alan Crawford who is studying architecture.

Grace Grieve and Katharine McDermott who are taking Classics at Western.

Isabelle Dunn taking a Secretarial Course at Westervelt Business College; Harold Nancekivell taking Business Administration.

The students at Normal School: Eleanor Green, Jean Hossack, Robert Walton, George Carr.

Marian Murray attending Moulton College, Toronto.

Gerald Pirie who left our town to continue his studies at St. Andrew's College.

Esther Davis at Mt. Elgin Continuation School.

Those in business are: Bertram Carr, Jack Curtis, Maurice Hughes, Vera Thompson.

The following at home: Marjorie Adams, Helen Banbury, Ina Banbury, Audrey Clark, Edith Clipson, Bertram Cole, Vera Daniel, Greeta Groves, Donald Houghton, Mary Hutchison, Ross Hossack, Gordon Johnston, Marie Johnson, Nelson Jones, Leatham Judd, Doris Keeler, Jim Kerr, Dorothy Latford, Dora Lockey, Albert McCreery, Jack Moulton, Kathleen Murr, Theodore Nancekivell, Margaret Pellow, James Revell, Dorothy Rose, Doris Staples, Jean Thomas.

Miss Edna Cress of last year's staff is at her home in Kitchener and Mr. Gordon Wilson is in Niagara Falls.

EXCHANGE

The Exchange Editor wishes to thank those who so kindly sent us copies of their magazines and Year Books and we hope that by this exchange we can further a friendly spirit between the different schools.

We are not printing the hackneyed criticisms that are the custom but are selecting from each, one particular bit of news or humour which has attracted our attention. By this we hope to make our page interesting to all our readers. We are sending letters to the various schools in which we offer our criticism which we trust may be both beneficial and constructive.—Exchange Editor.

Football Players' Lament

Early to bed,
And early to rise,
And your girl goes out
With other guys.

L.S.C.I. Oracle.

It's the little things in life that tell, said Evyl, as she dragged her small brother from under the sofa.

Lux Glebana—Ottawa.

City Student: "That cow has a lovely coat."

Country Pupil: "Yes, it's a Jersey."

City Student: "A jersey. I thought it was her skin!"

Tecalogue—London Tech.

Elliot 3A tells in Composition of seeing a deer at the bottom of a bottomless canyon.

The Oracle—Woodstock.

Suitor: "You're a dear, sweet girl. God bless you and keep you—I wish I could afford to."

The Lantern—Sir Adam Beck C.I., London.

Mr. Graham (announcing next day's lesson): "Tomorrow I will take arsenic."

Fifth Form Chemistry Class: "Hooray!"

The Echoes—Peterborough.

We also wish to acknowledge these exchanges:

Ottawa—"The Argosy of Commerce."

Brantford C.I.—"Hello."

Tillsonburg H.S.—"Tattler."

Burlington H.S.—"R2rebites."

Bowmanville H.S.—"Screech Owl."

Fort William C.I.—"Year Book."

Escape

The ancient car lurched and bumped over the uneven road, at times swaying dangerously near the deep ditch which fringed the trail to the Ingersoll Collegiate. Mr. Stevens, occupying the seat next to the driver swallowed hard, gripped the seat, and glued his terror-stricken glance to the roadway, while Mr. Byron nonchalantly stepped on the gas and drank deeply of the beautiful scenery. The speedometer, which always register-

ed ten miles an hour slower than the car was really going, showed sixty-five, as they sped down the hill, and raced towards the little iron bridge. A faint cry from Mr. Stevens, arrested Mr. Byron's attention, and with a slight pressure on the wheel, with the thumb and forefinger, he swung the car out of the danger zone. A few minutes later Mr. Stevens opened his eyes.

—Tom Patry IIA.

IF YOU
SHOULD
ASK ME
—WELL
I'D SAY



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Will be Made the Way
YOU Want It



If You Order It At

BARTLETT'S

Mr. Bole (in Grammar class): "Willie, please tell me what it is when I say, 'I love, you love, and he loves'."

Willie Empey: "That's one of them triangles where somebody gets shot."

* * *

Miss Brett: "Herbert, where is your French grammar?"

Herbert Eggleton: "I don't know. It must have taken French leave."

Blake Haycock (at a fish store): "Throw me over three large trout."

Man at fish store: "Throw 'em! What for?"

Blake: "I shall inform the family that I caught them. I may be a poor fisherman but thank goodness I'm not a liar."

* * *

What is a myth?

A female moth.

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**Wood Flour Mills
Limited**

Miss Carney: "Remember Baynton, that temptations can be resisted if you turn a deaf ear towards them."

Claude Baynton: "But I haven't got a deaf ear."

* * *

Handley: "They say that Jones burnt up the track on field day."

Coles: "Well, it's all cinders."

Tom Comiskey: "How can I prevent my toes going to sleep?"

Dick Seldon: "Don't let them turn in."

* * *

Bruce McDiarmid (at the end of history class): "What are we going to have tomorrow?"

Mr. Byron: "Fine weather, I hope."

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We have a young fellow named Bill,
Who gives Miss McKay quite a chill,
He knows not his work
But he ever doth shirk,
This lazy young rascal named Bill.

Elizabeth Elford: "It is strange, my feet keep going to sleep."

Edna Thomson: "They must get bored being always with you."

Miss Carney (teaching 2A Latin):
"Now, what comes after O?"
Margaret Counter: "Yeah!"

* * *
Warren Cook (translating): "She slipped and fell in to the river. Her husband, horror-stricken, rushed to the bank"

Miss Brett (interposing): "What did he rush to the bank for?"

Warren: "To get the insurance money."

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PROF. C. E. AUGER, B.A., Registrar.

Miss Nichol: "Why did you put quotation marks at the first and last of your paper?"

Jack Hutt: "I was quoting the fellow in front of me."

* * *

There's meter in music,
There's meter in tone,
But the best place to meter,
Is to meter alone.

It is perfectly all right for a woman to want to hold on to her youth, but she should not do it while he is driving.

* * *

Jack Mayberry: "Gosh, I got this watch cheap; I wonder how the jeweler can make any profit?"

Ty Markham: "With the repairs, most likely."

Petrie's Barber Shop

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