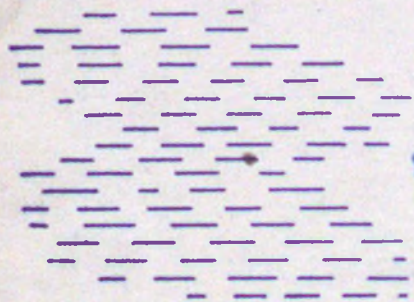


The VOLT



EMITTE LUCEM

1948

Ingersoll Collegiate Institute





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Mr. C. L. Bole, B.A.

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The Principal's Message

It is my pleasure to congratulate the Editor and his staff and all those who assisted in the publication of the 1948 edition of *The Volt*. This project is possible only through the co-operation of the entire student body, with the assistance and guidance of members of the teaching staff. A special word of thanks is due to the advertisers whose patronage and financial assistance help to make this year book a reality.

The year 1948 should be a memorable one in the history of the I. C. I. A larger school area, formed this year, should make possible, when facilities become available, a more diversified curriculum which should meet the needs of pupils attending the school from Ingersoll and the surrounding district. We express our gratitude to the members of the Board of Education who have served so faithfully in the past, as well as to the members of the newly formed District Board for their untiring efforts in providing educational opportunities for the pupils in this area.

To the students I should like to express my appreciation for their continued interest in all the activities of the school. While academic proficiency is of prime importance, participation in athletics, dramatics, debating, music and the other extra-curricular activities, is essential in the all-round development of pupils.

I should like also to thank the teaching staff for their continued devotion to their work and for their splendid co-operation throughout the past year.

To those of you who will be graduating in June, we wish you every success in your wider fields of endeavour. We know that you will be worthy of the fine traditions of the I.C.I. and we shall follow your activities with continued interest.

J. C. HERBERT,
Principal



The Editor's Message

Tempus fugit and all too soon the school year of 1947-1948 approaches its close. Since memory is one of the most marvellous gifts with which mankind has been endowed, we offer you the annual edition of the I. C. I. Volt as a concrete record of the year's accomplishments. Ten years from now you may pick up the '47-48 edition and relive the good old days of collegiate life.

The publication of a magazine always involves much hard work, but it pays excellent dividends; those of us who have served on the staff of the Volt have learned to develop initiative and co-operation and have acquired valuable experience in writing; and in the school generally a fine esprit de corps has been promoted, for deep down in the heart of every student at our I.C.I. rests a strong feeling of pride in this activity.

This year has seen a radical change in the school board. For a great many years the Ingersoll Board of Education has looked after our interests. From January 1, 1948 the collegiate has been under the direction of the Collegiate Institute Board of Ingersoll District, consisting of representatives from the four surrounding townships and the town of Ingersoll. We hope that the new board will have as long and as worthy a record as its predecessor.

In conclusion we should like to express our sincere appreciation to our advertisers who have so generously supported our un-

dertaking in a financial way, and to all the members of the staff and student body who contributed their time and efforts to make this publication possible.

DON KERR,
Editor

The March of Time 1947-48

On Wednesday mornings during the past year we have welcomed to our Collegiate members of the Ministerial Association. Each one of them brought a message which was a challenge to us. We have enjoyed and appreciated having them with us. To them go our sincere thanks.

Another person whom we are always glad to see in our midst is Miss B. Crawford, our local librarian. She has given very kindly of her time on several occasions to talk to us about books and to explain the organization of the library. Her generous assistance to students in search of material for speeches, debates, etc., is sincerely appreciated by everyone. The opening of the library at noon on Monday for the benefit of our country students shows an excellent spirit of cooperation on the part of Miss Crawford for which we are extremely grateful.

The Public Speaking contest was held early in November in connection with the annual Commencement Exercises and resulted in form 10A winning first and second in the boys' competition and second and third in the girls' contest. To carry this work a long step farther ahead, three members of 10A represented the school in W.O.S.S.A. Public Speaking Competition. The Junior Girls' contestant, Joyce Lange, and the Junior Boys' competitor, Tom Douglas, advanced to the finals after eliminating contestants from Woodstock, Brantford and Kitchener in preliminary and semi-final competitions. In the final competition held at the University of Western Ontario, Tom Douglas was successful in winning the silver medal by placing first and Joyce Lange the bronze medal by placing second in the Junior competition. Unfortunately, Jim Shearon, who won the boys' championship for us at the Commencement Exercises, and who represented the I. C. I. in the Senior Boys' W.O.S.S.A. contest, was defeated in the preliminary contest with Woodstock and Brantford.



The Assistant Editor's Message

We are about to witness the close of another year and as this date comes steadily closer our thoughts turn back to the highlights of school activities. Among the many thoughts that enter our mind is, "Has school spirit come to life during this past year or has it remained buried out on the campus?"

The enthusiastic spirit of the whole school has been exemplified in innumerable ways throughout the year. Our students have gone out wholeheartedly for sports. Those who were not actually on the teams were at the games to cheer for the home team. The players, although discouraged at times when they were not victorious, were always good sports and lived up to their school tradition. It can never be said that an I. C. I. team was ever beaten without a good fight and a clean one.

The student body has been one hundred percent behind our school functions especially the Literary meetings. Everyone, both teachers and students, has put everything he had into them and whether on stage or in the audience, we have laughed and enjoyed them to the full. From the moment the curtain rose until the last strains of the King, we were conscious of the spirit of the students giving life to the whole performance.

In their studies the pupils have shown just as much true school spirit as in their

extra curricular activities. Sometimes we failed to do our homework or to pay attention in school, but a great majority of our students have come through and passed their examinations. Everything we have undertaken we have done to the best of our ability.

Some of us will be leaving the halls of the old I. C. I. for the last time but I believe that we will leave them in good hands. To the future seniors, good luck, and remember, to you goes the job of keeping alive the school spirit of the Ingersoll Collegiate.

MARIAN WILSON, XIII
Assistant Editor

To Our Advertisers

Who by their interest and generous assistance have made possible this book, we should like to express our most sincere thanks and appreciation.

We hope that our readers will fully realize this, and will show their appreciation by their loyal support and patronage.

THANK YOU!

To Mr. T. M. Young, of the Commercial Print Craft, who has offered many valuable suggestions in the printing of this magazine.

To Mr. A. P. Bamber, of Bamber's Studio, who was most generous with the time he gave to photographing group and individual pictures in the magazine.

To Miss E. Barber and her commercial students, as well as Mrs. Simpson, the school secretary who gave unstintingly of their time and efforts to type copy for The Volt.

To Miss Jean Sutherland and her Art classes for the art work throughout the book. To them all we say, "Thank you".

There is no Exchange page in The Volt this year but the students of the I. C. I. have received copies of many other school magazines. These have been greatly enjoyed and efforts are being made to exchange magazines with other schools again this year.

To all of you—THANK YOU!

Message from the Chairman of the Board

It is a special privilege for me, on behalf of our newly-formed Collegiate Institute Board of Ingersoll District, to convey our best wishes for the success of the annual school journal.

On this occasion I would extend greetings to those surrounding municipalities, whose representatives join in the formation of our District Board. With our extended boundaries, we hope to form a community for educational purposes in which facilities for a liberal education to meet our particular needs will be as good as may be found anywhere.

We have as our objective the building of a new, modern school, fully equipped to meet the growing demands for instruction in agricultural science, shop work, home economics courses, in addition to the usual academic subjects.

We recognize with pride the past records of our school, its teachers and students. Participation in all school activities has been very encouraging.

It is the sincere wish and hope of the Board that the knowledge gained at the Ingersoll Collegiate Institute will act as a bulwark to its graduates in facing their problems and perplexities through life.

R. W. GREEN

Chairman

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1948
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1947
Ingersoll
Board
of
Education



**Message from His Worship
Mayor C. W. Riley**



It is my privilege and pleasure as Mayor of the Corporation of the Town of Ingersoll to wish you, on behalf of the Town Council and myself, every success in the publication of your annual Year Book.

As in other years, I feel our Collegiate and its staff have achieved success in all its activities. The honour our students have brought to the Town by their success in public speaking contests as well as the credit won by those who have gone afield to better their education make us justly proud.

In these days, when a higher education is so essential in making a mark in the world, I can only say, with the opportunities afforded our young people, it is to their advantage to make the most of them so that they will be prepared for the years ahead.

Again wishing you every success in all your school activities, I am

CHAS. W. RILEY, Mayor
Corporation of the Town of Ingersoll

BEST WISHES AND CONGRATULATIONS

To the Students of the Ingersoll Collegiate Institute on the publication of their magazine "THE VOLT".

Corporation of the Town of Ingersoll

Mayor C. W. Riley; Councillors L. V. Healy, Thos. J. Morrison, Russell Nunn, Fred Wurker, Leo. J. Ranger and Frank H. Kerr.

Valedictory Address

By Alice Ashman

I feel it a great honour to act as valedictorian for the graduating class of 1947. In the few short months since the fateful days of examination-time, the members of the class are scattered. I imagine that this class has set a record with over ninety percent continuing their education in hospitals, normal schools, business colleges and universities. This fall, London and Toronto have seen many I.C.I. graduates enter their educational institutions and one representative has travelled to Hamilton and another to Windsor.

There are a few things that this class of '47 would like me to tell you. First, although I cannot boast that our class in its five years of Collegiate life ever won an athletic trophy, still we always had a good team and were in there, trying. This is an essential of good school spirit. Support your teams in all their activities because they'll play better games knowing they have a loyal cheering section to spur them on.

This same principle applies to all other school activities. One should enter wholeheartedly into the work of the Literary Society, the Glee Club and the Debating Society. Don't forget to attend all the school parties and dances.

As it happened, an initiation was not held the year our class entered the Collegiate. Since that year, however, initiations have been held annually and these stand out in the memory of the participants as a high point of their school life.

Then again, we have our yearly publication, The Volt. Do all within your ability to make it a better book, worthy of the students and staff, and a fitting memorial of the year. In all these ways you will be upholding the fine traditions of the school.

However, bear in mind that some studying must be done if you are to receive true benefit from your schooling. Keep up your studies from day to day so as to prepare yourself for a responsible place in the community. We of this generation will soon take our places in a shrinking world neigh-

bourhood which needs wise leadership, if chaos is to be avoided. It is easily seen, too, that education is of primary importance if we are to receive full advantage from this modern age of great scientific advancement. Your success in school will help you secure a position in the field of work you choose.

Ingersoll Collegiate serves the necessary purpose of developing the youth of the community, and for this reason we of the graduating class owe our thanks to the teachers, the Board of Education, our parents and citizens of Ingersoll, for the opportunities of work and play afforded us during our years there.

The class of '47 bids farewell to its school. There is a touch of regret as we leave, and yet we are looking forward eagerly to our future lives when we will try to exemplify the lessons learned in the Ingersoll Collegiate. We look to each succeeding class to carry on the customs started so long ago by our predecessors, and, if a slogan were necessary, let it be

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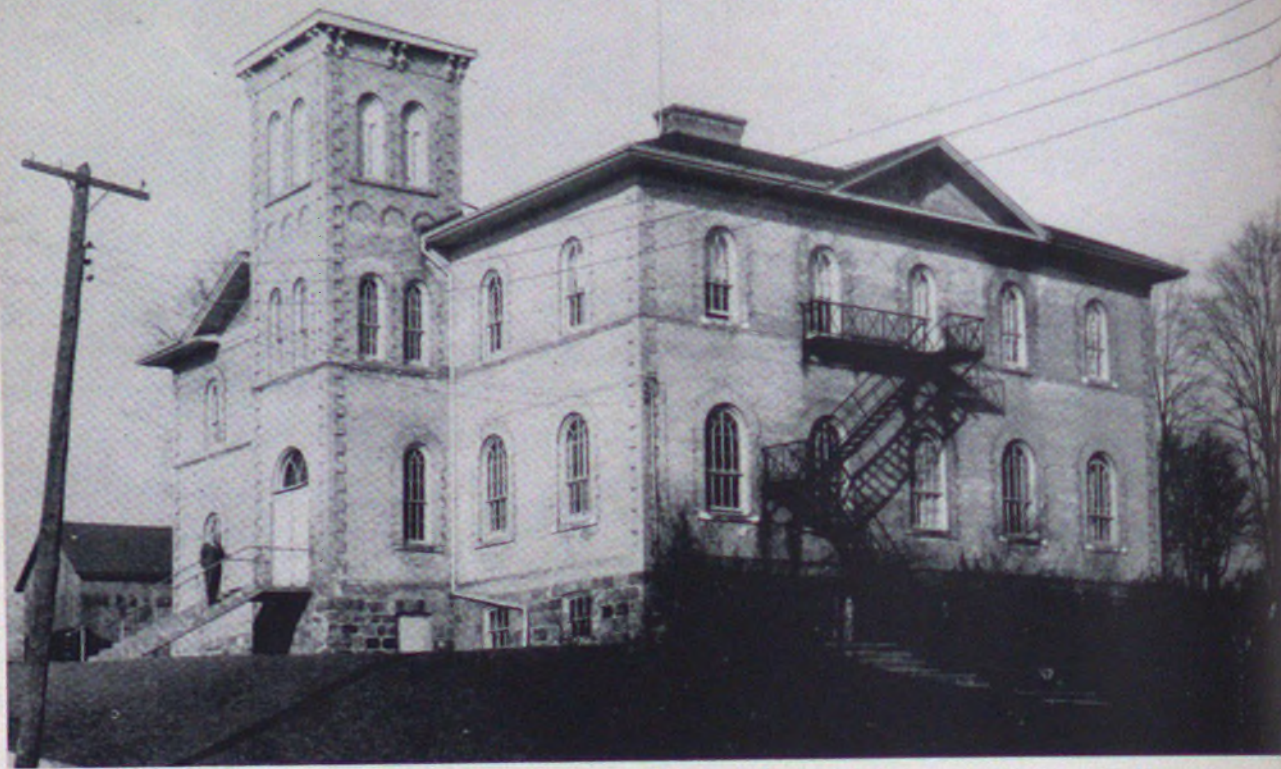
JOYCE LANGE

Second prize winner Junior Girls'
W.O.S.S.A. Public Speaking Contest



TOM DOUGLAS

First prize winner Junior Boys'
W.O.S.S.A. Public Speaking Contest



Ingersoll Education Goes Back Almost 100 Years

George F. Janes

**Former Member and One Time Chairman
Ingersoll Board of Education**

Much of interest in connection with the establishment of Ingersoll's educational facilities was revealed by perusal of old records dating back nearly one hundred years.

It is recorded that "the Village of Ingersoll was created under the authority of the 12th Victoria, chapter 81, section 58, by proclamation bearing date 12th September, 1851, to take effect the following first day of January."

The first board of school trustees, it is recorded, were elected on Tuesday, the 6th day of January, 1852, as follows: William Barker, chairman; David Paine, secretary; John Buchanan, Edward Morris, Henry Scholfield and Adam Oliver. There was one school at that time with 150 pupils. The charge per quarter was two shillings six pence, currency. The teachers were James Izzard and F. Reynolds, assistant.

Authentic records for 1862-3 contain the following: "There are several schools in the Village of Ingersoll in connection with the different denominations. The principal and public one, styled the Union School, being the common and grammar school united, is an excellent institution. It is a handsome two-storey brick building with ample playgrounds, well fenced. Average attendance 180. John Wells, head teacher; F. Atkins, second teacher; Samuel Schell, third teacher, and Sarah Hovendon, fourth teacher."

The date of the establishment of the high school was not definite but an old newspaper of 1873 sheds some light in this connection. The announcement was made that "the semi-annual examination of the high school will take place on Friday, 12th instant and in the evening the head master will deliver his lecture on Culloden in the town hall."

An interesting phase of a meeting of the school board in January, 1874, as embodied in a report, was the advocacy by Mr. Buchanan that bookkeeping should be taught in the high school. He instanced that he had taken his own son out of school to assist on his books and that "he did not know a journal from a ledger."

At a meeting of the school board in February it is recorded that "Dr. Williams read a letter from T. M. McIntyre, headmaster of the high school, stating bookkeeping had been taught since the autumn term of 1872; that the subject was optional with students taking a classic course and compulsory with those taking an English course."

The following statistics were also given in connection with the meeting: number on register passed by the high school inspector 40; number on register previously admitted by the board of examiners 13; number who have not passed 12; average number of pupils passed and previously passed for the month of January, 49.

The movement for the erection in ward one of a new school, now known as the collegiate institute, began in 1874. From a report of a meeting in April, 1874, of the school board it was stated "the second report of the building committee was submitted." Further information gleaned in this connection showed that the estimated cost of the new building and grounds was \$8,000, with \$2,000 then being available.

The proposal to erect a new school developed a controversy between the school board and council which was entered into by some citizens who openly charged the board with being extravagant. They contended the cost of the proposed school would impose a hardship on the taxpayers.

The matter of a new school continued to be a live issue. At a meeting of the council in May, 1874, it is recorded that "the union board of school trustees present herewith to your honorable body the estimates for a new school building to be erected in ward one, within the present year, 1874, and requests your honorable body to provide the sum of \$6,000 to be paid on or before the first of September next, the said sum to be raised by debentures payable in from 10 to 20 years."

From that time on progress was made with the new school project. At a meeting of the school board in September, 1874, it is recorded, "a motion was adopted that the

expenses of laying the corner-stone of the new school house and the reception to the Governor-General be paid."

In an article published a short time later in the Weekly Chronicle on the town's prosperity a list of the buildings being erected was said to total \$144,000. The list included "the handsome new brick school house 2½ storeys, cost about \$9,000. Contractors, Christopher Bros."

This was Ingersoll's most forward step in early days for better educational facilities and it is of interest that the school erected at that time with additions since, has long been known as the Collegiate Institute.



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The scientists aren't such a bad lot after all. At long last they have concocted something for the student.

This modern miracle is known as glutamic acid. Sounds like one of the atrocities found by a diligent "chemist" on his Easter exam, doesn't it? Well, it is actually a substance which will make the student stop tearing his hair, and sit down coolly and calmly to write a 100% paper! His answer to a question on glutamic acid might read, "Glumatic acid is one of the amino acids. It is, in pure form, a white powder, which, for human administration is usually compressed into small tablets. It is found in many foods which are high in protein content, the best examples being bread, eggs, and milk. It can be manufactured in the body through the breaking down and reconstruction of other amino acids, and it has the amazing powers of aiding the brain to 'hit on all cylinders.' "

Although its development as a brain food, and it really is that, and not a foreign agent like caffeine and other "pep foods", is recent, it has been known to science for a long time, and was once used as a condiment!

Extensive testing, first on animals, later on mentally deficient people, have repeatedly shown its astounding powers as an I.Q. booster. It proved successful in 5 out of every 6 human cases with no ill effects.

How much milk would you have to drink daily, as a supplement to boost your I.Q., say about 10 points? 3 or 4 pints per day would suffice, but this is too much liquid for the average person. Since you cannot buy it like aspirin, I suggest you try a couple of poached eggs on toast, topped off with a big glass of milk (if you can afford it) as a starter for a "brainy" day.

However, I must add a note of warning to the reader. If the ignorant become average, the average become brilliant, and the brilliant become of the calibre of a genius, (what will the poor genius do) the examination standards will likely go up. So what's

the use? 'Til then, though, hmm If I could buy up some of this stuff, just before June

Mac Hyde, XIA

Above the Clouds

When the morning sun came shining through the window, I awoke with a start. I lay in bed for a moment thinking. Yes, this was the wonderful day. Dressing quickly, I crept slowly downstairs. After gulping down my breakfast, I slipped quietly out the door.

I caught the passing bus and got off at the airport. You see, my cousin Dave, who had been a pilot during the war, had promised to take me up in a plane.

Dave met me at the gate and we walked quickly to the plane.

Before long we were above the clouds. After conquering my first fright, I was able to look down. The sight was breath-taking. The earth looked like a patch-work quilt with the different shades of brown and green. The houses and barns seemingly glided by and everything was simply perfect.

Suddenly something happened to the motor. The plane nosed sharply and sped down and down. Dave could do nothing with the controls. It seemed to be in the hands of some unknown power. We plunged downward, with every foot bringing the earth nearer and nearer and nearer. It seemed like an eternity. Then the earth loomed large before me, I screamed and then—

A gentle hand shook me. It was Mother. Because she heard me scream, she had come in. Yes, that's right, it had been a nightmare.

Phyllis Cohen, XIIA

Freedom of the Press

A GREAT SAFEGUARD TO DEMOCRACY

Freedom of the Press:—Think what this means to every man and woman living in a democratic country to-day. An editor may print his views freely, without fear of being sent to a concentration camp. You may read what this editor believes and not be afraid of having your civil rights invoked.

Early in the recent war, President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill met and drew up the "Atlantic Charter", to make clear the reason for fighting a second World War twenty years after the final shot was fired in the first great conflict. This great document mentions only four freedoms: Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Worship, Freedom from Fear and Freedom from Want. Nothing is said about Freedom of the Press. Why? If we think about Freedom of the Press we shall find it is a combination of the other four basic freedoms and yet there was a Free Press in many portions of this planet, when other freedoms and liberties were unknown.

The first Free Press was established in the British Colony of New York about the middle of the 18th century. At that time a publisher in New York City was arrested for criticizing the colony's government. At his trial he was defended by the most celebrated lawyer in North America and was acquitted. The press had been unshackled for the first time anywhere in the World. Freedom of the Press has spread rapidly since then, until to-day many nations enjoy its benefits.

Immediately after Freedom of the Press became established, the press in all its forms began a crusade for other reforms, gradually becoming responsible for the acceptance of the other great freedoms.

Totalitarian forces, when seizing control of a democratic nation, consider Freedom of the Press the greatest obstacle in their path. The first thing they do is to suspend publication of newspapers until they can gain control of the editorial policies. These minority groups, enemies of democracy, know that a Free Press is the greatest and most rapid means of stirring the people to action. If newspapers violently oppose their efforts to seize power, they know there would be little chance of success. There is a marked difference in a democratic country, where anyone with any political view even communist or fascist may say in print exactly what he pleases.

A few nations, despotically governed, allow their citizens other freedoms, some even to the extent of holding semi-free elections, but these countries do not enjoy Freedom of the Press. The dictators know if the

people read only good about their government, they will be unaware of the evils of the political system and will therefore return them to power time after time. In doing this, the rulers of these countries hope to lessen the criticism levelled at them by their democratic neighbours.

To-day democracy as we know it is being threatened as never before. Since the end of the war almost a dozen nations have come under dictatorial governments. Other are fighting for their very existence, attempting to defeat the forces which menace their freedom. These nations cannot hope to defend themselves without aid from their more fortunate friends in other nations. Leading in this battle against the hordes, which hope to destroy our way of life forever, is the press. The press stands firm against the onslaught of the invader, but to continue the great work it is doing the press must remain free. The preservation of Freedom of the Press depends on the people of the democratic nations of the World. It is imperative that everyone, you and I, does his part.

Jim Grimes, XA

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Ghosts?

My story begins on a black, ominously stormy night, the kind of night on which everyone felt much better at home enjoying the warmth of the fireplace. It was late fall, and when the wind blew the icy rain against your face, the pellets stung like sand. The carpet of thick soggy leaves covering the sidewalk along the section of the factory that I was guarding made a squishing noise as one walked. It was a typical night for England. Even though I had seen many such nights, I had a strange premonition that something was about to happen.

I had checked my new rifle, this article having been purchased at Birmingham only a few days before, and was filling my pipe when I thought I heard a strange sound above the wind. It sounded to me like a long, drawn out wail. Possessing a rather vivid imagination I at once dashed out of my hut and looked around me. "Utter nonsense," I consoled myself. Then out of the night came another sound which caused my hair to stand erect upon my head. It was the high-pitched hysterical laugh of a woman, the like of which I had never heard before, nor ever wish to hear again. I snatched my rifle and stepped quickly out of the door. I looked apprehensively around, straining my eyes to pierce the darkness. Then, I saw them.

Coming towards me across the field were two people, or images of people. They seemed to glow with a dull, phosphorescent light. They were dressed in the fashion of the people in Dicken's time and were leading a large, ghostly dog. The three of them, man, woman and dog, floated, rather than walked, over the uneven ground. They drew nearer. I stood, petrified, unable to speak or move. It was minutes, hours, or was it centuries before I was able to do anything. At last, with a purely mechanical motion, I slammed the butt of my rifle against my shoulder and fired. Twice the sharp crack rang out. The shots only echoed back from the woods. I knew that I had not missed, but the three still kept coming, the woman's unearthly laughter breaking the silence now and then.

When the figures reached the road that came between us, they seemed to become distorted like an image in clear water after

a pebble is dropped in. In a few seconds they had vanished completely, leaving no trace or track to tell where they had been. I slowly lowered my rifle which had been held all this short time in firing position and stumbled, as bewildered and frightened as any man could be, back to the hut. I told no one of this happening for I knew no one would believe me. To this day it is impossible for me to explain the hair-raising experience that fell to me on that cold, bleak, stormy night.

THE END

J. Hooper, XA

I'm Through With You

I throw you out with my bare hands
To make you rove through foreign lands.
If you come back I'll curse you so
For out is out, and out you go.
You bore me an awful lot, tis true
And therefore I am through with you.
How have you bothered me? Let's see,
Your stories never leave me free.
I have to take you to school each day,
You are very cruel to me that way.
You take great pains to make me work,
And because of you I stay in when I shirk.
I have no use for you, you see
You are an awful bore to me,
Just think on this; you bring me pain
Sorrow and work; you make me complain
About all the thinking that I took
To learn from you, my English book.

John McDermott, XIA

Will we get a New School without the Teachers having to build it themselves?

News of school! Who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the door;
"J.C.—J.C.! open quickly!
Man his this a time to pour?" (coffee)
And the heavy doors are opening:
Then a murmur long and loud
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the I.C.I. crowd,
For they see in battered clothes
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary staff is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan:
Spearless hangs a torn banner
(GET THE "YES SIR" HABIT!)
In his weak and dropping hand
What! can this be J.C.,
Captain of the I.C.I. band?

K. Beno, XA

Practice Night

'Twas Tuesday night near the hour of seven
And down at the gym we numbered eleven.
But this was no good, for to play the game
right

We needed a dozen to even the fight.
Said we one to the other which one do we
lack?

Bea, why of course, but she'll soon be back.
We then became frantic for we needed
another,

Then who should come in but somebody's
brother.

Dear boy, we exclaimed, you'll save the day
If you'll only come on and help us play.

He quickly declined and made it quite clear
That he valued his life, and valued it dear.
So one player short we started our game,
When who should appear but the one to
blame.

So we set right to work, now we had all our
team,

For to beat Aylmer's lassies was our fondest
dream.

Three games we had tied as we liked to be
nice

But just this one game, we'd like it on ice.
Marian Wilson, Grade XIII

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A Mountain Valley

As I wandered through the forest
When the sun was sinking slow,
Suddenly appeared a valley
Twixt the mountains far below.

It lay there, claimed by no one
But belonged to God above,
Lovely as a precious jewel
Fashioned by His generous love.

It was calling me; bewitching
Where the winding pathway led.
I could hear it, calling! calling!
Ahl that voice would wake the dead.

Sure, it was the voice of water
Bubbling freely from the spring;
Breezes sighing through the tree tops,
Wild birds singing on the wing.

Was there ever a voice sweeter
Or more tempting to the one
Who loved all things that grew,
Lived, or sang beneath the sun?

And beauty called me also
In a soft and pleading tone;
The beauty of the setting sun,
The pine that stood alone.

And down in that vast greenness
A lake glistens and shines
Fed by streams that wander
'Neath the shadow of the pines.

The sun sinks low beyond the hills
Above appears a star
And I must homeward wind my way
For I have strayed afar.

Francis Horley, XIA



The New Look

The New Look and the Queer Look are
really both the same,
For some new styles are truly odd. I'll call
them all by name.
The Gibson Girl attire is not new but really
old,
As Grandma wore the same quaint style;
to her they were so bold!
To us they are antique, hiding all a young
girl's charms,
To us these days a showing knee truly quite
alarms.
The plain white blouse and big black bows
are symbols of this style,
A long, full skirt, if worn to school, will
nearly fill the aisle.
The new French styles have grotesque
names I'll really not attempt,
But to these clothes, with daring bows, there
can be none exempt.
The long, straight skirt, so pencil slim, is
also quite the thing,
But it will come to Mother with an old,
familiar ring.
The cape, we find, is copied from the old and
gallant days,
For mention of them can be found in old
English lays.
So really now the New Look is an Old and
Queer one too,
But still I find it nice and wear it all the
time. Do you?

Joyce Lange

Oh Happy Day

The day awakens! The morning dawns!
We stretch our arms, and spread our yawns,
Unheedful of the speeding time
Of the great sun, beginning its climb
Into the broad and azure blue
That marks the presence of a day anew.
This is no ordinary morn,
Although there is no sign to warn
Us people, of this day of fate
And even so, it's much too late
To cheat poor "Pete" of his revenge
On us, who caused this coming avenge.
What's that you say? You do not know
What is this sudden and deciding blow
To our morale and little gray cells
In our poor heads as hollow as bells.
You imbecile: demented fool!
It's Examination day at school!

Ken Barrow, 10A

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MUSIC

Make Music Your Hobby

"He who works with his hands is a labourer. He who works with his hands and his head is a craftsman. He who works with his hands, his head and his heart is an artist."

Music is too apt to be thought of as an art which is understood and appreciated by a limited, "talented" few. Too often the excuse for not participating in a friendly sing-song is, "Please excuse me, but I can't sing!" Someone has stated, but not until after much study and deliberation: "Anyone who can talk, can sing. It is only a matter of training the ear to listen for the required pitch." I make no attempt here to refute or prove that statement. However, I agree that anyone can appreciate some kind of music, and everyone should have some hobby which centres around music.

"What is music?", is a favourite question asked by students, teachers and cynics alike. The truth is that a comprehensive answer can hardly be found within the confines of the English language. The reason for this is that music is a language itself which is understood mainly through emotions.

Emotions cannot be translated by mere words. Not many of us are qualified to become professional musicians. We have neither the knowledge nor the talent for expressing our ideas and emotions through writing original melodies. Ours is not the life of the concert stage with the aim of being admired, appreciated and publicized. But it lies within our power to admire and appreciate. Each one comes to understand good music and appreciates it more fully by listening. Too much emphasis is put on the eye as a means of interpreting music. The performer looks to his score. The audience watches the performer. Rather, the ear should play the part of utmost importance in the amount of pleasure and meaning derived from listening to a selection of music.

Appreciating some phase of music is a natural instinct. Scientific research has proved that nowhere has there been found a human race, however illiterate or uncultured, which could not express itself artistically in one of the arts. It may have been only the rhythmic beating of a crude tom-tom, but the idea was there, however primitive. The public has judged and is judging the merits of a good melody. Good melodies have lived through the centuries—not entirely because theory dictated that they should, but rather because common amateurs and lovers of music recognized that here was a sequence of tones that was pleasing, easy to remember, whistle and hum. You are one of the millions who are deciding the future tendencies of music. Your role is important.

The friendly antagonisms between lovers of the classics and admirers of the jazz-band and boogie-woogie are always interesting and revealing. The latter claim that they do not like classical music,—and yet, they leaf over the pages of a Chopin's Polonaise, grab a tune, fix it up, and, presto—a "new arrangement." This does not conceal, however, its original identity, but proves their admiration for the Great Masters. Teenagers are passing through a sentimental age which is also an age of speed and change. Although boogie-woogie seems interesting, new and different now, it should be remembered that its popularity of style is not likely to last. The Old Masters have proved their immortality, while Jazz and Boogie have yet to prove themselves. Still, one should not condemn either one for the other, but be broadminded in his musical tastes, remembering that each has much to offer to the world. I am inclined to think that performers are partly to blame for the emphasis that young people put on lighter music. Just because an audience likes to listen to lighter music better than the classics is no reason why their wishes should be granted entirely. A doctor prescribes the medicine which he knows will help the patient's ills—not one which the patient suggests. An audience

should not only learn to tolerate, but to appreciate the classics, and eventually come to love them. When people learn to love the finer things, they may begin to overlook many of the small trivial jealousies that are disrupting the world to-day.

Hobbies are one of the best ways to acquaint oneself with the ideas of others. Hobbies of music are many and varied, and can mold characters as effectively as Sunday-school teachers. The best and most instructive and constructive hobby in music is the one of active participation. The best way to learn to appreciate the efforts of others is to make an attempt oneself . . . It is surprising that so many of those promising young pianists and violinists have never realized the ambitions of their proud parents. However, having at least tried to perfect their scale-playing, they appreciate more fully the good performance of another. A lesson which should be learned early in life is that of appreciating another's efforts. Music teaches it well. Success in musical performance, one must remember, is only attained after diligent study, sacrifice of time and devotion to responsibility. If you cannot be as good at performing on an instrument as you would like, do not be easily discouraged, but at the same time, admire those who have achieved an admirable virtuosity.

The appreciation of symphony orchestra renditions should be fostered as carefully as that of individual performers. It comes more naturally when one remembers that beauty of any kind is the result of a pleasing and natural harmonizing of effects. The beauty and grace of a skilled athlete depends upon the co-ordination of his muscles, working naturally together for skill, accuracy and efficiency. This is also true of the orchestra. Here, too, one appreciates what each member of the orchestra contributes, if he has participated similarly.

One can participate in music in another way, however, which is also an important part of the set-up of music. I refer to the art of listening. How important would a painter's master painting be to the world if no one saw it? Similarly, music is composed and performed to be heard. Radio and records have made possible listening to

great concerts a common pastime. Too often we take our radios and all that they do for us, for granted. We seem more willing to pay out money to sit in a concert hall and listen to opera or a name band than to remain in the comfort of one's living-room and enjoy the same music. Naturally, there is a certain fellowship found in a crowd which does not exist at home, and something extra derived from witnessing a performance, but the listening part of the audience's participation should be more important than these lesser enjoyments. By making collections of records, an extensive hobby with some people, one can hear a favourite selection at any-time.

The excellent libraries of our communities are full of interesting literature on music. The history of music alone, is a wonderful story of struggles and defeats, of loves and rivalries, of progress and retreat. It has been said that the history of a people can be learned through listening to their music. In fact the field of music is so varied and extensive, besides being interesting and mentally and morally beneficial, that I say to you: **MAKE MUSIC YOUR HOBBY!**

Lorna Young, XIII





"THE COLLEGIANS"

FRONT ROW: Bob Collins, drums; Leonard Fiddy, alto horn; Harold Catling, clarinet; Jimmy Miller, cornet; Mervyn Roberts, saxophone; Joe Kurtzman, saxophone; Gordon Hinge, piano; Jim Waring, piano.

BACK ROW: Jack Parkhill, trombone; George Moffatt, trombone; Don Kerr, trombone; Eric Wadsworth, violin; Bob Jewett, violin; W. C. Wilson, (conductor) violin.

LITERARY

Early in September nominations were held, and campaign speeches heard for the executive of the Literary Society. A few days later polling booths were set up throughout the school and the following were elected to the Executive of the Society.

President	- - -	Dorothy Barnes
Vice-President	- - -	Ruth Ruckle
Secretary	- - -	Tom Staples
Assist. Secretary	- - -	Janet Moore
Pianist	- - -	Lorna Young
Assist. Pianist	- - -	Dorene Simpson
Press Reporter	- - -	Eric Wadsworth
Assist. Press Reporter	- - -	Tom Douglas

Form representatives were elected by the individual forms as follows:

XIII	- - -	Mary Grimes, Bob Jewett
XII	- - -	Pat Desmond, Gordon Hinge
XIA	- - -	Phyllis Harvey, Terry Heeney
XIC	- - -	Phyllis Brown, Ted Boon
XA	- - -	Joyce Turner, Harold Crellin
XB	- - -	Marjorie Upfold, Bill Lawrence
IXA	- - -	Shirley Munroe, Bill Phillips
IXB	- - -	Rose Garton, Jack Gibson
IXC	- - -	Margaret Klemen, Michael Kirwin

Six successful literary meetings were held during the year, with all forms participating. The grade IX literary featured a spirited debate by four first formers, Yvonne Holmes, Shirley Munroe, Jim Moore, and Jim Somers. Grade XII and XIII featured choruses by the "Rambling Rangers", and a play, "Father Goes on a Diet". An immigration scene proved very interesting and displayed a great deal of talent.



LITERARY SOCIETY

FRONT ROW: Tom Douglas, Lorna Young, Janet Moore, Eric Wadsworth, Ruth Ruckle, Dorothy Barnes, Tom Staples, Mary Grimes, Dorene Simpson, R. C. Brogden.

SECOND ROW: Rose Garton, Margaret Klemen, Phyllis Harvey, Phyllis Brown, Pat Desmond, Joyce Turner, Marjorie Upfold, Miss Dobson.

BACK ROW: Mike Kirwin, Jack Gibson, Gordon Hinge, Bill Lawrence, Bob Jewett, Terry Heeney, Ted Boon, Harold Crellin.

The high school orchestra under the direction of Mr. Wilson provided a suitable background as well as an accompaniment for the chorus at the grade XIA and XIC literary meeting. A short play "The Reason Why" and a very amusing skit, "Opportunity" were also presented.

Grades XA and XB had a humorous play "Hello Grandma" and a short skit, "At the Zoo". Several numbers were also rendered by the boys' and girls' choruses.

A special Christmas Literary meeting was held in the gymnasium. Miss Crawford, the local librarian, gave an excellent talk on books for holiday reading, and Mrs. Ross Kilgour told the story "The Other Wise Man".

Mr. Herbert presented the intermediate certificates to those who had successfully completed two years of high school studies and Mr. Wilson presented the first aid certificates.

The main social function of the year was the annual "At Home" held at the Armouries on February 6th.

Details for the big event were taken care of by the following committees:

Invitations—Pat Desmond, Tom Staples, Grace Walker, Helen Matthews, Janet Newman, Marian Wilson, Barb Fleming, Pat Ferris, Phyllis Brown, Shirley Bower, Cecelia Gazzola, Marilyn Brown, Sally Fleet, Miss Kennedy.

Decorations—Eric Wadsworth, Bea Martin, Bill Lawrence, Dorene Simpson, Gordon Hinge, Ted Boon, Bob Jewett, Bob Connor, Jim Waring, Mr. Clement.

Refreshments—Mary Grimes, Lorna Young, Tom Douglas, Don Kerr, Janet Moore, Mac Hyde, Jim Grimes, Frank Beemer, Mr. MacCausland.

Novelties and Prizes—Dorothy Barnes, Ruth Ruckle, Ruth Daniel, Mr. Wilson.



DEBATING SOCIETY

FRONT ROW: Peggy Rivers, Irene Houghton, Helen Matthews, Ronald Massey, Frank Beemer, Mr. Brogden, Bill Kerr, Jim Grimes, Dorene Simpson, Nona Parsons.

SECOND ROW: Ken Barrow, James Somers, Tom Douglas, Marjorie Upfold, Alice Upfold, Yvonne Holmes, Shirley Munroe, Marian Wilson, Lorne Groves, Dale Wurker.

BACK ROW: John Hooper, Mac Hyde, Joe Kurtzman, Earle Richter, Jim Moore, Bruce Fraser.

Receiving the guests in the gaily decorated hall were Principal and Mrs. Herbert, Dorothy Barnes and Tom Staples.

The hall was artistically decorated with the school colours, crests and mottoes.

Music was provided by Scotty McLaughlan and his orchestra from London. On the program were novelty dances and a Grand March.

As the last fleeting moment was lost the happy people said good-bye, agreeing that it was the most successful At Home in many years.

Let us look forward to an even greater success next year.

Tom Staples, Grade XIA

Debating Club Activities

The Debating Club was organized for the twelfth consecutive year last autumn under the able guidance of Mr. Brogden.

The fourteen teams of the club elected Frank Beemer, president, Bill Kerr, vice-presi-

dent, Jim Grimes, secretary, and Ron Massey press-reporter. The old subjects were again argued with new vigor, arousing the interest of the entire school. The arguments advanced by the speakers for their topics have been exceptional. The Debating Club has had one of the most successful seasons. Fifth formers down to first formers make up one of the biggest Debating Clubs in recent years.

The Debating Club is a part of the Literary Society and is indeed fortunate to have the support of this society which this year has again come through with the prizes for the winning debaters.

The members of the Debating Club would like to express their gratitude to all those who have acted as judges. Many of the debates have been very difficult to judge, but the judges have done a wonderful job.

At the present time there are still three undefeated teams in the race for the championship.

Debating is becoming ever more popular at I. C. I. The Debating Club is growing and will be even larger next year. Those who are members know that not only a great deal of pleasure but also many other benefits are derived from trying to convince the judges and your opponents that your views are the correct ones.

Jim Grimes, Room XA

The Future of the Atomic Bomb

An Address by Joyce Lange

My topic is one of vital interest to all, for it means, "One World or None." I am prepared to discuss the "Future of the Atomic Bomb."

Surely we remember the vast destruction caused by the atomic bombs which were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and which concluded World War II. Do we realize that since then the entire world has been doing its utmost to learn the secret and build the bomb? Do we realize, that as these bombs are still fused, the time is short? We must think fast and we must think straight. We must see that atomic energy has tremendous possibilities for either destruction or construction. We have the testimony of scientists in Canada, the United States, and Great Britain, that there is no known effective defense against atomic weapons, and there can be, in the long run, no atomic secret, for so many nations contributed some part of the formula that they will doubtlessly possess the secret. Shall the people of the world use the power for the destruction or the betterment of mankind?

Never before in history has such a weapon been known. Even the most ruthless aggressors of the past had no such weapons. Soldiers of Alexander with one spear killed one man. Napoleon's cannon in one firing killed twelve. The Kaiser's Big Bertha killed 88 and Hitler's V-2 killed 168. War with Japan ended after the United States dropped an atomic bomb from a B-29 and killed directly 100,000 people and thousands more through its radiations.

Evidence of the bomb's vast destructive power in a future war, is shown in the fact that the first atomic bomb was dropped on a round trip of 3,000 miles in August, 1945, and six months later the range was extended to 8,000 miles. This demonstrates that the bomb can be launched to reach any country in the world.

It is now a known fact that Hitler had plans for trans-oceanic rockets; for submarines which could surface and launch bombs off our shores; for sabotage, with the deadly fifth column; and for V-2's with atomic war heads, which would all have been used to destroy England, and no doubt North America. Yet, even though Hitler is dead, the danger lives on, for any country in possession of the same weapons, can threaten us. This is one reason why world control of atomic energy is essential. The subject was broached by the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission which met in the period from June 1946 to March 1947, but unfortunately no understanding was reached. Of the 12 countries whose representatives voiced opinion, 10 were agreeable in nearly every respect with the United States proposed plan. The plan was that an international Atomic Development Authority would control all uranium and thorium, all atomic production plants, all atomic activities dangerous to mankind, and have license to inspect all atomic activities dangerous to mankind. The only strong opposition came from Russia. One favorable aspect of world control was presented by the Honorable C. D. Howe in his statement on the Atomic Energy Bill to the House of Commons on June 3, 1946. He said, "The immense gravity of the issue raised by the discovery of atomic fission, and its potential danger to civilization has made it imperative that we should approach this outlook in a constructive manner. It may very well be that the problem of dealing with this newly discovered force, to human society, may afford us an opportunity of making a great step forward in the field of international co-operation." Let us hope that such international co-operation may be effected.

Canada has a major position in creating the bomb, as the Eldorado Mine at Great Bear Lake is the second largest known uranium deposit in the world. The government has expropriated the ownership of it, along with the refinery at Port Hope, Ontario. Scientists from Canada, the United States and Great Britain are working together at the Montreal laboratory, and may improve the bomb so that it will be even more devastating. The future bombs may be so deadly that one day of atomic war could destroy our big cities and kill 40,000,000 people.

While in this respect all progressive countries would suffer, the United States would be most vulnerable to atomic warfare. Since people and industries are crowded into a few great cities, the city dwellers could not be removed from danger, and industries placed underground in time to prevent total destruction. A notable illustration of such a situation is New York with a population of approximately 7,000,000 and containing countless commercial and industrial establishments.

Indifference to atomic controls imperils every nation on the face of the earth, as uranium deposits are scattered all over the globe, and small nations as well as big powers can make bombs. In perhaps five years, some nations may have amassed bomb stockpiles, and these stockpiles would breed the direst fear the human race has ever felt. There could be no security for a world in which atomic armament would, on the slightest pretext, burst into the flames of atomic warfare.

In contrast to the disasters which are destined to follow the mis-use of atomic power, let us remember that atomic energy can be man's servant, not his master. Regions lacking coal can flourish through atomic power, radioactive elements can bring science new knowledge, and atomic radiations can cure disease instead of killing men.

Each of us must realize we have a personal stake in world control of atomic energy. We cannot turn the clock back now. We must choose progress or destruction.

An I.C.I. Student's Dream

A drowsy I. C. I. student was day-dreaming one bright, sunny, spring afternoon—in Mr. Herbert's history class. She was dreaming about—you guessed it!—the new High School we "hope" to have in the near future.

The school was to be completed for the new school term. It was glorious indeed to come back after a two-months' vacation to something "out of this world" namely, a new high school. It was too good to be true, but there it was, in all its splendour and glory, standing before her, like . . . like . . . (I never was any good at similes) beckoning her to investigate this new creation. She gazed longingly at the red brick structure, set back

a good distance from the street, with three doors at the front, in the centre, the teachers' entrance, on the left the boys' and on the right the girls'.

"Look at those nice, big windows!" she exclaimed. Indeed there were a goodly number of windows, large-paned windows, that you could gaze out of when you were bored with your studies. Adjoining the school was a large gymnasium. She had been told there were dressing rooms, a good heating system, and everything else of which a large gymnasium boasts. The grounds of the school were landscaped beautifully, too, with trees, shrubs and flowers.

"Well, I must be going inside, for I've just time for a hurried glance at the lab, cafeteria, auditorium and classrooms, before going to my room."

Opening the door of the girls' entrance, she surveyed the hall approvingly. The walls and ceilings were painted in pastel shades, and everything looked just grand. As she walked down the hall, she opened each door and glanced hurriedly at the new blackboards, seats, the teacher's desk and chair, etc.

Peculiar odours were oozing out from one of the rooms—"Why yes, the lab, why didn't I think of it before?" As she stepped into the room she noticed "Pete" trying out some new equipment. Shelves were overflowing with acids (maybe even poisons, who knows?) and many other chemical solutions, too numerous to mention.

She closed the door to look in on the cafeteria. The cafeteria did look inviting, and she could hardly wait until noon came, when she would eat her lunch here. The cafeteria and its tables and chairs were attractive and she looked longingly at the delicious morsels, just waiting to be devoured by some hungry student.

"Gee, but I feel hungry already, even if it's only ten to nine. Which reminds me, I had better be going to the auditorium."

The auditorium was not hard to find if one had good ears. There in view was a large stage, with curtains at the front. She found a seat, and waited until Mr. Herbert would give instructions where the students were to go. Finally Mr. Herbert appeared on the stage, greeted old students and wel-

comed all new ones. Each person having found where he belonged, left the auditorium.

She was just going to step on the elevator when she was aware of Mr. Herbert's voice asking her the question, "How did the early pioneers travel?"

"Elevators," she answered brilliantly. (Sensation in XB)

After the laughter had ceased, she said to the girl across the aisle, "Oh, I knew it was too good to be true."

"What was too good to be true?" inquired the other.

"A new High School."

Is it? Time alone will tell.

—Marjorie Upfold, XB



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FRENCH



Une Réponse de la France

Bordeaux, le 1 novembre

Ma chère Mary:

Votre journal, "The Volt" est une merveille et je le lis avec autant de plaisir que d'intérêt. Mon père et ma mère sont très fiers d'y relire ma lettre, et je pense seulement que je suis très gâtée. Je vous remercie infiniment du journal.

Please what is the meaning of "The Volt?" It is a very good idea which shows the team spirit of your school. We have not such a thing here, but I should wish we have the same.

I began to look at the photos, then to read the French section and your stories. I like the message of Mr. Herbert when he speaks of 'faithful work', and your story, Mary, about "Lady Luck". It seems to me Audrey Baigent will be a great poet. I still have many things to read, and I shall tell you my feelings after.

I was glad to look at our letters in English and French as they show a friendship more and more solid between Canada and France. Many thanks to you, to your teacher, and to your friends for this lovely thought.

I seem very bold, but I shall say that I should like to read this magazine every year, please. It represents your young spirit.

Amicalement à vous,
Mauricette.

La Peur

Un soir j'étais chez moi tout seule. Il était vers minuit et je venais de finir mes devoirs. Dehors il faisait du vent et du brouillard. C'était une nuit pour des meurtres. Je me suis couchée et bientôt je me suis endormie. Vers deux heures j'étais

réveillée par un bruit qui ressemblait à un chat qui courait sur le toit. J'avais peur car je ne savais pas qui faisait le bruit. Le bruit est devenu de plus en plus fort et je suis devenu de plus en plus effrayé. J'avais plus de peur que jamais quand tout à coup le bruit s'est arrêté. Tout était retombé dans le silence, et ne pouvant enfin résister à tant d'émotions cruelles, j'ai perdu connaissance.

Quand je me suis encore réveillée c'était le matin. De ma fenêtre je pouvais voir une grande branche d'arbre qui était couchée par terre.

Marian Wilson, XIII

Une Expérience Terrifiante

Une nuit je conduisais mon auto le long d'une route inconnue. Au dehors une tempête acharnée accompagnée de tonnerre et d'éclair battait l'auto. Tout à coup j'ai vu un homme portant une lanterne, et je me suis arrêté pour demander les indications.

"Tournez à droite au premier chemin", dit-il, "mais conduisez soigneusement car la rivière est très haute et il y a un pont étroit près d'ici." Je l'ai remercié et me suis mis en route. Soudain j'ai vu quelque chose de noir devant l'auto. J'ai arrêté vite l'auto et j'en suis descendu. J'ai vu que le pont avait disparu et que mon auto était environ un pied du bord de la rivière. J'étais très effrayé, vous pouvez être certain.

Jack McDougall, XIII

Quand On N'Obéit Pas

M. Hutte, un tailleur de pierres de Saint Point, avait un fils, Gratien, âgé de sept ans.

Un jour d'automne, son fils est descendu à la carrière surveiller son père. Il faisait froid, et le jeune garçon a allumé un petit feu de fougères sèches, pour chauffer ses mains contre la flamme. Son père lui a dit de prendre garde de toucher sa poussière noire, parce que si l'on l'approche du feu, la poussière saute aux yeux.

Mais Gratien, comme tous les garçons, était trop curieux, et son père ne le grondait jamais. Quand son père, occupé de son ouvrage, ne lui faisait plus attention, il a

pris une pleine main de la poussière, et l'a jetée sur le brasier, pour voir cette vue remarquable. Une grande flamme, un bruit terrible—le petit enfant était aveuglé!

Mac Hyde, Grade XIA

Quelques Coutumes de la Province de Québec

La Fête de Saint-Jean-Baptiste

Tous les ans le vingt-quatre juin, les gens de Québec allument un grand feu au bord du fleuve dans la ville. Puis, tout le long du fleuve Saint-Laurent, chaque village allume son petit feu sur la grève. En faisant cela, on dit que le feu qui est venu de France brûle toujours. C'est une très belle vue.

Dorene Simpson, Grade XA

Les Moines d'Oka

Le monastère des trappistes est à Oka qui est à trente-trois milles de Montréal, sur la rivière Ottawa. Tout est tranquille autour de ce monastère car les moines qui travaillent aux champs, et parmi les ruches, et ceux qui font leur fromage célèbre ne parlent jamais.

Joyce Turner, Grade XA

Le Chien de Mon Ami

Un de mes amis m'a raconté cette petite histoire. Une fois, il avait un petit chien brun qu'il aimait beaucoup. Ce chien dormait près de lui la nuit, et le suivait partout le jour.

Une nuit quand la famille dormait, le chien a commencé à aboyer. Son aboiement a réveillé la famille et ils ont senti de la fumée. Quand ils avaient descendu l'escalier, ils ont trouvé que la cuisine était toute en flammes. Ils n'avaient guère le temps de se sauver avant que leur maison fût démolie par le feu.

Mon ami se souviendra toujours de son petit chien car il avait sauvé toute sa famille.

John McDermott, XIA



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SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Commencement

On Friday evening, November the seventh, the annual commencement exercises were held in the Town Hall. There was a large crowd of relatives and friends in spite of the rainy weather. Prizes were awarded for achievements during the past school year.

Alice Ashman delivered the valedictory address after being presented with the George Beaumont Scholarship, for the highest standing in senior matriculation examinations. She reviewed the highlights in the life of the graduating class in its five-year stay at the I. C. I.

The other main prize, the Thompson Scholarship, given to the student who obtains the highest aggregate marks in the junior matriculation examination, was won by Mary Grimes.

First prize for boys' public speaking was awarded to James Shearon who spoke effectively on "Russian Espionage". Helen Matthews was the winner in the girls' public speaking contest using for her subject "The Bible". These prizes were awarded by Mr. Hyde, Inspector of Public Schools.

The programme was concluded with the singing of God Save the King, but students and friends remained for a dance which followed.

Don Kerr.

Occupations Night

On Thursday evening, November 27, 1947 the first "Occupations Night" was held at the Ingersoll Collegiate. Organized by Principal Herbert and Mr. Wilson of the Guidance Department, the Ingersoll Kiwanis Club and the Board of Education, the program was designed to give students and their parents an opportunity to hear talks on various vocations and to discuss the occupations with persons experienced in that particular field.

Members of the staff and Kiwanians acted as hosts in various classrooms while a series of nine topics was outlined from 8:45 - 9:15 p.m. After a fifteen minute period

for discussion a second series of nine topics was given from 9:30 - 10:00 p.m. Subjects chosen were those in which students had expressed greatest interest and speakers all experienced in their field had a large and appreciative audience.

At the conclusion of the discussion periods, students of Grade XII expressed the appreciation of the audience to each speaker. In view of the large attendance and the keen interest displayed it is hoped that "Occupations Night" will become an annual feature of our school year.

Our Guidance Library

This past year has seen the inauguration of an "occupations section" in our school library. These books, which have been presented to the school by the Ingersoll Kiwanis Club, have been appreciated by students as sources of occupational information and the librarians of this section, Peggy Rivers and Yvonne Holmes of 9A, have found the library "open hours" very busy ones.

It is understood that the Kiwanis Club plans to make yearly additions to the occupations library as new and worth while books are published in this field.

Our Vocational Visits

This year has seen the inauguration of plant visits by classes to see at first hand the mechanical operations carried on in the various local industries. Organized by Mr. Wilson, Director of Guidance, and Mr. Cryderman, Shop Work Teacher, boys' classes have already made tours of the Morrow Screw and Nut Co., Cole Furniture Co., and New Idea Furnace Co. In view of the interest displayed and the insight gained in these vocations it is hoped that these projects will be extended to include other industries and various types of office employment. We feel that these glimpses into Ingersoll's industrial life are very valuable in assisting students to make future vocational plans.



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ALUMNI

"All aboard!" calls the conductor as he picks up his stool and signals to the engineer to proceed. Entering the train he stops in the doorway of the coach. What a sight meets his eyes! Inside are crowded the 1946-47 graduates of the Ingersoll Collegiate Institute.

As he ventures in and wades down the aisle through piles of luggage and books, he views the happy group settling down for their journey.

On the left is Alice Ashman, last year's editor of the "Volt" and winner of the George Beaumont Scholarship, who is taking a Science course at the University of Western Ontario. Also lured by Western University are Dolores Desmond, enrolled in a Home-Economics course and Corinne Jones who has chosen the Secretarial Science course.

The conductor notices on his right, a tall girl who appears to be the athletic type. Yes, as she turns, he sees Jean Barnes, last year's captain of the basketball team, who with David Butterworth, Thamesford's loss, and Lorraine Leaper, our musical genius, is attending London Normal School. Sitting by the open window, and reading a large book of poetry is Audrey Baigent who is preparing for the teaching profession at Hamilton Normal School.

Crouched on a suitcase in the far corner is seen William Warden, the Collegiate's "Frankie", who has decided on continuing his education at Assumption. Beside him, surrounded by mathematical problems, are Donald Martyn and Norman Cooper who are studying to be engineers at Ajax.

Did you say that you didn't feel well? Have the conductor page Reta Amos, Ruth Brown, or Mary Cragg. Reta is in training at Victoria Hospital in London. Ruth is assisting as a nurse's aid in Tillsonburg Memorial Hospital. Mary Cragg entered East General Hospital to train as a Lab-Technician.

As the conductor slowly makes his way through the car, he notices a foursome in the corner who seem to be enjoying their trip.

There are Beth Jewett and Nancy Cummings, both attending Westervelt School in London and Helen Wilson whose choice for further studies has been the Technical School in London also.

The conductor passes on through this coach and leaves the happy group to continue on their way.

May we add a wish of success for their futures. Bon Voyage!!

Ruth Daniel and Dorothy Barnes



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SPORTS

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Secretary-Treasurer - Mr. V. McCausland
Press Reporters - Jim Waring, Bill Wilson

Form Representatives

(IXA) Bill Kerr, (IXB) Harold Catling, (IXC) Roy Land, (XA) Ron Massey, (XB) Leo Connor, (XIA) Frank Beemer, (XIC) Bob Collins, (XII) Babe Morello, (XIII) Tom Maurice.

Track and Field Meet

The first major project on our sports agenda was our annual track and field meet. In the boys' events, seven new records were established to make the "Meet" an outstanding success. The champions were: Senior—Bob Connor, Intermediate—Leo Connor, and Ron Massey, Junior—Dennis McCurdy, Juvenile—Earle Richter.

Mr. Wilson was in charge of all the boys' events and Mr. Herbert was the official starter. The judges of the different field events were: Mr. Brogden, Mr. Cryderman, Mr. MacCausland, Mr. Billings, and Rev. Daniel. Mr. Clement was superintendent of the refreshment booth.

Inter-School Track and Field Meet

The following week after the I. C. I. track meet, Ingersoll played host to Tillsonburg, Norwich, Aylmer and Delhi High Schools in an inter-school "Meet".

It was a smart contingent of athletes that represented Tillsonburg High School and they compiled a total of 192 points in the boys' and girls' divisions to outdistance all of the competitors. Delhi finished in second place with 128 points while I. C. I. came third with 100 points leaving Aylmer and Norwich for fourth and fifth positions respectively.

A large attendance was on hand to watch the event, many spectators coming from the various centres interested. The fine

weather, the spirit of inter-school rivalry and good sportsmanship all combined to make the Field Day an outstanding success.

W.O.S.S.A. Track Meet

On Sat. Oct. 11, 1947 a bus loaded with I. C. I. athletes travelled to the J. W. Little Stadium, at the University of Western Ontario, London for the W.O.S.S.A. Group "B" Track and Field Meet. It was a bright sunny day and although we didn't bring home many ribbons, it was a good outing and gave our lads a chance to compete with other schools and an opportunity to see the athletic standards of the W.O.S.S.A. district. With this experience we'll be back in there next year trying harder than ever.

Senior Rugby

The opening of the pigskin season saw a great many vacancies in the ranks as eleven of last year's first line had graduated. However, Mr. Wilson drew on the junior squads with the result that an enthusiastic if rather inexperienced team, was soon working hard on the back campus.

Although our season of six games with St. Marys C. I., Tillsonburg H. S. and Norwich H. S. tallied up two victories as against four losses, in view of the afore-mentioned facts we feel that this was a creditable showing.

And now a few words about the players. At snap, Frank Beemer and Dennis Henley took turns at putting the pigskin into action. Joe Kurtzman and Jack McDougall at insides were ably supported by Dick Flenniken and Bill Lawrence at middle, while Don Kerr and Doug Lockhart looked after the ends. To give this line assistance, Carman Mott, Jack Parkhill, John Walsh, George Moffatt, Babe Morello, Jim Williams, Jim Steele and Ted Boon capably filled the various positions. In the backfield Ron Massey and Tom Staples provided the strategy at quarter while as halves, Bob Jewett, Eric Wadsworth, Tom Maurice, Bob Connor, Leo Connor, Bob Collins, Dave Butler, Clarence Henhauke and Orley Hamilton took their turns at carrying and passing the ball.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

FRONT ROW: Babe Morello, Dick Flenniken, Bob Jewett, Jack McDougall, Tom Maurice, Eric Wadsworth, Don Kerr.

SECOND ROW: Leo Connor, Bob Connor, Joe Kurtzman, Orley Hamilton, Frank Beemer, Dave Butler, Bob Collins, Ted Boon, George Moffatt, Tom Staples.

BACK ROW: Mr. Herbert, Jack Parkhill, Doug Lockhart, Jim Steele, Carman Mott, James Williams, John Walsh, Bill Lawrence, Ronald Massey, Clarence Henhauke, Dennis Henley, Mr. Wilson.

Junior Rugby

A start is made in the lower forms to develop rugby players at the I. C. I. Although this practice was started by Mr. Wilson only two years ago, the senior rugby team has already felt the advantages of such a system.

Last season the "Jr. Whites" were coached and managed by Joe Kurtzman and Eric Wadsworth while Mr. MacCausland provided the pigskin strategy for the "Jr. Blues". The enthusiasm of the Juniors is to some extent exhibited by the fact that over seventy-five per cent of boys of Junior age were in rugby uniform during the past season.

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**Jr. White
Team**



JUNIOR "WHITE" RUGBY TEAM

FRONT ROW: John Hooper, Allan Chamberlain, Bob Redhead, Bill Turner, Bill Montgomery, Gregg Harris, Martin Brooks, Bill Kerr, Harold Crellin.

BACK ROW: Mr. Herbert, Eric Wadsworth (coach), Bill Phillips, Don Vyse, Bruce Fraser, Jim Shearon, Don McNiven, Pat Steele, Tom Douglas, Joe Kurtzman (coach), Mr. Wilson.

JUNIOR "BLUE" RUGBY TEAM

FRONT ROW: Dennis McCurdy, Don Carter, Don Longfield, Bob Cussons, Gareth Davis, Edward Butt, Don McBeth, Mike Kirwin, Dennis Chatterson.

BACK ROW: Mr. MacCausland, Roy Land, Ken Moore, Harold Catling, Glen Ward, Bill Martinell, Bob Cowell, Bill Massey, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Wilson.



**Jr. Blue
Team**



BOYS' SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

FRONT ROW: Roy Land, Clarence Henhauke, Mac Cooper, Ted Lamperd, Leo Connor, Don Kerr, Joe Kurtzman, Bob Jewett.

BACK ROW: Mr. Herbert, Bill Wilson, Bob Collins, Frank Beemer, Ken Beno, Jim Barker, Eric Wadsworth, Bob Connor, Mr. Wilson.

Hockey

With several of last year's Sr. Hockey Team now graduated and a number of new members in the line-up, this year's Blue and White pucksters failed to develop that scoring punch necessary to carry them into the play-offs.

Starting out the season well in early exhibition and schedule games with Thamesford and Lambeth, the team ran into a slump and lost the group play-off. Exhibition games found the I. C. I. lads on the short end of the tally with Norwich H. S. but they redeemed themselves by a substantial win over London Central Collegiate Team. With a number of players of junior age showing a great deal of development during the past season it is felt that prospects for next year's team are very good.

The line-up included: Goal: Leo Connor and Ted Lamperd. Defence: Frank Beemer, Bob Connor, Don Kerr, Joe Kurtzman. For-

wards: Jim Barker, Ken Beno, Mac Cooper, Bob Collins, Clarence Henhauke, Bob Jewett, Roy Land, Walter MacMillan, Tom Maurice, Eric Wadsworth and Don Williamson.



HE SHOOTS - HE SCORES
L.R.



BOYS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW: Joe Kurtzman, William Turner, Harold Catling, Carman Mott, Ken Barrow, Bill Jarrett, Eric Wadsworth.

BACK ROW: Mr. MacCausland, Doug Lockhart, Glen Ward, Tom Douglas, Roy Land, Mr. Herbert.

Basketball

Considering the fact that this was the first season for an I. C. I. entry in the W.O.S.S.A. Junior Basketball loop, we can well be proud of the showing our Junior Basketball team made.

Their first game against Aylmer resulted in a win, but in the following games with De La Salle of London, St. Josephs of St. Thomas, stiffer opposition was met with the result that the local lads came out on the short end of the score by narrow margins. However, the season was well rounded out when the Blue and White defeated Tillsonburg H. S. Jrs. in two exhibition games.

We expect that next year, after this season of valuable experience, the I. C. I. Jrs. should be in a good position to top this league.

The team was composed of C. Mott, K. Barrow, R. Land, H. Catling, B. Jarrett, T. Douglas, B. Turner, D. Lockhart, G. Ward.

Mr. MacCausland was manager while Eric Wadsworth and Joe Kurtzman shared the coaching duties.

House League

Noon-hour basketball was organized this year and on Wednesday and Friday noons, league games took place. Four teams entered and enthusiasm throughout the season was high. At the present time a tie for first place exists between Team "B" and Team "D".

A Word of Appreciation

At the close of this brief resume of our athletic year, we should like to express our sincere thanks and appreciation to Mr. Herbert for his generous adjustments of time-tables for our games, to Mr. Wilson for his coaching in rugby and hockey, to Mr. McCausland for his assistance in basketball, to Mr. "Buck" Billings for assisting in referee-

ing our rugby games and for his co-operation in basketball practices, to Mr. Joe Foster for his officiating at our rugby games, and to Mr. Earl Thornton for doing officials duties during our hockey season.

Cadet Inspection

On Friday evening May 16, 1947, the I. C. I. Cadet Corps paraded for the Annual Inspection at the Community Centre. Brigadier P. Earnshaw, Major Young and Lieut. Malone of London, Ontario, were the inspecting officers.

From the March Past, for which music was supplied by the Ingersoll Pipe Band, through the company and platoon drill, signalling and first-aid demonstrations, precision squad drill, physical education exercises and pyramid building, precision and polish marked the entire show.

Cadet officers were: Battalion Commander, Cadet Major Jack McDougall, "A" Company Commander, Cadet Captain Robert Jewett, Cadet R.S.M. Frank Beemer, Cadet C.Q.M.S. Bill Wilson; Platoon officers: Cadet Lieutenants Norman Cooper, Steve Brady, Mac Vannatter, Don Young. Platoon N.C.O.s: Cadet Sgts. Bill Warden, Tom Maurice, Dave Walsh, Lloyd Alter.

"B" Company officers were: Cadet Captain Betty Allen, Cadet Lieutenants Dolores Desmond, Reta Amos, Beth Jewett, Marge Clark, Cadet Sgts. Marian Wilson, Janet Moore, Grace Walker, Corinne Jones.

The inspection was a fitting climax to the year's cadet activities and a great deal of praise is due to the instructors, Major Herbert, Capt. Wilson, Mr. Rhodes and Miss Sutherland of the Collegiate Staff, C.S.M. Robert Jackson for his work with the precision squad, Mr. Harry Watson for his assistance in First Aid work and Mr. Charles Harris for his time with the signal squad.

The Corps is again looking forward to a bigger and better show as the date of the 1948 inspection looms in sight.

Rifle Range

During the past year No. 109 Cadet Corps took part in the D.C.R.A. competition in which Dave Walsh won the highest average in the school. A large number of boys

have qualified for the "1st Class" badge in recreational shooting and some have qualified for the Marksman Crests.

Although results of the 1948 D.C.R.A. are not yet complete it is felt that the averages will be considerably higher than last year.

Signalling

The following received certificates in signalling (semaphore): Lloyd Alter, Ken Birtch, Don Bucknell, Ed Butt, Keith Callander, James Chisholm, Harold Crellin, Gareth Davis, Bruce Fraser, Gregg Harris, Merle Harvey, Don Hutchison, Mac Hyde, William Jarrett, Jack Mahoney, Ron Massey, John McDermott, William Montgomery, Allen Moon, Carman Mott, Stuart Pole, Thomas Staples and John Walsh.

During the past few months most of the above signallers have been working hard on "Morse" and a well-trained team should be ready for the Moyer Cup competition in June.

First-Aid

In June, Dr. J. W. Rowsom conducted the examination in the St. John Ambulance First-Aid course. The following qualified for senior certificates: Lloyd Alter, Richard Flenniken, Robert Forbes, Merle Harvey, Gordon Hinge, Bill Hollingshead, John Hutson, Morley Hammond, Joe Kurtzman, Mac Meadows, Babe Morello, Jim Muterer, Mervyn Roberts, Mac Vannatter, Eric Wadsworth, Jim Waring.

Cadet Camp

During July, nine I. C. I. Cadets spent an enjoyable week at Camp Ipperwash on Lake Huron. All were members of "A" Company which won the pennant for neatest quarters. Mac Vannatter won the track and field championship for "A" Company while Harold Crellin received a badge for being one of the best shots in the Company. Taking advantage of the daily swimming and life-saving periods, Leo Connor, Jack Parkhill and Martin Brooks qualified for Intermediate Swimming Badges, while Carl Anderson received the Junior Badge. Everyone voted the camp one of the best in recent years.



Boys' Athletic Society Executive

FRONT ROW: Bill Wilson, Babe Morello, Don Kerr, Frank Beemer.

SECOND ROW: Mr. MacCausland, Bob Collins, Leo Connor, Roy Land, Harold Catling,
Bill Kerr, Mr. Wilson.



FIELD DAY WINNERS

STANDING: Dennis McCurdy, Leo Connor,
Ron Massey, Bob Connor, Earle Richter

SEATED: Helen Matthews, Marge Clark.

ABSENT: Joan White, Joyce Lange.



Girls' Athletic Society Executive

FRONT ROW: Marian Wilson, Eleanor Morris, Pat Desmond, Janet Moore, Marge Clark, Dorothy Barnes, Ruth Ruckle, Ruth Daniel, Evelyn Morgan.

BACK ROW: Miss Kennedy, Evelyn Thorne, Mildred Mansfield, Norah Clark, Barbara Fleming, Helen Matthews, Jean McArthur, Dorene Simpson, Shirley Bower, Miss Sutherland.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Early in September the Girls' Athletic Society was formed under the supervision of Miss Sutherland, our Physical Training teacher. Marge Clark was elected president, Dorothy Barnes vice-president, Janet Moore secretary, and Miss Kennedy treasurer. The first business of the newly formed society was the plans for Field Day, and the Society has been going in full swing ever since.

Girls' Field Day

RECORDS: Pat Ferris broke all previous records in the Intermediate softball distance, by throwing the ball 177 feet, 9 inches.

Evy Thorne broke the Intermediate running broad jump, by jumping 14 feet, 2 inches.

Margery Clark was Senior champion with 14 points. Helen Matthews captured the Intermediate championship with Pat

Ferris following close behind. In the Junior contest the competition was very close with blonde Joyce Lange coming out on top with 14 points. Norah Clark, giving the champion a hard fight, was only one point behind. Joan White captured the Juvenile championship with 17 points, and Peggy Rivers was runner up with 14 points. All groups were well represented and the competition was very keen.

Inter-School Track Meet

Although Ingersoll lassies failed to take a championship they were among the top ones in the stiff competition with Tillsonburg, Norwich, Aylmer and Delhi.

Pat Ferris was second in the Intermediate class and Evelyn Thorne third. Joyce Lange of Ingersoll placed third in the Junior competition.

W.O.S.S.A. Track Meet

Representing Ingersoll girls in the W.O.S.S.A. meet in London, Pat Ferris took the honours for the old I. C. I. in the softball distance competition. Pat threw the ball 171 feet and 4 inches, not bad!! The girls' I. C. I. Junior Relay team, consisting of Evelyn Parsons, Joan White, Alice Upfold, and Joyce Lange, came in third in the 300 yard race.



Basketball

Basketball practice was started early in October and the girls turned out faithfully every Tuesday and Thursday for a rugged practice, under the direction of their able coach, Beth Clement. Thirteen girls were picked to play Senior W.O.S.S.A. and four-teen more were picked for a Junior team.

Both teams have played good basketball for I. C. I.

Tillsonburg vs. Ingersoll (5-17)

Both teams gave a good showing with mighty fast ball playing. Tillsonburg gave a good showing, fighting all the way. In the return game Tillsonburg nearly revenged their previous defeat. The game ended 14-14.

Aylmer vs. Ingersoll (12-10)

The first game in the W.O.S.S.A. series was played in Aylmer. It was a fast game all the way, neither team being more than two points ahead at any time. The last two minutes of the game were the most exciting as Ingersoll tried in vain to gain their tying points. It was a good game and Aylmer worked hard for their victory.

London vs. Ingersoll (20-21)

This game proved very costly to Ingersoll, as four of their star players, Dorothy Barnes, Helen Matthews, Jean McArthur and Marge Clark were taken off the floor with injuries. This seemed to give the remaining team a fighting spirit and they defeated the visiting team by one basket.

The return game in London proved to be one of the most exciting of the season. Still without their four players the local lassies tied the fast London team 14-14. Sally Fleet and red-head Janet Moore proved to be the point-getting forward combination that saved the day for the weaker Ingersoll team.

St. Thomas vs. Ingersoll (17-15)

The Ingersoll team dearly missed their players when they journeyed to St. Thomas and were defeated by one basket. The return of two of their guards helped the team to hold the fast St. Thomas girls to a 9-9 tie. After this game the teams enjoyed supper at the Home Economics Room.

Girls' Basketball Personnel

Dorothy Barnes (Captain) Guard—Dorothy's height is certainly appreciated and she is the steadiest player on the team. Always calm and collected, she does a great job of being captain.

Ruth Daniel—Guard—A great player, always ready for action. She's always in there slugging.

Marg Doran—Guard—Marg is always in there fighting and works hard to get the ball down to the forwards.

Marge Clark—Guard—A hard-working player gives her forward something to worry about. In fourth form, this is her third year on the Senior team.

Sally Fleet—Forward—Sally has her over-the-head shot down pat and is a great asset to the team. Sally saved the day for us at London by sinking the tying basket.

Barbara Fleming—Forward—Did a great job of pinch-hitting for Helen Matthews. The real clean and polite player.

Jean McArthur—Guard—Jean also was taken off with a knee injury for the last part of the season. She is a conscientious player.



GIRLS' SENIOR W.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW: Marge Clark, Ruth Daniel, Sally Fleet, Dorothy Barnes, Helen Matthews, Jean McArthur, Evelyn Thorne.

BACK ROW: Miss Sutherland, Barbara Fleming, Margaret Doran, Bernice Martin, Marian Wilson, Janet Moore, Nona Parsons, Mrs. Clement.

Bernice Martin—Guard—A steady player, keeps her forward well covered. A great scrapper she rarely comes out of a scramble without the ball.

Helen Matthews—Forward—Although a knee injury took her out of action for the last part of the season, Helen certainly sank many a winning basket while she was playing. A fast, tricky player that keeps her guard stepping.

Janet Moore — Forward — Red-headed Janet certainly knows her basketball and keeps her guard guessing with her tricky passes. She is really a whizz at sinking the long shots.

Nona Parsons—Forward—Nona is swift and light on the floor and is a very promising player.

Evy Thorne—Forward—Little Evy is a first former and is a fast player who keeps right up with the older and more experienced player. There's a great future for that gal.

Marian Wilson—Guard—An energetic player and a valued member of the team.





GIRLS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW: Jean Gibson, Nona Parsons, Dorene Simpson, Evelyn Thorne, Donna Simpson, Hazel Wilson.

BACK ROW: Mrs. Clement, Shirley Munroe, Sheila Morrison, Yvonne Holmes, Shirley Pittock, Barbara Elliott, Miss Sutherland.

Girls' Junior Basketball Team

The up-and-coming Junior team shows great promise for future victories according to the stand it took against the Norwich H.S. and the Woodstock Junior "Y" team.

The important quality of co-operation, or team work, was shown to the fullest extent by the girls, everyone doing her utmost.

The team members are as follows:

Evelyn Thorne, Nona Parsons, Evelyn Parsons, Shirley Pittock, Dorene Simpson, Donna Simpson, Jean Gibson, Yvonne Holmes, Barbara Elliott, Shirley Munroe, Sheila Morrison, Hazel Wilson and Ruth Clark.

Girls' Cadet Inspection

Already the girls are again dancing lightly to the quiet airs of the bagpipes. By the time the Volt is published the training for cadet inspection will be well on the way.

From all reports the girls have a very effective table of exercises again this year.

This concludes a very active year for I. C. I. Girls' Sports.



The Badminton Club

If you happened to be passing the gym during the early part of this year, heard shrieks and groans, and saw a badminton racket being thrown out the door, I hope you were not alarmed. This was just Tom Douglas' reaction to missing a shot. Then again if you saw Ken Barrow being hoisted out the door by Douglas (his partner), it was just Barrow being evicted for missing a shot. Not all of the Badminton Club members are so exuberant about the sport as Douglas, but there is a lively interest shown. This is the first year that a Badminton Club has been formed at the school, though the sport has been played here for some years. The executive of the Club consists of: President, Bernice Martin; Vice-president, Tom Douglas; Secretary-Treasurer, Harold Catling; Assistant, Janet Newman; Games convener, Ken Barrow.

The W.O.S.S.A. badminton tournament was started in February and games were played every Wednesday (when there wasn't a Literary meeting). Most of the players are Middle and Upper students and the games have been close. The two boys and girls who win the tournament will be sent to London to play in the W.O.S.S.A. tournament there. Though the tournament at the school has not been completed yet, it is probable that Tom Douglas and Ken Barrow, Bernice Martin and Marian Wilson will be I. C. I.'s representatives in London.

—Kay Wade, X11A



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Marie: "My home town is so tough all the canaries sing bass."

Marjorie: "That's nothing. Where I hail from they had to shoot a man to start a graveyard."

* * *

Customer (to Brass McKee in Day's Store): "Those sausages you sent me had meat at one end and bread at another."

McKee: "Yes ma'am; in these times it's hard to make both ends meet."

* * *

"I hear you got a girl, Sam."

"Yes."

"What's her name?"

"Belle."

"Seen her lately?"

"No."

"What's the matter—had a fight with her?"

"No, I went to her house last night and there was a sign on her door, 'Bell out of order,' so I didn't go in."

* * *

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INGERSOLL

• • •

I draw the line at kissing
She said in accents fine,
But he was a rugby player
And so he crossed the line.



• • •

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SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

This year's social life began with a bang-up party for the freshmen. After ducking 'round corners all day so that seniors and the public wouldn't see (and laugh) the first formers came out en masse at night to their initiation party. Minus their weird get-up of daylight hours, once again they looked normal. But alas and alack! The offenders were brought up in a Mock Trial before His Honor, Judge Mac Cooper. Such screams of delight. Or was it fright? Well just try walking over wet noodles barefooted and blindfolded!

After the mess was cleared up, dancing continued till midnight in the gym and there were games and refreshments in the school. Once again the old gym smiled its satisfaction as it creaked its last goodnight to the gay new members of high school society.

One night early in December there were lights on at the Collegiate and when the gym door opened rollicking laughter echoed through the cold, crisp night air.

This was the occasion of the Hard Times Party sponsored by the Girl's Basketball Team for the obvious reason,—more money. The duds that were worn! Where such rags came from will have to remain a mystery.

The height of hilarity was the elimination dance. First shoes, then socks, jewellery and so on were discarded until "All boys take off your sweaters," was the cry. Sure 'nuff off came Dave's sweater and there

stood Butler and Helen Matthews,—The Winnahs. Then more dancing, games and food.

Twelve o'clock and God Save the King came all too soon. Then the lights were put out, the gym door locked and everyone regretfully trotted home after a wonderful party.

Mary Grimes, Grade XIII

The Annual At Home

After considerable preparation and effort on the part of many students, we went home to don our finest attire. For it had come at last. Yes, the annual At Home was to be held on the sixth of February at the Armoury.

The attendance was exceedingly large and included many students, graduates and friends who found the evening an excellent opportunity to reminisce over old times with each other. On the receiving line were Mr. J. C. Herbert and Mrs. Herbert, Dorothy Barnes and Tom Staples.



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GRADE XIII

FRONT ROW: Margaret Doran, Lorna Young, Helen Matthews, Miss Kennedy, Ruth Daniel, Mary Grimes, Dorothy Barnes.

BACK ROW: Robert Foster, Jack McDougall, Marian Wilson, Bob Jewett, Don Kerr.

FORM NEWS

Class Report Grade 13

This year has been a profitable one. Students of Grade 13 have accomplished much and are now ready to face the world—hard and cruel though it may be. However after five solid years of fun and fancy, and hard work too, the future does not seem to be too dark, and as a final fling of High School days, the class of '47-48 have contributed to nearly every activity of the year.

The annual Track and Field meet, held in the latter part of September, furnished proof of the physical powers of Grade 13. Red, blue and yellow ribbons were proudly displayed on the sweaters of Fifth Formers. Helen Matthews won the girls' Intermediate

Championship, bringing 15 points to add to the total of Grade XIII. Ruth Daniel, Mary Grimes and Grace Walker helped to hand out hot-dogs, ice-cream, chocolate bars and other energy-renewing refreshments in the booth sponsored by the Literary Society.

Next came the Rugby season. Bob Jewett, Don Kerr, Jack McDougall and Tom Maurice carried the pigskin for Fifth Form. To cheer these lads on were Dorothy Barnes and Helen Matthews of Grade 13.

The keenly contested elections for the Literary Society Executive brought the presidency to Grade 13. Our Dorothy Barnes was the choice of the school. Lorna Young, after giving the school a sample of her talent in the election campaign, received the majority of votes and won the position of school pianist. Mac Cooper and Mary Grimes were made class representatives. Bob Jewett later succeeded Mac Cooper, after he was transferred into the Commercial Room.

After the Christmas holidays mid-winter activities began in full swing. Energetic basketball players from Fifth were Dorothy Barnes, Ruth Daniel, Margaret Doran, Helen

Matthews and Marian Wilson. Three of these girls were injured while playing but managed to recover by the end of the season. Bob Jewett, Don Kerr and Tom Maurice played hockey on the collegiate team. Our members of the Badminton Club were Mary Grimes and Marian Wilson. Helen Matthews and Marian Wilson represented Grade XIII in the Debating Society.

In January the English class secured seats in the Grand Theatre, London for the performance of *Macbeth* by Donald Wolfitt's English players. There was some difficulty in buying the tickets for this popular play but the trouble proved worthwhile as the evening was a great success both socially and academically.

Also in January a Literary meeting, combining the talent of Grade XII and XIII was planned for the following month. Miss Kennedy directed the play "Father Goes On A Diet" and Fifth Form stage stars were Dorothy Barnes and Marian Wilson. Others from Grade XIII taking part in a second play were Ruth Daniel, Helen Matthews, Lorna Young, Bob Foster, Bob Jewett and Jack McDougall. The rest of the form fulfilled various duties.

GRADE XII

An Ode To Fourth Form

Oh, to be in Fourth Form
When school has begun,
And Mr. Wilson taps his desk
For each and every one.
First there is Geometry
With deductions too,
And everybody always knows,
His proposition new.
Chemistry is loved by all,
But formulae the best,
And all those strange experiments,
And things that we must test.
Latin Prose and Poetry,
As we can see are easy,
And when it's time to translate them,
We do so light and breezy.
History comes but "once" a day,
And we are filled with sorrow;
But then we're glad that we can say,
'It comes again to-morrow!'
This, in our own Fourth Form,
As everyone knows, is true,
But if you don't wish to believe us
It's really up to you!

D. Callander

Grade XII Travelogue

Happy was the day
When the Bluebird rolled away,
We were off to Toronto
For a twenty-four hour stay.

The wide-awake students of Grade XIIA and XIIC chaperoned by Miss Barber, Mrs. Simpson and Mr. Wilson left at 7 a.m. Thursday, November 13 on a bus bound for Toronto for the day.

After a three hour trip we arrived at the Royal Ontario Museum where we were guided through the Roman History and Renaissance sections.

Following lunch at the Museum we moved on to the C. B. L. radio station to spend a delightful half hour with the "Happy Gang."

From 2 p.m. to 3 p.m. a tour of the Toronto Star Building was made. Here the students were given an opportunity of seeing the publication of a newspaper through its various stages.

Then the bus moved to the Parliament buildings where the students sat at the desks of various members of the House while the guide gave an interesting account of the architecture of the building and of the procedures of the House.

From here the party proceeded to the University of Toronto. We were guided through Hart House and had the other University buildings pointed out to us.

After a short trip through the Royal York Hotel and Union Station, an intermission was arranged for supper.

Then at 7 p.m. a weary crowd boarded the bus for the long journey home. We arrived safely about 9.30 p.m., with many happy memories of a school day well spent.

Bea Martin

Homework

The young man ran quickly along the sidewalk dodging rapidly around the people and objects in his path. Making his way toward a large yellow brick building, he hurried up the walk, threw the door open and plunged in, scattering bystanders right and left in his haste. Important mission was indicated from the way he ran through the halls. It was nearly nine o'clock when Babe Morello (for it was he) burst into fourth form crying loudly "Quick! Who's got his homework done?"

Jim Muterer



GRADE XII COMMERCIAL

FRONT ROW: Vivian Wisson, Cecelia Gazzola, Shirley Bower, Janet Moore, Agnes Stirling.
BACK ROW: Mac Cooper, Miss Barber, Ruth Ruckle, Phyllis Brown, Marilyn Brown, Eric Wadsworth.

**XIC and XIIC COMMERCIAL
 Senior and Specials**

Hello everybody! Here are the seniors and specials reporting from the "Commercial Department."

What would this class be like if????

Eric Wadsworth had his homework done?

Janet Moore arrived at school by 10 minutes to nine?

Agnes Stirling didn't argue with Mac Cooper?

Vivian Wisson grew two inches taller?

Marilyn Brown weren't working hard?

Ruth Ruckle faced the front of the room for one period?

Shirley Bower weren't cracking corny jokes?

Cecelia Gazzola weren't the first one at school in the mornings?

Mac Cooper didn't read sports magazines in school?

Mervyn Roberts failed in Math?
 Don Kerr kept his books all in one place?
 Phyllis Brown weren't writing letters to her aunts?

Cecelia Gazzola

Commercial Notes

The members of XI and XIIC have contributed to many of the activities of the school this year. On the hockey and rugby teams you will find Bob Collins, Jim Barker, Eric Wadsworth and Mac Cooper. Janet Moore is an outstanding forward on the W.O.S.S.A. senior basketball team. Also on this team are Barbara Fleming and Pat Ferris. On the boys' junior basketball team, Eric Wadsworth is coach and Carman Mott, high scorer.

Representing the commercial room in the Badminton Club, are Louise Winlaw, Ruth Moon and Thelma Todd. Cheering these sports along we find Pat Ferris as cheer leader. On the girls' Athletic Society Executive is Janet Moore as secretary.

Leaving the sports field we turn now to the Literary Society where we find Ruth Ruckle as vice-president and Eric Wadsworth

as press reporter. On the Volt Staff, Mervyn Roberts is business manager and Mac Cooper in charge of exchange.

Taking part in this year's new activity, the school orchestra, we find Mervyn Roberts, Bob Collins and Eric Wadsworth.
Cecelia Gazzola

. . .

Everybody from the Commercial department is filing into 10B. I wonder why! There the movie projector is set up and films about the business world are about to be shown.

Two of the very interesting films which have already been shown are "Business Machines and Their Care" and "Telephone Courtesy." These films illustrate the "do's" and "don't's" to follow if one is to be successful in the business world.

By seeing these films the pupils have an opportunity of getting acquainted with the general routine of the business office. In the past these pictures have proved to be both helpful and interesting and everyone is looking forward to seeing more of such films before the end of the year.

. . .

We have been very fortunate this year in having the opportunity of hearing talks from experienced business men.

On "Occupations Night" last fall Mr. Lockhart from Wm. Stones Limited, explained the various types of clerical work, while Mr. Allan Horton from Morrow's outlined the duties of a secretarial worker. Both speakers gave the students practical and useful hints and also gave them an opportunity to ask questions on any phase of work in which they were particularly interested.

Mr. Warwick Marshall, a lawyer of our town, also visited our department one morning and outlined very clearly the activities of the different branches of County and Provincial Courts.

The keen interest of the students is indicative of the value of such talks.

Commercial Alumni

Last year eight graduates made their way from XIIC to try their wings in the big world. From all reports they are flying high now. Helen King flew farthest and also acquired a husband on the way. She is now

Mrs. Bud Fletcher and is living in Montreal. Mary Klemen got as far as Aylmer, and is a typist in the Rural Hydro Office there. Speaking of Hydro Offices, we also have Betty McLeod typing out the hydro bills here in Ingersoll.

At the Morrow Company Offices Dorothy Harvey and Bill Hollingshead are helping to keep things running smoothly.

Hazel Littell is keeping within the law by working as private secretary to Mr. Leigh Snider. Over at T. N. Dunn's Hardware, Betty Allen can be found keeping the books straight. Jane Balfour is a stenographer at the Ingersoll Cream Cheese, while down at the Office of the Chemical Lime, Virginia McNoah has made quite a name for herself.

Jean Steele and Elaine Morrison have taken on the noble profession of the "Lady with the Lamp" and are training in St. Joseph's Hospital, London. Also in London Lester "Butch" Kurtzman is serving his apprenticeship as a druggist at the Standard Drug Company.

From XIC we find Bob Hutchison and John Hutson, the former helping at home on the farm, and the latter handing out groceries at Loblaw's.

Phyllis Brown

Grade XIA News

Grade XIA students have contributed their share in all school activities during the school year. On the senior rugby team Frank Beemer, John Walsh, Tom Staples, and Joe Kurtzman made their weight count, while Martin Brooks played a good game for the juniors. The senior girls' basketball team was strengthened by the brilliant playing of blond Sally and Jean McArthur who unfortunately was sidelined early in the season with a knee injury. Bill Jarrett ably represented us on the boys' basketball team, and Joe Kurtzman served as its jovial coach. Frank Beemer, Joe Kurtzman, Don Williamson, and Martin Brooks showed skill in chasing the puck for the hockey team. We suspect that four potential lawyers or politicians are in our midst, with Frank Beemer, Joe Kurtzman (those names again), Jim Chisholm, and Mac Hyde displaying such an active in-

terest in the Debating Club. Our versatile Joe keeps Oxford county up to the minute on all our school activities in his capacity as school reporter for radio station CKOX. Our success in producing in collaboration (do we know our Latin!) with grade XIC a pleasing programme for the Lit. meeting needs no comment from us. All in all it has been a satisfactory year for the class.

Vital Statistics

Frank Beemer—Taxi?

Martin Brooks—What size?

Joe Kurtzman—I came, I saw, I honked!

Don Williamson—Censored

Number of boys who like the new look—4
(Names furnished on request)

We Wonder—

Jarrett see Sally Fleet away with Carl Anderson to Pichard a place near the Brooks where she might Hyde from the Miller and Beem(er) at the Callander until Williamson Walsh'd her to Chisholm?

Notice

All persons found loitering around the halls or in XIA any time on Saturday will be sent home.

By order of the Board of Education

Personal

Student (retired), handsome, young, desirable situation as heir to millionaire. Plays marbles and Old Maid. Can make himself understood in English and converse fluently about Ancient History. Submit references to K. C., Grade XIA, I. C. I.

Advertisements

If you have to spend your money, spend it with our advertisers.

Sponsored by XIA students

Why don't you buy a Hamilcar? Ask the man who owns one. Frank Beemer.

Lost

If the gentleman who took my Ancient History notes from the window ledge will return them before exams, no questions will go unanswered. John Walsh.

Warning

There were several grade-crossing accidents in the various years of the school last June. BE SAFELY FIRST.

Sponsored by Staff of I. C. I.

Help Wanted

Strong student to help J. McDermott to carry his books to and from school and to keep his desk tidy.

Mr. Herbert (on the use and abuse of the hymn sheets): Do not fold them or turn the pages back but be sure to turn them in.

Miss Carney to John Walsh: Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in.

John McDermott (rushing into the library: "I want the 'Life of Caesar'.")

Miss Crawford: "Sorry, but Brutus got it ahead of you."

Sally Fleet (at rugby game): "Is Frank Beemer playing snap?"

Midge Martin: "No, rugby."

Looking Ahead

The year is 1960 and we are making our first visit to Ingersoll since our departure in 1948. After many difficulties in locating the site of the new collegiate (it was a mere rumour in '48) we discovered Johnny instructing XIA in the latest methods of detecting those still elusive characters X and Y who had caused us many a headache. Mr. Brogden has retired to his estate in Haliburton. All our former XIA classmates have graduated with one exception, Anderson, who cannot tear himself away from the beloved institution of learning even for a half day. Driving down the broad boulevard of this growing metropolis (all traces of sewerage excavation have been obliterated) we notice a large welcome sign with the signature of Ingersoll's new mayor, MacKay Hyde. A huge factory looms in sight erected by our Midge's lately deceased husband. The number of employees approximates 500, capable of turning out 500 pairs of nylons annually. What's the name on that nice modern building? Beemer's Bowling Alley. No taxis here? South of this is situated a long hangar owned by Jarrett Incorporated, which with its modern helicopters has taken over Beemer's former business. Needing a little refreshment we stop at a colourful establishment, widely known as "Terry's Tavern" where in extenuating circumstances, or otherwise, stimulating beverages may be secured at a questionable price, as we found out to our misfortune. Outside of the door stands the new chief-of-police, Callander, directing the enormous flow of traffic in and out, at this busy intersection. Later as we are shopping at Sally's Style Shop we renew acquaintances with the proprietress, Miss Fleet, and her two models, Miss Miller

and Miss McArthur, gorgeously enveloped in mink coats and displaying the latest in the new look. A loud commotion and shrill whistle draw us outside where we meet face to face **the** redhead, more lovely than ever, and her beaming bridegroom (need we mention any names here?) who are about to leave for a tour around the world. Hailing a helicopter we hop in, and to our surprise, at the controls sits our old friend Kurtzman. As we whisk past Chisholm's new business on Thames Street, we are amazed to see Walsh still washing windows. To provide entertainment Joe switches on the television set and tunes into Brooks' Amateur Show at station RUFF. There Martin is crooning the nation's newest song hit "I came. I saw. I went home discouraged." The programme continues with "Kitty's Kats", Diana and Isobel doing their tap number. In front of us appears the colossal new hospital (bricks were being sold for it in our day) where according to Joe, Frances Horley is the efficient superintendent. Under her guidance Marg. Hanley and Irene Ruddick are training as nurses. Time is running short. Sorry to have missed any of the old gang, but we have not yet learned to trust travelling by helicopter at night.

Jean Munroe and Phyllis Harvey

Activities In Grade 10A

The students of Grade 10A can be proud of their achievements in both scholastic and extra-curricular activities during the 1947-48 school year. While the majority of the pupils in this form have maintained a high average in all school subjects they have still found time to participate in sports, public speaking, debating, glee club practices, etc.

To begin the year right, nearly everyone eagerly participated in one or more events at the Field Day held last September, with the result that several red, blue and yellow ribbons were captured by this form. Those who were fortunate enough to win prizes took part in the Inter-School competition and the W.O.S.S.A. Track Meet held at University of Western Ontario in London.

Public Speaking was the next activity to bring honours to 10A. This important school activity was of such a high calibre in this grade that four of the six contestants chosen to take part in the Public Speaking contest were members of this form.

Approximately one half of the boys in Grade 10A played on Joe Kurtzman's 'White' team in Junior rugby competition last fall. Doug Lockhart and Ron Massey represented us on the Senior rugby team.

With the coming of winter, interest was turned to basketball and hockey. Several of our girls gained places on the Senior and Junior girls' basketball teams while Tom Douglas, Ken Barrow and Doug Lockhart played on the Junior boys' W.O.S.S.A. entry.

Ken Beno, Ron Massey and Doug Lockhart played at various times on the school's hockey team.

Leaving the sport fields and turning to other endeavours, we find that several debating teams were active in our form with Tom Douglas and Jim Grimes being the most prominent pair.

We must admit that we are not exactly perfect because no boys from our form have taken an interest in Glee Club work, but the girls more than make up for our faults in this field.

It seems that school activities will not cease in Grade XA until the school doors close for the school year 1947-48.

Jim Shearon

* * *

I is for Ingersoll Collegiate, held in high esteem.

N is for Nona star of our basketball team.

G is for Gerty who hopes he will pass.

E is for Edward who's new in the class.

R is for rules that we must obey.

S is for Sheila. Her marks are okay.

O is for order Miss Dobson demands.

Two L's is for laughter Bill's actions command.

C is for champions XA has its share.

O is for others who nearly got there.

L is for Joyce Lange. She really is clever.

L is for Lockhart, his homework done? Never!

E is for exams, they are no fake.

G is for "Good Marks" we all hope to make.

I is for Ingersoll, a town very fine.

A is for athletes, on field day they shine.

T is for Tom for whom cheers rang loud,

E is the end. Of our Collegiate we're proud.

Marion Hutchison

THE VOLT

The A, B, C's of XA

A is for answers of these we have none,
Also for Arlene our studious one.
Two Allan's we pick who have names that
are nick,
One is called "Gertie" and the other has
"Shortie".
B is for Barbara, and also for Bruce,
Their brains put together will cause no
refuse.
It's also for Bill although small, he has skill.
For C we have none, I don't know how come.
D is for Dawn whose jokes are supreme
Also Dorene who is really a dream,
Another is Doug who sometimes is a scream.
E is for Edward, our glum new chum
And also for Evelyn, gosh! what fun.
For F I'm afraid that we have no one.
G is for gentleman 'cause that's just what he
is,
Of course it's Gregg Harris, in him nothin'
will fizz.
H is for Harold who slams all the doors,
I is for nobody who rests on his oars.
Now for the J's before we start K's.
First is Jean Hammond the girl with the
dreams,
The next is Jean Hollingshead, boy! all her
screams.
The third is Jean Gibson, Oh! what a pal.
And then there is Joy the all around gal.
Joyce Lange now appears, the gal who can
speak,
Joyce Muterer is here, gosh! her mind sure
is deep.
Joyce Turner seems to be last but I guess I'm
too fast
For here comes John Hooper the guy in the
stupor.
John Johnston's the kid, who is so cute
And from this, I know that I will get no refute.
Jim Shearon's the fellow who always replies
Another is Jim Grimes with ambition in his
eyes.
Ken Barrow and Ken Beno are two of a kind,
One has a gal, the other a dime.
L is for Leonard, who plays in the band
If there's a problem he's right on the stand.
M is for Marion, who hails from the west
She's mighty smart and can stand any test.
N is for Nona who is always happy,
She's here and she's there and mighty
snappy.

O, P, and Q are absent this year,
But look once again, one might be your dear!
R is for Ruth who talks so low,
Also for Ron, he makes a good show!
S is for Sheila I'll have to admit,
Another is Shirley who's a fine one to knit.
T brings the boy who stars all around
At work, at speeches and out on the ground,
Surely, you know, whom I speak of so high,
Why it's Tom, the boy with his voice in the
sky.
The remaining six of this alphabet,
U, V and W, X, Y and Z
Will have to remain just as they're set,
So now I'll say good-bye, till we meet again,
That's all for now——amen.

Witty Sayings By Willy

Everything in the world is free: except
what you pay for.
He that sits on a hot stove, shall surely
rise.
He that drinketh boiling water, shall
surely be warm.
He who has no sense (cents), is broke.
He who is hungry probably needs some-
thing to eat.
He who hitteth his head against a brick
wall shall surely chip the bricks.
He who jumps off a 50 storey building
without wings: the same shall soon have a
pair. (If he lived right).
You don't have to be a window to get a
pane (pain.)
You don't have to be a ball-player to
catch a cold.
He who bloweth his own horn, shall
soon be out of breath.
He who crieth for help may need a
hankie to wipe away the tears.
A mother-in-law is like a radio because
they both have loudspeakers.
You don't have to be a stove to feel
great (grate).
Question: Why is the new look like
concealed plumbing?
Answer: Because you have to look hard
to find the joints.

Bill Montgomery

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XB NEWS

Boys' News

The students of XB should be proud of their boys, particularly in sports at the I. C. I.

First of all at Field Day held last fall, Bob Connor won the Senior championship and his brother Leo tied for first place in the Intermediate championship.

Then came rugby, and XB was well represented on both Senior and Junior teams. Four of the boys played on the Senior team and four boys played on the Junior Blue team.

Next was hockey, and even though our school team did not win any cup, they tried hard. Two of our fellow students were in there doing their bit to help the team to the best of their ability.

We also have a bowling team. The boys bowl at noon and let us hope that our five will bring the championship home to XB.
Bill Lawrence.

Girls' News

XB can be justly proud of their girls' achievements during the past year. Hazel Wilson plays guard on the Junior basketball team, Evelyn Morgan is the captain of the girls' form basketball team. Marjorie Upfold is a member of the Debating Club.

XB also can boast of contributing to the Glee Club. The following are members: Doreen Embury, Evelyn Morgan, Marie Longfield, Myrtle Johnson, Lillian Brewer, Marg MacMillan, Janet Cassidy, Marjorie Upfold, Jack McKee, Bob Connor.

Marjorie Upfold

Things XB Would Like To See

1. Gloria Bigham get below 95% in any subject.
2. Marg. Blair stop laughing.
3. Leo Connor get 100% in music.
4. Don Blair quit winking at Marg. MacMillan.
5. Myrtle laugh once in a while.
6. Evelyn quit making "eyes" at Bob Cowell.
7. Marie not telling jokes.

XB Alphabet

A is for anonymous the author of this poem
When it is finished we hope we are all known.

B is for Butt, Brewer, and Blairs we have two
We hope this poem brings joy unto you.

C is for Cowell, Leo and Bob Connor,
They rate in sports but not in honours.

D is for Donald our fair-haired boy
Who helps to bring XB a bit of joy.

E is for Embury, with rosy cheeks
Who enjoys Saturday night shows every week.

F is for fun we all adore
As time goes on we'll have some more.

G is for Gareth and Gloria his mate
Some day she'll bring him to his fate.

H is for Houghton and also Huntley
Both have been trying to quit school monthly.

I is for Ingersoll our school's home town
We want our new school not out of bounds.

J is for Janet and Jack our cute pair
For each other they have not a care.

K is for Kindness we give unto all
We hope this rule will be followed by all.

L is for Lawrence and also Longfield
This case remains closed and also sealed.

M is for Marg. and our short Myrtle
Who knows maybe she owns a pet turtle?

N is for nuisances, a few XB contains
Time will tell if they pass or remain.

O is for objection I hope no one will
Object to this poem, the page to fill.

P is for Pole, his first name is Stuart
When work is assigned he'll always do it.

Q and R of which there are none
But we have two who championships have won.

S is for Smith better known "Smitty"
She's mighty clever but a little witty.

U is for Upfold our little farmerette
Who rides in on the milk-truck the bus schedule forgets.

V is for Value, Miss Sutherland, our teacher
She's a wonderful person and we'll never
mistreat her.

W is for Wilson, Pearl, Hazel and Bill
Who sit waiting for letters in the mail.
X, Y, Z there isn't any you see
There's just one left and that is ME.

Evelyn Morgan

Things IXA Would Like To See

GIRLS

P. Rivers—Stop making eyes at the boys
Y. Holmes—Stop what she calls laughing
M. Wright—Get above 50 in French
M. Quinn—Stop flirting with Jim Smith
M. Statham—Like to see her in slacks
I Houghton—HOOoo!
M. Pickard—Speak up please.
A. Upfold—Stop jumping around
M. Zurbrigg—To be as tall as Ron (6'2")
J. Sinclair—See her get below 50 in Math.
I. Hutson—Wear something but red
D. Simpson—Stop talking about——?
E. Thorne—Stop talking to Simpson
S. Munroe—Catch the Saturday night bus.
S. Pittock—Stop talking so much
S. Shapley—Quit flirting with Dale Wurker
in Science Class

BOYS

Bob McHardy—mus-cals
Bill Newell—(Isaac) To be at school before
the first bell
Jim Smith—come to school
Jim Moore—Stop rolling his eyes at Miss D.
Jim Harris—make better aeroplanes
Jim Somers—Go back to the farm
Jim Nancekivell—Speed up
Bill Kerr—Get above 47½ in French
Wray Robinson—To eat dinner with
M. Statham.
Don McNiven—Sell insurance
Roy Sharpe—Grow!!!
Jack Parkhill—See that S. Munroe catches
the bus.
Ted Lamperd—Go back to Chatham
Irwin Haycock—He can grow too!!
Earl Richter—Don't play cars with the chairs
Pat Steele—Come to school every so often
Keith Archer—Do two hours of history home-
work
Bill Turner—Stop writing on the board
Don Vyse—Shut-up and sit down
Bill Phillips—Do homework and stop girls
forever

Bob Redhead—Stay in French class
Last but not least

Mr. Brogden—Ah! I hit the basket

Form IXB

Upon our introduction into first form
we entered into the dignities of high school
life. For a while a certain solemnness seemed
to pervade the atmosphere and unconsciously
we tried to peer with wonder-waiting eyes
into the future. On becoming better acquainted
with our new environment, however, we
settled down to earnest study and struggled
with some of the realities of life such as al-
gebra and French which were quite strange
to us.

After the first few weeks of hard study
we were introduced to weekly tests. Then
we realized that we all had something to
strive for, namely, to stand first in the class.
Pauline Johnson was the most successful
pupil until the December tests when Lorne
Groves came forth with his banners flying to
prove his ability.

Norah Clark and Harold Catling are the
athletic representatives in our class. Rose
Garton and Jack Gibson represent us in the
Literary Society.

A large number of our classmates as-
sisted in the Literary program which the
Grade Nines put on in February. This pro-
gram was a great success since time for pre-
paration was given to us during activity pe-
riods by our principal, Mr. Herbert.

We say this much on behalf of our fel-
low students. High may they climb on the
ladder of fame and fortune. May a bright,
successful career stretch invitingly before
them for "we are jolly good fellows" and
are proud of being members of Form IXB.

Jack Gibson and Don Carter

Those IXC Kids

Once upon a time in the year IXC there
lived a blackSMITH in a faraway LAND
called BAIGENT.

One day the blackSMITH decided to
seek his fortune, so off he trudged over Mount
KLEMEN to a little town called HENLY.
There he met a baker named "MAC" who
was MILLAN the flour. "My good man", he
said, "have you something to eat in your
LARDER?" "Yes", replied the baker, "I have
a delicious BROWN pie but I'm afraid it will
make you MO-FFAT than you already are."
But the blackSMITH was very hungry, so he
ate all of the pie and then went on his way.

As he was walking down the road he saw a great HENHAUKE flying overhead. All at once it ceased flying and LANDON a great tree nearby.

In the next little town of McCURDY, the blackSMITH met two peddlers WARD and MOORE. "MA-SSEY your wares?" asked the blackSMITH, so the peddlers displayed their trinkets. "This is all very well", said the blackSMITH, "but I must be on my way" and on he went until he came to a castle high on Mount McDERMOTT. There king KIRWIN greeted him and invited him in to spend the night. Next morning the blackSMITH rose early, thanked the king for his lodging and returned home where he lived happily ever after.

Musical Double Talk

- I Wish I Could Tell You—French Translation.
- More Than You Know—Science Class
- No Can Do—Algebra Test
- You're Driving Me Crazy—History Exam.
- I'll Never Be the Same—After Gym Class
- Gotta Make Up For Lost Time—Review Week
- One Meat Ball—Lunch At School
- Blue Skies—Everything's O.K.

"Sometimes my father takes things apart to see why they don't go."

"So what?"

"So you'd better go!"

• • •

Mr. Clement: "How do you make soft water hard?"

Doris McMillan: "Freeze it."

• • •

At the end of the examination the teacher gathered up all the answer papers. Among them he discovered one sheet which, instead of being covered with facts and figures, bore merely a crude drawing of a tombstone on which was printed: "Sacred to the memory which always deserts me on occasions like this".

• • •

Students, do you suffer from chest colds, head colds, running and tickling nose due to change of weather? If so, do what thousands of others are doing—SNEEZE!

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Out of Gas

Chug! Chug!———Sput!

"What is the matter, Bob," I asked.
"Why did we stop?"

"Oh," answered Bob in an unconcerned manner, "I guess I forgot to stop for some gas at Brown's before leaving home."

It was pouring rain. Here we were, five miles from any village and on a lonely back road at mid-night.

"Will you stop sitting there looking so pleased and do something?" I exclaimed irritably. "What will we do?"

"We could stay here all night," suggested Bob.

"What? With you? And what would Mrs. Jones say when she heard that I spent the night with a wolf, as she would call you, in a blue sedan on a back road?"

"Well then, we can wait for another car to come along. That's it. Some one will be along before long."

"Yes, probably to-morrow morning when the farmer will be taking his milk to town."

The lightning flashed and in the instant ray of light a house could be seen half a mile from us.

I exclaimed brightly, "There is a house, go and telephone to town."

"In this rain? Why Betty I'll be drenched."

"It's the least you can do to get me home."

"Oh, all right," replied Bob, grumbling, "but I think it would be much nicer to wait for a car."

Bob opened the door, put his head out, jerked it in and retorted, "How would you like to walk in this?"

"You can run if you want to."

Bob had had enough and with one leap he was gone in the direction of the house.

After he knocked frantically at the door it was finally opened and a man clad in red pajamas appeared.

"Who are you and what do you mean by arousing me at this hour?" he growled.

"Please, sir, I'm out of gas. Have you some gas I could get?" timidly asked Bob.

"No, not for you. What do you think I am? A duck to go out in this?"

"But please sir———!"

Bang!

Dispirited, Bob headed back to the car. It took only a few minutes. He jumped into the car and without a word to Betty, put his foot on the starter. Pur-r-r went the engine. With a great jerk he headed the car for town.

I was amazed and asked, "I thought we were out of gas?"

"Well, we're not as you see. Just wait till I see Bill to-morrow at school. The idea of telling me that stalling the engine on the pretence of being out of gas was a good idea. Just wait!"

—THE END—

Margaret Doran XIII

* * *

"Does your husband always live up to his promise of courtship days?"

"Always. In those days he said he was not good enough for me and he's been proving it ever since."

* * *

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Fantasy

They stood there together in the hushed twilight, the big orange harvest moon smiling down, turning the landscape, so busy in daytime, into a magic land of romance and mystery by night. Her soft brown eyes looked up inquiringly into his strong, handsome features. Then the two turned and slowly walked down the path that led to the bank of the river flowing quietly along the edge of the woods. Here they paused, enjoying the freshness of the flowing river, before moving off towards the gate into the pasture field. He opened it and it moaned slowly on its hinges. She went through and he closed the gate after her. As he turned and walked back towards the barn, his milk pail rattling by his side, she turned and moved softly after him.

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"Daddy, is today tomorrow?" asked little Johnny.

"Of course not, my boy."

"But you said it was."

"Whenever did I say that to-day was to-morrow?"

"Yesterday."

"Well, er, it was then."

"Then today was tomorrow yesterday, but today is today today, just as yesterday was today yesterday, but is yesterday today? And tomorrow will be today tomorrow which makes today, yesterday and tomorrow all at once and——."

But father had had enough, "Here you," he snapped, "run out and play."

* * *

Lorna: "Well! Let us change the subject. I've done nothing but talk about myself all evening."

Tom: "I'm sure we couldn't find anything better."

Lorna: "Very well, then. Suppose you talk about me for awhile."

* * *

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"I shall never find anyone else like you. You see, you're so different from other girls."

"Oh, but you'll find lots of other girls different from other girls."

* * *

Marian: "No! I can't give you another dance. But I'll introduce you to the prettiest girl in the room."

Dennis: "But, I don't want to dance with the prettiest girl in the room. I want to dance with you!"

* * *

Mr. Martin (angrily): "While you stood at the garden gate bidding my daughter good-night, did it ever dawn upon you—"

Mac: "Certainly not, sir! I never stayed as late as that."

* * *

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Dad: "Why did you permit John to kiss you in the parlour last night?"

Dorothy: "Because I was afraid he'd catch cold in the hall."

• • •

Miller: "I hear someone prowling around our tent."

McCurdy: "Probably just a Roman in the gloamin'."

• • •

D. Callander: "Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?"

T. Kirwin: "Sure, did you think it would go through?"

• • •

Mr. Clement: "Are all flowers popular?"

Shirley Brown: "No sir."

Mr. Clement: "What flowers are not?"

Shirley: "Wall-flowers, sir?"

• • •

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Mr. Herbert: Are you fishing?

Mr. Clement: No, drowning worms.

* * *

Mr. MacCausland: Fools can ask questions no wise man can answer.

Irwin Haycock: No wonder we failed in our exams.

* * *

Visitor: Are your father and mother in?

Eleanor M: They was in but they went out.

Visitor: (Disapprovingly)—Was in, went out, Where's your grammar.

Eleanor M: She's in the kitchen.

* * *

Critic: You have a lot of dry jokes in the Volt this year.

Editor: Oh, I don't know; I put a bunch of them in the incinerator and the fire just roared.

* * *

Little boys hate
Soap and water
Until they notice
The neighbour's daughter.

* * *

Miss Dobson: If Shakespeare were alive to-day would he still be regarded as a remarkable man?

Bob Jewett: Yes, I think so because he would be almost 400 years old.

* * *

Muterer: Gosh, I wish I knew what to do for my feet, they burn like everything.

Hammond: Why not try a mustard plaster? Mustard is mighty good on hot dogs.

* * *

Miss Dobson: Run up the curtain.

Pat Steele: What do you think I am, a squirrel?

* * *

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* * *

Mrs. Black: "That poor Mrs. Jones has completely lost her voice."

Mrs. White: "Dear, dear, I must go and call. I've been longing to have a good talk with her."

* * *

"To-day I met a girl who had never been kissed."

"I would like to meet her."

"You're too late now."

* * *

A woman was telling a neighbour where to find her husband. "Just go to the creek and look around until you see a pole with a worm on each end."

* * *

"Now boys," said Mr. MacCausland to the geography class, "I want you to bear in mind that the suffix "stan" means the "place of". Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of Afghans, also Hindustan, the place of Hindus. Can any one give another example?"

Nobody appeared very anxious to do so until Bill Wilson, said proudly, "Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellastan, the place for Umbrellas."

* * *

Mr. MacCausland giving a lecture on the rhinoceros found his class not giving him all the attention it should.

"Now," he said "if you want to realize a true, hideous picture of this animal keep your eyes fixed on me."

* * *

Jack McKee: "Quick, call a doctor, Leo drank some ink by mistake."

Gareth Davis: "Oh, that's nothing. Let him eat some blotting paper."

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A FOOT ABOUT BITBALL

Modern Spoonerism by Colonel Stoopnagle

Football is a very spuff roart, and it takes men with lurdy stegs, massel finds and gots of lutz. It sometimes results in noaken broazes and harley chorses and often leaves the player in a kate of temporary stoama, necessitating his being ferried from the streeld on a ketcher. Therefore such thulky bings—and I'm not crozbing about Speakby—as poalder-shads and other peritive prophernalia are required to bresson the number of loozes and keep mins at a bumpimum.

The plame is gayed on a grid called a field-iron and the rawl, instead of being bound like a boapsubble, is shoavel-aipt, like an eggin's rob, so it will kounce bock-eyed and plool the fayers.

When the whifferee's wrestle blows, the stay plarts, and when it blows again, stay plops. The whole idea is for one team to make a skigger boar than the other, and the one with the pewest loints foozes.

If you wish deether furtails, consult the crezzident of almost any pollidge, who will happily refer you to the foalen swunds in his arthpartic deletment.

The sayers on each plide fine up as lollows:

Teft Lackle Geft Lard Soaving Renter Gight Rard Tight Rackle
Eft Lend Borter-Quack Ight Rend
Heft Laugh Height Raff
Bull-Fack

P. S.: Oh, yes, and an umferee and two reffpires.

(Saturday Evening Post)



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Our caretaker, Mr. "Joe" Balfour, has done a splendid job this past year. A word of praise is due to him for the way he has kept our school spic and span and has come to the rescue whenever equipment was in need of repair. Also we might mention that he has proved himself an expert at preparing soup for our noon hour lunch during the winter months. For all these services which he has performed so willingly, we should like to express our thanks.

One Red Rose met another Red Rose and said, "My but you have been blooming a long time."

The other Red Rose replied: "Yes, and so have you. We're just a pair of long red bloomers."

• • •

If some of these jokes you have heard before
Just laugh again and don't get sore;
For the world is large, good jokes are few
And not everyone is as wise as you (I hope)

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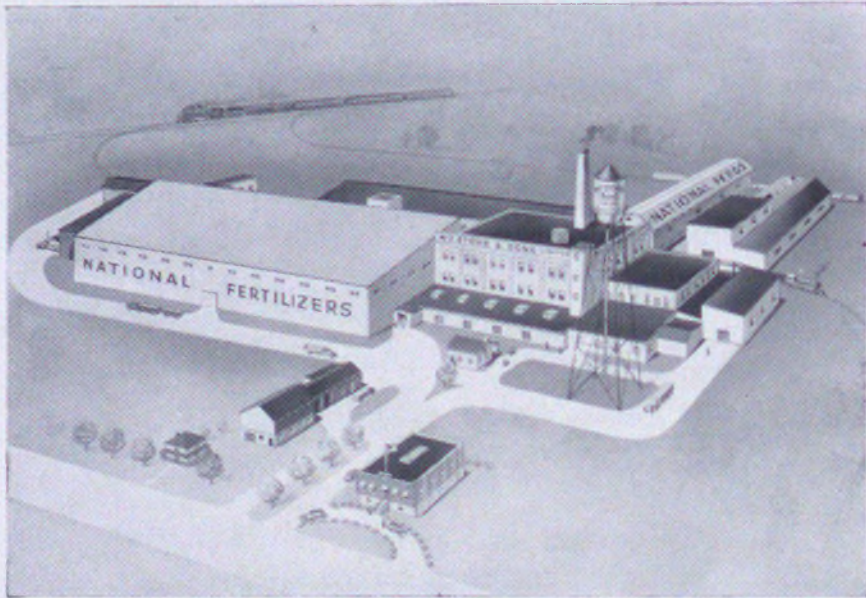
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