

THE

VOLT

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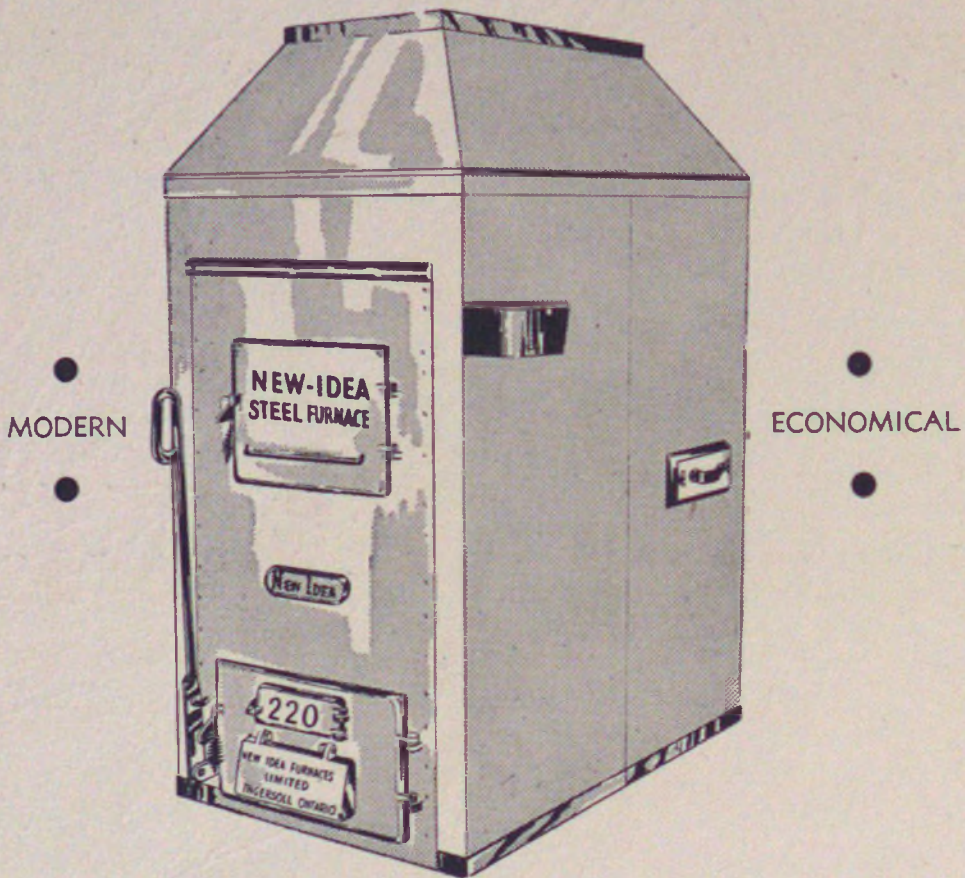


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INGERSOLL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE



We are very pleased to have our New Idea Heating advertisement appear in the Annual Issue of The Volt. The students are to be commended on the high calibre of this publication.



MODERNIZE YOUR HOME WITH A NEW IDEA HEATING SYSTEM
—BEST BY TEST—

Consult with us on your heating requirements. Heating Plans and Estimates promptly and cheerfully given and without obligation.

NEW IDEA FURNACES LIMITED

F. C. MOORE
President

NEW IDEA FURNACES LIMITED

INGERSOLL, ONT.

Phone 647

MARKET BUILDING

R. Nunn

The butcher

Phone 410

L. V. Healy

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Phone 430

REAL ESTATE

Insurance --- Conveyancing

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Phones: Office 333

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SALES — SERVICE — PARTS — ACCESSORIES

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24 HOUR TOWING SERVICE

NEW HEAVY DUTY EQUIPMENT

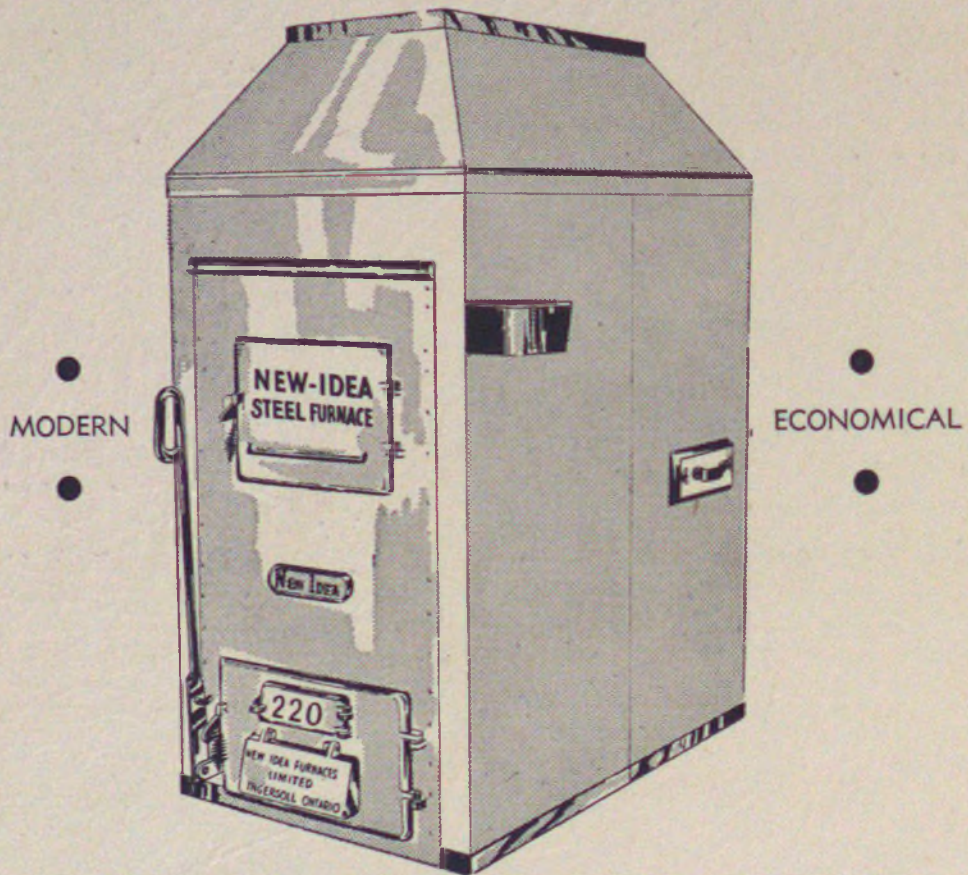
1. McNEILL—Don McNeill, emcee, has been adlibbing since 1933. Twice winner in Radio Popularity Poll.
2. COWLING—Sam "Clowning" Cowling, author of Sam's Almanac.
3. AUNT FANNY—(Fran Allison to you) kids our commercial till it squeals.

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Compliments of

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Phone 801

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PHONE

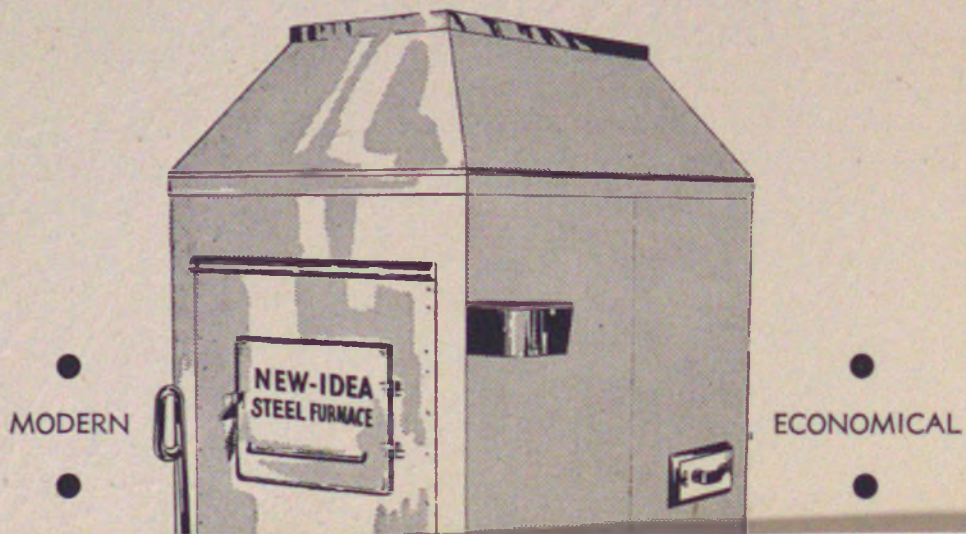
Days - 602

Nights - 471W (F. Hartfield)

GENERAL REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS

MACNAB AUTO SALES

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MOTOR SALES

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THE JOHN WHITE CO. LIMITED

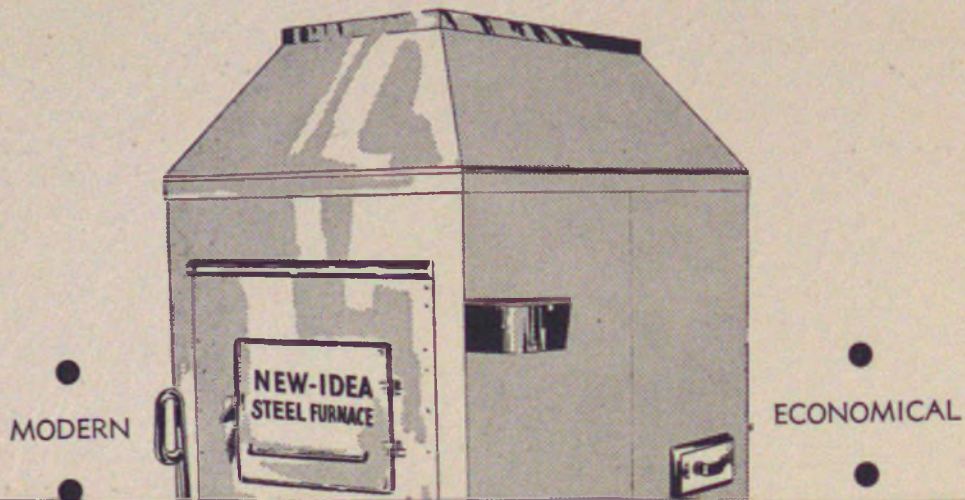
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Smart Apparel for Men, Women and Children
also Furnishings for the Home

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WALKER AMBULANCE

24 Hour Service

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The butcher

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Phone 430

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Insurance --- Conveyancing

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INGERSOLL STUDIOS 180 THAMES ST. S.

TELEPHONE INGERSOLL 720



"VOLT" STAFF

FRONT ROW: Sally Fleet, Helen Matthews, Pat Desmond, Frances Horley, Olwen Allanson, Mac Hyde, Viola McCorquodale, Lorna Young, Marge Clark, Mildred Mansfield.
SECOND ROW: Miss Carney, Miss Baker, Kay Wade, Virginia Harris, Phyllis Harvey, Lorna Baigent, Marjorie Prouse, Ruth Daniel, Anne Clark, Marjorie Martin, Jean McArthur, Miss Dabson, Roger Smith.
BACK ROW: Bill Montgomery, Jim Waring, Tom Douglas, Jim Muterer, Bill Jarrett, Jim Williams, Tom Staples, Dennis Henley, Ken Barrow, Martin Brooks, Terry Heeney, Mr. Brogden.

"Volt" Staff - 1949

Editor-in-Chief	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mac Hyde
Assistant Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	Viola McCorquodale
Literary Editors	-	-	-	-	-	-	Yvonne Holmes, Frances Horley, Ken Barrow, Olwen Allanson
Art and Photography	-	-	-	-	-	-	Roger Smith, Marjorie Martin Jean McArthur
Music	-	-	-	-	-	-	Pat Desmond, Lorna Young
Boys' Athletics	-	-	-	-	-	-	Terry Heeney, Bill Montgomery
Girls' Athletics	-	-	-	-	-	-	Marge Clark, Phyllis Harvey
Alumni	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ruth Daniel, Kay Wade
Humour	-	-	-	-	-	-	Tom Douglas, Jim Waring
Exchange	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jim Muterer
Social Activities	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lorna Baigent
Literary Society Activities	-	-	-	-	-	-	Tom Staples, Virginia Harris
School Activities	-	-	-	-	-	-	Anne Clark, Marjorie Prouse
Advertising	-	-	-	-	-	-	Martin Brooks, Bill Jarrett, Sally Fleet, Helen Matthews, Ruth Daniel, Mildred Mansfield, Tom Douglas, Bill Montgomery, Earle Richter, Dennis Henley, Jean McArthur

The Advertising Staff was under the capable direction of Mr. Brogden.



The Principal's Message

Again it is my privilege, through this 1949 edition of "The Volt", to bring you a brief message.

We are now in the second year of operation as an area school and, while our facilities are extremely limited, efforts have been made to justify the existence of a district school. We have continued to expand our courses and to provide a more diversified course of study for the increasingly large number of students enrolled. Agricultural science, music, art, commercial subjects, shop work and home economics now supplement the academic subjects in our school. Increased facilities and a larger enrolment will make possible a wider choice of options at a later date.

Our enrolment at the Collegiate is now nearing three hundred and indications are that by the opening of school next September it will be the highest on record. In spite of crowded conditions and limited facilities at the school a measure of success has been achieved in academic work as well as extra-curricular activities. We are proud of the large number of graduates who are successfully pursuing further studies at colleges, universities, training schools and Normal schools, as well as those who directly enter the various fields of employment.

Students have continued to take an active part in debating, public speaking, music, dramatics, athletics and other extra-curricular activities. Our cadet corps and the many teams which represent us are a credit to our school.


I should like to commend the staff and students for their untiring efforts in spite of many handicaps. Your co-operation is greatly appreciated and my sincere wish is that you will find happiness and contentment and the greatest measure of success in school, as well as in your chosen field of work on graduation.

J. C. HERBERT


INGERSOLL COLLEGIATE

Teaching Staff


1948-1949




Lillian G. Baker, B.A.
English,
Commercial Subjects




R. C. Brogden, B. A.
Mathematics




W. C. Wilson, B.A.
Boys' Physical Training
Science, Mathematics,
Guidance




Lilian M. Dobson, B.A.
English and Music




Jean E. Sutherland, B.A.
English, Art,
Girls' Physical Training




Edna V. Kennedy, B.A.
French



V. W. MacCausland, B.A.
Boys' Physical Training,
Social Studies



J. G. Clement, B.A.
Science



Estelle G. Carney, B.A.
Classics



Ethel M. Barber, B.A.
Commercial



Fern M. Goodison, B.A.
Home Economics



J. R. Cryderman
Industrial Arts & Crafts



Editorial

"Tis education forms the common mind
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

How many of us realize the true import
of Alexander Pope's famous words?

Now when we, the students, are being
educated, we are gaining the knowledge,
forming the habits and opinions which will
make each of us an individual, and will
create the pattern which we will follow all
the rest of our lives. We, the "twigs", are
being bent; when in the world of tomorrow
we are "trees", we will still lean in the same
direction.

Education, the means by which we are
being "bent", must therefore mean more
than the academic work of our classrooms.
Social activities, and athletics must be com-
bined with the three R's. The omission of
any one will produce a lopsided twig, which
is bound to develop into a lopsided tree.

In order to produce straight, well de-
veloped twigs, social and athletic activities
are incorporated into our education, in the
form of our various teams in sports, our liter-
ary and athletic societies, our dances, our
debates, our Volt, and all our other various
projects.

Pope erred in one respect. He referred to
education as a passive process. True, we
are educated to a certain extent, but we
cannot expect to be educated by merely be-
ing in the presence of these activities. We
must take an **active** interest in as many as
possible. We must put forth an effort, for,
as we have often heard, we only get as
much out of something as we put into it.

Our Volt represents one of these pro-
jects which serves to complete our educa-



Assistant Editor's Message

As the school term draws to a close, our
thoughts go back over the events of the past
year. To me, in the extra curricular acti-
vities, the literary meetings eclipse all others.
These meetings have given us experience on
the public platform and will help us to feel
at ease in any public position, and thus
make us more useful citizens in our com-
munity.

We have practised the arts of co-opera-
tion and competition in preparing and pre-
senting our programmes. One meeting
which was in the form of a talent hour not
only gave experience in performance but
also helped to build character by teaching
us to accept honest judgment on our work.

Our literary meetings have given us
many fond memories of our school days
which will stand out above all others. I
urge everyone to put all he can into these
meetings and note for himself their numer-
ous benefits. They will be found helpful in
every phase of adult life.

Viola McCorquodale, Grade XIII

tion. I personally feel that everyone con-
nected with the Volt has put forth an effort,
and has done his or her best; hence the pro-
ject has accomplished its purpose and
achieved success.

As editor, I should like to extend to all
you who had a part in the creation of the
Volt my sincere thanks for your help and
co-operation, and to all you who read the
magazine, my wish that you may derive
both pleasure and benefit from this, our Volt
for 1949.

Mac Hyde, Grade XIII



JACK McDOUGALL

George Beaumont Memorial
Scholarship winner
Student at Royal Military College,
Kingston



VIRGINIA HARRIS

Wilbur F. Thompson General
Proficiency Scholarship
Grade XIII Ingersoll Collegiate Institute



MARY GRIMES

Dominion Provincial Student Aid
Scholarship Winner
London Normal School



ANNE CLARK

Dominion Provincial Student Aid
Scholarship Winner
Grade XIII Ingersoll Collegiate Institute

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Message from His Worship

Dr. J. G. Murray



It is a great privilege for me, on behalf of the Town Council, to extend the greetings of the municipality to the teaching staff and pupils of the Ingersoll Collegiate Institute.

We want to congratulate you on the success you have achieved in publishing your journals in the past, and to convey our best wishes for the 1949 Volt.

The graduates of the Collegiate Institute have brought a great deal of honour to Ingersoll as they have taken their places in the business and professional world. This is a tribute to the teachers and the school.

As we look forward to having a new school with better equipment we hope the students will have more opportunities and we know we can expect them to uphold the traditions of the past.

J. G. MURRAY, Mayor



Compliments of

DR. J. G. MURRAY

Mayor of the Town of Ingersoll





Message from the Chairman of the Board

On behalf of the Collegiate Institute Board of Ingersoll District I should like to express our best wishes for the success of the 1949 edition of *The Volt*.

Most of you are possibly aware that this is our second year of operation as a district school. The Collegiate Institute Board of Ingersoll District is composed of three representatives appointed by the Ingersoll Town Council, one by the Ingersoll Public School Board and one by the Separate School Board, as well as four representatives from the surrounding townships. One member is also appointed by the County Council. The rural area consists of all of North Oxford, parts of West Oxford, East Nissouri and West Zorra. Thus the Board is truly representative of the area which comprises the school district and we hope that the areas represented will feel that the school belongs to them as much as to the town of Ingersoll.

We are desirous of providing the very best educational facilities for the pupils of this area. While there are difficulties to be overcome, we feel that the members of the Board will always keep uppermost in mind the interests and welfare of the students of our school.

Collegiate Institute Board of Ingersoll District
R. W. GREEN, Chairman

With sincere best wishes from:

ONE OF INGERSOLL'S PROGRESSIVE PLANTS

JAMES A. COLE FURNITURE CO., LTD.

and its wholly owned subsidiary

The Ingersoll Casket Company



Thorough training, courses are available to a limited number of young men who wish to learn a good, steady, well-paid trade.



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 FRONT ROW: A Richardson, J. J. McLeod, William Weir, H. T. Bower, R. J. Kerr.
 BACK ROW: E. J. Chisholm, W. L. McLellan, E. Byerman, Fred Shelton, A. W. Little.

Collegiate Institute Board of Ingersoll District

1949

R. W. Green, Chairman

William Weir, Vice-Chairman

J. J. McLeod, Sec'y-Treas.

H. Bower

R. J. Kerr

A. Richardson

E. Byerman

A. W. Little

F. Shelton

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Harrison's Service Station

Combining the finest in Products, Experience and Equipment to give you the
best service obtainable

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Greasing, Washing and Tune ups, a specialty — Tires, Batteries and
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Cor. Thames and Bell Sts.

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—
INGERSOLL, ONT.

Compliments of

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For Service

PHONE 32

Valedictorian Address

Again the time has come for the graduating class to say good-bye. It is an experience we face with mixed feelings: feelings of regret as we think of the five happy years that have slipped so swiftly away, leaving us many happy and valued memories, feelings of anticipation as we look forward to the long days ahead with wonder about what lies behind the curtain of the future.

I should like to say a few words about our class. It has not been a large one, but when has the true worth of anything been correctly judged by its size? Possibly you may think it has not been an outstandingly brilliant class, but we hope that the qualities we do possess will show up in the kind of success we achieve as we go out to take our place in the world. Our class has taken its place in every phase of school life. Many have been active in the sports and athletic part of the curriculum. A goodly number of the members of the staff of our school magazine, *The Volt*, were representatives of our class. Perhaps some day in the future some famous journalist will look back to collegiate days and realize he got his start on the staff of our magazine. In literary society meetings, oratorical contests and cadets, we have tried to do our share and I hope as a class we have profited from our participation in school activities.

To the younger students I should like to say that I hope they will realize that their days at the collegiate are days of preparation for the years ahead. The way we use our time in school life will play a large part in deciding our success or failure. We are forming habits and character during our days in school and the kind of habits and character we develop will form the pattern of our adult life. To-day we are matriculat-

ing and in looking up the word "matriculate" I find it means to enroll or register in a place of higher learning. Some of us are enrolling in university, some in Normal school, some in nursing schools, some in trade and commerce schools and some in the great school of industry. In whatever place we enroll, our record of the past five years will go a long way toward the triumphant completion of our new projects.

I should like also to remind you of the great opportunities which face you in your school life. Much has been said in the past about our rights. Youth, we say, has a right to a good education, to a good time, to the four freedoms and so on. That is quite true, but we must remember that all these rights have a price. There is an old saying, "He who dances must pay the fiddler." If you take advantage of your rights to all these opportunities, you must accept the responsibilities which go with them. In collegiate life we find opportunities for learning, for sport, for friendship, for leadership. But unless we accept the responsibilities of studying, of practice, of being a friend, of self-denial we can never gain much from our opportunities. We must learn that to get anything out of school life we must put ourselves into it, so pitch in and do your share.

On behalf of the graduating class of '48 I say "Farewell" to the school and "Thank you" to the teachers who have so willingly helped us through our high school days. We also wish to thank the Board of Education, our parents and the townspeople of Ingersoll who have shown an interest in our efforts, and made it possible for us to enjoy and profit from five happy years of collegiate life.

The future we are facing seems not too bright, for these are troubled times, but whether the clouds lift or lower we face them knowing that the lessons we have learned in the class-room and on the playing fields of I.C.I. will help us to acquit ourselves in a manner of which we need not be ashamed.

Dorothy Barnes

LITERARY

"Dansen pau Koldinghus"

Out of the countless store of legends and tales of past days comes one which is little known to Americans, but which is loved by the people of Denmark. This is the story of "Dansen pau Koldinghus", or "The Dance at Koldinghus."

First let me explain to you what Koldinghus is. It is a castle in about the centre of Denmark. To-day there are only the ruins of what was once the proudest royal palace of Denmark. It is situated beside a small lake, and is built in a four-sided figure around a court-yard, and at one corner can be seen a tall tower. Surrounding the castle are beautiful grounds and in spite of the decadence an impression of its former grandeur is received.

The dance mentioned in the title took place many years ago, as far back as the fourteenth or fifteenth century. It was in honour of the king's daughter, the beautiful Benedikte. But let me tell you the story.

Benedikte had fallen in love, but, as love stories often go, it was not a happy affair. For Benedikte had fallen very much in love with a commoner. She, a princess, and a commoner! Her father, the king, was furious when he found out, for she was the heir to the throne and must marry a man of noble birth. First he talked gently, then he pleaded, then he shouted and at last ordered Benedikte to be imprisoned in the foreboding tower until she could get over this ridiculous infatuation and choose a suitable husband from the many who paid court to her. But in her tower room Benedikte only thought the more of her handsome Viggo. She intensely disliked the smirking men who tried to win her favour by flattery. She would not marry to please her father and as the country demanded. What cared she to be queen if she could not have her true love for husband. At length the king saw that there was no way to force Benedikte to agree with him, and so he announced that there would be a ball, and that the princess should marry the last person with whom she danced.

Preparations were made. The affair was to be the most spectacular ever held at

Koldinghus. The castle hummed with activity, servants preparing the feast and the castle to accommodate the many guests. The princess herself wore a gorgeous new dress, but she scarcely cared. She was resolved, however. She would not stop dancing; she would show her father, and he would surely let her marry Viggo.

The great evening arrived. The suitors for Benedikte were all there, each determined to be the last to dance with her. And so they feasted and danced and as the evening wore on, Benedikte danced continuously, adamant in her refusal to obey her father's decree. Then just before four o'clock, the king, seeing his daughter's determination, signalled to a page, who quietly left the room. Stopping the musicians, he led his daughter to a window over-looking the court-yard. The company watched expectantly, and as the great clock struck four, Benedikte saw, before her eyes, the guards lead Viggo forth and kill him. The king gave the signal for the music to begin. Surely now his daughter would see the futility of being stubborn. Slowly Benedikte turned and began to waltz. Her partner, aware of the situation and sure of his prize, was obviously overjoyed. But fate intervened! Before they had danced half way around the room, Benedikte faltered, sighed, and sank lifeless to the floor. The anxiety, the dancing and the heart-break had killed the beautiful but unhappy girl.

That is the story. Perhaps the names are not exact, the date or the fine details, but the basic story is fact. The princess did live, and at Koldinghus the great ball did take place, ending tragically with the death of the lovers.

The ruins are there to-day, all that is left after an invasion in the eighteenth century when foreigners destroyed the castle. But no one can destroy the story which is acted at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. It lives for those people as stories of past days live for Canadians. The tale is old, but we can easily visualize that eventful night of "Dansen pau Koldinghus."

Joyce Lange, Grade XIA

A Lesson From the Book

Even at six-thirty, the northern morning was lovely. I eased the red canoe into the clear, blue water, and paddled towards the Wagner dock on the point. I could see the shock of red hair, which I knew belonged to Dick, moving under the pines near the dock. When I reached the dock, he was standing on it beside a small pile of fishing and camping equipment. In a chair on the lawn, his nose buried in a book, was his cousin, Reginald.

"What kept you?" shouted Dick.

"What got you up?" I laughed back.

I pulled up to the dock and we began to load the canoe. Reginald got up and came towards us, a book entitled "The Science of Canoeing" in his hand.

"Oh no" I thought to myself; aloud I asked, "Have you done much canoeing?"

"No, but I've been boning up from this book. I've also read quite a bit about bass fishing."

I counted to ten slowly—very slowly. Reginald was a book-worm, a "brain", a scientific genius. Why, oh why did he have to try to be a fisherman, and spoil our annual fishing trip up the Big Horseshoe River? Short, medium build, with closely cropped hair, he even looked scientific.

In about fifteen minutes we were on our way. We let Reginald troll, on our way up the river. Except for one strike which turned out to be a water-logged branch, Reginald likely would have termed the trip uneventful.

To me, however, there is nothing quite so exciting as the surge of cold, clear water past a canoe, the powerful, invigorating dip and sweep of a paddle, the keen fresh, pine-scented breeze.

After paddling about four hours, we reached our destination—the wild, desolate upper reaches of the Big Horseshoe River.

We lit a fire on a huge boulder by the river, and the scent of pines was soon replaced by the odour of sizzling bacon and beans. We ate our dinner amid the rugged beauty of the world's most picturesque restaurant, the Canadian north.

After dinner, Dick said, "I'd like to push on a little farther. There's a lake just ahead that we've never visited. There are no cot-

tages up there, so the fishing should be good."

"Just what I was thinking," I agreed. "What about you, Reginald?"

"If you fellows don't mind, I think I'll stay here."

"Well"—Dick hesitated, "Be careful, and don't leave the river."

We pushed off, leaving Reginald sorting out his "scientific" tackle.

The lake turned out to be better than we had expected. We entered a sandy bay, and let our anchor slide to the weedy bottom. I snooped around in my tackle box and came up with a gaudy plug.

"It's lucky that our scientist didn't come along," I chuckled. "He'd have a fit if he saw this unscientific piece of junk."

Dick wet his line, and on his second cast, hooked a beauty. His eyes ablaze with the joy of battle, Dick fought the fish for several minutes and finally subdued it.

"What a beauty," he babbled joyously.

And it was! I weighed it. "Five and a half pounds! You've got a good bid for the Junior Anglers' prize!"

My turn came next, but I lost the fish. I hooked another about five minutes later, but it couldn't match Dick's. From then on, things slackened.

Just after four o'clock, when we had fished nearly all of the likely looking spots in the lake, Dick said "Well, we had better start back."

Our total catch consisted of Dick's big one, a three pounder of mine, and several smaller ones.

"I hope Reginald won't be too disappointed," I remarked, as we drew near the place where we had left him. "He certainly wouldn't have much of a chance of catching anything but a cold there."

"The book says—", mimicked Dick. Then, seriously, "But I do pity him a little."

At that moment we rounded the bend, "Holy Cow!" shouted Dick. I followed his astounded gaze to where Reginald stood on the rock.

His rod was bent into the beautiful arc which means "Fish on the other end," his reel sang, his taut line cut crazy patterns through the water. The fish lunged, drove, and then suddenly arched into the air in a desperate attempt to throw loose the hook.

"Wow! He should be plenty happy," whispered Dick. "That bass is at least 2½ pounds!"

We kept out of his way until Reginald had finally brought the fish in close and netted it. Then we paddled for the rock, while he removed the fish from the hook.

Glancing at our catch, he remarked, "I see you fellows have had good luck, too."

Then, with an air of nonchalance, he slipped the bass he had just landed back into the stream!

"What the—," stammered Dick.

"Hey", I yelled. The canoe rocked dangerously.

"Well with what you have, and my other three, we should be able to provide a fish dinner for the family. No use keeping the rest to spoil." He began to disassemble his rod.

"You c-caught three more?" Dick gasped incredulously.

"No, five to be exact. The other two I threw back were only about 14 inches. "With that, Reginald picked up from the grass two bass which almost equalled Dick's big one, and deposited them in the canoe with ours.

Dick finally found his voice. "Where's the other one?" he asked almost fearfully.

Reginald then lifted from the bank the biggest smallmouth bass I had ever seen. We almost fainted.

"May I have the scales?" inquired Reginald politely. Dick weighed the giant—"7 pounds, 4 and a half ounces! Wow! This fish will break the Junior Anglers' record! Holy Cow!"

I couldn't find words. For the first (and likely the last) time in my life, I was speechless. Dick was just as stunned. Finally, I managed to gasp out, "H-how did you do it?"

"I just followed the instructions Prof. Pembleton gave in his book. This spot looked good, according to his theories, so I stayed," replied Reginald simply.

We made good time on the homeward trip, with Reginald doing a fair job of paddling amidships, and the current helping us.

After the hearty fish supper, I managed to corner Reginald alone.

"Er—wh—Reg," I stuttered, red-faced, "you know that book on bass fishing by

Prof. Pembleton? Uh, could I—er—borrow it, please?"

"Sure," Reginald replied, with a grin, "As soon as Dick returns it!"

Mac Hyde, Grade X11A

Dust

Most people consider dust a nuisance. They do so because they have not stopped to realize the advantages of dust to modern society.

Imagine for a few moments a dustless world. The mighty gods of Olympus have magically commanded every speck of dust to disappear. At first people would celebrate this historical event as a boon to humanity, but their joy is premature. Soon, everyone from the rich industrialist to the housewife, even to the poor street cleaner is affected by this grave disaster. "No dust, no work," is the cry of millions standing in lines before employment offices.

The worried manufacturer paces the floor of his luxurious office. Gales have dropped to less than nothing. No one needs eyewash anymore. That huge order of dust blowers has been cancelled and vacuum cleaners are no longer required.

The workman stands before the window in the Unemployment Bureau. He along with thousands of others has been laid-off. He doesn't blame his employer. It is this cursed lack of dust that is causing all the trouble. Nobody buys new paint or wall-paper now, since the old just will not get dirty.

The man ahead of him in line, is not his job also non-existent now? He was a window washer at the big hotel down the street. Now the windows are always clean and his boss had to fire him along with the janitors and cleaning women.

The street cleaner lies on the couch in his small apartment. He thinks it is useless to go to work to-day because there is no dirt on the streets. Maybe he better go down town and collect his pay later in the day. It is a good thing he voted right in the last election; otherwise he too would be out of work.

The housewife faces her husband as he angrily accuses her of spending all her time playing cards, gambling away all his money. He does not seem to realize

she has to do something to keep occupied now that there is no dust to create housework.

In the yard behind the dry cleaning plant the delivery trucks stand deserted. The building, once a hive of activity, has been locked up ever since all the dust vanished from the earth. As people's clothes do not seem to get very dirty anymore the business was forced to close.

Even those who were not directly affected feel the pinch of this strange malady. The farmer, the food producer and the automobile and steel manufacturers cannot sell their products to unemployed people.

The whole balance of trade and commerce has been destroyed. Everywhere there is starvation. Wild-eyed radicals harangue the mob to violence. War and rebellion are beginning; brother is killing brother. All the world is in turmoil, all because of one little thing. There is no dust.

As we return from our flight into fancy to the same old dusty world, we breathe a sigh of relief to find dust still makes us sneeze. We now know dust is really a blessing and not such an inconvenience after all.

Jim Grimes, Grade XIA

Autumn Fantasy

I stood before the brook and listened. It was quiet and still. The wind that had been present before, had gone down. How beautiful the world was! How I loved this secluded haunt of mine!

Not a half hour before, I had been pouring over my homework. I was working quite diligently until my eye caught the bright sunshine and the colours of autumn. No longer could I concentrate. A surge of rebellion against these bonds that held me inside, completely overpowered my sense of duty. I then had but one thought in mind, to flee whitherto I did not know. Some unseen power tugged at me and I found my feet carrying me away from my homework and to the great expanse of the outdoors.

From one place to another, I wandered, hardly conscious of where I was. Finally I realized I was at my favourite spot, beside the brook in the woods. I sat down and my eyes feasted on the wonder that was about me.

In front of my feet, the brook was gurgling merrily. How free it was! From rock to rock it jumped and splashed; from bend to bend it ran joyfully. The rustling of the leaves joined in with the same joyful tune. The trees were at their best, clothed in their dresses of crimson and gold. The light wind was gently carrying the leaves down to their bed on earth. They, too, were happy, fluttering this way and that in the fall air. When they landed, they nestled together in peaceful slumber. Even the burrs were happy, wanting to travel with me. Just then a wee rabbit skitted out from the underbrush and hopped and skipped up the path almost singing a song.

Yes, all nature was rejoicing. They had completed their duty on earth or were waiting till their time of slumbering would come. And then, it came to me. Why should not people be happy! If they cannot be happy in themselves, they can reap joy from seeing the happiness of others. Yes, autumn is a beautiful time, a time of rejoicing. Visit the woods and get acquainted with nature, and you, too, will find happiness and contentment.

Lorna Baigent, Grade XIIA

Comics

The comics are just over half a century old. In November 1894, readers of the New York "World" opened their Sunday supplements to find a six-box series of coloured funny pictures about a snake and a dog. The technique of putting talk in balloons was borrowed from political cartoonists. Parents and teachers protested violently against this "yellow journalism", thus coining a phrase and initiating criticism which has continued ever since.

They used to be called "funny papers" and appeared only on Sunday to be read by youngsters. Now they are called comics, although the name is a rank misnomer for most of them.

They are big business. Four out of five of the people who read newspapers, or about seventy million citizens of the U.S.A., shamelessly and regularly read the comics. The huge syndicates that handle them say that, next to the front-page news, it is the comics that sell the papers.

There are many incidents which show how much weight the comics swing in public affairs. When Joe Palooka enlisted in the army in 1939—the first comic strip character to don a uniform—President Roosevelt personally thanked his creator, Ham Fisher, for helping to put across the draft. A Sunday speech by Flip Corkin in "Terry and the Pirates" inspired newspaper editorials and was read into the "Congressional Record".

The comics influence people in strange and various ways. "Sadie Hawkin's Day", a sort of annual leap-year day, first celebrated in L'il Abner's village of Dogpatch, is now celebrated in hundreds of colleges and towns. "Blondie" has given the nation the mountainous Dagwood sandwich. "Bringing Up Father" has inspired Dinty Moore's restaurants specializing in corned beef and cabbage. Hamburger stands have been christened for ever-hungry Wimpy. Strips like "Winnie Winkle" and "Tillie the Toiler" help portray the latest and smartest to every town and village. The glamorous girls of the future in "Flash Gordon" have popularized the upsweep, the bare midriff and wedgies.

Some critics blame juvenile delinquency on the non-funny or adventurous strips, and a few of the more radical would even like to have them banished. There have been some misfortunes caused by their influence. One boy had to have sixteen stitches in his mouth after trying to bite off the top of a spinach can like Popeye. Another fell thirty feet on his head trying to fly like Superman. On the other hand, however, just recently a young boy rescued two of his playmates from danger using the tactics employed by a comic strip character.

Many adults use them as an escape or relaxation from serious matters. When things looked black for England in 1940, King George VI would relax with the "Little King". When Little Orphan Annie lost her dog, artist Harold Gray received this telegram: "Please do all you can to help Annie find Sandy. We are all interested. (signed) Henry Ford." Wendell Wilkie read them regularly and Wm. Lyon Phelps badgered the syndicates for advance proofs because he couldn't wait to see what happened next.

Many different countries have different versions of them. "Bringing up Father" has been translated into twenty-seven languages

and published in seventy-one countries with Jiggs' pet dish corned beef and cabbage becoming tripe and onions in England, rice in China, spaghetti in Italy and hot tamales in Mexico. Blondie and Dagwood as "Pepita y Lorenzo" have more readers in Buenos Aires than in any other city.

Since there is so much money involved and comics claim the attention of seventy million readers daily not only in newspapers but as interpolations between more serious shows in the movies, it seems that comics are here to stay for all time.

Virginia Harris, Grade XIII

To Be Or Not To Be

With how much interest in world affairs do we students speak? Are politics and the international situation restricted to our parents? They are troublesome and uninteresting topics for us students and we feel that they are beyond us. Besides, we have plenty of time for such subjects later. And yet, the most of us have, some time or other, ventured upon subjects which are usually left for adults.

To-day is the time to take an interest in the world over and above our own pleasures and social activities; to-day when our side of the world hangs in the balance with the other; to-day when those privileges, freedom of speech, religion, press and politics for which our ancestors and even our brothers fought and died, and which we now take for granted, seem to be in the path of would-be aggressors, oppressors of personal liberty.

Most of us, I hope, are fresh from the history of our civilization where we have seen how the early Greeks used to follow the actions of their government with mind and tongue, and that was every citizen too. Their great contributions to civilization are enough evidence of the value of freedom. Then we saw the unfortunate downfall of a great nation and empire caused by the indifference of its people towards life and their government. That was majestic Rome. Its people prove, and I quote, "A people always gets the government it deserves." Consequently Rome was overrun with barbarians.

We have seen also in history great leaders who thought that the world could be theirs. We have seen how people can be persuaded to follow a dictator who promises

economic satisfaction but not democracy. This kind of man lost everything and left the world in chaos. Then it was up to the democratic peoples to put the world back together again.

To-day we read of not another man but of a movement which threatens not only our freedom and happiness but our individuality. We are all aware of it but we let ourselves think of it as "across the seas." In reality it is in our very own Canada and must be coped with immediately.

Our elders and statesmen are attempting to compromise with the powers that support such a movement but before long it will be our problem. With this in sight let us see to it that our Canada shall be an example of a social, religious and political democracy. And how can this be attained? The easiest way, and most of us look for the easy way, is to find some interest in what goes on around us. This may be gradual at first but it will increase as we realize what is at stake in the world.

It is our duty to show to our parents and and leaders, that we young people are educating ourselves in high school by learning to think and reason wisely concerning our town and country; for with knowledge and understanding we can choose for ourselves what is right. Therefore, let us be leaders and not followers in our daily activities.

Tom Staples, Grade XIIIA

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.

Night

At setting sun my heart o'erflows with gladness
For the dusky time of dreams returns to earth.
Nights, through long seasons, endless time,
inspire

Balm to hurt minds, troubled soul's rebirth.
Oh night of Spring! thou knight of bold
adventure

Sweeping o'er the land with passions deep
I praise thee for breaking bonds that held me
Letting dreams run wild, slow pulses leap.
Soft eve, as thy creeping shades drop o'er
me,

Cloaking hill and dale in sombre light,
Thy perfumed breath of roses, pine's sweet
bitter

Enthral me with thy beauty, Summer night.
Autumn; thy nights breathe sighs of sadness;
Thy wailing wind enfold the woodlands
drear;

Thy naked earth, thy cloud hung heavens
enchant me,

While sobs of dying earth come to my ear.
A lovely dream—A vision of white glory,
A painting masterpiece of God above;
Jewel studded sky, earth pathed in palest
moonlight,

Oh Winter night! 'tis thee I truly love.
Night, the wondrous gift of generous heaven,
Calling to men's souls with dauntless voice,
Calling memories from heart's secret
chamber,

A time in which I dream, sigh, hope,
rejoice.

Frances Horley, Grade XIIIA

The Sea

Nothing more pleasing is to me,
Than to walk, in silence, by the sea;
To hear the heavy breakers roar,
Pounding from some distant shore,
To feel the cooling salt sea spray,
Fresh as a breeze of early May,
To plod along in shifting sand
Dreaming of some far off land
Where towering palm trees sweep the sky
Of pure white clouds, hovering nigh;
Or if the scene should be replaced
To dream of glistening snow and ice.
What else could anyone want more
Than to walk in silence by the shore?

Marjorie Prouse, Grade XIII

Walking

I like to walk in spring
Through lovely lanes of trees
For there's something about walking
That sets my heart at ease.

I like to walk in autumn
In a gently falling rain

For there's something about walking
That frees my heart from pain.

I like to walk in winter
And feel the nip of cold,
For there's something about walking
That makes me feel strong and bold.

I like to walk in summer
When day turns into night
For there's something about walking
That gives my spirit light.

Jean Munroe, Grade XIA

Betsy

Of all the people I have met,
There is not one, at least not yet,
Who is more cheerful and more gay
Than Betsy.

When the weather is too grim,
And Mother says, "By the fire stay in",
Does she pout and show a temper?
Not Betsy.

The world to some is a dreary place
Against Father Time in vain they race
But it is all laughter and joy and fun
To Betsy.

Troubles will come and troubles will go
And the reason for them God only knows
But life will always happy be
For Betsy.

Marjorie Prouse, Grade XIII

After the Ice-Storm

As daylight broke it showed to me
A fairy land of beauty;
The ice festooned on wire and tree
Proved fairies were on duty.

And as the sun came up anon
The ice-decked country side,
A place of sparkling beauty shone
Like diamonds side by side.

The quietness seemed closing in
'Till suddenly we heard,
The snapping of a laden limb,
A shower of ice occurred.

And all day long this beauty stayed
On tree and bending bough.
How could this wonderland be made?
Only God knows how.

Marion Hutchison, Grade XIA

Spring

The breath of Spring is in the air
Though Winter hovers near;
A lovely thought that very soon
Skies will be blue and clear.

I heard a robin yesterday—
The day before, a crow;
The breeze is whispering in the trees
As it melts away the snow.

The Summer time is warm and kind
The Autumn skies are bright
While Winter is the frosty time
But Spring is my delight.

Jacqueline Sinclair, Grade XA

The Coming Of Spring

Through fields and woodlands with joyous
sounds

Merry nature's song resounds;
All forest creatures with tribute sing
Through hills and vales to welcome Spring.
The flowers budding in the ground
The laughing brook no more ice bound
The new birds darting on the wing,
Their cheerful music to all they bring.
The heavens dim, and shed their tears
To waken the earth, this magic sphere.
All trees with wondrous beauty seen
Receive their bright new coat of green;
She lingers long until at last
Summer is here, and Spring has passed.

Ted Ackert, Grade IXC

There is no Exchange page in The Volt this year but the school has been the recipient of many magazines from other schools. These have been greatly enjoyed and as far as possible The Volt will again be sent to all schools on our exchange list.

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MUSIC

Music at I.C.I.

Music has had a very successful term at the Collegiate so far, mainly because the students themselves, individually and collectively, supported the music activities provided by the school.

In September, the Glee Club was organized under the guidance of Miss Dobson. About sixty students sang in the choruses at the annual Commencement exercises. At the Christmas Literary they led the school in the singing of Christmas carols. Many volunteered their services, and brought Christmas cheer to the patients of Ingersoll Hospital with their singing. The first Sunday evening of Education week, in co-operation with Rev. Daniel, the girls of the Glee Club formed the choir of Trinity United Church and rendered suitable numbers for the church service.

This is the second year for our school orchestra under the violin bow of Mr. Wilson, with Jim Waring at the piano. They excel at playing for Literary meetings.

The students and teaching staff at the Collegiate again sponsored Community Concerts, which are subsidized by the Department of Education. The concerts were so well received last year, that such outstanding talent as Donna Grescoe and the Leslie Bell Singers was brought to Ingersoll this year. It is hoped that the concerts next year will flourish in Ingersoll as they have in the past.

A growing interest in music by the students is making itself apparent at the school. Talent has been displayed both vocally and instrumentally at Literary meetings, and at the devotional exercises during the winter.

Lorna Young, Grade XIII

Choirs

The choir is one of the oldest musical organizations known. It even out-dates the orchestra, which is just a baby in comparison.

Originally, it is believed, the idea of setting music to a text came from the East. It spread from Asia to Egypt, and then to Greece and Rome.

At first, the choir in the church was made up of monks who sang rhythmless chants in Latin. The melodies of these chants would be thought uninteresting to our ear, because they were slow, dignified, and liturgical in form; the rhythm varied only with the metre of the words. As yet, no instruments were perfected, and the "harmony" of the choir was limited to intervals of an octave, a fourth or a fifth.

After the Reformation, and the "breaking away" of a part of the church into other sects of religion, the role of the choir became a more important one. Instruments, particularly the clavichord, forerunner of the organ, were developed. Bach poured out his soul in the music that he wrote for his choirs and his organ. He was a master of the contrapuntal style of choir music. In this type a melody would be playfully, but skilfully, tossed back and forth from one section of the choir to another. Sometimes there would be three or more voices singing melodies "against" each other. Each melody exerted its own influence, but none took prominence over another. Choir history would not be complete without mentioning the handsome, pompous Handel. Unlike Bach, Handel had at his disposal massed choirs and orchestras to experiment with in his compositions. He will be remembered chiefly for his truly great Oratorio "The Messiah", containing the Hallelujah Chorus which brings the audience to its feet in tribute.

As can readily be seen, choir music was then very complicated, and only trained singers could take part in the music of the church. First Luther, then John Wesley, began to put the emphasis on congregational singing. This brought about a revival in hymn writing because simpler tunes which could easily be memorized by the common church-goer were needed. It was many years before hymn books were printed for general use in churches. Nevertheless, the choir retained its prestige as being a group of trained singers, and more difficult anthems in which the congregation did not participate were composed specifically for the choir to sing. Choir music was in the language of



GLEE CLUB

FIRST ROW: Hazel Wilson, Evelyn Thorne, Patsy Larder, Lorna Young, Miss Dobson, Alice Upfold, Shirley Henderson, Marjorie Upfold, Lilian Brewer, Rosalyn Brunger, Ruth Johnston.

SECOND ROW: Helen Heeney, Joyce Johnson, Edith Ruckle, Mary Nadalin, Marjorie Muterer, Mary Ruddick, Anne Henderson, Margaret Patterson, Helen Odorico, Donajean Spencer, Grace Turnbull, Patricia Brewer, Jeanne Somers, Charlie Shelton, Beverly Stewart.

THIRD ROW: Roger Shelton, Fred Waring, John McDermott, Dorothy Knott, Janet Moon, Barbara Patience, Donna Simpson, Edith Long, Dorothy Dykeman, Margaret Baigent, Kathleen Fordham, Dawn Martin, Joyce Lange, Pauline Smith, Jean Johnston, Glenn Ward.

BACK ROW: Norman Mitchell, Jim Somers, Jack McKee, Shirley Pittock, Marilyn Moffatt, Shirley Mitchell, Jacqueline Sinclair, Margaret Zurbrigg, Mary Hill, Betty Jones, Dale Wurker, Bob Redhead, Martin Brooks.

the people, and for the most part, simple enough for public participation.

Thus the choir has developed through the centuries, and although to-day secular choirs are gaining prominence all over the country, it must be remembered that the church choir is the basis of choral development. Some leading choirs with which we feel acquainted are, "The Mendelssohn Choir" of Toronto under Sir Ernest Mac-Millan, and the "Leslie Bell Singers" who have made themselves beloved in the hearts of many. In London, George Lethbridge trains the London Male Choir, and "The London School Teachers' Choir" is directed by Earle Terry.

Actually, to-day, the choir is an almost universal organization in that it is not limited to age or numbers. Many churches have a junior choir as well as a senior one. Each member of the small country church choir is, generally speaking, of more importance to his choir and community, than he would be in a larger choir because there is not

likely to be an available substitute for him, and the same choir has just as much access to suitable anthems as a larger choir. Competition is provided for choirs in festivals across Canada, so that choirs from different provinces meet, and compare ideas and talents.

Choral societies have always played an important part in whatever community they are found. The relatively modern medium of radio offers them both an opportunity and a challenge. Through radio broadcasts, choral music of the traditional style can be brought to a larger audience. Moreover, a distinctive radio style and technique is being developed, initiated chiefly by Fred Waring and his choir, which further enlarges the horizons of choral music. Although we have seen the choir advance a long way from those first rhythmless chants in Latin, we can look forward in the future to many more unusual and interesting developments.

Lorna Young, Grade XIII



THE "COLLEGIANS"

FRONT ROW: Barry Walker, Glenn Ward, Mike Kirwin, Theresa Kirwin, Leonard Fiddy, Joe Kurtzman.

BACK ROW: Harold Catling, Jimmy Miller, Pat Desmond, Jim Waring, Mr. Wilson.

Something To Blow About

When we hear Harry James playing some "hot" solos, we usually don't stop to think of how he started on his career.

When he was four years old, Harry was appearing as a drummer (in the Christy Brothers' Circus) in which his parents were trouping. Many critics said he "could really beat the skins," and that, "he would go places".

During this period, the regular drummer in the circus band became ill, and for three weeks Harry played a two hours' show twice a day.

About ten years later he was still with the circus and practising trumpeting in his spare time. He began substituting for his father who could also play the trumpet well.

During this last period he graduated from trap drummer to a junior tumbler and did a nice job of it.

His family spent their winters in Beaumont, Texas, where Harry played with the "Royal Purple Band" at Beaumont High School.

When he was fifteen years old he sat in with local orchestras and about seven years later, on Christmas Day, played with Benny

Goodman's band. When 23, he finally formed his own band. After many radio debuts and movie opportunities he was married to Betty Grable and now is the father of a couple of young daughters.

Music **has** opportunities hasn't it?

Jimmie Miller, Grade XA

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LITERARY SOCIETY

FRONT ROW: Dick Flenniken, Dorene Simpson, Jim Waring, Tom Douglas, Margery Clark, Tom Staples, Don Carrothers, Lorna Young, Joe Kurtzman.
SECOND ROW: Miss Baker, Sheila Morrison, Frances Horley, Olwen Allanson, Pat Tapsell, Margaret Quinn, Lilian Brewer, Jeraldeen Borthwick, Miss Carney, Mr. Herbert.
BACK ROW: Mr. Clement, Murray Goldstein, Harold Crellin, Don Beno, Jim Miller, Jim Muterer, Mac Hyde, Edward Butt, John Petrie, Mr. Brogden.

The Literary Meetings

The Grade IX's opened the Literary meetings this year with a radio broadcast for which the master of ceremonies was Norm Mitchell. Charlotte Carr, Helen Bisbee and Edith Daniel imitated the Andrew Sisters by singing amusing radio commercials. Earl Clark, Helen Heeney, Jack Harris, John Petrie and Barrie Walker displayed their musical talents. A piano trio was rendered by Edith Daniel, Charlotte Carr, and Marjorie Dougall. A play called "King Roughbeard" was presented with a cast consisting of Pat Tapsell, Ted Ackert, Don Beno and Verna Atkinson. The whole Grade IX sang several songs including the school song.

Grade XA-B was next. Mike Kirwin was the announcer for another radio literary. Dale Wurker acted as a "disk jockey". The XA-B chorus sang "Surrey with the Fringe On the Top;" "A Little Bird Told Me;" "Galway Bay" and "Toolie-Oolie-Doolie."

A girls' chorus from XA-B sang "Come Let Us Dance". A play, "The Old Oaken Bucket", was played by Don Carter, Irene Houghton, Allan Davis, and Don Longfield.

A talent show produced by Yvonne Holmes featured Yvonne, Martha Wright, a dance by six XA girls, Lorne Groves, Shirley Pittcock, Fred Galpin, Jim Miller, and Harold Catling.

James Grimes took the chairmanship of the "Lit" put on by the Commercial forms and Grade XIA. Martin Brooks sang "Old Man River" and the "Barber in the Harbor of Palermo". Dorene Simpson and Ruth Clark rendered a piano duet. "The Three Little Maids From School" was sung by Dawn Martin, Kay Fordham and Jean Asselin. Kay and Dawn encored with "My Hero". The boys from Commercial presented the "Spring Fashion Show". A comedy, "Party Line" was staged by XIA with Tom Douglas, Joyce Lange, Jean Gibson, Bill Montgomery, Joy Burnett, Ken Barrow and Barbara Elliott.

Grades XIIA and XIII concluded the "Lit" meetings for '49. A chorus of the two forms sang "Powder Your Face With Sunshine". Then the boys sang "It Takes You". John Walsh rendered a piano solo. The grade XIIA news was narrated by Terry Heeney, Kitty Heenan, and Don Williamson. Marjorie Prouse sang "Galway Bay". A skit.



DEBATING SOCIETY

FRONT ROW: Murray Goldstein, Marilyn Hayes, Helen Heeney, Joy Burnett, Joyce Lange, Jean Asselin, Shirley Henderson.
BACK ROW: Beverly Stewart, Harold Crellin, Jim Shearon, Mr. Brogden, Tom Douglas, Jim Grimes, John Sandick.

"How to Play Golf" was staged by Jim Waring and Bill Jarrett. Lorna Young played a piano solo. Joe Kurtzman's "New Year's Eve" starred Joe, Babe Morello and John McDermott. Pat Desmond and Theresa Kirwin on trombone and cornet played, "Until". A play "An Evening at the Blakes" was played by Lorna Baigent, Bill Patterson, Gordon Hinge, Mary Shelton, Marge Clark, Don Carrothers and Ruth Daniel.

At all Literary meetings the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Wilson, provided entertainment before and during the meetings.

Debating Club

The Debating Club was reorganized last autumn for another season under the able guidance of Mr. Brogden. The following officers were elected.

President—Tom Douglas
 Vice-President—Joyce Lange
 Secretary—Jim Grimes

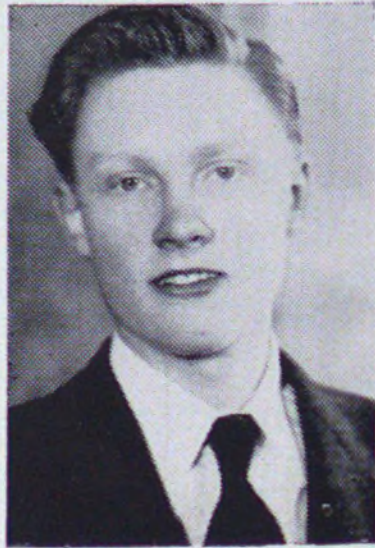
A schedule of debates was drawn up and the various teams busily prepared for the first round. The competition has been keen with controversy raging among the students long after the judges announced their decision. All debates have been of the highest calibre; all teams have made excellent showings.

A high point of the year was a debate in which the judges could not reach a decision. This argument is believed to be the first undecided debate in the Club's history.

The team of Helen Heeny and Marilyn Hayes battled against Tom Douglas and Jim Grimes for the championship. The team of Douglas and Grimes won the championship for the second year.

The Debating Club would like to thank all those who have acted as judges. Although we didn't agree with them every time they did an excellent job.

Jim Grimes, Grade XIA



Public Speaking

Ingersoll Collegiate is winning a reputation as a public speaking centre!

Every student in the school prepared and delivered a speech as part of his English assignment. Twelve boys and twelve girls spoke to the entire school in the semi-finals, and three boys and three girls were weeded out for the finals at commencement. On the big night, Marjorie Prouse, who spoke on "Sir Frederick Banting", took home the trophy symbolic of the girls' championship. Viola McCorquodale and Joy Burnett were runners-up. Terry Heeneey, whose subject was "The Great Wall of China", took first in the boys' division with Mac Hyde and Ed Palanik second and third.

I.C.I. was well represented in W.O.S.S.A. too. Roy Sharpe and Tom Douglas represented us in the junior and senior divisions respectively in the district contest at Brantford. Tom topped the boys from the larger centres of Woodstock and Brantford to win the district championship and the right to go on to the semi-finals. Roy placed second in the junior boys' section and Marjorie second in the senior girls'.

Tom also won the semi-finals at Kitchener and came a close second to Windsor in the finals for Western Ontario.

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SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Open House

What! School at night, too. Let's find out. Oh yes, it's our annual "Open House". The halls of I.C.I. thronged with proud parents and students. In the lab room, brilliant scientists performed amazing scientific feats. Across the hall pictures were being shown. But all this time what was happening upstairs? In arts and crafts pupils displayed their skill in shell and leather work and painting. Across the hall came the sound of typing to music.

Down the hall was an assembly of pupils singing French songs. After the songs, a speech of welcome was given by Mr. Herbert and Mr. Green, chairman of our High School Area Board, was called upon for a few words.

Throughout all the classrooms, on the boards, were attractively drawn diagrams, maps and other pictures pertaining to different subjects.

Our Open House was a success again.

Assemblies

Throughout the winter months of the school year, inspiring messages were presented to the students and staff of I.C.I. by the ministers of Ingersoll. These services are a source of guidance, comfort and joy to all who have heard them.

The Annual At Home

On Friday night the eleventh of February, the Armories were all abuzz with excitement. The red and white decorations were very suitable for the time of year and the hearts and balloons added much to the gaiety of the scene. The bright dresses of the girls combined with the beautiful corsages presented by the boys, made the whole event very spectacular. Bobby Yohn supplied the music.

The attendance was the largest it has been for many years and included graduates and friends who welcomed the splendid opportunity to renew old acquaintances. Mr. J. C. Herbert and Mrs. Herbert, and Margery Clark and Tom Staples made up the receiving line.

The success of the biggest event of the year well paid the committees for their hard and steady work.

Social Activities

One evening in early November the Collegiate was all ablaze with light, and laughter rang out on the clear cool air. This was the night of the annual initiation party for the purpose of introducing the first formers to the school.

The main feature was the trial by jury in which the beginners were accused and condemned by the competent jury with the shout "guilty". The unfortunate first formers were charged with being first formers, not bowing to teachers and seniors and not opening doors for them. The penalties consisted of such tribulations as kissing a shoe-blacked pie-plate, walking blindfolded and barefooted over wet macaroni and set mousetraps. After the trial the whole school enjoyed dancing and refreshments.

On the last day of the fall term again the lights shone brightly but this time the rugby team provided the entertainment. The party began with games and dancing for the first formers. Later the rugby team presented an interesting floorshow, having John Walsh as the main attraction. This young lad was dressed like Santa, in spite of the black beard. He had a bag full of interesting gifts including a new record of God Save the King for Mr. Herbert, a new car for Mr. Wilson, and finally candy for the kiddies. Dancing continued until the door was locked and everyone went home ready for the holidays.

Lorna Baigent, Grade XIII

Commencement

The annual commencement exercises were held Friday evening November fifth at the St. James' Parish Hall. The hall was filled with friends and relatives to see prizes awarded for achievements of the past year.

Jack McDougall was presented with the George Beaumont Scholarship for the highest standing in senior matriculation examinations. The Thompson Scholarship, which is awarded to the student who obtains the highest aggregate marks in the junior matriculation examinations was presented to Virginia Harris.

Dorothy Barnes delivered the valedictory address. She reviewed the outstand-

ing events of the past five years, urging the students to keep up the high standards of I.C.I.

Marjorie Prouse, whose subject was "Sir Frederick Banting," was awarded the first prize in the girls' public speaking contest. The winner of the boys' public speaking was Terry Heeney, who spoke on "The Great Wall of China."

At the conclusion of the programme the students, parents and friends attended a dance held in the Town Hall.

Anne Clark, Grade XIII

I.H.F.

In conjunction with the efforts being made by the Women's Auxiliary to Alexandra Hospital, to furnish rooms in the new hospital, the Ingersoll Collegiate Institute has pledged the sum of \$200. Part of this sum has been raised with net proceeds of the most successful annual At Home. By the time the Volt has been published, the objective will have been reached. We are proud that we students can contribute something to our own benefit.

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Alumni

The Ingersoll Collegiate can well be proud of the graduating class of 1948. Although the class numbered only nine students they will eventually make up a part of the teaching, nursing, business, scientific and military professions.

At London Normal School are Margaret Doran, Mary Grimes and Grace Walker all aspiring to become pedagogues.

In the nursing profession is Dorothy Barnes, the winner of the Kiwanis Medal. Dorothy is enrolled at the Sarnia General Hospital. Betty Bradford, another nurse-in-training, is at Victoria Hospital, London.

Marian Wilson is studying at the Westervelt Business College, London. At the Technical School, London is Bob Jewett. Bob hopes eventually to secure further education at the University of Western Ontario.

The chemical wizard, Don Kerr, is continuing his scientific studies at the University of Toronto.

And at Royal Military College, Kingston is Jack McDougall. "Jake" was the winner of the Kiwanis Medal and the George Beaumont Scholarship.

We wish to the graduates the best of everything in their chosen vocations.

Ruth Daniel, Grade XIII

Commercial Alumni

We all like to know how our friends and former schoolmates are getting along after leaving the hallowed halls of I. C. I., and at present this is what we know of them.

In Morrow's office we find Bill Hollingshead, Cecelia Gazzola, and Vivian Wisson helping to keep things running smoothly.

Four new faces have appeared in the banking business, fresh from our Alma Mater—Bruce Weston at the Imperial Bank, Marilyn Brown at the Royal Bank in Thamesford, Ted Boon at the Imperial Bank in Niagara Falls and Ruth Ruckle holding a stenographer's position at the Royal Bank, here.

Eric Wadsworth is helping his father run the business by keeping the books at the Oxford Dairy.

Mervyn Roberts, one of last year's prominent orchestra members, is assistant bandmaster of the London Boys' and Girls' Bands.

In the New Idea, our last year's star pupil, Janet Moore, is continuing her high standard of work.

Agnes Stirling is becoming an expert in the insurance business at Nagle's Law Office, while we see that Shirley Bower at Stone's and Phyllis Brown at Borden's are putting their commercial training to good use.

After attending Wells' Business Academy in Woodstock, Ruth Moon has secured a position at the La France office in that city.

In Coyle and Greer's jewellery store, Ingersoll's Miss Valentine, Thelma Todd, is serving the general public.

Kay Wade, Grade XII

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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Hold it! Don't turn that page until you read about the fine accomplishments of the I.C.I. Girls' Athletic Society. Shortly after the beginning of the school term for the year 1948-9 the re-organization meeting of the Girls' Athletic Society was held. The following were elected:

President—Helen Matthews
Vice-President—Pat Desmond
Secretary—Norah MacMillan
Treasurer—Miss Kennedy
Press Reporter—Marge Clark
"Volt" Reporter—Phyllis Harvey
Cheer Leaders—Pat Ferris, Helen Matthews, Dorene Simpson

Form Representatives

IXA—Marna Ofield
IXB—Ada Johnson
IXC—Helen Bisbee
XA—Donna Simpson
XB—Evelyn Thorne
XIA—Joyce Turner
XIC—Marjorie Upfold
XIIA—Joan Loosmore
XIIC—Margaret Hammond
XIII—Mildred Mansfield

Girls' Field Day

Bright and early on September 24 the girls of the I.C.I. arrived at Victoria Park for the annual track and field meet. They were all wearing that determined look and out to win. Miss Jean Sutherland was in charge

of the various events and throughout the day competition was keen. We should like to pause now to congratulate the winners.

Senior—Pat Ferris
Intermediate—Evelyn Thorne
Junior—Mary Schram
Juvenile—Marjorie Muterer

Inter-School Track Meet

Again this year the I.C.I. girls were right in there pitching for top honours with the girls of Tillsonburg, Aylmer, Norwich and Delhi. We are proud of the fact that Mary Schram, an Ingersoll girl, carried off the junior championship and Ingersoll won the junior girls' championship shield.

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

The champions of the Inter-School Meet then encountered stiffer competition at W.O.S.S.A. in London. The following girls represented the dear old I.C.I.: Mary Hill, Marjorie Muterer, Mary Schram, Ada Johnson, Pat Ferris, Sally Fleet. Also the senior relay team consisting of Barbara Fleming, Helen Matthews, Mary Shelton, and Viola McCorquodale came in second. Thanks a lot, kids!

Basketball--Noon-Hour League

Lucky girls from the country and the first form now have a chance to play basketball. They have organized three teams which consist of Jean Hollingshead's team in first place, Phyllis Harvey's in second and, last but not least, Barbara Elliot's team.

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GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

FRONT ROW: Donna Simpson, Sally Fleet, Phyllis Harvey, Pat Desmond, Helen Matthews, Norah MacMillan, Mildred Mansfield, Jean McArthur, Evelyn Thorne.
BACK ROW: Miss Sutherland, Margaret Hammond, Marge Clark, Mary Shelton, Joan Loosmore, Marjorie Upfold, Helen Bisbee, Marna Ofield, Dorene Simpson, Miss Kennedy.

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SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Miss Sutherland, Mrs. Clement, Yvonne Holmes, Ruth Daniel, Donna Simpson, Barbara Fleming, Sally Fleet, Marge Clark, Helen Bisbee, Norah Clark, Jeanne Gibson, Evelyn Thorne.

Badminton

Again this year there was a great deal of enthusiasm shown when the W.O.S.S.A. badminton tournament was begun in February. Elections resulted in the following:

President—Tom Douglas
 Vice-President—Marge Clark
 Secretary—Helen Matthews,
 Midge Martin

Games Convener—Bill Montgomery

Yes, they have been busy playing the games every Wednesday and the winner of the tournament will play the finals in London. Our bet is that the winners will be Kaye Wade and Helen Matthews.

Phyllis Harvey

Basketball

If only Waterford had stayed home the senior girls' W.O.S.S.A. basketball team might have been group champions this year. But, they didn't and, after a hard fought game on Friday, February 25, the girls were defeated 23-9 by Waterford and so lost the championship. Before that, under the coaching of Beth Clement (whom we should like to thank) the girls won from Delhi and Norwich in both home and away games. Oh well, maybe next year we will win!

Personnel

Ruth Daniel (captain) Guard — Ruth worked hard at all times trying to make her last year on the team one to remember, but the girls with the knee pads coached by a member of the boys' basketball team from Waterford spoiled her dreams of the year when she would be captain of the group champion basketball team.

Helen Matthews—Forward—Helen was a full time player who by sinking a total of 41 points for the team led the scoring for the year. This is also Helen's last year.

Sally Fleet—Forward—Sally, fast on her feet, was always in there fighting for a winning basket. Perhaps if she hadn't been out of the last two games with a twisted knee she could have sunk the deciding basket.

Evie Thorne—Guard—Forward—or what have you? Evie, though short, really shines on the gymn floor, and it doesn't matter whether she is guarding or sinking the basket, it's all the same to her.

Helen Bisbee—Forward—Although this is Helen's first year at I.C.I. she plays a neat game of basketball. In the years that follow she certainly will be a big help in winning points for our team.



JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW: Jerry Borthwick, Barbara Elliott, Lorraine Bowman, Marilyn Hayes, Pauline Smith, Shirley Mitchell, Anne Marie McLellan.
BACK ROW: Miss Sutherland, Mary Schram, Shirley Pittock, Grace Turnbull, Mrs. Clement.

Norah Clark—Guard—Following in her sister's footsteps, Norah is shaping into a valuable guard for the teams of the future.

Barb Fleming—Forward—Another 60-minute player who really keeps her guard hopping. She is one who doesn't give up till the final whistle. With a total of 21 points she is second on the scoring list.

Marge Clark—Guard—This is also Marge's last year on the team (she hopes). After five years on the team she needs the rest anyway. Marge can always be depended on by the captain to keep up the hopes of the team. Her opponents found her a hard guard to keep away from.

Donna Simpson—Forward—Donna replaced Sally on the first line. Donna really worked well setting up many a basket for the others and sinking a few herself. She is a good prospect for future teams.

Jeanne Gibson—Guard—Jeanne plays a good steady game with a sure eye on opposition at all times.

Yvonne Holmes—Guard—In the years that come Yvonne's height and good guarding are going to be a definite help to the win. A good, clean player.

Junior Team

The junior girls' team played Norwich, Woodstock and Tillsonburg this year and proved to be a team worth watching. The

girls are shaping into a good team for future years. Besides playing a few games themselves they supply a team for the seniors to play at practice. We should also like to thank the members of the junior team who served oranges and lunch at the senior games.

The members of the junior team are: Lorraine Bowman, Jerry Borthwick, Ruth Clark, Barbara Elliott, Marilyn Hayes, Betty Jones, Anne Marie McLellan, Pauline Smith.

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JUNIOR 'BLUE' RUGBY TEAM

FRONT ROW: Bill Shelton, Bill Turner, Ronnie Shier, Irwin Haycock, John Thompson, Bob McHardy, Bill Montgomery, Don Sherman.

BACK ROW: Joe Kurtzman, John Petrie, Bob Redhead, Fred Galpin, Jim Stannard, Bill Zurbrigg, Bill Newell, Jim Harris, Harold Waterhouse, Tom Staples.



JUNIOR 'WHITE' RUGBY TEAM

FRONT ROW: Allen Davis, Peter Moyer, Jim Kirwin, John Herbert, Roy Martinell, Ted Ackert, Tom Moore, Jim Langfield, Jim Pittock.

BACK ROW: John Walsh, Bob Rawlinson, Bob Hutt, Norman Mitchell, Bill Phillips, Stuart Pole, Don Vyse, Edward Butt, Don Longfield, Jack McKee, Don McBeth, Scott Martin, Ron Massey.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

FRONT ROW: Harold Crellin, Babe Morello, John Mahoney, Carman Mott, Dennis Henley, Bill Kerr, Bruce Fraser, Mike Kirwin, Don Beno.

SECOND ROW: Mr. Herbert, John Hooper, Gordon Hinge, Ted Boon, Roy Land, John Walsh, Glenn Ward, Dick Flenniken, Don Carrothers, Jim Waring, Jim Grimes.

BACK ROW: Gareth Davis, Leo Connor, Jim Barker, Bill Jarrett, Tom Staples, Joe Kurtzman, Allan Chamberlain, Mr. Wilson.

The 1948-49 Boys' Athletic Society

At an organizational meeting early in the fall the boys of the I.C.I. elected the following as the executive of the 1948-49 Boys' Athletic Society:

Hon. Pres.—Mr. Herbert
 President—Frank Beemer
 Vice President—Leo Connor
 Treasurer—Mr. MacCausland
 Assistant Treasurer—Carman Mott
 Press Reporter—Bill Wilson
 Assistant Press Reporter—Tom Douglas
 Volt Reporter—Terry Heeney
 Assist. Volt Reporter—Bill Montgomery

Form representatives, elected by each form, were:

IXA—Harold Waterhouse
 IXB—Norman Mitchell
 IXC—Roy Land
 XA—Harold Catling
 XB—Ken Moore
 XIA—Bruce Fraser
 XIC—Bill Wilson
 XIIA—Don Williamson
 XIIC—James Barker
 XIII—Dick Flenniken

Junior Rugby

A great deal of enthusiasm was shown in junior rugby this year. Two teams were formed: the Blue consisting of Grades IXA, XA, XIA boys, and the White from Grades IXB, IXC, XB, XIC. The Blue team was coached by Joe Kurtzman and Tom Staples, while Ron Massey and John Walsh coached the White.

Although it was possible to play only two games during the season, each of these games was played in a championship manner with as much vigor and enthusiasm as a Big 4 or a senior inter-college game. The first game ended in a scoreless tie with both teams playing superb rugby. The second, and perhaps the better game, was a battle to the finish with the White team winning by a 2 to 0 score.

Near the close of the season, the combined forces of both of these teams went to St. Marys to play the St. Marys High School juniors in an exhibition tilt. Losing by a 19 to 0 score made the Ingersoll squad more determined to take the St. Marys team down a notch or two. They did by nearly beating them in a return game to Ingersoll; however the law of averages was against them and the game ended in a scoreless tie.



BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

FRONT ROW: Bill Montgomery, Bruce Fraser, Jim Barker, Dick Flenniken, Don Williamson, Terry Heeney, Bill Wilson, Harold Waterhouse.

BACK ROW: Mr. Herbert, Norman Mitchell, Joe Kurtzman, Harold Catling, Carman Mott, Roy Land, Ken Moore, Mr. Wilson, Mr. MacCausland.

Senior Rugby

With the completion of the Track and Field Meet the pigskin was once more put into action on the I.C.I. campus. Although many of last year's senior players had graduated, and Mr. Wilson had to pick a number of the team from Grade IX, the 1948 grid season can be considered a very successful one.

Five games were played with the Ingersoll squad tallying three victories. The Norwich H. S. gridders were defeated in both games 25-16 and 15-3. I.C.I. split two games with St Marys C. I. with a 6-0 win and 11-7 loss, while the Tillsonburg H.S. downed the Blue and White team, after a hard fought game, by 11-6 score.

Now, just a few words about the players. Chamberlain and Henley handled the ball at snap. Insides: Boon, Morello, Ward and Mahoney; Middles: Walsh, Flenniken, Carrothers and Crellin; and Ends: Barker, Beno, Kirwin, Kerr, Catling and Land, made up the hard-charging line. Staples and Massey directed traffic from the quarter slot, while Jarrett, Mott, Connor, Garton, Davis, Waring, Hinge, and Kurtzman toted the pigskin for the Blue and White in various back-field positions.

I.C.I. Field Day

On Friday, September 24, the students of I.C.I. got their liniment and shorts together and proceeded to Victoria Park for their annual Field Day. The morning was rather cool, but the weather was just right in the afternoon.

Ronald Massey and Bill Jarrett pole vaulted to 8' 9" better than the previous record by 3". Mr. Wilson and Mr. MacCausland were in charge of the boys' events, while Mr. Cryderman, Mr. Brogden, Rev. Mr. Ward, Mr. Wild and Mr. MacCausland were the judges. Principal J. C. Herbert started the races.

The booth was under the direction of Mr. Clement, assisted by a number of the boys from Grade XII.

Ted Ackert was the juvenile champion, followed closely by Pete Moyer and John Thompson.

The junior crown was taken by John Petrie who was closely hounded by Ken Moore, while Dale Worker and Tom Freure tied for third place.

Bud Garton captured the intermediate title. Runners-up were Edward Palanik and Bill Kerr.

Jim Barker and Ronald Massey tied for senior honours while the runner-up was Leo Connor.



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

SEATED: Evelyn Thorne, Mary Schram, Pat Ferris, Marjorie Mutterer.

STANDING: John Petrie, Ralph Garton, Ron Massey, Jim Barker, Ted Ackert.

Inter-School Sports Meet

Before a crowd of over a thousand students, contestants from Ingersoll, Tillsonburg, Aylmer, Norwich and Delhi won and lost events through a drizzling rain. Ingersoll's athletes piled up a total of 13 points.

In the senior boys' events Terry Heeney came in third in the pole vault and Allan Chamberlain came in second in a close mile-race. Ingersoll was placed third in the 440 yard baton relay.

In the intermediate class Ronald Massey paved the way for the I.C.I. boys by winning both the broad jump and the hop-step-and-jump, and racing the 100-yard dash right behind J. Salcak for a second blue ribbon. Leo Connor threw the shot 33' 10" for a first and Bill Jarrett came a close second in the pole vault. Ingersoll's intermediates were again placed third in the 440 yard baton relay.

In the junior boys' events Ted Ackert was placed third in the hop-step-and-jump.

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JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW: Roy Martinell, Bill Turner, Don Beno, Norman Mitchell, Bill Kerr, Tom Moore
BACK ROW: Ken Barrow, Bill Zurbrigg, Harold Catling, Roy Land, Tom Douglas, Bob Hutt, Mr. MacCausland.

Basketball

The past season has been one of the most successful for many years and saw the I.C.I. junior hoopsters fight their way to the top of their group. This included the elimination of the teams from Delhi H.S., Waterford H.S. and Brantford Catholic H.S. The final game of the group saw the Blue and White team come from behind at half time to win over Brantford by a score of 31-21 at the Woodstock Collegiate gym.

In the group play-offs a strong squad from De La Salle, London, eliminated the I.C.I. juniors in two well-controlled games.

Members of the team include: Roy Land, Harold Catling, Don Beno, Tom Douglas, Tom Moore, Bill Turner, Norman Mitchell, Bill Kerr, Roy Martinell, Bill Zurbrigg and Bob Hutt.

Much credit for the team's success is due to Mr. MacCausland and Mr. Don Cook for their assistance in coaching and to Ken Barrow as manager. Our sincere thanks go to Mr. Ed. Ide for his excellent officiating.

House League Basketball

A great deal of enthusiasm was shown this year in noon-hour basketball. Four teams were entered whose captains were: Team 1, Bruce Fraser; Team 2, James Somers; Team 3, Terry Heeney; Team 4, James Barker. Although the season is not yet over, teams 1 and 4 seem to be well in the lead.

Hockey

I.C.I. had a slack year as the ice was not very good and the squad did not have much practice. Many new faces were seen in the line up and next year we should have a good team.

Ingersoll 2 London 2

An exhibition game was held at Queen's Park arena in London. Ingersoll tallied once in each period with Kirwin and Pole picking up the goals, assisted by Galpin, Moore and Montgomery respectively. Both Ingersoll goalies, Smith and Brooks, turned in a good performance.



BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

FRONT ROW: Ralph Garton, Bill Montgomery, Edward Butt, Martin Brooks, Jim Smith, Don Carrothers, Doug Flenniken, Jim Pittock.

BACK ROW: Mr. Herbert, Stuart Pole, Mike Kirwin, Ken Beno, Jim Barker, Roy Land, Fred Galpin, Jim Harris, Joe Kurtzman, Ken Moore, Mr. Wilson.

Sudden-Death Playoff Preston 6 Ingersoll 3

The game was played at the Woodstock arena and the team because of lack of practice wasn't in top form. Moore potted two of Ingersoll's goals while Barker, Beno and Land combined on many nice plays but did not have the exact scoring punch needed totally. Preston held the edge on the play for the first two periods, but Ingersoll, however, came to life in the last period when Butt and Moore tallied one each to make the score 6-3 for Preston.

Line-up was as follows: Goal, Smith; Centre, Land; Wings, Barker, Beno; Defence, Kurtzman, Carrothers; Alternates, Brooks, Montgomery, Butt, Pole, Moore, Galpin, Kirwin, Garton. Referee was Earl Thornton.



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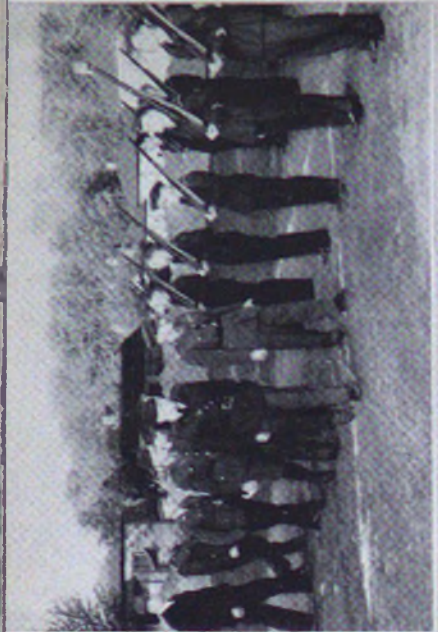
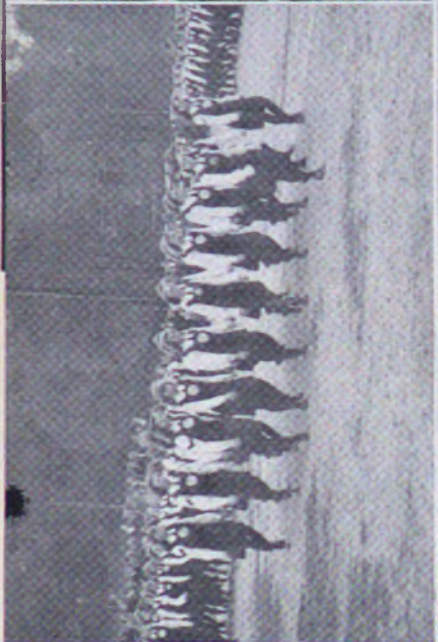
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I.G.I. GADETS



I. C. I. CADETS

Ingersoll Collegiate Institute Cadet Corps

One of the highlights of school activities is the annual cadet inspection held during the month of May. This represents the display of cadet training by both boys' and girls' cadet corps, and is the culmination of work done throughout the school year. The school is proud of its cadet corps and as a result of its excellent display last year was placed second in its group which represents schools of one hundred to two hundred cadets, in Western Ontario area.

Cadet Inspection

The annual cadet inspection was held at the Princess Elizabeth school grounds on Friday evening, May 14. There was a very large attendance of parents and friends and it is estimated that about fifteen hundred people were present.

Colonel E. D. Elwood, commandant of No. 27 Canadian Ordnance Depot, R.C.O.C., accompanied by Captain B. M. Milligan, training officer for Western Ontario area, inspected the corps. Displays of company and platoon drill by both boys' and girls' corps, physical training, signalling, precision drill, and tumbling and pyramid building were presented. The cadets were accompanied in their inspection and march past by the Ingersoll Pipe Band, in which there are several of the cadets. At the close of the inspection, Col. Elwood and Capt. Milligan complimented the corps very highly on its very fine display and particularly on its steadiness on parade. Following the dismissal, members of the corps went to the Armouries for refreshments and dancing. The inspection was regarded as the best in many years.

Officers of the corps were as follows:

Battalion C.O. Cdt. Maj. Bob Jewett; O.C. "A" Company Cdt. Capt. Jack McDougall; O.C. "B" Company, Capt. Marge Clark.

Platoon Commanders:

Lt. Frank Beemer, Lt. Jim Waring, Lt. Mervyn Roberts, Lt. Eric Wadsworth, Lt. Helen Matthews, Lt. Marian Wilson, Lt. Janet Moore, Lt. Sally Fleet.

Platoon Sergeants:

Dick Flenniken, Tom Staples, Gordon Hinge,

Don Kerr, Pat Desmond, Bernice Martin, Ruth Daniel, Mary Grimes.

The Q.M.S. for the corps was Bill Wilson and his assistant was Jim Williams. Jim Grimes was Cdt. technical storeman.

Leaders for the P.T. display were Tom Staples, Frank Beemer, Gordon Hinge and Jim Waring.

Cadet instructors for the boys were Major J. C. Herbert, Capt. W. C. Wilson, Mr. V. W. MacCausland, Mr. C. Harris and Mr. H. Watson. Miss J. Sutherland was in charge of the girls' corps.

Signalling

Considerable interest has been shown by members of the cadet corps in signalling. Last year three cadets earned themselves a bonus of twenty dollars each by sending and reading twelve words a minute and a further ten dollars each by reaching a six word standard. This year, under the watchful eye of instructor C. Harris, the team is preparing for the Moyer Cup competition. The boys now have their own wireless room and every Monday evening and Wednesday afternoon, dits and dahs come from that room. Members of the senior team are H. Crellin, J. Hooper, B. Jarrett, G. Davis, J. Mahoney, E. Palanik, B. Fraser, B. Montgomery, J. McDermott, L. Fiddy and C. Mott.

A new junior class has also been started and it is expected that there will be regular replacements from this group for the senior team.

Cadet Camp

On June 20, last year, nine cadets from the Ingersoll Collegiate Cadet Corps left Ingersoll for the Royal Army cadet camp at Ipperwash on Lake Huron. The boys from Ingersoll were Bill Wilson, Bruce Fraser, Bill Kerr, Carman Mott, Mike Kirwin, Jack McKee, Jack Parkhill, Earle Richter and Fred Waring.

On arrival at camp they were assigned to B. Coy., infantry. The course at the ten-day camp included map reading, Bren gun training, field-craft, and range work. For recreation in the evening there was a varied sports programme of baseball, touch rugby, volleyball and horseshoe pitching. Movies



CHEER LEADERS

Gordon Hinge, Helen Matthews, Jim Waring, Dorene Simpson

were shown in the drill-hall every evening. Each day the cadets were taken to the beach at Ipperwash for swimming and once during the ten day period they were taken to Grand Bend for swimming.

The boys enjoyed themselves very much, and with a good coat of tan and enthusiasm high, they returned to Ingersoll from the all too short holiday.

Rifle Range

The year 1948 saw a keen interest in musketry with a large number of cadets obtaining the marksman and first class badges. The D.C.R.A. team scored a higher average than in the previous year and a good showing was made in the Ontario Department of Education rifle competition.

The high scorers for 1948 were Bob Jewett, Babe Morello and Dick Flenniken, with Bob Jewett winning the Strathcona medal for the best shot in the school.

This year's D.C.R.A. team includes Jim Barker, Ken Barrow, Tom Douglas, Dick Flenniken, Fred Galpin, Morley Hammond, Gordon Hinge, John Hooper, Mac Hyde, Carman Mott, Babe Morello, Jim Somers, Tom Staples and Jim Waring.

First-Aid

During the year the St. John Ambulance course in first aid was given. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Watson instructed and in June Dr. Osborn conducted the examinations. The following were successful in obtaining certificates:

Voucher: Joseph Kurtzman

Seniors: James Barker, Frank Beemer, Ted Boon, Martin Brooks, Keith Callander, James Chisholm, Robert Collins, Angelo Gazzola, Terrance Heeney, Mac Hyde, William Jarrett, John McDermott, John Mahoney, Carman Mott, Tom Staples, John Walsh, Donald Williamson.

Juniors: Fred Galpin, Harold Catling, William Turner, Glenn Ward, James Miller, Donald McNiven, James Harris, James Smith, James Moore.

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FIELD DAY



FORM NEWS

Grade XIII

Soon all the old decrepit fifth formers will be moving out of Grade XIII to make room for the fresh, innocent fourth formers (little do they know how many gray hairs they will pull out when they reach fifth form).

If all goes well and none of us returns next year the world will see eighteen new faces, facing the trials and tribulations of life.

Most of the graduates have decided what their career will be:

Mary Shelton—Having sailed through school in high gear, Mary plans to spend a few more years in school only this time at the other end of the ruler. Yes, Mary is planning to enter London Normal School in September, and become a school teacher. Best of luck, Mary. We hope you get your usual fifteen hours sleep every night.

Gordon Hinge—In years to come we will see Gordon (Giggles) bald, smoking a cigar with his feet on a desk, giving dictation to a beautiful private secretary. Gordon has

chosen the Business Administration course at the University of Western Ontario and we hope he will be a big success.

Virginia Harris—Virginia has always been a first rate student and we are sure she will continue to be so when she enters the University of Western Ontario to further her studies in French and English. Bonne chance, Virginia.

Mildred Mansfield—Millie has decided to become a private secretary and will receive her training in the commercial course at the old Ingersoll Collegiate Institute. She will make some man a wonderful secretary.

Janet Newman—Tillie has decided to become a Florence Nightingale and is planning to train at Western General Hospital in Toronto. Many a pulse will beat faster when Nurse Newman enters the room.

Viola McCorquodale—Viola has also chosen the teaching profession, planning to go to London Normal School this September. We hope she is still teaching when we have children ready to go to school.

Morley Hammond—Has decided to pass on his vast knowledge to others by teaching.



GRADE XIII
FRONT ROW: Phyllis Cohen, Margery Clark, Janet Newman, Mary Shelton, Ruth Daniel, Marjorie Prouse, Viola McCorquodale, Mildred Mansfield, Anne Clark.
BACK ROW: Betty Bartram, Mac Meadows, Morley Hammond, Dick Flenniken, Mr. Clement, Bill Patterson, Don Carrothers, Gordon Hinge, Virginia Harris.

We hope the school where he teaches doesn't have a lab. or the students are apt to be learning their lessons breathing in the sweet aroma of his special stink bombs.

Betty Bartram—Betty has decided to continue with her music and some day be a music teacher. Best of luck Betty. We will know where to get a good music teacher for our children.

Anne Clark—If we don't like the way Viola teaches the kids, we'll send them to Anne and we're bound to be satisfied. Yes, Anne is going to be a teacher too. We are beginning to think that the students of Grade XIII haven't had proper training. They all want to be school teachers.

Phyllis Cohen—Phyllis has chosen the Arts course at Varsity. She plans to specialize in history or English. Whatever your choice is, Phyllis, good luck.

Bill Patterson—Well what have we here? This is something new—a male nurse. Bill is going to be a nurse in training at the Kingston Hospital. This is a very noble profession and there is great need for trained male nurses in our mental hospitals. Good luck, Bill.

Don Carrothers—Watch out, Ajax, here comes Carrothers and his Chevrolet. After a great deal of thought Don has chosen the Chemical Engineering course at the University of Toronto. That is if he passes. If he doesn't he says he will be an undertaker. But don't worry. Brain Child will pass.

Marjorie Prouse—Nine years from now Miss Prouse plans to have M.D. after her name. If all goes well and there are no orange blossoms between now and 1958, Marj. plans to be a doctor. If it's hard work and ambition that makes a doctor she will be a first class one. Marj is planning to study at the University of Western Ontario.

Jim Waring—Oh, my goodness, another teacher, but wait . . . just for two or three years. Jim hopes to enter the dentistry profession. It looks as if there is going to be a Dr. Waring, Jr.

Dick Flenniken—Here we have another big business executive. Dick plans to enter the Business Administration course at the U. of W. O. along with Gordon. Best of luck, both of you.

Ruth Daniel—This is breaking my heart. Another patient for Billy—Ruth is going to be

a teacher. I hope she goes on to university as she plans. It just would not do to have five teachers all out of the same class.

Lorna Young—Lorna plans to attend Normal School first and then to teach music in schools.

Marge Clark—(career girl) Fifth form's comedienne hopes to enrol in the course of Physiotherapy at the University of Toronto. Happy sailing, Marge.

Mac Meadows—One of our studious group, intends to complete his fifth form next year. Keep up the good reputation, Mac.

XIIIA

Would you be interested in looking over an average class of average students, in an average school, on an average day? If you would, you need read no further, for XIIIA is definitely **NOT** what you are looking for. But if you'd still care to have a look at XIIIA, let's peek through the door on a bright, happy (?) Monday morning.

The first jovial face to come in view belongs to John McDermott — one of our "brains", and oh, what a ladies' man! They carry **his** books!

Next, crouched low behind a text book, in the vain hope that Miss Carney won't spot him in her merciless hunt for translation victims, is Mac Hyde.

In the next seat, panting for breath after his mad bike ride, is Babe Morello. We think this lad rates a spot in the backfield next fall. Just look at his split second timing at 9 o'clock!

One seat behind is our roving reporter, Joe Kurtzman himself. Come out from behind the foliage and smile, Joe!

Tom Staples, another brain trust and a backfield man to boot, (pun) is next in line. Tell us about those Muskoka girls, eh?

Starting out row 2 with a bang, we find Jim Chisholm, our famed Irishman, under a mass of black, curly hair. It is rumored that Jim has interests west of Thamesford—oil, maybe?

Next we have our druggist, John Walsh, who is famed for his moustache and collection of pipes. Does this lad have fun in chemistry!

Another druggist? Yes, it's Don Williamson. Hubba, hubba, hubba!

Say how did you get way over here?



GRADE XII COMMERCIAL

FRONT ROW: Polly Vyse, Olwen Allanson, Barbara Fleming, Margaret Hammond, Helen Matthews, Kay Wade, Jean Asselin, Shirley Henderson, Kathleen Fordham.

BACK ROW: Angelo Gazzola, Jim Barker, Jim Muterer, Rosalyn Brunger, Mary Shearon, Miss Barber, Norah MacMillan, Doloris Sharpe, Carman Mott, Bob Foster, Jack Mahoney.

It's Jean McArthur. How's the California weather, Jean?

See that pair of eyes peeping forlornly over the edge of the desk. Poor little Jim Williams. Will he ever grow a bit?

Our blonde basketball flash, Sally Fleet, follows next. Boys! Please!!

Theresa Kirwin — If she doesn't stop playing the trumpet she'll soon be playing the harp! (catch?)

Commercial News

The Commercial pupils were confronted with surprises when they entered their classrooms on the first of September. What had happened? Everything looked so strange and different. The cloakrooms had disappeared, making room XIIC larger. As the partition between XIIC and the typing room had been moved, a spacious typing room has been provided. There were several shiny, new desks and typewriters. Everyone agreed it was going to be perfect with no more rushing to occupy a good typewriter.

Sitting at her desk in XIIC was Miss Baker, our new assistant commercial and English teacher, with a cheery smile for each pupil. Miss Baker was to aid Miss Barber who had done a wonderful job of managing so many students in the past. We are very fortunate to have such excellent teachers and we certainly appreciate all they are doing for us.

XIIC News

This year our form began the school year well, by capturing the form shield for the highest number of points at our annual

Field Day last September. Two champions emerged from XIIC, Pat Ferris, girls' senior champion, and Jim Barker, boys' senior champion.

Jim Barker, Carman Mott, Jack Mahoney and Ted Boon upheld the form by playing rugby during the rugby season. Jim Barker surprised us all, when he got on that field.

Helen Matthews and Nora MacMillan were elected to the offices of president and secretary of the Athletic Society.

Basketball captured the interest of several students in our form. W.O.S.S.A. basketball players were Barb Fleming and Helen Matthews, Helen being top scorer for the season with 41 points, and Barb running a close second with 21 points.

Then came hockey, where Jim Barker held the torch for good old XIIC again, I guess everybody knows by now, though, that Centerville turns out fine hockey players.

Two lovely dinners prepared by the girls in the Home Economics class were served to the teachers. The dinners exhibited the fine talents of the cooks and also enabled our form to contribute to the Ingersoll Hospital Fund.

Our Literary program presented on March 3, proved to be one of the best of the year. A highlight of the afternoon was a fashion show. The boys who modelled girls' clothes provided a great deal of humour as well as ideas for new spring styles.

We also have some of the more cultured arts in XIIC, as we discovered when Kay Fordham sang "The Lord's Prayer" at our

religious service. Jean Asselin and Olwen Allanson have hidden musical talent too.

Although it is only March, we find some of our students working. Jean Asselin and Helen Matthews have part time jobs at the New Idea Furnace and the Ingersoll Tribune, while Jim Barker has a steady job at the New Idea Furnace office and Ted Boon at the Imperial Bank in Niagara Falls.

There are many students in XIIC we have not mentioned, but we assure you they are a swell group of boys and girls and we wish success to each and every one of them.

Grade XIA News

Grade XIA being the half-way mark in our journey through high school, the course becomes intensified as we move along. In spite of the increasing demands of school work, we have made our contribution to the extra-curricular activities of 1948-9. We point with pride to Tom Douglas who has breezed through the W.O.S.S.A. public speaking contests with his prize-winning speech "Graduating into Life". Naturally he is a keenly active member of the Debating Club. He is no mean basketball player, scoring eighteen baskets for Ingersoll this season. In addition, his dramatic skill is commendable as shown in the play for our Lit programme. Bill Montgomery, another leading light in the play, found time for rugby, hockey, and morse signalling. Ken Barrow and John Hooper participated in the D.C.R.A. shooting competition this year. Allan Chamberlain, Bruce Fraser and Harold Crellin added their weight to the senior rugby team, while Bill Montgomery, Tom Douglas, Gregg Harris, John Hooper, and Edward Palanik carried the pigskin for the junior team. Bill Montgomery, Harold Crellin, Bruce Fraser, Leonard Fiddy, Edward Palanik, and John Hooper represented us in the morse signalling group. Jean Gibson played for the senior girls' basketball team and Jean Hollingshead and Barbara Elliott captained noon hour games. The Badminton Club attracted Jean Gibson, Barbara Elliott, Evelyn Parsons, Joy Burnett, Tom Douglas, Bill Montgomery and Ken Barrow. Jim Grimes, Joy Burnett, Joyce Lange, Jim Shearon and Harold Crellin found an outlet for their argumentative and oratorical skill in the Debating Club. Tom Douglas and Jim Grimes as a team won the finals in the series.

Leonard Fiddy is responsible for some of the sweet music from the school orchestra. Dorene Simpson, besides using her nimble fingers on the piano for many a school function, has stirred up school spirit as a cheerleader. Girls from XIA did good work ushering at the Music Series' concerts for the year. Our contribution to the joint effort of XIA, XIC and XIIC Lit programme took the form of a play "Party Line" in which Joyce Lange, Barbara Elliott, Ken Barrow, Joy Burnett, Jean Gibson, Bill Montgomery and Tom Douglas provided lots of fun and showed talent and Miss Carney enjoyed herself ringing the telephone. All in all the year 1948-9 has been satisfactory.

Through Binoculars

As we stand gazing over the campus grounds we find that the XIA of 1949 is enjoying a class reunion, at the new school which "most of us" just missed attending.

As we peer through our binoculars our eyes are attracted to a man—ah yes, Tom Douglas, and, listening closely, we find he and Jas. Grimes are debating whether to vote for the Conservatives or Liberals. That voice—it sounds familiar—the voice of Mr. Herbert. Bill Montgomery is wanted at the office! But the predicament is far from what you'd expect. Ken Beno has arrived with Bill's built-up heels to make him look taller.

Our musicians, Leonard Fiddy, John Hooper, Bruce Fraser, Edward Palanik and Allan Chamberlain are stopped in the middle of that very familiar tune "My Darling." Dorene Simpson and Ruth Clark from the Toronto conservatory politely inform them that they have played B flat for B sharp. Running across the field are Jean Hollingshead and Sheila Morrison who, accompanied by Harold Crellin, exclaim, "Fraser's passed out." What's in Crellin's hand? A bottle of smelling salts from his new drug store.

Jumping around as always, we find Evelyn Parsons, Shirley Telfer's capable assistant, trying to catch a butterfly for their insect collection.

Look, there against Miss Carney's new oldsmobile, stand Jas. Shearon and Gregg Harris discussing how they're getting on at O.A.C.

Has a new programme started? No, it's just Jeanne Gibson demonstrating the Highland Fling for the pupils of Joyce Muterer

and Arlene Harvey. Barbara Elliott, our social worker, and Joyce Turner, leader of the guides, are busy dictating to their capable secretary, Marion Hutchison.

Gazing towards the school we notice Joyce Lange beckoning us to meet her fellow teachers, as introduced by Joy Burnett, now school secretary.

XIC News

Hail the conquering heroes of XIC, the smallest form in the school but by far the best in athletics and brain matter. In this mighty form we had Ron Massey tie for senior championship in track and field. He also brought Ingersoll two firsts in the inter-school meet at Tillsonburg.

Leo "Bummer" Connor, whom we lost to the Detroit Red Wings and whom we hope will be the goalie for the Windsor Spitfires next hockey season, was also a member of XIC.

Hazel Wilson is a member of the girls' senior basketball team, which has brought credit to the school during the fall and winter terms.

During the year we received two new members, Christine McKay from Thamesford, and Martin Brooks from XIA, while Marg. MacMillan, Ron Massey, Marie Longfield and Leo Connor went on their merry way to join the business world.

The girls from XIC, famed as cooks, demonstrated their ability on Fridays by preparing a most nourishing and delicious meal for the teachers. Two girls each week were appointed to act as "chefs". The menu was planned and the meal prepared by them. Reports were very satisfactory, including the profits made which were presented to the Ingersoll Hospital Fund.

On a dull afternoon in February, about 3.45 p.m. the fatal time almost came to XIC. When all students were typing and Miss Baker was at the front of the room sitting at her desk busy at work, out of the blue a storm of dust appeared. It descended so suddenly that no one had quite realized what had happened. In about a second's time both doors flew open and spectators came to see if poor XIC was still alive.

Among the crowd Mr. Herbert and Miss Barber looked anxiously in to see if Miss

Baker and the students of XIC were safe. In the midst of all the dust and noise our small black timing clock rang its cheery bell to let us know that the 2-minute typing test was finished. When all the confusion had ceased we found that a student in the shooting gallery, Morley Hammond, tried to visit us by entering through the ceiling.

The exciting day ended with our industrious students dusting and moving typewriters, sweeping the floor, and carrying away what had once been part of our ceiling.

So, although 1948 has gone and 1949 is well on its way, there is no other room in I.C.I. as busy as XIC. We cannot predict with certainty what the rest of the year has in store for us, but there will be work, some fun, and of course, EXAMINATIONS.

XA Form News

On coming to the milky way,
We see the golden gate,
With old St. Peter standing there
Watching o'er his state.
Behold the long scroll in his hand
The new comers to check,
And carefully he guards against
Satan's everlasting threat.

The date is March 1, 1999

The time—just time to tune in on our newly developed high test television set to "St. Peter's Quiz Show", this week featuring Ingersoll's Grade XA of 1948-49, applying for heaven!

We are just in time to hear their theme song, "Dry Bones" accompanied by "H" Catling, Jimmie Miller, and Mike Kirwin producing real sound effects. They sound as good as they did representing our room in the school orchestra in '49 too.

As the program continues, the first question is directed to Shirley Pittcock.

St. Peter—"After your singing debut in your school Lit. in '49, did you ever get him on a "Slow Boat to China"?"

Shirley P.—"No, but once we went sailing down the river on a Sunday Afternoon."

St. Peter—"Well come on in and pick out a shiny new harp." And here is Norah Clark—"Have you heard from John lately?"

Norah—"Alas no, they have no tele-
phones down there."

St. Peter—"Here's a pair of wings for
you". Next is Roy Sharpe—"Did you grow
during your term in XA?"

Roy S.—"No, in fact I shrank. I think
our bus must have hit every bump in the
road that winter."

First—Madeline Currie
Marjorie Baigent
Alice Upfold
Shirley Munroe

Second—Jackie Sinclair
Lorne Groves
Roger Smith

Third—Jim Somers

Fourth—Jerry Borthwick

Fifth—Fred Galpin

Sixth—Jean Griffin
and

Marie McDermott

Seventh—Bill (Isaac) Newell

Eighth—Vonnice Holmes

Ninth—Jim Smith

Tenth—Madeline Statham
and

Margaret Zurbrigg

Eleventh—Don McNiven

Twelfth—Donna Simpson

Thirteenth—Bill Turner

Fourteenth—Bob McHardy

Fifteenth—Wray Robinson

Tom Freure

Fred Waring

Bill Kerr

Sixteenth—Dale (Spec) Wurker

Seventeenth—Jim Nancekivell

Bill Moore

Eighteenth—Jim Harris

Sect.—"Well, St. Peter, that's all for
now".

St. Peter—"Thank you. I think I.C.I.
should be very proud of its XA becom-
ing first class angels. Oh yes, Miss Dobson
their teacher in XA, will still be supervising
them in heaven much to their joy! But I

St. Peter—"You may have a pink cloud
to relax on and when you're rested the
angels are waiting for a speech. Well class,
time is running short (hmm. so are my jokes).
So now as my secretary reports from XA's
books a good deed done during 1948-1949
you may enter the golden gates and take
your place."

St. Peter's secretary—holding a huge
record book reads as follows—

Still together.

They played a pretty good game of basketball on the
noon hour league!!

Competed against W. C. I. in a quiz over CKOX. They
won the first time and lost the second, but only by one
point.

He could do most everything and he had good training
for an angel in the school's Glee Club.

The Lit. representative for girls of XA. She also played
on the W.O.S.S.A. junior basketball team.

Played the piano just like Chopin.

Two jokers of XA but everyone liked them.

Another joker but a good sport too. He has a fresh supply
of chewing gum for the angels.

Our tall gal of XA made a good guard on the senior
W.O.S.S.A. basketball team.

Tended goal for the I.C.I. hockey team in '49.

Witty and full of fun. They also helped with the music
at school.

Played a pretty fair game of hockey.

A fast little forward on the senior W.O.S.S.A. basketball
team.

A good sport who played on boys' W.O.S.S.A. basketball
team.

Was greatly missed after his mishap on skis. A good
sport and also keen in academic work.

Our boys from the country.

A good student in most every subject.

Were rather quiet but steady boys that year.

A good map drawer for geography classes and also
good at construction of model planes.

have heard that even though they didn't
show their appreciation to Miss Dobson very
much they really thought she was a grand
person.

All in all I think XA has much to be
proud of both in academic work and in extra-
curricular activities."

CLASS MOTTO

What kind of class would our class be,
If everyone in it were just like me?

XB SPOTLIGHT

XB Girls in the News

Grade XB can be pretty proud of its girls for many reasons:- Evelyn Thorne is a competent member of the W.O.S.S.A. basketball team and captain of XB's interform basketball team. She also won the intermediate championship at Field Day which brings quite an honour to XB. Evelyn is also the girls' athletic representative for the form.

Margaret Quinn is the form Literary representative.

XB girls are strong supporters of the Glee Club. Its members include Barbara Patience, Patsy Larder, Ruth Johnston, Margaret Quinn, Evelyn Thorne and Irene Houghton.

Grace Groom represented XB girls at Woodstock in a radio quiz which we lost by a small margin to XA.

XB Music Course

While the boys study agriculture the girls enjoy classes in music under their popular and competent music teacher, Miss Dobson.

This year such composers as Ferde Grofe, Johannes Brahms, Franz Schubert and Robert Schumann have been studied. Among the compositions enjoyed were "In a Chinese Temple Garden," "The Grand Canyon Suite," "The William Tell Overture" and "The Sorcerer's Apprentice".

The class which is divided into three parts, alto, second soprano and soprano, has sung many part songs such as "Dancing Song," "At the Loom" and "Accept Our Praise."

XB is very fortunate in having so many fine voices in the class.

Who's Who---Boys of XB

Don Carter—Our representative in the Debating Club. He starred in Grade X's Literary meeting. Don also likes looking at the girls—especially "Bangy Wangy."

Allan Davis—We do not know much about him as he is not with us very often.

Jack Gibson and Dewey Richter — A couple of new recruits from XA — still on probation.

Bill Hammond—Certified farmer with a broken thumb from milking cows.

"Goon" Henley—Star snap on the senior rugby team. It is rumoured he is going to be elected president of the North American Lazy Men's Society.

Don Longfield—Our quiz kid and pin boy at Bradfield's alleys.

Don McBeth—"Bert"—one of the best men in the backfield of our rugby team. He pays too much attention to his Joke Books.

Ken Moore — Athletic representative — star player on the senior hockey team. He would really be smart in school if he would keep his eyes off the girls.

Flip Phillips—He also played in the backfield. He is giving up the idea of living in Centreville and now favours Dickson's Corners.

Jim Pittock—Played on the rugby and hockey teams. He will not officially state if he is buying out the Canada Bread Company.

Bob Rawlinson—Played on the rugby team (in backfield). He is quite a whiz at typing and likes answering questions in history.

Don Vyse—XB's Literary representative —fast star of the rugby team. He gets along well with Shirley at the back of the room.

Glenn Ward—Last but not least comes the one and only six feet of solid bone and flesh fun of XB. He placed second in the senior shot put on Field Day. Glen plays second clarinet in the school orchestra. He is captain of the XB basketball team.

Grade XB Alphabet

A—is for Allan who is often late.

B—is for Barbara with many a date,

Also for Bob, two Bill's, and our Betty.

C—is for Carter who thinks girls are pretty.

Chapman, too, got in there somehow.
 D—is for Don, 4 make quite a row.
 E—is for Evelyn our basketball queen.
 F—is for Freeborn with Betty she's seen.
 G—is for "GOON" whom the girls all adore?
 Also for Gracie with boy friends galore.
 H—is for honours which some may attain.
 I—is for Irene and Isabella with many a brain.
 J—is for Jack Gibson and Jim Pittock too.
 K—is for Kenneth, to Peggy he's true!!!
 L—is for Louie, Mr. MacCausland that is,
 At teaching history he's a (whizz).
 M—Maxine, Mary, 3 Margaret's too.
 N—is for nobody (which is quite true)
 O—is O my! This is getting harder
 P—is for Pauline and Patsy Larder.
 Q—is for Quinn an Ingersoll slicker
 R—is Ruth Johnston and "Dewey" Richter.
 S—is for Shirley, there are two in our room
 T—is for trouble which hits with a boom.
 U—I don't know, that letter's our folly.
 V—is for Vyse, his nickname is Polly.
 W—is Glenn Ward and Martha Wright
 X—I give up!! tho' try as I might
 Y—also is minus, I'll leave that one out
 Z—is for all grade XB, let's give them a shout

HIP HIP HURRAY!! TIGER H-U-R-RAH!!

The IXA Roll Call

Something to read—Book
 Used in sports—Ball
 Colour and part of anatomy—Redhead
 A season of the year—Somers
 Used in a gun and a measure of weight—
 Shelton

THE VOLT

Member of Scotch band—Piper
 A drink plus a place of abode—Waterhouse
 Fodder and a rooster—Haycock
 Something found on beach and a boy's name
 —Sandick
 Comparative degree of shy—Shier
 A letter and a piece of land—Ofield
 A kind of dance and to have commerce with
 —Tapsell
 A deep hole and opposite of tick—Pittock
 Side of house and a bad dog—Walker
 A body of water plus short for gentleman—
 Baigent
 One who forges with a hammer—Smith

Form News IXB

In our new modern school of to-day there is a room which stands out from all the others. It is IXB. This room is the most modern in the whole school. In fact it is the only room in the school with fluorescent lighting. We have secured recently for our room two new pictures which are very beautiful.

Now we will tell you something about the pupils of our form. Our form has many good athletes. This fact was proved when we placed third in competition for the shield given on Field Day.

We also have four boys on the basketball team—Norman Mitchell, Tom Moore, Roy Martinell and Bob Hutt. We have three representatives in the Debating Society — Helen Heeney, Marilyn Hayes, and Murray Goldstein. Our only member on the hockey team is Ralph Garton. We have, however, Shirley Mitchell, Betty Jones, and Marilyn Hayes on the girls' junior basketball team.

Bob Hutt, Noreen Matheson, and John Herbert took part in a radio quiz programme over CKOX Woodstock. They were successful in defeating both the IXA and IXC teams. They earned \$10 as prize money, which they donated to the Ingersoll Hospital Fund.

At the beginning of 1949 we welcomed Yvonne Shannon and Danny Shearon from IXA; but we had lost Peter Moyer who is attending Woodstock Collegiate, and Ada Johnson who is working at the Bell Telephone.

So, despite our lowly basement position at I.C.I., our school year is moving along swiftly and happily. Before we know it, we will be part of the Grade X group whose chief delight will be the initiation of a new group of "freshies".

IXC NEWS

Our Literary Meeting

On February 9th the students of Grade IX held their literary meeting. It was sponsored by the exponents of "M.F.G.M." of the I.C.I. and "Phooey Chocolate" cigarettes and was broadcast over station I.C.I.

The stage of the town hall was the broadcasting studio and all Grade IX students were present on the platform. Their opening numbers were the school cheer song "Cheer, Cheer For Old I.C.I." and "Buttons and Bows" starring the Andrew Sisters, Charlotte Carr, Helen Bisbee and Edith Daniel.

After this, Earl Clark, one of our talented young pianists, played a piano solo entitled "Prelude." A debate followed between John Sandick and Beverly Stewart of IXA and Marilyn Hayes and Helen Heeney of IXB. The subject "Resolved that machinery has proved more injurious to labouring classes than beneficial" was so well argued that Joyce Lange gave the judges' decision as a tie.

Throughout the broadcast different commercials were given by Ronnie Shier, Roger and Bill Shelton. Margaret Patterson, "Miss Vera Cherra", advocated the taking of pink pills for pale people. John Thompson represented "Johnny" of the Phillip Morris programme.

Edith Daniel, Charlotte Carr and Marjorie Dougall played a piano trio "Le Secret". The Grade IX chorus sang "No, No, A Thousand Times No". In this song the role of the heroine was played by Bob Hutt who wore beautiful long blonde braids for the occasion. The hero, a muscular he-man, was

played by John Herbert who succeeded in rescuing his bride from the clutches of the villain, Jack McNiven. The solo part was ably sung by Bob Redhead.

A play followed, entitled "King Roughbeard," which told the story of a dashing young prince in pursuit of a beautiful, but haughty princess.

The prince, disguising himself as a beggar, carried off the weeping princess to make her work for her living; but the play ended happily with the marriage feast at King Roughbeard's palace.

The characters were: The Princess, Pat Tapsell; King Roughbeard and the Beggar, Ted Ackert; The Father, Don Beno; The Lady in Waiting, Verna Atkinson; The Two Court Gentlemen, Keith Archer and Glenn Baxter.

Barrie Walker played a clarinet solo "Star Dust" accompanied by Earl Clark, and John Petrie played a cornet solo, "Galway Bay" with Jack Harris at the piano. Jack was the capable accompanist for the choruses throughout the broadcast.

To conclude the broadcast the chorus sang the "Whiffenpoof Song" and our school song "Hail To I.C.I."

Our Casualties of the Year

Margaret Butterworth broke her ankle in the early part of January and had a vacation for two months.

Verna Atkinson lost her tonsils in December.

Miss Kennedy sprained her ankle when a top-heavy table (we don't have enough desks in our room) fell on her foot.

IXC Athletes

Ted Ackert won the juvenile championship cup at the annual I.C.I. Field Day.

Roy Land and Don Beno are two of our star players on the school's basketball team which got into the semi-finals.

Our Scholastic Record

Ted Ackert got ten firsts in the Christmas exams, Margaret Butterworth and Lorraine Bowman nine firsts each.

In our December exams everyone got first or second class honours in French.

“ JOKES ”

Wishing

If I were granted one wish to-night
I'd wish and wish with all my might
And ask that star to help me see
The way through my geometry;
Or show me how to do my Lit
Although my head is ready to split;
To fill me with inspiration
To write my English composition;
But alas! my wish should be
How to write poetry.

* * *

Down at the gateway early in the morn,
Hear the old school bus tooting its horn;
See little Andy
Open up the door
Though half asleep, we've made it once
more.

* * *

Don Williamson: You dance wonderfully well.

Helen Matthews: I wish I could say the same about you.

Don: You could if you could lie as I do.

* * *

Bill Montgomery: Let's cut agriculture this afternoon.

Gerty: Can't, I need the sleep.



Mr. Herbert: Why are you late?
Ed. Palanik: Class started before I got here.

* * *

Miss Dobson: Name two pronouns.
Jim Miller: Who? Me?

* * *

Miss Carney: What are the sins of omission?

Gregg Harris: Please, Miss Carney, aren't they the sins we should have committed, and haven't?

* * *

Miss Dobson: Take this sentence, 'Let the cow be taken to the pasture'. What mood?

Harold Catling: Well, the cow, naturally.

* * *

Widow (at seance): Is that you 'Arry?
Ghost: Yes.

Widow: Are you 'appy?

Ghost: Very 'appy

Widow: 'Appier than you was with me?

Ghost: Much 'appier.

Widow: 'Eaven must be a beautiful place, 'Arry.

Ghost: I ain't in 'eaven.

* * *

Bill Patterson: Do you know that, when I go to heaven, I'm going to tell Shakespeare that I don't believe he wrote those plays?

Marge Clark: Ah, but suppose he doesn't happen to be in heaven?

Bill: In that case you can tell him.

* * *

The Scandinavian had just arrived in California, delighted with the way his new car withstood the trials and tribulations of the trip.

"How are the roads, Ole?"

"Vell dis guy Lincoln bane a great engineer but dat Frenchman De Tour he bane no road builder at all."

Lung Specialist: A man who sings at the top of his voice for an hour a day won't be troubled by chest complaints in his old age.

Smart Guy: He probably won't even be troubled by old age.

* * *

Prof: What do you find the hardest thing to deal with?

Student: An old pack of cards.

* * *

Man trying to read newspaper—to talkative wife: "You must be tired, dear. Why don't you shut up?"

* * *

"How did you sleep?" asked the hostess sweetly. "Was that couch all right?"

"It wasn't too bad," said her son's college friend amiably. "I got up from time to time and rested."

* * *

When women kiss it always reminds one of prize fighters shaking hands.

* * *

Man talking about his wife—"She has a very even temper—she is always mad."

* * *

There isn't much to talk about at some parties until one or two couples leave.

* * *

Her clothes are so designed that she is always seen in the best places.

* * *

There was a faith healer of Deal
Who said, "Although pain is not real
When I sit on a pin
And it punctures my skin
I dislike what I fancy I feel."

There was an Old Person of Tring
Who, when somebody asked her to sing,
Replied, "Aren't it odd?

I can never tell "God
Save the Weasel" from "Pop Goes The
King."

* * *

An epicure dining at Crew
Found quite a large mouse in his stew
Said the waiter, "Don't shout,
And wave it about
Or the rest will be wanting some too."

* * *

Correction in small town newspaper:
Our paper carried the notice last week that
Mr. John Jones is a defective in the police
force. This was a typographical error. Mr.
Jones is really a detective in the police **farce**.

* * *

Guard (to prisoner about to be electrocuted): Have you any last words?

Prisoner: Yes, I'd like to give my seat to a lady.

* * *

She: My sin is vanity. I spend hours admiring my good looks.

He: That isn't vanity, that's imagination.

* * *

Professor (sternly): When the room settles down I will begin the lecture.

Student: Why don't you go home and sleep it off?

* * *

Mr. Herbert (during announcements): Will those going to cadet camp put all their equipment on a small sheet of paper . . .

* * *

Marg. Hammond: Don, use both hands.
Don Carrothers: I can't. I've got to use one to drive.

(A telephone rings)

Phone: Hello, is that Joe Kurtzman?

Joe: Yes, dis is Joe.

Phone: It doesn't sound like Joe.

Joe: Well, this is Joe all right.

Phone: You're positive this is Joe?

Joe: Ab—so—lutely.

Phone: Well this is Dennis, could you lend me \$50?

Joe: (quickly) When Joe comes in I'll tell him you called.

* * *

Teacher: Johnnie, I'm ashamed of you. When I was no bigger than you, I could reel all the Presidents of the U.S.A. off in order.

Johnnie: Yeah, but there was only three or four of them then.

* * *

Young School Orator: All that I am or ever will be, I owe to my mother.

Heckler: Why don't you send her thirty cents and square the account?

* * *

Night Watchman: Young man, are you going to kiss that girl?

Barrow: No sir.

Night Watchman: Well then, hold my lantern.

* * *

First-Former: May I kiss you?

Second-Former: Jeepers! Another amateur.

* * *

Mr. Wilson: What are the names of the bones in your hand?

Gregg Harris: Dice, sir.

* * *

Mr. Clement: What is the most outstanding product chemistry has given to the world?

Gordon Hinge: Blondes.

* * *

Mr. MacCausland: State the number of tons of coal shipped out of the U.S.A. in any given year.

Tom Moore: 1492—NONE.

Mr. Clement: What is the nitrate of sodium?

Morley Hammond: The same as the day rate, I suppose.

* * *

Golfer (far off in the rough): Say caddy, why do you keep looking at your watch?

Caddy: This isn't a watch sir. It's a compass.

* * *

Janet: Of course I'm not married. I'm nobody's fool.

Ken: Then would you be mine?

In earth, in ocean, sky and air,
All that is excellent and fair,
Seen, felt or understood,
From one eternal cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends,
With God begins, continues, ends,
The source and stream of all that's good.

Joan Loosmore, Grade XIIA

Your Name

You got it from your father; it was the best
he had to give,
And gladly he gave it—it is yours all the
time you live.
You may lose the watch he gave you and
another you may claim
But remember, when you are tempted, be
careful of his name.
It was good the day you got it and a worthy
name to wear;
When he took it from his father, there was
no dishonour there.
Through the years he happily wore it, to his
father he was true,
And that name was clean and spotless when
he passed it on to you.
Oh! there's much that he has given that he
values not at all;
He has watched you break your playthings
in the days when you were small,
You've lost the knife he gave you and also
many a game
But you'll never hurt your father if you're
careful of his name.

Sheila Morrison, Grade XIA

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ONT.

A Period In the Lab

The science room door is opened wide,
And I'm about to enter in;
The students are met, the class is set:
May'st hear the drowsy din.

There is the science teacher,
And he stoppeth one of three.
By thy white coat and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stoppest thou he?

He holds him with his glittering eye,
That pesty boy stood still,
And listens like a scholar should:
The teacher hath his will.

And now the question did arise,
The student was tyrannous and strong;
He struck it with his mental force,
And answered it . . . all wrong.

Morley Hammond, Grade XIII

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Phone 93

TRUCK WILL CALL
ANY TIME

Ode To I.C.I.

To me, its halls and gym so bare,
Because I like them, are quite fair.
A collegiate where, because it's small,
We know each other, one and all.
We work together, play together
And carry on through any weather.
And when it's time to graduate,
For we must some day separate,
The friendships made we'll ne'er forget;
Tis just the partings we'll regret.
We'll think of things we should have done,
But are quite glad we had our fun.
So to the collegiate on the hill
Where most of us have learned great skill,
We shout our praises to the sky,
To Alma Mater, I.C.I.

Viola McCorquodale, Grade XIII

Phone 649

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Ed. Butt: A little? Why yesterday he conducted family prayers kneeling on the cat.

Customer: I'd like to see something cheap in a straw hat.

Salesman: Certainly sir! Try this one on, sir, and the mirror's on your left.

* * *

A Scotchman, an Irishman, a Frenchman and a Jew were eating dinner together. When the meal was finished the Scotchman promptly said he would take the bill. The next day a ventriloquist was found murdered.

* * *

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132

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