



**KING CHARLES II**  
*received the first Pineapple grown in England*

**C**HARLES II of England was very fond of Pineapples and quantities of them were brought for his table from the Barbados Islands in the West Indies.

He persuaded the Royal Gardener to grow the fruit in England and this was attempted. The presentation of the first Pineapple grown in England to the Stuart Monarch was made a great event.

To-day Neilson's also insist on Pineapples "good enough for a king" for use in the centres of certain of their chocolates.

The pick of the nut crops in Spain, the most luscious raisins from Australia, oranges and lemons from Sicily and other sunny lands, cherries from Italy, the finest cane sugar, whatever it is, only the best is brought to Neilson's.

*Neilson's now have special arrangements with every Dealer whereby Neilson's Chocolates will be sold only while fresh, and therefore at their best.*

Neilson's new low prices—60c per lb. for former \$1.00 Chocolates, and 50c per lb. for former 60c Chocolates makes it an economy as well as a delight to buy them.



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**CHOCOLATES  
 ARE ALWAYS FRESH**

**THE**

**MOUNT ELGIN**

**1932**

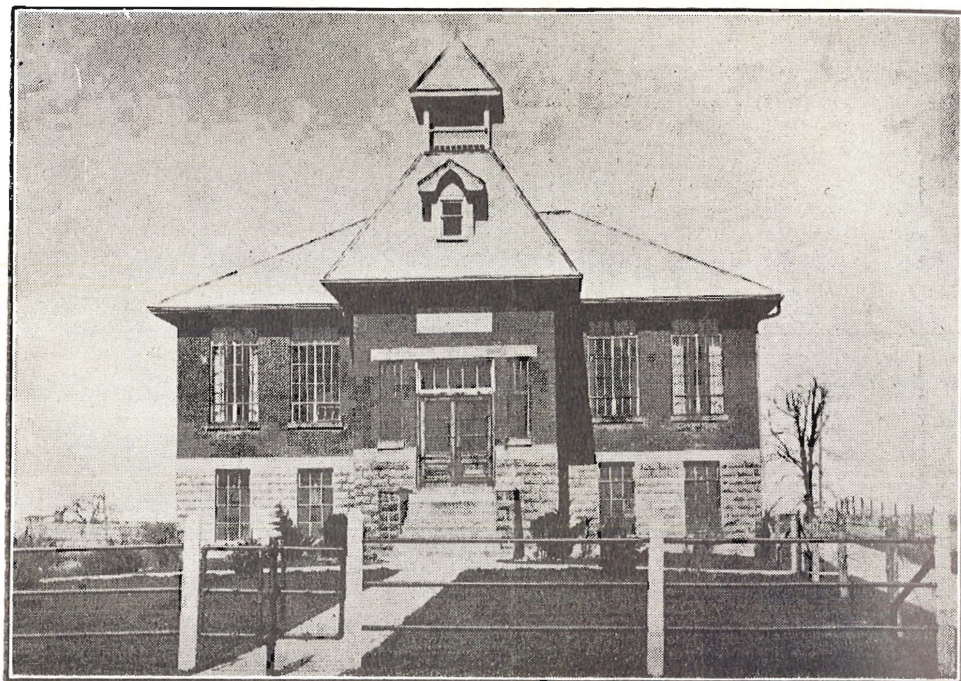
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## THE SCHOOL ANTHEM

*Written by Kathleen Duffy*

*(Tune—John Brown's Body)*

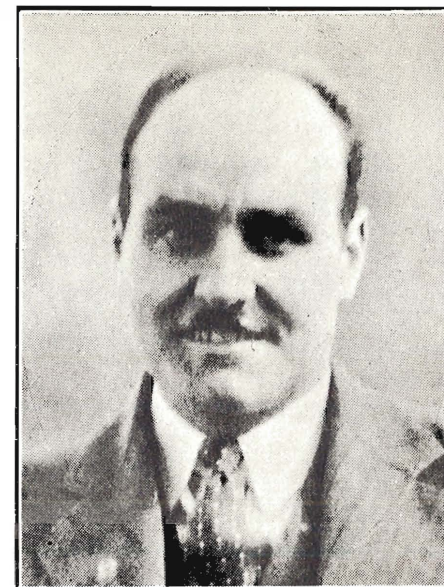
Let's raise our voices to the school that  
we love best,  
And sing her praises till the day we're  
laid to rest;  
All hail the red and black of our  
M.E.C.S.,  
Her memory lingers on.

Hail, all hail to dear Mt. Elgin,  
Hail, all hail to dear Mt. Elgin,  
We'll all be true to thee.  
Hours that we've spent there, oh we  
never can forget,  
Years we recall will cast no shadow of  
regret;  
Dear to our hearts until our earthly sun  
is set,  
Memory's chain will bind us still.

Chorus:

Hail, all hail to dear Mt. Elgin,

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VERNON L. BELYEA  
Principal

## To Our Principal:

Comradeship;  
A leader in the arts,  
The joy, the beauty of a well-kept life,  
Pointing the way to all we seek and prize,  
For us emblazoned on the prophetic skies,  
Our loyal hearts  
Remember.

—L. Bowley.

## Foreward

Little Meteor,  
and somewhat dark and gloomy year of nineteen hundred and thirty-two, it is our most  
sincere hope that you shall live up to your name.

May you be transient. May you be luminous. May you strike with wonder  
those who see you.

May you impart to all directly or indirectly, our optimism, our cheerfulness  
in these times, and our firm faith in this great Canada of ours.

Lastly, may the  
enable us another year to pro-  
duce even a better Meteor.

—V. L. BELYEA.



**MISS WINONA K. TURVEY**  
Assistant Principal

To Miss Turvey :

School days ! Happy days !  
Days spent best of all,  
Days that in the future  
Will be pleasant

Days that mould our character,  
With a model for us daily,  
In a good  
We'll live to thank Miss Turvey.

Alas ! when school time ends,  
Which doth so our future sway,  
For we and our dear friends  
Must part and go our way.

—Margaret Duffy.

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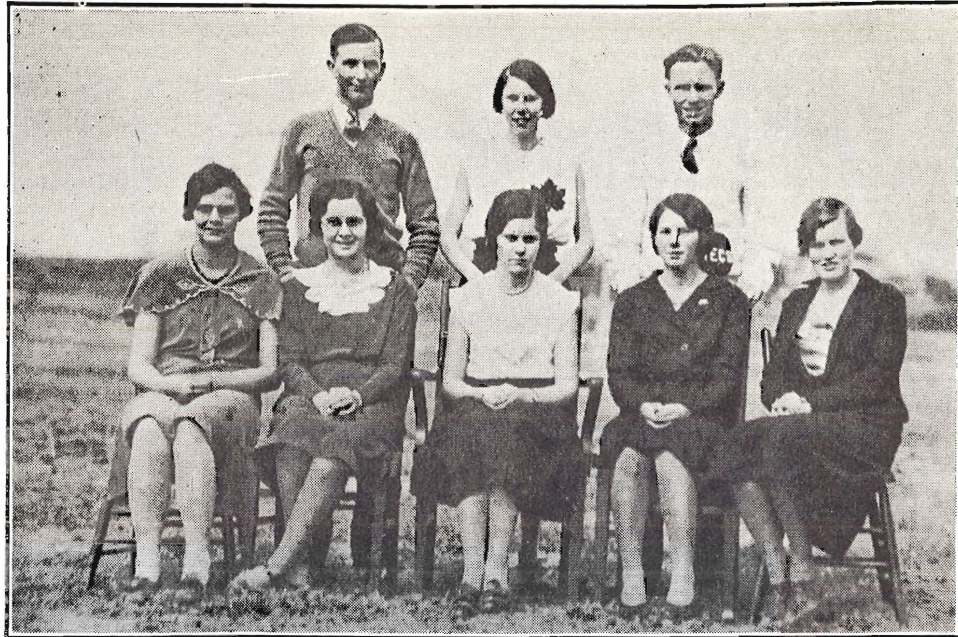
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(Standing) Clayton Pogue, Joyce Woodman, Merlyn Boyce,  
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 Margaret Duffy, Marion Roberts.

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Mr. V. Belyea Miss W. Turvey

We, the business and editorial staff of the Meteor, wish to thank o  
 who have advised us, those who have made our book a financial  
 dents who have so ably contributed articles, and all others who have co-operated  
 us in making this book a success.

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**EDITORIALS**

M.T.D.

**Development of Education in Canada**

**I**N the field of We of the pr  
 day seldom pause to realize  
 enable us to  
 no plausible reason why we cannot  
 only for  
 Education  
 in its inf  
 of education. Many discussed  
 system but it was a man by the name of Egerton Ryerson who too  
 As the results of his untiring presistency, the principle of free and compulsory edu-  
 cation was  
 After the beginning  
 that time the percentage  
 last thirty years. **ADVISERS** on the influx into Canada of vast numbers of foreign  
 grants, many of them without the ability to read or write in their own tongue.  
 In higher education  
 taken place. In the universities, the number of students attending has vastly increased  
 and ur teachers  
 possibility, the stu-  
 engineering, agriculture, the science with  
 mention. In the  
 method formerly employed. Another important and growing phase of the  
 versities is post-graduate work.  
 Adult education has proved a great asset to many who  
 taking advantage of its facilities in youth. To school teachers,  
 tension work proved a great  
 fluence on primary  
 It is now the law that a child  
 has proved an excellent policy, since a child, as a rule, would  
 his own free will, whereas when he reaches the age of  
 and swimming are not the all-important  
 do—a place among the many great men and and prosperous  
 country. Thus he understands that in order to fulfill his expectations, he must obtain  
 an education worthy

KATHLEEN DUFFY

Line Drawings signed M. T. D. by the late Mary Duffy



FALL LITERARY EXECUTIVE

(Standing) P. Moulton J. Little (Secretary-Treasurer). W. Jellous  
(Seated) L. Freeman E. Jolliffe V. Downing, (President)  
M. Duffy J. Woodman

Usefulness

HOW dull it is to pause, to make an end, to rust unburnished, not to shine in use!" Here is a splendid that one of our chief endowments is the ability to "shine in use." As we jog along the rough road of life onward overcoming the difficulties connected with the method only serving someone else.

All through the ages it has been apparent that usefulness is one of the necessities of life. You use it, it wears away; if not, the rust eats it." Thus, as a sword loses its brightness when not used, so do we lose our good qualities when we are idle. We are doing nothing for anybody but ourselves. Everyone has his grievances, but, if we all forget our own troubles and try to help someone else, we will find that our troubles will float away below the horizon.

There is no excuse for anyone being useless,

they cannot help because they are useful. Let us think of some of the ways in which we can be useful.

One of the best ways of cheerfulness when sympathy or even tears will do more to comfort member that you have a gift that may cheer many people—Just think of this verse :

"As you walk  
Greet others with a smile;  
Be ready with a glad "hello",  
You'll find it's worth your while  
When things go wrong about you,  
And everything  
Smile smiles at all along the way,  
And they'll smile back at

Another way of being of concerning but factors in a of how mu There are innumerable ways of being helpful and you will discover them if you seek them.

To One has defined it: "Little acts of kindness, which, though they cost nothing, are of greater worth than gold and unhappiness; to yield when persisting will chafe and fret those about us, to go way round rather than come against another, to take an ill word quietly rather by returning it—these are some of the methods whereby the d and the deadly murmurs of revenge are kept off and turned aside."

There are so many ways to be of use that we are amazed when we realize in how few ways we have been useful. Just remember, usefulness de teristics: kindness, happiness, contentment, cheerfulness, friendline others; idleness breeds hate, malice, discontent, qualities. So let us from now on forget ourselves lives and, I am sure trying to "shine

VERA DOWNING.

World Peace

SIR Robert Baldwin was said: "The supreme duty of the British Empire is not the fostering of Imperialistic trade, vital as this is, but the preservation of the peace of the world." None should see this duty more clearly nor shoulder it more willingly than we Canadians. To do either to any great purpose, we must acquaint can we achieve that contentment and sense of peace that comes from well with the League of Nations, the centre of the

In September, the is sometimes called, held its annual meeting as usual in the beautiful Geneva, a happy life. Centuries ago, Cato the Sage said: "Man is like iron; if longed-for possibility of settling disputes between nations by peaceful means instead of warlike. The task much talk of peace as there is in the world today, war has been in the past accepted method of settling disputes, and as everyone knows, it is extremely difficult of happiness to get rid of an old habit and to form a new and better one.

Much patience is required, much good will, and some sacrifice

a new way will be found to which draw up rules and make its members conform to them. It cannot force countries to settle their disagreements peacefully, but in many cases it has been able to consent to do so.

To most, the one concern of the League is the abolition of war, but it also seeks to understand and deal with the far-reaching and subtle causes of war. In such a program, there are four main divisions—political, social, economic and humanitarian. Each of these is divided into committees that best may handle the interests of each. For example, in the humanitarian activities, the first work the restoring of some million and a half prisoners of war to their respective countries.

The League also takes steps in matters of international concern for the prevention and control of disease. Shortly after the Great War a plague in the shape of typhus and cholera was spreading from Russia, threatening Europe with greater loss than had been the direct work of the war. Only by the League's Epidemic Commission was the plague stayed. This is only one of its effective emergency measures of health. It is ceaselessly and scientifically seeking an international eradication of all epidemic diseases.

Since its foundation in 1920, the League of Nations has perhaps achieved all that its founders hoped for it; and it has already proved its usefulness in the method by which it has already settled many disputes. By establishing the Permanent Court of International

The Court sits in a beautiful building known as the Peace Palace at The Hague in Holland and deals with disputes judges of different nationality who work together on the great problems that come before them.

The League has also brought about another very great change in the relationship between nations. hands of the Great Powers

nation whatever its size, has one vote and the right to express its point of view.

Thus, we see that the League is working in every way for the attainment of that old ideal—disarmament of the nations and world peace

One spoke amid the nations, "Let us cease From darkening with strife this fair world's light. We, who are great in war, be great in peace No longer let us plead the cause by might." But from a million British graves took birth, A silent voice—the million spake as one "If ye have righted all the wrongs of earth Lay by the sword, its work and ours is done."

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all nations will agree. It is not a body that can to get them

done by the League was

swift action

Justice in 1922, it created another method of peaceful settlement

that arise over international

and decisions rested with them. In the League, every

FORMS I, II, AND III.





M.T.D.

## Wagner the Genius

(First Prize Essay by Lilian K. Bowley)

NO man can understand the depth of feeling in Richard Wagner's music. It has been suggested that even Wagner himself did not grasp the true significance of his work. It was to change opera from mere strings of arias, duets and ballets to flowing melodious stories.

The greatest of his works was "Die Meistersinger". Wagner completed his "Tannhauser" in 1844 and soon thereafter he began to sketch the story for his "Die Meistersinger." At that time he was conductor of opera in Dresden. In 1849 he was expelled from Saxony

in pathetic exile for his revolutionary tendencies and the next decade he wandered from friend to friend until he established his home at Tribschen on Lake Lucerne. It is of great interest to musicians of today were asked what, in their opinion, should be the musical composition rather than

the colorful tapestry of tone woven with incomparable musical word "Wagnerian" is used in describing the melodious. Yet in all his music dramas there is a subtle difference. "Tannhauser", "Tristan and Isolde", "Siegfried", and "Parsifal", all have a distinct physiognomy.

Wagner, in his day, was ferociously condemned. Those supposedly supreme judges of music in the future would test Wagner and cast his masterpieces aside as only a passing phase. Now, wherever Wagner's operas are performed, did those men realize the living beauty in his being for all time. There are those that they could not understand.

This innovation was not brought about solely by Wagner. In him it came to maturity, completeness and glowing life. The way was prepared in part by Beethoven, Gluck, Mozart and Weber, for the great achievement of Wagner that carried music into a larger scope,—the expression of the soul of man through song.

Tunes had to have complete opportunity to display his involved arias came into being; they were to display the courtesies of that time. Another feature of the old opera was the ballet. To satisfy the audience there had to be a grand ballet in the second or third act. So long as there was every chance for the singer to exemplify his vocal agility and the ballet was introduced almost anything would do for a libretto. Dramatic quality was entirely

unknown. In "Rienzi", Wagner shows that he was influenced by the public views, but this was the only time he departed from his ideal. His next opera, "The Flying Dutchman," holds to his views and in this he reached his aim—the music drama. Finally in "The Ring" and in "Parsifal" words and music are in perfect unison. For this reason a concert programme of Wagner's music is difficult to prepare. He did not write it to be broken up into small sections. His operas

He, from the first, wrote his own librettos. Many of the earlier composers relied on others for their texts. Wagner's ideal made it impossible to use the word ideas of another. Words and music came to the master simultaneously. To him they could have no division. As all who usher in a new project are abused, so Wagner paid the bitter price

Because of his almost magical uniting of music and libretto, he succeeded in recreating opera into music. As a musician with a spectacularly musical mind, he was a master in the difficult art of forming stage-settings

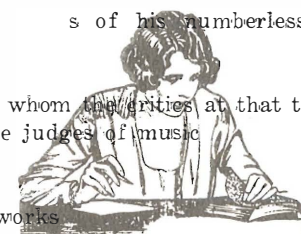
to a hitherto unknown standard of scenery that built up his operas into perfect jewels of tone and melody, not mere strings of arias, duets and ballets to flow-

A new age in the history of music was introduced by his use of the score. In it is contained His music is not merely notes; it is melody that sobs the sadness of a tragic moment; it throbs with all the passions of the human heart; it sings of the past and foretells the future.

Wagner not only wrote music. He was a master poet, and every aria is a tone poem. Centuries will come and every friend of Wagner's immortal music will live, because it has qualities that can never die. "Die Meistersinger" until he established his home at Tribschen on Lake Lucerne. It is of great interest to musicians of today were asked what, in their opinion, should be the musical composition rather than the colorful tapestry of tone woven with incomparable musical word "Wagnerian" is used in describing the melodious. Yet in all his music dramas there is a subtle difference. "Tannhauser", "Tristan and Isolde", "Siegfried", and "Parsifal", all have a distinct physiognomy. Wagner, in his day, was ferociously condemned. Those supposedly supreme judges of music in the future would test Wagner and cast his masterpieces aside as only a passing phase. Now, wherever Wagner's operas are performed, did those men realize the living beauty in his being for all time. There are those that they could not understand. This innovation was not brought about solely by Wagner. In him it came to maturity, completeness and glowing life. The way was prepared in part by Beethoven, Gluck, Mozart and Weber, for the great achievement of Wagner that carried music into a larger scope,—the expression of the soul of man through song. Tunes had to have complete opportunity to display his involved arias came into being; they were to display the courtesies of that time. Another feature of the old opera was the ballet. To satisfy the audience there had to be a grand ballet in the second or third act. So long as there was every chance for the singer to exemplify his vocal agility and the ballet was introduced almost anything would do for a libretto. Dramatic quality was entirely

of all time, most of these chose Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," any other work in the entire literature of music. It is a divinely

### TRAIN FOR BUSINESS



This year was a musical heretic, whom the critics at that time vociferously condemned. Those supposedly supreme judges of music in the future would test Wagner and cast his masterpieces aside as only a passing phase. Now, wherever Wagner's operas are performed, did those men realize the living beauty in his being for all time. There are those that they could not understand. This innovation was not brought about solely by Wagner. In him it came to maturity, completeness and glowing life. The way was prepared in part by Beethoven, Gluck, Mozart and Weber, for the great achievement of Wagner that carried music into a larger scope,—the expression of the soul of man through song. Tunes had to have complete opportunity to display his involved arias came into being; they were to display the courtesies of that time. Another feature of the old opera was the ballet. To satisfy the audience there had to be a grand ballet in the second or third act. So long as there was every chance for the singer to exemplify his vocal agility and the ballet was introduced almost anything would do for a libretto. Dramatic quality was entirely

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that could be whistled by gamblers on the street were the standard and the old opera rather than the theme of musical thought. Then, too, for this reason long

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Fall Term opens August 29th  
vocal gymnastics of the fav-

Write for calendar.

J. HILES TEMPLIN  
Personnel Director



MISS MARION ROBERTS  
Winner of  
Oratorical Contest

## Our debt to Ancient Greece

Note:—This is the speech delivered by Marion Roberts, which won the Oratorical Contest in the district.

I N these days, science has made man master of the world and has given him hopes that he will in time leave the earth and conquer the planets. These mighty inventions have made us regard ourselves as the cleverest people that ever lived or ever will live. This spirit has become so strong that we forget that what we have done is merely a continuation of the works of our ancestors who laid the real foundations of civilization as we know it. The work our ancestors did for us was achieved by means of tools that were handed down to them by the most famous people of the ancient world—the Greeks.

It is believed by scholars that the Mediterranean area was the home of the first civilized man. The Egyptians developed the first great culture and their traders spread it all over the Mediterranean sea region. It was not long until the people who lived along the coast and among the islands of the sea, took over the Egyptian civilization and began to improve and modify it. The most successful of these imitators were the people of Crete, who built up a powerful state that for long was master of much of the central part of the area including the Greek peninsula. It has been discovered by certain explorers of Crete, notably Sir Arthur Evans, that the Cretan civilization was destroyed by invaders who must have come by sea. It has also been learned that shortly before the attack on the island all the Cretan cities on the mainland had been seized by invaders who knew how to make iron weapons. It is surmised, therefore, that the people who attacked the Cretan cities on the mainland, built ships and then after some years attacked Crete itself. It is further believed that these people were the Greeks. We know that the process of smelting iron was discovered by a people who lived in the region of the Danube river. These people were of an Indo-European race and there can be no doubt but that the Greeks were an offshoot of them.

When they first arrived in the Greek peninsula they were a race of tall, yellow-haired men with manners and customs much resembling those of our own Anglo-Saxon forefathers. They speedily took to the sea and became noted pirates. So common did piracy become indeed, that it was not an insult to ask a man whether he were a merchant or a pirate. They had a strange sense of honour for they would cheerfully murder a guest for his money, yet would do no hurt to their bitterest enemy had they sworn to keep the peace.

The Greeks were divided into three great tribes—the Ionians, who were the cleverest and most adventurous of them all; the Dorians who were the Scotchmen of

antiquity, and the Aeolians. The bold Ionians pushed into the plains of Attica and built a city which they called Athens. Some of them remained here but the majority built ships and occupied all the islands of the region, captured Crete and finally crossed the Mediterranean to settle along the coast of Asia in the country called after them, Ionia. The Dorians were a dour, warlike race with no love of the sea. They settled down in the Peloponnesus and built the city of Sparta as their head-quarters. The Aeolians settled in the interior of Greece and remained a wild and barbarious people.

The Ionians intermarried freely with the original inhabitants of the country and in a few years they produced a new people who had the perfect bodies of the invaders and the brains of the original inhabitants of the land. The result of this combination of races was soon seen in the flowering of what many believe to have been the finest civilization the world has ever known.

This civilization began in Ionia where there soon sprang up a number of great trading-cities that were the wonder of their day. The most famous of these was Miletus which at the height of its prosperity had a population of eighty-thousand. These cities depended on their skilled workmen for the products which their ships carried to the ends of the known world. The land was rich and produced huge crops of wheat, olives and grapes.

I am sure that everyone has heard the phrase "rich as Croesus", but how many know that his wealth came almost entirely from Ionia. He was king of Lydia and conquered Ionia. He liked the clever inhabitants of the land and as long as they paid him tribute he allowed them to do much as they liked. The Ionians on their part were well satisfied to be relieved of the trouble of ruling themselves as long as their trade was not interfered with. When Croesus was defeated by Cyrus the Great of Persia, the Ionians found themselves under the rule of a people who despised trade and valued merchants only for what they could get out of them.

The Ionians were the descendants of a race of warriors, and though softened by luxury, they decided on revolt. In all the great cities they rose and overthrew the Persians, then they elected a leader and made him master of the city till the revolt was over. This was the first instance in recorded history of the election of a dictator by the people in time of war. In the last war, we ourselves, adopted this old device and under a practical dictatorship won the war. The Ionians were not so fortunate and though they called in the Athenians, they were finally beaten. This was the first illustration of the principle of nationalism which today is the most vital force in world affairs, and led directly to the famous Persian war.

In this war, the Athenians developed another great principle—that of sea-power. We ourselves are absolutely dependent on sea-power; the British Empire was built by means of it and were we to lose control of the sea, the empire would fall under the next attack. In our pride we boast that we are the originators of this policy of controlling the sea. In reality the Greeks won the Persian war by means of it when both Britain and Canada were unknown to civilized man. In this war, too, developed the idea of the army guarding the retreat until the last man dies. To this day all most of us know of the Greeks is that Leonidas and his 300 Spartans were killed defending Thermopylae.

Our real inheritance from the Greeks did not develop until after the Persian War. When the war was over, Athens found herself mistress of Greece and the most famous city in the world. The Greeks were an independent people and never combined in larger units than the city-state, but for a time Athens made herself the head of a union of some fifty cities and with her navy was able to practically control all Greece.

The Athenians fell heir to all the civilization of their Ionian kinsmen and proceeded to develop it to a tremendous degree. With them originated the form of



government which we call democracy. This word is self-explanatory since it is made up of the two words, "demos"—the people and "cracy"—rule. This rule of the people meant that every freeman had a right to vote on any question of the day and to decide on the men who would rule him. Greek democracy was not very liberal since of the total population more than three-fifths were slaves and had no vote. For the thirty years after the Persian War, Pericles ruled Athens and this period was the golden age of Greece.

Pericles himself was merely a shrewd politician, but he had a sincere love for knowledge and the arts. He made his home a centre for the intellectual life of the city and as a result of his encouragement Athens became famous for her learned men. Among Pericles' friends was a middle-aged man with a tremendous curiosity about the world. In his youth he had visited all the known world and had carefully noted down all that he saw and heard. He had taken part in the Persian War and now in his age he began to write an account of all that he had learned. This man was Herodotus, the father of History. Much of his information is laughably absurd, but his account is so entertainingly written, that anyone would be well repaid by reading Rawlinson's translation of his works.

Another of the visitors of Pericles' home was an ugly, bold, broad-shouldered man roughly dressed and so poor he couldn't even buy sandals. He was a stone mason by trade but according to his neighbours was so lazy that all he would do was spend his time in the markets arguing with the young men who frequented them. When he began to speak against the gods and question their existence, the people decided he was dangerous and had him poisoned. The world has long forgotten the names of his judges, but the name of Socrates, the Philosopher, is immortal.

The Athenians were pious folk and attributed their victory over the Persians to their gods, especially Athene. As a mark of their gratitude, they decided to build a series of temples in their honour. As a result the Acropolis was crowned with the most beautiful buildings the world has ever known. The finest of these buildings was the Parthenon.

The Greek love of beauty came to its full flowering at this time in the finest sculpture that has ever been chiselled from marble. The Greeks particularly worshipped human beauty and the handsomest young men and women of the day regarded it as a high honour to serve as models for the great sculptors of the period. In addition, the Greek love of athletics which were practiced in the nude gave the artists of the time a chance to study the human form in motion under natural conditions. The result was the finest studies of the human form that the world has ever seen. The Greek painters were equally famous. Since they painted chiefly on wood, we have no fragment of any of their masterpieces, but the Greek love of adorning even the simplest articles has given us excellent copies. It was their custom to paint pictures on pottery and to make floors of an inlaid mosaic. These pictures were usually copies of the masterpieces of the great artists of the time and from them we can gain a faint idea of what they could do.

In the field of literature the Greeks also left a great name for themselves. The masterpieces that they produced are familiar to all. There are surely few who have not heard of Homer, that great poet, whose work has been a model for all later poets. In the opinion of competent critics the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are the finest epic poems ever written. Today who can read them without feeling in his soul that thrill that comes only in the presence of something of beauty or truth? It is said that even the mad might be calmed and brutal murderers be made to weep by some wandering musician repeating some of the noble lines of these great plays. The Greeks originated the Drama and in the field of Comedy and Tragedy such writers as Aeschylus and Euripides have been surpassed only by Shakespeare. In history and philosophy the

great names of Thucydides and Plato dim those of our modern trash-writers. What was the secret that has enabled these great names to survive untarnished by the passage of so many years? In my own opinion it was because each of them, "held his pen in trust to Art not serving shame or lust," to use the words of a modern poet.

It is particularly in the sciences that we are indebted to the Greeks. They were among the most curious of men and very early in history became noted for their interest in science. This interest was strong in the great cities of Ionia. Among their scientists was Thales who is said to have made the first map of the world as the Greeks knew it. He held that the world was round and doubted the existence of the gods. For these grave crimes he was put to death. He was the first student of physics. In mathematics we have such great names as Pythagoras and Euclid who to this day are the pet hates of the modern school-boy. It was the Greeks who first conceived that matter was made up of atoms. Another Greek, named Hero, is said to have invented the steam engine for the amusement of one of the kings of Egypt. Probably the finest of all the Greek scientists was Archimedes who lived most of his life in Sicily. He it was who discovered the principle of specific gravity and of the lever. In natural science Aristotle was long held to have discovered everything worth knowing although much of his knowledge was ridiculous.

It seems strange that the Greeks did not make many of the discoveries that modern science is now making, or that they did not turn to practical advantage what they already knew. It was, however, the great weakness of the Greeks that they were fonder of reasoning than they were of experimenting. They could reason that given certain conditions, certain results would automatically follow, but they would not put their conclusions to the test of practical proof.

It was natural that with their love of human beauty, the Greeks should make some progress in medicine. They had a god of healing and in his honour they built temples that were really hospitals. In these temples, the patients were treated for all manner of diseases. The treatment consisted chiefly of rest and fresh air, although operations were sometimes performed. This method of the Greeks was successful in healing a great many of the patients and more and more modern medicine is coming to the conclusion that the Greek method of letting nature heal the patient is the best that can be devised.

Thus we see that the best that is in our civilization can be traced directly back to ancient Greece. We govern ourselves by the democracy that they developed. Our authors and artists model their work on the great masterpieces of the Greeks. Our science is derived directly from them while in history and philosophy their methods are used to this day. If one were to enter any mathematics class in the world, he would find teachers instructing their pupils in the principles of Pythagoras and Euclid.

There is scarcely any part of our daily life that has not in some way been based on the work of this great people. Yet, so great is the gratitude of man that scarcely one in a thousand knows anything about them or their civilization. It seems to me that it might be well if we studied their history and so learn for ourselves the very real debt we owe them.

MARION P. ROBERTS.



#### SPRING LITERARY EXECUTIVE

(Standing) L. Freeman      E. Strachan      W. Bell      M. Duffy  
 (Seated) A. Boyse      P. Moulton, (Pres.)      J. Little, (Sec.-Treas.)

## Valedictory Address

By Irene Richens

Ladies and Gentlemen, Students of the  
 M. E. C. S., Boys and Girls:

I consider it a privilege tonight to deliver this farewell message to the school on behalf of the graduating class of 1931.

My feeling is one of gratitude to those who have made it possible for us to obtain four years of high school so near home. Although we all hope, in some way or other, to continue our edu-

cation, I can think of no position so humble that we cannot benefit by and find life more interesting on account of the knowledge we gained while at school. Probably one of the most important lessons we learn is that of always seeing a task to completion. No matter how much natural ability we may have, we must always employ a certain amount of will power if we really want to succeed.

Among the citizens of the civilized

world today are many who have succeeded and made an immortal name for themselves with only a minimum of academic education, one outstanding example having died a few weeks ago, Thomas Edison. There are many more unknown who would have been successes instead of near failures had they had the educational advantages to be had in the schools of Ontario. Even those who have succeeded in spite of lack of education, always think with regret of the time wasted, groping their way through paths unknown to a goal at the best hazy, which paths could have been made so much plainer and the goal so much clearer, by education, for after all, education is only the accumulated knowledge of the centuries, brought down from the past, and made understandable to juvenile minds, often at

great expense and a great deal of labour, especially in the earlier years of the world's history, when there was none of the modern writing conveniences. All these experiences of the different peoples of the earth are at the same time a beacon to guide us to finer things and a road on which to travel, much as the air beacon that beckons the aviator with a road of light to haven, which is itself.

I cannot conclude without a word of appreciation to the pupils of the M. E. C. S., who from the first have surrounded those of us who came from other villages, with an atmosphere of friendliness. I trust that the Mount Elgin Continuation School may go on in the future as it has done in the past making a record for itself of which no one need be ashamed.

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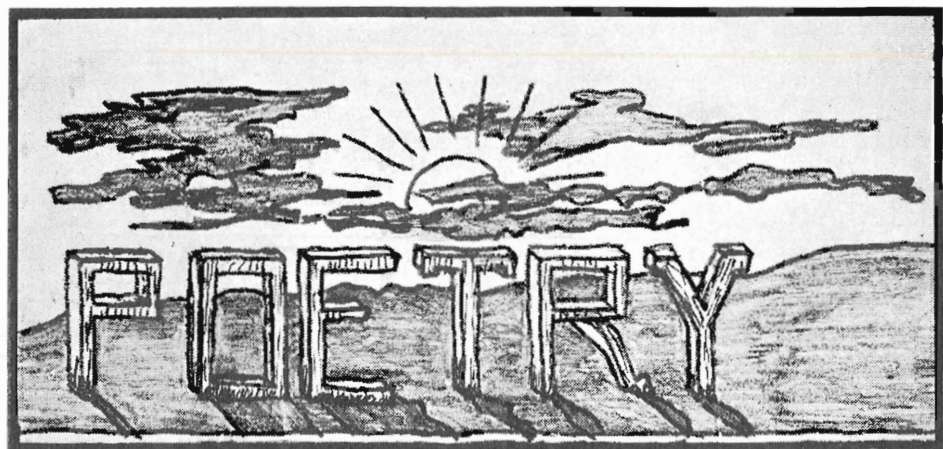
—YOUR PHOTOGRAPH—

## H. W. Gallichan

Photographer

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M.T.D

## Paean

By Lilian K. Bowley,  
First Prize Winner, (Form III.)

I worship  
Him Who raised the hills in  
awe-inspiring grandeur--  
Their towering crests lost in a sea  
of fire  
When sunset rays light cloud  
and great rock-spire;

I adore  
Him; the echo of His voice is in  
the Tree-Tops--  
And borne across the world, on  
wild wind-wings.  
Where untamed ocean rolls  
and storm song sings.

## Storm

Dim and dull the dark woods lower  
Down upon the dreary lane;  
In gray skies the black clouds glower  
Drenching down the pitiless rain . . .  
The sword of Heaven leaps from  
scabbard--  
Cleaves the clouds--o'er vengeance  
gloats--

Whips them into startled anger--  
Tears the thunder from their throats--;  
Still the awful conflict rages  
Out of strife and struggle born;  
Leaves the earth a place forsaken--  
Lone, and beaten, all forlorn.

—LILIAN BOWLEY.

## Spring in England

An English spring:  
A skylark carolling his song  
In cascades of minims and  
quavers and trills;  
The new-green hills;  
Riots of violets along  
Fresh-budded hedges and  
clear streams that sing.

An English spring:  
Plum trees in snowy drifts of bloom;  
And carpets of primrose in green-  
leafed woods;

Wee cowslip buds;  
Honeysuckle, bluebell and ferny plume;  
Cuckoo calls, and silver dew,  
and robin's wing.

—LILIAN K. BOWLEY.

## The Cloud

Across the blue of summer sky,  
Lovely it floated, white;  
Soft as an angel's wings, and pure--  
Lit by the sun's soft light--  
Lovely it floated, sacred, high,  
Like the Holy Grail, for right.  
Lovely it floated, while the ray  
Streamed through its fragile girth.  
Calmly it wafted, like a flower,  
Let loose from reluctant earth--  
Drifted and drifted, till it sank  
On the couch of its cool quiet birth.

—L. K. Bowley.

## Night

First Prize won by Enid MacDonald  
(Form II.)

Night steals down on grassy hilltops  
Darkness veils the sun's bright glare  
Stars are dimpling in the heavens  
Lighting up the blackness there.

Rolling on and on forever  
On a snowy bank of clouds  
A great orb of light is floating  
Mistress Moon is shining now.

Sending out her bars of silver  
Sprinkling with her dewy hands,  
Ever changing all around us  
Leafy branches, desert sands.

Mountains, rugged brown in daylight,  
Softening off to purple hues,  
Now are one great mass of silver  
Standing out against the blue.

Oceans, seas and lakes and river  
Whether small or large or few,  
Now alike have changed to silver  
By the moonbeams even hues.

Forests, black outline the distance  
Lonely trees stand here and there  
All the verdure of the sunlight

Now is changed from daylight's glare.

Softening ugly things around us  
Making beauty far and near  
Night enchanting in its splendour  
Lightening up the world with cheer.

Who could fear of darkening shadows,  
Who of moonlight flees afraid?  
Lies in terror of its splendour  
Waiting for the light of day.

Why not listen to its whispers,  
Tiny noises of the night;  
Let your ears just catch the murmur  
Of the west wind on its flight.

Song of nightbird, chant of cricket,  
Frogs are croaking in the marsh,  
Blending with the west wind's whisper  
That is music of the dark.

Ever on the night is wending,  
Every hour something new;  
Take up courage, you who fear it,  
Come and drink the moonlight hues.

Roses blooming in the darkness,  
Nodding slow their fragrant heads,  
Stars are paling in the eastward  
Dawn is coming in its stead.

Hurry, come and catch its splendour  
Or you soon will be too late;  
Cast aside your fears of darkness  
Come with me, now, and partake.

Fill your heart to overflowing,  
Know the thrill of starry skies,  
Do not go through life unknowing  
Of the night's sweet lullabies.

Then and only then you'll whisper,  
Catch your breath in new delight;  
Now I hope that I have taught you  
Of the splendour of the night.

Lewis—"Have you an opening for a  
bright young fellow"?

Manager—"Yes, but don't slam it on  
the way out!"



SCHOOL CHOIR

Conductor - V. L. Belyea

## Dawn

High above a vale I'm standing,  
 Wrapped in cool and fragrant air;  
 Breezes whisper as they pass me  
 Dawn is coming everywhere;  
 Stars, which hitherto shone brightly,  
 Now are slowly turning pale,  
 Birds have just began to twitter  
 Daylight comes with its gray veil.

Slowly now, from all around me  
 Objects loom by coming light,  
 Higher peaks, small shrubs

and pathways,  
 Mountain lakes have come in sight.  
 Streaks are flashing from the east sky,  
 White came first, now pink, now rose,  
 Flushing dawn, its beauty blending  
 Wraps the world in fragile clothes.

All the night clouds fast have scurried,  
 Towards the west, where sunsets glow,  
 Filled the sky to overflowing  
 Just a wee short time ago.

And the few white clouds that linger,  
 Are becoming rosy lined,  
 Banked by red, a bloody sphere now  
 Just above the peaks has climbed.

Slowly mounting in the heavens,  
 On its never ending way  
 Comes the lighted orb of daylight  
 Bringing splendour on the bay;  
 Clear and crystal is the water  
 Sparkling in the morning light.  
 Dawn, its beauty never ending  
 Soft and noiseless, ever bright.

Whether lakes or mountains line it  
 Or some common grassy plain,  
 Whether snow or verdant meadow,  
 Dawn makes all some beauty gain.  
 For the rosy tint of sunrise  
 Washes off all ugly stain.  
 Come and drink the morning splendour,  
 Watch the starting of the day.

ENID MacDONALD, 1932.

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GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

M. Duffy, Marg. Duffy, L. Hartnett, E. Jolliffe, M. Hammond, J. Woodman,  
J. Little, E. MacDonald, Miss Turvey

## Longings

First Prize, Form I., Rosemary McInerney

Oh, the longing in my heart,  
I feel I really must depart  
For the woods and wilds I love.  
The animals are so dear,  
And God is always near,  
I feel I really must depart.

The trees they whisper peace,  
And the honk! honk! of the geese,  
Makes my heart thrill through and through.  
And the campfire blaze is happy,  
And I smell the smell of taffy,  
I feel I really must depart.

The piercing challenge of the owl,  
And my dog's deep low growl,  
Brings me happiness in full.  
The cool night's steady breeze  
That might make people freeze  
I feel I really must depart.

The stars they twinkle bright,  
Like some high, bright kites  
And they make me feel at home among the wilds,  
And the camp is nestling in a hollow  
And the creek is warm and shallow,  
So I feel I really must depart.

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

### FIELD DAY

Our Field Day this year caused much interest among the students of the school and the people of the district.

The students of Otterville and Burgessville Continuation Schools joined with us in helping to make the big event a success.

Some of the girls who were not contestants, took charge of a booth. It was decorated in red, white and black. The girls wore white aprons trimmed with red and white and bandeaux around their heads of the same colour.

Three students from each school took part in each of the events, which consisted of jumping, running, pole-vaulting, etc.

The banner which was given to the school winning most points, was won by the students of our school. The Senior Girls' Championship went to Minnetta Hammond; the Junior Girls' to Joyce Woodman; Clayton Pogue received the Senior Boys' Championship and Arthur Flanders the Junior Boys.

A more suitable day could not have been chosen. The weather was ideal for contestants and spectators.

—LAUREL NANCEKIVELL.

### OUR SOCIAL EVENING

On Friday evening, Feb. 19th, a Leap Year Party was held in the school. Most of the pupils were present and some brought friends to augment our numbers. The school was tastefully decorated in red, white and black—the M. E. C. S. colours. The decorations we owed to the committee—Laurel Nancekivell, Willa Bell and Audrey Boyse.

The chief feature of the evening was the bean bags. Each person was given a small cotton bag containing fifteen beans. For each "yes" or "no," the person said, one bean had to be forfeited to the one who caused him to say it. This was the occasion of a great deal of merriment. Miss Turvey won

the prize for this with forty-seven beans. Other games and contests were also enjoyed. The committee in charge of the programme consisted of Eva Jolliffe, Joyce Woodman and Marion Roberts.

The evening came to a delightful close in luncheon served in the gymnasium, by Mary Dynes, Manguerite Banbury and Vera Downing. After lunch, all seemed loath to go out of the pleasant atmosphere, and spent some time singing popular songs to the accompaniment of the piano played by Edith Strachan. About midnight, all started on their way home. Who can say what time some of them reached their destination?

—M. P. ROBERTS.

### COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

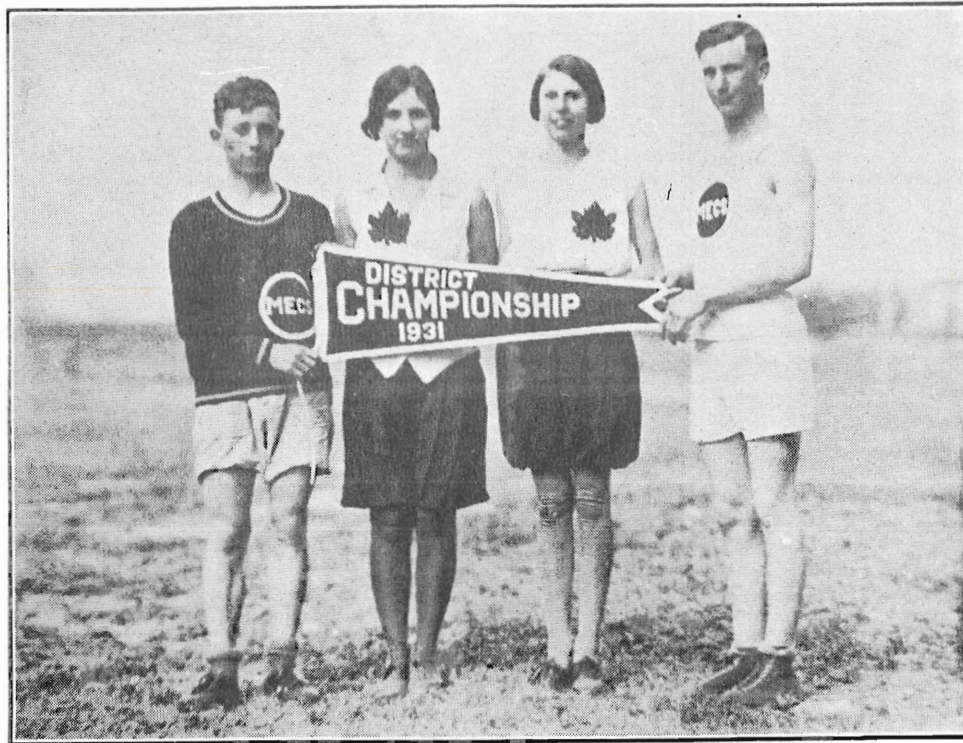
On December 4, 1931, the Mount Elgin Continuation School pupils held their annual commencement exercises in the C. O. F. Hall, Mount Elgin.

The large attendance showed the interest that is being taken by parents and public in general in this event that is becoming better each year.

The presentation of medals won during the previous year, also crests to the four athletic champions, took place. The special feature of the evening was a three-act comedy presented by the senior members of the school and in which they excelled themselves in their splendid performance. Of much interest was the graduation exercises and valedictory address. Rousing choruses and amusing skits added pleasing variety to the programme.

During the evening, the teachers, Mr. Belyea and Miss Turvey, were presented with small gifts as a token of thanks from the students for their able leadership that helped so much in making our M. E. C. S. concert a success.

—M. BANBURY.



#### SCHOOL CHAMPIONS

(Left to Right)

Arthur Flanders, (Junior Champion). Minetta Hammond, (Junior Champion).  
Joyce Woodman, (Senior Champion). Clayton Pogue, (Senior Champion).

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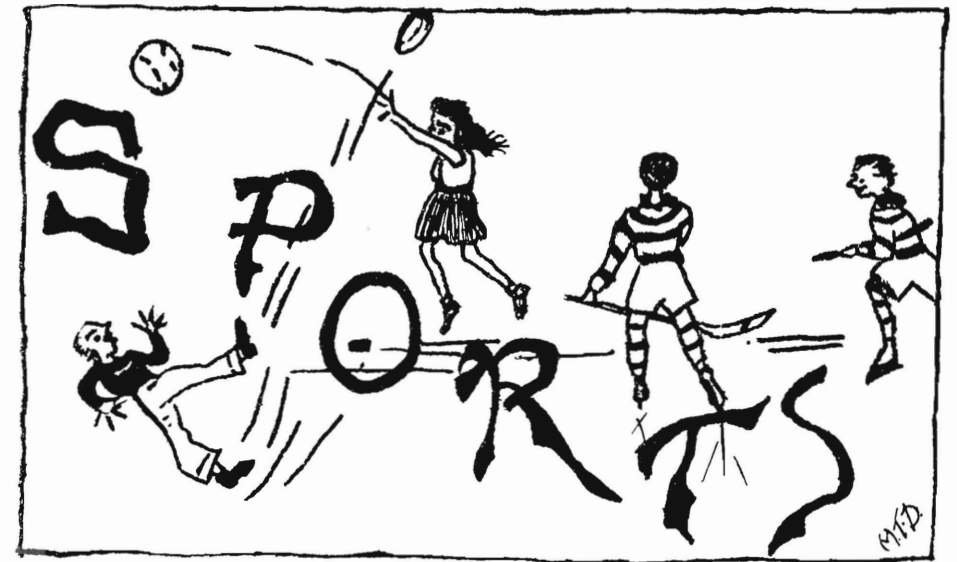
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#### HOCKEY

The winter of 1931-2 was not a typical winter, and so after investing a great deal of time and money in a new open-air rink, we could not use it.

Undoubtedly if our hockey team could have availed themselves of a few more practices under our able coach, Mr. Belyea, our progress in the W.O.S.S.A. would have been much greater. As it was, we lost both league games to the Ingersoll C. I. sextett.

In spite of our defeats we learned to be good losers, and we certainly are optimistic for the next year. What could be better?

#### BASKETBALL

A good gymnasium aids athletes to become more perfect, but a good gymnasium does not always produce a winning team.

Our girls' basketball team proved that when they defeated Otterville team 23 to 16.

They displayed amazing speed and skill and often "pulled" clever plays which seemed to baffle the opponents.

It is to be hoped that another year will find us in the W.O.S.S.A. group.

#### TENNIS

This year promises to be one of the best years for tennis. New equipment has been purchased. The scraping and rolling operations on the court have greatly improved the surface, so that it promises to be very fast. Lastly, a great many enthusiastic members have already joined the club, to make this the most enjoyable of all years.



HOCKEY TEAM

- |           |           |              |             |
|-----------|-----------|--------------|-------------|
| (Top Row) | A. Wright | K. Hill      | C. Pogue    |
| (Centre)  | H. Little | M. Boyse     | R. Morris   |
| (Bottom)  | C. Wilson | P. Moulton   | A. Flanders |
|           | Coach     | V. L. Belyea |             |

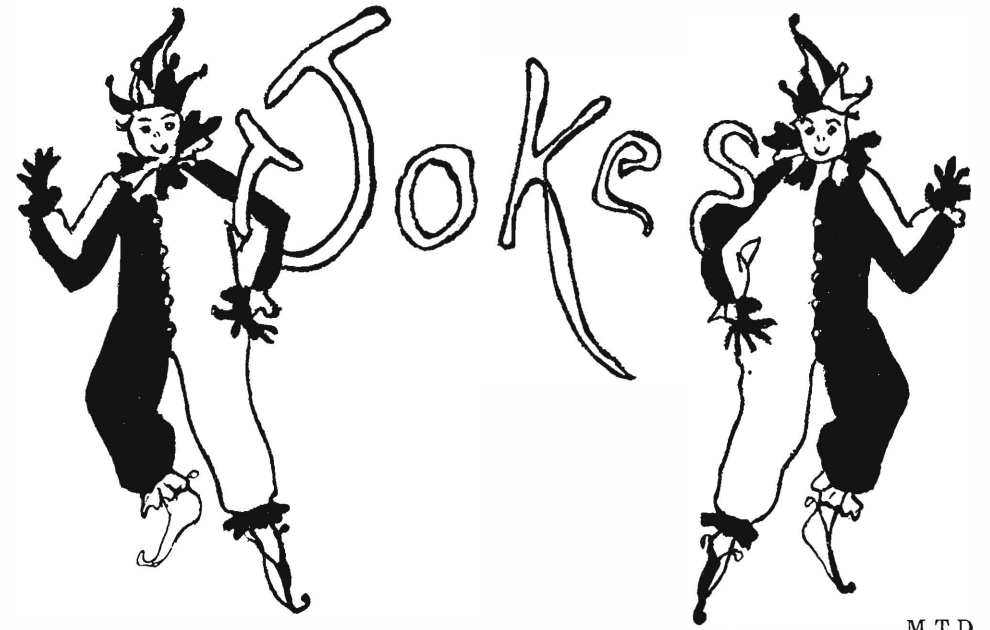
### Choir Concert

The evening of April 29th, found the United Church impressively decorated with ferns, palms, and hydrangeas, loaned to the school by Mr. Bearss, the florist of Ingersoll. The atmosphere created by such decorations, was indicative of the highly inspiring programme which followed.

Assisted by Miss L. Freeman at the piano, the augmented school choir, under the direction of Mr. Belyea, delighted the audience with numerous, well-chosen selections. Between these selections Mr. George Wilson of Folders' Corners, favored the audience by two solos.

Guest artists of the evening were Miss Hilda Briggs of the Canadian Choir, Brantford, and Mr. Charles Briggs, accompanied by Miss L. Wooley of Mount Pleasant. The deep impression of the ability of these artists on the audience was indicated by the numerous encores.

Another very bright feature of the evening, was the keenly contested public-speaking competition of the continuation schools of the district. Miss Marion Roberts of Mount Elgin, was judged the winner, taking as her subject, "Our Debt to Ancient Greece."



M.T.D.

### THE M. E. C. S. PSALM

My teachers are my shepherds and I am in dire want; they preventeth me from lying down in the bed which I owneth; they leadeth me to distraction with their exam. questions. They shaketh my resolution to get the Junior Matriculation; they leadeth me to make a fool of myself before my classmates. Yea, though I burneth the light until my parent yelleth, I fear much evil; for they are against me. Their matter, their method, and their rantings frighten my evils from me. They assigneth me extra work as a punishment in the presence of my class mates; they anointeth my papers with blue pencil marks and my zeros filleth the whole column. Surely exams. and exercises will follow me all the days of my M. E. C. S. career; and I will dwell in the asylum forever.

Miss Turvey to Wilson—"Wake up!"  
 Wilson—"Can't."  
 Miss Turvey—"Why not?"  
 Wilson—"Ain't sleepin'."

### FORM II.

There are twenty pupils in second form  
 They assemble at nine o'clock each  
 morn  
 All the ambitious ones start to work  
 Kenneth for one would never shirk.  
 Will Roberts, who's always head of his  
 class,  
 Is dreaming now of flowers and grass;  
 Cecil Wilson is ever zealous  
 For a compass combat with Wilbur  
 Jellous.  
 Three days out of each week you may  
 see,  
 Leotta dreaming of Georgie Reid.  
 Ernest Welt with big brown eyes,  
 Looks at Eva with hurt surprise,  
 When he sees her cast an engaging  
 smile  
 At Arthur Flanders with coyness  
 But the most of the pupils of number  
 two  
 Are as good as either I or you.  
 —Kathleen Duffy.

Miss Turvey—"Boyce, translate Pax  
 in bello."  
 Boyce—"Free from indigestion."



VERNON L. BELYEA  
Principal

*To Mr. Belyea:*

In the morn of our lives we are striving  
For something beyond our ken,  
He has helped us to solve our problems,  
He aids us still, and then  
When we sit in the quiet of the evening,  
And ponder on our past,  
We will think of one who has given us  
That which will always last—  
A clearer vision into life  
With the will to conquer its trials and strife.

—K. DUFFY.



MISS WINONA K. TURVEY  
Assistant Principal

*To Miss Turvey:*

A friend of all, a worker true,  
Our Meteor sends regards to you  
Who guideth us with gentle hands,  
And as a pal, among us stands.  
  
Far in the distance we can see  
A bright light beaming, wild and free  
Our dreams to reach that beaming light  
Are led by you through darkest night.  
  
And when our goal we some day meet  
And grasp the riches that we seek,  
When praise and honour on us flow  
A worthy teacher made them so.

—ENID F. MacDONALD.





Right to Left:

YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

D. Strachan      C. Pogue      K. Hill  
L. Hartnett      L. Freeman      E. Jolliffe      M. Flanders      A. Boyse

## Foreword

It is not with the least hesitancy, even in this time of slow recovery in economic conditions, that the student body and the staff of this school turn their efforts to the publication of a second Year Book: and, it is with no little pride that on comparing the results with our expectations we find our efforts crowned with some success.

Our little Meteor was transient in that it reached such limits as British Columbia, Texas and England. It was luminous in that it emitted a mental light, which, to say the least, was absorbed by the teachers and pupils; so it did live up to its name. One remaining desire of our last year publication was that the experience we gained would enable us to produce even a better Meteor another year. This too, we sincerely hope is accomplished.

In the recapitulation of last year's efforts, probably the outstanding feature of the Meteor, is the creation of a magnificent school spirit. This is due to the fact that every student works for a common end. Each individual attempts to create a poem, to compose a story, and to draw a cartoon. It is true only a few excel but the work of the successful one is valued more highly. This lesson of appreciation is sufficient to compensate the work done in publishing the magazine.

In closing, I make this wish, that the students of this school will always realize the benefits of a school magazine, and always aspire to produce the best possible. If you do, then the Meteor will always be successful in that it keeps high your aspirations.

—V. L. BELYEA.

# EDITORIALS

M.T.D.

## Unemployment---What Is It?

UNEMPLOYMENT and depression have now become bywords throughout the world. Everyone shares in discussions, arguments of all kinds as to what is the basic cause, but more important still, a much-needed panacea.

What we are saying in this crisis is nearly all borrowed from the past. Let the Government restore prices by inflation—that is to say, by debasing our money. Industry must be stabilized. Production must be controlled by a plan beforehand. Leaders of industry themselves are proposing to do what only the antagonists proposed before—namely, to stabilize industry by coercion and restraint, to limit production by a plan beforehand, to control change. There is a passion for planning the economic future in a rational manner, so that prices, values, supply, demand, employment, production, shall never be in this state of chaos again.

It is a terrific indictment. The League of Nations in its World Economic Survey, 1931-32, says: "A rough calculation at the depth of the economic depression in the spring of 1932, gives a total of twenty to twenty-five million workers unemployed in the world . . . From any point of view, unemployment is the most distressing social problem of the present day."

Now, when we speak of unemployment, do we know what we mean? There it was in England long before machines, before international finance and war-debts, before that economic interdependence of nations, which we now so anxiously regard; there it was when the population of England was perhaps less than the present population of London, and they thought then it was because there were too many people and too many apprentices.

There are various kinds of unemployment, and unemployment, like and unlike, under various conditions. There is unemployment associated with scarcity and under-production and want of machine industry as for hundreds of years in China, where the land has been subdivided to the point at which the individual's holding is not enough to keep him employed; there is unemployment associated with surplus, under consumption, and excessive machine equipment, and where there is still plenty as here in Canada, United States and Australia. And of course there is bound to be unemployment in a society where change takes place at a rapid rate.

And if we consider it, we will find that there is a possibility of something being deeply at fault in our attitude toward work, wherein we take it to be an Adamic curse. Are we not always in flight from it? In our ideal specifications for a higher standard of living, leisure is set very high; work is scarcely included. Then when such necessity overtakes us that work and plenty of it would seem a blessing, we turn to embrace it and are aggrieved that it is not there at hand, waiting and

grateful to be embraced. A race instinctively loving work would require no Milton to unwrite the curse and say :

Adam thus to Eve : "Fair consort, the hour  
Of night, and all things now retired to rest  
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set  
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men  
Successive and the timely dew of sleep,  
Now falling with slumberous weight, inclines  
Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long  
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;  
Man hath his daily work of body and mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity  
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;  
While other animals unactive range,  
And of their doings God takes no account."

A delusional sudden triumph in the flight from work, that is only a false ecstasy of prosperity such as that with which we crashed three years ago, is probably the one most crucial cause of unemployment in its present phenomenal characters.

Nevertheless certain simplifications are indicated; some solution may be found.

First, as to sequels. Three only are possible. These are that we shall advance to a state of material well-being such as now we cannot imagine; that we shall not advance but become static instead; or that we shall retrogress from this point. And since the first of these three sequels is the only one that can give us any new trouble, the other two requiring but our resignation until they can bring up their own solutions, the first alone is worthy to be considered.

Secondly, as a conclusion from experience, we do not advance from peak to peak; neither do we simply recover from a depression. The advance proceeds from depression. And if we ask ourselves if this means that advance is conditioned by depression, the answer must be yes. It is well known that in a time of depression necessity acts. What is that necessity? If we analyse it correctly, it turns out to be a necessity to accommodate oncoming change. The measure of depression is the measure of necessity, and the measure of either is a measure of the first power of change, which is destructive. The second power of change, which is creative, will be in proportion to its first, which is destructive. This may seem like a mystery. It is not. Neither is it a law. It is all the experience we have. Simply, the greater the depression is, the greater the next advance will be.

And so by this experience which we have gleaned from the past, there is no reasonable excuse for us to suppose that the economic world is finished.

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## The Joy of Living

A DISTINGUISHED journalist says he never sits down to write an article without a groan. How he writes well in such a spirit is a mystery, for we believe we should find joy in our labours. The mere exercise of our muscles is normally joy-giving. The frolic of lambs, the play of kittens and the romp of children are examples. Brain work, though often exacting, has its fascinations. The true student enjoys his books. Scientists like Darwin and Pasteur were enraptured with their investigations. Milton working long years on Paradise Lost, Tennyson spending his life on his poems, were held by the enchantment of their labours. Truly work has its joys.

The real Christian is happy. Though many of the old Bible characters had terrible tortures to endure, nevertheless Christianity is predominantly a religion of joy. We think at once of Paul enduring tortures at the hands of the Romans, thrown into prison, yet still singing for joy. Religion could scarcely be conceived of without the thought of joy.

The joy of living is not confined to the prosperous and the wealthy, indeed, we think there is more joy among the comparatively poor than among the rich. In these times when prosperity seems rather far removed from many, we are led to look more closely into the connection between prosperity and happiness and it becomes clear that the two are by no means identical.

Cheerfulness does a great deal towards making life more joyous and happy, both for ourselves and for our daily companions. A sunny disposition is a gift from God. But there are many whose minds are filled with gloomy thoughts and who look on the dark side of everything. Such people cannot radiate sunshine until they fill their minds with brighter, happier thoughts. This is no easy matter. However, if we go persistently to work to cultivate a cheerful disposition, our efforts will at length be rewarded.

To really get the best out of life we must only remember the thought of this couplet:

"Give the world the best you have,  
And the best will return to you."

Thus we see it lies entirely with us as to the joy we get out of life.

"Life itself can't give me joy  
Unless I really will it,  
Life just gives me time and space,  
It's up to me to fill it."

—MARION ROBERTS.

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Where the Good Clothes Come From



**MR. DONALD STRACHAN**  
Director of Boys' Sports

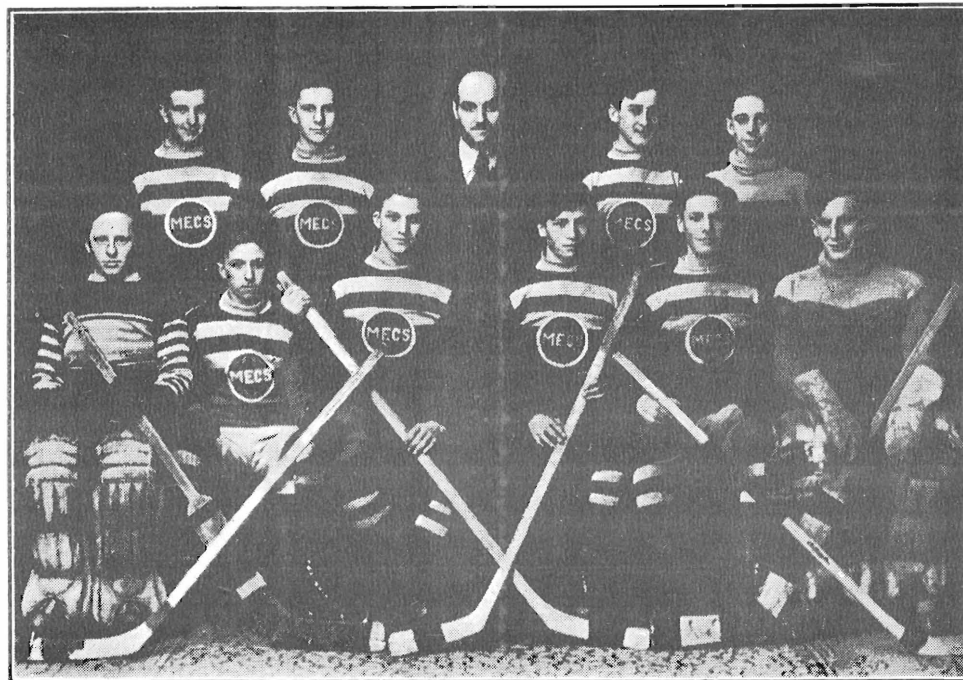
### MR. STRACHAN

Our school is very fortunate in having Mr. Donald Strachan, a former student and now a highly qualified teacher, with us this year.

Although Mr. Strachan returns as a student of Agriculture, he has very willingly and so capably been the Director of Boys' Athletics.

It is due to his persistent supervision and coaching, that the boys have learned fully the meaning of such phrases as, "hold that line," "straight arm," "end run," etc., and not soon will such rugby games as those that took place in Ingersoll and Norwich fade from the memory of the players.

In hockey, Mr. Strachan was responsible for the development of keener enthusiasm and an increase in wealth of experience of our team which will greatly add to the attainment of success in the future.



Right to Left :

### HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row : C. Pogue W. Jellous Mr. Belyea J. Morris A. Flanders

Front Row :

F. Nancekivell R. Freeman H. Little G. Bentley K. Hill D. Strachan



M.T.D

## Frank Einstein and Dr. Acula

**H**ERLOCK Sholmes, the great detective, looked up as his trusty assistant, Whatso, entered. "Ah," he said, "from your face I deduce that you had egg for breakfast." "A gentleman to see you, sir," said Whatso. "Beyond the obvious facts that he is a musician, bets on horse-races and plays golf, I have made no deductions."

"Show him in," said Sholmes and a man entered. From the fact that he had his collar on upside down and had forgotten his shirt, Sholmes at once concluded that he was mildly excited.

"My name is Frank Einstein," said the visitor. "I am in great danger. Let me tell my story."

"Certainly," said Sholmes. "Begin in the middle and work both ways to save time."

"Well," replied his visitor, "with the aid of my colleague, Dr. Acula, I have been attempting to prove the theory of evolution. So well have we succeeded that we have invented a serum which will turn man into monkey. Of course it works more readily in some cases than in others. Last night I found on returning home that a visitor had been ushered into my laboratory to await my arrival. He was described as a very large man and apparently of great strength. On entering the laboratory I was horrified to find a huge gorilla just finishing the last of our serum. He escaped through the window after practically wrecking the room. Now, Mr. Sholmes, we must capture the brute before he causes further havoc."

"Quick, Whatso! The hair restorer!" shouted Sholmes, and seizing the bottle of Peerless Hair Restorer, (guaranteed to raise hair on a golf ball), he hastily grew a large, black beard. With this disguise and armed with his gorilla-catching apparatus, Sholmes, Whatso, and Frank Einstein hastened to the laboratory. Here they were joined by Dr. Acula. The four sat down and Sholmes cried: "Let me think! Let me think!" As no one had any objections, Sholmes thought for half-a-day. Then he ordered Whatso to go to the library and get a book on gorillas. Whatso returned with an eight-volume work by Professor I. M. A. Nut, entitled, "The Garrulous Gorilla." When he had finished reading this, Sholmes cried, "Ah, I have an idea."

"Treat it gently," replied Whatso, "it's in a strange place."

"I have it anyway," said Sholmes. "This book says that the favorite food of the gorilla is the coconut. It also says that the gorilla is a great imitator. Therefore Whatso will disguise himself as a gorilla. He will then go out and make a noise like a coconut. When the gorilla is attracted Whatso will produce a pair of handcuffs and fasten them on his own wrists. The gorilla will do the same. Whatso will then give us a signal and we will capture the gorilla."

"Excellent!" cried Dr. Acula and Frank Einstein. Whatso didn't seem so enthusiastic, but finally he agreed that it was a good idea—if it worked.

These objections being overcome, Sholmes quickly purchased a gorilla dis-

guise at a drug store and in a few moments Whatso was more like a gorilla than the average gorilla.

Whatso now ventured forth and began his well known imitation of a coconut calling gorillas. In a few moments the gorilla was heard replying. Presently he came in view, nonchalantly picking his teeth with a telephone pole, held in one hand, and eating a bunch of bananas with the other. When he saw Whatso he stopped in amazement. He said something in gorilla language but Whatso's teeth were chattering so it drowned out his words.

However, Sholmes' plan worked perfectly, for when the gorilla saw Whatso snap the handcuffs on himself, he promptly produced another pair and did the same. He then sat down on the telephone pole to admire himself.

Whatso now gave the signal agreed on, by scratching his left ear with his right foot, at the same time coughing twice in the key of C. The gorilla attempted to imitate him but failed as his leg was too short and his voice too high.

Frank Einstein, Dr. Acula and Herlock Sholmes rushed upon the gorilla. The latter seized Whatso and a terrific struggle followed. So perfect was Whatso's disguise that none of the three could tell which was he and which was the gorilla. Sholmes however, solved the puzzle by knocking out both. He then identified Whatso by the fact that his feet were too big for a gorilla.

So grateful were Dr. Acula and Frank Einstein to Herlock Sholmes that the former presented him with a check for \$11.98, and the latter with an autographed photograph of himself. As for the gorilla, it may still be seen in the Mount Elgin Museum of Natural History.

—DON. STRACHAN.

## Code of The North

IT was mid-afternoon. The sun had long been hidden and already the shadows of night were creeping, creeping onward, over that interminable waste of snow--which is the North. No object moved to break the monotony of that never-ending chasteness, with the blue dome of the heavens hanging like a huge bowl, from which golden pendants scintillated an iridescent glow. But wait! Was not that an almost imperceptible movement off to the south? Yes, slowly it took shape—a sledge drawn by a dog-team, beside which a man trudged painfully, every step taxing his strength to the utmost.

Durwood Jefferson, a tried and trusted Mountie, sent by the chief into this snow-bound wilderness to track and find the outlaw, Gregory Collins, still continued his search with dogged persistence—a promise of promotion for his compensation.

As the shadows of night enveloped him once again, he halted, gathered brushwood preparatory to building his camp-fire and soon a ruddy glow lighted up the crystalline surroundings. His supper of steaming coffee, beans and bannock, was soon completed, and, as he sat before his fire, he fell to musing. Here he was, in this frigid wilderness, cut off from friends and home, almost insane for want of human voices, familiar endearing voices, silent now for so long. And this was his present state, all because he had, fool that he was, voluntarily accepted a task known to be full of danger even to the most cautious; and all for a petty reward. What if he should never find Collins! What if even now he was safely in another Land—whence there is no return. For after all, it is a sad and dreadful thing, even for a criminal, to die alone, unwept, his soul to be released and fly forth—whither? And if so, he, Jefferson, was partly to blame. Did he not represent the Law—that power which cared for naught but that its victim be brought to justice—placed before the iron

mask of the judge who would dictate the death-sentence, and which would be duly carried out?

Should he turn back, hand in his resignation, and be marked down as a failure? This would inevitably be the outcome. No, he would carry on, would find the outlaw and bring him back as was his duty. So much for his resolution. But Conscience would not let him rest. The thought kept recurring again and again—What if in the next twenty-four hours he should meet him face to face, perhaps in the last stages of starvation—Could he stick to his purpose?—Could he carry it through? And like a tiny whisper he seemed to hear: "Show mercy and you shall be rewarded."

And so he half-promised himself that should he find Collins, he would follow the dictates of his conscience. Instantly his cares and troubles fell away from him—like a heavy armour hitherto enveloping his heart and he slept, a deep refreshing sleep.

Morning broke again upon the world, with that superb grandeur that the North alone can claim. The rosy radiance in the east spread upward, ever upward, till from its midst the sun burst forth and breaking its golden bonds it rode high in the heavens.

And in this great white land, where one innately feels the close proximity of God, where one has every right to feel that he is free from that formidable enemy of the fugitive—the Law of Man—a representative of that Law is even now breaking the holy quiet, as he trudges onward.

All day he struggled on, and just as night again spread dusky wings upon the little calvacade, a red speck shone out across the level wastes. He hastened his steps and the speck expanded to a square of light. Gradually a darker object began to assert itself—a cabin. Instantly, the thought flashed upon him. Within that cabin Gregory Collins, the outlaw, the fugitive, at last was brought to bay. Cautiously Jefferson approached, peered in at the one window. He sat there at the table facing the door—an open book spread out before him.

Unconsciously Jefferson's hand reached for his revolver. He glided to the door, opened it and took one step into the cabin.

And then, a strange thing happened. As he was about to utter the well-known command, the words died upon his lips. For the face before him irradiated such unutterable joy as of the soul alone, in which the body had no share, but the eyes were fixed, unseeing, and for one dreadful instant, a horrible fear clutched at the heart of Jefferson. Had that grim visitor, he dare not name, been there before him.

But slowly the heavy veil, which seemed to film his eyes, lifted and a light of understanding broke upon them. He looked at Jefferson, seeing him now for the first time. Motioning him to a chair, he spoke.

"There is no need to state your mission, nor need I tell you that it can never be fulfilled. Even as I saw the pallor of death upon the face of him whom I had robbed of life, (and I still feel that I was justified in so doing, since it was either his life or mine), I knew well that I would be followed with that unquenchable perseverance characteristic of the Royal Mounted. But I knew also whither I would go for safety.

"Oh! dear friend, (if so I may address you), you cannot know how infinitely tender, how merciful and understanding, this great white land has been to me. It is the refuge for the poor fugitive who, repenting of his sin, here seeks forgiveness, as does a child pleading at its mother's knee. And I have felt a growing certainty upon me that the clutches of the Law should grasp for me in vain. And now, rather than cast me into its greedy jaws, the doors of Heaven are opened wide, and a loving Voice bids me enter."

As he ceased speaking, a deep silence fell upon the room. Jefferson's eyes

were misty, nor did he endeavour to conceal his emotion. Who can tell what were his inmost thoughts.

And so the minutes slowly passed, until the man again broke the quiet, expressing the wish to be assisted to his bunk. Jefferson gently placed him upon the rude bed, noting how laboured his breathing had become. The lamp burned lower, ever lower, and the light in the blue eyes dimmed. The Black-robed Rider was approaching rapidly.

There was nothing to do but wait; and long did Jefferson remain by the bedside. Suddenly a spasm of pain passed over the face of the dying man, one final struggle and then—peace. Jefferson reverently composed the hands upon the breast forever still and spread the sheet over the cold and limpid form.

Long he sat at the little table where the book still lay and in which he read the words: "Thou shalt not kill." Truly the dead man had amply atoned for his sin, and God would grant His forgiveness.

Jefferson did not sleep that night and when morning broke, he placed the body beneath the cabin where prowling wolves could not molest it. And in the late forenoon, having made up his pack, he once more set out, not towards the north this time, but south.

All day he trudged, but cared not when he reached his destination. He had been foiled, baffled and he was glad—glad that he did not have to drag from this haven of peace the poor fugitive who had here sought protection.

That night in the warmth of his campfire, sat a solitary figure, in his heart a sweet content, a quiet peace.

—KATHLEEN DUFFY.

## Stepping Stones

LIFE for even the greatest of men is made up chiefly of small things and humble things. When a person knows toward what goal he is working, (aiming), the most irksome tasks become golden stepping stones to victory. When a mason builds, does not every stone piled upon stone, bring nearer the completed structure. When an artist paints a picture does not every stroke of the brush tend to the completion of the masterpiece? When a father toils day in and day out, for the support of his growing family, does he not find his labour worth while in the satisfaction he experiences in being able to feed and clothe his young children? So like the mason, the artist and the father, whose lives admit of no monotony because they are working with a fixed purpose, we, by never shrinking from our daily, necessary tasks, can find satisfying, lasting joy, because we too are working with a fixed purpose—the purpose of making our lives more and more successful.

We learn to elevate our thoughts, to trample on our weaknesses and faults, to overcome our false pride, and to bear our sufferings in silence. There is a new incentive to perform every task cheerfully, to take the hard ones along with the simple ones, never shirking or putting off until to-morrow. This draws to my mind a picture of a little boy, Ted Gorman, who was walking slowly home from school. He hadn't run off with the other boys as soon as school was dismissed today. The teacher had said something that made Ted do some hard thinking.

It was perhaps because his mind was busy that he walked so slowly. He paused, bowed his head a little, wrinkled his forehead, and kicked imaginary objects before him. At least he seemed to kick at something, though there wasn't a thing on the sidewalk. Ted was thinking. Maybe kicking helped. "The ole school's no good," Ted said to himself. He didn't mean that. He was just trying to make himself feel

a little better about things in general. "The ole teacher's no good." Ted knew that wasn't true. But then he was only talking to himself.

In his own heart Ted admitted that it was all his own fault. He hadn't kept his work up to date. He had just skimmed over his lessons. He had stumbled through his history every day. He hadn't done well in the monthly examinations and had trailed near the last of his class all year.

Now it was only two weeks before school closed. And Ted wanted to be promoted. He wanted to keep up with the other boys in the class. But how could he pass the exams. ? That was the trouble. The teacher had told the boys that they would be given the examinations soon. She had advised them to go back over the year's work and to brush up on the subjects they weren't sure of. "That's all right for some of them," Ted muttered, "but how can I catch up?" It did seem hopeless.

Ted was almost home when he remembered that he had seen men driving stakes into the ground in the vacant lot at the corner of his street. He wondered what they were going to do. Now he forgot his worries and hurried to find out.

When he got to the corner he saw that cords had been attached to the stakes. The cords made parallel lines. Between these lines men were digging. Ted could see that the cords were guides for the men, so that they could dig in the right place. He was greatly interested and he watched them for several minutes. It was a very good idea, he thought. Without these cords the men might dig any place, and their digging wouldn't be much good. He had seen all there was to see, and was turning away to go home, when it struck him that if he wanted to pass his examinations, it would be worth while to have cords or guides so that he wouldn't waste time in his studying.

"Perhaps," he told himself hopefully, "I can pass those ole examinations if I figure out a way to study up everything without losing a minute." He felt a little more cheerful then, and he walked a little faster. When he arrived home, he went straight to his room. He brought out his school books and laid them all out on the table, in a line, one after another. He wasn't quite sure of the best way to go about it, so he sat back to think it out. After a while he thought he knew how he could manage it.

He took up his grammar first. Then he got a sheet of paper and a pencil. He opened the grammar at the first page and slowly turned each page, read a little to see what it was all about. As he read he made notes on his sheet of paper. Right on through the book he did that. The notes he made were the pages that spoke of things he wasn't sure of. Instead of going through the whole book and trying to cram everything, he would just turn to the pages he needed to study. His paper was almost full when he reached the end of the grammar, but he wasn't discouraged. When going through, he saw quite a few things that he knew. He hadn't thought of them. "Well, this ole sheet will be all the cord I need for the grammar," he said. "I know where to dig now, and watch me dig."

A call came, then, to Ted from his mother, to supper. He told her what he was doing and of course she thought that it was a very good idea. After supper Ted went at his home work earnestly. Then he marked the places in his arithmetic, his Canadian history and his geography before bedtime.

The next day he was very attentive and serious in class. He tried his best to remember everything and to make sure that he knew it. He hurried home after school and finished up his homework in a very short time. Having studied for about an hour before supper he had his grammar learned very well and so after supper his history was next tended to. When this grew monotonous he changed to his geography. He was surprised that study could be so interesting when a fellow went at it hard, and he could hardly believe it, when his mother came to tell him it was time to go to bed.

Since that Ted has worked steadily almost every night. He isn't worried about

the examinations now. He feels quite sure that he can pass. But he has made up his mind that he won't be caught napping next year. He's going to make sure of the work as he goes along from day to day. He found how hard it was to catch up once he got behind in his studies even though his plan worked in mapping out his work.

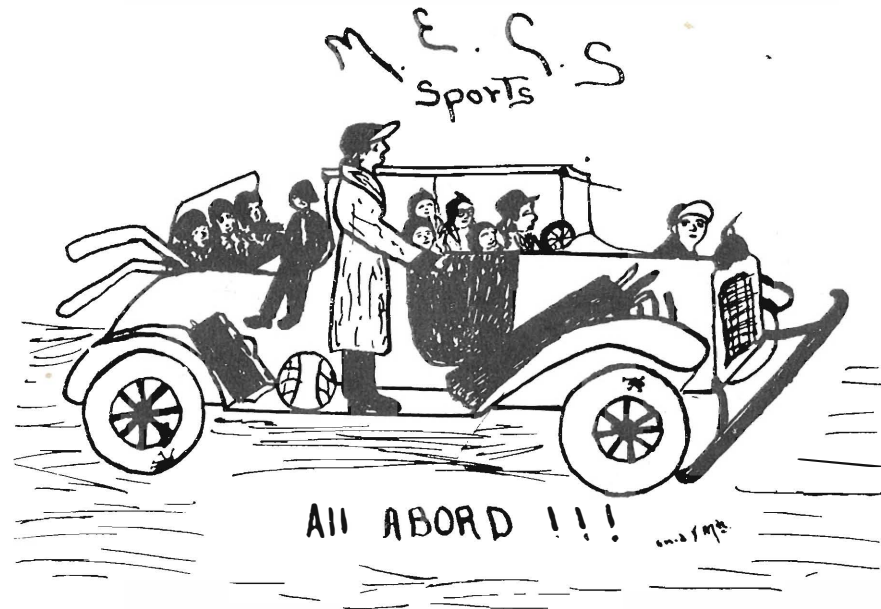
If something we have set out to do has failed, what reasons have we to be anything else but discouraged, desperate, pessimistic? We can of course keep trying. The rungs of the ladder will be there by which we are to climb; and we should grasp the opportunity.

Within us all are capabilities for goodness that can be brought to their highest and fullest usefulness, potentialities and powers that are susceptible of the finest development.

There are wonderful things we are going to do—  
                                   Some other day;  
 And harbours of hope to drift into,  
                                   Some other day.  
 With folded hands and oars that trail,  
 We watch and wait for a favouring gale,  
 To fill the folds of an idle sail—  
                                   Some other day.

We know we must toil, if we wish to win  
                                   Some other day;  
 But we say to each other that we'll begin  
                                   Some other day;  
 And so, deferring, we loiter on,  
 Until at last we find withdrawn  
 The strength of the hope we leaned upon—  
                                   Some other day.

—HELEN DUFFY.



MARION ROBERTS  
 Valetictorian

## Valedictory Address

By M. P. Roberts

Ladies and Gentlemen, Students of the M. E. C. S.,  
 Boys and Girls :

I feel it a high honour indeed to be the representative of the graduating class of 1932 on this, the occasion of our farewell to our old school and of our graduation or commencement—the commencement for us of a new and wider life. Its promise is beckoning us, but we stand at the parting of the ways, hesitant to respond to its call for we are also granted a moment to look back over what has been probably the happiest years of our life.

The deep imprint that these years have made upon our character will ever remain, for it has given us the incentive to develop our gifts to the utmost and to exercise our opportunities to the full. It is with conflicting emotions that we realize that our tasks within its walls are finished.

Our development here has been both social and intellectual. How often flashes of memory will recall to us the many functions at which we joyously associated with our fellow-students! With deep regret we must sever, but only temporarily, we hope, the friendships so firmly formed.

Now is the fitting time to express our gratitude to our teachers, who have shown such constant interest in us and in our welfare. It was our teachers who helped us to hew the steps in the cliff, it was they who directed our feet up the arduous ascent of achievement, to the broad plateau upon which we are now standing. For—

Isn't it funny that princes and kings

And clowns that caper in sawdust rings  
 And common folk like you and me  
 Are builders for eternity?  
 To each is given a bag of tools  
 A shapeless mass and a set of rules  
 And each must make e'er life has flown,  
 A stumbling-block or a stepping stone.

And so as the years of study at the M. E. C. S. have been but a stepping-stone to higher things, we look upward toward the summit that we must reach by our own efforts. May we continue hewing and climbing the niches in the wall, keeping ever before us the ideals inculcated at the M. E. C. S., until we attain the golden pinnacle of success—The success that I think is so aptly defined in this poem:—

It's doing your work the best you can,  
 And being just to your fellowman;  
 It's making money, yet holding friends,  
 And staying true to your aims and ends;  
 It's figuring how, and learning why  
 And looking forward and thinking high.

It's dreaming a little and doing much,  
 And keeping always in closest touch  
 With what is fine in word and deed;  
 It's being thorough, yet making speed,  
 It's daring blithely the field of chance  
 While making labour a glad romance.

It's going forward despite defeat  
 It's fighting staunchly yet keeping sweet;  
 It's living clean and playing fair  
 And laughing lightly at Dame Despair;  
 It's looking up at the stars above  
 And drinking deeply of life and love.

It's struggling on with a will to win  
 And taking loss with a cheerful grin  
 It's sharing sorrow, work and mirth  
 And making better this good old earth.  
 It's serving—striving through strain and stress;  
 It's doing our noblest—that's success.

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FALL LITERARY EXECUTIVE



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## Winter Fun

(Form I.)

Winter is the time of year  
When children are so gay,  
They take the sleds they had last year  
And play the time away.

They build a snow fort  
With great care,  
And soon snowballs  
Fly through the air.

Then for a sleigh ride  
Down the hill:  
And on the slide  
There is many a spill.

But from the door their mother calls  
And says their sports are o'er.  
And with thoughts of their supper there  
They run for the open door.

—RUTH MERRILL.

## The Leaf

I wandered desolate and lone,  
Along that rustic lane;  
An autumn leaflet fluttered down - -  
My soul was whole again!  
A little thing? Aye, so it seemed  
Soft-nestled in the sod;  
The monstrous things are made by man  
- - The little things by God . .

About one edge a crimson stain  
Mixed with a russet brown;  
Then merged with a yellow gleam  
That ran the centre down;  
A little thing, but wondrous fair;  
It brought me peace of mind;  
For maple leaves and country lanes  
- - O Lord our God, Thou'rt kind!

—LILIAN BOWLEY.

## Query

Never to have seen the hawthorn  
hedge in blossom;  
Never to have felt the magic in  
the breeze;  
Never to have heard the song of  
lark a-carol,

Or caught the dying whisper in  
the trees;

Never to have wandered, in a  
dewy April,

Over gaily-flowered verdant hills;  
Never to have chased the merry  
elves to cover,

Or listened to the singing of the mills!  
A life that is not life; a dreary stretch  
of time

Till Death shall end it swiftly at  
God's feet;

What is the use of living if we  
cannot see

The glorious things in life—the gay,  
the sweet?

—LILIAN BOWLEY

\* \* \* \*

## The Awakening

(Form III.)

The birds to their innermost feather,  
Are touched by the sun:  
The phoebe is here and fine weather,  
Spring is begun.

The long, long winter is fled:  
The flowers that forth peep  
Are a few of God's tiny sheep led,—  
His numberless sheep.

—ROSEMARY McINERNEY.

\* \* \* \*

## Beauty

This is the beauty of this day:  
The fragrance of a lilac's fragil flower--  
The silver of the twilight's magic hour,  
When thrills the thrush's liquid lay;  
The pathos of a violin's wild song;  
The smoke-blue of a mountain's dis-  
tant crest

Where cloud-wings trail their gold  
cross the breast

Of some dim like the pathless hills  
among

And God has given man a soul  
Of pearl and amethyst and crystal  
made

That, till the heavens fall and slow stars  
fade,

Shall see, and keep, His beauty whole.  
—LILIAN BOWLEY

## School Days

The students went riding into the east  
To the rosy gleam of the morning sun,  
Each thought of the lesson he knew

The Latin unlearned and the French  
the least

For girls will giggle and boys will laugh  
Though teachers frown and school  
undone,

And parents do the scolding,  
mates chaff,

The students sat up in the midnight  
hours

And they studied and crammed for all  
their worth,

Ancient History and bugs and flowers,  
Science of water and air and earth—

For exams. will come and they must  
be shared,

Though scholars be ready or unprepared,  
And the bell be slowly ringing .

The papers lay out in the gleaming  
light

On the study table at Elgin town,  
And the master is frowning or  
smiling bright

As he reads them over and marks  
them down,

For some will fail and others must pass  
For there are dull and clever in

every class  
And some are in the running.

These students are going to M. E. C. S.,  
Learning of everything under the sun  
The finished product you well may

guess.  
Some come to study and some for fun,  
But each one passing through

the school  
May make success or be a fool  
And miss the chance a-coming.

—DOROTHY DYNES.

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## Peace

Here is a holy place; the dove-grey dusk  
Is filled with fragrance of forgotten  
things,

And, as the twilight deepens down  
the hill,

The hush is broken by the thrill  
of wings . .

His touch is on the birches; He is here - -  
In flower and fern, in star and  
sacred calm;

The breezes stir in little prayers to Him;  
The evening birdsong rises in a Psalm.

Down the dim aisles of cloistered trees  
His Presence sheds a brightly  
golden light,

Peace, peace is here, on quiet wings,  
For those who worship Him tonight.

—LILIAN BOWLEY

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## The Worth While Things Are God's

I saw to-day sweet flowers of men--  
But none are like the ones God sends.

I heard to-day a tamed fox bark--  
But none bark like the wild did bark.

I heard this day a tiny caged bird--  
But none sound like the first God heard.

The artificial! Oh, how changed--  
From the first ones God arranged.

If we only knew the pangs He suffered--  
We would always see that His things  
were not differed.

—ROSEMARY McINERNEY.

\* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \*

## An April Morning

Again in misty April,  
The grass is becoming green;  
And also along the river,  
The pussy willows are seen.

Then also in the valley,  
The buds are breaking through,  
And nothing cheers the heart more,  
Than to see the sky clear blue.

And also in the valley,  
From out the high tree-tops,  
The blackbirds are calling,  
To the very top.

And out in the garden,  
Where the wind doth blow,  
The golden yellow daffodils,  
Are looking just so.

—MADELINE SMITH.

## Autumn

(Form I.)

Autumn is a happy time  
When everything doth rhyme  
The song of the birds, the leaves in the  
trees,  
The grasshopper green, and humming  
bees.

I like autumn as no other season,  
Ask me why? I have a reason;  
Everything is coloured so bright,  
And winter fun is just in sight.

And in the orchards and the town  
Red apples are scattered all around.  
The harvest is all over  
Soon we'll be going to Dover.

The boys and girls are going to school,  
They all know the golden rule,  
Autumn is a happy time,  
Even happy seems the forest pine.

—GLADYS M. NUTT.

\* \* \* \*

## The Briar Rose

Oh sweet wild flower  
That grow'st along the way,  
Bright sunshine of this hour,  
My theme to-day.

Thy heart of pure bright gold,  
Thy faint perfume  
Stirs mem'ries dim and cold  
To live and bloom.

Down by the silver stream,  
And there on yonder hill,  
Reliving childhood's dream  
I linger still.

I pluck thee from the stem  
Nor mind the thorn,  
My heart as light as thine—  
Life's early morn.

Oh sweet wild flower,  
Thou diest; as for me,  
My heart yearns to be pure  
Like heart of thee.

—K. M. DUFFY.

## Twilight Symphony

Soft and silent night descending  
Peace and quiet sweetly blending  
With a song.

No discordant, harshly ringing  
Voice of crude human singing  
Full and strong.

Nature's choirs her vespers chanting  
O'er Nocturne magic spells enchanting  
Far and near.

Pan's young choirsters pipes are  
playing,  
Phoebus' fires now smold'ring, dying,  
Linger here.

What a grand and glorious setting  
For this choir now begetting  
Gentle rest.

While the nightingale is skimming  
And the crimson glow is dimming  
In the West.

—KATHLEEN M. DUFFY.

\* \* \* \*

## Spring

Once more in happy Spring,  
The grass is growing green,  
Along the winding river,  
The pussy-willows lean.

Down in my heart  
Comes a feeling serene,  
As I watch the red buds  
Of the maple, turn green.

And in most every garden  
Where little breezes run,  
The iris, and golden daffodils  
Are blowing in the sun.

Everything looks bright and fresh  
At morn, the flowers sparkle with glee,  
The rivers in their endless dream  
Tell of Spring's beauty, grand and free.

—GLADYS M. NUTT.



FORMS I, II, and III

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

When school opened last Fall everyone seemed tickled ??? to get back. We were very glad to find that we had Mr. Belyea and Miss Turvey as our teachers. Everything started as usual, everyone enjoyed the sports carried on during the season. Several exciting and interesting rugby games were played with Ingersoll and Norwich.

The programme committee decided on the play, "Pollyanna", which was successfully given at the Annual Commencement.

The Fall Literary Executive were elected and carried out their duties very well. A meeting was held every other Friday from three-thirty to four. As the Christmas examinations were at hand everyone looked more cheerful on account of their parents making them stay in nights, on account of getting more sleep.

We hope that the holidays were enjoyed by all. A stirring debate was staged soon after and all should know that face-powder is more beneficial than gun-powder.

In January, the business committee of the Year Book, began the advertising campaign. After hearing of the strenuous conditions of the country from different merchants, we were successful in raising the necessary funds for the Year Book. During the course of our wanderings, we made a very pleasant trip to Western University, and were the guests of Professor Kingston.

The Mount Pleasant Continuation School very willingly sponsored our play, "Pollyanna", the proceeds of which went to our Literary Society. Hasty preparations were made for the At Home. Although it was a very disagreeable night, many of the parents attended. During the close of winter, a number of hockey games were played, which created a deal of interest among the pupils.

Unfortunately the extreme cold weather, kept many of the pupils out of school the latter part of the week, those who did attend entertained themselves by making candy and taffy.

An interesting event was the hatching of the chicks in the incubator. Due to lack of sufficient moisture the hatch did not turn out well. However, four healthy and active chicks survive.

EXTRA—Last Minute Flash—Don. Strachan failed to give a favourable explanation when he returned to school late after hockey match. Reports have it he ran into a snow drift.

—CLAYTON POGUE.

\* \* \* \*

### FIELD MEET

Our annual Field Meet was held this year at Burgessville Continuation School, on Thursday, October 6th. But owing to the inclemency of the weather, it was impossible to complete the programme of events on that day. It was decided that at a later date it be concluded.

Accordingly, on Friday, October 21, all again assembled at Burgessville. This time the weather proved more favorable. Three students from each school, namely Burgessville, Mount Elgin and Otterville, were contestants in each of the events, which were feats of jumping, pole-vaulting, running, etc.

The pennant which was to be awarded the school attaining the highest number of points was won by our school. Also the Girls' Senior Championship went to Enid MacDonald and the Boys' Junior to Arthur Flanders. Otterville claimed the Girls' Junior Championship, and Burgessville the Boys' Senior. The Senior Boys' Championship of our own school was awarded to Clayton Pogue, and the Junior Girls' to Rosemary McInerney.

—KATHLEEN M. DUFFY.

### THE MASQUERADE SOCIAL

On the evening of November 2, Mrs. H. P. Shuttleworth very graciously opened her spacious home, "Elgin Hall", to the teachers and students, and a few of their friends, for a jolly Hallowe'en masquerade.

The rooms which were so admirably suited to an occasion of this kind, had previously been decorated in a colour scheme of orange and black, and many pumpkins were arranged in every conceivable spot.

Early in the evening, guests began to arrive attired in various weird and comic costumes and it was with keen pleasure that much guessing was done before the masks were removed, displaying the owner's real face.

Games suited to the occasion had been arranged by the committee in charge, and a short program of music, and song was enjoyed.

The serving of refreshments brought the most enjoyable evening to a close. A hearty vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Shuttleworth for her kind hospitality.

—LAUREL E. NANCEKIVELL

\* \* \* \*

### COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

A very interesting event took place in the C. O. F. Hall, Friday night, December 9, when the pupils of the school under the direction of the teachers, presented a worth while play entitled, "Pollyanna, the Glad Girl." The opening chorus, "Here we are," was sung by the pupils, with Laurene Freeman assisting at the piano. Our president, Edith Strachan, gave a few remarks. Jean Harris, Dorothy Dynes and Kenneth Hill entertained the audience with a charming trio, "The Old Sunday School." After the first act of the play, "All Canadian Girl", was sung by the rugby boys.

We were delighted to have Mr. Hagan, Public School Inspector, present the class graduates with their diplomas, another important feature of the evening. The 1932 graduates were Mary

Dynes, Eleanor Ellery, Lilian Bowley, Marion Roberts, Vena Downing, Elsie Jellous, Margaret Duffy, and Merlyn Boyce. A splendid valedictory address was delivered by Marion Roberts.

After the second act, Mr. Turner was called upon to present the proficiency prizes to the students, Rosemary McInerney, Kathleen Duffy, Marguerite Banbury, Ferne Scanlon, William Roberts and Jack Morris.

A typical school scene was put on by several pupils which was done very naturally and after Act III a number of girls sang and performed to, "The Flies Crawled up the Window."

We had the pleasure of calling forth our teachers, Miss Turvey and Mr. Belyea, to present them with a remembrance on behalf of their students. The address was read by Jessie Little, and Kathleen Duffy and Harry Little made the presentation. The closing chorus, "Good Night My Friends," followed the last act of the play and the National Anthem was sung by all.

—HELEN DUFFY.

\* \* \* \*

### OUR AT HOME

On the evening of February 6th, 1933, the teachers and pupils of the M. E. C. S., entertained the parents of the pupils and also the ex-pupils of 1932.

In spite of the stormy evening, there was a large crowd which came in response to the invitation which each had received the previous week.

On entering the school the storm was soon forgotten. Hyacinths and other spring flowers bloomed in such profusion that one could scarcely refrain from feeling that spring had come. The early part of the evening was spent in friendly chat and introductions to mutual friends, after which all were summoned to the gymnasium which had been tastefully decorated in the school colours, red and black, and also in white.

The programme commenced by an address from the President of the Literary Society, Miss Edith Strachan. This was followed by several interesting items which consisted of a dramatized

ation of the Shakespearian play, representing Brutus and Cassius; also a humorous debate, "Resolved that gun-powder has done more for the world than face-powder," the judges awarding the victory to the negative side.

The medals were then awarded by Mr. Archie Turner to the winners in the athletic feats. The senior girls' championship went to Enid MacDonald; the junior girls' Rosemary McInerney; the senior boys' to Clayton Pogue, and the junior boys' to Arthur Flanders.

Miss Helen Duffy read the School Journal, which afforded great amusement to the crowd. The programme closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

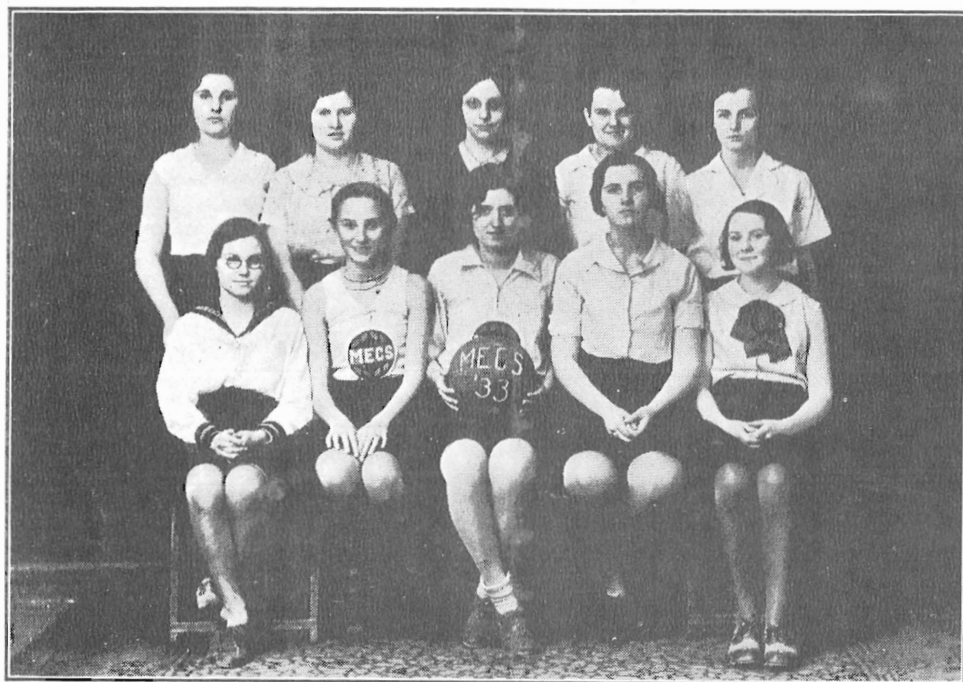
A very interesting feature of the evening was appreciated by all which consisted of a visit to the science room

and other rooms of the school. The samples of the pupils' work and also the apparatus used in the several branches of the scientific study were carefully examined by the interested parents.

After what seemed a very short time the guests were all summoned back to the gymnasium to partake of a tasty lunch arranged by the lunch committee, Laurene Freeman, Alma Warren and Dorothy Dynes and served by the pupils.

The At Home was voted a success from start to finish by all who were present. The crowd left the school that night feeling that they had become better acquainted and well pleased with the daily life and surroundings of the pupils of the M. E. C. S.

—MARION RICHENS.

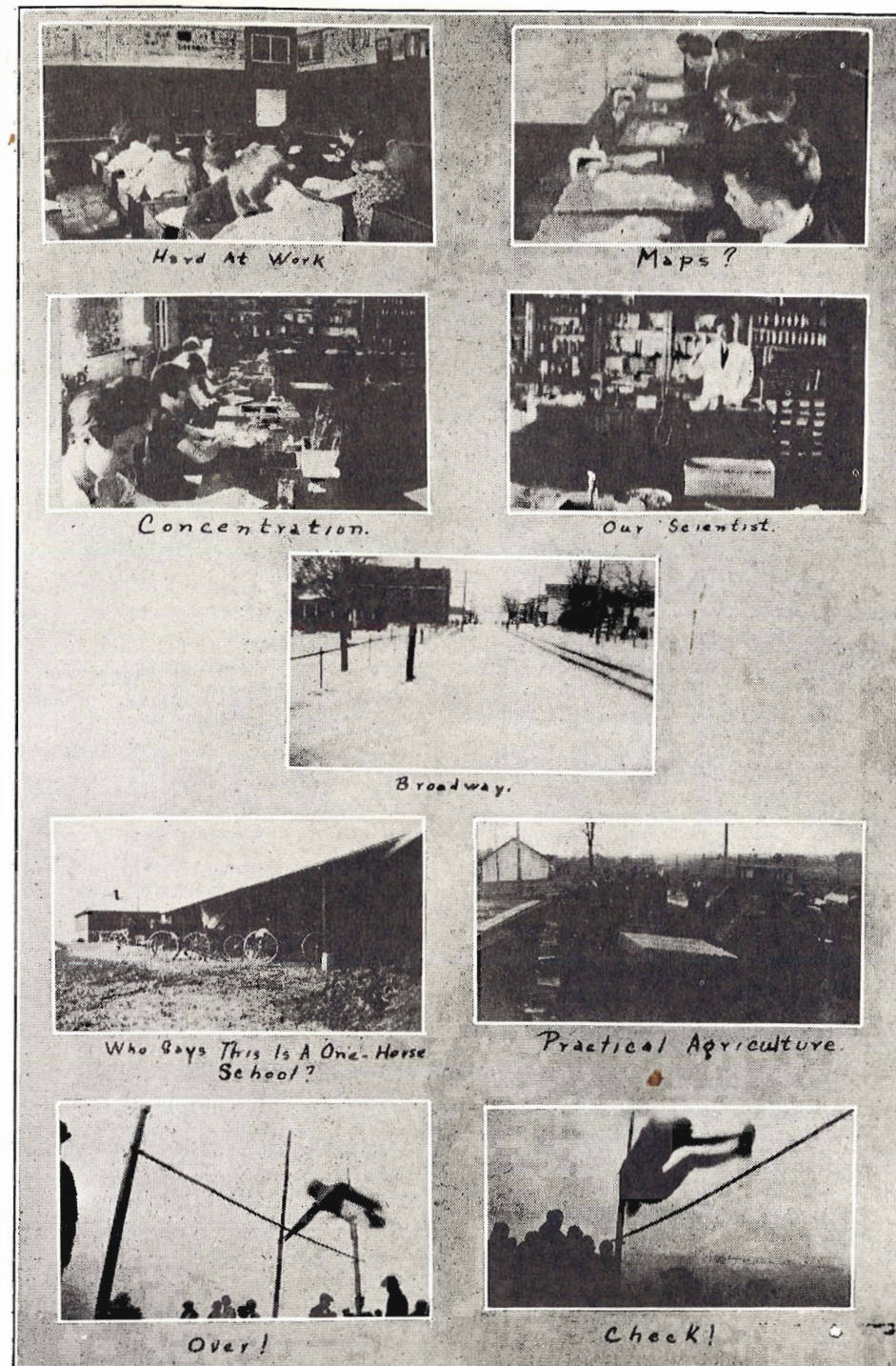


GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Right to Left :

E. Jolliffe L. Hartnett Miss Turvey, (Coach) A. ~~Warden~~ I. Davis  
H. Duffy E. Harris E. MacDonald R. McInerney I. Weeks

WARREN



Hard At Work

Maps?

Concentration.

Our Scientist.

Broadway.

Who Says This Is A One-Horse School?

Practical Agriculture.

Over!

Check!

## FORM NEWS

### FIRST FORM NEWS

In the First Form of the M.E.C.S.  
There are good ones and bad ones, as  
you may guess,  
There are those who are diligent, spry  
and alert  
There are those to whom play is pre-  
ferred to work.  
First in line is Bobby Sitts, who indeed  
is quite tiny,  
But nevertheless, I believe he is climb-  
ing,  
Eva Jellous, Helen Cuthbert and also  
Ruth Merrill,  
Are present each day in becoming ap-  
parel.  
There are three from Salford, sub-  
missive, yet wayward,  
Gladys Nutt, Frank Nancekivell, and  
Alice Hayward.  
Gordon Bentley who sits in the very  
front row,  
Would make for some one, a charming  
beau.  
A taffey-haired laddie named Charles  
Clark  
In preference to studies, loves the song  
of the lark.  
Reg. Freeman who tries to be good I  
suppose;  
Stirs up fresh mischief, wherever he  
goes.  
The next is Grace Jolliffe with home-  
work all right,  
Which makes her daily life, happy and  
bright.  
Then comes Glen Mayberry who hails  
from afar,  
Whose chauffeur drives a Chevrolet car.  
Another student named Kathleen Myles  
Has curly hair and rosy smiles.  
Then comes Ruth Harris who excels in  
art;  
And the last is Jean Johnson  
Who obtains a fair mark.  
And now in this character-sketch just  
made,  
A tribute to all has been duly paid.

Mr. Glen Mayberry was recently dis-  
covered sitting by the roadside singing  
"Show me the way to go home." Mr.  
Belyea happened to be passing by and  
offered to drive him home. Glen ac-  
cepted with deep gratitude and they set  
out for Folden's with Glen acting as  
pilot. Unfortunately he mistook the  
lights of Woodstock for Salford and had  
it not been for Mr. Belyea's keen sense  
of direction they would probably have  
ended up in Hamilton.

A general change in the seating  
arrangements of First Form was recent-  
ly made by Miss Turvey in order to curb  
some of the more talkative members.  
Miss Turvey reports that the only way  
to stop some of them is to use the old-  
fashioned gag.

The prize for original spelling in  
First Form goes to Charles Clarke who  
recently spelled scissors with three z's.  
Close competition was furnished by sev-  
eral members of the Form.

Wedding Notice—Mr. Frank Nance-  
kivell has become wedded to his work.

### SECOND FORM NEWS

Murray Crawford received honour-  
able mention the other day as being  
the best behaved pupil in the room.  
Murray says he wasn't feeling well that  
day.

Jack Morris is Second Form's con-  
tribution to the M. E. C. S. hockey team.  
After the first game the referee suggest-  
ed to Mr. Belyea that he get a lasso to  
halt Jack when the bell rang.

Second Form's female members are  
considering forming a company with  
Esther Leaman as the silent partner.

### THIRD FORM NEWS

A is for Alma who lives down the line,  
B is for Bobby, who is always on time;  
C is for Crawford, who sits by the door;  
D is for Dorothy who craves to learn  
more;  
E is for Eva, an intelligent lass,  
F is for Freeman—the rip of the class,  
G is for Great, for which our school is  
known;  
H is for Hartnett—Leotta's writing is  
her own;  
I is for Ina, whose knowledge is dizzy;  
J is for Jessie, who is always so busy,  
K is for Kathleen—otherwise "Kay,"  
L is for Little, who sleeps all the day;  
M is for Mary, whose smile is so sunny,  
N is for Nothing, now isn't that funny?  
O is for Optomist, that's our Laurene;  
P is for Pogue, who's nicknamed  
Eugene,  
Q is for Questions—for them we all  
wait;  
R is for Roberts, who always comes late;  
S is for Son—who is Eva's real prize;  
T is for Top for which everyone tries  
U is for US—it couldn't be smaller;  
V is for Vera—bringing nine o'clock  
scholars;  
W is for Wondering whether we'll pass;  
X is for X-ray—our brains will not last;

Y is for Yesterday—with today be  
content;  
Z is the letter that says this must end.

Willbur Jellous who wants all the road,  
Honks his horn when he leaves home,  
The old gray horse with his tail in  
the air,  
Says, "By Gosh, I don't care."  
And Wilbur said—  
That his car wouldn't skid,  
But this monument shows  
That it could and did.

Harry Little was recently stumped by  
a terrific algebra question. He worked it  
down to  $5X^2 = 5$  but such a frightful  
conclusion was more than he could  
stand and he finally decided that X must  
be 0.

Third Form has earned the reputation  
of being the most generous Form in the  
school. This is because of the polite way  
in which they allow the First and Sec-  
ond Formers to use the implements dur-  
ing the practical Agriculture periods.

At a recent entertainment, Audrey  
Boyse favoured with a vocal solo,  
"Where is My Wandering Boy To-  
Night?"

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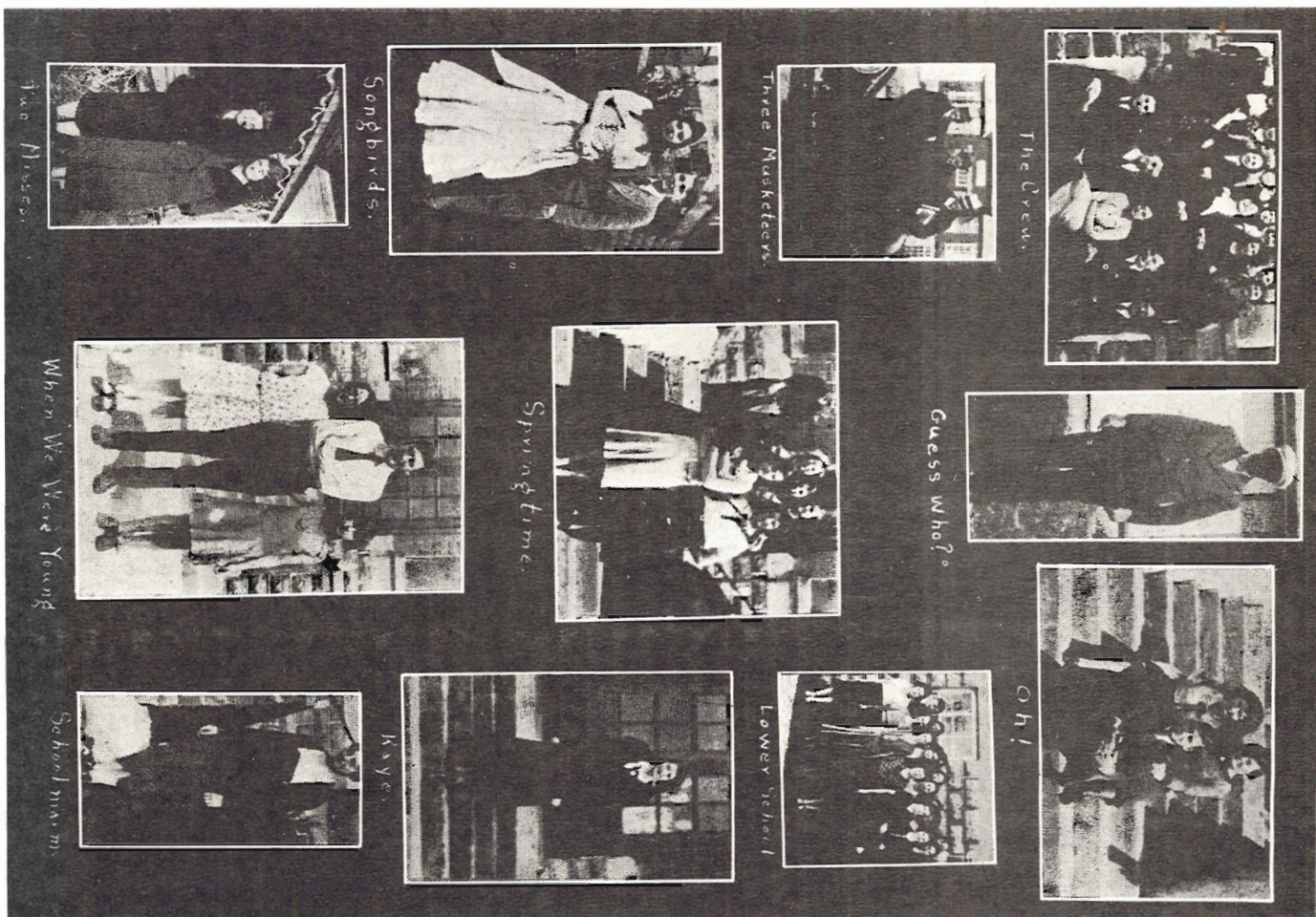
## S. M. DOUGLAS & SONS

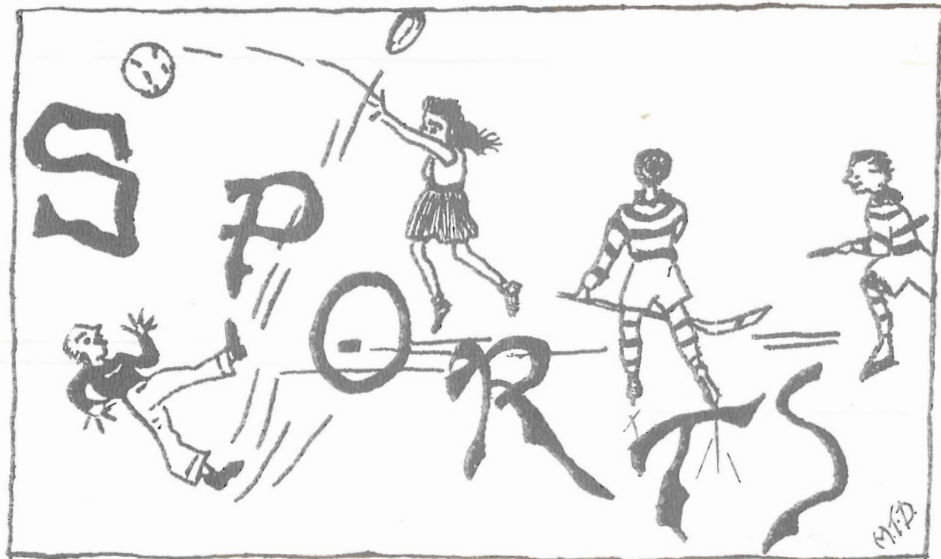
King St. East

Ingersoll

WHO'S WHO'EY IN FORMS III. and IV.

Name	Alias	Favorite Expression	Occupation	Habitat	Ambition
M. Duffy	Babe	It's enough to make you weep	Laughing	Everywhere	To be serious
A. Boyse	Audrey	Oh gee!	Dancing	Verschoyle	To get married
L. Chambers	Cutie	Oh yea-ah	Driving the old Ford	In the green house	To cook rice over a bonfire
M. Bambury	Dee	You wouldn't kid me, would ya?	Librarian	In the proper place	To be a nurse
L. Davis	Bright Eyes	Oh I got something to tell ya	Talking to Babe	In the front seat	To be a good girl
K. Duffy	Kay	Don't be silly	Being good	I wonder	To drive a roadster
E. Davis	Ettie	Oh gosh!	Skating	Where she should be	To gain
W. Jellous	Pete	Sweet Adeline	Driving a Taxi	With Little Harry	To be always saying something
L. Freeman	Tommy	Da-Dowie-ow-Dow	Kidding	No. 19 Highway	To dine with another professor
E. Harris	Essie	Oh yeah	Making a 3rd	Gramma's	To be a dietician
E. Strachan	Edie	Prune juice	Supplying the dance music	Centre of Dereham	To reduce
J. Harris	Jinnie Marie	Ya?	Doing homework	With 'Dot	To ride a bike
L. Hartnett	Babe Ruth	Didja ever git a lemon	Combing her pompadour	Baseball diamond	To acquire a perfect wave
K. Hill	Hasty	Jersey Cow	Making eyes	Folden's Corners	To be a school master
E. Jolliffe	Jolly	Son's in my eyes	Reading	Dereham Centre	To excel in music
H. Duffy	Fanny	Toot your own horn	Riding	In a buggy	To grow
L. Nancekivell	Skivell	Oi soiy Choppy	Driving the Willys	Salford	To be a private secretary
A. Flanders	Son	Censured	Looking bored	Where?	Hasn't any
H. Little	Little Harry	Didja mean it?	Teasing	Most anywhere	To make cheese
C. Wilson	Nip	You're not kiddin' me!	Bummin' rides	Slums of Salford	To catch a tall one
R. McInerney	Pat	Howja git that?	Asking questions	In a tent	To live outdoors
D. Dynes	Dot	I dunno	Playing tricks	Just guess	To ride in the roadster
Ina Weeks	Iodine	What's on your mind?	Doing French authors	Within the city limits	To choose the right door
A. Warren	Almie	What's on in Woodstock	Giggling	On the globe	To have the way lighted
W. Roberts	Our Guillame	Well that's simple	Observing	1st in class	To become an orator
E. MacDonald	Henry	Let me think . . .	Walking the streets	Mt. Elgin! Mt. Elgin!	Electrician's wife
M. Richens	Mike	I'll be jiggered	Darn that Algebra	Nowhere	To drive a horse
C. Pogue	A. B. C.	You're telling me	Soliciting Advertisements	Underneath the moon	To sway the multitude
M. Smith	Molly	Yes I did	Just anything	M. E. C. S.	To help mama
W. Leaman	Walt	Hey Will	Delving into Chemicals	Science Room	To be a chemist
D. Strachan	Don	Let the number be x	Teaching	Desk	To teach school
E. Welt	Wee Ernie	That's right	Telling a bigger one	In the flivver	To be an undertaker





**HOCKEY**

The first game was played against Norwich. A fast and exciting game was staged in the Ingersoll Arena. Norwich boys were heavier and more experienced, but our light, fast, forwards, held them scoreless in the first period. In the second period Norwich succeeded in scoring two goals and in the third period added another. As a result the game ended 3-0.

Arthur Flanders commonly called "Son," played a good game at centre ice. The forwards were W. Jellous and C. Pogue, while "Hasty" Hill and "What a man" Little, were unexcelled defense men. Much applause was gained by our renowned goaly, Don. Strachan. Subs. were J. Morris, R. Freeman, G. Bentley, F. Nancekivell.

We next played a colourful game with Ingersoll Collegiate. For two periods we held them well, but in the last period Ingersoll opened up. The final score was 5-0.

Tillsonburg furnished our next opposition. The big "Burg" players were no match for the lighter, speedier Mount team in the first part of the game. The score at the end of the first period was two to one in our favour. In the last half, the score was once tied, then Mt.

Elgin broke away making the score 4-2. In the last few minutes of play, Tillsonburg scored two more goals making the score 4-4.

In our final game, we lost to Thamesford by a score of 4-3. By the end of the first half Thamesford led by 2-1. However, in second half we succeeded in tying them, then took the lead on goals scored by 'Son' Flanders and Clayton Pogue, only to have Thamesford score, two goals in quick succession.

This ended our hockey activities for this year. While we did not win any games we were able to furnish opposition for all comers. We also developed plenty of material for another year.

Correct this sentence:—At the arena the applause from the girls could be heard for blocks.

—CLAYTON POGUE.

\* \* \* \*

**TENNIS**

Tennis has been a great source of amusement for pupils of the M.E.C.S., and, even for those who have left school during the year of 1932. Many pleasant hours were spent on the tennis court this year. Our games were mostly for practice, and although we were

booked for several outside games, we were forced to call them off because of the weather. This season, we are expecting a new court, or courts, and we look forward to even greater pleasure than last year, for it is said that lights are to be installed, making after dark games possible.

—ENID MacDONALD.

\* \* \* \*

**BASKETBALL**

Although our team has been somewhat unfortunate in losing a number of its best players, we, however, have striven to keep the basketball spirit alive throughout the school. Owing to the fact that we have no gymn., the weather has prevented us from keeping up the regular practice. For this reason, we have not felt ourselves fit to combat other teams readily. We have, however, made a brave attempt by going to Otterville and engaging in a so-called game. Although our girls put up a good fight, the final result was 23-51 in the opposing team's favour. We hope to have a return game soon and are looking for better results.

—ENID MacDONALD.

\* \* \* \*

**RUGBY**

What a wonderful year for sports activities! Since the term started in the autumn everyone has enjoyed the freedom of tennis courts, ball diamond and rugby field.

Under the splendid coaching of Mr. Belyea, we were able for the first time, to assemble a rugby team. Our first opponents were the Ingersoll Collegiate boys. They had little trouble in running up a large score against us. However with many bruises and sighs, we betook ourselves to our respective homes. As many of the players had never seen a rugby team before, it was excellent experience.

The next game was played with Norwich High School. In this game our players showed to much better advantage. We wish to thank Mr. Frank Ellis of St. Thomas, for his helpful tips on

various plays. The weather did not encourage rugby, the ground being quite slippery. Both lines held for some time, the plays (being unusually even. Finally Norwich by several splendid end runs, began to draw ahead of our team. It was at this point that Mr. Belyea moved Jack Morris to the line with instructions to get a man who had broken away several times. Jack with a determined look on his face, his nerves straining, dived—and sad to say, missed his man. Looking up after a battalion of muddy shoes had bespattered him with oozy clay, Jack said very earnestly, "I tried, Mr. Belyea, I tried."

The game was nearing a close; Mt. Elgin was putting forth every effort to score. Don. Strachan kept shouting "Get your man. Get your man." One could imagine they heard Walt. Leaman repeating that well-known line from "The Merchant of Venice,"—"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

There were no casualties except Harry Little, who came out of the game tastefully decorated with a black eye.

Norwich rugby field is surrounded by trees. It was necessary to hold up the game several times to rescue players who had been tossed up among the branches.

Who will ever forget these first attempts at rugby?

P. S.—(If anyone would like a practical demonstration of straight-arming, see Bob Sitts.)

\* \* \* \*

Clayton—"I am in love with an exceedingly rich girl and an exceedingly poor girl. Which shall I marry?"

Don.—"Marry the poor one and mail me the address of the rich one."

\* \* \* \*

He—"My, but you're conceited."

M. Banbury—"I am not. I don't think I'm half as pretty as I am."

\* \* \* \*

Of all the sad surprises,  
There's nothing to compare  
With stepping, in the darkness,  
On a step that isn't there.



**POLLYANNA PLAYERS**

Right to Left:

- |          |                          |              |             |
|----------|--------------------------|--------------|-------------|
| C. Pogue | D. Strachan              | K. Hill      | W. Jellous  |
| A. Boyse | E. Davis                 | E. MacDonald | E. Strachan |
|          | R. Merrill, (Pollyanna). |              | M. Banbury  |

About the only time the average woman will listen to her husband is when he talks in his sleep.

Judge—"Thirty days!"  
Criminal—"Oh! I know that one—  
Thirty days hath September!"

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INGERSOLL

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M.T.D

Mr. Belyea (coming in five minutes late)—"Order, order."

Voice from rear, (suspiciously like Harry's)—"Half a pint of beer, please."

\* \* \* \*

Ruth Merrill, (indignantly)—"I'd like to see you kiss me again!"

W. Jellous—"All right, but keep your eyes open next time."

\* \* \* \*

Jellous—"She was quite upset when I kissed her."

Don—"Come off! You've kissed her before."

Jellous—"Yes, but not in a canoe."

\* \* \* \*

"Son" Flanders—"There are an awful lot of girls who don't want to get married."

Eva Jolliffe—"How do you know?"

"Son"—"I've asked them."

\* \* \* \*

Will—"He claims to be related to you and says he can prove it."

Walber—"The man's a fool."

Will—"That may be a mere coincidence."

Laurene—"I've done this question ten times."

Mr. Belyea—"Good! There's nothing like being sure you're correct."

Laurene—"And here are the ten different answers."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Belyea—"Now if anything should go wrong with this experiment, we would all be blown sky-high. Will those in the back seats move up so they can follow more closely."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Turvey requested her class to write a short poem to a girl. This is what Bob Sitts handed in:

"There was a little girl named Nellie,  
She fell in the water and wet her feet."

"But Bob," said Miss Turvey, "it doesn't rhyme."

"I know, ma'am," replied Bob. "but I couldn't help it. The water wasn't deep enough."

\* \* \* \*

He—"You're teeth are like pearls."

She—"Indeed they're not. Pearl can take hers out and I can't."



Minister—"Do you attend a place of worship?"

Clayton—"Yes Sir, I'm on my way to see her now."

\* \* \* \*

Audrey, (leaving telephone)—"He wants to know if we'd go to the theatre with him and I said we would."

Grace—"Who was it?"

Audrey—"Good Gracious! I forgot to ask."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Turvey—"Fenmez la porte, s'il vous plait? Monsieur Nancekivell."

Frank rose slowly and sadly deposited his gum in the wastepaper basket.

\* \* \* \*

Bob—"What's the word for 'kick' in Latin?"

Miss Turvey—"But there's no 'kick' in that sentence."

Bob—"Well it says an attack from the rear."

Esther Harris—"What is the height of nonsense?"

Leotta—"An elephant hanging over the edge of a cliff, with its tail tied to a daisy."

\* \* \* \*

Although last year was "Leap Year," there were no marriages in the school. Either the girls are too shy or the boys are too clever.

\* \* \* \*

A chemistry student spilt some acid on the desk. The acid nearly ruined the desk and Mr. Belyea nearly ruined the student.

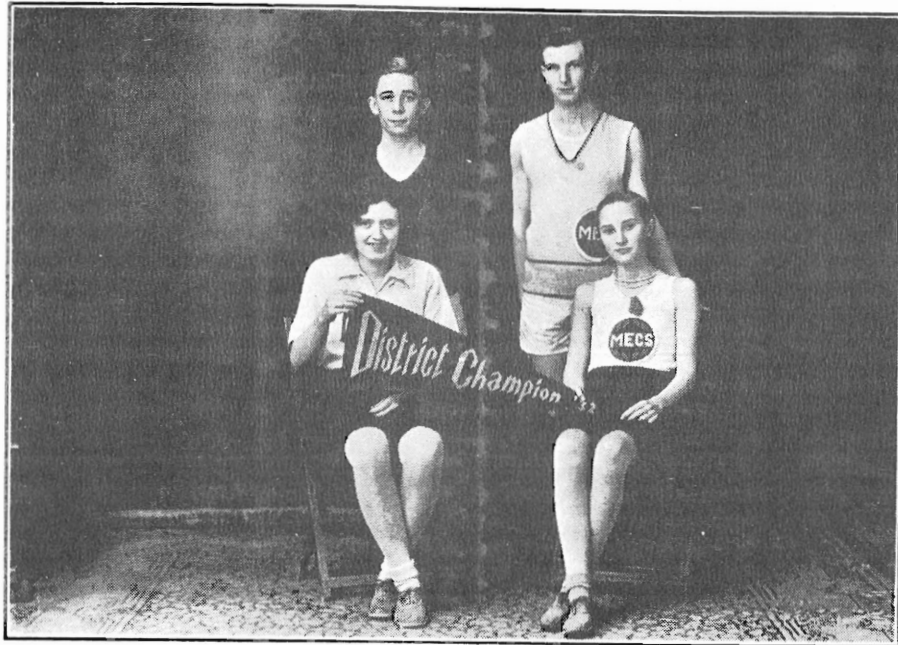
\* \* \* \*

The English Law gives a man the right to open his wife's letters; but it does not give him the nerve.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Belyea—"Express, 'the sap rises' in different terms."

Don—"The boob gets out of bed."



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Right to Left:

C. Pogue, Sr. Champion.

A. Flanders, Jr. Champion.

R. McInerney, Jr. Champion.

E. MacDonald, Sr. Champion.

FAVOURITE PASTIMES

C. Pogue—Talking to the ladies.

W. Leaman—Coughing harmoniously around C sharp.

Mr. Belyea—Walking quietly into the room and finding you in an embarrassing position.

Miss Turvey—Just findin' out things.

Leotta—Chewing gum.

Harry Little—Playing with 'Dot' Dynes' curls.

K. Hill—Sittin' 'n thinkin'.

Will Roberts—Experimenting with laboratory apparatus.

D. Strachan—Dining at "Western."

G. Mayberry—Wandering.

L. Freeman—Mostly nonsense.

W. Jellous—Making exhibitions before the girls.

A. Boyse—In a reverie.

E. MacDonald—Smilin' so sweetly.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Frank Nancekivell has published an 8,000 page book entitled, "How and When To Do Homework."

Reg. F.—"I certainly told Ruth what I thought of her."

Clark—"What did she say?"

Reg.—"She said she loved me too."

\* \* \* \*

He—"You kiss like a submarine."

She—"How's that?"

He—"All wet and seldom come up for air."

\* \* \* \*

Jellous—"What's the name of that selection the orchestra is playing?"

Hill—"Go Feather Your Nest."

Jellous—"Go jump in the lake. I asked you a civil question."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Turvey—"Give the principle parts of 'fleo.'"

E. Strachan—"Fleo, fleere, itchie, scratchum."

\* \* \* \*

It was suggested by Audrey Boyse and seconded by Laurel Nancekivell that the hall be furnished with cushion seats, but the nomination was closed by Mr. Belyea who said that it would make the hall too attractive.

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After the game with Norwich.

**NEWS ITEMS OF TEN YEARS**

Walter Leaman, well-known rugby player, is recovering from an injury sustained when he attempted to make a flying tackle of a cow.

\* \* \* \*

William Roberts, famous scientist and inventor, has discovered after years of research, that the areas of congruent triangles are approximately the same.

\* \* \* \*

Kenneth Hill and his seven-piece orchestra, consisting of a drum and six Jew's harps, played at the M. E. C. S. banquet last night. As Charles Clark was eating his soup, the first two numbers were not heard.

\* \* \* \*

Captain Lorne "Cutie" Chambers, well known speed boat driver, had a narrow escape from death when a milk wagon crashed into the rear of his Ford car, and severely injured the rear axle.

Mr. Wilbur Jellous, Folden's millionaire oil magnate, attributed his great success in life to the following facts;

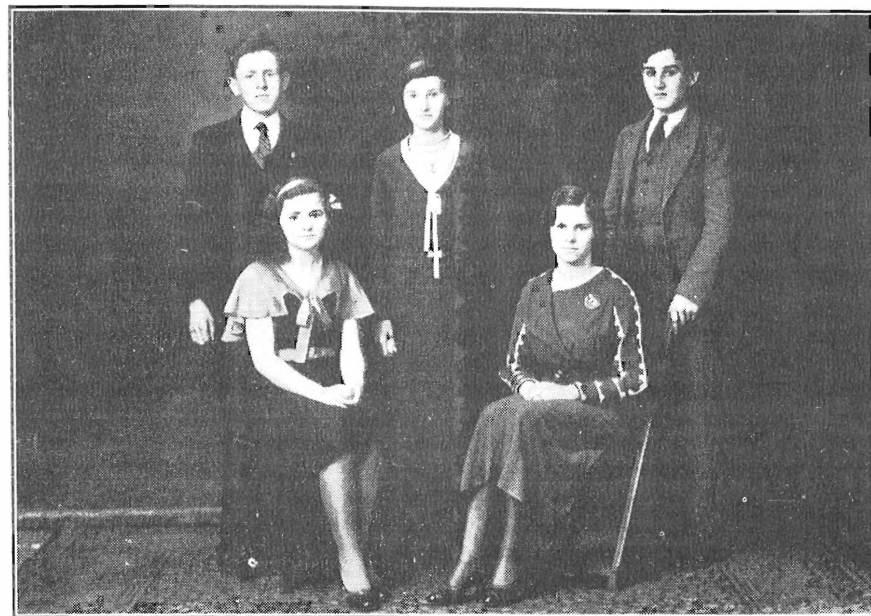
1. A keen business mind.
2. Hard work.
3. Early rising.
4. Also to the fact that his uncle left him \$999,987.16.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. C. A. B. E. Pogue, advertising agent of the Wrigley Chewing Gum Co., expresses it as his opinion that the depression is almost over. Mr. Pogue has received an order from Miss Turvey for 5 tons of chewing gum to be used by her pupils during Ancient History periods, in order to quiet their nerves.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Murray Crawford, tenor soloist, has been obliged to cancel all radio engagements this week as the result of a serious illness caused by eating unripe apples.



**HONOUR STUDENTS**

Left to Right :  
 W. Roberts                      R. McInerney                      J. Morris  
                                          K. Duffy                                      M. Banbury

Mr. Reginald Freeman, African lion hunter, is confined to his bed as the result of a bite from a white mouse.

\* \* \* \*

Admiral Jack Morris, internationally-known seaman, had a bad accident yesterday, when he slipped on a cake of soap in his bath tub.

\* \* \* \*

**SONGS THAT OUR TEACHERS TAUGHT US**

Laurel—"Lonesome Lover."

M. Banb.—"Potatoes are cheaper."

Clayton—"Yes Sir, She's My Baby."

Will—"Yankee Doodle."

Leaman—"All American Girl."

Laurene—"I Ain't Nobody's Sweetheart."

Mayberry—"Show Me The Way To Go Home."

Cutie—"The Little Old Ford, She Rambles Right Along."

Arthur—"Yearning."

Don.—"Dereham Centre Blues."

Enid Mac.—"Shave and a Haircut, Two Bits."

H. Little—"Give Yourself a Pat on The Back."

Esther D.—"Singing in the Bathtub."

Reg. Freeman—"Cock-a-Doodle, I'm Off My Noodle."

Kathleen Miles—"Thanks for the Buggy Ride."

R. Merrill—"Ma! Look at Charlie!"

Audrey—"Thrill Me."

Frank—"Hallelujah! I'm a Bum!"

\* \* \* \*

Hill—"Yes, I wrote a song for her, saying how much I loved her and all that, and she sent it back for me to write a chorus."

Jean Harris—"What for?"

Hill—"So that all the others could join in."

\* \* \* \*

Judge—"Why didn't you stop when the officer waved at you?"

Sweet Young Thing—"Why Judge, I'm not that kind of a girl"

\* \* \* \*

"Come Laurel," said the Sunday School Teacher, "write down the name of your favourite hymn and bring the paper to me."

Laurel wrote, and with downcast eyes and flaming cheeks, handed the teacher a slip of paper bearing the words, "Will Roberts."

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#### YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

Back Row, (Left to Right) :

W. Jellous      H. Duffy      K. Myles      D. Dynes

Front Row, (Left to Right) :

R. McInerney      E. Strachan      K. Duffy      G. Jolliffe      D. Dynes

## FOREWORD

The Meteor of 1934 is a Reunion number, and because of this let us turn back the pages of the history of M. E. C. S.

Ten years ago, a young school within whose open doors a young class take their places, eager for knowledge to prepare them for life's problems. Ambition is their watchword, fellowship, their standard.

Down through the years this comradeship has held, remained intact through calm and strife.

Do we hold it still as fair and unalloyed, as when it first was handed over to our care?

We have, I believe, been faithful to our trust, and in the years that are ahead of us we may look back into the past, the happiest days of our lives, spent at dear old M. E. C. S., our school, our hope, our pride.

—KATHLEEN DUFFY,  
Editor-in-Chief.

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# Editorials

M.T.D.

## Saving Versus Spending to Weather the Depression

IN the widespread discussion of this topic, many people approved of spending while the majority thought that economy was the only weapon to drive away this universal depression. They claimed that in saving our money we are keeping it from others who need it more than we do, that we are selfish in not giving others a chance of having the pleasures out of the money which we have, that we are not getting the full enjoyment from our money if we do not spend it, and thus by keeping it to ourselves we are helping to cause hard times for others. But I do not agree with their point of view. There is always more capital coming into the country and every person has as fair a chance as the other to make enough money to live comfortably. He will either sink or swim. If he is thrifty and worth-while, he will swim, if he is not, he will sink. Thus I am sure that spending cannot help to weather the depression, but helps to cause it.

Have there ever before been so many millionaires in the world as there are to-day? Why is it there are so many? How did they accumulate such vast sums of money? It is easily answered. We see every day the reason why, it is written in the lives of our fellowmen—they spend thousands of dollars in luxuries; go into debt beyond their power of payment; lose their homes, and all that they own, for the sake of a few worldly pleasures, for a bit of temporary joy—all of this money helps to make the rich man richer until he becomes a millionaire. Sometimes then he is not satisfied and strives to become richer and those who are spending their money are helping to make him the miser that he is.

Think of the money we have spent foolishly. See the crowds flocking to the theatres, dance halls, and other places of amusement! Think of the money wasted, thrown away in beauty shops, restaurants, fine clothes, dashing cars; no wonder people have to put up with hard times now. Can we not all look back and see our folly; see where we could have saved where we spent, could have had a bank account, where we had nothing but empty pleasure and luxury.

Many people think they might just as well spend their money as to save it for someone else to enjoy, and so they spend it as fast as they make it. This is the average working man's idea. His wife, if he has one, must have all the modern conveniences and luxuries in her home; she must have everything her neighbour has; she must have her powder, her paint and her creams, to make her look young; she must have bridge parties and her "pink teas" to keep up with society; she must have a maid to do her work while she attends the theatres and calls on her friends—but, when her husband comes home from work some day and tells her he is laid off for a few weeks,

she almost has hysterics. "Where is the money to pay this month's rent, the last payment on our chesterfield suite, to pay for that rug in the den and to pay up those other small bills down town?" Ah, this is the time when there is real trouble, when they haven't a cent laid up for a "rainy day," when dozens of bills are crying out to be paid, and worst of all when the source of their income has been cut off. Are there not many city families in the same predicament? Then why not save when you have the money to save?

You might say, "Does this apply to us? we are not city people, we do not all spend money so carelessly. But we do, at least the majority of us do. Have we ever bought something in town and then asked ourselves, "Did I really need that, could I have bought something else I needed more badly? Could I have done without that, spend money so carelessly." But we do, at least the majority of us do. Have we ever in that way; we forget the poor people, those who have helped us to obtain our money. It never enters our mind that some day, if the depression becomes more severe, the tables might turn and we should become poor, then could we expect others to help us, if we did not help others when it was in our power?"

HELEN DUFFY.

\* \* \* \*

## Preservation of Correct Orthography

THE English language is one of the most beautiful, the clearest and most variegated languages of civilization. Why then abbreviate those words expressive of such meaning, why mutilate those magic syllables merely for the sake of time which might be saved? Can these few moments compensate for the damage that will surely be resultant? Continue eliminating apparently unnecessary vowels, abbreviating very common and frequently used subject words, and what will remain? A language barren of expression, stilted, meaningless and ugly.

There stands a tropical bird, gorgeously plumed, gracefully arching its multi-coloured neck, and proudly displaying its beauty to the admiring eye of its fond master. This master, fond though he may be, is, sad to say, a thoughtless child. Tiring of watching his pet pruned its beauty, he begins idly plucking the bright feathers from the tiny body, while the poor thing winces and protests in mute agony. The once lovely creature is now a sorrowful picture, a pity-arousing sight. But alas! Enough mischief has not yet been wrought. The heartless child has severed the neck from the body perhaps in his idle fancy ascertaining whether the music still will issue forth from the mutilated body. One last shrill agonizing cry and the little life goes out.

Does the child now mourn for the loss of his beloved pet? Does he yearn to hear again its sweet ethereal song, and to admire once more the rare and lovely plumage? Yes, and truly may he weep since he, who once admired it so and should have shielded it from harm, has by his own hand brought about its tragic fate.

Do we too, feel a surge of pity down deep in our hearts for this poor, innocent victim? And do we not charge the child with cruelty and wantonness in committing such a deed? Well we might and justly too.

What, then, of our beloved language? Is there no similarity between the two? Its words have beauty both in form and in expression. It is something we hold dear, with which we would never wish to part. And yet we idly pluck away its greatest attributes, its longevity and its variations. Will we, like the child, commit the irretrievable, the evil paramount, and no longer hear the sound, the lyric melody of our native tongue.

But no! It need not come to this. If every citizen of Canada would but realize

that in his daily conversation, in his correspondence, in every form of speech, or letter, he must observe the enunciation and orthography of every word he utters or has penned, the result will be a flawless, perfect language in all its original beauty and its fluency.

KATHLEEN DUFFY.

\* \* \* \*

### We Spend Our Years

“WELL, Willie, what're you goin' through for?” boomed out the milk-wagon driver swinging his lines at his lazy horse. At this I answered, “Oh! I won't have to decide till June. I'll be through up here then.”

“Well, you'd better start thinking right now. It will be quite a bit easier to decide all along than just in a few days. When I was young I wanted to be a blacksmith, only I just kept on farming.” A far-away look stole into his eyes. “I could have worked up at it too. You gotta look ahead.”

\* \* \* \*

Surrounding us we see newly-formed occupations. For every choice of calling our grandfathers had, we have a dozen. To succeed today in the race of competition, one must have a good start on the firm ground of facts and must take the shortest distance to the goal.

It has been said “The old masters taught subjects, not boys and girls.” As a result many have learned by bitter experience after leaving school, many things which such schools did not teach. Usually one of these was how to make a living. Because of this, we have vocational schools today. That their value has been appreciated is shown by an increase in attendance of 78.9% from 1917 to 1930. To-day more pupils are preparing in school for an occupation immediately they finish instead of for a lengthy apprenticeship. In a great many cases parents hope their children get a better chance in life, than they did, although they have little direct concern with any particular course. These parents often ask themselves, “What shall we do for little John?” Vocational Guidance experts say the right statement of the question is, “What shall we help little John do for himself?” These experts give advice as follows: Find out where you have succeeded and failed before. Consider your natural inclination in the light of hobbies and amusements. If you have no hobby, choose one. Try to link up your hobby with a possible future for yourself. Do not wait till you must decide to think of your life work. Be interested in seeing the actual working conditions in your chosen group of possible occupations. Remember you can never get much farther than your aim—You have to look ahead.

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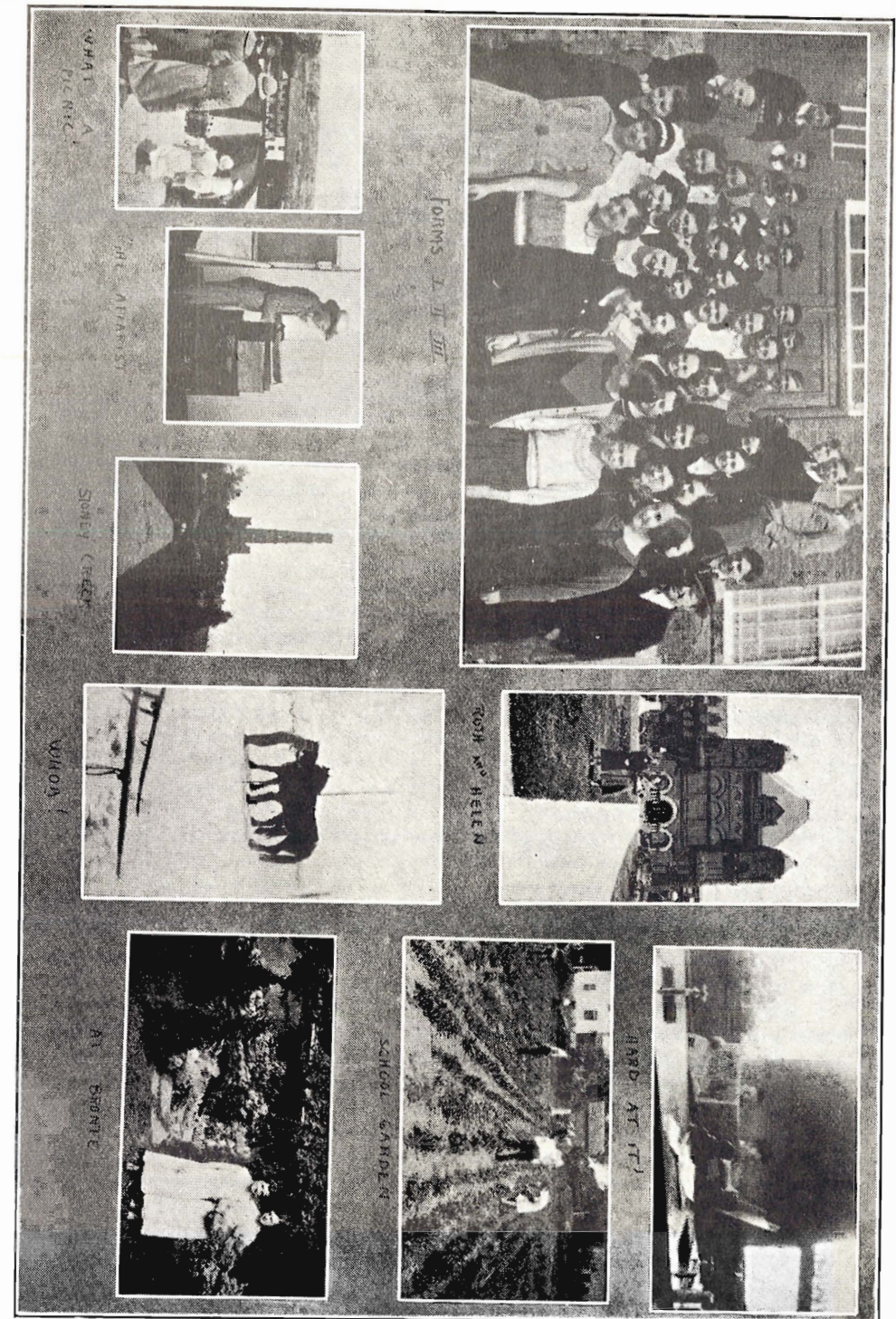
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M.T.D.

## Recompense

IT was a cold bitter day, in fact, one of the coldest that the city of Regina had experienced that winter. But already the streets were hustling with early morning shoppers, children playing with sleds, and men shovelling snow as if their very livelihood depended on it. And in all probability it did.

Nobody noticed the dreary wan figure in black that stood at the gusty corner, trying to sell her meagre wares. She was just a little wisp of a woman and old. Her fingers were blue with the cold, but she wore a determined smile. As always when she watched heedless, wealthy people speed past her, her thoughts reverted to her former home. How happy she had been! She thought of the beautiful house she had once lived in and of the blissful hours she spent there. And then came the crash! It was the outbreak of war. She had smiled determinedly when her husband and son Peter had left, but deep down in her heart she knew that things would never be the same again. In spite of this she was not lonely - - even now. Of course there had been the first terrible shock, the day the pink telegram arrived saying "John T. McKay killed in action." That was her husband. It had been hard at first, but then she always had Peter to live for. It was years now since she had heard from him and although he had been officially recorded as dead, it was not certain. The telegram had only said "wounded and missing." Peter always seemed to be living to her, and it was this thought that kept her smiling and from feeling lonely. There was a slight joggle against her arm and she looked up at the kindly eyes of a prosperous business man. He gave her a few pennies and even refused to accept any of the small articles she offered to him. Then he was gone again and she was alone.

A sudden sense of hunger seized her and she shuffled down the street in quest of a cafe where she might procure a cup of coffee. Just then a bright window display of Easter lilies caught her eye. She had forgotten that the next day was Easter Sunday. How exquisite the pure white lilies were! She could fairly sniff their fragrant odour through the frosty pane. She gazed at them a little bewildered.

The door scarcely opened a crack to admit her, but it was enough to send a shiver over the rows of wrapped plants. It was an effort for the little old lady to lift her basket to the counter. From among the pins, pencils and shoe-laces, she rescued her purse and then raised her tired eyes to the salesgirl.

"I want two lilies and" - - she faltered. "No, have you any poppies?"

"Cut flowers? Hothouse?" said the girl.

"I'll take one lily and one poppy, please."

Quietly the woman put her basket on her arm and went out.

All afternoon the shrunken little figure stood at the busy corner. But it was not busy for her. For the first time in years she felt discouraged. What made her buy the poppy? She hadn't been intending to buy it. Perhaps it was mere physical fatigue, because she had sacrificed her lunch for the pretty flowers. But she thought not. It was something more . . . something unfathomable.

It was turning dusk when she trudged down a dirty old lane to her tiny shack. She was almost too tired to turn the freezing door-knob to admit herself. However, when once inside and when she had set down the heavy basket, her load seemed lighter and her heart quickened at the sight of the brilliant flowers. She took an old cracked tumbler, placed her flowers in it and set them on the tumble-down table. Then she crawled into her ragged bed, too tired and weary to concern herself with the fact that she was cold and hungry. Her eyes closed but she could not sleep, at once. Something disturbed her. Now she knew what it was! It was her evening prayer. She could not say, "Dear God, send Peter back safe," to-night. She just could not make herself believe it any more. It seemed so hopeless, so useless. For years now it had been sufficient to keep her going and to keep her hoping, but not to-night. It was not enough. All of a sudden it came to her. There was no sense of desolation. She knew - - Peter was gone, forever. For the first time in fifteen years she changed her prayer. It was "Dear God, please let me die."

The sun shone gloriously that Easter morning and its golden rays sent peace to rich and poor alike. Its beams straggled through a dusty window of a tiny shack and flickered over the wrinkled face of a poor little woman. But there was a light of great peace on the old face. All doubt was gone. At last she had found her Peter.

Across the table lay the flaming petals of one dying poppy but the lily lived—triumphant.

EDITH STRACHAN.

\* \* \* \*

## Glories Past

THE glories of a race that is no more may be perhaps forgotten, buried in the graves beside the sleeping dead; but as long as one of that race still survive, those memories shall live within his heart and the shades of his forefathers walk beside him till he too, sinks into that everlasting sleep from which there is no waking.

The shadows lengthen in the woodland glades, and deepen in the dusk of evening as the last red-gold rays of the September sun slant through the trees. The song-sparrow sings a sweet good-night to his little mate beside him and a gray squirrel scolds and stutters from a lofty branch nearby. Silently the night comes on and with it comes as silently a visitor. Is he a stranger in this land, or an exile home returning after years of aimless wandering?

It is Silver Arrow, an Indian brave, a leader of a famous tribe. Ah yes! where is that tribe and all the other tribes of the Indian race. The answer is, they are gone, they are swallowed up in the mists of the distant past, their existence but a name, a legend told beside the hearth of the white man who drove them to extinction.

Well may we ask is he a stranger or an exile returning to the land of his fathers. He is both of these, a stranger among the people of another race, an exile in the land that he once knew and loved so well, now changed and altered so completely.

Not one familiar object is left to welcome him . . . He strides along through the leafy aisles of the forest, and the friendly stars look kindly down and pity him. They, alone remain unchanged through years of conquest and of strife, they alone still guide him as of old. At last, wearied with wandering all day long, he spreads his blanket and composes his aching limbs for slumber. Care slips from him like a heavy mantle lifted from his shoulders and the world soon fades into oblivion . . . "Silver Arrow wins the greatest prize. He alone of all the braves has pierced yon target with his first arrow." Thus speaks the old chief, Chatacheechee. "Silver Arrow, I make thee chief and give to thee my daughter, my Conchita."

Silver Arrow is very happy. The beautiful maiden, by far the loveliest in the tribe, is to be his. The great day is over and the moon shines down upon the little cluster of tepees. Out upon the moon-washed hill-side, two slender figures softly steal. Happily the gay young chieftain pours into the maiden's ears tender words of love and promise.

"O Conchita, my little queen, my love, my life, you are mine and I am thine."

The scene shifts to another chapter. The young chieftain leads his tribe upon the war-path. Swift and deadly dart the arrows. Many of his own great warriors seek the Happy Hunting Grounds, but before that day closes the enemy is sent in flight from the battle-fields, and their spirits go forth into the Realms of Darkness. The warriors home returning raise the cry of victory and lead in triumph their young and handsome chieftain, Silver Arrow. At the door of his wigwam is his maiden wife, Conchita and round the camp-fire there is merry-making and a great rejoicing.

The piercing siren of a flyer blasts the silence of the early dawn, as it thunders on through the quiet country. Likewise it has blasted the dreams of Silver Arrow. Ah cruel harsh reality that wakens him to find the bitter world of men mocking him and flaunting in his face a mummery of happy industry and life.

A bitter cry escapes from the exile's lips; a cry of anguish and of hopeless longing.

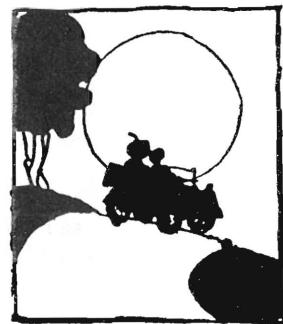
"O Conchita, where art thou? Wilt speak to me and smile no more?"

Ah no, thou art gone forever and the once so brave and handsome chieftain of a vanished race might dream and reminisce no more. Slowly, sadly, he wanders away.

Gone are the tepees, gone the fires. A race has lived, has loved, has died, yet no memorials mark its favourite haunts, no spot remains to keep its memory green

And nevermore will Night's responsive strings  
Awaken to the song "his" paddle sings.

KATHLEEN DUFFY.



It's the same old moon, and youth is youth thro' all generations.



MISS M. BANBURY

Valedictorian

## Valedictory Address

Mr. Chairman, Staff, Guests and Fellow-Students :

Once more the wheel of Time has brought us to the close of a school year, and to me has fallen the honour of saying the last farewell of the class of 1933.

To-night the class of 1933 pays its last tribute as a class, and to-morrow we pass out as individuals into a vast new field of opportunity.

To-night the invisible curtain of the past is all too quickly descending upon us, and our Mount Elgin Continuation School days are slipping away into the land of memories. Before us lies the open road, life in the world, to do with as we will; but however far apart our paths may lie, we shall I think, both of us throughout our lives, unhappy days and sad, turn backward in thought into that land of memories, to the old familiar haunts, and live again those yesterdays with all their dreams and hopes and friendships which with each passing year will seem to grow more dear.

Few days in life are more impressive than that of graduation. Happy memories of home and school stir the soul to tenderness and gratitude, while the partial break with that kindly past and the sundering of its fellowships, give the day a tinge of sadness. Only a tinge, however, for there is the joy of achievement—the attainment of a goal long sought; and you are facing the future with interest, courage, and hope, eager to launch out upon your own individual career.

Education is more than we sometimes think it is. It is not an end in itself; it is a means to an end. In being educated we are "drawn out" in such ways as to make for the development of strong personalities—men and women who know how to think clearly, feel deeply, and act unselfishly.

Only with time can we fully appreciate the days at Mount Elgin Continuation School. Here we have learned both to work and play, and the lessons outside the class room, with everyday life as the text-book, will not be the least in value.

Punctuality is perhaps one of the most useful. Many of the greatest things in life pass by in a moment and time waits for no one. Opportunity does not tarry but must be seized by the forelock.

Concentration is another essential in a successful life. One may have talent, but without concentration one's life is bound to be a failure, a piece of human driftwood tossing here and there on the sea of circumstance.

In our sports the motto has been "Fair Play", and we have learned the art of taking defeat as gracefully as victory.

It is during our school days that we form those happy and lasting friendships that we hold so dear all through life. We learn to judge by true worth and to realize that, "Deeds are better than words, and acting mightier than boastings."

We have been truly happy at M. E. C. S. "This fond attachment to the well-known place, whence first we start in life's long race; maintains its hold with such unfeeling sway, we feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day."

To the members of the School Board:—We give our sincere thanks for all you have done and are doing for the betterment of M.E.C.S., and may you have every success in any future enterprise.

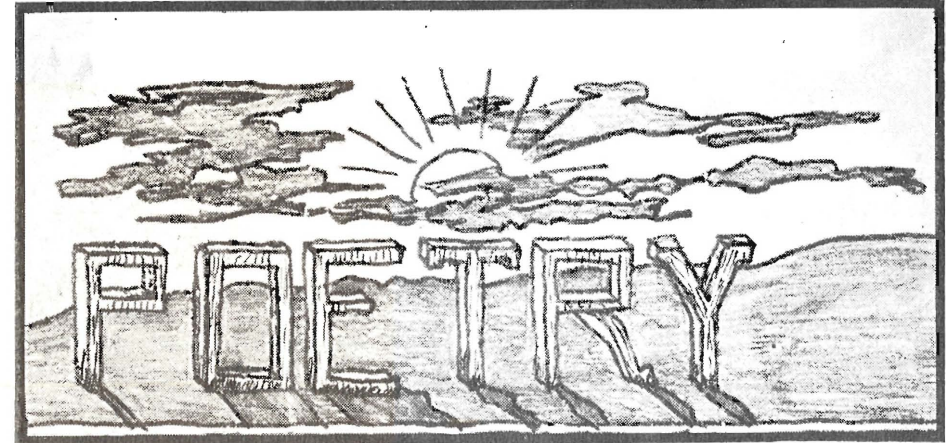
To our teachers:—Our indebtedness to you is beyond our ever repaying, yet we wish to show our gratitude and appreciation. We have learned to honour you, for in your associations with the students at work and at play, we have felt your sympathy, and the wisdom with which you have met our student interest, indicates the concord existing between the staff and the student body.

To the undergraduates:—Into your keeping we pass the spirit of Alma Mater, knowing that you will raise her standards high and in all things, "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

To the graduating class:—"We are standing with reluctant feet, where the brook and river meet." We can almost hear the clanging of the gates as they close upon our M.E.C.S. days, but we have left, besides our memories, those golden bonds of friendship, which even with the parting grow stronger and more true.

"Farewell! a word that must be and hath been—  
A sound that makes us linger; yet—farewell."

MARGUERITE L. BANBURY.



M.T.D.

### MY DREAM

I close my eyes to sunlit skies  
My mind drifts far away,  
Into a land where on its strand  
A cottage fronts the bay.

And in this pool where waters cool  
Are lapping 'gainst the shore,  
In my canoe beneath the blue  
I glide forevermore.

Upon the wave, my keel to lave  
I sail the livelong day,  
And still I ride, the stars my guide;  
My path the tinkling spray.

A killdeer's cry calls from on high  
The slanting sunlight streams  
From out the West, where soon will rest  
The echo of my dreams.

—KATHLEEN DUFFY.

\* \* \* \*

### SPRING

Energy and laughter are born again  
to-day,  
'Mid the sunshine and the rain.  
The bursting sun is striving its debt  
to earth to pay.  
To give warm rains their cue.

The rich, brown earth gives back to us,  
The rousing life it feels;  
The throbbing pulse it senses, when

Spring breaks winter's seals.  
—ROSIE McINERNEY.

\* \* \* \*

### MEMORY LANE

Oft in the stillness of evening  
In the sunset's dying glow,  
A far-off voice is calling  
In a whisper soft and low.  
It comes on the wings of the  
night breeze  
As an echo, a call from the past;  
And I know that it brings some message  
Which I'll understand at last.

It is not of the dull, drab present  
But it comes across the years  
In a hushed and gentle cadence  
As it mingles with my tears.  
It seems that I am living  
In my childhood sweet again  
As that phantom whisper leads me  
Thro' the paths of Memory Lane.

And what happier, dearer journey  
Can any heart desire,  
What greater joy can be of the soul  
In its immortal fire  
Than the childish innocence,  
trust and love  
And the soul that is like a prayer  
Ere God in His wonderful  
kingdom above  
Bids us to enter there.

—KATHLEEN DUFFY.



## AFTERGLOW

Dark shadows creep and mellow breezes  
blow,  
The daylight falls and dying embers  
glow;  
The whispering twilight droops its sleepy  
eyes  
And twittering songbirds say their soft  
good-byes.

Farewell, farewell, so hums the dying  
day,  
The night-clouds lower, with their  
shrouding gray;  
The music of the twilight softly lends  
Its drumming choir, and into the twi-  
light blends.

The night clouds lower hang and here  
am I  
Amid the shadowy gloom and sunset's  
sky;  
The darkness gathers thick within my  
room  
And with them thoughts of friends from  
out the gloom.  
The Afterglow, the time when all friends  
meet  
In thought; though seas may part, we  
seek  
This one short hour, and bring forth  
from our heart  
Our thoughts of friends - the afterglow  
- - the dark.

—ENID McDONALD.

\* \* \* \*

## INDIAN SUMMER

I sit here in the twilight of my room  
The softening shadows linger here  
and there;  
The birds are gone, the mellow  
breezes blow  
And wave the branches, dark, and  
bleak and bare.

The songs of summer twilight now  
are gone.  
How silent, like some tired and  
sleepy child  
Who playing long all day, has crept  
to rest,

But in the twilight lingers yet awhile.

How warm, yet 'twas but yesterday I felt  
The icy tang of winter in the wind;  
To-night I watch the evening shadows  
creep  
And soft dull colours into twilight bend.

The moon comes out, yet it seems  
far away,  
A silvery mist is blotting out its light;  
A soft cool spray of fog is  
sweeping down  
And lamps are fading into Autumn  
night.  
—ENID McDONALD.

\* \* \* \*

## TO A RIVULET

O rivulet that onward flows  
Where grow the grasses long,  
Thy voice is naught but music sweet.  
Thy life a lilting song.

What dost you spy as on you hie  
Towards the mighty sea,  
Dost often steal where lovers feel  
The magic charm of thee?

Do little children pluck the rose  
That blooms beside thee now?  
And do they smile, as they the while  
Are mirrored on thy brow?

O cheerful, joyful streamlet  
That all day hurries on,  
Thy voice is naught but music sweet  
Thy life a lilting song.  
—KATHLEEN DUFFY.

\* \* \* \*

## A WISE PROPHECY

They say good times are coming back,  
We'll soon have money to burn;  
The good old world is perking up,  
And maybe that's not my concern.

The price of pork is going up,  
The same with butter and cheese;  
Eggs are soaring sky high,  
We'll soon be as busy as bees.

But I'm not going to be too sure.

## DAWN

The shimmering curtain of topaz  
trembles slightly,  
A saffron light sheds o'er its filmy side,  
A vague uncertain glow which ever  
nightly  
Deepens to a blaze of burning pride.

Softly as the wings of doves ascending  
To that other world of burnished gold,  
Brighter still the unseen tapers flicker  
Till they one great and glorious  
flame enfold.

Suddenly, the sheet of glory, lifted,  
Reveals the splendour of another day,  
All the lurking shadows swiftly vanish  
And Night, forgotten, steals  
silently away.  
—KATHLEEN DUFFY.

\* \* \* \*

## REALIZATION

Thou art the breathless wonder of the  
brooding hills;  
Thou art the silver twilight's  
magic wing;  
Thou art the censer of the fragrant  
dusk's strange scent.  
Even the rain can make Thy presence  
sing.  
Thine is the labour of a million  
tragic years,  
And Thine the pity for a million wrongs;  
Life would be but a timeless tracery  
of tears,

But for Thy Songs.

Thou art the stirring beauty of the  
thrush's note;  
All the swift yearning of the lilac tree;  
The queer, mad seeking for the  
lovely way of things;  
My life, my song, my eager ecstasy.  
Thou art the mystic music of the  
dreaming night;  
Thou art the wind, the rapture and  
the flame;  
Swift, glowing life could never be  
conceived for man  
But for Thy Name.

—L. K. BOWLEY.

You never can tell you know—  
Just what this good old world will do,  
Or how the prices will go.

And if I get all het up,  
A-planning, and buying and spending;  
And then prices take a great big drop  
You'll see me to the poor-house wending.  
—GENE GREGG.

\* \* \* \*

## A SNOW-STORM

Heaven-kissed trees turn white as  
the breeze  
Brings snow from the realms above.  
Feathery flakes conscientiously make  
The world as pure as first love.  
Frost-tipped bushes and sparkling  
bushes  
Peep forth from the mantle descending,  
In gem-covered houses the snow-  
storm arouses  
Sleepy-eyed children to sing - -

Wild-racing boys and high-stepping girls  
Dance forth from houses of snow;  
Thrilling sleigh-rides down the  
slippery hill-sides - -  
A vision more lovely than pearls.

—ROSIE McINERNEY

\* \* \* \*

## GLIMMERINGS

Just a little bit of heaven,  
It might be here or there;  
But it glimmers through  
Through a world of care.

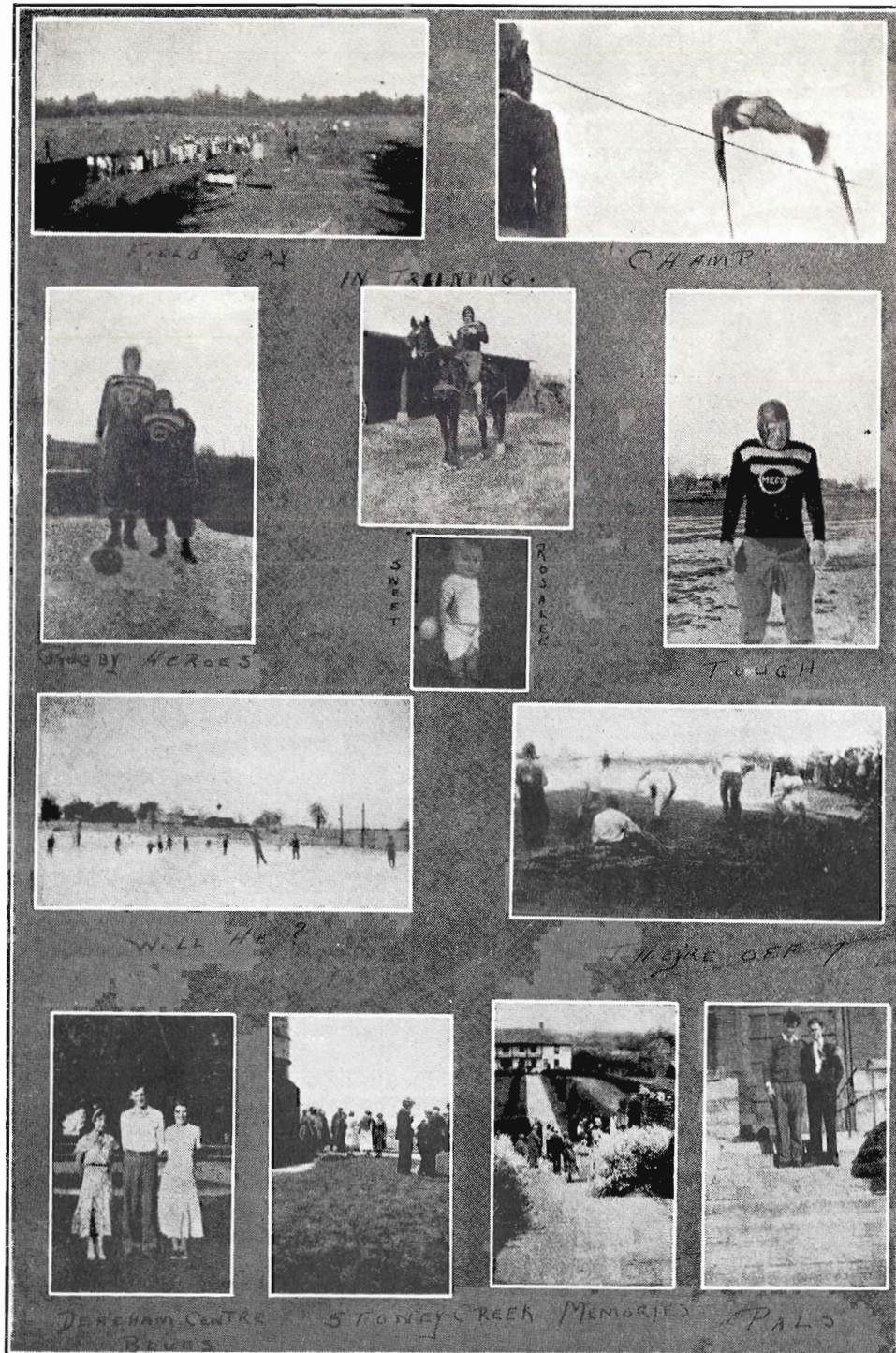
A glimmer here, a glimmer there,  
Of magic happiness;  
And you will always dare  
To be all loveliness.

Just glimmerings,  
Like the sparkle of a lake;  
Through cedar shimmerings  
Moonlit for your sake.

Yes, just glimmerings,  
O love 'neath moonlit skies;  
Filled with little quiverings,  
While all your spirit cries.

But, a little bit of magic,  
From Nature's guilded page;  
Can wake e'en in the tragic joy,  
Happy glimmerings presage.

—ROSIE McINERNEY.



### AS I SET OUT

Beside the kitchen door I stopped;  
 The wind with levell'd spears advanced  
 Across my path from where my journey  
 ay—

But then I saw the oak defy  
 The storm; I thought, in fiercest gale  
 It but obtains a test for strength  
 The which it has by slow degrees  
 Upbuilt in swaying summer breeze.  
 May I so live with roots so deep  
 In solid soil when no wind blows,  
 That I at last with good repute  
 Can face with confidence, nor bend  
 Before the sting of spiteful words—  
 May friends distrust a gossip's tale.

—WILL ROBERTS.

\* \* \* \*

### CLOUDS

At sunset, clouds are fleecy white,  
 Tipped with gold.  
 At sunrise, clouds that come in sight,  
 Bring glories bold.

The storm clouds gather in the sky,  
 And threaten again.  
 The trees and bushes heave a sigh,—  
 A sigh for rain.

In summer, clouds are delicate white  
 Against the blue.  
 In winter, clouds are gray and of  
 The dullest hue.

There'll always be clouds in our life,  
 If we feel blue.  
 But let us all keep smiling still,  
 Be brave and true.

—MARY BARRETT.

### A SOUL IS AS A STAR

A soul is as a star in myriad hosts  
 Of stars that tremble on the Great  
 Beyond;

God gave each soul at birth a  
 jewelled radiance  
 As Heaven's bond.

A soul is as a star in far-flung skies;  
 A shining symbol in God's endless plan;  
 And as to every star there comes a glory,  
 So to each man.

A quest is for each soul; a noble search  
 For Him who waits where silver  
 shadows fall,  
 To find Him - - life and fragrance,  
 joy and transport,  
 To lose Him - - all.

—L. K. BOWLEY.

\* \* \* \*

### SUNSET

When the sun is sinking in the west,  
 And the sky is bright and clear,  
 Some birds are calling from their nest,  
 Their mates are singing near.

Across the sunlit sky,  
 The evening clouds are gath'ring,  
 The night hawk's piercing cry,  
 Comes from birds on wing.

The sky is like a rainbow,  
 In scarlet, mauve and gold,  
 The colours shame the brightest  
 Of any silk goods sold.

The evening soon grows cooler,  
 And whip-poor-wills are singing;  
 The magic trilling of the lark  
 From the heavens above comes ringing.

—HELEN SMITH.

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"PENMAN'S HOSE"

"MONARCH YARNS"

Phone 447

Ingersoll, Ont.

## SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

### THE REUNION

September, 1933, marked the tenth year of the erection of the Mount Elgin Continuation School. Ten years have come, ten years have rolled away, since first its doors were opened to the youth of the community. Thus as a mark of appreciation and of gratitude to those whose efforts have made possible its existence, we celebrated on December the twenty-ninth, the anniversary of its birth. Teachers of previous years and students of their classes, gathered in its honour and reviewed their school day memories together.

The banquet table was enhanced by a beautifully decorated birthday cake, and streamers of red, black and white, were artistically arranged. Mr. J. Flanders, the chairman of the evening, told many anecdotes which were mirth-provoking, as well as reminiscent of other years.

After an enjoyable repast, Jack Morris proposed that we drink to the health of the king, and in response the National Anthem, echoed in one patriotic voice. Helen Duffy proposed a toast to the school, after which the assembled company sang the School Anthem. A toast to the ex-teachers was given by Wilbur Leamon, to which Miss Calhoun responded. To the ex-pupils, a toast was proposed by Esther Davis and Donald Strachan replied. To the school board, Clayton Pogue gave a toast and each of the trustees responded.

A musical programme was then enjoyed and those contributing were Mrs. Frank McElhone, Misses Mary and Dorothy Dynes and Kenneth Hill. The guest speaker, Professor Kingston from Western University, then entertained with an illustrated lecture on Astronomy.

Perhaps we shall reunite again in ten more years, or even five. Where will the present students be—what their occupations? We can only wonder, we can

only wait. Let us hope success will crown our efforts as ambition calls us now.

*Kathleen Duffy*  
\* \* \* \* \*

### COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

On Friday evening, November 17th, 1933, the Annual Commencement Exercises took place in the C. O. F. Hall, Mount Elgin. Our weeks of preparation were well awarded by a large audience, in spite of very unfavourable weather. The program commenced at eight o'clock and was as follows - -

The first number was the opening chorus and school yell. Following this, our principal, Mr. Belyea, gave a short introduction to our play, "Skidding." The first act of the play followed immediately. At the close of the first act, the efficiency prizes were presented to a number of students by Mr. Donald Strachan. The successful students were:—

1st in Form III, William Roberts; 2nd, Rosemary McInerney; 1st in Form II, Jack Morris; 2nd, Esther Leamon; 1st in Form I, Kathleen Myles; 2nd, Ruth Merrill.

Following this the boys put on a short skit. Act II of the play was then presented and after this the audience was favoured with a skit by the girls with solos from Mary Duffy and Kenneth Hill—alias Miss Kenneth. The graduation exercises then followed. The two graduates were the Misses Marguerite Banbury and Laune Freeman. Mr. Langrell presented them with their diplomas, after which a splendid valedictory address was given by Miss Marguerite Banbury. Mr. Belyea and Miss Turvey were then called to the platform and presented with remembrances from their pupils.

Act III was then given, and God Save the King brought to the close a most successful evening.

—EDITH STRACHAN.

### FIELD DAY

The annual Field Day of the Burgessville, Otterville and Mount Elgin Continuation Schools was held this year at Otterville park.

Three students for each event took part from the different schools. The main contests were running, jumping and pole-vaulting.

The pennant was awarded to the Otterville Continuation School, and the

individual honours were divided between Burgessville and Otterville. Although our school did not win any of the honours, our athletes were only a few points behind the winners of the pennant.

**Extra**—The thrills of the day were supplied by M. Boyce on the bridge, Bill Way showing us how to handle a Ford and Wesley Bentley who demonstrated a new idea in the form of a novelty race.

—DONALD DYNES.



Murray—"The weeds must be ostentatiously difficult to eradicate, they disseminate themselves so audaciously, and the aridity of the season is so deleterious to the crop too."

# FORM NEWS

## NEWS ITEMS OF TEN YEARS

Mr. Kenneth Hill while visiting Mt. Elgin School Reunion, sang a very touching popular song, entitled, "I wish I was a Kid Once More."

Mr. Will Roberts after years of research, has managed to find a way of keeping his hair from standing straight up. He is going to have his head shaved.

Mr. Arthur Flanders, star centre of the Toronto Maple Leafs, scored the winning goal of the Stanley Cup Series, after thirty minutes of overtime. With the score 0-0, "Son" picked up a loose puck at centre, and after passing the whole team, he scored in his own goal.

Miss Edith Strachan, pianist of her own orchestra, the "Strachan Stragglers," was reported to be dangerously ill due to the playing of an old favourite, entitled, "I Don't Want to go to Bed."

Mr. Lloyd Myles, star back fielder of Mt. Elgin's Dominion Champion Team, brought the game to a successful conclusion by throwing Ken. Hill the ball carrier, over the line so he could go through for a touchdown. No one realizes how Ken. got through the line.

Mr. Charles Clark, local political speaker, in answer to a question, said that he started his career as a speaker during spares in M. E. C. S., when Mr. Belyea was not present in the room.



PLAYERS

Left to Right:  
 D. Dynes      C. Pogue      E. Jolliffe      W. Jellous      R. Merrill  
 E. Strachan      H. Duffy      L. Hartnett      C. Clark      R. Hill

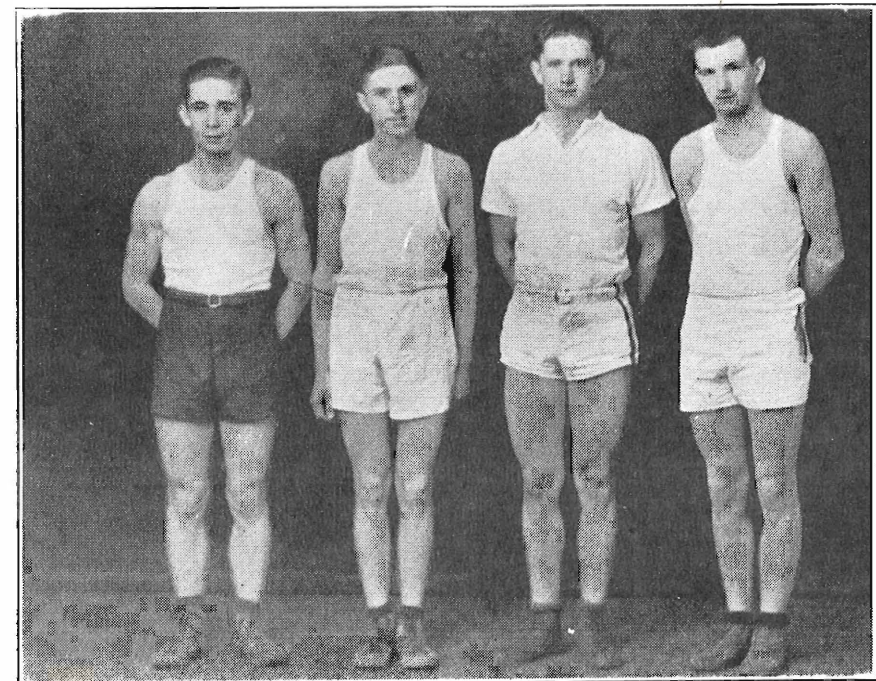
## THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Who helps Ina do her homework?  
 When Murray'll graduate in Grammar?  
 Where Jack Morris went after leaving Gallichan's studio?  
 Why Rosie spends her week-ends in Tillsonburg?  
 If Roberts has solved the debate, "Watching Trains versus Going Home"?  
 If Willbur saw "Little Women."  
 Does Dot like "Irish Eyes"?  
 Will Leotta succeed Babe Ruth?  
 Is Esther Leamon tongue-tied?  
 Will Clayton ever come a whole week at a time?  
 Were the roads around Folden's really so bad all winter?

When "Hasty" will act his age?  
 Has Miss Turvey four pair of eyes and six pair of ears?  
 How Roberts keeps his hair so neat?  
 If Mr. Belyea will ever give us warning when he's coming upstairs?  
 Why we are all so good?  
 Who put the chalk in the fountain?  
 If Leita's horse cracked the camera, (not to mention Merlyn)?  
 If the eggs will really hatch?  
 Will we ever survive the exams.?  
 Why Don is always yawning?

\* \* \* \*

Second Form are very thankful when Geometry period comes to get their homework done by the aid of Mr. Belyea, and receive their treat of sulphur and molasses.



ATHLETES

Left to Right :  
 A. Flanders      R. Freeman      W. Jellous      C. Pogue

**SONGS WE LOVE TO SING**

Grace Bell—"The Little Old Ford she Rambles Right Along."  
 Murray Crawford—"Wooden-Head, Pudden'-Head Jones."  
 Leita Davis—"Jimmy had a Nickel."  
 "Edie" Strachan—"I Wanna Ring Bells."  
 "Dot" Dynes—"Oh it's only a Paper Moon."  
 Leotta Hartnett—"Bye-Bye French."  
 "Ettie" Davis—"Shadow Waltz"  
 "Kay" Duffy—"As You Desire Me."  
 Earl Dynes—"Oh, I Wish I Had My French All Done."  
 "Sis" Flanders—"Do Eggs make a Good Diet?"  
 Laurel Nancekivell—"Mackie Doesn't Live Here Anymore."  
 A. B. C. Pogue—" 'Tis Sumner Again."  
 Eva Jolliffe—"The Sun's in my Heart."  
 "Walt" Leamon—"Girl of My Dreams."  
 Helen Duffy—"Yoo-Hoo, I'm a Night

Owl."  
 "Curly" Jellous—"Little Women."  
 Merlyn Boyce—"It's a Long, Long Way To London."  
 "Hasty" Hill—"Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing."  
 Don. Dynes—"Setting on a Log, Petting My Dog."  
 "Son" Flanders—"If I were a Millionaire."  
 Esther Leamon—"Contented."  
 Jack Morris—"Show Me How To Get Home."

\* \* \*

First Form has won the reputation of being the only Form able to work an Algebra question backwards. That is, from the answer up.

\* \* \*

First Form—Yes, sir.  
 Second Form—Yes.  
 Third Form—Yeah.  
 Fourth Form—Uh-huh.  
 Fifth Form—Silence.



**LITERARY EXECUTIVE**

Back Row, (Left to Right) :  
 G. Jolliffe                      E. Strachan                      K. Myles  
 Front Row, (Left to Right) :  
 K. Duffy    E. Jolliffe    L. Nancekivell, (Pres.)    H. Duffy    H. Smith

A is for Arthur better known as Son Has an interest in the M. E. C. S., I guess you know which one.  
 B is for Bell, whose first name is Grace, Who has a mild temper, who has a fair face.  
 C is for Crawford, no more need be said, He can tell you plenty,—that he has read.  
 D is for Dynes, they are four of a kind, All hail from Verschoyle, which I doubt you could find.  
 E is for Eva, whose heart is somewhere Between here and Dereham Centre, I wonder where?  
 F is for Flanders, nicknamed "Sis," Not very tall, but a busy miss.  
 G is for goodness, in this we excel, Never talk, never laugh, never mind, oh well—  
 H is for Hartnett, her name is Leotta, She's still the same, hasn't changed one iota.  
 I is for Ina, her surname is Weeks, Knowledge flies forth, whenever she

speaks.  
 J is for Jellous, we might call him Curly, The chauffeur for Folden's crowd, late or early.  
 K is for Kathleen, our editor so busy,  
 L is for Leita, a little bit dizzy.  
 M is for Mary, no employment she finds, But creating cartoons to distract student's minds.  
 N is for Nothing we have in our brains,  
 O is our payment for all our pains  
 P is for Patience, our teachers have none,  
 Q is for questions we get everyone.  
 R is for Roberts, each day to school speedeth,  
 S is for Strachan, her first name is Edith.  
 T is for Trouble, we've had some of that,  
 U, V, W, X and Y, well now where am I at.  
 Well Z is the last and my tale is now told,  
 O we re a great Third Form, as good as the gold.



**HONOUR STUDENTS**

Left to Right :  
 J. Morris                      E. Leamon                      R. McInerney                      W. Roberts  
 Front Row :  
                                          R. Merrill                      K. Myles

**IS IT TRUE THAT:**

"Hasty" Hill is taking dancing lessons in preparation for a Broadway career?

A. B. C. Pogue has received notice to appear as judge at the trial of Murray Crawford, proven guilty of stating that Henry Hudson crossed Labrador in an aeroplane?

"Walt." Leamon has an exotically beautiful girl friend who is constantly in his thoughts?

"Dot" Dynes has set up a hair-dressing establishment in the science room of the M. E. C. S.?

Ina Weeks, with two accomplices, robbed a neighbour of \$500 the other night?

"Son" Flanders, who prefers blondes, will marry a brunette?

"Eddie" Strachan is the pianist of the future school orchestra?

"Rosie" McInerney is going to marry a cowboy of the wild and woolly?

"Sis" Flanders is the height of every

man's ambition?

"Ettie" Davis is another of those wild and reckless Folden's bunch?

"Leotta" Hartnett loves doing French authors after four?

"Judd" Roberts was seen combing his hair?

"Curly" Jellous is fast following in the steps of Rudy Vallee?

\* \* \* \*

**FIRST FORM NEWS**

Gene Gregg and Gladys Nutt take the prize for tall stories. One cold morning they said that they got stuck in a snow-bank with their horse and buggy. All that could be seen of the horse was the ears. They turned around and went home to get a shovel, taking the horse and buggy with them. They soon came back with a shovel and dug out the horse. As might be expected, they were late for school.



**REUNION EXECUTIVE**

Back Row, (Left to Right) :  
 L. Nancekivell                      M. Dynes                      K. Myles  
 Front Row, (Left to Right):  
 E. Dynes              E. Jolliffe              E. Strachan              D. Dynes

**SPORTS**

**THE VALUE OF ATHLETICS**

The old saying that "all work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy," is often ridiculed. Many believe that athletics are of little or no benefit to anyone. Let us consider some of the many advantages gained from them

Since we are to develop four square, namely -- mentally, physically, spiritually and socially, I know of no better way to learn to appreciate these than in relation to athletics.

Our wisdom is increased by the ability that games give us to think more quickly. Also through tactics used in a game such as rugby.

Our stature and good health, which are worth more than pearls, are given a chance to develop. It is easy to pick out the students in schools who do take part in athletics. Their bodies are sturdy, their muscles well developed. Pupils who do take part are generally those overflowing with vigour.

The last may be classed under sportsmanship. One who takes his or her defeat in good spirit is considered a "good sport."

Let us not think lightly of athletics, but give to it our loyal support that our faculties may be increased.

\* \* \* \*

**RUGBY**

After selecting a team and practicing signals for some time, we finally arranged for a game with Ingersoll Collegiate. The afternoon was clear and the atmosphere became chilly. The field was in good shape and everything seemed ideal for a good game.

Soon the whistle blew, and the teams immediately turned to position for the kick off. The game was watched with great interest by a number of enthusiastic spectators.

Ingersoll gained a touch down, the excitement became tense. Mt. Elgin gained a touch down. Both teams employed every tactic they knew—the plunge, the forward pass, the end run, but the tie remained unbroken

The game finished with the score being five each.

This was a game "that was a game." Bloody noses, black eyes, aching bones and everything that goes to make up the game.

Owing to a change in the weather, we were unable to get in any more games. However, we had several practices and hope to be in the game again next year.

\* \* \* \*

**HOCKEY**

**Mt. Elgin vs. Embro**

Hockey this year has been practically certain owing to continued good ice. The first game was arranged with Embro.

Excuse me folks,—did I say a game? Owing to the fact that some of our players were unable to get there, we were "outnumbered" so to speak.

When Embro changed their forward line, ours remained the same and the results proved not so good.

Although there were good plays on both sides, the Embro boys steadily gained and the final score was six to nothing in favor of Embro.

**Mt. Elgin vs. Ingersoll**

The game with Ingersoll Collegiate really showed the boys just what they could do. Both teams were evenly matched and the plays were well divided. The game was played in two halves.

The first half was full of excitement, long shots, and well placed combination shots. At the close of the first half

the score was four to nothing in favour of Mt. Elgin.

The second half was still fast, the Mount playing a more defensive game. Ingersoll began changing the forward line often and playing four men up. Mt. Elgin began to tire, with the result that Ingersoll scored three goals.

Finally the bell rang, leaving the score of four to three in our favour.

**Mt. Elgin vs. Norwich**

Hockey again! A fast and furious game was played at Norwich on their open air rink. The plays proved fairly even on both sides. The final score was two to one in favour of Norwich.

—CLAYTON E. POGUE.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Belyea—"What is steam?"  
Murray—"Water gone crazy with the heat"

Try the New

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Registered Operators

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**PHONE 418 - INGERSOLL**



**HOCKEY TEAM**

Back Row, (Left to Right) :  
 W. Jellous                      K. Hill                      D. Dynes  
 Front Row, (Left to Right) :  
 C. Pogue    A. Flanders    D. Strachan    R. Freeman    J. Davis

# JOKES

Walter—"There's a hair in my applesauce."

Esther—"There can't be. They're Baldwins."

\* \* \* \*

Teacher, (in grammar class)—"Give an example of a collective noun."

William Crombie—"Fly paper."

\* \* \* \*

Teacher—"Murray, hit Will and wake him up."

Murray—"Hit him yourself. You put him to sleep."

\* \* \* \*

"Now boys," said Miss Turvey, "tell

me the signs of the zodiac. You first Jack."

"Taurus, the Bull."

"Right!" "Now you, Arthur."

"Cancer, the Crab."

"Right again." "Now you Murray."

Murray looked puzzled, hesitated, and then blurted out, "Mickey, the Mouse."

\* \* \* \*

The Doctor answered the phone. "Quick," he shouted, "This man says he can't live without me."

"Just a minute said his wife, "this call is for your daughter."



**RUGBY TEAM**

Back Row, (Left to Right) :  
 M. Boyse    D. Dynes    Mr. Belyea    K. Hill    C. Pogue  
 Front Row, (Left to Right) :  
 E. Dynes    W. Jellous    C. Clark    A. Flanders    W. Leamon  
                   W. Roberts    J. Davis    J. Morris    R. Freeman

### TEN LITTLE STUDENTS

Ten little students, feeling brisk and fine,  
One played hookey. Then there were nine.

Nine little students gayly meeting fate,  
One cried, "What is Art?" Then there were eight.

Eight little students, making life a heaven,  
One moaned, "What is Love?" Then there were seven.

Seven little students, pert and full of tricks,  
One sighed, "What is Life?" Then there were six.

Six little students very much alive,  
One tried a new experiment. Then there were five.

Five little students light with college lore,  
One became a Thinker. Then there were four.

Four little students bright as they can be,  
One outgrew his parents. Then there were three.

Three little students seeing life through,  
One broke a window. Then there were two.

Two little students basking in the sun,  
One played rugby. Then there was one.

One little student loving life and fun,  
He drank some H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>. Then there were none.

Ten little students--swell the requiem--  
Undigested knowledge settled all of them.



ATHLETES

- |              |             |             |          |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|----------|
| R. McInerney | E. Strachan | L. Hartnett | K. Myles |
| I. Weeks     | J. Johnson  |             |          |

Wilbur—"If a man married his cousin's, father's, sister's daughter, what relation would he be to her?"

Kenneth—"Why I don't know."

Wilbur—"She'd be his wife."

\* \* \* \*

The other day, Will Roberts was industriously engaged scratching his head. It is reported that it took him all next day to get the slivers out of his fingers.

\* \* \* \*

#### HE MISSED HIS MARK

"Did you ever kiss the Garden of Eden, Reg.?"

"No, how do you do it?" said Reg.

"Well, I come mighty close to Eve's Adam's apple one night," Son answered.

\* \* \* \*

Reg. Freeman was ordered by his doctor to confine himself to a fish diet. Entering a restaurant, he asked: "Have you any shark, whale or goldfish?"

"No," said the waiter, "we have not."

"Then," said the man, "bring me a large steak and onions. Heaven knows I asked for fish."

\* \* \* \*

#### HE KNEW

The teacher was examining the class to see how much they remembered of a natural history lesson given the day before, and told each child to give her the name of an animal. Up went a hand.

"Well, Lloyd, what animal do you remember?"

"The warmer," was the unexpected reply.

"Nonsense. There's no such animal. Sit down."

Up went another hand.

"Please, miss, I know what 'e means. 'E means the otter."

\* \* \* \*

Wilbur—"Do you know Lincoln's address at Gettysburg?"

Ken—"No, but in Washington, it was the White House."

\* \* \* \*

Freshman—"Say, what's the idea of wearing my raincoat?"

Roommate—"Well, you wouldn't want your new suit to get wet, would you?"

\* \* \* \*

Roberts—"You should see the graceful lines of her neck and her liquid eyes. Her skin is like velvet and her breath smells like new mown hay."

Walt. Leamon—"Are you speaking of a girl or a cow?"

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The more you study  
The more you know.  
The more you know  
The more you forget.  
The more you forget  
The less you know.  
The less you know  
The less you forget.  
The less you forget  
The more you know.  
So why study.

\* \* \* \*

Marion McBeth—"Where do Jones' live?"

Alvin Hill—"You know that red brick house on the sixth concession. Across from it is a white frame house. Do you know the house?"

Marion—"Yes."

Alvin—"Well, that isn't it."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Turvey was very busy keeping track of the days William Crombie was absent—

Miss Turvey—"We had the vocabulary for to-day."

William—"I know we were to have had it yesterday but I wasn't here."

Now Miss Turvey looks for William every other day.

\* \* \* \*

Pretty Girl—"I don't see how football players get clean."

Don—"Silly, what do you think the scrub team is for?"

\* \* \* \*

Teacher—"What do you think a land flowing with milk and honey would be like?"

Murray—"Sticky."

Mr. Belyea—"Can you tell me what the loud noise in the second act of McBeth means?"

Bill—"That was Duncan kicking the bucket."

\* \* \* \*

Teacher—"Bill, you've been fighting again. There's a bump on your head."

Bill—"No, it was an accident."

Teacher—"An accident?"

Bill—"I was sitting on Murray and I forgot to hold his feet."

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Eva Jellous and Ruth Merrill sauntered into the library the other day.

"Lookit, Eva," Ruth squealed. "Here's 'Little Women,' 'Why it was on in Ingersoll last week and they've got it out in book form already.'"

\* \* \* \*

There used to be board sidewalks by Stone's Store, but it got broken up. Mary Barrett is suspected.

\* \* \* \*

Alvin Hill likes to know the difference between rulers. He wanted to know the difference between his and Marion McBeth's. He bent Marion's. Then he bent his own and it broke. His conclusion was that Manion's was of better quality than his.

\* \* \* \*

Reg. Freeman has expressed a desire that the Young People's Society of Otterville be entertained by the Young People of Mt. Elgin. I wonder why?

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Belyea suggests that the Ontario Provincial Government pave the roads around Folden's, so the Folden's aggregation can get here.

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 IS YOUR  
 BEST FOOD  
 EAT MORE  
 OF IT

**DEAN'S**  
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William Roberts' fist missed Murray Crawford and hit the wall, which William Roberts said was very hard.

\* \* \* \*

First Form gives honours to Allen Harris for being the quietest, and Marion McBeth for being the noisiest.

\* \* \* \*

Wanted—A new supply of combs for the M.E.C.S., as Gladys Nutt tries to comb her hair and the comb begins to burn instantly.

\* \* \* \*

Many a First and Second Form student wishes that the Histories would be abolished before the beginning of the next term.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Earl Dynes, our well-known Frenchman was very busy to-night writing out French.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Turvey—"What does 'quaque' mean in Latin?"

Jack—"A duck."

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Merlyn—"I was absolutely historical with laughter."

Clayt—"You mean hysterical."

Merlyn—"No, historical, I laughed for ages and ages."

\* \* \* \*

Alvin seems to hang around Marion too much to suit her, for she uses her ruler quite freely, but, as she proclaims, his head must be made of some hard material, because he doesn't seem to feel it.

\* \* \* \*

**JUST AS GOOD**

Clayton P., (after talking for two hours)—"I am sorry if I appear to be taking up a lot of time, but it is really not my fault, as there is no clock in this hall."

Don. Dynes—"There's a calender behind you, anyway!"

Ruth Merrill and Eva Jellous were very much impressed by the show "Little Women," which caused much excitement for them, then and even more afterwards. Apparently they are a bit hazy as to who took them since they seem to believe that Wilbur J., and David B. were their escorts, which of course was not so.

\* \* \* \*

Earl Dynes to Charles—"I bet my grandfather left more than yours did."

Charles—"Mine left twenty thousand."

Earl—"Mine left the earth."

\* \* \* \*

The favourite past-time of William Roberts is whistling through the button-hole of his coat on his way to and from school.



**SOFTBALL TEAM**

Back Row, (Left to Right) :  
 I. Weeks R. McInerney E. Davis Mr. Dynes E. Jellous K. Myles L. Hartnett  
 Front Row, (Left to Right) :  
 H. Smith E. Jolliffe M. Flanders E. Strachan J. Johnson

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# ALUMNI

**1922 CLASS**

Mrs. Dean, (Miss Card); Miss M. Bell, Mrs. John Engels, (Mary Duffy); Velma Gilbert, Arthur Gilbert, Evelyn Tindale, Gladys Brooks, Grace Caverhill, Mrs. Fred Douglas, (M. Cucksey); Clarence Duffy, Chas. Ellery, Irene Gilbert, Donald Little, Mrs. Fred Harrison, (B. Poole); Mrs. David Hart, (E. Prouse); Edward Stone, Harry Swance, Lorne Duffy.

**1923-24 CLASS**

Miss I. Flewelling, Miss M. Bell, Fred Brooke, Mrs. E. Quinn, (E. McEwen); Mary Poole, Mrs. Uren, (G. Poole); Evelyn Burns, Helen Wilson, Mrs. H. Tindale, (E. Garnham); Harley Goodhand, Fred Harrison, John Anderson, Leslie Hill, Doris Hadcock, Marjorie Copeland.

**1924-25 CLASS**

Anne I. Calhoun, L. K. Woolley, Mrs. M. Watson, (Gloria McEwen); Mrs. J. Churchouse, (Violet Moulton); Gwenythe Banbury, Mildred Duffy, Mrs. I. Prouse, (Gertrude Fleming); Marjorie Gregg, Mrs. A. Morrison, (Blanche Tackell); Mrs. H. McKnight, (Annie Todd); Sam Banbury, Carl Burns, Eugene Duffy, Donald Fleming, Geo. McDonald, Leroy Wilson, Morton Wilson, Mrs. Hare, (Helen Burns); Vera Crawford, Irma Davis, Mrs. A. Fletcher, (Olive Dinwoodie); Mrs. R. Tuck, (Marie Downing).

**1925-26 CLASS**

Annie Calhoun, Ida A. Hogg, Gordon Baskett, Eddie Dunham, Robert Gilbert, Grace Burrill, Evelyn Freeman, Rose Gregg, Muriel Little, Cecilia McElhone,

Irene McElhone, Madeline McElhone, Helen Jolliffe, Wilma Kelly, Ross McCrae, Vera Simmons, Mrs. Yates, (Rose McEwen.)

**1926-27 CLASS**

Grace Goodrich, Elsie Moulton, Ruth Moulton, Tom Baskett, Earl Burrill, Ross Fewster, Theodore Nancekivell, Gordon Quigley, Henry Rhodes, George Thomas, Patrick Duffy, Wilbert Leamon, Alma Corbett, Marjorie Foster, Izetta Miners, Geraldine Stone, Marjorie Roberts, Mrs. Chas. Lawlor, (Coza Tackell); Doris Shuttleworth, Marion Robbins.

**1927-28 CLASS**

Lloyd Bourne, Edward Duffy, Harold Fleming, Harold Harrison, James Hartnett, Gordon Haycock, Max Lade, Harris McGillvray, Reg. Nancekivell, Roy Weeks, Pauline Duffy, Jessie Little, Jean McDonald, Donald Dynes.

**1928-29 CLASS**

Dorothy Steele, Jean Henderson, Gordon Campbell, James Fierheller, Fred Freeman, Lorne Jolliffe, Lillian Bowley, Dorothy Budd, Vera Downing, Margaret Duffy, Irene Fierhellen, Edna Harris, Elsie Jellous, Marion Roberts, Donald Strachan.

**1929-30 CLASS**

Lorne Chambers, Fred Fierheller, William Goodhand, Ralph Leamon, Harry Little, Clayton Pogue, Manguerite Banbury, Willa Bell, Helen Duffy, Kathleen Duffy, Laurene Freeman, Mrs. Carl Howey, (F. Hammond); Esther Harris, Laurel Nancekivell, Faye Prouse, Merlyn Boyce, Mary Dynes, Eleanor Ellery, Irene Richens.

**GOT HIM AT LAST**

The young man had gone to the bazaar, but was determined not to spend anything.

Fair Seller—"What about this cigarette case?"

Young Man—"I don't smoke."

"This pen-wiper?"

"I never write."

"A packet of sweets."

"I don't eat sweets."

"Then what about this tablet of soap?"

The young man bought it.

\* \* \* \*

"That Miss Blonde is much older than I thought," remarked a young man to his friend in the boarding house, "What makes you think that?" asked his friend.

"Well," he replied, "I asked her if she had read Burns' poems, and she said she read them when they first came out."

"There once was a minister who used to preach a very short sermon every Sunday. The people of the village did not like a too-long sermon, but they thought he was cutting them too short, so they decided to have his teeth out and get some false ones. The next Sunday after he had had his teeth out he preached for two hours without stopping. Well the people thought that was too long, so they went to the place where they got the teeth and come to find out, they had sent women's teeth instead.

\* \* \* \*

A Scotsman entered a saddler's shop and asked for a single spur.

"What use is one spur," said the man.

"Well," replied Sandy, "If I can get one side of the horse to go, the other one will have to go with it."

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