

BELLEVILLE COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE AND
VOCATIONAL SCHOOL



1950 1951 1952

ELEVATOR

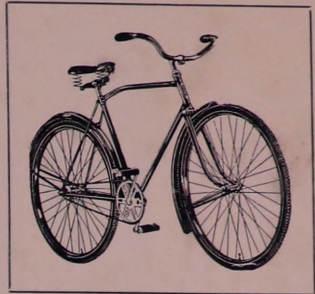


1954

□	000	000	□
□	000	000	□
□	000	000	□
□	000	000	□

1955
D. PAYNE

BICYCLES OUR SPECIALTY



RALEIGH, RUDGE, HUMBER, CCM, QUINTE,
SUNSHINE — IN POPULAR MODELS
3-Speed Standard — Balloon — Juvenile —
Junior and Sidewalk

Convenient Terms Arranged — Complete Repairs on All Models

TRICYCLES - WAGONS - SCOOTERS

KIDDYCARS - DOLL PRAMS

Special Accessories and Necessities for Your Bicycle — Generator Lamp Sets — Battery Lamp
Sets — Bells — Horns — Carriers — Baskets — Handlebar Grips — Bicycle Chains — Tires —
Tubes Etc.

**RUGBY
BALLS**

**VOLLEY BALLS
BASKET BALLS
Punching Bags**

**SOCCER
BALLS**

SPRING

BODYBUILDER

EXERCISERS

**FISHING
TACKLE**

DART BOARDS

and

DARTS

MODEL AIRPLANES, BOATS, CARS, TRAINS AND SUPPLIES

STEPHEN LICENCE LIMITED

299 FRONT ST.

ALEX McGLASHON

BELLEVILLE

2016-34/27

THE ELEVATOR STAFF

Proudly dedicates this edition to



THE QUINTE SECONDARY SCHOOL

officially opened

FEBRUARY 16th, 1955

LESLIE F. REID, B.A., B.Ed., *Principal*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

DEDICATION	3
INDEX AND GENERAL	4
ELEVATOR STAFF	5
EDITORIALS	6
PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE	7
NEW TEACHERS	8
B.C.I. & V.S. STAFF PICTURES	9
LITERARY	15
GRADUATES	43
COMMENCEMENT	44
SCHOLARSHIPS, PRIZES, BURSARIES	46
GRADE XIII GRADUATES	48
ALUMNI	52
GRADE XII FORM NEWS	57
FORM PICTURES	62
ATHLETICS	79
ACTIVITIES	101
THE QUINTE STORY	102
MR. AND MISS B.C.I.	104
THE STUDENT'S COUNCIL EXECUTIVE	105
CLUB PICTURES AND REPORTS	106
ASSEMBLIES	119
DANCES	121
1954 CADET INSPECTION	123
1955 KAMPUS KAPERS	125
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE	125
HUMOR	129
ADVERTISER'S INDEX	138
AUTOGRAPHS	140

Elevator Staff

ART SUTTON
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



ANNE FORRESTER
ASSOCIATE EDITOR



OVER THE EDITOR'S SHOULDER

As I sit at my desk thinking about how I will express my appreciation to all those who helped create this magazine, I am astonished at the number of people who have shared in producing this Elevator. I am almost afraid to thank anyone because I realize that most surely I shall forget someone. There are however three men who must be thanked here in appreciation for their invaluable assistance to me and my staff.

Mr. Linton Reid who is our literary adviser deserves our heartfelt thanks for the many hours he spent conferring with the staff and reading manuscripts.

The budget, advertising, and general business departments are advised by Mr. John Snetsinger. These necessary departments can thank Mr. Snetsinger for many after-foots sacrificed to the Elevator.

The art department which is responsible for the laying out of pictures and the designing of the cover and dividers is to be deeply indebted to Mr. Ernest Findale who gave up many hours after four and many Saturday mornings to help his staff.

Most of all the staff is grateful for having gained

three special friends to whom they can always look for advice and understanding.

Mr. Orr, who was most co-operative with us, Mr. Taylor and his staff at the Ontario Intelligencer, Mr. Paul and his engraving staff at the Whig Standard in Kingston, the teachers and students of the B.C.I.V.S., and all contributors of material share in part for the success of this magazine.

Approximately one thousand copies of this annual are to be printed. Production costs will exceed two and one half thousand dollars. As you can see, each book costs about two fifty. However our advertising space nets us an appreciable amount of money and consequently we are able to sell our book for eighty-five cents. I would ask you, dear reader, to note just who advertises in this yearbook. It is largely through the support of these generous subscribers that the Elevator staff can produce this book. When possible give them your patronage.

To my Elevator staff I offer my deepest appreciation. Each time I look at my Elevator I shall remember the tremendous effort that you put forward in its creation. Laus vobis.

—A.D.S.

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

Nineteen fifty-four was indeed a year of transition for the B.C.I. & V.S. How sad we felt to say goodbye to Mr. Currie, Miss Merry, and the thirteen other teachers that left us then. We shall remember them always as a beloved and important part of our high-schooling. However, even before the departing teachers had left we were anticipating the arrival of replacements. When we lose a good teacher we wonder how his replacement will measure up.

Remember the first assembly in September? As we heard Mr. Orr's opening remarks and the introducing of the teaching staff, unconsciously we were wondering how all these new teachers would work out. Well, how have they worked out? Certainly we can consider ourselves fortunate in having as principal Mr. Orr, who, having befriended every one of us, has shown himself fair, understanding, and interested. Equally fortunate are we to have received as teacher replacements erudite and congenial masters, each one of which has already won our admiration and devotion. However we have undergone a comparatively mild change compared to what has happened at Quinte Secondary School.

Nineteen fifty-four marks the beginning of an epoch in Belleville Secondary School history. With the opening of the Quinte Secondary School there are for the first time in Belleville two co-existent public high schools. At the present time only grade eleven is accommodated at Quinte, but soon grades twelve and thirteen will be taught there. What a tremendous task Mr. Leslie Reid must have in co-ordinating the affairs of this new school! Congratulations are in order for the staff and students at Quinte. Already Quinte has established a number of activities as well as a prominent athletic record.

If you keep up with Collegiate gossip no doubt you have heard reports about B.C.I.'s dormant school spirit. A reasonable prediction would be that the day when we shall hear chanted with resounding gusto, "B.C.V.I. That's our war cry!" is not far away. We can expect to see spring forth—and there are evidences of it already—a competitive spirit, the tonic which will help each school rise to every new situation with an eagerness and resourcefulness, spelling in three dimension, SUCCESS.

—A.D.S.

THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



E. Arnold Orr, M.A.

It is with a feeling of pride and privilege that I extend greetings to the readers of the 1955 edition of the Elevator.

Many years have passed since my student days at Belleville High School. Now I have had the distinct pleasure of returning as Principal of its successor, Belleville Collegiate Institute and Vocational School. The building and the name have been altered. Staff and students have changed. Enrolments have increased to such an extent that another secondary school has had to be established in the community. Yet the traditions and the spirit of the school remain. And with the co-operation and support of the staff and student body I shall do my utmost to uphold and strengthen the splendid reputation which has come to be associated with our school.

To those who are about to join the ranks of our alumni I would express our best wishes for a future filled with achievement, happiness, and success. The

members of the graduating classes may be assured that whether they continue their education elsewhere or embark immediately on their careers, we of B.C.I. V.S. will follow their progress with interest and, we trust, with pride.

It is our hope that they have acquired here those knowledges, attitudes, habits and skills that will enable them to meet whatever challenges life may present to them. We trust that they will remember their days at B.C.I.V.S. with enjoyment and satisfaction and that they will look to the future with confidence in themselves and with a determination to make the fullest use of their abilities.

May I express too, my sincere gratitude for the splendid loyalty and co-operative support given me by the staff and students during this year of transition and my congratulations to those whose energy and enthusiasm have given us a souvenir which will assume a worthy place with previous editions of our school magazine.

OUR NEW TEACHERS

Miss Doyle

Belleville is not a new city for Miss Doyle as it is her hometown, but being a Girl's Physical Education teacher at B.C.I. is a new experience. Miss Doyle, a graduate of Queen's University, spent the summer following her graduation on a trip overseas. Miss Doyle, among her other hobbies of badminton and athletics is a member of the local Theatre Guild. She is also very interested in camp work. Miss Doyle enjoys B.C.I., finding the student's co-operative, the staff congenial and the gymnasium very well equipped.

Miss St. John

The pretty blonde-haired Chemistry teacher of B.C.I. is a graduate of the University of Toronto and a former resident of Norwich, Ontario. Miss St. John is a very enthusiastic Chemistry teacher but she is beset by one main problem, that of lack of room for the instruments of her trade. Miss St. John also is the staff advisor for the Camera Club and spends much of her leisure time pursuing her hobbies of sports and music.

Mr. Ewald

Mr. Ewald is an experienced traveller having lived in London, Kitchener, Toronto, Quebec City, and Nassau, West Indies. A graduate of the University of Western Ontario, he has also attended Waterloo College, Medical School, and the Ontario College of Education. Mr. Ewald, as a Boy's Physical Education Instructor has had the interesting experience of teaching at Queen's College in Nassau. Besides his hobbies of tennis, badminton and swimming, he also enjoys piano playing and oil painting.

Mr. Gyde

After his graduation from the University of Toronto, Mr. Gyde studied Commercial subjects at the Ontario College of Education. Mr. Gyde manages to find time between teaching, home, Bridge Street United Church Choir and the Lion's Club to pursue his interesting hobbies of skiing, hockey, rugby, and reading.

Mr. Hannaford

Mr. Hannaford gained his drafting experience in an engineering office in Toronto and graduated from the Ontario College of Education. Mr. Hannaford spent much of his extra-curricular time coaching the senior football team. His spare time now is divided between home, golfing, fishing and hunting.

Page Eight

Mr. Kelso

Mr. Kelso, a graduate of Queen's University, spent the early years of his life in his hometown of Prescott. Mr. Kelso was the excellent and well liked director of the Drama Club's presentation, "More Than Meets the Eye." Although staff advisor for the Library Club he still finds time to attend and to attempt, as well as an amateur can, the intricacies of architecture.

Mr. Ord

Mr. Ord grew up in the city of Oakville, Tennessee, and after five years of high school at Appley High, he attended Syracuse University and McMaster University. Mr. Ord was offered the very interesting job of making new discoveries in an experimental laboratory in the United States but he preferred the social and somewhat exasperating life of a High School Physics teacher. Mr. Ord spends much of his leisure time playing badminton, tennis or bridge.

Mr. Sheffe

Mr. Sheffe is a proud graduate of the University of Toronto and during the years which he has spent and is still spending in acquiring a broader view of historical facts he has also attended Harvard University and the University of Virginia. Mr. Sheffe enjoys the music of Bach and Mozart but he appreciates also what he terms the "better" jazz of Morton and Cab Calaway. Mr. Sheffe is also very interested in theatrical work and the Early English Classics. Mr. Sheffe, although a busy man, manages to find time to act in the capacity of staff advisor for the Sound Crew.

Mr. Varsava

Mr. Varsava went from Central Technical School in Toronto to the Ontario College of Education from which he graduated in 1954. Mr. Varsava spends his days teaching auto-mechanics to the boys of B.C.I. His leisure time is spent in the relaxing hobbies of golfing, fishing and hunting.

Mr. Walker

The hometown of Mr. Walker is Toronto where he ended his student life at the University of Toronto. Mr. Walker is an enthusiastic English teacher who first taught at the Sudbury Mineral and Technical School. His hobbies of sports and reading are given second place to his eventful life as the father of a two year old son.

B.C.I. and V.S. STAFF



Front Row—Miss E. Smith, Miss B. Linnen, Miss N. Naismith, Miss H. McLaren, Mr. K. Hill, Mr. E. A. Orr, Mr. D. Stirling, Miss E. Groat, Miss M. Gibson.
 Second Row—Mr. E. Weston, Mr. H. Mott, Miss Fraser, Mrs. Clare, Miss S. Doyle, Miss H. St. John, Miss R. Silvester, Miss MacPherson, Mrs. Parkhurst,
 Third Row—Mr. C. Heard, Mr. R. Phillips, Mr. A. Archibald, Mr. D. Ord, Mr. N. Reid, Mr. K. Ridge, Mr. M. Hancock, Mr. E. Tindale, Mr. C. Slom, Mr. C. Kelso, Mr. N. Smith
 Fourth Row—Mr. E. Varsava, Mr. H. Bates, Mr. C. Templer, Mr. E. Burgess, Mr. H. Gyde, Mr. W. Ewald, Mr. W. Walker, Mr. L. Lambert, Mr. F. Hannaford, Mr. J. Snetinger
 Mr. F. Bradley, Mr. A. Wilson.



Compliments of

City of Belleville

BELLEVILLE is experiencing a period of rapid expansion. New industries are building and older firms expanding. Keeping pace with industrial growth, there are the new housing developments; while new schools and other facilities such as streets, water, sewers and hydro are planned for the immediate future to serve new customers.

Situated between Canada's two largest cities, Belleville is served by both the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways. It is the crossroads for three Provincial Highways and is served by eight bus lines and many transport companies.

We can be proud of our many fine schools, and colleges, our city owned Hospital, Public Utilities Commission, Memorial Arena and many services rendered to our citizens.

The City Council, Board of Education, Industrial Commission, Planning Board and your Chamber of Commerce are constantly serving Belleville and its citizens, endeavouring to meet your requirements and planning for the future.

Belleville's population is now approximately 25,000 and increasing. Our many industries have an annual output of over \$24,500,000 per year and provide employment for 4,200 men and women.

Belleville is the county seat and the gateway to a rich and beautiful unspoiled tourist area in the Highlands of Hastings.



Mayor
J. BOTH

Aldermen

WM. A. ARGUE
HARRY J. CLARKE
ENOS DAVID
J. FORRESTER
RALPH L. GRAHAM

F. V. GRANDAME
BRAM HUMPHREYS
GERALD B. HYDE
ARTHUR KEEGAN

E. McCABE
DOUGLAS MOXAM
BENJAMIN SAFE
BRUCE SMITH
CLAUDE D. TICE

Comptroller and City Clerk
H. D. BATEMAN

Assessment Commissioner
G. L. THOMPSON

Solicitor
R. A. PRINGLE, Q.C.

Treasurer
D. S. DENYES

Engineer
C. A. MOTT

The Bay of Quinte District High School Board

Belleville - Ontario

1955

MEMBERS

MR. ROY W. SILLS
Chairman of the Board
Township of Thurlow Representative

MR. GEORGE WISHART, M.Sc.
Vice-Chairman of the Board
City of Belleville Representative

MR. BROOKS ALLEN, B.S.A.
County of Hastings Representative

MR. JOHN E. McARTHUR
City of Belleville Representative

MR. JOHN J. TRUDEAU
Separate School Board Representative

MR. WILLIAM McMECHAN
Township of Tyendinaga Representative

MR. ARNOLD C. CAMPBELL
Chairman Finance Committee
City of Belleville Representative

MRS. RALPH B. MORDEN
Belleville Public School Board Representative

MR. ALPIN O. DRYSDALE, B. ENG.
City of Belleville Representative

MR. HAROLD C. SELDON
Chairman Sites and Accommodation Committee
City of Belleville Representative

MISS JOSEPHINE TICKELL, B.A.
City of Belleville Representative

MR. ARCHIE L. GREATRIX
Chairman Transportation Committee
Township of Thurlow Representative

MR. JAMES B. DURRANT
Chairman Property and Supply Committee
Township of Thurlow Representative

MR. CLIFFORD BARBER
Chairman of School Management Committee
Ameliasburg Township Representative



THE ADVISORY-VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE

MR. WALLACE BELL, *Chairman*

MR. MILTON BURTT

MR. BROOKS ALLEN, B.S.A.

MRS. RALPH B. MORDEN

MR. GERALD ANDERSON

MR. ROY W. SILLS

MR. GEORGE A. BRADFORD

MR. JOHN J. TRUDEAU



Secretary-Treasurer

MR. R. O. DULMAGE, M.B.E.

Victoria College

in the

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Founded by Royal Charter in 1836 "for the general education of youth in the various branches of Literature and Science on Christian Principles."

As one of the Federated Colleges in the Faculty of Arts of the University of Toronto, Victoria College enrolls students in all courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Commerce and preparatory to admission to the schools of Graduate Studies, Divinity, Education, Law and Social Work.

In the Annesley Hall Women's Residences accommodation is available for women students of Victoria College. In the Victoria College Residences accommodation is available for men students of the College.

For full information, including calendars and bulletins, apply to the Registrar, Victoria College, Toronto.

Best Wishes

for

Your Continued Success

Northern Electric

COMPANY LIMITED

BELLEVILLE



Patronize . . .

OUR ADVERTISERS



It is largely through their co-operation
that this magazine was possible





Queen's University

KINGSTON - ONTARIO

Incorporated by Royal Charter 1841

SITUATED IN THE OLDEST CITY IN ONTARIO — 34 BUILDINGS

HEALTH INSURANCE PROVIDED DURING SESSION.

ARTS—Courses leading to the degrees of B.A. and B.Com. Part of the work may be done by Summer School and correspondence.

SCIENCE—Courses leading to the degree of B.Sc. in Chemistry, Geological Sciences, Physics; and in Mining, Metallurgical, Chemical, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.

GRADUATE courses in Arts and Science leading to the degree of M.A., M. Com., M.Sc. and Ph.D.

MEDICINE—Courses leading to the degrees of M.D., C.M., and M.Sc. (Med.); Diploma of Public Health, and Diploma in Medical Radiology.

NURSING SCIENCE—Courses leading to the degree of B.N.Sc.

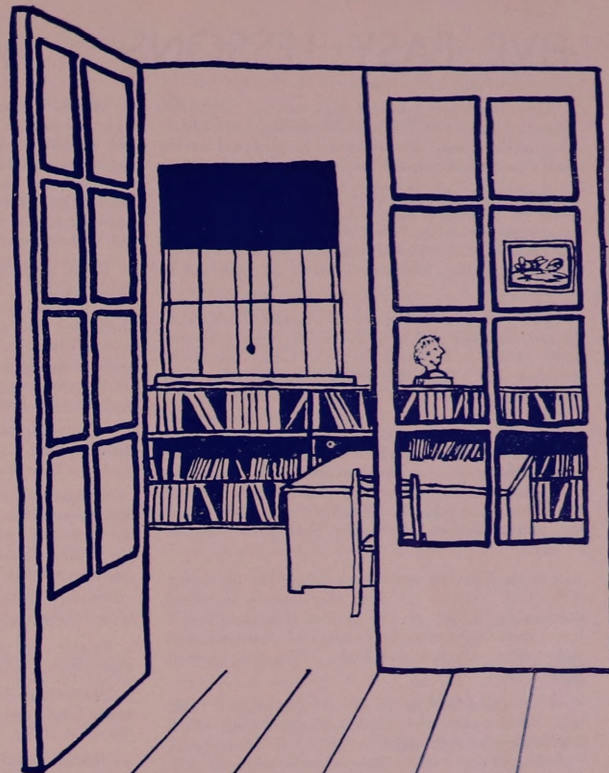
COMBINED COURSES in Arts and Physical and Health Education leading to the B.A., B.P.H.E. degrees.

MATRICULATION PAMPHLET, *sent on request, includes complete list of scholarships and prizes awarded on entrance and on University work.*

Excellent facilities are provided for athletics — intercollegiate and intramural — including football, track, swimming and diving, hockey, skiing, skating, tennis, basketball, badminton, archery, boxing and wrestling.

Write to THE REGISTRAR for a copy of

“QUEEN'S IN
PICTURES”.



Literary

G. PUTMAN

FIVE EASY LESSONS . . . by Carol Poste — GXIIC

Tony Hewstone balanced high on the port washboard of his sturdy little catboat, sailing across Birch Bay to Big Pass. The blazing sun glistened on the newly painted deck and bleaming topsides.

There may, thought Tony, be faster fair-weather boats in Saturday's race, but, if by good luck there is a slight breeze the "Sea-breeze" will take it where the other lighter-weather boats will just wallow. With a good crew the "Sea-breeze" would be right out in front.

With a good crew! A frown wrinkled Tony's suntanned forehead and gave his brown eyes a serious look. Each July "Birch Harbour Club" sponsored a sailing race. The boats were crewed by high school couples, who, that same night were partners at the "Yacht Club Dance" where the Race Cup was awarded. Valerie Ritchman, the only girl Tony had even considered for his partner, was undoubtedly the prettiest he knew, and, number one in his estimation, could dance better but, he had to admit, she was not too clever on a sailboat. What would Valerie do if they got the kind of weather the "Sea-breeze" needed to win?

Well, he had five days to go before the big event. If he took Valerie out every day—surely he could make a sailor out of her in five lessons. Tony's frown smoothed out as he pictured his crew adorned with smiles, dimples and curls. Five easy lessons could do it!

As he neared the Pass he saw the Chappelle's "Melodie" and noticed the smooth efficiency with which the Chappelle girls handled her. He remembered with dismay that Joanne Chappelle was going to crew for Hugh Bettes and Jean for Sonny Brooks. That wouldn't make competition too easy.

Joanne hailed him and he came about. As the two boats were abreast Jean spoke.

"The kids here," she said, indicating two younger girls whom Tony recognized as being a younger Chappelle and Valerie's fifteen-year-old sister Cindy, "were to go to Ritchmans." We thought you wouldn't mind taking them."

Kids messing up his new paint! But he answered politely, "Sure, glad to oblige," and luffed up along side the "Melodie". Cindy tumbled aboard, but the other girl leaped lightly on to the cockpit and pulled Cindy down beside her out of the way.

"This is Debbie Chappelle," she said shyly, "Debbie, this is Tony Hewstone."

"Oh, I've known Tony for a long time," replied Debbie demurely.

"Oh sure," said Tony somewhat taken back, and not recalling this particular Chappelle. She didn't have braces on her teeth like Cindy but what a mess of sun-streaked hair.

At the Ritchman's beach Tony anchored and they jumped out into shallow water. Cindy ploughed on ahead but Debbie remained behind. Tony, catching sight of Valerie on the beach prayed that Debbie would hurry and catch up with Cindy. His answers to Debbie's chatter about the coming race grew vague and he hardly noticed when after a casual "Hello" to Valerie she disappeared with Cindy into the house.

Later, while Tony was unpacking the picnic basket, Bill Carlisle and Nancy Irwin, who were sailing Nancy's boat, joined them. Tony was a little uncomfortable. Everyone else had paired off and he hadn't asked Valerie to crew for him yet. He'd get her alone after lunch and ask her. Heck! he could teach her in five easy lessons. He could picture her now—walking up with him to claim the race cup.

"You going to enter that old scow of yours, Tony?" Bill inquired. "Boy, we're going to pass you up so fast you'll be there to welcome us back again."

"Listen Junior," he replied, "Judging from the afternoon winds this month I'll bet you Tony'll cross the line, then go back to fish Nancy and you out of the drink. If that sliver of wood doesn't knock out I'll be a monkey's uncle."

"Pooley," remarked Nancy stoutly. "If she knocks down, we'll hang on and right her and still beat you."

Valerie was gazing at Nancy with a frightened expression. "Do they go over often?" she asked.

"Heavens no," Tony began when a reply came from where Cindy and Debbie had established themselves on the edge of the circle.

"Practically always," said Debbie.

She caught Tony's eye, then she sprang up and dragging Cindy behind her plunged into the water.

Tony watched the two girls diving. Debbie reminded him of a young seal, remaining under water for an incredibly long time.

"Look at that kid," he began admirably, but the expression on Valerie's face stopped him.

Everyone waded out beyond the bar to swim. Tony stuck close to Valerie and once he was just about to ask her to crew when up between them appeared Debbie displaying a handful of slimy, brown, seaweed and a shell.

She draped the seaweed over Valerie's shoulders. "Necklace for you," she remarked and thrust the shell towards her. Valerie wrinkled her nose in distaste, disgustedly picking the seaweed from her shoulders.

"Oh my shell!" wailed Debbie with such distress that Tony ducked down to retrieve it for her. When he came up Valerie was swimming back to shore and Debbie was looking up at him with laughter in her deep, blue, eyes.

He looked at her gravely, "Here's your shell kid,"

he said, and set off in pursuit of Valerie, reaching shore just as she did.

Valerie was angry but he couldn't see why. "Aw, come on Valerie," he began, "Debbie didn't mean any harm."

"I'm going to tell mother not to let Cindy ask that fresh little thing here again," she burst out and started to cry.

A little later with Valerie still a bit sulky, they were wading out to the bar, hand in hand, when Tony, always weather-conscious, saw that the sky had grown leaden-gray. Then suddenly a cool breeze swept towards them. Tony turned to Valerie.

"I gotta go, but quick," he said.

"Oh, Tony, no" begged Valerie. "Let the "Sea-breeze" take care of herself. Don't go."

For a brief moment Tony was undecided. Then "See you soon," he said, and he began to swim towards his boat. Half way there, he looked around—Debbie was swimming like mad, behind him.

"No, no! Go back" he called, adding "I'll manage better without you."

But Debbie swam straight on toward the boat where she landed in a heap in the cockpit. She was on her feet in an instant, her eyes bright with excitement. Tony took the stops from the sail and hoisted it.

"Watch the boom," he cried, stacking the mainsheet and handing it to her. With some misgivings he inquired "Can you take the tiller while I pull up the anchor?"

"Sure," said Debbie. The "Sea-breeze" was bucking a short, nasty, chop, and at each tack she keeled far over. Debbie capably managed the sheet, ducked the boom, and planted herself high on the weather side.

The wind increased steadily and Tony could see they'd never make the Pass.

"I'm going to anchor again," he shouted against the wind and rain.

"O.K." Debbie shouted back.

The "Sea-breeze" rolled and pitched violently. The heavy rain was icy on their bodies. Tony saw that Debbie's teeth were chattering, but he looked in vain for a piece of canvas for shelter.

Half an hour later they sailed the "Sea-breeze" through the Pass into the safe waters of the bay.

"The "Sea-breeze" behaved like a lady", said Debbie.

"And you did too, Tony had to admit to himself as he watched Debbie. "I have a mighty good crew," he said aloud smiling and then, he heard himself say "Hey, Debbie, how about crewing for me in the race next Saturday?"

The next few days all Tony could think of was, that he was bound by tradition and just common politeness to ask Debbie to go to the dance with him. She was a nice kid but how could he appear at the "Yacht Club Dance" dragging this junior miss with her long straight hair tied back with a pink ribbon. He could picture Valerie's amused glances and hear the kidding he would get from the boys.

He decided not to go at all. If he won the cup someone else could accept it for him, he thought, including gloomily, it would serve him right if they lost the race.

But they did win. The day, calm in the morning, turned up a quick breeze which increased until, by starting time there were whitecaps on the bay. Tony and Debbie worked so smoothly together that, after the third buoy the race was their's.

It wasn't much fun for either of them. Tony knew that Debbie had been hearing about the dance from her sisters. He felt like a rat.

Afterwards Debbie helped him bail and clean up without a word. Tony dropped her off at her house. On the porch were Joanne, Jean and a tall blond fellow who was a stranger to Tony. Tony thanked them for their congratulations, and with a rather shame faced, "Thank you again, Debbie," he strolled off.

In spite of his firm intention to stay away from the dance, nine o'clock found Tony at the "Yacht Club". He stood in the doorway with a group of other stags and watched the dancers for a moment. Almost immediately Valerie danced by, and gave him such a beaming smile that he knew he was back in favour. Well, in a minute he would go on in.

But he didn't. He continued to stand in the entrance.

Suddenly he wondered why he had come at all and had half a mind to slip off home.

Valerie passed close by and Tony was about to cut in when the veranda door opened. A fair haired girl came in followed by a tall blond fellow, whom Tony recognized as the man he had seen on the Chappelles' front porch. Tony thought for a moment that the girl with him was Joanne or Jean, but she was smaller—and much prettier. Her hair, which curled softly about her face was fastened with a silver band.

Tony stood transfixed. It couldn't be Debbie. This girl, in the swirling blue gown looked at least sixteen. As they danced past he recognized the sunburned streak in her hair, saw the freckles on her nose, and met the direct gaze of Debbie's sea blue eyes. He knew suddenly why the dance had, up to now, seemed such a dull affair.

Smart guy. Thought he was a big-time operator with no use for small jobs, and now, here she was, as pretty as she was handy on a boat, and probably all tied up with this character with her. They were still fairly close and the big character was teaching her a new step. Then, he heard him say:

"Let's try it again now, Sis."

"Sis", the big guy was just another Chappelle.

"May I finish this dance," Tony inquired politely. As Debbie's eyes smiled back into his he piloted her out on the porch.

She couldn't dance too well, but boy, she was beautiful and what a sailor! As for the dancing—why in five easy lessons . . . !

THE TYENDINAGA INDIAN RESERVE

... by Elaine Brant - CXA

The Tyendinaga Reserve is in the township of Tyendinaga in the county of Hastings. It is about ten miles long and eight miles wide. Lands have been surrendered until at present there is but 16,200 acres of the original grant.

There are four schools on the Reserve with about 170 pupils attending and 20 pupils go by bus to the secondary schools. At present a new school is being built here for grades seven to ten. This is to be ready for September.

There are two Anglican churches both built of stone. Christ Church was built in 1843 and All

HO! FOR CAMP ... by Rosemary Flindall - CXIA

Jean and Vera were sitting on the porch, telling of each others adventures during the summer. Jean told of Guide camp and how well it had gone off. She said she was particularly happy over a certain incident that happened while she was there. (Jean was the lieutenant of the camp at Sea View Meadows).

It was a merry party that set off for the seashore on that morning, equipped with their bathing towels and signalling flags. The Guides felt thrilled and excited after their success of the evening before, as the District Commissioner had come to the campfire. They ran along the shore picking up the treasures to be found. Daphne found a long ribbon-like streamer of seaweed and Nancy a delicately coloured shell.

Removing their shoes and stockings, they splashed into the cool little pools and scrambled over the green and brown seaweed-covered rocks, until they stood with the creamy wavelets playing over their ankles, and took in deep breaths of the salt sea air.

While the guides were enjoying themselves in the water, swimming, floating and splashing, Jean stood watching. She was all ready to go to the assistance of anyone who required it.

The Guides were not the only bathers at the lake. This was the best place for some distance, and today it was filled with a happy, sunburnt crowd. From time to time, she found herself watching some boys perched up on a rocky shelf. They were playing a game of pirates, with a small cave as their headquarters, while another boy, all alone, was watching them intently, wishing, yet not daring to join in.

The people on the cliffs started to move, as the sun was sinking. Jean drew out her whistle, and

Saints in 1884. In 1712 Queen Ann gave a solid silver service to the Mohawks. This service is a cherished possession of the Mohawks and is used at Christmas and other important occasions when Holy Communion is celebrated.

There is a Council Hall built in 1930. Here the Annual Fall Fair is held and the Council Meetings as well as dances and other activities. An election is held every two years with a chief and five councillors being elected.

The Mohawks can well be proud of their beautiful Reserve and their heritage.

gave the signal, at once the Guides splashed out of the waves and ran off to dress. Telling a patrol leader to take the girls back to camp as soon as they were ready, Jean ran towards the waves, plunged into their cool depths, and swimming with a graceful over-arm stroke, crossed the bay from one ridge of rocks to the other, then lazily floating on her back, glanced towards the place where the boys had been playing. They were fighting now, and apparently the lonely boy was the cause of the trouble.

"I won't have him, I tell you," shouted one boy, planting himself in front of the little cave. So the children were quarreling, thought Jean, what a pity. Jean diverted her attention away from the boys and saw the Guides were headed toward camp. It was time she came out. She had nearly reached the shore when a shriek pierced the air. The boys that had been arguing had later had a tussel and one fell over the edge of the cliff. Jean's swift strokes soon brought her to the boy but his struggles threatened to drag them both under. At last his efforts grew fainter and she was able to get the crook of her arm under his chin.

Pale and scared, the boys awaited them, and stepping as far into the sea as they dared, caught at him and laid him down on the sand. Jean flung herself on her knees by the unconscious boy, rolled him over face downwards, with his head to one side and commenced artificial respiration. Very soon she had her reward, as he started to breath naturally. Many times after that, Jean had thanked her lucky stars that she had been in Guides and taken the training regarding life saving and also for the Guide motto "BE PREPARED".

OVERPAID ... by Joan Fern Shoemaker - GXIIC

The icy blade of winter had stabbed more deeply into the grey streets of the slums. Pale, worried women hurried through these avenues of poverty, hugging thread-bare coats around them and blowing on stiffened fingers. These are wives of the Poor, who faced the coming Christmas Day with suppressed dread . . . dread of the disappointed look on the faces of their children. Men prayed for work, for pennies to feed their babies. Economists called it Depression; the people called it Hell.

It was growing dark. In the busy down-town area, twinkling lights and glowing display-windows beckoned to last minute shoppers.

The slum-section was still . . . cold, dark and still. In a vacant lot, huddled before a dying fire, a little boy peered into the empty street. A ragged wreath clung to the corner lamp post, endeavouring to cheer the passers-by. Below it hung a sign: "Xmas Trees for Sale". The boy thought it most irreverent that "X" should stand for Christ. Snow was falling softly, veiling the shabby tenements.

"Tony . . . Tony!" The boy jumped to his feet. "Bringa me here dat lasta biga tree", barked a husky voice.

Tony grabbed the tree with his bare red hands. He tugged it toward a customer, who waited impatiently beside Tony's boss, the heavy, dark Tobe Giapardi, possessor of the gruff Italian voice. Giapardi loved only his money. The neighbourhood children called him Tight Tobe.

Tony propped the tree against a post. Then the usual argument began about its price. Giapardi insisted it was the last tree to be had in the city, and the customer stomped away, cursing, with the tree under his arm. Tony shivered, brushed a dark curl from his forehead, and turned his large, pleading eyes to Giapardi. The last tree was sold.

"Tony, you worka here two week. So I'ma giva you twenty cents . . . that'sa two cent a night . . . now don't argue." He stuffed two dimes into the little boy's trembling hand. Tony stared at him.

"But Mr. Giapardi, I . . ."

"Listen kid . . . I'ma giva you good pay . . . nobody argues with Giapardi. Now run home."

Tony furrowed his brow, opened his mouth to

speak . . . then ran. He had twenty cents . . . more money than he had ever had before. But he had sinned to get it. A tear stung his smooth, red cheek. Alas! he had worked only one week. He should have been paid only ten cents.

"But I tried to tell him," he said aloud. "It's his own fault for not listening." He had almost convinced himself that he had done no wrong, and he hurried through the dark streets to the welcoming lights of down-town.

Panting, he reached a department store and an hour of bliss began. He entered the store through the shiny copper and glass revolving doors. He went up escalators and down elevators, all the while feeling he was part of something great. At last he made the most important purchase of his life . . . a pair of plain woollen gloves for his beloved mother. He hurried homeward, the glow of excitement reflecting in his sparkling eyes. But as he neared the familiar tenement, with its worn wooden steps, and decaying siding robed like a widow in aged factory smoke, an unpleasant twinge of conscience awoke within him a strange feeling of guilt, crowding out his enthusiasm. He glanced at the precious package in his hand, and suddenly looked behind to see if someone were watching. He had taken money under false pretenses. He hung his head, then kicked a discarded tin can with such force that the can sailed over the icy street with a mocking scream.

He slid the parcel under his arm and trugged on through the soft snow, hands in pockets and shoulders stooped with the weight of guilt. Perhaps the smallness of this eight-year-old magnified the importance of his crime.

Tony was a good boy. He was one of the few honest sons of poverty. His father died when Tony was a baby. Since then his mother had slowly wasted her life away, scrubbing clothes in a steaming laundry. Tony delivered newspapers, ran errands and worked at seasonal jobs like selling Christmas trees for Giapardi. He gave every penny to his mother, his beloved mother. The years of work were slowly draining the beauty from her face, the grace from her walk and the music from her voice. No son had ever loved his mother more than Tony, and he longed for the day when he could take her away from this poverty.

But to-night he had sinned. He began to run as if

OVERPAID (continued)

to escape from this strange, new feeling of guilt. Suddenly his anxiety grew to anger. "It wasn't my fault", he murmured. The sound of his voice seemed comforting. "Wasn't my fault", he repeated. Then he sobbed aloud. "Tried to tell him . . . gave me too much pay . . . he was stupid . . . stupid . . . damn!" He gasped and stopped short. He put his hands to his quivering lips in horror. "I cursed" he whispered in a weak voice. This was the first time. Tony had always dispised the little boys in his neighbourhood who took such pride in their vocabularies of profanity. Another sin was added to his burden.

In the warm living-room, he carefully hung his ragged jacket in the corner, placed his overshoes on a newspaper, and gently laid his mother's present, in its plain, brown paper, under the thin, sparsely decorated Christmas tree.

"That you, Tony?" came his mother's soft voice from the tiny kitchen. "Home a little late to-night, aren't you? But then I never have to worry about my Tony. A finer boy there never lived." She smiled proudly down at her son.

She was a beauty . . . an over-worked beauty. Her raven hair fell in soft waves at her shoulders . . . small, but square and determined shoulders. Her cheeks were as smooth and white as a china doll and her emerald eyes danced with all the gaiety of her Irish ancestors. But a troubled expression crossed her face. "Tony, dear, something's bothering you."

"Mama", Tony rushed, sobbing, to the comfort of her soft arms. "Mama, I . . ." he couldn't tell her the whole truth. "Mama . . . tonight I said a bad . . . a naughty word."

★ ★ ★
Tony lay awake in his narrow cot. Through the cardboard-like walls he could hear a French mother herding her numerous offsprings to bed with a continual "Va-t'en . . . allez-vous en!"

Tony rationalized. He owed Giapardi ten cents. He hadn't really stolen it. He'd save it, somehow, and pay him back. Simple as that. With this reassuring plan in mind he drifted off to sleep, shivering with an occasional twinge of conscience and oblivious to the fact that it was Christmas Eve.

★ ★ ★
Pale winter sunshine splashed through a cracked window pane. Christmas Day sped past in a whirl of laughter. Tony experienced only a slight pain of

remorse when his mother opened her gift. But Giapardi would be paid.

Next morning Tony rushed in from the blizzard-swept streets to the warm kitchen, brightened by his mother's contented humming. He had finished delivering the early morning newspapers, and sat down to the usual breakfast of oat-meal porridge. But to-day his bowl was garnished with thick corn syrup, to maintain the festive spirit of the holiday season. He began to eat eagerly. His mother sipped her coffee and read the paper before rushing off to spend a tedious day enveloped in the steam of the local laundry. All was quiet, peaceful. Little did they realize that in the next few moments a spark would be born to launch a chain reaction that would, in the end, change the course of a man's life.

"Oh, Tony, here's Mr. Giapardi's picture on the front page . . ."

Tony looked up with a start. His spoon froze to his fingers.

" . . . seems he was robbed Christmas Eve . . . police looking for thief . . . he's in the hospital . . . heart attack . . . s'a shame . . . never saw a man loved his money so . . . been a much happier man if . . ."

The spoon slid from Tony's hand. He didn't blink when it clattered into his porridge bowl.

"Tony!" she shrieked and dropped the paper. "What's a matter, honey?" Her troubled eyes studied his face. He was expressionless, paralyzed. His lower lip began to tremble. Tears stung his eyes.

"I did it!" he screamed, rushed into her arms and broke into such bitter weeping that his little body shook.

"S my fault . . . he's sick . . . I robbed him . . ." His words were drowned in sobs.

"Tony, dear", she wiped his tears away and felt his forehead. "You've got a temperature . . . haven't been yourself lately . . . wouldn't have mentioned Giapardi if I thought it would upset you . . . better keep you in bed all day . . . flu's going 'round . . . I'll try to get off work early this afternoon . . . hate to leave you alone . . ."

Tony could hear her. The words were only echoing sounds. She didn't understand. The details of his crime flashed through Tony's mind. Because Tony had not admitted that he was overpaid, Giapardi's books had not balanced at the end of the evening. Tony knew how carefully he calculated every penny. He believed he was robbed. The blow was too much for him. Now he was dying . . .

Horror flowed through Tony's veins and quickened his heart-beat.

"There now, baby", his mother was cooing over him, gently persuading him to swallow a pill, tucking him into bed.

Dizzy with fear and shame, he fell asleep.

His young mind had stretched the situation all out of proportion. As sure as a black spot will appear magnified on white paper, a good child will overestimate the significance of his first sin.

Tony tossed in his sleep all afternoon, waking momentarily to pray for Giapardi. That evening his mother forced oily medicine and scalding soup down his throat. His head was dull from crying. The night was spent in the restless repose of an unconfessed sinner.

★ ★ ★
Next morning the past seemed like a blurred nightmare until his mother remarked "Mr. Giapardi came home from the hospital to-day . . . to bad he lives alone . . . you feeling better today? . . . Look much better . . . little peeked . . . 's this nasty weather . . ." she chattered on during breakfast. The things she said were unimportant to Tony.

"Mama", he broke in, "May I have ten cents?"

A silence followed. Ten cents meant a great deal during the depression. It meant a pound of hamburger, a quart of milk or two loaves of bread. She reached in her cloth purse and handed a dime to her son. So implicitly did she trust him that she did not question his motive.

Tony sat alone all morning, thinking, praying, planning, praying. All the while he clutched the dime in his trembling hand. Then he pulled on his overshoes, dressed warmly, and ventured out into the icy afternoon. He shuffled over the hard, grey snow. Pausing before a brown wooden tenement, he gathered up his courage, opened the heavy door, and mounted the creaking stairs. In a few moments his eyes were accustomed to the darkness, and he knocked timidly on a door marked "T. Giapardi". No answer. He hesitated and knocked louder.

"Come in", came a weak voice. Tony entered the shabby room. It was sparsely furnished: a heavy oak desk, cane-bottomed chair, flimsy table. The grey windows were curtainless. Tony bit his lip for courage and walked slowly to a narrow cot in the corner. Giapardi lay still. He looked strangely unfamiliar. His sharp, black eyes were dull; his face was drawn and pale.

"Tony", he whispered, "Why . . . did . . . you . . . come?"

Tony could hold back his tears no longer. He knelt beside the bed and threw his arms about the feeble Giapardi. "You gotta get better", he sobbed. "Everything's all right now . . . I brought back the dime". He placed the dime in Giapardi's hand, and blurted out his story. I meant to tell you you overpaid me, but I couldn't. Then it was in

the papers . . . that I robbed you. I prayed for you every night. Please get well . . . I want you to." When he was finished, they were both sobbing.

Giapardi raised his weak arm and placed a massive brown hand on Tony's unruly curls. "Tony, boy". His voice was choked with emotion. "It was'na you thata rob me. I'ma no remember over-paying you . . ."

Tony looked up, startled.

"A biga man he come and hit Giapardi. And roba all my savings . . . four hundred dollar. So I'ma get sick. But now . . . you say you praya for me? . . ."

Tony nodded and wiped his eyes.

"No one is ever pray for Giapardi before . . . Now I think I get better" . . . "Here", he held out the dime to Tony, "You giva this back to your mama".

Tony looked at the dime for a long time, then smiled. They both smiled.

★ ★ ★
Tony skipped all the way home, singing, his eyes shining, his face turned slightly upwards. He was free . . . free from a prison of guilt. He passed thin children, laughing and playing in the streets; groups of tired men, discussing national debt in monotone voices; white-faced women, hurrying to their homes with small bags of groceries. To Tony these were not The Poor. They were his friends, his neighbours, the most wonderful people in the world. He saw his mother coming down the street, and rushed to meet her. He grabbed her gloved hand and walked beside her.

"Feel better?" she smiled down at him.

"Much better, Mama."

★ ★ ★
A miracle hapened. Within a month Giapardi was up, dressed, and strutting down the street, whistling "Now's The Time to Fall in Love", and swinging his cane rhythmically. He waxed his moustache, tipped his hat to ladies, bought curtains for his windows and penny-candy for children, who no longer called him Tight Tobe. But his whole life was centred on the boy, Tony. Tony had come to visit Giapardi every day, during his illness. They became inseparable friends. Seldom could Tony be found without his "Uncle Tobe". They went to zoos, vaudeville shows, even church, together.

One spring afternoon, they were strolling through the neighborhood park inspecting the latest blossoms, conversing with saucy young birds, and smelling the fresh spring breeze.

Giapardi looked thoughtful. "Tony, my boy", he said, "Ever since I'ma beena your friend . . . that is, before, I'ma love only my money . . . but now, I'va beena so happy . . . I don't know how to say it . . ." He smiled down at Tony, "You see, I'ma the one who was overpaid."

DONA EIS REQUIEM SEMPITERNAM

(Following are excerpts from a speech, written by Arthur D. Sutton, which he delivered to the B.C.J. & F.S. student body at the 1954 Remembrance Day Service held in the auditorium.)

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.

And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

We gather here this afternoon amid conditions that are to say the least ominous. We join in an act of worship in loving memory of former students of this school who gave their lives in the first and second world wars. Yet even as we are honouring these great men we view what seems to be the rising of another storm.

Most of our parents and teachers can recall the first Armistice Day thirty-six years ago. Multitudes of people gathered in the streets to celebrate the end of a war that was supposed to end war. Alas that dream has not come true. Historians now admit that Remembrance Day comes as a reminder of vanished hopes rather than achievements won. The First World War got rid of the Kaiser and brought us Hitler. The Second World War got rid of Hitler and brought us Stalin, then Malenkov. Now we are rearming to get rid of Malenkov. To bring us what? In the words of a great religious magazine, "The only honour worth anything to the dead or their survivors would be a lasting peace."

Will they be given that? In a world where selfishness and greed are rampant we need to recall their devotion and sacrifice even unto death.

*"All that they had they gave—they gave
In sure and simple faith,
There can no knowledge reach the grave,
To make them grudge their death.
Sure only if they understood
That after all was done,
We, they redeemed, denied their blood
And mocked the gains they won."*

But a better day will dawn. It seems to be the unquenchable faith of both poet and prophet that a better world will come to pass.

Isaiah, as it was related in the Scripture text, insisted that a time would come, when the sword would be beaten into the plowshare, and the spear into the pruning hook, and when nations would learn war no more.

Of course that day is not yet. Governments are appealing for billions to support rearmament projects, and are warning their people of further austerities that must be endured if freedom is to be preserved. Scientists are busy creating stockpiles of atom bombs

and of late have made hydrogen bomb tests which dwarf any atomic bomb ever made. Studies are being conducted on the possibilities of suspending satellite vehicles in outer space, with the intent that death could be released from these elevated platforms in a way that would make Hiroshima and Nagasaki look like a Sunday School picnic. Isaiah's prophecy, that someday men will learn war no more, is far from being fulfilled.

Its a terrifying picture I have been painting, and it is a terrifying world we are living in. There will be no civilians in the next World War if we have one. The front line may be in your back yard or mine. Talk about power? We have been talking about it, but it is not the POWER of God. Yet it may be in the PROVIDENCE of God that this terrifying power of which we have been speaking may prove to be our salvation. Its very terror may serve to neutralize itself because of the terror it engenders in the hearts of men. We have seen what this power can do in demolishing homes, wrecking industry and dislocating society. J. MacAree was right when writing some time ago about the horrors of bacteriological warfare. He said politically and geographically the stage was all set for it. "But," he added, "Its prevention lies not in rival laboratories, but in the hearts of men." Here is a truth we are in danger of forgetting as we pin all our faith to the power of force and forget the power of God.

It is in the hearts of men that the power of God operates. Only that power can deliver us from the arrogance, pride, and greed that create wars. Only that power can develop within us a sense of decency that makes brutal killing nauseating, and begets the conviction that scientific warfare, as we know it, is a disgrace to human nature.

The vision is so far away, and the possibilities of its fulfillment so remote, that we grow discouraged and lose faith. We turn our back on Christ and give ourselves over to paganism.

That is precisely what we must not do. That we should lose faith is the very antithesis of the spirit in which our glorious dead sacrificed themselves. Just as our men fought for the coming of the God that is not yet, we too must strive for this coming.

As Isaiah said, we must speak of his glory and talk of his power. And we are doing it perhaps in ways we fail to understand. Every day we read in the papers how Atomic Energy is being used in the field of medicine and how it will soon be used for industrial purposes. Three years ago ten million dollars worth of top quality wheat was sent as a gift to the government of India. That's the kind of glory we need this afternoon. Its the only kind of glory that will convince the Asiatic that we have no Imperial designs on him, and that we really mean what we say.

All other kinds of glory lead straight to death and the grave: the glory of private possessions and great wealth, the glory of army, navy, and the glory of im-

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

KISMET . . . by Bruce Varcoe — GXIIIIB

PROLOGUE

"Actually, she was the fiancée of Ginger Kensington before the war. Heather is her name and she was quite attached to Ginger until the Ypres show when he got it". The speaker stopped and looked at his companion, a tall blonde rugged man, who was staring thoughtfully at the paper on the table between them. "Is her name Heather Matland by any chance?" The big man said finally in an almost too perfect English accent. "I say," replied the Englishman, "do you know her?" "No, no I don't know her, but the name hit a familiar chord in my memory. I probably read the name somewhere else. Come on I'll buy the next round," replied the big man as he turned and signalled to the waiter.

It was the spring of 1924 and the weather was so exceptionally good for England that the people could sit out on the terrace of the Ritz to enjoy their ale and conversation. As the waiter approached the table with the drinks he heard the dark medium sized man start to talk again to his almost huge companion.

"Ginger was a wonderful lad" he said, reverting to their original topic of conversation. "I speak with authority more or less because we attended the same prep school, majored together in Greek and arts at Oxford, and were together in France. He was a wonderful athlete and captained out rugby team for our last two years at university. Ginger had a distinctive personality which set him apart wherever he went. He was very popular mostly for his ability to adapt himself to different situations, and to discuss anything with anybody. I have seen him hold a perfectly intelligent conversation with a Chimney sweep about the pitfalls of cleaning chimneys and then go to a star gazers' reunion and hold them spellbound with his knowledge of astronomy. Ginger was a rabid idealist which is probably nothing new in this age of youth organizations and nationalistic groups and movements. His ideals on life were wonderful and his theories on how to derive the most out of life could have been made into a best selling novel if he had taken time to write them down. Well here's to Ginger Kensington, great friend, true idealist, wonderful athlete and stout hearted and fearless soldier. Bung'O."

END OF PROLOGUE

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

DONA EIS REQUIEM SEMPITERNAM (continued)

perial pomp and power, as the world throbs in the convulsions of a Third World War. Surely we have had enough of that kind of glory.

What we need now is the glory of God. The glory of physicians and nurses healing the sick; the glory of men of good will clothing the naked and feeding the hungry; the glory of teachers enabling those who sit in darkness to see light. That is the kind of glory to which we must dedicate ourselves as we seek to honor the dead on this Remembrance Day.

That is the kind of glory which will bring about a

lasting peace. The lasting peace that our men died for. His head cleared sufficiently enough for him to make out his surroundings. By the light of the flickering flares and the pale moon he could see the jagged outline of the lip of a shell hole. "What in the world am I doing here", he thought. "Lying flat on my back in a shell hole. I should get back with the outfit." He tried to move but found for some strange reason that his limbs refused to respond to the orders of his brain. A comfortable feeling swept over him and for some unearthly reason he was content just to lie there looking up into the dark night. As his eyes became most accustomed to the dark he could see the shell casing, bits of wire and puddles of mud reflecting the rays of the moon. On the other side of the shell hole he could see the dark outline of a body which was weirdly twisted and lopsided. Suddenly the thought struck him that the body was missing a leg. He couldn't quite make out whether the person was dead or alive, Boche or Tommy. His curiosity was appeased almost immediately when a guttural moan of pain escaped the lips of the body. "A dirty Boche" he thought. "Of all the shell holes to be blown into in France I have to pick one with a mutilated bundle of Berlin." He was startled out of his reverie by the sudden eruption of a big gun near by. This was followed by small arms fire and flares coming from the direction he presumed the German trenches to be. "Good'O" he thought, "the lads are counter attacking. Another hour or so and I'll be back in an aid telling the medics of my harrowing experience or if things are bad enough I might take a trip back to a good English hospital. England would mean a chance to see Heather again." Suddenly a stab of pain started in his toes and spread up his body to his head like an electric current tightening every muscle and making them ache until he thought he would scream. When he thought of Heather the pain didn't seem quite as bad. In his mind he could hear her musical laughter as they rowed along the Thames eating their Sunday afternoon picnic lunch. He could picture vividly how she would toss her head making her long blonde hair swirl around her neck like an ebb tide and laugh gaily at some witty remark he had made. After the pleasant excursion he would

lasting peace. The lasting peace that our men died for.

To quote the late Colonel John McRae: "Take up our quarrel with the foe." Here we are called upon to finish the job that the honored dead started. The foe is war and its austerities. We are asked to carry on that everlasting struggle which we hope will eventually bring about an everlasting peace.

*"If ye break faith with us who die we shall not sleep,
Though poppies grow in Flanders fields."*

ON WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

... by Maria Lampros — GXIIIB

Men come and go. They are born; live through a bright brief span of years and die. Most are forgotten as decades merge with centuries. A few are remembered. Among that exalted group there is one name that shines forth with borrowed brilliance. The name of William Shakespeare.

Shakespeare was born nearly four hundred years ago. No star streaked the heavens to mark his birth for his family was one of only moderate means. It was in the little town of Stratford-on-Avon that he grew to manhood but it was in the London of Elizabeth I that he put forth his first contributions towards immortality. He wrote plays that transported the weary down trodden people of his time to the exciting and vivid land of the imagination where every incident was sharper and clearer and for a time all worries were forgotten. His genius carried him from the comedy of "The Merchant of Venice" to the beauty of "Romeo and Juliet" upwards to the tragedy of "Hamlet".

We have spoken primarily of Shakespeare, the dramatist. But the writing of plays was only one phase of Shakespeare's career. We must not forget for a moment Shakespeare, the poet. Here he is for ever apparent. We read his sonnets in our schools. We study them. We attempt to capture that tiny spark of brilliance, that inherent understanding of the people that was his.

It is not always easy to recognize greatness in a man's work. It is harder still when once that great-

ness is established in your own mind, to define just why his work is outstanding. Certainly when we first began to study Shakespeare in high school we did not recognize him as the colossus of literature that he is. Sometimes his thoughts were too profound and his language too archaic for our comprehension. But as we study more and more our thoughts are directed by some one whose understanding is much more complete than ours the true value of Shakespeare's work is suddenly very clear.

But why? Why is his work as much alive to-day as it was four hundred years ago? There must be hundreds of technical reasons that true and devoted students of Shakespeare could give. They could point out the beauty of his figurative language, his ability to build suspense and drama to its highest peak. But I am very sure that the people that first heard Shakespeare's work had no understanding of the literary devices he employed. Yet they thrilled to him then as we do today. No, Shakespeare's true genius lay in his ability to express what all men feel in the depths of their hearts and cannot find words for.

His work will continue to go on and on, down through the centuries.

For—

*"As long as men can breath and eyes can see,
So long lives this
And this gives life to thee."*

KISMET (continued)

take her home to her little apartment in Earls Court where they would invariably have a cup of tea to finish their enjoyable day. He could still remember her sitting by the fire looking at him with her seldom serious eyes and saying, "Oh Ginger need you go to this beastly war?" And his thoughtful reply "Heather you and I love each other enough to want to live and enjoy our love for the rest of our lives. If I didn't go and many more with me, we wouldn't be able to enjoy our future or possibly there wouldn't be any future at all. This war will be over soon and we can buy that cottage in Kent and spend the rest of our lives replenishing the human race".

How much that dream meant now. It seemed too good and clean and quiet compared to this filthy, noisy, senseless war. The spasm had passed so he decided to sit up. Digging his hands into the mud for his attempt, his fingers came in contact with a leather case. Holding it over his face he could barely read the worn inscription, only the name. Major Franz von Rutter could be distinguished because the rest was written in German. "This must belong to the German lying on the other side of the shell hole" he said to himself. A feeling of giddiness suddenly swept over him and he started to giggle uncontrollably

at insane little things he had done at Oxford. He could remember the time that——. The shock of cold rain falling on his face partially snapped him out of his delirium. His thoughts were crystal clear but that this disquieting feeling of unusual comfort which encased his body nagged at his brain. It suddenly dawned on him that his body was completely paralyzed and that he might die. He couldn't die! His whole life was before him. There was Heather and their cottage and and——. A cloud of blackness seemed to engulf him slowly but steadily. He tried to fight it off but it came on like an airy cloud covering a mountain peak. Again that comfortable feeling passed over him wiping out all his cares and lifting him up until he reached the Divine heights.

EPILOGUE

The Englishman and the blonde giant stopped talking and watched a small page boy approach their table. Addressing the large man he said "Mister Rutter, there is a phone call for you at the desk." Rutter stood up from the table, dropped a coin in the boy's hand and made his way slowly across the terrace. The Englishman watched him slowly cross the terrace and silently wondered what kind of an accident had cost Rutter the loss of his left leg.

NO GAS ... A SHORT STORY by Bob Jordan — GXIIA

Have you ever wondered what would happen if you were to run out of gas on a holiday when all garages are closed? Believe me, such an incident may sound amusing now, but when the threat is near it is far from funny.

Lately I have been aspiring to get my driver's permit. I was satisfied that I was competent enough to pass the test, but somehow I felt mother did not quite agree; in fact I am certain she still doesn't for as I sit behind the wheel, I am not unconscious of the sighs and groans coming over my shoulder from the back seat with every turn I make. I have reached the conclusion that she believes I don't know enough about our car to drive alone, and now, after my exasperating experience Christmas night, I feel she may be partially correct.

It was one of those usual Christmases. Our family had come into town to spend the day at my grandparents'. Since the railroad simply must keep going father had to work that evening, and guess who was left to take the car home? That's right! Yours truly with only a beginner's permit.

As everyone was settling down that evening the telephone rang. "It's for you, Bob", a voice said.

"For me?" I replied, for no one knew where I was. Well it was for me. Friends had found out where I was and wanted me to go to the show. "Just a minute," I answered, "I have to drive the car home; I can't take it down town with only a beginners." Then after a pause I spoke again. "Hey, haven't you a license? Sure, well then, I can drive down, I'll be over to pick you up soon." Thus having found legal means to take the car, I prepared to go to the show, of course, mother came too; so did my little sister, Frances. However, to their disappointment, nothing happened, and I safely parked the car behind the theatre.

It was a lively show, and we were all in a merry mood when at length it ended, and having taken leave of my friends, I returned to the parked car, followed

MIKE ... by Norden Bisdee — GXIIIA

It was a simple, ordinary picture. A little boy, posing impatiently for the camera. It was typical of a boy of about nine, but it had something more, an added appeal.

He stood in a casual position, his short pants revealing clender, tanned limbs; his feet bared to the soft, caressing grass. The small muscles in his bronze-coloured arm bulged, as if proud, as he clutched, expertly, the most important thing in the world to him at the moment—a long, dangling fish, about half the size of its captor. The weight of the "catch" brought out the heavier veins in his neck, until the neck of his striped jersey protruded in small ripples.

A firm, proud jaw was set in a shy, somewhat awkward smile, making his cheeks glow rosily in the warm summer sun; his eyes glistened like the cool,

my mother, Frances, and my other sister Betty.

I was perfectly at ease as I turned the key to start the motor, and soon I was ready to pull away. I put it into gear, and as I felt the vehicle moving forward into the street, I thought, "Well, Bob, you're as good as home." I shifted into second, and immediately that contented look disappeared for the motor made a few more turns then stopped dead!

"What's wrong?" a voice spoke out from the rear. "Oh, nothing, I just stalled her," I said as I started it up once more. Shifting back into low, I felt it move again. "Thank goodness," I sighed to myself just as the motor died once more.

This time I was worried, I turned off the key and sat for a moment, contemplating. Suddenly I thought of the gas! I started, then looked at the gauge; the needle was at the empty mark!

"Oh no!" I gasped, "we're out of gas, there's not a drop left and it's Christmas night." I can't explain the sound I heard coming over my shoulder, but it sounded as if someone had dropped dead!

"No gas!" mother spoke, "Why, that's impossible, the tank can't be empty."

"See for yourself" I replied, trying my best to sound confident. "The needle doesn't register at all. I'll try it once more, anyway." I turned the key. The motor started, but as soon as I put it into gear, it chugged slowly to a stop. I sat there, not knowing what to do.

Suddenly Betty spoke up. "We have so got gas, see for yourself," she replied, "That thing doesn't register when the key is turned off!" I listened, and stared at the dashboard. However, that didn't help; it still would not move. Then I got an idea. Without a word, I started the car again, leaned forward, slipping my hand under the dash, then, putting it into gear started moving. "What on earth was the matter?" mother demanded.

I could say nothing so I just drove on, as Betty spoke up in her angelic way "He had the emergency brake on!"

blue waters, in the background, where he had captured his prize. The soft, gentle breeze ruffled the fair, unruly hair, as it hung limply on his forehead.

How different he is now—and yet, the same. I watch him as his strong back bends over his studies. No more the skinny, carefree boy. He works hard and honestly to make a place for himself in a cruel, demanding world.

Even the tousled hair has changed. It is darker now, and meticulously combed in place. His long, sturdy legs try to find room under the skimpy school-desk, and his masterful arms reach forward for books, as they once did for his precious "catch". But with all these changes, those eyes have never changed. The sparkling expression of eagerness, faith, and zest for living is ever present as it was in the picture of "a boy and his pride".

THE COWARD . . . by Monika Bruchmann - GXIIIA

"A coward, yeah, he's a coward". A low, contemptuous voice expressed the opinion of the group of boys standing together in front of the little country school house. They had watched the "new one" ever since he had come into their grade six two months ago; they had given him little tests, hidden traps, situations to show his reaction, his courage—and he had failed them all. "That Charlie Thompson? A soft city boy, a sissy, a coward. Sure, he's pretty smart in school and all that but what's a boy that doesn't hit back when he's punched in the nose?"

And Charlie knew it all. And he knew it was true too. As long as he could remember, back in the city the same as here, he had been haunted by innumerable fears that held him back from any kind of decisive action in the critical moment. He once read the phrase "a lily-livered boy" and this stuck to his mind as a true picture of himself. Always he had admired the brave and the strong in books, in shows, in real life; and his greatest, most ardent wish had been and always was to do something—anything that would win him the respect of these boys, that would make him one of their kind.

That night, school was out a little early because it was the last day before Christmas. The class had had a little party and now they were all filling out shaking the teacher's hand and wishing her "Merry Christmas". Charlie was one of the last to leave the class room, his eyes still reflecting the warm glow that the story of the Babe Jesus had created in him. In his hand he held the few Christmas cards he had just received, carefully, lovingly, as if they were a great treasure. He took his little lunch box from the bench in the corridor and put his cards inside softly one by one, pausing to touch with his finger the velvety red bonnet of the little girl on Jeanine's card. "It almost looks a bit like her," he thought "with her smooth dark hair and shy little face".

He had to hurry to catch up with the boys he usually went home with. They always waited for each other but oh, they would never, never wait for him and even if he'd shout after them now they wouldn't even bother to turn around. They didn't need him. Why, if he wanted to walk with them he just would have to hurry, that's all. But he didn't have enough pride or strength to be by himself; he wanted desperately to be a part of their crowd. He reached them a little out of breath and strode silently at their side. The sky was overcast with a mass of steel-gray clouds and the first few snowflakes—that year—were tumbling to the waiting earth. The little grade one girls had been deliriously happy at the sight of them and Charlie could still hear them chanting "Snowflakes, snowflakes, here at last" in the distance. But to Charlie these first few snowflakes always brought a little sadness. They seemed to him

but unwilling to fall out of the sky alone, by themselves and then to slowly fade into nothingness on the dark, frozen ground. Shivering, he turned up the collar of his jacket and suddenly noticing how cold the lunch box felt in his hand he wondered how something that contained such a warmth of good wishes could be so icy and lifeless. He squeezed it under his left arm and put his hand in his pocket. Then he listened to the conversation of the boys. Greg was telling about the wrestling match he had watched on his Uncle Ted's television last Saturday.

"All right, you fellas all give me a double Nelson and I'll show you the return trick that guy Watson used", Greg told the boys, full of self-importance. It was Charlie's turn now but Greg suddenly stopped saying: "Why, you'd fall flat on your nose, you . . . big milkoast you." Charlie saw the ugly grin on Greg's face and the same hateful expression on all the other's faces. He felt he had to do something; he wanted to slug that face in front of him—instead, he left hand in his pocket, blushed, cast his eyes down, mumbled something and stumbled on beside them.

About half a mile from the school the road made an abrupt turn and the river came into view. Over it's deep banks spread long lifeless grass like an old moth-eaten wig, here and there broken by a handful of brown and crumpled leaves of poison ivy. The river itself was covered with a smooth, greyish-white, sometimes silvery surface of ice in which little frozen bubbles were enshrouded on many spots. When you looked very close at the ice you could see it fade into a green darkness uniting with the deep, slow flowing waters below. The boys had come to a halt on top of the bank and were staring at the ice.

Burt squinted his eyes and said: "I bet we can go skating to-morrow."

"I bet we can to-night", Greg answered, "it has been freezing these last three days, so the ice should be strong enough by now."

"D'you think it will hold?"

"Sure thing."

"But it hasn't been tested yet . . ."

"Aw, to heck with testing—we can test it ourselves. I'm sure Charlie here would like to do it—now wouldn't you, Charlie?" And without waiting for an answer his voice suddenly changing from its ominous drawl to one of whiplike sharpness intending to hurt with every word: "I mean it—I really mean it. Why don't you show for once that you've got some guts in you. See that buoy out there? It's only 'bout six yards from the shore. All ya have to do is to walk to that buoy and back . . ."

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

I WAS EXECUTED AT HIGH NOON!

. . . by Warren Stewart - GXIIIB

I stood in front of him, unable to turn my eyes from his and every bone in my body rigid with fear. He spoke.

"Michael Hooligan you are found guilty of scolding your wife and for this evil deed you will receive the supreme punishment."

His words thundered through the great cave, echoing and re-echoing in my ears until I thought my head would burst.

"You will be tossed into the pit at high noon to-morrow. Have you anything to say in your own defence?"

What could I say? What chance did I have against him, the "King of Evil".

"No, I have nothing to say, except, why the supreme punishment for a common and harmless deed?"

I needed no reply. Those beady eyes burned into my mind and made me know the answer. He wanted me in his kingdom.

Out of the courtroom he walked, his two horns protruding from his head and his forked tail dragging behind his flaming red body.

A cold, clammy hand grasped me by the shoulder. "Mortal! Follow me to your cell!"

We passed by his jury of evil. How could a mere human like me compete against these jurors. They

THE COWARD (continued)

"Yeah, and if it should break," Don interrupted, "we'll form a chain and pull you out. There's really nothin' to it."

"Aw, fiddles, the ice is safe, look how thick it is up there." Charlie followed Burt's outstretched arm.

Then again Greg spoke, tense, almost hissing:

"C'mon, Charlie, be a boy for once and not a sissy and a coward. I dare you t' go on that ice Charlie Thompson, I dare you."

"Yeah, we dare you, we dare you"—like a circle of wolves, it seemed to Charlie, these boys, their eyes glittering with the lowest primitive emotions, were ready to surge forward at any move to tear him apart. Then suddenly, he knew it: This was his only chance, his chance of proving to them—and to himself—that he was no coward; this was the moment he had been waiting for all his life; this is where he would gain or lose it all. There was no other way out—he had to do it.

"All right, I'll go." His words were hardly audible; then he ran down the bank, his eyes glued on the other side of the river—faster and faster, 'oh,

sat there grinning at me showing expressions of victory and success on their evil, murderous faces. They were Pride, Envy, Wrath, Sloth, Avarice, Gluttony and Lust along with five others who were of their own cruel, bloody profession.

I was pushed down through the spectators amidst the booing, screaming and yelling. I looked about me. What weird creatures they were—all different but all shouting for one thing . . . "Death". These creatures were not human beings nor were they the same among themselves. Some were dull colored, badly chipped skeletons while others had some rotten, stinking, bloody meat hanging from their bones.

I was glad to get out of that ill-smelling, damp cave which was used as a courtroom. I got up enough nerve to turn and face my guard. I hurriedly asked him what was the pit and where was I going now and then quickly turned my head away again. My stomach was almost in my throat after looking into those circular hollow holes in his head and at the bloodless, rotten flesh on his inhuman face.

"You'll find out soon enough," was his reply, and nothing more was said by him or me.

We seemed to walk for miles through caverns of rock, passing others like my guard every once in a while. I noticed the air was becoming harder to

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

please God help me—only three more steps—there's the ice, the buoy nearer and nearer—then his arch-enemy, that black, bottomless fear jumped on him, gripping his heart with it's spider fingers, clawing every cell of his mind; his movements grew slower, he stopped—he could not—he had failed.

In a second the howling horde was around him. His head dropped to his chin; their ominous roaring laughter, their insults, their sneers rained on him like death bringing blows.

"You stupid fool, we knew you wouldn't do it—you are nothing but a coward."

Then they were all gone. His arm went limp and his lunch box fell to the ground, burst open—unnoticed. His teeth dug in his lip, his face drawn, his eyes focused on some invisible goal inside him, he lifted up his foot, put it down on the ice, another step, another, two more—a wave of deep, glorious, never-known triumph surged over him . . . Then there was a crash and a scream.

On the shore a black little lunch box and the red velvet of a Christmas card were slowly covered by the faster falling snow.

I WAS EXECUTED (continued)

breathe and I began sweating because the foul air was getting quite hot. The guards showed no change and kept marching on farther and farther until finally—

"Here we are!"

We stopped in front of a small opening in the solid rock wall of this underground maze of tunnels and caves. The opening was pitch black and I was unable to see just how far back this miniature cave was extended.

He gave me a quick and unexpected push. I went sprawling into the black hole. Quickly a huge boulder slid in front of the opening which was now behind me and then . . . complete blackness.

I didn't flex a muscle, not knowing where to move or what was about me. Minutes later my eyes became accustomed to the dark.

I was in a small cave; the walls were cold and wet; water dripped from the ceiling onto the bare rocky floor.

After what seemed to be a few hours, I heard a scratching sound come from one corner of the darker corners. I turned quickly and saw the small wicked eyes of a rat peering at me through the dark. What an animal she was with short black hair and a long slender tail lying motionless two feet behind her twitching nose.

This monotony crept closer toward me, slowly . . . slowly.

Too scared to move, I just stood in front of her as she crept forward. I stooped down and by my feet was a cold, wet stone. I straightened up and waited motionless as those hungry eyes came within inches of me.

She leaped . . . thud! It was all over. The rat lay on the rocky floor with its skull crushed in. I hadn't missed.

Immediately after this nerve-wracking episode I was again frightened when the huge boulder blocking the entrance moved, letting in tiny rays of light.

Was this my chance?

I made a dash towards the opening in hopes of escaping this nightmare, but instead ran smack into the arms of two deathly looking characters.

"What are you doing?" I hurriedly asked.

"It is now," was the creepy, spooky reply of one of those creatures.

I made a jump for freedom but I could not match their unearthly strength. They dragged me, not back towards the courtroom, but farther away, deeper and deeper towards the centre of the earth. The heat was

becoming unbearable but we went on. My legs lost strength and I could hardly walk, but my guards helped me up and forced to go towards my unknown destination. They, themselves, showed no signs of weakening against the terrific heat or my useless struggles.

Where were we going and why? Was it high noon?

Was I going to the pit?

After a tiring and gruesome walk, I fell to the ground and no attempt was made to pick me up.

I lay there exhausted, trying to regain my breath, for several minutes. In front of me was a beautiful altar of stone and set into the steps were many jewels of mystic appearance. Although the heat had become worse as we came towards this altar, I was still drawn towards the majestic piece of art. I got up and moved towards it stumblingly, staggering and falling and then picking myself up again and forcing myself toward it.

Some unknown power was drawing me closer. I dragged myself up the steps but once on top I realized my great mistake for on the other side was a volcanic crater . . . or a pit, from which gigantic red and yellow flames leaped. This was the entrance to Hell.

I quickly turned around, only to come face to face with my judge. It was Satan.

Like a caged lion I made my last lunge for freedom. I grabbed Satan by the face and began to claw at it. Instead of having the satisfaction of hearing his cries of pain and feeling the flesh give way under my finger nails, his face moved. It was a mask! I ripped it off but at the same time he pushed me over the edge into the terrific heat and the flames.

As I fell into the pit I looked back and saw, not a man but a woman where Satan had been standing. It was too late but I realized now that when I scolded my wife I was also offending the sex of the Devil.

Down, down I fell. Flames leaped at me from all sides. Was this the end? Would I fall forever or was there a bottom to the pit? Was this to be for Eternity?

"Wake up Michael! Supper is ready."

I opened my eyes at the sound of my wife's voice coming from the kitchen.

"What am I doing on the floor?"

"You fell off the couch," came the reply.

Something smelled good. I wondered what we were having for supper.

"Hey! What the devil are . . . ?" No. No. No.

"Dear, what are we going to have for supper to-night?"

NEVER TO HAVE . . . by Anne Forrester — GXIIA

Sitting in my chair by the window, I watch the children romping on the lawns, the birds skimming across the clouds and the brook bubbling its way over rocks and beneath the willows. These things are free—the children, the birds, the brook—as free from the trials and tragedies of life as I am held captive by them. My gaze wanders about my room and comes to rest upon my desk. This cluttered desk is my livelihood—here I imagine all the experiences of life which would have been mine had I been free and here I try to express my turbulent thoughts, mellowed now by years, in verse.

Why am I not free? I am held captive by these horrid, twisted limbs and a dream—almost a dream now.

My eyes turn once again to my brother's children playing on the green below me. My thoughts seem to plague me today—they will give me no peace. Everywhere I turn I have glimpses of what could have been mine—should have been mine—and is not. Those children—sometimes they bring a sadness to me. I should have borne children. Within this hour I will have lived for sixty-eight long years and only fifty of those years ago . . .

The day of my eighteenth birthday—the most glorious day of a girl's life. Our house was bristling with excitement, secrecy and anticipation. A ball had been planned for me and the whole country-side had been invited—that was all I knew. Everything was kept secret from me—the hurried comings and goings, the whispered conversations among the servants which broke up as soon as I appeared and the grinding of the wheels of one mysterious carriage after another only added to my frenzy of excitement and enthusiasm.

At last darkness came as a soothing calm and lamps were lit—my long-awaited evening had arrived and I became assailed with doubts.

Again there was the clatter of hoofs and carriage wheels on the drive—this time, accompanied by laughter and gaiety of which I was a part.

As I descended the spiral stair-case I felt nostalgic and hopeful—I was leaving my childhood to-night to

This above all: to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE, HAMLET, 1, 3.

* * *

I shall pass through this world but once, any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now! Let me not defer it, nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

ETIENNE DE GRELLET.

become a woman. I glanced back and there was Alice, standing at the head of the stairs, her eyes glistening with joyful tears. As a child she had been to me a maid, a friend and protector—standing there above me she seemed to be a symbol of the childhood I was leaving as I went on down the stairs.

What a sight of grandeur the ballroom was—the crystal chandeliers sparkled and the floor of the long, stately room reflected the beauty of the waltz—the ladies in their magnificent gowns and the gentlemen, tall and dignified. And this, I marvelled, was the beginning of my new life. But David . . . he also was the beginning of my new life.

As the moon-light fell upon his golden hair and chiselled features I gazed at him and he turned to find my eyes upon him. His dark eyes held me and as I looked into the depths of them I discovered something—tender and almost holy—love.

Sitting there on the terrace with David, the strains of the dance music drifting through the French doors my slippers slid from my feet and lay there on the stones—the crimson satin gleaming in the moon-light. It was a childhood habit of mine—I had always had a sensation of captivity when I wore shoes but freedom was mine when I ran barefoot.

Those first three days of my eighteenth years were joyous ones. We, David and I, spent the afternoons riding—racing across the country-side, leaping fences and galloping along forest trails. On that fourth afternoon we rode westward. It was wild country but magnificent and as we rode the wind shrieked in our ears. I was laughing over my shoulder at David—suddenly his face was white with terror and he was shouting to me frantically.

It was too late—I felt an instant, choking fear as I plunged—down, down, into the depths of the crevice. A vision appeared before me of crimson satin slippers gleaming in the moon-light—and then it vanished forever.

I wear no shoes now—I should feel free. But I am a captive—for these fifty years I have been held captive—by my thoughts and a mere memory of that love.

But—'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

"Be not afraid of Greatness; some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them.

SHAKESPEARE, TWELFTH NIGHT, II, 5

* * *

Hence the true Christian, product of Christian education, is the supernatural man who thinks, judges and acts constantly and consistently in accordance with right reason, illuminated by the supernatural light of the example and teaching of Christ.

POPE PIUS XI

PEEWEE . . . A SHORT STORY by Eleanor Clarke — GXIII A

"Goodbye—and drop dead." I slammed the receiver and sat there glaring into space, "the nerve, the colossal nerve!"

I'd turned down four perfectly good dates waiting for Jack Patterson to ask me to the skating party and here he wanted me to go with his cousin. His dear cousin; my last memory of that unmentionable was the dead snake dropped down the neck of my T-shirt.

"Somebody interesting, dear?"

"A date for Lou's skating party", I answered kicking the corner of the rug. "That's all!"

"How nice, anyone I know, Jamie?"

"Peewee Carson."

"Peewee Carson?" She looked puzzled. Then suddenly she remembered and shrieked, "Oh no!"

"In the flesh," I nodded grimly. "The demon who poured glue in your pudding, stuck 'for sale' signs all over the house and dunked Puss in the washing machine."

"Well dear—boys change; it may be the most wonderful date of your life."

I thought of all the things I had done for that Jack Patterson but this was the worst; teaming me up with that "pip-squeak" and for what? A slap on the back and "Gee you're a swell kid."

That was the trouble, "a swell kid". I was sweet sixteen — you know the rest. No boy wants to stand on a soapbox to kiss his date goodnight and I was too proud to bend over.

Not that I wasn't popular. But it was always the undesired boys that found my five-foot ten alluring.

When we were doing dishes that evening, Mother brought up my plight again.

"I seem to remember Peewee Carson having a brother, Anne."

I nodded, "He's coming too. As if one wasn't enough!"

"What's he like or don't you remember?"

"I remember; like a leopard. I only saw him through the window. Measels; I bet it was the meanness breaking out, being a brother of Peewee's."

Mother chuckled, "He was a little below average height too, wasn't he dear?"

"He's probably shorter than Peewee even", I said desperately. "And if he is we'll get along just fine."

Mother gave a saucer some concentrated attention before she said, "Anne. — Jamie tell me, you have fun with Midget and Half-pint and all those short boys, don't you?"

"Of course, Mom". I said, "They're loads of fun and far better dancers than a lot of tall boys. But can't you understand Mom, they've got me typed—oh, fiddle! I understand how they feel about their height—same feeling I've got only in reverse. I'm not going to make them feel smaller by refusing their dates."

Mother smiled "Short boys often grow up to be tall men. I suppose even the worst brats turn out to be Rock Hudsons on occasion."

Peewee a Rock Hudson. It seemed incredible. But—

From then until the party the hours couldn't go fast enough. Finally zero hour arrived. An ear splitting ring on the door-bell and the tapping of Mother's heels in the hallway was my summons. Taking a last glance at myself I thought I looked,—well at least I felt beautiful.

I started down the stairs drawn to my full height. Around the bend in the stairway I moved gracefully then I stopped dead, and clutched the bannister.

"Hi-ya Spinale-Shanks. How's the weather up there?"

If I live to be twenty-five I'll never forget the puny male with the impudent freckled face who stared up at me. It was Peewee, the very same, a little older, at little taller, perhaps five-five on tiptoe.

They turn out to be Rock Hudson! That's one for the books.

Mother escaped, leaving us squared off waiting for the other to take the first jab. He took it!

"Still growing huh?" he mused, "Couldn't remember you at first. But I sure do now. I'da known you any place—haven't changed a bit."

"Nor you", I answered faintly, as I watched him swagger into the living room and take a fistful of after-dinner mints and shove them into his mouth.

His sweet tooth appeased, he began a sojourn around the room. A neat toss landed Puss' mouse in the fish-bowl.

"Can this be a seventeen-year-old man?" I asked myself incredulously.

He swaggered back to the coffee table and gave the candy dish a sure shove. "All gone", he said in disgust.

"Didn't anyone tell you," I asked venomously that too much candy isn't good for little boys."

It hit home. An expression came over his face which gave him away, and I felt a sudden twinge of conscience.

The ride to the skating rink was a nightmare. He drove the car as if he were trying to get even with it.

I tried to divert him with conversation.

"Jack tells me your brother will be at the party Peewee."

"The name is Bruce", he snapped, "and what if he is there. You're my date and don't forget it."

It seemed I wouldn't. Here was I out with a full grown, walking inferiority complex. He set out immediately, skimming over the ice, going the wrong way. He tripped the girls, pushed the boys from behind and when he hit the centre he went into an intricate act of spins, figure eights, loops and the grapevine. He was wonderful; but no one applauded. I could see them looking at one another and whispering behind their hands "Anne James' date—what a square."

"But don't you understand," I suddenly wanted to

PEEWEE (continued)

cry out, "He wants to prove something. He wants you to admire him and like him."

Finally he returned, flushed and triumphant.

"Well", he asked quizzically and waited for a bomb to erupt.

"You were swell," I said quietly, "the best skater I've seen in Stonepoint."

He rocked back in amazement. Gradually he improved, although he still showed off.

"You know, Anne", he leaned forward when we were resting later, "I always wanted to play basketball like my brother but the coach told me I was too little." He cleared his throat, "I never told anyone that before!"

"Basketball! I sniffed, "Anyone with long legs can play basketball. Now take skating, there's a sport where it really takes skill!"

"You really think so. I'm working at it. I hope to reach the Olympics someday."

"I'm sure you will."

The freckled face turned and I saw to my horror the price I'd paid. He had fallen for me—but hard.

Jack was at the party and Midget and Half-Pint and all the gang, but I didn't get to skate with one of them. Bruce had a death grip on my hand.

"Come on", I suggested slyly, "Let's skate over there, more room."

We crossed to the other side of the rink and I managed to get a good look at the boy I had been taking a particular notice of earlier. He looked like the tallest man in the world. The dark eyes, blond crewcut, the jutting jaw—he seemed terribly familiar.

"Which guy?" Bruce turned his head.

"There—" I nudged him, "The one hemmed in by all the vultures."

Bruce shrugged, "That's Perry, my brother—want to meet him?"

"This is Anne James, Jamie". From a great height Perry Carson grinned down at me.

Then it dawned on me. While I'd been playing nursemaid to a neurotic kid, listening to his troubles Lou and Penny and countless others had been latching on to this wonderful man, his brother.

"I've been watching you too," Perry grinned "getting along fine—skating and otherwise."

"All the small fry fall for Jamie," Penny giggled, "We call her ketchup cause she goes so well with shrimp."

"Or Louisa May Alcott because she's so fond of 'Little Men', Lou put in hilariously.

I saw Bruce's face go white and felt his hand clench mine.

"How about borrowing her for one?" Perry asked his eyes intently on mine.

"Thanks", I said quickly, but I'm afraid I'm spoiled for ordinary skaters. Bruce is so superior."

"Come on Bruce this is our number." Blindly I turned away from them, but not before I saw the look of astonishment cross Perry's face.

We circled the rink before Bruce spoke.

"That was nice of you Jamie."

"You musn't mind them Bruce," I said desperately, "I know how you feel. I've lived through it myself."

"Someday," I promised earnestly, "they'll be boasting they met you here when you go to the Olympics."

He smiled at me adoringly.

"I didn't mind, Jamie," he said earnestly. "I don't think I'll ever mind after tonight."

There was a scraping of blades on ice close behind us and a big, mittened hand tapped Bruce's.

"Get lost," Bruce grumbled but he couldn't keep the affection out of his eyes as he looked up at his brother.

"Haven't you heard kid? Monopolies are against the law. Besides—who's going to look after Anne when you leave tomorrow?"

"You're going home?" I asked Bruce in surprise.

"On the morning train", he nodded regretfully.

"The junior hockey tryouts are Monday. But I'll be back spring vacation," he promised.

"So long, Perry", He started away, then turned and looked from his brother to me, smiling wistfully, "You two deserve each other."

We watched him skate away, a game little guy who suddenly looked taller.

"I've been waiting all evening for this," he murmured. "I noticed you the minute you walked in—you're a pretty hard girl to overlook," he teased.

If this is a line, I thought just call me a small mouthed bass. But it was wonderful.

"You want to know what really made me notice you?" His voice was serious now.

"It's the way you treat the boys, even little guys like Bruce. You treat them all the same. Most girls don't bother."

I looked away embarrassed and ashamed. "Bruce is a good kid." I was surprised to find out how much I meant it. "He'll grow up."

"Yes, he will," Perry said quickly, "Even if he never grows taller. I saw him begin tonight. As a matter of fact," he added, "he probably will shoot up about next year. I was a shrimp myself till I was his age."

"You," I gasped.

"Sure," he grinned sheepishly, "Why that summer we were here I was just a little runt. All the kids pushed me around. There was a tall stringbean of a girl I played with who could make me holler 'uncle'.

The only way I could get even was to play tricks on her and run. That girl, what a brat! What's the matter"—He broke off. "Dizzy".

He came to a stop against the wall.

"Will you answer two questions?"

He nodded curiously.

"First—did Bruce ever have the measles?"

"Sure. The summer we were here. What's that—"

"Two," I interrupted frantically, "did you ever have a nickname?"

His handsome face turned a dull red.

"Aw—well yes, I did," He looked around furtively. "Don't tell anybody. It was Peewee."

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY

... by Barbara McElrath — GXIIB

She was beautiful, with pale delicate white skin, large dark eyes and slender expressive eyebrows. Her hair was fine and golden, brushed softly back in waves from the high forehead and coiled at the nape of her neck. Her teeth, framed by the soft full lips, were even and white though tiny. She was tall and perfectly proportioned. In black she was stunning.

She had not changed a bit in all the years I had known her except become more mature. That did not surprise me in the least. Megan O'Hara would always be the same.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Reverend Mason quietly pronounced these words over the oak coffin of her Aunt Helena.

It was to your Aunt Helena and Uncle Richmond's home you first came wasn't it Megan? You had been orphaned by the deaths of both your parents in a plane crash.

You were fourteen years old, the same age as I. Then, as now, you were graceful, delicate and golden—the young butterfly—while I was dark, short, and tom-boyish—the common-place moth. You had just returned from five years at a girl's boarding school in Switzerland.

That was the year I began high school and was also going with Rory Jenkins. I was the envy of all the other girls. I remember it was the second week of school that you fluttered into my life.

Everything was the same as usual and we were settling down after entering the classroom when the principal brought you to our form. You stood there before us all, calm, smiling a bit. Everyone sat there fascinated, for we had never seen any person quite like you. As you moved down the aisle to your assigned seat Rory gave you his best smile. I felt a stirring of dislike inside me.

Jim Kendall, Rory and I had generally walked home together after school. Remember Jim, Megan? Rory and Jim had always been together. Jim was just the opposite of Rory being dark, of medium height and steady while Rory was tall and red-headed with a lopsided grin. I liked Jim—not the way I liked Rory though.

But you wouldn't know that because after you came Rory began to walk you home. What could I do, except try to be bravely nonchalant and turn to friendly, and sympathetic Jim.

Gradually, you and Rory became the standard couple of every party. Jim and I ended up together, now.

As we continued through our high school years, I

outgrew my tom-boyishness and became more graceful. Remember the time I was crowned Queen of the May Dance at our spring formal? That was the year you were sick and couldn't come.

Rory began to look at me after that dance. He took me to Sheila Mather's weiner roast and you came with Terry Rostrum.

But after you arrived Rory seemed to forget that he had brought me and spent most of the evening with you. Terry and I were left to finish the evening off together. Finally I could not stand it any longer and I asked Rory to take me home. Rory wouldn't go and Terry became angry and you just laughed. It was then that I began to hate you.

After that evening I was ashamed to face anybody and I decided to go to New York. At the station Mon, Dad and Jim saw me off.

For two years I worked as a stenographer in an office with fourteen others. Not a very glamorous profession was it Megan? During this time I received letters from Jim on all the local news. In Jim, I confided. Occasionally I received a letter from Rory. These letters I cherished for no matter how much he hurt me I still loved him.

Then one day Jim brought Rory to see me and we all went out for dinner. Rory apologized for his actions the night of the weiner roast. He said he had been angry at your coming with Terry. I found out somehow that you had left Amberville a few days after I had.

Rory visited me regularly after that and six months later we became engaged. I quit my job and went home where I began to get my trousseau ready. Mom, naturally had insisted that we have a church wedding, and I selected my gown.

Then, again you floated back into my life. This time it was the night of the Harvest Dance at the Club. In shimmering white—the beautiful butterfly—you made your entrance. I knew from the way Rory looked at you that nothing had changed.

After two days of anguish I broke our engagement. For hours after I wandered around in the rain, filled with pity for myself. I ended up in the hospital on the critical list. One week I was delirious, crying out my accusations against you, Megan, for stealing my Rory and my life. I didn't want to live anymore.

It's still not clear to me, but somehow with Jim's strength and help I began to slowly recover. Jim came to visit me every moment he had to spare and from him I again had my desire to live. He was the

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

MY HOBBY ... by Catherin Rorabeck — GIX

My hobby is stamp collecting. I became interested in this hobby from my friend who showed me some interesting stamps and how to collect them.

Many men and women, as well as boys and girls have found stamp collecting their favorite hobby. One reason is that it provides a constant source of recreation and pleasure. All a person needs is an album or a book and some stamps. I obtained my stamps and album by sending away for them.

There are at least five ways in which a person may obtain stamps. The most exciting way is a treasure hunt. This way you can search for stamps that may be stored away with old letters and papers in your own home. Some of these may be very valuable. Another way is to have friends save stamps for you, especially business men and people with correspondence abroad. You can save stamps from everyday mail and also trade with collector-friends. The fifth is to buy stamps from a store or a dealer which is usually the

favourite way to start a collection. Also a good way to talk and swap stamps is with other collectors. The best way to do this is by having or starting a stamp club. A club enables you to increase your knowledge of stamps, dispose of your duplicates in exchange for stamps you want, and participate in enjoyable club activities, all at the same time.

Some world-famous people like Herbert Clark Hoover, Lily Pons, the late King George V of England, and Franklin D. Roosevelt said they have found stamp collecting a good hobby.

Stamp collecting is also a splendid family hobby, because stamps form such a good bond of common interest between parents and children. Countless happy hours can be spent together over pages of a stamp album, getting better acquainted with the world's lands and peoples and with each other. Stamp collecting has been called "a fascinating pastime for people of all ages" so why don't you start collecting stamps.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY (continued)

one who told me of your marriage to Rory, your plans of living in Rome.

As the months went by I grew stronger and Jim and I were married quietly and settled down in Amberville.

After a while twins came along, a boy and a girl. I grew to love Jim very much and I was content.

Once more, Megan, you came back. This time it was for Aunt Helena's funeral. You and Rory came back. You were still beautiful and graceful but Rory had become a rich drunkard, a tramp.

Both of you came to our house after the funeral.

You came with your mink coat, diamonds, continental manners, and false sincerity.

But, this time it was different. Yes, you still had your money, beauty, grace but no more was I envious. Nor did I hate you any more.

I had Jim, my children and my home. But I had love, too. When I looked into your eyes I pitied you. I could see into your soul and what I saw was unhappiness, loneliness and helplessness.

You were a beautiful butterfly Megan, but you were only for show. You had no function in life, no aim.

I would rather be dull and common and be loved.

TAKE THIS TO WORD STUDY CLASS

An editor of distinction writes of his difficulties in dealing with many kinds of English: professorial English, which can be very lugubrious; psychiatrist English, which employs for the simplest thoughts the longest words; United Nations English, unctitious and diplomatic; Legal English which is too often shop-talk for a vested interest. This editor thinks that more sanity is required in the use of words as suggested in the little pamphlet by Sir Ernest Gowers, entitled Plain Words, and he gives as an example the perfect response of a child of ten to an invitation to write an essay on a bird and a beast, which reads:

"The bird that I am going to write about is the Owl. The Owl cannot see at all by day and at night is as blind as a bat. I do not know much about the Owl so I will go on to the beast which I am going to choose. It is the Cow. The cow is a mammal. It has four sides—right, left, upper and below. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this it sends the flies away, so that they do not fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so that the mouth can be somewhere. The horns are to butt with and the mouth is to moo with. Under the cow hangs the milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk, the milk comes and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it, I have not yet realized, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell; one can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country.

The man cow is called an ox. It is not a mammal. The cow does not eat much, but what it eats, it eats twice, so that it gets enough. When it is hungry, it moos, and when it says nothing it is because its insides is all full up with grass." How's that for a model?—From "ECHOES" I.O.D.E.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

... A SHORT STORY by Maria Lampros — GXIII B

A sound went through the house—an inhuman sound, half scream, half groan. Darcie gripped the curtains to keep from falling.

"Dear heaven let him faint, let him faint." Over and over again through her exhausted brain the words ran. "Oh God please let him faint." The house was silent. She cocked her head—listening—waiting. Slowly, slowly the old grandfather clock in the corner tocked away each minute. Slowly, slowly the icy tautness left her body. She slumped wearily in the nearest chair. Tears of relief formed streaky white rivulets on her grimy face. Relief, that for the present her brother Josh was not suffering any pain. It was strange to think of vigorous, playful Josh with only one leg, but then everything was strange now.

It was June 1864 and Darcie Murray's once safe, secure little world was spinning furiously like a top that gathers speed until it appears to be only a fleck of colored movement, that slows then topples noisily to the ground. Lincoln, north slaves, war, these were the words on everyone's lips. These were the keywords in this raging battle between north and south.

The war had lost all sense of reality for Darcie. Even the distant intermittent booming of guns had become so much a part of her that only in the back recesses of her mind was she conscious of them. She had, finally, by deliberate concentration, become insensitive to the blood, the filth, the stench of death that had grown a part of her life at the makeshift Confederate hospital on Hedley Street. But never, never would she become immune to the anguished voices of those wretched men pleading with her to give them some drug, some medicine to ease their suffering. At first there had been ample medical supplies to keep the wounded comfortable and free from pain, but now—now one could only comfort them with words.

She shuddered again as she thought of Josh's terrified cry. Oh how long was this fighting and killing going to go on?

"We've lost", her cracked, parched lips whispered. It was the first time she had ever voiced the constant fear in the back of her mind. As if uttering the words made it true she said it again. "We've lost everything. We're finished. We're beaten—beaten—beaten."

"Darcie, Darcie child, that's no way to talk."

She looked up, startled by the gruff but gentle voice of old Doctor McHenry. "But it is true. You know it is," she responded hotly. "But you're probably just like all the rest," she continued without attempting to hide the biting scorn in her words. "You

don't really care how many suffer and die as long as—as the south is Victorious in the end."

"Now Darcie, you know that isn't true. You're tired now and upset. You've been under a terrific strain these last few hours."

The sympathetic words, the kind tone filled her with remorse. "Oh, I am sorry, I am. It's just that I've been sitting here ever since you took Josh upstairs thinking about—everything. And, oh suddenly it seemed so useless, so—stupid."

"Yes, I know, I know," the old doctor replied. "I've felt like that many times. But it's out of our hands. Our job is to patch up the broken bodies and ease as much suffering as we can."

"And we can't even do that very well, can we?" responded Darcie with a touch of the old bitterness. "What have we to work with? We have no supplies. Nothing."

"I know. I keep hoping every day that—"

"That what?"

"Oh, nothing. That things will get better, I suppose."

"That's not what you were going to say. Doctor McHenry, I don't want to pry but sometimes drugs get through the blockade, don't they?"

He gazed at her silently for a moment as if attempting to read the questions that raced through her mind. Or perhaps he was only choosing his words, for he answered carefully. "Sometimes they do, Darcie."

"Is that what you're waiting for now, the drugs to come through, I mean?"

The doctor got up and strode restlessly about the room. "We shouldn't be talking of this at all you know." He had instinctively lowered his voice. Then after a moment, "No, I'm not waiting for any supplies to arrive. In the last few months Grant has tightened up the blockade terrifically. You know it has always been dangerous to run the blockade, but now it's doubly so. So, here we are, no supplies and not much chance of getting any for a while yet."

"Of course there is always a possibility that someone might get through isn't there?"

"Oh I suppose there is about one chance in a thousand as things stand now."

"Doctor McHenry," she hesitated then rushed on. "I'd like to try to get through that blockade."

"You?", his astounded voice rang loud and clear. "I've just been explaining to you how dangerous it is, girl."

"We're desperate, doctor. Think what those drugs

THE QUALITY OF MERCY (continued)

would mean to us. I think they are worth the risk of getting them." She rushed on before he could object, "I've passed through the lines two or three times on visits home. They would never suspect me."

He was silent a moment. "You're sure Darcie. Remember what I've told you."

"I'm very sure Doctor McHenry."

"Then listen to me closely," said the old doctor, his voice pierced with excitement.

The road to Richmond was a long one that day. Every time the wheels hit a stone and the carriage bounced Darcie's stomach quivered. She had been quite calm at the outset of her journey, but as every turn of the wheel brought her closer to the appointed trusting spot she became more and more tense. Had it only been yesterday that she received the scribbled note telling her to "start tomorrow?" It seemed like ages ago now.

The carriage bounced and turned off into a narrow side road. A short distance away she could just distinguish the vague outline of two young girls, their arms laden with flowers. They stood still as the carriage approached and Darcie's driver drew up.

"Would you like some flowers miss?" asked one of the girls with a smile.

And Darcie instructed by old Doctor McHenry replied, "Oh, yes! There are so few flowers in Richmond now."

"If you would come up to the house I would be glad to bind the stems for you," said the girl.

"Won't you ride the rest of the way with me?" invited Darcie. The two girls scrambled in. The carriage swayed then moved slowly up the winding road to the waiting house.

A half hour later Darcie emerged. Beneath her voluminous skirts, tied to the rings of her hoop were ten small sacs of quinine and morphine. She walked unsteadily to her carriage, acutely conscious of the weight that the sacs gave her hoop. A moment to settle herself, then she was off.

The time sped by and to Darcie it seemed only a scant few minutes before the carriage was pulling to a stop and a corporal in northern blue was saying, "Where are you bound for ma'am?"

Surprisingly her voice was firm and clear despite the pounding of her heart when she answered, "Richmond. Here are my papers."

"Sorry ma'am, I've orders to take everyone in to-day. You'll have to show those to the general."

"But I'm only returning from a family visit and—"

"We won't delay you long ma'am," then turning to her driver he shouted, "Okay, boy, let's go."

A moment later the carriage drew to a halt again. The colonel politely opened the door and waited to help her out. Darcie felt weighted down, partly from fear, partly from the guilty weight of the tiny sacs.

She struggled awkwardly to her feet. Her skirt seemed caught. She gave it a nervous jerk and taking the corporal's proffered hand, stepped to the ground. He led her to a large tent just a few feet off. A greying man, who reminded Darcie of her father, was sitting at a littered table. He rose as she entered and smiled at her. She liked him instantly and some of the cold fear left her.

"How do you do Miss—?"

"Murray. I'm on my way to Richmond."

"I understand. May I see your papers please?"

She handed them across the table to him. He glanced at them briefly then said, "Sit down, won't you Miss Murray? A scout has reported that a carriage remarkably like yours stopped ten miles back and the occupant entered a house about a half mile from the road."

A feeling of trapped desperation coursed through Darcie's veins, but she immediately decided to stick as close to the truth as possible. "Why, yes it was sir," she replied in a surprised voice. There were two girls there picking flowers. They asked me to have something cool to drink and I accepted."

"I see," he nodded his head. Then suddenly, "And how are things in Richmond now?"

She looked up surprised. His words and tone were almost a taunt. He knew how things were in Richmond. He knew how battered and beaten and suffering she was.

"I'm sorry Miss Murray," his tone was contrite. "I didn't mean that as it sounded. This war will be over one day soon then things will be better. You'll see."

The same young corporal suddenly appeared at the entrance. "I beg your pardon, sir. May I see you privately a moment?" For a brief few seconds Darcie was alone. Her situation overwhelmed her. She was trapped and—

"You can go now, Miss Murray," the officer's voice broke into her thoughts. "I'm sorry to have detained you so long."

Darcie looked at him warily. Was this some trick? But, no, he continued to smile at her reassuringly. She murmured a disjointed thanks and once again entered her carriage. It pulled away and she laid her head back on the smooth upholstery. Her jumbled emotions left her weak and near tears. She remained motionless as the carriage juggled on and on, then suddenly jerked to a stop. She straightened and looked about her. The young corporal on horseback was approaching the carriage.

"Sorry to bother you, ma'am," he said with a grin, "but the General asked me to give you this." He held out a small package wrapped in tattered newsprint. Darcie took it and with quivering fingers unwrapped it. There laid the familiar grey sac stamped "morphine." Beside it was a note. She opened it and read:

"We found this on the floor of your carriage. Let's call it a gift from one good American to another."

—GRANT."

CREAM
WE ARE BUYERS OF
FARMERS
FIRST GRADE
AND
SPECIAL GRADE CREAM
ALSO BUYERS OF GOOD QUALITY
WHEY CREAM
YOURS FOR PRICE AND SERVICE
Belleville Creameries

ASK FOR
CREAMERY BUTTER
BUT JUST DON'T SAY BUTTER
SAY
'MOUNTAIN GOLD'
IN OTHER WORDS
BELLEVILLE BETTER BUTTER
MANUFACTURED BY
Belleville Creameries
Box 59
Belleville
Ontario

Compliments
of
The Belleville
Retail Men's Wear
Association



Save Time . . . Save Money!

It's Easy
To Shop The Modern CATALOGUE WAY

ORDER BY PHONE WO 8-5591

212 FRONT STREET
BELLEVILLE

SATISFACTION
OR MONEY REFUNDED



FUTURE FINANCIAL SUCCESS

May be Guaranteed by Regular Savings

1. In a savings bank account.
2. By the purchase of Life Insurance, the ideal way to build collateral values for education or future business opportunities.

CALL ME TODAY FOR FULL INFORMATION

Charles D. Lundy, C.L.U.

Home: WO 2-1347 Office: WO 8-6449

"The Friendly Life Insurance Counsellor"

Clip Here - TODAY!

MAIL THIS COUPON TO ME

Charles D. Lundy, C.L.U.
BOX 410, CITY

Here is your opportunity to win a crisp \$5 bill for your bank account. Five other prizes too!

X Print your name here

X Your address here

X X X
Year and date of birth here

G. Fitzgibbon

SHELL SERVICE STATION
WASHING - LUBRICATION
TIRES - BATTERIES

Phone WO 2-0339
Belleville Ontario

Compliments of

Weston Bakeries Limited

BELLEVILLE

Compliments of

McCormick's Studio

"Where Photography is Different"



244 Pinnacle St. Stobie Building

Our Fifty-First Year in Belleville

WOODLEY FURRIERS



F U R S
CUSTOM MADE
REPAIRED
CLEANED
RESTYLED



Largest FUR COLD STORAGE in
Belleville

273 FRONT ST.

Toastmaster

Best Ever Tasted or Toasted

Canada Bread Co. Limited

165 Moira Street East

Phone WO 8-5125

Compliments of

Seven-Up Ontario Limited

Nothing Does it Like

SEVEN-UP

119 STATION ST.

BELLEVILLE



The Finest in . . .

TELEVISION - RADIO - HI-FI

See Them at

Hitchon Radio

4 BRIDGE ST. E.

BELLEVILLE

Best Regards to

ELEVATOR and STAFF

Roblin Dairy

194 COLEMAN STREET

Phone WO 2-4069

Compliments of

City Cleaners & Dyers

PHONE WO 8-6407

160 Moira Street East

With the Compliments of

J. J. CASH (Canada)

LIMITED

Manufacturers of

WOVEN NAMES

AND

LABELS

BELLEVILLE

ONTARIO

Best Wishes from



TELEVISION APPLIANCE and
RECORD CENTRE
3 STORES SERVING THE QUINTE DISTRICT
BELLEVILLE • TRENTON • PICTON

LEWIS AUTO ELECTRIC
LIMITED

SUCCESSORS TO
QUINTE BATTERY SERVICE
4 - 6 Dundas Street East
WO 8-6445 TELEPHONE WO 8-6445

Compliments of

The Bowl - O - Drome

369 Front Street
OPEN FROM NOON 'TILL MIDNIGHT
Special Rates for Students at Noon Hour
and After School

Compliments of

Yolles
Furniture Company
BELLEVILLE
and
TRENTON

Compliments of

**THE BELLEVILLE
FUNERAL DIRECTORS ASSN.**

ORLAND A. PINK - J. RAY GRANT
JOHN R. BUSH - GEORGE F. O'BRIEN

Compliments of

R. E. KUNTZE and SONS

GENERAL ELECTRIC
APPLIANCES
217 Front St. Phone WO 8-6403

Compliments of

**GOODMEN'S
STORE FOR MEN**

307 FRONT STREET
PHONE WO 8-8249

Compliments of

THE MILK BAR
42 Bridge St. E. Phone WO 2-0033
AND
TED'S RESTAURANT
North Front Street
MILK SHAKES - HAMBURGS
LIGHT LUNCHES

DUFFY'S SERVICE STATION

CITIES SERVICE PRODUCTS

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

WASHING - TIRES - GREASING
BATTERIES

130 Front St. Phone WO 8-9797

Templer Flower Shop

WM. G. ROWLAND

BELLEVILLE'S LEADING
FLORIST

Directly Opposite Upper Bridge
395 Front St. Phone WO 2-0907

Compliments of

HARRY LANGABEER

BARBER SHOP

211 Front St.

Compliments of

Ontario Business College

Limited

I. L. MOORE, PRINCIPAL

275 FRONT ST.
Phone WO 2-0870 Belleville, Ont.

Robb, Maraskas & Hurley

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, Etc.

MALCOLM ROBB, Q.C. LOUIS MARASKAS
BERNARD HURLEY

P.O. Box 336 - Belleville Ontario - Canada
297 Front St. Phone WO 2-3438

FLOWERS by WELLER'S

375 Front St. - Belleville
Phone WO 8-7032

If YOU can't say it . . .
say it with FLOWERS !

You can now enjoy

Sea Foods or Fish and Chips

AT

THE PENGUIN

(NEW LOCATION)

245 FRONT ST.

(Formerly The Guild)

Compliments

of

John H. Lennox

Barrister and Solicitor

Jamieson Bone Building

Belleville



College Education Leadership Training

*the career opportunity of the year
for high school students*

High School Students may now get a free college education while qualifying for the Queen's Commission in the Navy, Army or Air Force, under the Regular Officer Training Plan.

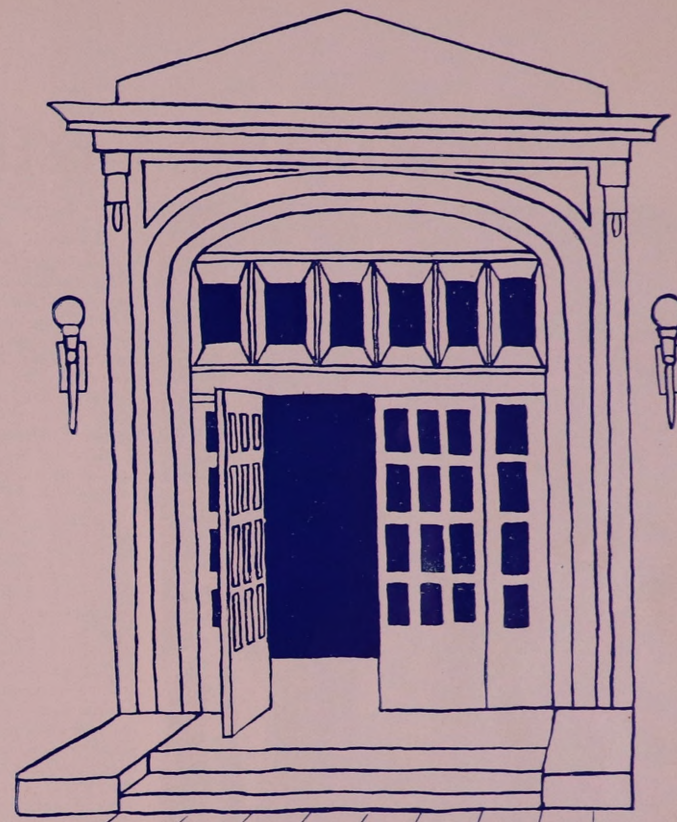
Successful candidates will attend Royal Military College, Royal Roads, Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean, or designated Canadian universities, as cadets in the Regular Forces.

They will receive service pay plus board and lodging, plus tuition costs at college, will take paid training with their chosen service in summer months and on completion of academic courses, serve Canada as Regular Force officers with the option of release after three years.

Applicants must have Senior Matriculation or equivalent, except for Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean, where requirement is Junior Matriculation. Age limits for Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean are 16 to 20 on 1st January of the year of entrance, for all others 16 to 21 on 1st January of the year of entrance. Applicants must be single, physically fit, and meet officer selection standards.

For full information write to the Regular Officer Training Plan Selection Board, National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa, or to any of the following:—

The Registrar, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.
The Registrar, Royal Roads, Victoria, B.C.
The Registrar, Collège Militaire
Royal de Saint-Jean, St. Jean, P.Q.



Graduates

G. PUTMAN

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES



The annual commencement exercises were held in the school auditorium on October 29, 1954.

The teachers, graduates, students, receiving diplomas and awards; and a host of guests and visitors rose to open the exercises with the singing of "O Canada". From the stage, decorated with rust and golden chrysanthemums, the Rev. L. K. Daniel of Victoria Avenue Baptist Church pronounced the invocation. Mr. George Wishart, Chairman of the High School Board, extended his congratulations and best wishes to the graduates. A round of applause welcomed Miss Nellie P. Merry, as she presented her annual English Prize, and she took a seat on the stage with the staff, where everyone felt she belonged.

Mr. R. W. Phillips introduced the guest speaker of the evening, Mr. W. K. F. Kendrick, Principal of the Teacher's College, Ottawa.

Mr. Kendrick opened his address by recalling his first visit to Belleville, when, as a young boy, he had been impressed by the many churches on the hill. He humorously depicted his conception of high school life, after which he pointed out that quite often a student develops a spark of genius, but frequently the ignition system of society is out of order. People today, he said, have a tendency to be content with 'just passing' and students must strive to overcome this social philosophy. Canada is expanding and has a crying need for leaders, and, said Mr. Kendrick to the graduating class, "You are It!"

Mr. Kendrick was glad to note that B.C.I.V.S. provides not only academic but also vocational training. He pointed out that there are many avenues of trade, and, as Milton said, "All labour ranks the same with God." Mr. Kendrick stressed the importance of preserving individuality in a mass society, and encouraged the students to absorb much knowledge to-day, upon which the thoughts of later life will be based.

Mr. K. S. Hill, a personal friend of Mr. Kendrick,



thanked the speaker for the most inspiring speech, and commended him for his keen understanding of youth.

The lovely valedictorian was Miss Patricia Campbell, who is now attending Victoria College, The University of Toronto. Patricia expressed her heartfelt thanks to the many teachers who have guided and encouraged the graduates during their high school years. She pointed out that the many clubs and extra-curricular activities of B.C.I.V.S. have contributed greatly to the cultivation of the personalities of its students. Patricia thanked her Alma Mater for the precious gift of a sound education, and concluded her address by passing on the "lamp of knowledge" to students who will be the future graduates.

During the intermission, the lovely Miss June Bowerman rendered two vocal selections; and the young pianist, Greg Butler, played two solos. Much credit for the evening's success goes to Mr. Elton Burgess, who organized the exercises.



Presentation of Purple B's

Each year the Purple B's are presented to students outstanding in the fields of non-athletic extracurricular activities. Douglas Asselstine presented the Purple B's to: Sid Allcorn, Gordon Babbitt, Suzanne Cavers, Pat Campbell, Joan Churchill, Don Cherry, Eleanor Clarke, Josephine Hurst, Charles Mazer, Joyce Miles, Lawrence Moore, Peggy Sargent, and Art Sutton.

Presentation of Red B's

Red B's are presented to students who accumulate sixty points in the school athletic programme. Peggy Sargent and Don Cherry presented the Red B's to: Dawn LaRue, Donna Ray, Jim Ablarde, Peter Annis, Ted Batchelor, Lionel Bovay, Fred Deacon, Jack Doig, Dennis Farnsworth, Bill Gault, Stan Jackson, Bill Jones, Bud Lancaster, Hugh Petrie, and Dave White.

SCHOLARSHIPS, PRIZES, BURSARIES

1953-1954

ELTON SILLS MEMORIAL PRIZE (\$35.00 to the best all round boy in the final school year of any course): Won by William Deacon; Presented by Mr. K. S. Hill, B.A.

KEY CLUB TROPHY (to best all round boy in the school in any year but the final): Won by Charles Mazer; Presented by Mr. Don Rose.

PRIZES (donated by the Belleville Kiwanis Club to the students making the highest standing in the following grades): Grade IX—General (\$25.00), won by Jane Townsend and David Punchard (equal); Grade X—General (\$25.00), won by Rosetta Campbell; Grade XI—General (\$25.00), won by Robert Jordan; Grade IX—Home Economics (\$15.00), won by Phyllis McPherson; Grade X—Home Economics (\$10.00), won by Marilyn Justus; Presented by Mr. L. A. Kells, B.A., Paed.

KEYETTE CLUB TROPHY (presented to the best girl athlete), won by Dawn LaRue; Presented by Barbara Keel, President of the Keyette Club.

PRIZES (donated by the Canada Cement Company to the students making the highest standing in the following grades), Grade IX—Technical (\$20.00), won by Allen Hackett; Grade X—Technical (\$15.00), won by Thomas Alkema; Grade XI—Technical (\$15.00), won by Harold Alton, Presented by Mr. J. H. Legate, B. Sc., Superintendent of the Canada Cement Plant at Point Anne.

GRADE IX—Agricultural Prize (\$10.00) donated by the International Truck and Farm Supply Company, won by Robert Cruickshank; Presented by Mr. H. M. Meyers.

GRADE X—Agricultural Prize (\$10.00) donated by Mr. Mackenzie Robertson, Belleville Creameries), won by Jim Jones; Presented by Miss Getha Joslin of the office staff of Belleville Creameries.

GRADE IX—Commercial Prize (\$10.00) donated by The James Texts Limited), won by Lynda Canning; Presented by Mr. V. James.

SOROPTIMIST CLUB SCHOLARSHIP (\$25.00 to the best student in Grade X Commercial), won by Jeanette Twiddy; Presented by Mrs. McLaughlin.

GRADE XI—Commercial Prize (\$10.00) donated by the St. Julien Chapter, I.O.D.E., won by Marlene Twiddy; Presented by Mrs. L. B. Fonger.

GRADE XII—Commercial Scholarship (\$25.00) donated by the Argyll Chapter, I.O.D.E., won by Alma Latchford; Presented by the Regent Argyll Chapter, I.O.D.E.

COMMERCIAL PRIZE (\$10.00) donated by Mr. T. E. Schwab to the best student in Special Commercial, won by Ernest Belch; Presented by Mr. T. E. Schwab.

GRADE XI—Home Economics Prize (\$10.00) donated by the Students' Council), won by Eleanor Blackburn; Presented by Sid Allcorn, President of Students' Council.

UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CLUB SCHOLARSHIP FOR BELLEVILLE AND DISTRICT, won by Barbara Clark; Presented by Mrs. D. Burr.

LEGION BURSARIES (\$25.00 each presented by the Belleville Branch and the Women's Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion to the children whose fathers were either killed or totally disabled in World War II and who have made the most satisfactory school progress), won by Karen Kelleher, Barbara Pratt, Richard Pringle; Presented by Mrs. Bean, Mr. W. Bailey, Mr. L. G. Montieth on behalf of the Belleville Branch and the Women's Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion.

ARMY, NAVY AND AIR FORCE VETERANS IN CANADA (Unit 201)—Scholarships for 1953-54:

GRADE X—Vocational (\$50.00 to the child of a veteran for the highest academic standing, won by Marilyn Justus.

GRADE XII—Vocational (\$50.00 to the child of a veteran for the highest academic standing), won by Joyce Townsend.

SCHOLARSHIPS, PRIZES, BURSARIES (continued)

GRADE XIII—(\$150.00 to the child of a veteran for the highest academic standing and who is proceeding with further formal education), won by Patricia Campbell; Presented by Mr. Henry Drury, President, Unit 201.

HIGH SCHOOL BOARD SCHOLARSHIPS (\$25.00 to the student with the highest standing in each of the following graduating classes):

GRADE XII—Home Economics, won by Joyce Townsend; Presented by Mrs. R. Morden.

GRADE XII—Technical, won by John Wannamaker; Presented by Mr. A. Drysdale, B. Eng.

GRADE XII—General, won by Annette Gaylord; Presented by Miss J. Tickell, B.A.

GRADE XII—Student Aid Bursary (\$100.00), won by Susanne Scotti.

GRADE XII—Student Aid Bursary (\$100.00), won by Marlene Twiddy.

TEACHERS' COLLEGE STUDENT AID BURSARY (\$25.00), won by Jean Frost.

PROVINCIAL TECHNICAL INSTITUTE STUDENT AID BURSARY (\$300.00), won by Philip Stewart.

UNIVERSITY STUDENT AID BURSARY (\$400.00), won by Roberta Allen.

UNIVERSITY STUDENT AID BURSARY (\$400.00), won by Barbara Clark.

UNIVERSITY STUDENT AID BURSARY (\$400.00), won by Janet Ross.

ATHLETIC TROPHY (Silver cup donated by Mr. H. Townsend to the outstanding boy athlete of the school during 1953-54), won jointly by Ted Batchelor and Barry Ray; Presented by Mr. H. Townsend, B.S.A.

KEN COLLING MEMORIAL TROPHY (donated by Mr. Cleo Colling to the boy winning the annual five mile run), won by Bill Gault; Presented by Mr. Cleo Colling.

THE VALIERE WRIGHTMYER-ESTY MUSIC PRIZE (\$10.00) donated by Mrs. Valiere Esty to the student making the best progress in music in Grade IX), won by Robert Alexander; Presented by Mr. C. Templer, L. Mus. (McGill).

MOTOR MECHANICS SCHOLARSHIP (tools to the value of \$75.00) donated by J. B. Boyce and Sons Ltd., to the boy having the highest standing in the final year of the Motor Mechanics course), won by John Wannamaker; Presented by Mr. Robert Boyce.

MOTOR MECHANICS' SCHOLARSHIP (tools to the value of \$35.00) donated by Trudeau Motors to the boy having the second highest standing in the final year of the Motor Mechanics Course), won by Bruce Walker; Presented by Mr. J. Lee.

BELLEVILLE Y's MEN'S CLUB SCHOLARSHIP IN ENGLISH (\$50.00 awarded to the student having the highest standing in Grade XIII English), won by Barbara Clark; Presented by Mr. R. Clarke, President Belleville Y's Men's Club.

ENGLISH PRIZE (donated by Miss N. Merry to the student standing second highest in English in Grade XIII), won by Patricia Campbell; Presented by Miss N. Merry, B.A.

BELLEVILLE Y's MEN'S CLUB SCHOLARSHIP IN HISTORY (\$50.00 awarded to the student having the highest standing in Grade XIII History), won by Ruth Harris; Presented by Mr. R. Clarke, President, Belleville Y's Men's Club.

HISTORY PRIZE (books donated by Dr. R. M. Anderson, to the student standing highest in Grade XIII History), won by Ruth Harris; Presented by Dr. R. M. Anderson.

MATHEMATICS PRIZE (\$10.00) donated by Mr. D. C. Stirling, to the student standing highest in Mathematics in Grade XIII), won by Barbara Clark; Presented by Mr. D. S. Stirling, B. Sc., Vice-President.

FRENCH PRIZE (\$10.00) donated by Miss J. Tickell to the student standing highest in French in Grade XIII), won by George Hosang; Presented by Miss J. Tickell, B.A.

BIOLOGY SCHOLARSHIP (\$25.00) donated by the staff of the Dominion Entomological Laboratory to the student with the highest average in Biology in Grade XIII), won by Roberta Allen; Presented by Dr. W. Baldwin.

BIOLOGY PRIZE (\$10.00) donated by Mr. K. S. Hill to the student with the second highest average in Biology in Grade XIII), won by Jean Frost; Presented by K. S. Hill, B.A.

ENGINEERING PRIZE (\$25.00) donated by the Belleville Branch of the Engineering Institute of Canada to the Grade XIII student planning to take Engineering who has the highest standing in English, Algebra, Trigonometry, Geometry, Physics and Chemistry), won by George Hosang; Presented by Mr. A. Drysdale, B. Eng.

ART PRIZES (donated by Quinte Paint and Wallpaper to the outstanding students in Art in the following grades):

GRADE XII—(Oil Color Set in Hardwood Sketch Box, valued at \$15.00), won by Robert Owen; Presented by Mr. H. G. Farrow.

GRADE XI—(Oil Color Set in Hardwood Sketch Box, valued at \$10.00), won by Carol Poste; Presented by Mr. H. G. Farrow.



STANLEY ALBERT: Stan will probably take General Arts at the University of Toronto ending his studies at Osgoode Hall. His hobbies include photography and fishing.



DOROTHY ALLAN: Dorothy has been busy with school this year, limiting her interform sports activities. Next year she hopes to go in training at Ottawa Civic Hospital. To see her blush just ask her about that orchid on Valentine's Day.



DON ALEXANDER: Don likes cars, flowers, floor hockey and basketball. His plans for next year include Ryerson Institute.



SID ALLCORN: Sid is the untiring president of our Student's Council and still a very active member of the Radio Club. He plans on taking Mechanical Engineering at McGill with the thought of becoming a Secondary Math teacher.



JOHN BARBER: Quite a man with a gun. John likes athletics and was on this year's Junior Rugby and Junior Basketball teams. Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph will be his address next year.



NOREEN BISDEE: Besides being kept well occupied this fall, Noreen has managed to find time for the Kelette Club and interform sports. Next year she is going in training at Kingston General Hospital—even doctors have to be looked after.



BOB BREARLEY: Bob was one of the hard working members of Kampus Kapers this year. Next year he might join the R.C.A.F. unless something or someone changes his mind.



JOYCE BROWN: Joyce is another candidate for Teachers' College in Peterborough. After that our little miss with big ambitions hopes to go on the Exchange Plan and it's off to Europe.



MONIKA BRUCHMANN: Among Monika's varied interests are tennis, classical music and arts. She is active in girls' sports and a member of the Keyette Club. Our Batawata friend plans to attend Queen's next year.



LEO BYRNE: Leo isn't certain as yet to what he will be doing. The probabilities are a Special Commercial course at B.C.I. or Teacher's College.



ELEANOR CLARKE: Our staunch R.M.C. supporter has her heart set on going in training at Wellesley Hospital in Toronto or Royal Alexander Hospital, Edmonton. Among her interests are oil painting, the Girls' Hi-Y and the "Perfect Male".



CATHARINE CORRIGAN: This quiet miss from Lonsdale intends to either go to summer school and teach next year or attend Peterborough Teachers' College in the fall.



ELAINE DAVIS: Elaine is a member of the Girls' Hi-Y, Dramatic Club and she was pianist for Kampus Kapers. She is going to take an Arts course at the University of Toronto next year.



FRED DEACON: Fred is a member of the Phi Alpha Delta and the Boy's Athletics. He likes sports and was on both the Senior Rugby and Senior Basketball teams. His plans for next year include Business Administration at the University of Western Ontario.



WALLACE DEVER: Wally plans on taking the pre-teacher's summer course at Toronto this year and teaching next year.



RON DONALDSON: Ron is a member of the Key Club and is interested in all sports, especially basketball. Next year he is going to either Queen's University or R.M.C.



ALEX EMBURY: Alex will join the R.C.A.F. if he gets through the battle.



DENNY FARNSWORTH: This fellow is a real star—has his own private cheering section at basketball games. Denny is entering Medicine or Queens next year.



EDDIE CAJDICAR: This quiet gentleman has really been working this year and plans to enter Electrical Engineering at Toronto University in the fall.



ANNETTE GAYLORD: Although a bit undecided about her future, Annette hopes to attend either Peterborough Teachers' College or Queen's. Besides many other accomplishments, she has topped her class for many years.



KEITH GOODFELLOW: No, he's never struck me as the school-teacher type either, but he plans on going to summer school and teaching next fall.



JOAN HAIGHT: Peterborough Teachers' College is Joan's second ambition, her first being John. Her school work is lightened by her interest in Bethany Young Peoples and Thurlow Junior Institute.



JOHN HAZARD: John's big ambition is to own Eatons. He plans to start on this by going out to work in the fall.



KARL KAPPE: Our Caruso of the Glee Club also has high hopes of entering Queen's University to study Electrical Engineering or Physics.



CHARLES KEARY: Our future N.H.L. Hockey Star is headed for summer school and then out to teach next fall.



BARRY KELLS: This import from Trinity has kept himself occupied with interform football and Senior basketball. Besides these, he keeps pretty busy on the tennis courts. Barry intends to enter Medicine or Queens next year.



REUBEN KLINE: Our import from Albert College, is Advertising Editor of this year's Elevator. Reuben plans to attend Peterborough Teachers' College next year. Poor Reuben.



BILL LATCHFORD: Is an active member of the Rifle Team and was on the Upper School Interform Rugby Championship Team. Bill says, "If I should succeed in getting out of this mad house I am going into Chartered Accountancy."



MARIA LAMPROS: Has been an active member of the Library Club throughout her high school career and is now secretary of the Library Club. Maria plans to enter Queen's in General Arts Course perhaps to major in English.



GEORGE MacDONALD: Is an active participant in all sports, especially softball. George's experiences as a Sunday School teacher of the junior boys at Cannifton United Church will prepare him for his bob next year at Peterborough Teachers' College.



CAROL JEAN MacLAURIN: Is former vice-president of Girl's Hi-Y and has been active in all interform sports. Carol Jean plans to enter the School of Nursing at Kingston General Hospital next year.



KENT McLEAN: Kent belongs to no student clubs but does enjoy a good fast game of basketball or baseball. Next year he is looking forward to studying Chemical Engineering at Queen's.



PATRICIA MAIRS: Come September this young lady will hike it to Peterborough and Teachers' College. Mmm, the Junior "B" hockey team in Peterborough just better watch out, eh Pat?



ROBERT OWEN: As well as managing the stage crew, Bob, an expert marksman, enjoys hiking and hunting. In the fall Bob will attend the Forestry Course at the University of New Brunswick.



TED PARKES: Is a member of Plainfield United Church Young People's, Plainfield United Church choir and Junior Farmers. Ted hopes to enter Medicine at Queen's next year and later to specialize in surgery.



ROBERT PAYNE: Is the mad chemist from Canada Cement Company in Point Anne. Bob plans to go to Queen's next year. What course—no one knows!



ANN PEARCE: Is a member of Keyette Club and is active in all interform sports. Anne also plans to go in training at Kingston General Hospital next year.



ROBERT PHILLIPS: Bob is a newcomer to B.C.I. and Canada too. He hails from London, England, but from all reports he has made quite a niche for himself here in Belleville. Next year Bob plans to study some form of engineering but has not yet decided upon the university.



PAUL RUSSELL: Has returned after a short absence to the hallowed halls of B.C.I. He plans to enter Queen's or Varsity next year. Man, what ambition!



JUNE RAMSBOTTOM: Is a senior cheerleader, a member of Girl's Chorus and Glee Club, treasurer of Girl's Hi-Y, and is active in all interform sports. June is another one destined for a nursing career at Kingston General Hospital.



DONNA RAY: Is the athlete of our form. Donna has taken part in many sports and this year is on Senior Volleyball Team, and an active member of the Leader's Group. Donna plans to attend Peterborough Teacher's College next year.



PETER SMITH: Peter's plans for next year include Electrical Engineering at Queen's. After completing that man size course he is considering studying Business Administration. In his spare time Peter gets a lot of fun and enjoyment out of playing the piano. He is also a member of the Key Club.



CONNIE SILLS: Connie has taken an active part in public speaking contests and in the school play. Next year? Perhaps she will train as a nurse or maybe attend Teachers' College. Either occupation will be a great help to her when, at twenty-one she enters the United Church Training School.



BARBARA STEWART: Here is another recruit for the nursing profession. Barb hopes to go in training at Wellesley Hospital in Toronto next year. After completing her training Barb may don the garb of an air hostess.



WARREN STEWART: Our motorcycle fiend from Trenton. Warren plans to enter Queen's University next year to take Civil Engineering.



BARBARA STICKLE: Is a member of the Library Club and is on the Elevator staff. After Peterborough Teacher's College, Europe is Barb's next scheduled stop on the exchange teaching plan. Bon voyage, Barb!



ARTHUR SUTTON: During the past ten months Art has been kept hopping as Editor of the Elevator. In addition, Art is manager of the Sound Crew, a major in the Cadet Corps, and a member of the Student's Council and the Key Club. In this heavy schedule, Art found time to compose and deliver a fine Remembrance Day address. Next fall will bring more studies at Queen's Medical School.



VITO TARGON: Is a member of championship Floor Hockey, Upper School Rugby, Rifle Team and Business Manager of this year's Elevator. Vito is headed for Queen's or Varsity to major in spares. Beware—Queen's or Varsity!



PETER UPPER: Peter is this year's Assistant Editor of the Elevator. He is quite athletically minded and participates in both interform rugby and baseball, besides being an avid hockey fan. Next year Pete will study engineering at Queen's University (he hopes).



BRUCE VARCOE: Next year Bruce will attend The School of Business Administration at Western University, where "I shall endeavor to stuff my brain with the pearls of wisdom which are attained with higher learning". Being athletically inclined Bruce spends much of his time this year participating in interform sports besides taking an active part in senior basketball and rugby. This year too, Bruce is business manager of our annual "Kampus Kapers" show.



DIANE WALKER: "Di" is an enthusiastic member of the Library Club. Next year may find her in Toronto, London or St. Catharines where she will train as a nurse.



BEATRICE YEOTES: Ah, what does the future hold for "Bea?" Queen's University she hopes and fun, fun, fun. This year "Bea" is a member of the Girl's Hi-Y and she participates in interform sports.

ALUMNI

211 B.C.I. ALUMNI ARE AT Q.S.S.

Ackerman, Shirley
Adams, Ken
Anderson, Leslea
Anderson, Robert
Arbuckle, Ken
Armstrong, Dave
Armstrong, Margaret
Aselstine, Judith
Ashley, Helen
Aquino, Gary

Bartlette, Carol
Bates, William
Beeby, Eric
Berry, Ron
Bertrand, Helen
Bitanski, Anne
Bird, Richard
Briscoe, Brenda
Brockhurst, Shirley
Brown, Diane
Burkett, Doreen
Burkitt, Helen
Butler, Joy

Campbell, Rosetta
Canning, Lynda
Casselman, Gail
Casselman, Sharon
Chambers, Gary
Choy, Sunny
Clapp, Gail
Clapper, Ann
Clare, Mary Catherine
Cooney, Margaret
Cooper, Ian
Cowles, Mary Ann
Cranston, Gaila
Cross, Betty
Cross, Sharon
Cummings, Gordenia
Cummings, Joan
Cummings, Lewis

Danford, Dawn
Davis, Barbara
Day, Curtis
Dickens, June
Dickey, Annamae
Dickey, Joan
Derry, Marlene
Dobbs, Bruce
Ducette, Annette

Elgie, Audrey
Elliot, Robert
Emerson, John
Euring, Robert

Fair, Norma
Ferguson, George
Finnigan, Ian
Fox, Constance
Futers, Joan

Garrison, Robert
Gatland, Roy
George, Gladys
Gerow, Larry
Ghent, Susan
Goodman, John
Gray, Anna
Green, James

Haig, Mac
Hall, Lois
Hamilton, Sheila
Hatfield, Carolyn
Harrison, Phylis
Henderson, Barbara
Herrington, Linda
Hill, Bessie
Horwood, John
Hill, Robert
Hunt, Donna

Jamieson, Norman
Jenkins, Helen
Johnston, Donna

Kelly, Helen
Kelly, Marion
Kemp, Dean
Kilpatrick, P.
Kimmert, Joan
Kirkey, Shirley
Kralik, Helen

Laing, Alta
Lake, Joy
La Rue, Shirley
Locke, Joe
Lott, Shelbajan
Lessels, Robert
Little, Diane
Livingstone, June
Lloyd, Hazel
Loft, Donna
Love, Lillian
Lucas, Stanley

Maracle, Helen
Martin, Wanda
Mason, Bill
Masse, Paul
Mastin, Dawn

Mather, James
Meale, Robert
Milligan, Helen
Macdonald, Lois
MacLauren, John
McCaffrey, Wilma
McFee, Marilyn
McGurn, Pat
McGurn, Tom
McLaughlin, Jack
McLeod, Alexander
Millard, Paul
Mitas, Pauline
Moody, Eric
Moore, Jo Anne
Moorcroft, Margaret
Morgan, Geneva
Moses, Lorna
Mossman, Fred
Mounteny, Sylvia
Moynes, Helen
Munns, Pauline
Musgrove, George
Musgrove, William
Musclow, Betty

Nappseppa, Eric
Noves, Robert
Nichols, Betty
Nolan, Leona

Onderdonk, Marilyn
Orser, Grace

Parks, Marian
Patrick, Gail
Payne, Kathleen
Pearce, Richard
Phillips, Ivan
Phillips, James
Phillips, Margaret
Pipe, Dorothy
Pitt, Theresa
Plumpton, John
Poste, Richard
Poste, Ronald
Prest, Thelma
Pridmore, Sandra
Purves, Ruth

Ramsbottom, James
Raymond, Harry
Reid, Carol
Reid, Pauline
Rickleby, Fred
Ritchie, William
Rowbottom, Richard

Rogers, Arthur
Rosen, Merle
Rump, Sharon

Sato, Mary
Seeley, Shirley
Sexsmith, Gloria
Shaw, Cameron
Sheppard, Grace
Shepherd, Valerie
Shoemaker, Barbara
Simpson, Patricia
Sine, Ronald
Slack, Rosemary
Slaven, Margaret
Smith, Barbara
Smith, Deanne
Smith, Fay
Smith, Gail
Smith, Joy
Spafford, Carole
Spearman, Helen
Stafford, James
Stanton, Sheila
Stewart, Glenn
Stewart, Gloria
Stocks, Sandra
Stoliker, Norman
Stone, Grace
Stuart, Gail

Thompson, Sharon
Thrasher, Barbara
Townsend, Jane
Turner, Joyce

Vincent, Ada
Vos, Andrew

Wagar, John
Wagar, William
Waite, Shirley
Walker, Gary
Walkom, Donald
Walmsley, Ross
Wannamaker, Barbara
Warte, Shirley
Watson, Shirley
Werden, Douglas
Whalen, Theresa
Whitfield, John
Wilson, Don
Wodzack, Sylvia
Worsley, Ruth
Wright, Charles
Wright, Lois

Yorke, Lowell

OTHER SCHOOLS

Slade, Joan—O.B.C.
Smith, Keith—East York
Storms, Robert—Variety Village
Stratton, Carson—Port Credit C.I.V.S.
Thorn, James—Albert College
Young, Sally Ann—O.B.C.
Vane de Poeg—Cobourg
Walters, Roger, Winnipeg
Wardle, Shirley—Pickering High School
Wickerson, Elaine—O.B.C.
Wilcock, Banting—Memorial High School, Banting
Wright, Barrie—Prince Edward School
Wright, Kathleen
Wright, Maurice—Prince Edward School

AT HOME

Akey, Norma
Allore, Margaret
Armstrong, Lois
Ashley, Donald
Badour, Mervin
Boyd, Ruth
Brant, Manley
Brook, William
Brown, Anita
Burrows, Robert
Campbell, James
Conklin, Allan—Farm
Digby, Beverley
Fitzgibbon, Carol
Flemming, Mildred
Forestell, Maureen
Geertsma, Hilda
Grills, Gerald—Farm
Helm, Barbara
Laney, Jacqueline
Maracle, June

Maracle, Melvin
Maracle, Norman
McNally, Jane
Mulvihill, Bob—Farm
Munro, Thomas
Nobes, Carman
Nolan, Melba
Olton, Irene
Palmer, James
Parks, Joan
Pearson, Grace
Roper, Mary Lou
Rothwell, Elinor
Seeney, Miriam
Thompson, Carole
Wals, Joan
Walsh, Keven
Weese, Shirley—Farm
Wells, Gerald
Wood, Doris
Wood, Douglas

MARRIED

Anderson, Katherine
Anderson, Nora
Digby, Beverley
Hunt, Valerie
Maracle, Lillie
MacDonald, Shirley

Morris, Hilda
Post, Yvonne
Walker, Pat
Wood, Nancy
Wood, Jean

WORKING

Abbot, Arnold
Adams, Ann—A & P
Adams, Frances—R.C.A.F.
Adams, Gail—Corbin Lock
Alyea, Doreen
Annis, Mary—A & P
Armstrong, Doug—Bata Shoe
Ashton, Daisy—Bata Shoe

Ashton, Leonard—Bata Shoe
Austen, Ron—Delivery
Baker, Harold—Bata Shoe
Bush, Don—Kingston, Chemical Co.
Beer, George—John Lewis Co.
Belch, George—Working for father
Bennet, Barbara—Ronald Keel
Bey, George—Ontario Cheese Producers
Birdie, Beverley—Woolworth's
Bonter, Dorothy—Income Tax
Bovay, Wayne—Stewart Warner
Bradshaw, Ken—R.C.N.
Brant, Florence—Dept. of Indian Affairs
Briscoe, Beverley—Corbin Lock
Brohn, Larry
Brooks, Clyde—Hydro
Brown, Dean—Finkle Electric
Browning, Robert—J. & J. Cash
Buchanan, Peter—Service Station
Buck, Don—A. & P.
Buck, Le Roy—Window washing
Bushell, Gloria—Wiseman's
Butcher, Don
Campbell, Alex
Canning, Jack—G. A. Welch & Co.
Carter, Marlene—Toronto
Carter, Russel
Christopher, Barbara—Hotel
Clark, Donald
Cleaver, Joyce—Bata Shoe
Cole, Lynn—Eldorado Uranium
Corlies, James—R.C.N.
Coughlin, Edward—Boyce's Garage
Craig, John—Bell Telephone Co.
Cummings, Floyd—Stephens Adamson
Daley, Freda—Lanning's
Day, Robert—Acme Plumbing
Denike, Robert—Quinte Hotel
Doig, Jack—Star Welding
Downey, Beverley—I.A.C.
Easton, Beverley—Northern Electric
Ellis, Mary—Cobourg Kindergarten Music
Elvins, Agnes—Hydro
Evans, Jack—Royal Bank
Farmer, George—Toronto Construction
Farnsworth, Harley—Metropolitan
Farrar, Larry—Farrar Furniture
Ferguson, Bette—J. & J. Cash
Fisher, Sheila—Bell Telephone
Foote, Shirley—A. & P.
Fordyce, Ronna—Woolworth's
Fox, Leo—Toronto Accounting
Fralick, Janet—Stewart Warner
Genereaux, Dorothy—Loblaws
Gibson, Jane—Windsor
Gooding, Arthur—Toronto Hydro
Gow, Beverley—Burr's Insurance
Gow, Wayne—Northern Electric
Graham, Ralph—Pepsi Cola
Green, Jeanette—McCarthy Theatre
Hanna, John—Post Office
Harris, Don—Bank of Montreal
Harris, Louise—Belleville General Hospital
Haynes, Marvin—R.C.A.F.

UNIVERSITY

Annis, Peter—Ryerson
Allen, Roberta—Queen's
Atwell, Marion—McGill
Babbitt, Gordon—O.A.C. Guelph
Bonter, Dianne—Ryerson
Campbell, Marion—Queen's
Campbell, Pat—U. of T.
Clark, Barbara—U. of T.
Clark, Flora—College Washington, D.C.
Coe, John—R.M.C. Kingston
Creeggan, Mary—Bishop's College, Lennoxville
Deacon, Bill—Queen's
Franklin, Stanley—Correspondence College of Ed.
Graves, Albert—Queen's
Hosang, George—R.M.C., Kingston
Judge, Neil—McGill
Law, Bruce—Ontario College of Art
Lewis, Diana—St. Hilda's College, U. of T.
Miles, Joyce—Ryerson
Robertson, Stewart—Queen's
Ross, Janet—Queen's
Smith, Doris—School of Nursing, Western U., London
Sprague, Roger—Queen's
Stewart, Philip—Ryerson
Vermilvea, Margaret—Ryerson
Wyatt, Dale—Can. Memorial Chiropractic College
Wyatt, Maureen—Queen's

NURSES' TRAINING

Avery, Jacqueline—Victoria Hospital, London
Bennet, Anne—Kingston General
Casey, Kennon—Belleville General Hospital
Churchill, Joane—Bermuda
Davison, Shirley—Kingston General
English, Margaret—Ontario Hospital, Kingston
Foote, Joan—Belleville General
Kazahs, Vija—Belleville General
Roper, Annette—Belleville General
Stephenson, Bernice—Western Hospital, Toronto
Stokes, Shirley—Belleville General
Townsend, Nancy—Belleville General
Walsh, Mary—Brockville
Wright, Kathleen—Belleville General

TEACHER'S COLLEGE

PETERBORO
Bertrand, Mary
Dickie, Sylvia
Frost, Jean
Green, Ronald
Harris, Ruth
La Rue, Dawn
Lowe, Colleen
Wannamaker, Glenna
Martin, Carol
Moore, Laurence
Williams, Barbara

DECEASED

Sine, Clarence

OTHER SCHOOLS

Alexander, Ross—Forest High School
Alkema, Thomas—Brantford
Arnott, Lorraine—Northern Hasting High School
Atwell, Gordon—Montreal
Bates, Darrel—St. George
Beaver, Wayne—Barrie High School
Beer, Dale—Regiopolis College
Belch, Yvonne—O.B.C.
Bell, Kathleen—Toronto
Blair, Heather—Norwood High School
Bothwell, George—Albert College
Booth, Sharon—Lisgar Collegiate, Ottawa
Brant, Lillie—Westdale
Brune, Lawrence—Winnipeg
Bunnett, Donna—O.B.C.
Bush, Sylvia—Napanee Collegiate
Campbell, Margaret Ann
Carr, Darryl—O.B.C.
Chick, Frank—Brockville, C.I.V.S.
Cleburn, Daves—Lindsay High School
Craig, Donald—Winnipeg
Cruji, Fobert—Oakville
Currie, Sheila—St. Catharine's C.I.V.S.
Draycott, Jean—O.B.C.
Eaton, Beverley—Trenton High School
Faul, Jean—O.B.C.
Faulkner, Beverley—O.B.C.
Fraser, Sheila—O.B.C.
Galway, Bob—Orillia, C.I.V.S.
Galway, Mike—Orillia, C.I.V.S.
Goldie, Sharon—Pepea High School
Goldie, Clark—Ottawa
Golding, Donna—Ottawa
Griffin, Patricia—Carleton Place High School
Hall, Shirley—Kingston, C.I.V.S.
Harvey, William—Madoc High School
Hermeston, Ray—Stirling High School
Herrington, Linda—Brighton High School
Hoodspeith, Randolph
La Belle, Cecile—St. Michael's
La Morre, James—Trenton High School
Lennox, Albert—O.B.C.
Long, Leighton—Trenton High School
Loweth, John—Sudbury Tech. School
Maracle, Maurice—O.B.C.
Marshall, John—Carleton College, Ottawa
Mazer, Charles—Kingston
Murphy, Frank—Central H. S., Calgary, Alta.
Pappas, Mondo—Toronto
Parsons, Walter—Napanee C.I.V.S.
Partridge, Bertha—O.B.C.
Purvis, Larry—Brantford
Raymond, Robert—St. Catharines
Rion, Beverley—Oakville High School
Rion, Carol—Oakville High School
Ross, Nancy—Kingston C.I.V.S.
Seymore, Isabel

WORKING

Hedger, Larry—Superior Cleaners
Henderson, Elizabeth—Metropolitan Stores
Henderson, Mary—
Holgate, Carrol—Dr. J. Marshall's Office
Homan, Kay—Mutual Life
Hubbs, William—
Hughes, Robert—Ellis Printing
Hull, Maxine—Hydro
Ireland, Barbara—Ireland Appliances
Jasrma, Mary Anne—Wellington
Jackson, Gary—Stewart Warner
Jeffs, John—C.N.R.
Johnson, Lyle—R.C.A.F.
Jones, Manson—Belle Cleaners
Joyce, Janis—R.C.A.F.
Kane, Jack—City Hall
Keegan, George—Bob Blaind's
Kellet, Marjorie—Mead Johnston
Kellet, Lloyd—C.N.R.
Kenny, George—Weaver Motors
Kenny, Sandra—Seldon's Drug Store
Kemp, Florence—
Kilburn, Ruth—Shannonville
Kleinstrueber, Floyd—Bowl-O-Drome
LaBrash, Raymond—Northern Electric
Lancaster, Charles—Northern Electric
Laroque, Rudolf—
Latchford, Alma—O.S.D.
Latchford, Terry—
Lawrence, Carolyn—Canteen on Trent Highway
Letman, Marlene—Teaching at Picton
Loader, Reginald—Odeon Theatre, Trenton
Lockwood, Marjorie—Batawa
Lucciola, Fred—Northern Electric
Lynch, Dick—
MacKay, Harry—Teaching at Salmon Point
Malcolm, Kathleen—R.C.A.F.
Maracle, Joan—Corbyville
Maracle, Ronald—U.S.A.
Maracle, Sheridan—U.S.A.
Marsden, James—Cobourg
Matthews, Jack—Canada Cement
McFarland, David—Bata
McHenry, Margaret—Central Bridge
McHraith, Doug—C.J.B.Q.
McLeod, Wayne—McLeod's Garage
McNally—Home
McRobert, James—
McWilliams, Vivian—Art Designing
Meeks, Lorne—
Milton, Watson—Ransom surveyor
Mitchell, Audrey—

Mofina, Marion—
Montana, Jean—
Mowers, Howard—Trudeau's
Muir, Alice—Metropolitan Store
Musclow, Heather—Cheese Producers
Nelson, Verla—Milady Shop
Olyphant, Nancy—Zeller's
O'Sullivan, Paul—R.C.N.
Parker, Richard—Ellis Printing
Parks, Arlene—Toronto Office
Parks, Shirley—Trenton
Pearce, Roger—Woolworth's
Pearson, Edith—J. & J. Cash
Petrie, Hugh—C.N.R.
Purdy, Audrey—Wiseman's
Purves, Thomas—
Reid, Eileen—City Hall
Reilly, Ephraim—Belleville Motor Car
Rochon, Yvonne—
Rodgers, Gail—Northern Electric
Rogers, Allan—Delivery
Rose, Earle—
Rowan, Malcolm—
Rowland, Joan—Templer Florist
Rultan, John—Thomas Cigar Store
Sanford, Joseph—C.P. Telegraph
Scero, Mary—Kingston
Schwim, Peter—Avondale P.S.
Sharpe, Rodney—
Slade, Sandra—Corby's
Smith, Leslie—Stephen Adamson
Sowden, Howard—Richard Ellis Printing
Spencer, Lois—
Staring, Douglas—Loblaw's, Toronto
St. Louis, Gordon—Houston's Lumber
Stoneburg, Lois—Woolworth's
Taylor, Rosalie—Bell Telephone
Terry, Ronald—Bata Shoe
Thompson, David—Thompson's Funeral Home
Thrasher, Don—Thrasher's
Tillbrook, Constance—Clerking
Toms, Jacqueline—Hitchon Radio
Tracey, Shirley—Woolworth's
Uens, Myrtle—Income Tax
Vallance, Bruce—Army, Kingston
Valleau, Joyce—Peterborough
Vander Velde, Ronald—Walker Hardware
Vandusen, Pauline—Reitman's
Van Wyk, Winnie—Winnie Van Wyke's
View, Beverley—Hair dressing
Vivian, Ross—Service Station, Shannonville
Waite, Beryl—Deseronto
Wagar, Lynn—Bakelite
Walker, Bruce—Trudeau's Garage
Walsh, Dorothy—Office of Peterborough Hospital
Wannamaker, John—Boyce Garage
Watts, Max—Bush's Ambulance
White, Paul—
Whittaker, Garry—National Grocers
Wood, Robert—
Workman, Sharon—Erie, Trenton
Wellman, Donna—Married
Zwart, Shirley—Trenton

KNOWLEDGE

*will open
many doors*



Knowledge is the key to accomplishment. Knowledge is power . . . to live successfully and happily. Knowledge is many things to many people. Nobody knows everything. Everybody knows a great deal about something . . . his job, his profession, his business, his particular hobby or interest.

But a further requirement in today's world is to excel in your chosen vocation. Knowledge . . . and proficiency in your occupation . . . will help you to achieve a fuller, more fruitful life.

ONTARIO INTELLIGENCER LIMITED

Publishers of
THE ONTARIO INTELLIGENCER

Craftsmen in
QUALITY JOB PRINTING

GRADE XII FORM NEWS GXIIA

Miss St. John, FORM TEACHER—"One more time and out you go."

Barnett, Keith—If you want the latest word in sports he's your man.

Bedell, Bruce—"The doors swing in, the doors swing out." (Words of a famous song).

Blakely, Evelyn—Instead of "Dear John" it's "Dear Joe".

Bonny, Isabel—I'm going to be a farmerette.

Brown, Beverley—Any more troubles you'd care to tell me about?

Butler, Cara—Beware of the dirty old sock.

Campbell, Gordon—"Will I be glad when this day's over."

Catton, Dawson—This boy has got to go.

Cooney, Keith—Where does he spend all his time?

Corrigan, Margaret—Studious, quiet and conservative.

Craig, Glen—"Monday, what a day to start the week."

Donaldson, Lorna—Stays up all night and sleeps all day.

Forrester, Anne—Doesn't say much about her trip to Presqu'ile last year. Why?

Fox, Beverley—It's pretty hard to fathom her innermost secrets.

Fuke, John—Man's greatest problem so says L. D.

Gariepy, Marilyn—Always humming "DRAGNET".

Green, Edward—He needs glasses except in basketball, then he needs to be blindfolded.

Guthridge, Bill—You don't know, do you?

Hagerman, Fred—Wine, Women, Paris and more Wine.

Hurst, Josephine—Favourite Subject? Art.

Hunter, John—Best shot in the school!

Jordon, Robert—Too bad Mr. Orr hasn't got a daughter.

Kells, Sheila—Buy a tag mister?

McDonald, Jack—He paid me not to put it in print.

Parker, Collin—He's still looking for the perfect woman.

Pieper, Kurt—How do certain city parties compare with certain country parties?

Quickert, Siegfried—Has trouble keeping out of banks (of snow).

Reid, Carl—One of our better singers.

Roper, John—Spends all his time doing homework?

Shier, Sheila—The "Support Albert Fund" is getting lots of support.

Smith, Neil—Getting Old.

Tucker, Larry—One of the missing links.

Wilkes, Willo—Our butterfly has come out of her cocoon this year.

Wilson, Earla—What color will it be next Earla?

GXIIB

Miss Smith . . .

"If she will she will, you can depend on't,
If she won't she won't, so there's an end on't."

Jean Cornish . . .

"She's little but she's wise
She's a terror for her size."

Carolyn Adams . . .

"A very pattern girl of girls,
All covered and embower'd with curls".

Suzanne Cavers . . .

"And that little Imp of Laughter
Seems to reside in her rafter."

Pauline Hall . . .

"Her eyes just seem to dance
With every little heavenly glance."

Barbara McElrath . . .

"Impulsive, jolly, sensible, true,
She always paddles her own canoe."

Suzanne Smith . . .

"And cloudy the day or stormy the night
The sky of her heart is always bright".

Pat Rowland . . .

". . . and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew".

GXIIB (continued)

Gwen Steward . . .
"A winsome lass, she's shy and sweet
Her heart is true, she's trim and neat."

Barb Annis . . .
"Is another of the 'brains',
'Only 95% oh my goodness,' she exclaims."

Betty Rose . . .
"Carrying all of that weight
Of learning, at a high estimatable rate."

Toni Miller . . .
"The word Albert College brings great joy
But she is interested in only one boy."

Arlene Glenn . . .
"Guess what this grouchy blonde
Gave up for the Lenten Season."

Glenna Ritchie . . .
"Glenna's away most of the days
But when she comes the boys all shout hurray."

Don Dalrymple and Bill Charleton . . .

"Oily to bed,
Oily to rise,
Such is the life
Of the garage guys."

Bob Gilham . . .
"Always cheery, always bright,
"Never weary, never tight."

Richard Trounce . . .
"Tis the greatest of folly
Not to be jolly."

Bill Carter . . .
"He's the military man
With whom nonsense is a ban."

Bob Ireland . . .
"He's a great radio star
By gar . . ."

Doug Aselstine . . .
"Please don't coax
For one of those stale, old jokes."

Phil Bennett . . .
"Beneath the starry sky and heavenly moon
He loves to gayly croon and swoon."

Ron Fox . . .
"I don't have to be mean
When I say that he just adores Jean."

Jerry Putman . . .
"Eeny, Meeny, Miney, Mo,
To which detention will I go."

Jan Geneja . . .
"He just loves to go huntin'
Usually bringing home nothin'."

Ted Ewing . . .
Tall and lanky and hair all curly
He sure thinks a lot of his girl Shirley.

John Bedford . . .
"Is a relic from the prehistoric age
Brawny and tough with lots of sage."

Donald Reed . . .
"Is one of the few
Who gets honour percent, give him his due."

Raymond Masse . . .
"Appears to know
Which way the French verbs ought to go."

Carl Hall . . .
"Carl gets along fine
Especially in science, all the time."

Gerald Williams . . .
"Just loves chemical reactions
Without them he has no satisfaction."

Bob Vaughan . . .
"Is a gatherer of brains.
Doctors have to go to such pains."

Don Pringle . . .
"Don is one of the studious kind
More of the same are hard to find."

Bud Payette . . .
"Is so small . . .
You hardly can tell him from a basketball."

Ken Jeffries . . .
"Often he travels in his boots
If there's a vicious bear in the area
'Beware' he SHOOTs."

William Morris . . .
"What's his future? Hope it's bright?
Because we think that Bill's alright."

Dave Branscombe . . .
"Actually he never utters a sound
So you never know when he's around."

Winston Currie . . .
"Is lots of fun,
He sure gives the teachers quite a run."

Pat Smith . . .
"He's so full of tricks
That his joviality is just like St. Nick's."

Dick Moore . . .
"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

GXIIC

Bateman, Bob—Although Bob takes part in no extra curricular activities here at the school except B.L.H., he is president of the Sat-teen Club. Next year he plans to return to B.C.I.

Belcour, Glenn—Glenn, a newcomer to B.C.I. hails from Stirling. He isn't too sure about his plans for next year but he says he may return and take Special Commercial.

Bowerman, June—June's main interest lies in music. She is active in the Glee Club and Girl's Chorus, and from what we hear she has a leading role in our "Music Night". She plans to return to B.C.I. next year.

Breach, Doreen—"Poor Doreen with her swollen feet", plans to return for grade 13.

Buskard, Cameron—Mr. Floor Hockey 1954-55. Cam is very sportsminded for he takes an active part in rugby, hockey and baseball and is captain of a floor hockey team.

Casey, Nancy—Nancy is Mr. Bates "Prize Student". Next year she plans to go in training at the Belleville General Hospital.

Coulter, Cameron—Cam is our form rep. and he is also an active member of the Rifle Club. The poor farmers reall have a tough life, eh, Cam.

Dever, Barbara—Barb is a member of a very private club of three. What is this we hear about the boys from Trenton? She plans to return to B.C.I.

Ferguson, Faye—"There is nothing wrong with boys —only a shortage" (so she says). Faye plans to train in the Oshawa General next year.

Harvey, Betty Lou—Louy is a member of the Glee Club. When asked about her plans for next year she said "Who knows—I may get married."

Horwood, Jim—Too bad she has to go to the other school, Jim. Teacher's College is his goal for next year.

Huffman, Beverley—Bev is one of our classmates from Trenton. This is her last year for next year she is going in training at St. Joseph's Hospital.

Hull, Clara—With all her parties and a certain someone Clara has very little time for extra curricular activities. She plans to return to B.C.I. next year.

Hunter, Sharon—

Jackson, Elmer—Elmer tells me he comes from a large family—14 girls and 21 boys, to be exact "We got 'em on the installment plan." By the way what is your lead cow's favourite colour?

Mastin, Beverley—Bev is an active member of the Glee Club. Next year she plans to return to the halls of B.C.I.

McLeod, Margaret—Marg or Maggie, is our junior office girl, wants to go to Summer School and teach next fall.

Meyers, Bob—Bob will be our future prosperous farmer that is, after he finishes grade 13.

Mondeville, Jeanine—Jeanine excells in sports of all kinds. She belongs to Leaders and Keyettes. She plans to return to B.C.I. next year.

O'Sullivan, Bill—Bill is our future "Doctor O'Sullivan." Next year he plans to return to B.C.I.

Poste, Carrol—Carrol made a big discovery in our science (much to everyone's dismay). Mr. Bate's room has a shower if you turn on certain tap. She plans to attend Teacher's College next fall.

Pringle, Carol—The athletic type, Carol plays on the school volleyball and basket ball teams. She is also an active member of Leaders, Keyettes and the Glee Club.

Rees, Marilyn—The quiet one of G-12-C. As for next year, your guess is as good as hers.

Reid, Gloria—In Gloria, the Glee Club and the Keyettes have a valuable member. Although she eventually wishes to enter nursing she says she will return to B.C.I. "for another year of fun."

Robson, Peter—"The pest of G-12-C". I wonder who put the squashed tomato sandwich in Lorna's boot? Watch out Grade 13—He's heading your way next year.

Shoemaker, Joan—Joan is in the Library Club, Glee Club and on the Elevator Staff. She is not quite decided about her future plans but chances are she will be back at B.C.I. to show them how to go about winning scholarships.

Simmons, Pat—How do you ever remember which one you are going out with? Pat is a member of the Library Club. Pat plans to go to summer school and teach in the fall. Member of Hi-Y.

Stewart, Carol—Carol is a member of the Library Club. If a certain boy doesn't interfere in her plans she will probably return to B.C.I.

Stewart, Shirley—Why does Shirley look forward to the week-end so much? We don't suppose Bruce has anything to do with it.

Thompson, Marlene—Our classmate from Prince Edward Island. Marlene intends to take the Teacher's Summer course and teach next fall.

Wallbridge, Don—Besides his interest in G-12-A he is an active member of the Rifle Club. He will probably return to B.C.I. next year.

Wallis, Jim—"Shot Gun". We are still wondering what really happened during those 15 mysterious days.

TXII

MR. LAMBERT, FORM MASTER

Alton, Harold—"Woody"—Buy a fruit farm in B.C.
 Brant, Donald—"Chief"—Taking samples of pickered from the river in the spring.
 Calver, Orien—"Toad"—Pit man at Indianapolis Speedway.
 Carlton, Howard—"Gangster"—Living up to his nickname.
 Cornell, Phillip—"Tabber"—Beat Roger Bannister's Record.
 Demill, Charles—"Demolition"—Going to be a Bush Pilot.
 Ewing, Eric—"Runt"—Able to beat the Frenchman.
 Dingman, Clare—"Dingy"—May be connected with unemployment insurance.
 Fraser, Melbourne—"Meemer"—Giving statements that only Ripley will print.
 Frederic, Robert—"Freddy"—Expert on used cars.
 Gander, Peter—"Goose"—Fog horn in the English Channel.
 Hanthorne, Robert—"Thorny"—Work in G.M.C. — Oshawa.

HXII

*If all goes well until June, you'll see
 Our class in all directions flee
 Gloria and Carole to Toronto, three years' each,
 Some day Miss Bonter may attempt to teach
 Gloria Whittle is ambitious too
 Her goal is a missionary in Tim-Buck-Two.
 Eleanor will be an efficient R.N.,
 While she flutters around like an old mother hen.*

GXIIC (continued)

Wallis, Lorna—"Peter's Grandma". We are still wondering why Lorna fell out of her seat when Mr. Bradley mentioned the word "Bath".
 Wannamaker, Doug—Doug confesses to no extra curricular activities. "My homework keeps me busy" (he says).
 Watson, Ruth—Ruth is an active member of the Drama and Glee Club. She brought fame to our room when she won the Public Speaking Contest. Her plans for next year include Art College and P. P.

Hilton, Charles—"T.V. Chuck"—Editing T.V. Guide.
 Jones, Wm.—"The Jones Boy"—Bum on Skid Row.
 Labelle, Gerald—"Frenchman"—Half owner of cattle ranch in Texas.
 Little, Gary—"Ringleader"—A sergeant in R.C.A.F.
 Lucas, Ronald—"Luke"—Learning how to drive a car.
 Mainprize, Lloyd—"Surprise"—Having a raspberry patch of his own.
 McCann, Allan—"Wimpy"—Singer of WWVA Wheeling, West Virginia.
 McMechan, Carl—"Boozer"—Other half owner of ranch in Texas.
 Miller, Ron—"Lonely Heart"—Trying to make amends with her mother.
 Miller, Fred—"Lonely Heart"—Mayor of Foxboro—1965.
 Philip, Richard—"Dick"—Will know Stewart when he sees him.
 Redner, Ron—"Slo-mo-shun"—Borrowing melons from Mr. Champagne.
 Schamerhorn, Robert—"Shamy"—General in the army.

*Peggy and Muriel you may see,
 Learning shorthand at O.B.C.
 Betty is a ned addition to the crew
 Poor Barbara Milligan had the flu,
 Doreen and Marilyn will be dressed in white
 After three years of a long hard fight
 Edna left at Christmas time
 And that's how it is*

Wicket, Barbara—Barb is an active member of the Library Club. She has directed her aims towards nursing and a certain member of G-12-B. She will enter training at Grace Hospital next year.
 Meyers, Bob—Bob will be our future prosperous farmer, hat is, after he finishes grade 13.
 Little, Carolyn—Transferred to Barrie, Ontario.
 Taft, Harshaw—Working.
 Belch, Yvonne—O.B.C.
 Form Master—Miss Silvester.



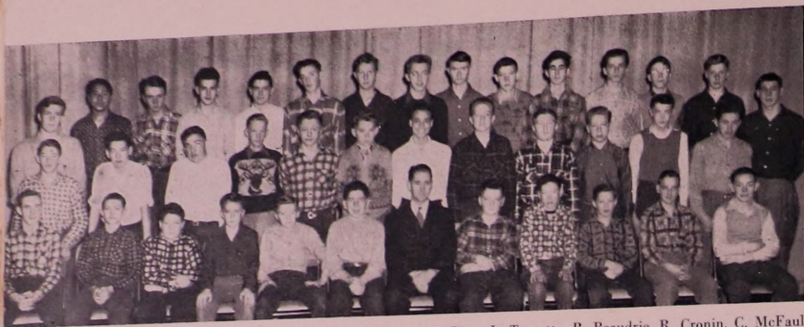
C-9-A — (back row)—E. Badgley, G. Osterhout, C. Adams, M. Harris, B. Howard, M. Fairbrother, M. R. Brant, C. Hull, L. Horsley, G. Robertson, D. Laing.
 (Middle Row)—C. Elliott, G. Palmer, D. Gough, M. Kietel, L. Ellis, A. Farmer, M. S. Brant, S. Green, M. Anderson, N. DooLittle, W. Baker.
 (Front Row)—L. Connor, E. Craig, M. Boldrick, M. Hollinger, J. L. Shiels, P. Watts, C. Clarge, C. Cafer, M. Bates.



C-9-B — (back row)—I. Matheson, C. Jamieson, M. Walsh, D. Smith, L. Laughlin, B. Smith, D. Norridge, G. Rolfe, H. Joyce, B. Buckley, G. Sherwin.
 (Centre Row)—B. Pratt, J. Maracle, B. O'Hara, E. Murray, M. Bell, W. Terril, G. White, L. Patrick, M. Jones, J. Pearson, M. Thompson, V. Sero.
 (Front Row)—P. Pickett, D. McKenna, G. Burns, J. McDonald, Mr. Tindale, M. Inslay, V. Stoneburg, I. Zubko, L. Winstanley.
 (Absent)—B. Philips, G. Toms, B. McPherson, B. O'Carroll.



H-9—(back row)—L. Tyler, A. Jewell, B. J. McJusheic, C. Garrison.
 (Middle Row)—P. McMahon, L. Squire, P. Squire, Z. Halsall, B. Walsh.
 (Front Row)—B. Blackburn, J. Rush, J. Harrison, Mr. Templer, L. Sero, C. McFarland, S. Shoelte.



A-9 — (back row)—G. Rollins, E. Sero, R. Lous, L. Turcotte, R. Beaudrie, R. Cronin, C. McFaul, B. Duval, C. Reid, A. Harry, J. Bulpit, T. Brennan, B. Rollins, R. Green, E. Craig.
 (Centre Row)—R. Williams, J. McMurter, B. MacDonald, R. Bamber, G. Tucker, R. Carter, R. Culbertson, G. Gow, D. Forsythe, R. Hamilton, C. Hart, M. Chumley.
 (Front Row)—H. Atkins, F. Brennan, E. Doxtator, J. Ward, G. Walsh, B. Teupah, Mr. R. Phillips, B. Hall, G. Maracle, J. Sagriffé, L. Bradshaw, D. McMullen.
 (Absent)—E. Maracle, D. English, J. Frosy.



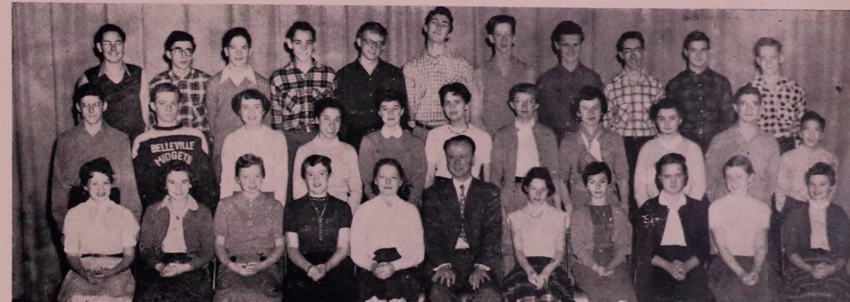
T-9-A — (back row)—J. Crocker, J. Houston, L. Ablard, W. Alyea, R. Camp, J. Cousins, R. Brant, D. Cathers, R. Adair, H. Rollins.
 (Centre Row)—G. Wilson, B. Harris, G. Cresswell, B. Latchford, K. Brooks, Maruise Huddleston, H. Binsted, B. Alyea, E. Bardy, John Cooke.
 (Front Row)—R. Archer, J. Downey, G. Fuller, J. Dickson, F. Bradley, B. Brown, J. Cadstick, B. Babcock, D. Findley.



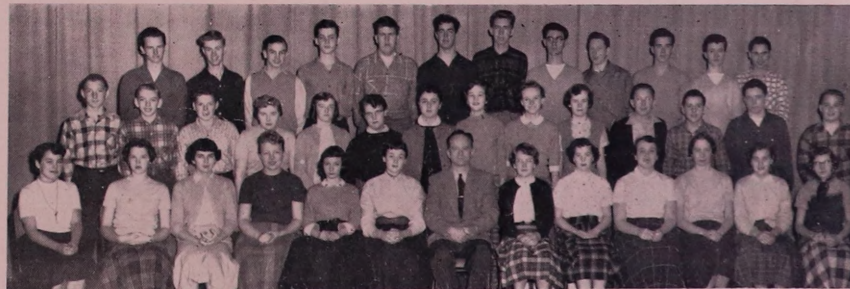
T-9-B — (back row)—A. McCaffrey, J. Graham, C. Fritz, S. Galpin, B. Laughlin, D. Large, G. Richardson, Y. Vandermeulen, W. Jenkins, G. Grant.
 (Centre Row)—R. Mabee, B. Johnson, R. Steacy, A. Tinney, R. Markle, J. Bird, B. Ritchie, F. Thornton, C. Drouillard.
 (Front Row)—J. Downes, F. Dingman, G. Huffman, J. Butcher, C. Heard, R. Langmaid, B. Davidson, D. Wood, G. DeVuyst.



T-9-C — (back row)—Bill Yospenko, D. Wood, L. Woodcock, A. Munns, L. Williams, J. Wilson, A. Williams, J. Wilson, A. Williams, B. Lodbar, M. Wager, J. Spafford, B. Michael.
 (Centre Row)—R. Plane, A. Wright, G. Rowbotham, J. Wilson, B. Vance, E. Spencer, A. Scrimshaw, B. Thompson, K. Wodzak, N. Tapp.
 (Front Row)—G. Reid, H. Quichert, F. Post, R. Pollard, Mr. Weston, R. Phillips, M. Phillips, B. Pearce, W. Parks.



G-10-A — (back row)—D. James, A. Gurnett, G. Stuart, R. Alexander, J. Jones, E. Gajdicar, J. Buchan, D. Martinson, G. Wallbridge, R. Bateman, E. Goodman.
 (Middle Row)—R. Fraser, G. Young, M. Roberts, A. Tooth, E. Davidson, M. Brickman, B. Rigby, S. Kowalchak, M. Ewing, P. Yanover, T. Bell.
 (Front Row)—D. LaFrance, B. Flower, S. Sutton, J. Barber, J. Daniel, Mr. C. W. Sloan, C. Wyatt, B. Hughes, N. Sherman, E. M'Gonigle, E. Hanthorn.
 (Absent)—R. Miller, H. Lewis, R. Robb, J. Wallbridge, J. Watson, S. Fry.



G-10-B — (back row)—A. Rankin, B. Judge, L. Bedford, A. Vancliet, D. Heard, D. Roseberry, C. Kingston, S. Schwab, J. Foster, C. Keary, B. Mooth, C. Booth.
 (Centre Row)—N. Rushlow, A. Banga, R. Wilson, M. Thurgood, E. Bourgeau, B. Clapp, J. Salz, S. Vermilyea, P. McLaughlin, C. McLean, J. Lewis, D. Punchard, J. Dolan, K. Dickey.
 (Front Row)—L. Williamson, A. Wilkinson, M. Potter, M. Yospenko, G. Henricks, N. Matthews, Mr. Reid, L. Keel, H. Conway, A. Campbell, M. Pearce, N. Osborne, M. Clark.



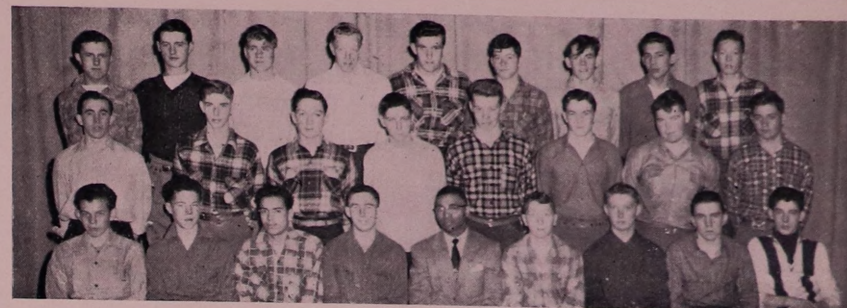
C-10-A — (back row)—B. Hooper, E. Brant, M. Faulkner, G. Daniels, D. Ross, T. Cathcart, J. Denyes, D. Embury.
 (Centre Row)—M. Brickman, S. Alyea, J. Day, E. Dean, M. A. Clark, E. Hutt, M. Freeman, S. Fisher.
 (Front Row)—R. Angevine, H. Cooper, M. Johns, H. A. Gyde, P. Henley, M. Keitel, B. Doreen.



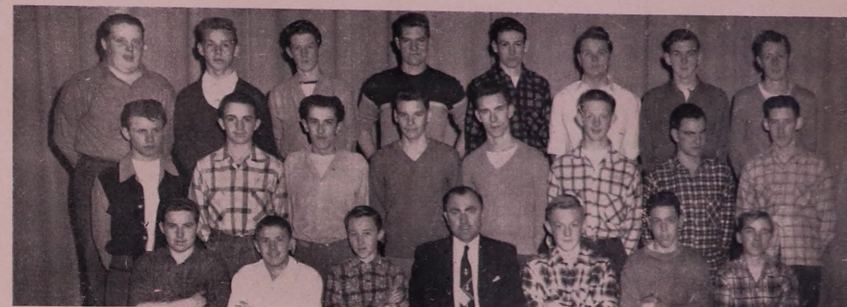
C-10-B—(back row)—D. White, S. Smith, J. Woodcox, M. Patrick, J. Wilson, J. Potts, S. Kirby.
 (Middle Row)—C. Wood, J. Sanford, J. McKenzie, D. Lockhart, P. Morris, N. Sager.
 (Front Row)—D. Hannah, J. Hannah, J. Purvis, Miss Doyle, P. Workman, L. Kemp, C. Kemp.
 (Absent)—Louise Pitt, M. A. Ray, S. Van Everdingen, J. Thompson, C. Wannamaker.



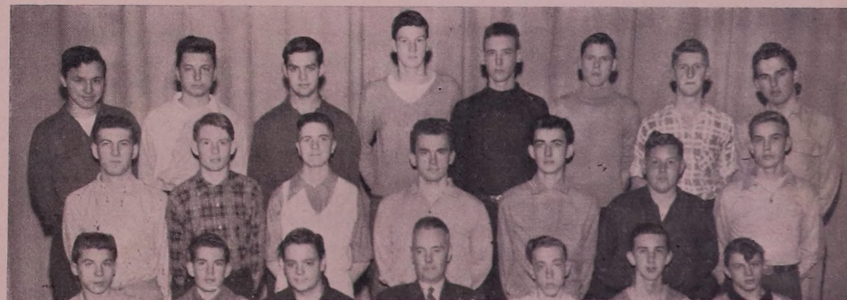
H-10 — (back row)—J. Reid, M. Vader, M. Milton, N. Philbin, R. Cole, J. Scott.
 (Centre Row)—P. McPherson, E. Palmer, C. Rowland, F. Tucker, S. Skinner, N. Clark, H. Tischbein.
 (Front Row)—F. Kerr, J. Skinner, Miss Linnen, M. Shannon, R. Pursey.



A-10 — (front row)—D. Doyle, R. Brant, T. Anderson, Mr. Wilson, A. Rupert, R. Morris, B. Hart, J. McCauley.
 (Centre Row)—D. Bowers, R. Redner, E. Sills, E. Emerson, C. Rowbotham, J. Vermilyea, G. Anderson, R. Wallbridge.
 (Back Row)—E. Hagerman, D. Craig, G. Maracle, R. Cruickshank, D. Rollins, B. Lang, D. Vance, C. Greene, G. Goodfellow.



T-10-A — (back row) — F. Blake, R. Dickson, D. Consul, D. Carmichael, K. Bly, A. Hacket, J. Denyes.
 (Middle Row)—J. Grinrod, J. Elliot, J. Calan, B. Cox, H. Carr, D. Brown, F. Chris, D. Ferguson.
 (Front Row)—T. Anderson, Barclay, F. Howard, Mr. Mott, B. Arnott, C. Adams, J. Green.
 (Absent)—E. Bisley, J. Gill.



T-10-B—(back row)—R. Maracle, C. Baraneiski, F. Papke, L. Parkhurst, G. Irwin, R. Shore, R. Kent, E. Sine.
 (Back Row)—R. Maracle, C. Baraneiski, F. Papke, L. Parkhurst, G. Irwin, R. Shore, R. Kent, E. Sine.
 (Middle Row)—B. Guay, P. Kappes, D. Brackett, J. Mott, B. Lee, G. Mann, A. McNeill.
 (Front Row)—J. O'Neill, H. Lee, R. Kent, E. Burgess, D. Meeks, Ken LaBrash, C. Lucas.



T-10-C — (front row)—T. Wallbridge, W. Stephens, M. Young, Mr. Ord, W. Wood, L. Terry, A. Schadan.
 (Centre Row)—H. Shannick, G. Powers, R. Worsley, R. Waite, W. Bird, K. Vogelsang, J. Thomas.
 (Back Row)—R. Bowman, W. Wright, G. Purdy, J. Sherry, L. Weagant, R. Twining, L. Shanque, J. Sopha.



G-11-A — (back row)—M. Stoddart, D. Hurst, A. Daniel, P. Kennedy, A. Robb, G. Orr, P. Bertrand, L. Langlois, G. Durno, G. Butler, D. Downey.
 (Middle Row)—G. Stephanson, B. J. Fairman, M. J. Farnsworth, S. Clarke, J. Hall, J. Anderson, P. Skillicorn, A. Lundy, M. Horning.
 (Front Row)—D. Hales, M. Arnott, A. Hunter, P. Gibson, Mr. Hancock, E. Wannamaker, M. Elliot, C. Irving, D. Slade.
 (Absent)—M. Wilson, J. Hawkins.



G-11-B — (back row)—E. Penazka, M. Millard, W. Muirhead, M. Grandame, D. Smith, J. Wambo'ldt, S. Fritz, L. Meldrum, P. Watson, G. Casey.
 (Centre Row)—L. Dixon, T. Hobbs, T. Yeotes, J. Duesberry, P. Brearley, M. Buchan, M. Huddleston, M. Cook, B. Payne, D. MacDonald, D. Deason, R. Evans.
 (Front Row)—C. Osborne, D. Hobbs, J. Holgate, M. Belch, S. Robson, K. Ridge, L. Plane, S. Parsons, G. McKillop, S. Cooper, M. Love.



C-11-A — (back row)—M. Curlette, B. Corlies, S. Cronkwright, J. Shewchuck, E. Binstead, B. Hammett, J. Cooney.
 (Centre Row)—S. Johnston, R. Flindall, G. Bush, L. Batchelor, B. Keitel, J. Craig.
 (Front Row)—D. McCaw, E. Loft, Miss Gibson, E. Hill, V. Harris.
 (Absent)—K. Helm.



C-11-B — (back row)—S. Randle, A. Yateman, M. McFarlane, M. Richards, D. Watson, D. Trumble, J. Roberts, I. Seams, M. Whalen.
 (Centre Row)—D. Whitehead, B. Salisbury, J. Whitehead, M. Smith, J. Twiddy, J. Post, W. McMahon.
 (Front Row)—S. Read, D. Semark, E. Weese, Mr. J. Snetsinger, B. L. Stewart, B. Ritchie, J. Stapley.
 (Absent)—Shirley Sutherby.



H-11 — (back row)—P. Cleaver, E. Bain, M. Davis, B. Hall, S. Ladoucier, M. Justus, M. Rowland.
 (Middle Row)—M. Dickens, C. Parsons, R. Reese, H. Bell, M. Cole.
 (Front Row)—A. Rekker, F. Jones, Miss Macpherson, E. Lyons, C. Hannafin.



T-11-A — (back row)—L. Reid, S. McLean, J. Pshebnicky, D. Walker, N. Empey, D. Camp, L. Cronkright, J. Vens, B. Keene.
 (Centre Row)—W. Foster, B. Langdon, G. Beeby, J. Lasher, E. Dulmage, R. Phillips, J. Jones, R. Jones, E. Bennett, C. Cannon.
 (Front Row)—J. Summers, J. Clemens, F. Shandraw, D. Bishop, J. Wallbridge, Mr. F. T. Tannaford, M. Bailey, B. Gannon, J. Anderson, B. Hunt, B. Watson.



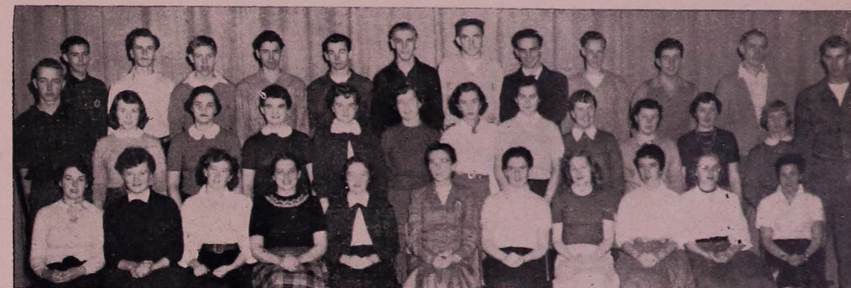
T-11-B—(back row)—J. McLeod, R. Simpson, J. Sherrard, W. Lake, M. White, W. Gault, T. MacKay, R. Burnett, C. Savage.
 (Middle Row)—J. Haggerty, W. Savage, W. Belch, D. Smith, W. Hanthorn, D. Reid, H. Wood, W. Cornell, B. Ray.
 (Front Row)—K. Patrick, E. DeLeeuw, I. Moravcik, Mr. H. Bates, H. McCrae, A. Clazie, A. Burleigh.



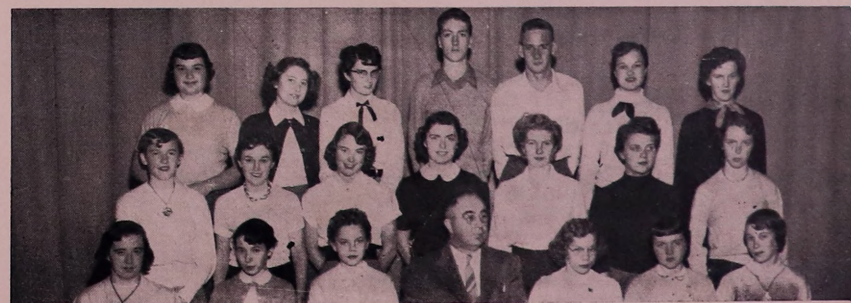
G-12-A — (back row)—C. Reid, K. Barnett, C. Craig, G. Campbell, N. Smith, J. Roper, K. Pieper, E. Green, L. Tucker, F. Hagerman.
 (Centre Row)—K. Gooney, J. Fuke, B. Bedell, J. McDonald, A. Forrester, E. Blakley, S. Sheir, B. Jordan, S. Quickert, D. Catton, C. Parker.
 (Front Row)—M. Corrigan, M. Gariepy, W. Wilkes, B. Fox, E. Wilson, Miss St. John, C. Butler, B. Brown, L. Donaldson, S. Kells, J. Hurst.



G-12-B — (back row)—R. Massé, C. Hall, P. Bennett, D. Reed, K. Jeffery, T. Ewing, J. Geneja, B. Gilham, J. Bedford, D. Dalrymple, J. Putman, R. Smith.
 (Centre Row)—W. Kouri, B. Carter, B. Morris, B. Vaughan, R. Fox, R. Moore, P. Moore, R. Trounce, R. Ireland, D. Asselstine, D. Branscombe, D. Pringle, W. Charleton, C. Payette, G. Williams.
 (Front Row)—A. Glen, P. Rowland, B. Rose, S. Cavers, J. Cornish, C. Adams, Miss Smith, S. Smith, G. Ritchie, P. Hall, G. Steward, B. McElrath, T. Miller.



G-12-C — (back row)—P. Robson, J. Rushnell, B. Meyers, D. Wallbridge, C. Coulter, D. Wannamader, G. Belcour, B. O'Sullivan, J. Horwood, C. Buskard, B. Bateman, E. Jackson.
 (Centre Row)—J. Wallace, R. Watson, D. Breach, G. Reid, C. Stewart, P. Simmons, M. Rees, B. Wickett, B. Dever, C. Hull, J. Mondeville, F. Ferguson.
 (Front Row)—J. Bowerman, S. Stewart, L. Wallis, C. Pringle, M. Thompson, Miss R. Silvester, B. Mastin, M. McLeod, C. Poste, B. Harvey, S. Hunter.
 (Absent)—N. Casey, B. Huffman, J. Shoemaker.



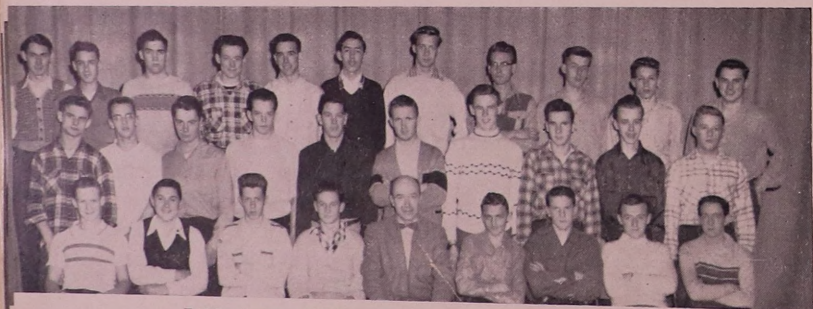
C-12-A — (back row)—J. Jeffrey, S. Mumby, M. Twiddy, B. Workman, F. Furrmidge, B. Acton, B. Hendrick.
 (Centre Row)—L. Wagg, N. Kennedy, D. Ray, S. Wood, J. Bull, H. Moravcik, D. Hollomy.
 (Front Row)—C. Maxwell, A. Morris, S. Ashley, Mr. Archibald, L. Bradshaw, B. Hubble, N. Wessels.



C-12-B — (back row)—A. Brant, A. Gill, R. Sine, C. Daniel, J. Lowe.
 (Middle Row)—M. Wood, S. Kellar, D. Simpson, M. Seeley, J. Slavin.
 (Front Row)—P. Parks, B. Keel, J. Naismith, D. Johnston, B. Booth.



H-12 — (back row)—B. Milligan, D. Lott, G. Whittle, B. Barnes, G. Dale.
 (Front Row)—C. Bonter, M. Doxtator, Miss E. Grout, M. Swan, P. Sargent.



T-12-B—(back row)—T. Whittle, G. Wagar, C. Hilton, M. Fraser, P. Cornell, D. Brant, R. Miller,
 M. Taft, H. Alton, R. Redner, R. Frederick.
 (Centre Row)—W. Jones, R. Philp, F. Miller, G. Labelle, C. McMechan, A. McCann, R. Williams,
 R. Lucas, H. Carlton, P. Gander.
 (Front Row)—J. Weese, L. Mainprize, C. Dingman, R. Hanthorne, J. Lambert, E. Ewing,
 C. Demill, O. Calver, R. Schamerhorn.

NURSING

OFFERS

THE PROFESSION FOR YOUNG WOMEN

OF

TODAY



IN YOUR COMMUNITY

BELLEVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL

SCHOOL OF NURSING

QUALIFIED INSTRUCTORS IN ALL FIELDS

Sciences - Nursing Arts - Clinical
 Affiliation in Paediatrics and Psychology
 Active Student Body in Recreation and Culture

ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS: MINIMUM AGE 17 YEARS
 SECONDARY SCHOOL GRADUATION DIPLOMA

For School Calendar — Further Information
 Apply DIRECTOR OF NURSING, Belleville General Hospital

Compliments of
WM. E. RILEY
PHOTOGRAPHER

♦
224 FRONT ST.
Phone WO 8-5320

J. Bell Service Station

♦
FRONT and BRIDGE
Phone WO 2-2938

Compliments of
Whites Hardware

230 FRONT STREET
BELLEVILLE

ED. THOMAS

IMPORTED CIGARETTES AND TOBACCOS
ENGLISH CANDY AND BOX CHOCOLATES

♦
*Serving Belleville For
Over 115 Years*
182 Front St. Woodland 2-3180

Maple Leaf Groceteria

189 Victoria Ave. Phone WO 2-3187
GEORGE E. WELLMAN, PROP.

♦
FINE FOODS - COURTEOUS SERVICE
FREE DELIVERY

BUY YOUR SCHOOL SUPPLIES
AT THE

Quinte Book Shop

♦
48 Bridge St. E. Phone WO 8-7671
BELLEVILLE

Compliments of
Liveseys' Meat Market

★
18½ BRIDGE STREET WEST
Phone WO 2-3540

Kellaways' West Side Market

CORNER BRIDGE AND EVERET STREET

♦
GROCERIES - FRESH FRUIT
AND
VEGETABLES

Compliments of



240 Front Street

Belleville

Compliments of

Bill Cook's Cigar Store

223 FRONT STREET - PHONE WO 8-7265

Read a magazine to-night for your cheapest
and
best entertainment

YOUR LOCAL NEWSDEALER

UPPER CANADA NEWS AGENCY LIMITED

QUICK & ROBERTSON

Owned and Operated by THE ROSS STORES CO. Ltd.

258 FRONT ST.

PHONE WO 2-3678

STUDENT'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING - FURNISHINGS
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR
FABRICS FOR THE SEW-EDS

*The Shopping Centre
For Guy's and Gal's*

ROLUF'S MUSIC CENTRE

SHEET MUSIC

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

RECORDS

RECORD PLAYERS

PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES

16 Victoria Avenue

Phone WO 2-3881

Trinity College

IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTIES OF ARTS AND DIVINITY

Open to any student entering the Faculty of Arts in the University of Toronto. Excellent accommodation for men students at Trinity College and for women students at St. Hilda's College. Full advantages of Federation with the University, qualification for its scholarships and degrees, with its Library, Laboratories and Athletic facilities in Hart House. A number of Scholarships and Bursaries are available. For information concerning fees, Scholarships, Bursaries and conditions of entrance, address

THE REGISTRAR, TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO 5
The Registrar will be glad to see interested students by appointment.



HOUSTON'S

Specialists in All Types of Materials
and Millwork Since 1886

75 St. Paul Street

Phone WO 8-6428

Compliments of the

BELMONT RESTAURANT

SERVICE and QUALITY

289 FRONT STREET

BELLEVILLE

Compliments of

The Belleville Coal Merchants

HARRY SMITH FUELS LIMITED

LYNCH COAL AND COKE CO.

MOIRA-SCHUSTER LIMITED

Compliments of

Black Diamond Cheese Limited



LIMITED

"The Black Diamond Family"

BLACK DIAMOND BLACK WATCH

OLD CAVE BRAND

Compliments of

N. E. EDWARDS, R.O.

J. M. LOCKE, R.O.

J. A. McFEE, R.O.

R. M. MITCHELL, R.O.

R. H. MOONEY, R.O.

S. C. ROSE, R.O.

G. S. WONNACOTT, R.O.

Compliments of

BOB BLAIND "The Sports Centre"

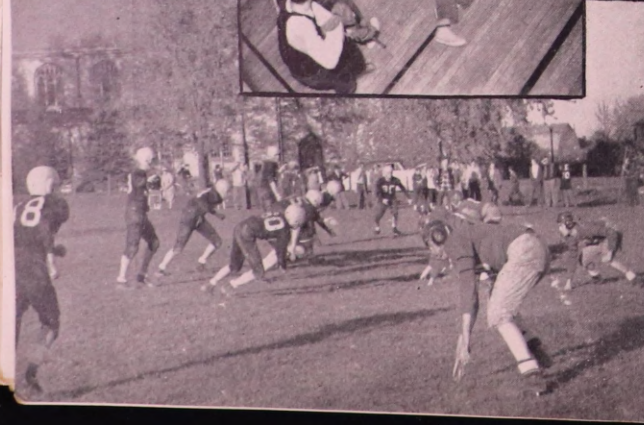
* * *

Everything In Sports
Equipment

* * *

31 BRIDGE STREET EAST

Phone WO 8-5229



ATHLETICS

L. MELDRUM

SENIOR and JUNIOR CHEERLEADERS



Senior Cheerleaders—D. Halsey, M. Kane, C. Hall, J. Monderville, J. Ramsbottom, D. Ray.



(Junior Cheerleaders)—P. Luck, J. Whitehead, D. Whitehead, M. L. Cook, B. Payne, J. Daniel.

The annual Cheerleading Contest was held in September with judges representing both boys' and girls' athletic groups in the school. This year both Junior and Senior cheerleaders were chosen to represent their schools and cheer their rugby teams.

The girls tried out in couples or groups and were required to give one compulsory yell and one of their

own choice as well as doing a cartwheel. The gymnasium was crowded with interested spectators who witnessed the choosing of six Junior Cheerleaders and six Senior Cheerleaders.

We hope these girls will continue their splendid work next year. Say, how about giving them three cheers for their fine jobs!

VOLLEYBALL JAMBOREE

One of the highlights in the fall is the annual Volleyball Jamboree held in the gyms at the O.S.D. Girls representing schools throughout this area participated in these games. The Senior Team played well in their event but lost one of the four games by a narrow margin to Napanee, thus they were unable to meet the defending champions, Trenton, in the final game. However the girls are to be congratulated on their good efforts.

Meanwhile the Junior Team entered into the competition very fresh and lively as they were all new

to this type of tournament. Perhaps they were over anxious in their style but they were victorious and captured the Quinte C.O.S.S.A. Congratulations, girls!

Thanks also to the cheerleaders who accompanied the teams as well as those who were able to attend the meet. The cheering certainly gave spirit to the occasion and made the girls proud to play for the honour of their school and I, as an official was glad to see the good sportsmanship shared by the girls. Congratulations and thanks to both Miss Martinson and Miss Doyle for producing such fine teams.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY



President—Peggy Sargent
 Vice President—Margaret Arnott
 Secretary—Linda Wagg
 Treasurer—Betty Rose
 Advisor—Miss Martinson

The outstanding aim of the Girls' Athletic Society is the furthering of girls' sports in the school. Each girl on entering B.C.I.V.S automatically becomes a member of this active organization sharing its success and giving it the support and co-operation it needs. Our capable executive under the guidance of Miss Martinson has spread keen interest in their activities this year and must be awarded due credit for their efforts. During the first term the executive of the past year, 1953-54 presented Miss Martinson with a record player for the use of the girls' physical education department. We all give our hearty thanks to Sandra Winters and her "crew" for making this possible. The annual Sadie Hawkins Dance presented this year featured the new record player and included the other attractions, such as the midway, with its games and fortune tellers as well as Kickapoo Joy Juice which has already become a symbol of this function.

The week before the Christmas holidays, the G.A.S. sponsored square dancing classes which were held in the girl's gym. On February 9, we held a very successful candy sale, which has been our first one this year.

The executive wish to give their appreciation and thanks to all those who have so helpfully assisted them.

SEATED: Peggy Sargent, Margaret Arnott
 STANDING: Betty Rose, Linda Wagg.

BASKETBALL

This year there were not enough girls interested to form a Senior Basketball Team, however, Miss Martinson hopes that through the forming of "All Star Teams", representing grades nine, ten and eleven, next year the participation and interest in Girls' Basketball will be renewed.

A keen group of girls made up the Junior Basketball team and as the season progressed they became better in their techniques and played excellent games.

During the season a number of exhibition games were played. In a game against Quinte, B.C.I. had

a chance to try out plays and defeated Q.S.S. 46-15. Another exhibition game of interest was played at B.C.I. In this game the Senior O.S.D. team defeated B.C.I. Juniors 32-26. A similar defeat for B.C.I. came when she met the O.S.D. Seniors at O.S.D. The game was lost, through unmade free throws, with a score of 46-33.

A rough, unfair game was played by the Trenton Seniors when they met B.C.I. at Belleville for an exhibition game. A boy coached the Trenton team while another acted as a referee. The referee did not seem to understand the girl's rules and overlooked

(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTY-THREE)



Senior Volleyball—(Back Row)—N. Wessels, B. Rose, Miss Martinson, L. Wagg, B. Annis.
(Front Row)—A. Hunter, P. Rowland, C. Pringle, P. Hall, B. McElrath.



Leaders—(Back Row)—L. Wagg, B. Rose, J. Lowe, J. Hall, L. Plane, J. Mondeville, B. Fairman, M. Farnsworth, A. Hunter.
(Centre Row)—M. Arnott, B. McElrath, C. Pringle, E. Loft, Miss Martinson, P. Hall, C. Adams, T. Miller, P. Rowland.
(Front Row)—P. Luck, S. Robson, J. Hurst, J. Duesberry, C. Osborne, B. Annis, P. Gibson, N. Wessels.



Tumbling Club—(back row)—B. Wager, N. Walters, N. Mathews, B. Rigby, S. Kowalchuck, Miss Martinson, S. Newman, J. Barber, L. Batchelor, L. Peoples, M. Ray.
(Centre Row)—S. Benn, B. Hooper, C. Rowland, C. Daniel, B. Durno, L. Hogg, C. Hull, C. Toms, D. Morrige.
(Front Row)—S. Kilby, L. Keel, D. Hannah, M. Whalen, T. Smith, D. Shulman, D. Trill, J. Muirhead.



Junior Volleyball—(back row)—C. Rowland, M. Arnott, B. Rigby, Miss Martinson, S. Kowalchuck, B. Davidson, J. Muirhead.

(Front Row)—J. Hall, H. Lewis, M. Huddleston, M. Wilson, J. Duesberry.

(Front)—L. Batchelor.



Junior Basketball—(Back Row)—L. Wagg, L. Batchelor, Miss Martinson, T. Miller, E. Loft.

(Centre)—B. Rose.

(Front Row)—C. Irving, P. Rowland, P. Hall, C. Pringle, C. Adams.

BASKETBALL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81)

many fouls. The Trenton players showed no sportsmanship and as the game progressed B.C.I. grew rougher to combat them. Trenton won 25-21.

On the regular Basketball Schedule B.C.I. played the newly formed Picton Team. In the first game our Junior Team slaughtered the Picton Team, the score being 67-7 and the second game played at B.C.I. was another defeat for Picton.

In the two out of three series the first game was played in Belleville and the Napanee Juniors beat the B.C.I. Juniors Team 26-23. This was a well thought

out game and B.C.I. tried very hard, however, in the second game of the series played at Napanee, B.C.I. kept plugging and through executing good plays and teamwork they won.

The winner of the deciding game was eligible to go to Toronto to compete in the C.O.S.S.A. This last game of the two out of three series was played on a neutral floor at Quinte Secondary School. The Physical Education Teacher at Q.S.S., Miss Housen, acted as referee and called everything closely. It was a clean, well played game, both teams doing their utmost. Due to illness B.C.I. had only eight players which proved to be a handicap. Napanee won the game by a very close margin 35-33.

B.C.I. and V.S. TRACK and FIELD TEAM



(Back Row)—B. Ray, G. Beebe, F. Bradley, D. Carmichael, B. Bedell.
(Front Row)—B. Gault, C. Patrick, R. Hurst, K. Vogelsang, G. Maracle.

The Townsend Trophy

The Townsend Trophy was donated a few years ago by our wonderful physical education teacher and coach "Red" Townsend. It is presented each year to the boy who shows the keenest interest in sports through the year — participating and as a spectator.

Upper School Interform Rugby

The competition this year in the Upper School interform rugby was very keen. The season started near the first of October and was completed on November 10th. The games were played between 12.30 and 1.15 p.m.

For the first time in a few years, the two grade 13 teams met in the finals. The first game was won by

Floor Hockey "Oldtimers"

For the first time in the history of our school Floor Hockey stars of Yester-Year invaded the boy's gym for a game against B.C.I.'s best.

The first half showed the effect of age and practise on the "old men" with a mid-way score of 5-2.

In the second period though the visitors came to life to close the score to 7-5 by the final whistle blast, only the fine goal tending of Bill Charleton who

The winners this year were Ted Batchlor and Barry Ray who won it jointly. Ted was picked the most outstanding basketball player on the C.O.S.S.A. championship team and Barry was named the most valuable performer on the C.O.S.S.A. championship track team.

G-13-A by a 12-5 count. The second and final game was played after four on the tenth and G-13-B won that game 7-6. This clinched the series for G-13-B because of the double elimination. Members of the winning team were Upper, Targon, Morton, White, Kennedy, Russel, Latchford, Varcoe, Owen, Powell, and Parkhurst.

robbed "Shaker" Baker and Harv Stoliker saved the day for the home team.

High scoring for the oldsters was Jack Doig with four markers and for the youngsters Ron Redner with two goals and two assists.

Members of the visiting team were: "Shaker" Baker, Jack Doig, Harvey Stoliker, "Bruno" McCurdy, Jim MacDonald, Don Harris, Ken Kerr, Wayne Bovay and Lloyd Kellet. Charlie Kingston played goal.

THE C.O.S.S.A. SEMI FINALS

The C.O.S.S.A. semi-finals in which B.C.I. played, pitted the home teams against Peterborough's Garnet and Grey. Due to injuries and boys working we were only able to send about eighteen players but they turned in a fine effort for a losing cause.

Peterborough took an early lead with a first quarter score of 17-0. B.C.I. fought back gamely but were unable to stop the Garnet and Grey duo from making it 19-0 at half and 23-0 at three quarter time. The final score was 23-3 with Geneja kicking a field goal for B.C.I.

Jan Geneja, our lanky punter, kept the score from going higher by some tremendous boots. Buskard also made some spectacular runs but to no avail.

The game ended but our players knew that they had played their best and just didn't have the reserves.

Players: P. Bennet, C. Buskard, F. Deacon, J. Geneja, J. Kennedy, D. Moore, J. Hazard, B. Bedell, G. Beebe, D. Dalrymple, D. Powell, R. MacKay, D. Morton, Jefferies, R. Burt, G. Little, and D. White.

The B.C.I. Juniors were defeated by Oshawa's central High in the C.O.S.S.A. semi-finals 20-17 in what was probably the most thrilling game seen in inter-

collegiate rugby in this district in the past five years.

Bill Jones opened the scoring in the first quarter with a 95 yard return of the opening kick-off Barry Ray converted, and B.C.I. went into a 6-0 lead. Oshawa came back to score a converted touchdown and two rouges to take an 8-6 lead at the half.

B.C.I. surged to the attack again in the third quarter with Bill Jones again scoring a touchdown. Ray kicked the convert.

With six minutes to go in the game Ken Vogelsang made a spectacular 45 yard run to score B.C.I.'s third touchdown. The convert attempt failed but nevertheless that seemed to put the game on ice for B.C.I. The score stood at 17-6.

Then Oshawa, not to be defeated, came back and scored two converted touchdowns in the last four minutes of play to win the game 20-17.

Team of 1951: B. Jones (Capt.), Jackson, Maracle, Thomas, Vogelsang, Rowbotham, Ray, Hurst, Bishop, Kennedy, Hanthorn, Hagerman, Barber, Clements, Brown, Langlois, Parkhurst, D. Rollins, G. Rollins, Robb, Carmichael, Lewis, R. Jones, McCann, Waite, Irvin and Roseberry.

House League Ice Hockey Champions



(Back Row)—L. Langlois, K. Jeffreys, G. Irwin, D. White, J. Horwood.
(Front Row)—H. Reid, V. Targon, C. Buskard (captain), C. Kingston, J. Hazard.



(Senior Basketball)—B. Kells, D. Farnsworth, F. Deacon, B. Gault, D. White, Y. Geneja, Bennett, G. Craig, B. Varcoe, D. Smith, J. Hill, E. Gajdicar, Mr. Townsend.



Tumbling Squad — (back row)—B. Ireland, B. Ray, Mr. Ewald, B. Langton, D. Smith, R. Brant. (Front Row)—K. Patrick, J. Calnan, D. Calver, B. Reens, G. Stephanson.



Junior Basketball—G. Stephanson, A. Burleigh, J. Calnan, I. Moravcik, B. Jones, B. Cornell, D. Aselstine, F. Hagerman, G. Irvin, S. Jackson, J. Barter, L. Parkhurst.



Junior Rugby—(back row)—Mr. Bradley, Mr. Orr, D. Hurst, J. Thomas, G. Purdy, G. Maracle, C. Rowbotham, B. Ray, K. Vogelsang, S. Jackson, J. Fuke, Mr. Snetsinger, T. Wallbridge. (Centre Row)—B. Hanthorn, P. Kennedy, D. Bishop, G. Lewis, L. Langlois, A. Robb, B. Jones, A. McCann, P. Brown, J. Clemens, G. Durno. (Front Row)—B. Waite, J. Barber, D. Carmichael, G. Rollins, R. Jones, D. Roseberry, D. Rollins, F. Hagerman, G. Irwin, L. Parkhurst.



Lower School Rugby Champs—(back row)—B. Morris, D. L. Vance, D. Rollins, G. Maracle, R. Laing. (Front Row)—T. Anderson, G. Hill, R. Brant, C. Rowbotham, J. Vermilyea.



Upper School Rugby Champs—(back row)—D. White, B. Varcoe, G. Parkhurst, D. Powell, B. Latchford. (Front Row)—B. Owen, V. Targon, D. Morton, J. Kennedy, P. Upper. (Absent)—P. Russell.

SENIOR RUGBY



(Back Row)—Mr. Hannaford, G. Sinfield, P. Smith, G. Parkhurst, G. Craig, G. Belcour, J. Kennedy, Mr. Ewald.
 (Middle Row)—G. Little, K. Jeffreys, R. Moore, G. Labelle, L. Meldrum, C. Buskard, F. Deacon.
 (Front Row)—J. Hazard, D. Dalrymple, D. Pringle, R. Powell, D. Morton, T. McKay, G. Beeby, B. Bedell, D. White.
 (Absent)—P. Bennet, B. Varcoe.

There were four teams in the Bay of Quinte District Senior Rugby loop this year — Belleville, a senior "A" team and Albert, St. Mikes, and Picton senior "B". B.C.I. had a senior team this year after being without one last year. The coaches this year were two new-comers to our school, Mr. Ewald and Mr. Hannaford. They put the boys through their paces and had them in top shape for the first game against St. Mikes. St. Mikes on the other hand were a little tardy in their efforts to form a team and so the first game was cancelled.

ALL STAR FLOOR HOCKEY

Each year the outstanding players of the Upper School Floor Hockey league are selected for the two exclusive teams. This year Denny Farnsworth led one team which was edged out in a hard-fought contest by a 9-8 score by Cam Buskard's squad.

Regulation time ran out with the score 8-3. In the first few minutes of overtime Buskard let a sizzler go which just got past Kingston to end the game.

LOWER SCHOOL FLOOR HOCKEY

Just after the Christmas vacation each year the Lower School Floor Hockey schedule gets underway. The league is comprised of boys in grades nine and ten and the teams are coached by outstanding players of the Upper School League.

This year there were six teams guided by Schamerhorn, Buskard, Little, Jones, Moore and Miller. The squads play at noon in the boy's gym. Every game is a hard-fought contest with each player putting

every ounce of ability and skill into it.

Team three finished in first place, completing an unbeaten season. Team three under Little and squad number two directed by Buskard battled it out in the playoffs. The first game had everything as the final score of 4-4 shows. Three won the second 9-6. Team three took the last game by an 8-4 count and so won the best-two-of-three series and the championship.

The first half was a "goal tender's nightmare", with seven slipping past Clements and six ending up in Moore's net.

Charleton took over for Moore and Kingston for Clements in the second half. These stars turned out to be very spectacular with their saves. Four counters were split evenly between the two netminders.

High scores in the game were Farnsworth with six goals and Buskard with four.

St. Mike's was the victim of a 20-0 score in our third game. This session saw marvellous running and blocking by the home team.

Belleville visited Picton for the last league game and had no trouble in humiliating the Picton squad on their home ground by a 39-0 score.

Belleville visited Picton for the last league game and had no trouble in humiliating the Picton squad on their home ground by a 39-0 score.

Belleville visited Picton for the last league game and had no trouble in humiliating the Picton squad on their home ground by a 39-0 score.



"CAM" BUSKARD

MR. FLOOR HOCKEY '55

Cameron Buskard, captain of a league team and all star team as well as being second top scorer in the league was elected Mr. Floor Hockey 1955 by the large audience at the All Star Game. He was a clean, hard-fighting, competitor all year and an excellent team player.

He received a trophy, presented at an assembly by Don Harris, Mr. Floor Hockey 1954.

Ken Colling Memorial Trophy

Mr. Cleo Colling a brother of the late Mr. Ken Colling, an ex-graduate and ex-reporter of the Ontario Intelligencer donated this trophy a few years ago in memory of him. It is presented to the winner of the five and one-half mile cross-country run which is held in the spring. Stalwarts from B.C.I., Albert College,

St. Mikes, and this coming year Quinte are permitted to take part. In past years the only participants have been from B.C.I.

Last year's winner was Bill "Sam" Gault who nearly broke the record set by George Ewald four or five years ago. In second place was Graham Beeby and Bob Galway came in third.

Lower School House League

This year as in past years, the enthusiastic boys from grades nine and ten put on a fine display of rugby in October and November. These games give the new players valuable experience for the junior and eventually senior rugby teams.

Each team consists of at least six players which fill the three lines and three backfield positions.

The champions of the 1954-55 school year were A-10 who decisively downed the A-9 boys by a 30-5 score. Members of the winning team were: D. Rollins, G. Maracle (captain), C. Rowbotham, G. Hill, T. Anderson, D. Vance, J. Vermilyea, B. Morris, B. Lang, and R. Brant.

Lower School Interform Rugby Basketball

Again this year there was kept participation on behalf of the boys in grades 9 and 10 in the Lower School House League Basketball. The teams practiced at noon and after four. The league consisted of four teams and was coached by players of the junior and senior teams.

The coach of this year's championship team was Stan Jackson. Members of the team were Roseberry, Woods, Clark, Webb, James, Hill, Parkhurst, O'Neil, and Green.

JUNIOR RUGBY

The season opened for B.C.I. with a smashing victory of 37-0 over O.S.D. O.S.D. was out-classed from start to finish as the score would indicate.

B.C.I. did not fare as well in the second game, when Albert College, with the help of a few senior players, defeated us by a 22-10 count.

The first game against our new rivals, Quinte Secondary School, commenced with a kick-off by their principal Mr. Leslie Reid. The game was well played by both teams but B.C.I. emerged on the long end of a 17-6 score.

Our second encounter with the O.S.D. proved that we could play in any kind of weather. It had rained all day and the field was muddy but the home team displayed a tremendous ground attack and, as a result, won 21-5.

When B.C.I. played Quinte for the second time, we drubbed the blue and gray by a 27-6 score. Our "Big Red Team" showed a great offensive drive and a stronger than usual defense.

In the last game of the schedule, B.C.I. defeated a very inexperienced Trenton team by a 22-5 score. This game was played in Trenton.



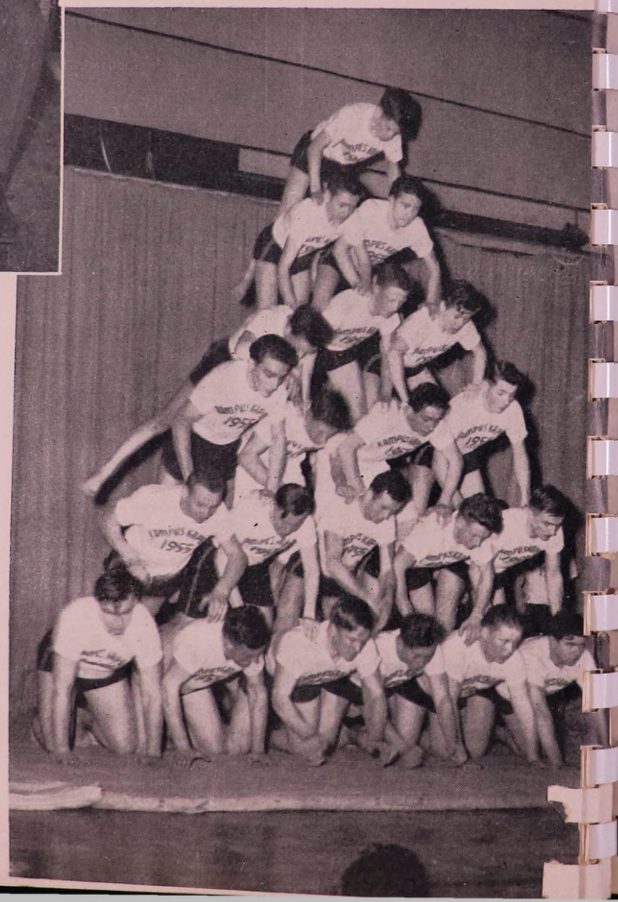
Upper School Floor Hockey

This year in the Upper School Floor Hockey League there were five teams captained by G. Little, C. Buskard, D. Farnsworth, D. Cherry and T. Batchelor. Gary Little's team won the league leadership. Cam Buskard's team followed in second spot with Denny Farnsworth's squad standing third. High scorers this year were: Farnsworth with 35 points, Buskard with 32, Batchelor 29, Foster 21, Ablarde 20, Redner 19, and Bennet with 11. Buskard and Farnsworth met in the semi-finals. The two game total point series was taken by Buskard's team by a 19-14 score. The score of the first game was 9-8 and the second 10-6.

Little's team, which had been out of action for about four weeks, now clashed with Buskard's squad in a terrific, fast moving two-games-out-of-three series. Buskard took the series two straight by 3-5 and 3-3 counts.

Members of the team were: C. Buskard, R. Miller, R. Jones, B. Vaughan, V. Targon, D. White, D. Smith, B. Varcoe.

(Front Row)—V. Targon, C. Buskard, B. Jones.
 (Back Row)—B. Vaughan, D. White, S. Jackson, R. Jones.



The Squash in
 Kampus Kapers

H. J. McFARLAND Construction Company

Limited



General Contractors



Head Office:

Belleville
 WO 2-2648

Picton
 706

132 Pinnacle St. Dial WO 2-1200

Thos. J. Holland Co.

PLUMBING, HEATING, TINSMITHING
AND STORAGE

FESS OIL BURNERS

Belleville

Ontario

Meyers Studios

"Coast to Coast"

CANADA'S LARGEST
FILM FINISHERS

229 Front Street

Remember If It's Glass We Do It

Belleview Glass and Mirror

24 VICTORIA AVE.
BELLEVILLE

Compliments of

The Belleville Paint and Wallpaper Association

QUINTE PAINT AND WALLPAPER
EARL DARRAH
THE COLOR CENTRE
SCHWAB'S

Compliments of

American Optical Canada Limited

LENS MANUFACTURING DIVISION

Belleville, Ont.

Compliments of

Footbridge Shoe Repairing

Phone WO 8-7546

Compliments of

Elliott Motors

PONTIAC · BUICK · VAUXHALL
G.M.C.

General Motors Parts and Accessories

24 Dundas St. W. Phone WO 8-8983

Compliments of

C. R. CLAPP & SON

NASH SALES AND SERVICE

138 Front St. Phone WO 8-6487

Compliments of

The Paragon Cafe

"Belleville's Smartest Restaurant"

Chinese and Canadian Foods

195 Front St.

Belleville, Ontario

Phone WO 8-9936

McMASTER UNIVERSITY

with which is affiliated

HAMILTON COLLEGE

REGULAR COURSES in Commerce (B. Com.)

General Arts (B.A.)

Nursing (B. Sc. N.)

Physical Education (B.P.E.)

Science (B.Sc.)

POST GRADUATE COURSES leading to the M.A. and Ph. D. degrees.

A WIDE RANGE OF EXTENSION COURSES, credit and non-credit.

A COMPLETE PROGRAMME OF ATHLETICS.

For detailed information concerning Fees

Scholarships

Residence

Student Employment Service

etc.

Apply to: THE REGISTRAR, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.

Compliments of

SCHWAB'S



222 Front Street

Belleville



IRELAND'S

FURNITURE & APPLIANCES

Where Customers Send Their Friends



210 Front Street

Belleville

Ontario

Deacon Brothers

Manufacturers

of

FAMOUS FABRICS

INTO

SPORTSWEAR

FOR

FAMOUS PEOPLE

•

GRENFELL JACKETS

VIVELLA SHIRTS

SCOTS GREYS SHIRTS

TOBE'S COUNTY GARDENS

*"The Teen Ager's
Rendezvous"*



EASTERN ONTARIO'S
DINING and DANCING
CENTRE



*Special Attention Given to Parties,
Banquets, Clubs and Social Meetings*



Just over the Bay Bridge
ROSSMORE, ONT.
PHONE MT. VIEW 50

Compliments of

Canadian Industrial Alcohols and Chemicals Limited

Compliments of

Vandervoort Hardware Limited



341 Front Street Phone WO 2-2950

BELLEVILLE

Symons Coffee Bar

Special Menu Each Day
Homemade - Pies - Cakes - Tarts
with
Neilsons' Famous Ice Cream



281 FRONT STREET

PHONE WO 2-1919

Compliments of

BELLEVILLE LADIES' and CHILDREN'S WEAR ASSOCIATION



MILADY SHOP

J. A. McNABB CO. LTD.

ARTISTIC LADIES' WEAR

GEORGIA SALON LTD.

WILLIAMS' LADIES' WEAR

ALBERT'S STYLE SHOP

CARSON ELLIOTT

SALLY SHOPS

TOTS-N-TEENS

CHILDREN'S SHOP

CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

OFFERS YOU
POSITIONS LEADING TO IMPORTANT CAREERS
IN
SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH
PRODUCTION CONTROL
and
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Head Office: Toronto, 2200 St. Clair Avenue West

Plants at: Charlottetown, Montreal, Hull, Peterborough, Toronto,
Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver

STEPHENS-ADAMSON MFG. CO. OF CANADA LIMITED

Belleville - Ontario

CONVEYORS — HOISTING MACHINERY — ELEVATORS
REDLER CONVEYOR and
POWER TRANSMISSION EQUIPMENT
SEALMASTER BEARINGS

Factories: Aurora, Ill.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Belleville, Ont.



Compliments

of

R. D. Arnott, Q.C.



Compliments of

**VICTORIA and GREY TRUST
COMPANY**

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS



160 Front St.

Belleville

HEADQUARTERS FOR

*A Complete Line of Authorized Text Books
always on hand . . .*

SCRIBBLERS - FOOLSCAP

FOUNTAIN PENS - EXERCISE BOOKS

FINE STATIONERY

Rustcraft, Cault's, Norcross

GREETING CARDS FOR ALL OCCASIONS



L. C. Smith and Corona Typewriters

For Sale or Rent - \$5.00 Per Month



THE JAMES TEXTS LIMITED

Educational and Art Publishers

179-183 Front Street Phone WO 8-6775

Belleville, Ontario

Trudeau
Motors Limited



CADILLAC - CHEVROLET - OLDSMOBILE

ALLIS - CHALMERS



SALES - SERVICE

31-45 Station Strtet

Belleville

THE
HYDRO ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION
OF ONTARIO
East Central Region

The Regional Office of The Hydro Electric Power Commission of Ontario, has, each year, a limited number of openings for summer work for young men and women, who are completing twelfth or thirteenth grades.

During April and May, the Personnel Officer would be pleased to interview any student who is interested in summer employment and possibly a career with the Ontario Hydro.

MR. E. G. GURNETT,
Manager.

MR. P. T. SEIBERT,
Personnel Officer.

Location:

Corner Pinnacle and Victoria
Belleville, Ontario.

Compliments and Best Wishes of

*The Association of Belleville
Hotel Proprietors*



CANADIAN HOTEL

DOCTER'S HOTEL

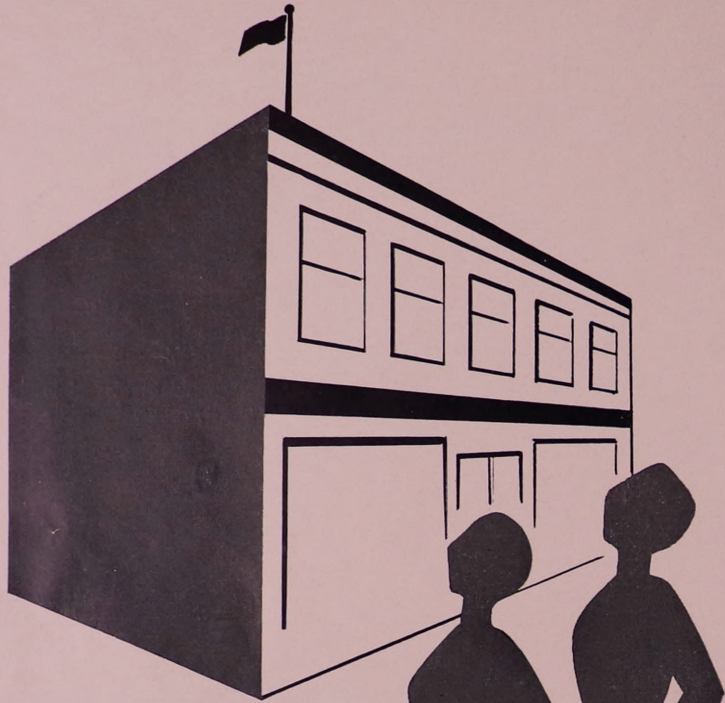
CITY HOTEL

HOTEL BELVEDERE

CRYSTAL HOTEL

HOTEL QUINTE

NEW QUEENS HOTEL

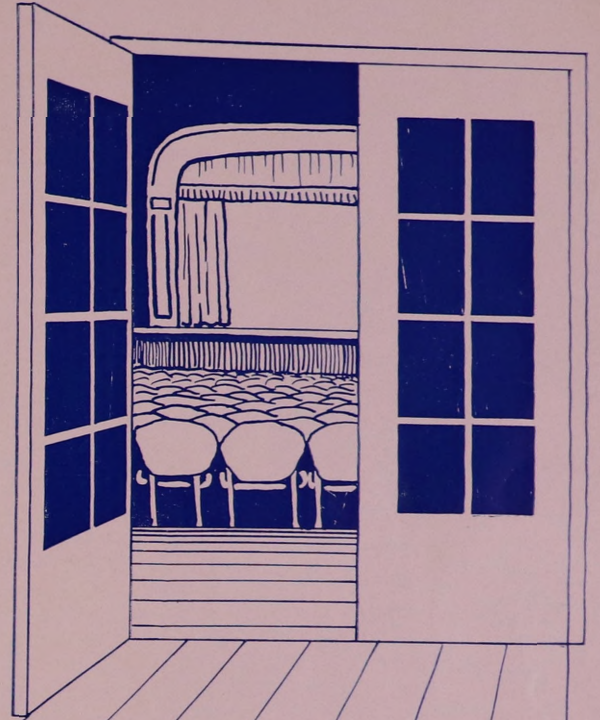


EATON'S

*The
Store
for
Young
Canada*

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
BELLEVILLE BRANCH

Page One Hundred



ACTIVITIES

PAT SMITH

THE QUINTE STORY



LESLIE F. REID, B.A., B.Paed.
Principal, Quinte Secondary School

This year the Elevator of 1955 is proudly being dedicated by B.C.I.V.S. to her sister school Q.S.S.

Last year over two hundred students left the halls of the Belleville Collegiate to enter a sparkling new high school. It is hard to realize that this school was little more than a dream five years ago. To-day it is an ultra-modern achievement in the district of Belleville.

Quinte Secondary School was created to relieve the strain on our school. In the last three years our capacity enrollment of nine hundred students has gradually been exceeded by four hundred. Storage rooms, the basement and the library had to be converted into makeshift class rooms so that we could handle these extra pupils. This year things have settled back to normal; most classes have an average of thirty-five students; but they are still large compared to some rooms at Quinte.

It was in April, 1949, that the first step was taken to point out the overcrowded situation that would result from the increasing enrolment. Few of us know what that suggestion exacted. It meant that hours and hours of work, planning and meetings had to be put in for five years. A new school board, "The Bay of Quinte High School Board," consisting of the districts of Ameliasburg, Thurlow, and Tyendinaga and the City of Belleville had to be formed. A contractor had to be chosen as well as an architect and a suitable location for the school.

At last the construction commenced in 1953 and was completed this year in January. At the opening of the new school the people of Belleville turned out in a blinding snow storm to welcome the newest addition

of the Belleville schools. At the end of the ceremony we were allowed to examine the school and express our opinions. During the introductions and the speeches various comments and experiences were related to us. I would like to pass some of these on to you. It is interesting to note that Belleville had always been behind in her schooling developments. Away back in 1927 it was reported to the Ontario government that Belleville had one of the worst school accommodations in the province. When our collegiate, a dire need, was finished the radiators leaked, the plaster was cracking and the floors were peeling. Quinte has been completed to perfection. Even further back in Belleville's history we had the first schools, log cabins. Imagine how we would be satisfied with such rough buildings today!

The school has twenty-three rooms

QUINTE SECONDARY SCHOOL STAFF



Standing (L to R)—Jack Sisson, John S. Hayman, W. James Musgrove, Rupert Ronald, Robert C. Dright, H. Cameron Tanner, J. Leonard Tierney, John Fry, Abel Nightingale.

Seated (L to R)—Miss Donna Howson, Michael Smykaluk, Miss Suzanne Shantz, Leslie F. Reid, Principal, Kendall Tancock, Miss Patricia Hames, William Cochrane.

in all. Unlike ours it is not a vocational school, although it has shop options. Low-priced meals are served in a streamlined cafeteria equipped with an efficient staff and utility space. There is a large gym also. In this gym is a folding door across the center of it allowing it to turn into double gyms or the largest school dance-floor in Belleville. Its class-rooms can accommodate forty-nine students with modern desks. On the upper floor are agricultural rooms equipped with suitable desks much the same as in our physics class-rooms. The chemistry classes have higher desks that seat only two. All the rooms have one wall open to windows, and are painted in pastel colours. The whole effect is very modern and pleasing. The halls have long narrow lockers embedded in the walls, painted a deep turquoise. The biggest differ-



A FAMILIAR GYM SCENE



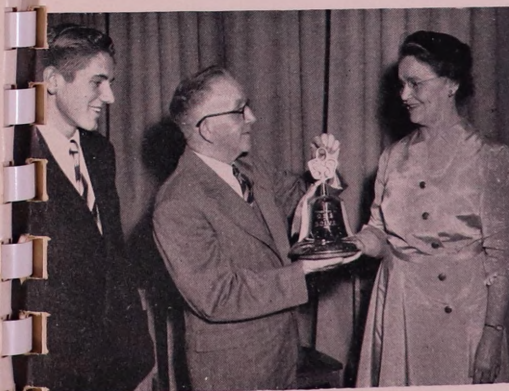
HOME ECONOMICS ROOMS AT QUINTE



MR. REID RECEIVES THE KEY

ence is the use of glass which give one a bird's-eye view of the machinery of this school. The teaching staff is young and enthusiastic about their new capacities.

Of course we must realize what this school is for. Its job is the same as ours—to mold the youngsters of today into the men and women of tomorrow. This is a fine and outstanding purpose and we must not forget it. Every school is founded on the Seven Pillars of Learning: Knowledge, Understanding, Democracy, Freedom, Philosophy, Personality and Character. It is a tremendous responsibility.



B.C.I. & V.S. PRESENTS THE BELL

MEET MR. and MISS B. C. I.



BEVERLY FOX DOUG ASELSLINE

THE ONTARIO INTELLIGENCER

Students at the Belleville Collegiate crowned "Mr. B.C.I." and "Miss B.C.I." at their weekly assembly Wednesday, March 15.

Beverly Fox was named "Miss B.C.I." over six other girls and Doug Aselstine defeated six boys for the "Mr. B.C.I." title.

The school's first citizens received their silver crowns and golden trophies, while seated on red velvet thrones as the assembly thundered its approval.

Eleanor Clarke crowned Miss Fox in the absence of last year's winner, Marion Atwell, who is attending

McGill University. Fred Hagerman crowned Doug Aselstine. George Farmer, Mr. "B.C.I." of 1954, is in the R.C.A.F. and was unable to crown his successor. Miss Fox is corresponding secretary of the students' council, past president of the Art Club and is an executive member of the girls' Hi-Y Club.

Competitors for the girls' title were June Bowerman, Monica Bruckmann, Patsy Luck, Donna Ray, Betty Rose and Peggy Sargent.

In the running for the boys' crown were Syd Allcorn, Fred Deacon, Bill Jones, Glen Maracle, Richard Philp and Andrew Robb.

THE STUDENT'S COUNCIL EXECUTIVE



FRONT Row: Miss Naismith, Beverly Fox, Sid Allcorn, Peggy Sargent, Josephine Hurst;
BACK Row: Doug Aselstine, Mr. Hancock, Mr. Bates, Wayne Muirhead.

EXECUTIVE

President	Sid Allcorn
Voc. Vice-President	Peggy Sargent
General Vice-Pres.	Doug Aselstine
Corresponding Sec.	Beverly Fox
Recording Sec.	Josephine Hurst
Treasurer	Wayne Muirhead

STAFF ADVISORS

Miss Naismith	Mr. Bates	Mr. Hancock
---------------	-----------	-------------

This year the Council, under our capable president, Sid Allcorn, has attempted to carry out as efficiently as possible the wishes of the student body and to co-ordinate the activities of clubs and organizations within the school.

We have no definite project so far this year, and have decided to wait until a major project arises in future years. However, this year we have undertaken small projects like looking after distribution of a new locks and council cards, photographing students, and selling a school paper and our school colours.

This year we endeavored to arouse more school spirit in the students by sponsoring Pep Rallies at noon hours. To promote greater interest in school activities we encouraged increased representation at Student Council meetings.

We of the executive hope that our efforts have maintained the harmonious student-faculty relationships of B.C.I. & V.S.



Boys' Hi Y — (front row)—B. Payette, J. Putman, Mr. W. Walker, R. Phillips, R. Downey, P. Smith.
 (Back Row)—G. Casey, R. Vaughan, D. Aselstine, F. Furnage, R. Gilham, R. Fox, G. Durno, D. Pringle, G. Beeby.
 (Absent)—R. Hurst.



Key Club — (back row)—S. Quickert, P. Kennedy, D. James, R. Donaldson, K. Pieper, P. Smith, J. Hunter, B. Carter.
 (Front Row)—J. Jones, A. Sutton, J. Fuke, L. Langlois, F. Hagerman, A. Robb, D. Martinson.



Rifle Team — (back row)—B. Payne, B. Phillips, E. Green, N. Smith, J. Hill, B. Owen, B. Latchford, A. Robb, B. Rodbard, D. Wallbridge.
 (Front Row)—J. McMahon, M. Wagar, B. Morris, Mr. Phillips, V. Targon, J. Hunter, B. Guthridge, A. Daniel, Mr. Ridge, J. Davidson, C. Coulter.
 (Absent)—G. Wallbridge, A. McNeil, B. Morris, J. Wamboldt.

THE BOY'S HI-Y

President Rich Philp
 Vice-President George Casey
 Secretary Doug Aselstine
 Treasurer Bob Vaughan
 Our Purpose is

To create, maintain, and extend throughout the home, school, and community, high standards of Christian character.

Every noon hour from 1.00 to 1.25 the Boys' Hi-Y operate the Lost and Found. This is situated on the landing between the second and third floors.

Last May, 1954, we held a tea and bake sale at the Y.M.C.A.

We donated \$60.00 to the World Service of the Y.M.C.A.

We run a sports column in the Ontario Intelligencer every Saturday. This column was very well written by a hard-working Hi-Y'er, Richard Moore.

We sponsored the dance after Kampus Kapers.

Recently we held an impressive candle-light induction service. We were honoured by having present three representatives from Toronto.

Our membership dues for the first year is \$2.00, every year after it \$1.00. We meet at the Y.M.C.A. every Wednesday night at 7.00 o'clock.

We plan to start a new Hi-Y at Quinte High School next year, and finish the room in the basement of the "Y" for our own personal use.

KEY CLUB "WE BUILD"

EXECUTIVE 1954

President John Fuke
 Vice-President Larry Langlois
 Secretary Ron Donaldson
 Treasurer Fred Hagerman

EXECUTIVE 1955

President Larry Langlois
 Vice-President Fred Hagerman
 Secretary Andrew Robb
 Treasurer John Fuke
 Staff Advisor Mr. Musgrove
 Kiwanis Advisor Don Rose

In the past year, as always, the Key Club has endeavored to act as a willing right hand to both the faculty and the Belleville Kiwanis Club. Although some of the accomplishments of the club may seem small, we hope that they made the work of others lighter.

At the annual convention of the Key Clubs in Ontario and the Maritimes, held in Windsor, Ontario, the Belleville club won the prize for the best achievement report. The club received recognition at the International Convention when it was given an award for continued outstanding service since its founding.

The highlight of this past year, perhaps, was the forming of a new brother Key Club at Quinte Secondary School. We are proud to say that four of our former members are charter members of this new organization. We hope to work together with this young group on projects, but also to stir up the friendly rivalry that is necessary for advancement.

Last year the Key Club successfully presented its Annual Bunny Hop. The grand door prize was a mantel radio, and, of course, a live rabbit was also given away. Plans are already underway for this year's event, that we hope will be the best yet.

CADET RIFLE SHOOTING

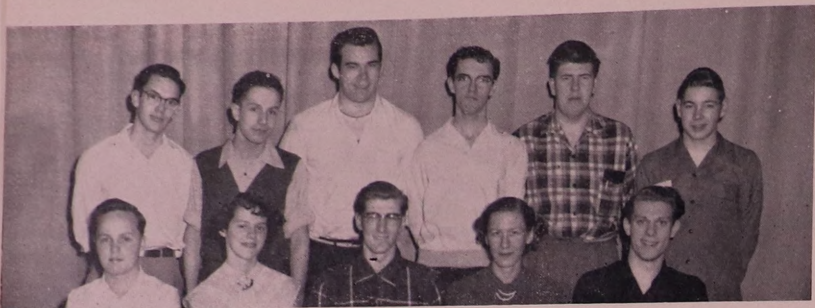
The question around the rifle range has been, "Will anyone score 100 this year?" Bob Owen caused a mild sensation with his 99 in January, but within two weeks he had repeated this score and was joined by John Hunter and Bill Guthridge.

As of February the team this year obtained 28 DCRA crests. Several team members progressed from the "First Class" crest for 10 targets over 80. John Hunter, Bob Owen and Bill Guthridge were the first to obtain the "Distinguished Marksman" crest for 10 targets over 97. These are believed to be the first

of such crests ever to be awarded in the history of B.C.I. & V.S. Alan Daniel and Brian Rodbarb obtained "Expert" crests for 10 over 95. Robert Phillips, Don Wallbridge, Gerald Wallbridge, Jim Wamboldt, Bob Payne, Jim Hill, Ed Green and Vito Targon all obtained the "Marksman" crest for 10 over 90.

In team competitions the scores improved this year to 92 in the Department of Education, DCRA, and RMC competitions.

The weekly prize for high target offered by the Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment has done much to promote interest.



Camera Club — (back row)—D. Catton, J. Hunter, J. Bedford, J. McDonald, D. Heard, A. Daniels.
(Front Row)—C. Parker, E. Craig, N. Smith, Miss St. John, B. Ireland.



Art Club — (back row)—L. Williamson, D. LaFrance, B. Fox, M. Pearce, S. Robson, M. Cook, J. Anderson, B. Payne.
(Front Row)—A. Tooth A. Forrester, Mr. Tindale, M. Garipey, D. Slade.
(Absent)—D. Hales, G. Casey, J. Putman, L. Suro, L. Squire, H. Lewis.



Drama Club—(back row)—R. Watson, B. Ireland, J. MacDonald, J. Buchan, D. James, S. Sutton.
(Front Row)—C. Sills, J. Barber, Mr. Kelso, C. Daniels, P. Freeman.

THE CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club in our school, although formed only two years ago, is becoming increasingly active in school life. At almost every dance and assembly you see the flashes of the club camera and of the many cameras owned by its members. You can see

the rugby field, in the picture box in the main hall. The club has recently begun to develop and print pictures of those interested in that branch of photography. Thus, whether you want to learn about your camera, or to practice picture taking at someone else's expense, the Camera Club is the club for you.

THE B.C.I. ART CLUB REPORTS

This year we in BCI and VS Art Club, would like to bring you a few of the outstanding results which have sprung from our busy preparations in Room 320.

The executive for 1954-1955 is:

President Anne Forrester
Vice-President Marilyn Garipey
Secretary Mary Lou Cook
Staff Advisor Mr. Tindale

The Art Club serves the school by fulfilling its purpose—"To brighten up BCIVS".

The following are some of our activities and accomplishments for this school year. We paint posters and make banners to keep everybody informed of different clubs' activities and to make our halls a little cheerier. We set aside one day a week for working with copper which has proven to be inter-

esting and different. Of course, no one will forget the Commencement formal with the "Fall Theme" decorations to put you "in the mood".

Our plans include the Art Club dance which will be held on March 25. We are looking forward to our annual Art Club party, which was held last year at Presqu'île. Also, we plan to donate two more pictures to the school and so continue our annual project. We all eagerly participate in our sketching trips, in warm weather, which highlight our activities.

At present, we are occupied with the plans for decorating the Spring Fling.

We are a small but active club. New members who have hobbies concerning art, or those who are interested in art work are always welcome. If you would like to be one of us, why not come and join in the fun.

THE DRAMA CLUB

Early in the school year, Mr. Sloan held an organization meeting of the Drama Club. At this meeting, Cynthia Daniels was elected secretary.

On February 3rd and 4th, the club presented as its major production the three-act comedy "More Than Meets the Eye." The play was directed by Mr. Kelso and under his guidance the cast worked their way to two successful performances.

The cast was as follows:

Maude Paula Freeman
Peggy Sharon Sutton
Nora Ruth Watson
Christine Earla Wilson
Stanley Jack McDonald
Bradley John Buchan
Cyril B. Hoskins Robert Ireland
Prudence Harper Constance Sills
Carl Henderson David James
Miss Jenkins Jean Barber
Lawton Ellerbie C. E. Kelso

MAKE-UP

June Ramsbottom - Sandra Winters
Barbara Mackenzie - Beverley Mackenzie
Cynthia Daniels

These girls were our very able make-up crew and did an excellent job of face-painting on the actors.

In charge of properties and as a general jack-of-all-trades, Barbara Robb was a necessary part of the "back stage family".

Hard work by Graham Beeby and his stage crew made everything just a little bit easier for the cast.

It would be impossible to name all the rest who helped make the play a success.

Our plans included the Drama Club presentation in Kampus Kapers.



Band—(Front Row)—C. Kingston, G. Beeby, B. Waite, J. Denyes, D. Camp, S. McLean, M. Grandame, D. Large, D. Lawrence.
 (Centre Row)—B. Davidson, P. Watson, B. Langdon, B. Judge, W. Muirhead, D. Heard, N. Smith, J. McDonald, D. Branscombe, B. Carmichael, B. Cornell, J. Sprague, R. Evans, Mr. Cooper.
 (Back Row)—D. McNevin, G. Tremaine, D. Punchard, T. Hobbs, E. Burt, D. Kingston, B. Deleau, D. Robinson, B. Anderson



String Ensemble—(Back Row)—M. Huddleston, J. Twiddy, G. Reid, J. Rushnell, D. Whitehead, C. Reid.
 (Front Row)—M. Bates, B. Eakins, J. Bowerman.



Glee Club—(Front Row)—B. Judge, W. Muirhead, P. Watson, D. Heard, G. Orr, N. Smith, C. Reid, G. Mastine, B. Ekins, D. Cherry, K. Kappas, K. Van Clief.
 (Second Row)—B. Mastin, B. Rose, B. Payne, A. Tooth, D. La France, R. Angevine, A. Campbell, B. Hughes, C. Pringle, D. Whitehead, P. Squires, C. Poste, J. Whitehead.
 (Third Row)—B. Harvey, J. Ramsbottom, N. Matthews, G. Reid, M. Kane, J. Barber, M. Huddleston, M. Twiddy, J. Shoemaker, R. Watson, B. Davidson, M. Arnott, B. Fairman, H. Bell, J. Bowerman, J. Scott, G. Henricks, S. Cavers, W. Wilkes.

THE ELEVATOR TYPISTS



(Standing)—Shirley Askey, Janet Duesberry, Donna McDonald. (Seated)— Pat Brearley.

B.C.I. and V.S. GLEE CLUB

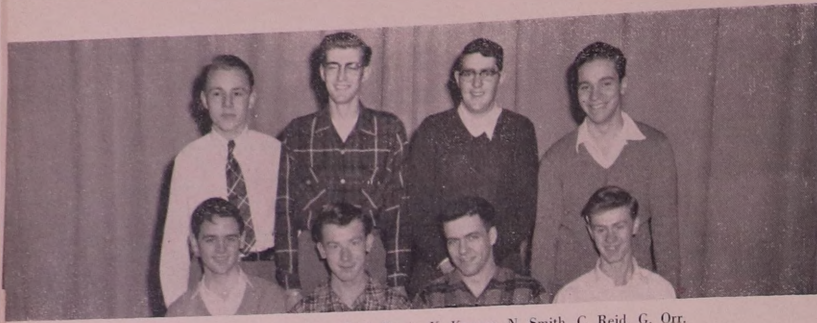
President Neil Smith
Executive
 Vice President Bruce Judge
 Secretary Gloria Reid
 Treasurer Willo Wilkes

Under the excellent direction of Mr. Templer and Mr. Reid The Glee Club meets every Tuesday noon in room 309. The Glee Club, a group of 50, is continually striving for perfection. The group is broken down into 2 or 3 small choruses. These are: the Girl's Chorus, a group of 15; the male double quartette, a group of 8 boys; and the combined Choruses form The Chorallcers. In the fall the Glee Club spent the months of October, November and December preparing a Cantata "The Child Jesus" which they presented at the Christmas Assembly. The Cantata was

one half hour in length and involved the Glee Club and soloists. The soloists were June Bowerman, Suzanne Cavers, Willo Wilkes, Don Cherry, Gordon Orr, and Karl Kappes. Part of the Cantata was taped and broadcast over C.J.B.Q. on Christmas Day. The Glee Club also sang Noel Noel and the Echo Song at the assembly.

After Christmas the Glee Club sang in an assembly while the school inspector was here. The selection they sang was "No Man Is An Island". The Glee Club is to sing three numbers at Kampus Kapers on March the 4th and 5th. "Skip to My Lou", "No Man is an Island", and "I Believe".

The Club is also working on numbers to be presented at a Spring Musicales on April 29. Some of the selections they will sing are Comin' Thru' the Rye, Vaya Con Dios, and Beautiful Saviour.



Boys' Double Quartet—(Back Row)—K. Kappas, N. Smith, C. Reid, G. Orr.
(Front Row)—W. Muirhead, P. Watson, D. Cherry, B. Judge.



Boys' Athletic Society—(Back Row)—T. Batchelor, D. Farnsworth, J. Fuke, P. Bennett, F. Hagerman, G. Beeby, C. Buskard.
(Front Row)—L. Langlois, B. Varcoe, D. Cherry, R. Burtt, F. Deacon.
(Absent)—D. Asselstine, B. Jones, R. Hurst, E. Vaughn, H. M. Townsend.



Girls' Chorus—(Back Row)—S. Cavers, B. L. Harvey, J. Ramshotom, N. Mathews, M. Kane, J. Barber, M. Huddelston, R. Watson, G. Reid, B. Davidson, J. Bowerman.
(Front Row)—B. Rose, W. Wilkes, R. Angevine, Mr. Templer, D. Whitehead, M. Arnott, A. Campbell.

STAGE and SOUND CREWS

BOB OWEN - Stage Manager
ART SUTTON - Sound Manager

MR. E. BURGESS AND MR. N. SHEFFE - ADVISORS
This has been a busy year for our hard working stage and sound crews. Probably the crews are best known for their part in the weekly assemblies. In addition to their Wednesday chore the boys have rendered a remarkable number of services to the school and community. Here are just a few of their jobs:

The Remembrance Day programme, the Commencement Exercises, the plays of the Belleville Theatre Guild, the Friday night dances, the municipal election campaign rally, several dance recitals, Kiwanis Travelogues, Community Concerts, Kampus Kapers, More Than Meets the Eye.

When the boys work for an organization which is not affiliated with the school they are paid two dollars for their efforts. However all services to groups within the school are rendered gratis.

Recently a great deal of new equipment has been added to the auditorium lighting and sound systems. All of this modern apparatus is run expertly by the crews. In their work the boys learn many valuable techniques in the theatrical field.

The sound crew has charge of the B.C.I. & V.S. Record Library. Each club sponsoring a dance donates two records to the library and a watchful eye on the part of the sound crew has allowed the library to grow to an appreciable size.

Long and hard hours have been put in by the boys in the past two trimesters. B.C.I. & V.S. is indeed indebted to this club.

* * *

Signal Club

Since early fall the Signal Club has been learning code and it is expected that they will try their exams for \$20 at the end of February. Six members plan to try the tests.

Practice using 19 and 58 sets, beings after the Easter Exams have been completed. Work has also been done on telephones and telephone exchange work.

It is planned to establish a wireless network across Eastern Ontario. This network will give valuable training as well as serving as an emergency communications system in the event of a disaster.

Missing from the picture are Keith Barnett and Dick Trounce.

* * *

Boy's Double Quartet

In this, its first year, the Boy's Double Quartet, consisting of eight boys from the Glee Club, enjoyed a full schedule. The boys worked hard and produced a well-balanced programme of sea chanties and negro spirituals. The boys contribution to Kampus Kapers was a medley entitled "Music on Parade", consisting



Stage Crew—(front row)—P. Wilson, G. MacDonald, G. Casey.
(Second Row)—B. Owen, A. Sutton, J. Putman, W. Frid.
(Back Row)—B. Jones, R. Jones, B. Skelly.

of Sea Chanties, Negro Spirituals and finishing off with a dramatized Medley of "HMS Pinafore".

* * *

Girls' Chorus

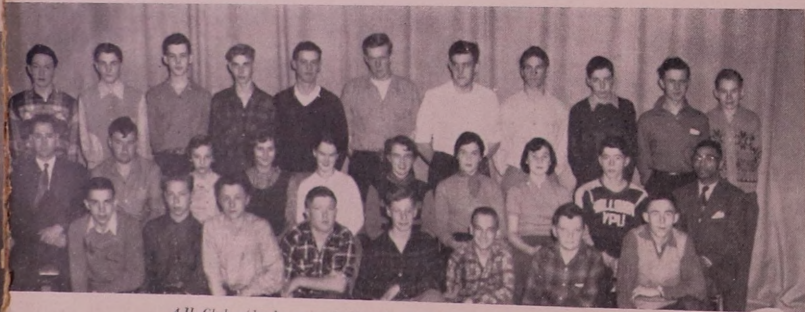
The girls' chorus started again this year, and is off to a wonderful start. The debut of this year's chorus was the assembly of January 19 when they presented Mr. Templer's arrangement of "Steal Away To Jesus". The future plans for this promising group of 15 voices include Kampus Kapers, singing for the Home and School, and for the spring music festival "Music on Parade."



Elevator Assistants—(front row)—J. Anderson, S. Sutton, H. Lewis, J. Evans.
(Back Row)—J. Hurst, J. MacFarlane, I. Bonny, S. Robson, B. Stickle, B. Fox.

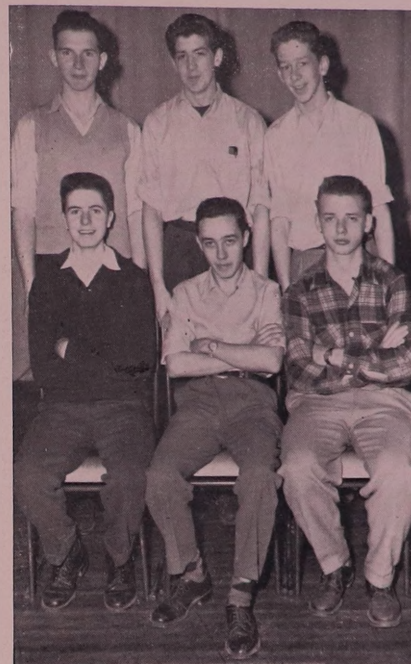


Radio Club—(front row)—P. Sargent, S. Quinn, M. Clarke, C. Parker, P. McLaughlin, N. Osborne, C. McLean.
(Second Row)—J. Salz, S. Sutton, A. Forrester, D. Catton, J. McDonald, N. Smith, P. Gander, B. Ireland, L. Plane, P. Freeman.



4-H Club—(back row)—J. Vermilyea, A. Vanclief, R. Redner, D. Craig, C. Rollins, D. Rollins, E. Emerson, C. Hagerman, R. Carter.
(Second Row)—Mr. Phillips, G. Anderson, G. Thoms, F. Tucker, J. Reid, M. Swan, D. Day, F. Kerr, B. Laing, Mr. Wilson.
(Front Row)—B. Hart, R. Hamilton, G. Tucker, D. Farsyth, R. Green, L. Bradshaw, B. Hall, T. Anderson.

SIGNAL CLUB



Signal Club — (back row)—R. Massey, C. Hall, J. Buchan.
(Front Row)—D. Brackett, B. Carter, B. Morris.

RADIO CLUB

The Radio Club is pleased to report another successful year of Saturday afternoon broadcasting over CJBQ. A number of changes were effected this year, the most important being the merging of "Teens and the Tunes", "Teen Age Blues", and the disc jockey show to form one fifty-five minute production, "BCIVS Studio Party". This programme consists of news from BCIVS and QSS, discussions, talent, interviews with staff members and student personalities, and the latest in recorded music. Five guests also appear on the show each week. Each of them selects a record from the list posted on the studio wall and at the conclusion of the broadcast a prize is awarded to one of the guests.

The executive of this year's Radio Club is as follows:

President Collin Parker
Immediate Past President Sid Allcorn
Secretary Anne Forrester
Treasurer Bob Ireland

Our staff adviser is Mr. E. Weston

The Club is divided into a number of committees, each being responsible for a portion of the programme. These committees and their chairmen are as follows:

Records Dawson Catton
Talent Paula Freeman
News Bob Jordan
Public Relations Neil Smith
Guests Jack McDonald
Problems for discussion Heather Lewis
Panel Peter Gander
Interviews Bob Ireland

The Radio Club wishes to thank all those who have participated in "Studio Party," Mr. Weston, Mr. Musgrove, the various student organizations at BCIVS and QSS, and most of all to Radio Station CJBQ for the facilities placed at our disposal.

B.C.I. FORMS A 4-H CLUB

Last year for the first time, a 4-H Club was formed at BCIVS. Fifteen boys elected Doug Rollins president and Carl Hagerman secretary. Meetings were held at noon hour under the supervision of the representatives from the Dept. of Agriculture. The project taken was an acre of winter wheat each. This wheat was displayed in the cabinet on the third floor, and prize money distributed after totaling scores on field growth, financial statement and judging. Arthur Rupert was the winner this first year.

This year a similar club has been organized with

Roger Redner and Arthur Rupert as President and Secretary.

BCIVS for the second year wore the shield for inter-school competition at the Hastings County Seed Judging Competition. Members of the team, all from A-10, were Earl Sills, Jack Vermilyea, Charlie Rowbotham, Doug Rollins and Roger Redner. The first four have been included in the 10 man team to represent Hastings County at the Ontario Spring Show.

A 4-H tractor club has also been organized with Mr. Wilson's help with Jack Vermilyea as President. This club will complete its functions by the first of June.

WEDNESDAY MORNING ASSEMBLIES

... by Beverly Brown GXIIA

The assemblies this year have not come up to our former standard. On the whole the showed lack of preparation, rehearsal, and certainly, originality. As a suggestion, perhaps there should be debates or speakers. The speakers could be brought from outside the school but BCI & VS shows no lack of talent in public speaking by certain members of the student body.

Would you like to grope through the mists of the past with me and bring back to mind some of the more outstanding assemblies of this school year?

The Student's Council gave a good showing of the school's ability in a talent show. We were treated by a song from some of the songbirds in BCI: June Bowerman, Susie Cavers and Darlene Dalrymple. The inimitable Doug Asselstine made us laugh in his famous pantomimes. Gail Hendrick entertained us with an exhibition of dancing.

We peeked behind the Iron Curtain to watch a brain operation by the most famous surgeons of Moscow. (I was mildly surprised to find their victim did have a brain, seeing that he was stupid enough to put himself in the hands of those certain doctors). In the same assembly, the cheerleaders led us in a few cheers to bolster our school spirit.

The film "A Day in Court" portrayed the seven deadly sins of driving. Of course none of us is guilty of the mistakes that "Nervous Nellie" made, who was afraid of what other drivers were going to do and confused all around her as to what she was doing; or "Mr. Grabber" who became a selfish pig as soon as he got behind the wheel; or the "Show-off" who was too proud of his and his car's accomplishments; or even "Desert Island Daisy" who drove as though she were the only driver on the road. Perhaps we are "Arthur Average" the man who breaks only trifling laws, that is, until he gets caught.

One assembly was the scene of character sketches of the types of students. Did you recognize yourself or your friends? Among them were the "flirts", the "wolves", the "hepcats", the "zoot-suiters", the "squares", the "bobby soxers" and of course the "doll". Was that Eddie Fisher we saw on the stage, girls? Who else would wave at us with a coke bottle?

The Remembrance Assembly was surely a service to remember. The solemn beautiful words brought a tear to many an eye. Many of us could not swal-

low a lump in our throat during the reading of the names of our loved ones killed in action. The hymns and poems of remembrance, the minute of silence, and Reveille are all part of a great tradition.

The Special Commercial Form presented an enjoyable preview of life at Christmas. Darlene Dalrymple sang two songs before the beginning of a very funny skit. The mother of a large family tried to write a poem about Christmas time. During the time she tried to write it, the phone rang, the children fought, the baby wanted a cracker and a boy spilled jam on the floor. She put all her trials and tribulations into her poem.

Our Christmas Assembly was one in a million. The Glee Club presented a marvellous Christmas Cantata under the direction of Mr. Templer. Interspersed between carol singing led by Mr. Read were many worthwhile entertainers. Cara and Greg Butler played the piano for us. Doug Asselstine did act after act in reply to requests for encores. A welcome surprise was an appearance of the Rockefellers, the group which stole our hearts last year.

The Boys' Hi-Y presented the story of Herman Schnickle as played by Doug Asselstine on "Is This A Life?" Pat Smith was the able M.C. in this take-off on a popular TV show. We received a big shock when Bob Gilham was brought out as his mother. His wife and three children and a long time pal were brought out as well.

A unique assembly presented the talents of two of our noted performers in a new and different way when a new comedy act was originated by the team of "Spike and Huck" in the person of Doug Asselstine and Don Cherry. These boys will go far and will be famous some day, I predict.

The finalists in the public speaking contest treated us in a refreshingly different assembly. The speakers were limited to a phase of safety. They were Connie Sills, Ruth Watson and Monica Whalen. All three girls gave excellent speeches but Ruth received a well-deserved first prize.

An entirely different Assembly was presented when for the first time on the BCIVS stage to my knowledge a demonstration of judo was given. Barry and Mary Ann Ray and Sam Gault showed us some of the fascinating fundamentals of a sport as well as a means of protection.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 121)





FRIDAY NIGHT DANCERS

... by Beverly Brown GXIIA

The dances of this school term have been of an unusually high calibre. Perhaps because they have not been so frequent as in other years, more time and preparation was given in order to make them more enjoyable. There was a sharp decline in "hard times" dances, but I am sure this in no way decreased our enjoyment of them. It is pleasant to see our classmates and friends in something other than school clothes and old garments.

The first dance of the year was held on September 24 and was presented by the Students' Council. It was called the "Sweater Swirl" and, as befitted the first dance of the year, a big crowd attended.

The "Dungaree Dance", held on October 1 was the scene of a joint Boys' and Girls' Hi-Y initiation. The girls were dressed in many costumes: tramps; little girls in short plaid skirts, sporting a big bow and carrying a lollypop; and weird combinations of swim suits over long underwear. The girls "bunny-hopped" around the front hall and scrubbed said hall with tooth-brushes. To round out their punishment they had to ask all boys "holding up the walls" to dance. The Hi-Y boys had to run, on their knees all around the corridors. There were some bruised and battered knees next day. They had their ankles tied together with a rope as they walked around the corridors. Their

faces looked like a make-up man's nightmare. Square dancing rounded out an evening of fun.

We shall always remember the "Keyette Kombination Kaper" on Oct. 15 because Hurricane Hazel attended it. A surprising crowd turned out to brave the wind. It was well worth it, for the many novelty dances made this a dance to remember. Will we ever forget the elimination dance that just wouldn't be eliminated. At last the field was decreased to two couples, each of whom won a big prize.

The "Sadie Hawkin's Dance" on November 15 was attended by the usual big crowd. All the girls invited their best beaux to the second "jeans" dance of the year. The inevitable midway was bigger and better this year with portraits, ring-toss, checkers, sand-reading, fortune-telling, and as usual, bingo. We all had lots of fun square dancing with gay abandon. We hummed "Dip and Dive" and "Birdie in the Cage" all the way home.

The "Christmas Can Dance" on December 3 was presented by the Girls' Hi-Y and was attended by the first big snow of the season. As is the custom, the admission was a can of food. These cans of food were donated to an agency to be distributed to the needy people of the district at Christmas-time. We all enjoyed ourselves and contributed to a good cause at the same time.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 123)

WEDNESDAY MORNING ASSEMBLIES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119)

A9 presented something different in the person of Garnet Hart. He accompanied himself on the guitar and sang. We were charmed by the male double quartet singing "Up With the Jolly Roger". In the film "Trigger-Happy Harry" we were shown how *NOT* to handle a gun. Our friend Harry was almost shot, nearly shot someone else and almost had his child shoot himself. With such a serious subject presented so humorously, we will not soon forget its message.

Two members of T10 favoured us with a heartfelt

rendition of "Sisters". Seldom do we see such odd proof of "Sisterly" love.

A gentleman from Northern Electric showed us many fascinating slides of the far North. We saw the seldom seen side of Canada's beautiful northland. If only all geography lessons could be so pleasant!

All the girls of CXA sang "I Vow to Thee, My Country". A new quartet of girls sang "Melody of Love". Edith Dean taught us how to yodel, accompanied by Garnet Hart and his guitar. Mr. Templer played an organ selection for us.

CADET INSPECTION

... by Pauline Gibson GXIA

MAY 7, 1954

It was a perfect day for a parade the boy thought as he marched briskly along. He held himself straight, felt proud of his khaki uniform, neatly pressed, and the polished shoes he wore. Today was no ordinary day, he reflected. As a member of the battalion of five hundred cadets he realized its great importance.

An inspection party consisting of Lt. H. E. Done and Lt. Col. E. S. Fairman with Lt. Col. T. E. Sisson, O.B.E., E.D., reviewed the BCIVS Cadet Corps.

Even the spectators sensed the same excitement as this chap, as they watched the group go through its paces quickly and precisely.

The Cadet Corps was commanded by C.O. Lt. Col. Jack Lafferty. The Second in Command was Ross Burt and the other commanding officers were:

A Company C.O.	Major Lyn Wagar
B Company C.O.	Major Arthur Sutton
C Company C.O.	Major Dick Powell
D Company C.O.	Major George Hosang
Adjutant Captain	Bill Deacon

This year Company D won the Strathcona Cup for being the best company on parade. Congratulations boys!

Among the demonstrations great skill was shown in the signaling and Bren Gun displays.

Last year's inspection certainly was a credit to BCIVS and a lot of thanks must go to the teachers and instructors for the event was regarded as a success by all.

* * *

TWO OFFICERS HONOURED

April 29, 1954.—Today two Master Cadet Gold Stars were received from the Department of National Defence by Mr. J. L. Shiels for presentation to Cadet Major George W. Hosang, and Cadet Major Arthur D. Sutton. The star is the highest cadet honour that one can receive and is presented in recognition of outstanding leadership and citizenship both in the corps and in the school. Congratulations, gentlemen!

FRIDAY NIGHT DANCES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121)

The "Holly Hop" presented by the Elevator on December 17 almost took the place of a New Year's Eve formal. It seemed to have been the best dance of the year, if enthusiastic comments are to be considered. It could not help but be a success with Dan Fairman's orchestra, gyms decorated with Santas, reindeer, and snowflakes, beautifully trimmed Christmas trees and, of course, a visit from St. Nicholas. All those who were brave enough to sit on "Santy's" lap were rewarded with a red and white (and green!) striped candy cane. Souvenir hunters could have their pictures taken with the old gentleman.

The "January Thaw" presented by the Camera Club on January 7 ushered in the new year with a bang. Winners of novelty dances received expensive prizes. A good crowd took advantage of the first dance of the year. An interesting feature of this dance was the first presentation in this school year of a "Paul Jones."

The "O.S.D. Party" presented on Jan. 28th by the combined efforts of the Boy's and Girl's Hi-Y. Admission was by invitation only till nine o'clock when the doors were opened for the others. There were

games in one gym and dancing in the other. It was a great success!

On Feb. 25th the Library Club presented the annual Twirp Dance. The girls all took their favourite beau to the most popular dance of the year. The Club lived up to its promise of no "wallflowers". There were many excellent prizes for novelty dances.

On Mar. 25th the Art Club celebrated the end of exams with the Recovery Rolic. The club did a wonderful job in tastefully decorating the gyms with all the banners advertising previous dances.

Among many beautiful prizes was a jewellery box containing a pearl necklace and ear-rings.

We all showed up at this dance to kick our heels in a fling of joy—before we received the results of the exams!

On April 1st, the only "April Fools" were those who did not come to the Key Club's "Bunny Hop". At this dance the great novelty dance the "Bunny Hop" was introduced. We were all out of breath and panting with exhaustion after this violent dance was over. It was fun, Key Club—and nobody was "April Fooled"!



KAMPUS KAPERS . . . by Barbara Stickle

The 1955 presentation of Kampus Kapers was "bigger and better than ever" in keeping with traditions of performances in previous years. Music, gymnastics and comedy combined to make an outstanding student production.

Master of Ceremonies for the show was Sid Allcorn and as the curtain went up, the entire cast was shown on stage giving voice to a musical welcome.

The Glee Club then took the stage rendering beautifully three numbers including a gay "Skip to my Lou."

Sports took the spotlight as Form Technical 12 presented "Statuetts."

Next were the very well-known Rockefellers harmonizing on Cool Cool Water and a negro spiritual.

A contrast, but still very much in harmony, was provided by the Boys' Tumbling Club in the form of mat work.

This display was followed by a male teachers' chorus proclaiming that "A teacher's lot is not a happy one."

The scenes were changed for a skit presented by the B.C.I.V.S. Drama Club under the direction of Mr. W. Walker.

Then Mary Anne Ray, Barry Ray and Bill Gault presented a unique exhibition of Judo. This exhibition ended the first half of the great show.

During intermission the B.C.I.V.S. Band provided a pleasant musical interlude.

As the curtain went up for the final half, the audience was able to see "Through the Gym Window 1999" to a girl's P.T. class. Meteorites, Flying Saucers and Robots" performed rhythmic gymnastics.

Then the Glee Club regained the Spotlight, this time featuring the Girls' Ensemble, a Male Quartette and the Choraleers.

Once again, the teachers took the stage and presented a skit entitled "A Day in the Life and Hard Times of W. W. W. Walker Esq." For the students attending the performances, this seemed to be the highlight. Indeed, it was delightful and comical to see Mr. Linton Read with a mouthful of gum; Mr. Kelso shooting paper airplanes; Mr. Stirling leading a cow into the class room and Miss St. John a victim of her own fate, Chemistry.

In a more serious view, Greg and Cara Butler rendered two piano duets: "Dancing Doll" and "Seguidilla".

Then comedy took the spotlight again in a routine called "Huck and Spike" and starring Don Cherry and Doug Aselstine.

Finally, a grand display of "Pyramids" was presented by the Pyramid Club.

Then, the cast all returned to the stage for the Finale of a marvellous performance of Kampus Kapers.

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

. . . by Barbara Stickle

The B.C.I.V.S. Drama Club presented "More Than Meets the Eye" on Thursday and Friday evenings of February 3rd and 4th.

The play, produced and directed by Mr. C. E. Kelso, was attractively set in the home of Stanley Nichols, in a small mid-western town. Stanley, a budding author played by Jack MacDonald, had been given a year in which to prove himself as a philosophic writer. In the interim, however, Stanley was writing a series of children's books under the pen-name of Grandma Letty. This led to complication in the plot.

Christine, Stanley's very charming wife portrayed by Earla Wilson, and their modern teen-age niece Peggy, played by Sharon Sutton, of whom Chris, and Stanley were guardians, had to keep up a false front to hide the fact from Nora, a friend and neighbor played by Ruth Watson, and from Brad, Peggy's boy friend played by John Buchan.

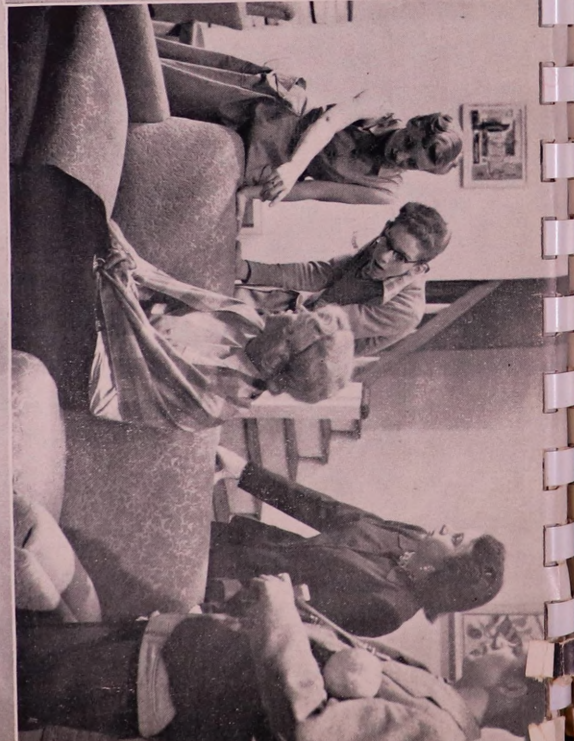
The secret was climaxed by the selection of Grand-

ma Letty as "Grandmother of the Year." Cyril B. Hoskins, Stanley's publisher played by Robert Ireland, was sent to award the plaque on behalf of Lawton Ellerbie and coming with Mr. Hoskins were reporter Prudence Harper, played by Constance Sills, photographer Carl Henderson, played by David James and Miss Jenkins, a news reel photographer played by Jean Barber.

Stanley tried to persuade Maude, their maid, portrayed by Paula Freeman, to dress up as Grandma Letty but Maude, in her characteristic shuffle "skipped" out of the disguise.

As a last resort, Stanley disguised himself as Grandma Letty and met Mr. Hoskins who fell in love with "her" and immediately proposed marriage. However, this complication was resolved by a bit of brandy and the removal of Mr. Hoskins to Nora's home.

Finally, Chris persuaded Stanley to reveal all about Grandma Letty, thereby proving there was "more than meets the eye."



Compliments of
**F. W. Woolworth
Co., Limited**

Compliments of
**Industria! Acceptance Corporation
Limited**

Compliments of
**S. S. KRESGE CO.
LIMITED**

Compliments of
E. ORMONDE BUTLER, Q.C.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC
Belleville, Ontario

Compliments of
**The Bell Shirt Company
Limited**

Compliments of
Dyble's Leather Goods
BELLEVILLE'S GIFT SHOP
AND
LEATHER SPECIALISTS
"A Grip for Every Trip"
186 Front Et. - Phone WO 2-3066

Compliments of
Edward E. Follwell
♦
BARRISTER - SOLICITOR
NOTARY PUBLIC

Underwood MEANS TYPEWRITERS
*There are more Underwood
typewriters in offices.*
Good positions await Underwood-trained
typists. Rent an Underwood for home
practice from the nearest Underwood
office.
Underwood Limited
135 VICTORIA STREET (EM 47431)
TORONTO 1

ASHLEY FURS

• CUSTOM FURRIERS •

294 Front St. - 323 Coleman St.
Belleville, Ontario

Don's Cigar Store

and
NOVELTY SHOP
Headquarters in Belleville for
JOKE NOVELTIES

Phone WO 8-7291
30 Bridge St. E. Belleville, Ontario

Compliments of

Reddick's Bakery

◆
CAKES — BREAD
PIES

Phone WO 8-6543 304 Front St.

Compliments of

O. Hales Grocery Store

◆ ◆ ◆
141 VICTORIA AVENUE

Phone WO 8-6405

CHAS. L. HYDE AND SON LIMITED

PLUMBING AND HEATING

◆
RURAL WATER SYSTEMS

Phone WO 2-1900

Compliments of

Foley Foundry & Machine Co. Ltd.

FOUNDRYMEN

MACHINISTS

WELDERS

W. H. OLIPHANT

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

292 Front St.

◆
WIRING - FIXTURES
SUPPLIES

Alma College

St. Thomas, Ontario
RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Founded in 1877

Grades VII to XIII and Courses in Secretarial,
Interior Decoration, Home Economics,
Music, Dramatics, Fine Art

For information and Prospectus please write
MRS. STEELE SIFTON, B.A., B.Ed.,
PRINCIPAL

OPENS SEPTEMBER 8, 1955

THIS IS THE HUMOR SECTION

A motorist on a dirt highway was busily engaged with a spade in the mud beside his car when a stranger asked him:

"Stuck in the mud?" he asked.

"Oh no," the motorist explained cheerfully. "My engine just died and I'm digging a grave."

★ ★ ★

Two moonshiners were discussing their operations. "When I take my stuff into town" one of them explained, "Ah always drives mighty slow—about 20 miles per hour."

"Skeered o' the law?" the other jeered.

"Nope", answered the first. "Gotta age the stuff, hain't ya?"

★ ★ ★

There was a pool player named Hugh
Whose golf shots did sure go askew,
Till he got on his knees
And said: "Caddy, please—
No putter! Just hand me my cue!"

"Pilot to control tower! Pilot to control tower; I'm coming in, please give landing instructions."

"Control tower to pilot! Control tower to pilot! Why are you yelling so loud?"

"Pilot to control tower! I don't have a radio!"

★ ★ ★

The blacksmith was instructing a novice in the way to treat a horseshoe.

"I'll bring the shoe from the fire and lay it on the anvil. When I nod my head, you hit it with this hammer."

The apprentice did exactly as he was told, but he'll never hit a blacksmith again!

★ ★ ★

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"GIMME a match, I think my gas tank is empty."

"GOSH, wife, these biscuits are tough."

"If you knew anything you wouldn't be a traffic cop."



Compliments
of

BELLE
CAPITOL
McCARTHY
THEATRES

Compliments
of

MAC SMITH
Service Station

★

Dundas at Foster



**COURSES FOR THE
BACHELOR'S DEGREE**
Arts • Science • Commerce
Journalism • Public Administration

GRADUATE COURSES
Public Administration

CERTIFICATE COURSES
Engineering • Public Service
Studies

**SINGLE SUBJECTS
DAY AND EVENING CLASSES
SCHOLARSHIPS • BURSARIES**

Information from the Registrar

Carleton College
OTTAWA

Compliments of

BELLEVILLE WHOLESALE
ASSOCIATION

- BLACK'S WHOLESALE
- COOK'S WHOLESALE
- NATIONAL GROCERS LTD.
- YORY TRADING LTD.

"For months I couldn't discover where my wife
was spending her evenings."
"How'd you find out?"
"One night I went home, and there she was!"

* * *

Panhandler: "Mister, I haven't tasted food in five
days."

Man: "Don't worry, it still tastes the same!"

* * *

Tom: "Do men like gabby wives or the other kind."
Dick: "What other kind?"

* * *

"Choose your weapons, you skunk."
"If I were a skunk, I wouldn't need weapons."

* * *

A little girl came running into the grocery store.
"Mummy found a fly in the raisin bread," she yelled.
"Well, bring it in," said the grocer, "and we'll give
you a raisin for it."

* * *

"Hey," cried Satan to the new arrival.
"You act as if you own the place."
"I do," came the reply. "My wife gave it to me
before I came."

* * *

"It's my husband, Jacob, I'm worried about. He
thinks he's a chicken. What should I do?"
"Have him put away," said the psychiatrist.
"What? With eggs at 90 cents a dozen?"

* * *

Wife: "Dear, I'm sorry I had to call you at your
office but a special delivery letter just arrived for
you marked 'private and personal'."
Husband: "Yes? What does it say?"

* * *

Silly Sally thinks that an autobiography is the life
story of a car.

* * *

Sometimes it is better to remain silent and be
thought dumb than to speak and remove all doubt.

* * *

She: "I was kindhearted today and gave a bum
twenty dollars."

Her: "What did your boyfriend say?"

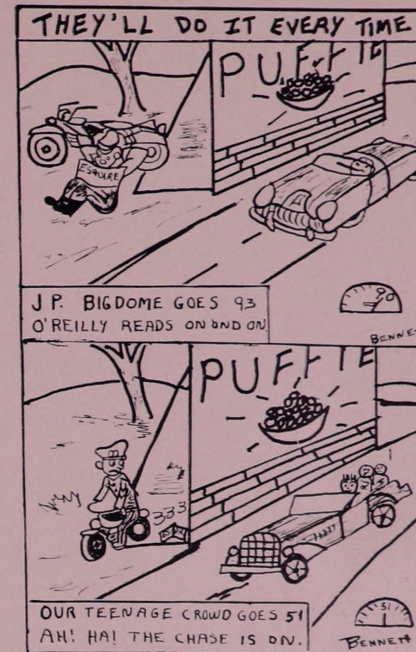
She: "He thanked me!"

* * *

The Sunday School teacher was reviewing a lesson.
"Who led the children of Israel out of Egypt?" No
answer.

So she pointed to a boy at the back of the room
and asked him.

"It wasn't me," he said timidly; "We just moved
here last week. We're from Missouri."



A reckless driver is one who passes you on the
highway, in spite of all you do.

* * *

"Lady," pleaded the panhandler, "could you give me
something to eat?"

"Have you no work?"

"Kind lady, I'm an artist."

"How charming. What kind of artist?"

"I make house-to-house canvasses."

* * *

Lulu: "Isn't it remarkable how Alice keeps her
age?"

Jean: "Sure is. She hasn't changed it for ten
years."

* * *

There were two Englishmen on a train.
The conductor called the next station "Wembly".
First Englishman: "That's funny, I thought it was
Thursday."

Second Englishman: "So am I. Let's have a drink."

* * *

Capt.: "Fire at will."
G.I.: "Where's Will?"

All Forms of General Insurance

Let Us Insure Your Cameras, Sporting

Equipment, Bicycles etc. on an

"All Risks" basis

Belleville's Largest Insurance Office



Lorne McDougall

Insurance Agencies Limited



150 Front St.

Phone WO 8-5728

ST. LAWRENCE CONTRACTING COMPANY, LIMITED

GENERAL CONTRACTORS

21 WALLBRIDGE ROAD

PHONE WO 8-5783

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

Compliments of

Graham Food Products

LIMITED

367 Front St.

Phone WO 8-6237

Compliments of

BISHOPS

"The Seed People"

A PUN MY WORD

Fascinate—I have nine buttons on my vest but I only fascinate.

Official—If you put a worm on your hook official bite it.

Paradox—We have three chickens, one turkey and a paradox.

* * *
Secretary: "Where did you work last?"
Applicant: "In Des Moines."
Secretary: "Coal or Iron?"

* * *
Smart Alec: "How much are your four dollar pairs of shoes?"

Wise Clerk: "Two dollars a foot."

* * *
It often shows a fine command of language to say nothing.

* * *
A politician is a man who works his gums before election and gums the works afterward.

* * *
Joe: "Why is the school yard always larger at recess?"

Jack: "I give up."

Joe: "Because there are more feet in it."

* * *
Bud: "I notice you are taking \$3,000 for tips off your income tax. You can't do that."

Lou: "Why not? I haven't had a winning horse all season."

* * *
Friend: "Your wife is a very interesting speaker, I could listen to her all night."
He: "I have to!"

* * *
Sarge: "What's the first thing you do when you clean a rifle?"

Rookie: "Look at the number on it?"

Sarge: "What's that got to do with it?"

Rookie: "I'm going to be darn sure I'm cleaning my own gun."

* * *
"You've been eating oranges."

"How can you tell?"

"You've got skin all over your face."

* * *
Size 46: "Today in the bus three men got up and offered me their seats."

Size 32: "Oh, two would have been enough."

* * *
Hitting the ceiling is no way to get up in the morning!

* * *
First Dame: "Can you tell by your husband's face if he's lying?"

Second Dame: "Oh, yes. If his lips are moving, he is."



Sue: "I have been having a terrible tussle with my dentist."

Ann: "Who won?"

Sue: "It ended in a draw!"

* * *
Moe: "A friend of mine told me I look just like you."

Joe: "That so? What did you say?"

Moe: "What could I say? He was bigger'n me!"

* * *
Ann: "I hear your father-in-law has cut you out of his will."

Jim: "That's all right—I'm teaching him how to play dice."

* * *
Cub Reporter: "How do they figure the population of a Swiss village?"

Experienced: "Count the number of echoes and divide by the number of mountains."

* * *
A lady had just purchased a postage stamp at a substation.

"Must I stick it on myself?" she asked the clerk.

"Positively not, madam," replied the postal clerk. "It will accomplish more if you stick it on the envelope."

MEDALS
TROPHIES
PENNANTS
CLASS PINS
PRIZE CUPS
PRIZE RIBBONS
RIBBON STREAMERS
FELT EMBROIDERED AND
CHENILLE CRESTS
CELLULOID BUTTONS
CRESTED SWEATSHIRTS
SCHOOL INSIGNIA JEWELRY

TROPHY-CRAFT LIMITED

102 Lombard St. Toronto

Compliments of

Smith Bus Line Limited

BELLEVILLE-PICTON BUS SERVICE

CHARTER TRIPS



W. W. PURDY, MANAGER

PHONE WO 8-8979

BELLEVILLE COBOURG
Phone WO 8-5853 Phone WO 8-5853

McINTOSH BROS.

STORES LIMITED

Dry Goods

Men's & Boys' Wear

Women's & Children's Wear

Gloves & Hosiery

Floor Coverings - First Floor Rear
House Furnishings Department - Second Floor

257 FRONT STREET
BELLEVILLE

Compliments of

YOUR BELLEVILLE DRUGGIST

Always Ready to Serve You

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TEMPS



The family was seated at the table with a guest, who was a business acquaintance of Dad's, all ready to enjoy the meal, when the five-year-old son blurted out:

"Why Mother, this is roast beef!"

"Yes," answered the mother, "what of it?"

"Well, Pop said this morning that he was going to bring a big fish home for dinner tonight."

★ ★ ★

LADY OF THE HOUSE: "If you really want work, Farmer Gray wants a right-hand man."

WANDERER: "Just my luck, lady; I'm left handed."

★ ★ ★

"You hammer nails like lightning."

"I'm fast, you mean?"

"No, you never strike twice in the same place."

★ ★ ★

SALESMAN: "I say, sonny, is your mother at home?"

SMALL BOY: "Yes, sir."

SALESMAN (after knocking in vain): "I thought you said she was home."

SMALL BOY: "Yes, sir, but I don't live here."

★ ★ ★

DAUGHTER: "Father, why was Adam made first?"
FATHER: To give him a chance to say a few words."

STUDENT: "What do you think of our little college town?"

VISTOR: "It certainly is 'unique'."

STUDENT: "What do you mean by 'unique'?"

VISITOR: "It's from the Latin 'unus' meaning one and 'equis' meaning horse."

★ ★ ★

ABSENT-MINDED PROF: "I forgot to take my umbrella this morning."

WIFE: "When did you miss it?"

PROF: "When I reached up to close it after the rain had stopped."

★ ★ ★

TEACHER: "How is it that your homework sums were all correct?"

PUPIL: "Dad is away from home."

★ ★ ★

PROFESSOR: "Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a predicate."

STUDENT: "I have, professor."

PROFESSOR: "What is it?"

STUDENT: "Thirty days."

★ ★ ★

POLICEMAN: "Miss, you were doing sixty miles an hour!"

SHE: "Oh, isn't that splendid! I only learned to drive yesterday."

★ ★ ★

TEACHERS "You are the laziest boy in the world. Is there anything you're quick at?"

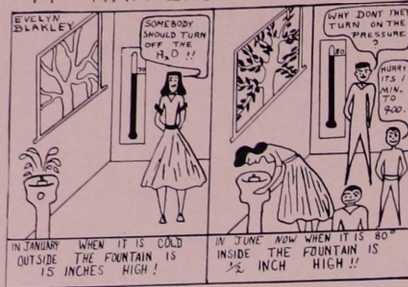
STUDENT: "Yes, I get tired awful fast."

THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME



Myrtle Ann
1920

IT HAPPENS EVERY YEAR



A conscience is a kill-joy!
It takes away the fun
You had in doin' somethin'
Ya shouldn't oughta done!

★ ★ ★

CASEY JONES

An old Indian took his watch to be repaired. When the jeweller took the back off, a dead bug fell out. The Indian, astonished, exclaimed, "Ugh! . . . No wonder watch stopped . . . engineer dead."

★ ★ ★

A FRANK FELLOW

MRS. GIBBS: "My husband calls a spade a spade."
MRS. NIBBS: "So does mine. We don't have a garden either. But you ought to hear what he calls a lawnmower."

★ ★ ★

SILLY QUESTION

The traveller rushed up to the station window and gasped, "Give me a round-trip ticket, quick."
"Where to?" asked the agent.
"Back here, you dope."

★ ★ ★

FALL GUY

"Oh mother, look at that kind man!"
"Why, Betsy, what is he doing?"
"He's sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana peel."

★ ★ ★

A man bought a canary from a pet store.
"You're sure this bird can sing?" he said suspiciously.
"He's a grand singer."
The customer left. A week later he reappeared.
"Say! This bird you sold me is lame!"

★ ★ ★

CAPTAIN OF SINKING DESTROYER: "Does anyone know how to pray?"
SEAMAN: "I do."
CAPTAIN: "Well, you pray and the rest of us will put on life belts. We're one shy."

"See this watch, shipmate? It's been pawned for \$400."

"Four hundred dollars, Sailor? Heck it looks like an ordinary five-or-ten-dollar watch to me."

"It is. But it's been in hock two hundred times, at two bucks a time."

★ ★ ★

You can flunk out of school for getting an "A" in spelling; any modern dictionary will show you that there is no "A" in spelling.

★ ★ ★

If you lend a friend five dollars and you never see him again, it was worth it.

★ ★ ★

Give a woman an inch and she gets the idea she is a ruler.

★ ★ ★

The height of bad luck—seasickness with lockjaw

★ ★ ★

One thing about baldness—it's neat.

★ ★ ★

Grandpa, did you once have hair like snow?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, who shovelled it off?"

★ ★ ★

"This plant," said Mr. Hill, "belongs to the begonia family."

"I see," said the lady, "How kind of you to look after it for them while they are away."

★ ★ ★

A little girl of five was entertaining the callers while her mother was getting ready. One of the ladies remarked to the other with a significant look, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the last word.

"No", replied the child quickly, "but awful s-m-a-r-t."

★ ★ ★

He: "If I stopped a man from beating a donkey, what trait would I show?"

Him: "Brotherly love!"

★ ★ ★

TEACHER: What part of speech is 'nose'?"

STUDENT: "None. You speak with your mouth."

★ ★ ★

Yes, it's the woman who pays and pays.
Of course, she uses her husband's money.

★ ★ ★

Perhaps the straight and narrow path would be wider if more people used it.

★ ★ ★

I haven't worked in pictures with my wife because of sinus trouble—no one will sign us!

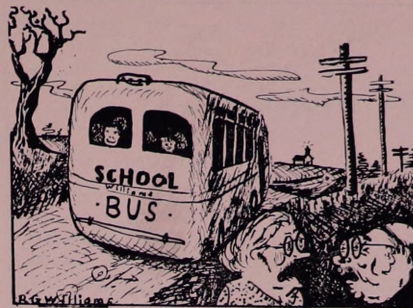
★ ★ ★

TEACHER: "What is a cannibal, Johnny?"

JOHNNY: "I don't know."

TEACHER: "Well, if you ate your Mother and Father, what would you be?"

JOHNNY: "An orphan."



"Now that they go to school in buses, they need gyms to exercise."

★ ★ ★

A mountaineer took his son to school to enrol him.
"My boy's after larkin. What dya have?" he asked the teacher.

"We offer English, trigonometry, and spelling," she replied.

"Well, give him some of that there trigonometry; he's the worst shot in the family."

★ ★ ★

AUNTIE: "When I was a child I was told that if I made ugly faces my face would stay like that."

LITTLE PAMELA: "Well, you can't say you weren't warned, Auntie."

★ ★ ★

SERGEANT: "Why is it important not to lose your head in an attack?"

RECRUIT: "Because that would leave no place to put the helmet."

★ ★ ★

GOLFER: "Boy, how many did I take to do that hole?"

CADDIE: "I'm sorry, sir, I only went to a primary school."

★ ★ ★

TEACHER: "Now, class, there is a wonderful example in the life of the ant. Every day the ant goes to work and works all day. Every day the ant is busy. And in the end what happens?"

JOHNNY: "Someone steps on him."

★ ★ ★

COWBOY: "What kind of a saddle do you want—one with a horn or without?"

DUDE: "Without, I guess. There doesn't seem to be much traffic on these prairies."

THE SONG OF MY SKATE

*With winter comes the snow and ice,
The time of year which is so nice,
For then one can get out and skate,
And practice up the figure eight.
My speed is slow but soon increases,
When all at once my movement ceases.
As with a loud resounding smack,
I hit the ice, upon my back.*

*That self-same day I tried once more
But still I seemed to hit the floor,
Each time I'd rise and try again
And yet I did not feel the pain.
But when next morning my sleep was broken,
I found that I, too soon, had spoken.*

BARBARA PRATT, C-9-B.

★ ★ ★

Diner: "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse."
Waiter: "Well you couldn't have come to a better place!"

★ ★ ★

He: "Do you enjoy my company?"
She: "I don't know, what company are you with?"

★ ★ ★

Nell: "Why are you learning French?"
Bess: "Because my dog is a French poodle, and the little dear can't understand English."

★ ★ ★

Wife: "Darling, I made a cake and the dog ate it."
Husband: "That's all right, dear, we can always get another dog!"

★ ★ ★

She: "Heavens! I can't see my hand in front of my face!"

He: "Why not?"

She: "It isn't there."

★ ★ ★

She: "That speaker last night sure made a hit."

Her: "What did he talk about?"

She: "About five minutes!"

★ ★ ★

Warden: "You say you have a complaint to make? Well, what is it?"

Convict: "There ain't enough exits, sir."

★ ★ ★

Doctor: "And there's really no reason to worry about that habit of talking to yourself."

Patient: "Perhaps not, but I'm such a bore."

★ ★ ★

Will: "I just got a \$5,000 check from home."
Bill: "Good! Now you can pay me the \$5.00 you owe me."

Will: "Why don't you wait till I finish the rest of the dream."

Autographs Autographs Autographs Autographs Autographs Autographs Autographs Autographs Autographs Autographs Autographs

W. G. Johnson

**CANADA'S
FIRST
CHOICE!**



because it's the best
milk chocolate made

Neilson's...THE QUALITY CHOCOLATE BARS

