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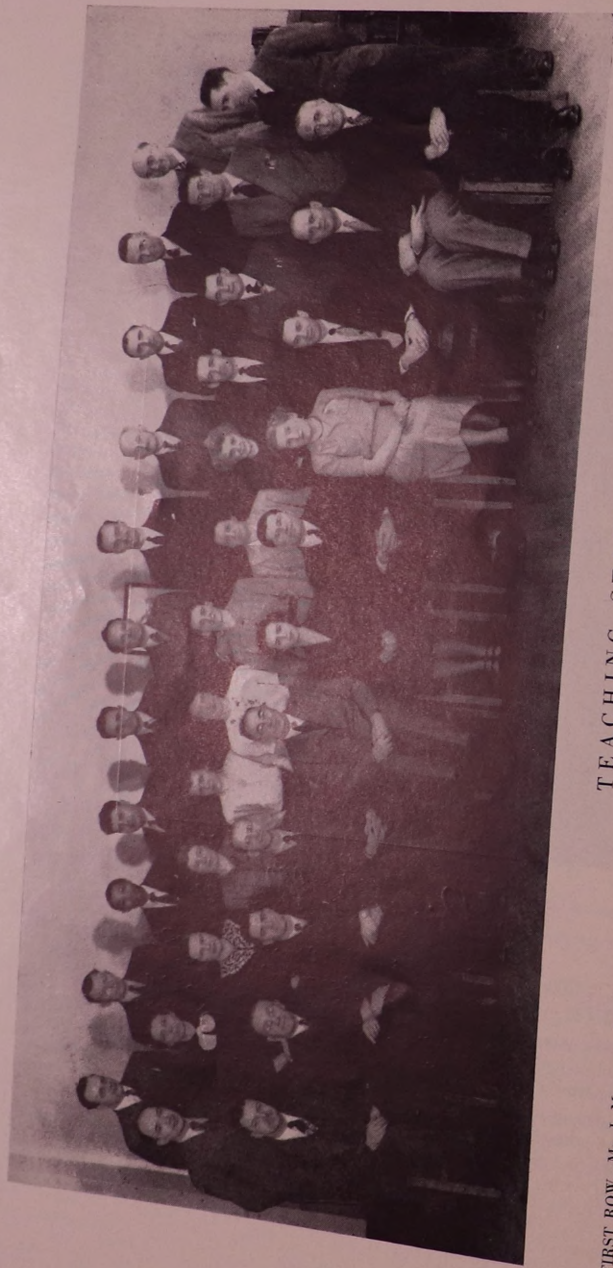


The Principal's Message

In their selection of such a very important theme as "Teacher-Pupil Relations" for this year's ELEVATOR our year book staff seems to be directing attention to that sound educational principle that recognizes the great importance of the interaction of personalities and which underlies all true education, namely, that teachers and pupils, are partners in the educative process. Through the extensive curricular and extra-curricular programme in which our students participate the physical, social, aesthetic, emotional and spiritual as well as the intellectual values enter into the building of character which should express itself in well integrated and adjusted personalities.

(Continued on page 6)

Three



TEACHING STAFF

FIRST ROW—Mr. J. Musgrove, Mr. H. Smith, Mr. L. Reid, Mr. M. Hancock, Mr. A. Archibald, Miss E. Smith, Mr. C. Currie, Miss E. Groat, Mr. D. Stirling,
 SECOND ROW—Mr. Lambert, Miss Silvester, Miss Barlow, Miss H. McLaren, Miss Linnen, Miss M. McKinney, Miss Martinson, Miss Davidson, Miss N. Merry,
 THIRD ROW—Mr. Anderson, Mr. H. Townsend, Mr. Wilson, Mr. C. Herd, Mr. H. Bates, Mr. N. Reid, Mr. Field, Mr. Youdale, Mr. Mott, Mr. Burgess, Mr. C. Templer.

"MEET YOUR NEW TEACHERS"

By PAT MOORE

When a student approaches a teacher and asks for an interview the situation is something akin to a sparring partner suddenly challenging the champ to a round or two. The results depend mainly on the champ's personality. He may gaze coldly at his sparring partner for daring to step out of line, he may distrust him and suspect ulterior motives, or he may go along with the gag for laughs. I was the student, and I met all these receptions.

Miss McKinney and I have never quite been sparring partners, but we have been dancing partners in P.T. class. Miss McKinney is particularly interested in Scandinavian dances. When she taught at Markham High near Toronto, she belonged to a group of people who shared this same interest, but since she has been at B.C.I. she has been deprived of this pleasure. However, when I mentioned the "Insanity Square" as a likely place to pursue her dancing, she did not seem too impressed.

Despite the students Miss McKinney likes to teach at B.C.I. As a matter of fact Miss McKinney likes teaching. Not only is she a teacher but she is a student also. At night she attends classes in woodworking. I wonder if Miss McKinney strikes her teacher as a blushing young schoolgirl, — or have you never seen her blush.

Sailing down the hall, I encountered Mr. Wilson, the motor mechanics instructor. At the mention of the word "interview" I thought he was going to call his lawyer. Instead he told me to bother him another day. Which I did.

With some misgivings I turned back to the weaker sex for moral support, and found it in Miss Davidson. We talked of many things; of Fort William Vocational School where she used to teach, of Queen's where she got her

degree, and her aspirations to be a Commercial Specialist, but mostly of her hobby. Miss Davidson's hobby is called Lapidary; that is polishing and shaping semi-precious stones. Imagine being able to make your own jewelry!

Next on the agenda was Mr. Field. I do not know yet who interviewed who, but Mr. Field impressed me as a man who finds pleasure in everything he does. Outdoor sports are his main interests with the accent on skating. These have given way to a livelier interest however—his one year old son. After being a banker and a soldier, Mr. Field has decided to stick to teaching. Before he joined the throngs in our overcrowded corridors, Mr. Field taught in Bancroft. He prefers B.C.I.

My next encounter with Mr. Wilson led to another postponement of our interview as his wife was deathly ill.

Mr. Bradley gave me no trouble at all. He was so exhausted after the work he had done producing the school play "And Came the Spring" plus the addition of a blessed event that he did not resist. After having some experience at teaching as a pilot instructor in the Air Force, Mr. Bradley decided to be a teacher. Now he wants to be a better teacher. Relaxation to him means books and swimming. Like most of us he laments the fact that Belleville has no swimming pool.

Once more I assailed Mr. Wilson, but the poor man suffered a lapse of memory at the sight of me, and we were forced to postpone our interview.

The pages of the McMaster yearbook have been leafed through often and many an "oh!" and "ah!" has been heard over such words as lovelorn and BOO-BOO. Who is BOO-BOO? Why Mr. Erwin, of course. Our interview was more of an inquisition and just as informative. He is hobbyless, ambitionless, and wifeless. His spare time is spent in puttering about the lab or in sports. Mr. Erwin seemed sure of one thing. His marital status is nil and will remain so for some time.

As for Mr. Wilson. He is a procrastinator, he detests interviews, and grows ill at the sight of . . . Pat Moore.

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

(Continued from page 3)

The finest in Teacher-Pupil co-operation this year has enabled our school through its student council to draft and pass the constitution, to launch the playing field project and to raise a substantial sum of money to be applied to it. Our Senior Boys' Basketball team has achieved the coveted C.O.S.S.A. championship and will soon be competing for the provincial playoff. We have reason to be proud of them.

Academically, our graduating students have achieved high standing. They have claimed the Carter Scholarships and the Dominion-Provincial Bursaries. They merit our admiration.

These achievements are all helping to build a rich tradition into B.C.I.V.S. that should make every student proud to belong to it. They should inspire the entire student body to rise to new heights of endeavour and to build a soul into this school which will identify its students as the kind of persons who will never be satisfied with anything less than their very best.

G. E. CURRIE

THE OFFICE STAFF

Who do you see when you're late, who do you see when you want an out-slip, who hands you all those forms to be filled out in triplicate? Why, the girls in the office, of course. Marion Gerow and Betty Gibson do most of the clerical work for B.C.I. This is no easy task when you consider the size of the school.

Did you ever wonder what happened to the pink and blue slips which go to the office? The girls look them over, record the absentees and cache them away. B.C.I. need never worry about a coal shortage. We have enough blue, pink and yellow slips to keep the school warm for a month.

Perhaps it is because both Betty and Marion are graduates of B.C.I. that causes them to take an apparent interest in their work. In any case, you always receive a pleasant smile when you go to the office even if your mission isn't pleasant.

Miss Keeler works afternoons in the Guidance Office. She answers the phone, types, and generally makes herself indispensable. Miss Keeler is always very helpful when you go to the office for information for guidance projects.

Six

JANITORS

Every year, when we start to school in the fall, we find the hard-working janitors in the corridors. They are here year after year just as sure as exams. However, it is a pleasure to see their familiar faces again. For many of the students in Grade 9 who have not yet come to know the caretakers by name we take this opportunity of introducing them to you.

Mr. Thurston, our present building superintendent, began his duties in 1943. He is in charge of the supervision of the janitors and the maintenance of the school building. Ray Allin, on first floor, came to B.C.I. in 1941. He has the distinction of being in the school longer than any other member of the caretaking staff. On the second floor is Harry Taylor, who started work shortly after Mr. Allin. Since 1944, the man on the third floor has been John Hagerman. Recently Bert Miller became our relief man. He relieves the other caretakers so that they do not work more than forty-eight hours a week.

The students should appreciate this excellent staff which keeps the class rooms and corridors of our school neat, clean, and in good repair.

IN THE EDITOR'S CONFIDENCE

Every year this section contains thanks to the many people who have helped produce the ELEVATOR. This year is no exception. . . . We especially want to thank Professor Diltz of the College of Education for the inspiration he gave us. We realize that our magazine does not live up to the standard he set, but we hope that it shows some signs of improvement. . . . William Riley, our photographer, deserves our heartfelt thanks for his advice and assistance in arranging for the engraving of the photos. . . . We must express appreciation for the typing that the commercial department has done for us, and for the assistance that the Ontario Intelligencer gave us.

The unsigned articles represent the work of the staff members of the ELEVATOR. Three outstanding contributors were David Lawrence, Joan Allen and Pat Moore. Pauline Sprague and Eleanor Sprague deserve credit for their work on the Editors' Convention. To all these people and many others we extend our sincerest appreciation.



ELEVATOR STAFF

FIRST ROW—E. Robbins, H. Buchanan, M. Blatherwick, J. Allen, C. Wishart, D. Joss, Jay Howard, S. Robinson, J. Smale.

SECOND ROW—Mr. Read, P. Sprague, P. Moore, H. Weston, E. McCormick, B. Arnott, B. Dix, M. Lennox, J. Burrows, B. Wilson, E. Boyle, E. Bernstein, E. Sprague.

THIRD ROW—Ron Belnap, W. Lavergne, J. Fink, J. Scriven, M. Taylor, A. James, W. Lazenby, M. Andrews, W. Harbeck, D. Rose, R. Hall, Mr. Archibald.

EDITORIALS

The theme of this year's ELEVATOR is "Teacher-Student Relationship". The relationship between the teachers and students is good in B.C.I.V.S. There is no need to say more for the ELEVATOR itself is a testimonial to that fact. The portrait of the club or team advisor is included in the pictures of the clubs and teams; the form news writeups mention the from master. In the school, the teachers are regarded as friends and guides by most of the pupils. In descending from the pedestal on which teachers have stood for generations, the teachers have lost no respect, indeed, they have gained a great deal. Certainly the

students have benefited from this move. When teachers treat a student as an adult the student must act like one. The atmosphere of the school has improved by this mutual understanding. Enthusiasm and co-operation have increased. Throughout this edition of the ELEVATOR, you will find proof of the fine relationship between the students and their teachers.

Every year at Commencement, awards are given for notable contributions to school life. However, awards are not given for outstanding group activities. We would like to mention

(Continued on page 103)

Seven

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Assistant Editor
JOAN ALLEN

Assistant Literary Editor
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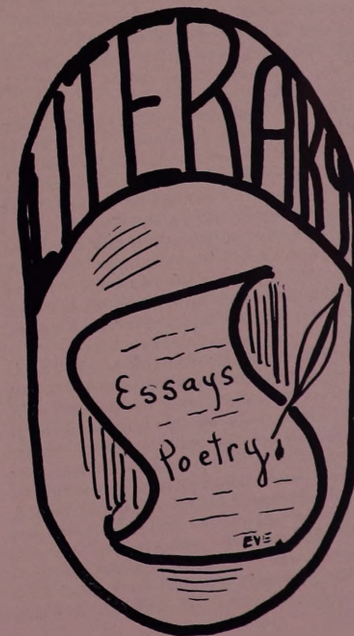
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Eight



Nine

THE TEACUP MYSTERY



FIRST PRIZE STORY by PAT MOORE

Drowning has always been a fascinating subject to me. I often ask myself, "Does your life really flash before you? Do you see all your failures and your triumphs pass in review?" Perhaps it is the judgment we speak of, the balancing of good and bad to determine where we shall spend eternity. I fear that in a very few minutes all my questions will be answered, for already my legs are very tired and I shall not be able to hold on much longer.

If only I could get a grip on something, and climb out, but I cannot. The sides are slippery, like glazed china. Cecil could help me, but he will not. He is glad that I am going to drown. I can tell by the evil smirk on his face as he sits up there watching me. Why should he not enjoy my death? When I am gone he will have an open field with Lotta. He will go to her and inform her of the unfortunate accident; he will tell her what a swell guy I was, what good friends we were, and be very consoling. (Some friend.)

My legs are completely numb now. This is the end. At least there is the consolation that I shall soon see the mother I never knew. A short life has an advantage over a long one in that you do not become quite as corrupt as you might in a longer period. I remember the night I went to a bar, which is rather remarkable because I got more than half tanked, Cecil literally flew to tell Lotta of my drunken state. And the time I sneaked into the operating room at the General Hospital. One of the nurses nearly dropped in a dead faint when she saw me. My exit was speedily effected.

Ten

Cecil is still watching me. I will appeal to his better nature, as if he has one.

"Help me out, Cecil, for old time's sake."

"Old time's sake — that's a laugh."

"You'll be a hero if you save me, Cece. Lotta will admire you."

"Sure. Admire me and love you. No, after considering the pros and cons of your situation, I've decided that I'll be far better off with you dead. You cramp my style."

"I'll go away then. Leave Lotta for you."

"If only Lotta could hear you now. Her brave, bold Johnny who loves her so dearly but loves his own skin more."

"Be good to her, Cece."

Suddenly I felt myself being lifted up and carried through the air. No more struggling, nothing, and I drifted away from the conscious world into oblivion.

When I awoke, I found myself in complete darkness. I listened, but the silence was not marred by trumpet sounds or angel voices, nor even the gnashing of teeth. My legs ached. At length I was able to discern objects about me. The coolness and darkness made me feel sure that I was in a cave. Getting to my feet I began to stumble around in hope that I might find something to explain where I was and why. Then I tripped and fell, burying my face in an odiferous mess. The objectionable article which tripped me would pay for this. It came as no surprise to me that upon examining more closely I found the objectionable article to be Cecil. I touched him and cold chills played up and down my spine. Cecil was a bloody mess. The darkness hid me from the horrors of his battered body, but I knew instinctively that he was dead. This settled one question in my mind; I was definitely not in Heaven.

Then another thought occurred to me. Even though I only drowned where Cecil had been smashed to a pulp, we were both dead. How then could I walk and breathe while he remained motionless? Perhaps Cecil had not had enough time to arouse. Rather than wait beside him, I continued to grope about in the darkness. Soon I came across another body in a condition similar to Cecil's. Nor was it the only one. The place was alive with these corpses. Each was battered like the rest and very dead.

From the depths of the cavern came a weak groan which froze the last atom of courage

(Continued on page 58)



THE FALLOW DEER

SECOND PRIZE STORY by DIANE CLARK

When a person is unhappy they can do one of two things—face their problem and thus overcome it; or else they can retreat from it into the kindlier world of the imagination; this is the easier way but it never works. There will come a time when the dream life will be shattered by sudden forced contact with reality.

I.

Just an ordinary house, on an ordinary street, in an ordinary town—that was where Michael lived. It was all so ordinary that every time he thought of it there was a bitter taste in his mouth; and the idea of going home was especially distasteful to him just now. He imagined what his mother would say to him, and he knew that he would have to bear the brunt of her reproachful anger alone. But he would worry about that later.

He walked down the tree-lined avenue, and through the magic of his mind's eye he was walking down the woodland trail to the First Watch, his rifle slung over his shoulder, his pockets weighted with shot; and the red leaves that he suffled were carpeting not hard cement but a grassy trail. Michael played his game with concentration like that of a small child, changing Mr. John's fearful yellow cur into a magnificent deer-hound, transforming the insensible austere greyness of the city street into the vital, tense awareness of the northern bush; thus he came home. But as he turned in at his house the dream faded away like a burst bubble in the sunlight.

He opened the door, and she stood there. A small woman with mouse-brown hair and a

plain humourless face — his mother, who would have been as mediocre in appearance as anyone could be—except for her eyes, her enormous eyes, as soft and as deep as black velvet.

She asked him if he had been at rifle practice, and he said, "Yes". She asked him how it had gone and he told her, "Fine". She asked him why he got enjoyment out of such a sinister hobby as hunting, how such a sensitive boy could be so cruel, how he could stand inflicting death when even the thoughts of rough-and-tumble boys' sports repelled him. She wished that he would get a new hobby, she hated this one so much.

Michael looked at his shoes. Two brown scuffed oxfords. Not very interesting but there was no other place to look, and he did not want to have to watch his mother's eyes as she pleaded with him. It put him at an awkward disadvantage—great dark eyes that filled with tears at exactly the right moment. He listened to her pleadings with only half attention; it was an old familiar topic but this time there was a new twist, a more bitter note in her voice; his father had told her that Michael was going deer hunting with him this year.

Didn't Michael think it was a silly idea, a young boy being with older men? After all he was just a raw greenhorn. Had he considered the responsibilities? Did he honestly think that he could cope with them? She paused with a conspicuous falter.

He winced, he knew what was coming, and smothered his mind, and his senses like a heavy blanket. Filled with half-loathing he promised that he would not go, that he would not leave her. Just as he had so many times before he told her he would give up his cruel hobby.

Then his mother stopped crying and kissed him and called him her little boy, and everything was once again all right. After a while Big Mike came home, and they had supper and Michael went upstairs to do his homework, and to read.

And finally to go to bed, and to lie in the dark listening to the voices. They were quarreling again, his mother and his father. As usual his father was shouting with blind disregard for the noise he was creating. Michael could visualize the scene—his father pacing up and down the living room, and his

(Continued on page 80)

Eleven

"AN EXPOSITION ON HOW TO MOVE"

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY by DAVID LAWRENCE

In the year 5000 B.C. the task of moving was comparatively simple. All the cavemen had to do was sling his stone axe on his back, load up his wife with the old skins and dried meat, and go off looking for a new cave. But as times have gone on, this procedure has become increasingly difficult. To-day, if it so happens that you are planning to pack up all your possessions and transfer them from one locality to another, my first advice to you is, "don't". But if it is imperative that you must do so, I am going to endeavour to offer you a few hints which I hope will be helpful in your ordeal.

The first thing that you must decide on is what "junk" you are going to dispose of. There's that old chair which you have been meaning to fix for the last ten years, those boxes of old, discarded clothing in the attic, the broken tools in the cellar. If you have occupied your present abode for several years, you will observe that you have a great many articles around the house which you had no idea you possessed. The larger the house, and the more nooks and crannies there are in it, the truer this is.

If you are able to find several of the neighbors' children around, and this will not be difficult at moving time, you can bestow the useless articles on them. They will proudly carry them home to mother, who then has the problem of what to do with them.

When you have finished this very important job, and have all the articles, such as clothing and dishes packed up and ready to go, you can sit back for a moment and rest your tired body for the tasks which are yet to come.

The next few paragraphs of this essay serve a double purpose, as you can follow them while moving out of the old residence and also while moving into the new one.

First comes the problem of moving a table four feet, six inches long, by three feet, six inches wide, through a door which is only three feet wide. This is a problem which cannot be solved by the application of algebra, geometry, or even just simple arithmetic. On the other hand, however, brute strength will avail you nothing. In a case such

as this all you need is a cool head, a mild temper, and fingers which will resist being crushed between the table and the door.

First you experiment to find out how it will not go through the door. This is a fairly easy part of the proceedings. Try it endways. No? Try it sideways. No? Try it on its edge. No? After trying these and any other ways that may come to your mind, do not start looking for an axe to enlarge a door or window. Just follow these simple rules:

1. Sit down and study the problem thoroughly.
2. Tilt the table sideways on its edge and slightly to the left (or right, as the case may be).
3. Manoeuvre two legs as far out the door as it is possible too, or until it jams.
4. Sit down and nurse your crushed fingers for a minute.
5. Try to move the table backwards or forwards. (Usually it is quite tightly jammed and will not budge.)
6. Resist the impulse to kick it through as this is liable to dislodge some of the plaster.
7. Take another look at the table and you will usually discover that the legs are removable, and that the table will go through the door quite easily.

After all the large objects have been removed in this or some other manner and have been placed in the moving van, take a look around to see what you have missed. Nothing is left on the floors, nothing on the walls, nothing on the ceil . . . Oh! Oh! The light bulbs! All the chairs and ladders are at the front of the moving van! Well, you'll just have to ask the movers to get a chair, which they will do with courtesy and respect???? Having procured the chair, take out the light bulbs and have the chair put back.

With everything this far accomplished, you are ready to leave your old home and start for your new one.

On your arrival, the cleaning and painting having been done previously, you now have the problem of where to put everything. This is a job which falls to the women of the house.

(Continued on page 89)

Twelve

"I'LL NEVER FORGET"

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY by JOAN HARBACK

He was a fairly short man with delicate features. His eyes were grey; not a dull grey, for every time the conversation became interesting, they lit up and sparkled incessantly, and he would place his elbows on the table and lean forward perceptibly, whispering all the time in an urgent sort of tone. "Interesting, very interesting! Do go on!" or "Is that really so? I didn't know that. Please let's continue!"

And soon we found ourselves rolling out all our troubles, all the tiny annoying features of life which really are not important but seem so very heavy on passing. And all the time he was interested, sincerely interested.

Maybe this is what made me remember him, made him a man I will never forget, for behind his simple countenance, and within a very pure heart lay untold adventure, untold stories of real living, which could make you shiver with joy—or fear—whichever the case might be. But let me begin at the beginning.

Mr. Hudspeth had been a missionary in China. When we met him, he was preaching at various churches throughout Canada, stressing the importance of missionary giving. He was not the first speaker we had had of this kind, and as we toddled off to church we thought, "This is just another sermon which is necessary and must be heard, and we do hope it will bring about some effect. When it is finished we will cross it off the list and continue in the usual routine." But we were wrong. It was not "just another sermon" nor a tale of woe as to how we had so much and others had so little. It was a story—a story of a portion of Mr. Hudspeth's life. It went to the heart of each individual, simple, direct, and true. For Mr. Hudspeth was telling us of China before the war, of China, when the Japanese had come, bringing with them unhappiness and devastation; of experiences he had actually had. At each word we seemed to be drawn into this strange country, to understand more clearly the attitudes of these unknown people, and to realize that their troubles were much the same as ours. However when the sermon ended we all popped out of the dream of China and fell unwillingly into the bonds of reality, the reality of ignor-

ance about our neighbours so near—yet—so far.

And now as Mr. Hudspeth sat in our living room we began to get to know him more personally. Uneasiness prevailed at first, as it always does when people unknown to each other attempt to get acquainted.

"Tell us about your experiences in the war," my father said, playing the part of a perfect host. "Were you a prisoner?"

"Yes," he replied. "Your children go to school, do they not?"

My father answered with a nod of his head. "Ah, good! good!" Then speaking directly to Bill and me, "At all cost get a good education, my friends. There are many things in life that may seem more worthwhile, but when you get older you will find your education will be priceless. I was held in a Japanese concentration camp for three years. They could starve me—and they did. They could beat me—and they did. They could torture me—and they did. In those three years I was allowed to see my wife three times, once each year for ten minutes. No letters! No packages! No correspondence of any kind except for those ten minutes. The food was bad and we were crowded in small cells." At this point he paused and gazed into the fireplace, apparently lost in his own dreams. "You know it was strange, very strange, but those of us who had some faith to draw from, some education to lean on, were able to conquer such a life much better than those who had nothing, who had not been able to appreciate or learn about the finer things in life, who could not remember that those things still existed." Feeling that he had told enough of his experiences he turned to me and said, "Do you take any languages at school?"

I replied that I was studying French and Latin.

"French, do you like it?" Without waiting for an answer he continued, "Latin is good, but not so fascinating. Whatever you do, my dear, learn a language of another country as well as your own. Be able to talk to some foreign person as easily as you could talk to a Canadian friend."

(Continued on page 89)

Thirteen

FOUR O'CLOCK DEADLINE

*She woke up early that morning,
She felt so fine and versatile,
So after dressing and dining,
She left for school with a smile.*

*She thought, "Today I'll dance away
All troubles with work; I'll erase
The gloom: I'll be so good they'll say
Who is the girl with the shining face?"*

*She kicked a stone a block or more,
And thought: (yet heeded not the time),
Then went into a candy store,
And so arrived at half past nine.*

*Sue fumbled through her locker tall,
Her English book she could not find,
So teacher said to pay a call
At four to help improve her mind.*

*She read her homework. Oh what's wrong?
"Mademoiselle, come back at four;
Not only are your answers wrong,
We did all those two weeks before."*

*In fear she tried to skip P.T.
"Oh Sue, you should have stayed in bed,
Now copy out this Health for me
Since you have come to school instead."*

*Where did they sign the Child Labour Chart?
"The bottom, of course," said she,
At which for being very smart,
"Report at four," said He.*

*Of all her joy she had lost sight,
Her smiles were lost again,
She never seemed to do things right,
I guess she's just a scatterbrain.*

*She was thus doomed to die at four,
Escape she must! So came quite slow,
One, two, then three o'clock and four
Passed while she sat in the picture show!*

—GERRY PAGE

THE EDITOR'S DILEMMA

*The editor screams and pulls her hair,
What puts her in this rage?*

*She cannot find a thing to fill
The corner of this page.*

THE MODERN TEENAGER TO HIS LOVE

(Style taken from: The Passionate Shepherd
to His Love by Christopher Marlowe)

*Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That dances, parties, hay and snow rides,
Arenas, ball-parks, hikes confide.*

*And we'll sit on the Milk Bar stools
With nickelodian, ice cream cool
Beside the poorroom, in whose haunts
The Belleville boys their prowess flaunt.*

*And I will lend you records many,
Hunt, Lombardo, Jenkins, Benny;
Vocalists—Graydon, Day,
Crosby, Munroe, Jones, Tormé.*

*I'll also lend you for awhile
My "gang" sweater (new girl's style)
We'll skate a bit and then go home,
Or else frequent the Bowl-O-Drome.*

*We'll dance and sing each Friday night
At Teenagers, with full delight;
If these pastimes thy mind may move
Then live with me, and be my love.*

—JOAN BROWN

THE LAND OF THE PIONEER

*Along the lakes and rivers
Beyond the vales and hills,
Stand thirty wooden cabins
And two old shambling mills.*

*This is the pioneers' city,
Their shining city of dreams,
The land that is to be their home,
Their land beside the streams.*

*They till and work their farm lands,
They plough the dark brown soil
And sow their seeds of wheat and grain,
From morn till night they toil.*

*The women and their daughters
Will reap the ripening wheat,
With scythe and with sickle
The sheaves of wheat stand neat.*

*This is the pioneers' country,
Their land is safe and free—
For those who sought for freedom
For those who sailed the sea.*

—JOAN NORRIDGE, C-12-A.

Fourteen

"OUR INTERVIEW WITH BARBARA ANN SCOTT"

By JOAN ALLEN AND JANET ROBERTSON

We were going to interview Barbara Ann Scott!

We sallied bravely forth, armed with Pinky who was armed with his camera. At the arena we were engulfed by a bawling, screeching mob of public schoolers. Our dignity was considerably bruised. Fortunately Pinky (who is really a very important person around Belleville) knew the man at the door; one nod from Pinky and we swept through the column of open-mouthed children. At the door of the dressing room, we paused. Slowly we opened the squeaky door and poked our heads around it. Past the rows and rows of brilliantly coloured costumes, at the far end of the room sat two men reading funny-books. One looked up and bellowed angrily, "What-yawant?" Quickly we closed the door to ponder about the question. Opening it again, we poked our heads in and screamed, "We're the press."

"What press?"

"The Belleville Collegiate Elevator."

"Hydrolic Elevator?"

"No, the Belleville Collegiate Year Book." (We thought the joke was corny.)

"Well whatyawant?"

"We'd like to interview Barbara Ann Scott for a minute or two, if she isn't busy."

Just then Barbara Ann herself emerged from the inner regions of the dressing room. She wore a mouton coat and a red, silk kerchief on her head. Her eyes were blue, startling blue and her hair fair (not altogether naturally so, we decided). We noticed too, that she was much smaller than she looked in her pictures. When we had explained what we wanted, Barbara Ann smiled and said with a slight drawl, "Why certainly, you just ask the questions and I'll do my best to answer them." As a result, the interview went something like this:

"Barbara Ann, do you think you've missed anything in life by being a celebrity?"

"In a way I do. You see, I haven't been able to go to any parties because of practicing so much, but I have made up for it by meeting so many interesting people."

"Did you really want to go to college? What course would you have taken?"

"Yes, I wanted to take home economics."

"Why?"

"Because I've always wanted to know how to cook and sew."

"Does marriage come into your plans?"

"Oh, maybe, sometime, but I don't believe in mixing skating and marriage."

"We've heard that you don't get up 'till noon. Is that true?"

"Well, we get up at about eleven. You see, by the time we finish the evening performance and have something to eat, it's pretty late and we're tired, so we sleep in rather late."

"What's your favorite breakfast food, Barbara Ann?"

"Oh dear, let me see; I guess it's corn flakes."

"Are you interested in any other sports besides skating?"

"I don't have much time for other sports but I like swimming next best and riding and sailing."

"What are your plans for the future?"

"I'm going to finish this tour and after that I'm not quite sure."

We thanked her for being so generous with her time and chatted a few minutes about people she knew in Belleville. She asked us about the "Elevator" and about ourselves. Then after Pinky had taken a couple of pictures, we left.

We felt wonderful. We wanted to stop everybody on the street to say, "Hey, we just interviewed Barbara Ann Scott."

* * *
HAUNTED

The clock tolled twelve. The ringing of a bell sounded in his ears . . . ringing . . . ringing . . . ringing . . . Would it never cease? He trembled—stretched out his hand and was reassured by the feel of cold metal. He laughed hysterically and bending over saw what would gain him his heart's desire. Taking care that no one was watching him, he prepared himself, and then, working the combination, he opened his locker and took out his lunch.

Fifteen

"MY TEACHER MY LOVE"

By PAT MOORE

Every girl should have a crush on one of her teachers. Why? Because having a crush on a teacher makes coming to school a pleasure, not a task. The class taken with the light of her life shines out like a diamond on black velvet. It not only enriches her mind—it adds new wealth to her soul. She is anxious for that class; she prepares for it lest he think her a dunce; she even dreams of that class.

And to have him speak to her in the hall; words cannot express the emotional upheaval his "hello" can cause. She feels the blood surge madly through her body, her heart pounds hard and fast like a machine-gun's rat-tat-tat, her ears tingle, her nose twitches, and half-exhausted she croaks, "Hello, Mr.—".

Think what our student would miss if she stayed home for even one day. It may be just the day that he would ask her a question. To be deprived of telling him the process of

breathing peculiar to the frog is equal to being robbed of a date with Cornel Wilde. She would rather sit in his class and watch him handle a Bunsen burner, or do an experiment than to see Toscanini conduct, or hear Rubinoff on his Stradivarius.

How she trembles when he threatens to detain unruly students. She would love to spend a whole half-hour alone with him, any time. But to have him frown on her disapprovingly is more than she can bear, so she shines her halo instead.

Watching him become a habit with her. The slight quiver of his lips as he tries to hold back his mirth when he reprimands a grade nine rascal does not go unnoticed. Sometimes she day-dreams. In that classroom he is transformed into a Greek god, or a knight of the Crusades, or even a loving husband. But always there is a thought recurring which dispels her dreams and makes her a little sick at heart. He is a teacher; she is a student.

"DOING THE DISHES"

By JOAN WHITE, G-XI-A

I hate doing the dishes. It is a dull and uninteresting job which unfortunately often falls to me. Of course, with a little imagination it can be slightly improved, but my imagination sometimes runs away with me.

It all begins when I am conveniently doing nothing and a voice calls to ask me would I mind doing the dishes. I mutter something under my breath which is usually taken for an "I-don't-mind-at-all-it-will-be-a-pleasure", and the next minute I have shut myself in the kitchen and am looking discontentedly at the dishes piled around the sink. Surrendering to my inevitable fate, I place the dishes in the sink, sprinkle them with soap powder and turn on the water. When the suds look dangerously near to overflowing, I turn the taps off. As I hunt for the dish-cloth, I start to sneeze violently, having sprinkled

myself as well as the dishes with soap powder. After a complete recovery, I start to wash the dishes. By now, I am feeling a little more cheerful, and after wildly slopping water in every direction, I begin to build floating castles with the cups and saucers. Slowly, cup by cup, the dishes get washed and then I turn to the pans. I am lucky for there is only one, but this is a nasty, greasy, smelly frying-pan. This takes me about ten minutes and my water ends up being cold and greasy.

At last I empty the sink and dry the dishes, noisily shoving them into the nearest cupboard. I whistle tunelessly with the sheer joy of having got rid of those loathesome dishes.

I squeeze out the dish-cloth and—I have finished!!!! Or have I? My whistling trails

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Sixteen

"CALL OF THE WILD"

By BOB WARD

Call of the wild: my what a fine sounding phrase, but if you're wise you won't hear it call too loudly.

It was July of last year, just after the final examination, that the forest-bug bit me. I was very anxious to get out in the woods; not around here of course, but back north in the tall timber. Well, I tried unsuccessfully, to arrange a trip, but after a week's time there was still little hope of my taking an excursion to the woods. Suddenly Dad remembered having hunted at one time with a man known to all his friends as "Old Bill", who lived in Northern Ontario about eight miles in the bush from the mining town of Timmins. Dad immediately wrote him a letter, asking if I could visit him for the summer. A week went by and finally Dad received a reply, and two days later I was on my way to the back woods of Northern Ontario.

It was after three very enjoyable weeks in the bush camping and hunting that the little incident I am about to relate occurred.

My story begins one warm August morning when the sun was shining through the mist over the lake and large shadows were cast by the tall pines around our camp. We were still tucked in our sleeping bags, but I was awake listening to the light breeze cut through the evergreens, and Bill snoring loudly beside me. I reached to waken him, and just as I did I noticed a huge black shadow on the side of the tent. I jumped out of my sleeping bag and reached for my pistol which was close at hand.

Opening the tent flap I saw a marauding bear put a clumsy paw on a piece of deer

carcass that Bill had hung from the branch of a nearby tree. I realized that this was a camp-robbing bear. Bill had warned me not to fool with them but to kill or be killed. I flipped the safety catch off my automatic, and just as I did the hulking monster turned, gave me a dirty look, and then ignored me completely, his attention returning to the deer carcass. As he bit into the haunch I carefully took aim and fired. The bullet struck the bear squarely in the shoulder and he lunged forward knocking the tent pole down. The tent collapsed and the Yukon stove fell over. The annoyed bear jumped on the stove and caved it in with half a dozen powerful swipes of his massive paw. Through all the excitement I had kept on shooting and the beast was at last beginning to feel the effects of his wounds and slow down. Finally he fell, rolled over and got to his feet, took another swipe at the remains of the stove and lumbered away over the wreckage. In so doing he put his tremendous weight on Bill's stomach forcing the wind out of him. "Ow, what in h— happened?" was Bill's piercing cry. I helped him out of the wreckage and looking around saw that the bear had fallen at the edge of the clearing and was dead. Bill gave an approving nod, all the while rubbing his head where a slight bump had begun to appear. It seems the tent pole had hit poor Bill on the head, knocking him senseless and causing him to miss all the excitement.

Thus I say to you, be careful how you answer that Call of the Wild, you may be taking your life in your own hands.

THANKS FROM COVENTRY VIA RALPH NEAL

Quickly alighting from the top story of a typical double-decker English bus, I walked up a quiet, tranquil, tree-arched, winding street. A warm June sun crept lazily down through the pattern of the leaves. This is Brays Lane in Coventry, England. The quiet was suddenly broken by the sound of laughing and shouting on the other side of a lengthy holly hedge. Finding the gate we

looked in. There stood a large mansion-like, ivy-covered building. This is Brays Lane Commercial High School, remember? Our school, via the Red Cross Club sent parcels to the Brays Lane School.

As it was my privilege to be in England for nine weeks last summer, with my family, while in Coventry, we visited the Brays Lane

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Seventeen

"THE SINGING COMMERCIAL"

By MARION E. FREE

Wireless telegraphy has progressed a long way since the day Marconi invented it. I do not refer to the programmes for they are much the same. "John's Other Wife" and "Life Can Be Beautiful" are still as popular as they were twenty years ago, but oh—those singing commercials!

Oh for the good old days when announcers were content to speak their praises of the sponsor's product. Now we have "jet-blown lux" and puffed wheat that is "shot from guns". These inspiring phrases are enlarged upon and set to tuneless little melodies. The result is so similar and so confusing that you must be careful that you don't wash your undies in puffed wheat and have lux flakes for breakfast. Breakfast cereals and soaps are the main theme of these singing commercials but we also have some which offer advice to the lovelorn. They advise "wild-root cream-oil" for Charlie, "to keep his hair in trim". Charlie is apparently lonely and unpopular but after this magic application—"You will have a tough time Charlie, keepin' all the girls away".

These delightful ditties are called singing commercials. I use the word "singing" loosely for the vocalists usually sound like

fugitives from an opera house. The main idea of these singing commercials seems to be to annoy you into buying the product which they are advertising. The reverse is true with me. Whenever I hear a particularly annoying commercial, I vow right then and there never to buy that product. If everyone would follow this practice the year of nineteen fifty would go down in history as the year of the "Commercial Revolution".

Not only are these "things" annoying to listen to, they are insidiously undermining the English language. This younger generation is growing up with the idea that "does" is spelled D-U-Z. The greeting "hello" is changed to "halo".

Mercifully these singing commercials have their good points. Without them we students would certainly never get our homework done. It is only when these irritating advertisements come on that we can summon up enough courage to turn off the radio and turn to our homework.

In spite of this good point I am very much against these pieces of music. I will fight against them with all my resources. I will never be swayed by them and my last words will be, "Down with the singing commercial for it duz more harm than good".

"WHO IS BEHIND IT ALL?"

By ELEANOR SPRAGUE

Did you ever stop to think how surprisingly smoothly our school life runs when you consider how many snags there are. I believe there are about one thousand active snags other than those which are unavoidable, but somehow or other the old school routine manages to accomplish something. Some of us are prepared here to go out into the work-a-day world to become useful and happy citizens—perhaps in business. Some of us are taught the skills of a trade and others become competent home-makers. Still others are prepared for further education in other educational institutions, and if I am to believe

various reports, few schools of this nature send out more efficient citizens to fill jobs, or more competent students to university. But how on earth is it all accomplished, who is behind it all?

The school play rolls round at last. Ah, this is the dear little ones' crowning achievement in drama. A hush fills the auditorium as the lights are lowered. Be quiet, the curtain is going up! The play unfolds; tears, laughter and all portrayed by this outstanding group of students. And then, as the last great applause dies away there are hearty

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Eighteen



Nineteen

THE OPERETTA

The B.C.I.V.S. Glee Club added another laurel to their achievements in their presentation "Tulip Time in Holland". The operetta was under the capable direction of Mr. Templer, assisted by Mr. L. Read, and the result was excellent entertainment that sparkled with melody and song.

The stage with its Dutch setting of a huge windmill, tulips and stone dyke lent colour and authenticity, and combined with good lighting and attractive costumes made a wonderful background.

The ensemble singing was superb and the principals were outstanding in their solo parts. The dancing numbers were highlights of the operetta and the Dutch chorus at the conclusion most enjoyable.

The entire performance moved with a swing

that was delightful, speaking volumes both for the cast's hard work and its fine direction.

The stars were:
 HANS (Dutch Apprentice) James Wagg
 AUNT ANNA (Christina's Guardian) Marilyn Barber
 KATINKA (Village Maiden) Frances Thompson
 HENDRICK VAN OOSTER (Burgomaster of Osendorf) Douglas Trumble
 CHRISTINA (Charming Dutch Girl) Joan Shindell
 THEOJHILUS McSPINDLE (Professor of Botany) Doug Soule
 NED BAXTER (American College Student) James McKay
 DICK WARREN (Fellow Student of Ned) Ronald Elmy
 SOLO DANCERS Barbara Diment
 Wanda and Wilma Lough

* * *

THE GLEE CLUB

This year has been most successful for the B.C.I. Glee Club. We total about eighty members; the females outnumbering the males about four to one. A vote of congratulation goes to Mr. Templer for his skill and patience in training us.

Our first performance was at the Christmas assembly which was broadcast over CJBQ. We sang a variety of carols, and Marilyn Barber sang a solo. Our performance seemed much appreciated by both the school and radio audience.

At the Commencement Exercises a quartet consisting of Joan Shindell, Sylvia Motley, Jim MacKay and Ron Elmy sang many beautiful songs.

The big production of the year was Morgan and Johnson's "Tulip Time In Holland". It was most capably directed by Mr. Templer and Mr. L. D. Read. Wanda and Wilma Lough and Barbara Diment presented very delightful dances.

Everyone was relieved when a certain pair of lovers overcame their shyness. We noticed that the other pair did not have any trouble.

Both performances went smoothly—that is they would have if the organ had not been temperamental on Friday night—and Anna had not been so thirsty—and Katinka's para-

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THE B.C.I.V.S. BAND

The band, under the direction of Mr. Cooper, is up to its usual high standard this year. At the cadet inspection last year, the band received five out of five points which is about the best than can be expected. During Army Week, the band played a concert on the Armouries lawn and a concert in Napanee. All who heard the band praised it highly.

Few students realize the effort and hard work that go into the presentation of good music by the band. The queer noises heard coming from the auditorium on Monday are not the music heard on Wednesday. Practice on Monday produces the fine music heard on Wednesday. Practically every week, the band presents something new in the line of band music for your enjoyment. This year you heard such numbers as "The Mosquitoes' Parade", "The Teddy Bears' Picnic", "The Coconut Song", and many others. The band displayed considerable skill in its presentation of the assembly, February 8.

The band is present at practically every concert presented by the school. At the school play, Boys' Night, the operetta, and many other functions, the band has played its part.

Another important part the band plays is boosting the morale of the students. You must admit that the entrance to assembly

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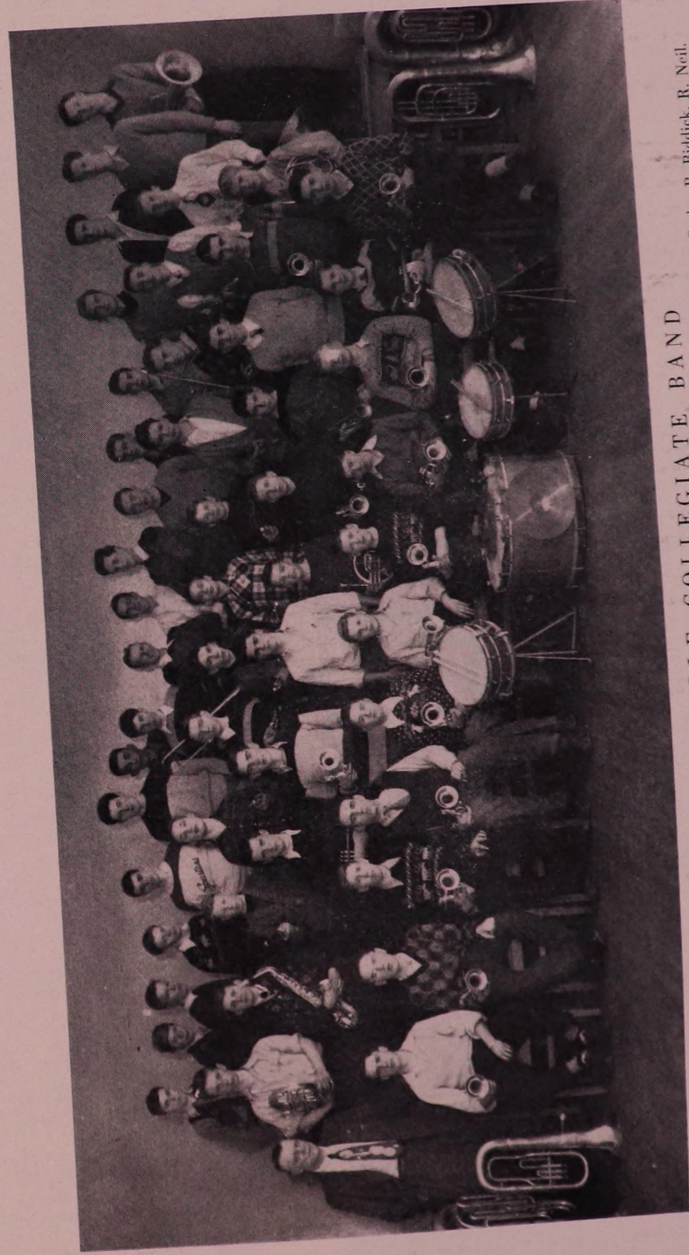


TULIP TIME
IN HOLLAND



THE GLEE CLUB

FIRST ROW—Y. Novak, B. Allen, M. Bell, J. Shindell, L. Read, C. Templer, F. Thompson, B. McFarland, D. Bontier.
 SECOND ROW—D. Anderson, J. Churchhill, C. Sills, J. Tonkin, D. Cavers, C. Weston, J. Harback, S. Herman, V. Williams, M. Barber, B. McBride, N. Vaughn, D. Trumble.
 THIRD ROW—C. McLelland, B. Greatrix, B. Hamilton, A. Briands, F. Finkle, E. Robbins, E. Wishart, E. McCormick, C. O'Flynn, B. Wilbur, J. Finkle, B. Sills, M. Wakefield, W. Redner.
 FOURTH ROW—J. Henderson, J. Woods, N. Young, B. Girling, C. Ross, M. Bristol, B. Woodley, A. Goodenough, B. Snale, J. Atkinson, E. Butcher, H. Weston, M. Sills, D. Gibson, D. Ray, B. Langlois.
 FIFTH ROW—C. Babbitt, J. Thompson, J. Wagg, R. Hall, M. Massey, G. Ewald, L. Faulkner, D. Soules, C. Carr, B. Babbitt, L. McBrian, B. Campbell, B. Reid, R. Elmy, J. McKay.



THE BELLEVILLE COLLEGIATE BAND

FIRST ROW—Mr. Cooper, D. Warren, B. Casey, R. Soules, C. Kammer, G. Cornell, D. Branscombe, T. Soules, D. Cornell, J. Cooke, B. Biddick, R. Neil.
 SECOND ROW—B. Campbell, F. Kelly, L. McBrian, H. McKay, B. Campbell, C. Kelly, R. Nelson.
 THIRD ROW—T. Dutton, L. Johnson, B. Rose, G. Babbitt, A. Newman, G. Cousins, P. Baldwin, White, L. Green, H. Hubble, J. Campbell, R. Elmy.
 FOURTH ROW—D. Lockier, B. Smith, G. Ward, B. Jeffries, H. Coles, E. McClay, B. Campbell, R. Smith, M. Massey, B. Coughlin, J. McPherson, D. Walmsley, B. McPartlin, W. O'Hara, B. Muirhead, J. Dowsett, B. Davis, B. Babbitt.



STAMP CLUB

FIRST ROW — Peter Hart, R. Gibson, Mr. C. Templer, John Hosang.

SECOND ROW—M. Lennox, C. Kelly, D. Joss, F. Kelly, Bruce Johnson.



SIGNAL CLUB

FIRST ROW — K. Dailey, M. Lennox, Mr. Youdale, D. Lawrence, J. Burrows, R. Langlois.

SECOND — J. Howard, J. Hinchey, D. Cook.



RIFLE CLUB

FIRST ROW — B. Wease, R. Maxwell, Mr. Field, K. Kerr, B. Guthridge.

SECOND ROW — C. Frost, B. Milligan, C. Waite, J. Mazer, B. Penazka, L. Faulkner.

THIRD ROW — P. Kouri, G. Sine, F. Waite, K. Moore, B. Reid, H. Anderson.

THE B.C.I. PHILATELIC ASSOCIATION

President—Bob Gibson.

Vice-President—Murray Lennox.

Secretary—Carman Kelly.

Treasurer—Fred Kelly.

Business Manager—Don Joss.

These officers as well as Peter Hart, and George Hosang are all active members of the Philatelic Association. Last year, Mr. N. Reid was our trustworthy advisor; this year, Mr. C. Templer, who is very interested in stamp collecting, is our advisor.

The B.C.I. Philatelic Association procured seven thousand stamps of various kinds ranging in value from one cent to one dollar each. The majority of the best stamps were auctioned off at the home of Don Joss. The auction was very successful, and later the remaining stamps were disposed of in packet form during a meeting at the home of Murray Lennox. The Philatelic Association is planning several exhibits in the near future.

The Association is financed by its own capital — literature, pins, stamps, etc. are supplied. We are considering aiding the school project.

At the end of each year's activities, we have a celebration.

The policy of the B.C.I. Philatelic Association is to "Promote Philately". We are doing our best to see that B.C.I. receives full benefit of our aims—**CARMAN KELLY AND BOB GIBSON.**

THE SIGNAL CLUB

This year the Signal Club received two 19 sets (receivers and transmitters) and two more 53 sets (walkie talkies). Instruction on these sets will start sometime in April. Two tests in Morse code have been held — one, six words a minute, and the other, twelve words a minute. All the boys who tried the tests passed. We are working on a display for cadet inspection. Plans are underway to broadcast the annual five mile run. This year Murray Lennox was president, David (Gus) Lawrence was secretary-treasurer. Under the capable guidance of Mr. Youdale we expect to have a very successful year.

EDITORS' CONVENTION

More than sixty high school editors from Peterborough, Bowmanville, Picton, Napanee, Lindsay, Kingston and Belleville gathered at the Collegiate Friday evening, November 8, to discuss and exchange ideas for improving their school magazines.

The delegates gathered in the library where they were introduced to each other and name-tags were distributed. The guests then proceeded to the school cafeteria where a delicious pot-luck-supper was served under the direction of the Spragues and Mrs. Wishart.

Following the supper, Mr. Linton Reid introduced the guest speaker, Professor B. C. Diltz from the College of Education. Professor Diltz is well known for his English text books and other works. His topic was "The Improvement of the School Year Book".

He advocated a writers' club within the school for the purpose of bringing out hidden talent, and encouraging amateur writers. He suggested a theme to be played upon throughout the magazine—something that will make the readers realize the spirit of the school. The professor also stressed the necessity of a revised literary section; his opinion is that "short stories are space-fillers" and his remedy would be the substitution of short terse articles pertaining to things of general interest.

He proposed bringing humor out mainly in the verse section, and through means of the limerick, quatrain and ballad. "Do not copy humor; take it first hand from school life, but avoid vulgarity, vanity, unkindness, and sacrilege."

"Show the spirit of the school through action pictures of games and important functions; through unposed snaps taken in the classroom. Let the pictures be a mirror of the school," commented the speaker in conclusion.

Following the Professor's address, Don Rose led an open discussion on the problems arising in production of the school year book, such as publicity, prices, advertising, form news and subject material for the art section.

Later in the evening, many delegates attended the Hi-Y dance in the school gyms.

The convention was a great success and it is hoped that one may be held each year in the future.



RED CROSS CLUB

FIRST ROW—B. Goodman, M. Cormier (Vice President), L. Conklin (President), C. Tomson (Secretary), B. Wilbur, and J. Stevens.

SECOND ROW—J. Wardle, M. Anderson, J. Thompson, D. McNish, M. MacLaurin, Miss M. Dwyer (Convener), S. Davison, R. Fraser, F. Gorhom, S. Bolton, H. Hillman.

ABSENT—J. Wiggins.



LIBRARY CLUB

FIRST ROW—H. Thompson, E. White, Miss N. Merry, B. Arnott, D. Cameron.

SECOND ROW—J. Wardle, C. Tomson, G. Brown, M. Cormier, M. Rawson, J. Thompson.



RADIO CLUB

FIRST ROW—B. Cook, S. Alyea, D. Wamboldt, D. Ellis, B. McCluskie, S. Howard.

SECOND ROW—B. Deacon, D. Trumbull, G. Miller, M. Lennox, J. Luscombe, B. Reid, B. Gibson, B. Langlois, Mr. Stirling, and J. Howard.

THE LIBRARY CLUB

To all the beloved fine-payers of B.C.I.V.S. who are the delight of the Library Club members and the despair of Miss Merry.

On the first day of April, commonly known as All Fools' Day, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifty, we, the members of the B.C.I. Library Club, have decided to set before you, the student body, a resumé of the year's activities of our aforementioned club.

To wit: We started the year off with one of our usual make-money-in-a-hurry projects by selling second-hand school books. This hard-earned pecunia we used for enjoyment — books, picnics, parties, hikes, and you know the rest. Even our meetings are a combination of business and pleasure, but we do work occasionally. Every member must check out books from the library one night a week and check coats at concerts held in the school. This entitles us to see these presentations free, of course.

This year we have been trying to obtain some mending materials to spruce up some of the books in the library and possibly a few of the dilapidated Latin texts you may see almost anywhere around the school. Maybe next year we will get going on a big scale.

As is usual with eating cake we have left the icing until the end. Our Miss Merry, the one and only, and our president, Barbara Arnott, after extensive correspondence with the Oakwood Collegiate Library Club of Toronto succeeded in making plans for a trip to Toronto. (We are just now beginning to wonder if the correspondence was limited to the president and Mrs. Donaldson, or to some of the other interesting male members of the club.) Our taxi fare, train fare, street-car tickets, and our tickets to the Royal Alexandra were all taken from the Library Club's funds. The club in Toronto went to a great deal of trouble to make our trip the great success that it was. Our members were billeted with their Library Club members, and after a week-end crammed with visits to the Ryerson Press, the Ryerson Institute, the Royal Alexandra, and the Royal Ontario Museum, and after attending a banquet and their school play we were reluctant to return to the daily grind. The students of Oakwood certainly do not need lessons on hospitality.

We only hope we can meet their standards when they return in May.

In witness whereof the said parties hereto, namely the Library Club members, have hereunto set their hands and seals on the day and year first above written, namely All Fools' Day, and said organization is now prepared to open its portals to any enthusiastic new members.

GIRLS' HI-Y CLUB

The Girls' Hi-Y Club has increased in number this year and has assisted in many of the school functions. Remember those pretty usherettes at the school play and the operetta? They were from the Girls' Hi-Y. And remember those pretty corsages at both formals? You can thank the Girls' Hi-Y for them too. We also held a very successful Valentine tea dance. And if anyone wants a pretty baby sitter some evening—just get in touch with the Girls' Hi-Y Baby Sitter's Club.

Three delegates from our Club attended the Hi-Y Convention in Hamilton on April 14, 15 and 16 and returned full of new ideas and enthusiasm for Hi-Y work.

THE B.C.I.V.S. KEY CLUB

The Key Club has been quite successful this year in serving the community and in helping Key Club International and O.Q.M. in their program of "Expansion". The members this year are all interested in helping youth and school. The Belleville Collegiate Club is well known and is outstanding in the district.

The third annual convention of the Key Club was held in Belleville. Many visiting Key Clubbers and school advisors and principals had a chance to look over B.C.I.V.S. and to learn of the service work in the schools. The convention was the biggest yet, and Belleville was highly recommended on its hospitality and its fine job in handling the convention.

Leo Marcus was elected Governor of O.Q.M., and Don Rose was elected International Trustee at Washington. In addition our Key Club came through with the winning Achievement Report which was entered in international competition.

Although these items are mentioned first because they are outstanding, the Club is proud to have helped in such productions as Boys' Night, Open Night, and Vocational Day.

(Continued on page 69)



KEY CLUB

FIRST ROW—J. Doig, J. Mazer, R. Barber, D. Rose, L. Marcus, J. Hagerman, Mr. Musgrove.

SECOND ROW — D. Walmsley, C. Delong, C. Carr, J. Barr, R. Gibson, W. Campbell.

THIRD ROW — W. Babbitt, T. Allison, D. Joss, L. Buskard.



BOYS' HI-Y

FIRST ROW — L. Faulkner, B. Bews, R. Flindall, C. Summers, K. Cameron, W. Muirhead, G. Ewald.

SECOND ROW—R. Morden, E. McClay, M. Massey, J. Irwin, R. Ketcheson, J. Dowsett.

THIRD ROW — L. McBrien, R. Wesley, R. Cornish, R. Ward.



GIRLS' HI-Y

FIRST ROW — J. Walden, E. Carter, J. Allen, Mr. Irwin, M. Vandervoort, B. Boyle, H. Good-enough.

SECOND ROW—B. McCluskey, R. Johnson, H. Buchanan, S. Herman, H. Bristol, M. Alford, S. Alyea, M. Cooke, D. Wamboldt.

THIRD ROW — J. Scriven, F. Thompson, B. Vaughan, M. Seldon, M. Taylor.



FIRST ROW—Mr. L. Reid, Leo Marcus, Miss R. E. Sylvester.
SECOND ROW—Harry Smith, Joan Allen, Doreen Prest, Joan Harback, George Ewald.

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL EXECUTIVE

The executive of this year's Students' Council consists of Leo Marcus, our energetic president, Joan Harback, Doreen Prest and Harry Smith, vice-presidents of the General, Commercial and Vocational Departments respectively, Joan Allen, secretary, and George Ewald, treasurer. The staff advisors are Miss Sylvester and Mr. Leslie Reid.

The biggest undertaking of the Council this year has been the attempt to obtain an athletic field for the school. As a result most of the Council's activity has been devoted to raising funds for the project. Although many clubs

have donated money, the largest amount, over \$500 was received from the Readers Digest campaign sponsored by the Students' Council. Now all we need is a site to get started on the field.

In addition the Council raised over \$80 for the March of Dimes. The constitution has been instituted and it is hoped that the system for the award of Purple B's can be improved. The Council has been active in social affairs sponsoring several dances and parties among them the Commencement Formal, which was a great success.—JOAN ALLEN.

Twenty-nine



DRAMATIC CLUB

FIRST ROW—E. Hvachovec, S. Yanover, M. Blatherwick, E. Robbins, N. Lawrence, K. Mills, J. Scriven.

SECOND ROW — Mr. Bradley, D. Prest, E. Wishart, C. Wishart, M. Benn, S. Alyea, J. Walden, A. James, Mr. Linton Read.

THIRD ROW—R. Neal, L. Marcus, M. Seldon, C. O'Flynn, M. Rawson, F. Thompson, B. Rose, M. Andrews, C. Summers.

FOURTH ROW — J. Luscombe, G. Starring, B. Cook, J. Howard, L. Buskard, D. Soule.



ART CLUB

FIRST ROW — F. Thompson, M. Wakefield, B. Seldon, E. Robbins, J. Walden.

SECOND ROW — J. Tonkin, J. Hartleib, H. Weston, B. Tufts, J. Tilker, S. Smale, J. Varcoe.

THIRD ROW — C. Weston, F. Finkle, E. McCormick, C. O'Flynn, A. Robertson, D. Gibson.



STAGE CREW

FIRST ROW—J. Mazer, R. Varley, R. Mott.

SECOND ROW — W. Coughlin, W. Babbitt, M. Seldon, J. Dafoe, L. Buskard.

"A DAY AT CJBQ"

At 6:15 a.m. several groggy students trudged into CJBQ to find Scott Hannah busily preparing programs. On the dot of 6:30, Bob Reid operating the controls cued in "God Save the King", and Shirley Howard as "Mr. Farmer" began the broadcast. John Luscombe was up with the sun to do "Up With the Sun" until 9:00 when Peter Hart took over morning devotions, and Bill Cook took over "Sacred Classics in Song and Thought". Around this time, Murray Lennox took over the controls to give Bob time to eat a well-earned breakfast. "Say It With Music" was done by Doug Trumble. At the McCarthy Theatre, the young hopefuls were encouraged by Bob Reid in "Talent Unlimited". At 10:30, from the studio, Peter Hart read the news and the weather report. Bill Cook acted as disc jockey for the "Morning Special". "Be sure to eat Munchy Crunchy Dog Biscuits". (How did that commercial get in?)

The "Music of Manhattan" came next with Doug Trumble giving dog biscuits—pardon—witty sayings between each number. "The Three Suns" and the "Carmen Caballero Show" followed with Donna Wamboldt, and John Harnes filling in the pauses between the records. Sometime around then Bob Gibson replaced Murray Lennox flinging discs in the control room.

Soothing luncheon music began the best hour of the day (the dinner hour). John Harnes did the honours at that programme. Bill Deacon then read the news. "Rural Route 1230" was next on the agenda with Ernie Belch commenting. Finally, Donna Wamboldt came on the air in "Music for Saturday".

I have to mention Bob Gibson and Jay Howard (my life wouldn't be worth living if I didn't) who operated the controls in the afternoon.

Well, the afternoon was fairly quiet. Bob Reid did the "Victor Radio Album", Murray Lennox and Bob Gibson the "Saturday Matinee", Shirley Howard the "Picton Safety

Programme". Jay Howard the "Eddy Howard Show", and Ernie Belch did the "Songs of the Trent Valley Ramblers".

Handling a record programme isn't as easy as it sounds. You have to figure out something nice to say about the next record from the peculiar signs the operator makes in his sound-proof control room.

The evening began with the newscasts by Murray Lennox and Shirley Howard, followed by the sports news read by Gordon Miller. The operators were Bob Gibson, Murray Lennox, and Bob Reid.

Barbara McLusky continued the programme with "Artistic Ladies' Wear for Value". Then, Gord Miller came on with "The Western Hit Parade". Meanwhile, in studio A, Murray Lennox was feverishly practicing long lines of tongue-twisters in the "Report From Parliament Hill".

At 7:45, Hammy McDonald entertained at the piano. His announcer was Barbara McLusky. Next came "Platter Party" for which Doreen Ellis and Shirley Alyea did the platter chatter. At 9:00, Gordon Miller broadcasted from Tobe's County Gardens. Meanwhile, Bob Gibson went to Club Commodore to interview dancers. Gordon Miller conducted the "CJBQ Dancing Party" at 10:30 p.m.

The day's programmes were signed off after Bob Reid had read "Reverie" and Gord Miller had read the news and weather report.

The whole Radio Club thanks the local station, CJBQ, for giving us the privilege of gaining a little experience in radio broadcasting.

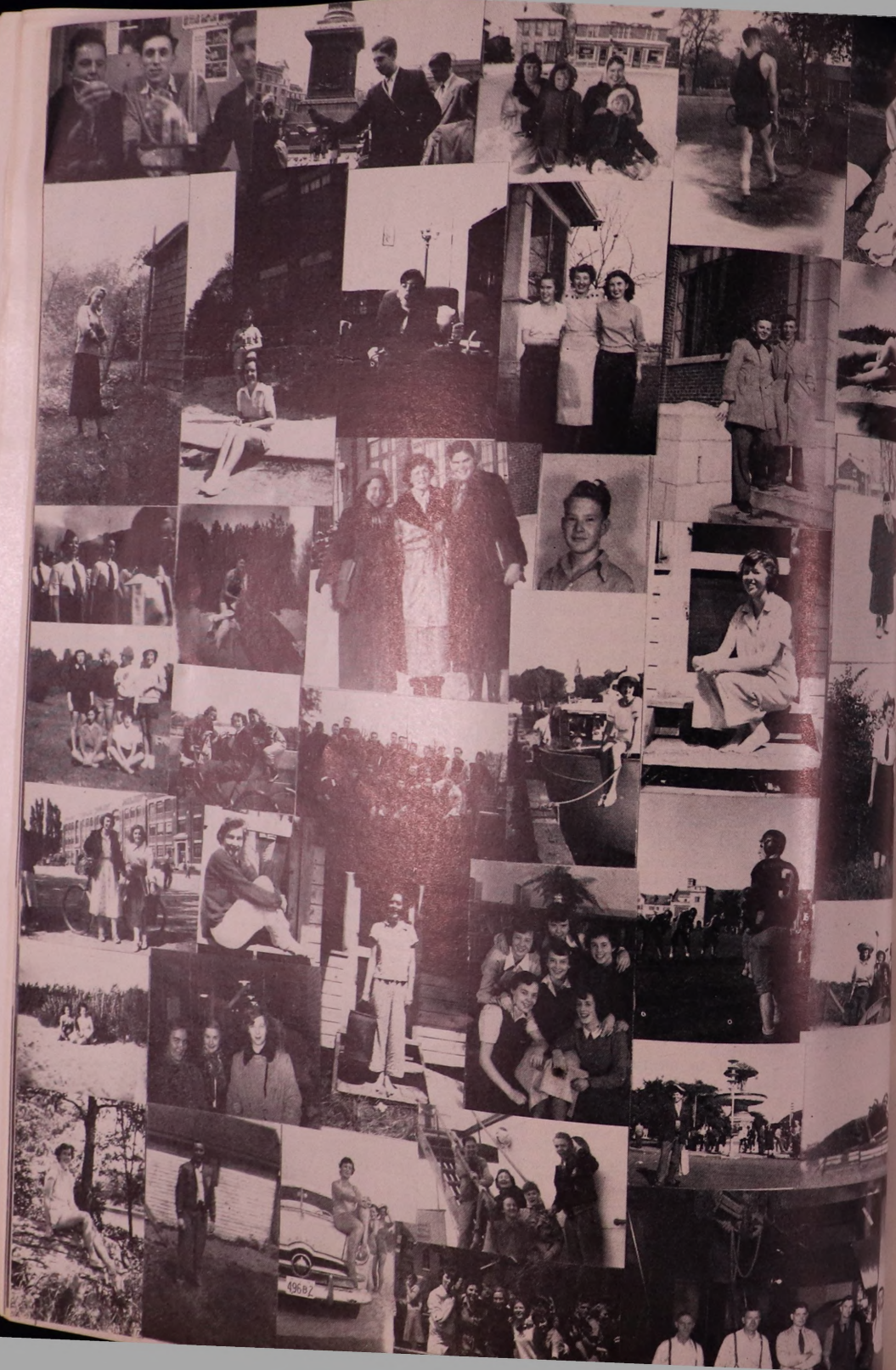
* * *

Overheard over CJBQ when the Radio Club was on the air:

Weather forecast — Sunday following late Saturday night. . . . Cloudy today with outlook for Sunday.

Now we have Norm Crotier and his stringed orchestra.

Patronize — for battered used cars.
News—ship on reef in Cheapskate Bay (Chesapeake Bay).



DRAMATIC CLUB

Extra-curricular organizations come and go in B.C.I., but one club which was established in this institution long ago is still going strong and probably will be for several years to come. We refer to none other than the Dramatic Club. This year, with a fairly high membership, the Dramatic Association is operated under the combined efforts of Miss Merry, Mr. Linton Read, and Mr. Bradley.

Due to circumstances beyond our control, this year's annual production was delayed until January. The play in question was the never-to-be-forgotten (by the cast and directors at least) "And Came The Spring" which centred around the trials and tribulations of a typical modern family which is ruled by the teen-age offspring. Naturally the shenanigans of the younger sister, Midge, who is slowly crawling out of adolescence, upsets the activities of the rest of the family. However as is customary in comedies, everyone manages to live happily ever after. Special congratulations would be in order to Marilyn Andrews for her brilliant portrayal of the aforementioned Midge. The play was also supported by the directors, a well-chosen cast and capable behind-the-scenes workers. The cast is as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| MR. JEFFREY HARTMAN | <i>Gerry Staring</i> |
| ELLIOT HARTMAN | <i>Kip Summers</i> |
| BUZZ LINDSAY | <i>John Luscombe</i> |
| KEITH NOLAN | <i>Ralph Neal</i> |
| FREDDIE NORTH | <i>Doug Soules</i> |
| MR. FIELDS | <i>Don Rose</i> |
| ALAN FIELDS | <i>Jay Howard</i> |
| CLANCY | <i>Gerry Burley</i> |
| MESSENGER BOY | <i>Bill Cook</i> |
| MRS. LOUISE HARTMAN | <i>Kay Mills</i> |
| MIDGE HARTMAN | <i>Marilyn Andrews</i> |
| VIRGINIA HARTMAN | <i>Marcia Blatherwick</i> |
| CAROLYN WEBSTER | <i>Marnie Seldon</i> |
| GABBY ALLEN | <i>Francis Thompson</i> |
| EDNA | <i>Nadine Lawrence</i> |
| MRS. FIELDS | <i>Janet Robertson</i> |
| CHRISTINE MYERS | <i>Nancy David</i> |

Belleville Collegiate was not represented in the drama festival at Kingston this year due to the early Easter exams. However, next year Belleville will, no doubt, be counted among the dramatic competitors.

CADET INSPECTION

The annual Cadet Inspection took place on May 6th on the school campus. Cadet Lieutenant Colonel Donald Dudley had his battalion of some four hundred cadets marshalled on the parade ground at 10:00 a.m. in the bright morning sun. As the inspection party approached the parade, all the cadets snapped to attention and from then on it was a series of smart, precise, military manoeuvres until the inspection was ended by the customary parade down Front street. In the inspection party were Brigadier General J. Genet, Lieutenant Colonel M. Porritt, M.C., E.D. of Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment, Major O. J. Atkins of the Ninth Anti-Tank Regiment, Captain Graves and District Cadet Officer, Lieutenant Maxwell of the Naval Reserve.

A special feature of the inspection was the display of specialized cadet groups. Among these were boys doing pyramid work, operating a M.T. 10 tank, demonstrating the three inch mortar and the six pound anti-tank gun, driving carriers and trucks, sending signals, reading maps, tying knots, conducting classes in rifle training and finally there was a demonstration by the school band.

The inspection was a success both from the spectator's point of view and from the school's point of view for Belleville Collegiate Institute and Vocational School was judged the third best in the whole Eastern Area.

BOYS' NIGHT

The fourth annual Boys' Night was presented on March 2nd and 3rd of this year. The show was a great success. It featured Frank Gremak, Ivan Celer and Peter Golobic from Batawa, George Locke and Don Cairns were clowns. They came especially to Belleville to help present the show.

An amazing variety of musical, gymnastic, and marshall numbers were presented. The outstanding parts of the show were the Precision Squad and the High Bar.

A great deal of credit must go to Mr. Townsend for training the boys and arranging the show. All profits went to further boys' sports in B.C.I. Some money was given to the Athletic Field Fund.

SOCIAL

Perhaps you have noticed at the different social functions so far this year, a mysterious character, armed with a black book and pencil casting a critical eye on the current goings-on. Nine times out of ten, you were witnessing one of our society staff members taking notes on the local B.C.I. shindigs. Yes, dear friends, we have it all down in black and white—each and every little dance that you ever got starry-eyed at. However, thanks to our competent censors, we haven't printed all the things we could have. Aren't you lucky, though? But without further ado, we present the following annual report of the Elevator Society staff:

GET-ACQUAINTED DANCE

We understand there is no better way to begin the school year than by throwing a "Get-Acquainted Dance". This is exactly what happened on September 16 in the form of a Hard Times Dance, sponsored by the Students' Council. How many lasting friendships were formed, we'll never know, but people were definitely getting acquainted. Bill Arnold's orchestra helped get us in the mood while a new twist was added in the person of Mrs. Lorraine Marsh, a really talented young woman who is now firmly established as Bill Arnold's vocalist. We could find only one loop-hole in this gala event and that was the terrific heat of the gyms. Wonder why?

SQUARE DANCES

The "sixty-four dollar question" this Fall was whether or not B.C.I. had gone to the "hicks" (farmers to you). Following the current popularity of square-dancing throughout Canada and the U.S., we decided to get in the swing by holding a few of our own. The first one to appear was sponsored by the Students' Council on October 7. Square-dance music was supplied by Art Sweet and his Quinte Oldtimers, and although most of us were a little hazy concerning the procedure, everyone seemed to be having a good time. Of course there were intervals of round dancing (music by the Balladeers) for the more timid souls who did not wish to risk life and limb in the square. Taking another step in the direction

(Continued on page 85)

Thirty four

COMMENCEMENT FORMAL

The social event of any school year is of course the Commencement Formal, and our school is no exception. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of this dance was the decorations which consisted of brilliant colours woven into a Hallowe'en theme, a definite and welcome change from the soft colours used in the past. Bill Arnold's orchestra did the musical honours with Lorraine Marsh vocalizing. Probably the main fault of the decoration theme was that the streamers were hung "mighty low", making navigation for some of our brawnier students rather difficult. However, judging from a personal survey conducted by the Elevator Society staff, the Formal (including the food) was a big success.

RUGBY DANCE

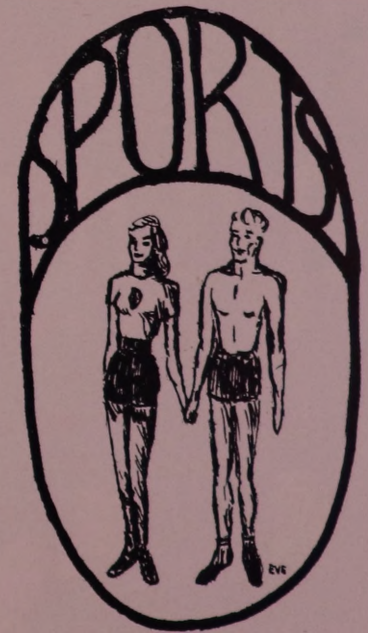
The rugby dance took place on November 25, thanks to the Boys' Athletic Society, and music was once again provided by Bill Arnold's orchestra with lovely Lorraine Marsh doing the vocals. For this occasion the gym was decorated with life-size sketches of the rugby players. Cokes were on sale as usual, and the usual number of people attended.

TWIRP DANCE

On Friday night of December 16, after three riotous days of "Twirp" season, the grade finale rolled 'round . . . the "Twirp Dance"! This sensationally new, radically different frolic was, to say the least, unconventional. We girls of B.C.I. had suffered cruelly since that fateful morning when President Leo Marcus had proclaimed "Twirp Season" until the following Monday morning, but now it was our pocketbooks as well as our girlish pride which were to be deflated.

As the strains of the Stirling Teen-Age Orchestra filled the gyms, dashing damsels put in their bids for the honour of dancing with the gay young lads who shyly offered their hands. At intermission, the capable lady escort led her dainty charge to the refreshment stand

(Continued on page 85)



Thirty-five



**GIRLS'
SENIOR BASKETBALL**

FIRST ROW — K. Mills, E. Butcher, H. Buchanan, P. Smith, J. Harback.

SECOND ROW — J. Allen, H. Weston, B. Seldon, D. Kerr, A. Semark.



**GIRLS'
JUNIOR BASKETBALL**

FIRST ROW — D. Parnell, D. Wickett, M. Adams, N. Lawrence, J. Faulkner, J. Walden.

SECOND ROW—C. O'Flynn, E. Robbins, D. Gourley, C. Weston, C. Waite, D. Gibson.



**SENIOR
CHEER LEADERS**

P. Gibbon, E. Carter, J. Allen, J. Scriven.

GIRLS' SPORTS



GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

The officers of the Girls' Athletic Society are as follows:

- President—Patricia Smith.
- Vice-President—Helen Buchanan.
- Secretary—Elinor Sprague.
- Treasurer—Elspeth Wishart.

The Society has been very busy this year. New black skirts were supplied by the G.A.S. for the cheer leaders. A successful tea dance was held at the first of the year, with music supplied by name bands via records. The G.A.S. went about to prove that girls can have fun without boys. It held a Christmas party strictly for females and everyone enjoyed herself. During the year, the Society has held a number of successful candy sales. For the benefit of the boys in the school who felt they still had something to learn about dancing, noon-hour dancing classes were held which proved to be very successful.—HELEN BUCHANAN.

C.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL

The junior basketball team, coached by Miss Martinson, swept through their league without a single defeat to become the C.O.S.S.A. champions. The line-up is as follows:

Forwards, Diane Gibson (captain), Diane Gourley, Caryl Waite, Joan Faulkner, Doris Wickett and Marilyn Adams; guards, Doris Parnell, Joan Walden, Carol O'Flynn, Carol Weston, Nadene Lawrence and Eve Robbins.

The scores for the junior games were:

| | | | |
|------------|----|------------------|----|
| B.C.I..... | 21 | Piston | 1 |
| B.C.I..... | 59 | Wellington | 13 |
| B.C.I..... | 11 | Trenton | 8 |
| B.C.I..... | 24 | Picton | 4 |
| B.C.I..... | 9 | Trenton | 6 |

The juniors went to Toronto to try for the Southern Ontario championship but unfortunately were defeated in the semi-finals by Linwell High School from the Niagara Falls district.

(Continued on page 87)



**GIRLS'
SENIOR VOLLEYBALL**

FIRST ROW—Jean Arnott, Pat Smith, Helen Buchanan, Kay Mills, Erma Butcher, N. J. McKenna.

SECOND ROW — Joan Allen, Diana Brummell, Lorna Fraser, Phylis Walmsley.



**GIRLS'
JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL**

FIRST ROW — Anne Semark, Carol Waite, Donna McNish, Marilyn Fisher, Diane Gourley.

SECOND ROW — Jean Tonkin, Violet Coulter, Nadene Lawrence, Joan Faulkner, Joan Walden, Carol Weston.



CHEER LEADERS

Helen Weston, Diane Gibson, Carol O'Flynn, Frances Finkle, Eve Robbins, Doris Kerr.

BOYS' SPORTS

SENIOR BASKETBALL

*B.C.I. Seniors Win First C.O.S.S.A. Title
In Eighteen Years*

After playing well all season the best team that B.C.I. ever produced went to Toronto to win the Central Ontario Basketball championship.

The season started off with the Juniors and Seniors playing their annual grudge game with the usual annual result—the Juniors took a beating. The official C.O.S.S.A. Bay of Quinte season opened with the B.C.I. hoopers playing Picton at Picton on January 13. This initial game gave the B.C.I. seniors a chance to show off their new sleek, black and red, satin sweat suits which had just been purchased.

Early in the game we took the lead and our passing and defence seemed impregnable to the Picton rivals. The final score was B.C.I. 81, Picton 26. This started the ball rolling which never stopped even at the end of the season.

Trenton also felt the might of the seniors, they were defeated 51 to 13; Albert College also suffered a big loss when we defeated them 53 to 41. The shooting ability of Faulkner, Ketcheson, Galbraith and Buchanan plus the superb passing of the whole team took us through the whole season without one defeat.

We even managed to defeat Regiapolis in an exhibition game to the tune of 40 to 19. In this game a three-string line was used and this gave us a sure supply of fresh players.

Finally we went to Toronto for the Central Ontario playoffs at Hart House. We certainly were an unknown team at the start of the loop! We were faced with 500 angry fans from Niagara Falls in the first game, who took the liberty of telling us just what they thought of us. We were immediately classed as a bunch of farmers and N.F. was definitely favoured to win the game; this was not only prophesied by most of the teams but by a few experts as well. It is sufficient to say that B.C.I. pulled off the biggest surprise and set back of the playoffs. At half time we led the "Fall guys" 23-14 and at full time the score was 42-36. Leading scorers were Faulk-

ner and Ketcheson, while "Kip" Summers played the best all-round game.

The next game in the playoffs was with our old and bitter rivals — Peterborough. We hadn't forgotten that defeat in rugby. The Belleville hoopers settled right down to good basketball and we came through with the final score of 45-20. Summers played an excellent game even if he was sick for a while during the game. Kip scored 18 while Buchanan 8, Faulkner 8 and Galbraith 5, also played a good game. The whole team played an exceptional game with plenty of passing and good checking.

"Red" Townsend certainly deserves a lot of credit for his hard work, not only this year but all the other years too.

Let's wish the seniors lots of luck at the Red Feather playoffs in Toronto during the Easter holidays.

SENIOR RUGBY

The B.C.I. senior rugby team was really on its toes this year! It won the Bay of Quinte C.O.S.S.A. championship, and was never once defeated in the whole season. Scores like 51-5 against Picton, 11-0 against Trenton, 26-0 against Albert College were typical of the beatings it handed out.

Naturally, it went to Peterborough for the C.O.S.S.A. semi-finals. Two games were played in the semi-finals—one on November 4, and the other on November 11. The seniors lost the game on November 4 although they fought hard all the way. This defeat put Peterborough ahead six points.

The next game was very close, and well played by both teams.

During the first quarter of the game, neither team scored. In the second quarter, the Petes managed to get two points by two single kicks. In the third quarter, Belleville came to life. Jesse Burley got the first major score of the game when he came through with a middle buck. No convert was made so the score at the end of the third quarter was 5-2 for Belleville. In the last quarter, the Petes made a successful buck and convert to make the score 8-5. After playing for all

(Continued on page 86)



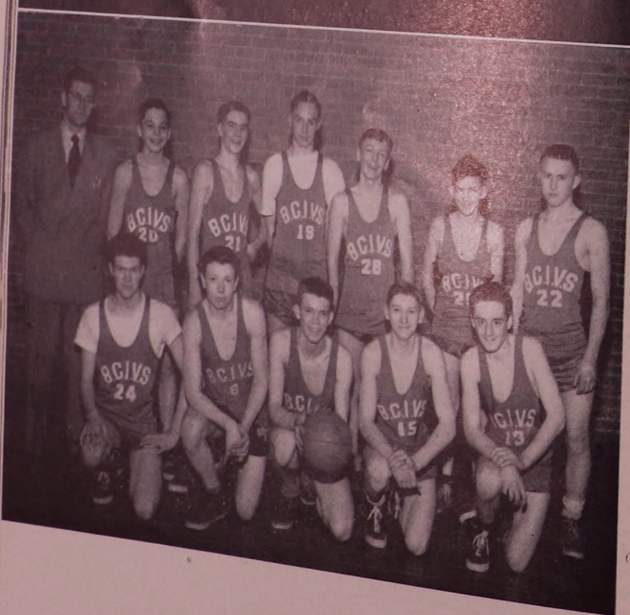
**BOYS'
SENIOR BASKETBALL**

C.O.S.S.A. Champions

FIRST ROW — G. Ewald, D. Rose, D. Dolan.

SECOND ROW — D. Bews, A. Galbraith, T. Buchanan, C. Summers, R. Ketcheson, L. Faulkner, J. McBride.

THIRD ROW — M. Massey, R. MacMillan, E. McClay, W. Muirhead, Mr. Townsend.



**BOYS'
JUNIOR BASKETBALL**

FIRST ROW — H. Davis, J. Batchelor, K. Cameron, D. Soules, D. Dill.

SECOND ROW — Mr. Irwin, J. Hagerman, D. Kane, B. Paige, J. Matthews, W. Harback, D. Barclay.

INTER-FORM RUGBY

The season opened with T-10-B defeating a very surprised G-10-A, 9-0. This year a new system has been devised, wherein each team plays two games instead of being eliminated after the first loss they suffer.

In Upper School all teams were eliminated except G-13-B and C. and T-12. This was a very close game until Don Rose ran a fumble over the line to clinch the game for 13-B.

The Lower School rugby champions were T-10-A who successfully defeated all comers in Lower School.

TRACK AND FIELD TEAM

Last spring, a special Track and Field team was chosen from B.C.I. to be sent to the Eastern Canadian Track and Field Meet held at Montreal on June 4, 1949.

Mr. Phillips, the manager, and Mrs. J. Bennett of the Northern Electric Co. coached the team.

The team did an excellent job on their first trip to Montreal, winning one event, and placing well up in the others.

The following are the results:

Class 2—Don Carter placed sixth in the running broad jump.

Class 4—Jim Dowsett placed first in the 440-yard dash; George Ewald placed third in the 330-yard run and second in the mile.

Class 5 — Merle Massey placed fourth (final) in the 100-yard dash; Bob Locke placed seventh in the mile.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Just as in rugby, the junior basketball team did not lose one game in the Bay of Quinte C.O.S.S.A. district. Campbellford, Trenton, Wellington, Picton, Albert College and O.S.D. were all defeated twice. Some of the scores were 54-23, 76-16, 32-28.

It was hard and fast playing like this which enabled them to advance to the C.O.S.S.A. finals at Toronto, which all teams strive for.

In their tilt they were defeated 50-22. Soules 8, Batchelor 6, were top scorers for B.C.I. with Cameron scoring 4, also playing a good game. The team showing top form was defeated by a larger Niagara Falls team which won the C.O.S.S.A.

JUNIOR RUGBY

B.C.I. junior rugby team provided plenty of fast and exciting games this year for all the sport fans of the school. Whether they played in rain or sun they always came through with the needed points. Albert College, St. Mike's, O.S.D. were among the victims of the juniors. They won every game in their schedule except one with St. Mike's which was a six-all tie.

This gave our juniors a chance at the C.O.S.S.A. playoffs at Peterborough. As good as the juniors were we must admit they lost to a powerful team. The Peterborough line was an average of 20 pounds heavier than ours. Lewis (captain), Barclay, Batchelor, Adamson and McKay played exceptionally well for B.C.I. while the team on the whole played hard all game. At half time the score was 17-0 for Peterborough and at full time we were behind 32-0. Our juniors certainly deserve a cheer for the fight they put up.

HOUSE LEAGUE BASKETBALL

The house league basketball, which is for Grades 9 and 10 only, has just enjoyed its most successful year. This is due not only to the greater participation in the playing, but also to the increase in the number of spectators, and in the interest. The teams were lettered A to F. Each team was coached by two members of the senior basketball team. The series was hard-fought all the way, but C and B managed to emerge victorious for the final playoffs. For the benefit of everyone, it was decided to have a two-game playoff with the highest total points counting as a win.

In the first game, the score for the first half was very close. The score was 8-5 for Team C. The second half, however, was an entirely different story. C team put on a real spurt to outscore the other team 13-9, bringing the total score to 21-14. Smith, Bennett and Marner were the main hoopsters for Team C. Mathew and Dill were the potters for Team B.

(Continued on page 100)



BOYS' SENIOR RUGBY

FIRST ROW—L. Faulkner, C. Burley, K. Green, J. McBride, H. Brown, R. Varley, R. Ketcheson, Mr. Townsend.

SECOND ROW—W. Lazenby, D. Walmsley, A. Galbraith, J. Dowsett, K. Allen, R. MacMillan, M. Massey, C. Doran.

THIRD ROW—W. Coughlin, T. Buchanan, H. Smith, S. Connally, J. Irwin, J. MacPherson, G. Ewald, K. Moore, D. Rose, J. Culbertson, J. Mazer.



BOYS' JUNIOR RUGBY

FIRST ROW — D. Ashline, B. Milligan, B. Nickle, W. O'Hara, A. Postelyko, B. Adamson, D. Soules.

SECOND ROW—Mr. Townsend, C. Carr, J. McKay, K. Cameron, L. McBrien, T. Lewis, D. Barclay, G. Batchelor.

THIRD ROW—J. Thompson, B. McPartland, J. Batchelor, H. Davis, D. Kane, C. Ryan, H. Adamson, B. Moore, D. Moore.



TRACK AND FIELD TEAM

Merle Massey, George Ewald, Mr. R. Phillips, Jim Dowsett, Don Carter.

ALUMNI

By SHIRLEY ROBINSON



WHERE IS EVERYONE ?

University:

Ashbury, Janette
Bradden, John
Burke, Morris
Croll, Harry
Edwards, Russell
Francis, John
Haggis, John
Hart, Howard
Manjuris, Alexander
O'Flynn, John
Payne, Ruth
Scott, Jean
Scott, Ray
Shapiro, Barry
Shiels, Pat
Stackhouse, Richard
Stewart, Robert
Vanderwater, Douglas
Walmsley, Bruce

O.B.C.:

Coulter, Ronald
Hatfield, Celia
McCullough, Isobel
Sheffield, Jean
Yorke, Helen

Normal School:

Cairns, Donald
Emery, Mary Anne
Kerr, Marilyn
Langman, Maxine
McEwen, Shiela
Sine, Irene
Trumpour, Kenneth

Deceased:

Maxwell, John

In Training:

Bates, Isabelle
Bongard, Mary
Campbell, Mary Lou
Elliott, Isabelle
Ferguson, Donna
Gay, Stella
Masten, Elizabeth
Miller, Meribeth
McWilliams, Sylvia

Ritz, Audrey
Sills, Donna
Willmott, Barbara
Wood, Lorraine

Transferred:

Aitkens, Arthur
Badgerow, Lena
Bailey, Joan
Bates, Betty
Bates, Ronald
Brant, Ruth
Brickman, Lois
Collyer, Thomas
DeGenova, John
Greene, Lorne
Hampton, Barbara
Kline, Lewis
Locke, George
Locke, Robert
McGuin, Alban
Miller, William
McIssac, Donald
Morris, Leslie
Patak, Ilona
Reid, Garnet
Reynolds, John
Shearer, Norma
Shoebridge, Marilyn

Stackhouse, Brock
Thompson, Albert
Thompson, Lois

Navy:

Beatty, Eugene
Hawkins, James
Sutherby, William

R.C.M.P.:

Jordan, John

Married:

Casson, Donna
Lawrence, Barbara
Pollitt, Barbara

Home:

Aikens, Edward
Beasley, Ray
Brown, Merrill
Bulpit, John
Burr, Donald
Craft, Bruce
Dickey, Dorothy
Enwright, Edward
Fitzgibbon, Betty
Flockhart, Duane
Forstell, Elaine
Furmidge, Edna
Haight, Angus
Haw, Gloria
Howes, Kenneth
Hull, Marilyn
Kent, James
MacFarlane, Betty
Marshall, Aretur
Meens, Joan
Miller, Mary
McInnes, Donald
McIntyre, Rita
Mitchell, Betty
McMechax, Harold
McMullen, Lios
Morris, Eugene
McRobert, Lois
Mulvihill, Vincent
Reid, Paul
Samain, Patricia

(Continued on page 78)

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

1. Dramatic Club Oscars:
Best Actress—Donna Ferguson.
Best Actor—Richard Stackhouse.
Most useful member of club—Elspeth Wishart.
Presented by Leo Marcus.
2. Athletic Trophy (Silver Cup donated by Mr. H. Townsend to the outstanding boy athlete of the school during 1948-49).
Won by George Locke.
3. Ken Colling Memorial Trophy (presented to the boy winning the annual five mile run).
Won by George Ewald.
4. Elton Sills Memorial Prize (\$35.00 to the best all round boy in the final year of any course).
Won by Clifford Summers.
5. Music Prize (\$50.00 donated by Mrs. Valiere Esty to the student making the best progress in music in Grade IX).
Won by Carol Weston.
6. English Prize (\$10.00 donated by Miss N. Merry to the student standing highest in English in Grade 13).
Won by Janette Ashbury.
7. Mathematics Prize (\$10.00 donated by Mr. G. E. Currie to the student standing highest in Mathematics in Grade 13).
Won by John Francis.
8. French Prize (\$10.00 donated by Miss J. Tickell to the student standing highest in French in Grade 13 who is continuing in a University Course containing French).
Won by Bernard Shapiro.
9. Biology Prize (\$10.00 donated by Mr. K. S. Hill to the student with the highest average in Biology in Grade XIII).
Won by Howard Hart.
10. Physics and Chemistry Prize (\$10.00 donated by Mr. Willbur Countryman to the student with the highest average in Physics and Chemistry in Grade 13).
Won by John Francis.
11. History Prize (donated by Dr. R. M. Anderson to the student standing highest in Grade 13).
Won by Janette Ashbury.
12. Kiwanis Club Scholarship (\$25.00 to the best student of Grade 9 General).
Won by Carolyn Thomson.
13. Belleville Collegiate Home and School Club Scholarship (\$25.00 each to the best all-round students in Grades X and XI in any department in the school).
Grade 10—Won by Helen Weston.
Grade 11—Won by Keith Cameron.
14. Scholarship (\$10.00 to the best student in Grade 10 Agriculture).
Won by Allan Gray.
15. Scholarship (\$10.00 donated by the Argyle Chapter of the I.O.D.E. to the best student of Grade 10 Commercial).
Won by Barbara Lawrence.
16. Scholarship (\$10.00 donated by the St. Julien Chapter of the I.O.D.E. to the best student of Grade 11 Commercial).
Won by Marjorie Alford.
17. Scholarship (\$25.00 each presented by the Belleville Branch of the Canadian Legion to the children whose fathers were either killed or totally disabled in World War II who made the most satisfactory progress in their work during the year).
Won by Shirley Robinson, Leona Uens and Russel Soule.
18. Scholarships (donated by the Canada Cement Company to the students making the highest standing in the following grades:
Grade 10 Home Economics (\$10.00)
Won by Betty Kellar.
Grade 10 Technical (\$10.00)
Won by Donald McInroy.
Special Commercial (\$5.00)
Won by Betty Gibson.
Grade 12 General (\$25.00)
Won by Joan Allen.

(Continued on page 68)

Forty-four

EXCHANGE

By DAVID LAWRENCE

This year the Exchange column is going to be somewhat different than former years. In other years very few if any of the purchasers bothered to read this page, but skipped on to the jokes. This year however I would advise everyone to scrutinize this page with care because there is a chance here to make some money.

Below you will find a list of some of the magazines which we have received and the schools which we received them from. By some mishap however they seem to have become muddled up. For every school below there is the name of the magazine which they publish. Some will be very easy to put together, some are a little harder and there are a few which you might have to just guess at. Your job is to match them up and hand your list to any member of the Elevator staff by a week from the day which the magazine is put on sale. For the one who first hands in a complete list or for the one who gets the most right there will be a prize of two (2) dollars.

Remember that this is judged by both time and accuracy so get out your pencil and start matching.

Here is the list:

Schools

1. McMaster University, Hamilton, Ont.
2. Revelstoke High School, Revelstoke, B.C.
3. Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.
4. Hon. W. C. Kennedy Collegiate Institute, Windsor, Ont.

5. University Schools, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont.
6. Humberstone Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ont.
7. Glebe Collegiate Institute, Ottawa, Ont.
8. Beamsville High School, Beamsville, Ont.
9. Trenton High School, Trenton, Ont.
10. Kingston Collegiate Institute and Vocational School, Kingston, Ont.
11. Trafalgar School for Girls, Montreal, P.Q.
12. Regiapolis College, Kingston, Ont.
13. Hon. J. C. Patterson Collegiate Institute, Windsor, Ont.
14. Central Technical School, Toronto, Ont.
15. Western Technical Commercial School, Toronto, Ont.

Magazines

1. The Trafalgar Echoes.
2. The Hermes
3. Memorabilia.
4. The Vulcan.
5. The Spotlight.
6. The Marmo.
7. The Twig.
8. The Patrician.
9. The Voyageur.
10. Westward Ho!
11. The Regiapolis Annual.
12. The Times.
13. Lux Glebena.
14. The Kencoll.
15. The Lookout.

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Forty-five

Memorials

"Death Hath So Many Ways To Let Out Life"

On the third of October 1949, in his sixteenth year, Robert Dobbs met with a tragic accident while crossing the Ivy Lea Bridge. He attended King George School and later the Collegiate where he was a popular member of Form G-10-A. Surviving him are two brothers and a sister.

"God's Finger Touched Him and He Slept"

John Maxwell, one of the stars of Boys' Night and an active member of the Rifle Club died on the eleventh day of June, 1949, when his home was destroyed by fire. Last year he was in Form G-13-B, and received his Secondary School Graduation Diploma posthumously in September. Since John was a member of many school clubs, as well as an important member of the Sea Cadets he made many friends who greatly miss him.

FORM NEWS

G-12-B FORM NEWS

Mr. Countryman—Our jovial form master.
 Howard Anderson — The winner of the Christmas celebration dance.
 Muriel Ashley—Who's the boy in the plaid shirt, Muriel?
 Gerry Batchelor—The boy with the curl in the middle of his forehead.
 Marcia Blatherwick — Theme song: "I wanna go home with Hugh!"
 Bill Campbell—The boy with the twisted tongue.
 Claude Carr — His ambition? To beat G.M. at the National.
 Dasa Cecha—Her boy friend is too big for us.
 Harry Davis—Our calmed-down woman-hater.
 Ron Elmy—Our wandering minstrel.
 Iona Goodman—Girl with the ruined reputation.
 Dorothy Hodgen — Her house is a good place for throwing parties.
 Marnie Holway—B.C.I.'s First Lady.
 Bill Hunt—Former member of the now extinct 4 Club.
 Clive Joyce—One of the fix-it boys; never seen alone.
 Dave Kane—Always welcome at a party.
 John Luscombe—What's Montreal got that we haven't?
 Jim MacKay—Songbird of B.C.I.
 Jack McBride—Works nights.
 Barbara McLuskie—In this corner—Harry S. and in this corner Carl?
 June Hartleib—"When do you want to be wakened?"
 Gord Miller—"Hand me that long stick and throw away those books."
 Ken Moore—The roving block-buster.
 Bruce Page—The other fix-it boy: Junior basketball player.
 Larry Palmer—"Do your accounts balance?"
 Bob Reid—"Pass that encyclopedia, chum."
 Shirley Robinson—Night and "Day".
 June Scriven—"My mother's gonna throw that gun out."

Betty Seldon—"What time are you going in tonight?"
 Doug Soule—The boy who said, "What's that again, Mr. Shiels?"

Gerry Staring—Our male nurse.
 Mildred Taylor—Too much night life . . . this author is prejudiced.

Roy Taylor—A cigar to the lucky person finding his shadow.

Jean Tilker—"Wannamoke?" chief babysitter(?).

Jacqueline Varcoe—Montreal's loss—our's and Ian's gain.

Phyllis Walmsley—"Ma, I wanna go to London!"

Vivian Williams—"Get the dog-team. It's four o'clock!"

C-12-A FORM NEWS

Name, nickname and favorite saying:
 Marjorie Alford (Sliver)—"Oh dear."
 Joan Belnap (Shorty)—"I wonder what Bert's doing."
 Barbara Boyle (Porky)—"Holy Hanna."
 Muriel Chumbley (Chum) — "Wouldn't that scorch you?"
 Helen Downey (Mickey) — "Got any gum?"
 Harley Hubble (Hub)—"You women are always gabbin'."
 Bob Joy (Joy Boy)—"Oh shut up, Marjorie."
 Margaret Kells (Maggie)—"I don't know."
 N. J. McKenna (Nellie)—"Oh foolish."
 Arthur Newman (Junior)—"Don't talk so loose."
 Joan Norridge (Smoky)—"Got an eraser?"
 Edna O'Neill (Eddy)—"Drop dead."
 Francis Philips (Flip)—"Now Bob."
 Doreen Prest (Presty)—"Thuffern Thuzie."
 Carol Smith (Smitty)—"Why put my lock on backwards."
 Newton Sills (Newt)—"I haven't that question Miss Dwyer."
 Betty Sinfield (Stretch)—"Holy cow."



seen at school too. He will
tell nobody nothing. He will
probably become a teacher at
Arthur Murray's Studios. His
present pleasure is tormenting
zoology teacher.

JANET ROBERTSON — Intends
to tramp on the family tradition
and enter medicine. Well, any-
way she is going to Chicago (I
think). Janet's favourite pastime
is not doing any homework or
else doing it at five minutes be-
fore nine.

JOEL MAZER — Definitely the
scientific and long haired musi-
cian type (self-confessed). Joel
is going to Queen's next year and
will enter science with the ulti-
mate aim of becoming a special-
ist in the physics branch.

TOM BUCHANAN — "Buck"
intends to take forestry at U. of
T. next year. Tom was the driv-
ing force behind the senior
basketball team this year, and
was also active in hockey, rugby,
billiards and he also played some
"around".

PATRICIA SMITH — Pat plans
to major in languages next year
at Toronto. If she can learn Up-
per School Latin she should be
able to learn anything. Pat's
major pastime is homework.

JAMES DOWSETT — Here is one
guy that doesn't have to make
any plans. They have all been
made for him by R. J. Well, he
looks easy to housebreak.

BOB FULTON — A blonde haired
gentleman, who plans to take en-
gineering at U. of U. (Unknown).
However Bob likes the old school
so well that he is first going to
come back and take it easy for
another year before going off to
U. of (?)

... he laughs
Toronto and take Science, but
as yet he hasn't made up his
mind. When the order is alpha-
betical Walt usually has to wait
the longest.

JEAN HARKINS — I guess there
will still be a few teachers in the
next generation after all. Jean
plans to go to Normal School at
Peterborough next year. Nobody
envis her fate of teaching a
gang of yelling screaming kids.

BOB BARBER — Now here is a
fellow who has figured out an
easy way to make a living. Bob
plans to take horticulture at
O.A.C. and then go into the
flower clipping business. When it
comes to speaking of money
Bob's going to say it with flowers.

TONY DAICAR — "I'm heading
for Toronto to take a course in
witch doctoring." Is that a drug-
gist or a dope-peddler? More
than likely he will be the first to
introduce the selling of shoes in
a drug store.

ELSPETH WISHART — Intends
to enter Honour Arts at Queen's.
Elspeth at present looks after the
Dramatic Club and seeing that
the actors get plastered (with
makeup) before each perform-
ance.

BOB WESLEY — Here is the
joker of the crowd. Bob intends
to take Physical Education at
Queen's next year. This decision
was made after he found he
could not take Co-ed Anatomy
by the Braille method.

DON ROSE — "Duckie" is very
interested in extra-curricular ac-
tivities . . . to name a few . . .
senior rugby, senior basketball,
Key Club (of which he is presi-
dent), Elevator, and Boys' Ath-
letic Society. He was elected Mr.
B.C.I.V.S. Don's interests are
varied and he is undecided as to
what vocation to follow.

LLOYD FAULKNER — Is the
athletic type with interests in
senior rugby and senior basket-
ball. He is an active member of
the Hi-Y and the Glee Club.
Lloyd's ambition is to play on
the best basketball team (Ozark
Ike's Hotshots) and it looks like
he'll make the grade.

MERLE MASSEY — Is "Fightin'
Fearless" of the senior basketball
and rugby teams. He is a mem-
ber of the Hi-Y, the Band and
the Glee Club. Merle wants to be
a commercial artist or a band
leader.

MARION FREE — Red is inter-
ested in baseball and all other
sports. In the future, she will be
a registered nurse.

FRED WAITE — Is a first class
marksman in the Rifle Club.
Good in baseball, hockey and
gymnastics. He is entering Nor-
mal in the fall and is also taking
a summer course in Wild Life.

SHIRLEY HOWARD — "Shurl"
is a member of the Radio Club.
Shirley is a great lover and play-
er of the violin. Her only plan at
present is to graduate from B.C.I.
Maybe then she will go into
nursing.

TOM ALLISON — "Long Tom" is
an active member of the Key
Club and Tors Boys. He hopes to
attend the Ryerson Institute of
Technology and to be in the
broadcasting business.

JUNE WILSON — Willie is the
studious type so she doesn't be-
long to any clubs. Her ambition
is to be a registered nurse.

PETER KOURI — Pete likes
Grade 13 so well that he is com-
ing back next year to finish, in-
stead of taking all of his subjects
in one year. He will probably
institute a new Tor's Boys' Club.

ALLIN GALBRAITH — "Hair" is
president of the Boys' Association
as well as playing on the senior
rugby and basketball teams, and
acting as official at many sports.
Allin hopes to go to college.

ELEANOR CARTER — Always
has a smile. She is a senior cheer
leader and an active member of
the Girls' Hi-Y. She hopes to be
a successful housewife.

JAMES McPHERSON — "Baldy"
is a member of the band and
senior rugby team. His sticker is
chemistry. Has no special inter-
ests yet but will really choose a
good one.

JANE McAVOY — "Lind" sings
in the Glee Club. She has a real
ambition—to skip the limit.

JERRY BYRNE — Is one of our
country friends who sees no evil,
says no devilry, and is a real
angel. This is a fellow who has
no idea what he wants to be.

GEORGE EWALD — Is the treas-
urer of the Students' Council, a
member of the Glee Club and the
Hi-Y, and a member of the senior
basketball team. He is interested
in either being a physical educa-
tion instructor or a minister.





JOHN DAFOE — Commonly known as the Corbyville Kid . . . plans to go to R.M.C. but his immediate plans for the next year are to get out of the old foolhouse . . . I mean school-house.



PATRICIA GIBSON — It is a good thing there is still some people in the world who aren't afraid of work. Here is one of them. Pat plans to go to work next year but as yet she hasn't favoured any special company.



BILL DAVIS—Now here's a ? ? ? A sure hit on television Bill will probably leave Canada and spend a quiet retired life as a New York bookkeeper (bookie for short). It is either this or a slow death for Mr. Hill in Botany.



HELEN GOODENOUGH — Apparently the nursing field seems to be attracting quite a few girls this year. Helen plans to attend Oshawa General and then take a course in Airline Hostess. Dig into that Zoology Book, Helen.



DAVID LAWRENCE—This guy is a menace in the chemistry lab. Although he plans to go to Queen's eventually he intends to come back and plague the teachers for just one more year. When he gets to Queen's "Gus" plans to blast his way through science.



JOAN ALLEN—One of the best cheer leaders that B.C.I. ever had —Joan plans to attend University of Saskatchewan and take an honours course in languages. . . . Does that include English?



STEWART CONNELLY — This manly hunk of arms and legs plans to attend Ryerson Technical Institute. Stew spends all of his spare time down at the docks learning the life on the ocean waves. He will undoubtedly set sail for Toronto next year.

ROY MACMILLAN — This guy took a change for the worst and became studious. Roy intends to go to Queen's next year and enter the Physical Education course with biology as a supplement. He has both the brains and the brawn for it.

ELEANOR BERNSTEIN — Just plans to take it easy from now on. That sounds like sociology and psychology at Toronto to me. Well I'll see you at the Scott Mission in about five years.

PAUL KOURI—Is finishing his course this year and plans to go to Queen's next year to take Commerce. He will probably own The James Texts in ten years.

DOROTHY MONTEITH — Dot knows definitely what she wants and how to go about getting it. She intends to enter science at U.N.B. next year. With the chemistry marks she gets she can do it easily.

JOHN SMALE—After thinking about all the free invitations he could get all over again and not knowing whether to favour (??) Law or Science this lost soul came back for another year. Next fall it will definitely be (??).

MARILYN SELDON—What is Pass Arts going to have next year that Science won't? Well, Marney of course. That is if she doesn't fool them all and come back to good old (am I kidding) B.C.I. for another year.

JOHN BARRY—A mad driving ambition to be a big South American millionaire has forced John to take Spanish this year; he will no doubt be successful in this pursuit. P.S.—Watch your coat folks!

JEAN COTTON — "Streak" is really the jolly type with lots of smiles. She should be a teacher with her share of fun.

CONSTANCE B. REID—"Connie" is interested in the Y.P.U. and her homework. She hopes to be a teacher in a few years.

DOUG WALMSLEY — "Duffer" won fame on the rugby field. He is a member of the Band and of the Key Club. He is interested in everything but judging from his money-raising ideas he should be a financier.

BILL LAZENBY—Intends to be a farmer. At least he is taking pharmacy next year at O.C.P. Why do people have to have a degree to open up a general store? Bill is definitely a Tamblin man.

HELEN BUCHANAN — Helen's interest lies in sports—especially basketball. She's a member of the senior team. Helen's destination is unknown.

MARION VANDERVOORT — Is a good thing in a small parcel. She is president of the Girls' Hi-Y and wise in French class. She is quite mysterious about her intentions but it looks like a good college student will be next.

BILL BABBITT—Is a jack of all trades who helped behind the scenes in all the Collegiate productions. He is a member of the Glee Club and Key Club. Bill is very capable as a melophone player. He is very interested in orchestral work and may some day be a name artist.

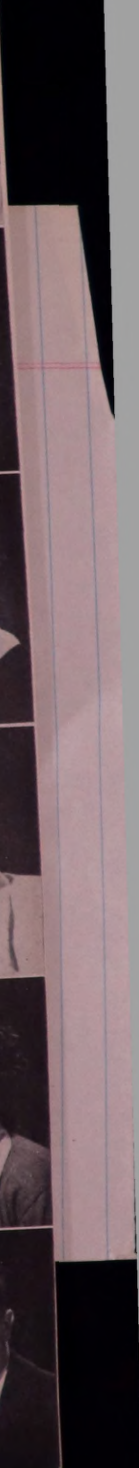
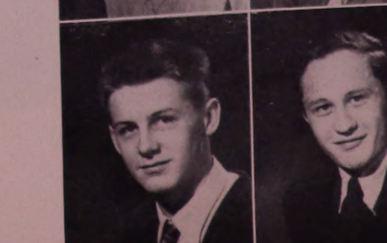
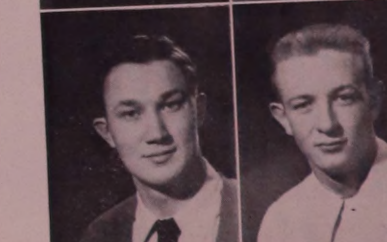
TOM HANLEY—Tom commonly known as Hooch, wants to be a lawyer. Right now his big interest is television.

PAT MOORE — Is the rather brilliant type with the bad habit of wandering into the room at two minutes to nine. She hopes to be a night club star.

HAZEL PRINDLE — "Dimples" pretends to be the quiet type but is fooling nobody. To be a teacher is her goal.

JOHN McCRORY — John just came to B.C.I. this year from Stirling. However he likes it here and plans to come back another year and finish his course. After which there will then be probably two McCrorys in the construction business.

RON PALM — "Shorty" likes wild form parties. He works and has no time for sports. His ambition is to be a successful hotel owner.





C-12-A

FIRST ROW — F. Phillips, B. Sinfield, E. Downey, N. J. McKenna, M. Chumbley, J. Norridge, B. Boyle.

SECOND ROW — M. Kells, N. Sills, H. Hubble, R. A. Joy, A. Newman, M. Alford.

ABSENT—D. Prest, E. O'Neill, C. Smith.



C-12-B

FIRST ROW—V. Williams, M. Taylor, M. Ashley, J. Scriven, D. Hodgins, J. Hartleib, B. McCluskey, M. Blatherwick, P. Walmsley, J. Tilker, M. Holloway.

SECOND ROW — J. Varhal, S. Robinson, D. Kane, W. Campbell, G. Starring, B. Paige, C. Carr, K. Moore, L. Palmer, J. Luscombe, R. Reid, L. Buskard, B. Seldon.

THIRD ROW — D. Soules, H. Anderson, G. Batchelor, T. Joyce, J. McBride, G. Miller, J. McKay, R. Elmy.



G-12-A

FIRST ROW — E. Sprague, J. Harback, J. Fink, D. Ellis, B. Tufts, Miss E. Smith, M. Adams, A. James, C. Wishart.

SECOND ROW—B. Woodley, C. Kelly, R. Gibson, R. Taylor, M. Lennox, R. Alexander, H. Coles, J. Burrows, Hanley, M. White, J. Henderson, P. Sprague.

THIRD ROW — L. Marcus, R. Ward, R. Flindall, B. Bews, J. Hagerman, J. Wannamaker, J. Howard.

FORM T-12

Back up in the rugged north country, nestled in the midst of the stage lay the "Ball and Chain", a joint with a bar and a band—the only source of entertainment in Rock Valley, a small mining town, which was in the boom for gold. Do you remember "Rock Valley" or "Ramona and Her Dad" or "Greasy McCoy" in that thrill, laugh-packed, spectacular assembly presented by T-12?

This was the first time that the T-12 boys had put on an assembly in their high school life and will be the last because we graduate this year. The cast of our outstanding production was as follows: Ramona, Joe Clark; Ramona's Dad, Bob Varley; Greasy McCoy, John Irwin; Narrator, Ralph Neal; Bar Tender, Terry Belnap; The Irish Washer Woman, Sam Greene; The Rock Valley Mountaineers, Charles Kammer, Russel Soule, Don Shannik, Bill Scrymgeour, Bill Muirhead, and imports to help the band—Harry Coles, Wayne O'Hara and George Locke (thanks fellows); Rock Valley Local Yokels, Ralph Hall, Bernard Cannon, Bill Clark, Robert Bently, Jerry Burley, Ralph Johnson, Milton Saylor, John Robson.

Two of the fellows in our form went in for acting this year in the big play "And Came the Spring". They were Jerry Burley and Ralph Neal. Our form made several attempts in athletics, but after "basketball rugby" in our P.T. periods only Sam was fit to play. I wonder why? We also made a good attempt against the all stars in floor hockey—well it was an attempt. In rugby we finished in the semi-finals.

Since this year is our last year, we want to say good-bye to you from all of us.—RALPH NEAL.

SO THIS IS G-11-A

Form Master—Mr. Hancock.

Form Representative—Beth Holmes.

In the early part of the year G-11-A celebrated two defeats and one victory in the rugby season. We are proud to own two rugby stars, Bill Campbell, who scored several times, and Ross Devitt, who was there in every play. Ross is now back in Cornwall. We sure miss him. The boys' athletic representative is Dick Morden.

The girls in G-11-A have done very well in the sports section, for instance we have the captain of the junior C.O.S.S.A. basketball team, Diane Gibson, in our class, Helen Weston, Elinor McCormack and Doris Kerr all play on the senior C.O.S.S.A. basketball team. Barbara Goodman and Barbara Arnott are teamed up together in the play-offs for badminton.

There is never a dull moment in our class, or outside. We have had two parties so far. Both of which were great successes. The first one was held at the home of John Hinchey, the second at the Quinte Skating Club. The class is expecting to hold more of these parties.—RON EATON.

* * *

Ron—"What would you advise me to read after graduating?"

Miss Merry—"The 'Help Wanted' column."

* * *

Judge—"And you say you were attacked by a crowd of hoodlums?"

Mr. Hancock—"Hoodla, your Honour."

* * *

Mr. Hancock—"Laugh? I thought I'd split my infinitive!"

H-11-A FORM NEWS

| Name: | Nickname: | Weakness: | Ambition: |
|------------------|-----------|-----------|-------------------|
| Kathleen Clark | Kay | Ed | Alberta |
| Margaret Clarke | Maggie | Halloway | Nurse |
| Betty Kellar | Kelly | Schwab's | Te keep breathin' |
| Arlie MacPherson | Arlie | Corby's | "You" |
| Wilma Redner | Willie | Jim | Nurse |
| Carol Waite | Sandy | Blondes | Basketball |

Fifty-three



C-12-B

FIRST ROW—M. Corfield, J. Redner, R. Calbury, M. Baker, D. Brummel, L. Conklin, E. McCory.

SECOND ROW — R. Ketcheson, C Summers, S. Stafford, B. Ray, G. Page, J. Walker, E. Boyle, D. Young, D. Joss.



H-12

FIRST ROW—E. Walker, Miss Grout, R. Johnson.

SECOND ROW — J. Hiles, B. Redner, L. Fraser.



T-12

FIRST ROW — W. Clarke, R. Varley, K. Green, Mr. Lambert, G. Burley, W. Muirhead, D. Shannik.

SECOND ROW—R. Soules, R. Bentley, R. Hall, C. Kammer, B. Cannon, R. Neal, R. Johnson, M. Taylor, J. Robson.

THIRD ROW—J. Clark, J. Irwin, T. Belnap.

GLASS REUNION OF G-11-B

1960

*Ten years have passed since we left 11-B,
It's our class reunion—what changes I see!
There's the former Barb Vaughan, and with
her? Big Al!
And I notice Don A's still O'Hara's best pal:
Kane's standing inside with the former J.
Walden—
What's that!? Mr. Reid!? So young to be
baldin'!
Faulkner's still knitting that toque (black and
red)—
A child screams "Don't wanna go home to my
bed!"
Mrs. Bill Stewart (nee Carol O'Flynn)
Anxiously looks for a gold safety pin.
There's Jim M. and Blanche O., their kids
trying to quiet;
And that huge Marilyn Bell—she really should
diet!
Eve Robbins has Turley all posed for a paint-
ing.
And poor Mundy—he's been so ill—look out!
He's jaunting!*

TIMBER!

*T. Joyce, our Van Johnson, holds twins on his
knee.
John (Crosby) Thompson with a finger stirs
his tea;
McLuskie, Don Carter, Ralph Cornish and
Campbell
Help pick up poor Pat Bush—she fell in the
bramble.
D'ne Laurence is still a good friend of Kay
Mills—
And I notice Jim Wagg with the former Barb
Sills.
Anne Briens and Boulton—not married at
last!!
There goes former Finkle with five children
past.
Misses Polsky and Haggar have married two
twins.
And H. Rose's face is still covered with grins;
Rawson and Allen talk over old times—
But there! The late hour's announced by the
chimes;
The children are sleepy—their parents are
too—
And so, dear old class-mates, the reunion's
through.*

FORM NEWS OF G-11-C

"Bolderick", "Mitchell" and "Brant" were travelling from "Barclay" to "Bristol". Their "Sleepy Brown" mule "Bey'ed" but refused to move. Let's "Rowsome," cried "Bolderick". "Greatrix" if you can do it. They pushed and pushed but he was very "Hefky". Maybe "Sherman", "Maxwell" and "Russell Hamilton" "Wood" help us, said "Mitchell". They said they would. "Sherman" "Brant" over "An-drews" back and hit the mule and shout-ed Har "Ray"! Holy "Whittaker"! The mule reared and galloped "DeLong" the road and through "Bates" "Marsh" and away and away. This story is getting "Cormier" and "Cormier".

Moral—a jackass may be very stubborn but he does eventually "get places".

FORM NEWS OF G-11-D

For the year 1949-50 G-11-D consists of twenty-eight active students. And how! In December we started the year off right by having a dancing party at the Kiwanis Centre with G-11-B. From all reports everyone enjoyed themselves.

In the school play Shirley Alyea was the "promptress". Rosie Latchford is quite an athlete at tumbling. A number of our girls including Audry Lister, Lois Benedict, Rosie Latchford, Jo Ann Murray, Barbara Dix and Shirley Thompson, were on various basketball teams. Donna Wamboldt and Shirley Alyea are members of the Girls' Hi-Y with our form teacher, Mr. Erwin, as their leader.

We also have our share of the school's rugby players too, Ken Allan and John Culbertson on the senior team; John Batchelor Leroy McBrien and Bill Harback on the junior team.

T-11 FORM NEWS

Mr. Anderson is a very ambitious teacher. Harry Jeffs is small and ambitious. Harry Smith is Technical vice-president, and a senior rugby player. He hates women? Harry Brown plays senior rugby and junior "B" hockey. He won the high scoring crest for the school league. Harry is known as Adam.

(Continued on next page)

John Bird is very clever as well as ambitious.

John Hiles is quite a character since he is the laughing boy of our class.

George Reeve is a slick character known to us as "Maniac".

George "Apey" Foster is a wood special. Termite, no?

Bob McParltan is from Trenton—a band member.

Bob Smith is a woman's man but he can't get the woman.

Bob Mott went south this year.

Bob Adamson knows what I mean when I say, "Number, please".

Bob Weese is a farm lad without any ambition that we know of.

Bill Philip's only interests are basketball and women.

Bill Coughlin is a draughting special interested in second floor.

Doug Lewington is a big time gambler willing to give ten to one anytime.

Ed Schamerhorn is a great hockey fan whose favorite team is Toronto.

Pete Borgeau is a motor special known as the "Napane Kid".

Gerald Brennan is Einstein's friend and associate — also our softball pitcher.

Allan Grey, farmer by trade, called Moe alias the "Roslin Kid".

Everett Reid is a wood special with no ambition.

Don McInroy, commonly known as Lover Boy, has his best girl on third floor.

Jim Botting is a great motor mechanic.

Ken "Denny" Sprackett is another Al Capp—good too.

C-11-A FORM NEWS

Form news is generally a list of names, ambitions and affairs of the heart. In our form we have a recipe which includes each and everyone of us. These are VROWN cookies in the shape of a BURD with CRAY eyes made of icing. We are grateful to have this recipe which we received from an IRISH lady.

6 tbsp. butter—KNOX; DICKEY, STONE-BURG, SCHAMERHORN, MILLIGAN, GODDEN.

3/4 cup of sugar—BENNETT.
1 egg—STEVENS.

1-1/2 cups of flour—B. and P. ROSE.

1/2 tsp. salt—SEMARK.
1 tsp. baking powder—REDNER.
1/2 tsp. baking soda—MUIR.
Juice of 1/2 orange—THOMPSON.
Rind of 1/2 orange—BATES.
COOKE when all ingredients are mixed and cut TUCKER with cutter STAPELY.
Then try to sell them for a NICKLE.

G-10-D FORM NEWS

G-10-D has not done much this year but it is a good form, composed of gigglers, talkers and gum chewers.

Our form master, J. N. Reid, has put up with quite a bit. He tries to put geography in the head of stubborn G. T. and tells F. S. to put his gum in the basket. There have been some embarrassing situations in certain (?) classes. Who is our girl giggler? D. D. She has a weakness for Tech. forms. Our form representative is Bill Redquest and our athletic representative is Jarka Novak. And now G-10-D's form news rep. says . . . so long!

G-10-C FORM NEWS

Our successful form party with G-10-D was held at the Kiwanis Centre on October 1, and on January 1 we presented our assembly which included a short skit entitled "The Helping Hand", and a group of dancing Midgets.

Our outstanding girl athlete is Erma Butcher, and Jack Mathew stands out for the boys.

Our form representative is Jerry Cousins, alias, "The Brain".

Some funny questions arise from the actions of the kids in our room. For example:

What girl used Javex on her hair 'cause she's dyeing to be a blonde?

What gang is always having parties and taking pictures? And what pictures!

What boy suddenly turned cook when a certain teacher mentioned a project?

What two girls asked their men to attend a formal? That's the stuff, gals!

We even have a couple of gals who get cut rates on the taxi service.

(Continued on page 64)

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"THE TEACUP MYSTERY"

(Continued from page 10)

out of my trembling frame. Another groan followed, but try as I would to move my legs they refused. I remained motionless until my fear subsided enough to let me continue my tour of horrors, groping along, afraid to take a step without feeling my way yet terrified lest I should touch the cold hand of death. The moans seemed nearer and louder now, almost beside me, so I called out.

"Who is it?"

"It's me—Jack," came a reply.

The name Jack may have meant a great deal to his mother or his sister, but it struck no note of familiarity in my mind.

"What is wrong with you, Jack?" I queried.

"Everything. I feel like a ten-ton truck fell on me."

"What did happen to you?"

"I don't really know. I was just standing there minding my own business when—WHAM—it hit me. Then I woke up in this black hole. Where am I anyway?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. If we're dead we must be in our graves, and if we're not then we are intruding in someone else's."

"Dead! I'm not dead yet, and you don't sound very dead to me."

"That is very gratifying to know. But before I came here, I was drowning while Cecil stood by and watched me, and now I'm here and he is lying over there all smashed to bits. He isn't the only one either; there are corpses all over this place and they all seemed to have met the same fiendish death."

"Then you aren't dead?"

"Why not? I was drowning."

"If one corpse can get up and walk and talk, they all can; so you must be alive."

"You might be right at that, but it only gives rise to more problems."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Just that being alive, we have to eat, and it may become a little depressing having to keep steady company with a bunch of corpses."

"Perhaps there is a way out of here. There must be. If it weren't so dark we could find it, although I'm afraid I would not be much help to you because I can't move a muscle."

Fifty-eight

"Say, I had nearly forgot about your being hurt. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thanks just the same. I don't seem to feel much pain any more."

"Oh."

Since I did not have any place to go at the time I decided to stay with Jack in the event that, after he recovered, he could help me to escape from the dungeon. But that was not to be. As the minutes dragged into hours, he slipped quietly out of this world. For one brief moment, I wished with all my heart that I was dead also.

Suddenly a great round opening appeared, letting in the light. Then loads of dust and dirt poured in, half-blinding me and covering the bodies.

"Fine thing." I thought. "They are not satisfied putting me in with the corpses, they have to try to bury me alive too."

When I had burrowed my way out, I looked up expecting to see light and freedom, but found only darkness. It was as if a lid had been placed over the hole to block my escape.

This episode did more than put dirt in my eye; it gave me hope. If the dungeon was opened once it would be again, and the next time, I would be prepared to slip out. I began to climb up the wall. It was comparatively easy for the sides were very rough and they offered a good foot-hold. As I climbed higher and higher my spirits rose also, as if I were leaving all the sordidness and despair with the dead where it belonged. There was a ledge at the top. I decided to stay there and wait.

And wait I did—hours and hours of waiting, but the darkness was not broken by a light nor the silence by a sound. I must have dozed off because suddenly it was all light—so bright I could not see at first. AAs soon as I realized that freedom was but a few steps away, I hastened to make them. Then I was free, and the air smelled sweeter and the world looked brighter, until a harsh voice shattered all my new-found happiness to pieces with these words:

"Mary, hurry and bring me my fly swatter. There is another one on the stove. I never saw such a place for flies; swimming in my tea and traipsing through the sugar and all."

Fifty-nine

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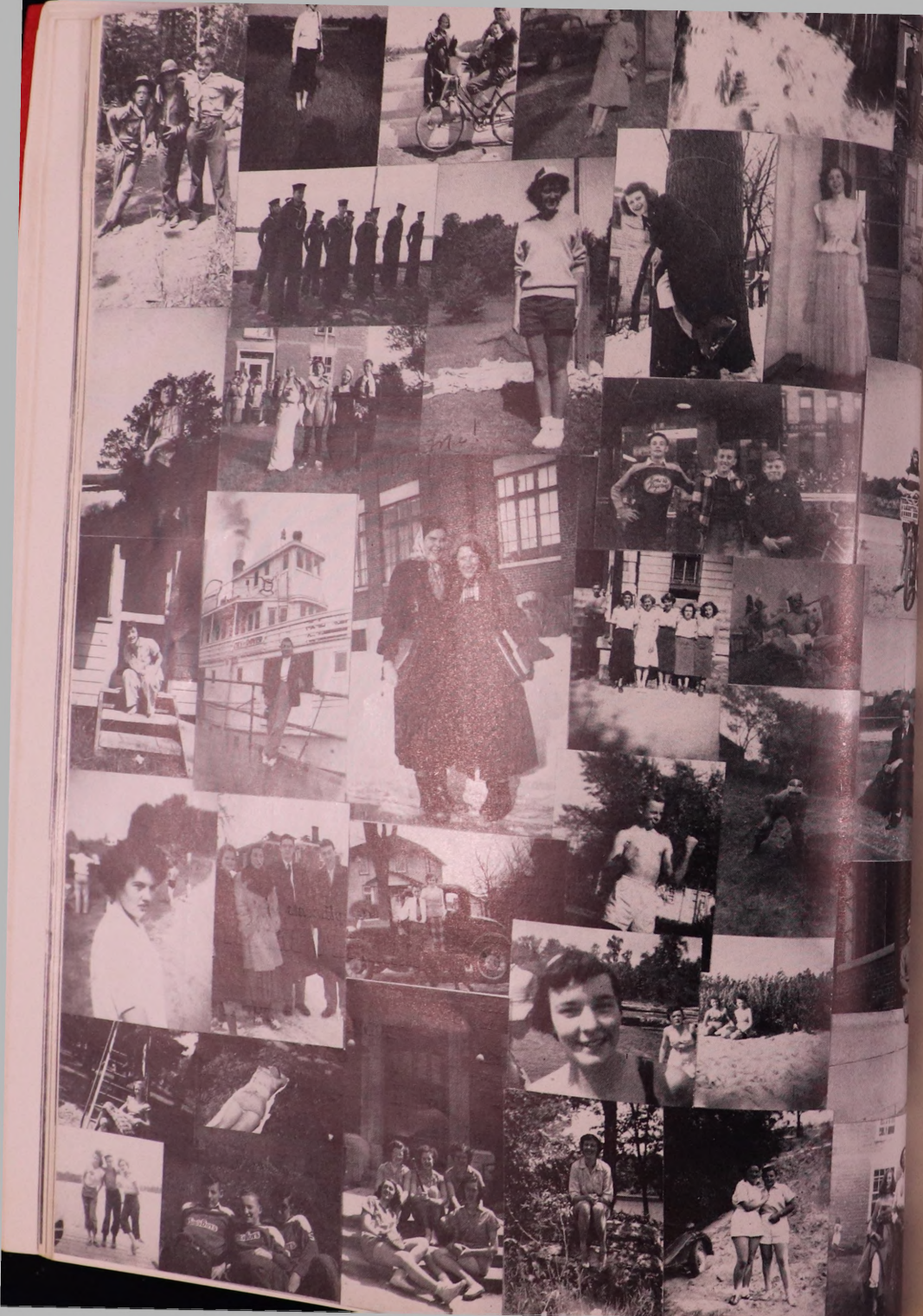
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INJUSTICES TO BICYCLES

Who says bicycles are a wonderful invention? They could be if they were accepted by cars as fellow vehicles on the roads. But: they are not accepted. They are too small to claim the space and privileges of the superior devices; too large and unpredictable to rate sidewalk space. Consequently they are just murderous contraptions with no rights, privileges or friends.

There is a law; unreasonable, irrelevant, perilous and unsatisfactory, but nevertheless a law; which states that all cars must come to a complete stop, halt, at stop streets. Because people consider it unreasonable, irrelevant, perilous and unsatisfactory to ignore it; shift gears and stop for nothing less than another car (especially a bicycle).

After coming close to your Waterloo at a stop street; and, in an attempt to dispose of the invention, no longer a friend, you lean it against a store front. No sooner is the front wheel placed at the angle which will prevent the handle-bar from shattering the window glass than a shriek of horror pierces the air, and a frantic grab is made for the falling bicycle. On looking up you notice a woman; definitely past her youth with glasses perched precariously on the end of her nose, hat tipped lopsidedly over one ear; eyeing you reproachfully while spilled parcels are thrust into a disabled paper bag. Of course the fact that she was trying to see across the street, a feat beyond her ability, had nothing to do with the accident. It was "that confounded contraption". So, just to be obliging, with a not so gentle kick because of the trouble it has caused, you place the bicycle in the gutter. Almost before it touches the pavement a car crumples the back fender as a child crumples tinfoil. Dejectedly you exclaim, "there just ain't no justice!"—BETTY SELDON.

* * *

Dear Editor:

This is my first year at B.C.I.V.S. and I have tried to enter into the spirit of things as much as possible. From my very first day I have heard people talking about school spirit and how there was not enough of it in the

school. Every Wednesday morning when we had assembly the president of the Students' Council stood up on the platform and made a big speech about how we should get out and go to all the school games to support the teams, so I made up my mind that I would go to the next game.

Well the next Wednesday afternoon we were let out of school at three-thirty and I along with a few other people went up to Albert College to see the game. It was a dull dark day and on the way up it started to rain. Several people dropped out and went home but I could still hear the president's speech in my ears so I went on.

When we got there I stood in the drizzling rain and watched our team win the game. By the time it was over I was shivering and sneezing and every time I sneezed the water ran down the back of my neck, but I felt at least that I had helped bring the team to victory.

The next day I had a terrible cold and by the day after that it had developed into pneumonia. For the next week I was in an oxygen tent and for three weeks after that I had to remain in the hospital.

I am now back in school after two months absence and I am feeling a little bit better than I was. I have missed two months' school work and my parents have had to pay a lot of doctor bills so I am wondering if there is any way that I can collect something to help pay for my school spirit.

Yours truly,
Hopeful.

* * *

*Hateful little creatures,
Crawling everywhere,
Jumping from the bureau
And hiding on the stair.
What makes them act so foolish?
They fight and scream and shout,
They never, never go to bed
Unless you bawl them out.
Strange that I detest little boys,
When I like some big boys so.*



MISS B.C.I.V.S.

She walks . . . the lady of our delight . . . through the halls of B.C.I. Who? Why Joan Harback, of course. She is dark and demure. Her flashing smile is seen at senior basketball games and Glee Club presentations for she is a member of both of these besides being vice-president of the Students' Council. When the students voted Joan "Miss B.C.I.V.S." they certainly did not do it with their eyes closed for her grace and charm is like the whipped cream on top of a sundae. And you will have to admit Miss B.C.I.V.S. is quite a "dish".



MR. B.C.I.V.S.

Yes sir . . . Donny Rose is just about the handsomest hunk of manhood we have seen around ye olde B.C.I. for a long time . . . ha! What height, what a physique, what features! Seriously though Don is up to his neck in school activities. He is on the senior rugby and senior basketball teams; he is a member of the Boys' Athletic Society executive and is president of the Key Club. Don is a "must" in every assembly and this year he was master of ceremonies for "Boys' Night". In fact, it is hard to imagine how the old school would run without our "Ducky" little Rose.

FORM NEWS

(Continued from page 56)

YOU FIGGER IT! G-10-A

1. Bill Barber—Ha! dice, drinking.
2. Wallace Dever—Skinny, food, Mr. Stirling.
3. Bob Lough—Huge, Janet, baby sitting.
4. Dorothy Sopha — Amorous, blondes, swish.
5. Dale Wyatt—Fat, talkative, black market.
6. Loretta Wood—Oh no; whiskey, curly hair.
7. Margaret Walkom—Pleasant, Latin, gossiping.
8. Joan Churchill—Swish, men, hip throwing.
9. Bob Langlois—Big feet, blondes, pleasant.
10. Bob Jeffry—Eck! wild women, flirting.
11. George Butler — Muscle-bound, women, oh brother.
12. Jean Doig—Chick, a "Rocket", got to meet Bill.
13. Donna McNish—Royle pudding, basketball, ha!
14. Alberta Fox—Well! diamonds, darkeyes.
15. Margaret Monk—Giggly, smart, Latin.
16. Craig McClelland—Fat, playing hookie, food.
17. Joan Shindell — Bright eyes, singing, you're mean.
18. Deane Gourley—Quite ha! food, basketball.
19. Bill Campbell — Handsome, sour, censored.
20. Lorna Fair—Sweet, playing hookie, Mr. Phillips.
21. Mary Rodd—Silly, Mr. Stirling, gossiping.
22. Jim Cooke—Sour, Dorothy, handsome.
23. Joan Thompson—Wow! men, curly hair.
24. Roger Sprague—Big ears, hockey, Ferdinand.
25. Carolyn Thomson—Cure, food, quiz kid.
26. Eva Hrachovec—I'm here now, whiskey.
27. Meribeth Bristol—Hep, men, flirting.
28. Shirley Fox—Silly, Mr. Phillips, dieting.

29. Alec Purvis — Talkative, pick-pocket, drinking.
30. Carol Ross—Noisy, G-11-A, amorous.
31. Beth Wilbur—Drape shape, dill pickles, censored.
32. Rhoda Staughton—Fences, jokes, flirting.
33. George Farmer — Pick-pocket, minus, drape shape.

C-10-B FORM NEWS

Being an "all girl" form, we are the noisiest in the school. Marilyn Fritz is our top brain. Marlene Briscoe is our Students' Council representative and Doris Wickett is our Athletic representative. Bernice Houston is our song-bird and our double-lives are Wilma and Wanda Lough. Lois Hillman is our Red Cross associate and we're proud of her. Our highlight was our Christmas party, which, I'm sure, not one of us will forget. Even Miss Barlow and Miss Smith enjoyed a wonderful time. Yes, and so does everyone enjoy an event with C-10-B—the "best" of all forms. We think!

G-10-E FORM NEWS

It was a long, hard struggle but we made it. At long last we are no longer one of those prevailed upon grade miners. The year began its social activities with a bang-up form party, and how!

Nuff said about the happier side of life and now to look at the outstanding people in the form. We boast of a musician. But wait, don't get me wrong, she's not one of those "long-haired" types but strictly modern. This of course is "Sliver" Motley. Our Student Council representative is John Campbell, and the laurels of the class rest on Tom and Dorothy.

So far nothing spectacular has happened in the way of sports but we have hopes.

Thanks go to Miss Martinson for trying her best to master G-10-E.

FORM G-10-B

What a form! We slave away most of the time, but for a change thought we would have a form party. It was held at Pete Miller's cottage at Oak Lake. Ron Greene missed the boat—and fell in. He finished the evening in his bare feet. Carol Weston fell out of the boat and she was drenched. Who's coming? Mrs.

Sixty-four

Miller? No, it's Carol dressed in Mrs. Miller's clothes. Mrs. Stirling was almost thrown in the lake by Bud who mistook her for Violet Coulter. After the few accidents mentioned there was dancing and lunch was served.

Oh yes, we slaved away for a little while longer but then we just had to have another form party. It was a skating party at the Quinte Skating Club. There was an hour and a half of skating and then dancing and lunch. Everyone enjoyed himself at this party.

C-10-A FORM NEWS

Name, nickname, weakness or ambition:

- W. Bell — Wes — to shrink.
E. Brooks — Earnie — Clarke's.
F. Burd — Shorty — to grow tall.
N. Conboy — Cowboy — women.
B. Cook — Cooky — Bill G.
D. Cornell — Dorrie — Doug. H.
M. Empey — Blondie, brush cuts.
G. Gill — Gilly — Jim.
E. Holway — Cathy — Waddy.
D. Jamieson — Jamie — Trumble-2.
R. Kline — Rube — Lovey.
D. Lewis — Meatball — Tripp.
W. Love — Lovey — "Stevy".
M. Martin — Marnie — Johnnie.
C. McCalley — Freckles — women.
P. McCarthy — Patty — men.
M. Morris — Morphine — stenographer.
D. Parnell — Parny — "Loopy".
J. Penaska — Penny — radios.
L. Phillips — Phil — Paul D.
L. Ray — Porky — stenographer.
E. Seiley — Eddie — women.
H. Semark — Babe — "Rockets".
L. Sills — Louie — Mr. Bates.
D. Stanton — Texan — smoking.
L. Theobald — Loey — Roy.
R. Timlin — Royce — to be a mortician.
W. Waddington — Waddy — women-C.H.
A. Wood — Red — Rum-ill-is-kee.
D. Zapletal — Zippy — secretary.

Doris Parnell is our Students' Council form representative. Helen Semark is our Girls' Athletics representative. Our first party was a hay-ride; our second party was a sleigh ride. Both parties were a great success. We plan to have more parties in the future. We were rather shocked when Lois and Donna had their appendixes removed.

FORM NEWS OF G-9-A

OUR ROOM

*Duane drives the teachers to distraction,
But they, I fear, will soon take action,
Alma's the prettiest of our crop,
And Ashley's the talker who never stops.
In science the back desk's in the know
About everyone else's latest beau,
Lawrence is the scholar supreme,
In sports, he too, is on the beam.
Shirley and Joan do their French,
In science at the second bench,
And poor old Casey is nearly asleep,
Before the end of our school week.
Although we may sound like a queer old troop
In B.C.I. there's no better a group.*

PARTICULARS

No form parties.
Football team won all Grade 9 games until we met Tech.
We all take too long getting into the room at 1:25.

FORM NEWS OF G-9-D

You have heard the saying that walls have ears. Well, it's true. How do I know? Because I am a wall, naturally. It's a fine occupation for one thing. That's G-9-D, bless their pointed little heads. They raise my roof they throw things at me, they deafen me when the teacher's out of the room. Oh what a life! Oh what a class! There's that 'corny' little kid who brings the wrong book to English class every time and the pint-sized villain recently from England, and many others of the same calibre. Oh happy day when I collapse and pain shall be no more.

—A. WALL

Oh by the way, a member of our class received an award for an essay earlier this year and our rugby team was defeated 21-5.

G-9-D LIES

1. G-9-D students run to their mathematic classes.
2. Nobody has ever been thrown out of English class.
3. Don Cornell is the best behaved student in G-9-D.
4. Mr. Hill is very patient with us.

—DOUG WYLIE.

(Continued on next page)

Sixty-five

FORM T-9-B NEWS

| Name: | Nicknames: | Weakness: | Ambition: |
|-------------------|------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| Mr. Heard | | T-9-B | To get rid of T-9-B |
| Robert Brooks | Brooksy | Wood | Clown |
| Joe Calbury | Doh Doh | Ontario Intell. | Carpenter |
| Kenneth Clark | Butch | Personality | To improve? |
| James Corlies | Jungle Jim | Girls | Lion tamer |
| Glen Cornell | Corney | Trumpet | Trumpet player |
| Frank Donovan | Dunny | Tall Girls | To get a short girl |
| George Fairhead | Doughhead | Math. | Model maker |
| George Foster | Hank | Brains | Pool shark |
| Don Tracey | Chick | Talking | Butcher |
| Billy Vesterfelt | Stub | Tall Girls | To grow taller |
| Bob Wallbridge | Wally | Money | To have more money |
| Denton Wessels | Denny | His head | Bachelor |
| Robert Laferty | Bob | Pool | Carpenter |
| Albert High | Budd | Mr. Heard | To pass in 1950 |
| Leighton Long | Leight | Art | Painter |
| Harley Macdonald | Hank | English | Farmer |
| Floyd Milton | Fluesy | Occupations | Carpenter |
| Doug Oliphant | Oly | Reading | Garbage man |
| Norman Post | Posty | English | Any trade |
| Leonard Rumleskie | Rumblesee | Gloria | Sales clerk |
| Robert Reid | Musty | Mr. Bradley | Old cars |
| Robert Stewart | Stewy | Deris | Undertaker |
| Howard Adamson | Twang | Shooting the Bull | Forest ranger |
| Frank Allen | Frankie | Girls | Mayor of Belleville |
| Don Anderson | Shorty | Short Girls | Draftsman |
| Jack Asseltine | John | Wood | Horse doctor |
| John Baker | Shaker | Homework | Farmer |
| Raymond Bates | Ray | B.C.I.V.S. | Shoe maker |
| Ronald Bradshaw | Runt | Margerie | To get married |

* * *
U-9-A FORM NEWS

- Name and ambition:
1. Lyla Ashbury—Baby-sitter.
 2. Joanne Ball—Play floor hockey.
 3. Gladys Beatty—Go to O.B.C.
 4. Eleanor Boulter—Nothing.
 5. Gordon Brunet—Bachelor.
 6. Kay Bush—To walk on two feet.
 7. Marilyn Canning—Point Anne boys.
 8. Barbara Easterbrook—Play hockey.
 9. Bill Foster—To remember.
 10. Verna Freeman—Live in Point Anne.
 11. Joan Gerow—Be on time once.
 12. Thomas Haire—Bachelor.
 13. Stella Hughes—Play hockey.
 14. Joan Langabeer—Nothing.
 15. Florence Lathangue—Spend money.
 16. Claude Loney—Be a pilot.
 17. Francis Lyons—Be an all-star.
 18. Shirley Mallette—Get married.
 19. Margaret McDonald—Play rugby.
 20. Keith McKinroy—Bachelor.
 21. Marilyn Redner—Be an old maid.
 22. Stanya Regent—Get a man.
 23. James Reid—Jean.
 24. Joan Simpson—Third floor.
 25. Nora Skinner—Live in Belleville.
 26. Yvonne Sleeper—Vanity Fair.
 27. Audrey Smale—Live on Bachelor street.
 28. Francis Stickle—Nothing.
 29. Robert Tomecek—Live in Batawa.
 30. Marilyn Townsley—Travel.
 31. Max Wadzak—Be girls' P.T. teacher.
 32. June Weaver—To get a man.
 33. Ted Williams—Nothing.
 34. Geraldine Wright—Play hockey.
 35. Jean Wood—Play hockey.
 36. Mr. Bradley—Get rid of U-9-A.

**FITS AND FANCIES BY KEN KERR
A-9-A**

(Name, outstanding characteristic, and our prediction)

- Ronald Atkins — Dreaming — Bachelor.
 Lewis Buckley — Chewing Nails — Sissy.
 Ray Brant — Missing Targets — Pool Shark.
 Sherman Brany — Talking Out — Bum.
 Gary Cranston — Showing Off — Politician.
 Doug Dempsey — Yapping — None.
 Doug Gough — Chasing Blondes — Bum.
 Don Hall — Smoker — Big Drip.
 Griffith Ketcheson — Fooling — Grave Digger.
 Kenneth Kerr — Chewing Gum — Husband.
 Mark Kewarth — Silent — Englishman.
 Lyle Leavans — Sloppy Diagrams — Going To Die.
 Arthur Loft — Silent — Street Cleaner.
 Bob Loft — Gabbing — Bum.
 Gordon Miracle — Giggling — History Teacher.
 Tom Miracle — Talking — Husband.
 John McCreary — Logging Chain — Draftsman.
 Bruce McPherson — Big Mouth — Hick Farmer.
 Glen McCue — Doing Nothing — Bum.
 Samuel Morgan — Sleepy — Bum.
 Ron Hutcheson — Short — Lover Boy.
 Bob Stapely — Cracking Jokes — Farmer.
 Harvey Stoliker — Giggling — Whistling.

G-9-C FORM NEWS

Our Form G-9-C has had a fair share in school activities. Our representative to the Student Council is Beverly Cowan. Our rugby team had Jack Kane as captain. Other players were R. Burt, B. Charlton, D. Morton, G. Sine, R. Swain and D. Thompson. The boys only played one game and lost 13-13. We have two volleyball teams—the 12:30 p.m. and the 4:05 p.m. Roberta Allen is captain of the noon team and they played three games without winning. The four o'clock team played three games and won one game. Shirley McFarlane is captain of this team. Eleanor Mitchell is the girls' athletic representative. Most of the boys are in Cadets and some of the girls are in the Tumbling Club. We were to have a form party in December but it was postponed and we are looking forward to having it soon.

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SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

(Continued from page 44)

19. Scholarships (\$25.00 each donated by the Belleville Board of Education to the best student of each of the graduating classes in the Vocational School).
Commercial—Won by Marie Boyce.
Home Economics—Won by Stella Gay.
Technical—Won by Leonard Cassidy.
20. Scholarship (\$150.00 donated by the University Women's Club of Belleville and District).
Won by Janette Ashbury.
21. Grade 12 Student Aid Scholarship (\$100.00).
Won by Marjorie Alford.
22. Grade 12 Student Aid Scholarship (\$100.00).
Won by Joan Belnap.
23. Grade 12 Student Aid Scholarship (\$100.00).
Won by Shirley Morgan.
24. Grade 12 Student Aid Scholarship (\$100.00).
Won by Arthur Newman.
25. Grade 13 Student Aid Scholarship (\$100.00).
Won by Joan Allen.
26. Grade 13 Student Aid Scholarship (\$100.00).
Won by Jean Harkins.
27. University Student Aid Scholarship (\$400.00).
Won by Janette Ashbury.
28. University Student Aid Scholarship (\$400.00).
Won by Howard Hart.
29. University Student Aid Scholarship (\$400.00).
Won by Morris Burke.
30. Andrew Malcolm Scholarship in History (\$250.00).
Won by Janette Ashbury.

Sixty-eight

THE GLEE CLUB

(Continued from page 20)

sol had been more substantially constructed. The chorus was quite successful in heeding Mr. Read's warnings of "keep to the front of the stage, no arms crossed, smile even if it hurts; I do not want to see one person standing still, but do not make a noise!"

With everyone keeping well in mind the rules, regulations, advice, suggestions, etc. that had been given them throughout the many weeks of rehearsal, the operetta finally was presented in a most polished style, and enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

Enthusiasm for our Glee Club is already at so high a peak that we happily anticipate continued success in the months to come.

THE B.C.I.V.S. BAND

(Continued from page 20)

would be very dull without the stirring march music of the band.

The next time you hear your band, remember that the members do not put the instruments to their mouth and the music comes out automatically; it takes a lot of hard work on everyone's part. It is the school band and you are the school, so continue to take an interest and pride in your band.—A. N.

THE B.C.I.V.S. KEY CLUB

(Continued from page 27)

A great deal of the Club's activities is made up of work but the fellowship gained in performing our duties is sufficient reward. We all know that you cannot have a club without members and Belleville has its share of hard-working members.

Tom Allison, Jack Barr, Larry Buskard, John Hagerman, and Don Rose will represent our Collegiate Key Club at Columbus, Ohio, at the International Key Club Convention.

A Key Club moustache must have inspired the installment plan. You know, a little down and a little more each week.

W.C.—"What liquid will not freeze?"

M.B.—"Hot water."

Mr. Reid (explaining the Treaty of Versailles) — "Watch the board while I go through it again."

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Sixty-nine

SPECIAL!

B.C.I. Grad Now Editor of American Medical Association's Journal!

Dr. Austin Smith, the new editor of the American Medical Association's powerful Journal, was born in Belleville thirty-seven years ago. He attended Queen Mary School, the Belleville Collegiate, and received his M.D., C.M., and his postgraduate MSc. from Queen's University. One of the leading authorities on drugs and treatment, Dr. Smith is director of the division of therapy and research, and secretary of the A.M.A. Council on Pharmacy and Research. Today, having emerged as one of the youngest leaders in American medicine, Smith isn't sure what prompted him to follow his profession. He thinks, however, that the kindly manner of the late Dr. J. J. Robertson, the Smith's family doctor in Belleville, had a profound influence on his choice of vocation. Our own Miss N. Merry, Miss McLaren, and Mr. Hill can remember very well Dr. Smith as one of their pupils.

All the students of B.C.I. are indeed quite gratified to know that Dr. Austin Smith, the editor of the American Medical Association Journal, used to walk in the very halls through which they walk every day. We are proud to know that he is of our distinguished alumni.

CANADA, LAND OF THE FREE?

So the saying goes; but is our country a free one, or are we rapidly losing this proud, democratic slogan because of our racial and religious prejudice?

Today there is a great deal of discussion on this matter, especially with regard to Jews and Negroes. Dresden, a town in our own province, is continually in the news with its undemocratic struggle between the blacks and whites. A very interesting survey was made recently by a committee, which sent two letters to various hotels and tourist resorts, the one letter bearing a Jewish name and the other a Gentile. In almost every case the Gentile's name was accepted, while the Jewish letter was rejected on the pretense of no accommodation.

Our children's minds are being poisoned by prejudice. Every day we see and hear continual proof of this; on the streets, in the

school-yards and wherever young children are. It used to be said that children could play and work together without any notice of difference in colour, but today we are continually reminded that this is not so. They taunt "You are a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro", and it is the fault of their environment. A young child is like a blank piece of paper ready for impressions, and it is what he hears and sees that makes these impressions.

Prejudice sweeps our country from coast to coast: from the west where a young boy is left out of a game because he is Japanese, to the east where a girl is not invited to a party because she is French.

But how can we erase prejudice when there are restricted areas, clubs, hotels, restaurants and tourist resorts; when clever young people cannot obtain professional training in hospitals, cannot obtain positions because of their race, colour and creed?

When a child can peek down-stairs and see that his family has the new Jewish couple from across the street in for an evening's entertainment: only then can we stamp out racial and religious prejudice.

—SHIRLEY MCKERROW, G-11-A.

AWAKENING

*How I love to wake
In early morn,
With Sol shining down
So bright and warm,
To see the gray mist
Rising off the water,
Fleeing from Dawn,
Sol's golden daughter.
The black crow awakens
The woodland folk;
A frog blinks sleepily
And utters a croak.
A loon in the distance
Loudly hails his mate;
A gull screams near by,
"Wake up! It's late!"
A flash of colour
In the shallow creek,
Proves to all the world
That the fish aren't asleep.
Soon all have risen,
Both man and beast,
To greet the new day
Which God has releas'd.*

—JOAN ROWSOME, G-11-C.

DO YOU REMEMBER . . .

- the time Eleanor Bernstein's strap broke in the can-can?
- the day "Minnie" McKinney lost her watch down the drain?
- that you were afraid to clap at the operetta for fear they would do another encore?
- the assembly where Ruthie Watson forgot her recitation and ran off the stage?
- the time Mr. Erwin chased a grade ten girl out of his room with a stuffed cobra?
- the endless movie on Massey Harris equipment?
- the time Bob Ketcheson got caught putting his waste paper in the pocket of Miss M. Smith's coat? He said he couldn't find the basket.
- the first day Lindy Read wore his wine blazer?
- G-11-C's form party where someone ran off with the funds?
- that Donny Dolan had to go home and shave before he could have his picture taken for the Elevator?
- seeing Miss Merry running around the halls with the slit in her black skirt "halfway up to her waist"?
- the big fight at the return rugby game at Peterborough?
- learning how to waltz at dancing class and have you tried it yet?
- hearing Mr. Currie's voice in the quartet over the radio? (Neither do we!)
- the ammonia flavour ice-cream at the Commencement Formal?
- the first time Marion Gerow went out with Mr. Erwin?
- when the organ went off in the operetta?

ON THE SUBJECT OF SLANG

I am a French citizen, and have just completed a visit to Canada.

When I found I was going on this trip, I took a course in English from which I graduated with honours. Having done quite well in learning the language I was very confident in being able to speak it when I first stepped on Canadian soil. I managed rather well until I started to motor through Ontario. Here I began to have trouble. It was the

language. I, the great English student in France, could not understand the English-speaking people in Canada.

One day I happened to start a conversation with a young Canadian. After talking some minutes, he suggested that we go into a restaurant to sit down. He went on to explain that he had been walking all morning and that his dogs were barking. When my new friend said this, I was amazed. Either I was blind and deaf or he was insane. I was positive there was not a dog in sight. When I timidly asked him how he had disposed of his barking dogs so quickly, he gave me a long, searching look, turned slowly, and walked away very cautiously as though not wanting to attract my attention. It was then that I came to the conclusion that I had done something wrong, and not only that, my disappearing friend thought I was insane.

This is only one of my many embarrassing encounters with Canadian slang. I soon found that a person who has "been up the river" has not necessarily been on an enjoyable vacation or cruise. I also learned that a gentleman "rolling in dough" is not a baker or a lunatic but a very rich man.

By the time I had returned to French, my English vocabulary had been augmented by many slang expressions. I can still astound my French friends by "letting loose a string" of Canadian slang.—BARBARA GREATRIX.

WISHFUL THINKING

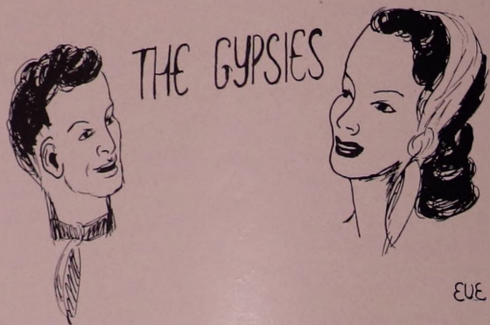
*Here in a solitary desk they lie;
Faded and forgotten as the shifting sand;
Composed by authors long gone by,
Education, abridged in my hand.*

*Homework in Latin would but ruin my
dreams;*

*I close my Grammar with a blow;
I shall not drink deeply of wisdom's streams,
Ignorant I came and ignorant I shall go.*

*Here in my desk my books are dead;
Sealed tight, my Algebraic figures leap;
Into school my footsteps cannot be led;
With homework gone, I may find time to
sleep.*

—JOAN ROWSOME
Adapted from "The Seed Shop"
by Muriel Stuart.



THE GYPSIES

EUE

Poetry: First Prize

*The Gypsy world was a roving world,
A world that's all gone by,
Smothered by the cloak of time
The silent Gypsies lie.*

*Oh come my friends and follow me,
Live back the years that die;
We'll join the Gypsies for a day
And hear their happy cry.*

*The day begins with a caravan
Rolling on its way,
The Gypsy world, a happy world,
So cheerful and so gay.*

*Evening comes and camp is made
Beside a lazy brook;
A tired old man with his worn violin
Steals away to a dreamy nook.*

*The evening breeze picks up the song,
And the music seems to say
The Gypsy world was a roving world
So hopeful and so gay.*

—BARBARA GREATRIX

Seventy-two



"THE WILLOW"

Poetry: Second Prize

A blade of glist'ning silver cuts the soft twilight

*As greying shadows
That deepen, dart and melt into majestic height*

Are swaying to and fro.

A willow shivers while she swishes shining skirts

In scented soothing air;

Her pulsing, buoyant, laughing heart and gay spirits

Lack all worldly care.

She gently droops her head and nods each lordly tress

To mirrored velvet pools;

A whispering wave in aching stillness does caress—

With royal crowning jewels.

The wind then weaves her hair with spun moonbeams of light

And all the sparkling strands

Are drying while tiptoed to tease the saucy night

With gracefulness she stands.

—GERRY PAGE.

Seventy-three

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"WHO IS BEHIND IT ALL?"

(Continued from page 18)

words of praise and congratulations to the players. The hero and heroine are mobbed. A success indeed, oh brilliant material in this school, brilliant! But where is the praise for that lost minority, that group behind it all?

At last, at long last it is here, the operetta. For weeks the halls have echoed its rollicking songs. The pupils have been tapping their feet as the strains of music from rehearsals drifted into the class rooms. Now we can satisfy our curiosity about the story and rejoice in the songs. Listen to that girl sing! I never realized we had such talent in the school. Parents murmur: "We can be proud of our children, they certainly achieved a masterpiece. I would not have believed them capable." The sonsters are complimented for weeks by friends and fellow students, but who was that man who crept away exhausted after the show was over? But forget that, down to the dance every songster of the lot, you have earned your pleasure.

Boys' Night—of course no one misses it. The boys are in it and certainly no girl would miss it. The musical accomplishments, the skits, and the gymnastic displays all go to make an evening of brisk entertainment. Oh the splendour of that last pyramid!

Commencement, whether a sad or happy event it is certainly a memorable one, and as the suddenly grown graduates march up to take their diplomas, everyone in the audience is proud for them, for their parents and for the school.

And so event after event rolls on, some of us are praised, some of us are promoted to new fields of accomplishment, but who is behind it all, who is behind each and every one of us? Our teachers. That group that is always there, not in the spotlight, but just close enough to be always ready to help. So here is a warm thank-you from all of us!

* * *
Max—"Do you remember telling me about the time you were expelled?"
Dad—"Yes."

Max—"Well, now I'm telling you."
* * *

Mr. Templer (at Glee Club practise)—
"Now don't forget the sopranos sing alone until we come to the 'Gates of Hell' and then we all come in."

Seventy-four



Seventy-five

HUMOUR

Bob went to see a girl, and she called down the stairs that she wasn't dressed.
"Can't you slip on something and come down?" he called.

So she slipped on the top step and came down.

Susan—"Daddy, I want a new strapless evening gown."

Father—"But isn't that expensive?"

Susan—"No, daddy, with a strapless evening gown it isn't the cost that counts, it's the upkeep."

*In a drawing room there were three;
A girl, a reading lamp, and he.
Two's company without a doubt,
And so the reading lamp went out.*

(The joke intended for this column was censored. Anyone wishing to hear this joke see either Jay Howard or Murray Lennox, who are the editors of this column.)

The Editors say:

Love is one game which is not postponed on account of darkness.

What this country needs is a pension for old jokes. None should be expected to work after seventy-five years of age.

Bob—"I've got a girl who reads nothing but classics."

Chuck—"What do you do about it?"

Bob—"I squeeze the Dickens out of her."

Gordon—"Ma, is the vase that was in the living room the one that was handed down from generation to generation?"

Mother—"Yes, Gord, why?"

Gordon—"Well, this generation dropped it."

Frances—"Does Mr. Irwin like you?"

Dianne—"Oh, he must, at least, every paper he hands back to me is covered with kiss marks."

Teacher—"A man who cannot express himself so that people understand him, is an idiot. Do you understand me?"

Voice in the Rear—"No."

Mrs. White (to son's teacher)—"By the way, has the company that prints your report cards been able to get their machinery repaired yet?"

Jack—"I think this school is haunted."

Ken—"Why?"

Jack—"They are always talking of school spirit."

J.B.—"I'm a mind reader."

H.C.—"Can you read my mind?"

J.B.—"Sorry, I left my magnifying glass at home."

*Silas Clam
Lies on the floor;
He tried to slam
A revolving door.*

Roy—"I've got a friend I'd like you girls to meet."

Athletic Girl—"What can he do?"

Chorus Girl—"How much has he?"

Literary Girl—"What does he read?"

Society Girl—"Who are his family?"

Religious Girl—"What church does he attend?"

B.C.I.V.S. Girl—"Where is he?"

Kilroy—"Would you consider it improper if I kissed your hand?"

Nancy—"No, but I think it would be entirely out of place."

Miss Smith—"Now this is the last lesson of the term, and the examination papers are in the hands of the printers. Are there any questions?"

Bob—"Who is the printer?"

Joan—"Did you ever take chloroform?"

Jane—"No, who teaches it?"

DAFFYNITIONS

Athlete—a dignified bunch of muscles, unable to split wood or sift ashes.

Bank—an institution where you can borrow money if you can show sufficient evidence that you don't need it.

Courtship—the period during which the girl decides whether she can do better.

Diplomat—a man who convinces his wife that a woman looks fat in a Persian Lamb coat.

Experience—the name men give to their mistakes.

Girl—always one of three things when in a restaurant with a boy—hungry, thirsty or both.

Hug—a roundabout way of expressing affection.

Irony-giving father a billfold for Christmas.

Joke—a form of humour enjoyed by some and misunderstood by most.

Kiss—an indescribable something that is of no use to anyone but is much prized by the right two.

Lecturer—one with his hand in his pocket and his faith in your patience.

Married man—one who has two hands with which to steer a car.

Nudist—a person who goes coatless, vestless, and wears trousers to match.

Optimist—one who thinks humourists will someday run out of definitions of an optimist.

Parents—one of the hardships of an adolescent's life.

Resort—a place where the tired grow more tired.

Spring—when a young man's fancy lightly turns to what the girl has been thinking of all winter.

Tobacco—found in many southern states and in some cigarettes.

Used car—not what it's jacked up to be.

Vulgarity—the conduct of others.

Women's clothes—go to extremes but seldom to extremities.

Yawn—a student's enthusiastic response to Latin class.

Zeal—a certain nervous disorder afflicting the young and inexperienced.

"Lips that touch wine will never touch mine," declared the pretty co-ed. And after she graduated, she taught school for years and years.

Mr. Countryman—"What can you tell me about nitrates?"

Speedy—"Well . . . er . . . uh, they're a lot cheaper than day rates."

Mr. Youdale (relating his war experiences)—"Once I cut off the arm of a German at one stroke."

B.L.—"But why didn't you cut off his head?"

Mr. Youdale—"Oh, someone had done that already!"

Miss Merry—"I believe you missed my class yesterday."

Doug S.—"Why no I didn't, not in the least."

Pretty Patient—"What would you say to a girl who is so nervous that she jumps into the nearest man's arms every time she is frightened?"

Doctor—"Boo!"

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"THANKS FROM COVENTRY"

(Continued from page 17)

Commercial High School on behalf of the Red Cross Club, and delivered a copy of last year's Elevator.

I was received most heartily by the Headmaster and Headmistress, the staff, head boy and head girl, and many of the students who all wished me to thank you ever so much for your thoughtfulness and parcels. To many of the students, I was able to show pictures in the Elevator of B.C.I.V.S. students who wrote, or sent parcels to them. The Headmistress, Miss Butcher, then showed me and my family around the school. I definitely felt on parade under the many stares of the students. One half of the school is a remodeled house but the other section is new, and contains a new cafeteria which had only been opened the day before.

After a brief visit with the staff and Headmaster, Mr. Lewis, we left the school with many thanks ringing in our ears — these I convey to you.—RALPH NEAL.

ALUMNI

(Continued from page 43)

Bird, Donald
Smith, Jeanne
Steed, Margaret
Storrrts, Joyce
Summers, Joyce
Vadar, Dean
Zebedee, Jean

Working:

Abbott, Isabel
Allen, Ray
Amey, Joyce
Aoster, Bruce
Arnott, James
Babcock, Joan
Bartlett, Helen
Bassett, Rheta
Belnap, Joy
Bennett, Russell
Bertrim, Keith

Seventy-eight

Bird, Reginald
Bly, Betty
Bowley, David
Boyce, Marie
Brown, Marney
Budd, Patricia
Bulpit, June
Burton, Anne
Bushell, Alan
Buskard, Ronald
Butcher, Curwood
Button, Lawrence
Cameron, Colin
Cannon, Kenneth
Carmichael, Allen
Carmichael, Fred
Carr, Marilyn
Casey, Margaret
Cassidy, Leonard
Christos, Peter
Clare, Betty
Clare, Ivan
Clark, John
Conklin, Marion
Corey, Mary Ann
Cornish, Barry
Coulter, Ray
Creegan, Stanley
Day, Ronald
Deline, Harry
Dennis, John
DeRushie, Shirley
Dier, Stanley
Donaldson, Alvin
Doolittle, Bruce
Dover, Mark
Drew, Raye
Drury, Sidney
Dudley, Donald
Dutton, Thomas
Eaton, Ramona
Elvins, Margaret
Evans, Kathryn
Farrell, Theresa
Fleming, Valerie
Freeman, Mary
Gainsforth, Keith
Gerow, Patricia
Gibson, Betty Jane
Goodenough, Arthur
Goodfellow, Dorthea
Graham, Ilamae
Grant, Charles
Greene, Peter
Guest, Ronald

Gurnick, Annie
Hale, Douglas
Hall, G. Ferne
Harvey, Helen
Hedger, Douglas
Hepburn, James
Hetherington, Bonnie
High, Joyce
Houston, Bargaara Joan
Johns, Dorothy
Jones, Mary
Jose, Charles
Kelly, June
Kemmeley, Norman
Kent, James
Kerr, Marion
Ketcheson, Elizabeth
Kravacek, Milan
Latchford, Maxwell
Latchford, Percy
Lawson, William
Leggett, Roland
Lepore, Bruno
Lewis, Barbara
Lloyd, Melvin
Loft, James
Lough, Mary
MacDonald, Barbara
MacKay, James
Maclean, Gordon
Maines, Kenneth
Maracle, Clarence
Marinoff, Marie
Martell, Margaret
Mason, June
Mathews, Doreen
May, Loreen
McCormick, Terry
Meens, Harry
Meyers, Della
McGhee, Edna
McGlashon, James
Mitchell, Betty
Mills, Katharine
McInroy, Edward
McLaughlin, James
McMillen, Ruth
McNally, Betty
Moore, Betty
Moore, Shirley
Moring, Ronald
Morris, Joyce
Morrison, Anne
Morrison, Jacqueline
Neal, Pearl
Nelson, Viola
Nevery, Marion
Newell, Carmel
O'Brien, John
Pappas, William
People, Edna
Pickell, Grace
Parver, Robert
Roberts, Anne
Robson, Douglas
Robson, Douglas
Robson, Roger
Robson, Rosemary
Ross, Jay
Rozon, Norman
Ruttan, Barbara
Ruttan, Thelma
Rush, Margaret
Rushnell, Douglas
Scotti, Francis
Semark, Patricia
Shaw, William
Shore, Gwen
Sills, Dorothy
Skoutajan, Hans
Smith, Noreen
Smith, William
Soderberg, Ruby
Stark, Joan
Steed, Chloris
Stephens, John
Stofiker, Jean
Stone, Marguerite
Strahan, William
Stratton, George
Taylor, Robert
Taylor, William
Tebworth, Agnes
Theohald, Stuart
Tracey, Audrey
Tuck, Winnifred
Waldron, Wilhelmine
Warwick, Edward
Watson, Heen
Watson, Robert
Watson, Walter
Wells, Shirley
Westfall, Betty
Whalen, Burton
White, William
Wilbur, Harley
Woodcock, Ernest
Woods, Gwendolyn
Yateman, Walter
Youdale, Sylvia

Seventy-nine

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"THE FALLOW DEER"

(Continued from page 11)

mother watching with those great eyes; and they would be quarreling about him. He wondered vaguely who would win the issue this time. He pulled the covers over his head and muffled the pulsing beat of the voices.

His mind was teaming with what he had just finished reading, a poem—something about a fallow-deer in the moonlight. That was appropriate for his present mood. He drew pictures on the ceilings of his mind. He drew a picture of a cold, black night and a grim grey castle, surrounded with little English trees which grew down to the edge of a lily-choked pond. The moon came out from behind the tallest turret, shining across the tops of the trees and making a silver spotlight on the deep-shadowed water. Then, through the ghostly silence the fallow hind and the fallow hart came to drink. Michael focused his imagination on the animals, coming closer and closer to them until he was standing at their side. They were children of his brain, they were not afraid of him and the hind turned her magnificent head toward him with a movement of wonder and curiosity. With a shock of horror he saw that she had no eyes only hollow bloody sockets leading back into sickly white animal brain. Michael stared at the ugly wounds that should have been eyes, until a swirling vortex of hatred engulfed him, and carried him down with swift circulator sweeps into the very centre of blackness—and after a while he slept.

II.

The trail was a line of slimy rocks, oozing mud, and slippery leaf mats, all bordered by gnarled leafless maples and clinging bushes and creeping vines. Rain fell with slow lazy sweeps that hit the eyes and made one think; or trickled in swift sadistical streaks down the neck and nose. The vegetation lay in wait to ambush the unwary with a thousand drops of water. The clouds hung low and sullen on the horizon, there was not a breath of wind and the dampness lay like a dull cloak. Slinking along behind their masters, tails between their legs, eyes to the ground, growling deep in their throats "the only good deer hounds in the country" were a sorry sight.

So was everyone else!

Eighty

Michael did not feel at all like the Big Game Hunter, but rather young and insignificant and most uncomfortable. He wished that he were home in bed, warm and secure, with his mother to make him cake and cocoa. He could expect no sympathy from these men, and Terry, the only other boy, was a chunky thing with flaming red hair and cold blue eyes, who obviously cared not at all to share any one else's misery. And when Michael, in his unhappy preoccupation walked into Terry and halfway up his back, he was rewarded by a well-aimed kick and a few choice remarks about his ancestry. Because he had apologized at great length to Terry he was confused by the look of amazed disgust that he received in answer.

All things end sometime, even the most unpleasant. The rain stopped towards evening, just as they were walking the last mile to camp, and the sun came out. The silver birches had lined guard of honour along the trail, and laid out a golden carpet of leaves, leading to the cabin door.

The log shanty was impregnated with the smell of stale leather, and woodsmoke, and pine sap, and woollen blankets and dust; and because it meant rest and food and comfort, it was the grandest smell in the world to these eight tired people.

Terry's father cooked a most disgusting mess that he rather loosely called—stew. Michael was not used to this sort of food, and was ready to refuse a helping, but his father's withering glance and his own ravenous appetite won out in the end, and when he licked the last piece of goo from his fork he was very full and very sleepy. He and Terry, being young and defenceless were given fag duty, and thus, joined by common misery, declared a hostile truce.

The days flashed by. Michael, who had never done menial labour of any kind was firmly introduced to the joys of dusting and sweeping and bed-making, chopping wood and hauling water. He developed dishpan hands, housemaid's knee, and a terrific case of homesickness. He started to write a complaining letter to his mother. The second day he fell in the river, aided by Terry, and thereby entered into a magnificent but one-sided fight, and received honourably in the line of duty a bloody nose and a black eye. He forgot to finish the last of the letter! The third day

(Continued on next page)

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"THE FALLOW DEER"

he ventured to refer to his father as the "ol' man", and won an approving grin from Terry, and he learned how to bleed and clean a deer, and how to skin one, he also cut his finger in the process and forthwith uttered his first swear word. The fourth day Terry shot a spikehorn, and nearly died with vanity, and Michael called him names and accordingly got his other eye blackened.

And on the fifth day, because the shining sun was turning the river to flashing silver, and the trees were a symphony of colour, he told Terry about an Indian prince called Hiawatha and Terry listened with an unusual silence and secretly decided that there was more to Michael than a funny little sissy.

All this time there had been no idle moments, no words and tears that opened dull throbbing hurts, no longer any need for a lonely boy to build a fantastic dream world to shelter him from frustration. His eager mind turned instead to painting vivid word pictures for Terry, who had the Irish love of a good story.

And Michael made a discovery that was most confusing—namely this give-and-take way of living was a thousand times more to his taste than former fearful solicitude.

So Michael increased in wisdom and found favour in the eyes of his father and Terry. And it was the eve of the eighth day. Everyone had shot his deer but Michael, and thus there was talk of him being c.b. for the rest of the camp, while Big Mike got the last shot. Michael, with a half-forgotten memory of the evil of talking back, was ready to submit to the voice of his superiors, but the fighting Irish, with his hair very red and his eyes very cold demanded why this should be so, and by virtue of his superior vocal powers won the argument, and Michael was granted a day's reprieve.

The next morning, armed with his trusty Winchester and a full load of shot, fortified by a barbarically huge breakfast and an unaccustomed bit of praise from his father, reinforced with two contraband bottles of beer donated to the cause by the unscrupulous Terry, the Great Hunter set out.

The First Watch was seven long miles from the camp, and it was down the incoming trail. As he tramped between the familiar line of silver birch, he remembered with a guilty start the letter which he had never finished.

Eighty-two

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It was too bad, his mother would be hurt and worried by his indifference, but there was no help for it now.

It was noon before he reached the First Watch and the sun was striking with uncomfortable warmth across his back. He was very tired and very hungry, so he sat down between the feet of a stern old oak tree and ate his lunch. And he sat, and he sat, and he sat, and he remembered a proverb about a watched pot never boiling. And he sat some more, and reflected on the sins of the world and the fallacy of hunting. And he sat and he sat and he repeated over to himself the last words of his father—not to stir from the First Watch and not to take off his heavy red jacket. And he sat and sat and finally time had crept by to the extent where he found that he was hungry again. And he would have had to go hungry—for no one in the world is capable of correctly gauging a boy's appetite and he had long since finished his lunch; he would have had to go hungry but for the two bottles of beer, which he drank in a series of brave gulps.

A while later he went to sleep, a deep troubled sleep where nothing mattered but the fact that he was soon going home—not to home—just something called home.

The shadows touched the foot of the old oak.

The moon came out.

Michael awakened with a start. It was cold and eerie, but that was not what had frightened him. He reached for the gun and with infinite calm loaded it and aimed it at the little doe silhouetted in the moonlight. She sank to her knees with a sigh of pain that was almost human. He thought she was dead and he held the thirsty knife at her throat, but she turned her head with a movement of wonder and stared at him—stared with those great dark eyes. She was like a fallow deer in the moonlight. With cruel ecstasy he gouged with his knife, slashing, jabbing, grinding, until there was nothing but two pits of blood leading back into the sickly white animal brain. And thus the yearling doe died.

Michael laid his head on the tawny velvet body, and cried . . .

* * *
Mr. Read—"Compose a sentence containing boys, bees, and bears."
John—"Boys bees bare when they go in swimming."

Eighty-three



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Eighty-four

SQUARE DANCES

(Continued from page 34)

of the backwoods, the Council sold cider at this shindig.

On November 4, the Boys' Hi-Y followed up the same theme with the same two orchestras (who bribed Art Sweet to come back?). Most people were feeling quite expert after their experience at the first dance and some squares even managed to follow the calls. This was quite an achievement. Square-dancing seems to have taken a hold on B.C.I., and all we can say is, "More power to them!"

TWIRP DANCE

(Continued from page 34)

where he was royally treated to a coke. All in all, it was a wonderful dance, and I will let you in on a little secret—the girls enjoyed it as much as the boys.

ELEVATOR CHRISTMAS DANCE

We can think of nothing more appropriate for the Yuletide season than a dance complete with mistletoe, Santa Claus, and the Stirling Teen-Age Orchestra, together with a Mr. and Miss B.C.I. contest thrown in for good measure. All this came to pass on December 21, due to the hard work and the capable management of the Elevator staff. A record crowd attended to make use of the mistletoe, Santa Claus, and the voting ballots for the contest. Mr. and Miss B.C.I. proved to be none other than Don Rose and Joan Harback. It couldn't have happened to two nicer people. Christmas "spirits" were present in the form of cokes. The whole shindig adjourned at eleven-thirty.

COLLEGIATE FORM PARTY

The big B.C.I. Form Party, held at the Y.M.C.A. on January 21, 1950, was to support our school project—the rugby field.

A large crowd turned out for the evening

to find innumerable ways in which to enjoy themselves.

In the gym there were basketballs to toss around, and punching bags on which to test your strength. The swimming pool was at your disposal as well as the bowling alleys and the ping-pong tables. Of course, the ever-faithful dancing was being pursued in the "ball-room" with the music by such notables as Jimmy Dorsey and Vaughn Munroe.

Cokes were served at a minimum fee in the committee room downstairs, and everyone enjoyed himself in his own way.

TEA DANCES

Only three of these memorable affairs have occurred yet this year, and, in our opinion, that is quite enough. On September 14, the Students' Council began the trend for the year, while the Key Club followed this dance up with another in January. However, the Girls' Hi-Y took the cake, as far as tea dances are concerned, on February 15, when they sponsored a Valentine Dance with music supplied by those up-and-coming "Blue Dots". Mr. Erwin acted as master of ceremonies, and kept the ladies' tags going strong.

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THE CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club under the able direction of Mr. Wilson was late in getting started this year but is now functioning very well. The officers for this year are:

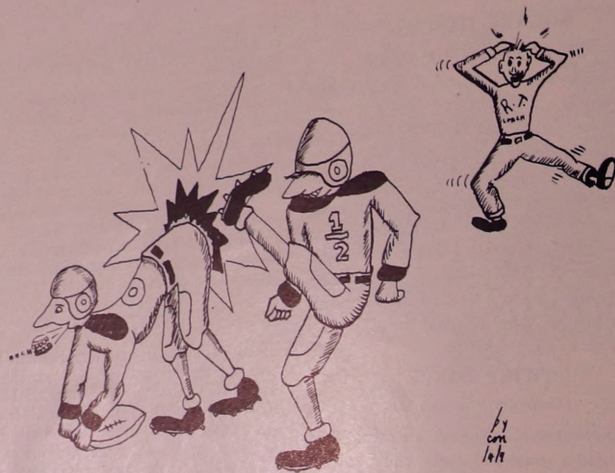
President—Wayne O'Hara.

Vice-President—Tom Barclay.

Secretary-Treasurer—Jack Evans.

The Camera Club as their contribution to the school are making a project which will portray pictorially the daily life of the students at B.C.I.

Eighty-five



No! No! VARLEY — THE BALL!!!

SENIOR RUGBY

(Continued from page 39)

they were worth, the Belleville seniors finally came through. This time it was Faulkner on the receiving end of a long pass from Dowsett. Buchanan kicked for a point to make the score 11-3 for Belleville. In the last four minutes of the game, both teams played excellent rugby but no more points were made.

The whole school was proud of the seniors' success. Mr. Townsend deserves a great deal of the credit. The Students' Council held a party for the team, which was a big success. Everyone enjoyed himself and the seniors especially had a good time. They left early to get their beauty sleep and to recuperate after the hard-fought game.

* * *

Miss Merry (in the midst of reminiscing)—
"Have I told you this one before?"

Class (together)—"Yes."

Miss Merry—"Oh, well, you'll probably understand it this time."

B.C.I.V.S. ATHLETIC FIELD

The Students' Council's school project this year is to start the construction of an athletic field. The ultimate goal is a rugby field with a small stadium, and a cinder track. This year the Council hopes to get a field in condition for playing next fall.

The school body is of course delighted with the idea of a rugby field. At last, we won't have to play all our games on Albert's field. It showed its enthusiasm by getting behind the campaign to sell the Reader's Digest. The campaign was certainly successful. Beside these funds, several school organizations have donated money. Altogether, there is about \$1,000 in the treasury for the field.

It won't be long now, kids, until we can root for our team on our own field.

* * *

The Editors say: "You'll probably agree that a teacher who comes to class two minutes early exceptional — in fact he is in a class by himself."

Eighty-six

C.O.S.S.A. BASKETBALL

(Continued from page 37)

Top scorers for the team were Caryl Waite and Diane Gibson who throughout the series scored 51 and 36 points respectively. Joan Faulkner, by her fast plays, gave the greatest number of assists. For constantly good guarding, credit goes to Carol Weston and Joan Walden. Carol Weston was the guard with the least number of faults.

The senior basketball team, coached by Miss MacKinny, won four games, tied one, and lost two to Napanee. The line-up is as follows:

Forwards, Helen Buchanan (captain), Erma Butcher, Kay Mills, Joan Allen, and Pat Smith; guards, Joan Harback, Helen Weston, Betty Seldon, Anne Semark, Doris Kerr, and Elinor MacCormick.

CHEER LEADERS

Something new has been added this year. We not only have six energetic senior cheer leaders, but also six enthusiastic junior cheer leaders. The senior cheer leaders were Eleanor Carter, Joan Allen, June Scriven, Pat Gibbon, Bill Davis and Kip Summers. The junior cheer leaders were Francis Finkle, Carol O'Flynn, Helen Weston, Eve Robbins, Elinor MacCormick and Doris Kerr. These two groups diligently led the student body in their loud and hopeful cheers at all the football games. They accompanied both teams to Peterborough, but despite inspired cheering our teams were defeated. These cheer leaders deserve a lot of credit for their fine showings.

SCHOOL VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball in the school was arranged differently this year than in previous years. All the girls who were interested signed lists in their respective grades. From these lists the captains and their teams were chosen. This scheme allowed for keener competition and greater participation by the girls. Grade 11 won the school championship. The teams were as follows:

Grade 9—Jean Faulkner (captain), Mary Wakefield, Betty Lou Hogle, Barbara Abramsky, Ann Bennett, Yvonne Moore, Carol Jean

(Continued on next page)

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Eighty-seven

SCHOOL VOLLEYBALL

(Continued from page 87)

McLaurin, Joan Robinson, Shirley Bolton.

Grade 10—Donna McNish (captain), Jean Tonkin, Carolyn Thompson, Darrell Cavers, Aneita Wood, Nan Young, Barbara Girling, Anne Marie Wotten, Diane Gourley, Norma Vaughn, Marlene Martin.

Grade 11—Diane Gibson (captain), Barbara Bristol, Joan Walden, Elinor McCormick, Margaret Langman, Nadine Lawrence, Kay Mills, Marion Lawson, Barbara Sills, Shirley Heaman.

Grade 12—Lorna Fraser (captain), Barbara Redner, Nellie Jean McKenna, Rae Johnson, Doreen Prest, Una Boulter, May Griffiths, Joan Hiles, Barbara Snell, Carol Waite.

* * *

Teen-Age Lad (arrested for speeding)—
"But your Honour, I am a student at B.C.I."
Judge—"Ignorance doesn't excuse you."
(Editor's comment—Someone should make a survey on how many times this joke has appeared in school magazines.)



Eighty-eight

THE VOLLEYBALL JAMBOREE

On November 9th the C.O.S.S.A. volleyball tournament was held at the O.S.D. Teams competing were from Trenton, Wellington, Napanee, Albert College, Stirling, O.S.D., Brighton and Belleville. Napanee proved victorious in both junior and senior competition. B.C.I. seniors won three games and lost one. The juniors won two games and lost two.

The C.O.S.S.A. teams were:

Seniors—Lorna Fraser (captain), N. J. McKenna, Kay Mills, Jean Arnott, Joan Allen, Pat Smith, Irma Butcher, Jeanne Valteau, Helen Buchanan, Phyllis Walmsley, Diana Brummell, Barbara Redner.

Juniors—Joan Faulkner (captain), Joan Walden, Diane Gourley, Carol Waite, Carol Weston, Ann Semark, Donna McNish, Marilyn Fisher, Jean Tonkin, Violet Coulter, Diane Hagggar, Nadine Lawrence.

* * *

She was only a bootlegger's daughter, but he loved her still.

"AN EXPOSITION ON HOW TO MOVE"

(Continued from page 12)

but by the time everything is arranged to her satisfaction the male members are in need of a long rest. First she decides that the large chair should go in this corner and the davenport in that one. When this has been accomplished she decides that they would look better if they were switched around. Now, if this ritual is followed in every room of the house you can imagine why I stated that a rest would be in order for the men of the house.

There is only one solution that I can suggest for this problem and that is for the men to put their feet down, (and eat out for the rest of the week.)

After having accomplished this mammoth task you may be slightly envious of the lucky man of 5000 B.C. But taking into account that they often had to fight off cave bears and saber tooth tigers from their humble dwellings, you may consider things fairly well evened up. So if you have accomplished all these tasks without any fatalities or serious injuries, and I hope these few hints will have helped you in doing this, I heartily congratulate you and wish you a very speedy recovery from your nervous breakdown.

"I'LL NEVER FORGET"

(Continued from page 13)

As he continued I found myself feeling extremely fortunate to be a member of the Great Halls of Learning, to have the privilege of studying French and other subjects, a thing which I had never felt so keenly before. Each day became precious to me, not one should be wasted. I felt so insignificant, so disgusted with myself for having blindly let numerable important, good things go by, without even caring if I had missed them or not.

Mr. Hudspeth had banished all uneasiness which we felt and in the constant conversation which followed it seemed as if we did most of the talking. All too soon he was saying, "Well, I really must be going. I have been very fortunate to-day, meeting such a lovely family."

We looked at him, astonishment on our faces. Finally mother broke the silence saying, "Really it is we who have been blessed. It has

(Continued on page 90)

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Eighty-nine



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H-12-A FORM NEWS

The only seven girls in our form are a bunch of "dandys". Lorna, Joan and Barb R. are usually late for English; Rae and Shirley are always late for Chemistry; Barb Snell and Elsie are just late. Mr. Erwin does have a tough time with all his little girls.

Barb Snell is our ardent hockey fan and Elsie seems to like something about the T-12 class. The whole group really enjoys their new Household Science room and all make 100% marks.

As for Lorna's volleyball team, we won the Upper School championship. Rae's House League basketball team just about won except for the last game, and Doris Kerr's team pulled through to win. We have had one form party this year and we had fun.

Shirley, how do you like Chemistry?

Well, that's about all for now, so goodbye for 1950 and always, we hope.

G-12-A FORM NEWS

Marilyn Adams—Our petite basketball forward—plays on the junior team.

John Alexander—Just loves Latin.

Joanne Crocker—Very quiet man-hater.

Keith Cameron—Plays basketball on the junior team.

Harry Coles—"Drummer" can really play the drums; his heart belongs to Frances.

David Bews—He's our Latin scholar; plays senior basketball.

Jack Burrows—Is going to blow up himself and everyone else in chemistry.

Doreen Ellis—There's no one like her. Why does she hate physics so much?

Bob Flindall—Works after four; he plans to be an accountant.

Jeanette Fink—"Silky" is our femme fatale. What do she and Larry talk about in English?

May Griffiths—Our form representative. She will be a doctor in the future.

Bob Gibson — "Doc" can really make a speech. He'll probably end up on the Conservative bench in the House of Commons.

Ninety-six

Joan Harback—Miss B.C.I.V.S. is very active in many extra-curricular activities — she certainly deserves the title.

Jay Howard — Sleeps in French, Latin, Math., etc., and makes the grade every time. He relies on Shirley's notes.

John Henderson—Could there be another like him? He's very smart but always lets Pauline think she's smarter.

John Hagerman — Casanova plays junior basketball. His home is a swell place to have a party.

Jim Hanley—He and Ian have fun in geometry and chemistry.

Ann James—Why does she go to Ottawa?

Murray Lennox — The Smiling Irishman smiles through thick and thin.

Leo Marcus — President of the Students' Council. Great guy with a gift of gab.

Mary McKinney—Is as Irish as they come.

Carman Kelly—Never says nuttin' to nobody.

Eleanor Sprague — She's our conwener, Elmer Fudd.

Pauline Sprague — How can you be so smart?

Beverly Tufts—Is quiet in class, but oh, you kid!

Roy Taylor—Always makes it to class just as the bell rings.

Bob Ward—Is a grocer, and always will be a grocer—good too.

Betty Woodley—Sings in the Glee Club. Who's the boy who carries her books home?

Max White—Is trying to make a record number of trips to the office.

Carol Wishart—What does she do continually in Latin? Is an extra-active member of the ELEVATOR staff.

John Wannamaker—Is a devil in disguise. John plus Jack B. is sure to yield some kind of an explosion.

* * *

He loves her so much he worships the ground her father discovered oil on.

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"SMILER REALLY BELIEVES KEEPING IN SHAPE"

HOUSE LEAGUE BASKETBALL

(Continued from page 41)

The second game (or should I say battle) was fought. I mean played, two days later after everyone had a chance to recuperate. In the first half both teams managed to get eight points. But the story changed in the second half. Team B went wild and outscored their opponents 12-1. The final score of the playoffs was Team B 34, and Team C 30.

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side. The adjoining rooms have been equipped as a laundry and a dressing room. Bright chintz curtains, a Canadian print, pottery dishes and bookshelves, all in a colour scheme of soft grey and apple green, give the rooms a homelike touch not found in the former laboratory arrangement. Our school can be proud of a homemaking room as up to date as any in Ontario.

EDITORIALS

(Continued from page 7)

a few of the things done by groups this year which we think are commendable.

First we must mention the assemblies. At the first of the year, some of the assemblies were pretty rough, but on the whole they were amusing and displayed a surprising variety of talent. Then came the highlight of the school assemblies—the assembly presented by 13-A. Never in the history of B.C.I. has there been such an assembly—never has there been a can-can line with so many beautiful legs in it! What an entrance! The band certainly added to the general gayness of the chorus line. The quartet singing was incomparable as were the black-face numbers. "The Death of Ivan" was unforgettable, and we simply must mention the costumes.

The play the Library Club presented in assembly was very good. The acting was remarkably polished for an assembly performance and the costumes were excellent.

It is hard to tell which of the major performances put on by the school was the best, so we will not try to. We will simply say that they all were superb. We would like to mention especially the forgotten people of a stage performance—the stage crew, the make-up crew and the props and promoters.

Next! we must make some mention of the dancing classes sponsored by the Girls' Athletics. This is probably the only successful attempt to teach the boys how to dance that has been made. The classes are really fun.

How many of you remember "Clean the Campus Week"? This is one of the best projects we have had in the school for some time and the campus certainly reflected the work of the students. This was one of the many projects sponsored by the Key Club. As a club this group of boys is outstanding. They have contributed more work and leaders to the school than any other club. They are an example that the rest of the clubs would do well to follow.

Autographs

E. E. Currie.

One hundred and four

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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 in excess of 20,000 and increasing. Our many industries have an annual output of over \$23,000,000 per year and provide employment for 4,100 men and women.

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

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