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is Respectfully Dedicated



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Belleville - Ontario



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THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



MR. G. E. CURRIE, B.A., B.PAED., *Principal*

"The future belongs to those who prepare."

In attempting to compose a few lines for the ELEVATOR I am reminded that their executive is now engaged in gleaning the achievements of this school year which is rapidly drawing to a close. At such a time it would seem appropriate that our organizations, as well as our students, should pause to reflect on and to assess the extent to which they are realizing their objectives.

Within our Staff and Student organization there is bountiful evidence of the splendid group accomplishments of which we are justly proud. I wish to extend my congratulations and heartfelt thanks to all of those responsible, and they are numbered in the hundreds, for the many tangible evidences of their

loyalty and devotion to the best interests of their school. This, of course, includes the excellent leadership and large measure of social responsibility which they have so generously undertaken on behalf of their school community. These people have already learned that the best of life consists of "giving" rather than "getting" and that no one has a right to expect something for nothing.

Canada, to-day, offers to her youth the greatest opportunities of any country in the world. It is doubtful if any other has the same potentialities for development or promise of future advancement. This heritage waits only for the initiative and industry of educated young citizens with skilled hands and well-trained minds, adequately (*continued on page 11*)



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City of Belleville

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

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

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

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

Belleville's population is now approximately 25,000 and increasing. Our many industries have an annual output of over \$24,500.00 per year and provide employment for 4,200 men and women.

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



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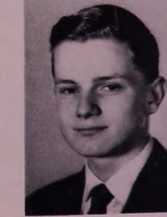
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MEET YOUR NEW TEACHERS



MISS McNAB, our petite teacher in A-2 is a graduate of the U. of T.'s Victoria College in Modern History and Modern Languages. She has several hobbies, among them are cooking, music, reading and current affairs. Her main ambition is to write a book and we hear rumours that this venture has started. Good luck! Miss McNab!

MR. FRAZER is a recent graduate of Oxford, which he attended on a Rhodes Scholarship. His hobbies are reading, record collecting and painting or "daubing". He was in the Navy for a brief period and won his Rhodes scholarship after leaving the Navy. He has a great interest in England and believes that English teen-agers are generally more mature than we are. He has two ambitions:

1. To survive his first year at B.C.I.
2. To be an exchange teacher to Britain.

MISS GIBSON who teaches typing, shorthand and penmanship, has taught at B.C.I. before and occupied the same room during her previous sojourn. She is an Honours English and History graduate of the University of Saskatchewan and she taught last year at the Sudbury Mining and Technical School. Her main hobby is colour photography and she enjoys travel, having covered most of North America and Panama.

MR. RICE is a very quiet, refined gentleman who is a rifle and cadet instructor here, this year. He is originally from Niagara Falls, having received his B.Sc. from Queen's and taken a Teacher's Training course at the University of Edinburgh. He taught for one year in Scotland, four in Manitoba, and one in Prescott. He belongs to the Belleville Theatre Guild and likes doodling with mathematics, but his first love, apart from his attractive blonde wife, is physics. During the war, he was a Captain in the Royal Canadian Engineers. He has his Bachelors Degree in Mining Engineering. In various mining camps from Noranda right across Northern Ontario he has been everything from mucker to mine manager.

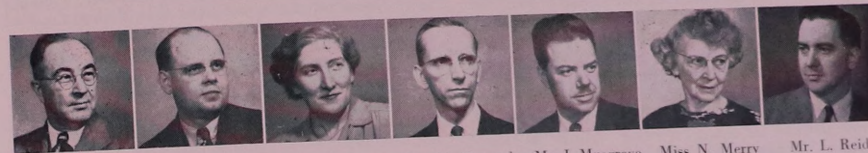
MISS ABRAHAMSON is our hobby girl. She is interested in music, camping, canoeing, swimming and it is rumored that she plays a mean mouth-organ. This blue-eyed McGill graduate taught at Arnprior, Ontario before coming to B.C.I. Her ambition is to travel around the world.

MR. TANNER is an adventurer. He has attended McGill, Queen's and U. of T. receiving an Honours degree in biology from the U. of T. His hobbies are camping, photography, canoeing and wild life study. He was in the Air Force for six years as a navigator and mechanic. He belongs to Belleville Theatre Guild and is very interested in reading. He is staff advisor for the Science Club and started this Club because he feels that a good education consists of a knowledge of all subjects.

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EDITORIALS

OVER THE EDITOR'S SHOULDER

Well, gang, after months of arguing, conniving, scrambling, rushing and correcting, we have produced another ELEVATOR and the staff can relax.

There are few changes this year. The articles on the new teachers have been prepared differently and the snapshots have been arranged in a slightly different way, but that is about all. It is still the same ELEVATOR, with new cover and (we hope), new jokes.

Without the co-operation of our capable staff, the magazine would not be here. We would like to thank Mr. McCormick, our capable photographer, Mr. Cordes and the Ontario Intelligencer, who have always shown us every consideration, the Whig-Standard, who did our engraving, and all our advertisers.

Mr. Tindale and his Art Department deserve special commendation for their untiring efforts as they tackled a job completely new to them, the laying out of the pictures. The Typing Department were invaluable too.

The staff advisors, Mr. Read and Mr. Snetsinger were always ready with good advice and encouragement and to them we say: "Thanks a lot!"

It was fun editing the book and we hope you like it. . . . See you next year!

HAVE WE FORGOTTEN SO SOON?

It was Friday morning and for some reason or other the assembly was to be presented then instead of on Wednesday. Some one said that it was to be a special assembly to commemorate the anniversary of the founding of the United Nations.

Seven years before, the United Nations had been founded by people who were tired of war and wanted to bring peace to the world, — a peace that would remain for a while. They drew up a charter and formed the United Nations. They planned not only to stop wars, but also to eliminate the basic causes of war — hunger, disease and poverty. They wanted to create a world where they and their descendants could live and work in peace.

Yes, they had great plans, but what do we care? For, as our school assembly progressed, and a quiz about the United Nations was presented, the students began to talk. Mutterings of "How dull can it get?" and "I should have stayed in bed" were distinctly audible. Even the teachers grew restless and began to whisper. That type of programme belonged to the classroom and even there it was not welcomed too readily.

The audience had forgotten that men had died to establish these ideals and that if those men had heard the mutterings in the assembly hall that morning they would have wondered if their sacrifice had been in vain.

Let us not forget that the United Nations is part of the heritage we will receive with our entrance to adulthood, and the way in which we will use this inheritance will be largely influenced by our previous knowledge of its workings.

DO YOU KNOW BILL?

If you picked up the paper and read the headline, "David Graham, Hamilton High School Student Killed in Auto Smash" it would just be another accident to you, would it not? But how would you feel if you picked up the same paper some day and read the headline, "Bill Laurence, Belleville Student Killed in Auto Smash". You would stop to read this, wouldn't you? Everybody knew and liked Bill. He had the lead in the play and was a key man on the basketball court. He was an all-round student too, modest and self-effacing, one whom even the teachers respected.

Yes, but Bill is dead. It happened on the way home from a hockey game. Two cars were racing and the kids were having a whale of a time when suddenly the car in which Bill was riding had went out of control and wrapped itself around a tree. Bill was killed, and his friend, who had been driving, was critically injured. Nobody knew whose fault it was, but no one thought of that. They did see an empty seat in French class and a tall forward missing on the basketball court.

This is a story, but it could be true. The next time you get into the car and step on the accelerator remember that peoples' lives are in your hands. Remember Bill.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

How often have we heard it said that what this school lacks is "school spirit". This may be true, but we must remember that school spirit is not something to spring up at the snap of the fingers.

School spirit is an attitude which is based on the love of loyalty for, and pride in a school, also the knowledge that there we may find more than just classrooms and books. We must first know that our school is worthy of our respect. We must know a certain willingness to help from our teachers and the support of other students in difficulties.

We hear our school criticised openly for many reasons. We should be glad of this because it shows that we, the students, are interested enough to want improvements. Those who are in a position to carry out suggestions should have an open mind with regard to these criticisms. Some require only simple remedies which would be of benefit to many.

This "Letters to the Editor" column is a valuable addition to our school year book, THE ELEVATOR. It is a place where students have the opportunity of bringing forth their views and criticisms instilling that indefinable attitude of School Spirit.

—ELAINE DAVIS, G-11-A

We were glad to receive your letter, especially since everyone seems to be talking about the lack of school spirit here this year. Perhaps this will help to remedy the situation.

ASSEMBLIES

The 1952-53 assemblies started with a bang on September 17 with the G-13-A presentation. The highlight of this show being the male effort to present a Can-Can under the experienced direction of Doug Boyle. On this show we also saw a bevy of belles from Bancroft who presented an unrehearsed melodrama.

The Boys' Hi-Y presented a hilarious Truth or Consequences show with Shaker Baker as quiz-master. By the way, Mr. Mott, who was King Tut's mummy?

On November 19 the combined forms H-11 and H-12 presented an animated Hit Parade with very pleasant singing in the background.

The G-10-B variety show in a railroad station was fun to watch and to listen. A quiet comedy routine supplied the background.

Bill's Belles were the features of the G-12-A presentation with a pantomime, "The Camel and the Vampire", also supplying much enjoyment.

The G-9-A "Wish" Programme on January 14 featured Greg Butler's playing of "Polonaise" and illustrated the shooting prowess of a young cow-girl in that form.

On February 4, the combined forms C-12-A and C-12-B presented a very good assembly consisting of four numbers. The first two had to do with business law while the third one was a very realistic view of the Halls of B.C.I. at recess. The last number was a hilarious Baby Show. The babies were the biggest ever seen on the stage of the auditorium but looked quite cuddly.

The highlight of the assemblies of 1952-53 was the one presented by G-12-B and G-12-C. A sparkling solo by Suzanne Cavers, a comedy routine by the Three Dots and a Dash, a reading by Roberta Allen and a few Glee Club numbers served to get the audience in the right mood for the main number of the show. This was the "Mock Wedding" which none of us will forget for several years to come, due to the appearance of one person, John (Tiny) Woods who played the bride. The background was supplied by the music of a Spike Jones record which Bud Lancaster acted out on stage. We still want to know whether Terry tricked us or not when he carried the "blushing bride" off the stage.

* * *

Teacher—"You can't sleep in my class."
Student—"If you didn't talk so loud, I could."

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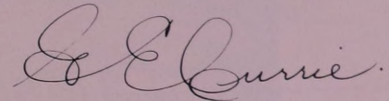
Belleville

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE (Continued)

prepared to embark upon the many positions of great opportunity and contingent responsibility. Our school is striving to prepare, encourage and inspire its students "to drink deeply of knowledge", to apply themselves to the utmost of their abilities and to persist in their education, at least to the end of Secondary School.

The intricacies of to-day's Democracy and Technology are such that only those who have learned to use their intelligence intelligently can hope to cope with the problems of the future.

May I extend to our graduating class of 1952 my congratulations on the splendid showing which they made on their Upper School Examinations. We will follow their future careers with interest and anticipation. The excellent record of more than 90% pass in these Departmentals over the last three years presents a stout challenge to this year's class and should inspire future classes to strive to maintain and even surpass this record. May I urge the junior students of our school to work hard and persistently in their education right through to the end of their course. They should be satisfied with nothing less than their very best. Remember that only those who are adequately prepared have the right to inherit the future.



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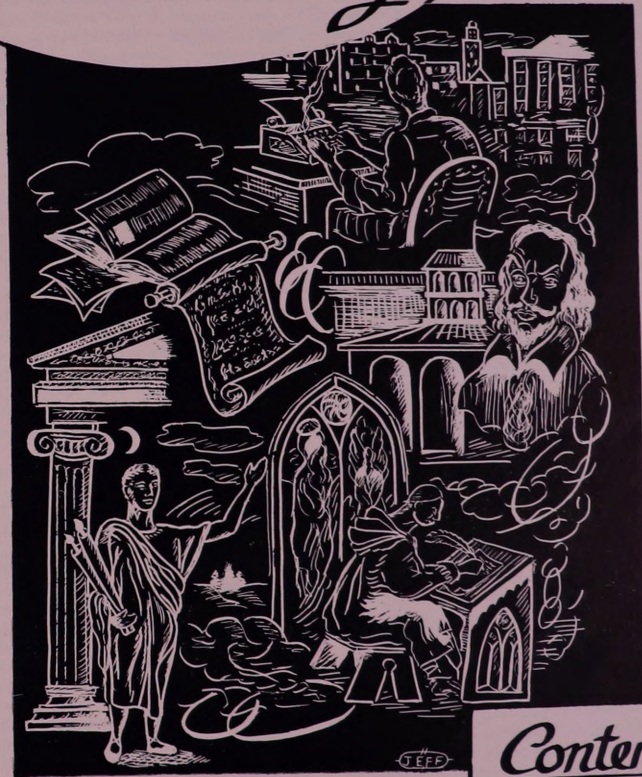
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Literary



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FIVE ON A HONEYMOON

The big, black automobile sped along the quickly darkening highway. Thunder sounded ominously overhead and rain began to beat against the windshield with hard angry splats. A jagged spear of lightning lit the heavens for an instant and vanished, leaving the scene darker than before. Since the rain was now falling in dense grey sheets, it was almost impossible to drive, and the car pulled over to the roadside.

The occupants, a young man and woman, sat silently side by side for some minutes, until, unable to contain himself any longer the man turned pleading eyes on his companion. "Julie, for heaven's sake, think this thing over. You're not being at all sensible in the matter. Of all things to dream up at this late date!"

Julie turned toward him slightly, as though to further emphasize what she had to say. Then in a cold decisive voice, she spoke, "How many times do I have to tell you, Paul Forrester, that either we adopt those three, poor waifs and take them with us, or there'll be no honeymoon at all. Now be quiet and let me finish! They were my first three cases when I started in on social service work, and I feel a personal interest in them. As a matter of fact, I couldn't bear to leave them alone now. You know well easily be able to afford their upkeep and they appreciate the least little bit of affection. Please, Paul, try to see my point of view. I mean what I'm saying."

"All right, Julie, we'll adopt them if you want. But there's one point I intend to make clear. They aren't going to Bermuda with us on our honeymoon! They can stay out at my place in Maine with the old housekeeper and caretaker. They'll have a whole two months to romp and a summer in the country will do them good. What do you say to that?" Paul's voice was placating. He did not like to see Julie angry or troubled but he did not know how persistent she could be.

She shook her dark head emphatically, "No, that won't do at all. A sea voyage is just what they need and I refuse to banish them to that mosquito-infested place you call your summer home."

"But Julie . . ."

"No Paul! I've said all I'm going to. Either those children go with us or I don't. Make up your mind." "Round one goes to my fair opponent," Paul conceded mockingly already planning a new attack. Then, as though to show that he had dismissed the matter completely from his mind he made the observation that the rain was lessening and they'd better be getting home.

It was two days later, while Julie was still congratulating herself on her small victory, that Helen Knox, Paul's only sister, telephoned her. After a few desultory remarks, Helen casually mentioned that her husband was going to New York on business over the week-end and that she would like to go with him to Julie if anyone could be found to stay with the twins. A few minutes later, Helen was gratefully accepted. A sister-in-law thinking with pleasant anticipation of the coming week-end.

Although she had not yet seen the nine year old twins, Tina and Tommy, Julie had heard so much about them from their proud uncle that she felt this would be like visiting with old friends.

She was still of that opinion when Paul drove her to the Knox's suburban home on Saturday morning. Helen hurriedly introduced her to the twins and rushed out, eager to be away on her shopping spree. Julie was left standing before the critical brown eyes of her charges. It was a bit disconcerting to have them regard her in such a way and then grin at each other wickedly. Before Julie had time to recover her poise, Tina and Tommy raced to the back door, yelling after them that they were going out to play. Shrugging her slim shoulders, Julie selected a good magazine, picked out a comfortable chair and sat down to read.

Deep silence settled over the house, Julie became intensely interested in the story she was reading. Just as the murderer was about to plunge the knife into his victim's throat (according to the story) a wild, blood curdling cry shattered the silence into a thousand pieces. Julie sprang from her chair in terror. The children . . . what had happened? She ran outside to investigate and stopped short, relief and anger flooding through her at the sight that met her eyes. Tommy stood holding a long piece of twine at the other end of which was the neighbour's cat, tied by the tail, and emitting ear-splitting yowls at the indignity of the situation. Now, Julie did not believe in corporal punishment, but she admonished Tommy sternly, and gave him a short lecture on kindness to dumb animals. Sure that everything was under control, she returned to the living room and her story.

But her week-end turned out to be much more strenuous than she had expected. The twins seemed to be at their worst every minute. They got into more mischief in two days than Julie had believed possible for a whole year. To name a few of their more nerve-racking escapades, they painted the afore-mentioned cat green and then clipped all the hair off its tail. Tina fell four feet out of the apple tree while playing Tarzan and gave herself a black eye. Tommy let out his father's prize Leghorns and chased them down the road on his bicycle, and both he and Tina were partners in letting the air out of the tires of every parked car on the street. By Sunday night, Julie felt as though she had been run over by an express train, and was praying that Helen would be home before she dropped dead in her tracks.

She had just finished putting the twins to bed when the Knox's and Paul drove up to the house. Julie heaved a profound sigh of relief and threw open the front door. She made the proper exclamations over Helen's new outfit but replied rather vaguely when Helen inquired how the twins had behaved.

Paul was upstairs saying goodnight to his niece and nephew, so for the first time in two days Julie sat down to rest. It seemed strange not to have to expect something to happen.

On the way home, Julie was very quiet, lost in

thought. Paul supposed. Then just as they were nearing her apartment house, Julie spoke. "Paul, I did some thinking while I was at Helen's, and . . . uh . . . I've decided that you . . . were right about not taking the orphans with us." Her voice grew stronger and the words tumbled out quickly. "As a matter of fact, let's not adopt them at all. I've had enough of children for a while!" Paul, looking like "the cat that swallowed the canary" smiled and said nothing.

Meanwhile, the twins, in the privacy of their room, excitedly discussed the new pony and cart that their uncle was having sent up next day.

—LORRETTA WOOD, G-13-B

HOMework

Homework is a delightful little chore which is indulged in by sometimes as many as thirty-five per cent of the class. I am one of this number and am quite proud of the fact. That is why I am very pleased to be able to express my opinions on this subject.

Of course, to properly do one's homework one must have a little snack. To obtain a few delicate morsels in a hurry I usually borrow the family car for about five (?) minutes and when I finally come sneaking back into the house at eight-thirty I find that I have only been gone for an hour and a half.

Father inquires gruffly, "When are you going to get at these studies, son?" I assure him that I shall commence immediately after I phone my girl-friend.

Then at nine fifteen, I cheerfully trot upstairs with my lunch and my books and surreptitiously turn on the radio. I find some quiet music after the fashion of Spike Jones or Gene Krupa is very relaxing and makes homework much easier.

After a gruelling seventeen minutes and thirty seconds of plugging through Trigonometry to the tune of "Maple Leaf Rag" and "Mambo Number Five", I decide that it is about time I went outside, had a smoke and revived my sagging spirits with a few gulps of fresh air.

At twenty minutes past ten, after a short sprint down the street, a chat with my best friends and a comparably short sprint back home again, I rush upstairs, flick the radio on, grab something to eat and tear into my homework again with a vengeance. About two apples, three sandwiches, a cigarette and one Trig. problem later I find that the room is becoming a little stuffy so up goes the window. I take two or three good deep breaths of pure air, flex my muscles, (?) and throw out my arms thus engulfing myself and the major part of the room in indeterminate quantities of curtain material.

I am quite sure it takes me three quarters of an hour to get those curtains back up but finally I am ready to return to my homework.

Mother comes home at about eleven thirty from one of her club meetings and after noticing that tired, dissipated look on my face she tells me to go to bed.

"I don't know why they have to give you so much homework on week nights," she remarks. I hasten to

agree with her, then I collect my paraphernalia and toddle off to bed thoroughly exhausted after a hard night of staying home and doing my homework.

—DOUG MCLRAITH, G-13-B

OUR INTERVIEW WITH MISS CANADA 1952

"It was a wonderful feeling—just like a dream or a fairy tale," said Marilyn Reddick, Miss Canada, 1952. And that was exactly what we thought too, as we interviewed her. After waiting for five or ten minutes in the new shoe store on Front Street, we finally saw a huge black limousine drive up, and a young lady, dressed in a deep purple dress and a short grey kid fur coat which accented her very blond — and, may we add, naturally blond hair.

After the first preliminary "ah . . . could . . . ah . . . etc.", we began questioning in earnest. She put us quite at ease, and it made us feel right up our own alley when she told us that she was a teen-ager too, just turned nineteen, in fact. She graduated last June from Forest Hill High School with her Junior Matriculation — and since then, after winning the Miss Canada title, has travelled in Canada and the U.S.A., making appearances.

Although her parents live in Agincourt she now has her own apartment in Toronto, which is much more convenient for her singing lessons which she takes from Art Hallman, the band leader. Although she first took classical music, her talents all go towards popular now. Just for the record, she sang "Zing Went the Strings of My Heart" and "Please, Mr. Sun" at the Pageant.

Don't worry, Belleville isn't just another little town to her. She has been through here before and is quite familiar with Prince Edward County. As soon as her term as Miss Canada is up she plans to go either to England or New York and appear on television shows or perhaps the stage. She mentioned movies although this is quite distant. Just before she left us she briefed us on the Miss Canada contest. She made it very clear to us that it isn't merely a beauty contest but a talent contest too. The person winning this title receives a thousand dollar scholarship and spends most of her time making appearances throughout Canada and sometimes U.S.A. Marilyn Reddick is especially lucky being chosen Miss Canada this year, because she'll probably be at the coronation in June.

Remember, all you talented girls, it isn't beauty alone that wins the title, it's talent too! So don't give up hope. Who knows? Some day you may be Miss Canada yourself.

—PAT CAMPBELL and ANNE BENNETT

* * *

Lady—"Never heard of the Ten Commandments, little boy! Good gracious! What's your name?"
Little Boy—"Moses, Mum!"

MY BROTHER

Brother! brothers, I don't know why I was ever blessed with one who is one year my senior and believes he knows everything under the sun, especially about women!

My brother goes or went with a friend of a friend of mine. I could consider her my friend, too, seeing that she is always over at my place. Bill has gone with Mary-Jo for practically eight months, two weeks and three days. Mary-Jo is still figuring out the hours and minutes.

"Listen Mary-Jo, no man is worth worrying about . . ."

Maybe they are! I don't know . . . I've never had one to worry about.

"Further more, you're going to get fat eating all the stuff. Let's leave. He won't be coming to Joe's now."

"Kathy, please wait for five more minutes."

That's me, Kathy Jenkins, sixteen, brains and all that stuff, no charm or anything like that.

I guess I could wait for her seeing how she was paying for my order. Poor Mary-Jo fretting about Bill. Rumours were spreading rapidly about my brother's infatuation for this new girl, Karen Duncan.

I don't know too much about her except she was the twin sister to Kirk Duncan, about whom I knew as much as possible.

Kath, they say he brought her into Joe's last night and the night before. He always brought me in one night, especially Friday, I couldn't find him anywhere.

"Just believe what you see and none of these rumours."

"Well, I've never seen him with . . ."

"What's the matter?"

"I see him now."

Sure enough there was the Casanova himself, and with none other than Karen Duncan.

"Sein's believin', so I'm told, Jo, where are you going?"

"Home."

"But the check!"

Oh, misery there she goes and here's the check, and me with no allowance. Oh, Bill Jenkins, curse you and your women. You'll pay for it!

Picking up my books I mosed on over to Bill and Karen. They were so engrossed in each other they didn't even notice me.

"Hello, brother dear!"

"Uh, oh, hi kid."

May I join this happy throng or had I better move on?"

"Now listen Sister Sue . . ."

"Oh never mind answering. Here, you can pay this."

"Listen, you little devil, you can pay your own bills."

"I'm not going to, tonight," and I ambled out the door.

That was mean but his ex had eaten over half of it. Karen will probably tell Kirk what a brat Kathy prission.

Thinking it over maybe Bill was tired of Mary-Jo phoning him up if he hadn't phoned her by eight, coming over for my homework and talking to him for half an hour and having him walk her home. I wonder why he doesn't get his pin back.

"Is that you, Kathy?"

"Yes, Mom."

"Will you help me with dinner? Bill is bringing the new girl in his class home for dinner. I think they are planning going to the show after dinner."

"Oh! Mother! he isn't; not her!"

"Why Kathy! She is a very charming girl. I met her mother at the guild meeting yesterday and I was driving her home and I met Karen then. Bill was walking her home."

"What about Mary-Jo," I wailed.

"Listen dear, don't worry about her. She'll make out all right. I just hope you will never be as obvious about your liking for a person as she has been about Bill. Mary-Jo is very nice but she has been hounding poor Bill for the past month. Bill just can't get rid of her, I'm getting tired of her phoning up here every night and pretending she needs your homework."

"Bill's problems!"

"I'm glad you aren't interested in boys, dear. I worry enough about Bill."

"I wish I had problems to worry about in that line anyway. Why can't boys ask me out, just once!"

"Oh darling," I never went out with boys until I was out of school."

"You went to an all girls' school. That doesn't help me. I'm going up to do my homework."

I finished most of my homework, leaving my languages to do over the weekend. I was pondering, why some girls had everything and all I had was a Romeo for a brother when Mom called.

"Kathy, this is Karen; will you show her the bathroom so she can freshen up for supper?"

Golly she's quite cute and she says just the right things. I think she's okay.

Going down the stairs she said, "You're in Kirk's Latin class, aren't you? He's mentioned you quite often."

Whoops! I nearly fell. "Yes, Latin is the only class I have with him."

"Kirk says you are very clever." (There's my brains again, showing!!) "Kirk's repeating his Latin and Mother is afraid she will have to get a tutor for him."

"That would be expensive, wouldn't it? Why doesn't Kirk get some friend to help him?"

I'd love to help him but then he'd probably dub me 'brains'.

"I suggested that, but he doesn't know too many. Tell you the truth, Kathy, I suggested you because of the way he raves about you. He's quite shy about it."

"I-I-I think we had better go in for dinner. Dad doesn't like to be kept waiting."

Dinner finished, Karen insisted on helping with the dishes and miracles, my brother helped. They left for the show and I came down here (to what I call my studio) where I putter at my hobbies.

Nine-thirty and he's home already. Something must

have happened. That's the shortest "good-night" he's ever said.

"Hey Kath, Kathy are you down there?"

I wonder what I've done now.

"Yes! What do you want?"

"Come on up. Kirk came home with us and three's a crowd."

Oh gosh and I've got paint all over me and Bill's old jeans on. Dad's shirt. I couldn't look worse.

"Hi, Kathy. Gee what do you do? Paint canvases on your own mug?"

Oh golly, what can I say?

"She thinks better, and has more inspirations looking that way. You should see some of her work. Why don't you show him some of your work, Kath?"

Being dismissed like two kids, that's a brother for you.

"Would you like to see some of my work?"

"Sure, lead the way, Greasepaint."

"It isn't greasepaint."

"O.K.! O.K.! Call it what you want. I'll call it greasepaint."

After a half an hour of talk and a Latin date for tomorrow afternoon, I said that I thought we had better get something to eat.

After they left and Bill had returned from driving them home, he whacked me on the back.

"You certainly mowed him down, Sis. He was at the show by himself and I asked him back here. He has been trying to find a way to meet you, I guess ever since you tripped the Latin teacher up on that verb. What do you think of your good old brother who breaks his neck trying to get you and Kirk together, and who pays your bills?"

"I'm sorry about everything. I guess it's the Duncans and Jenkins from now on."

"Yep, smallfry."

Well I guess brothers aren't too bad after all. He knows something about women, but I don't know how he knew about me. It looks as if Mary-Jo will have to do without the Jenkins, for awhile anyway.

—ELEANOR CLARK

THE WEAKER SEX

Echoing through the hallowed halls of Belleville Collegiate Institute and Vocational School daily are the sounds of someone bawling out a poor innocent boy.

The teachers call us lazy and the girls say we're boorish sub-morons. The first point I can not refute but the second is both unfair and untrue.

The girls of thirty years ago were sweet, kind, loving creatures but with the changing times these girls have been left behind. Women have been incensed with the desire for equal rights in education, salary and training in the art of self-defence. It has been rumored that the last is the most important.

But through this revolution the boys have remained the same. It's hard though, to be chivalry personified and hold the door open for a girl after you've watched lady-wrestling on television and a girl's tag at a Friday night dance. Also, they travel in packs and to let one through the door is to be late for a class and can you

imagine any teacher sweetly saying: "You were late because you held the door open for a group of girls? Well that's perfectly all right! Take your seat and we're working on page two eighty-three." Well I can't!

I tested the validity of this argument recently. I held a door open for a group of girls and one by one they opened the other door and walked through. There I stood with my teeth in my mouth which, incidentally, fell open and not one of those girls even looked back.

Whether this answers the question of the supposed lack of chivalry in the school or not I, naturally, cannot say but it's my answer to the, I use the term for lack of a better word, weaker sex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This essay is the reply to Pat Campbell's "Feminine Viewpoint" of last year's ELEVATOR.

Bravo! Who's next? —BILL COOKE, G-12-A

THE TYRANNY OF THE BELLS

"Nver ask for whom the bell doth toll—it tolls for thee." Every thirty-five minutes in fact. We are all crushed under the heel of this despot, this formalist and our obsequiousness is disconcerting. A "night-marish" phobia prevails in the school—"beat the bell". Before nine o'clock in the morning questioning lips ask "What bell is that!"—Has the five to nine gone yet?"

It is amazing how the tone of the bell changes for the acute listener. At five to nine it has a sharp, warning tone; at nine it rings with a wild clangour holding the suggestion of one mad, pell-mell dash before the door closes with finality in one's face. The bell signalling the start of the day's classes reverberates through the halls with a serious, quieting ring. After a strained, tense trigonometry class the silver-toned reveille comes as a restorative to lost souls. At five to four the insipid, ponderous look in the student's eye disappears and with the final jubilant peal a snicker escapes from the student and he is released until the next day from the tyranny of the bells. During the examinations each jarring, cater-waul of the bell, a reminder that time is running out, echoes with a sepulchral toll throughout the gymnasium.

The bell is turning us into robots; well-trained dogs. We comply with passiveness to its every bidding. In the future we shall probably have to ring a bell to ask a question, stand up or sit down. The bell dictates a ritual as closely adhered to as a religious ceremony. And the worst part of it is — everyone looks up to the omnipotent Bell, even the rod-ruling teachers.

With the last days of school approaching, the bell sounds somehow sweeter and we say:

*"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
Ring in redress to all mankind."*

In the meantime however — but wait — ah yes. "The bell invites me — hear it not reader, for it is a knell that summons thee to heaven — or to hell (depending on the class)."

—DONNA CAMERON, G-13-A.

THE LOST, RETURNED

"Chaplain would like to see you as soon as possible, sir. He's in the chapel."

"This is the last check-up. Tell him I'll be over immediately."

"Yes, sir."
As the door closed on the retreating sergeant, Captain John Whiteman, Medical Officer with the Royal Canadian Regiment, recommenced examining the last soldier in the room. He had done it so often that his actions and his mental notations were reflex, and in his mind he was wondering why the chaplain wanted to see him. He could think of but one motive, but he knew that he had never told anyone his true reason for joining the army, and he was just as certain that he had never mentioned being dissatisfied with it, even though he was. As he was reasoning these things out in his mind, he completed the examination.

"There you are, Green. Fit as a fiddle. Guess I won't be seeing you again, so good-bye and good luck."

"Thank you sir, and the same to you."

As he watched him go, Johnny thought "Another swell fellow. Wish I were going home with him tomorrow. Well, I guess I'd better get over and see the chaplain."

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Yes, Captain. Yes, I did."

"Is there anything wrong, sir? Any way I can help you?"

"Yes, and the first thing you can do is drop the military formality. We hold the same rank, you know, but even so I want to talk to you as man to man rather than as officer to officer. Johnny, you never say much about home or why you joined the service; or if your job is making you happy. You've been with us three years now, and you could go home tomorrow, yet you say you don't want to. That's not normal, John, you're an up and coming young man. You've a wonderful brain, a sense of responsibility far beyond your years, and it's quite evident that you've had a good education and come from a good, Christian home. You have too much to offer the world to be stuck here in Europe with the Twenty-Seventh. That's all proved in the fact that you're the youngest officer here by several years. Tell me, John; why did you come over here?"

"You know, sir, you're the first person who's talked to me like this for three years. You sound like Dad."

"Don't mistake me my boy. I don't want to feel obliged to say anything. I just thought that perhaps you could use a little advice."

"Well you're right, I can. It's a long story, and goes right back to my childhood, and goes

"I was always different from the other fellows and at recesses at public school I wouldn't play baseball with them or tease the girls. Instead I'd wander round the school's flower garden and watch the insects or study the flowers. After classes I used to go home with a book and read or study some more, so I was a bit of a 'sissy' and a 'lone wolf'. I loved to organize

things systematically and liked to work doing something which I felt was constructive. I guess I tried to be an efficiency expert.

"When we graduated into high school, their interest turned more than ever toward sports and girls. I was somewhat shy with people and had never liked athletics anyway, so I stuck to books and studying. Then, in the fall term of Grade XI, Jan moved to town. I had never given any girl a second glance before, but when I first saw her, my heart skipped a beat and my interest changed 'tout de suite'. The outcome was that I overcame my shyness sufficiently to ask her to go out with me. She lived fairly close to me and seemed to like the same things as I, books and studying, although perhaps not quite as well. We got along famously and by the end of the year we were 'going steady'. We were very happy together and continued to be straight through the rest of high school and all through college. We did have an occasional argument, but never serious enough to really come between us.

"One of the things Jan missed, though, was our regular Saturday night date. We went out every single Saturday while we were in high school regardless. If there was some special event on Friday, then we went to both. When I got to college, though, I had to study much more intensely and naturally I couldn't have as much time with her, and though I tried hard, I simply could not go out every Saturday night.

"You see, sir, my people were far from well off, and sending me even to high school was an effort for them and they went without for me often. I had a job, it's true, but even so I couldn't earn enough to keep myself. When I graduated, I got a scholarship to Varsity in Medicine. That meant the world to me, because I had always wanted to be a doctor and help others, but Dad told me that I could only go to a university if I got a scholarship, because unless I was that good, it would cost too much for him to send me. Fortunately we lived in a suburb of Toronto, so that I could live at home, but I was still there to be fed. Because of all this I was obliged to study hard to get scholarships for the succeeding years.

"Jan had always been very understanding and at first she didn't seem to mind missing the occasional Saturday, but by the time I had M.D. after my name, I was missing about four out of five. Accordingly, we spent a lot of time together that summer after my graduation. Mom and Dad forbade me, however, to marry her until I was well enough established to support her comfortably. Jan wanted to elope, but Dad had done so very much for me that I couldn't do anything that would hurt as that would have; and Jan blew up.

"So there I was. My girl furious because I wouldn't marry her, and my parents furious if I did. Then as if that wasn't enough, I fell and injured my knee and was unable to make my regular calls. As a result my practice, small though it was, diminished even more, and the chances of success seemed infinitely distant and even beyond reach altogether. When I added all these up in my mind, I despaired of success and

decided to come over to work at least on a regular salary."

"But, John, what about Jan and your family?"

"I love them both, sir, and Jan still loves me; she's written to me regularly ever since I left home."

"You're lucky; but what I meant was what did they think of your coming over?"

"Well, Dad and Mom were pretty disappointed, I guess, and Jan was terribly hurt, but they've become used to the idea now, and resigned themselves to it as I have."

"So you have resigned yourself to it eh? That means, unless I miss my guess, that you aren't now and never were satisfied with your work. Am I right?"

"Oh no, sir, I feel I'm doing a lot of good here."

"Yes but can you honestly say that you have improved yourself here? Of course you can't. And, John, you never will be able to. You've been inoculating and giving routine check-ups and little more for three of the most valuable years of your life now. Do you intend to make that your career? Moreover, think of all the people at home that need you. All those in need of a doctor, but even more important, a family in need of a son, and a girl in need of the man she loves, because if she's been faithful to you through all this she must love you, and if she loves you, she needs you."

"Let's face the facts, Johnny. You, a brilliant young doctor, are wasting the best time of your life over here doing a job that any half-witted M.D. could do. There are people at home who need you badly. If you go, you will probably make a success of yourself and give the world far more than you can give her here, like this. For Pete's sake, John, resign."

"Sir, I haven't even enough money yet to start a practice, but even if I had, I don't think Jan or the family want me, nor anyone needs me that badly. If I did, I might go, but I don't."

"Would you really, if you did think that?"

"Yes, sir, I would. It would be my duty."

"Well, then, look at this."

"Why it's from Jan."

"Read it."

"Dear Chaplain,

"I don't know you, but Johnny Whiteman has told me in his letters how wonderful you are. I'm his girl, sir, and I'm writing for his family as well as for me. Johnny went overseas because . . . and now he's written that he's not coming back yet. I think, that if you could talk to him and reason with him, you might be able to show him that he's needed here more than there. I love Johnny very much, sir, and need him. His Mom and Dad, though they'd never say anything in their letters, need him badly, and I'm sending a copy of the daily paper along to show how others need him, too. Show it to him if it's necessary, will you, please. Because he is needed here.

Yours sincerely,

Jan Hartwell."

"When did this come, sir?"

"About half an hour ago. Want to see the paper?"

"Please, sir. If you have it."

"Yes, it came at the same time."

John picked up the issue of the Toronto 'Daily Star' and read the headline, 'Disaster Strikes Oakville'. Reading on he discovered that Oakville, his home town, had been rocked by the explosion of a new chemical plant and that scores of workers had been killed or injured. Then came a part underlined in red pencil. Only two doctors were in the town at the time. They were quoted as saying that the type of operation necessitated by the explosion, in most of the cases, required three professional men to carry it out, and had the third man been there, there would probably have been no loss of life.

John set the paper down on the desk.

"Convinced?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Your ticket is on the way over to your room, and I took the liberty of checking you out with headquarters before you came over. All you have to do is pack your bag."

"Well, Captain, you certainly knew what you were talking about."

"Yes, son. God's and my business is to return the lost, and I've just returned you. Good-bye, good luck, and God bless you."

"And, John, that's just exactly how I came home to your mother thirty years ago to-day."

—BOB LANGLOIS, G-13-B

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

Bong! The clock in the hall struck one in the morning. The hour had come. It was time for Bill to prove he was a man.

He had lain there thinking it over for a long time. Of course, it would be all right, but he did not need to tell the family just yet. Oh well, he was going through with it.

Bill got up and went to the door; slowly he turned the knob. There was no sound to betray him. Inch by inch he opened the door, and finally there was enough room for him to slip through.

Outside in the hall, he stood for a moment, hoping that no one would hear his heart, beating like a drum. Steady snoring from the two rooms on either side of the hall told him that all was well.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Bill started down the hall. Every few steps he stopped and listened. Still no one had detected his movements. A few more steps and he would be there.

He reached the door, quietly turned the handle and stepped inside. Going straight to the cabinet on the wall Bill took out the black case.

At last he was ready for his first shave!

—JIM ABLARDE

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

Jean awoke from an untroubled sleep and stretched leisurely. Her father had just awakened her by tickling her toes where they peeped out at the end of the blanket and had now gone into the younger children's room singing "Picnic Time for Teddy-Bears". There was a padding of bare feet and Susan and Tommy burst into her room and climbed on her bed.

"Come on, Jean, come on, get up!" they cried simultaneously and Tommy, the younger of the two, added, "We're going on a picnic!"

"Mother," failed Jean. Then, when Mrs. Adams came in she went on, "Do I have to go with you? Bruce asked me to go for a drive with him this afternoon."

"Just a minute," and Mrs. Adams shooed Tommy and Susan out with "Hurry and get dressed if you want to go on the picnic!" She sat on the edge of the bed and contemplated Jean.

"I think you had better go with us to-day and help me with the children. I won't be able to look after Susan and Tommy and the baby, too. Besides, I think you see too much of Bruce. You're much too young to be going steady."

She felt justifiably proud when Jean answered readily, "Okay, but I'll have to phone him first." Jean was such a good girl and Mrs. Adams understood why, though she was not pretty, boys seemed to like this tall, laughing daughter of hers.

At breakfast Mr. Adams remarked what a fine Sunday it was to go on a picnic. And it was! It was a day in early June when the weather was still too cool to go swimming but warm enough to sit near the water.

By ten o'clock they had everything showed in their "H Dodge (next year they were going to buy a new car) and were ready to go. Baby Jeff squirmed in Mrs. Adams arms chanting "Picnic, picnic".

Susan, the seven-year-old, in the back seat, arranged her skirt very carefully and tied her new straw hat with the red cherries on top, under her chin. She would be a great beauty some day with her light brown curly hair and her elfin face and she was already extraordinarily fussy about her clothes.

Tommy got very disgusted with his sister at such times and right now, poked her and said derisively, "What're you takin' your hat for? We're not going to church."

Susan poked him back.

"Now, kids," chided Jean, "be good," and she sat between them to avoid further trouble.

They drove along the river until they found a spot suitable for the picnic. The sun was now high in the sky and a light breeze ruffled the crest of the river's mane. Where the sunlight penetrated the surface, it was dark except where the current was obstructed by rocks, which it overran, showing its anger in white flecks of foam.

The Adams family sniffed the breeze, absorbed the sun, became ravenously hungry and repleted themselves. Jean took Tommy and Susan for a walk so that her parents would have a little time for them-

selves. Susan, acting grown-up, walked beside Jean but Tommy ran ahead and soon disappeared in some bushes on the river's edge. When the girls caught up with him, he was gazing with shining eyes at a boat, complete with oars, apparently left there for some fisherman's use.

"Come on, Jean, let's go for a ride," he pleaded, but Jean thought they had better ask for Mr. Adams' permission first. Tommy was despatched to get the rest of the family.

When Mr. Adams had seen the boat, he pronounced it all right to take a ride.

Tommy clung to his hand, "Can I row, daddy, huh? Can I?"

Mr. Adams replied, "Let me row until we get farther down the river and then you can take over. All right, son?"

The boat floated lazily down river, past willows and water lilies, past gulls and dead fish, floating with the sluggish current.

Jean paddled her feet in the water, Susan took her hat off and tied it carefully on the seat and the baby fell asleep in Mrs. Adams' arms. Mr. Adams lay down in the bottom of the boat as Tommy proudly took the oars.

They sang "Row, Row, Row Your Boat", over and over until they became so mixed up that they had to stop and laugh as they gasped for breath.

"Well, Tommy," teased Mr. Adams, "why aren't you paddling anymore? Do your arms hurt?"

"I don't have to paddle anymore, daddy. See? The boat goes by itself."

The boat was going by itself at an ever-increasing speed and now they became conscious of a roar which they had hitherto ignored. They looked ahead and saw that they were less than one hundred yards from the falls.

Mr. Adams spoke reassuringly, "All right everyone, we'll turn right around. Tommy, you exchange places slowly with me so that the boat doesn't tip over."

By the time the exchange was completed the boat was moving with an alarming speed towards the falls. Mr. Adams strained on the oars but the boat responded not at all. Instead it swept on again another ten yards. Mr. Adams was now rowing frantically, until the blood vessels stood out in relief on his blanched face, like the figurines on a Wedgwood vase.

Tommy and Susan began to cry hysterically and Jean tried to soothe them both at once. Mrs. Adams was gripping the baby so tightly that he awoke and screamed in protest. Then, fear communicated itself from the others to him and he began to wail dolorously.

Mr. Adams gave a mighty heave and the boat stopped its mad dash for a moment—but only for a moment—for suddenly with a snapping sound, the right oar broke at the lock.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams, with terror in their hearts, looked at each other helplessly and clasped hands, each holding two of their children to their hearts.

No other sound could now be heard except the

ominous thundering of the water as it slid over the edge of the dam and was dashed into pearly fragments by the rocks below.

Suddenly, Mr. Adams stood up and while the rest of the family stared at him with number minds, he motioned that he would try to grasp the concrete side of the flume they would go through.

Now, they were there! Mr. Adams dug his nails into the cement but the treacherous current pulled his hands away, torn and bleeding, with his arms hanging limply, torn out at the sockets.

The boat stopped on the brink, like a drunkard pausing on a street corner, tottered crazily for a minute, and then was shot into the foaming abyss. The noise of its fall was deadened by the triumphant bellow of the falls.

Downstream, in calm water, a straw hat, with brave red cherries still clinging to its crown, floated to the surface.

—JARKA NOVAK, G-13-B

TWO WEEKS AT O.A.T.C.

Many of you may not know what O.A.T.C. is. It stands for the Ontario Athletic Training Camp which is situated on Lake Couchiching, not too far from Orillia. Each school in Ontario sends a boy and a girl who possess qualities in leadership. The boys attend for two weeks in August while the girls go for two weeks in July.

When we first entered the camp on a rattley old bus, all of us complete strangers to each other, the sight that met our eyes filled us with excitement. For it was a huge field consisting of basketball, badminton, tennis and volleyball courts, plus two baseball diamonds surrounded by a brightly marked race track. Numerous clumps of evergreen trees against a background of blue water completed the scene.

After getting off the bus, we walked up a little hill and came upon twelve pretty green cabins, each housing twelve people. We were given our official camp uniform which was a gym suit, along with a little round tag bearing our name and the number of our cabin and bed. We were also given the rules of the camp and learned that we were to wear these "dog tags" on our uniform morning, noon and night as a means of identification. The penalty for forgetting or losing our tag was to scrub the washroom floor so you can imagine we were careful to keep track of them.

Getting acquainted was not at all difficult. The girls in my cabin were among the nicest girls I have met and it was not long until one would think we all had been life-long friends.

The greater part of each day was spent in instruction by physical education teachers in the various activities. We were not taught in such a way that we would become star athletes, but rather we were taught the knack of teaching others what we had learned. The day also consisted of free periods, full of fun and ended by a campfire or program performed by us. I

have never seen such talent! Chorus girls, Indian war dances, Johnny Ray and Frankie Lane in person! In the evenings, too, we played inter-cabin games and I am proud to say that our cabin won the basketball tournament. Lights out came at ten-thirty and on most nights we were so tired that we flopped into bed on the dot. Our cabin seemed to have the most food sent from home and we did sneak in a few night parties with our neighbours as guests.

Swimming played a large part in the camp curriculum and it was possible to obtain awards for swimming ability and life saving.

A closing banquet at which time awards and speeches were presented, made us realize that although we were just getting limbered up and ready to start, the camp had ended. It was a very sad evening. Nobody wanted to leave and I'm sure that the tears that were shed could have filled buckets.

I had not imagined what the camp would be like. It was one of the most enjoyable and happy experiences I have had and I know I won't forget about it. The new group of friends that I made was worth much in itself and I came away feeling that I had acquired more knowledge of the skills involved in teaching.

—MARY CREEGAN

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS

My little brother, John, was screaming lustily when I came home from school but this was not unusual. Of course, he did not bother me much. I was nearly in a trance. Had I not just been asked to the Commencement Formal by the most popular boy in the school—in the whole world as a matter of fact?

A shout from my mother blew far away the cloud on which I was reclining and dropped me quickly down to earth. Mom just wanted me to amuse John for a while before supper.

"Poor thing," I thought. He had measles from the top of his head to the tip of his little toe. It was his fifth day in the house and he was in a miserable mood.

During supper I told Mom about the dance, hinting all the time about a new formal. I described right down to the last net underskirt the shimmering new aquamarine confection I had seen in a shop downtown. She asked the price but it conveniently had slipped my memory. Later that week much to my surprise, Dad gave me enough money to buy that exquisite creation and a pair of dancing slippers besides. I could hardly contain my happiness.

That week went by on hurried feet as did the next. Finally it was THE Friday night. I dressed carefully, not running my nylons or putting on the wrong perfume. A beautiful corsage had arrived that afternoon. It was comprised of six lovely roses that matched my dress perfectly. When the doorbell rang I knew I looked as attractive as possible.

"Just one more thing," I said to myself. And what did I see in that shining glass — big, red, ugly, itchy spots from the top of my head to the tip of my little toe!

—CAROL HOLGATE, G-11-D

TOO LATE

From the vast distance, the pin shaped light was drawing nearer by the minute. The night was black as a pit, and the only sound heard was coming from the soft ripples of the water that seemed to lull the silence to sleep. He glanced at the two unmoving figures sitting separately on a bench about two yards away on either side of him. Swearing angrily he whacked the engine as if hoping such a blow would frighten it enough to begin its purr. What was he to do? The light was drawing nearer. Panic seized him!

He remembered that not more than five weeks ago he had been carefree. He'd been a fisherman then. He had never caught many fish, just enough to pay for three square meals a day, a bed and a shirt on his back.

Six weeks ago today, was when all this began. He was returning home after his usual catch only to find Mr. Shand waiting for him on the dock. He remembered that that same day he had received another shock. His brother, John who was studying painting in Paris, had recently taken ill, needed an operation and was to return home. This was a question of expense. He had always felt like a father to John and loved him dearly. He had scrimped and saved for two years to send John to Paris. There John was to study, work and earn enough money for his return. The thought of illness had never occurred to either one of them and now money was needed and here was Mr. Shand waiting anxiously for him.

"Good afternoon, Sam. How are you?" he had said in a smooth, brisk voice, his face having no expression whatsoever. As a matter of fact, you never saw Mr. Shand with an expression.

He was a wiry, smooth-faced, short, middle-aged fellow with sleek black hair, a long turned-up nose and light blue eyes that knew how to put a man in place, if he ever got out of line, without the use of words.

"I have a proposition to offer you with good pay. I've watched you, and I've concluded that you know how to keep your mouth shut."

Sam mumbled something such as "I'm not interested."

"Don't be too hasty, Sam. All you have to do is take your fishing boat to Devil's Island, pick up a package and perhaps a passenger and deposit both at Brig Wharf. You do this twice a week and end up with one hundred dollars in your pocket."

"Uh, no. There's somebun' crooked in this and I want no part of it."

Shand smiled wanly, his eyes slanting. "Don't be too hasty in deciding, Sam. I happen to know you need money. You know where to find me when you decide."

That night, the more Sam thought about the proposition, the more he realized that it was the only way. He had to get money somehow for John and fast. He had to get John here so that he would be operated on as soon as possible. The following night he saw Mr. Shand.

He was to go on his first trip the next night about twelve and pick up a passenger and a package.

"There's no need to worry about the passenger, Sam. He won't see you or hear you. All passengers are blindfolded and have their ears plugged. They'll cause no trouble. At Brig Wharf another man will relieve you and you may return home. You'll have no trouble. If there is, there's only one thing to do, that is . . ."

Sam had shuddered and hoped there's be no trouble, but the job was carried through smoothly. The night had been a dark and foggy one that hid any suspicious movement on the water. Only nine more times in five weeks and he'd have enough money, he had thought; then he'd quit.

Finally the last trip had come. There had been no trouble so far. He remembered seeing Mr. Shand on shore, after he had left, waving his arms and shouting, but Sam had been too far out to comprehend the meaning of his words. Sam had stopped at Devil's Island for the package. This time there were two passengers. Crossing the lake, he hadn't noticed the sound of the engine, until it was too late. Suddenly the roar of the other engine subsided.

He looked out across the water, the light was as big as a light bulb, now, any minute he'd be spotted. The silence was maddening. His breath came in short gasps. He glanced at the two dark unmoving figures and shuddered. He knew what to do.

He got the two anchors, one from each end of the boat and dragged them to where the two figures were sitting. He had to work quickly. Already the light, the spotlight had found him. His fingers were cold but firm. They had to be. Finally the last knot was tied. The light was on the right side. He could hear the engine again purring softly. He had to drag these two to the left side. His muscles ached under the weight. Splash. The sound was light and died away under the opposing murmur of the other boat's engine. The second splash was not heard for the other boat was practically upon him. His hand reached under the seat searchingly, and fell upon what he wanted, the package. It made no sound. He could hear voices now. The sweat on his face gleamed under the dazzling light. His hands shook. The sea police!

"Anybody here?" a voice questioned.

"What do yuh want?" He was surprised at the gruffness in his voice.

"No offence. There's been a lot of jewel smuggling going on and communists getting into the country. We have reason to believe that this lake is used for these purposes. Mind if we search the boat?"

"No, you'll find nothing."

The man after searching the boat, apologized to Sam for his trouble and was on his way.

"If you notice anything suspicious, be sure to notify us."

The searchlight was turned in another direction and the boat sped away. Silence engulfed him once again, only this time he was alone. He fixed the engine. How long it took him he didn't know, four hours, maybe five hours. On his way home he was unconscious of anything around him. He stared straight ahead. How

long he'd been on the lake, he didn't know, he didn't care. What had he done?

As he docked at his own wharf, he seemed to hear the running of feet.

"Sam! Sam! How did everything go?" This was Mr. Shand. "I tried to tell you before you left, but you were already too far out. How did you like my surprise? You know, your brother was one of the two passengers on your boat."

A ray of light burst forth, clearing away the last bit of darkness, showing the beginning of a beautiful day. Birds dropped a merry note here and there. Two dogs chasing each other saw too late their mistake in playing by the water and plunged in, where they both howled mournfully till they reached shore.

—HILDA TREMBUCK, G-13-B

HIGH SCHOOL'S WONDERFUL!

(Dedicated to our noble Thirteeners)

Stout people, skinny people, pretty girls and towering boys — all milled about me as I stood, as if marooned on an island, in the middle of a mile of corridor. Then huge doors opened and we poured into the auditorium in a great stream to settle back in seats for the opening exercises.

That first day was a blur of new teachers, crowds, friends I had not seen for seemingly a decade, and most of all, an infinite number of instructions I could neither remember nor comprehend. In the days that followed I began to improve. I learned that strawberries are not berries and cucumbers are. In French class, I learned to make noises that sounded like pigs demanding their dinner. In Art I drew a stiff-legged girl feeding stiff-legged ducks on a beautiful straight path. School was wonderful!

The third day I missed my lunch bag. Later I miraculously found it and then lost my ball-point pen instead. I bought a new pen and lost my whole gym outfit. After purchasing a new gym outfit I discovered that my ball-point pen had decided to take leave of me again. It was getting monotonous. After the disappearance of an eraser I decided to stop this nonsense immediately. Except for a pencil, a pen-holder and another lunch-bag I actually did!

I began going home with entirely new pieces of knowledge and felt rather deflated when I discovered that my parents had known them all along! High School seemed irrevocably associated with hard work but all around and in between I saw laughter and friendship. Although we make fun of our teachers and groan at our homework I know all we grade niners have learned that which the old-timers here take for granted — that B.C.I.V.S. is okay!

—MARGARET SLAVIN, G-9-E

Fortune Teller—"You have a tendency to let things slide, Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones—"Yes, you see I play the trombone."

C-10-A

All the kids in C-10-A
Play hooky every other day.

On the days they go, the teachers sigh,
And inside they wish that they could die.

C-10-A's not really bad.

I don't know why it makes the teachers mad,
The kids are noisy when the teachers turn,
I guess that's just what makes them burn.

The kids race down the crowded halls,
Never heeding the teacher's calls,
Pushing and shoving; down the wrong stairs,
Never thinking to go in pairs.

We never learn anything while in school,
And after, the boys go down and play pool.
We don't do our homework, and, if we do,
Just look and you'll see the moon has turned blue.

Most of us have to write all our exams,
About this time we're just like lambs;
The teachers are human (in case you don't know),
So crawl to them, if your marks are low.

—LENA BRADSHAW, C-10-A

A MONDAY MORNING

'Tis Monday morning once again,
And the sleepy-eyed pupils come sloppily in.
Their eyes are drowsy, their hair half-combed,
Still pondering sadly their bed at home.

They go to their lockers and with those dull grins,
They try their locks, (those pieces of tin),
The mechanical things are unwilling to work,
Only to open with one big jerk.

The lockers it seems are filled to the back,
With books of geometry, English and Math.
They jumble around for the books they will need
And then to their form room they calmly proceed.

On entering the room, they quickly perceive,
Their thoughts are not the only ones hard to retrieve
The teacher up front seems miles away
And with eyes half-closed, wishes them a good day.

The pupils that enter head straight for their chairs,
All wishing vaguely that they were not there,
The majority of students look all but done in,
And this, my dear friend, is how Monday begins.

—RAY MURRAY, T-12

* * *

Mr. Stirling—"If I subtract an angle of 169 deg.
from an angle of 180 deg., what's the difference?"
Geometry Student—"That's what I say. What's the
difference?"

* * *

John—"Why can't I kiss you good-night?"
Jean—"My lips are chapped."
John—"Well, one more chap won't hurt."

MIDNIGHT LIMITED

Steven Leslie raced from the shelter of an old store to the waiting taxi. He threw open the door and leaped in, just as a great bolt of lightning tore through the sky and lit up the penetrating darkness of the summer storm. It illuminated the taxi driver sitting slouched over the worn steering wheel. "To the station, fast!" Steven shouted against an eerie crash which made his words barely audible. The engine of the dilapidated taxi jerked, and the battered vehicle made its way to the outskirts of the tiny village where Steve, a travelling salesman, had been selling his wares.

As the taxi cab spluttered into the dark, worn station yard, Steve jumped out and threw a bill into the wrinkled, outstretched hand of the driver. "Keep the change," Steve shouted, as he again ran into the torrents of rain.

He made his way down the unpainted ramp to the waiting train which bore the name "Midnight Limited". He raced to the steps leading into the smoking car and paused, breathless, as the train pulled away from the station.

Steven was confronted by a strange quietude . . . a deathly emptiness. "Funny, not a soul around," he murmured to himself. "It looks deserted." Just as he uttered these last few words, a figure entered the door at the far end of the car.

"May I help you, sir?" said the approaching figure, wearing a conductor's uniform. Steven, turning to face the man, saw the wide penetrating eyes fringed with dark lines. Steven explained, rather taken back, that he was searching for his compartment.

"Take any one. They're all alike," replied the conductor with a voice that seemed to resound from wall to wall.

"That's odd," remarked Steve. "What kind of a train is this?" Before the conductor could answer, the train's whistle blasted like a harsh scream, warning the station ahead of its approach.

Steven raced to the window and stared at the sign post above the station's waiting room. The name was illegible due to a mass of green moss which covered it.

"I don't recall this station," said Steven as he saw two men mounting the steps. "I'll ask them. Besides, I've got to talk to some one. Frantically, Steven combed the train for the two late arrivals. At the end of a narrow dark vestibule, he found the door of the smoking room slightly ajar. He opened it and a scream from his dry lips drowned out the roar of the train wheels. The sunken faces of the late passengers turned and Steve screamed again.

"What sort of a train am I on? These people . . . they're dead!"

The conductor entered the room carrying a list of names in his bony hand.

"Mr. Leslie, I've been looking over our passenger list and your name is not on it."

"Stop the train!" Steve yelled, "I'll get off."

"That's impossible," said the conductor, with an eerie grin on his face. "You see, this is the 'Midnight Limited'. It stops only for the dead, and you must stay on; therefore, you must die."

"No! . . . Keep away!" screamed Steven.

He ran through the train with a cold sweat forming on his brow, which indicated the first signs of panic fear.

"I'll hide," he whispered to himself, as he turned the knob on a door. "This door . . . it doesn't lock, no key" Hysterically, Steven sought an avenue of escape. Anything was welcome, he thought, just to escape the musty odour of the death train.

He climbed to the top of the train, and lay, gasping for breath, on the pile of coal directly behind the engine.

"The engine," he thought, "I'll stop this train myself. It'll never reach its destination; then I'll be safe."

As he was lowering himself into the engine, he was seen by the engineer and his assistant, both of whom had the same sunken features and dark eyes, which told Steve that they, like the passengers on the train, were dead. A desperate struggle ensued and the two men pushed him toward the window. With a powerful shove, Steven fell from the window on to the slippery grass.

As the haunting sound of the train receded into the distance, Steven Leslie found he was still alive. His right arm hung loosely from its socket, and his face and clothes were torn, but he felt no pain.

He climbed up the slope and saw the light of a small station about fifty feet away, and he staggered towards it.

"Ex . . . cuse . . . me, but . . . I need . . . help." The man behind the desk turned.

"No, you don't. You see, you're dead," Steve saw that there was now no hope of escaping the "Midnight Limited", because the fall he had taken from the train window had killed him.

He turned and walked slowly to the door where the wailing whistle of the "Midnight Limited" could be heard in the distance — approaching.

—NADINE LAWRENCE, G-13-A

* * *

Mother (entering room unexpectedly)—"June, get right down from that young man's knee."

June—"Nothing doing, Ma. I got here first."

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ON POETRY

Poetry is an art! An art of writing other than prose! The soul of some one expressed in a rhythmical composition possessing imaginative language! The outpouring of one's pent-up feelings in the form of verse.

Now let us look at some of these priceless gems of expression. Let us take this effort of Nat Curran . . .

*"Here lies Pete — he hunted rabbits,
He got careless in his habits;
Dragged his shotgun through a fence,
Shot away his present tense!"*

Can you not just visualize Nat's face streaked with tears and showing other evidences of grief as he bemoans the fate of Pete? This might be compared to Tennyson's . . .

*"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"*

if one could stretch his imagination far enough to catch Tennyson's meaning of grief.

Oh! here is a credulous query from a frustrated gentleman in the throes of romance . . .

*"Inform me please, I'd like to know
(There's much in life I've missed)
Why does a lassie close her eyes
When she perchance is kissed?"*

I can imagine this poor fellow delving into the grey matter in his cranium for an answer to this age old problem. If any more-experienced person can answer his question, please do so and relieve his mental anguish.

Don't you find poetry soul-gripping? I must admit I am completely unnerved by these emotional expressions, but I must go on with my essay!

On reading this little poem I was obsessed by the idea that the poet was contemplating suicide . . .

*"Without you I can't live (see what I mean?)
He whispered in a shady nook,
Now was he talking to his wife,
His helpmate in this vale of strife,
His better half? Not on your life!
It was his ration book!"*

This one has more depth and so I shall have to think about it for a while — I guess I was mistaken. The poet just could not contain his romantic feelings! Poor fellow.

I am glad my point has been proved in these various selections but don't just take my word for it! Here is a "Soliloquy" by one who agrees with me . . .

*"Why do I write?" my mind hath said;
"It gives me neither drink nor bread,
And since I fail to sign my name
It certainly can't bring me fame!"*

*My heart spoke then, in answer said:
"I crave no wealth nor fame; and bread
Is cast in such a minor role—
But thoughts on paper feed the soul."*

—MARION SILLS

THE SUNLIGHT FALLS

*The sunlight falls on the old gym walls
And busy students bent in misery,
The teacher walks across the aisles,
And my failing memory seems to leave me.
Blow bugle, set my memories flying
Blow bugle, answer memories, time is flying,
flying, flying . . .*

*O hark, O hear, how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O to remember that certain date
When Edison's lamp first was glowing.
Blow, let me hear my memories replying,
Blow bugle, answer memories, time is flying,
flying, flying . . .*

*The shadows fall on the old gym walls,
And still my lack of memory grieves me;
What year was good King Henry crowned
And what were the terms of the Versailles treaty.
Blow bugle, set my memories flying
Blow bugle, answer memories, time is flying,
flying, flying.*

(THE SPLENDOUR FALLS — TENNYSON)

—SYLVIA DICKIE, G-12-A

THE T. B. TEST

*The day had come for the T.B. Test,
In vain we tried our nerves to rest,
Some were frightened, others were brave,
With but one thought ourselves to save.*

*Our Flora stood without comment
As into her arm the needle went,
Some looked as though they had been shot,
But it was just a needle they got.*

*And then, alas! it came my turn
I felt my cheeks begin to burn,
I felt the prick and jumped, and then!
The doctor said, "I'll do it again."*

*Another minute of agony,
Another terrible prick,
But it was a different needle,
And so it did the trick.*

*And so the test was finished,
And the period was ending too,
We all went back to Chemistry,
With our poor arms black and blue.*

—BERNADETTE FARRELL, G-12-A

* * *

One wet day a young lady boarded a crowded street car just as a man rose to his feet.

"No, you must not give up your seat — I insist," she said.

"You may insist as much as you like, miss," was the reply, "I'm getting out here."

THE YOUNG FRY NEXT DOOR

- They wreck your home, your heart and your fountain pen.
- They borrow your bike, your clothes (for a masquerade) and they look like a mess parade when they get home!
- They throw snowballs at you during winter and water (from water pistols) in summer.
- Just when you step out the door — their dog plus four inches of mud — takes a notion to jump on you.
- And when you finally get studying for exams that is the time they want you to go skating . . . (Temptation!)
- However — they are handy to borrow equipment for picnics and — (Oh, all right) I know that I broke their toboggan — I didn't see that tree, honestly, anyway I am paying for it nickle by nickle.
- Besides, they have a T.V. set — which reminds me, — I will just amble over, now (to return those socks) and watch my favourite programme (between admiring the doll, dodging pillows and helping to build a block house).

—ISABEL BONNY, G-10-A

ON HOMEWORK

*Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,
But quitting at midnight and starting at five,
Why he's doing darn well, if he just stays alive.*

—THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE



"I'd skip this period if I didn't need the sleep."

THE FIFTH SEASON

*The snow is gone with slush instead;
The coming rains lurk overhead.
Robins proclaim that spring is here;
The groundhog, months past, did appear.
But as I walk right now, it seems
The fifth long season of my dreams
Or fancies, as the case may be,
Is now upon this world and me.
The rains begin.
Is this the spring, this lifeless dearth?
Where is our God's once flowering earth?
Nature! extend your animate hand,
To give new life to this dull land.*

—CAROL HOLGATE, G-11-D

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Athletics



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JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Left to Right — T. Miller, S. Bird, M. Pappas, S. Workman, P. Hall, Miss Abrahamson, P. Rowland, C. Adams, B. Yeotes, J. Ramsbottom, B. Rose

Front — D. Ray



VOLLEYBALL JAMBOREE

The annual volleyball jamboree was again held at the Ontario School for the Deaf with eleven schools well represented.

Although we thought the seniors under the direction of Miss Abrahamson, were sure candidates for the senior title, they disappointed us by letting Brighton and Wellington defeat them. However the scores in both games were close and we know the seniors put up a good fight. The senior title was captured this year by Tweed.

The juniors in their black and scarlet uniforms lived up to Miss Martinson's expectations winning every game until they met Trenton, a team which has played together for many years. We are sure that these juniors if they continue to play together next year will take the junior C.O.S.S.A. The junior title was captured this year by Trenton.

Senior Volleyball — Nadine Lawrence (captain), Donna McNish, Jean Tonkin, Nellie Sprague, Beth Wilbur, Carol Weston, Margaret MacLaurin, Marion Campbell, Barbara Bennett, Violet Coulter, Shirley Davison and Connie Tilbrook.

Junior Volleyball — Anne Bennett (captain), Joan Thompson, Eleanor Clarke, Betty Rose, Mary Creeggan, Jean Draycott, Pauline Hall, Jean Frost, Heather Musclow, Linda Wagg, Pat Campbell and Donna Ray.

INTER-FORM VOLLEYBALL

The volleyball tournament this year proved to be very successful, since so many girls signed up that all the teams were evenly balanced. All the girls who played deserve much credit for turning out to a majority of the games and supporting their personal teams.

Although the boys say that volleyball is strictly for sissies, we noticed that the day two boys' clubs played an exhibition game they did not seem to have the vaguest idea of what they were to do with the little white ball that came at them from all directions, and so quickly too. Seeing and doing are two different things, aren't they?

The following teams are the winners of the different divisions:

Grade 9—Shirley Smith (captain), Marlene Smith, Elaine Weese, Florence Shaw, Jackie Roberts, Irene Seames, Dolores Semark and Colleen Scott.

Graded 10 — Carolyn Adams (captain), Jeanine Mondeville, Pauline Hall, Ronna Fordyce, Barbara Annis, Cynthia Daniels, Sheila Fisher, Clara Hull and Donna MacDonald.

Grade 11 — Noreen Bisdee (captain), Joanne Clarke, Dorothy Allen, Gwen Stewart, Ann Pearce, Barbara Keel, Ruth Watson, Suzanne Smith and Lois Armstrong.

Grades 12 and 13—Jean Frost (captain), Bernice Stephenson, Bernadette Farrell, Mary Bertrand, Carolyn Thomson, Donna McNish, Joan Thompson, Jean Tonkin and Barbara Williams.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

A complete new junior basketball team came into being this year, and although they tried very hard they were overcome by a more experienced Napanee junior team. The girls, in their black and scarlet uniforms, displayed a good team spirit and we feel that if they play together next year they will be victorious.

Team: Donna Ray (captain), June Ramsbottom, Pauline Hall, Barbara Annis, Betty Rose, Beatrice Yeotes, Mondo Pappas, Toni Miller, Carol Adams, Pat Rowland, Shirley Bird and Sharon Workman.

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JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

Left to Right — J. Thompson, J. Draycott, D. Ray, E. Clarke, P. Hall, J. Frost, P. Campbell, M. Creeggan, L. Wagg

Front — A. Bennett



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL

Left to Right — C. Tilbrook, N. Sprague, M. MacLaurin, C. Weston, M. Campbell, Miss Abrahamson, B. Bennett, J. Tonkin, D. McNish, V. Coulter, B. Wilbur

Front — N. Lawrence





G-12-B

Front Row (left to right) — J. Hamilton, M. Harvey, Mr. Snet-singer, S. Kerr, B. Thurgood, S. Wickerson

Second Row — M. Meeks, M. Mastin, M. Reid, F. Hillman, J. Harns, R. Murray, S. Ervine, S. MacFarlane

Third Row — B. Jordan, G. Sherman, K. Latchford, D. McCurdy, L. Sine, W. Lavergne



GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Front — S. Winters, A. Bennett

Back — B. Bennett, J. Clarke



SENIOR BASKETBALL

Left to Right — M. Anderson, D. LaRue, E. Hrachovec, A. Fox, B. Bennett, S. Ervine, D. McNish, A. Bennett, B. Wilbur

Front — C. Weston

GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

President—Barbara Bennett
 Vice-President—Joanne Clarke
 Secretary—Sandra Winter
 Treasurer—Anne Bennett
 Advisor—Miss Martinson

Throughout the past year the Girls' Athletic Society has been very active and under our capable advisor Miss Martinson each of its projects has been most successful.

Our first dance which was the Pep Rally was a big success. Our cheerleaders and our rugby teams were introduced. The next project was the Sadie Hawkins Dance. We set up a huge midway which included games, fortune teller (I wonder who?) and two of B.C.I.'s artists. At this dance we sold doughnuts and Kickapoo Joy Juice.

This year we bought Intermediate B's which will be given out at our assembly in the spring. Girls who have obtained thirty points within three consecutive years will receive one of these crests.

Noon-hour dancing classes were held again this year for the benefit of the boys in the school who felt they still had something to learn about dancing. Of course, we were surprised to see a number of girls attend these dancing classes. (I wonder what the attraction was.)

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Again this year our senior basketball team, in their smart mauve and black uniforms, won in their district league. Defeating Napanee both games gave them the right to play in Toronto in the finals. We certainly wish the girls the best of luck when they travel there on March 14th. A handshake to Miss Martinson, their coach.

Team: Carol Weston (captain), Eva Hrachovec, Sheila Erwin, Anne Bennett, Barbara Bennett, Sandra Winters, Alberta Fox, Donna McNish, Dawn LaRue, Margaret Anderson and Beth Wilbur.

C.O.S.S.A. PLAY-OFFS

On Saturday, March 14 the B.C.I. senior basketball team journeyed to Toronto to compete in the C.O.S.S.A. finals. The girls went by taxis and arrived in time to play St. Catharines. The half time score was 24-19 for St. Catharines and the final score was 44-26 for St. Catharines. Incidentally St. Catharines won the Senior "A" C.O.S.S.A. by defeating Bracebridge in the final. High scorer for our game was Barbara Bennett with 7 points, Alberta Fox 6, Eva Hrachovec 6, Sheila Ervine 3, Anne Bennett 3, Sandra Winters 1, Beth Wilbur, Margaret Anderson, Dawn La Rue, Donna McNish, Carol Weston and Beatrice Yeotes.

O.S.D. also went to Toronto to play in the Senior "B" division and was defeated in its first game by two points.

Congratulations to Trenton for winning the Junior "B" C.O.S.S.A. Trenton defeated Dundas in their first game and took the championship by defeating Midland in their second game.

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LEADERS

Back (left to right) — V. Coulter, A. Fox, A. Bennett, D. McNish, B. Bennett, J. Frost, B. Stephenson, B. Williams, A. Brown, B. Yeates, G. Stewart, S. Bird

Second Row — M. Anderson, B. Wilbur, S. Winters, M. Kellett, E. Davis, Miss Martinson, J. Draycott, A. Enright, D. Ray, J. Ramsbottom

Front Row — P. Campbell, J. Miles, L. Armstrong, D. LaRue, M. Kane, M. Bertrand, M. Uens, M. Creeggan



**JUNIOR
CHEERLEADERS**

H. Wilkinson, D. Halsey, R. Fordyce,
S. Fisher, E. Terry, B. Keel



**SENIOR
CHEERLEADERS**

Front — K. Homan, D. LaRue
M. Creeggan

Back — J. Miles, P. Campbell,
S. Fox

LEADERS' CLUB

This year Miss Martinson took the Leaders' Club under her wing. The leaders are trained to assist at the mat work, referee and umpire at the volleyball and basketball games and referee badminton. They are also taught the fundamentals of all afore-mentioned games.

Although there is not going to be a basketball school this year at the Collegiate the following girls still have their rating: Violet Coulter "A", Anne Bennett "A", Carol Weston "B", Beth Wilbur "B", and Barbara Bennett "C".

THE CHEERLEADERS

This year, as last, the gallery of the girls' gym was packed to witness the choosing of the cheerleaders.

The judges, members of the different boys' and girls' teams had a difficult time that day, picking twelve girls from the many applicants, to accompany our rugby teams. However from all reports they seem to have chosen six girls for junior cheerleaders and six for senior cheerleaders who would have been a credit to any school, and were certainly a credit to ours.

The seniors, who appeared at their games in red tartan skirts and caps, and white turtle neck sweaters are to be congratulated for their excellent attendance record at the games.

The seniors chosen were: Shirley Fox, Kay Homan, Dawn LaRue, Mary Creeggan, Joyce Miles and Pat Campbell.

The juniors in their white tartan skirts and red sweaters deserve a great deal of credit for the effort they put forth. They were all new to their jobs this year and the opinion of everyone is that they did a splendid job. We are hoping that they will continue their good work next year.

The juniors were: Deana Halsey, Sheila Fisher, Haroldeen Wilkinson, Eleanor Terry, Ronna Fordyce and Barbara Keel.

* * *

Mother: "Now remember, Johnny, there's a ghost in the dark closet where I keep the cake."

Johnny: "Funny you never blame the ghost when there's any cake missing; it's always me."

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SENIOR RUGBY

Back Row — J. Baker, T. Clifton, J. Matthews, R. Legate, G. Farmer, L. Kellett, J. MacDonald, W. Bovay
 Second Row — —, R. Fettes, D. Cherry, S. Brant, L. Moore, B. Marner, J. Kane, S. Reid
 Front Row — B. Batchelor, D. McCurdy, R. Boroughs, D. Morden, D. Powell, C. Frederick, L. Wagar



JUNIOR RUGBY

Back Row — D. Farnsworth, L. Long, J. Geneja, B. Varcoe, C. Parkhurst, S. Jackson, R. Burt, Mr. Bradley
 Second Row — R. Wamsley, B. Day, T. Batchelor, B. Jones, B. Galway, D. Moore, R. Hill, M. Rowan, B. Bateman, V. Targon
 Front Row — J. Bedford, D. Dalrymple, A. McCann, D. Morton, J. Kennedy, B. Bedell, H. Adamson



BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Back Row — D. Cherry, J. MacDonald, B. Cook, G. Hosang, G. Farmer, J. Baker, B. Lancaster
 Front Row — B. Deacon, J. Hinchey, Mr. Townsend, B. Bird, L. Wagar

BOYS' SPORTS

SENIOR RUGBY

I will start off by giving our Senior Rugby Team a pat on the back. Although the team lost all its games, the boys were up against stiff competition. Perhaps the keenest competition came from Peterborough, our old enemy from the lift-lock city. As most of us know Peterborough always has a good strong team but I believe that the main reason they beat our team was that they were in better condition. I hear by the grapevine that they practise football most of the year.

Our games with the other teams were decided by the breaks that went against us. Both games against Oshawa, when we lost by the same score each time (6-5), were lost due to the partiality of the referee who very kindly gave our side a few penalties. The last game against Oshawa was decided by the bounce of the ball. I know there is one fellow, the quarterback of the team, who is still talking to himself about that one bounce that got by him.

LOWER SCHOOL INTER-FORM RUGBY

Better luck next time — "Shake".
 The schedule in Lower School Inter-Form Rugby differs from Upper School in that the schedule is single elimination. One loss and you are through. Grades 9 and 10 are Lower School forms. The team that survived this schedule was T-10-A, defeating G-9-D in the semi-finals, 37-3. These games were played at noon from 12.30 to 1.00 on the campus. On the winning team were: G. Little, B. Day, R. Burrows, H. Baker, R. Hill, Causon and Brooks.

UPPER SCHOOL INTER-FORM RUGBY

The games in Upper School Rugby Inter-Form League were played at noon 12.30 to 1.00. It is a double elimination schedule, each team is sure of two games at least. Upper School is classified as Grades 11 to 13. Surviving the schedule and meeting in the playdown were 13-A and 12-C. G-12-C proved to be the winner. On this team were: T. Clifton, M. Rowen, G. Farmer, J. Matthews, W. Bovay, and J. Woods (manager).

RED FEATHER PASSING CONTEST

Wayne "Longarm" Bovay won the passing contest here at school and went up to Toronto with all his expenses paid by T. Eaton Co. While in Toronto, Wayne enjoyed seeing a Toronto Argonaut game and was entertained along with the other competitors at a very fine luncheon. As I went up to Toronto with Mr. "Longarm" Bovay, I know he said it would be nice to win the gold watch and cup, but he never dreamed that he would come out on top as he knew there would be keen competition.

But the arm of Mr. Bovay pulled him through for the big prize which was presented to him by Knobby Wirkowski of the Toronto Argonaut team.

JUNIOR RUGBY

The first of these games was held at Albert College on October 1. The hard fighting juniors went down to defeat at the hands of the heavier senior Collegians, who, incidentally went on to win the C.O.S.S.A. senior title. The score at the end of the battle was 19-1.

The second game of the season was fought at Trenton two weeks later, and again the juniors went down to defeat at the hands of another heavier team. No excuses meant here, but the Trenton's quarterback's father was the referee. Came to PROTECT his little boy! A score of 18-0 was rolled up against them. A week later the then angry juniors journeyed to Albert College and conquered the Albert juniors by a score of 17-5. Malcolm Rowan was elected captain at the beginning of the game. He took it to heart by going out and becoming the star of this battle.

Next on the agenda came the St. Mike's seniors. The two teams joined battle at the "Rockpile" (King George School). For the third time we were defeated at the hands of a lighter but faster team by the lowly score of 5-1.

The last game of the regular season was against the junior Albert squad and it was played again at the "Rockpile". This again was another landslide for our side or should I say rockslide as the score of 34-0 shows.

Since B.C.I. has the only entry in the Bay of Quinte "A" League the team automatically qualified for the C.O.S.S.A. junior "A" semi-final round with Oshawa to see which of the two teams was to enter the finals. Oshawa did, by trouncing us by a score of 20-12 at King George School. It was a closely fought game and the team battled hard, right to the last whistle. The better team won.

First string line-up: L. Fox (FW), D. Moore (E), Adamson, J. Bedford, D. Morton (S), B. Bedell Dalrymple, R. Hill (E), M. Rowen (LH), R. Wamsley (Qt), F. Deacon (CH), B. Jones (RH), Y. Geneja.

HOUSE LEAGUE HOCKEY

Each year after January 1, House League Hockey starts. This year there are four teams entered in the league, captained by (1) Canning, (2) Baker, (3) Buskard and (4) Bovay. These games are played at the local Arena on Tuesday and Thursday from 12.15 to 1.00 p.m. There is a slight fee for this privilege but it is well worth it. Each team had a minimum of six games to play, then the playoffs. All four teams ended in first place with a 3-3 win, loss column. As the playoffs have not started at the time of writing, we are unable to give you the final results. May the best team win though.



SENIOR BASKETBALL

J. Woods, D. Boyle, J. Kane, D. Morden, B. Marner, W. Boyay, C. Farmer, P. Bennett, R. Fettes, D. Armstrong, J. Matthews, L. Wagar, B. Bird, D. Harris, B. Lancaster



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

C. Parkhurst, R. Carter, S. Jackson, B. Varcoc, T. Ewing, R. Donaldson, B. Gault, J. Ablard, D. Smith, F. Deacon, D. Buck, D. Farnsworth, B. Jones, T. Batchelor



BOXING CLUB

Back Row — B. Cosnell, Mr. Musgrove, L. Cole

Front Row — R. Jones, C. Coulter, J. Fox

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

In making up the junior team this year Coach Townsend had a lot to do in order to work a practically all new squad into a team.

I feel that Mr. Townsend has done a very good job in making a fine team out of the combination of experience and inexperience.

Before the squad was cut the boys played their exhibition games winning the first two by quite a margin. The third one was really a heart-breaker as it was lost to Albert College, our old foe in the field of sports. This did not make the boys feel downhearted but if anything, put fire into them for the next time they would clash.

The first two games were played against Madoc who are not too strong a team. They lacked experience and most of their players were playing for the first time under pressure.

First scheduled game was played on January 16 against Napanee Collegiate in their new high school. The boys came out on top but were very disappointed in themselves. There was much talk about the dead floor and very lucky backboards and rims. These things did not help, as our own gym has a lively floor and average baskets and backboards. Our boys won 23-19. The best game, so I heard by the grapevine, that was ever played in the Collegiate was on January 26, against our old foe Albert College. In this game, superb basketball was played by both teams. And I really believe it gave the crowd a thrill. The game ended up the best way it could have with a tie of 57-57. I do not think either team should have won as it seemed that was the best way to end the game.

In the next, which was played at Trenton the boys were very disappointed as they could not score freely due to the very low ceiling they say. Under this condition they won by a lucky point 29-28.

KEN COLLING MEMORIAL TROPHY

This trophy is awarded annually to the winner of the five-mile cross country run and was donated to B.C.I.V.S. by Mrs. Cleo Colling in memory of the late Mr. Ken Colling who was a sports writer in Belleville for a number of years.

The run last year was won by Sherman Brant followed by Huey Pietri. Sherman set up a very good pace which proved to be a bit too much for his competitors.

TOWNSEND TROPHY

This trophy was presented to B.C.I. by our own well-liked sports' director, Mr. Townsend. It is presented to the boy who has been chosen as the outstanding athlete of the year.

The winner of the Townsend Trophy for 1951-52 was Cecil Page who was a prominent participant in most sports.

Cecil took a pass at rugby and was a hot pitcher in softball. Cecil also shone in basketball.

He is playing for the second team of Queen's University which he has attended since leaving B.C.I.

C.O.S.S.A. PLAYOFFS

The C.O.S.S.A. Tournament this year was held in Toronto at the Danforth Technical School.

The Junior Basketball team was the only team to go this year.

In the first and only game I am sad to say, the squad was defeated by St. Catharines All Saints.

In the first quarter of this game the home team was sparked by the hard accurate shooting of Jim Ablarde, who plays right guard position.

With this inspiration the team drove hard and were only down two points at half time.

The second-half was of a different colour with the Saints using their height of which they had plenty to their advantage. The boys were outscored badly in this half and at full time the score was 76-49 for the All Saints.

Our team put up a very good fight but did not have any relief strength to draw on.

HOUSE LEAGUE BASKETBALL

This league consists of those boys in Grades 9 and 10 who are especially eager for basketball. In this league they get a change to play more basketball and to bring their know-how on basketball up a couple of notches.

This year the tournament was won by the expertly coached team of Bud Batchelor. It seems that Bud has a little on the ball since the team which he helped coach last year won the championship also. The boys only lost one game in the nine they played and this was by a foul shot which was a real heart-breaker.

The boys racked up a total of 219 points in their nine games, to a total of 140 against them. The boys sharing in the honour of the championship were Graham Bebee, Paul White, Bob Walker, Carl Hall, Larry Tucker, Bill Jones, Don Buck, Larry Langlois, Harry Green and Bill Gault.

SENIOR BASKETBALL

The seniors this year have a good team but it is not outstanding. As many of the big guns of the team have left school there is not too much talent left. For the seniors that have left there were juniors to come up in their slots. These boys are doing a good job too.

The seniors did not have any exhibition games but went right to work on their schedule on January 16 playing Napanee.

In their first game they put up a very good showing winning over Napanee by a score of 56-33.

In playing against Albert College the seniors were badly defeated. Our only consolation is that Albert College has a very good senior team.

LOWER SCHOOL HOUSE LEAGUE FLOOR HOCKEY

This is one sport in the school which really draws the crowds, and why not? Floor hockey is the sport with plenty of "knock them down, drag them out", in it.

In Lower School they have not yet finished their finals.

**UPPER SCHOOL HOUSE LEAGUE
FLOOR HOCKEY**

In Upper School floor hockey there were six teams entered, captained by (1) Cherry, (2) Canning, (3) Farmer, (4) Fettes, (5) Brandt, (6) Baker. These games are played in the boys' gym from 12:30 to 1:00, and draw a big crowd. Top scorers in the league were (1) Harris, (2) Baker, (3) Farmer and top goal tender was R. Murray. Meeting in the finals were Brandt and Canning. Canning's team won out in defeating Brandt's team in a best of three series, two games to one. On the team were: Captain, Canning; Goal, Farnsworth; Moore, Bovay, Harris, MacDonald, Alexander, Marner, McEvoy and Del Basco.

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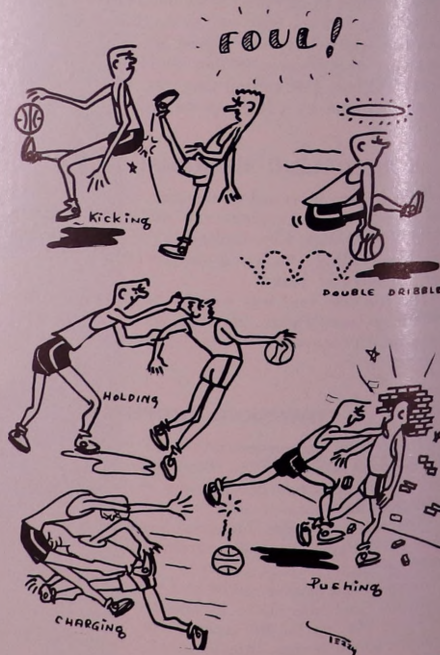
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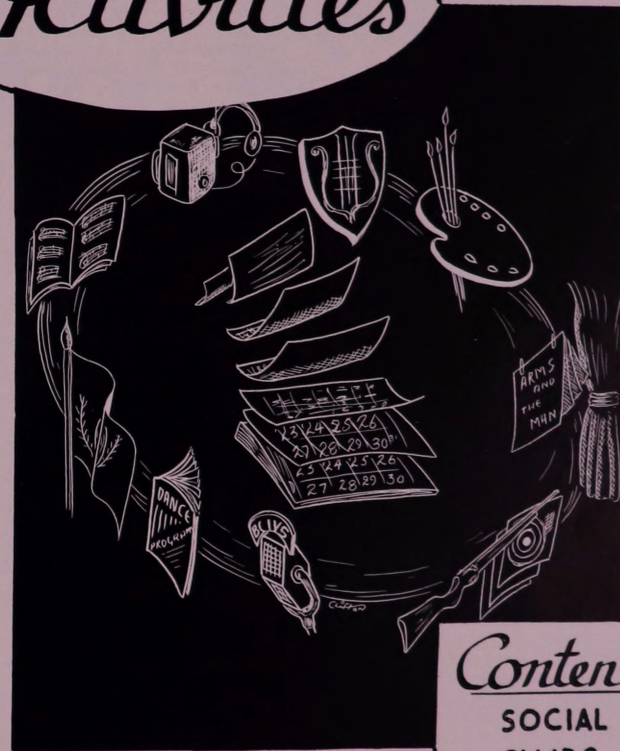
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Activities



Contents

- SOCIAL CLUBS
- CLUBS
- DRAMA
- CADETS
- EXCHANGE
- FORM NEWS

THE SCHOOL PLAY

The players:	Bruce Varcoe
Mr. Jesse Hughes	Margaret Walkom
Mrs. Harriet Hughes	Eva Hrachovec
Jean Hughes	Shirley LaRue
Amy Hughes	Doug. McIlraith
Teddy Hughes	Bob Ireland
Walter Lipscomb	Jarka Novak
Mildred Hughes	George Farmer
Mike Tisdale	Roberta Allen
Dottie Kixmiller	Jack MacDonald
Snazy Mitchell	Vivian McWilliams
Maryrosalie Vogulhut	Eleanor Clarke
Ruth Coates	Suzanne Cavers
Hope Shuttleworth	Paula Freeman
Mrs. Victoria Coates	Jack Doig
Tommy King	Carl Reid
Charles Collier	Elaine Davis
Sally Frazier	

This year, our school play, a comedy in three acts, was a parody on modern teen-agers and how they affect life in their own homes. As the curtain rises, we are introduced to the Hughes family one by one. Father and Mother Hughes, quietly conversing, are interrupted by Amy, Teddy, Jean and Mildred (their children, from youngest to oldest). We discover that the Hughes have just moved to town, that Mrs. Hughes, having met the local society leader, Mrs. Coates, is very anxious to join her club, that Amy is already a SLICK (so long! I can't kiss), and that Jean, previously the quiet, studious type is being courted by Mike Tisdale, the local athletic hero (but whether for a date, to get his Latin homework done, or to get Jean to throw a party at the Hughes home after the coming dance, we're not quite sure). It turns out to be the party, and her parents decided to have it for Jean's sake. Also, Ruth Coates, Mike's supposed girl friend, learns of his actions, and pays Jean a call herself.

As the second act begins, it is several days later, and all the girls are busy preparing for their dates for the dance. Mike has asked Jean, who, having shed her glasses, looks ravishing in her formal, and easily becomes the life of the party. Snazy (Mike's side-kick) is taking Amy, and Mildred and Charles are going out, but elsewhere. The girls, of course, have the customary problems of dress and flowers, but Teddy has one of a

different nature. He has three dates. After much worrying, but still without a solution, he takes all three to the dance (one at a time, of course).

The curtain closes momentarily and it is three hours later. The party at Hughes is in full swing. Since Mike asked Jean, another more reserved chap, Tommy King, has asked Ruth to go with him. In the midst of the party, (to which, incidentally, Teddy has brought Hope Stillmore, Dottie Kixmiller and Maryrosalie Vogulhut), who should walk in but Sally Frazier, Teddy's former sweetheart from the city. Quickly, then, tempers flare, and a fight is only avoided by the telephone call of an angry neighbour, disturbed by the noise. Teddy's three dates, at last, discover each other, and Sally, Jean and Mike argue and Tommy and Ruth join in to show Mike, for once, that he is wrong, and they end up by switching dates. Mr. Hughes has to fight the neighbour, since the noise did not subside, one of Teddy's girls, in a temper, tries to drive off in his car, and crashes it into a tree. This brings a policeman, and he, in turn, brings the climax of the play and the party is broken up.

The last scene takes place the following morning and Mr. Hughes asserts himself in his own household. By using his head and a little blackmail he gets his wife into Mrs. Coates' club. Teddy makes up with Sally; Jean with Tommy; Ruth with Mike; Snazy with Amy; and Mildred with Charles. Thus the curtain falls on this year's school play, "The Life of the Party", and we are all left with the moral . . . "all's well that ends well".

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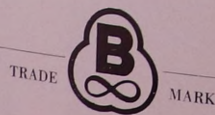
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CADETS



The annual cadet inspection was held Friday, May 9, 1952 at the Belleville Fair Grounds, in perfect weather.

The inspecting party included Major H. W. C. Stetham from Eastern Ontario Area Headquarters at Kingston; Captain Howie, the Area Cadet Officer; and Lieutenant-Colonel Porritt, Commanding Officer of Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment.

The boys' cadet corps was commanded by Cadet Lieutenant-Colonel Ken Moore and the second in command was Cadet Major John Hinchey. The girls' corps was commanded by Eva Hrachovec and the second in command was Donna Wambolt. The band was conducted by George Farmer. There were also a number of very interesting mechanical and wireless displays and demonstrations.

The untiring efforts of the cadet corps won for them the Strathcona Cup for the best ceremonial parade in the district. The cup was presented in a special cadet assembly by Brigadier Dunn, the Area Commander.

The band was the winner of the J. G. Wiser Cup for the best band in the Eastern Ontario District.

"A" Company in both the boys' and girls' corps was the winner of the cup for the best company display. Cadet Majors Ross Burt and Jean Doig commanded these companies and did an excellent job of it.

Since the corps came first in the district two cadets instead of the usual one were sent to the National Cadet Camp at Alberta. They were Cadet Majors Jack Lafferty and Ross Burt.

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COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

The annual Commencement Exercises were held Friday, November 7, 1952, in the auditorium. The guest speaker was Mr. Alex Edmison, Q.C., the Assistant Principal of Queen's University.

The theme of his address was "You must have the will to back up your resolutions".

As he started his speech he aid, "I have prepared no speech, instead I brought this". This, was an auto-graph book that he had kept as a student at Jarvis Collegiate and later at university. From this book he picked certain entries which proved the maxim. "I am today what I am because I was yesterday what I was."

One of the most interesting inscriptions was that of A. McLean Haig, the present Mayor of Belleville. Mr. Edmison said he had predicted to Mr. Haig when they were boys, that he would some day become Mayor of Belleville because of the efficient way he did things, and added that he was very glad that his prediction had come true.

Another inscription in the book was written by a boy who was always writing stories, sending them to publishers regularly and getting them back just as regularly. In spite of the rejections he kept at it and today Morley Callaghan is one of Canada's foremost writers.

Two other famous names in the book were those of George Duffy, the present sports director of the C.N.E., who had been training himself for this job for years, and Sir Frederick Banting, the discoverer of insulin, a plugger and a hard worker, who always had an objective.

Mr. Edmison pointed out that individuals with terrific handicaps had had the will to carry out their resolutions successfully, and said to the assembled students:

"You have an infinitely better chance than these. The way is before you and every girl and boy can be a success. I wish every success to you."

Mr. Edmison was introduced by Mr. L. F. Reid and was warmly thanked by Miss N. Merry.

THE VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

This year's valedictory address was given by Ralph Cornish, now a student at Ryerson Institute.

Ralph recalled his high school days with a feeling of satisfaction, speaking of the gradual change from aloof and frightened grade niners to more self-assured grade thirteeners.

He stated that there were excellent opportunities for everyone at B.C.I.—good teachers, athletics, clubs, etc., but that the students must remember that their education had only begun and that they must work very hard to complete it. "Those interested only in themselves are never really happy. The man who is a real success sets a second goal after he has reached the first."

In closing he warned the students to avoid pre-conceived opinions and prejudices, and to learn to get along compatibly with others.

PRESENTATION OF PURPLE B'S

These letters are presented each year to students who have made outstanding contributions to the school in the field of non-athletic extra-curricular activities. They were presented by Mr. F. Bradley to Shirley Aleya, Bruce Casey, Ralph Cornish, William Hunt, Donna McNish, Kenneth Moore and Joan Shindell.

PRESENTATION OF RED B'S

These letters are presented each year to students who have accumulated sixty points in the school athletic programme. They were presented by Joanne Clarke of the Girls' Athletic Association and Mr. Townsend to Barbara Bennett, Ralph Cornish, Dianne Gourley, Gerald Gover, Jack Matthews, Donna McNish, Kenneth Moore, Richard Morden, Wayne O'Hara, Bruce Page, Bruce Smith, John Thompson, Lynn Wagar and Carol Weston.

* * *

Johnny (*to a friend*)—"You know that rabbit you gave me yesterday? My mother won't let me keep them."

* * *

Preacher (*at the reunion meeting*)—"I have only one regret — I miss so many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."

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 Barbara Smith, O.B.C.
 Nancy Stantial, Humber College
 Robert Swain, O.B.C.
 Albert Tapp, O.B.C.
 Mary Wakefield, Jarvis Collegiate
 Gary Ward, Albert College
 Phyllis White, Albert College
 Sharon Wilkinson, O.B.C.
 Gerald Williams, Albert College
 Bill Yeates, Albert College

NURSING

Shirley Aleya, Toronto
 Dorothy Dudgeon, Belleville General
 Diane Gibson, Toronto Western
 Barbara Goodman, Queen's
 Betty Jane Goodwin, Queen's

Eleanor Herbertson, Belleville General
 Margaret Langman, Toronto Sick Children
 Joyce Lott, Toronto Sick Children
 Shirley McKerrrow, Kingston General
 Eva Nickle, Belleville General
 Helen Marie Rose, Peterborough General
 Barbara Smale, Peterborough General
 Margaret Wakefield, Western Hospital
 Donna Wambolt, Wellesley Hospital

TEACHERS' COLLEGE

Barbara Allen, Peterborough
 Marilyn Andrews, Peterborough
 Lois Benedict, Peterborough
 Mary Boldrich, Peterborough
 Barbara Bristol, Peterborough
 John Brown, Peterborough
 Sheila Byrne, Peterborough
 Barbara Dix, Peterborough
 Irma Embury, Peterborough
 Juanita Fox, Peterborough
 Audrey Lidster, Peterborough
 Marion Rawson, Peterborough
 James Wagg, Peterborough
 Joan Walden, Peterborough
 Helen Weston, Peterborough
 Joan White, Peterborough
 William Wilson, London

DECEASED

Jack David Brooks

BIBLE COLLEGE

Joan Faulkner, Pentecostal Bible College, Peterborough

AT HOME

Carol Anderson	Lyall Leavens (farm)
John Ashley	Hilliard Lockwood
John Bolderick (farm)	Ila Luffman
Ray Brant	Alice Lywood
Thomas Calbery (farm)	Mary McKenny
Harold Casement (farm)	Elizabeth McTaggart
Patricia Campbell	Roy Nobes
William Corfield (farm)	Lorne Palmer
Shirley Corensell	Bernice Power
Gladys Craig	James Ray
Gary Cramston (farm)	Lionel Reid
Joan Crawford	Max Reddick (farm)
Earl Cross (farm)	Keith Richards
Dawx Easton	Walter Rush
Jean Edwards	Carolyn Sine
George Foster	Gordon Thompson
Marion Gardner	Lyle Thompson
Frances Gamble	Ann Vos
Irene Gill	Bernard Walsh
Andrew Guthrie	Marilyn Wannamaker
Howard La Gruff	Barbara Way

Gerald Wilson (farming)
 Joyce Woodward
 Barbara Wright
 John Westerhof (farming)
 Gerold Wilson (farming)

MARRIED

Flora Leavens
 Joan Slingerland

WORKING

Charles Adams, C.N.R.
 Robert Alexander, Ontario Intelligencer Limited
 Donald Alexander, Mason's Appliances
 Phyllis Angus, Angus McFee Jewellers
 Donald Ashley, Ashley's Garage
 Marjorie Bailey, Bell Telephone
 Beverley Baker, Batawa
 Paul Baldwin, Bethlehem Steel
 Don Barclay, Northern Electric
 Hugh Barclay, Truck and Farm Supply
 John Barr
 Raymond Bate, Batawa
 Betty Bedard, Metropolitan
 Clifford Belch
 Jean Belch, Northern Electric
 Mary Belch, Hillcrest Canteen
 Barbara Bell, Napanee Restaurant
 Audrey Bey, Stewart-Warner Corporation
 Wesley Bell, Trinidad Leaseholders
 Ronald Belnap, Buehler's Meat Market
 Margaret Benn, Woolworth's
 Jacqueline Bennet, Point Anne Club House
 Barry Blackley, Jack Bush
 Margaret Blackley, A & P
 Beverley Blue, Dr. Bateman's
 Moreen Bonter, Dr. Locke's
 Frank Boulton, Bakelite
 Fred Bowers, Northern Electric
 Ron Bradshaw, Stephens-Adamson Mfg. Co.
 Carl Brant, Construction
 Shirley D. Brant, Fred Elgie Co.
 Shirley I. Brant, Oshawa Chain Stores
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 Veleta Brennen, Zeller's Limited
 Earl Brinhert, American Opeical Co.
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 Robert Brooks, Bob Blaind's Sports Centre
 Harry Brown, Howe and Hagerman
 Robert Browning, J. and J. Cash, Inc.
 Francis Burd, Canadian Cannors
 Denise Burgess, Dr. Cronk
 Larry Buskard, Coca-Cola Co.
 George Butler, Butler's Dairy
 George Calbury, Upper Canada News
 Barbara Carr, Bell Shirt Co.
 Gwendolyn Carter, Bell Telephone
 Alexander Cathcart, A & P
 Harry Coles, National Cash Register
 Max Colder, Diamond's Clothing
 Marlene Corlen, Batawa
 Betty Cook, Stewart-Warner Corporation
 William Cook, Navy

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 Shirley Cross, Dicken's Bakery
 Evelyn Culloder, Woolworth's
 Alma Corradi, Northern Electric
 Lorraine Davidson, Belleville Cheddar Cheese
 Charles DeLong, Bellvue Finance
 William Dennis, Dulmage Motors
 Giles Ducette, Barbering with Father
 Wilma Durie, Corby Public Library
 Marilyn Duvall, Bell Telephone
 Doreen Ellis, E. Follwell
 Joan Ellis, Sally Shop
 Mona Empey, Upper Canada News Agency
 Albert Farrar, Farrar's Furniture
 Tom Findlay, Belle Cleaners
 Jean Finkle, Dr. McCutcheon
 Kay Fraser, County Registering Office
 Kenneth Fraser, Deseronto
 Marilyn Fritz, Mutual Life
 Rosemary Galbraith, Zeller's Limited
 Marion Gelsthorpe, Northern Electric
 Shirley Gibbs, Bell Telephone
 Arlene Gilmore, Bell Telephone
 Barbara Girling
 Gerald Goyer, C.N.R.
 Bernice Grandame, Northern Electric
 Barbara Greatrix, Globe and Mail
 Douglas Grant, Avon Jewellery
 Robert Greene, Black's Wholesale
 Winnifred Gryce, Dr. Locke
 Barbara Guest, Bell Telephone
 Hector Lalonde, Galt Hockey
 Lawrence Langman, Hydro
 Joan La Rue, Northern Electric
 Jeanne Margaret Lloyd, Bell Telephone
 Marilyn Lloyd, Northern Electric
 Wilma Love, Bata Shoe
 Hugh Lyons, Factory in Stirling
 Shirley Mallette, Bell Telephone
 Ann Mallory, Airport
 Harold Earl Maracle, Steel Works, Hamilton
 Shirley Maracle, Zyle's Factory, Deseronto
 Betty Marion, Belleville General Hospital
 Ronald Maxwell, Teaching
 John Meyers, Truck and Farm Supply
 Gordon Miller, Bakelite
 James McKellop, C.N.R.
 John McNally, Batawa
 Florence Nelson, Bell Telephone
 Ralph Nelson, Northern Electric
 Evelyn Nicholas, Metropolitan
 Bruce Nickle, C.N.R.
 Allan Nobes, C.N.R. Telegraph
 William Noyce, Faulkner's Garage
 Wayne O'Hara, Airport
 George O'Neill, Construction Works, Oshawa
 Carolyn Ormand, Stewart-Warner Corporation
 Shirley Orrell, J. and J. Cash, Inc.
 Edna Orser, Lawyer's Office

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 Donald Phillips, Belleville Builders
 Ronald Phillips, C.N.R. Telegraph
 Douglas Preston, Ireland Appliances
 Jacqueline Preston, Deacon Shirt Co.
 Jewell Ray, Working on Pipeline
 Lorna Ray, Trader's Finance
 Harold Redquest, Avon Jewellery
 Marie Reid, Apprentice as a Hairdresser
 Faye Roberts, Trader's Finance
 Evelyn Robbins, Teaching (Queen Victoria)
 David Roche, Armed Services
 Vida Rogers, Batawa
 Earl Rogers, Batawa
 Joan Rollins, Cheese Marketing Board
 Rose Marie Roper, Bell Telephone
 Lois Ross, Bell Telephone
 Leonard Rumleskie, Avon Jewellery
 Harold Rushnell, Jordan's Service Station
 Nancy Russell, Agnew-Surpass
 William Ryan, Boyce's Garage
 Beth Shannik, Deacon Shirt Co.
 Doris Sills, Belleville General Hospital
 Lois Sills, Trudeau's Garage
 Gary Sine, Norton Steel
 Barbara Smale, Belleville General Hospital
 Betty Smith, Credit Bureau
 Bruce Smith, Navy
 Douglas Smith, McFarlane
 Bruce Smith, Dominion Bank
 Ronald Smith, Northern Electric
 Theodore Spencer, Stewart-Warner Corporation
 Theodore Soule, American Optical Co.
 William Spencer, Stewart-Warner Corporation
 Robert Standen, Northern Electric
 Don Stanton, Truck and Farm Supply Co.
 Clare Stapley, Dr. Edwards' Receptionist
 Doris Stapley, Corby's
 Francis Stickle, Bata Shoe
 Marlene Stinson, Cole's Beauty Shop
 John Summer, Trenton Airport
 Mary Sutherland, Corby's
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 Roy Taylor, Hydro
 Shirley Taylor, Bell Telephone
 Gloria Tetterton, College Food Market
 Lois Theobald, Walker Hardware
 June Thomas, Ontario Intelligencer Limited
 Harriet Thompson, Parasite Lab.
 John Thompson, A & P
 Royce Timlin, Hydro
 Wilson Toner, Bus Line
 Robert Tuck, Decorator (Father's Business)
 Ann Turland, Trenton Hospital
 Alan Vance, Latta Mill
 Germaine Vanheddegen, Shoe Store
 Petronella Van Osten, Deacon's
 Ronald Van Stone, Industry (Peterborough)
 William Vesterfelt, National Grocers
 Wayne Waddington, Napanee Furniture Store
 Duane Warren, Bank of Nova Scotia

Marabelle West, CJBQ
 Ron White, Northern Electric
 June Whittaker, Cheese Marketing Board
 Esther Wilkinson, Kresge's
 Glen Wilson, C.N.R.
 Margaret Wilson, Metropolitan Store
 Aneita Wood, Trader's Finance
 Beatrice Wood, Stewart-Warner Corporation
 Barbara Wood, J. & J. Cash
 Floyd Yateman, C.N.R.
 Betty Zebedee, Bell Telephone (Toronto)

* * *

Farmer—"What hens lay longest?"
 Urban Dweller—"Dead ones. Any fool knows that."

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SOCIAL

Hi gang:

Hasn't this school year produced some of the best dances ever! From all reports, this reporter thought that they were so successful that we should take this opportunity while we are once again gathered together, to review them.

To start the school term off with a bang the Student Council sponsored the SOC HOP, Friday, September 9, in the boys' gym. It took the form of a Record Dance and prizes for the spot dances were ties and records. Of course, there were mixed drinks and doughnuts for sale.

Amid shouts of laughter and greetings of "Oh, I had the most wonderful summer vacation", you were glad to be back with the old gang and of course, at school.

Thanks for a swell dance, Committee.

* * *

On October 11, the Girls' Hi-Y sponsored the HARD TIME JAMBOREE. They had a real orchestra. The Night Owls (to be specific) B.C.I.'s own product. There were mixed drinks for sale and for prizes, corn-cob pipes and lollipops. At intermission the new Hi-Y members, who had been initiated earlier in the week were given a final dose. They had to roll peanuts down the length of the gym floor with their noses. The winner—why Carrol Holgate who received a bag of allies to keep her in practice.

Congratulations, Meg, and Hi-Y. Keep up the good work.

* * *

You'll all remember the next dance, THE PEP RALLY, sponsored by G.A.S. (Girls' Athletic Society). Boys especially, will remember all the cute cheerleaders, who appeared in their brief cheerleading outfits and demonstrated school yells which we are sure, urged the teams to victory. And girls, weren't the rugby teams and all those big, brawny physiques wonderful? To top off the evening dancing was held in both gyms, The Night Owls supplying the music. We loved every minute of it, G.A.S.

* * *

Not to be outdone by the Girls' Hi-Y, the Boys' Hi-Y came up with . . . yes, you guessed it, THE TRI-MICHAEL'S and Pickering, who were attending the Junior United Nations Organization's conference in commemoration of the U.N.'s birthday October 24. Dancing was wonderful to the Night Owls' Orchestra. Spot dance prizes were socks, ties, perfume and bath salts.

Thanks for a swell dance, Gang.

* * *

Spooks! Horrors! Eee! Oh, I know, the ELEVATOR COME AS YOU ARE DANCE held on October 31. At the door lollipops were given out to the first arrivals. As the dancing got under way we noticed

everyone was there . . . tramps, glamorous ladies, witches, gypsies, fairies, elves, and wasn't that Mr. Youdale out on the floor dancing?

Congratulations, Beth and Ross. We sure had fun.

* * *

The Key Club sponsored an AFTER-THE-PLAY DANCE on November 24. The play — why "Life of the Party". Actresses and actors were congratulated by all for good performances, and dancing was enjoyed, as the final relaxation before a week or more exams. Way to go, Key Club.

* * *

The RECOVERY HOP came none too soon. After a week of exams everyone came dragging their bodies with them, but when they heard the mellow strains of Cam Walsh's orchestra, strangely enough, everyone brightened up and forgot (for the time being, anyway) about the previous week of mental labour. Ross Burt M-Ceed, and gave perfume, bath salts and socks to the lucky winners of the spot dances.

Thanks to the Key Club, everyone survived.

* * *

Suddenly the Christmas season was upon us and Johnny-on-the-spot was the Girls' Hi-Y with a CHRISTMAS CAN DANCE. For only 15 cents and one can of food, a whole evening of dancing could be enjoyed to "the best bands in the land". As an added attraction, the Girls' Hi-Y vs. the Boys' Hi-Y played a game of volleyball.

Proceeds went to the Children's Aid Society.

P.S.—the Boys' Hi-Y won the volleyball game.

* * *

Next dance of the Christmas season was the ELEVATOR CHRISTMAS DANCE. Wasn't it nice of Santa Claus to make a special trip to B.C.I. to see what all we girls and boys wanted for Christmas? (Leighton, you made a perfect Santa). Cam Walsh was again present with his orchestra. Candy canes and cokes were on sale.

It was a grand dance, Donna and Committee.

* * *

After a very merry Christmas and so far happy New Year, students returned to their studies, but not only to studies, for on January 16th G.A.S. sponsored the SADIE HAWKINS DANCE of the year. Yes siree, the girls grabbed their men and off they went for an enjoyable evening of games, fortune-telling and dancing.

Square dances were held with Miss Martinson and Anita Brown doing the calling.

Pat Campbell and Terry Clifton did a grand job of creating reasonable facsimiles of famous people at B.C.I. Of course, the traditional doughnuts and kick-a-poo joy-juice was on sale, and as previously quited elsewhere, "everyone enjoyed herself and himself (especially himself)."

January 27 to 31 was Blind Week at B.C.I. All the clubs in the school, some of which were Student Council, Glee Club, Keyette Club, Key Club, Girls' Hi-Y and Boys' Hi-Y, took part in this campaign.

Volleyball and basketball games, candy sales, movies and individual donations from each class room (who received a C.N.I.B. banner if everyone in the class contributed to this worthy cause) were held to raise funds.

The really big event which drew many and lots of money was THE INTER-CLUB BLIND DANCE. The Night Owls Orchestra donated their time and talent absolutely free-of-charge. A guarantee which stated that anyone standing out one dance would have the price of admission returned to him, brought many curious people to the dance. Thanks to club members everyone was kept on his or her toes and no one made any claims.

On Saturday morning in the Market Place, the Kayettes sponsored a bake sale, and the Girls' Hi-Y held a rummage sale in the Armouries, thus bringing to an end (and I might add, a successful end) Blind Week at B.C.I.

NEW YEAR'S EVE FORMAL

"Hear the beat of dancing feet"—and oh those horns! The Keyette Club's annual New Year's Eve RUDOLPH HOP was once again the gayest, wildest party of the year. Originality was the word of the night. The terrific amount of work the girls put into this party was requited by the flushed, happy faces of the merry-makers. The Keyettes made everything themselves, (with the help of the girls' Hi-Y) from the paper-hats to the "snow". Arnold Whaley's orchestra set the mood of each dance — mostly lively. Lorna Bullford was chosen Miss New Year of 1953—and the judges could not have chosen a lovelier symbol.

COMMENCEMENT FORMAL

There is something about the COMMENCEMENT FORMAL that makes it seem warmer, friendlier and more "in formal" than any other formal of the year. Perhaps it's the fond, tolerant attitude of the returning graduates toward their Alma Mater—but, whatever it is, it is pleasant. The girls in their swishy gowns, could not have looked lovelier nor the boys in their smart suits more handsome nor could the Night Owls' music have been more divine. The ingenious Art Club under Mr. Tindale's supervision surpassed itself with an amusing concept of "little men from Mars" and "flying saucers". The ladies serving the lunch got their reward from the satisfied, content look on the eater's face. At one o'clock we were tired but proud—the graduates were proud because it was their dance; the B.C.I. students because they sponsored it and it was a success!

KAMPUS KAPERS

"Better than ever."

"All twice as good as last year."

All this and more was said about Kampus Kapers, an all-student production. The Grand Opening and

Finale had the whole cast led by the cheer-leaders in the singing of "Collegiate".

Glow worms sparkled and shone in a rhythmic pattern to a catchy little tune.

The box-horse got a working over from representatives plus the Russian delegate who made a smash hit.

The Three Dots and a Dash frolicked through their number and ended up in the Mock Wedding, all hill-billy style.

"Before and After and Heaven Forbid" are probably still yelling for "Ma" and taking their bows. Heaven forbid!

Scott and Irish dances were featured in the "Shamrock and the Thistle" which included the "Sword Dance" danced by two high spirited students. Ron Elmy pinch-kitted for one of our students to sing Georgie McKie.

Intermission came and the B.C.I. band played. They are the winners of the J. G. Wisner Trophy for the outstanding Cadet Band in the Eastern Division.

Bang! Whoa! What came next? The Kampus Kapers Korus Line; the leftovers from the Ziegfeld Follies. All wrapped up in candy-stripes, they kicked their way through the number.

The boys synchronized tumbling had the audience gasping with astonishment especially when they did the back flips.

Greg and Cara Butler played two numbers from "The Carnival of the Animals" and were brought back for an encore.

Many problems come before a school board meeting but it is also hoped that they will never be handled the way this board handled them.

Girls' Choral Ensemble were never in better form than Thursday and Friday nights. The girls were called back for an encore which was well deserved.

To end the programme pyramids were built with the final big squash.

The cast deserves a gold medal for this splendid show . . . thanks, to all the teachers, and to one student who deserves some mention, Bill Cook.

MR. AND MISS B.C.I.V.S.

This year the Students' Council sponsored the Mr. and Miss B.C.I.V.S. contest. The competition for both honours was good.

The girls nominated were Pat Campbell, Mary Creeggan and Jarka Novak and the boys were Bill Campbell, Bob Langlois and Jim MacDonald.

On Wednesday, March 11, the winners, Jarka Novak and Jim MacDonald were crowned in the auditorium by last year's Mr. and Miss B.C.I.V.S.—Beverly Blue and David Kane, and presented with silver trophies.

Both students have a high academic standing and are very active in extra-curricular activities. Jarka, of course is best known for her prowess in the various Glee Club presentations and Jim is a valued member of the Boys' Hi-Y.

Congratulations, kids!

* * *

Jill—"What keeps the moon from falling?"

Jack—"I think it must be the beams."



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Students' Council Executive

FRONT — P. Campbell, G. Farmer, N. Sprague

BACK — Miss Shields, F. Milton, B. Varcoe, J. Matthews, Mr. Bradley

* * *

The Students' Council

The Students' Council Executive this year is as follows:

- President—Jack Matthews
- General Vice-President—Gordon Babbitt
- Vocational Vice-President—Floyd Milton
- Recording Secretary—Pat Campbell
- Corresponding Secretary—Nellie Sprague
- Treasurer—Bruce Varcoe
- Staff Advisors—Miss Shields, Mr. Bradley

This year the Council has been handicapped as far as a major project is concerned due to the change in Presidents in mid-year. However, under our capable new president, business is moving rapidly forward and at the end of the year I am certain that the students will feel that the Students' Council has left many fine

achievements behind them. One of the major ones is the Point System, by which the students are allotted a definite number of points for extra curricular activities and will not be allowed to go beyond that number. This system is intended to boost the academic standing of the students.



UNITED NATIONS

Back Row — D. Parker, L. Tucker, F. Hagerman, B. Gilham, D. Donaldson, D. Catton, C. Parker, A. Thom, J. Lewis

Second Row — L. Donaldson, S. A. Parker, P. Gibson, M. Clare, J. Hall, S. Shier, M. Elliot, A. Lundy, A. Enright, C. Osborne, J. Valleur

Front Row — R. Phillips, L. Scriven, J. Evans, B. Stephenson, Mr. Reid, A. Sutton, S. Currie, L. Plane



KEYETTE CLUB

Front Row — B. McBride, D. Cameron, J. Novak, Mr. Tanner, B. Wilbur, J. Tonkin, E. Hrachovec, N. Sprague

Second Row — G. Reid, D. LaRue, A. Fox, J. Frost, S. Shier, P. Hall, G. Joslin, K. Homan, D. Lewis

Third Row — T. Miller, B. Keel, A. Pierce, S. Cavers, S. Fisher, C. Adams, H. Trembuck



KEY CLUB

Front Row — B. Payette, D. Carter, C. Babbitt, Mr. Musgrove, B. Deacon, B. Langlois, F. Hagerman

Second Row — J. Cole, R. Sprague, B. Varcoe, J. Hill, J. Fuch, G. MacDonald, C. Mazer, B. Vaughan

Third Row — J. Lafferty, R. Burt, T. Cavers, F. Deacon, D. Armstrong, A. Sutton, D. Aselstine, G. Hosang

THE KEYETTE CLUB

The Keyette Club this year introduced some new life blood in its organization by the initiation of fourteen new members who increased our ranks to the present number of twenty-six. These girls have presented us with many new ideas and perhaps this is the reason for our successful projects. But part of the credit must be given to a very efficient and cooperative executive. Our energetic president is Beth Wilbur. Darell Cavers, with commercial experience, is now able to keep up with the great speed with which our meetings are conducted. Jarka Novak keeps a tight hold on the purse strings and the vice-president is Shirley Finkle; the four directors, Donna Cameron, Eva Hrachovec, Nellie Sprague and Jean Tonkin and our general staff advisor, Mr. Tanner, are ever-ready with good advice.

For Christmas we collected and wrapped some three hundred toys for the Children's Aid Society. We sponsored the Rudolph Hop on New Year's Eve for which we made all the hats ourselves. We took over the sale of the individual pictures and we sponsored the Bake Sale to raise money for the Blind.

Our next project is a dance some time in April and we are all looking forward to a highly successful year.

THE KEY CLUB

Officers for 1952-53:

President — Charles Mazer
 Vice-President — Bill Deacon
 Secretary — Gordon Babbit
 Treasurer — Bob Langlois
 Staff Advisor — Mr. Musgrove

The Key Club is in its sixth year in B.C.I.V.S. Composed of 13 Key boys, both of academic and leadership qualities, we act as a service club to both the school and the community. Key Clubs are patterned after Kiwanis Clubs.

At the time of writing we have completed 35 projects, some of which are:

1. Sponsoring Clean-up Week with 20 forms competing.
2. Co-operated with other three service clubs in the Inter-Club Blind Week.
3. Sold socks in school colours.
4. Aided the Dramatic Club in their play presentation.
5. Showed free movies in the auditorium for county students.
6. Sent a Care package to Austria.

In the future we plan to hold our second annual Public Speaking Contest and our Easter Bunny Hop Dance. Our Belleville Club belongs to the District of Ontario, Quebec and Maritimes, comprising twenty-five member clubs. We plan to attend the district convention in East York during Easter vacation. Also, a meeting of our club will be representing us at the 10th Annual International Convention in Los Angeles, California.

Towards our motto "We Build", we of the Key Club have done much. It is a certainty that by our service programme each member of the Belleville Key Club is striving to be a better Canadian citizen. It is an honour and a responsibility to be a "Key Clubber".

THE UNITED NATIONS CLUB

This year the United Nations' Club has a membership of over thirty. It has been very active and has many achievements. In October the members of the United Nations' Club from Pickering C.I. were our guests for a weekend which was thoroughly enjoyed. At Christmas we gave baskets of food and a box of toys to a needy family in Belleville. We had a party at the home of Sheila Currie during the Christmas holidays. At our weekly meetings we learn about the United Nations and world problems through our many speakers, films, quizzes and talks which are presented by the club members. We also have inter-club forums which are always very enjoyable. The last meeting of each month is a supper meeting at which a speaker addresses the club. A special project this year which we are undertaking is to send a delegation to the Model United Nation assembly to be held at Montreal in March.

Our staff advisor is Mr. Leslie Reid and our executive is:

President—Jack Evans —
 Vice-President—Bernice Stephenson
 Secretary—Sheila Currie
 Treasurer—Art Sutton

Miss Merry—"Paraphrase the following sentence: 'He was bent on seeing her'."
 Doug McIlraith—"The sight of her doubled him up."

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GIRLS' HI-Y

Front Row — C. Weston, S. Winters, M. A. Weddell, Miss Shiels, S. Hermon, A. Bennett, M. Creeggan

Second Row — M. McLaurin, D. McNish, C. Holgate, M. Campbell, S. Davidson B. Bennett, M. Kane, M. Atwell, E. Clarke, J. Ramsbottom

Third Row — J. Draycott, S. Fox, E. Davis, M. Wyatt, P. Campbell, B. Yeotes, M. Bristol, J. Miles, R. Harris



BOYS' HI-Y

Front Row — J. Kane, J. Woods, Mr. Kerr, D. Cherry, J. Matthews

Second Row — G. Frederick, D. McCurdy, H. Adamson, G. Parkhurst, K. Latchford, W. Bovay

Back Row — T. Clifton, B. Cook, J. MacDonald, J. Baker



SCIENCE CLUB

Back Row — B. Payne, J. Miller, R. Stewart, D. Branscombe, G. Gilham, D. Staring, J. Bedford, B. Owen, J. Hasard, A. Sutton, P. Smith, W. Stewart, P. Upper

Front Row — A. Pierce, N. Bisdee, B. Brown, S. Currie, B. Farrell, Mr. Tanner, C. Sills, F. Clark, M. Bertrand, R. Harrison

GIRLS' HI-Y

Our club consists of twenty-five active girls doing service work for the Y.M.C.A. and B.C.I.V.S.

President—Margaret Anne Weddell (first term)
Shirley Herman (second term)

Vice-President—Ann Bennett
Secretary—Sandra Winter
Treasurer—Carol Weston

The club advisors are—Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Weddell (parent), and Miss Shields (staff).

On October 26 our new members were inducted into membership at a candlelight service at St. Thomas Church before fifty parents and friends.

We opened our activities this year with a "Hi-Y Hardtimes Jamboree". Later on we ushered for the school play and sold B.C.I. Christmas cards.

We held the "Christmas Can Dance" to raise money for the Children's Aid Society.

A tea was held on January 21 for the teachers.

The last week in January the Girls' Hi-Y joined with four other service clubs in the school to lead a campaign for the Blind Institute Fund.

On February 13, we sponsored our annual "Sweetheart Supper Dance".

The club decided to buy a new coke-cooler for our project this year.

The club also has its social life. On December 6 we had a private formal at the home of Maureen Wyatt and we also held a swimming party at the "Y" in February.

It is our purpose to create, maintain and extend throughout the home, school and community high standards of Christian character.

The Girls' Hi-Y is always ready to serve B.C.I.V.S.

BOYS' HI-Y CLUB

This year the Boys' Hi-Y Club has been successful in maintaining and extending throughout the school, numerous projects. It has donated generously to the Flood Relief Fund in the form of money and packing cases. The club gave both time and money to the worthy campaign for the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. A donation to the World Youth Service is made every year by the club and this year the club was able to make a larger donation than usual. Two very successful "Tri-Hi" dances were sponsored by the club. Albert College and St. Michael's Academy were invited to attend these dances and a pleasant time was had by all.

Much of the club's time is now given to the organization of "Kampus Kapers", the school's big show of the year. The high standard of service rendered by the Boys' Hi-Y is accompanied by their distinctive athletic ability and fine sportsmanship.

The club sent a representative to a national assembly of the Hi-Y clubs at Lake Couchiching from August 25 to 30, and hopes to send two representatives to the provincial conference at Kitchener in the Easter holidays.

The club executive this year is as follows:

President—Don Cherry
Vice-President—John Woods

Secretary—Jack Matthews

Treasurer—Jack Kane

This club points with pride at its twenty-two members who represent the Commercial, Technical and the General Departments of the School.

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club was organized for the first time this year with the following officers:

President—Connie Sills

Secretary—Margaret Walkom

Treasurer—Bob Gilham

Chairman of Programme Committee—Pat Smith

We hold our meetings every Thursday at noon. In these meetings we have special speakers, see films and study anything connected with science including snakes, frogs, sun-spots and birds.

Besides regular meetings we have taken a nature hike and a trip to the new fire hall. In the spring we will study birds.

Our project for the year is cleaning the birds and bird cases on the third floor.

* * *

A pretty young lady walked into a music store and asked the clerk at the counter: "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

The clerk turned, looked, and said: "It must have been the man at the other counter. I've only been here a week."

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SIGNAL CLUB

Back Row — H. MacKay, L. Tucker
 Front Row — A. Thom, C. Hall,
 B. Jordan



STAGE CREW

Back Row (left to right) — B.
 Jones, E. Shorey, P. Smith
 Front Row — R. Owen, L. Long,
 B. Wilbur, C. Mazer



RIFLE CLUB

Back Row — C. Frost, C. Hosang,
 L. Cole, P. Stewart, J. Lafferty, G.
 Sills, B. Shaddock, B. Latchford,
 J. Wood

Third Row — J. Hill, Mr. Rice, Mr.
 Bradley, Mr. Bates, Mr. Philips, Mr.
 Field, H. MacKay, M. Taft

Second Row — D. Wallbridge, C.
 Coulter, B. Guthridge, R. Gourley,
 B. Dobbs, B. Owen, J. Fuch, J.
 Ruttan

Front Row —

SIGNAL CLUB

President—Harry MacKay
 Vice-President—Allan Thom
 Secretary-Treasurer—Raymond Masse
 Other members—Larry Tucker, Bob Jordan
 and Bill Morris

This club was organized in September, but through lack of interest, did not hold regular meetings until the latter part of 1952. We have worked "walkie-talkies" or (58's) all over the City of Belleville and started an intensive study of Morse on February 9, 1953. Once a month we have a scheme in the country using 58's and Telephoner. We will be giving to those on the school campus the position of runners in the Cross Country Run and will have a display at Cadet Inspection.

STAGE CREW

Lighting and Properties Department

Under the direction of Leighton Long the Light and Prop. Department helps in the presentation of weekly assemblies, Friday night dances and in presenting other concerts, meetings, entertainments which engage the use of our auditorium and gymnasium.

Sound Department

It is through the efforts of the sound crew that every Wednesday, the assembly is broadcast to the home form rooms.

The sound equipment manned by Art Sutton, Charles Mazer and Peter Smith is used extensively at Friday night dances, assemblies, concerts and lectures, at our school.

We of B.C.I.V.S. extend our heartiest thanks to the Stage Crew for their faithfulness and help in our projects and assemblies throughout the year.

CADET RIFLE SHOOTING

The past year has seen steady, though unspectacular progress in shooting. The outstanding marksman in the school was Cadet Lieutenant-Colonel Ken Moore, who won both the Best Shot Award in the D.C.R.A. Match, and the Strathcona Crest for the best shot in our corps in its various competitions. Ken's average for the latter was exactly 91. Our best team score was 38.4, posted in the R.M.C. Club Match. In this, however, we stood only 30th out of 169 entries!

The Interform Shooting Competition, held shortly before Christmas, was more closely contested than usual. The Hannah Cup for Middle and Upper School, went to Grade 13-A, represented by George Frost, John Hinchey, Bill Campbell and Neil Judge. The Strathcona Shield, for the best Lower School team, was won by T-10-B, whose marksmen were Bill Jones, Mason Taft, John Ruttan and Bruce Shaddock.

At the time of writing, a new double-decker ramp had just been constructed in our Rifle Range. The old one, it is rumoured, was knocked together from the left-over bits of Noah's Ark. The new structure accommodates four firers comfortably. With this improvement, we hope to do more shooting and at the same time achieve higher scores.

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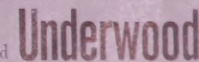
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Front Row — D. Cameron, B. Stephenson, F. Taylor, M. Ellis, A. Bennett



DRAMA CLUB

Back Row — Mr. Sloane, J. Doig, G. Beeby, B. Cook, G. Farmer, B. Langlois, B. Varcoe, C. Reid, B. Ireland, J. MacDonald, Mr. Fraser

Front Row — R. Allen, E. Davis, Mr. Arnott, P. Freeman, M. Walkom, H. Tremback, S. LaRue, E. Hrachovec, J. Novak



RADIO CLUB

Back Row — G. Butler, M. Haig, S. Alcorn, P. Stewart, R. Hurst

Second Row — B. J. Fairman, P. Ray, R. Fordyce, R. Boyd, J. Duesberry, M. J. Farnsworth

Front Row — P. Freeman, J. Hurst, Mr. Stirling, S. Bird, D. Dales

RADIO CLUB

Do you listen to Hi Time every Tuesday night at 9.30? If you don't, you should and here is why.

For the past six years, since Hi Time has been on the air, the programs have been getting better, and this year is no exception. On your school programs there are quizzes, skits, interviews, news and school talent. Every other week a prepared book review, "The Teen-Age Book Parade" is presented.

This year the Radio Club has undertaken to produce two new musical programs. The first is a disc-jockey show, heard every Saturday from 4:05 to 4:30 in the afternoon. The second broadcast follows the first, being from 4:30 to 5:00. It consists of a panel discussion of various types of records.

This year our club executive is:

President—Josephine Hurst

Secretary—Shirley Bird

Our staff advisor is Mr. Stirling.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

Floods . . . that was the call that brought together the emergency executive of the B.C.I.V.S. Junior Red Cross. Deciding to send aid to the disaster victims in Britain and Holland, Carolyn Thomson, president, Marilyn Cormier, past president, Margaret Anderson and Bernadette Farrell under the supervision of Miss Dwyer and aided by volunteers from the school packed clothing donated by the students. A drive was held to get money for blankets, the object being a blanket from each form. The response was good and fifty blankets were sent. A few parcels were sent to Dr. Vente in Holland to whom we have often sent parcels in the past and the others to the embassy in Ottawa for distribution.

OFFICE STAFF

For their good work and co-operation in the past school year, we students wish to thank most heartily, Mrs. Parkhurst, Mrs. Elliot, Miss Bell and Miss Keeler.

* * *

First Englishman—"One thing about the Scots—they have a good sense of humour."

Second Englishman—"It must have been a gift."

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LIBRARY CLUB

Front Row (left to right) — E. Clarke, C. Poste, J. Churchill, Miss Merry, S. Kells, J. Hurst, B. Wilbur

Second Row — M. Gariepy, B. Brown, F. Gorham, M. Lamprose, C. Lowe, A. Gill, S. Young, C. Stewart, C. Thomson



STRING ENSEMBLE

Front Row — B. Rose, B. Patrick, L. Arnott, K. Payne, C. Maxwell, M. Fraser, Y. Poste, F. Adams, B. Digby, J. Townsend

Second Row — J. Bowerman, G. Reid, R. Allen, M. Ellis, Mr. Templer, J. Evans, S. Schwab, P. Smith



ART CLUB

Front Row (left to right) — M. Blakely, I. Bonny, P. Hall, A. Forrester, J. Cornish, C. Daniels

Second Row — K. Latchford, J. Day, M. Gariepy, M. Thom, B. Dever, C. Hull, A. Glen, Mr. Tindale

Third Row — M. Cook, B. Fox, V. McWilliams, M. Pierce, D. Anderson, J. Mondeville, B. Payne, T. Bell

LIBRARY CLUB

Because we missed our annual trip to the Sand Banks last June, we started the year off with a party for last year's members at the home of Carolyn Thomson. Everyone enjoyed herself very much. Then with a nucleus of eight old members, we started to form the 1952-53 Library Club. Eight girls were proclaimed full fledged members at an initiation party at Josie Hurst's, where all eight expressed a liking for spaghetti a la mud.

Just before Christmas we had a combination Christmas party and going-away party for Janet Wardle. Everyone made herself at home at Miss Merry's, and had a wonderful time.

Well, in between these parties, we also perform many services to the school. Some of our duties are:

1. Checking books in the library one night or two noon hours a week.
2. Mending books for students and teachers.
3. Checking coats at school and public concerts.
4. Operating a second hand book shop.
5. This year we began putting plastic covers on some of the books.

Our meetings are held every two weeks — alternating with a meeting at the home of a member and with a meeting at the school where we catch up on idle chatter and library work. Our executive is as follows:

President—Joan Churchill
 Vice-President—Josie Hurst
 Secretary—Carol Poste
 Treasurer—Beth Wilbur
 Advisor—Miss Merry.

STRING ENSEMBLE

This is another brand new group in the school. It consists of a group of twenty students all of whom play a string, musical instrument. The group consists of violinists, cellists and bass violists. They meet every Thursday noon at 12.30 where they rehearse for their first appearance. Good luck kids—we will be eagerly awaiting your debut in the Assembly Hall soon!

* * *

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GIRLS' ENSEMBLE

Front Row — J. Avery, R. Watson, Mr. Templer, M. Spencer, J. Beatty

Second Row — G. Joslin, J. Churchill, M. Sills, N. Vaughan, J. Bowerman

Third Row — S. Cavers, J. Novak, M. Barber, B. L. Hogle, P. Shindell



THE GLEE CLUB



THE BAND

MUSIC

GIRLS' ENSEMBLE

This group of fifteen young girls, under the capable direction of Mr. Templer, has already distinguished itself as an ensemble of versatile singers and is well established as a part of the school and school entertainment. Their delightful renditions of such favourites as "The Three Little Kittens" and "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho" display their adaptability.

The group consists of:
 First Sopranos—Jarka Novak, Joan Shindell, Betty Lou Hogle, Suzanne Cavers, Marilyn Barber.
 Second Sopranos — Marion Sills, June Bowerman, Joan Churchill, Getha Joslin, Norma Vaughan.
 Altos—Janice Beattie, Marilyn Spencer, Jacqueline Avery, Joan Wood, Ruth Watson.

They sang at our annual Commencement Exercises on November 7, and at the Christmas Assembly on December 19.

Outside activities included a program at the Choral Clinic on November 8 and at the Holloway Street Christmas Church Service on December 14.

They are now practicing for radio broadcasts and for the "Evening of Music" to come later in the spring.

THE GLEE CLUB

Under the excellent direction of Mr. C. Templer and Mr. L. Read, the Glee Club, meeting every Tuesday noon, is striving very hard to live up to the reputation of a truly fine club, which it had gained in past years.

To start things off, the Glee Club took part in a demonstration for Music Teachers of Ontario, held November 7, at Prince Charles School here in Belleville. We sang a selection of numbers before an audience of very critical eyes. But our efforts were well rewarded by the compliments which we so graciously received afterwards especially for the numbers "Oklahoma" and "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes". Dr. Fenwick was very impressed.

The Glee Club also assisted in the production of the Christmas Assembly which is mentioned elsewhere in this column.

For the first time, the Glee Club has acted as a Service Club in the School by conducting a gigantic candy sale. The proceeds, \$21.50 were donated to the Inter-Club Blind Week Campaign.

The Glee Club is not attempting to produce an operetta but since last year's production of "H.M.S. Pinafore" was so well received we are recording it for radio broadcast purposes in the early spring. This means endless tape-recording of our various numbers, playing them back and in this way, checking on our mistakes and improving our tone qualities. This has been fun as well as instructive.

The Glee Club also sang in an assembly while our School Inspectors were here. The numbers were as follows: "The Heavens Are Declaring", "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" and "Oklahoma". These numbers were well liked by all.

B.C.I.V.S. BAND

Suppose a school service club of approximately fifty members lost one half of its members in one year. It would be hard to imagine the struggle to get that club back on its feet and keep up the standard of work and quality of work it had done the previous year. The B.C.I.V.S. Band of '51 and '52 in our opinion was the top band the school had to boast of in many a year. At the beginning of this year when the boys got together again they found themselves 26 members short. However with a few recruits from the Public School Band, Mr. Cooper has shaped the High School Band into a fine organization this year. The band's job begins with the first assembly of the year and keeps up until the last assembly. These assemblies are by no means the only job of the band. If you attend a school play, Kampus Kapers or anything that has to do with the students, in the fifteen minutes you are waiting for the curtain to be drawn you can just lean back and listen as the Belleville Variety Band, alias High School Band, lets loose with everything from Sousa's Thunderer to melodies by Cole Porter. Last year our High School Band united with other district bands and gave you a great variety of music in the form of a Mass Band Concert. This was very successful and will possibly become an annual event.

Every spring when the high school gets that Left, Right, Left, Right, blood in its veins and everyone goes military mad, your band is out in front of the whole parade setting an example of smartness and keen ability which we might add was remarked on by last year's inspecting officer. I guess that's why the boys walked off the parade square with the trophy for the outstanding cadet band in the Eastern Area Command. The band goes military again for such occasions as Remembrance Day and other Civic parades. The success of the band is due also to the cooperation of our fine principal, Mr. G. E. Currie and the staff of B.C.I.V.S. From all of us, thanks a lot.
 See you Wednesday!

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THE CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY

This assembly is truly the best assembly of the school year. This year a Christmas Pageant was presented. This was in the form of an old Miracle Play in which the story is told by singing and narrative during which time, occurs on the stage, the story in pantomime. The cast on stage consisted of thirty students, all clad in realistic costumes of angels, kings, shepherds, peasants and children, all representative of the Nativity scenes of Christmas. The Glee Club augmented by various music classes formed a choir of one hundred and forty voices and gave a truly spectacular singing performance.

I would like at this time to extend many thanks to the teachers and departments who assisted in making the production a success.

The first half-hour of the assembly was broadcast over CJBQ. This programme consisted of many carol numbers sung by the student body of B.C.I.V.S. and assisted by the Glee Club. Included on the programme was a piano duet by the famous Butler team, Cara and Greg. (Isn't it surprising that a brother and sister are able to sit down at the piano together?), a vocal solo by Marilyn Barber, a choral selection by the Girls' Chorus, and a very lovely reading by Roberta Allen. These were enjoyed very much by the radio audience as well as the student body and I am sure it put everyone in the spirit of Christmas.

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FORM NEWS

13-B

G-13-A

Everyone has his or her idea of what constitutes the perfect girl and the perfect boy. Here is 13-A's idea of the perfect girl:

- Hair — Margaret MacLaurin
- Eyes — Margaret Anderson
- Nose — Betty McBride
- Mouth — Marilyn Cormier
- Teeth and Facial Structure — Eva Hrachovec
- Dimples — Marilyn Hodgen
- Complexion — Marlene Hartwick
- Voice — Joan Churchill
- Waist — Maribeth Bristol
- Legs — Dene Lawrence
- Figure — Marilyn Barber
- Height — Janice Beattie
- Poise — Mary Farrell
- Personality — Donna Cameron
- Intelligence — Alberta Fox
- Sparkle — Shirley Fox
- Taste in Clothes — Shirley Herman
- Athletic Ability — Violet Coulter

The Perfect Boy

- Amiability — Mr. L. Reid
- Hair and Facial Features — Gerry Cousins
- Eyebrows — Gordon Babbitt
- Eyes — Doug Armstrong
- Grin — Gord Bulmer
- Voice — John Campbell
- Dimples — Bill Campbell
- Blush — Fred Kelly
- Shoulders — Rob Legate
- Muscles — George Frost
- Hands — Tom Barber
- Legs — Neil Judge
- Height — Bill J. Campbell
- Personality — Doug Boyle
- Intelligence — Tom Kralik
- Sense of Humour — Bud Bird
- Walk — John Hinchey
- Romanticist — Bob Horwood

*Not a brilliant form are we,
The teachers call us 13-B.
How we can be so very late
Is MISS McLAREN's worrisome fate.
DOUG MAC, we think will take up nurses
For in the hospital he rehearses.
With JOHN McCOMB it's always questions,
BOB LANGLOIS too, makes bright suggestions.
A guy named Bev, claims MARION's attention,
Of MARILYN SPENCER need we make mention?
MARNER and MORDEN are basketball "stars"
Do you think they could do any better on Mars?
To Cleveland NELLIE's always writing,
JOAN and LORETTA are never fighting.
CAROL and LEROY are a pair.
BETH, what happened to your hair?
The next to mention is DONNA McNISH,
Ron thinks that she's a nice little dish.
When JEAN is feeling full of woe
To the Fourth of Thurlow she should go.
In French it's GARNET who gets no detention
Although his homework was just an intention.
LOUGH makes a hit with one special girl
From 11-A, he gives her a whirl.
In R.M.C. MEG does delight,
LYNN, please give us a seat on the right.
TREMBUCK and NOVAK are Batawa belles
Of their secret flames neither one tells.
BRUCE is a whiz when it comes to tennis.
CAROLYN, your French is really a menace.
Our music comes from SHINDELL and WOOD.
DON on the trumpet accompany them should.
MARGARET always is the mother
To play that part there is no other.
PEOPLES and TRUMBLE are two in our form
For them we certainly have no scorn.
That cable-stitch sweater looks so nice on SPRAGUE.
On anyone else it would look like a rag.
ROGER WILKINS each week-day morn
Delivers his papers before the sun is born.
A prominent goaly PAUL RUSSELL will make,
Now let's end this poem for goodness sake.*

DOUG ARMSTRONG: "George's" extra-curricular activities include the Key Club, basketball and baseball. Of next year he's not certain (who among us is?). It may entail work, or an Arts or Commerce Course at Queen's.

GORDON BABBITT: Has plenty on his hands this year. He is both president of the Glee Club and secretary of the Key Club. Gord plans to go to O.A.C. next year and do specialized farming, but he says his true ambition is to sleep 24 hours a day. (Does it show in class?).

MARILYN BARBER: Marilyn's main interest lies in music. She is active in the Glee Club, Girls' Ensemble and last year had a leading role in the Operetta. Also she participates in inter-form sports. Eventually she is going to be a musical supervisor but first she must attend Teachers' College at Peterborough.

TOM BARBER: His outside interest is in the Junior Farmers' Organization, and seed judging. His intention is to go to O.A.C. next year, but about the more distant future he says, "No comment!"

JANICE BEATTIE: Janice is as quiet as a mouse but do not let that fool you. She is a conscientious student as well as an active member of the Glee Club and Girls' Ensemble. Next year she plans to go in training in some Montreal Hospital. Good luck Janice, we know you will be successful.

BUD BIRD: "Tweet" (but one of his too many nicknames) is a member of the Boys' Athletic Society. His ambition (?) seems to be to take engineering at Royal Roads, B.C. and end up in the Navy. Just don't get all wet, Sailor!

DOUG BOYLE: The form rep. for 13-A and a staunch member of the Boys' Hi-Y, Doug's interests lie in basketball and tennis. His ambition is (and I quote): "The pursuit of knowledge and life at Varsity."



MARIBETH BRISTOL: In Maribeth the Glee Club and Girls' Hi-Y both have a valuable member. She is going to follow in her mother's and older sister's footsteps and become another teacher. Just a warning, Maribeth — do not let the inspectors mistake you for one of your pupils.

GORD BULMER: Will confess to no outside interests, (but that doesn't say he hasn't one). Being technically minded, Gord wants to take either electronics or watch-making at Ryerson next year. Either way he seems bound to find out what makes it tick.

DONNA CAMERON: How does Donna's homework ever get done? Besides going out every night she is a director of the Keyette Club and the assistant Social Editor for the "Elevator". From her flawless acting in the plays last year we know that she is also a well-qualified actress. Next year Donna will go to Queen's where she will get her Arts degree and after that she plans to enter the Social Service Course at Varsity.

BILL CAMPBELL: A member of the Rifle Club and Second-in-Command of this year's Cadet Corps, he intends to take engineering at R.M.C. When he graduates he hopes to become an Officer Cadet in the Reserve Army.

BILL CAMPBELL: (not to be confused with the other Bill Campbell) confesses to no extra-curricular activities. "My homework keeps me busy," (he says)! Next year Bill will either work, selling office machines, or will go to Queen's for Arts or Commerce. As he puts it, "Who knows?"

JOHN CAMPBELL: His outside interests seem to centre around music. He belongs to the Night Owls and the City Band, and works "after hours" at Roluf's. John, through night courses and apprenticeship, hopes to end up as a chartered accountant.

MARILYN CORMIER: Marilyn's sense of humour and kind heart will do more for her future patients than do more for her future prescriber. Next year she is entering the nursing profession at Kingston General Hospital. Meanwhile with make-up kit in hand she is content to practise grease-paint surgery on the cast before the play.



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VIOLET COULTER: Violet excels in sports of all kinds. She belongs to the Night Owls, Tumbling Club, is a member of the senior volleyball team and besides all this wins all the prizes at the track and field meets. She has no definite plans for next year but we know that whatever she does she will make a success of it.

GERRY COUSINS: Says his only outside interest is the Night Owls, and calls himself "a bad example of a Grade 13 student". This can't be true though, because he's planning on taking Forestry at Varsity next year.

MARY FARRELL: Mary is usually the silent type, but not so in Botany. Here she is the light (or hane) of a certain teacher's existence. She plans to either go to Teachers' College or go in training.

ALBERTA FOX: Alberta does not follow the rule that people with red hair have fiery tempers; she is as calm as a cucumber. She is a member of the senior basketball team, belongs to the Keyette Club and Leaders and helped apply the make-up on the cast for the play. Her biggest worry right now is trying to find something to do next year.

SHIRLEY FOX: This year Shirley was a very surprised senior cheerleader. Maybe her experience in the Glee Club and as Music Editor for the "Elevator" will enable her to sing soothing lullabies to her patients when she goes in training at Kingston next year. She is also a member of the Girls' Hi-Y. Famous last words, "Wouldn't it be funny if that was my coat burning?"

GEORGE FROST: Is an active member of the Glee- and Rifle Clubs and also goes in for pyramid work. O.A.C. is his destination for '53-'54 and he's going to come-out a specialized farmer, even if he doesn't know in what.

MARLENE HARTWICK: Marlene, a newcomer to B.C.I.V.S. this year, is one of the more studious members of Grade 13. She plans to go in training at Toronto General next year.



SHIRLEY HERMON: Shirley was a very active member of the Junior United Nations until Christmas when she took over the presidency of the Girls' Hi-Y. We would like to know why she chose to go to Kingston to train (to be a nurse). Has the location of R.M.C. anything to do with it?

JOHN HINCHEY: A member of the Boys' Athletic Society, the Rifle and Signal Clubs and the Boys' Hi-Y. John is also the Commanding Officer of this year's Cadet Corps. "The Major" plans to take medicine at Queen's next year.

MARILYN HODGENS: Why did Marilyn come to school one Monday morning sans any books? Her mind must have been on other things Friday night. Although Marilyn does not belong to any school clubs she is always around to give a helping hand and she is an active member of Junior Farmers. Next year she is going to take a course in Retail Merchandising at Ryerson.

BOB HORWOOD: His main interest lies in sports; hockey and basketball, to be precise. Next year he plans to go to work for Canada Cement Company and his ambition is to end up as its president.

EVA HRACHOVEC: Eva seems to have the knack for getting into trouble or doing something about which Mr. Countryman can tease her. She is an active member of the Drama Club and had the lead in this year's play. Also she is a director of the Keyette Club and a member of the senior basketball team. Her plans for next year are not definite but she would like very much to go to University. By the way—here is an easy question to answer—What did Lakefield have last year that Eva and B.C.I. have this year?

FRED KELLY: Is one of those "silent, mysterious fellows" that you don't see much of. His studies keep him busy (or so he says) this year and his plan for next is an Arts Course at Queen's or work, in one of the local banks.

TOM KRALIK: "Snowball" is particularly fond of badminton, tennis and apparatus work. He hopes to take Electrical Engineering either at Ryerson or Queen's.

ROB LEGATE: His "detractions" are sports (hockey and inter-school rugby) and a certain "silent partner", Rob is new this year, coming from "The Grove" at Lakefield, but he fits in well and is now quite at home. His aspirations include Mechanical Engineering as a Queen's graduate.

DON LOCKYER: Plays basketball, interform sports and the trombone in the Night Owls and the City Band. He is also a member of the Boys' Athletic Society. His plans for the future entail teaching, so he's going to Peterborough Normal School next year.

BOB LOUGH: Although a long-term member of the Glee Club, conscientiously devotes all his other time to homework. He is going to O.A.C. next year, but after that, your guess is as good as his.

MARGARET McLAURIN: Margie is a faithful fan of the Coca-Cola Company and we do not wonder why. He's super. This year she is a member of both the senior volleyball team and the girls' Hi-Y. Next year she plans on going in training at the Kingston General Hospital.

BOB MARNER: Is a chap who is interested only in sports. His school work seems to take up all the rest of his time. Bob, however, is going to be a teacher, and is going to Peterborough Normal School next year. Alas! Poor Marner!

BETTY McBRIDE: Betty just loves Botany? She is an active member of the Keyette Club. As yet her plans for next year are hazy but she will probably take some kind of business course. She may become the first lady president of Zeller's Limited, who knows?

JOHN McCOMB: Finds his diversion from school work in the Glee Club and the Junior Farmers' Organization. Next year he hopes to go to O.A.C. and from there—well, anything but farming. Our Johnny is definitely a white-collar man.



DONNA McNISH: Donna is up to her neck in extra-curricular activities but still manages to stay at the top of the class scholastically and have plenty of time left over for Ron. She is a member of the senior volleyball and basketball teams, advertising manager for the "Elevator", a member of the girls' Hi-Y, in Leaders and last year was editor-in-chief for the "Elevator". Donna does not know whether to favour Toronto General, Toronto East General or Wellesley Hospital next year.

JARKA NOVAK: Jarka is a jack-of-all-trades. She is a conscientious student, a good actress and singer and takes an active part in sports. The Keyette Club made a wise choice when they elected Jarka custodian of their money-bags. She hopes to make stage work her career after she has taken a course at the Royal Conservatory of Music.

JIM PEOPLES: His favourite habit seems to be one-word answers in French class! Admitting no interests, Jim finally disclosed that next year will probably find him in Normal School or Business College.

JOAN SHINDELL: When Joan sings everyone sits up and listens, especially when the selection is "Jesu Bambino". Her plans for next year are not definite as yet, she is either going to work or to the Bible College at Peterborough.

GARNET SILLS: Is a loyal member of the Glee and Rifle Clubs. About the distant future he's not certain but he's going to O.A.C. next year, at any rate. He'll know what he's going to be when he graduates.

MARION SILLS: She hasn't a clue (about what she is going to do that is) but our prediction is that she will become a "Missus". Her extra-curricular activities include music, Bev., Glee Club, Bev., Girls' Ensemble, Bev., inter-form sports and Bev. What a busy girl.

MARILYN SPENCER: Marilyn has both musical and literary ability. This has made her a valued member of the Glee Club, Girls' Ensemble and the "Elevator" staff. She will probably adorn some boss's lap when she finishes the Secretarial Science Course at Western University.

NELLIE SPRAGUE: The general consensus of those who know her is that Nellie's quite a girl but that her witty remarks always seem to backfire. She is the Corresponding Secretary of the Students' Council, a director of the Keyette Club and a member of the senior volleyball team. She is not sure about her plans for next year but she will probably join the rest of the gang at Teachers' College in Peterborough though she would very much like to go to Cleveland.

ROGER SPRAGUE: Member of the Key Club and second form rep. for 13-B, Roger has lots of spirit (sometimes too much for the teachers?) He plans to take engineering at Ryerson or Queen's next year.

JOAN THOMPSON: When "Tommy" plays volleyball she somehow manages to be everywhere at once. How does she do it? Teachers' College is going to claim her as another victim next year, unless one of the six boys she has on the string catches her first.

CAROLYN THOMSON: Carolyn is one of our harder working students. We shall expect great things of her when she attends Victoria College next year. This year she is a member of the Library Club and participates in inter-form sports.

JEAN TONKIN: What is Jean's favorite gem? Why the Garnet, of course. She is a director of the Keyette Club, a member of the Glee Club and the senior volleyball team. Jean plans to go to Teachers' College next year. We hope the little monsters do not take advantage of her good disposition.

HILDA TREMBUCH: Hilda was the gal behind the scenes who saw that the actors got plastered (with make-up that is) before the play. She also is a member of the Keyette Club. Next year it is a course in Fashion Coordination for Hilda at Ryerson.

DOUG TRUMBLE: Having starred in all the major productions of the Glee Club for the past four years, he has discreetly decided this year to confine his attention to his studies. He hopes to go to Peterborough Teachers' College next year and end up the principal of a two-roomed country school.



MARGARET WALKOM: Marg. is another member of the Drama Club. She is always given the part of the mother in the play and is it any wonder, she does it so convincingly. She also astonishes us in English when she comes forth with her intelligent answers. Marg. goes to Teachers' College next year to begin the first steps towards joining the family profession.

MARGARET ANNE WEDDELL: "Meg" always has to catch a train to Kingston. What does R.M.C. have that B.C.I. hasn't? The Girls' Hi-Y will all agree that "Meg" made an excellent president. Next year she will catch a train to Peterborough to attend Teachers' College.

CAROL WESTON: Carol is the Grade 13 girl who takes the honours for getting to school just in the nick of time. The only time she will get up seems to be when she has an early morning hunting or fishing date with Leroy. She is interested too in volleyball and basketball and is a member of both these senior teams. She is the treasurer of the Girls' Hi-Y. Next year she will attend Teachers' College in Peterborough.

ELIZABETH WILBUR: Beth is always in a hurry to get somewhere and is it any wonder with all the activities she is involved in. She is the president of the Keyette Club, Girls' Sports Editor of the "Elevator" and a member of senior volleyball and basketball teams. Poor Mr. Countryman, words fail him when he tries to describe the colour of her hair. Teachers' College, beware — Beth is coming your way.

ROGER WILKINS: Is our able bodied huntsman; complete with his loving dog. He is active in Scout-work and loves the outdoors. He plans to go to work next year but he may get more education later.

LORETTA WOOD: Why does Loretta look forward to the week-ends so much? I do not suppose Russell has anything to do with it. He must be the reason she always seems so happy. Her geometry is something else again. Next year she will be on her way to Teachers' College.

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G-12-A

Front Row (left to right) — R. Harris, F. Clark, B. Farrell, Miss Smith, J. Avery, G. Wannamaker, M. Wyatt, M. Campbell

Second Row — B. Deacon, J. Cole, M. Creeggan, B. Stephenson, J. Frost, S. Dickie, D. Lewis, Stewart, C. Jones

Third Row — L. Cole, B. Cook, P. Stewart, G. Deline, J. Hill, R. Fettes, L. Moore, G. Hosang, D. Farnsworth



G-12-B

Front Row (left to right) — M. Bertrand, K. Casey, R. Allan, C. Tilbrook, Mr. Countryman, P. Campbell, J. Miles, B. Bennett, N. Vaughan

Second Row — N. Alexander, A. Bennett, M. Kellett, S. Winters, C. Martin, B. Williams, M. Ellis, D. LaRue, S. Frazer, K. Homan

Third Row — K. Goodfellow, E. Ventrecheck, S. Alcorn, R. Burt, T. Cavers, B. Varcoe, H. Whitfield, R. Green, J. Cook, H. Petrie, J. Wylie, D. Cherry



G-12-C

Front Row (left to right) — S. Conway, A. Purdy, S. Davison, L. Maracle, Mr. Read, L. Bulford, R. Angevine, F. Taylor, F. Gorham

Second Row — L. LaBell, R. Bates, D. Wilcox, M. Rowan, J. Matthews, D. Smith, B. Batchelor, T. Clifton, P. Annis, B. Lancaster

Third Row — D. Wyatt, D. White, J. Kane, G. Farmer, J. Woods, S. Reid, W. Bovay, H. MacKay, J. Lafferty

G-12-A

Nous sommes, ici, peut-être vingt-huit personnes si nous sommes tous présents.

Miss Smith—Asseyez-vous!

Bob Bleeker—"Old Peroxide" from Frankford. His French would astound Paris, and his chemistry astounds Mr. Countryman.

Clarence Jones—"Nobby" is the golf pro of G-12-A.

Glenn Deline—One of our quieter "brains". Spider is notorious for his pool table—only 40c a game, boys.

Bill Cook—A possible Fred Astaire II, but can you imagine him not recognizing Marilyn Monroe?

Steward Robertson—"Borneo" lives for snooker. He enjoys sitting right under Miss Merry's nose.

Lawrence Moore—"Salty" — the boy with two homes — Moore's and Clapp's. He does the kicking for the senior rugby team (and for everyone else).

Phil Stewart—One of the few who can really do Latin. He loves arguing problems with the teachers especially Mr. Countryman.

Jim Hill—The Tweed kid is considering a Latin and Russian course in University. As Jim would say, "It's all Greek to me."

Leo Fox—One of our "giggle trio" he goes "fox" hunting weekly—with red hat, 20 gauge and a pipeful or "Old Mortician".

George Hosang—"General" Hosang, chief of the gigglers is frequently called upon to answer in history and he has long conversations in French with Miss Smith.

Bill Deacon—Our only natural-born club fiend is an ardent woman-hater. He is almost always middle man in the "giggle trio".

John Coe—"Jeep" is a 7-Up fan. He got his nickname from his habit of talking about the jeep he drives on his job.

Lynn Cole—"Gopher" is our Melrose representative. He speaks French so fluently we are taking up a collection to send him to France.

Denny Farnsworth—He habitually falls asleep in Latin (so he can conserve his strength for basketball).

Ron Fettes—A star at rugby and basketball (senior) he is Miss Merry's pet peeve — loves to wreck the desks in English. He and Donna never miss a school dance.

Diana Lewis—A tennis fan, Di has the merriest smile in the class.

Eleanor Mitchell—A future nurse, Eleanor took ill when the poor chicken was killed in Agriculture. She is one of our hockey fans.

Marion Campbell—Marion is so quiet in school because she is resting up for the strenuous sport of watching hockey at the arena at night.

Jaqueline Avery—Our harassed form rep. has a hard time organizing form parties and telling us what goes on at the Students' Council.

Jean Frost—Jennie plans to live on the fifth concession, Thurlow. She is one of our sports enthusiasts.

Mary Creeggan—Mary is another sports enthusiast and a whiz in French.

Bernice Stephenson—Remember the time she never noticed the test-tube had no bottom and filled it with water.

Glenna Wannamaker—Our Turkish vampire from Frankford (she really wowed them at that assembly).

Maureen Wyatt—A graceful ballet dancer, she once surprised us by coming to class ten minutes early.

Sylvia Dickie—She and Flo are always the first at school in the morning. She has her reason. (Sylvia, what were you doing in the town hall with B. L.?)

Bernadette Farrell—Our Wild Irish Rose. You should see her boxing with Flo.

Ruth Harris—Queen's University 1956 — Mr. Stirling was so pleased the time she made 24 out of 25 in Geometry.

Flora Clark (no "e" please!)—Flo hails from somewhere near (?) Cochrane. She once surprised everyone by giving the answer in Latin and it was correct, too.

G-12-B

Nancy Alexander (Nan)—"Hey Norma, what war was General Motors in?"

Kay Homan (Killer)—The Argonauts offered her a contract for next season.

Norma Vaughan (Punchy)—What a terrific right cross!

Connie Tilbrook (Fathead)—Isn't she cute? "Aah drop dead!"

Kenon Casey (K. C.) — "Oh Don, don't act so stupid."

Roberta Allen—I wonder if she'd recite some nursery rhymes to me some night — G-r-r-r-r-r-r!

Mary Bertrand — "Well, Mr. Read, don't you think . . .?"

Pat Campbell (Soup)—A rinse in time saves nine, eh Pat?

Anne Bennett (Bertha)—How do you like those neighborly visits?

Barbara Bennett (Goose)—Boy, can she sink those hook shots!

Joyce Miles (Rusty)—You can't miss that lovely smile. What's the attraction at Albert, Joyce?

Mary Ellis (Mort)—She must wear tight shoes.

Barbara Williams (Babs)—"Hey Carole, what's the answer?"

Carole Martin (Freckles)—"Hey Barbara, what's the answer?"

Sandra Winter (Matilda)—Mr. Countryman's pet (peave).

Shiela Frazer—Elle est tres tranquille.

Dawn LaRue—I wonder where she does her baby sitting.

Marjorie Kellett (Rosa)—"Hello Luigi."

Bruce Varcoe (Fink) — Mr. Countryman's pet. Don't act the part Varcoe, your ears are too long.

Tony Cavers (Sharky)—Rack up the balls boys, put away the cue. Here comes Tony.

Ross Burt (Buzz)—"Who's that jackass in the second rank?"

Garry Hall (Lanky)—He'll be another Ray Bolger yet.

Keith Goodfellow (Slim)—He's happiest when four o'clock Friday comes.

Sidney Alcorn (Ham) — Our famous radio announcer.

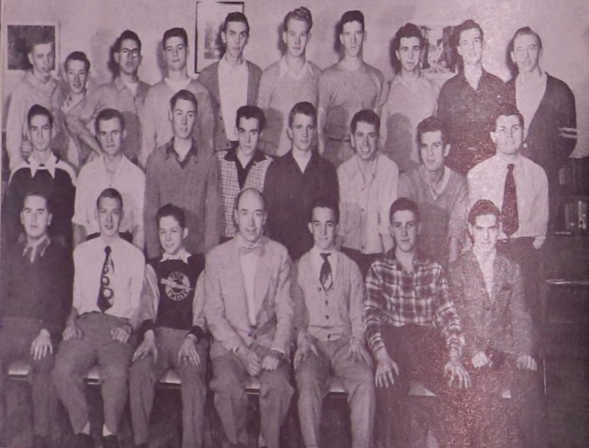
H-12



Front Row (left to right) — B. Harding, M. Cross, Miss Grout, C. Clapp, A. Morrall.

Back Row — J. Robinson, C. Mc-Mullen, A. Levitt, B. L. Hogle.

T-12



Front Row (left to right) — B. Casey, F. Milton, J. Chapman, Mr. Lambert, J. Cox, L. Long, E. Shorey

Second Row — J. McCreary, G. Waite, R. Petrie, D. Alexander, J. MacDonald, H. Stoliker, J. Baker, F. Cummings

Third Row — G. Fairhead, C. Hunt, S. Brant, A. Delbosco, R. Murray, G. Frederick, H. Adamson, G. Jones, C. Craig, R. Phillips

C-12-A



Front Row (left to right) — J. Walsh, G. Joslin, J. Wrightly, Mr. Archibald, M. Corey, M. Murray, D. Jordon

Second Row — L. Belshaw, B. Milligan, M. Spencer, H. Savara, H. Cross, A. Cross, D. Hill

Back Row — J. Hull, K. McInroy, J. Reid, B. Foster, J. Simpson

G-12-A (Cont'd)

Eddie Gajdicar (Tub)—Miss Silvester is always picking on poor Eddie.

Ron Greene (Joe)—“Tell Mr. Countryman, I’m here.”

Syd Samuels (Smiley)—His favourite subject is French.

James Cooke (Jet)—He’s been offered a job as the test pilot for the first rocket ship to the moon.

Hugh Petrie (Curly)—Strong, silent type.

Doug Wylie (Sleepy)—He’s a cook, yet already.

Frank Burton (Hot Rod Charlie)—Try to hop-up Delaney’s Austin, Frank.

Ernie Belch (Happy)—Oh, he is a wild one.

Herbie Whitfield (Clem)—“Well, uh, um, a-ah, I reckon I don’t know.

Don Cherry (Hucho)—“I gotta fight tonight, Fink.”

Mr. Countryman (Blackmailer)—His observation post is the balcony of the Belle on Saturday night.

G-12-C

Form Master — Mr. L. D. Read

Students’ Council Representative — Shirley Davison

Pat Angevine — “I’m just dead this morning. Ron was up last night (*sigh!*).”

Peter Annis — If it isn’t the cue it must be the weather.

Bud Batchelor — “I’ll see what I have on my agenda.”

Ronald Bates — EX-Fly Boy.

Wayne Bovay — Bobo “Mr. Red Feather”.

Lorna Bulford — Queen of the Ball.

Terry Clifton — Alias “Tor”.

Sharon Conway — “If he gets me up there to speak, I’ll just die!”

Shirley Davison — “Oh Johnny! Don’t you like my hair?”

George Farmer — “It isn’t the school I mind, sir; it’s the principle of the thing.”

Frances Gorham — “Only two minutes to nine? I’m too early!”

Jack Kane — Alias Rip Van Winkle and Daniel Boone.

Leo Labelle — The Mad Frenchman.

Jack Lafferty — “Ten-shun.”

Bud Lancaster — “Coax me a little bit.”

Harry MacKay — Current heart-throb . . . Doris. Wonder how she stands that horn?

Jack Matthews — “I don’t mind washing dishes.”

Lillian Miracle — “L. wants me to go out Saturday night.”

Audrey Purdy — “Wait’ll I tell you what Reg. said last night.”

Stanley Reid — “I ain’t no Plainfield plough-jockey.”

Malcolm Rowan — The “Blighter” and his Austins.

Doris Smith — I only got 99%!

Frances Taylor — Is she really as quiet as she appears?

David White — He tests Chrysler products.

David Wilcock — Someday he’s going to blow the world apart.

John Woods — “Winnipeg is a city?” It’s in the book.

Dale Wyatt — Don’t let the “stars” get in your eyes while writing out lines.

Linton Read — “An essay is no place for a sermon.”

Athletics

Wow! What a form. We won the Upper School rugby championship without dropping a game. The players were: Batchelor, Bovay, Clifton, Farmer, Matthews, Annis, Reid, Rowan, Kane, Lancaster and White. Wayne Bovay, our quarterback, won the Red Feather Passing Tournament in Toronto last Autumn. We also have hope of winning the Upper School basketball championship as we have five senior players, one junior and many hopefuls.

We came to the rescue of the Boys’ Athletics by selling tickets to help cover expenses of the rugby game between B.C.I. juniors and Oshawa.

Social

Our form had two form parties so far, one at the Sand Banks and the other, a hay ride, at Kay Homan’s farm.

In our class we have many celebrities: Jack Matthews, president of the Students’ Council and secretary of the Hi-Y; Jack Kane, treasurer of the Hi-Y; Harry MacKay, president of the Signal Club; John Woods, treasurer of the Campaign for the Blind.

H-12

Our capable form teacher is Miss E. Grout. So far this year we have had one form party — a bang-up dinner in the Home Economics room; at this time we exchanged Christmas presents. At the time of writing we are planning another.

GLADYS CLAPP—“Glappy” won’t budge from her locker ‘till Salty has visited her. The car she rides in is always running out of gas. I wish someone would explain her eyes being “sleepy” all the time.

MAXINE CROSS—“Max” always blushes in Economics. Would this have anything to do with D. M. by any chance?

BARBARA HARDING—“Babs” is our new addition from England. She laughs a lot.

BETTE LOU HOGLE — “Betts” likes two-toned Plymouth cars, preferably carrying C. F. A.

ANITA LEAVITT—“Nete” prefers a Rocket 88 Oldsmobile — she’s all for parties any time, any place.

LOIS McMULLEN — “Mick” likes Peterborough Normal and young teachers.

ANNE MORRALL—“Annie” sometimes feels like getting her gun to shoot the rest of us.

JOAN ROBINSON—“Nursie” is our enthusiastic student??? in spite of getting Mr. Countryman all mixed up.

Since this is our last year we are endeavouring to enjoy ourselves. We will close wishing you all success in the years to come, from the eight of us to all of you . . .

T-12

Machine Specials

Sherman Brant—Another athlete of Tech twelve. Sherman has been twice winner of the Ken Colling memorial trophy. He intends to pursue a machinist's profession.

Wayne Cooney—Wayne has departed from our company to go into business with his father at Frankford.

Gordon Crake—Next year Gordon's thoughts may turn to the R.C.M.P. Aside from his weakness for girls he has many good qualities.

Floyd Cummings—Floyd has returned to B.C.I.V.S. after an absence of four years. He will attend this school for another year before entering the College of Education at Toronto.

George Jones—A resident of Trenton commuting by bus. George intends to join the R.C.M.P. or take up a career in Western Canada.

Leighton Long—He intends to return to B.C.I.V.S. for another year before taking up machine work at Ryerson. Leighton is school photographer as well as manager of the stage crew.

Drafting Specials

Armando Del Bosco—A hockey import from Kirkland Lake. Armando expects to pursue the profession of surveying.

Joseph Hows—Joe came to Belleville to play hockey with the Junior Hawks. He stayed three weeks and went back to Kirkland Lake saying, "Give me the land where the mine shafts run deep".

Bob Lott—The artist of our talented group. Bob specializes in fantastic and supernatural inventions. He intends to become an engineer with the Canadian Navy.

John McCreary—He must like dear old B.C.I.V.S. for he is returning for another year before taking up engineering at Queen's.

Auto Specials

Don Alexander—A resident of Wellington who simply adores B.C.I.V.S. Auto mechanics must be most interesting with a wide variety to work on, eh Don?

John (Shake) Baker—The athletic type of individual. He is star quarterback of the senior rugby team as well as a whiz at hockey. John's thoughts may turn to the H.E.P.C.

Lorne Bradford—Lorne intends to continue his work in motor mechanics. He may enroll in the Ford Trade School next year.

Bruce Casey—As far as the records show Bruce was the first Tech student to win the purple "B" award. I expect he will make an excellent salesman for some lucky car dealer.

Joseph Cox—An athletically inclined and studious person. Joe expects to become an employee of A. V. Roe Aircraft at Malton.

George Frederick—Want to know something about hot-rods? Just ask George. As well as studying the specializes in the internal combustion engine George specializes in methods of producing more power and speed.

Ray Murray—Aside from mislaying bolts and breaking light bulbs the automotive industry is gain-

ing a good head. Ray's favorite occupation is homework.

Harvey Stoliker—Harve is very athletically minded. Hockey occupies most of his time between the C.N.R. and school. He expects to choose a profession with the railroad.

Gilbert Waite—Have you seen a two-tone "Mercury" flying low? If you did it was Gilbert. After serving his apprenticeship he intends to open his own garage. Good luck Gib.

Wood Specials

Howard Adamson—Wielding a chisel and mallet he's a whiz. His intents may turn to the H.E.P.C. or the Canadian Army.

Jack Chapman—Jack is returning to B.C.I.V.S. before entering the Royal Military College. The hardware business may make an excellent future for Jack.

George Fairhead—A brilliant trombonist in the school band. Has he a future? We will have to wait and see.

Floyd Milton—The Vocational vice-president of this year's Student Council, Floyd will take wood-working at Ryerson next year.

Ralph Petrie—As an employee of the Belle Theatre he loves being mean to unruly little kids. The theatre or dairy industries may offer Ralph a good future.

Carl Hunt—Another import from Trenton. Carl, being a great motorcycle enthusiast, plans to work with the Harley-Davidson producers in the U.S.A.

Ron Philip—An excellent machinist and dream boy of the girls. Regardless of a certain blonde in C-9 Ron's marks prove his head is not in the cloud.

George MacDonald—George intends to become an expert machinist. There's a strange rumour that he does homework. Can this be so?

James MacDonald—A friend to everyone who knows him. Jim's future is undecided as yet.

Earl Shorey—A guy we see very little of at school. The gentleman of Tech twelve as well as a very studious person. Earl will be employed by J. and J. Cash Limited.

Mr. J. L. Lambert—The understanding gentleman who has the misfortune to be Master of Tech twelve. As well as teaching woodworking he tries to penetrate the secluded heads of the drafting and machine specials with the fundamentals of pattern-making.

C-12-A

Form Master — Mr. Archibald

Form Representative — Darrell Cavers

Athletic Representative — Jacqueline Hull

C-12-A consists of sixteen girls and four boys. The first notable event of the 1952-53 school year was a very successful hay ride and party held at Getha Joslin's home in Foxboro.

Our girls' interform basketball games are not finished, but we are hoping they come out on top.

We keep losing class-mates. Evelyn Olmstead decided she liked banking life and Audrey Smale thinks Eaton's is the place for her. We miss some of the shenanigans we had when they were here.

Darrell Cavers is quite the gal for all-round activ-

ities. I wonder if she still has her eye on a certain hockey import.

I wonder who has Joe, Mary Corey or Marjorie Murray. I think it's a tie, don't you? Miss Dwyer has quite a time keeping Marjorie quiet in English, as for Mary, she just sits and listens.

Dorothy Jordan recites the thrilling experiences of her friend the Englishman.

"Hey! Gordon, are you still trying to decide which girl in grade ten is for you?" Gordon Brunet, known as Frenchie, has the habit of asking silly questions and walking heavily. I wonder what the French have, could it be that big smile?

Has Jacqueline Hull still got a crush on C. B.? Jacqueline likes to laugh, you ought to see her when someone tells a joke.

Have you ever talked to Janet Rikley after one of those wild weekends. She even talks better than she does in English. I think Joan Walsh and she should be twins. By the way Joan, how's "D"?

Have you noticed to whom Getha Joslin lends her Business Law Book? Getha likes going to Peterborough for the weekend.

Does anybody know who that redhead was with Audentia Cross at the form party?

"Hey! did you see television last night?" The drummer, Bill FASTER's favourite topic.

Helena Cross is definitely going to marry Jack and live in the City of Corbyville.

Keith McInroy is going to be an excellent shorthand writer. Keith quit school at Christmas but soon discovered Eddy Thomas's wasn't the place for him.

Jim Reid thinks there is no place like Joan's to do his homework. Jim likes getting high marks.

Helen Savara is the quiet one. She thinks those Polish dances are wonderful. Helen and Marjorie Spencer are the best of pals.

Doris Hill is still looking for the right man to come along and Joan Simpson has already found her mate.

Has anybody seen Betty Milligan after one of those wild nights at Marysville.

Guess what? Lorraine Belshaw carries a picture of — (we haven't found out his name yet, but give us time), right next to her shorthand notes.

C-12-B

(Name — Weakness — Favourite Saying)

Rosemary Brennan — Indian babies — oh heck.

Jack Canning — Miss Gibson — I don't get it.

Marina Down — Jack Canning — oh isn't he cute?

Sheila Ervine — imports — got any typing paper?

Shirley Finkle — catching buses — look kids, I just ruined my nylons!

June Hamilton — Lorne Sine — I don't know.

Marilyn Harvey — John Harns — I'm just wasting my time.

John Harns — Barbara Thurgood — oh will you quit!

Fred Hillman — studying — hurry up John!

Bill Jordan — hiding Barbara's books — I'd better do some homework for a change.

Shirley Kerr — Don McCurdy — please! Don't! Stop!

Keith Latchford — bloomers — be seeing you.
Wallace Laverne — copying — hello sweetie.
Marina Mastin — Mr. Meyers — I bought it for a nickle.

Marilyn Meeks — weddings — he's supposed to call tonight.

Ralph Murray — mumps — let's go out tonight, Barb.

Don McCurdy — everything — hey! What do we have next

Shirley McFarlane — Soup — you will, won'tcha?

Mary Reid — early bus drivers — let's have a form party.

Garry Sherman — Marina — that'll bring up the total.

Lorne Sine — red sweaters — what's on your mind besides your hair?

Barbara Thurgood — Mohawk — will you stop it!

Shirley Wickerson — overdue shorthand — let's take the long way to class.

Mr. Snetsinger — arm movement — take your own seat, Mary.

G-11-A

Here is the tale of G-11-A.

It's not all work, there is some play.

STANLEY ALBERT is a gay, young lad,
To own B.B.C. is an ambition he's had.
BOB BATEMAN is one who forgets his books,
When Miss Merry gives him one of those looks.

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G-11-A (Cont'd)

PETER SMITH has lightning fingers.
On the keys of the piano he never lingers.
The soloist of our form is DIANE WALKER.
She sings a fine song, but is quite a talker.
LEO BYRNE never makes a sound,
You never know when he's around.
GRACE PEARSON seems to know
Which way the French verbs ought to go.
TED PARKS is one of the few
For whose first class marks credit is due.
BARBARA STEWART is also very clever,
Any failures? Well, not ever.
VITO TARGON is endowed with a flair for cooking.
Beware, everyone, of poison when you're not looking.
ANNETTE GAYLORD is top of the class.
She also is a very quiet lass.
GEORGE MacDONALD is one of the few
Who gets honour percent, give him his due.
ELAINE DAVIS is full of tricks.
Her joviality is like St. Nick's.
BOB GALWAY has a voice of loud noise,
He should join the cheering squad to cheer along the boys.
MARLENE LETMAN is another of the "brains",
"Only 90 per cent, oh my goodness," she claims
PETER UPPER is our Freckle King.
We always wonder if he can sing.
EVELYN BLAKELY at Math is a whizz,
No Algebra problem on her makes a fizz.
JOE KENNEDY is always a clown.
He makes the kids laugh, when no teacher's around.
AILEEN GILL gets along fine,
Especially in Science, all the time.
ARTHUR SUTTON with teaching has toyed,
In French Miss Smith was overjoyed.
BARBARA STICKLE talks by the hour,
Especially in Latin, under Mr. Hancock's glower.
KARL KAPPES speaks three tongues
But he can shout at the top of his lungs.
The basketball player is ELEANOR CLARKE,
She bounces around like a merry little lark.
CATHERINE CORRIGAN is quiet, too,
She is one who never says, "Boo!"
PATRICIA GIFFIN is really alive,
Have you ever seen her trying to jive?

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MARIA LAMPROS is the studious kind,
More of the same are hard to find.
EARLA WILSON is small but mighty
And that's no reason to think she is flighty.
MONICA BRUCHMAN seems to me
To be a girl with Vitality.
DICK MOORE is the hockey player,
Of the boys in form, you'll not find one much gayer.
MAX WATTS works at Bush's,
Has he any more of those violent crushes?
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There never is a moment dull.

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G-11-B

Bob Pain: Another Point Annian.
Bob Gillham: Which way to Batawa?
Bob Buchanan: Saturday night chauffeur.
Bob Owen: Puts his little rabbit foot to good use.
Sue Smith: Lets out all her steam on Sat. night.
Jack Doig: "What a Mary brain".
Phil Bennett: His singing can't compare with his art.
Bob Juby: Bob and his dancing bears.
John Hazzard: Is it fun to be in the comics?
Bill Charlton: What would the sea cadets do with-
out him.
Ann Pearce: Can't figure her out yet.
Dick Murray: Easy to get along with if in a bad mood.
Barb Keel: Likes the scenery at the back of the room.
Winston Currie: Isn't he the cutest thing?
Bruce Bedell: Boy does he love French.
Kent McLane: Enjoys French homework at its utmost.
Ted Ewing: Let's hand him a violin.
Dorothy Allen: She's changed a lot in three years of B.C.I.
Arlene Parks: Agreeable pleasure—in school that is.
Warren Stuart: Is television his only attraction at Pearce's.
Lois Armstrong: Our own Marilyn Munroe.
Joanne Clarke: Pretty as a picture and as quiet too.
Don Dalrymple: French was just too much.
Ron Watson: Has she got her equal rights yet?
Ron Donaldson: What's so attractive at Bonn's.
Gord Campbell: He is in the wrong institution.
Noreen Bisdee: Just a little bit of everything.
John Buckley: Where'd we be without Buck.
Gwen Stewart: Is it going to go on for ever.
Wallace Dever: "Hey Winnie did you hear about—"
Chas. Mazer: All out for Marilyn Moore.
Jean Faulkner: Quiet and calm until you get to know her.
Alex Embury: Mighty man of the mouse world.
Pat Smith: Yours truly.
Mr. Tanner: Just call him faces for short.

G-11-C

(Name — Nickname — Ambition — Weakness)
John Barber — Little John — to get 75% in French — Mr. Bates.
Ardeth Brant — Dimples — to have a party — parties.
Anne Enright — Shorty — to grow taller — ?
Paula Freeman — ? — to be a famous actress — stage fright.
Joan Haight — Joanie — to please Mr. Bates — Mr. Bates.
Deanna Halsey — Pete — to be Mrs. P. Miller — picker.
Joan Foot — Footy — to grow a few feet — speeches.
Betty Lou Harvey — Louie — to get 75% in Ag. Ss. — G. F.
Valerie Hunt — Val — to be a basketball star — red hair.
Donna Johnston — Shrimp — to be top girl —

Miss McLaren.
Lyle Johnston — ? — to get out of G-11-C — walking slow.
Marg. Kane — Weechie — teacher — G. L.
Colleen Lowe — ? — not to lend any notes — D. S.
Jim Miller — Smiley — to get a delivery truck — any girl.
Jackie Morrison — Curly — to own Wiggles — Teck 10-B.
Howard Mowers — Howie — to pass in Algebra — C. W.
Vivian McWilliams — Viv — to snare a boy — boys.
Carol Jean MacLaurin — C. J. — to work on the railroad — C-11-C.
Pat Mairs — Noisy — that's a secret — hockey.
Donna Ray — Ray — P. T. teacher — sports.
June Ramsbottom — Ramsie — to go to Camp Borden — French.
Kathleen Parsons — Kathie — ? — Mr. Bates.
Joan Slade — Port — to be Mrs. J. Matthews — to pass in physics.
Doug Staring — ? — science — untieing girls' hair ribbons.
Joan Sopha — Sam — to quit school — Sam. M.
Harshaw Toft — Sunshine — to learn to spell — Miss McLaren.
Myrtle Uens — Myrt. — ? — ponytails.
Marg. Vernilyea — Marg. — to be a true blonde — hockey players.
Cecilea Whalen — Porkey — to be a Mrs. — boys.
Marg. White — Maggie — Bill? — shows.
Beatrice Yeates — Bea. — to play pool — Michigan State.
Mr. Sloan — Nature Boy — to get rid of G-11-C — Drama Club.

H-11

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METHOD

Using Room 209 as a mixing bowl add a little of two swell girls; (the brain) Frances Adams and enjoyable Dianne Bonter, sift together with lots of Bev. Digby (John's other girl) and raven haired Margaret English, resift with sweet Nancy Hosking, lots of Vija Kazaks (wow!), the bold sweetheart Sandra Kenny, and darling Ruth Kilburn. Stir and add Joan Kerr's smile, Doreen Scot's giggle and adorable Barb Loucks.
Pour in alternately with 1 lb. blonde Yvonne Poste, 2 lb. demure Annette Roper and Dianne Simpson's personality.
Grease lightly with Shirley Stokes, and for lots of variety, and add the sewing champ, Joyce Townsend, sweeten with Shirley Van Wyk (Dutchy), petite Marilyn Wood and blue-eyed Patricia Walker. Before pouring into pan, sprinkle evenly with Kay Wright, and you have the makings of a wonderful class.
But! for added beauty add a charming understanding form teacher Miss Shields and you have a dish fit for a King.

**PRESENTING A POCKET DICTIONARY
OF G-11-D**

Jim Ablarde — verb. red hair, red hot, Frazer's problem.

Marion Atwell — Gee, George Parkhurst.

John Bedford — noun. a hang-over from the pre-historic period.

Davey Branscombe — handsome, young, talented bugler.

Bob Brearly — notorious, communist spy.

Don Bush — talented hog-caller and hot-air furnace.

Nancy Casey — burns fingers on Jib Ablarde.

Don Dalrymple — junior rugby import to our form.

Fred Deacon — "what manner of 'man' is this?"

Jack Evans — our "hero" — a woman's man but strictly on business (so he says).

Faye Ferguson — remotely related to laughing hyenas.

Ron Fox — Miss McNab is tired of seeing him in her detention class.

Stan Franklin — a descendant of Nimrod . . . the mighty hunter.

Gerald Grills — Einstein II???

Carrol Holgate — Bushy's wife.

Jim Horwood — another prehistoric relic.

Sharon Hunter — Hummm . . . ever slim!

Elmer Jackson — the tall ploughboy.

Stanley Jackson — our "shark" and "ladies' man".

Ken Jeffreys — "beware all ye Herchimer women!"

Charles Keary — Mr. Bates' prize student.

Earl McConnell — famous motorcyclist from Point Anne.

Don Morton — experienced soldier.

George Parkhurst — a certain someone's junior centre.

Dick Powell — tall, fair and handsome??

Lois Scriven — Shorty, prominent violinist.

Connie Sills — the sweet and innocent of G-11-D.

George Sinfield — is he as quiet as he looks?

Neil Smith — descendant of Daniel Boone and took lessons from Pistol Packin' Mama.

Ron Smith — brilliant painter?

Harry Whittaker — our hard working "Jo's Boy".

Mr. Frazer — how he loves us all!!

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KARACTERS IN CEE 11

(Name — Nickname — Weakness — Ambition)
Shirley Bird — Birdie — parties — more parties.
Dorothy Bonter — Shorty — tall boys — to get a short one.

Florence Brant — Flo — shyness — to play a violin.
Anita Brown — Bon Bon — dances — Harvey S.
Marina Buckley — Bucky — square dancing — you tell me.

Lois Casson — Louis — Tom M. — to go steady . . . for good.

Jean Draycott — Smiley — Navy . . . and how! — to wait . . . faithfully.

Agnes Elvins — Nan — Giggling — it's a secret.
Shirley Gillespee — Gilly — dodging boys — not to be seen.

Ruth Goodman — Fran — peeping Garry — to be a flirt.

Beverley Gow — Bev. — it's hard to say — it's even harder to say.

Maxine Hull — Max. — clowning — not safe to say.
Sharon Workman — Sherry — being absent — to come more often.

Joan Jeffrey — Jeff — oh's and ah's — to find Mutt.
Janice Joyce — Jan — MEN — to find a crazy one.

Alma Latchford — Latchy — concentration — that's what I'd like to know.

Carmel Lewis — Luigi — sailors in uniform — Navy bound.

Marjorie Lockwood — Marge — throwing paper darts — not to get caught.

Shirley MacDonald — Mic — Mr. Meyers . . . forever — to be his pal.

Kathleen Malcolm — Kay — boys — to know more.
Joan Maracle — Jokers — listening to jokes — MEN . . . what else?

Heather Musclow — Musky — Maxine — to lose her in a crowd.

Joan Rowland — Jonie — flowers — to own Templer's.

Shirley Sherrard — Shirl — shorthand — to make 50 per cent.

Eileen Ray — Leany — Don A. — marriage.
Rosemary Scottie — Rosie — R . . . hic! — Paul R.

Sandra Tory — Sandy — B.C.I.V.S. — O.B.C.
Alma Wannamaker — Lama — I wonder? — to work.

Lois Wilson — Willie G. — getting up early — alarm clock and Paul B.

Donna Weilmann — Donnie — predicting futures — fortune teller.

Joan Ireland — Presty — certain somebody — stenographer.

Joan Chumbley — Chummy — boys in merchandising — O.B.C.

Garry Smith — Rudolph — girls . . . what else? — censored.

Roscoe Garrison — Ross — taking his part — O.B.C.

Neil Firman — Nellie — you name it . . . he's got it — non-existent.

Douglas Wright — Pogo — staying home — to force himself back.

Ephriam Reilley — Sparkles — censored — not discovered by science . . . yet.
Miss Gibson — Unknown — C-11 . . . natch — that's for her to say.

G-10-B

If you have just a little time that you would like to pass.

I'd like to have you meet 10-B — that's Mr. Stirling's class.

First we've "Hustler" Hannifin, Mr. Currie's office boy;

And next comes Carolyn Adams, who is Don Buck's pride and joy;

Then Bob Ewing, shame on him, is quite a shark at pool.

And poor Millard, for company has pills, away from school.

Jacqueline Day and Chesley — well need I say much more?

Wavy-haired Cam Coulter has some boxing skill in store.

Listen! There's June Bowerman as she sings a lullaby;

J. Monderville's so quiet, though I couldn't tell you why.

Bill Gault's in basketball, and he's really quite a star;

Doug Aselstine has brought his sax; we'll coax to hear a bar.

If Suzanne isn't singing she may play her clarinet;

Bill Carter's bound and bent he'll have us regimented yet.

Don Pringle in a Pontiac passed Bill Guthridge in a Nash;

Jean Cornish and Arlene just watch and hope that they won't crash.

Sheila's playing basketball, while Pauline Hall is skating;

Sorry, I don't know exactly WHO Louise is dating.

Donna M., in several sports, is really more than fair;

Lily's thinking she and George would make a real nice pair.

Doreen Breach accompanies our dancing Clara Hull;

Cynthia tries to do a little homework in the hall.

George comes quite a distance to attend our hall of learning;

Bronze medals for Barb Annis her swimming skill is earning;

George Andrews never seems to have a problem with his math;

Bob Vaughan and Cameron B. to the arena beat a path.

You may see Barbara Dever with Y. Belch around the hall

But don't you go away yet 'cause that isn't quite them all.

Last, but surely not the least, fun-loving Ronna For-dyce.

And I should say right here and now that ALL these folks are nice.

There are no bad things to report — no scandal — no one's diet;

You've met my class-mates, one and all, so now — I shall be quiet.

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G-10-A

Favourite subject must be poetry.

Allergic to red hair.

Things to look forward to . . .
Cara Menahem Butler playing at our community concerts.

"Bob Hope" of G-10-A.

This bus stalling is a good idea but don't work it too often.

Lots of entertainment at Sheila's parties, I hear.

They tell me pictures do not lie. Is our early bird, always the first to arrive?

Lucky Anne, to start the year off with a Puerto Rican ton.

Who's the mysterious Mr. X taking up all Bev's time lately?

Suggestion from an admirer: J. F. "Just Fascinating".

Have you found any book worms yet?

Bet Ed. stays up nights thinking of questions for science.

Project worth looking into . . . selling pictures of "Don Juan Hagerman" to Grade 9 girls.

Is the country air good for raising mares (mayors)?

Future "General" material.

Hey, Jo! corsages are to wear, not to float in your grape juice.

Takes top honours and the principal's daughter too.

Sheila looks like a wee girl but when she gets that red coat on, oh! boy!

G. 9. C. O. keeps Colin stepping.

Notice: If one sees a green 1947 Dodge hurtling at them, gangway, it's Ruth.

Keep your eyes on Seigfried, kids, I hear he's going to be a millionaire.

Joined our class at Christmas much to the pleasure of the boys.

Our little bit of England.

The girl with the beautiful hair.

Our basketball whiz.

Try getting to school ahead of Mildred some day.

Talent scouts for the Drama Club ought to get a peek at Allen and his presentation of King Kenry V.

Our silent Romeo.

Latin and candy go well together, ah, Doug?

Well! you gave me the job kids.

Isabel Bonny

Beverley Brown
Cara Butler

Dawson Catton
Margaret Corrigan

Sheila Currie

Lorna Donaldson
Mildred Fleming

Anne Forrester

Beverly Fox

John Fuke

Marilyn Garipey

Edward Green

Fred Hagerman

Mac Haig

John Hunter
Josephine Hurst

Bob Jordan

Sheila Kells

Colin Parker

Ruth Phillips

Seigfried Quickert

Mary Lee Richardson

John Roper
Sheila Shier
Don Smith
Lois Spencer

Allen Thom

Larry Tucker
Doug Wannamaker

Willo Wilkes

Miss Silvester

We must be hard on Miss Silvester's nerves when she has to go to California to rest up at Christmas.

T-10-B

"We Won the Strathcona Shield"

Bob Hanthorn — Slow and Stupid — Ameliasburg boy.

Charles Hilton — Limpy — "repeat that again sir".

Gary Jackson — Nature Boy — horse doctor.

Manson Jones — Knober — drugstore.

Bill Jones — Gabby — stage crew.

Gerald Labelle — Lable — Mr. America.

Terry Latchford — Bugs — all star.

Don Matthews — Stupid — bugler.

Allan McCann — Whip — football hero.

Stanley McCormack — Stub — hammer handles.

Harvey McCrae — Muscles — to get some.

Cameron McKenna — Cam — hand musician?

Vincent McKenny — Baldy — undertaker.

Ken McKillop — Scholar — fruit.

Carl McMechan — Screwball — sell bananas.

Fred Miller — Bible reader — big mouth.

Ronald Miller — Shorty — Gladys.

Norman Mowers — Panty waist — silence.

Tom Munro — Mumbles — McCarthy.

Ricky Philp — Muffer — big mouth.

John Ruttan — Sleepy — talks a lot.

Bruce Shaddock — Boner — meat-ball.

Mason Taft — Speedy — bachelor.

Ross Vivian — Lover Boy — Carol-Jean.

We have: No women

No form parties

No championships (yet)

A Form Teacher, Mr. Bates

A Form Representative, Bill Jones.

H-10

We number sixteen all told.

A bit about each I now unfold.

Eleanor Blackburn has the brains of H-10.

Peggy Sargent is always after the men.

Edna Ross, the girl who always has a smile,

And Lenna Latchford who's laughing all the while.

Mary Pitt, the nice new girl from Read,

And Muriel Swan, the girl is on earth to feed.

Barbara Milligan claims she's never been kissed.

Barbara Christopher thinks differently she insists.

Donna Bunnett who never seems to tire,

Of Carole Bonter, H-10's wild live-wire.

Marilyn Daxtator rides on a well-named bus.

Gloria Whittle is one who never seems to fuss.

Yvonne Skinner is the only red-head of our tribe,

Faith Rees is the girl who loves to drive.

Gloria Dale, wouldn't think to holler.

At Ruth Boyd, who counts her every dollar.

Miss Linnen we'll not forget.

For if we did we'd be all wet.

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COMPLIMENTS

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G-10-DIGNITARIES

Russel Carter — the athletic type — weakness: basketball.

Pat Cleaver — quote, "I'd like to be a nurse, if I can get that far!" unquote.

Edward J. Green — a walking encyclopedia — Ed plans to become another Einstein.

Frances Hayes — (alias "Gabby" Hayes) — weakness is cowboy hats.

Barbara Helm — who is that mysterious inhabitant of Ajax?

Peggy Parks — ambition: to soothe fevered brows at Belleville General Hospital.

Pat Rowland — plans to become a High School teacher (!) — weakness: sports.

Jack Rushnell — plans to become a detective, and quote, "catch all the notorious gangsters around Belleville".

Margaret Seely — ambition: to determine her ambition.

Joan Shoemaker — ambition: to get this form news finished and in the ELEVATOR.

Pat Simmons — weakness (at the present): G. L. B. of G-9-D (poetic!).

Ralph Sine — may become the best junior farmer in Ontario!

Leslie Smith — "Lady Killer!" (so HE thinks).

Carol Stewart — warned us not to tell her weakness, so we won't mention his name.

Shirley Stewart — Cow-girl Shirley might become another "Red" Ryder (joke).

Edith Stone — a future telephone operator for Belleville.

(Name — Weakness — Ambition)

Doreen Hollomby — Herbie — play pingpong with Herbie.

Donna Brinklow — Bill — join the navy.

Beverley Acton — Bill — to please Miss Macpherson.

Joan Bull — Clyde — to get him.

Pat Cross — Leonard — marry him.

Jim Mott — women — to please women.

Jim Pine — Joan — be a pool shark.

Nancy Kennedy — Bruce — study bookkeeping every night.

Marion Mulville — Bob — impress the boys.

Florence Kemp — Howie — to get George.

Barbara Ireland — Tom — to quit school.

Joyce Forestell — Mr. Shiels — to keep her name out of the ELEVATOR.

Shirley Johnston — Mr. Meyers — get in good with him.

Lorna Hinchey — Bud — marry Bud.

Marilyn Bird — men — join the B.C.I. band.

Jean Ferguson — men — get herself a man.

Shirley Askey — Don — win a basketball crest.

Sharon Goldie — Miss Macpherson — boys.

Don Thrasher — quote, "the moon only effects people at night", unquote.

Dick Trayace — the little boy with the big voice.

Joyce Valleau — told me not to mention D. B. Well, that's that!

Freda Vincent — future Miss America.

John Wagar — weakness: drawing intricate designs for quilts.

Don Wallbridge — ambition to become a great hunter.

Jim Wallis — the little boy with the big appetite — (this was donated by a reliable source).

Ross Walmsley — weakness: sitting beside J. W. in science class.

Joan Walsh — weakness(es): Earl, Don, Harvey, etc., etc., etc.

Ella Watson — oh! those black eyebrows — weakness: Trenton.

Paul Watson — may go into the quilt designing business with John.

John Whitfield — G-10-D's furniture mover (in science class).

Barbara Wickett — weakness: A. C. — ambition: to win . . . from T-11.

George Wadzak — ambition: to own a 98 Oldsmobile.

Barrie Wright — weakness: combing his hair in school.

Sally Ann Young — Sally likes to eat (and eat, and eat, and eat, and eat, . . .).

Mr. Norman Reid — is one of the most respected, and best-liked teachers in the school. We are fortunate indeed to have Mr. Reid as our form master.

C-10-A

Doug Burkitt — women — to pass out of Grade 10.

Buddy Sleeper — bowling — own a bowling alley.

Howard Sowden — Flossie — to be a "tobacco king".

Barbara Hendrick — Don — keep up with Doreen.

Beverley Briscoe — Jack — come up in class.

Shirley Hall — bowling — get higher marks than Betty.

Jane Gibson — Ron — boys.

Marlene Browning — Ernie — to get rid of the rest of her boy friends.

Betty Hubble — Hamilton boys — to come first in class again.

Lena Bradshaw — Florence pushing the chair — to become taller.

Beverley Downey — Doug — to keep Doug.

Jean Faul — Mr. Meyers — to sit beside Betty.

Shirley Hill — engagement ring — marry Carl.

Fred Furrmidge — Ruth — impress the girls.

Bill Workman — bookkeeping — to please Mr. Meyers.

Bob Denike — women — to get himself a girl.

Larry Brohm — Betty — skating behind McCaw's.

Mr. Meyers — education — make Doreen walk home.

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G-10-C

Within these few sentences are hidden the names of G-10-C girls. Do you know them?

Once upon a time three "Little" children called "McElrath", "McLeod" and "Pappas" were looking for their lost "Nickle". They hunted along "Dalrymple" street and looked "Lowe" by the "Poste". Further on they met the "Miller" who told them very kindly to look down by the two "Reids". While looking by the reeds the wind "Rose" and a nearby ship lowered its "Mast-in". Here they met "Wallis", "Kellar" and "Rees" who told them to look in the "Pig-den", where at last they found it. Full of joy on finding the nickle, they skipped gaily along to "Pringle's" Penny Shop.

Here Are the Boys of G-10-C

Robert Myers — the dream of a dame.
Bob Ireland — "Loverboy".
Carl Hall — otherwise known as "Pinky".
Jack McDonald — he's really "snazzy".
Buddy Payette — a great athlete.
Peter Robson — 10-C's runt.
Donald Reed — originated in a marsh.
Albert Lennox — just lost his appendix.
Ward Maracle — the one and only pool shark.
Jerry Putman — is uncooperative.
Jan Geneja — good bait for girls to go with on dates.
Melville James — our holiday boy.
Bill Morris — is a bit coy.
Raymond Massey — a nice boy.
Robert Noves — a wizard in French.
Carl Reid — dream boy of 10-C.
Mr. Youdale — form master of all these creatures.

A-10-A

(Name — Ambition — Weakness)

Dennis Bain — complete 1953 — Mr. Sloan.
Dale Balcanquel — farmer — milking cows.
George Beer — movie star — Roy Rogers.
Donald Brant — detective — Dead Eye Dick.
Phillip Cornell — basketball star — freckles.
Lorne Crokright — to get married — girls.
Royce Doxtator — hunting — 191 jackrabbits.
Art Gough — genius — teachers.
Joe Harvey — social studies teacher — Mr. Field.
Robert Hunt — bullfighter — bulls.
Dick Hycke — to own a store — salesman.
Ron Lucas — auctioneer — too much mouth.
Lyle Mainprise — mastermind — girls (Dot).
Marion Mofend — soccer — basketball.
Ron Redner — tomato grower — Rednersville.
Robert Schamerhorn — goalie — hockey puck.
Harold Treverton — to raise sheep — mutton.
Jack Weese — pool shark — second boor.
Thomas Whittle — farmer — Trinidad.

★ ★ ★

Jack — "Lend me ten dollars, old man. I promise on the word of a gentleman to pay it back tomorrow."
Stan — "Bring the gentleman around and let me see him."

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T-10-A*(Name — Nickname — Ambition)*

Lyle Abrams — Pegleg — to buy a comb.
 Earl Adams — Frank — to start an argument.
 Harold Alton — Harley — to come first in class.
 Harry Baker — Spade — to please Mr. Wilson.
 Ken Bradshaw — Gopher — to pay all pool fines.
 Clyde Brooks — Webb — let's get Itchy Cole canned.
 Robb Burrows — Scabby — to keep that Toni.
 Don Batcher — Butch — to play second clarinet with Spike Jones.
 John Calder — Benny — to achieve a mate of the opposite sex.
 Orien Calver — Toad — to be in the gym Wednesday at noons.
 Howard Carlton — Gangster — I'll get my boys after you!
 John Carson — Tex — Roy Rogers.
 Jim Clemens — Clem — to stay awake in class.
 Bob Day — Killer — what a build!
 Charles Demill — Spots — Foxboro's gangster.
 Gerald Derushie — Doddy — to crack a smile.
 Clare Dingman — Kingy — to get a dingy.
 Elwood Dulmage — Dum Dum — what a lame brain!
 Stan Forestell — Smiley — to fall in love with Snowball.
 Melbourne Fraser — Memmer — to peddle a bicycle.
 Robert Frederick — Freddie — to get rid of this and get a Ford.
 Peter Gander — Goose — geese; Sharon Clarke.
 Roger Hill — Chief — to run a mile.
 Garry Little — Moo — to hookey successfully.
 Henry Therien — Fred — to play hockey with the Juniors.
 Mr. Mott — Barney — can he teach! or can he?
 T-10-A along with the humble and lowly T-10-C register in Room 101. Everyone knows where this room is — as you enter you may notice on the bulletin board inside the door, Lower School Rugby Crest 1953. We also expect to have the Lower School basketball and baseball. We have to keep up the good work as our good friends who preceded us did. We enjoy coming in late to English, Science and Mathematics sometimes.

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C-10-B

Lorraine Arnott — the brain of C-10-B — "music".
 Patsy Fox — glamour girl, and how!
 Dianne Kenny — she's keen on Earl.
 Barbara Laughlin — don't forget your math book.
 Marie MacArthur — the nice girl from Kingston.
 Karen Masters — easy to get along with.
 Carol Maxwell — corrects Mr. Snetsinger.
 Marilyn McCall — "What did you say?" "Who?"
 Rosiland MacCallister — losing the final game is the payoff!
 Audrey Mitchell — just get her going, then laugh.
 Jean Montana — the artist in our group.
 Helena Moraviach — pleasant but quiet.
 Audrey Morris — you never know she's around.
 Shirley Mumby — she has the cutest voice.
 Verla Nelson — sports' and Alberts' better halves.
 Beverly Patrick — who's Bev, shining on now?
 Edith Pierson — good head for homework.
 Nancy Pomeroy — studies for all she gets.
 Donna Ray — slow but kind of sure.
 Eileen Reid — best of pals with Ann.
 Carol Rion — changed a lot since C-9-C.
 Moire Sanderson — small but full of fun.
 Suzanne Scotti — clever without effort.
 Ann Shertliff — future with Jack.
 Jean Stapely — nothing worries her.
 Verna Stapely — don't rush.
 Marlene Twiddy — be nice to Marlene.
 Linda Wagg — temper goes with hair.
 Norma Wessels — great help in bookkeeping.
 Harold-een Wilkinson — latest heart-throb T. C.
 Margaret Wilson — lives for "Junior B" hockey games.
 Sandra Woods — still going strong with B. D.
 Marilyn Wright — doesn't like boys.
 Miss Naismith — sweet, but unattached.

GEE-9-SEE

Bob Hull — He's the boy who can play hockey.
 Bruce Judge — To play in Tommy Dorsey's orchestra.
 Tom Keyworth — An Englishman who would like to speak French.
 Sheila Ladoucier — She likes the boys, but who doesn't?
 Rudolph LaRocque — Talks to Shirley a lot but that doesn't mean much.
 Shirley LaRue — Her hobby is boys . . . she collects them.
 June Livingston — The walking dictionary.
 Lillian Love — Smallest girl in class with the biggest appetite for gum.
 John Loweth — That boy with the great English accent.
 Patsy Luck — The lucky professor. Do you think her last name will help her?
 Anne Lundy — To get her Latin done for Mr. Fry.
 Elaine Lyons — To get perfect in Latin, do you think she'll do it?
 John MacLauren — Always looks for trouble and finds it.
 Marilyn McFee — To get her homework done.
 Deanna Mansfield — Her main ambition is Don.
 Dianne Martin — She gets all foamed up when she sees George Beer.

Bob Meale — Hasn't much to say but thinks a lot.
 Leigh Moldrum — The boy who can't wait to join the navy.
 Helen Milligan — The junior genius's ambition is to become a teacher.
 Margaret Moorcroft — Her ambition is to come first in class.
 Wayne Muirhead — A lady killer but a musician too.
 Frank Murphy — *Frank!* the girls won't bite.
 Betty Musclove — Her main ambition is Jack Denyes.
 Nancy Oliphant — To be a nurse; lucky patients.
 Carole Osbourne — Class Representative and really works hard.
 Dick Parker — His hobby is girls . . . he collects them.
 Shirley Anne Parker — To become a nurse.
 Shirley Parsons — Shirley, who is so interesting on third floor? ha! ha!
 Walter Parsons — The boy who thinks he is a genius and is one.
 Barb Payne — Where's Zale? Oh it's Roy??
 Mary Pearce — Unlike all flaming red heads, Mary has no temper (except now and then).
 Richard Pearce — DICK! Stop looking at those girls.
 Jim Phillips — He likes the girls. Do they like him?
 Lois "Plain" Plain — Wants to be a housewife. Her weakness is boys.
 Donald Ribson — Are the girls in the States as nice as we are here?
 Alvin Rankin — Has brains but doesn't like to use them.
 Miss Dwyer — Is a very excellent form teacher. We hope next year we have as fine a one.

H-9*(Name — Weakness — Ambition)*

Gail Adams — sports — avoid work.
 Elaine Bain — ? — stenographer.
 Mary Annis — singing — return to Greece.
 Helen Bell — Armando — hairdresser.
 Kathleen Bell — Don — nurse.
 Marguerite Cole — Milton — nurse.
 Marilyn Dickens — silence — ?
 Beverly Faulkner — Mr. Frazer — boys.
 Dorothy Genereau — Jack — to go steady.
 Barbara Hall — David — nurse.
 Louise Harris — Stan — ?
 Helen Jackson — Delbert — housewife.
 Carolyn Lawrence — Wayne — to go steady.
 Myrna Milton — boys — dietitian.
 Shirley Parks — Lenard — nurse.
 Gail Parson — Teddy — ?
 Gwen Radford — Chuck — ?
 Rita Rees — Giggling — ?
 Anne Rekker — Roger — stenographer.
 Marylou Roseberry — Earl — housewife.
 Marion Rowland — hockey games — hair dresser.
 Jean Sandford — Reg. — ?
 Shirley Skinner — math. — ?
 Jean Spurrall — Earl — gum factory.
 Shirley Vesterfelt — Russel — ?
 Doris Wood — Mr. Fry — holidays.
 Shirley Ewart — talking — bookkeeping.
 Miss MacPherson — 9:05 — to get rid of H-9.

G-9-A

Mr. Field — Stand up, speak up, and shut up.
 Leslea Anderson — Friend or foe?
 Margaret Arnott — What next from the question-box?
 Darrell Bates — A ship from Frankford.
 Molly Buchan — Is Molly out touring again?
 Greg Butler — Chopin's little brother.
 Rosetta Campbell — Noise would help.
 George Casey — Bachelors are no fun, Nippy.
 Mary Catherine Clare — It sure is "cheaper by the dozen."
 Sharon Clarke — Who goes there?
 Mary Ann Cowles — Still afraid of mistletoe?
 Gordenia Cummins — Our flower garden perk.
 Alan Daniel — Play fiddle play.
 David Deacon — Still water flows deep.
 June Dicken — Bureau of Missing Persons.
 Dick Downey — Bonjour monsieur.
 Janet Duesberry — Hold it Janet, I'm coming.
 Gary Durno — I've never been one.
 Marilyn Elliot — Always talking, never stopping.
 Barbara Joan Fairman — I C. U R 2 Y's 4 me.
 Mary Jo Farnsworth — O U R A Q T.
 Ruth Findlay — Missing in action.
 Mike Galway — Theme song: "Galway Bay".
 Susan Ghent — Our Gal Sue.
 Pauline Gibson — I want to be a cowboy's sweetheart.
 Ron Gourley — How is your cold, Ron?
 Melvyn Grandame — Going . . . Going . . . GONE.
 Alan Hackett — That curl.
 Diane Hales — What a laugh.
 Joanne Hall — Tall, dark and . . . ?
 Shiela Hamilton — Hambone, hambone where you been?
 Ardelle Hunter — Dear little Aunt F . . .
 Dick Hurst — Definition of a gentleman.
 Dean Kemp — Kempster closely related to Hamster.
 Larry Langlois — Punkinhead, where is Frances?
 Jack McLaughlin — Is he slow! Mr. Hancock would know.
 Eric Moody — Girl chaser, but can't catch them.
 George Musgrove — Florence Flasks blow up easily, don't they?
 Andrew Robb — Why do you blush, M. C.?
 * * *

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G-9-D

Judy Anderson—Did you say you got to school at a minute to nine? Early this morning, eh!

Ken Arbuckle—Ken's ambition is to be a professor.
Alard Banga—Alard's hoping to succeed in Latin anyway, if nothing else.

Graham Beeby—Graham's the expert speller in our room.

Tom Bell—Tom's the Romeo in G-9-D.

Paul Bertrand—If only Gail would pay attention to me.

Helen Burkitt—Our carrot-top artist.
Jack Calnan—Jack, "Toothless", didn't receive his Christmas present (two front teeth).

Marlene Carter—The girl who longs for homework.
Tom Cathcart—Tom, our scholar in French can't wait for French classes.

John Dafoe—John can't wait to get into science to try some new creations of his own.

Bruce Dobbs—A very studious boy when J. A.'s not around.

Larry Farrar—Larry's our representative for the Students' Council and his ambition is . . . ?

Roy Gatland—Roy's the brain-power in our room "so far", when B. P.'s not around.

Diane Little—Linton Read's "Little Diane", but I wonder if she is?

Donna Loft—Donna likes to get the health books, I wonder why?

Bill Mason—Bill's ambition is to get Gerald Sinclair to talk during classes.

Gwen McKillop—Gwen's the quiet type, I think!
Bob Miller—Bob's competing with Jerry Lewis, wonder who will win.

Diane Murray—Diane's ambition is to get her English homework done.

Kathleen Payne—What's the squeaky noise? "Kay is playing the violin."

Dan Peacock—Dan's a women's man but what's he going through for? A veterinarian, no women there.

Ivan Phillips—Ivan wants to get 100% in all his exams.

Margaret Potter—Marg's quite the gal in G-9-D and is also our Athletic Representative.

Barry Ray—Barry wants to be a veterinarian, "poor pity those dogs".

George Reid—Things will be different when this cast comes off his leg. He won't be able to be late for classes then.

Fred Rickley—If only Fred would keep his eyes on his books instead of on Frances.

Jack Sherrard—Let's call him "curly" for short.

Gerald Sinclair—"Zeke." I think someone stole your tongue.

Gail Smith—Gail has her eyes on a certain G-9-C boy, if only she would tend to her work.

Ray Twiddy—Ray shows his brain-power in English and then sleeps the rest of the day.

John Vermilyea—John's ambition is to get 100% in all his exams if that is possible.

Elaine Wannamaker—The girl who likes to go to parties, wonder why?

Gordon Young—I wish his imitation "car" would run out of gas.

Mary Lou Cook—This Form News is what I had to do . . . I'm mainly known in G-9-D as "Lou".

Bob Elliott—Bob always seems to be after the girls.

Frances Tucker—Frances has her eyes on a certain D.B.

Mr. Burgess—Ambition . . . to have all his pupils get 100% in math.

A-9

Few classes in September grouped as many strangers together, but it did not take us long to become acquainted. Every township within the school area plus Sidney and the Reserve had representatives. Only the city was missed and in this way, at least, our class was unique. Adrian Corrigan claimed the longest trip—twenty-seven miles twice a day. A few left their homes at 7:30 a.m. and over half the class was on the way by 8:00 a.m. for an average trip of 15 miles. The distance meant little and by the time rugby season started Bob Haigh had a team that made Grade 9 finals. Wayne, Lorne, Melvin Sheridan, Glen, Bartley, Joe and the two Johns made the team our first class effort. As the year progressed others distinguished themselves, some in peculiar ways. We began to wonder if Gary were smarter than the rest, he at least managed with less work. And as we noticed two Garys we realized there were two Johns—both quiet, and two Bobs and two Lornes and three Jims or Jim, Jimmy

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A-9 (Cont'd)

and James. It became obvious also that one small enough to be nicknamed "Mouse" was not the quietest, that Diemer would be called "Dreamer", that little Fred was not going to remain unheard, that Gordon had good excuses for being late, that Edward would not stop before reports were out, that Kevin and Wallace and Arthur would graduate to front seats, and that Charles and David knew more than they mentioned in class. Next year may bring a new A-9 and maybe a smaller A-10, but neither will be better.

Leslie Haight — "Mouse" — has a weakness for outslips.

Gary Anderson — "Porky" — weakness: fatness.
Diemer Gertsma — "Dreamer" — is peculiar in his ways.

Jim Jones — "Jonesy" — has red hair, a sign of temper.

Fred Lucciola — "John L. Sullivan" — likes to speak out.

James Cannons — "Canyons" — weakness: speaking when not spoken to.

Melvin Maracle — "John" — weakness: strength.

Wallace Istead — comedian of the class — weakness: tongue.

Lorne Meeks — "Meeksy" — weakness: height.
Glenn Sine — "Sinful Sine".

C-9-B

(Name — Ambition — Nickname — Weakness)

Evelyn Loft — staying first in C-9-B — Evie — wavy hair and blue eyes.

Joyce Post — to beat Evelyn Loft — Posty — Scotty Campbell.

Hazel Lloyd — have Mr. Shiels like her — Hazel-nut — the quiet type.

Ethel Hill — John Hinchey — Alvie — boys.

Shirley Kilpatrick — keep quiet for a whole period — Shirt-Tail — autographing things.

Hilda Morris — get in thick with Harry — Hill-billy — staring in Mr. Fraser's room.

Marie McFarlane — get a detention with Mr. Stirling — Mickey — Ronnie Smith.

Sandra Read — please Mr. Fry — Whipper — too many boys.

Alice Jose — get kicked out by Mr. Meyers — Hosa — Lyle.

Joyce Hannah — please Mr. Meyers — Bunny — Ross.

Carole Marner — stay in good with teachers — Small-Horn — Bob.

Helen Maracle — get in good with Mr. Meyers — Maracle-Whip — Kent Parker.

Nora Anderson — get in good with Mr. Fry and Mr. Shiels — Winkie — Earl.

Sandra Randle — stay Mr. Meyer's best friend — Nivey — Donnie.

Alice Muir — get in good with Mr. Shiels — Harold — Harold Russnel.

Betty Ann Keitle — to get out of grade nine — Keitle — tight shirts.

Marjorie Reilly — what's in Mr. Fraser's room? — Margie — looking over at Mr. Fraser's room.

Doreen McCaw — to please Mr. Tanner — Do-Do — very very quiet.

Diane Murray — to get in good with all teachers — Kid — Bill Mason.

Mary Ann Ray — to get in at right time — Moe — Ernie Newton.

Lucy Keller — have a good time on New Year's Eve — Lucifer — Fred.

Miss McNab — be sure to come in after four, class — ? — Mr. Fraser's a fine guy, isn't he, Miss McNab?

C-9-C

Form Master — Mr. Shiels

If you should visit C-9-C

This is what you are likely to see:

Doris Watson Full of pep

Shirley Smith Better yet

Shirley Stoneburg Our form rep

Jacque Toms She works at the Met.

Dorothy Walsh and Shirley Tracy Like two peas in a pod — together wherever they are

Jeanette Twiddy She stood first!

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Marion Richards

Elaine Wickerson

Shirley Seea

Jackie Roberts

Dolores Semark

Barbara Ritchie

Colleen Scott

Betty Lou Stewart

Beverly Salisbury

Jean Yateman and

Gloria Sexsmith

Connie Wood

Judy Thompson

Florence Shaw

Donna Trumble

Joan Royle

Mr. Shiels

They call her squirt

They're sisters you know

Likes midnight shows

Likes to make people laugh

She's from Quebec

Likes to chew gum

They're the best of chums

She's a shorty

She's real sporty!

She's a whiz in science

She's usually silent

She's lots of fun

She's always on the run

Mr. Meyers' pet!

That's me, the news rep

Likes to mess up books

She's got the looks

She's our red head

They call her Bev.

Make a pair

She's got nice hair

She's a shy one

She's the sly one

She's quite smart

She likes art

He has the hard part because he has to put up with us.

G-9-B

Our form is known as G-9-B

Our class is large as you will see

Richard's the "brain", he knows it all

Unlike the class dunce, Norma Ball.

There are two "Jacks", how confusing.

To make it worse they're both amusing.

Heather hopes to be a nurse,

Congrats to Heather for better or worse.

Robert and Louie both like to tease;

"Alas" wails Anna, "we'll never have peace."

Debbie and Barb think talking is fun.

They can talk faster than anyone.

Bob and George are a funny pair.

Comedians like this are very rare.

Randell, Charlie and Ted, I understand.

Are the hottest musicians in the band.

Ken is growing wider and bigger.

He's not improving his manly figure.

Carl, Guarth and Fred are comical chaps.

Too bad they lost their thinking caps.

When Annette smiles, Bill and Eric beam.

They think Annette is a wunner

Judy regrets having the name Holgate.

It's often confused with the toothpaste Colgate.

Having two Marilyns is quite a bother.

Ask for one and you get the other.

Slick wavy hair have Eugene and Dave,

They're constant users of "Shadow Wave".

Gary wears a brush cut "Jerry Lewis" style

While Stanley combs his hair as straight as a file.

Jeanette and Gail should be two of the proudest.

Among the gigglers, they giggle the loudest.

Gwen's only ambition is pleasing Dale,

Hope it's not enough to make her fail.

I wonder how many people know,

That Dorothy and Adrienne have a secret beau.

Just ask Gloria and Carolyn and you'll discover

That they too have a secret lover.

Along with Ronald we all agree,

Mr. Tindale's the best form teacher there ever could be.

★ ★ ★

Captain—"The boat is sinking. Is there anyone here who knows how to pray?"

Parson (eagerly)—"I do."

Captain—"All right, you pray; the rest of us will put on life belts. We're short one."

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DO YOU REMEMBER . . . ?

When Miss Anonymus slid down the bannister of the college residence in her pyjamas, only to be confronted by the Dean and two other men? (Of course you don't but a certain lady teacher of the B.C.L.V.S. staff will certainly remember.)

The night of the Valentine Dance when Mr. Countryman caught a certain couple in the car? He said he coughed just as he stepped outside the school and they didn't even notice.

The day Mr. Countryman asked his chemistry class the colour of the odour.

The day Miss Smith found out that "Targon" was Vito's last name.

That this is a democracy. Shut up!

The day the Grade 13 girls walked into Mr. Tanner's room with their coats on. Cold girls?

The day Beth, Nellie and Shirley told Mr. Countryman that they intended to return next year and take physics and chemistry.

The day Beth's hair changed colour.

The day a pair of nylons were found outside Room 217. Some one must have been very hot.

The day Vito thought Miss Shiels was just another student.

The day Miss Merry forgot she had picked up the telephone receiver and went on talking—"And if they'd only leave man alone and not educate him he'd be all right! Oh; Hello!"

The day Mr. L. F. Reid came to school with a black eye and various abrasions. (He said he fell off the roof. Hah!)

The day Mr. L. D. Read remarked in superior tones to various other teachers who had been forced to send students to the office—I felt like doing it, but I restrained myself."

The day Miss Hermon asked Mr. Countryman if HNO₃ sank when poured into H₂O.

Fitznoodle (who has remained to an unreasonable hour urging his suit)—"Then I am to understand, Miss Moss, that you will not be my wife?"

Miss Moss (sleepily restraining a yawn)—"That is it exactly. There is a yawning gulf between us."

When you cross peaches with milkweed you will not get peaches and cream—the first year.

Doctor—"Have you taken every precaution to prevent the spread of contagion in the family?"
Patient—"Absolutely, doctor; we've even bought a sanitary cup and we all drink from it."

Free Translations

A woman's mind — scheme engine.

Puppy — a little waggin' without wheels.

It's nice for children to have pets, until the pets start having children.

In Hungary a commissar asked a peasant how the new potato production plan was coming.

"Under our glorious leader, Stalin," answered the peasant, "our potato crop has been miraculous! If we were to put all our potatoes in a pile they would make a mountain reaching to the feet of God!"

"But you know there isn't any God!" protested the commissar.

"There aren't any potatoes either," replied the peasant.

Overheard

"The humour part of the ELEVATOR must be pretty good this year."

"Why?"

"Well, both the Humour editor and his assistant have been kicked out of school."

Mr. Hancock—"How do you translate 'rex fugit'?"

Student—"The king flees."

Mr. Hancock—"No, no. Can't you see that it's perfect? Put in has."

Student—"The king has flees."

Freshman—"I wanna go out tonight, Mom."

Sophomore—"Please may I go out tonight, Dad? I'll be in by ten."

Junior—"I'm going out tonight, Dad."

Senior—"Good-night folks, I'll bring in the milk."

Parishioner—"I've nothing but praise for the new preacher, you know."

Elder—"So I noticed when the plate went around."

Proverbs

Where there is a will there is a relative.
People who live in glass houses should dress in the cellar.

Absence makes the mark go lower.
The early bird gets his own breakfast.

* * *

"What is a stop press?"
"You mean the column on the front page of a paper with nothing in it?"

"Yes."
"For people who can't read, I guess."

* * *

He—"Do you like simple things?"
She—"Is this a proposal?"

* * *

Mistress—"Can you serve company?"
New Maid—"Sure; either way."
Mistress—"Either way?"
New Maid—"Yessum; so they'll come again — or so they won't."

* * *

A weak-voiced speaker with an inconsequential message was doing his unsatisfying best. This, however, was not enough. Three times a demand had come from the back of the hall for "louder".

When it came the fourth time a man in the second row got up and yelled at the back of the hall, "Can't that man hear?"

There was a stentorian "NO!" from the complainant.

"All right! — then thank God you can't and go home!"

* * *

Housewife—"I'd like some pictures taken of my children. How much do you charge?"
Photographer—"Ten dollars for half a dozen."
Housewife—"Oh, then I'll come back later, I only have three now."

* * *

Mr. A—"I sold my car to send my son to university. Now all he does is take girls to parties."
Mr. B—"Are you sorry for it."
Mr. A—"Certainly I'm sorry, I should have gone myself."

* * *

Waiter—"Are you going to give me a tip?"
Student—"Not me."
Waiter—"Even the champion tightwad gave me a nickle."
Student—"Shake hands with the new champion."

* * *

A backwoods woman, the soles of her feet toughened by a lifetime of shoelessness was standing by her cabin fireplace. Her husband addressed her: "You better move yer foot a mite, Maw, yer standin' on a hot coal."

Said she nonchalantly—"Which foot, Paw?"

HOWLERS

... from Mr. Field's exam papers

Is one of them yours?

Farouk married Rita Hayworth.

* * *

The C. of P.S. was to do away with blackmail.

* * *

Eisenhower—head of ground forces in Korea.

* * *

Executions took place without proper trials or chance of redress.

* * *

... the fox hole brigade.

* * *

Evangelicac is a person belonging to the Evangelican religion.

* * *

Conciliation is which an employee receives while sick.

* * *

Alexander Grahm Bell was professor at a geography school.



Eeny, Meeney, Miney, Mo,
To which detention shall I go?



Now to what do you attribute your success
in basketball?

* * *

Judge—"So, not content with stealing \$500 you went back and took a couple of watches, rings and other jewellery."

Burglar—"Yes your honour. But you must remember that money alone does not bring you happiness."

* * *

Teacher—"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Student—"No wonder so many of us flunk our exams."

Many men wear the pants in the family,
hidden by the apron.
* * *
Hollywood's theme song to-day is eat, drink and remarry.

* * *
Just after the basketball scandal in the States a sign appeared on a repair shop window: We fix everything but basketball games.

* * *
We hear George Farmer was a real Don Yawn at Students' Council Meetings.

* * *
A man charged with stealing chickens was brought before the judge. Finally due to insufficient evidence the judge said, "Case dismissed".
The defendant when hearing this asked, "Does that mean I have to give back the chickens?"

* * *
Ever notice when a little shot gets a half-shot he thinks he's a big shot.

* * *
Suzie says: "If you give an athlete an inch he'll take a foot but let him have it because who wants athlete's foot anyway?"

* * *
Angry wife, playing canasta with husband: "You can't play a friendly little game — no, you always have to try and win."

* * *
Mr. Sloan—"How do you like school?"
Bob Langlois—"Closed."

DAFFYNTIONS

Fireproof . . . the boss's son.

Siberia . . . a mighty big country but nobody knows how big because nobody has ever come back from there.

Kleptomaniac . . . one who helps himself because he can't help himself.

Golf . . . a game in which a small ball is chased by men who are too old to chase anything else.

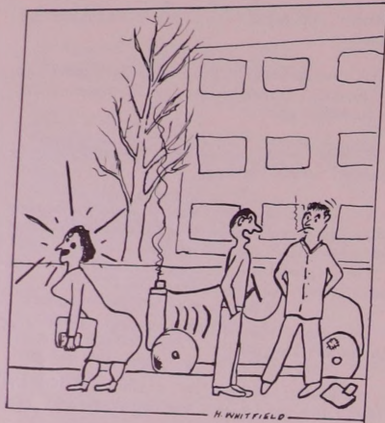
Girl . . . what every young man should know.

Intoxicate . . . no man is intoxicated as long as he can lie flat on the floor without holding on.

Forger . . . a man who makes a name for himself.

* * *
When a Russian worker left his factory at the end of each day pushing a wheelbarrow full of straw, a guard halted him and carefully examined the straw, but found nothing. Each day the performance was repeated and each day the guard found nothing, no matter how hard he searched. After a month of this, the guard said to the worker: "Look, I'm about to be sent to the Urals; so you can talk freely to me. I give you my word I won't tell. But I'm curious—what are you stealing?"

"I'm stealing the wheelbarrows!" the worker confessed.



"Not a bad chassis, but look at that paint job."



"I don't want anything very expensive, my boy friend has a cold."



"Say, who was that cute '53 Buick I saw you out with last night?"



Leona: "Shouldn't you use both hands, Arch?"
Archie: "Can't, gotta drive with one."

Student—"Did your play have a happy ending?"
Mr. Sloan—"Yes, everyone was glad it was over."

Red—"Shaker, what was the name of the hotel we stayed in last winter?"
Shaker—"Wait till I look through my towels."

Joan—"We've been waiting for that mother of mine a long time."
Jack—"Hours!"
Joan—"Ours! Jack, this is so sudden."

Mr. Bates—"When do the leaves begin to turn?"
Stan J.—"The night before the exams, sir."

Overheard in the girls' gym—"I think long skirts are so graceful."
"Yes, I'm knock-kneed too."

Horace—"When I marry I'm going to get a girl who can take a joke."

Voice (in the dark)—"Oh Sid, why did you turn out the light?"
Sid—"I just wanted to see if my pipe was still lit."

Some B.C.I. girls pursue learning, while others learn pursuing.

To chase the girls is lots of fun,
If you can find one who'll run.

Bud—"Where have you been?"

Armand—"In the phone booth talking to a girl but we had to get out . . . someone wanted to use the phone."

It is suggested that contributions in the line of jokes in future editions of THE ELEVATOR be written on transparent paper so the editorial staff may be able to see through them in time to send them to press.

Woover (in deep anguish)—"If you don't marry me I'll blow my brains out."
Wooded—"That would be a joke on father, he doesn't think you have any."

"MMMM, I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the sink.

She—"Sometimes my father takes things apart to see why they won't go . . ."

He—"So what?"
She—"So you'd better go."

Overheard—"She should be awarded a pedigree the way she puts on the dog."

Mr. Frazer—"What time do you think school starts around here?"

Student—"I don't know sir, it's always started when I get here."

A lady had just purchased a postage stamp—"Must I stick it on myself?" she asked.

"Positively not madam," replied the postal clerk. "It will accomplish more if you stick it on the envelope."

A newspaper man named Fling
Could make a copy of any old thing.
But the copy he wrote
Of a five dollar note
Was so good he's now in Sing Sing.

George—"Let's skip French today."
Stan—"I can't, I need the sleep."

Salesman (selling a new textbook to a B.C.I. student)—"This book is the one you want. You'll find that it'll do half your work for you."
Student—"That's swell. I'll take two."

Overheard—"I know I'm not good looking, but what's my opinion against thousands of others?"

Boy—"Darling, in the moonlight your teeth are like pearls."

Girl—"Oh indeed! And when were you in the moonlight with Pearl?"

Housewife—"I should think you'd be ashamed to beg in this neighbourhood."

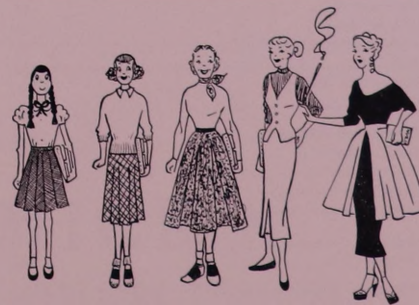
Tramp—"Don't apologize, Ma'am. I've seen worse neighbourhoods."

A kiss is a noun often used as a conjunction; it is never declined; it is more common than proper; it is used in the plural, and it agrees with all genders.

Mr. Countryman—"What happens when a small ball's inertia is overcome by an external force?"

Bugs—"It goes into the side pocket."

EVOLUTION



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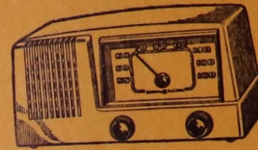
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