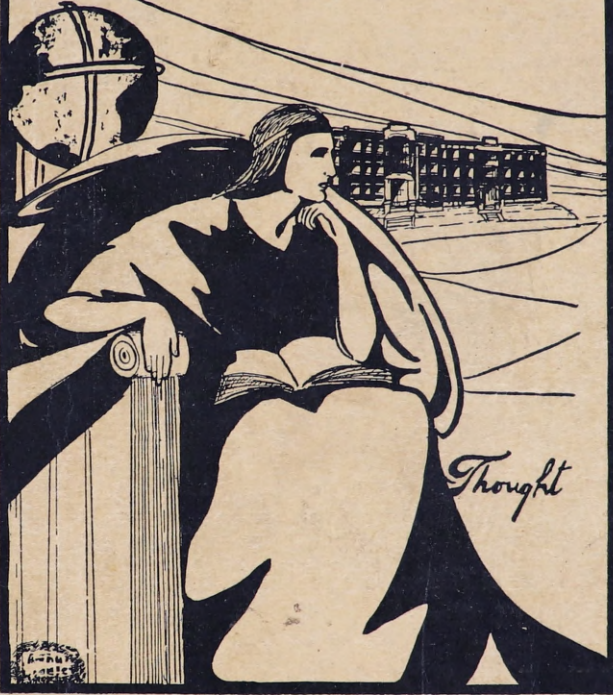


B. C. J. H. S.



Easter, 1931

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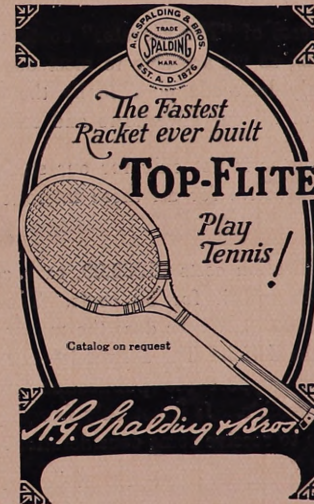
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The Elevator is not only for our students; we try to make it attractive for all those interested in education.

The publication costs \$1800.00, each copy costing 75 cents. We sell it for 50 cents. Thus our sales amount to \$1200.00. Where does the money come from to make up the deficit? The answer is—our advertisers. Without their support the publication of this book would be impossible. Is it not only fair then, for those who advertise to receive some consideration?

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Evening classes from October until the end of March. During 1930-31 instruction was given in the following subjects:

Auto Mechanics, Bookkeeping, Cooking, Dietetics, Drafting, Dressmaking, Elementary English, Machine Shop Practice, Mathematics, Oxy-Acetylene Welding, Sewing, Show-Card Writing, Stenography, Typewriting, Woodworking, English Literature, English Composition, French, Latin, Algebra, Trigonometry, Geometry.

Other courses of vocational value may be opened upon application, provided there is a sufficient enrolment.

Enrolment takes place during the first week in October. Nominal fees are charged for the Night Classes.

All courses offered have the approval of the Provincial Department of Education.

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P. C. MacLAURIN, Principal.

T. COPPIN, Chairman Vocational Committee.

J. B. FINDLAY, Secretary Board of Education and Vocational Committee.



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BELLEVILLE is one of the prettiest cities in Ontario. It has a population of (approximately) 14,000. We are served by two railroads, Government docks, accessible to good highways, thus having shipping facilities by rail, water and motor transportation. We have numerous industrial plants with an output of \$5,000,000 a year. We also have many educational institutions such as the Ontario School for the Deaf, Albert College, St. Michael's Academy, Ontario Business College and a fine new Collegiate and Vocational School. Belleville has a beautiful water front, and is noted as the gateway to a rich scenic tourists' area. There are many fine industrial sites available in the city. Belleville also owns its Hydro system and one of the most up-to-date gas plants in Canada.

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F. G. Chamberlain

This issue of the Elevator
is
affectionately dedicated
to
our schoolfellows
Norman Samuel Hill
who passed away
on October 11th, 1930
and
Charles J. Springer
who passed away
on March 22nd, 1931

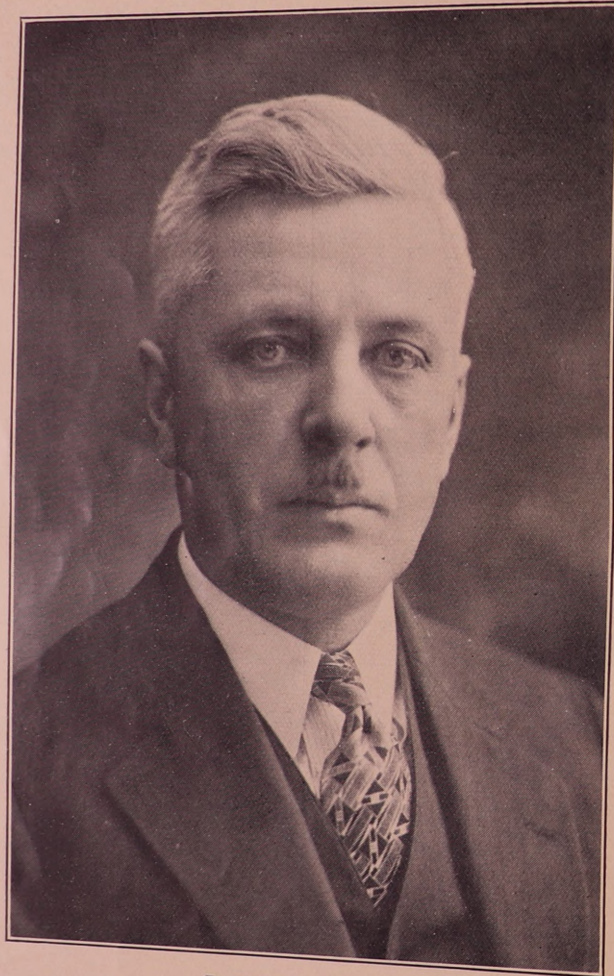
THE ELEVATOR

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EDITH ELLIOT, Commercial Editor
MERIBETH SMITH, Typist.
MARGARET HARDY, Secretary.
Business Staff: ALBERT BEAR, Manager.

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P. C. MacLAURIN

Our Principal's Message

It is gratifying to see the continued growth of our Collegiate and Vocational School. Growth not only in numbers but also in our School programmes and School activities. There has also been a growth in the interest taken by the student in all phases of school life. This is as it should be and it becomes our duty now to see that the same interest is taken in the regular classroom work and examinations.

It has been a growing feeling with me for some time that a larger number of our students should compete for scholarship standing. With increased success in Rugby, Basketball, Hockey, Music, School Magazine, and other School activities, there should be a corresponding increase in the number of students competing for scholarships. I sincerely hope we may all strive to bring this about during the next two or three years.

May I take this opportunity of extending best wishes for good health, happiness and success to every member of the School.

P. C. MacLAURIN

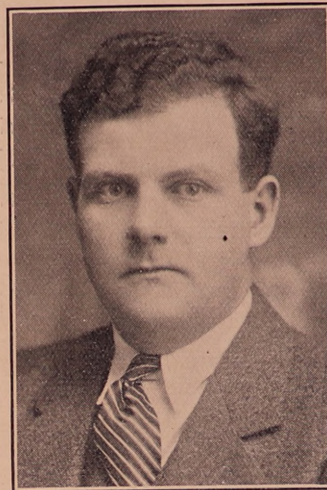
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H. A. FRISE, B.A.

Mr. Frise, a Brighton man, is a graduate of McMaster University. Before coming to B.C.I.V.S., he taught in Simcoe High School.



L. J. RIMMINGTON, B. Sc.

MR. VAN TENT:

Unfortunately our newest "new" teacher, Mr. Van Tent, came to the school after the "Elevator" was well on its way and therefore we were unable to secure a photograph of him. Mr. Van Tent was born in The Hague, Holland, and graduated from Delft University. He taught at the same school two years and came a short while ago to B.C.I.V.S.



THE "ELEVATOR" STAFF
 Standing: A. Liddle, A. Bear, E. Burkett, D. Shier, R. Ashton, E. Elliot, Miss Saunders, M. Hardy, B. May,
 L. Adams, J. Miles, E. Cather, A. Garbley.
 Seated: B. Burrowes, A. Thompson, D. Bankier, B. Coulter, R. Weese, L. Schryver, Mr. Burgess, H. Mott, F. Evans.
 Inset: D. Mooney. Absent: M. Smith, J. Warren, A. Smith.



.. EDITORIAL ..

HOW ABOUT A POETRY CLUB?

THAT TITLE is incomplete; the whole title is "How About a Poetry Club, a Dramatic Club, a Reading Club"—and so on. In short, how about paying a little attention to the literary side of our school? There has long been a feeling among some few of us that this side was being neglected, but how badly we did not realize until we set about the task of collecting material for *The Elevator*.

With all due respect to the authors, one must admit that the literary standard of the material in *The Elevator* has suffered rather noticeably during the past few years. There are, of course, exceptions—but you know what exceptions do.

But the principal thing is not so much the merit of the work (for we still manage, after much effort, to get quite a respectable amount of very readable stories). It is the lack of interest shown in writing which is so deplorable. As we mentioned above, we always do manage to get the required amount of material; but, oh, what a task to get it! For if the writing were left solely to the pupils, we venture to say that the number of stories would be almost nihil. The stories and poems herein represent the painstaking efforts of the English teachers (may their names be called blessed) who have been urging the pupils to write for us.

The very fact that many students who had not even thought of writing until the matter was taken up in the classes did hand in very presentable literature, shows that it is not the ability which is lacking, but the interest. And this lack of interest is not wholly their fault; why should they show an interest in what apparently has no place in the school life?

The most dire need is for a Poetry Club. Story writing has not suffered so badly, because, after all, it has a certain chance for development in the regular Composition classes. But for poetry, there is no place. To date (February 9) we have received two poems. Now, it seems hard to believe that in a school of eight hundred—or is it eight hundred and fifty?—students, we have only two poets. You would find it still harder to believe if you had read, as we have read, the composition note-books of some of our pupils. In not a few, the so-called prose writers need but the least development to place them in the poetry class. And they will get this development only in a Poetry Club.

As we do not wish to risk being tedious, we will leave this matter with you, the students only asking that you will consider it.

A. E. BURROWES.

CONVENIMUS

DID the people on the Toronto highway on Thursday, October 23, when a little Ford whizzed westward across their line of vision, suspect the supreme importance of its journey? It was carrying five-sixths of the delegation from the Belleville Collegiate Institute and Vocational School—to wit: Miss Saunders, Mr. Burgess, Douglas Bankier, Albert Bear, Betty Burrowes and Frances Evans—to Toronto to attend the fifth annual High School Editors' Convention. This convention is sponsored by the Department of University Extension and Sigma Phi, Women's Journalistic Fraternity, of the University of Toronto. It was held this year on October 24 and 25, in Convocation Hall.

We, the delegates, were registered, ticketed, and welcomed at Convocation Hall on Friday morning. Our hostesses were Miss Evangeline Powell, convener of the convention, Miss Jean Hunnissett, and Miss Iris Robinson. We wish to thank these ladies, who made the convention so pleasant, and at the same time so interesting and instructive, for their kindness. We are also very grateful to the speakers who gave us so much valuable information and advice.

Among the latter were: Mr. Vernon Knowles, of the Mail and Empire, Mr. Gregory Clark, of the Toronto Daily Star, Dr. Hardy, principal of Jarvis Collegiate, and Mr. Lismer, of the Group of Seven. Dr. Hardy suggested the organization of a poetry club, which the school would do well to consider.

Discussion groups were held on various subjects, such as Short Stories, Layout, and News Writing. The purpose of these groups was that the delegates might talk over their individual problems.

We toured the Toronto Daily Star building; we saw the play "Street Scenes" at the Royal Alexandra; and we attended a banquet at the Arts and Letters Club. At this banquet the Toronto Daily Star shield for the best High School magazine was presented to the London Central Collegiate Institute.

The high-light of the banquet came when Charles G. D. Roberts, famous Canadian author and poet, read us some of his poems and spoke to us. This was, in my humble opinion, the "big treat" of the whole convention. His humorous remarks, his musical voice, and his superlatively beautiful poetry cannot easily be forgotten.

These journalistic conventions have a steadily increasing attendance and already an appreciable change will be noted in the standard of High School magazines—due, we think, to the convention.

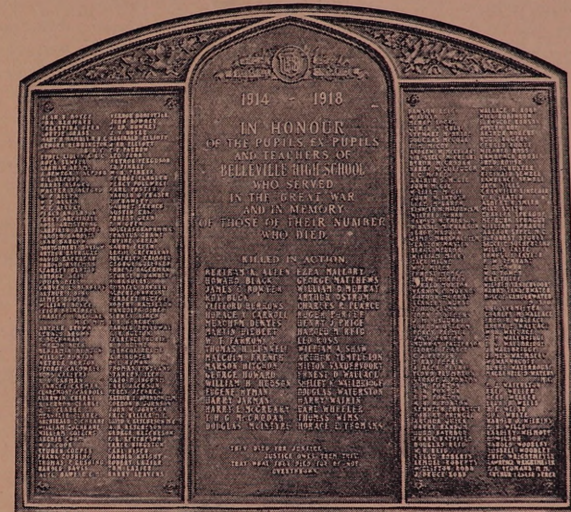
—FRANCES A. EVANS

Song of the Wind

By GEORGINA SKELCHER

The wind,
To the blind,
Must seem queer;
Can't see
Its actions,
But just hear.

It roars
And whistles
Oh! so loud,
And talks
To the trees so proud.



The Memorial Tablet

You may wonder why the "Elevator" includes so familiar a feature of our school as the Memorial Tablet. We have a two-fold purpose in doing so: first, we are justly proud of this tablet and feel that it will be of interest to our outside readers, and, second, we know that all of you will be glad to have the photograph, after you have left B.C.I.V.S.

The Triumph of the Onion Field

(Contributed by Edwin Lill, Ex-Editor of THE ELEVATOR)

"BILL," said the Editor, "come here!"

I did so.

The editor put his feet upon his desk, hooked his thumbs in his vest, blew a ring of smoke into the air and sighed.

"Sir," said I.

"Bill, I can forgive you for almost anything but sometimes my patience wears thin," he began. "I suppose you saw those two men who just went out. Well, they are the ministers who debated last night. How you ever managed to confuse a Theological debate and a Zoological riot is beyond me. Now listen to this and remember that you are guilty. Don't answer me back!"

"It was only my garters squeaking," I replied with dignity.

He commenced to read from the last issue. "The Rev. Mr. Smith and Rev. Mr. Brown were the speakers of the evening. At a crucial moment they smashed their cages and the two mammoths, after much gibbering, came out to battle. The Rev. Mr. Smith scratched himself, roared once or twice and then went for Bongo. The opposing side declared that milk was necessary even on Sunday. This did not pacify Bongo and, growling most fearfully at the keepers, he attacked the mob of grinning chimpanzees and orang-utangs which had assembled to cheer the debaters.

"The fight waged furiously. Bongo, after terrifying the chimpanzees and making the monkeys cackle gleefully, won the support of the ladies by chewing off the ear of his mate. Ponzo retaliated. The debate became bitter and Mr. Smith declared his opponent had been misinformed. At this juncture the roars and howls of the battlers were heard over a wide area. The two combatants then began to climb the tree and in the branches they growled

most fearfully. The Rev. Mr. Smith declared that the householder could easily lay in a supply of milk on Saturday. At this point something cracked and the two misshapen monsters, who seemed almost human, tumbled to the floor and bounded about in their cages. To the noise and uproar was added the terrified cries and chatter of the rest of the mad crew and only with difficulty were the police able to quell the riot. Finally Rev. Mr. Smith and Rev. Mr. Brown were restored to their cages. The debate finished and Bongo shook hands with Ponzo declaring that there were no hard feelings on either side."

"Now, by the nine gods of Clusium! how did you manage to mix the accounts of that debate with the story of the fight between Bongo and Ponzo at the Shannonville Zoo? This is the climax of your career, the supreme blunder of blunders. If I had another staff I would fire you."

I trembled and said nothing because the time was not auspicious.

"I have tried you in every capacity," he continued. "As printer's devil you continually make mistakes. You transformed 'commercial honours' into 'commercial horrors.' I wrote a wonderful account of the Old Boys Reunion and you made a joke of it by converting 'battle scarred veterans' into 'badly scared veterans.' In your capacity as printer you once surprised everybody by printing one issue in red ink. Why, every time I go to the Editors' Convention, they sigh and say, 'Poor old Casey. You know, his paper was red all over for one issue.' I gave you a chance to write editorials and now I never will be able to collect those back subscriptions. As Editor-in-Chief, I wrote up a swell story about that notorious horse-thief, Louie the Blood, and sent his picture to the composing room with the account. And I'm

blowed if you didn't, in some remarkable way, put my picture in instead of Louie's. I was shot at four times the next day and spent half a day in jail until things were straightened out. Two weeks ago you ran out of the latest editions and distributed those that were ancient history in their stead. By Heck! if you were not my whole staff I would fire you. But the paper must go on!

"And another thing. The next time I get a modernistic poet to contribute I don't want you to try and make his poetry rhyme. I know very well that 'moon' doesn't rhyme with 'cow' but I am equally certain that you can't improve it. And if old Dobbs, Blast him! sends any more letters expressing his opinion of me, the paper and the staff, I don't want you to add any sarcastic remarks to my editorials, nor do I want you to try and exterminate him with violence. You better keep away from Ezra Sprott. He says he got a stiff neck reading an ad for kidney pills that you printed upside down.

"Now beat it and get a good story or I'll fire you as sure as my name's Patrick Casey. And if you invent any murders or fires I will attend to your extermination personally and get a real scoop for the paper. Now get."

I crept softly away. From the foregoing you might think that my boss is a cranky old pest but he is not. He and I are the staff of the "Occasional News." He is the Editor. I am the printer, compositor, typesetter, reporter, feature writer, newsboy, publicity agent as well as business manager, general mechanic, office boy, janitor and weather-forecaster. In my spare time I am writing a book called, "Psychological Reflexes of a Fish Worm."

I will admit that I did make an awful mess of mixing a galley of gorilla fight with a galley of debate. But just as I was carrying the galleys to the press I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to mention a very outstanding psychological fact in my literary masterpiece. I recollected this with

a start and I guess that is what mixed the ministers with gorilla fight.

They were naturally quite annoyed at this. They must have felt like the Editor did when I printed one issue in red ink.

As a great sculptor expressed it, "He stood in wild and silent surprise and rapture great."



"The dogs were sitting on the ground weeping copiously—"

In pursuit of more news I ambled down the main street. My progress was blocked by what at first appeared to be an optical delusion or illusion. As I approached nearer, I observed that the aforesaid was a man clad in white plus fours, and an orange and purple shirt with a white muffler around his neck as if to soften the loudness of his garments. He wore no hat but after one look I set him down as a man of the great open spaces.

"Here," thought I, "is a celebrity, a globe trotter, although he doesn't look as if he could trot far. My luck has turned."

I went up to this man and under the pretense of asking him for a match drew him into conversation. In a short time he was telling me the story of his life.

Mr. Glotz, it seems, was a steam roller salesman, and he told me of great

(Please Turn to Page 95)

The Canadian Educational Guidance Movement

HERBERT L. TROYER

(Our students will remember Mr. Troyer's visit to the School last November. At our request he has given this further word about the new movement among Canadian students.)

ARTLY described by the chairman, Dr. Charles W. Bishop, Principal of Albert College, as "a new star in the educational heavens" the Canadian Educational Guidance Movement was officially launched at a well-attended meeting held in Toronto on the evening of Monday, December 29th, 1930.

Among those present were Premier and Mrs. Henry; Mr. G. F. Rogers (Director of Education) and Mrs. Rogers; Hon. W. G. Martin, Minister of Welfare; Bishop and Mrs. Stringer; the headmasters of many colleges and secondary schools; leaders in Home and School Clubs; and a representative group of business and professional leaders.

Following a preliminary statement by Dr. James Brebner, former Registrar of the University of Toronto, Dr. Sherwood Fox, President of the University of Western Ontario, very ably stated "The Need of Vocational Guidance for Youth"; and Dr. Bishop outlined the proposed Policy of the movement as a co-ordinating agency for promoting the principles and practice of Vocational Guidance and Educational Counsel.

Mr. Herbert L. Troyer, the Executive Secretary, presented a brief review of the problems and purposes of High School students and indicated some of the major features of the suggested programme of the movement.

Mrs. W. R. Morris of Peterborough, President of the Ontario Federation of Home and School Clubs, warmly endorses the proposed organization and promised the co-operation of the Provincial and National Federations.

The Honorable George S. Henry, speaking as Premier of Ontario, and as the acting Minister of Education took occasion to approve the policy and programme as stated and emphasized the necessity and value of the proposed guidance activities.

The National Council is headed by Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the Canadian Pacific Railways, who will have associated with him some of the outstanding leaders in education and business.

The Board of Directors of the Ontario Council includes Dr. J. G. Althouse, Headmaster of the University Schools, Toronto; Mr. F. C. Ashbury, Principal of Sarnia Collegiate and Technical School; Dr. James Brebner, Toronto; Mr. Elven Bengough, Registrar of McMaster University, Hamilton; Mr. P. G. Cherry, Toronto, Miss Emily Guest, (a former member of the Belleville C. I. staff, now with the Women's Institute Branch of the Department of Agriculture), Mr. W. D. Lowe, Principal of the Windsor-Walkerville Technical School; Mr. Denton Massey, Toronto; Mr. E. A. Miller, Senior Principal of the London Collegiates; Mr. W. J. Moffat, Hamilton Central Collegiate; Mrs. Morris, Peterborough; Mr. W. J. Salter, Principal of St. Catherines Collegiate and Vocational School; Herbert L. Troyer, Toronto, and Dr. James Waters, Toronto.

Among the members of the Advisory Council are Sir Arthur Currie of McGill University; Dr. Hamilton Fyfe, Principal of Queen's University; Chancellor Widden of McMaster University; Dr. Fox of the University of Western Ontario; Dr. Bishop of Belleville; Sir Robert Falconer of the University of Toronto; Mr. F. P. Gavin, Principal of the Ontario College for Training Teachers of Technical Education, Hamilton.

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SENIOR

PRIZE

STORY

AROUND the CAMP FIRE

By Frances A. Evans

THE transmigration of souls was the topic, and it was being warmly discussed. Bert had introduced it, and he, a black head leaning on an elbow at the farther end of six feet two of idleness, was arguing eagerly with Jack. Hugh was sitting up, embracing his knees and staring into the coals, the red glow reflected in his large, dark eyes. He seemed intent on something, and watching him, I wondered whether the current conversation or the top-heavy log of wood which had just tumbled with a shower of sparks, had started his train of thought.

A grudging acquiescence from Jack brought the argument to a close. Bert leaned back on the ground and stared through the interlacing boughs at the cold stars and the ever-wavering northern lights. Stillness enshrouded us, a long, deep stillness of the woods, and several of us glanced at Hugh, for he only had the courage to break these strange silences of the night.

"There was once a Grecian sailor," he said, and his musical voice had something of the sea behind it, "who was called a name which in our language would mean 'Lucky'. Throughout his life he was fortunate.

Being a sailor, he was brought up to take large chances, and the wheels of fortune always seemed to turn his way. One day this was brought to the notice of one of the gods upon Olympus, who demanded of the others which of them had so blessed this inconspicuous mortal, that he invariably won a chance.

"It is not in the power of the gods to sway the sensitive balance of chance", was the reply he received.

"Then the gods became angry that one they had not blessed should be more successful than many of their favourites among men, because of something over which they had no control. Yet even under their displeasure, 'Lucky' continued to merit his name. Though not suspecting the storm which was to destroy his ship, he would go into port for some trivial reason and escape it; or if he braved the stormy deep, his ship would miss by an inch the rock on which the fury of the wind was like to dash it.

"So the gods decreed that he should go on land forever, and that if he entered a boat again it would burn to ashes; and they told him this by weird and terrifying signs; but behind it all they felt that he knew why they were

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THE LIBRARY STAFF

Standing: D. Cook, M. Goldberg, M. Wilkins, R. Champaigne, A. Burgess,
M. Donaldson, E. Burkette, F. Evans.
Seated: R. Brough, E. MacDonald, Miss Merry, G. Rush, M. Roblin.

New Books in the Library

OWING to the kindness of the Board, each year the librarian has a sum of money placed at her disposal with which to buy new books. Owing to the eagerness with which they are read, the new books of the 1930 year are quite middle-aged by the time the 1931 order list is made out.

Making out the order for the year's supply is quite a serious undertaking. There are the books that people from first to fifth form should read, as well as the ones that they particularly want to read, which are two altogether different matters. Only a certain proportion of the money can be expended on fiction because we must add to our shelves of poetry, drama, biography, history, travel, geography, art, and technical subjects.

Our friends have been very kind to us. Mr. Findlay gave us a complete set of Dumas', and another of Marion Crawford's works. Mr. Buchanan gave

us a set of Carlyle, and the Library Board presented us with their old Encyclopedia Britannica when they bought their new one. It was much appreciated as our own was dated 1897. We are hoping that some wealthy graduate of the school will feel moved to present us with the latest edition.

We try to keep our Canadian authors and books on Canadian subjects before our readers; consequently "Jalna", "Snow Blind" and several of Sullivan's and Mr. Kelvey's books have been placed on the shelves this year.

The modern writer of biography makes his subject so fascinating that it was felt that some books of this class should be introduced to the students. To this end we have placed on our shelves Lytton Strathely's "Queen Victoria", Philip Guadella's "Palmerstone", Ludwig's "Genius and Characters". Other interesting biographies in the library this year are "Andromeda in Wimpole Street", "The Life

of Mrs. Browning", and "Stalky's Reminiscences."

Our drama shelf has always been the protégé of the Literary Society, and is rather well filled this year. We added Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac", "Seven Comedies" by Lord Dunsany, a volume of one-act plays by Christopher Morley and collections of plays by Synge and by J. M. Barrie.

Our most popular books are those on flying and air-craft building.

The library has now a collection of over two thousand books, but as these

are in constant use their lives are comparatively short.

This year it would have been impossible for the school library to have been kept open as a reading room, and as a lending library for over 500 students, had it not been for the kind assistance of Frances Evans, Audrey Burgess, Dorothy Cook, Mary Goldberg, Mary Roblin, Ruth Brough, Estella Burkett, George Rush, Ralph Champaigne, Earle MacDonald, and Marion Aikens.

N. P. MERRY

THE PRIZE



POEM

The Dance of the Fairies

By CONNIE CAREY

Tinkle, tinkle, fairy bells,
Listen to them ringing.
Hark! What is that soft, sweet sound?
Ah! 'Tis a fairy singing.

The moon is very bright to-night,
And there's a fairy ring,
Out upon the moorland
Where the fairies dance and sing.

Little men in gypsy green,
Are jumping up and down,
And dainty, little ladies,
Are twirling round and round.

Tiny fairy fiddlers
Are playing soft and sweet,
As the fairies gayly dance,
On agile, sparkling feet.

I wish I was a fairy,
With fairy feet and wings,
Just think what lovely times I'd have,
I'd do such lovely things,

Out upon the moorland,
On such a night as this,
I might even give a green-jacket
A shy, romantic kiss.

BACK at SCHOOL

(FROM A PARENT'S POINT OF VIEW)

(Contributed to THE ELEVATOR by Stephen Leacock)

HERE we are, back at school again, plunging into the third declension of Latin and busy with recurring decimals.

I don't mean the little boys and girls themselves who put in the actual attendance. I mean the parents at home who sit up at night and puzzle over the "home work".

Speaking for myself, I am getting on nicely, but I find the work this year distinctly harder. We have been promoted and have moved up from plain vulgar fractions into decimals. It is likely that in this school year we shall do three whole chapters of the arithmetic. It's terrific the way we mow it down. It is expected that in the brief space of ten months we shall "finish" recurring decimals, square root, and the measurement of solid bodies.

Our Problem

Compared with this, last year's arithmetic was a cinch. I, and the other parents similarly employed, were busy last winter with measuring paper for rooms (a snap) and reducing square rods to square furlongs (a mere nothing). Looking back, the whole thing seems ridiculously easy.

But this year we parents are right up against it. We bumped all of a sudden into these recurring decimals and square root and we're stuck.

For us, of course, there is no help; we get a certain amount of hints from the children themselves, but beyond that nothing. I've tried looking into the arithmetic text book; but it's no good; you can't understand it.

The other evening I happened for a moment into the house of my friend, McDonyall. As I went into his study he swept some papers off the table in a rather shame-faced way and muttered something about some work he had

brought home from the office. But I knew better. He was working at his recurring decimals and he couldn't get them straight.

How We Stand

I also caught a glimpse of a ruled sheet of paper on which he had written in a beautiful clear script, "by, with, from, or in the table." So I knew he was working at Latin as well.



—“going over to France in the Summer so as to be able to do Walter's Exercises.”

So far I have beaten McDonyall in Latin, but Willie Castle's grandmother beats us both. There is, in fact, only one brighter parent in the class, old Mr. Edward Galloway, bachelor brother of the grandfather of Edward Galloway, Jr., who has been head of the class in Latin home work for two continuous weeks.

The four of us, McDonyall and I, and Willie Castle's grandmother and old Mr. Galloway, have been running neck and neck in general home work for all the year so far. I know McDonyall, but I don't know the other two, but I have to admire the dogged way in which they go at their home work.

(Copyright)

In one subject, French, Miss Gillespie (aunt to little Walter Gillespie) in the same class has been beating us all out. But then she took an unfair advantage of us by going over to France for the summer so as to be able to do Walter's exercises. It seems that there is no rule of the school about parents studying abroad; they apparently are allowed to do so if they wish.

The Pace That Tells

This condition of things, which happens not only at my little boy's school, but at all the schools like it, has led me to think that it would be well for us parents to "get together" in the matter. This is why I am taking this opportunity to put the matter before the other parents through the press.

As things are, we are working too much in the dark. Our competition is too keen. We are cutting one another's throats. Going on as we are, the only

result is that we shall all get promoted again and strike a lot of new work. The pace is getting too swift.

For example, this third declension in Latin is fierce, and there seems no end of it. I realize, of course, that there must have been a time when I was a little boy at school, forty or fifty years ago, when I must have known it. But I am not so sure even of that; my mother was very good at Latin and I had an uncle who was simply splendid.

Simple Definitions

The first thing that I think we need is some way of pooling our information so as to get light on how to do this work, particularly the mathematics. In the books there is no light. The pages in the arithmetic that explain how to do things are always skipped over, because nobody understands them, and the school-teacher explains to the children how to do the

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MATRICULATION GRADUATES

Standing: J. Goodman, L. Twiddy, G. Donnely, R. Champaigne, R. Brummel, A. McCreary, H. Newson, B. Smith, N. Armstrong, C. Burte, B. Faulkner, H. Mott.
 Second Row: J. Moore, M. Sprague, C. Blackburn, M. Lyons, L. Maraskas, L. Stafford, W. McCreary, M. Hardy, C. Sutherland, B. Wallbridge.
 Third Row: E. Burkette, G. Rush, L. Adams, A. Liddle, M. Aikens, S. Amon, B. Holton, B. Yanover.
 Front Row: E. Bonter, A. Shier. Absent: J. Rice, V. Loney, J. MacLaurin.

**CADET OFFICERS**

Standing: R. Champaigne, C. Mott, C. Burte, L. Twiddy, J. Sargent, B. Twiddy, A. Lazier.

Second Row: H. Mott, E. Mouck, D. Dalrymple, Mr. Howard, F. Hitchon, A. Smith, A. Liddle

Front Row: L. Roseberry, J. Murphy, J. Morgan.

Absent: F. Faulkner, W. Rodbourne, E. MacDonald, T. Mason, B. Yanover, R. St. Denis, J. Moore, H. Ridley, W. Morgan, T. Byrne.

Cadet Training

By J. W. HOWARD

THERE are throughout this country a number of persons who have "picked" upon cadet training as the special enemy to the cause of peace. While they admit that it might have a very slight beneficial effect on the physical development of the youth of our country, they insist that its effect mentally is disastrous, leading inevitably to a desire for war and enhancing that same spirit of militarism rampant in Germany prior to 1914.

Anyone who has carefully looked into the cadet system of Canada and has watched the boys at drill will appreciate the absurdity of such an attitude. Cadet training is primarily a training in discipline and obedience, for the purpose of counteracting the modern tendency toward "sloppy" acting and thinking. (By this I mean bad man-

ners, a slovenly carriage when walking, and a general lack of respect for the achievements of the past and the institutions of the present). These tendencies are excused under the term self-expression. Self-expression is excellent, but to be more than the antics of savages it must have behind it a well disciplined mind and body, obedient to the laws governing civilized and cultured human conduct.

Education is not meant to be a convenient means of keeping young people employed until they are old enough to fend for themselves. It is a preparation for the accepting and fulfilment of life's obligations. If these obligations are such that they call for the qualities of leadership—and everyone except the most dismal failure must exercise these qualities constantly—then there is no part of our educational

curriculum so well able to develop them as the work of the cadet corps.

Discipline, obedience, leadership—all three are necessary in the life of the individual and in the life of the nation, both in time of peace and in time of war.

The spirit animating cadet training is well expressed in these few words of the late Theodore Roosevelt:

"We must ever remember that no keenness and subtleness of intellect, no polish, no cleverness, in any way make up for the lack of the great solid qualities. Self-restraint, self-mastery, common sense, the power of accept-

ing individual responsibility and yet of acting in conjunction with others, courage and resolution—these are the qualities which make a masterful people."

The Board of Education of this city, realizing the advantages to be derived from cadet training, decided at the meeting for December, 1930, to provide new uniforms which would encourage the continuance and increase the esprit-de-corps exhibited by our unit in the past. The Board are to be congratulated upon their decision. They certainly have the thanks of the friends of the cadet corps and the boys of the Belleville Collegiate Institute and Vocational School.

**Matriculation Scholarship Winners**

MARGARET CHANT,
winner of the Day Memorial



EUNICE CRETNEY
winner of the Carter Scholarship



This section is an entirely new undertaking for THE ELEVATOR and is devoted to a part of the school work that is very important yet too often not considered very worthy of serious consideration. It is intended to give some idea of what is being done by our Art Department and this is well shown in the following articles by two of our promising art students.

I would like to take the opportunity of writing of something that should be done, especially since we have so many students who would be interested. My idea is that there should be some course that a student who has ability, and who intends to follow up art as a vocation, might take. There are many who have talent in this direction and

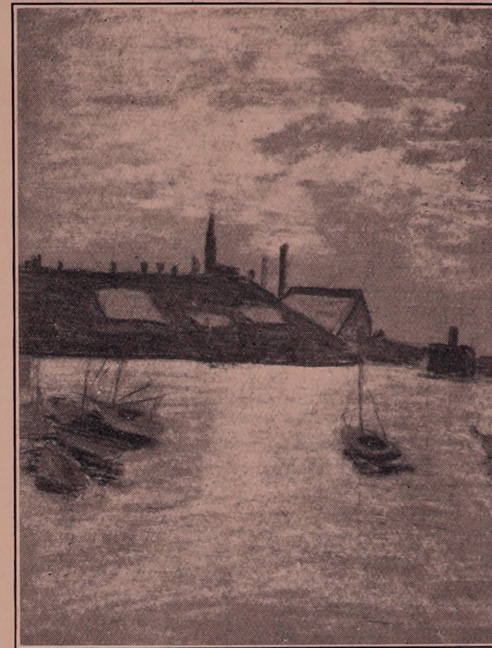


Drawn by C. CAMERON

some chance should be given to these students to develop their ability along the lines for which they are most suited. It would also enable them to master to a certain extent, many of the technical points that are unknown to the average young artist.

Besides proper tuition the student would be taught to develop the kind of work for which he is most suited. A student should specialize, instead of wandering aimlessly across the field of art, trying all that seems attractive and mastering none. Very often these students become discouraged with the efforts to do work that they should never have tried, and in this way many who should have kept on with art, though in another direction, give up. For this reason many who might have been real artists, never are. This in some cases might be quite a serious loss to Canadian art as well as a loss to the potential artist.

The opening for ambitious young artists has never been better than it is today due to the wide-spread advertising that is the order of the day. Commercial art offers fine opportunities, and is claiming hundreds of artists. A person of some promise deserves the chance. Some of the schools of Ontario have such a department. Central Technical School of Toronto has this system in force, and their year-book, "The Vulcan" shows the fine work accomplished. Their headings, cartoons and any other art work have not the usual touch of obvious amateurism. It is a fine example of what might be done in our own school, if we had such a system.



From the Pastel Drawing by A. LIDDLE

Art Craft

GIRLS' Technical Art Craft has certainly proved a success. We have found it a very interesting and instructive course.

Shall I outline the course of study? First year girls are studying Home Decoration; the second year class learns Period Costume and Period Furniture; while the third year girls take the History of Art.

In the Home Decoration course, colour harmonies in relation to draperies, wall-paper, and various furnishings are discussed. Second Technical have designed and painted hat-stands and intend making novelty boxes. Last year the girls designed and stencilled handkerchiefs in which they took great interest. Some stencilled the same designs on purses and hats. Second Technical's furniture periods have proved

very interesting. Sketches are made of different period furniture, such as Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Queen Anne, etc. The costume course needs particular mention, as it is closely connected with the History of Costume, studied in clothing classes.

The study of costume is continued into the third year, and we learn to recognize costumes of different periods. In the craft work the girls have fashioned very chic waste-paper baskets of unusual shapes. *These were cut from cardboard and linings of envelopes were used to decorate the baskets. They make very pretty and inexpensive gifts.

Do you not agree with me that this course is a tremendously interesting, and at the same time an instructive one?

DORIS BUNNET, 2TG.

Impressions of an Outsider

I AM WRITING this article as I think it may be of interest to our readers. I am a third year student and am handicapped with almost total loss of hearing. At the Ontario School for the Deaf high school work has recently been started. I attended this class for two years, but this year it has been discontinued, as there were not enough students to form a class. I immediately became eager to attend the regular course in high school, as I wished to pursue a further course in matriculation.

Several years ago a deaf man graduated from the Ontario School for the Deaf. He then attended the Belleville High School for one year, and then went on to Peterboro Collegiate until he passed the Fifth Form. After that he went to the University of Toronto to study for four years, at the end of which time he graduated with high honours with the degree of Bachelor of Science. He is now employed, at a high salary, in a well-known industrial firm in Peterboro.

His success appealed to me so that I decided to try my fortune in the Belleville Collegiate, just for one year. Many people have asked me why I came to this school instead of the one in Ottawa, which is my "home town". The reasons are: first, I expected to get assistance from the O. S. D., and second, I want to get used to the methods that are being used in a hearing school. I always feel sure that the teachers here understood the deaf much better than the ones at the other collegiates, who rarely hear about the deaf.

To enter the Collegiate Institute was a new experience for me. When I first entered I found the teaching very different from that at the O.S.D., where plenty of blackboard work is used, besides lipreading; while in the Collegiate much is taught by the teachers dictating to the pupils. There is little slate work. I have found it difficult

By MURRAY BRIGHAM

to lipread the teachers when they talk naturally.

For the first few days I was keenly disappointed, as it was really difficult for me to understand or to know what to do. To give up almost at once would be cowardly; consequently, I decided to stick to my work and in a few weeks my difficulties had started to give way. I was getting accustomed to it in the Collegiate. Soon I was very much satisfied. Some pupils have been kind enough to lend me their note-books and help me in different ways, which enabled me to get along satisfactorily. In the last sessional examinations I passed in all but one of my subjects and came ninth in class-stand- ing. This was the result of close observation, continuous study, a good understanding, and a good memory. In this way I am sure that all the deaf can get on well in any hearing school, but it is my belief that they should first get a good foundation in the deaf schools.

Before entering the O.S.D. I had attended a Public School for five years and had learned practically nothing, because I lacked foundation. When I entered the O.S.D. I was able to overcome my difficulties and in the end I was successful in the High School Entrance Examinations.

In the Collegiate, algebra is the easiest of all subjects for the deaf to follow, because the teacher of this subject generally has to show the work on the blackboard. Latin and French come next because I am able to understand when the translation from English into either subject is put on the board. The deaf can do well in any of the histories, but they must see from other pupils' notebooks if they have left out any point which the teachers told the pupils and which is not to be found in the text-book. It is impossible for some of the teachers to help me in classes as a special student but I am able to pick up enough to get along.

From the Vocational : : School : :

E. ELLIOT, *Commercial Editor*
J. MILES, *Technical Editor*

Speed and Accuracy

NO one but a commercial student knows what this means. In your first lesson in typewriting you are told to be accurate, and speed will come. It does come, but what a long wait it sometimes is until you get your first certificate. You are so thrilled at getting it. But that is only your first and there are many more. You strive to get your fifty words per minute without any mistakes, and eventually you get it—if you are accurate.

Last fall we were very pleased to have Miss Erma Wright, the World Amateur Speed Champion in typing, give us a demonstration on speed typing, and she very strongly stressed accuracy, your position at the typewriter and your proper routine. When you are typing letters and you make mistakes, you must type them all over, for what employer wants his stenographer to send out letters with errors or erasures in them.

In shorthand, if you are not accurate when taking dictation your pencil pauses, you lose the next sentence or probably two sentences. There are so many phrases and contractions to learn and if you did not know them you may write several strokes where probably one would have done. Many words have a single stroke to represent them and you must learn these if you are to acquire accuracy, efficiency and speed. If you do not get the letter down fully and accurately in shorthand, it is also impossible to type it on your typewriter, and no dictator is going to repeat his letters several times, because of your inefficiency.

In bookkeeping it is the same. How can you hope to be a competent book-keeper if you are not accurate? How can you expect your accounts to balance if you do not enter them properly? And even when your accounts balance there may still be a mistake that a Trial Balance will not disclose, but which will, perhaps, cost your employer several hundred dollars. The many little things go to make up big things, and many little mistakes go to make up big mistakes, and we, who want to be competent business men and women must overcome our little mistakes and thus avoid the big ones.

EDITH ELLIOT





COMMERCIAL GRADUATES

Standing: H. Philips, K. Collins, H. Smith, E. Elliot, R. Lennox.
 Second Row: M. MacGinness, H. Clarke, O. Rickett, R. Langton, L. Gill, G. Sinfield.
 Front Row: L. Connell, O. Mulvey, M. Daniels, O. Collier.
 Absent: C. Springer.

The Technical Department

ONE hundred and eighty pupils, three classrooms, shops, cooking and sewing rooms, and ten teachers who devote their time exclusively to this side of the school—this is our Technical Department. With each succeeding year it claims more of the boys and girls entering B.C.I.V.S.

During the past three years we have been growing up in the school. For the first two years we were very junior members. The Commercial Department had one form and the Collegiate had three forms senior to us. But this year we are taking our place as a very important section of the school. On every team and in every activity our Technical students hold an important place.

Practically every girl in the Technical School is working toward some definite aim. This year a number of our girls are planning interesting summer work which will help them in their future professions and occupations.

Last year our year's work was displayed to advantage at the Annual Exhibition. On the stage of the auditorium the Technical girls modelled hats and suits which they had made themselves. In the cooking room all sorts of delicious foods were on display. The visitors were also very much interested in the Model apartment, and in the department "baby", Bill.

In each of their shops the boys had their projects on display. The machinery was all running and the boys were working there just as they would if it were regular school hours. Many public school boys and girls went home from the Exhibition with their minds made up to take a technical course.

Strange to say, no citizen, club, or organization has offered prizes to the Technical school, while the Collegiate and Commercial sections have a prize for practically every year of their courses.

JOE MILES

The Opportunity Afforded by a Technical Education

M. A. SORSOLEIL,

Asst. Director of Technical Education

IT IS a very common thing for those of us who affect a philosophical attitude to remark sensientiously that we live in a world of change. The statement is indisputable and nowhere is the change more marked than in conceptions concerning education.

Who is the educated man? Formerly he was the man who knew the language and philosophies of the past and rightly, because these revealed the stores of man's learning. Later we added the ideas that the educated man must know his own tongue and must have a knowledge of science.

Today the educated man is that man who is so trained that he adapts himself speedily and effectively to his environment. The training for this involves three things—knowledge, habit, and right attitudes—and of the three the last is the most important.

The technical department of a school presents excellent opportunity for a wide range of knowledge. Its courses in English, science, geography, economics, and the materials of the shops are replete with valuable information.

The science laboratories and the shops set up those hand skills which eventually lead to expert craftsmanship.

Here, too, are established right attitudes towards the essential things of life. Youth is taught to appreciate beauty, to respect those who laboured for us in the past, to honour toil, and to value honesty.

From these departments, then, there should go forth a continuous stream of young people who have laid safe foundations for a superstructure which meets the requirements of the sanest conception of an educated person.



The Tragedy of Homework

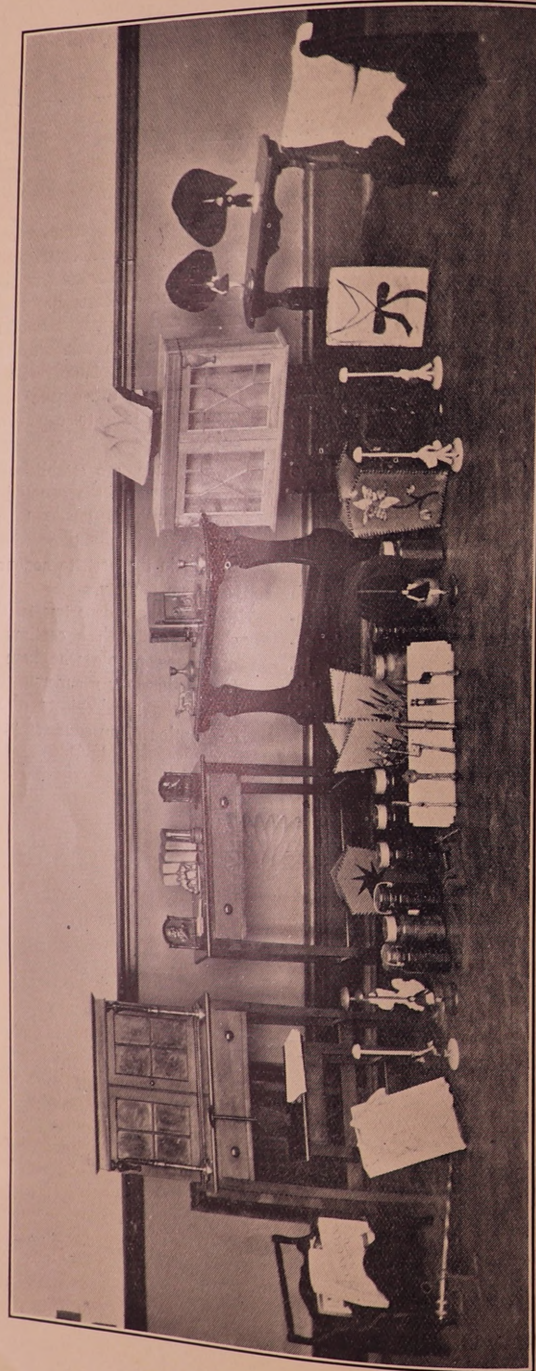
Parody on "The Child Musician"

He had slaved over French and Latin
 Till the sight of books sickened him;
 Till the poor little head was weary,
 And the poor little brain did swim;

And the yawns grew bigger and bigger,
 And the large eyes strange and bright
 As they gazed on geometry problems
 Throughout the stilly night.

But at dawn when the birds were waking
 As they entered his study room,
 His head on his arms was lying,
 And snores echoed through the
 gloom.

"It's eight o'clock in the morning,
 So there's no use going to bed,
 Be good to a tired little fellow
 P. C.," were the words he said.



EXAMPLES OF WORK DONE BY TECHNICAL STUDENTS

Woodwork

WOODWORKING is one of the oldest known professions. The fine art of woodworking is found to have started as far back as man can remember. The real beginning, however, was when period furniture came, during the Italian Renaissance, about the fourteenth century. From that time on until the eighteenth century woodworking gradually improved. Men became artists in their profession and great works were produced.

Toward the latter end of the eighteenth century and in the nineteenth century machinery began to play an important part in the production of woodwork. As a result skilled men in this profession became scarce, although each man was trained to the utmost as his particular work. Woodworking factories are turning out pieces of wood in one day that it took the old masters two weeks to make. It is true that prevailing conditions enable people to furnish homes comfortably at a very moderate price, but what about the art and skill, so cherished by our forefathers, which was being destroyed? Today woodwork has to some extent lost the charm which was made possible by the beauty of design. Simplicity, something that can be made by machine—that seems to be the keynote.

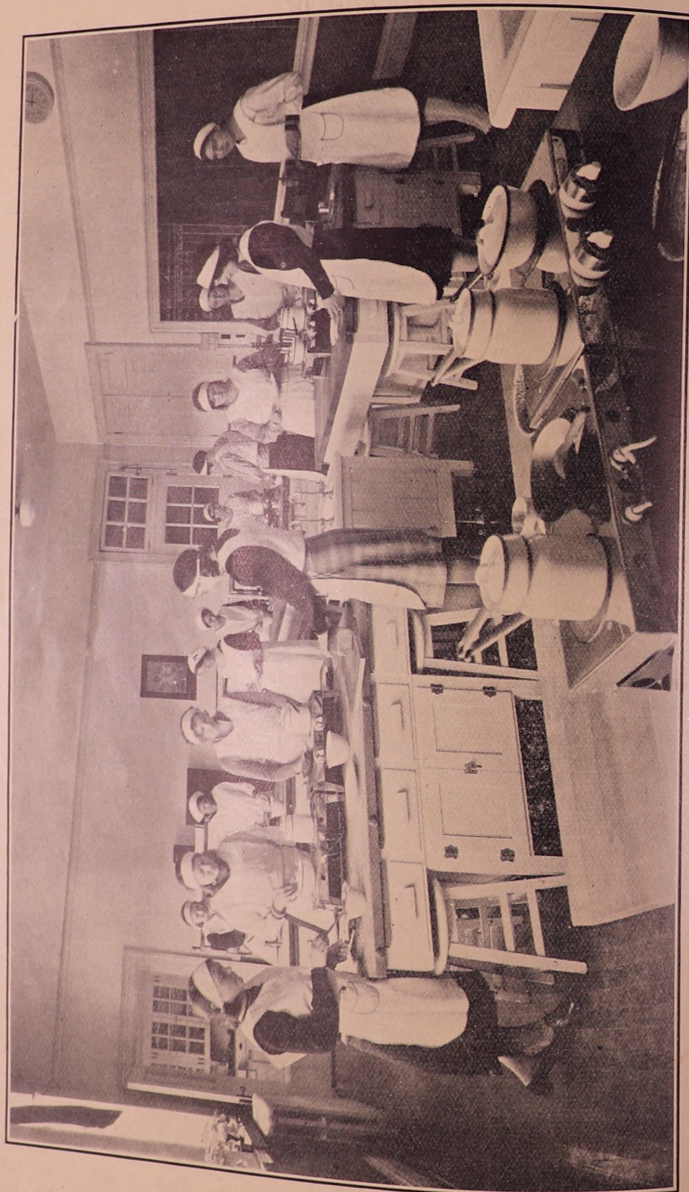
It was found that boys were growing up to manhood, accepting positions in different firms, and there learning one particular thing in the assembly of furniture. Consequently, they ended up by not knowing anything about the other parts of the assembly. When this was discovered Vocational schools were founded in which were shops pertaining to the different trades. At the head of these shops were instructors who were thoroughly familiar with the trade which they taught.

Belleville has a school of this type, and here the boys learn woodworking by actually applying the knowledge taught in all the different lines of this

trade. The knowledge acquired here does not in any way quantify the student to be an expert tradesman, but it does give him a general knowledge of all the different sides of woodworking. He is taught the types of wood, including all the rare woods as well as the common types. The art of distinguishing woods is pointed out, although it could not possibly be taught as one learns to differentiate between the different kinds of wood only by experience. Furniture construction and designing is taught and the boys make projects which are absolutely original. Thus not only are they getting the valuable construction work of wood, in which they learn the various types of wood joints, but they are also learning to be original. This last point is of the utmost importance. Then comes building construction. In the construction of model garages and cabins the students learn the correct way of cutting rafters, etc., and the importance of the steel square. (As all woodworkers will tell you the knowledge of the square is in itself invaluable). In stair building the practical side of the academic subject, geometry, is brought out. Pattern-making, a new line being taught in the woodworking department this year, is used in conjunction with the machine shop. The boys make patterns for the different mouldings to be made out of metal and by the use of patterns the required casting is moulded.

So you see what our Vocational schools are doing. They are bringing back the old method of constructing things thoroughly and are making the coming workmen skilful in their particular trade. Gradually the apprenticeship system is coming back. Factories appreciate the work being done by our schools, and when new help is wanted they send to the vocational schools to get the boys. With the foundation which they already have, they are trained more thoroughly for their line of work.

A. B.



THE COOKING ROOM

Practical Home Economics

E. GROUT.

THE most interesting and, at the same time, the most useful department in the school, (at least, in my opinion), is perhaps the least known of all. From the fact of the many faces pressed inquisitively against its windows at all hours of the day, and also from the numerous questions asked about this department, it seems opportune to discuss the different aspects of the work included under the name of household science.

Science, which is the very foundation of our modern world, has entered even the home and has revolutionized housework. Science has more than corroborated the old statement, "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are." It has done away with drudgery in the house and is bringing more happiness and better health to the members of the home. The term "Household Science" has therefore a very real significance.

The comprehensiveness of the term may easily be demonstrated by enumerating some of the subjects included in the course. They are as follows: a study of the composition and value of foods, the selection, care, and preparation of foods, meal planning and serving, the household budget and shopping, dietetics and invalid cookery, the planning, decoration, and care of the house, first aid and home nursing, personal hygiene and beauty culture, child care and feeding, household arts, including sewing and dress-making, clothing selection, cost and care, dress designing and millinery. These subjects are indispensable in a real home, but no less so outside the home. If a

girl does not prepare meals, she must select them; if she does not make her clothes, she must choose them — in either case, a foundation of knowledge is necessary for a wise choice.

The work taken in all these subjects is made as practical as possible, taking into consideration home conditions. Lunches are planned, prepared, and served in the practice apartment; the spring wardrobe is designed and made; nails are manicured; beds are made; floors are polished; linen is embroidered; the department "baby" is bathed and dressed, its layette made and its diet planned—and so ad infinitum. A thoroughly practical course, do you not agree?

To a young girl, the prospect of actually applying her skill in home-making may seem distant, but the home itself is only one field of work to which a girl may turn. Studying home-making may be the beginning of an interesting life's work. Many occupations that have to do with home-making have been opened to women. A dietitian in a hospital or other institution, a manager of a tearoom or cafeteria, a social service worker, a designer of houses, a decorator of houses, a dressmaker, a designer of gowns, a household editor of a magazine, a radio announcer for a class in cookery, a director of the home economics department of a food manufacturing company, or of a bank—each of these requires an education in home-making. Whether one's life work is in the home, school, factory, office, hospital, store, or bank, a foundation of home economics is needed.

A famous teacher of household science said: "If I were asked the mission of the ideal woman, I should say it is to make the whole world home-like."

Commercial Scholarship Winners



EDITH ELLIOT

Winner of the Catholic Women's League prize for general proficiency in the second year.



RUTH TOWNSEND

Winner of the Argyle Chapter I. O. D. E. prize for general proficiency in the first year.



FRED ETHIER

Winner of Mr. G. A. C. Weir's Gold Medal for General Proficiency in the third year.

The NEW TEACHER

By Ethel Vandewater

THE White family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. White and Jack and Joan. Jack and his school chums were always playing jokes on people, especially on their sisters.

This year Jack's school year started off with a boom. The cause of this was the new English teacher, Mr. C. Putnam, who believed that a teacher should have sympathy and loving kindness.

The very first day of school Jack was purposely late. He wanted to find out just how strict the new teacher was, so he waited until everyone was seated. Then, appearing very much out of breath, he ran into the school-room and took a seat.

"Where have you been" inquired Mr. Putnam, good-naturedly.

"I have been home," Jack explained. "My clock was fast.

"That should have made you ahead of time," said Mr. Putnam smiling.

"Oh, it did," explained Jack. "Only I forgot my books."

This time Mr. Putnam actually laughed. "I think we are going to be good friends," he said. "What is your name?"

"Jack White."

"Well, Master Jack White," said the teacher, "will you please pass out these papers?"

Jack did as he was directed, winking at all the boys as he went around the room, as Mr. Putnam asked them to write their names on the papers.

Everyone did as directed except Jack. He took two slips of paper and after writing his own name on one, thought for a minute and then wrote on the other piece "Ethelbert T. Tobasco."

The next day the first thing Mr. Putnam did was to call the roll. When Mr. Putnam came to the "R's" Jack smiled.

"Richardson," he called.

"Here," said a voice.

"Roberts."

"Here."

"Tobasco," called Mr. Putnam. Jack laughed right out loud.

"What strikes you so funny?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, nothing, only Ethelbert Tobasco is always playing hooky."

The rest of the class looked at Jack as if he had gone crazy.

For the next three days Ethelbert T. Tobasco failed to answer the roll call, and each day Jack said he was playing hooky. Mr. Putnam asked the principal what he would do about the Tobasco boy but the principal didn't know there was such a person.

It was weeks later that the new teacher found that Tobasco is just a hot sauce and that there was no boy by that name in the school.

Jack was jubilant about his joke and had to tell his family. Joan thought it was mean, but Joan seemed to like Mr. Putnam so why wouldn't she think it mean?

At the end of the first month Mr. Putnam gave a surprise. He announced a special examination and wrote the following questions on the board:

1. Why do you go to school?
2. In what subject are you most interested?
3. For what vocation are you preparing yourself? Why?
4. What do you think about homework?

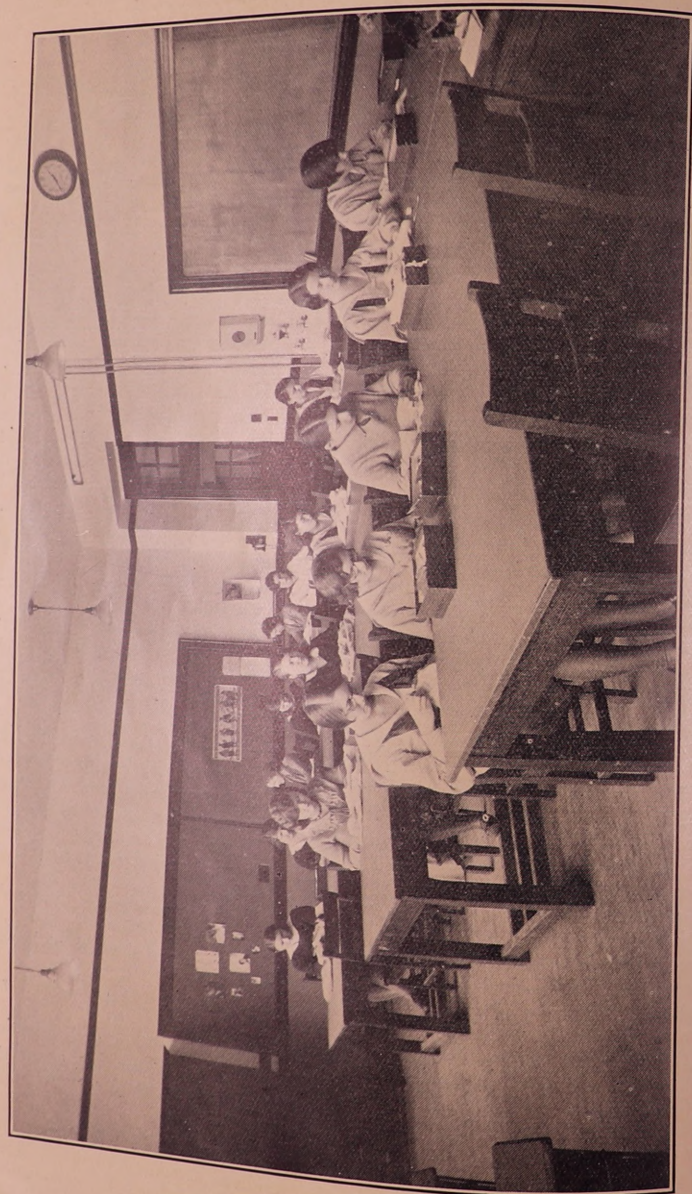
At four o'clock Jack called the boys together.

"Now", Jack said, "you all have the questions Mr. Putnam has given us. Well, these are to be the answers of the whole class."

1. Why do you go to school?

Answer: Because papa has a razor strap.

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THE SEWING ROOM

Because They Considered...

SMARTNESS in dress—what is it? Helen of Troy knew the secret of it. Even in those ancient days she possessed the quality after which we are striving to-day, namely, style.

There are different phases of style, and each one of them is discussed in the following paragraphs.

When the telephone rings for you with an invitation to a dance, tea, or sleigh-ride, what is your first thought? "What shall I wear?" of course. And if you are the average girl you have decided before the receiver has slipped back into place. Now upon what is your decision based? Suitability to the occasion, first and foremost. For instance, a dance would call for an evening ensemble of evening dress, shoes, wrap, etc.; for a tea, an afternoon dress, satin shoes, and accessories of a like nature would comprise the suitable costume; while at a sleigh-ride one would wear a sweater and skirt, beret, woolen hose, low-heeled shoes, etc. In other words, you are smartly dressed only if your dress suits the occasion.

A girl may dress well and still not look her best; if her posture is not good she will never look as well as she might. It is the poise, dash, and confidence with which we wear our clothes which is the reason for the remark, "How well dressed she is!" Good posture is one of the secrets of smart dressing, and it is a secret which every woman should know.

Part of the success of the dress depends upon the simplicity of its lines. If one is large, one should not wear a dress in which the stripe runs around the material. Rather one should wear a dress with an up-and-down stripe, as it will tend to make one look taller and not so large. The same is true of figured material: one should not wear a dress with a large pattern unless one is slim.

Colour, of course, plays a major part in dress smartness. No doubt you have sometimes seen a girl enter a room, and although she is not particularly good-looking, she will immediately attract attention from all corners of the room. You may hear people ask where she buys her clothes, and declare that they could never look so well dressed in clothes of that grade and price. Look carefully to see how she achieved this smartness; she did not wear brown shoes, light stockings, a black dress with yellow ribbon ties, and a necklace with a bit of green in it. Of course, this is exaggerated, but have you not often seen instances like this? Her clothes, on the contrary, would likely be of one colour in a combination. Perhaps she wears a black dress with a few touches of white satin, a pearl necklace, dark stockings, and dainty black shoes. See what a difference it makes. So don't forget, no matter what the line, style, quality of your clothes, if a colour symphony is employed it will lift them out of dowdiness into smartness.

The workmanship on a dress adds to the general effect, although it is not as important as color or line. This is chiefly because you cannot see the technique of the garment from a distance. Nevertheless, this consideration should not be overlooked. Seams not properly finished and with threads hanging, bunglingly fitted sleeves, and unevenly hanging skirts—such defects give an untidy effect to a girl's appearance. Therefore good workmanship is an essential of style.

Smartness—can you define it now? The quality of the material, whether first grade wool or shoddy, whether real or artificial silk, whether cotton or linen — they may be important factors in clothes, but it is because they considered suitability to the occasion, posture, line, colour, and workmanship that they are well dressed. III-T.G.



The EUROPEAN EXPRESS

(By C. O. GREENLEAF)

Illustrations by the Author

Castles in the air materialized for my wife and me last summer, when we spent our vacation touring Europe from London to Rome.

Our first step before we were allowed to leave Canada was to secure passports, with Lord Willingdon's (rubber stamp) signature on them, to each country which we were to visit. Photographs had to be affixed to the documents for purposes of identification. When I called for the photographs I was about to expostulate with the artist, when he butted in with: "It looks just like you." I perforce had to put up with it but no one except a government official ever saw it; I am not vain but there is a limit.

The Canadian Pacific steamship "Mortrose", sailing from Montreal under Captain Dott carried us safely over to Le Havre, where we spent the night in harbour and where some of the passengers disembarked. Although our landing was at Southampton it was here that we received our first impression of Europe—the workmen at the docks with their blue smocks, peaked caps, and strange cut of their clothes, which all helped to create a different atmosphere.

The trip across the English Channel was one never to be forgotten. Ships from every corner of the earth, flying strange flags, were seen. All about us were pleasure yachts propelled by steam, oil, and sail, and all manner of coastwise traffic.

Taking on the pilot (always an event on board ship) was very interesting. All on board crowded to the rail while the ship slowed down and the pilot's launch steamed up in

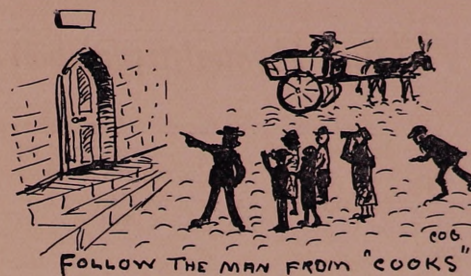
answer to our flag signal. It came alongside and the pilot handily climbed the rope ladder to the iron door opened to receive him. He was then responsible for the ship and the captain was relieved of all navigating responsibilities. It also meant that soon the pleasant contacts formed during the long voyage would be broken and we might never again see the friends whom we had made on shipboard.

Up the Channel past the Isle of Wight the city of Cowes came in view, with its sky-line of chimney-pots, tiled roofs, and red brick buildings. Some of the chimneys had thirty or more tiles projecting, one from each fireplace, as only a few houses use the central heating plant so common in Canada.

Landing at Southampton, we took the boat train to London, having tea served in our train compartment. Tea is an institution in England; you drink it all the time. In fact, we came to the conclusion that it was the steam from all the teacups which is responsible for England's well-noted fogs.

A captain of the Royal Air Force, whom we had met aboard ship, was our mentor and guide while we were in London. A typical English gentleman, he saw us installed in comfortable rooms in Kensington and afterwards showed us London. I will not try to tell you all we saw in any of the cities which we visited, let alone London, which was the greatest and kindest of them all.

In all we were there about two weeks and saw a great deal—the King, the Tower of London, Hyde Park Sunday Parade, the change of the Guards



at Whitehall, St. James's. We also attended a session of Parliament by special introduction from Canada House. Westminster Abbey interested us greatly. It is the heart of England and if you knew the history of all those buried there you would have missed but few of England's greatest. This massive pile of stone is built on the site of an ancient heathen temple, on what was once an island called Thorny. The Benedictine Monks built their monastery, the foundation of the present Abbey, in about 178. It was a sanctuary for many years, but occasionally this rule was violated and men have been murdered there. At present it is literally filled with marble statuary and tablets commemorating the men and women who have made England what she is today. Some of these lived even before the time of Edward the Confessor. Even the flagstone floor is covered with inscriptions. The tomb of the Unknown soldier is here also. Westminster is so called to distinguish it from St. Paul's, in the East ministry.

Windsor Castle, the state apartments, the Curfew Tower (where we were allowed to softly toll the bell) — they were all visited. We were greatly interested in the famous doll's house, a beautiful model of a modern palace, built to scale and completely furnished—even to carpet-sweepers and autos. It is to be preserved to show the styles of 1900 in 3000, or later.

Eton College, in the same town, was very interesting. The stonework in its rectangular courtyard is literally cov-

ered with names of former scholars till they look like hieroglyphics.

Leaving England by packet steamer from Dover, we crossed to Ostend; then from Ostend to Brussels, which is a very interesting city. Here they talk both French and Flemish, and I was told that if you addressed a person in Flemish he would likely answer you in French, just to be contrary. Their cathedral is a beautiful building. We saw in Brussels the paintings of an insane artist who did some wonderful work although some of his ideas were horribly gruesome to be perpetuated on canvas. We also visited the scene of Edith Cavell's execution. This building is an armouries and shooting gallery for the training of Belgian soldiers.

From Brussels we went to the scene of the Battle of Waterloo. We enjoyed the motor trip over the rather narrow roads through the picturesque Belgian countryside, where the women were working in the fields, it being haying time there.

Amsterdam, one of Holland's seaports, came next. In this city, which is a veritable network of canals, we were fortunate enough to see the Graf Zepelin circle over the city. We did the city by the canal route: it is rather smelly but interesting. Then the next day we took the steam boat to Markham Island and to Vollandam to see the church and the cheese factory. The boat was graced with the simple name of "HAVENSTOONBOOTDIENST" — enough to sink it. On this pleasant

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The First Annual Exhibition

THIS may seem like ancient history, as the second exhibition is to occur about three weeks from date of writing, but unfortunately our exhibitions take place after The Elevator goes to press, so we are always a year behind. The First Annual Exhibition was held on March 27, 1930. At 7:30 p.m. the school opened its doors to the public, and in less than half an hour every corridor was thronged.

Three beautifully-decorated tables under the memorial tablet on the first floor contained directories or plans of the school—one for each floor—which had been blue-printed by the draughting students. Little blue-printed notices all over the school added to the efficiency and pleasure of the trip around the school.

FIRST FLOOR

The vocational section of the school shone out in all its glory here. The machine shops, the auto mechanics room and the woodworking department were all going "full swing". A woodworking exhibit in the south corridor attracted much attention, as a great many of us had no idea of the wonderful work that was being done. There were beautiful sewing exhibits on tables in the west corridor.

In the girls' gym, some classes under the direction of Miss Stubbs performed several dances, and others, dumbbell drill. Tumbling stunts and mat work were displayed in the boys' gym, and exhibition games of basketball took place in both gyms.

SECOND FLOOR

Night school classes were going strong, as anyone in the vicinity of the typing room could have testified. The library was open, and welcomed a steady stream of visitors.

A most enjoyable programme was presented in the auditorium, and was repeated three times before different audiences. The chief feature of this programme was the Lower School play "The Princess and the Woodcutter". The Boys' Band and the Girls' Chorus contributed several numbers.

THIRD FLOOR

Very interesting exhibits in the agriculture room drew quite a crowd. In the physics laboratory, weird electric sparks and the colours of the spectrum lit up the room. A neat drawing on the blackboard of the chemistry lab. showed what was going on at each of the desks—chemical reactions, the making of gases, and so on.

The work of the night school classes was artistically demonstrated in the sewing room; and many lucky visitors can testify to the excellence of the cookies that were being made in the cooking room.

On the whole, the exhibition was an unparalleled success. It was much patronized by the public—both gymnasia and the auditorium were packed three times, and there was a crowd around every centre of interest. It admirably served its purpose: of showing the citizens of Belleville the progress which their—and our—Collegiate and Vocational School had made in the first two years of its existence.

F. A. E.



Le Coin Français

Editor: ESTELLE BURKETT



Cette année nous avons tâché de faire un coin français. Après avoir fait beaucoup de travail, nous avons pu vous présenter le suivant. Les élèves de notre école ont travaillé avec zèle et j'espère que vous lirez nos compositions françaises.

La langue française est une de la plus belle du monde. Elle est intéressante, pas difficile, cependant, pas trop facile. Tout le monde devrait savoir lire et écrire cette langue.

Très cordialement votre,

Estelle Burkett.

LA CONSCIENCE COUPABLE

Jacques faisait ses leçons. Il les a toutes faites, à l'exception du latin. Mais il en est devenu fatigué.

"Bah! cela n'importe!" dit-il, jetant la grammaire de latin sur le parquet. Il s'enfonça derrière un journal sur le canapé.

Il était réveillé par un bruit fort. Jacques se leva les yeux étonnés de voir sa grammaire rejetée qui le regardait injurieusement. Elle avait grandi subitement, et Jacques sentait très insignifiant.

"Pourquoi est-ce que vous m'avez jetée sur le parquet?" lui demanda-t-elle avec colère. "Vous êtes un garçon paresseux et bon à rien. Je vais vous traiter comme vous m'avez traitée."

La grammaire formidable s'approcha de lui, et Jacques frémit. Elle le frappa d'une de ses couvertures et il tomba sur le parquet.

"Ah! que je suis bête!" s'écria-t-il, bien rélevé. "Ce n'était qu'une rêve!"

Et il se rendormit sur le parquet content.

Frances Evans.

* * *

LE BON ELEVE

Le bon élève fait ses leçons; Jamais au théâtre nous ne le voyons, Il étudie dur toute l'année Quand la plupart aime se reposer. Pendant qu'il est très occupé Les autres élèves préfèrent jouer.

Il trouvera le juin prochain Plus facile, les examens; Mais nous transpirons beaucoup Car nous avons travaillé peu.

Estelle Burkett.

* * *

EN RETARD

N'est-ce pas terrible! Ne pas se lever à l'heure la matin. Se voir obligé de se jetu à les du lit, de se précipiter hors de la maison et à jeun, et, malgré cela craindre de ne pas arriver en classe avant neuf heures ou bien n'y arriver que pour constater l'oubli d'un ou de deux livres absolument nécessaires. Ah! Si pour une fois la pendule de l'école pouvait elle-même être en retard.

En route, on ne peut que se torturer les méninges pour tâcher d'y trouver une excuse. une bonne, une qui serait une "planche de salut" qui exempterait de la retenue. On ne plus alors jamais marcher assez vite. A quoi bon d'ailleurs

M. le Principal comme d'habitude ne fera aucun cas de la petite excuse qu'avec peine on lui inventera. Retenue à quatre heures et ce n'est pas tout; il ne faut pas oublier le dérangement causé par l'entrée tardive. la leçon interrompue, la mauvaise humeur du professeur et les notes précieuses perdues.

Et tout ça pour ne pas s'être levé à l'heure Pauvre moi!

Rhoda Hunt.

Le père: Comment as-tu réussi, mon fils?
 Le fils: Très bien, mon père. L'institutrice dit que si tous les garçons étaient comme moi, elle fermerait l'école, demain.

* * *
 Le petit Jean: Mon père, est-ce qu'on paye les institutrices?
 Son père: Certainement, et pourquoi posez-vous cette question?

Le petit Jean: Je ne comprends pas — les élèves font tout le travail.

* * *
 La mère: Vraiment, je pense que tu serais plus heureuse si tu te mariais à

Le Français au Pays

By Emile Pelletier

En français? Mais, monsieur le Rédacteur, que leur dire à vos lecteurs? Me liront-ils? D'aucuns par curiosité peut-être en auront le courage, et, je désirerais tant qu'ils le fassent par goût, par amour, quoi, pour ma si belle langue maternelle; la langue française! Que dire, en quelle qualité le dire, ou bien encore avec quelle autorité vous parler amis lecteurs; car je n'ai pas la prétention de me faire ici le porte-parole d'une minorité, ne suis-je pas d'ailleurs humble unité au Belleville Collegiate and Vocational School. Comme tous et chacun d'entre vous lecteurs je suis un étudiant, pas même un élève spécial et encore moins un visiteur comme on aura pu le croire à me voir arpenter les corridors les escaliers de notre institution commune.

L'honneur de m'accorder la bienveillante hospitalité d'un coin dans votre album-souvenir annuel est grand, je l'apprécie et saurai faire connaître cette largeur de vue en temps et lieux. On me permettra volontiers de souligner ici l'importance de l'étude de cette langue française, la mienne, et ce qui vaut plus, l'utilité d'être un amateur du bilinguisme de bon aloi. De fait peut-on trouver mieux pour servir la cause de la bonne entente

un homme qui avait moins d'argent.
 La fille: N'ayez pas peur, il en aura moins au bout de quelque temps.

* * *

Le mari: Comment! La semaine passée j'ai payé trois cents dollars à la couturière et maintenant je dois payer deux cents dollars.

Sa Femme: En effet, mon ami, cela montre que j'ai commencé à dépenser moins.

* * *

La mère: Mon fils a beaucoup d'idées originales n'est-ce pas?

L'instituteur: Oui, surtout en orthographe.

entre canadiens anglais et canadiens français. Quelles que soient nos origines respectives ne sommes-nous pas Canadiens tous et tous membres du même Dominion, notre Canada!

Et pour apprendre le français pur et vrai, point n'est besoin d'aller à Paris comme trop souvent on semble le croire ici chez nos compatriotes ontariens. A Québec on ne parle pas plus le "French patois" qu'à Toronto on parle le mauvais anglais, le "slang". Et que cela soit dit sans blesser personne mais dans le seul but de faire noter un préjudice injustifiable que "de auditu" j'ai moi-même constaté à Belleville même. La grammaire et la littérature choisie que dans nos écoles et collèges québécois on nous enseigne sont les mêmes qu'apprennent là-bas nos cousins d'Outre-Mer, et le langage de notre population canadienne-française est celui-là même que certains des nôtres, tels l'honorable sénateur Rodolphe Lemieux et autres, savent si bien faire entendre chaque année dans des séries de conférences courues à Paris. J'ai devant les yeux une dépêche reproduite dans "La Presse" de Montréal en date du 4 février 1931 et applaudissant au succès d'un autre Canadien-français à la Sorbonne, la grande université par-

isienne, où M. l'abbé Lionel Groulx, éminent historien et homme de lettres de Montréal vient d'y terminer le cycle de ses brillantes conférences sur l'enseignement du français au Canada.

Vu l'à propos il vous serait peut-être intéressant d'apprendre que si notre système scolaire français dans la province-soeur est différent de votre dans sa disposition, les programmes d'études comportent beaucoup de similitudes. A part l'école primaire nous avons les collèges commerciaux et les collèges classiques, ces derniers sont nos institutions d'études secondaires conduisant au baccalauréat, le "B. A." et permettant à l'élève heureux l'inscription à l'étude d'une profession libérale dans une université. A l'heure actuelle nous avons dans le Québec deux universités canadienne française l'université Laval à Québec et l'université de Montréal dans la métropole. Fait intéressant à constater les quatre premières années du cours classique sont l'équivalent des différentes "forms" du High School et les quatre dernières équivalent au cours, "Arts", formé des années communément appelées freshman, sophomore, junior et senior. Et ce sont là les

solides institutions qui nous ont conservé intact et pur ce parler de France, héritage si précieux, que, jadis nous ont légué nos ancêtres, les seigneurs et les colons de la Nouvelle-France.

Bref ce qu'un canadien-anglais peut apporter au soutien de la pureté des origines du langage qu'il parle, qu'il nous soit permis de l'invoquer au soutien du nôtre. Le français que nous parlons dans la province québécoise est cet enfant qui bien nourri, ne peut que profiter, même si loin des bras de sa mère et n'est pas nécessairement destiné à se transformer avec le temps en patois.

Confessons-le, amis lecteurs, lorsque vous ou moi parlons l'un ou l'autre des idiomes officiels au pays, nous nous négligeons bien souvent et par exemple lorsque vous dites, "ain't" vous le savez vous martyrisez votre grammaire, ainsi moi lorsque je dis "toé" au lieu de toi, je le sais je torture le doux verbe que ma mère m'a appris sur ses genoux, mais ce sont là de mauvaises habitudes individuelles dont on se corrige vite avec un peu de bonne volonté.

Mort donc à cette légende du patois et vive Sa Majesté la langue française.



ELIZABETH LAUGHLIN

SENIOR SECOND PRIZE STORY

THOUGHT

By Douglas Bankier

AT one time I had a friend who was unfortunate enough to be a genius. I use the words "genius" and "unfortunate" advisedly, for he possessed every conceivable gift, yet these gifts were to bring about his death.

Fortune seemed to smile upon him from the day of his birth. He was born into a wealthy family and from the very first his every want was foreseen and provided for. He never knew what it was to worry.

Due to the fact that he had a French governess he spoke French and English fluently and, as he grew older, he accompanied his parents on his travels, acquiring many other languages at first hand. During these years his education along other lines was not neglected and at the age of sixteen he went to Oxford. He was completing his second year there when his parents went down with the Titanic and he found himself, at the age of eighteen, a millionaire.

This million was of little use to him however. He had already seen everything there was to see and knew almost everything there was to know. There was really nothing he cared to do but, to pass the time, he tried his hand at writing novels.

Strangely enough, these novels were regarded as literature and he was acclaimed as the greatest novelist since the days of Dickens. For two years he worked intensively, publishing five novels and, incidentally, he acquired another million dollars. Then he announced that he had no intention of writing anything further. A few days later he disappeared.

I was one of the few people who knew that he had rented the top floor and roof of a skyscraper. In one corner of this floor were his living quarters. All the other walls had been knocked out to form one immense room. This room contained a piano, a variety of other musical instruments.

(Please Turn to Page 101)



...AND '2' MAKES '87'



LITERARY SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

First

Open

Meeting

Perhaps the most popular type of open meeting—a stunt night—was presented as the first Literary Society open meeting of the year, on October 17.

The Third and Special Commercial forms presented "Pickwick vs. Bardell", an amusing playlet from Pickwick Papers.

The Collegiate third forms presented a self-composed "Alphabetical Stunt", short but snappy; and the Collegiate fourth forms distinguished themselves in a comic operetta, "The Post-Mistress", starring Catharine Smith.

All three stunts were very well received.

Second

Open

Meeting

A new experiment was tried by the Literary Society on January 30. Instead of the open meeting being held in the evening, it took place in the afternoon from three o'clock to five. It was chiefly for the pupils although outsiders were welcomed. There was a very interesting Fourth Form debate and a Fifth Form stunt, "The Flower Shop".

In this playlet the atmosphere of a little, gossipy small-town florist's was excellent. Louis Maraskas played the part of Mr. Slovisky, owner of the shop; his clerk Maude, who had a sympathetic nature, was played by Norene Armstrong; Jimmie Rice was a very realistic office-boy, tough but impressionable. Lorene Adams and Jacob Goodman were very amusing as Miss Wells, a versatile spinster, and Mr. Jackson, her fiancé of fifteen years standing.

All the parts were very well acted and the play was a pleasant contribution to the afternoon's entertainment.

Mr. Witte's

Visit

Mr. Henry Witte, a well-known reader of Shakespeare, came to the school one Wednesday morning early in October, and gave us readings from "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Merchant of Venice". These were most delightful and

were enjoyed greatly by the students. They were of particular value to those of us who are studying Shakespeare in school this year.

Savoy

Chapel

Choir

The Boys' Choir from the Savoy Chapel, London, England, gave us a memorable concert on Tuesday, November 25. It is exceptional to hear ten boys as young as they are with such perfectly trained voices. Their repertoire was varied and truly delightful. It included many old favourites, such as "Annie Laurie", "The Minstrel Boy", and "Swanee River". We hope our British friends will tour this country again some time; they will assuredly be heartily welcomed.



SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE
 Standing: B. MacDonald, R. Langton, F. Evans, J. Moore, J. Murphy.
 Seated: J. Miles, L. Adams, B. Smith, A. Bear.
 Absent: Miss Young, C. Smith.

Literary Society Executive

SENIOR :

- Honorary President MISS YOUNG
- President BARNETT SMITH
- Vice-President LORENE ADAMS
- Secretary CATHERINE SMITH
- Treasurer ALBERT BEAR
- Fifth Form Representative JIM MOORE
- Fourth Form Representative BARBARA MACDONALD
- Third Form Representative FRANCES EVANS
- Commercial Representative RAY LANGTON
- Technical Representative JACK MURPHY

JUNIOR :

- President JOE MILES
- First Vice-President HELEN DOYLE
- Secretary ELAINE CLARKE
- Treasurer DICK CRETNEY

Form Representatives

- | | | | |
|-------------|-----------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| I-T.A. | STANLEY POPE | I-E | GEORGE SCOPE |
| I-T.B. | WILFRED MURPHY | II-T | DORIS BUNNETT |
| I-T.C. | HELEN DENIKE | II-Commercial | KATHERINE MEENS |
| I-A | DOUGLAS NEWBY | II-A | HELEN FITZPATRICK |
| I-B | BEATRICE SCOPIE | II-B | MILDRED IRISH |
| I-D | DON MCKEINNEY | II-D | JACK CARMEN |

Oratorical Contest

THE Oratorical Contest was held in the auditorium on April 16, 1930. The speakers were Lorene Adams, Kenneth Grills, Catherine Smith, and Ross Weese. Miss Templeton, Mr. Herity, and Mr. Stewart acted as judges. A special feature of the contest was the two-minute impromptu speeches which the competitors made after their ten-minute speeches.

While the judges were making their decision, the Fifth Form boys put on a display of gym work. Mr. Greenleaf then did some very amusing and clever cartoons. Another important item of the programme was Mr. Tilley's bag-pipes playing, which was a novel treat for the audience.

The judges then returned and Mrs. McFee presented the first prize, fifteen dollars, to Lorene Adams, and the second prize, ten dollars, to Catherine Smith,

District Oratorical Contest

Picton and Napanee were our guests on April 30, when the District Oratorical Contest was held. The competitors were Mr. Amery from Napanee Collegiate Institute, Mr. Ronald Baxter from Picton Collegiate Institute, and Lorene Adams from B.C.I.V.S. Several musical numbers were given by Napanee, and part of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was put on by some Picton Second Form girls. Our band played excellent numbers.

Mr. Ronald Baxter of Picton Collegiate Institute won the contest. Congratulations are due to all the contestants, who accredited themselves remarkably well.



JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Standing: W. Murphy, D. Bunnett, H. Fitzpatrick, D. Newby, B. Smith, D. McKeinney, E. Warren, D. Cretney.

Seated: B. Scapis, H. Doyle, J. Miles, E. Clarke, K. Meens.

Absent: S. Pope, H. Denike, G. Scapis, M. Irish, J. Carmen.

Debating

Jan. 21 "Resolved: that movies do more harm than good" was debated on January 28th, this being the first inter-form debate of the Middle School series. Elinor Roblin and Mary Roblin of III-A upheld the affirmative, and Frances Evans and Louise Schryver of III-B, the negative. Much interest was manifested in the debate. The judges were Mrs. Brown, Rev. Mr. McCutcheon and Rev. Dr. Bell, and they gave their decision in favour of the negative. Miss Young acted as critic.

Jan. 30 On January 30th, a debate between IV-A and IV-B formed part of a Literary Society open meeting, which took place at 3 p.m. in the auditorium. The subject was "Resolved: that the Junior Matriculation examinations be abolished for students with an average of over 65 per cent. on the year's work". Mary Wrightmeyer and Blanche Coulter debated for IV-A on the affirmative side, and they were opposed by Barbara Macdonald and Bruce May of IV-B. This was an excellent debate and was followed with the greatest interest by the whole school.

Although the debate was closely contested, the negative side triumphed. The judges were Miss Templeton, Rev. Robert Hall, and Mr. Doxsee, housemaster at Albert College. Mr. Doxsee was also critic. All the debaters are to be congratulated upon their splendid showing before so large an audience.

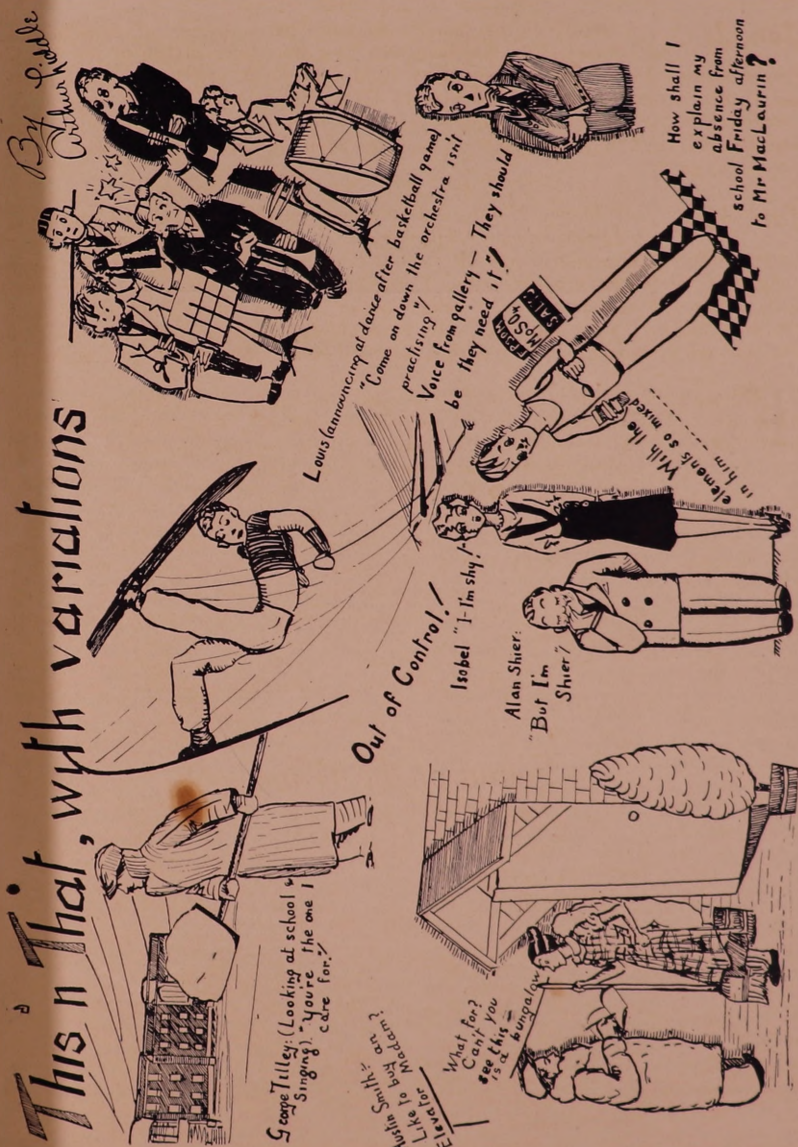
Feb. 11 Form III-C was successful in winning a debate against III-B on February 11, on the subject: "Resolved: that chain stores are beneficial to the community". III-B had the affirmative, the debaters being Willa Elliott and Robert Austin. The victors were Kenneth Munnings and Margaret Donaldson. Blanche Coulter made a very efficient chairman, and the judges were Miss Brown, Mr. Youdale and Mr. Remington.

The suspense of waiting for the return of the judges was pleasantly diverted by a playlet, "A Pair of Lunatics", which was admirably performed by Audrey Licence and Raymond Harris.

Sound of the Wind

By WILMA WALMSLEY

Winds seem mysterious things;
They sink from roars
To murmurings.
The wind, it sometimes screeches and howls,
Like some wild animal.
With strength like steel
It blows across the sea,
Across the steamer's keel,
Even to the lea.
Now it dies down to a soft calm breeze,
And, like some crooning mother,
Whispers softly through the trees;
Then, in all its playfulness,
Rustles the leaves of the trees that have stood
For many years
In the darkish wood,
Ever noble.





B.C.I.V.S. at Camp Borden

THE summer course in ground work in aeronautics at Camp Borden started on the first of July, 1930. On the boys' course, Belleville was represented by Tommy Byrne and myself. It was the second term at Borden for me, while Tommy was on his first year course, and so the life was a little more intriguing for him.

An airman's view of life at Camp Borden was very different to what our many visitors thought. Visitors could come and go when they wished, and do anything they wanted to when there, but an airman is under strict orders, and is told when he can go out and what he can do.

The training does not only consist of the course in elementary work in aeronautics, but takes in the building of character and the teaching of discipline. I advise you, if you are accustomed to doing whatever you like, don't become an airman.

The school work consists of a course in fitting and rigging. Fitting means the method of repairing and handling aircraft engines, and rigging is that of aircraft bodies and framework. It must be remembered that it would be impossible for a student to learn these two things thoroughly in two summer courses; but it makes the student familiar with the work to be done on aircraft.

Each day brings with it excitement. The student flyers are under instruction every morning except Saturdays and Sundays. The antics which they go through add much to the interest of the life. Perhaps there will be a crash and if there is one, there is much excitement about the result. Then again there are times when an aeroplane will be seen flying around in a precarious position, having only one wheel. The whole airport is on its toes; everyone is spellbound; there is utter silence as the pilot tries to land without damaging his 'plane more than necessary, and without injuring himself. He succeeds, and after the cheers have died down, the men return to work, discussing as they go how well the situation was handled. The big thrill, however, is when you can talk on official leave into giving you a spin. This is often accomplished with numerous "Yes, sir's" and "No, sir's".

Those who have been up will agree with me that while the scenery of the country below is certainly wonderful, it is better still to be flying in the midst of a great many other aeroplanes, and seeing each pilot performing his own particular stunts. Sometimes you are fortunate in getting up when the 'planes are flying in formation, and when you are looking out upon a mass of aircraft flying in unity the sense of motion is beyond explanation.

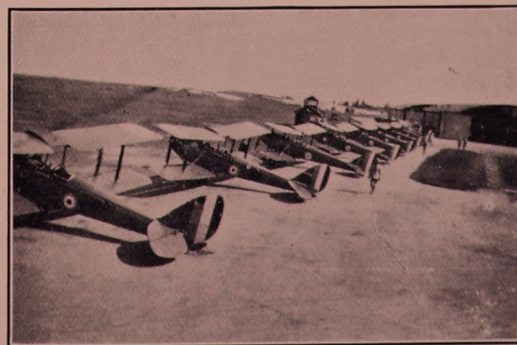
Aeroplanes, however, are not the only things that make life at Camp Borden interesting. There are the things that forty boys are likely to arrange among themselves. The boys' flight is divided into two sections, twenty to each. The barrack rooms face each other, with a small hallway between, and maybe competition isn't keen, not only in sports but in many other ways! It really is a shame when the officers in charge take leave for a night or maybe a week-end. One barrack room will fight the other, pillows will be flying around, and now and then you will get an extra hard blow, and realize that there was a boot smuggled away among the feathers in that particular pillow. Maybe everybody will be sleeping soundly, and some from the other barracks will come in with a few pails of water, and suddenly your sweet dreams are ruined, and the bed and the bed-clothes drenched with water. Very often you will wake up in the morning to find yourself on the floor with the bed keeled up on its side a little way off. Sometimes a chap is away on leave, and stays away a few hours longer, and thus is A.W.O.L. (Absent Without Official Leave). On arriving at the barracks room, he sneaks cautiously up the stairs and into the room, and succeeds in not waking up the officer. Then, upon rolling into bed, he finds that a few tin cans have been strung



from the bottom of the bed just off the floor, and the added weight makes them rattle so much that everyone is up and looking at him within ten minutes. Then for the next three nights from six to nine, swinging the whitewash brush from one fence to another helps to pass the time away.

Camp Borden has a sports day when all airmen compete for cups and medals. There is a dance that night, and all are allowed to do as they wish. We certainly had a good time. Visitors from everywhere are there, and be-

(Please Turn to Page 109)



JUNIOR PRIZE STORY

The CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE

By JOCELYN JONES

THE story opens following the disappearance of Marilyn Sidal, the noted stage and movie star. She mysteriously disappeared, after her performance at the Metropolitan Theatre and nothing had been heard of her since.

About a week later Dick West, a young director climbing to popularity, was driving along in his sports roadster seeking a hunting lodge where, he was to meet a friend. He got lost. He found himself on a lonely road unknown to him. As he drove on, it seemed as if he was becoming farther from his destination.

Night was approaching and in the west he saw vivid flashes of lightning and heard claps of thunder. Around seven thirty o'clock it began raining and as the country was still unfamiliar to him he decided to ask for a night's lodging at the next convenient place. As he sped along a light far back from the road attracted his eye and, deciding to try here, he drove through a gate with large gate posts. He glanced at the grounds and although it was comparatively dark he noticed that they were not in a very good condition and in some places overgrown with weeds. He then arrived at the door and also noticed that the house was very large, a regular mansion. The windows were heavily shuttered. He rang the bell and the bend form of an old man appeared.

"My name is Dick West," Dick said. "I have lost my way in the storm and seeing your light I drove in. Would it be possible to remain here until morning?"

"If you will step inside I will ask the master," responded the man in a quavering voice.

Dick was escorted into a large and spacious drawing room. It was furn-

ished with large antique furniture, Persian rugs and oil paintings. The man returned and said that he could certainly stay.

"I will show you to your room," continued the man, "if you will follow me."

Dick followed him up a broad and winding staircase, through several drawing halls and into a bedroom. The man bowed and Dick was left alone. A grate fire was crackling merrily at one end of the room, and as Dick was weary tired he was soon fast asleep in bed.

For no reason at all Dick awakened. The hands on his watch pointed to twelve o'clock and downstairs a clock boomed out the twelve hours. Suddenly he heard something. It was singing, very beautiful singing, accompanied by a piano. Faintly at first and then louder. He recognized the song from a celebrated opera. Dick hastily jumped from bed to investigate. After wandering through passageways, upstairs and downstairs, the music at last sounded nearer. Opening a door he stepped into a room and perceived a girl seated at a piano, whom he then recognized as Marilyn Sidal. His astonishment was beyond words. At last finding words Dick introduced himself and explained why he was here. Marilyn then told her story.

An old uncle of her's who lived in this house was suddenly taken very ill and Marilyn immediately went to him as he was her only living relative. She had not been able to communicate with anyone and the house so far from anywhere but she thought of returning the following day and was practicing some of her songs.

Dick returned to his room and in the following morning they both returned to civilization and told their story.



Music

Editor: BRUCE MAY

The School Band and Orchestra

WITH the completion of the new school it was thought that at last the students of Belleville would have every possible advantage in education. The improvements were many. Instead of the teachers rotating from class to class the halls were now large enough for the classes to rotate from teacher

to teacher. Instead of having forty unsupervised students left in each room to "raise Cain" between periods, there was now only one teacher. Then, too, the rooms were roomy, the lighting was light, the blackboards were black, and the teachers were kind. Each pupil sat in his own little seat, had his own little locker, and his own



BOYS' ORCHESTRA

Left to Right: Standing—Mr. MacLaurin, Mr. Hunter, L. Langton, A. Shier, L. Kelly. Seated—D. Carr, J. Clarke, R. Morris, J. Follwell, J. Allison, W. Gazely, J. Hanna, J. Hitchon, N. Mildram, E. Gardiner, D. Bankier, Mr. Youdale, R. Ashton, S. White, C. Burt, L. Flag'er, B. May, G. Aselstine, T. Hughes, M. Macdonald, A. Boyd, A. Thomson

little key. In winter he was kept warm by steam heat instead of internal combustion.

And yet was he not happy. Why should this be? Wise heads went brain-bound trying to find a solution. Then came the Bright Idea! Maybe the fault was not physical but mental. Maybe one of the five senses was not getting adequate attention. First to be considered was sight; the stage and acting thereon supplied ample food for this sense. The cafeteria appeased the sense of taste and for the sense of touch were the technical shops, as well as typing and the touch system. Then came smell; anyone believing this sense to be undernourished is invited to visit the chemistry lab. on gas-mask day—without their gas-masks.

Last came hearing. The only thing that really appealed to this sense was the sweet chiming of the four o'clock bell. Here, at last, was the defect in the educational system. Prompt action was taken. Enter Mr. Hunter. Close upon his heels came a baby grand piano. Striking while the anvil was hot, Mr. Hunter began testing every voice in the school—except, of course, those of the teachers. Records were kept concerning the merit of these voices, to which Mr. Hunter might refer when the Minstrel Show, the official christening of music in the school, should be started.

It had long been felt that B.C.I.V.S. needed a band but the question was: where would the money come from? Then, a veritable answer to our prayer, the Kiwanis Club donated three hundred dollars for the establishment of a Boys' Band. Twenty-one instruments were bought and one hundred eager students fought for the privilege to play them. However, first choice was given to those who had taken part in the Minstrel Show.

The objective was to learn to play two tunes proficiently in three months. For the first two weeks Mr. Hunter gave the boys private instruction on their individual instruments. At the end of this time a group practice was

called. At first everyone's idea seemed to be to make a noise at the same time and to then stop simultaneously. The next practice was better. The boys had begun to discriminate between the notes.

The boys steadily improved until, at the end of two months—two-thirds of the time normally taken by beginners—the band was ready for its initial appearance. This took place in March, 1930, at an open meeting of the Literary Society. The band was seated in the balcony of the auditorium, in order to give a "hidden choir" effect, but the "hidden" part was spoiled by the vigour of the first note. They were encored again and again, but as they had only two tunes they were forced to play first one, and then the other. After repeating this several times they had to draw their performance to an end. It must be admitted that there were very hectic moments—as when Mr. Hunter tripped and nearly fell over the railing. It is believed that the two wrinkles in Mr. Hunter's forehead were caused by the erosive effect of the sweat on his brow on this occasion.

Now came a harder test—that of playing for the cadets. Playing while seated is one thing, and while marching another. One is so busy playing that curbs, bumps, etc., just are not there. That is, not until you hit one. But, no matter how small the bump may be, when you come into forceful contact with it you are bound to make some unearthly noise on your instrument. Witness the concentration of one of our players upon his music. The corner of Bridge and Front streets was reached and the command "Right Wheel" was given. The majority tumbled but there was one who, with measured tread, marched straight into the dummy policeman! In order to make sure that this would not happen again Mr. Hunter tied us together at proper distances with a light cord. It was a good idea, but when we were dismissed everyone was in a hurry to go, and all were going in opposite directions. Ev-

eryone got nowhere in very quick order.

On Inspection Day the band was complimented by the inspecting officer.

Soon after this came the summer holidays, but with the opening of school in the fall the band again commenced its activities. During the rugby season it played at the games, and did much to coax up that waning "school spirit" of ours. It added much to the enjoyment of the games but as the weather

many. The next morning as far as the eye could see were students lugging instruments of all denominations.

In one month the orchestra was ready for public appearance. The shortness of the time taken was due to the fact that some of the members of the orchestra had already been in the band, and others had been familiar with their instruments before-hand. The result was that its first appearance in the morning assembly went over very well.



BOYS' BAND

Left to right: Standing—Mr. Findlay, Mr. MacLaurin, Mr. Hunter, L. Langton, L. Kelly. Seated:—C. Bunnett, J. White, M. Vandervoord, G. Duffin, F. Hitchon, D. Bankier, S. Samuels, H. Cowain, J. Kokesh, C. Burt, W. MacLaurin, K. Munnings, G. Chalmers, B. May, A. Thomson, R. Weese, E. Gowse, R. Ashton, A. Boyd, J. Mouck, A. Hillman, S. White, B. Roseberry, J. Follwell.

grew colder and colder the notes began to stick in the horns and the keys to freeze tight. Toward the end it was only possible to play the bugle calls.

About this time a new enterprise was started—the school orchestra. Mr. Hunter offered to give free lessons to anyone interested in the orchestra. About eighty took advantage of this offer. Just think, free lessons! Why, the very novelty of it appealed to

While the orchestra was making its "big noise", interest in the band began to lag. This would never do. Notes were sent to the members of the band, requesting their presence at the next meeting. The turn-out was one-hundred per cent. perfect. Mr. Hunter gave one of his usual unusual "pep" talks, told a joke about open-necked sweaters and, as a result, the band took a new lease on life and prepared to take part in

the opening exercises in the very near future. So now the band and orchestra give alternating performances as fast as Mr. Hunter can write the music for the different parts.

In conclusion it may be said that

—:— T-H-E — E-L-E-V-A-T-O-R —:—

while the stage, cadets, and athletics have their followers, music plays the important part of reaching that group of students who might otherwise be left out of school activities.

B. M.

A Contributed School Song

Verses by F. A. EVANS — Chorus by ROBERT SEYMOUR

In the middle of a city on the shore of Quinte bay
There has stood a red Collegiate forever and a day,
And ever will it firmly stand, a gateway to success,
While Belleville students rally for the B.C.I.V.S.

CHORUS:

For the B.C.I.V.S., my boys,
For the B.C.I.V.S.,
We'll shout for her
And fight for her,
Old B.C.I.V.S.

We may growl at it and grumble, but we love it just the same;
It's making education something more than just a name,
And scattered all around the world are many who confess
What they owe in love and honour to the B.C.I.V.S.

Go forward, old Collegiate! When we are past and gone
Another crowd will love you still, and bear your banner on!
Oh, may they sing as we have sung, and from their hearts address
Their song of loyalty to you, old B.C.I.V.S.



HALF-SHOT AT
SUNRISE.

—:— T-H-E — E-L-E-V-A-T-O-R —:—

ATHLETIC



ACTIVITIES



GIRLS' SPORTS



GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Back Row: M. Waterhouse, R. Lazier, L. Stafford, L. Bell, Miss Merry, B. Davison,
M. Lyons, A. Gartley, Miss MacLaren, C. Ostrom, G. Arnott, J. Wallbridge.
Front Row: M. Juby, L. Rosetti, P. Turney, A. Cruji, S. Denike, G. Embury,
A. Schuster.
Absent: J. MacLaurin, D. Mason.

Girl's Athletic Society Executive

Honorary Presidents { ..Miss McLaren
 { ..Miss Merry
President.....Marion Lyons
Vice-President.....Jean Wallbridge
Secretary.....Betty Davison
Treasurer.....Lenore Stafford
Business Managers { ..Clara Ostrom
 { ..Grace Arnott
Social Convener.....Susie Denike
Ass't. Social Convener.....Ann Schuster

First Form Representatives—
Phyllis Turney Rose Lazier, Mary
Juby, Margaret Waterhouse.
Second Form Representatives—
Lorna Bell, Dolly Mason.
Third Form Representatives—
Annie Cruji, Ana Gartley.
Fourth Form Representative —
Grace Embury.
Fifth Form Representative—
Jean MacLaurin.

Basket-Ball

The Bay of Quinte League for the year 1930-31 consisted of Napanee, Trenton, Picton, Wellington and Belleville. The first game was played in Belleville, Napanee's teams competing with those from B. C. I. These proved to be two interesting games, the B. C. I. seniors unfortunately losing their first game. However, the juniors showed their skill by defeating Napanee Juniors.

The next game was also played at Belleville, and was between Picton Collegiate and B. C. I. V. S. Both Juniors and Seniors carried off the honours.

At Trenton, a week later, the Belleville teams again distinguished themselves by winning both games.

At Napanee the B. C. I. V. S. Seniors lost to Napanee, putting them definitely out of the running. The Juniors from Belleville defeated Napanee.

The Juniors played next in Wellington and were the victors.

B. C. I. V. S. then played in Picton, the Belleville Seniors again defeating Picton. Unfortunately B. C. I. V. S. Juniors lost their first game.

In the next game Juniors and Seniors defeated Trenton's team by a great many baskets.

The Belleville Collegiate and Vocational School Junior team was the champion of the Bay of Quinte League for 1930-31, and the Senior championship again went to Napanee.

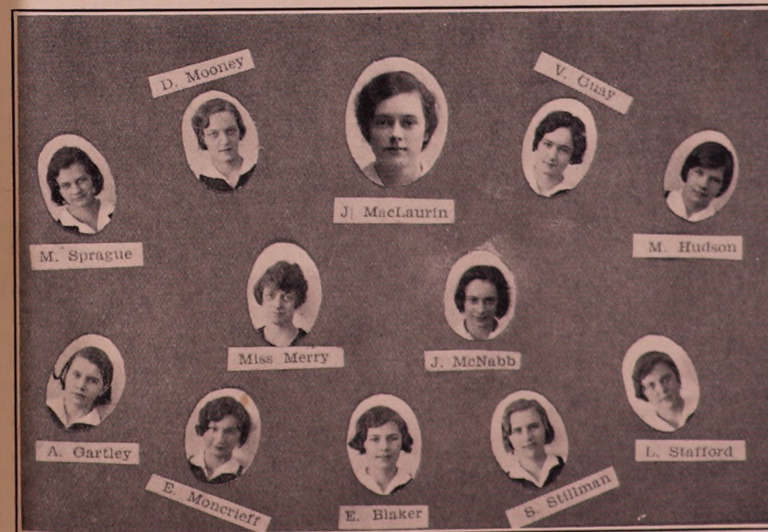
* * *

LINE-UP OF THE SENIOR TEAM

Forwards: Lenore Stafford, Marjorie Hudson, Ana Gartley, Dorothy Mooney, Esther Moncrieff.
Defence: Sally Stillman, Ena Blaker, Veronica Guay, Jean MacLaurin, Julia McNab.

LINE-UP OF THE JUNIOR TEAM

Forwards: Bertha Gilbert, Annie Cruji, Marion Fairbairn, Eugenia May, Helen Smith.
Defence: Barbara McDonald, Marion MacLean, Mary Merrick, Marcia Sprague, Mildred Irish.



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



Junior Basketball Team—Champions of Bay of Quinte District of C.O.S.S.A.

A Word About Our Coaches

FOR the success of the Junior Girls' Basketball and for the Seniors' excellent showing, too much credit cannot be given to the coaches. The girls were fortunate in having three of the best coaches they could possibly wish for—Miss Merry, Mr. Cutler, and Bucky Cather.

Bucky brought to them his own thorough knowledge of the game, pointed out their weak points and improved upon them, and taught them new passes and signals. Mr. Cutler also helped the girls a great deal. Toward the end

EXHIBITION GAMES

K.C.I. On January 19 both the Junior and the Senior Girls' Basketball teams went to Kingston to compete with the girls from the larger Collegiate.

The Seniors played first, and it proved to be the most interesting game. K.C.I. girls and ours were fairly evenly matched, so that the score favoured first one and then the other team. In the second period the B.C.I.V.S. girls

of the season he taught the girls to play according to the rules of boys' basketball, so that, after only two days' practice, they played the "Y" girls under these rules. Although they lost by a score of 11-10, they put up a fine fight, considering their unfamiliarity with the new rules.

Miss Merry practically lived in the gym while the teams were in training and helped them freely from her great store of knowledge.

The teams take this occasion to thank the coaches most heartily for their untiring efforts on their behalf.

* * * * *
began to show that they knew what they were at, and although there were some tense moments when K.C.I. rallied, when the whistle blew Belleville was ahead with a score of 23-17.

B.C.I.V.S. Juniors also played a very snappy game, and gave the Kingston girls something to work against. (B.C.I.V.S. was handicapped with the loss of one of its regular players). At half-time K.C.I. had a lead of 4 points. The second half kept both players and audience on their toes, and at the end of the game K.C.I. carried off the honours with a score of 14-13.

Queen's vs. B.C.I.V.S. On February 3 the B. C. I. V. S. Seniors again went to Kingston. This time their opponents were the girls from Queen's University. Although playing on a much larger floor than they were accustomed to, the Belleville team seemed to be able

to keep the score on their own side. At half-time the score was 16-14, in our favour. In the second half we kept up the good work until two minutes before the whistle blew. Then Queen's managed to get three points more and the game went to them, the score being 19-17.

BOYS' SPORTS

Boys' Athletic Society Executive

- President TED HUGHES
- Vice-President CYRIL MOTT
- Treasurer LOUIS MARASKAS
- Upper School Representative LYLE TWIDDY
- Middle School Representative BOBS BELL
- Lower School Representative FRED SPRAGUE
- Senior Technical Representative RENE ST. DENIS
- Junior Technical Representative JAMES FOLLWELL
- Commercial Representative GARNET SINFIELD
- Staff Representatives MR. CUTLER AND MR. SHIELS



BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

G. Sinfield, B. Bell, F. Sprague, C. Mott, T. Hughes, Mr. Shiels, Mr. Cutler, T. Byrne, L. Twiddy.
Absent: L. Maraskas, R. St. Denis, J. Follwell.

The Central Ontario Secondary Schools Association

The Province was divided into four districts, Belleville being in the Central Ontario District. A meeting was held at B. C. I. V. S. in the fall, when representatives were present from all surrounding schools to form the Bay of Quinte District of the C. O. S. S. A. Room does not per-

Track and Field
This year the Boys' Athletic Society decided not to hold their annual field day until the spring.

Our boys again attended the annual district meet at Kingston and came second, winning nine firsts to Kingston's eleven.

In the Juniors, Walter Hilton took first place in the shot put, and George Ostrom first in the broad jump. In the Intermediates, Bobs Bell came first in the running broad jump; Ralph

BAY OF QUINTE SENIOR CHAMPIONS



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM
Back Row: R. St. Denis, R. Champaigne, B. Smith, Mr. Shiels, L. Twiddy,
R. Weese, T. Byrne.
Second Row: H. Mott, J. Greaves, W. McCreary, L. Maraskas, W. Morgan, J. Murphy.
Front Row: R. Rowsome, D. Philp, C. Mott, H. Hall, A. Bear.
Seated: J. Rice, J. Grills.

mit the publishing of the constitution. The winning teams of the various sports in the C. O. S. S. A. play off with the winners of the four other districts for the Ontario championship. At the meeting Mr. P. C. MacLaurin was elected Honorary President with Mr. W. Stickwood of Trenton High School president. Mr. Shiels of B. C. I. was elected rugby (convenor).

Champaigne was first in the low hurdles, javelin throw, and high jump, and second in the shot put and discus throw. In the Seniors, Richard Cretnv won first in the mile race; Harold Mott won first in the discus throw, high hurdles, and shot put, second in the 100 and 220 yard dashes; Tom Byrne won second in the high jump.

The boys were prepared for the meet by Mr. Cutler, one of our coaches.

BAY OF QUINTE JUNIOR CHAMPIONS



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row: S. White, J. Morgan, Mr. Shiels, J. Miller, B. Bell, M. Rigby.
Second Row: J. Andrews, J. Cook, W. Hilton, J. Follwell, S. McElrath, J. Kidd.
Third Row: P. Blaker, J. Mouck, G. Ostrom, D. Campbell, E. Barriage, W. Cromlish.

Rugby
The first rugby game was played at Napanee. The Juniors were easy victors, winning 26-1. The Seniors had a much harder game and emerged with a tie of 2-2.

Our boys next went to Picton. There they were winners by 35-1—the largest score B. C. I. Seniors have ever made. The team made yards nearly every time, being forced to kick only three times during the game.

The Juniors were next hosts to the Napanee Juniors and were again victorious, the score being 40-0. The Senior game against Albert was hard fought and clean. With three minutes to go it looked hopeless for B.C.I. as Albert was leading 1-0. Champaigne kicked ten seconds before the game ended. The Albert backfield fumbled and C. Mott fell on the ball for a touch. So B.C.I. won with a Frank Merriwell finish, 5-1.

The Juniors defeated Trenton High School 49-0. The backfield ran wild and the line tore big holes in the op-

position. B. C. I. Seniors had a hard game, making 8 points to Trenton's 1. The most outstanding play was Graves' forty-yard run for a touchdown. Smith and Twiddy broke up play after play of Trenton's, disorganizing their team play. This game was played in weather which seemed about the proverbial 90 degrees in the shade.

In the return game Picton was defeated 22-0. The feature of this game was the fact that B. C. I. broke up all but two of Picton's kicks.

In the return game with Napanee, B. C. I. won sweet revenge for the tie in Napanee by defeating them 22-0.

Albert threatened to tie up the league by winning from the Collegiate but was defeated to the tune of 24-1. Byrnes scored fourteen points in this game, getting two touches and kicking four points. B. C. I. Juniors defeated Albert Juniors (who had on their team several Seniors) by a score of 11-6.

The final game for the championship was played between T. H. S. and

B. C. I. In order to remain in the running Trenton had to win this game. The issue was not long in doubt for B. C. I. won 19-0. Byrnes got a field goal, the first that the school has had in several years. St. Denis played well, carrying the ball for repeated gains through the line. The Juniors defeated Trenton 23-0. They (the Juniors) won the league, having only one point scored against them, and scoring 138 themselves. This is a truly remarkable record.

B. C. I. were next drawn against Peterboro Collegiate, the winners of the Lakeshore group. In the first game, at Peterboro, B. C. I. were down nine points at half time, the score being 10-1 for Peterboro. The team came back fighting strongly and the final score showed Peterboro leading by only 12-8. In this game the line went to pieces and P. C. I. shoved through buck after buck, which were stopped only by the secondary defence, led by Cyril Mott, who at times stopped the bucks almost alone. The Petes used the forward pass to advantage, once running a pass from forty-five yards for a touch. B. C. I.'s gains were made largely by end runs, the line making good interference. A couple of Juniors were taken on, and

Rugby Personnel

MOTT, CYRIL—Captain and quarterback; besides handling his team well, Cyril was the best secondary defence player on the team.

MORGAN, BILL—Snap; Bill's speciality was breaking up the opponent's plays.

WEESE, ROSS—Inside; Ross was a fine blocker, his weight being a great addition to the line.

ROWSOME, GARNET—Inside; Garnet delighted in making holes in the opposing line.

HALL, HARVEY—A new man, but with more experience will make a good line player.

MC CREARY, BILL—Snap; It is Bill's first year in rugby but he learned

Rigby showed up well with his blocking and tackling.

The Collegiate were put out of the running in the return game with Peterboro, losing the second game 17-10; this made the total score 29-18. B. C. I. made yards at least four times to Peterboro's once, but the latter's gains were greater, ranging from 15-25 yards. The Petes used the field goal to good advantage. In the last quarter, with the score 16-5 against them, B. C. I. put on one of the finest bucking displays seen in many games. Smith and Twiddy practically bucked their way from their own twenty-yard line to Peterboro's fifteen yard line. Here the ball was fumbled and P. C. I. kicked back to B. C. I.'s thirty-yard line. Again the bucking began by the B. C. I. stalwart middles and the ball was taken over for a touch by St. Denis. During the making of these yards the Collegiate were not forced to kick once. C. Mott again played well on the secondary defence and handled his team well, making his men play real rugby throughout.

Mr. Shiels was in charge of both the Juniors and the Seniors; both teams won their leagues largely due to his efficient coaching.

the game quickly, and made an efficient snap.

SMITH, BARNETT—Left Middle: It is great to watch Smith plunge through opposing lines. He was also a good defensive player.

TWIDDY, LYLE—Right Middle; Lyle made an excellent middle, plunging well and blocking many kick formations. Lyle weighed one hundred and ninety.

MARASKAS, LOUIS—Hard tackling end; Louis would make an excellent player if he would only take the game more seriously.

SCOPIS, GEORGE—End; Scopis came to B. C. I. V. S. from Cobourg Collegiate and made the Senior team in his first year.

PHILP, DICK—End; This is practically his first year at rugby. He made a good end, going down fast under kicks.

BEAR, ALBERT—End; A good tackler but inclined to be erratic.

ST. DENIS, RENE—Flying Wing; Rene was our best tackler. He also carried the ball well and used a hard stiff arm. "Weiner" should try and control his temper more.

BYRNE, TOM—Backfield; Tom was our drop-kicker, and a good man in carrying the ball. He weighed one hundred and fifty pounds.

GRAVES, JACK—Backfield; "Hammy's" feature was broken field running, which he did to the joy of B. C. I. V. S. supporters.

CHAMPAIGNE, RALPH — Backfield; "Chick" did the spiral punting for the team.

MOTT, HAROLD — Backfield; Played nearly every position in the backfield. Weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds.

MURPHY, JACK—"Sheik" was our forward pass artist. He will play a better game with more experience.

CHAMPIONS OF BAY OF QUINTE LEAGUE



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing: Mr. Cutler, A. Bear, L. Maraskas, B. Smith.
Seated: C. Smith, L. Flagler, E. Cather, T. Byrne, C. Mott, W. McCreary,
Absent: H. Ridley.

B.C.I.V.S. 23—T.H.S. 18

T.H.S. 15—B.C.I.V.S. 10

Basketball

In the first basketball game of the Bay of Quinte League, the Seniors won. The team was behind at the end of the first half but, due to good shooting on the part of B. C. I. V. S. forwards, managed to overcome this lead and win the game

by five points. The Juniors lost 15-10 due a great deal to their poor defensive work.

B.C.I.V.S. 50—A.C. 39
A.C. 19—B.C.I.V.S. 17

The Collegiate in their game on the Albert College gym floor had a hard uphill fight. At half time they were trailing Albert, but in the second period they came out strong, scoring five consecutive baskets to take the lead



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing: J. Cole, J. Follwell, Mr. Cutler, B. Smith, J. Morgan, B. Bell.
Seated: E. Edwards, D. Campbell, F. Callaghan, G. Ostrom, F. Adams.
Absent: I. Tobe.

which they held to the end of the game. B. C. I. V. S. Juniors lost a very close game 17-19. Fate seemed to be against the Juniors in this game for the tying shot in the last few minutes of the game balanced on the rim and fell back into play.

N.C.I. 21—B.C.I.V.S. 18
B.C.I.V.S. 13—N.C.I. 15

The Seniors lost this game, owing, no doubt, to a ride in one of the worst blizzards of the year, some of the boys not getting there till the game had started. The Collegiate was in the lead till a few minutes to go but weakened near the end to allow the Napanee Collegiate to overcome the lead and win out. The Juniors came into their own by winning their first game of the year, showing better combination and defensive work than in their first games.

B.C.I.V.S. 66—A.C. 30
B.C.I.V.S. 24—A.C. 12
B. C. I. V. S. defeated their old rivals, Albert College, 66-30. The Albert defence was very weak and the school forwards were able to work right in

under the basket time after time. Catler and Ridley each scored twenty-two points. The Collegiate Juniors were also victorious over Albert thus strengthening their position in the league.

T.H.S. 22—B.C.I.V.S. 17
B.C.I.V.S. 20—T.H.S. 14

The Collegiate received their second defeat of the season at the hands of Trenton High School, on the latter's gym floor. B. C. I. V. S. Seniors were completely off in their shooting, missing many chances to score when right in under the basket. The Juniors on the other hand took better advantage of their chances and defeated Trenton.

B.C.I.V.S. 25—N.C.I. 10
B.C.I.V.S. 31—N.C.I. 11

Napanee were defeated by B. C. I. V. S. in a very listless game when Napanee visited us. After B. C. I. V. S. had piled up a lead of ten points, the ball was delayed, and N. C. I., although down ten points, did not force the play being content to fall back in defensive formation and wait until the B. C. I. V. S. forwards brought the play

theme. The B.C.I.V.S. Juniors won by a larger margin than the Seniors, but at that, the game was more interesting, as the players on both teams put much more effort into the game. Don Camp-

bell and George Ostrom played good basketball for the school and in a couple of years should make good on the senior team.

CHAMPIONS OF THE C.O.S.S.A.



HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row: R. St. Denis, E. MacDonald, T. Hughes.
Back Row: H. Liddle, T. Byrne, G. Scops, W. Sherry, P. Morgan, A. Liddle, Mr. Shields
Absent: J. Graves, J. McGuire.

Hockey

The school placed a team in the City League, which was held before Christmas. The team was augmented by two senior and two intermediate O.H.A. players. The school came second to the Y's Men, who won the league, and were two points behind them. The following players composed the team: C. Colling, J. Canning, H. Ingram, K. Davis, Wm. Sherry, R. St. Denis, J. Graves, H. Mott, T. Byrne, T. Hughes, E. MacDonald.

Belleville Collegiate was the only entrant in the Bay of Quinte Hockey League, all the other schools dropping out which gave B.C.I.V.S. a bye. The Collegiate played several exhibition games while waiting to enter the playoffs. B.C.I.V.S. was defeated by the

Ontario School for the Deaf at the O.S.D. rink, 6-4. In the return game O.S.D. was defeated 6-1. An exhibition game was also played with Albert College which resulted in a win for B.C.I.V.S., 13-1.

Having drawn a bye the hockey team entered the playoffs with Madoc High School, who won the Trent Valley League. In the first game B.C.I.V.S. was victorious 2-1. The Madoc goaltender was almost invincible and it was only with a few minutes to go that J. Graves scored the winning goal from a scramble in front of the net.

B.C.I.V.S. in the return game with Madoc High School defeated them 7-1 winning the round 9-2. The game was somewhat listless, although Madoc scored the first goal which livened the game up for a short time in the first

The NAPANAENEID

By Arthur Liddle

OF a bus I sing and of the team who at 11:30 on a Friday night, from the Collegiate in Napanee to the suburbs Bellevillian came, a fugitive of fate. Much were they buffeted on the road and in the ditch by the violence of the north wind because of the unrelenting wrath of a cruel blizzard. Much also in their ears they suffered ere they should find their city and push their bus to Belleville. Of such is formed our basketball teams and our hockey teams within the walls of B.C.I.

* * *

This pretty well sums up the story of the B.C.I. basketball team that on a certain night in February left Napanee at 11:30 and arrived in Belleville at 8:00 the next morning. As the dis-

period. The Collegiate played good hockey but the wings continually roamed from their positions which took a great deal out of their effectiveness. The Madoc team checked well, but in the third period were too tired to force the play although down six or seven

Shooting Mr. Howard is in charge of the shooting teams in the school this year. For the first time in several years the school failed to get in the prize class in the Laura Secord competition. The team finished fifth with an average of 93.5 out of a possible 100. Mr. Howard tried to give all the boys in the school shooting instruction. With about four hundred boys in the school it takes a long time to give each instruction and as a result the team didn't get sufficient practice. We hope for better results in the D.C.R.A. competition.

tance covered was about twenty-five miles and they were eight and a half hours on the way it is but logical to reason that something must have happened. Of what did happen I will now set forth in all its terrible detail, and also of the three mistakes.

After taking the Napanee team to camp in handsome fashion as we are wont to do, the team and officials but-toned up their overcoats and confident, with the thrill of victory hot in their minds, they sallied forth. With contemptuous laughs they put aside the warnings of the local police and started. This was their first mistake — they shouldn't have started.

To the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers" they left the lights of civi- (Please Turn to Page 102)

goals on the round. The blame was laid on the artificial ice, it being the first time that some of the playeres had skated on it. For B.C.I.V.S. Sherry and Morgan were best, with Morgan scoring the majority of the goals.

Skating B.C.I.V.S. again won the secondary school race for boys at the Kiwanis Karnival. Jack Murphy won the cup for the second successive year. After winning the secondary schools cup, he came back a short time later to win the men's senior open event. In this event he sprinted for the lead which he held for the complete five laps. He was pressed at the first by D. Runions but after the second lap Runions was passed by Bob Thompson of O.S.D. who trailed Jack to the finish, a good second. Mr. MacLaurin has promised the school skating instruction next year both in speed and fancy skating and no doubt in future years more winners will be produced in the school.

STATION B. C. I. V. S.

... On the Air ...



Our Machine Shop

MANY of our friends in the matriculation part of the school seem to think that we waste our time in taking a whole term to make one article. They do not realize that we do not make these tools merely for the sake of owning them, but to train us to use the machines and cutting tools. Our present project is a screw-driver. It is light, strong, dependable, serviceable, and has detachable blades. In making it we work on the lathe, miller, and gas furnace. We learn how to turn a piece of material to accurate size, how to drill and bore in the lathe, and how to make inside and outside threads. There are six slots placed at equal distances on the handle to insure a good grip. This latter part of the work is done on the miller.

Besides our projects we do small jobs for people outside the school. We learn how to forge chisels from rough tool steel, and how to cut gears. Our last lesson was on etching. By this method we can cut designs and names on hard materials with acids.

The machine shop has place only for boys who are willing to take great pains and to work accurately and systematically. In it we learn daily new things which will help us in our life long after we have left the school.

J. MILES

FORM POEM

III-C—Margaret Donaldson Announcing—

This year they put us in a form called III-C,
It's the very worst form you ever did see;
We talk and we chat, and our homework
We practically always shirk.

Every night about 4:00 p.m. in a line we go
To visit some teacher for an hour or so,
And when we very wise have grown,
We put on our hats and promenade home.

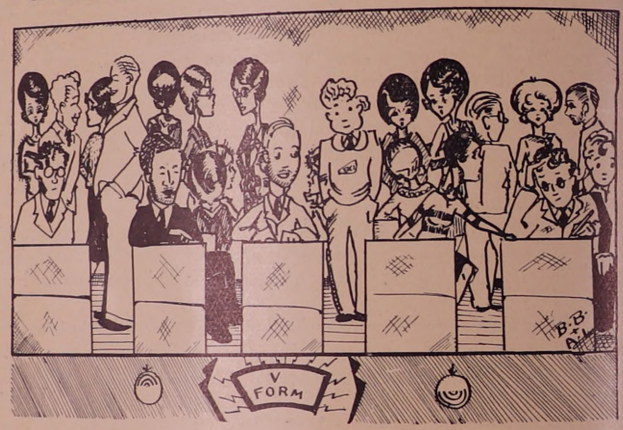
It seems we don't know a single thing about French,
Our Algebra is shocking and in Latin we're dense.
In agriculture we at times seem very bright;
But the teachers must like us, for they keep us in at night.

About Physics we haven't a thing in our head,
And when exam-time comes we wish we were dead.
Mr. Howard just about turned grey overnight
When the results came out; 'twas a terrible sight.

When it comes to composition it isn't done.
 And in history we just have a lot of fun;
 In literature class we're so terribly bad
 We nearly drive Miss Billings mad.

In gymnasium we wriggle and squirm,
 And act peculiarly like worms.
 Our knowledge in Chemistry is very small,
 In fact we are not clever at all.

We are the dunces, we III-C.
 But with us don't you wish you cou'd be,
 Where we have such good times—
 And here is an end to these silly rhymes.



Fifth Form Television Hour

III-B—Betty Sprung Announcing—

THE LIBRARY

On the second floor we have the most interesting room in the school — the library. It is a large room, illuminated by big west windows. The opposite side and one end are lined with some of man's best friends — books. Books of all descriptions, quiet books, noisy books, books to suit all tastes, from John Buchan's war stories to Emerson's essays. They seem to shout out that they want to be read, and who could resist them? What happiness to spend a delightful quiet hour in this charming room!

III-Commercial—Ola Rickett Announcing—

MY PAL

As I enter the typing room I always walk straight to a certain table on which my "Pal" sits. I consider this particular typewriter as my very own, as I have used it during my three years at this Collegiate. Naturally I feel that there is no other typewriter just like my "Pal".

When Miss Brown starts a Speed Test, my fingers itch to get flying over that old familiar keyboard, and my machine begins ticking off as smoothly and as regularly as clockwork.

At the end of the test, when I find that I have made from fifty to sixty words a minute, I feel that if it weren't for the co-operation I have always received from my "Pal" I could never have done so.

* * *

III-TG—They all want to announce. Heah they are, folks!—

THE LUNCH BOX

Two girls are about to open their lunch boxes. Shirley, the elder, opens hers with a thrill of anticipation because her's is always so carefully and tastefully prepared. Anne, her chum, leans forward expectantly too, for Shirley often shares it with her. The lid is thrown back and they cry "Yum Yum"! In one corner is a neat package of sandwiches, with an appetizing olive on top; in the other corner is a small jelly jar with custard in it. It is carefully capped with waxed paper. Four plain cookies, a red rosy apple, a chocolate bar and a thermos bottle of fresh milk complete the lunch.

"My lunches weren't always like this," remarked Shirley, "but the doctor said I wasn't getting the proper amount of vitamins, proteins, minerals, carbohydrates and cellulose and plenty of water, and in the proper proportions. He said my lunches should be made more attractive. That is why I have this pretty dish and napkin, and this apple and that thermos of milk."

By this time the two girls have started eating, and both exclaim when they taste the delicious sandwiches and creamy custard. Very soon not a crumb is left, and the lunch box is carefully put away. It is like a magic box, for from it Shirley gets her blooming cheeks, sparkling eyes and abounding vitality.

* * *

III-C Tech.—Jack Murphy Announcing—

The third year Technical students are pioneers. We have struggled and sweated, blazing a path of glory for those who are to follow. We are the Cartiers and Columbuses of the school. We have been experimented on, and are as much the martyrs of science as the guinea-pigs and white rats who so freely give their lives to advance the knowledge of doctors and scientists. We are a remarkably fine bunch of boys—the finest of the land. The Technical Department is proud of us, now they are sending us out, a complete and finished product.

* * *

Special Commercial—Ena Blaker Announcing—

AN ADVENTUROUS FRIDAY NIGHT

There were some fellows from Napanee bent,
 It's really a wonder why they went,
 For the wind she blew
 And the snow she flew
 And the fellows were quite a woebegone crew.
 With their fingers nipped and their feet like ice,
 I guess they thought it was not very nice,
 They pushed that bus over hill and dale,
 It really is a terrrib'e tale.
 They pushed and shoved and pushed some more,
 The bus wouldn't go and they got sore.
 At last they decided they needed a rest,
 And started to look for a nice little nest.
 They trudged away
 But they began to say
 That looking for houses didn't pay.
 At last they found one to be had

And let me tell you were they glad,
 They shouted and yelled to make the farmer hear,
 And at last the man did appear.
 He opened the door and let them in,
 And they certainly made an awful din.
 Some sat on the chairs and some on the floor,
 There really isn't much use to say any more.
 And then in the morning after the dawn,
 They all went home to get more warm.
 They arrived in town really quite late,
 Somewhere around about half past eight
 And let this be a lesson to you,
 If you go out it may happen to you,

* * *

IV-A—Mary Wrightmeyer Announcing—

"Dost love me true?" asked she one night;
 "Aye", answered he, fierce-eyed.
 "Then why is it that we must part?"
 The tearful maiden sighed.

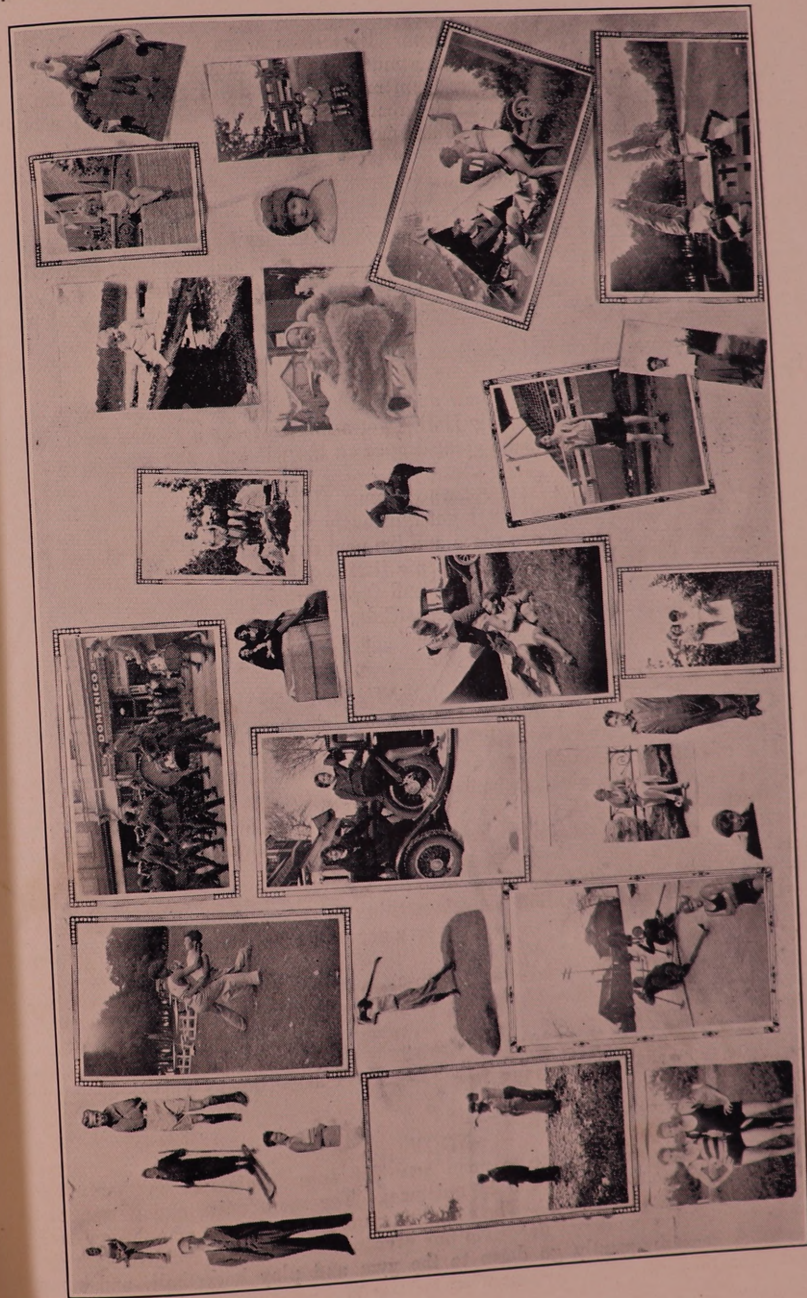
"Kismet, beloved. 'Tis fate!" he cried,
 As he spake with flashing e'e;
 "I'll love you for aye, but I cannot stay,
 For your lipstick is poisoning me!"

* * *

IV-B—Ted Day Announcing—

WHEN THE BAND PLAYED AT MORNING ASSEMBLY

The other morning, rushing into the auditorium just as the doors were closing, I was greeted by a burst of melody that came flooding from the platform to beat against my ears. I paused, startled, wondering in my momentary confusion if it were an ovation for me, but perceiving that everyone in the audience was staring raptly away from me towards the platform, I immediately recovered my customary self-control and strolled leisurely to a seat. I then discovered that the music proceeded from diverse instruments, manipulated by a group of my fellow-students under the control of Mr. Hunter, who was standing in front of them beating the air with a thin wand. As I gazed entranced, I wondered how I had ever presumed to mingle with these exalted students, ignorant though I had been of their musical ability. They stopped with a crash of the bass drum, as Mr. Hunter executed a final flourish of his baton. I thought to myself that Mr. Hunter had certainly selected a fine piece to teach them. Then as the hymn was announced and they started to play it (and did play it right through without a mistake) I was too dumbfounded to even attempt to sing. Two pieces! That was more than I had thought possible to learn and not get mixed up. I sat weakly in my seat while the announcements were read out, but managed to climb to my feet for the National Anthem. But when they raced through that, with all sorts of skips and swirls, I wilted into my seat and remained there, inanimate as a rag, while the stronger-minded spectators filed past me. Just as I managed to struggle out of the semi-coma into which I had been precipitated, my ears were assailed by a crashing chord which announced the grand finale, a stirring martial air, the majority of which I missed altogether, as my over-wrought senses finally succumbed to the tremendous



strain that had been imposed upon them. Ever since, when I have the great good fortune to see one of these super-human musicians, I stand and gaze after him with reverential awe, until he disappears from my view. Today I realized for the first time I certainly must be a person of great importance, for one of them actually spoke to me—even if it were only to ask me to lend him a pencil!

11-B—Jack Carmichael Announcing—

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

On a bright Friday afternoon in the month of October I came to the new school. I looked at my new place of learning as I walked up to it and wondered which door would take me to the office. I decided on the middle one, which was lucky. When I did get in, I was up against some more guess-work, but I found a little metal plate saying "office".

After I was asked several questions, and was told to what form I was assigned, I went home.

Monday morning came—oh! how quickly it came!

When I went into the Assembly Hall, I got a minute to look around me. What a fine big place this was, with its great drapes on the windows and what a fine big stage!

Then came the moving from room to room. If I had had a regular time-table it would have helped matters, but I got gloriously twisted going about by myself.

One day a room was in one place and the next day in another. A second form pupil is supposed to have more nerve than a first former, but it took a great deal of nerve to wander round a strange place and face stern-faced teachers, but day by day I became more familiar with this great Collegiate.

1 E—Eva Boulton Announcing —

TEACHERS' MORNING FACES

When a teacher comes to school, there are just two things to worry about: whether she is good-natured or whether she is cross.

If she is good-natured, there is nothing to worry about, but if she is cross there are two things to worry about: whether she scolds the other fellow or whether she scolds you.

If she scolds the other fellow there is nothing to worry about, but if she scolds you there are two things to worry about: whether she gives you a detention or whether she sends you to the office.

If she gives you a detention there is nothing to worry about, but if she sends you to the office there are two things to worry about: whether you see the office girl or whether you see Mr. MacLaurin.

If you see the office girl there is nothing to worry about, but if you see Mr. MacLaurin there are two things to worry about: whether he is in a hurry or whether he is not.

If he is in a hurry, there is nothing to worry about, but if he is not in a hurry, you'll be so busy answering questions that you won't have time to worry!

ITC—Evelyn Thompson on the Air—

NOON

The only thing comparable to noon hour for pure fun is just another noon-hour. Not one moment is wasted in quietness. The more noise one person can make, the better contented he is. The actual amount of the element of noise enjoyed at noon is rivalling band practice. No one ever refuses or backs out when we get started. A gang frequently go down to the gym and play basketball, and some

(Please Turn to Page 103)



Editors:

BLANCHE COULTER

JUNE WARREN

The School Dance

EVERY student who was there—and how many were not?—will look back upon the school dance, which was held on December 17, as the greatest social event of the school year.

As soon as the reception committee, headed, of course by Mr. and Mrs. MacLaurin, greeted you, you felt sure that this was going to be one of the most pleasant evenings you had spent in a long time. And it was, too.

Could that delightful place, with its ceiling decorated with streamers of crepe paper in the school colours, with its gayly decorated Christmas trees, and, and its inviting fire-place against the west wall—could this be the commonplace Girl's Gymnasium? Here and there Chesterfields placed along the sides of the room, detracted from its bareness; in the gallery were placed card-tables and chairs.

Great credit is due to the group of Upper School students and to Mr.

Greenleaf, Miss Stagg, and Miss MacLaren, who were responsible for the decorating.

The dancing began at 9:30. Tommy Mason and his Commadorees outdid themselves in their music! There were eighteen dances in all and anyone who was there will support me when I say that the number was far too small. All the dances were "perfect" but the best authorities agree upon the novelty dance—the fourteenth, wasn't it?—as the most perfect—if perfection can have degrees.

Supper was served in two groups, one at 11:30, the other at 12:00. To the refreshment committee enough praise cannot be given. They really did surpass themselves.

All too soon the Home Waltz,—that dance we always wish would last for hours—gave place to God Save the King. We have only one fault to find with the school dance—it comes only once a year!

The Teachers' Reception

The teaching staff of Belleville were entertained by the Board of Education on December 16, in the library of the Collegiate Institute. The library was charmingly decorated with orange blossoms and streamers of crepe paper. The fireplace, piano and tea-table completed the unaccustomed home-like atmosphere of the room.

Colonel Ponton occupied the chair during the evening and opened the programme with an enjoyab'le address. Mrs. MacLaurin, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Greenleaf were presented with baskets of flowers. A musical programme followed, after which refreshments were served.

Wedding Bells

Their sweet chimes seem to have especially attracted the members of the teaching staff. Witness the following.

First and foremost, we have the wedding of our principal.

* * *

MACLAURIN—DOW

On September 24, 1930, Doris Dow of Fort William, to Mr. Peter Crawford MacLaurin, of Belleville. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents, in Fort William, Rev. Dr. Grant officiating. We are all glad to welcome Mrs. MacLaurin to our midst and we wish our principal every happiness.

* * *

EMERY—AGNEW

The wedding of Helen, youngest daughter of Mrs. J. W. Ross and the late Dr. W. E. Agnew, to Dr. J. R. Emery, youngest son of Mrs. S. F. Emery and the late Dr. Emery of Ottawa, took place in Winchester. The ceremony was performed in the United Church and a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. Dr. and Mrs. Emery are now living in White Plains, New York.

* * *

GREENLEAF—CRAWFORD

On June 16, 1930, the wedding of Miss Charlotte Crawford, of Sarnia, to Mr. Charles O. Greenleaf, was solemnized. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's brother, Mr. James Crawford.

* * *

HOWARD—ROGERS

On July 30, 1930, Dorothy Beatrice Isobel, daughter of Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. C. N. Rogers, of Grafton, and Mr. James Willis Howard, entered into the holy bonds of matrimony. The marriage was solemnized in St. George's Church, by Rev. Dr. Boyle of St. Peter's Church, of Cobourg.

* * *

KETCHESON—WALKER

On November 10, 1930, Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Walker, and H. Clifford Ketcheson, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Ketcheson, were united in marriage. Both bride and groom are ex-students of Belleville Collegiate Institute and Vocational School.

* * *

ARMSTRONG—DAY

The wedding of Mary, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. M. A. Day, and Bruce, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. B. Armstrong of Toronto, took place on February 14, 1931. The knot was tied by Rev. Dr. Baker, at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong are now living in Toronto. Although Mary is an ex-student of three years' standing there are still many of us in the school who remember her and wish her every happiness.



The OLD SAILOR'S TALE

By Roberta Jones

SEVERAL children gathered around an old sailor and friend, whom they knew as "Uncle Jack".

"Tell us a story, Uncle Jack," pleaded one little girl.

"Yes, do," cried the others in a chorus.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, after taking two long draws from his pipe, "since you are all ladies, I suppose you wouldn't like to hear tales of storms or fights, so I will tell you a story called 'Mr. Cuttlefish's Love Story.'"

"There was a great commotion in the Coral Palace of the Queen of the Sea. As a rule, on hot summer evenings the Queen reclined on pink seashells to rest, but these were deserted and even the shark's fin fans were still. No fish was visible. At least, no whole fish could be seen in the Coral Palace, for from every crevice, window, and door projected either tails or heads of inquisitive fish. They were apparently greatly amused at some object, for their tails shook frequently with laughter, which made the water foam and bubble. Even the Queen lost her dignity, and clapped her fins and laughed with glee.

"Under the shade of a giant seaweed, Mr. Cuttlefish was making love to the Queen's favourite mermaid, pretty little Marina. He rolled his goggle eyes at her and quite surrounded her with five of his long arms.

"My dearest, I'm afraid we must part," she was saying to him, "and I don't think I can possibly meet you here again. I am sure someone will see us; the palace is so near. And,"

she said, kissing his puffy cheek, 'I know the Queen will never consent to our marriage. You have no appointment at court and your business prevents you from living in this part of the sea. I must remain near the Queen, or, by our laws, I shall lose the human half of my body and become a fish altogether.'

"Well, my dear," he said, 'you must look for an opening at court, for which I can apply.'

"There is a vacancy at court to which, I am sure, you are particularly suited. Her Majesty's Royal Musician was accidentally swallowed by a bass soloist. I know you are a talented musician and none of the choir could possibly swallow you.'

"That is so," said Mr. Cuttlefish. 'If I could convince the Queen of my musical capabilities I could obtain the appointment. I could get an orchestra and possibly a few soloists together, and possibly get permission to play before Her Majesty.'

"The laughter in the Palace became so uproarious that Marina hurried home, terrified lest she had been seen. Mr. Cuttlefish sailed away faster than his dignity generally allows.

"The next day was quiet and peaceful in the beautiful kingdom under the sea. There was a general air of festivity in the Royal Palace.

"Suddenly a queer sound echoed in all the chambers of the Palace. The Queen, who was startled from sleep, demanded the cause. Her attendant crab hurried off returning in a short

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Moon Meanderings

(By Frances A. Evans)

THERE was once a time when I thought that a trip to Toronto would be the height of happiness. Later on, after being reluctantly forced to believe that even in Toronto it could rain, my idea of the perfect journey turned to Vancouver (probably owing to "See Canada First" posters). Then, as the secrets of the Public School geography were revealed to my young mind, I yearned toward Australia—I liked the picture of the natives, and the queer description of the vegetation. But recently I read a description in guide-book style of a round-the-world trip which bored me so unutterably that I decided that I should like to visit the moon.

The weird, cold pictures you see of the moon are on too large a scale to give you any idea of the actual landscape, to my mind. If you were really on the moon it would be a delightful place.

The first thing I will do when I get there will be to abandon all notions of getting back to earth and having my name shouted from the housetops for my wonderful achievement. No one on the earth, if he were in his right mind, would believe me, and I would reproach myself to my dying day for not remaining on the moon. Certainly it would be a shame to waste a day of my time on that intriguing satellite thinking of futile and hopeless ways of leaving it.

I will find the inhabitants of the moon. No astronomer can tell me there aren't any because he has peered at the surface and perceived no movement. One of the greatest sports of

the inhabitants of the moon is to keep out of sight of astronomers, because they know that if their existence were discovered, they would be besieged with wireless telegraphs about whether they were the departed souls of our grandmothers, and if they believed in prohibition and Santa Claus, and wasn't it clever of us to invent telegraphy? All of which the moon-natives would consider utterly idiotic.

I won't insult them by trying to speak to them in our language, or to treat them like members of any earthly race. They won't take me into their midst as a curiosity, because they believe in minding their own business, which is the chief cause of their contempt of us. They will watch me wandering over their little world (which is a much more comfortable size to explore than ours) with a cynical good humour, and pay no more attention to me. I shall have the whole moon at my disposal, and shall explore to my heart's content, perfectly undisturbed, for on the moon there are no loquacious porters, ship-concert promoters, customs officers, social service institutions, travellers' aid societies, immigration officials, sight-seeing tours, or versatile bus-drivers—nothing to prevent my tour of the moon being taken exactly as I please.

But if the people of the moon so resent my intrusion that they throw me back to earth again, I shall not breathe to this incredulous planet a word of my journey to the moon, unless I find that I have alighted within the walls of an insane asylum. In that case I shall obtain the true appreciation of my fellows. And I will accept contradictions from no one who has not actually made the trip.



which we hesitate to argue."

—In "The Art of Thinking"
"THE TECALOGUE"

avoir les voisins qui ont les yeux de verre.

"THE GLEANER"

∴ BORROWED BITS ∴

Why should we not all live in peace and harmony? We look up at the stars, we are fellow-passengers on the same planet, and dwell beneath the same sky. What matters it by which road each individual endeavours to find the ultimate truth? The riddle of existence is too great that there should be only one road leading to an answer.

(Quintus Aurelius Symmachus)
"THE VOYAGUER"

* * *

There once was a girl from the East,
Who was brought up entirely on yeast:
"In the morning to rise
Is no effort," she cries,
"No late slips today, Mr. Keast!"

"EASTERN ECHO"

* * *

Stephens doesn't care if he is at the bottom of his class, because he knows perfectly well that they teach the same things at both ends.

"THE TWIC"

* * *

If I could hold that hand again,
Clasped lovingly in mine,
If I might hold that hand again
That hand I held long syne,
That hand so fair it was and soft;
Soft? Ne'er was a softer thing;
Ah, me, I'll told it ne'er again—
Ace, ten, knave, queen, and king.

"THE TORCH"

* * *

"Cultivate the habit of looking at both sides of a subject. A close scrutiny of ideas in which we disbelieve entirely will often reveal a logical ability hitherto unexpected. Our minds are "made up" on a good many subjects, but did we give the other side a practical hearing? Or are we ready to do so now? For there is something radically wrong with a belief on which we are afraid to be cross-examined, or which we hesitate to argue."

—In "The Art of Thinking"
"THE TECALOGUE"

"It is the little things that tell in this life," said she to him, as she pulled the kid brother from behind the Chesterfield.

"SPECULA GALTONIA"

* * *

THE REPORT CARD

Just a little bit of pasteboard,
Just a little ink,
Makes the pupils wonder
And the parents think.

"SPECULA GALTONIA"

* * *

Le marchand de meubles: Madame, ce fauteuil est le dernier modèle, c'est ce qu'on appelle un fauteuil de réception.

La cliente: Mais on est très mal là-dedans. Je ne pourrais y rester cinq minutes.

Le marchand: Justement, madame, il est destiné aux visiteurs.

"THE GLEANER"

* * *

POME

Ninety-six tomato cans, baked in an oven,
Sixteen more added, kicked in or shoven,
And when the heat's abated add a little tar—
Thus we have created a rattling good Ford car.

"THE GLEANER"

* * *

The woman who fired five times at her husband wants him to return home; she misses him so.

"THE VULCAN"

* * *

Proverbe: Les gens qui demuerent dans les maisons de verre devraient avoir les voisons qui ont les yeux de verre.

"THE GLEANER"

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perceived no move-
the greatest sports of

my fellows. And I will accept con-
tradictions from no one who has not
actually made the trip.

SHADES

Shades of Horace, Shades of Virgil,
Shades of Caesar,

Help a bloke!
When he rises to translate you,
Wishes that he hadn't spoke,
When the master, waxing wordy,
Wonders if such things can be,
Shades of Horace, Shades of Virgil,
Shades of Caesar,
Succour me!

Shades of Horace, Shades of Caesar,
Shades of Virgil,

Rally round:

Stand about us in a circle,
Show us all your thoughts profound,
Show us how they should be rendered
Into English fair and free,
That is—come and stand around us
Till we find our Latin key!

—C. H. Acheson. "THE TWIG"

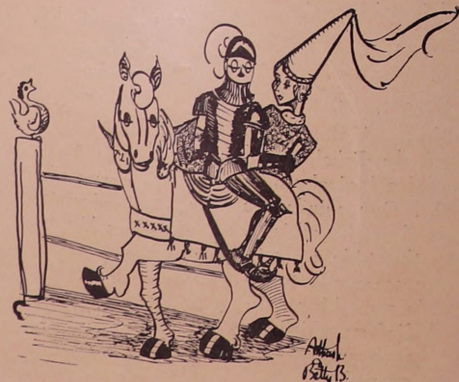
SUNRISE

The morn was clear, and sparkling
frost
Bedecked with jewels the silent
world.

The gloomy cloud of night was lost,
And in the East the sun unfurled
A golden radiance o'er the clouds,
Spreading its splendour through the
sky.

Discarding the garb of cold night
shrouds;

Greeting the day, Old Sol rose high.
Wilda Ellacott. "THE TECALOGUE"



ONE WILDE KNIGHTE

—:— T-H-E — E-L-E-V-A-T-O-R —:—

If our English teacher is a book-
worm, is our geometry taught an angle
worm?

WOODSTOCK "ORACLE"

Mr. Self says that the people who
study mathematics are the ones that
count.

"THE VULCAN"

Mullins is so dumb he thinks that
the children of the Czar are called
Czardines.

"THE TWIG"

Grocer: "You want a pound of
ochre? Is it red ochre for cleaning
bricks?"

Boy: "No, it's tappyochre, vot muv-
ver makes puddings wiv."

FIVE CHRISTMAS BALLADS

Some jolly little Christmas trees were
standing two by two;
They had to stand that way because
That's just the way they grew.

A jolly little present was tied in paper
white,
But all at once the paper burst
'Cause it was tied too tight.

A jolly little snowflake one day set out
to travel;
Its journey wasn't very far
Because it hit the gravel.

(Please Turn to Page 108)

—:— T-H-E — E-L-E-V-A-T-O-R —:—

Petawawa

By HENRY LIDDLE

LAST year the officers of the 34th
Battery C.F.A. came to the con-
clusion that they needed some
good men to man one section of
the battery. They sent one of their
number up to the Collegiate to tell
the young hopefuls what a great time
they were missing by not joining the
Battery. The result was that enough
boys joined to man one section, but
when the signal section got their quota,
there were only enough left to fully
handle one gun.

After the preliminary spring and
summer training the Battery left by
train for camp at Petawawa. During
the first half of the trip the tracks ran
through the Rideau Lake district, won-
derful scenery being seen on the way.
The first real stop was at Ottawa where
we had a five hour leave. While some
of the Battery members toured Ottawa,
others sought the pleasures of Hull.
(I wonder what?) We had to be back
by eleven o'clock and be in the train.
It was late in leaving and two boys,
thinking they needed their stomachs
reinforced for the trip ahead, went to
an all-night restaurant and were almost
left behind.

On our arrival at Petawawa we were
given our eating utensils and our bed-
ding, assigned to our tents, and spent
the remaining hours either at the gun-
park or at the signalling headquarters.

During time off the pastimes were
playing horseshoes, swimming, or as it
happened once, pulling porcupine
quills from an inquisitive puppy's nose.
Another amusing time for some, but
not so for the others, was when your
tent-pegs were pulled up and the pole
kicked over and you became involved
in numerous folds of canvas.

Ten days at camp passed rapidly.
During this time we had been at the
ranges several times and when the sig-
nallers first went to the ranges with
the battery, one of them from the
school, not knowing what to expect,
jumped about six inches when the first
gun was fired. Near the last of our
time in camp, the test for gun layers
was finished and the result announced.
It was found that all of the one-gun
crew from the Collegiate had passed
their test successfully and that four of
them received prize money for being
among the six best. The same gun
also received half of the money for the
best gun, along attendance and general
efficiency lines.

On the morning of the last day in
camp the competitive shoot is held.
On this shoot, we had to bring our
bedding, consisting of just one blanket
and the ground-sheet. The range was
several miles from camp and we soon
arrived at the rendezvous on the heavy-
duty Leylands. On the way to this



OUR REPRESENTATIVES

site we looked across the Ottawa River at the morning sun dispersing the light fog from the sides of the Laurentian Hills on the Quebec side of the river. After starting again we soon arrived at the battery position. The shoot was a success, except that one shell of the seventy-five to be fired was stubborn and it jammed in the breech. It was loosened finally but before another shot could be fired, time was up. One amusing thing about this shoot was the stationing of a shiny new ambulance under a convenient shade-tree. This fact did a great deal to encourage whatever pessimists there were in the Battery, but the remainder did not think it was so encouraging. A wide awake medical officer was with the ambulance hoping, perhaps, that the breech would burst open so that he could try his skill (in plus or minus qualities) on the poor unfortunates in the immediate vicinity of the breech. Alas for the doctor's luck; the only services required of him was to supply absorbent cotton to the more timid element in the Battery.

The River In Winter

In summer the river was free and fast
As it rolled on its way to the sea.
It lapped and washed and swished and ran
And hurried past meadow and tree.

Then came the winter with snow and frost
And oh, what didn't they do!
They covered the meadow and nipped the tree
And froze the river through.

The river's frozen, the ice is hard,
The landscape is all white,
And skating on the river's ice
Are kiddies in colours bright.

And now the magic spell of winter
Prevents the rippling sound
And silently the river sleeps
Huddled under a winter's mound.

DOT E. MOONEY, Form II-A.

We were to leave that afternoon and the men spent the intervening time in whatever their brain or its equivalent decided. Some slept under the trees or the non-energetic packed up carefully or played games of different sorts. Others thinking of five hours' leave in Ottawa on the return trip were shaving and washing thoroughly. We left Petawawa Station at two o'clock that afternoon and were in Ottawa by half-past five. Some went to the show or again went to Hull upon some questionable venture, but all were again at the station by eleven o'clock that night. On the remaining leg of our homeward trip quite a few tried to get a few hours' sleep, but due to the unnecessary noise caused by several pursuers of the Goddess of Chance, this was well-nigh impossible. We arrived in Belleville by three o'clock that morning and all hurried home to have a well earned sleep not to be awakened from our slumbers by any morning gun or by the notes of the pickets' trumpets.



EXCHANGE



Editors:

LORENE ADAMS

ARTHUR THOMPSON



SCENE—The "office" of the Exchange Department, Room 202

DRAMATIS PERSONAE: The Exchange Editors.

ART (*looking over magazines*): I say, Lorene, what do you consider remarkable about the "NEXUS?"

LORENE: Well, it has very good headings. In fact, it's a pretty well designed paper—one of the best, I should say.

ART: Oh, I don't know—I think the Fort William "ORACLE" is just as good.

LORENE: You may be right, but I thought it was a little too individualistic, and not quite up to par when it comes to literary merit.

ART: We won't argue about it. Speaking of "ORACLES," have you seen the Woodstock one yet?

LORENE: Yes, I was looking over it yesterday. The poetry could be better, but their cartoons are refreshingly original.

ART: Here's the "VOYAGUER." They seem to give an awful lot of space to sports, don't they?

LORENE: Well, you must remember, that it's a boys' school and athletics play a very large part there. Their articles on foreign places were very good, too—if you had taken time to read them.

ART: I admit, I didn't get round to reading them. However, I did notice that the articles in the Trinity University "REVIEW" were excellent.

LORENE: Oh, by the way, what was it that you like so much about the "EASTERN ECHO"? You were lauding it so the other day, you know.

ART: Oh, I don't know. Its sports section was very well written and the photos and general neatness of the book are certainly to be praised.

LORENE: Speaking of photos, I think the individual cuts in the "SPECULA GALTONIA" are dandy, don't you?

ART: Yes, they are. Their form news isn't so bad, either. Say, the Upper Canada "COLLEGE TIMES" is an interesting paper, isn't it?

LORENE: M-hm, one of the best on our list, I think. The sports are written up exceedingly well, too.

ART (*holding up copy of the "VULCAN"*): Don't you think this is a splendid paper? You know, they print it themselves.

LORENE: Is that how they get those pretty little wood-cuts? Gee, I wish we could have something like that in our book.

ART: The "TECALOGUE" is another paper printed by the school itself. Did you notice the rather original section they have—"The Palace of Wonder," I think they call it?

LORENE: Yes, that is, unique. They're lucky, also, in having so many poets in the school. Shelburne High School "YEAR BOOK" has a lot of poems, too, haven't they?

ART: A surprising amount, considering the size of the magazine. Oh, I have at last read the "QUIDNUNC" and I agree with you that it is a very well edited paper. As you said, the different sections are exceedingly well written up.

ART: I thought you would like it. What do you think of this year's "TORCH"?
LORENE: To tell you the truth, I wasn't very much impressed—except by the jokes, which were fairly original.

ART: What do you think of the "TWIG"? They certainly have a dandy picture of the whole school, haven't they?

LORENE: Yes, all their sections are pretty good,—especially the sports, and poetry. I don't think the poetry in the "HERMES" is nearly as good.

ART: No but they've got some very good stories, which really makes up for the poetry.

LORENE: By the way, have you seen any good "foreign corners" in any of the mags?

ART: Now that you speak of it, I remember that the Latin and French sections in the "GLENER" are rather unique.

LORENE: It could stand more cartoons and drawings, though.

ART: The "CARILLON" has excellent photographs, hasn't it?

LORENE: It certainly has. On the whole it's a pretty good magazine.

ART: The "HARPOONER" is a good one, too.

LORENE: Yes, but the cover certainly isn't worthy of the book. And did you notice another thing? They have a heading design—I mean a drawing, you know—with the word "Editorial" in it; then they have "Editorial" printed below it.

ART: I hadn't noticed that—not so good, eh? What is that book you have there?

LORENE: The "ALMAFILIAN". It makes me proud of my sex. They have very good poetry and I noticed one heading in particular which I liked—"Jokes", I think it was.

ART: I haven't looked through the book yet, but the shape of the cover is very original.

LORENE: The "HELLO" is another attractive looking one. The cuts and sectional headings are exceptionally clever.

ART: Yes, I've seen it before. They have some promising poets, too. What is that one you have there? (Seeing the "REVEILLE" in her hands).

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We go a-hunting!

Arthur Liddler '21

JUNIOR SECOND PRIZE STORY

OUT of the AIR

By John R. Lill

"YEP! the aeroplane is a useful machine," said Bert Aldrich's companion, as he took up the load he had deposited on the ground, and walked on again. "It sure reduces long distances into comparatively short ones, and you can go almost anywhere in an aeroplane these days."

As Bert did not answer, the man shot a keen glance at him, but he immediately started talking again. After they had walked for about half an hour, the man, who gave his name as Reich, stopped suddenly and dropped his bundle, saying, "Well, Buddy, this is as far as I can go now, but the Post is just around the lake shore somewhere, and you should be able to go on by yourself. So-long." With these words the stranger disappeared into the thick bush, the way he had come.

Bert picked up his bundle and trudged on along the trail through the deep snow, and as he went, he wondered why his newly-made acquaintance had refused to go near the Post. When he reached it, he was no nearer to solving the puzzle than he was at the beginning, but as he had to look up a friend of his Uncle's, who was a mounted policeman, the matter was driven from his thoughts.

Bert Aldrich was twenty-four years old, of an inventive nature, and a born engineer. Unfortunately, he was not very robust, and his Uncle Will had arranged for him to spend some of his time in the north country with a friend of his, the R.M.P. aforementioned, hoping that the change of climate would be beneficial.

When he was directed to the cabin of Corporal MacLean, and that officer met him at the door and welcomed him warmly, Bert was surprised, as he had

expected to see a cabin surrounded by wolves and mad dogs, and fighting Esquimaux, but as far as he could see in the fast dimming light, everything was quiet and peaceful.

Whatever feeling of shyness Bert had experienced at first was quickly dissolved, as the policeman with great friendliness said, as he consulted a letter which he held in his hand. "I believe that you are an engineer; is that right, my boy?"

"Yes," answered Bert, "I was till I came out here, and now I am nothing but a hobo."

The mountie laughed and went about his work of preparing supper, but when the meal was over, he surprised Bert by saying, "Say son, have you ever worked much with gramophones? If so, maybe you could do a little job for me."

Bert admitted that he had some knowledge of the machines, and the policeman then removed a rug which hung over a cupboard, and revealed a portable gramophone.

Bert was immediately interested as he had not expected to see anything so modern as a gramophone, in that region, so remote from civilization.

MacLean explained that he had bought it from a trader, but it had not worked well after he had used it for eighteen months.

Bert looked it over and found that the governor rod needed adjusting, and in a short time had the machine in good order. The job done, he thought it was his turn to do some surprising, so, going over to his box, he produced a small radio set, and a couple of peculiar shaped boxes, which turned out to be batteries. The policeman watched all this with amazement, but

(Please Turn to Page 110)

COMPANIONS in ARMS

By Ross Weese

THE sun's first rays had hardly brightened the grim turreted walls of Thoresby Castle when down clattered the drawbridge, and a small cavalcade rode forth. At their head rode two youths of scarce four and twenty years. Clad in mail, as was the custom of their time, they presented a more war-like aspect than was shown by their manner. Their swords and head-pieces swung at their saddle-bows. Behind them rode their squires and a small body of men-at-arms.

John, a handsome boy, slight and wiry of build, turned a smiling countenance to his companion, who, though but a year his senior, completely outstripped him in height and width of shoulder.

"Well Cousin Richard, what think you of the choice of day for our journey?"

"It doth seem pleasant enough and right fit for two such travellers as ourselves. Here, I will wager you a zecchin I can first be at yon stream which runs past the bend in the road."

"'Tis taken!" cried his companion, and off they spurred, laughing as they rode, leaving their men to follow at a more sedate pace. Thus the journey to Mariston Castle was passed.

As the road reached the summit of the hill the travellers saw before them the towers of Mariston Castle. Closer at hand, yet still some distance away, was a broad plain which sloped towards a central hollow. Around its outskirts were gayly coloured pavilions with flags fluttering from their peaks. Then, nearer the middle of the hollow, were long rows of wooden stands, with here and there raised seats which were separated from the rest. Here was to be held the great tournament to which our friends were journeying.

As they clattered into the courtyard attendants ran forward to take their horses, and pages came to conduct them to their rooms. Here they changed their suits of mail for robes of silk and ermine.

When this was completed they made their way to the banquet hall, which (Please Turn to Page 111)

Free Verse

This poetry
That doesn't rhyme
Is wonderful
To me;
It takes a real
Poetic touch
To do it prop-
Erly.

The swing of it
In every line
Appeals to me—
And I
Will read the stuff
For hours on end
To find the rea-
Son why.



Editors:

DOUGLAS SHIER

DOUGLAS BANKIER

N.B.—Explanations of jokes will be sent in receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

NOTICE

Mr. Hunter — Kindly inform Mr. Howard ahead of time if you wish to move the piano, so that he will not need to ascertain whether or not someone has deceased. II-A

Teacher: Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

Johnnie: Why er — at the bottom. D.E.M., II-A

Berna, II-A (after reading—If two triangles have the three sides of one respectfully equal to the three sides of the other, the two triangles are congruent):

"Do we have to prove that?"
Mr. Frise: "What do you think you'd do? Put 'oh yeah' after it?"

The onions grew on the hilltop,
Th potatoes grew down below.
The onions got in the potatoes eyes
And they couldn't see where to grow.

Father: Why were you kept in at school to-day?

Son: I couldn't remember where the Azores were.

Above-mentioned: In future, just remember where you put things.

RAH! RAH! RAH!

First Student: Have you heard the new Scotch rugby yell yet?

Second Ditto: No, what is it?

First Student: Get that quarter-back! Get that quarter-back!

Miss Dwyer: Georgia, if you haven't got your Latin done you can go down to the office to Mr. MacLaurin.

Georgia: I would if I thought that Mr. MacLaurin would do it for me.

Miss Dwyer (teaching new Latin lesson): Now, all you have to do is to use your optics in this direction.

G. M. (after searching vigorously through her Latin text): Miss Dwyer, would you mind telling me on what page I can find those optic verbs?

Teacher: Boys, if there are any papers, or girls, around your desks, pick them up at once please.

Pupil: May I look in my geometry?

Miss MacLaren: What for?

Pupil: I just want to look at the figure.

Miss MacL.: What's the matter with your own figure? It's as good as any one else's.

Dr. Messina: Even when the teacher is wrong you should say "Yes, sir." That's discipline. I've given you your home work, haven't I?
Bright Pupil: Yes, sir.

Get thee behind me Satan —and push



A Scotchman had been living in America six years and thinking that his brother could do well there too, he wrote to him telling him to come to America. As he stood on the pier scanning the faces of the people coming from the boat he could not see his brother. At last a short man with a beard that reached to his knees came up to him and said, "Brother, don't you know me?" "Why, Mike," the other replied, "I didn't know you had a beard." "I didn't," said his brother, "but when you came out over six years ago you took the razor."

In spite of the unemployment situation we notice that A and B are working as hard as ever in Mr. Shiels' room.

It is rumoured that McKeinney's feet are so big that he has to back up to a door to ring the bell.

Our own private algebra questions:
If Mr. Shiels were $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches taller, the square of his weight would be to the distance he can throw chalk with 100% accuracy as the length of his grin is to the cube root of x . Find x .

The volume of surprise which Dr. Messina would give forth if Harold Cowain ever answered a question correctly is inversely proportional to the barometer reading multiplied by the number of the hymn we sang in assembly. How old is Harold?

A tourist, going through the Northwest, suffered a slight accident to his car. Unable to find his monkey-wrench, he went to a farmhouse and enquired of the Swede owner: "Have you a monkey-wrench here?"

"Naw," replied the Swede. "My brother bane got a cattle rench over there; my cousin got a sheep rench down there; but too darn cold here for monkey rench."

"I once had a wart on my toe."
"How did you get rid of it?"
"I walked so much I wart off."

Miss Young: Define "amulet".
Jim: Fried eggs.

All that glitters is not sold.

Mr. Cutler was explaining that the easy way to remember the square root of three was to remember that the number of figures in it was the same as the number of syllables in the sentence "I admire you so". The next day in Miss McLaren's Trig. class she asked Lloyd Langton the square root of three. Replied he, quite boldly, "I admire you so."

Mr. MacLaurin: This is an ebonite rod which we rub on some cat's fur. (He then proceeds to rub it up and down his own sleeve).

Where there's a swill there's a sway.

Jack: Do you know why Fields goes around patting other boys on the head?
Rene: No, why?

Jack: To save the price of buying his own grease, of course.

The door opens on the small cell-like room and a figure creeps stealthily out. He gazes fearfully up and down the dark corridor. Long, shadowy, it stretches out before him. As far as he can see are door after door of steel, sinister steel. All is silent. But hark! What is that? Footsteps are heard, far off in some distant corridor at first, but steadily approaching. A burly shadow approaches. The man waits, breathless. The hall is suddenly flooded with light. A gasp of relief.

"Oh, Mr. Tilley," says Art, "I thought you'd gone and locked the door."

Some sculptors might well be called monumental liars.

Son MacLaurin: Doc Messina is getting sulky.

Asa: What makes you think so?
Son: He said he wouldn't speak to me again.

Miss Chambers: Garnet, what are you doing?

Garnet: Following directions.
Miss C.: What directions?
G. R.: It says here to chew it after every meal.

All nuts are kept under cover — even peanuts.

Miss McLaren (to Dave, who is evidently up to mischief): Dave, are you still at that nonsense?

Dave: Yes, Miss McLaren, and I can't get the twenty-ninth.

Dr. Messina: What is the Latin phrase for "in the rear"?

Don: Post mortem.
We have been forbidden to park our Fords on Church street: an uncanny street, as one of our pupils remarked.

Lunatic (who lives on the first floor of an asylum): Everyone is crazy over me.

Mr. Hill: What does Fahrenheit mean?

Ted: A pretty good height.

Housewife: You live near a creek, don't you,

Dairyman: Yes, ma'am, but how did you guess it?

Housewife: I found a minnow in the milk this morning.

Editor: Do you know how to run a newspaper?

Applicant: No, sir.
Editor: Well, I'll try you. I guess you've had experience.



The retired Admiral was expostulating with his daughter about the lateness of her hours. "I won't have it," he asserted, "going out with that land-lubber in his car and not getting home till past midnight." "But, daddy," replied the sailor's daughter, "we were becalmed. The wind died right down in two of our tires."

Boatman (to Dr. Messina, as he gets on a car ferry): A dollar for your car, sir.

Dr. Messina (who has been having trouble with his car): Sold.

A man named Dodgin was recently appointed foreman, but his name was not known to all the men under him. One day he ran across two men smoking in a corner.

"Who are you?" asked one of them. "I'm Dodgin, the new foreman," he replied.

"So are we. Sit down and have a smoke."

Mr. Burgess: What was the first thing Charles I did after coming to the throne?

Harold S.: Sat on it, sir.



"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."

Miss Young: Give me a sentence using the word Eustace in it.

Clara: I told him "no", but he Eustace own judgment.

Mr. Hill: What is the turtle tail like?

Harry: It is short and comical (conical).

Poet (dreamily): I can see poems in the fire.

Critic (arousing): I've seen some that should be there.

He: Did you take a stove on your camping trip?

Haw: Where do suppose we cooked? On the mountain ranges?

Attention

THE latest thing in classroom decoration! We have a novel commodity in stock, which forms an interesting and frequently amusing feature to classroom activity. It is called "BOY" — (pronounced boy). It is a moveable, adjustable, semi-animate object, guaranteed not to corrode, condense, crack, melt, freeze, warp, or evaporate if properly taken care of; also guaranteed against shrinkage, though not against stretching. Some varieties of the species wear spats, but most are quite respectable.

Their chief uses are:

(1) Holding down seats. No seat properly equipped with "BOY" will rise into the air of its own accord.

(2) Furnishing noise. The rythmical sense is strong in "BOY", and it is manifested in continual tapping with pencils, pens, feet, etc., which is most refreshing to the nerves.

(3) Tramping along corridors. The correct amount of "BOY" will give your corridors a really satisfying buzz. Special varieties are equipped with metal heels.

There are other uses, but find out for yourself! Prices are moderate—in fact we'd pay you to take some of them! Accept no imitations! Look for the trade mark "BOY".

Mr. Rimmington: Belleville is considered to be a small educational centre because of the Ontario Business College, Albert College, our fine Collegiate and Vocational School, and the Ontario School for the Deaf—

Bright Pupil (Probably Smitty): And the Dumb.

Mr. R.: No, we have the dumb right here at the Collegiate.

Miss Young: What other poem have we read concerning cats?

R. J.: "Requies—cat."

The READING of the WILL

By Helen Ackerman

Cousin STICKLES had always been a very haughty and solemn person. She had lived with Cecily Frederick and her mother, as long as Cecily could remember. And it had been she as well as Mrs. Frederick who had decided with the help of many relations, who were just like Cousin Stickles, all questions which regarded Cecily, either important ones or otherwise.

Cousin Stickles had been for years, in her own opinion, sick, and had on various occasions, when a fainting spell was, according to her, necessary, fallen back and refused to be stirred until all that she thought necessary to do on such an occasion had been done. Although she had had these "weak spells" frequently, no one had actually believed there was anything in them. They had, however, sympathized with her, which was the proper thing to do on such occasions.

One day, however, they were shocked to find that Cousin Stickles had died in the night. No one knew at what time, except that it was at night. Of course, there was a great commotion among all the relations. The ladies of the different families dropped in on each other suddenly and were talking it all over, while the men looked grave and arranged for the funeral.

On the day of the funeral the relations all came silently into the parlor, followed by Cecily and her mother. Everyone was dressed in black, and all appeared very solemn. Cecily knew they weren't solemn because of any love they had for Cousin

Stickles, but because it was the proper thing to do. She knew that there was no love in the families. Each person thought that he or she was supreme. Cecily didn't exactly know what love was. She had never had any friends, and had been to very few parties, outside of the picnics they had had in their own families. Her mother, for various reasons, had never let her go, and after a while no one invited her. Cecily acted at the funeral with respect, but didn't make such a great fuss as the others did. She had never liked Cousin Stickles, although she admitted that Cousin Stickles had been fairly nice to her at times, and she wasn't going to pretend she had liked her.

A few weeks after the funeral, Cecily and her mother and the relations were assembled in the parlor to listen to the reading of the will. All except Cecily were very interested, as it was known that Cousin Stickles had been wealthy, and they of course, were the ones to get it. No one showed their interest, however, but appeared as solemn as they had on the day of the funeral. The lawyer slowly opened the envelope and put on his spectacles, and then, as he remembered something, took them off again.

"We are gathered here today to read the will of the late Mrs. Stickles Stirling. If everyone will be as quiet as possible we will begin." He again put on his spectacles and unfolded the page.

"The will is very short and concerns only two people. It says this, 'To Mrs. James Frederick I leave all my personal belongings. To her daughter Cecily Frederick is left my money, so that she can get out in the world and live.'"



ALUMNI



Editor: ROSS WEESE

At Home

Elmer Adams, Doris Badgley, Charlie Boulter, Edna Carter, Austin Coffey, Grace Connor, Ivy Cordes, Dorothy Craig, Marjorie Craig, Ruth Dunning, Agnes Doyle, Margaret Donahue, George Denyes, Grace Day, Mar-garet Finkle, Beatrice Garrison, Mit-chell Gillen, William Gray, Margaret Gerow, Lorna Hale, Marie Harkens, Margaret Haslip, Luella Holmes, Verna Huffman, John Lee, Ronald Longwell, Walter Cordes, Gordon Morris, John Murphy, Frank Langman, Martin LaRue, James Naylor, Doris Peets, George Pepper, Everett Phillips, Billie Shymzyshyn, Ernest Smith, Hazel Sum-mers, Gladys Urech, Malcolm Wall-bridge, Bessie Wellbanks, Betty Wil-kinson, Betty Willis, Roy Clazie, Wes-ley Gray.

St. Michael's Academy

Phyllis Amo, Doris Blaind, Ter-rence Boyle, Mar-garet Donovan, William Lynch, Delya Murphy, Lois LaRoche, Peggy LaRoche, Helen Mc-Quaid, Carmel McQuaid, James Peets, Jimm Truaisch, Phyllis Temple, An-gela Whalen, Bernard Wilson, Robert Webster.

At Other Schools

Ontario Business Col-lege: Josephine Dodd, Jean Fairbairn, George Fisher, Margaret Gymer, Grace Gerow, Queen's University: Reginald Bar-ber, Margaret Chant, Wilbur Christie, Claire Countryman, Doris Houston, Ted Lill, Alan Sprague, Phyllis Wells, Varsity: Hubert Turley, Isobel Hinds, Tom Lazier, Marjorie Moore, Peterboro Normal: Eunice Cretney, Harvey Carleton, Iva Horton, Marie Townsend, Marguerite Bristol, Evelyn Rice.

Ottawa Normal: Dorothy Boyle.
Toronto Normal: Alfred Higgs.
McGill University: Malcolm Blakely.
Bishop Strachan's School: Isobel Wallbridge.
Havergal College: Isobel Lyons.

In Training

Mildred Cherrie (Brockville), Margaret Smith (Hamilton), Frances Thompson (Kingston General).

Out of Town

Jack Argue (Lakefield), Allan Armstrong (Van Cleek Hill), John Barnard (Woodstock), Allan Dawson, Paul Dawson (Markham), Mae Godfrey (Rochester), Edith Kells (New York), Margaret Killeen (Perth), Orissa Moon (Montreal), Kenneth Rawlins (Montreal), Edward Russel (Ottawa), Helen Turnbull (Toronto), Catherine Taylor (Montreal), Helen Wallace, James Wallace (Trenton), Eva Luckich (Czecho-Slov-akia), Paul McMullen (Toronto), Ted Russel (Arnprior), Dick Bradley (Tor-onto).

In Business

Joseph Anderson (Carthage Machine Co.), Bernice Arbuckle (Of- fice of Blue's Service Station), Orville Bell (Bank in Tren- ton), Dick Burrowes (Quinte Hotel), Bernice Chaplin (Eaton's), Bessie Con- nel (Court House Office), Josephine Cruji (Cruji's Fruit Store), Frances Culhane (Barret's), Ralph Elliot (Har- ris Abattor, Toronto), Fred Ethier (Alemite), Thelma Luscombe (Office of County Clerk), Ray Lennox (Ale- mite), Cecil Ling (Ontario Intelli- gencer), Nellie Maraskas (Ritz Rest- aurant), Evelyn Muncester (Wool worth's), Clara McEwen (Metropolitan

Store), Bruce Oliver (Ed Thomas'), Emma Sager (Bank of Montreal), Clela Simmons (Mrs. Coles' Hair- dressing), Jack Rogers (McKeown's Drug Store), Nora Truaisch (Post Office), Jean Totten (Simpson's, Toronto), Jennie Vandervoort (McIn- tosh Bros.), Lena Westfall (Steele Stores), "Cy" Williams (Radio Sales- man), Helen Erena Wilson (Eaton's), Louis Yanover (Selling Sox), Mary Elizabeth Young (Alemite), Grace Ab- lard (Office of County Council), Clin- ton Croskey (Farming), Harry Don- nely (Green's Meat Store), Russel

Dougherty (Woolworth's), Gordon Dingman (Wong On Kee's Store), Joe Lee, Arden Matthews, Hilton McKin- non, Marjorie Scantlebury (working for their fathers).

Others

Eva Neutson, Mary Hart- on, Agnes Nolan, Mary Doran, William Rogers, Herbert Russel, Florence Powell, Gladys Price, Luella Dale, Ludger Buosin, Asa Brickman, Loretta Cal- berry, Margaret Walker (see "Wedding Bells").

The Triumph of the Onion Field

(Continued From Page 17)

doings in Asia. Some of his tales were exceedingly daring and at length I asked him if he knew Baron Munchaus- en, a man I have always admired.

He paused. "Let me recollect," he muttered.

"He was a great Asiatic traveller," I told him hopefully.

"Why, sure I knew him. We al- ways called him the Tiger of the North. That's why I didn't recall him on the spot. A good fellow. One time he did the dance of the Wilting Lily in Hong Kong and nearly got a contract from the management of a swell cab- aret."

"Tell me some of your experiences as a steam roller salesman," I de- manded.

"O. K. I will tell you about the time I pulled a fast one on Ho Chung. He was a big Chinese warlord until last week when someone put a case of dynamite under his train. Well, Ho Chung was terribly afraid of the Rus- sians and he had heard a lot about the "Russian Roller" which was going to conquer Germany. To guard against unexpected trouble he bought one of our twenty ton Rollem Flat Rollers, Series B, Model T. with hot water at- tachments and cushions. He had a great time with this roller until the bills were due. Then he realized that

the Russians would never stay in one place long enough to be rolled over so he put the roller on a high hill and dared us to collect either the bill or the roller.

"I was commissioned to rescue our property. I went by night to the hill and gathered a pile of wood for fuel. I got up a good head of steam, tooted my whistle in defiance and gave her the gas. I started easily enough and began to go down that hill exceedingly fast. This speed (I must have been going sixty or seventy at least) alarmed me and I put on the brakes. Then I made a discovery."

"Yes?" I gasped.

"Someone with a misguided sense of humour had disconnected the brakes on my dear old roller! Taking my life in my hands, I swore softly several times and continued my epoch makin' trail to the coast. By now I was go- ing so fast that frequently the roller would jump right over ditches and fences.

"The dawn came and as I had used all my wood I was coasting along under my own momentum and making about thirty or forty knots an hour. Suddenly above the sweet hum of my engine, I heard a blood-curdling howl, and on looking behind I saw a great pack of bloodhounds trailing me, not

more than forty feet behind me with their noses to the ground. A band of about a thousand cavalry were galloping after me with pleasant smiles. I did not feel comfortable."

I made a note that Chinese horses can run over forty miles an hour.

He paused for a minute or two and seemed to think.

"I was in a fix all right. My speed kept decreasing till I was only going thirty miles an hour and the dogs gained three feet on me. In vain I searched the horizon for a dog-catcher.

"But suddenly, though I did not feel mournful, my eyes filled tears. My nose detected the delicate odor of crushed onions. I gazed astern. The dogs were sitting on the ground weeping copiously, while the cavalymen were

The Canadian Educational Guidance Movement

(Continued From Page 18)

The objects of the Movement are:

1. To co-operate with educational authorities in—

(a) Presenting the enlarging opportunities for service in all vocations.

(b) Urging the importance of intelligent decision regarding the choice and sphere of life-work.

(c) Emphasizing the value of adequate academic or special training as necessary preparation for efficient service.

2. To assist students in the choice of vocation, and to offer counsel regarding educational opportunities.

3. To provide teachers, parents and students with authoritative information regarding requirements for and opportunities in the various forms of life-work.

little better off. I gazed to port and to starboard. On all sides I was surrounded by acres and acres of undulating onions waving gently in the breeze, and my trail of crushed onions prevented anyone from following me."

Mr. Blotz smiled at me as I mopped my brow. At this moment a small, sarcastic looking woman came up and spoke to the hero of the onion field.

"Herman," she exclaimed, "we must hurry if we are going to get the cows milked tonight."

Mr. Glotz departed discreetly.

* * * * *

Well, I don't care now if the boss does fire me. I am convinced that my future lies in being a steam roller salesman.

Around the Camp Fire

(Continued From Page 19)

doing it, and laughed at them in his heart.

"He came to land, but his love was in the briny deep, and finally he built a great and elaborate bath, and drowned himself in it. Now at last he was in the hands of the Immortals, and they made his soul enter an elm tree, and they placed it on a hill-side miles and miles away from any water. But the underground waters fed the tree, and it grew to an enormous size. While it grew, a spring welled out of the valley below, and started a little creek. As time went on, the creek was dammed and became a pond, which swelled into a little, land-locked lake. The shore-line of the lake went farther and farther forward, until the roots of the fine old tree were nearly touching the water; but the gods saw that the sailor spirit was not broken, and caus-

ed the water to stop just out of reach.

"They remembered the storms they had sent to the Mediterranean in times past, and they sent another such storm over this quiet lake, to tantalize the longing soul within the tree. But the elm, ever straining towards the water, was torn from its place by the wind, and with a crash which had within it something of a shout of triumph, its great, longing, thirsty limbs plunged headlong into the roaring water."

We never applauded Hugh's stories audibly, so there was silence for a minute after he stopped.

"Rather a long-lived elm," commented Jack. "It takes time to make a lake where never a lake was seen."

"The gods made its unhappiness long-drawn-out," replied Hugh. "It had to earn its breath of ecstasy."

Back at School

(Continued From Page 23)

sums. The children have no time to explain it all to us, the parents, and so we are pitched into the thing without a proper chance.

For example, the arithmetic book that we use in our school says, "Arithmetic is the art of calculation by symbolic integers to which is attached a place value in ascending multiples of a given magnitude." I don't get it; and I doubt if Willie Castle's grandmother has any real grip on it either.

In the same way it says, "A recurring or repeating decimal is the name given to an indeterminate fractional magnitude increasing to infinity by an increment which constantly diminishes in a given inverse ratio." Oh, is it?

Well, I wish old Mr. Galloway would get on to that and let me have his views on it. If he is so darn clever as to rank head of us all in his home work for two weeks, perhaps he will tell the rest of us what that means.

The Unseen Decimal

The trouble of it is that there is nothing in our grown-up lives that corresponds at all to the problems in our home work. In forty years of honest, self-support I have never yet met a recurring decimal. At my club on the price list of things for lunch I look in vain for them. If the club will serve a filet mignon at a price of \$1.03—let me write it, one dollar decimal nought three repeater—I'll order four portions and watch the waiter try to add them up. If the railway companies will sell tickets at 3.14159 (the nine is a repeater) cents per mile, I'll travel five decimal four repeater miles just to get on to the system.

But, as it is, we're lost.

Of course, we all admit, as parents, that it wouldn't be fair to try to make the children do the home work themselves. They are too busy, too happy,

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The New Teacher

(Continued From Page 37)

2. In what subject are you most interested?

Answer: In teaching pollywogs to eat cornflakes.

3. For what vocation are you preparing yourself?

Answer: Flagpole sitting.

Why? It is so soft.

4. What do you think about homework?

Answer: Why ask that?

Everyone in the class copied Jack's answers. That night Jack told his family of the big joke.

The next morning Joan went to school very early.

That afternoon Mr. Putnam announced, "I have decided to take those questions up now. As I know they could be answered in very funny ways, I have put a few answers on the board

that I do not want."

He lifted the map and there, in front of the astonished boys, were Jack's answers.

Mr. Putnam continued: "To answer those questions, I am sure it will take a full page of manuscript per question. Therefore, no one may go until he has handed in a one page answer for each question."

He picked up his hat and said to Jerry Anderson, "I want you to collect these papers, when the boys have finished, and lock them in my desk." Smiling he left the room.

That evening at six o'clock as he went home from the toughest examination he had ever tried, Jack saw Joan and Mr. Putnam smiling over two large ice cream sodas.

The European Express

(Continued From Page 41)



little steamer we crossed the Zuider Zee. Good-bye, Zuider Zee. It is now a thing of history, for the Dutch have pumped it dry and reclaimed seventy-seven square miles for cultivation. The whole of Holland has, at some time or other, been reclaimed from the sea, as is shown by the names as, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, etc. Near our Hotel Polen was a hotel named the Dam Hotel. I did not go there; it did not seem respectable. The Island of Markland is said to be the only place in Holland where they still wear the old Dutch costumes, and there only be-

cause of the tourist trade. Anyway, we saw them there in their upholstered pants and skirts, and shoes which seemed small boats. When the wind blows in from the North Sea over the flat land one sees the reason for all the clothing.

Cologne (spelt there Koln) was the next stop. Their cathedral, which took six hundred years to build, is claimed to be the most beautiful in the world.

From there we took the "Kaiser Wilhelm II" up the Rhine for an all-day trip past hillsides terraced with grape vineyards and crowned at every emin-

ence with ivy-clad fortresses. Some are in ruins, but others are still occupied by the descendants of the robber barons who took toll of the traffic which has travelled this river since before the days of written history. We were a tired couple when we reached Wiesbaden, renowned for its baths, or Bads as the Germans spell it. Munich, or Munchin, came next. Here we encountered a July hailstorm. They said that we could now look for bad weather as we were getting up high in the Alps. At Starnburg we entrained for Oberammergau. Starnburg is the terminal of a branch line, and is a town of about twenty-five hundred people. It nestles down among the mountains, and here during the Passion Play the people all turn in and take care of about five thousand visitors twice a week.



As the trains stopped at the siding we saw some villagers dressed in the Tyrol costume — leather breeches slit at the knee, short footless socks, heavy solid socks, and fancy coats. In this village all the men let their hair grow long and comb it out fluffy. They also wear wonderful whiskers; reddish-brown seems to be the colour most affected. They are a wiry, athletic looking lot of men. One strapping pair of whiskers shouldered our grips and guided us to the home of Mr. Martin Minderer, where we had arranged for a room. Mrs. Minderer made us feel at home and served us tea which she reserves for her English guests. Her daughters, Katherine and Therese, who took the part of angels in the play,

saw to serving the tea and cake.

I will not attempt to describe the great Passion Play, except to say that we sat for eight hours, with only a short intermission, absolutely spell-bound and after it was all over could pick no flaws in it. The reverent manner in which it was given, the costumes, the acting, and the music, left nothing to be desired.

Every sort of vehicle was in use because of the demand, and the maid took our luggage to the station in a wheel-barrow. From here we took the motor car through Fern Pass over the Alps to Innesbruck. It was the most beautiful clear day that nature could provide. This trip stands out as an epic, and I will not spoil it by saying more. At Innesbruck, the survival of the middle ages, we stayed at the Marie Therese Hotel. We were fortunate in arriving at a time when some fête was in progress. Processions of athletic boys and girls—all in mountaineering costumes, with Alpine sticks and spiked shoes — streamed through the streets. They were as brown as nuts and looked as fit as possible, and were singing songs as they passed along. We were mightily pleased to see this demonstration.

We noticed that all through Germany great care is taken with their forests. We could see from the train the underbrush being all cleared away and neatly tied in faggots to be taken to cities for fuel—not burnt up in a big bonfire. We could also see wild deer in the woods.

A German official stuck his head in our compartment and, in what he thought was English, called out "Bagosh! Bagosh!" This homely expression sounded good to us, even if it didn't mean anything. No doubt our attempts at German sounded just as funny to them.

Lucerne, on Lake Lucerne, Switzerland, was our next stop, and we took the steam boat "William Tell" to where we could go up an incline railway to the summit of Riga, or Riga Klume, as it is called. We had dinner

at the restaurant at the top, and from our table we could see the snow-capped peaks extending out in every direction until lost in the distance. It was a marvelous sight; and nearby on the mountain side, Lake Lucerne glittered, a great jewel of turquoise set in the green gold of the ripening harvest. In the city we visited the Cathedral and Glacial Gardens, which are near the famous Lion of Lucerne, the monument carved out of solid sandstone to commemorate the Swiss Guards who died for France when Louis XVI was killed.

Leaving Lucerne regretfully we journeyed on to Milan, passing through the great St. Gothard Tunnel and many shorter tunnels. We always travelled by daylight and we saw a great deal of Switzerland mountain scenery. Gradually Italy's sunny skies emerged from the mountain fogs and rain. We saw Milan's great cathedral, then went on south to Florence. On this run we had the closest shave at getting left on the whole trip, for at Bologna, on the River Po, the train was broken in two and we were on the wrong part. If it hadn't been for a porter with whom I was trying to talk we would have been left behind.

In Florence, our next stop, we saw many palaces built by the famous Medici family. Our hotel was on the banks of the Arno. The Pitti Palace, and many historic buildings are in Florence, as well as shops, where wonderful stone pictures, called mosaics, are made.

Rome, our farthest point south in Italy, came next. Here we were served apricots right from the trees and were given wine instead of water to drink. Our hotel, the Boston, was across from the residence of the Mayor of Rome. As pets he harboured two white shouldered birds of the crow family. These birds used to visit our balcony, and were always welcome until one day I lost a shiny tie-pin from my dresser by the French window. For

this pin I hold these crows, together with the Mayor, responsible.

Rome is a wonderful city, full of the remains of the city that was Rome a thousand years ago—remains that are now cheek and jowl with modern business blocks. I visited the Catacombs alone, as my wife would not go. It is surprising how decorative human bones may be when arranged in patterns. The cathedrals are much in evidence. St. Peters, the largest cathedral in the world, is a masterpiece of architecture; St. Paul's is renowned for its beautiful ceilings. The Coliseum, and many things too numerous to mention here, all delighted us.

We returned to Milan, and from there across Switzerland again by another route to Paris. Here we visited the Louvre, and Versailles of Paris, and spent several days doing, and being done by, Paris.

We crossed back to England from Calais and then, after a pleasant renewal of old acquaintances, sailed back to Canada on our old ship the "Montrose."

The sailors welcomed us aboard as if we were of royalty. Throughout the whole trip I found that a smile begets a smile and a frown a frown, no matter what the language—and my wife and I both smile easily.

As we neared our own shores we realized more than ever before, that with all the great historical associations of Europe, they had lived, and were still living, much under the retarding influence of past tradition and custom, class distinctions, and all that it implies, while we have in Canada the greatest country in the world as our home, the traditions of the British Empire behind us, a clean country, and a clean slate ahead of us, and ours to write upon its unsullied surface what we will.

It is a great opportunity. Are we big enough to measure to our responsibility and opportunity? Here's praying that, through the youth of this country, we can do it.

Thought

(Continued From Page 46)

a laboratory, a carpenter's bench, and any intervening space was filled with books. On the roof swung the dome of a huge telescope. He never left this apartment for ten years and then he left it in a coffin.

He spent most of his time in performing experiments, many of which would have been of great value to civilization. Unfortunately he was entirely lacking in any sense of responsibility so that the results of his experiments were never published. He felt that he owed nothing to the world and that he could see no reason why he should give anything in return. This mental blind spot was the only defect in an otherwise great man.

One morning I found him sitting in front of a table which was covered with delicately balanced needles, varying in weight from a few grams to several pounds. The smallest needle was placed directly in front of him and he sat there staring at it intently. As far as I could see, he was doing nothing so I spoke to him. He started and looked up with a frown of annoyance.

"I'm sorry," I apologized, "but I had no idea that you were busy."

"I am," he replied. "Exceedingly busy. So, if you don't mind—"

There was only one thing for me to do, of course, but at the door I paused to look. My friend had placed a bell jar over the needle and he was busily engaged in removing the air with a vacuum pump.

I returned a week later to find my friend stretched out on the lounge contemplating the ceiling. After I had made myself comfortable he inquired, "Do you believe in the power of thought?"

"Why, of course," I began. "All advances in science have been due—"

"No, no," he interrupted. "What I mean is, do you believe in the power of thought to move actual, tangible objects?"

"No," I replied, "I do not." Even as I spoke a small vase on the opposite side of the room rose in the air and, floating across the intervening space, came to rest in my hand.

My friend smiled at my astonishment and lead me across the room to the table which bore the needles I had seen on my previous visit.

"When I began my experiments," he observed, "I tried to make this delicately adjusted needle revolve, but no matter how hard I concentrated it refused to even quiver. After that failure I decided to reduce the pressure by placing the needle in a vacuum. After a few days I succeeded in making the needle revolve rapidly. Then I gradually increased the pressure by admitting more air until I was able to dispense with the bell jar altogether. I continued to increase the weight of the needle until I was able to make even the heaviest needle spin with ease. After that I progressed to the elevation of small objects such as the vase you are holding in your hand. As you can see, it was really quite simple."

He turned to me with a smile, as I subsided into a chair. To be exact, I attempted to subside, but the chair slid across the floor on one leg, while I sat down on the floor with pronounced bump.

"Don't move!" said my friend, and I rose slowly into the air, lifted by some irresistible force. Then, to my horror, I began to float towards the open window. I struggled, but a few minutes later I was suspended above the street, thirty storeys below.

Those few minutes will always seem like an incredible nightmare. The sun was shining and a few white, fleecy, clouds were floating in a blue, matter-of-fact, everyday sort of sky. A lady on a nearby roof, who had been hanging out her washing, was staring at me with an air of incredulous astonishment.

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The Napanaeneid

(Continued From Page 70)

zation behind and undaunted they faced the wilderness of storm-swept countryside. Music may have charms to soothe the savage beast but it had no appreciable effect on the storm even when such time-honoured selections as "Kathusalem" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "Holy, Holy, Holy" were rendered. Maybe it was the music. Indeed scarce five miles had swiftly dropped behind us at the maximum speed of six miles per hour when disaster first overtook us and we made our second mistake.

We were smashing through huge drifts in a cloud of snow much like a racing destroyed, when we surged into an extra heavy drift. We quit surging; the engine was racing but we weren't. In fact there was no movement except a very gentle one as the bus settled in the drift. When the snow had settled our fears were confirmed. We were stuck fast in a huge drift. With confident bearing we got out and here we made our second mistake. Our poor little ears were all unprotected before the fury of the storm. We very soon and painfully found out that we should have covered them. Now we knew the feeling, or lack of feeling, when your ears seem like two blobs of clay stuck to the side of your head. Mr. Cutler noticed Ernie Mouck's were frozen and while applying snow Frank Hitchon saw the necessity of doing the same for Mr. Cutler. In a short time nearly everyone was administering first aid to afflicted ears. The ears have just finished peeling and the skin from the ear of one of the officials is pinned on the wall of the Elevator room, free for all to see.

From then on it was get outside and push three minutes and get inside and thaw out six minutes. Fortunately the big six wheeler Collacut bus came along and loaned us their shovel so we were out of there inside an hour. It was here we made our third mistake;

we should have gone back to Napanee with the Collacut bus.

From then on it was a nightmare of drifts, pushing, and thawing, and freezing ears until we buried ourselves in our last big drift at Marysville. Here it would be well to mention how we burned all the teachers' wood in the school at Marysville and of the good priest, though a very scared one, whom we routed out of bed to borrow his shovel. Neither the dominie nor the priest were thankful to us, I'm afraid, for our attention. The sight of a gang of young men with weird head dresses and red, wet faces was not one to inspire confidence.

Soon we were on the way again until we reached the spot where Harry's car went into the ditch. We stopped and literally lifted it bodily back on the road. We climbed back in the bus all ready to settle down for the rest of the way home. Again we were doomed to disappointment. Our bus broke down. It was most emphatically through for the night. So were we. If it had been warmer we'd probably have broken down and wept. Instead we phoned Belleville for a bus and we were informed that one would be sent but it was doubtful if it could get out before morning if at all. It was now three o'clock so we woke up a farmer and he very kindly took us in and built a fire for us.

The tragedy was now over, there remained only comedy. How can I do justice in describing the utterly funny sight of twenty-five pairs of red, steaming feet, large and small, flat-footed and fallen arched, gripping the edge of two kitchen ranges, or of our sedate Mr. Cutler with feet in the oven? How can I tell of twenty-five pairs of shoes and sox on the stove, over the stove, and under the stove, or of the one boy who suspended his sox by the clutch of red toes.

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Station B.C.I.V.S. on the Air

(Continued From Page 76)

joyful party lends its vocal contributions to the occasion. The war whooping accomplishments of our students have been frequently praised. On returning to our room, a lecture usually concludes the noon-hour.

* * *

II-A—Betty Illsey Announcing—

Every Wednesday afternoon in our gym. class, we (the girls) have been taking military drill. Two of the fifth form boys come down to instruct us in this art, and once Mr. Howard came himself. It's rather a novelty, and besides the "slams" we've received a great deal of encouragement from the boys. There is only one other form of girls taking this drill. Much praise is due to Miss Merry, who has given us every assistance. Who knows? We may yet be parading on Inspection Day!

* * *

II Commercial—Eva Dawe Announcing—

We second Commercials are quite proud of the fact that we have two of the girls who competed in the field day events. Katherine Meens succeeded in winning the fifty-yard and seventy-five yard dashes. Kathleen Genereux won a very close second.

* * *

II-D—Audrey Licence Announcing—

SCHOOL SOUNDS

1931:

Clang! Clang!—and out from each door pours a medley of girls and boys,—chattering, laughing, sliding, running. Doors are slamming, chairs are scraping, and geometry sets are falling with resounding crashes. The typewriter room next door is buzzing; in the engine room below, the engines are screaming, groaning, creaking and whirring. Across the hall the band is practising, and off in the distance a lone violin is whining a mournful song. And yet—classes go on as usual. 1981:

A soft buzz is heard in each room as the doors slide back and the long, low cars glide out. They are in different colours, representing the different forms. Each car has twenty-five seats with two pupils in each seat. The students carry no books, for they are provided in each room.

A teacher comes out and mounts a platform in the hall, which automatically shoots upward until it is at the correct distance from the ceiling for the teacher to direct the traffic. Everywhere is the silence of the grave.

One of the cars comes to the stairs—the girl in the front seat touches a button in the post—the steps fall flat—the car rolls upward, lightly and easily.

Suddenly the occupants of a blue and silver car spy another car—green and silver in colour. After much pointing and hissing, both forms break into their individual form yells, until a teacher comes flying in a small, collapsible plane to stop the noise. Dead silence immediately results, but from this outbreak we see that whether you go to school in '31 or '81, you'll always find the same spirit of irrepressible youth.

* * *

II-TG—Doris Bunnett Announcing—

OUR COOKING CLASS

Don't you like our cooking room? It is one of the finest cooking laboratories in Ontario. The large, sunny room, with its white woodwork, walls and tables, ap-

peals to every girl. This room is so white and sparkling that it gives a feeling of immaculate cleanliness.

What an appetizing odour is wafted out through the open doors! Other pupils envy us when they pass the door and smell the delicious food cooking. The clatter of dishes, the chatter of students and the bubbling and singing of kettles are heard as you walk through the corridor nearby. After the cooking is done, hot water, soap and cleansers are ready to wash the dishes.

Delicious dishes are served, each girl making enough for one. I think this room is the most home-like in the school.

III-A—Georgina Skelcher Announcing—
WHISPERING YOUTH

Suns rise and suns set,
But any child that I've ever met
Goes whispering on.

In church and school they act the fool,
Laughing and talking, forgetting the rule,
Just whispering on.

In growing older, stronger and bolder,
Expressing opinions, their whispers get louder,
Fearless of wrong.

Rivulets babbling, murmuring and singing,
Cascades loudly echoing and ringing,
Singing their song.

Thus youth whispers 'bout brothers and sisters,
Sinners and preachers, Misses and Mist'ers,
Not ceasing for long.

I-A—Douglas Newby Announcing—

STUDY PERIODS
(as formerly conducted)

A mad rush for the auditorium takes place. Quickly into their seats they sink, into their pockets fly their hands, out come the elastics, and soon all is in readiness for the battle which is to follow. One gang in front and one behind, each eager to pop the other on the neck or its vicinity. Zing! the battle has started! Any girls between the firing lines soon find an exit. The battle continues with renewed force. The floor becomes littered with spit-balls of all sizes and shapes. Suddenly there is silence, for who should appear but a teacher! The elastics and ammunition are quickly tucked away, but alas! mute evidence remains upon the floor.

We all have to help pick up the paper, and do one hundred and fifty lines. Such was the course of a study period before our supervision was organized.

I-A Commercial—Mary Goldberg Announcing—

THE LIBRARY AFTER FOUR

"Gee, how I wish they had service around this place!"

"So do I. I've been standing here for two hours; if someone doesn't come pretty soon, I'm going."

"Here's somebody with a key. Why couldn't you come sooner?"

Librarian: "What time do you think I get dismissed? Three thirty?"

"No, but someone ought to be here at four sharp."

Librarian: "Since its only three minutes after four, you can't have been waiting long."

There is a rush for the box of borrowers' cards, which is jerked madly this way and that way. There is a yell from the shelves: "Hey, Sally, I've found the book! Get my card for me, please!" All this time the librarian is taking in and handing out books, with the proper procedure at the desk for each.

Enter small boy.
"Is Ivanhoe out?"

"If it isn't on the shelves, it must be out."

Exit small boy, being too lazy to go and look.

Someone comes in and says: "Could you find me a good book, please?"

Librarian: "Would you like a good mystery story?"

"No, I might like a school story."

Librarian shows her a school story.

"Well—I don't think I'd like that one."

"Would you like something on history or travel?"

"No, I don't like that sort of book. I've told you what I like and don't like, and I do think you might find me a book quickly, because I have a detention."

First Former, impatiently: "Say, when am I going to get this book out? You've only wasted ten minutes on her, and I don't think she knows what she wants anyway."

I-A Tech.—Wilfrid Twining announcing—

THE CAMPUS

The B.C.I.V.S. campus is one of the school's finest features, and the school's heartiest co-operation is asked. Last year the landscape gardener came and laid out the campus, sowed grass seed and planted shrubbery. When the school reopened in the fall the grass had grown, and the shrubbery made the terraces look extremely well.

Visitors to our fair city have a wonderful view of the campus from both Church Street and John Street. If the students did not co-operate, we should still have a bare and ugly campus, instead of one of which we can be proud.

I-B Coll.—Ruby Fair Announcing—

You older students
Of B.C.I.
May glare if you wish
With a scornful eye
On other first forms,
But remember that we
Of all first forms
Are the cream—I-B!
We'll fight for our right
With all our might,
That we may say
In another day:
"Well, didn't we do
As much as you?"
So please take care,
If you must stare,
Stare differently
At Form I-B!

I-B Commercial—Beatrice Scopis Announcing—

I-B COMMERCIAL

I-B Commercial has a few outstanding individuals in its midst. For instance,

Joseph; if our little lad Joe would come—well, say, once a week, and come on time when he does come, he might learn something—that is, if he pays attention and has his books with him. Then take wee Willie; if he hadn't such a tendency to drape himself over the backs of chairs in the most extraordinary manner, and could control his tongue, he also might get something into what is propped up on his neck. Frank's Eileen, we believe, gets a great kick out of acting dumber than she is. Frank's greatest fault is snatching words with his nearest neighbors. Beatrice, it seems, is blamed for James' getting worse in French. Why doesn't she use a screen as a remedy? Perhaps the most peculiar person is the teacher. She is really such a dainty little thing, but she doesn't let it come out in school. She has a secret sor-dainty little thing, but she doesn't let it come out in school. She has a secret sorrow: She just wishes she were over six feet tall and a few feet broader. If anyone were to see her look at a badly-behaved boy and sigh, he'd know the reason why.

* * *
I-B Tech.—Murray Simonds Announcing—

AT NINE O'CLOCK

There they sit! Two rows of task-masters! They remind one of history, arithmetic and all the hard subjects which come after that short ten minutes in the morning. Some are smiling, others are scowling, thinking of some incident which happened early in the day. The cheerful ones are smiling because their pupils behaved like lambs during the few minutes before assembly. Some are solemn, thinking, perhaps, of their days' work. Just then the victory of the basketball team is announced, and everyone smiles. By the time assembly is over, each has resumed his favourite expression, and we suddenly remember that there is always work ahead of us, and the whole outlook for the rest of the day is changed to one black cloud.

* * *
I-D—Dorothy Croft Announcing—

A LATIN PERIOD

One day our form went through a very instructive Latin period. Everyone seemed restless and disinclined to work. The teacher was "at the end of her tether" so to speak, and was rather cross.

"Now these third declension neuter nouns," she began, "are—John, will you sit up? Now these—Rose, what is the matter with you today? You can't seem to keep still. These nouns have the nominative, accusative and vocative cases the same. Here is the nominative"—putting it on the board. "Helen, spell the accusative."

Helen, with a "that's easy" expression on her face, spells, "A-c-c-u-s-a-t-i-v-e." The teacher laughed in spite of herself, as smiles appeared around the classroom.

"Can anyone," she said, "spell what I am—Dorothy, will you please tell us what you are laughing at?"

Evidently she couldn't, because she went off into convulsive gasps of laughter. It must have been very funny.

"As I said before,"—the words flew out of her mouth, so that she might not be interrupted—"can anyone spell this accusative case?"

"Are you people trying to keep time to the 'Refrain from Laffing'?" she cried. Some put up one hand, others two, and snapped their fingers in chorus.

One last attempt to explain that part of the lesson failed, so she started on: "We have nine prepositions taking—well?"

"Our dog's got a broken leg," said a girl.

"May I ask what that has to do with our lesson?"

"You said we were taking suppositions," said the girl. "I suppose he will die." Whereat everyone laughed, and the bell rang. That lesson over—but alas, no, not until 4:30 p.m., for if you would dance, you must pay the piper, or the orchestra as the case may be.

Back at School

(Continued From Page 97)

for it. When my little son, and John and Ian and Lawrence and the rest of the crowd in our form come up the street with their school books after school and deliver their home work, door by door, who could have the heart to stop them and call them in from their play? No, no,—let McDonyall and old Mr. Galloway get busy—but spare the little boys.

The Tenseness Of It

But let them, the parents, take warning. I doubt if their health can stand the strain. McDonyall has had to give up golf since he got into square root and old Mr. Galloway's light has been burning in his study until one and two in the morning after they put him into the third declension. It's too tense. There are some bright parents in our school, but at this pace, they'll break down.

Surely, if we took thought about it, we could make it a little easier for ourselves. Can't we slacken the pace? In all departments of business it is found that competition is useful only as a stimulus; as a final principle, as a goal, it fails. It is everywhere replaced by some kind of concerted action.

We parents must follow this general rule. What if we do get proficient this year in square root? The teachers will merely rush us forward into the cube root in the spring. Already algebra is looming up dead ahead of us; we talk of starting us in it next month. How will Willie Castle's

grandmother like that?

The truth is, I fear, that we are hindered by our own petty conceit in our achievements. We like to come out at the head of the class and have the teacher write "excellent" on our exercises. And, of course, each of us has something that he fancies he can do better than the others.

Slacken the Pace

Willie Castle's people are brokers and so, of course in straight arithmetic we can't hold the pace with them. And if Miss Gillespie beats it over to France so as to be able to do all the exercises in Walter's book and knows which nouns are feminine, we can't stop her.

I don't mind pleading a little guilty myself too. I've had a certain training as a writer and I admit that the essay I did last term on "Spring" had a snap to it that McDonyall can't touch. This week we are all doing essays on "An Afternoon At the Zoo" and I feel that I've got the crowd cold before they even begin.

But I'm willing to agree, if they are. Slacken off the pace, ease it up. Never mind about promotion after New Year. I'll stay back in the same old class if Willie Castle's grandmother and the rest of the gang will stay with me.

Come, let us be reasonable about it. Let us get this home work cut down to where we can still dine in comfort and spend our evenings in seemly leisure. I will, if the rest will. What about it?

Thought

(Continued From Page 101)

ment. Everything, including the law of gravity, seemed to protest against my unnatural suspension. I looked back at my friend, who was standing at the window, regarding me with a speculative air. Suddenly I began to fall, turning over and over. I caught

one last glimpse of my friend's pale and curiously composed face, before the street came up to meet me. Everything began to spin and whirl, and when I recovered I was back in my friend's apartment.

"I really shouldn't have given you such a scare," he admitted, "but I wanted to see whether I could regain my control over an object, once it had begun to fall."

The Old Sailor's Tale

(Continued From Page 79)

time with the news, that Mr. Cuttlefish was preparing a grand concert.

"Mr. Cuttlefish issued cards of invitation early and before long the guests began to assemble. The party was evidently now in full swing. The Queen, now quite unable to check her curiosity, announced her intention to be present.

"On seeing the Queen approaching Mr. Cuttlefish ordered the orchestra to stop, and bowed three times to Her Majesty, as did all the other fishes. The Oysters, whose absence of legs prevented them from bowing too, clapped their shells respectfully.

"Mr. Cuttlefish led the Queen to a large, green rock, around which grew flowing ribbon-weeds. Then, bestowing a loving look on Mariana, he seated himself, took up a trumpet in one hand, a drumstick in another, a pair of cymbals and concertina in four more. A very large lobster then gravely announced that Mr. Cuttlefish would play the grand march entitled, "The Good Old Sharks," and would be assisted by a full choir, selected and trained by himself.

"Three huge frogs roared out the bass; the herrings sang alto; the whittings were high treble, and as they sang with their tails in their mouth, their voices had an additional charm. The moonfish, trunkfish, and gurnard were all tenors. Since they had been unavoidably absent from rehearsals their parts

When I was able to walk I left his apartment, determined never to return. I came back next day however—to attend his funeral. He had been found dead, beneath the inverted piano.

did not go very well. However, the swordfish, who sang baritone and the firefish, who sang contralto managed to drown their mistakes quite effectually.

"The whole affair was a brilliant success. Everyone clapped his shells or fins and congratulated the composer, who took all the honours with indifference, characteristic of genius.

"Her Majesty appointed him Royal Musician, and gave him a fitting salary along with the hand of the favourite sea-maid, Marina. He cast a grateful glance at the Queen, then kneeled respectfully at her feet. She took a fin fan in her hand, smote him on his old bald head and said, 'Arise, Sir Cuttlefish.'

"The next day the Queen presented Sir Cuttlefish and Marina with a beautiful wedding gift. They were married that afternoon, and have lived happily under the sea ever since."

"That was a wonderful story," said one of the little girls.

"Did you like it?" said Uncle Jack.

"Indeed we did," they cried in unison.

"The sun is setting, and I am afraid your mothers will think you are at the Coral Palace," laughed Uncle Jack.

"Good-bye Uncle Jack," called the girls as they went around the bend.

"Good-bye," he said, and turned down the stone path to his cottage.

Borrowed Bits

(Continued From Page 82)

Little Mary, getting her first sight of a peacock: "Look quick, Auntie! One of your chickens is in bloom."

"THE CARILLON"

His mother told him never to touch cigarettes again. Richard uses a holder now.

"SPECULA GALTONIA"

B.C.I.V.S. at Camp Borden

(Continued From Page 53)

sides the sports an exhibition of aeroplane stunting and formation flying is held.

The summer passes by, and as examinations come along, everybody is worried. They all realize that they have had a wonderful time, and that unless they pass the examinations, there is no chance of returning to Camp Borden. After the exams comes the terrible task of getting cleared. This means that all your uniforms and belongings must be handed in, in good shape and clean, or deductions are

made from your earnings.

Finally the day comes to leave. Some are leaving not to return on account of failure; some are remaining as permanent airmen; and some are returning to school with intentions of going back to Camp the following year. Many farewells are shouted, and the boys separate to go to their homes in all parts of Canada. Thus the summer course is completed, and the experience gained is never to be forgotten.

Albert Bear.

Exchange

(Continued From Page 86)

LORENE: It's the Riverdale Collegiate book—a smart magazine. They have a peachy "Fun and Folly" section, and their sports and school activities are excellently written up.

ART: Let's see it. M hm, a few more short stories and an alumni section wouldn't hurt it, though. Oh! about the "ECHOES"—I have heard quite a bit about it. What do you think of it?

LORENE: I should say it was one of our best. It has good snappy cartoons and a very interesting sports section, and also, virtue of virtues, they have original jokes—and plenty of them.

ART: The "EASTERN ECHO" is another one with a good sports section—a well arranged book, too.

LORENE: They have a good French part, and "The Ice Floes" added greatly to it, in my opinion.

ART: I was reading a good one yesterday—the "MONOCLE". Its literary section, the cuts, and the humour were all good. It has plenty of form news too.

LORENE: I've read it. It is a good magazine, I agree with you, but I think the form news is too much on the same style. Here's the Stamford "ALLA-BOUTUS". It just came in this morning, so I suppose you haven't had time to read it.

ART: Yes, I read it during a spare. It's a fine book. It has an excellent review of the year's activities.

LORENE (*leafing it over*): It has a very generous amount of pictures and form news, at any rate. (*Seeing him reading the "ACTA NEPEANI"*) Say, that book is all right, isn't it?

ART: Yes, but a few more stories and poems would improve it.

LORENE: On the whole, they are all pretty good magazines. I only wish we had time to go over those ones that just came in, but we have to have our material in tonight, so I guess we'll just have to thank them for sending their books, and hope that they get here earlier next year.

We wish to acknowledge the following magazines, and regret that they did not arrive in time for us to comment upon them:

"THE CANADIAN"—Ontario School for the Deaf.

"TECK SPARKS"—Hamilton Technical School.

"ACTA NOSTRA"—Guelph Collegiate Institute.

"SNAPSHOT"—Fort William Collegiate.

(The last arrived in plenty of time, but, owing to its popularity with the student body, we have been unable to find it).

Out of the Air

(Continued From Page 87)

he was still more amazed when Bert, after placing the set on the table and wiring the batteries, proceeded to hook a wire to the bed-spring.

Bert then handed the policeman a small round disc, and took one himself, which he placed over his ear. MacLean following his example. Soon there was heard a series of squeaks, but after some adjusting, the faint notes of a piano came out of the discs, held so closely to the men's ears.

As they sat listening, the orchestra, which had taken the place of the piano, stopped playing, and the voice of a man was heard saying: "Will all persons who sight an aeroplane with red wing tips kindly note the direction of its flight, and inform the police. The Blue Rocket express was held up half an hour ago, and over \$300,000 was taken. Two men were killed, and three wounded when the bandits jumped into an aeroplane, and threw a bomb at one of the cars." The music commenced again, and the two men listened with enjoyment to the news which followed, until far on into the night.

Early in the morning, as they were still sitting listening, too interested to go to bed, they heard a humming noise outside which Bert recognized as familiar, but not worth noticing.

MacLean, however, who had not seen an aeroplane for a long time, rose, and going to the door, saw a black monoplane sweeping overhead.

Impulsively, he rushed out and started waving his arms, and greatly to his surprise, the plane, instead of going on, banked and came round; then after

circling around, it dropped a small package.

Both MacLean and Bert rushed forward to get it, and when they opened the leather jacket, they found a roll of paper inside, on which was written, "If O. K. show signal."

Still not knowing what it was all about, MacLean took out his red handkerchief and waved it, and then the aeroplane which had been slowly circling overhead started to descend.

Bert went inside to turn off his radio, and as he was about to turn off the switch, he heard coming over the air: "From the latest reports about the 'Blue Rocket' bandits, the police believe that they are heading north where a hide-out has probably been arranged for them." Bert immediately realized what was happening outside, and saw in a flash the reason why the plane was descending, the fliers assuming from the signals that MacLean had unwittingly given, that he was their confederate.

Picking up a rifle in the cabin, Bert crouched against the wall, and when he was sure that the plane had landed, he ran forward, examined the wing tips, and found that they were, as he suspected, red.

Holding up the rifle, he advanced to where the two men in the plane were talking to MacLean, and called on them to surrender.

Immediately their hands dropped to their pockets, and they started popping bullets at Bert, MacLean taking a hand in the fray, by swinging himself on to the larger of the two pilots and bring-

ing him down to the ground.

Bert's second bullet got the other pilot in the neck, and he fell, still clutching his gun.

Bert then stepped over to help the wounded bandit, but just as he was about to do so, a harsh, familiar voice which he recognized as Reich's said, "Reach for the sky, or I'll tunnel ye." He swung around, and as he did so, a bullet from the fallen bandit's revolver, discharged by his death clutch, hit Reich, who in turn fired his revolver at Bert, but even as he fired, he fell.

MacLean examined the tough trio, and found that the short pilot and Reich were beyond human aid.

It was five months later that the other bandit, about to be sentenced for murder, confessed that after robbing the train, they had meant to lie up in the wilds till the affair blew over, and then head for Europe to spend their ill-gotten gains. He also admitted that if it had not been for a small radio set, the poor health of an engineer, and a keen and husky policeman, he might have been now enjoying himself on the Riviera!

Companions in Arms

(Continued From Page 88)

was long, narrow, and high, raftered. One table reached the whole length of the room. The room was rapidly filling with lords and ladies of high rank, who, when the lord of Mariston Castle had entered, seated themselves and applied themselves to the feast which a continuous line of servants placed before them. Scarcely a word was spoken until they had appeased their hunger; then one and all turned to the topic of interest. That was the joust which was to take place on the morrow.

Farther up the table from the two companions was seated a lady, whom they both inwardly declared to be the fairest that they had ever seen. Her beauty at once caught their eye, and they both felt a desire to make her acquaintance. Her companion was a tall, heavy youth, perhaps three years older than Richard. He was so absorbed in the girl that he was scarcely aware of the presence of the others.

That night, before retiring, both John and Richard found occasion to speak to the lady, to whom they had been introduced. Her ardent companion, they found, was a Norman, Wilfred d'Alton by name.

The next day the tournament was begun. The gallery was filled with the wealthier class; behind them, seated on mounds of earth or perched in

trees, were the peasants and those whose rank was not sufficiently high to entitle them to seats in the gallery.

The first day single combats took place, wherein was much display of skill and chivalry. Both John and Richard were successful in unseating their opponents. It was remarked upon, though, that they did not clap each other upon the back as they had usually done. Neither could have given a reason for this, if questioned, but when one appeared in the company of Elizabeth (the lady whom they had met the night before) the other stalked angrily away.

The next day the tournament was conducted on different lines. Two leaders were chosen and the knights drew lots to determine under which leader they should fight. The two companies were drawn up at opposite ends of the field, the signal was given, and they raced toward each other furiously. Many were unhorsed. Those who were on the ground fought on with swords, while those still on horseback fought with battle-axe or long-sword.

The fight went on. One side had the advantage for a time, then the other. An increasing number of men were hurt and were carried from the field by the attendants. Richard, being disengaged at the moment, glanced

about and instinctively looked for John in the *melée*. He at last espied him. He was hard pressed, and was beating off two knights who had assailed him, one on either flank. Then Richard saw d'Alton ride up from behind, and, standing in his stirrups, bring down such a terrific blow on John's head that the youth was unhorsed. Richard, forgetting for the moment their pique, spurred up and drove back John's two opponents. Then, shouting to d'Alton, "Make ready, coward!" charged upon him. D'Alton, nonplussed at having had his act of treachery discovered, set himself to meet Richard's furious charge. They both fought fiercely but Richard was angered beyond his usual self and had the strength of two men. Finally, with one long sweeping blow, he struck d'Alton from his saddle. A moment later the signal was given to cease.

Richard hurried to John to see if he had suffered any serious wounds. He

was surprised to find him gazing at the floor, with scowling face.

"I needed no one to interfere on my behalf," he said.

Taken aback, Richard replied, "I crave your pardon if I have offered what was not wanted of me." He turned and left the room without another word. So the quarrel continued.

That night after the banquet which had followed the tournament, while the minstrels were entertaining the assemblage, a rumour began to spread around the hall. Almost at the same moment, it reached the ears of Richard and John, as they sat in their respective corners of the room. It caused them to smile sheepishly across the room at each other. With one accord they rose and walked, arm in arm, to an unoccupied bench. When they were seated John said casually to Richard, "So Elizabeth would have none of either of us, but left with our friend d'Alton for Normandy."

The Napanaeneid

(Continued From Page 102)

When the feet were comfortable and cold bodies warmed drowsiness weighted down tired eyelids. Two lucky ones, Louis and one of the officials, commandeered the only couch. Mr. Cutler appropriated three chairs and two pillows, and the less imaginative sought Orpheus and pleasant dreams on the floor. They were long in coming, due to the interruptions in the form of wisecracks, such as when Bill MacCreary said it was the earliest time he'd

got up in years when informed it was 5:30, or when Louis started praying earnestly when a flower pot accidentally fell onto his head.

* * *

And now the dawn reddens and from afar off we see faint hills and . . . A BUS! "A BUS" was first to be shouted by the driver and our comrades greet the bus with joyous shouts. At eight o'clock we reached Belleville and sought a well earned rest.



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The Last Word

WE WISH TO THANK—

1. The teachers. At the head of this category come the English teachers, who worked untiringly to encourage the students to write for us. But they are not the only ones who have helped us. You all realize that we could not possibly do all the work on The Elevator without missing some periods. So, by putting two and two together, you can see how valuable the co-operation of the teachers has been to us.

2. All our contributors. Of course, it goes without saying that without them we would have no Elevator. Even if your contribution was not quite what we wanted, we thank you for at least trying to help us.

3. Miss Templeton, Miss Gallagher, and Mr. Stewart, who very kindly consented to act as judges of our Prize Story Contests and our Poetry Contest.

4. The Commercial Department: Unfortunately the department as a whole was unable to do our typing for us, owing to the shortage of typewriters, but Miss Brown very kindly arranged to

lend us a typist.

5. Our Principal: One who has not been on the staff of The Elevator cannot understand what it has meant to us to have Mr. MacLaurin standing behind us and encouraging us.

* * *

CHANGES IN THE ELEVATOR—

Of course you will have seen our new Art section, which explains its own aim. To save you the trouble of looking for the Form News, it is no more. Instead we now have "B.C.I.V.S. on the Air"; our reason for this change is that, since our school has become so much larger what was formerly termed "news" is no longer of interest to the school. In this new section we have tried to give everyone a chance to write for us, the material therein being of a nature which would have no other place in the book. The Poetry is no longer in a solid section but is scattered throughout the magazine. As we have not yet made up The Elevator we can not be sure how the following will work, but we are going to try to arrange the material from the Commercial and Technical Departments in separate sections of their own.



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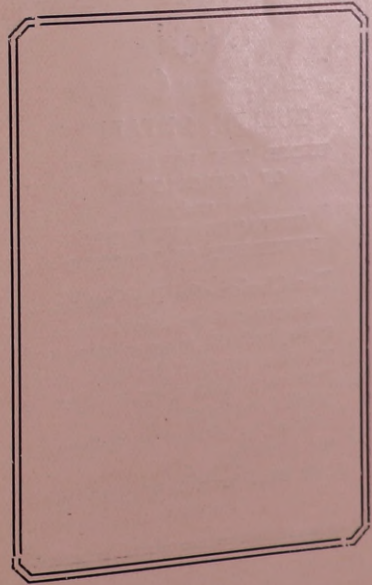
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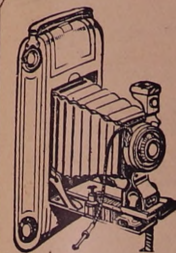
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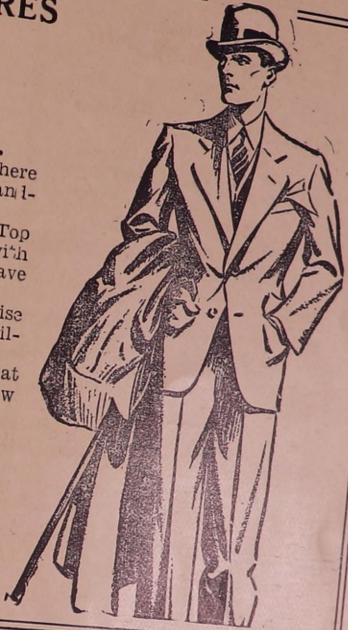
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The Measure of a Man

How high are you? Where is your thinking done—
Close to the earth, or upward toward the sun?
Do petty things absorb your ev'ry thought—
The game, the latest crime, what's sold and bought
No noble deeds and lives inspire your zeal,
Or are you more concerned about a meal?
How high, or low, is your most cherished plan?
The answer marks your stature as a man.

How broad are you? Where does your goodwill end—
Does race or creed determine who's your friend?
To your snap-judgments do you cling with pride,
Or do you listen to the other side?
Quick to condemn, are you—prompt with the rod,
Or do you leave the chastening to God?
How loyal is your heart to all mankind?
The answer marks the broadness of your mind.

How deep are you? Where does your honor start—
Is it embedded in your inmost heart?
Do you count virtue a convenient thing
To practise, or, sore tried, aside to fling?
Have you the courage by your code to bide,
And fight for right, though on the losing side?
'Tis thus God reckons, through life's little span,
The veritable measure of a man!

Excerpt from "Rotary Voice"

—Wallace Dunbar Vincent.

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* * *

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264 Front St. Phone 187 Belleville, Ont.**CITIES SERVICE**OILS and GASOLINE
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Service Station, Front Street, Phone 1548**STOP-PRESS NEWS****BASKETBALL**

At the end of the basketball schedule it was found that B.C.I.V.S. and Napanee Collegiate were tied for first place. As a result the two teams had to play home-and-home games, points to count, to decide the winner.

In the first game, at Napanee, B.C.I.V.S. gained a five-point lead by virtue of their 16-11 victory. The game was interesting from beginning to end as each team was trying to get a lead — one team, a lead to take away from home with them; the other, a lead to take home with them. In their anxiety to score, both teams missed many passes which were thrown too hurriedly or too recklessly. The checking by both teams was close, which was the cause of the low score.

B.C.I.V.S. next went to Toronto to take part in the playoffs for the C.O.S.S.A. basketball championship. The team was drawn against Stamford High School in the semi-finals. Stamford presented a new type of defence which B.C.I.V.S. found difficult to penetrate. Seldom were the B.C.I.V.S. forwards able to work in close to the basket, scoring most of their points by long shooting. At half time the score was 18-9 for Stamford. At the end of the game it had been raised to 40-11. Stamford were successful in winning the championship by defeating Peterboro in the finals.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

In the semi-finals B.C.I.V.S. juniors were slated against Thorald Juniors. In spite of Thorald's advantage in weight and height B.C.I.V.S. put up a splendid fight but the score went to Thorald 46-33.

Marian Fairbairn scored most of the points for our side.

The next day Thorald played against Barrie in the finals and again came out on top. This made B.C.I.V.S. second in the tournament.

We are also pleased to know that our near neighbor, Napanee, ran a close second for the senior championship.

HOCKEY

Orangeville and B.C.I.V.S. met in a sudden death game for the hockey championship of Central Ontario. The Collegiate scored in the first thirty seconds of play and from then on it was just a case of how many points.

Orangeville was poor defensively, while their forwards were not able to break quickly enough. As a result the B.C.I.V.S. forwards kept the play in the opponent's end of the rink. The O.H.S. players were game and were trying just as hard in the last five minutes as in the first, but to no avail. The B.C.I.V.S. for-

wards worked together and gave the best passing and checking of the year. Sherry played a good game on the defense, his spectacular rushes getting him four goals. By winning the game the school earned the right to enter the Ontario play-offs.

B.C.I.V.S.—RUNNYMEDE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

In the play-offs for the Ontario championship, Belleville was drawn against Runnymede of Toronto. This was a good game, with neither team forcing the play at first, each being content to stand back and wait for the breaks. Runnymede scored late in the first period and B.C.I.V.S. forced the play. This pressure was kept up and finally in the last few minutes of the second period Sherry scored on a combination play with Morgan to even the count. Early in the third period Belleville scored again, Morgan scoring from a scramble in front of the net. Runnymede then put every available man forward to try and get the equalizer, and many times they looked as if they were going to score, but Scopis could not be beaten. For B.C.I.V.S. Sherry used his body to advantage slowing up the Runnymede players considerably. Morgan, although sick, was the fastest skater on the ice and scored the winning goal. Scopis turned in a great game in the nets, especially in the last period, when he rose to dizzy heights to keep Runnymede from scoring. By virtue of the win B.C.I.V.S. earned the right to enter the Ontario finals.

B.C.I.V.S.—WINDSOR—WALKERVILLE

B.C.I.V.S. and Windsor-Walkerville Tec. were again the finalists for the Ontario championship. These same two teams met last year and Windsor-Walkerville was victorious. They again won this year 4-0, but only after the stiffest battle of their campaign. The first period was scoreless, each team playing defensive hockey, and feeling their opponents out. In the middle of the second period, Windsor-Walkerville broke away and scored. B.C.I.V.S., after this score, went to pieces, and before they had settled down again, Windsor-Walkerville scored twice more, making the count 3-0 at the end of the second period. B.C.I.V.S. came out strong in the third period and were through on the Windsor-Walkerville goal but could not score. Late in the period but before Belleville was playing every man up, when Belleville was playing every man up, Windsor-Walkerville broke away and scored on Scopis who did not have a chance. For Walkerville Hastie and Drouillard were best. MacDonald and St. Denis played a better game than in the first, while Sherry and Morgan again stood out for B.C.I.V.S.



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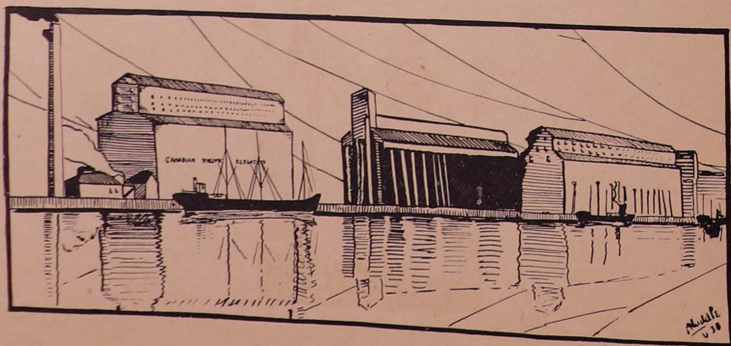
AUTOCRAPHS

Arthur Hiddle
X.
his mark



Handwritten signature: J. Macfarlane

AUTOGRAPHS...Continued



AUTOGRAPHS...Continued



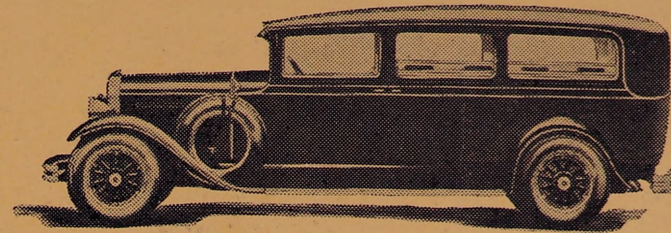
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Cocoa beans in sacks containing a specified number were used as currency for the payment of taxes, purchase of slaves, etc. In fact the Aztecs valued the cocoa beans even more highly than gold.

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