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ELEVATOR



**NINETEEN HUNDRED AND
FORTY - FORTY-ONE**

Published by the students of -

B. C. I. V. S.

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To the Memory of
Miss Claire Hitchon

for many years
Head of the History Department of this Institution
who passed away
May 1st, 1941

This Issue of the Elevator is
respectfully dedicated



Principal's Message

Whilst the gigantic struggle is going on between Democracy and Totalitarianism, it behoves the individual who claims to be democratic to check his own line of thinking and his mode of action.

Liberty for the individual to be sure in democracy; but just as far as that liberty does not encroach on the liberty of others.

Very often the individual may have to curtail his own wishes and desires until he determines what effect the carrying out of these desires would have on the other "individual".

Dictators have liberty, but only for themselves; their liberty means slavery for all others. So it is very necessary for all lovers of true liberty and democracy to continually check themselves to see if the other fellow's freedom has consideration in his thinking as well as his own personal freedom. Reasonable democracy should include all in its thinking. Every one should learn to take his highest enjoyment in the democratic state. True in the democratic state, there must be law and order, because we are training ourselves to love law and order, not because we fear the consequences of acts setting aside law and order. We must all work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. "Work" to accomplish and assist others to accomplish, "fear" that we may let our standards down, "trembling" lest we become narrow, selfish and tyrannical. We should be thankful for the assistance others are giving us by their actions and thinking, for the struggle all are putting up to sustain freedom and liberty.

Together in thought and action we are strong; divided, we lose our strength. Therefore let us all pull together to assure that liberty be retained.



ELEVATOR STAFF

FRONT—M. Clarke, M. Goodfellow, M. Anderson, J. Crosby, P. Barlow, M. Wells, V. Scott, S. MacIntosh, A. Hogle.
 BACK—Miss Ash, G. Bankier, B. Allore, B. Cronk, J. Stock, Mr. Jury, M. Anderson, B. Davies, L. Gladwell.

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Photography:

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Activities:

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Marion Diamond

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Victoria Scott

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Mable Adams
 June Crosby
 Gordon Bankier

Dramatics:

Lloyd Gladwell

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 Margaret Anderson, Morley Anderson,
 Alec Cunningham, Fred Foley.

Adviser: Mr. Jury

ART STAFF

Assistants:

Mary Bunnett
 George De Carlo
 Harry Denton

Adviser:

Miss Ash

Editor:

Bill Davies

EDITORIALS

WELL, WE WENT

It was raining when we left Belleville, it was raining in Toronto and it continued to rain dismally for the entire three days that we, your humble ELEVATOR representatives, were in Toronto. Marg. and I arrived on Thursday night, the 27th of December and bright and early Friday morning, (if you could call it bright) we sallied forth alone, with a very limited knowledge of Toronto, to find the University of Toronto, where the convention was to be held. Well, the result might have been tragic if we hadn't met a delegation from Humber-side Collegiate, Toronto, somewhere on Bloor. They took complete charge and lo and behold you, after about three-quarters of an hour's drive, there we were, at West Hall, University of Toronto.

Ah, but something was missing . . . you guessed it, Mr. Jury, Bob and Jack, the rest of our delegation! We consulted our watches, also the clock in the hall and the clock in the tower at Hart House. All were the same . . . 10:00. Now Mr. Jury had distinctly said he would be at the hall at 9:00 with Bob and Jack, and there was still no sign of anyone!

Did I say no sign of anyone? What then, were those two figures hanging so dejectedly over the balcony railing? With loud cries of disgust, surprise, and relief, we pounced upon them and dragged them in to register. One glance at their haggard faces was enough to tell us what had happened . . . all night parties just don't agree with Bob! By the time Mr. Jury arrived at an unconfirmed hour around noon (he'd been at the station trying to find the other two) they had faded away, back to their beds and much needed sleep.

That morning we were welcomed to the University by Dr. Cody, the president of the University and Ben Holdsworth, chairman of the Convention Committee, gave us a brief idea of the purpose of this gathering. In the afternoon, Dr. Dunlop conducted a tour about the University grounds. Marg. and I followed the tide through University College, through Hart House and Convocation Hall; we looked at millions of paintings and we dragged ourselves up millions of steps. At last we could stand it no longer . . . so we escaped as best we could when the tour was supposed to divide it half . . . half going to the museum and half to the reference library . . . each section thought we were with the others. We learned later the others all managed to disappear then too.

The opening night dance, so the program said, began at 7:45 that evening . . . we reached home at 6:45, dinner was late and we finished at 7:30, Mr. Jury, always a stickler for promptness, arrived

Eight

on the dot and before we could get a decent breath, we were being whisked away to the Women's Union on St. George Street. The place was crowded to the doors . . . but the only familiar faces were our Humber-side friends, even Mr. Jury deserted us!

We searched frantically through the umpteen rooms of the house for our so-called escorts, (the other half of our delegation), at last the awful truth dawned on us . . . we were the only Bellevillians on the premises! Once more the rest were not where they should have been. At 11:55, the door opened, and in walked two very bedraggled, very moist-looking individuals who bore a faint resemblance to our other members! Where had they been? Visiting . . . and playing with toy trains! Well, for a moment the air was faintly bluish, with Mr. Jury, who had arrived a mere fifteen minutes earlier himself, joining the fray

The less said about the next morning, the better, for in an attempt to catch those elusive extra forty winks, Margaret and I overslept forty minutes and consequently reached West Hall about an hour and a half late and entirely missed the first lecture on "The Modern Newspaper" by Mr. A. J. Monk of the Globe and Mail. Mr. Jury and the rest were there on time for a change, however, and we did get there in time for Mr. E. Johnson's talk on "Advertising" and we felt that our Advertising Staff should have been there to hear him. That afternoon, after P. M. Richard's discussion of "Journalism As a Career", each delegation split up and for the rest of the afternoon there were group discussions. From 2:30 to 3:30 Margaret took in a further discussion on "Journalism", Bob, Jack and I took "Photography For Engraving" while Mr. Jury chose "Colour In Printing". Then for the next hour, Bob, Jack and I listened to Mr. Jack Hayes on "The Art of Makeup" (not the kind most females use) and Marg. and Mr. Jury heard Michael O'Mara's "Feature Writing".

That evening the presentation of prizes for the outstanding yearbooks of the provinces was made at the closing banquet. Humber-side, Toronto, won the Sigma Phi Trophy for Editorial Section, Runnymede Collegiate, also of Toronto, walked off with two prizes, the Varsity Shield for Literary Section and the big prize of the evening, the Star Shield, for the best all-round magazine in Ontario. The Macmillan Publishing prize for the best short story was awarded to Lawrence Park School, and Central Tech won the Cover prize awarded by Trophy-Craft. The best small-school magazine was judged to be that of Cobourg Collegiate and was awarded the White-Walker Shield.

—Ed.

IT'S UP TO US

From among our number, the youth of to-day will emerge the citizens and the leaders upon whom Canada's future will depend. The war, even though it seems remote to many, has had or undoubtedly will have an important bearing on the life of every Canadian. For example many patriotic young Canadians, brilliant students, have put aside university careers in order to do that which they believe is their duty, to enter one of His Majesty's fighting services. Not only in the fighting services but in every walk of life Canadians have turned their labours towards one goal — to win the war. But winning the war is not the only great task which lies ahead. After the war will come demobilization and the vast work of reconstruction, for our world is certain to be in a chaotic state. Thousands of men must be reinstated in civil life, pensions must be dealt with, war debts must be paid and all the other complicated problems that confront nations emerging from a war will fall on the shoulders of those who are the students of our universities and high schools today. Our future leaders may well benefit by studying the mistake of those in power at the end of the last World War.

It is apparent, then, that many vast opportunities will be open, both during and after this war, to those who are fitted and ready to take advantage of them. Therefore in these extraordinary times we should all make extraordinary efforts. It is up to us to make the most of our education, to develop strong and healthy bodies and minds in order that we may be able to bear up under this huge burden the war has thrown on us and emerge successful to look back on a job well-done.

—JACK STOCK.

So Much to So Few

There shall be many famous quotations written down in the pages of the Empire's history after this war. The one that shall stand out above all others, is that statement made, in the world renowned House of Commons, by one of England's greatest men: "Never . . . was so much owed by so many to so few."

In this one quotation, the whole effort of the Royal Air Force is realized. It was said in all truth that: "The Navy is here", but even the Navy calls for the aid of this "so few".

When the Hun rose up clad in armour, with its totalitarian leaders, the Navy was there, but the Air Force was spreading its protective wings above.

It was the Air Force who hammered at the back door of the Hun, when he carried fire and sword through the brave little democracies, and made him a tired and sore victor to enter the streets of Paris.

It is the Air Force that drives the enemy from blackening English skies. This "so few" even

ED'S NOTES

Once more the ELEVATOR has gone to press, and we of the Editorial Staff, having explained numerous points and made various excuses, wash our hands of the whole affair!

ITEM I: TITLE PAGES: Every other school in the province seems to be running pictures on their title pages this year so why should we be the exception?

ITEM II: ACTIVE SERVICE: Our space was rather limited so we had to cut our lists down to include only those from 1937 on. Sorry we couldn't include more, but I'll let the next editor worry about that.

ITEM III: CANDID PAGES: Do the comments meet with your approval? (Merely a conversational question and does not need answering.) Anything for variety's sake, say we.

ITEM IV: This year's photography — quite an innovation this year because before this we have always had a professional photographer do our pictures. We really think Bob did a grand job and deserves a lot of credit.

ITEM V: FORM NEWS: Don't blame us — we have to print what's handed in and can we help it if every form in the school writes gossip columns and scandal sheets?

We hear that some of our reporters have been threatened with anything from a sock in the eye to a slander suit "if you say anything about me". Therefore we are allowing them to remain anonymous, although we want them to know that we appreciate their efforts; they have made an important contribution to this year's magazine.

And don't blame us if the ELEVATOR is late this year — we did our best.

—Ed.

carries the scourge of the war to the heart of Germany, that the German people might feel the horror and destruction, in the Fatherland, which they never experienced in the last Great War.

As the Greeks push over the mountains driving the Italians before them, the Air Force flies ahead blazing a trail for the victorious Greeks to follow.

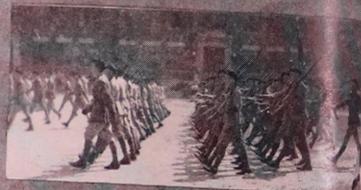
In the land of the Egyptians, Kaffirs and Abyssinians, the Air Force leads on against the Italians to the final victory.

"So many," it is said; and "so many" can well be seen: The Dutch, the Belgians, the French, the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Kaffirs, the Abyssinians, and even the Americans. Is it not the Royal Air Force which keeps the Hun from spreading his terror and destruction over the remainder of the world?

So when you sing of the Empire's glory, think first of the so much owed to so few.

—JACK PATTERSON, XII-B.

Nine



1. Left, right, left . . .
2. L'il Butch.
3. Smile, darn you, smile!
4. Me, and me pal.
5. Present arms!
6. The Sgt. Majaw.
7. Break it up, girls.
8. Pick it up, there.
9. 'Tweren't that funny.
10. Why Grandma, what a big grin you have!
11. Ouch!!!!!!
12. Peek-a-boo.
13. Thusy joins the parade.



LITERARY

So This is London

The orchestra was playing and the colourful dresses of the pretty girls mixed with the blue and khaki uniforms formed an entrancing picture for the eyes of young Peter Brent as he sat at his small table. He was attired in the uniform of the British Army, and unlike most of the other soldiers he was sitting alone. Faint lines around his eyes were the only reminder of the hectic days he had spent in France. He had no desire to dance. The picture of the lovely girls and handsome men so happy in the brief hour of forgetfulness tore at his bruised heart as it brought back so vividly the picture of Vivian, starry-eyed, as she had danced with him that night the week before . . . and crushed and lifeless when she was dragged from the wreckage and debris of the children's hospital, her white uniform dark and blood-stained. A night club was no place for a heart like his, but he could not stand the narrow confines of an air-raid shelter tonight, and there seemed nowhere else to go. He glanced across to a small table where three people were seated . . . a very attractive red-headed girl and two Canadian officers. How little they knew of sorrow, he thought, watching their bright, eager faces.

"Louise, it's so good to see you again," smiled her brother for the tenth time that evening. "I don't see why Dad and Mother let you come, though. You should have stayed in Canada, not come traipsing over here to get your pretty head blown off."

"Of course! I should have stayed home safe and sound like you did!"

"Yes, but I'm a man. There's a job that has to be done, and I want to help do it. But you . . ."

"I want to help too, so there's no use arguing. I'd like to see any German bomb come within miles of me. Now come on, let's forget the war and enjoy ourselves. I want to dance."

Their other companion, a friend of Dick's, jumped up with alacrity and Louise and he glided quickly away.

"The kid sister sure has what it takes," thought Dick. "With her outlook they just can't lick her."

Paul felt that he would turn to lead if he had to sit there any longer playing that miserable tinny music. What was the use of all this gaiety and colour, the forced laughter, the gay, fast chatter and restless movements. They all knew that they were trying to capture a sense of security, to forget even for a brief moment the Hell that was raining on London outside. There was fear in Paul's heart, a deathly fear he had never before experienced. It had never occurred to him when he first agreed to

Twelve

come to London that he would be in any physical danger from which his wits could not help him escape. He had known there was danger of discovery as a German spy, and had been willing to face the possibility of being shot. But this endless terror which left him white and shaking by daylight, was something for which he had been totally unprepared. He didn't see how those young fools could want to dance. But because they did, he must sit here and play idiotic music. As he beat out the endless rhythm on his drum, he thought smugly of the papers which lined it. Tomorrow those papers would be on their way to Germany, and England would suffer as a consequence. Oh, no bomb would hit such a useful person as Carl von Dieth.

A deafening explosion louder than a hundred peals of thunder, pitch blackness, the sharp tinkling crash of glass, screaming and moaning . . . then an orderly confusion as flustered people groped their way out of the ruined dance-hall. As rescue workers began their grim task the shattered bodies were taken to a little cafe across the street. Through its doorway went broken, lifeless bodies, scarred beyond all recognition. Identification of the bodies was extremely difficult. In the pocket of what looked like a khaki uniform was the picture of a lovely girl in the white dress of a nurse. On one side lay a figure with a wealth of red hair, the only mark of beauty left . . . on the other side a man still clutching a drum-stick.

—KATHLEEN MORRISON, XII-B.

While London Stands
Prize Poem

*While London stands, the Empire breathes,
For London is its heart and soul.
Although above her ruined roofs
The storms of Hitler's hatred roll.*

*How proudly rise her blackened spires!
How bravely beats the pulse of life!
The symbols of the world's high hopes—
The scene and centre of the strife.*

*None knows what Britain has endured,
From flaming bombs of lesser lands,
And Hitler strikes at him in vain . . .
For Britain lives, while London stands.*

—EVELYN BALDREE, IX-A.

The Tale of Licester Chisholm

Junior Prize Story

It was a warm day in Spring and Licester sat sunning himself on a lawn. He was not like other worms, you know, for while they came up for the dew at night he much preferred a warm June sun, but then Licester was a very sophisticated worm. When the night came he always crawled down his hole and curled around his favourite root. Tonight he performed this usual operation and had just reached his root when he heard a voice.

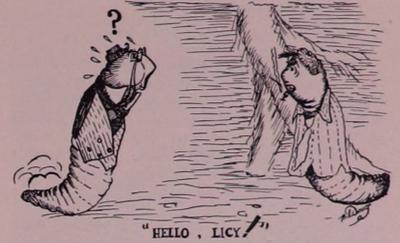
"Hello, Licy!" it said.

The person so spoken to turned and saw Macnamara, the worm with the worst reputation on that lawn.

"My name is not Licy and I do not wish to speak to you," he replied, "and what's more you're on night shift and should be above ground by now."

However, this rude worm said, "This is my night off as it is Wednesday. I'll just stay on this root tonight." So with a great yawn he went off to sleep.

With tears in his eyes Licester crept slowly up his hole and sat on the lawn in the moonlight. He sobbed and cried and gradually went to sleep out in the open, a thing he had never done before.



Morning came and the other worms went below ground, but Chisholm slept on.

An early rising human had taken out his lawnmower and proceeded to use it. Licester woke up as the mower came near him. He rushed for his hole, but it was a long way off as he had walked in his sleep that night. The machine caught him before he reached it and "Licy" passed on.

Hearing of this the venerable old worms nodded and muttered a prayer and ever since worms tell their wormlets as they go up for the first time, "Remember Licester Chisholm!"

—BILL BANKIER, IX-A

The Waning of the Year

*Pumpkins mellow in the field,
Corn shocks standing by.
Stately clouds of mauve and grey,
Heavy in the sky.*

*Leaves are falling all around,
Trees are stiff and bare.
Nature slowly goes to rest,
Shorn of worldly care.*

*Feathered friends have all gone south;
Flowers and plants expire;
Ponds and streams turn icy cold;
Squirrels and bees retire.*

*Yet there is a loveliness,
Charming although sad.
Something stamped upon the soul,
That makes one rather glad.*

—GERTRUDE POSTE, XIII-B.

Song of the Briton

*Ours is the song of the roaring sea,
Ours is the tune of the working bee,
Ours is the dance of the winds; and we
Call these our own.*

*Ours is the colour of the passing way,
Ours is the smell of free-mown hay,
Ours is the glory of the rising day;
All these we call our own.*

*Ours is the love of the mother doe,
Ours is the hate that wilts the foe,
Ours is the strength by which we know
What we can call our own.*

—BOB ROBERTS, XI-E

Thirteen

Better Late

"Better late than never
... but better never late."

There is only one thing that is worse than arriving at a party when it is just breaking up; that is arriving on time. A close friend of mine keeps a "black-list" of guests, who at his parties, commit unpardonable crimes, such as spilling soup on the gown of the partner of the host, or dropping a cigarette stub on the sofa, only to wonder a few minutes later how it caught on fire.

Arriving at a dance on time is unbearable. You just *have* to take a few turns around the block, and come in at least half an hour late. Your partner is, of course, dumped into the inner sanctum where she can put her make-up on at the proper, modern angle of forty-five degrees, and comb her hair. You would be surprised how many girls use their hair as a magnet. From the time when, in the second or third grade, they had their locks dyed in muggy blue inkwells, until they give it everything from 'one hundred strokes every night and morning' to 'a sixty-second workout' girls rely on their hair for a special attraction. If you don't think so, peep at a girl when she is going to meet someone who matters. Five seconds before he (it must be a 'he') appears, the hair is pushed, pulled and prodded into place with an airy hand, for the "nth time that evening.

Arriving at a party on time is more often embarrassing than it is depressing. For instance, the hostess sends out an invitation which specifies eight o'clock. She then takes it as a matter of course that you will turn up at nine; she proceeds with her plans with that understanding. At five minutes to eight, she has her face in a mud-pack, her feet soaking in anticipation of the hectic hours of dancing that lay ahead, and her voice raised to shrieks, in order that the family downstairs will get a subtle, gentle hint that certain, unimportant things like the refreshments and decorations could be changed.

When, sharp on the hour, a knock comes at the door, they expect a travelling salesman, or in keeping with the times and Orson Welles, a man from Mars. So that is why, when they open the door and find you waiting on the door-step, looking for an opening through which to lunge before they can notice the time, they slam it quickly. However, if you do happen to get in, raise your voice so that the hostess will be informed.

That is, if you don't, the young and beautiful hostess would still be unaware of your presence. Still shrieking downstairs, that her (... censored ... young ladies don't really say things like that, even in a mud-pack) sister of hers has her very best

Fourteen

clip, she might race downstairs... an orgy of mud and negligee. She sees you at the bottom of the stairs in the hall looking very docile, as all guests must, gives a gurgle of recognition which is all she can handle behind her plaster-of-paris mask, and dashes upstairs. By the way, you can now consider yourself as being on her private "black-list".

Or is the inviter a male? At eight, your host would be upstairs boiling in a bath, or stewing over a (also censored) tie that refuses to be tied. Of course he hasn't had to worry about dancing; no girl would dare to venture on the highly-polished surface of his shoes. Of course, that errant piece of hair at the back might cause some trouble, but after the second bottle of hair-glue, that worry is over. But behind a stiff and upright collar that hasn't had the opportunity to wilt as it will later in the evening, he is bound to be in his most welcoming mood. But don't be frightened... he'd never ruin the polish of his shoes on any premature guest.

Once you get your host pinned down, he is bound to drag out the detestable game of Chinese checkers ... detestable only because of its connections with

(Continued on page 55)

Our Little Nell

Our little Nell

Has eyes of blue,

Her golden hair

Has a copper hue;

She walks so well

On her little feet

Clad in small shoes

White and neat.

Her eye lids droop;

Her steps grow slow;

Mother sees it ...

To bed she'll go;

Her little duck

That's painted red,

So very often

Under her head.

Soon in Dreamland

She will be,

With small red flowers

For you and me;

The regular breathing

I know so well,

Our sweet and natural

Little Nell.

—BETTY CLARK, IX-A.

Life is a Gamble

The car pulled up with a screech of brakes before the door of the R.C.A.F. recruiting office. The driver, a boy of nineteen or twenty, sat for a few minutes, hunched over the steering wheel, puzzled lines traversing his forehead. He was making his choice. His whole future was now in his hands and he had to choose blindly, to take a step on the path which lay dark and mysterious before him. Life is such a funny thing; we have to choose with eyes closed to the fate that awaits us. To the boy in the car it really made very little difference. He could not see that if he did as his mother wished him to and went on to Tom's house for the afternoon ...

Monday! School again! A new girl in the class ... not half-bad! Perhaps later a show or something. Maybe even the school dance. She had an odd name ... Star. Three weeks later, stopping at her locker, he leaned languidly against the neighbouring one. "Say, you been invited to the dance yet?"

"No I haven't," was the reply.

"Well," sheepishly, "consider yourself so then! Okay?"

"I'll let you know tomorrow."

A dazzling smile accompanied her last words.

The dance! Star beside him in the front seat of his father's car, her golden hair done up in baby curls all over her head. Boy! She'd be the best looker on the floor! How the boys crowded around when then entered the gym! He watched them, unconscious of every eye cast in her direction. She was a swell dancer. Thinking that she was his girl for the evening gave him a delightful shivery feeling up and down his spine. Say! Maybe he would take her on as a steady after this. No, he better not. Had to study because mom had her heart set on the scholarship. Funny how a thing like that could mean so much to a mother. Well, anyway, he'd see more of Star. Pulling the car to a stop in front of Star's place, he jumped out and opened the door. The porch light was off. ... "Ouch! Well. I thought I at least rated a goodnight kiss."

Low laughter. "Don't you want to be refused the first time?" The door was shut in his face. He started the car again, his enthusiasm undampened. The next few weeks spent in studying and in seeing Star.

Commencement! His mother and father there! Star with her lovely hair shining in the light was walking up for her diploma. Wow! He sure had it bad! And then Mr. Duff coming forward, looking tall and imposing in his black gown.

"This scholarship is given to the pupil who has not only acquired high marks through hard work, but who has won a place in the hearts of teachers



and pupils alike due to his splendid personality. This scholarship is given only every fifth year and only after due consideration has been given to the character and ability of each student. This pupil has a great future ahead of him. It is my greatest pleasure to call upon the winner of this scholarship to come and receive it with the congratulations of the pupils and staff of this school."

He was walking up to the front now, conscious of every eye upon him. He could still hear the words of the principal; his ears were burning; his colour was deepening. He could feel the waves of red mounting from his neck to his forehead. After shaking his hand, Mr. Duff turned him towards the audience. The students clapped wildly. He started down the steps. Star was smiling happily at him. His mother was wiping tears of joy from her eyes. His father looked proud enough to burst his buttons. ...

But, if he got out of the car and went in ...

Monday! School again! A new girl in the class ... Just another blonde! There were more important things to do now. He might be called up anytime. Breaking the news to his mother came next. He'd told his dad but he was waiting till he got definite word before he told his mother. She always made him feel as if he were doing something wrong. The new uniform! Shining buttons! He surveyed himself in the mirror. Not bad! Not bad! Then moved west. How homesick he was! Letters home every day ... New friends ... Letters home once a week ... Moved again ... Fourteen days leave ... Back again on train to return to school ... Letter home ...

Dear Mom:

But you were surprised to see this letter marked P.E.I.! When we got on the train to return to our station, an officer came into our coach and told us we were going straight on through to the coast. I guess I'll soon be over

(Continued on page 25)

Fifteen

EXCHANGE

ACTA LUDI—Oshawa Collegiate.
 HERMES—Humberside Collegiate.
 THE TWIG—Universities of the Toronto Schools.
 MAROON AND WHITE—Bay Ridge High School, Brooklyn, N.Y.
 LUX GLEBANA — Glebe Collegiate Institute, Ottawa.
 PIBROCH—Strathallan School, Hamilton.
 TECH TATLER — Danforth Technical School, Toronto.
 MARMOR—McMaster University, Hamilton.
 THE PELHAM PUYX — Pelham Continuation School, Fenwick, Ontario.
 EASTERN ECHO—Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto.
 OAKWOOD ORACLE—Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto.
 THE REFLEX — Ontario College of Optometry, Toronto.

Instructor (lecturing on the principle of the parachute)—“And if it doesn't open—well, that is what is known as jumping to a conclusion.”
 —Danforth Technical School.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
 The lectures dry, the subjects deep;
 If he quits before I wake,
 Give me a poke for goodness' sake.
 —Lux Glebana, Glebe Collegiate.



GLEE CLUB

FRONT—E. Finkle, M. Stobie, J. Morton, I. Cameron, M. Miller, S. Oliphant.
 SECOND ROW—S. McIntosh, M. Duesbury, M. Wells, M. Morton, M. Redfern, M. McLean, W. Kellett, F. Arnott, P. Cavanagh, A. Gilbert, C. Rolland.
 THIRD ROW—B. Palmer, R. Robertson, S. Hitchon, M. Shore, M. Bertrim, M. Saunders, P. Shepherd, D. Willshire, I. Hughes, M. Cook.
 BACK ROW—W. Boyle, G. Bankier, C. Nicholson, H. Simpson, C. James, S. Wiggins, D. Mason, M. Anderson, H. Rouse, D. Lattimer, R. Stewart, I. Marcus.

ALUMNI

Colleges.

Jean Archibald, O.A.C.
 Verna Anderson, O.B.C.
 Iladele Airhart, Queen's University.
 Barbara Bolte, O.B.C.
 June Buck, O.B.C.
 Hilda Bolderick, O.B.C.
 Mildred Coleman, O.B.C.
 Dorothy Evans, O.B.C.
 Jim Graham, Ridley College.
 Ralph Graham, St. Andrew's College.
 Laurene Gibson, O.B.C.
 Katherine Hogle, McMaster University.
 Bessie Howes, O.B.C.
 Barbara Jenkins, University of Toronto.
 Mary Louise Kinnear, O.A.C.
 John Locke, Trinity College.
 Grant Locke, Trinity College.
 Herb Middleton, Albert College.
 Dorothy McLean, O.B.C.
 Gladys O'Hara, O.B.C.
 Anita O'Connor, O.B.C.
 John Pickering, University of Toronto.
 Jean Stobie, University of Toronto.
 George Stobie, St. Andrew's College.
 Helen Scott, O.B.C.
 Buelah Scott, O.B.C.
 Jean Sharpe, Toronto University.
 Dorothy Wonnacott, O.B.C.

Nurses In Training.

Marion Grills, Kingston Hospital.
 Lois Huck, St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.
 Jean Spring, Belleville Hospital.

Normal.

Walter Hinze, Peterborough Normal.
 Isobel Sharpe.

Working in Belleville.

Garfield Aylesworth, Quinte Hotel.
 Shirley Allen, Allen's Grocery.
 Arthur Bridge, Alemite.
 Bill Brennan, Hydro Electric.
 Bob Brennan, Royal Bank.
 Bob Boyce Boyce's Garage.
 Gerald Bonisteel Bowling Alleys.
 Ronald Bunnett, Alemite.
 Muriel Baragar, Optical.
 Betty Barlow, Eaton's.
 Bernice Cordon, Hospital Canteen.
 Alex Cunningham, Loblaw's.
 Marjorie Cook, Walker Hardware.
 Douglas Cook, Bank of Commerce.
 Vance Colling, Reliance Aircraft.
 Wilma Clarke, Ashley's Furs.
 Betty Clarke, Income Tax Office.
 Helen Chumbly, Metropolitan Stores.
 Billie Chapman, Corbyville.
 Margaret Cameron, Dr. Marshall's Office.
 Francis Cavanagh, National Grocers.

Ivy Corby, Alemite.
 Bob Davis, Welding Course.
 Bill Doyle, John Lewis Hardware Store.
 Marie Doyle, Deacon's.
 Dorothy Douglas, Hospital Office.
 Vernon Findall, Dominion Bank.
 Marjorie Fayers, Deacon's.
 Beverly Goodfellow, C.P.R. Telegraph.
 Peggy Harvey, Cash's.
 Dorothy Hanna, Deacon's.
 Doris Hanna, Deacon's.
 Ralph Knudsen, Meade Johnson.
 Eric Law, Stevens-Adamson Co.
 Charlie Lepore, The James Texts.
 Eugene Lang, Post Office.
 Helen Lambros, Georgia Nut Shop.
 Frank Morton, Royal Bank.
 Alvin Miller, David's Electric Shop.
 Mavis Mantle, Civil Service.
 Corine Mantle, Mayfair Beauty Salon.
 Gwinivere McLachlin, Cash's.
 Bob McCormick, McCormick's Studio.
 Marjorie McBurney, Woolworth's.
 Stewart McBride, Meade Johnson.
 Vivian McElrath, Stevens-Adamson Office.
 Audrey Nicholson, Bell Telephone.
 John Ostrom, Alemite.
 Ray Putnam, C.N.R.
 Michael Powers, Lipson's.
 Doreen Rose, Lipson's.
 Jean Redfern, Bell Telephone.
 Margaret Rawson, Deacon's.
 Stan Reid, Alemite.
 Beth Stock, Zeller's.
 Edwin Stiver, Bank of Commerce.
 Bert Stiver, Electrician at Airport.
 Allan Smith, Alemite.
 Judy Scott, Corbin Lock Office.
 Jerry Scripture—Bowra Electric.
 Ellen Sprung, Sprung's Bakery.
 Gerald Spafford, Trenton Airport.
 Norma Sexsmith, Meade Johnson.
 Noreen Sheridan, Belleville Creameries.
 Jean Timmerman, Prudential Life Insurance.
 Audrey Thomas, Loblaw's.
 Harvey Theobald, Bell Telephone.
 Dorothy Taylor, Cash's.
 Isabel Taverner, Alemite.
 Michael Tomaso, Lafferty's.
 Bob Vanner, Alemite.
 Walter Wardhaugh, Hyde's Plumbing.
 Joseph Weymark, C.P.R. Telegraph Office.
 Shirley Wood, Deacon's.
 Francis Wood, Trenton Airport.
 Wilfred Weymark, Clark and Miles.
 Helen Wedden, Mr. Ferguson's Office.
 Joseph Yome, Loblaw's.

(Continued on page 63)



1. Dot is the big one.
2. Hold it!
3. Graceful, eh what.
4. Look pleasant, *please*.
5. Wake up Barb.
6. Her Majesty's Court.
7. Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
8. The "Turk".
9. All we need is Romeo!
10. You're all wet!
11. Keep your chint(s) up, Tabby!
12. Coy bunch, aren't they!



ACTIVITIES



FIFTH FORM GRADS

FRONT—B. McGeechie, A. Argue, W. Roblin, D. Smith, R. Morton, R. Allore, R. Hart, J. Davidson, G. Spafford, N. Bradford, B. Ogilvie.
 SECOND ROW—P. Shepherd, P. Beatty, J. Cook, G. Poste, B. Saunders, M. Wells, R. Atyeo, T. Clarke, E. Palmer, E. Cooke, W. Soady.
 STANDING—F. McMullen, A. Vermilyea, M. Redfern, D. Price, M. Keller, M. Ellis, R. Oliphant, G. Toms, M. Coulby, H. Walker, P. Barlow, E. Empson, V. Scott, A. Smith, H. Pepper, J. Helliwell, J. Everett, M. Anderson, S. MacIntosh, J. Proctor, B. Truman.
 BACK—J. Watson, N. Sine, R. Wright, W. McLaughlin, K. Winter, L. Wilkin, M. Cooke, B. Baird.

Our School's War Effort

The academic year 1940-41 has been unparalleled in Canadian educational history. For this year we are at war and this struggle for our very existence has definitely made itself felt throughout our entire school programme.

As far as our own school is concerned, our main war-time activity has been the selling of war savings stamps and certificates. The results of these sales have been very gratifying and have fully measured up to the expected standards. For the purpose of increasing our sales a contest was encouraged among the students for the Christmas term, winners in this contest being Evelyn Baldree (IX-A); Cecil Grills (IX-B); Arthur Gibson (IX-B Voc.); Jack Ward (IX-D); Hilda Mathews (X-B); Mary L. A. Wright (X-C); Howard Truesdale (X-D); George de Carlo (X-E); Helen Richardson (XI-A); Norman Ranson (XI-B); Hilda Treverton (XI-C); Ruth Wise (XI-E); Ivor Pearson (XII-A); Jean Muir (XII-C); Adeline Lepore (XII-D); Lois Wilkin (XIII-A) and Margaret Coulby (XIII-B).

So far XI-B seems to have given the lead to the war savings campaign, as on March 5, this form had sold war stamps and certificates to the value of \$1594.75. Surely this is a record of which the form may well be proud. Reports from the less aspiring (or less industrious) forms show that up to the same date IX-A had sold stamps and



BEN OGILVIE
 Winner of Memorial Scholarship.

certificates to the approximate value of \$420.00; IX-A Voc. \$85.00 (stamps only); IX-B \$442.50; IX-B Voc. \$377.50; IX-C \$137.00; IX-D \$701.88; IX-D Voc. \$137.50; IX-G \$104.00; IX-H \$112.21; X-A \$251.00; X-B \$296.00; X-C \$583.44; X-D \$347.75; X-E \$325.50; X-F \$130.00; X-H \$136.25; XI-A \$733.25; XI-C \$570.50; XI-D \$173.13; XI-E \$950.00; XI-F \$116.50; XII-A \$306.00 (stamps only); XII-B \$438.75; XII-C \$400.75; XII-D \$514.06; XIII-A \$362.50; and XIII-B \$193.75. This represents a total of well over \$10,000.00 of which we may reasonably be proud.

The school has been serving our country in other ways, too. Since October our daily programme has been increased by one half hour, so that classes of instruction in practical war-work might be established in Grades XI, XII and XIII. These classes include, for the girls, Red Cross, First Aid, Physical Training, Home Nursing, Office Practice, Machine Shop and Motor Mechanics, and for the boys, Drill, Physical Training, Shooting, Map Reading and Signalling. Our thanks are due to the masters who are giving their time for these classes, and also to the doctors, nurses and other officials who have so kindly addressed us at various times, and have helped to make the classes doubly interesting for all of us.

(Continued on page 54)



GRADE XII GRADS

FRONT—M. Shore, E. Langridge, K. Moorcroft, H. Brown, J. Brickman, H. Rankin, M. Diamond, P. Doolittle, F. Gregory, M. Armstrong, B. Cormier, J. Whiting.
 MIDDLE—L. McKay, I. Hughes, J. Hall, I. Ketcheson, W. Huffman, M. James, J. Crosby, M. Goodfellow, P. Clapp, M. L. Lazier, G. Hicks, E. Robinson, B. Sharland, J. Anderson, K. Morrison, A. Hogle, J. Stock.
 BACK—G. Hyde, J. Patterson, M. Drew, B. Gibson, G. Huck, B. Munroe, N. Smith, M. Roblin, R. Knox, D. Lattimer, C. Nicholson, E. Sills, M. Smith.



GRADE XII

FRONT—L. Vermilyea, B. Green, P. Doolittle, D. Long, M. Carscallen, I. DeLong, I. Singer, M. Semple, F. Gerrie, H. Douglas.
 BACK—M. Jones, M. Anderson, R. Cameron, H. Lough, W. Coulby, P. Flagler, R. Berry, C. Bedel, E. Panos, L. Pickering, I. Pearson, F. Foley.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

SEAMAN TOM COXON, of the Royal Canadian Navy, lost his life when the destroyer "Margaree" was rammed and sunk.

TELEGRAPHIST EARLE DAY, also of the Royal Canadian Navy, went down when the patrol ship "Otter" exploded and sank off Halifax.

FLYING OFFICER JOHN WHITE, of the Royal Air Force, was killed in action over the North Sea.

TONY ACCERO graduated in 1939 from the technical school and is now with the R.C.A.

BOB ARMITAGE attended this school during the 1938-39 term and is now with the 32 L.A.A. Battery.

KENNETH ASHLEY who came to the Collegiate in 1936 and left in 1939, is now with the R.C.A.

RALPH ASHMORE attended Belleville Collegiate from 1934 to 1939. He is now serving with the R.C.A.F. as a Leading Aircraftsman.

GEORGE BELL was born June 6, 1923, and started B.C.I. March 16, 1936, and left school in 1940. He is now with the 3/47th Battery R.C.A. and is stationed in New Brunswick.

ALLAN BONE is stationed at Camp Borden with the Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment. He was born June 20, 1922 and started B.C.I. Sept. 2, 1937. He left school in 1940.

RAYMOND BOYD, with the R.C.N., attended our school until 1940.

JOHN BRADLEY is an L.A.C. in the R.C.A.F. He started B.C.I. Sept. 27, 1937. He left school in 1940.

PAUL BRADLEY who attended B.C.I. from 1934 to 1939 is now an A.C.I. in the R.C.A.F.

JIM BRYANT, an officer in the R.C.A.F., went to B.C.I. from 1936 to 1939.

GERALD BUKER, who is with the R.C.A., came to the Collegiate in 1934 and left in 1939.

HAROLD BURKHOLDER, now with the H. & P.E. Regiment, was a student in our Vocational School from 1936 to 1938.

DICK BURNS entered the B.C.I. in 1935 and left in 1939. Dick was well known for his fine athletic ability. He is now with the R.C.A.

DOUGLAS CARR is a member of the R.C.A. He came to the Collegiate in 1930 and left in 1937.

MAC CARTER left here in 1939 and is now with the R.C.A. Signals.

GERALD CHERRY of the R.C.A. came to the Collegiate in 1934 and graduated in 1939.

KENNETH CHERRY who attended the school from 1936 to 1939 is now with the R.C.N.

JACK CLARK, in the R.C.A., attended the B.C.I. until the 1938 term.

EDWARD CLENDENING who came to the Collegiate in 1934 and left in 1938, is with the R.C.A.

ALFRED COOPER of the R.C.A. was a student here from 1932 to 1937.

Twenty-two

ROY COXON was a member of the Collegiate from 1936 to 1939. He is now with the H. & P.E. Regiment.

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM was born Dec. 19, 1923, and started B.C.I. Aug. 27, 1936. He left school in 1938.

CHARLIE DAY was a student here from 1934 to 1938. He is now with the Royal Montreal Regiment.

PERRY EVERETT, now in Montreal, is a member of R.C.O.C. He came to Belleville in 1937 from Iroquois and spent three years at the Belleville Collegiate.

GORDON FARQUHARSON came to B.C.I. from 1935 to 1937. He is now serving as a Leading Aircraftsman in the R.C.A.F.

LORNE FOLEY was born May 17, 1923. He started B.C.I. Aug. 31, 1938, and left school in 1940.

CYRIL GARDINER until 1940 was a member of the matriculation class at the school and is now in the R.C.N.V.R.

JOHN GARDINER, a student here till 1940, is in the R.C.N.

DON GOODWIN, Aircraftsman of the R.C.A.F., attended B.C.I. from 1934 to 1939.

KEN and MORLEY GRAHAM both graduated from the Technical School in 1940 and are both with the R.C.O.C. now.

DOUG. GRAHAM is in the Toronto Scottish Regiment. He was born Feb. 25, 1923, and started B.C.I. Sept. 1, 1937. He left school in 1939.

DON GRASS, stationed with the H. & P.E., left this school in 1939.

REG. HELLIWELL was a student of the B.C.I. during the 1939-40 term and is now a member of the R.C.N.

JACK HICKEY of the R.C.N. finished school here in 1939.

MARSON HITCHON is in the R.C.A. He attended B.C.I. from 1936 to 1939.

MAJOR HOWARD, Physics Master and Cadet Instructor, now holds an important position in the Adjutant-General's Department in Ottawa.

GEORGE HUNTER, our former music teacher's son, came to the Collegiate in 1934 and moved to Ottawa in 1939. He is now with the R.C.A.M.C.

KEN INGRAM finished classes at the B.C.I. in 1939 and is now in the R.C.A.

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M. Whitfield, J. Yard, T. Moorcroft, E. Allison, H. MacLean, D. King, M. Brennan, A. Boomhour, L. Wilson, J. Watson, Miss Bunting, P. Clapp, J. Watson, M. Cooke, B. Redner.

LIBRARY CLUB

The Library Club has one purpose . . . "service" . . . and under the capable directorship of Miss Bunting and its ever-acting president, Joyce Watson, it continues to be one of the most active service clubs in the school. It has an excellent mending committee which mends an astounding number of books weekly under the leadership of Alice Boomhour who is herself a very hard and very able worker.

Every girl in the club takes a turn at desk duty once a week, either at noon or after four and the members of the club are responsible for the well-kept library and its smooth-running action.

The Library Club held the last tea-dance of the Easter term which was a decided success and was largely attended by members of the school and students of Trenton Collegiate whom we gladly welcomed. A door prize was drawn for and refreshments were sold by two of the club members, Helen McLean and Marian Brennan. Alice Boomhour and Betty Redner looked after the gate. Joyce Watson the music and Mary Cook the dance floor. The club functions smoothly at all times and owes its success to the co-operation of the various members.

Its officers are as follows:

Director—Miss Bunting.
 President—Joyce Watson.
 Vice-President—Phyllis Clapp.
 Secretary—Joan Watson.
 Treasurer—Betty Redner.

Reporter—Margaret Coulby.
 Mending—Alice Boomhour.

A club whose activity is of a necessity mainly in the background or goes unnoticed it deserves a great deal of credit and appreciation.

Here's to the Library Club!

—M. C.

GIRL CADETS

For quite a few years the B.C.I. co-eds have been enviously watching the boys drill for cadets, yet up until last year they had never done anything about it. Last Spring, influenced by a desire to show their loyalty, the girls "walked into it" (according to the boys) by requesting that a girls' cadet corps be formed.

Les jeunes femmes (?) at first were very ignorant but they went at it with a vengeance with the result that from the bedraggled lines at first apparent emerged a smart looking cadet corps, thanks to the direction of Mr. Harkus and Mr. Laughlin. The "imperator" was Bernice Saunders and the other officers were chosen from all the other grades of the school. The girls were uniformly dressed in navy blue and white, presenting an attractive appearance on inspection day. In spite of the hard work, of which we were warned, every girl felt it was worth while. The officers and privates learned something about giving orders, military manoeuvres, ranks of

(Continued on page 69)

Twenty-three



BOYS' TECHNICAL GRADS
FRONT—D. Chisholm, N. Fair, F. Jones.
BACK—J. Lounsbury, R. Dossee, D. Wilson.

SCHOOL DANCE

On Monday, February 14th, 1941, the annual school dance was held in Belleville Collegiate. The girls' gymnasium was tastefully decorated, along military lines. Walls were covered with flags, while the bandstand was representing a battleship. The boys' gymnasium was lined with couches and soft lamps, a perfect weary "sole" retreat. During the latter part of the evening — the radio blared with the warning that the enemy was approaching. Seconds later the air was filled with the drone of aeroplanes, screech of sirens, falling or bursting of shells, screams of the terrified — and drums of the orchestra. At last the all clear signal came and dancing resumed. Light lunch was served and the dance came to an end with our beloved National Anthem.

COMMERCIAL GRADUATING CLASS

FRONT—B. Gurnick, P. Bradshaw, P. Pigden, A. Lepore, L. Shepard, J. Vickers.
STANDING—N. Stoliker, G. Norris, R. Parliament, K. Moore, M. Valteau, M. Hales, W. Edwards, F. Yorke, B. Minns, P. Gibson, J. Muir.



THOMAS L. THOMAS, BARITONE

As our first artist, we were fortunate in procuring Thomas L. Thomas, a young personable artist with a remarkable voice. His program was tastefully chosen and well received by the student body. After his programme, Mr. Thomas put in an appearance at the Tea Dance and many were given the opportunity to talk with him.

SUSANNE FISHER, SOPRANO

Once again the Concert Association scored a hit with our school in bringing to our stage a beautiful young opera star, Miss Susanne Fisher. Though her programme was short, she made a very definite impression on all music lovers. Both her charm and voice have won her many new admirers.

ANIA DORFMANN, PIANIST

Although her popularity was far reaching, none were prepared for the superb perfection of Miss Dorfmann's playing. She ranks among the greatest living pianists, and is certainly an inspiration for all young players. Surely the Association will not surpass her.

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement, the time when students shake in their boots and at the same time swell out their chests, came in early February this year. The program was divided into two parts, the first taking place in the afternoon and the second in the evening. To those students who had never seen commencement it was a very impressive sight. The stage was decorated colourfully with flags and posters pertaining to the War Savings Campaign, and here the masters, clad in their gowns and caps, sat, after leading the procession of graduates down the aisle. Intermediate certificates were given out in the afternoon as well as awards for Field Day winners.

However, the most interesting part was that which

took place in the evening when the Graduation Diplomas were awarded. We were quite proud of our Upper School students when we saw them arrayed in their Sunday best. The Rev. Dr. Semple read the Scripture and then the speaker of the evening, Dr. G. W. Bready, was introduced. He delivered a wonderful address which was enjoyed immensely by the adults of the audience. Following this the school letters were awarded and then the graduation diplomas. After this the students relaxed from their horrors of a public appearance and enjoyed a social hour in the library with their masters and parents.

PRIZE WINNERS

The prizes and scholarships awarded at the Commencement Exercises for general proficiency were as follows:

The George Thompson Furniture Shield for the highest in Grade XII Vocational—Ernest Fry.

The Sills Book Store Shield for the highest in Grade XI Vocational—Tom Burley.

The I.O.D.E. Prize of \$10.00 for the highest in Grade X Commercial—Bill Read.

The Catholic Women's League Prize of \$10.00 for the highest in Grade XI Commercial—Jean Vickers.

The Gold Medal for the highest in Grade XII Commercial—Frances Smith.

The McIntosh Shield for the highest in Special Commercial—Max Vechter.

The Kiwanis Scholarship of \$25.00 for the highest in Grade IX—Theda Moorcroft.

The Board of Education Scholarship of \$25.00 for the highest in Grade X—Alice Boomhour.

The War Memorial Scholarship of \$100 for the highest in the Middle School—Ben Ogilvie.



SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS
FRONT—A. Boomhour, D. Bird, T. Moorcroft.
BACK—G. Bankier, J. Vickers, B. Read.

LIFE IS A GAMBLE

(Continued from page 15)

there. Love, your Son.

England. . . .

Dear Mom:

At last I'm over here. Boy! Just watch my step! I've got to take a training course here before I can get a crack at Jerry, though. These English fellows aren't half bad! Met a chap called Arthur but I call him Bud. Swell guy! We're great pals already. I went home with him for leave last week. His people are swell. . . . Your Son.

And then. . . .

Dear Mom:

I'm writing a short note to you just before I go up. Yes Mom, I finally completed my course and tonight, if Jerry comes, I'm going up. Oh boy! Watch my stuff! Don't worry, Mom, I'll be seeing you soon, because when I

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SPECIAL COMMERCIAL

SEATED—M. Adams, L. Bankier, W. Boyd, D. Poste, A. Lepore, R. Boyd, B. Fenn, M. Bennett, M. Orr.

STANDING—T. Coon, D. Atyeo, H. Brown, M. Aman, J. Ketcheson, D. Lazenby, H. Jeffrey, H. Garrow, B. Graham, M. Tucker, C. Rolland, G. Burley, M. Chambers, D. Redner, M. Taylor, J. Graham, M. Aman.



CAST OF "WHAT A LIFE"

B. Doyle, K. Morrison, M. Drew, C. Nicholson, P. Doolittle, J. Ryan, B. Gilbert, M. Duesberry, M. Lazier, D. Muir, J. Morton, A. Lepore, W. Judge, L. Gladwell, M. Stobie, R. Atyeo, P. Flagler, H. Rouse.
SEATED—L. Pickering, B. Saunders, R. Morton.

DRAMATIC REVIEW

Miss Merry, director, chose "What a Life!" for student production over two years ago while in New York, where it was a smash hit.

The play centers around the activities of Henry Aldrich (Ralph Atyeo), a student of Central High School, who is accused of drawing pictures of his teachers, of cheating in an examination and, as a climax to the second act, of stealing the school's band instruments.

It all ends happily when the detective, Mr. Ferguson (Bill Doyle) and the giddy music teacher, Miss Wheeler (Peggy Doolittle) pin the guilt on the villain, George Bigelow (Lloyd Gladwell). They allow George plenty of time to romp through and mess up three acts, swinging Henry's girl friend, Barbara Pearson (Meribeth Stobie) to the delight of the band, and punching Henry in the stomach.

Henry, of course, is all *straightened around*, when Mrs. Aldrich (Bernice Saunders) decides to allow Henry to go to an art school where he can cultivate

the habit of drawing his teachers.

The scenery used throughout the whole play was in one set, and enabled the stage crew, headed by Art Young, to concentrate their activities. The result was a very satisfactory treatment of the interior of a principal's (Les Pickering) office.

The property crew had one of the major jobs on their hands; they had to find everything from a pair of telephones and a globe to a worn-out umbrella and a picture of Barbara. . . . And the band instruments that could be tossed around.

The first night was, as is usual, the less successful of the two, but the second night packed the auditorium, many people coming twice to catch the quick dialogue that ran through the whole play.

There will be no major production undertaken by Miss Merry during the next term, it has been reliably reported. This is because of the necessity of conserving funds, although the profits from "What a Life!" went to the Red Cross Association.

—BOB ROBERTS, XI-E.

COLLEGIATE
NEWS
REPORTERS



Front—L. Gladwell, M. Coulby, Miss Priest, M. Rogers, J. Howe.

Back — W. Judge, J. Watson, A. Hogle.

Through the Keyhole

Teddy and Scotty say:
Woman who believes everything airman says is sucker.

Look that says "Come hither" usually says "scram" when airman starts to obey!

Attention "Twig", Toronto:
Having read your magazine from cover to cover, we have but one request to make . . . please send one enlarged picture of Frere Kennedy and one of George Shaw (first rugby team) to the despairing co-eds of the B.C.I. and make their dismal lives happy.

Frank Foley and Les Pickering seem to have enjoyed themselves at Leader's Training Camp, last August. What was the attraction and why do all the boys want to go next year? (Or need we ask?)

How did that B.C.I. girl (name withheld) get to the Editor's dance in Toronto? She wasn't a delegate.

They say an old flame never dies, Oliphant!

Flash . . . what happened to Helen Walker who once vowed and declared she would never be seen with an airman? There are rumours about that one has been haunting the Walker residence about five nights a week, lately.

Late flash . . . all is quiet around the above mentioned residence once more. . . . He went with the draught!

Where does Bruce Cronk get those shirts . . . and why doesn't he take them back again?

Seeing is believing, Coulby! Where did you get him?

How's the navy, Marion?

Didn't know Frank Foley was such a camera fan . . . his collection seems to run to 6 x 8 prints of one subject only, however.

We want to know if it's really true that Mary Redfern can never remember which R.C.A.F. boy she was out with the night before.

Incidentally, the B.C.I. youths are being cut out badly by the "Flyers". Get a move on, boys, or there won't be a female left. (Better still, join the Air Force yourself!)

Why do Wilma, Helen and Phyllis hate tiger lilies? Did it bore you, girls?

Why does Ruth W. take such an interest in the welfare of a certain young gentleman (?) of Grade XIII whose initials are the opposite to "she"?

Little brothers (especially twins) are an awful nuisance at times, aren't they, Phyllis? Especially when you're entertaining the Air Force in the living room!

What happened to Gertie and Lloyd?

Tell us, Dot P., has that airman a drawl? From Gawgah, no doubt.

There's been a little more of Bruce Cronk missing than usual this term. Never mind, Bruce, "absence makes the heart grow fonder". (Yeah, what about "out of sight, out of mind"?)

How's Harry, Dottie?

Cookie's not doing too badly either (according to her own reports).

To whom it may concern: This school's war effort does not include entertaining His Majesty's fighting forces! (Not one at a time at any rate.)

Why can't "Casanova" Mott wait 'till four o'clock to make his dates with that XII-B female? The Grade XIII "ladies" at the same table were most embarrassed to be thus treated as "chaperones".

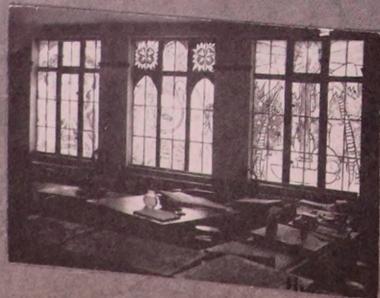
Those Grade XII and XIII boys who turned up at St. Andrew's "Kid's Party" lost a lot of their former dignity in the eyes of the girls there, we hear. You can't be dignified and wear a little Lord Fauntleroy suit too, can you, Ralph?

How does Herb Correll do it? A couple of Sundays ago we saw him wandering up Victoria Avenue with a Fifth Form girl clinging to each arm! Boy, was he enjoying himself!

So Kay has fallen at last! Why don't you introduce him to the rest of us, Kay?

Has "Goldy" reformed at last? We hear he went to church the other night and then later on washed dishes around midnight at the Manse (under protest of course).

Ask Wilma why she doesn't like blind dates. We thought he was cute, Wilma.



1. Cleejit, Cleejit, rah, rah, rah.
2. WOW!!!!!!
3. "Kenny."
4. "Mamma, may I go out to swim . . ."
5. I want to be alone.
6. Hen party.
7. Nature study?
8. Chilly?
9. Ooooh!
10. _____ for the smile of beauty.
11. Art in the Art Room.
12. Aw gwan away.



ATHLETICS

GIRLS' SPORTS



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Seated—L. Lundberg (Junior), M. Warren (Intermediate), J. Putnam (Senior).
Standing—D. Burns.



GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL CHAMPS

A. Lepore, V. Scott, D. Lazebny, M. Adams, R. Boyd.
Front—H. Garrow.

In arranging the various sports this year Bernice Gordon was made manager for the Volleyball, Helen Garrow for Basketball, and Joyce Watson for Softball. It was their duty to draw up schedules and arrange for teams.

These managers with the help of assistants chosen by the students, made up teams from a list of those wishing to play in the various sports.

The girls of the B.C.I.V.S. under these leaders carried out a very successful year of sports.

VOLLEYBALL — SENIOR

The different volleyball teams chose names: The Playmates, Spitfires, Hurricanes, Bombardiers, and the No. IV's.

In the series the Hurricanes with Captain Jean Muir and the Spitfires with Captain Helen Garrow, were evenly matched, the former winning every game and the latter losing only one.

The play-offs were close, each side fighting hard for every point but the Hurricanes won out with a score of 19-15.



J. Coleman, I. Lunberg, B. Gannon, L. Wilson, M. Warren, D. King, E. VanAllan, J. Cearley.

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FIELD DAY

Field day this year was held during the last week in September and for this occasion Mr. MacLaurin declared a holiday for the whole school. The day was bright and sunny and the competition keen, the enthusiasm of the crowd increasing the zeal of the contestants. Under the expert guidance of Miss Allison and her helpers the events of the day ran off without a hitch.

Joy Putman walked off with the senior championship winning 18 out of the possible 25 points. Marion Warren and Marion Diamond fought hard for the intermediate championship each capturing 11 points, but a relay broke the tie in favour of Marion Warren. Inez Lundberg easily won the junior title with 19 points.

BASKETBALL

Grade X Basketball

The Grade X basketball series was played before and after Christmas. Each form had its own team and these teams adopted the names used by the senior volleyball team. The Hurricanes and Bombardiers both worked hard for the championship but the final game was won by the Bombardiers (XE).

B.C.I. Juniors vs. Picton Juniors

On February 14, the Picton Juniors came here to play a picked team from Grade X. The Picton girls defeated our girls 14-13—one small point which meant the difference between defeat and victory. Both teams were evenly matched and either might have won but a free shot in the last minute of the game gave Picton the winning point. Mr. Townsend after refereeing remarked that it was the fastest and cleanest game of the season.

Arlie Gilbert was the chief scorer for our team getting 10 of the 13 points. Congratulations should go to the guards for their exceptional work.

Lillian Kates and Mary Garwin were the scorers for Picton.

Mr. Gill (*in Modern History*)—"Who was Talleyrand?"
Voice from rear—"A fan dancer, and cut the baby talk."

—The Twig, University of Toronto Schools.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Grades XI, XII and XIII competed for the honours in the senior girls' basketball series. In this series the most interesting and exciting games of the season were played. The large crowd at all the games proved how popular basketball has become with the students. Grade XII-D and XIII-A had to look to their laurels to save themselves from the humiliation of losing the title to XI-B. The game between XII-D and XI-B to decide the championship resulted in victory for XII-D with the score 13-10 despite the splendid forward plays of Joy Putman and the exceptional guarding of Helen McLean. The XII-D team had many excellent team plays and the work of Helen Garrow and Victoria Scott was remarkable and did much to ensure the victory for XII-D.

Belleville at Trenton.

For this game the champion XII-D team journeyed to Trenton to play their picked senior team. This was a very close game and the last half was really thrilling. The score at the end of the first half was 20-12 for Belleville but disaster almost overtook us in the second half when Trenton started adding point after point. The final score was 28-26 for B.C.I.

Belleville at Albert College.

A picked team from B.C.I. trudged up to Albert to play another fast clean game of good basketball. B.C.I. missed victory by five points but our girls thoroughly enjoyed the game and are anxious for another game to avenge their only defeat in outside games.

Trenton at Belleville.

In the latter part of March a Trenton team came to Belleville to play an exhibition game against our senior team. The game was an easy victory for B.C.I., the final score being 32-16. Victoria Scott and Ruth Oliphant were the outstanding players of the day getting between them 27 out of the 32 points. Ruth Cory was the only outstanding player from Trenton. This game ended the series as the Grade IX teams had yet to run off their series.

BOYS' SPORTS



MR. YEREX



B. CRONK



A. ARGUE



L. PICKERING



R. WARREN

BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE.



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LINE—C. Bray, G. Rogers, E. Sills.
BACK FIELD—M. Carson, A. Cunningham, D. Mott,
STANDING—W. Gannon, A. Smith, A. Welch, B. McCreary, R. Brown,
A. Thompson, E. Graham.

JUNIOR

BASKETBALL

FRONT—D. Mott.

STANDING—G. Rogers, D. Mason, M. Carson, G. Huck, C. James, M. Yerex, S. Wiggins, D. Boyce, A. Thompson, R. Lancaster, R. Cameron.



INTERFORM ATHLETICS

Although school teams are once again competing in interscholastic circles, there has been no let-down in inter-form competition, particularly in the Lower School.

The Inter-Form Rugby League carried on its games during the noon-hour on the front campus. The Grade IX section was won by a combined team of IX Voc. A and IX Voc. C. The players were C. York, A. Shortt, D. Burns, F. Smith, B. Wright and A. Theobald, with K. Tilley, C. Langman, W. Turner and W. Storms as alternates. The runners-up were IX-A Gen. The Grade X schedule was cut short by the early snowfall. The season closed with X-A and X-F tied for first place.

In Grade IX basketball, after much spirited action, IX Voc.-A won the championship, with IX-A Gen. in second place. The members of the winning team were M. Anderson, H. Ashton, S. Blake, D. Burns, H. Baragar, R. Arthurs, C. Doyle, S. Meekes,

R. Ford and C. Bradshaw. The Grade X basketball championship was carried off by X-A after a close race in which X-D, who lost some of their players to the school's junior team, finished second. Those playing on the X-A team were B. Dawson, H. Dennis, B. Bateman, T. Belnap, B. Bishop, G. Bankier, W. Mifflin and W. Ketcheson.

The inter-form hockey games were played this year on our own school rink . . . that back-and-heart-breaking enterprise of the Boys' Athletic Association. Grade IX competition was very keen with IX-C Gen. finally nosing out IX Voc.-A by two points. On the winning team were M. Rollins, R. Lyall, H. DeRuskie, D. Kellette, C. Potter, V. Massey and D. Livesey. The Grade X hockey champions are X-H, who finished in first place after having apparently scared away most of the competition. The X-H team consisted of A. Welch, G. Cooper, D. Burley, F. Ellis, D. Rosatte, G. Rogers, F. Keegan, C. Sweetman and B. Babcock.



SENIOR

BASKETBALL

FRONT—R. Parliament.

L. to R.—L. McKay, B. Ogilvie, R. Atyeo, Mr. Yerex, J. Stock, A. Argue, B. Gibson, R. Hart.

ABSENT—J. Howe.

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FRONT—H. Ellis, E. Graham, R. Warren, A. Gerow, B. Cronk.
BACK—C. Mulholland, R. Clare, Mr. Shiels, T. Clarke, M. Jones, W. Hutchinson.

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HOCKEY

Under the able guidance of Mr. Shiels hockey was a very successful undertaking during this season. Our seniors swept through to a senior C.O.S.S.A. and Bay of Quinte District championship. At the time of this account we are awaiting further word in the quest for an Ontario championship.

The games and their results were as follows:

Albert College	3	B.C.I. Seniors	5
Stirling	5	B.C.I. Seniors	4
Tweed	2	B.C.I. Seniors	7
Stirling	1	B.C.I. Seniors	6
Tweed	0	B.C.I. Seniors	5
Albert College	1	B.C.I. Seniors	4

As may be seen we went through the season with a single defeat. With the addition during the last half of the schedule of Ross Clare and the promotion of "Goldie" Mulholland to a wing position Coach Shiels had a powerful hockey squad. The line-up was as follows with a thumb-nail sketch of their characters:

GOAL:

Ted Clarke, alias Turk Broda. Good goalie with a large following—eh Mac.

DEFENSE:

Ross Clare—as usual "R. C." excelled in sports. Was leading scorer on team.
Murray Jones—had a knack 'em down, drag 'em out style. Good defensive player.

CENTRE:

Arthur Gerow—Bonnie was a clever play-maker, popular with the boys.

Thirty-four

WINGMEN:

Bruce Cronk—excellent team player, very hard worker.

Ronnie Warren—Bart played excellent hockey and teamed well with Bonnie and Bruce.

ALTERNATES:

Claude Mulholland—"Moose" was a very valuable member of the squad, utility player.

Bill Holloway—a junior moved up to centre the second line. Good offensive player.

William McIntyre—another junior, gave a good account of himself in the last game.

Elmer Graham—played most of the season on the second line. Good offensive player.

Eric Carter—Nick was a hard worker for the squad.

Walter Hutchison—"Hutch", an old reliable who could be counted on when the going got tough.

Harry Ellis—equipment manager, worked very hard for the good of the team.

The B.C.I. Juniors were undefeated in this district hockey league and won a Bay of Quinte District championship. With an abundance of players Coach "Goldie" Mulholland's team swept to impressive victories in all their games.

The squad was composed of Howard Truesdale, Ted Smith, Mac Carson, Bruce Bishop, Don Mason, Tom Belnap, Lawrence Horewood, Fred Smith, Murney Green, Bob Allore, Doug, Diamond, Harold Martin and Barney Wright.

—JACK HOWE.

SENIOR RUGBY

When the leaves were turning this Fall and the smell of burning leaves filled the air, the desire for combat entered the boys' blood and they decided to enter the C.O.S.S.A. rugby wars again. After three weeks of hard work and drilling, the team bedecked in their new scarlet and black sweaters clashed with Cobourg High School on Thanksgiving Day. Before a record crowd and in an ideal setting the "scarlet scourge" paced by Ross Clare and "Big Yank" McBride steam rolled over a gallant Cobourg squad to a score of 22-0.

On October 20th the B.C.I. boys engaged their old rival, Albert College, with much feeling. Once again, behind a solid front wall the sensational running and plunging of "Phantom" McBride and little Willie Pigden carried the team through to trounce the Alberts by a score of 14-0.

The following week the team journeyed to Cobourg and in driving rain paddled to a 19-3 victory over Captain Doug Maher and his hard-fighting team mates.

Now enter the villain in the guise of injuries and the loss of Coach Ed Schrieder. Although the B.C.I.V.S. team had won the Bay of Quinte title, it lost an exhibition game to an Albert team composed of pupils, students, staff and alumni (and the janitor) by a score of 13-1 despite the hard tackling of Warren, Campbell and Sharpe.

On November 13 the highly vaunted Bowmanville squad played here in the first of a home and home series in the C.O.S.S.A. finals. It was a battle between two well matched and clever teams. At the end of the third quarter after a terrific offensive drive the "scarlet scourge" was leading

26-10 but the Bowmanville aerial attack and a long count on the time cut the locals' lead to 26-21 in the fourth quarter.

Back in Bowmanville the following Saturday a truly fine exhibition of football was given. The B.C.I.V.S. team scored early in the first quarter on Clare's placement and held well till the third quarter when the Belleville line crumbled before the plunging of Colville, Brown and McIlveen which eventually earned Bowmanville a touchdown which was converted. Late in the fourth quarter, Brown of Bowmanville kicked a placement which teetered on the cross bar and finally fell in to the great joy of the home town supporters. The B.C.I.V.S. boys were on a touchdown march when the final whistle blew. The 10-4 loss and elimination by one point however did not dim the brilliant playing of Pigden, Clare and the McBrides, and the sterling efforts of every player.

Although much hard luck was experienced by the team this year they were always fighting gamely and were truly a great team.

JUNIOR RUGBY

The junior rugby team set a fine record this fall. Under the able coaching of Mr. Dudgeon and Mr. Yerex they won all of their six scheduled games, but due to the use of ineligible players were forced to forfeit two of the six hard-earned games, which left them in a tie for first place with St. Michael's Academy who had also won four and lost two.

Before a winner could be declared, however, the snow set in and the play-off was postponed until Spring.

The league consisted of four teams, Albert College, O.S.D., St. Michael's Academy and B.C.I.V.S.



THE BAND

SEATED—W. Hutchinson, B. Holway, H. Dennis, J. Muirhead, M. Dowsett, E. Wells, W. Juby, R. Baird, B. Johnson, O. Smith, O. Reid, C. Roper, N. Fair, A. Juby, G. Spafford, W. Robinson.
STANDING—F. Ellis, L. Downey, B. Jenkins, E. Graham, N. Bradford, C. Bray, D. Roblin, D. Mott, Mr. Cooper, D. Cherie, J. Lounsberry, C. Smith, F. Edmondson, G. McClelland, J. Miller, D. Dafoe, R. Lancaster, M. Anderson, R. Moorman, L. Walker, D. Mason.

Thirty-five



1. Shy?
2. "Smile please" . . . Allore does.
3. Don't you dare, you brute!
4. Such form, such grace!
5. "Well, I'll tell you . . ."
6. Rogue's gallery.
7. Officer's "mess".
8. You're in the army now!
9. Ditto No. 8.



GRADE NINE

GRADE TEN

GRADE ELEVEN

GRADE TWELVE

GRADE THIRTEEN

FORM NEWS

FORM NEWS

WHO AM I?

Allow yourself 5 points for each correct answer and find your I. Q. from the following table: 185-150, astounding (or maybe you cheated); 150-100, not bad, not bad; 100-50, you're slipping; 50-0, terrible (or aren't you at school enough to know your own classmates!).

My favourite shirt is like a blue sky with a "son" in it. They used to call me Lil Butch.

I like bankers!

I think I'm a glamour girl with the R.C.A.F.

I'm a mathematical whiz and I swing a mean trombone.

I'm noted for a curious ring inscribed with four letters, which I wear on my third finger, left hand.

I write reams of gush and I positively adore the air-force. I've been proposed to three times already.

I'm a war widow—he went with the draught.

They used to call me Slug, but they had to change their tune—now they call me Pansy.

I'm the future banker's wife's side kick and I always wear an air force pin somewhere!

I'm XIII-B's "missing link"—I'm missing most of the time, but I can afford to, I've got brains.

I was jilted before I even got my man—never again (until the next pair of pants comes along).

I like scenery, preferably Cliffs.

I'm always Wright!

I've got the best known giggle of the B.C.I. I was jilted once, too. I'm also a blonde.

I'm of artistic temperament but I'm slowly coming down off my high horse.

I'm allergic to measles.

I'm allergic to females and loud shoes.

I'm to blame for this year's photography and I'm just a caveman at heart. I like blondes but I wouldn't pass up a brunette.

I'm skinny, wear glasses, play basketball and come to school to put in time.

When I first came here I was the glamour boy of XIII-B but what's happened now?

I'm a history whiz. I'd like to referee a girls' basketball game. I wear glasses and have an abundance of dark curly hair.

Am I the original Professor Quiz or am I just plain dumb?

(Continued on page 55)

Thirty-eight

XIII-A FORM NEWS

We in XII-A would like to know what power that illustrious hockey and rugby player of XII-B exerts over the teachers. His "Foods" emitted at various times during the day, attracting everyone's attention but the masters', who act as though they had not even heard it.

It seems that Ivor, our English laddie, is quite a boy. From one or two quaint tales the author has heard about him, it appears that he must enjoy himself in Marmora.

The other day at drill Mr. Shiels, while checking us over for homework, finally came to Lough. As Lough had no books, Mr. Shiels was curious and asked him if he had no homework. Howard did not reply at once and a voice from the rear whispered, "Oh, he checks them at Lafferty's."

And then, of course, there is that trombone player, Quiff Anderson, as he is called. Although apt in music and another one of the arts (do we need to name it?), he occasionally needs an Alka-Seltzer in Geometry.

(Continued on page 56)

FORM XII-B NEWS

Meet us friends! We're Form XII-B,
We're always where we shouldn't be,
We're always doing what we shouldn't do,
We're always kicking up a row or two.
But Miss Merry is our Form teacher
And patience is her special feature,
She certainly has plenty with which to contend
But you can be sure she is still your friend.
There are Smitty and Jean and Mary Lu,
They supply the jokes that are always new;
There's Barbara Green . . . boy, what a dream,
And under her curls there's many a scheme.
Then there is Betty Cormier . . . a genial sort
And you can depend she is always a sport.
There's June Hall, a powerful looker,
She goes with a fellow who is champ at snooker.
Say, who was that fellow with the powerful stance
Who carried Marian Diamond home from the dance?

There's Betty Sharland, Eileen Robinson and Anna Hogle too.

And little Lenore . . . about four feet two,
And Helen Rankin who is just on time
For she usually arrives about fourteen to nine.
Then right up in front sits Bob Munroe
Who all day long is borrowing dough.

(Continued on page 60)

XII-C FORM NEWS

(But don't quote us.)

Hello Form! Or rather what was a form before our pupils started drifting away. Here we are again with this year's tattle tales and bright sayings of the pupils of good "ole" XII-C.

Remember back in '40 when school started, (oh woe, oh woe), we had Mr. Bear for our form master and a good one he was too. After a while we were pushed down into the cellar with Prof. Maybee (Curly to those who know him) and there we had our share of good times till they again moved us to a different location in February.

We did have fun there. Remember how red Jean's face got when Prof. Maybee unlocked the storeroom door to let her and Bob out? I guess Bob's face was red, too.

It was hard on the nerves down there in the Music Room with the 3 Stooges (Bruce, Bill and Morley) tossing snow in the window and "I can hit the keys harder than you can" Vickers beating out "Steamboat Serenade" on the poor piano.

Frances Ward couldn't keep up her wooing and her school work too, so she quit school. Jimmy must have something. (We're only kidding, Frances.)

Remember when . . . Mary Alice gave B. M. an apple but she explained later that it was only a case of Bob or the garbage can. Did that take Bob down a peg? Yes, two pegs.

As mentioned in the foregoing paragraphs our class room was moved from the cellar to Room 307 and let us tell you that something smells in there besides XII-C. What a room! It's got everything except showers. It's where the girls used to take fits, you know, the fitting room.

(Continued on page 59)

XI-F AND XII-E FORM NEWS

We Wonder . . .

Why Jim Lounsbury wants to be a shark
Why Norman Fair is so modest.
Why Blake Kerr is afraid of the women.
Why Frank Revell is trying to master southern dialect.

Why Frank Jones is taking Adam Lazonga for his ideal.

Why Richard Doxee is always cracking corny jokes.

Why Gordon Aitchison is learning to dance so well.

Why Don Wilson is always thinking of the fairer sex.

Why Don Chisholm is always talking about the ex-girls.

Why John Harris does not quit making eyes at the girls.

Why Doug Diamond behaves in science class.

Why Pervell Stoilkovich gets there on time now.

SHOUTS FROM XI-A NURSERY

Professor Anderson and Mil have apparently settled down for keeps. Bless you, my children!

XI-A is worried about "Porky" Andrew's future. A padded cell appears to be his ultimate fate. Guess why! Can't? Ask Miss Merry.

After all this time Mary Bunnett and Keith are still—like that—I think it's miraculous!

"Rhett" Bradshaw is the answer to a glamour girl's prayer. He's so unsuspecting.

They do say Rosella Calbury has a tall industrialist stowed away for leisure moments.

Public opinion has decreed that Jack Carefoot will eventually be a successful model for tooth paste advertisements.

Marie Duesberry is getting grey before her time. Being editor of "OOMPH" isn't all glory, eh Duesy?

Rita Ellis is raising gold-fish. Maybe she figures W. J. can use 'em for bait this summer.

Marie Embury said she played Chinese Checkers with Aunt Ruth. But did she? Ask T. W.

Mary Fanning is the only class member who builds for the future. She even studies.

The postman is Jean Freeman's best friend. I wonder why?

Isobel Ford adores Algebra. XI-A is raising a fund to have her head examined (or maybe ours). "Spots" Fulton has the cutest eyes. And he certainly works 'em overtime. Not on Latin either.

Of Alma Hinze' numerous escorts I wonder which she likes best?

"Slug" Judge must have totalitarian ideas. She wants to conquer England.

Alberta Lickfold's theme song is A-L-B-E-R-T C-O-L-L-E-G-E.

Gwen McElrath is flying high with Max. Happy landing.

Frances Nunn has earned the reputation of being a money-lender. Correction. She gives it away. Who was the 'big bad wolf' that induced her to change time-tables?

Ted Wells' theme song is "I must have one more kiss, kiss, kiss, before I say good-night. Who's he serenading?"

Roy Windover may soon tuck his model aeroplanes away and learn to operate the real McCoy.

Did you know that Dean Wilson kept bees? It must be their honey that makes him so sweet.

And Algernon? Who is he? Oh, he's 'the little man that wasn't there', huh Porky?

(Signed) RUSTY.

Pervel S.—"If a man was walking along a street with a box of duck eggs under his arm and they began to hatch, what would he have?"

Blake K.—"I'll bite, what?"

Pervel—"A box of quackers."

Thirty-nine

XI-B WONDERS . . .

Why Evelyn Allison always "hangs around" the typing room? Could it be that she likes someone there?

Why Helen McLean likes the spare the last period Tuesday afternoon. Could it be that . . .

What the attraction is in X-C. (Would Phyllis know?)

Why Carne Bray has taken a sudden interest in poetry? Would Peterborough have anything to do with it?

Why Margaret Middleton was so anxious to get XI-C's time-table?

Why Lois Liddle was so embarrassed one night at the arena?

If Margaret Kilpatrick is really knitting mitts for soldiers or for . . . well, we wonder?

Why Betty Smith is always late? Would R. B. know?

Why Sam's theme song is: "I think that I shall never see, a boy as beautiful as me."

Why Claude Roper always has the same answers as his sister? Would he copy?

"Looking ahead" . . . Bob Coulter . . . "world champion pick-pocket".

What Marion Brennan had in a "little black book" that made her blush?

What happened to the "sweet young thing" who was always with Mac before Christmas?

Why Norman Rogers pays so much attention to the girl who sits near him? Is he trying to get her eye?

Why Russell Brown always makes it a point to be where B. S. is?

Why Elinor Finkle blushes when a "certain person" passes?

Olive Reid's theme song the day before a Latin test—"To you my heart cries out *progredivor*".

Why Margaret Smith needed smelling salts in Latin period the other day?

Why Wilma Colling forgets her Latin book nearly every Thursday?

If Bill Robinson has a genius for a brother, or why is it that he always has his homework done right?

(Continued on page 61)

DID YOU KNOW THAT XI-B HAS A . . .

Hitchon but no catch-on.

Shepherd but no shepherdess.

Maxwell but no coffee.

Little but no large.

Roper but no brander.

Saltz but no pepper.

Fox but no wolf.

Peck but no bushel.

Cherry but no peach.

Bray but no donkey.

Reid but no Wright.

Correll but no empty saddles.

—PHYLLIS DICKENS, XI-B.

NEWS-FLASHES, WONDERMENTS, ETC.
OF XI-C

Why does Stella Morton blush whenever Bruce whizzes by?

So Ruth Farnham got a watch for Christmas . . .

hmm . . . Ralph looks nice in a uniform, doesn't he, Hilda?

Apparently Helen Salisbury had a good time at Trenton formal, but why does she blush whenever the "journey home" is mentioned?

Lois Spencer is sweet and mild, But when we mention "Gord" she gets really riled,

He's tall, dark and handsome, and really not bad,

But we'd better quit 'cause she's getting mad.

So Anna Russell and Betty Duesberry refuse to talk about the attraction at the Yacht Club. (We can guess, can't we?)

Barbara Thomson is *still* wearing that big safety pin in her skirt and we're *still* wondering why.

What is it that Betty Redner has preserved in Montreal? (She blushes when Ted's name is mentioned . . . could it be . . . oh sure it is!)

Must be nice to be Alice Boomhour . . . you know . . . 95 - 96 - 97 - 98 - etc.

Poor Marion, but I guess she had a good time at the school dance anyway.

Shirley Jackson and Helen Miller live too peacefully . . . but we'll get 'em next year.

Well, Laura, did you have a good time at Stirling, New Year's Eve?

You know Helen Ketcheson had her fortune told . . . and wouldn't we like to be there when the

airman, soldier, two sailors and the blonde with the green sweater arrive at the same time.

So Lawrence Horwood has turned out to be a pool shark . . . (oh yeah!).

Why don't Froggy and Tom Stevenson draw up a peace treaty or somethin'?

The wave in your hair is coming nicely, Allen.

So Doug Mott thinks he can play basketball better than Mac . . . well . . . he'll soon find out.

Well, well! So Norman Scott has joined the Air Force (!!!!!???)

Jim Price has turned out to be quite a ladies' man. (Frances . . . be careful.)

C'mon Army . . . you're slippin'.

Where does Gordon Dulyea spend his afternoons . . . (is he really sick?)

What is Ken McCaughen's attraction at the Arena? (Could Anne be there too?)

Why does Gordon Lummiss take up warbling? . . . Because Aileen does?

We hear Carl Roluf came in ahead when they gave chocolate milk and weiners away at the Uptown.

How do you like being tossed about in gym class, Bernie?

(Continued on page 72)

FORM XI-D

What is the attraction in Trenton, Edith. Aren't Belleville guys good enough?

Who is the dark-haired girl from Special that drives Eric the opposite way when he sees her coming? You aren't guilty are you, Mavis?

Was Bruce thrilled when a certain girl from XI-C accepted his invitation to the Quinte Skating Carnival! But he was overwhelmed when she accepted his invitation to the school dance.

Swish swish! here comes Roslyn Robertson just one minute late, but it's a daily occurrence so we have all got used to it now.

Why is Aileen so interested in the school orchestra? Is it only the orchestra, or could it be partly the leader?

Why is it that Barbara spends a good deal of her time visiting Kay Randle? We know she has a brother, but Barbara, do you really think a sister can help?

We aren't trusting Audrey with any more of our form boys because the last time she walked down street with Bill he was unable to come to school the next day.

Vera Fargey seems to be the envy of our form. Is it really her, or getting down to bare facts, is the R.C.A.F. pencil the envy?

You know XI-D really thought they would have to wheel a carriage from class to class when they entered their new form and saw Stewey Hayes breaking his neck to look up at the teacher.

Why does Ivy Armitage like to cycle to Trenton, or does she really get as far as Trenton? You all know the Airport is just a short distance on this side of Trenton.

(Continued on page 56)

X-A NEWS

As you all know the "students" (ahem) of 10-A publish a newspaper every Friday called the 10-A "Blitzkrieg". The editor of the paper is Gordon Bankier. Here are a few snatches from our weekly "Blitzkrieg":

"Fashions"

November 1.

Penny sure looks warm in that cosy Kenwood blanket coat. Doesn't she?

"Society Column"

January 8.

The gang from 10-A held a weiner roast at THE BEACH. We had a good time and after eating we enjoyed a motor boat ride, then dancing. All went home tired but happy.

"Sports"

November.

The Form rugby team won the inter-form championship. They only played half of the games, the other half were won by just giving their opposing teams ONE look and they started to run, so . . . the 10-A team always won.

—D. B.

"Society Column"

November 18.

On Monday evening the stupes of 10-A held a party and had a very unexpected visitor. The results were, we were "kicked out" of the gym. Sh, sh, sh, HUSH. The imposition given us was seventeen pages of HISTORY.

"Poetry Section"

November 24.

Certain Gals and Guys

*Dorothy is the teacher's pet
And always has her work done;
Roscoe always falls asleep
In the middle of the fun.*

*Bruce is just a little tot
Creeping up the halls;
When Bud tries to catch up to us
He always slips and falls.*

*Bill cut off all his curls
To give to Ethel, dear,
Dorothy who, of all girls,
Got up and walked right out of here.*

*Harry is our rugby player,
As tall and shy as one can be;
When Jewell stands up to speak her piece
Gordon helps her very manly.*

*Tom is always coming in late,
He is the 10-A devil,
But who could be worse than Leolla Burk
For joking on the level.*

*Theda is so tall and thin,
Ethel short and fat,
Betty Ashbury is like a pin
And Mary just like Pat.*

*Dorcas is the 10-A "blond",
Does — ever fall for her, woo woo,
Whenever she goes down town
All the boys holler "yoo hoo".*

*Jack Baldree was our redhead
And he hasn't got a grudge,
Charlie is our Frenchman
And in French class will not budge.*

*Doreen is as frail as glass,
Hessie loves to talk,
Rachael is a balmy lass
Who doesn't like to walk.*

*Gordon has all the 10-A brains,
He knows all the answers,
He usually maintains his aims
With the "flames" he traipses after.*

*Barbara is our writer
Of stories short and long,
And Dorothy's hair is all in curls
To keep it from going wrong.*

(Continued on page 61)

AN AFTERNOON WITH IX-A GIRLS

1:15 finds the girls of IX-A well along the way to a restless afternoon with Miss MacPherson. By 1:30 we are nearly all there, with a few still straggling in. After the register is marked Miss MacPherson commences to collect nickles from offending gum chewers.

Above the confusion rises the sound of Beverley who is having trouble with her bastings, and from Ferne, whose thread will persist in getting into knots. From one corner we hear the faint moaning of Eileen, who is having such a time trying to learn to knit. This is interrupted by the tinkle of Miss MacPherson's bell. At last with a clatter of chairs and sighs of relief we scramble into line and file out.

Then to French where Miss Wallen puts us through our paces. In Business Practise Mr. Reid is nearly driven frantic trying to teach us the difference between a bank draft and "the other kind".

The tenth period is spent in trying to keep step without a much-needed drum. With a final sigh, we "dump" our books into our lockers and "scram".

* * *

A MORNING WITH IX-A BOYS

At about twenty-five to nine a few of the students (?) of the form drift to their lockers. One quarter to nine a good 75 per cent. of the class mob into the auditorium and take their place. Nine o'clock a clatter at the back of the room and Dafoe, White, Butcher and Brown noisily enter in all the glory of being late.

After assembly we move on to classes, Aitcheson inevitably getting a drink from the fountain in the corner and having a fine rush past Miss Sweeney to get to English. This results in an average of four detentions per week.

In music — Dafoe, always absent on account of band — or when he is there, deprived of his book for some reason, is called down by Mr. Maybee.

P. T. and the usual group make the fatal effort to park on the bench, on account of "weak heart", "sore feet", etc., and are always hauled into line with the rest to the tune of grumblings and mutterings about doctors' certificates.

In mathematics Bud Cavanagh is continually asked the rules for multiplication of signs and gleefully responds with a vague answer about "minus \times minus = minus etc." Then comes geography and a much needed rest for all, only to be revived by the five to twelve bell. At this point we hurry to the room, drag Butcher from his locker "en route" and so to dinner.

Forty-two

THE ELEVATOR

X-C GOSSIP

We wonder why . . .
"Pinto" always keeps his coat on in school.
"Twiglet" didn't want to join the Signal Corps.
M.L.A.W. is such a good saleslady for the War Savings Campaign. Could it be because of a large number of relatives?
"William the Great" likes to get a seat behind

R.
D. B. puts such a beautiful wave in her hair.
Everyone likes Mort so well. Is it his looks or his actions?

Someone else doesn't join B. V. in the band. Maybe "Butch" would like to try.

M. S. is so interested in IX-C.
Mlles. J. and L. always have a fight over giving auditorium sheets for IX-C.

R. H. can't make up her mind.
"Sempy" poses so much at the blackboard.
"Marty" is interested in IX-H, it being an all girls' form.

J. J. is so enthusiastic over Grade XI.
J. M. suddenly became interested in the new machine shop course.

M. H. always seems to know where K. M. is located.

"Red's" hair gets her so far in this small world.
It is rumoured around that "Sambo's" great ambition is to become a N.H.L. goalie.

"Dottie" likes to write poetry so well.

—MARTY.

* * *

The following M.S.S. was found clutched in the hand of a hobo who was found frozen or poisoned to death in the C.N.R. freight yards recently:

" . . . Being of sound mind do hereby give and bequeath . . . in consideration of the years of patient instruction. . . .

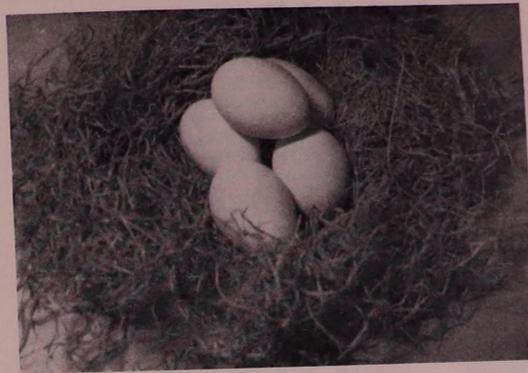
To Mr. Maybee I leave my hair, on condition that he does not disturb the rat nest so comfortably located there. To Miss Saunders I leave my keen eyes, so she can further spot the activities of the scallywags. To Mr. Yerex I leave my strong right arm as an example of well developed biceps. To Mr. Townsend I leave my big mouth to keep boys on the straight and narrow path. To Mr. Thomas I leave my good features to impress the women. To Mr. Heard I leave my sense of humour. To Mr. Burgess I leave my vocal chords so he can personally destroy them as a menace to four years of his sanity. My remains I desire to be left to science.

* * *

Mr. Jury—"What four words do this class use the most?"

Helen T.—"I don't know, sir."

Mr. Jury—"Correct."



HUMOUR

HUMOUR

Brunette—"A red-head is running around with your boy friend. Are you going to let her get away with that?"

Blonde—"Never. I'll dye first."

Joan—"What's a caboose?"

Muriel—"A female moose?"

Joan—"Don't be silly, it's a baby Indian!"

David (to Ben who has just bought a ranch)—
"Have you any cow girls?"

Ben—"Of course, stupid. All our cows are girls."

Little Joycie—"Good girls ought to love their brothers but I'm not good any more 'cause I love other girls' brothers better than my own."

Margaret—"When she was good she was very, very good but when she was bad . . ."

Muriel—"She was horrid."

Margaret—"Your error, she was popular."

"Hygiene is keeping clean where it doesn't show."

Dave—"I passed your house last night."

Ben—"Thanks."

"A bustle is a deceitful seaful."

George—"A little bird told me I was going to pass in Latin."

Teacher—"It must have been a little cuckoo."

He—"I hear you've given up Betty."

Jack—"Yes, I found something I don't like about her last night."

He—"What?"

Jack—"Ralph's arm."

Boy—"You're not so bad looking."

She—"I bet you'd say that even if you didn't think so."

He—"We're even then. You'd think so even if I didn't say so."

"The pyramids were built by the Pharaohs to live in when they died."

XI-E was discussing marriage licenses.

L. P.—"You get them from a Justice of the Peace."

L. G.—"What's peaceful about it?"

Teacher—"What is 'college bred'."

Butch—"A four year loaf made with father's dough."

Boy Friend—"Barbara, I'm glad to see you! Waiter! Two sodas, please!"

Barbara—"I'll have the same."

Forty-four

Elinor—"What's the difference between an old maid, a Yankee, a rooster and a river?"

Margaret—"I'll bite. What?"

Elinor—"An old maid says any dood will do, a rooster says cock-a-doodle-do, a Yankee says Yankee Doodle and a river says . . . that's where suckers are caught."

Ralph—"What did you do with my shirt?"

Mother—"I sent it to the laundry."

Ralph—"Ye gods! All my history notes were on the cuffs."

Johnny went to the doctor with this note from his mother: "Please will you do something to Johnny's face? He's had it a long time and it's spreading."

"Curse it, curse it," hissed the villain, snatching at the girl's waist.

"No it isn't," retorted the girl, "it's only a girdle!"

"We'll have to rehearse this, boys!" said the driver as the coffin fell out of the hearse.

Ben—"Will you join me in a bowl of soup?"

Jean—"Is there room in it for both of us?"

Teacher—"You can't sleep in my class."

George R.—"I could if you didn't talk so much."

Miss Merry (pointing to scraps of paper) —
"What are those little things under your desk?"

Goldie (blushing)—"My feet."

Science Teacher—"What's a drizzle?"

Bright Grade Niner—"Two drips going steady, sir."

Joe—"What notes make the best music?"

Moe—"What?"

Joe—"Bank notes."

Bill—"Why are you hurrying home, Gord?"

Gord—"I just bought my wife a hat and I want to get it home before the styles change."

Jack—"May I kiss you?"

Barb—"Do you know how I answer that question?"

Jack—"No."

Barb—"That's right."

Joan—"What are you doing tonight?"

Jack—"Working on THE ELEVATOR."

Joan—"Is it broken?"

Shirley—"What are you looking for?"

Ted—"My caramel."

'Taint Even Funny!

Shirley—"Is it that important? Haven't you another?"

Ted—"Yes, but it's in my mouth."

Barb—"I haven't seen you for a long time."

Aviator—"I've been in bed for a couple of weeks."

Barb—"Flu, I suppose?"

Aviator—"Yes, flew and crashed."

Girl—"Why do you wear such loud stockings?"

Boy—"Because I hate to have my feet going to sleep in class."

Wife—"It was nice of you to come all this way to see my husband, doctor."

Doctor—"Not at all! I have a patient next door and I thought I might just as well kill two birds with one stone."

Boy (to negro)—"Go into that room and see who's there!"

Negro—"Who, me?"

Boy—"Yes, you're not yellow are you?"

Negro—"Sah! Yo' sho' must be colour blind."

Miss McLaren—"If an eight-sided prism is an octagon, what's a five-sided one?"

Carl S.—"A quintuplet prism."

Poem—*There once was a man called McComb
Who was cleaning his pants in his home.
He used gasoline,
That's the last that was seen
Of McComb, his pants or his home.*

Visitor (to cannibal)—"Why do you look at me so intently?"

Cannibal—"I'm the food inspector."

Goldie—"Is the pleasure of this dance going to be mine?"

Helen—"Entirely!"

Ross H.—"Just burned up a hundred-dollar bill."

Ralph M.—"You must be a millionaire."

Ross—"No, it just seemed easier to burn it than pay it."

*They met on the bridge at midnight,
They never will meet again . . .
For she was an east-bound heifer
And it was a west-bound train.*

Miss McLaren had Bruce at the board doing a geometry question. He stood there silent, in his pea-green shirt, red tie and plaid braces. "What is this, Bruce," exclaimed Miss McLaren, "a silent movie in technicolor?"

Mr. MacLaurin—"Since you are dismissing early today please go as quietly as possible in order not to wake up all the other classes."

Stevie—"Do you know I could go on dancing like this forever?"

Marg—"Ye gods, don't you ever want to improve?"

Phyl (in Trig.)—"Here are the angles of depression, but where are those of prosperity?"

Muriel—"Oh, they're just around the corner."

Muriel—"Two cats were sitting on a fence when it started to rain. What did one cat say to the other?"

Bernice—"What?"

Muriel—"Here comes a drizzle puss."

Short and . . .

Dog's tail to his head—this is the end.
One casket to another—is that you coffin?
Little hill to big one—hi cliff!

Scarf to hat—you go on a head and I want a neck.

Drain to soap chips—goodbye Mr. Chips.
Ceiling to wall—don't come round the corner.
Can't you see I'm plastered?

Rug to floor—don't move, I've got you covered.
One rose to another—we're just a pair of bloomers.

What did you do with the lemon?—squeezer?
What did you do with the sugar?—spoon?

Calf to silo—is my fodder in there?
One eye to another—there's something between us that smells.

On toe to another—there's a heel following us.
One ear to another—we're both on the same block.

One grass seed to another (like Greta Garbo)—
I want to be a lawn.

Overheard in an assembly one morning when the bass section of the band was absent:

Mr. Jury—"I wonder what's happened to the basses this morning."

Mr. Yerex—"Maybe they're feeling a bit low."

Bob—"My ancestors came over on the Mayflower."

Wilma—"It's a good thing they did. The immigration laws are stricter now."

Miss McLaren—"If you have \$10 in one pocket and \$15 in the other, what have you?"

Bill Juby—"The wrong pants."

Forty-five

US X-DR's

Oh, now, every one, let's go and see
A little bit of the great X-D.
We have corny students and clever and bold
But my story yet, is not half told.
Let's take a look at that card, Lloyd Peer,
And Ernest too, as you will hear,
He's the shadow of Lloyd since the first of the year.
Now we will turn to our clever students,
Ted and Bruce! Just watch their movements.
Then we will go to the girls, Woo, Woo,
Joyce and Meribeth, Hinchey too,
Eileen and Marg. and then of course Jean,
We've the best looking girls I have ever seen.
Now we will turn to Toots and Dot,
Our minds with theirs to X-A will trot.
They may have nice boys there too, but then
Just take a look at our Don and Stan,
And Chown and Duane, they come in there too,
And Walter and Cyril, that's only a few.
We aren't conceited, we're only proud,
Wait, and I'll tell you the rest of the crowd.
Corona and Gerty and Monna Wyatt,
I'll tell you kids, we're quite a riot.
Howard and Mary, we know, look so cute,
But really, each other they would like to shoot.
Bill Preston and Murray, they used to be stale,
But since in X-D, they will end up in jail.
David comes in with the brains as you know,
While Kenny sits by and puts on a show.
Often Barry, our class doesn't see,
But he is a pupil of the Great X-D.
Lastly, of course, there's the poet; that's I,
A corny poet you'll say, but why,
Why of all things do you say that to me?
For I am a member of that Great X-D.

* * *

DAYS AND DAZE OF X-E

Well, here we are again! Old X-E back for another year's gossip about Form news, which may interest the "teeming over with school spirit" happy nonchalant students.

First of all we'll do a little bragging in this world of sports. Our girls' basketball team, (the Bombadeers, by name) has romped home with happy hearts, carrying the news that they have won the junior championship. I think it is only fair, however, to humble our dauntless spirits and admit that we were beaten by Picton (a lively bunch of little girlies) by one great, big, whole point. Next comes the non-announced fact that we have the shield for the Form with highest points on Field Day. On this eventful day, Marion Warren carried off the intermediate championship, and Inez Lundberg, commonly known as "Bonnie Blue Eyes", ran off with the junior championship! So much for sport news. Incidentally our scattering of boys are evidently not interested in athletics as I have no report on them.

(Continued on next page)

Forty-six

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On October 9th we had a weiner roast at the Quarries near the Power Plant. During this affair certain girls (I am requested not to mention names or else) seemed to take it upon themselves to investigate weird whistles and signals of some nature, which sounded oddly like those of the masculine gender. How about it girls, and why did it take you so long to find out, Joyce?

We also had a sleigh-drive on February 26 which provided lots of fun, especially to see G. Mifflin rolling his big brown eyes over the rim of his cup. Who were you gazing at? It couldn't have been R. H., could it, Gordon?

Despite the fact that next day Betty C. was full of moans and groans as a result of several contusions (I am censored as to saying where); Inez L. found it difficult to walk naturally, and Olive B. was very tired out from trying to find out what it would be like to sit on the sleigh, the party went off very well and all in all we are a very happy form.

"Rusty".

"OUT OF A BOMBSHELL"

Why were Willis and Vivian in slings? Nobody knows, but what imaginations we mortals have.

Wasn't it nice how George Meads and Joan got together on the sleigh-drive? Eh George!!

We all wonder why Rena, our blue-eyed red-head, preferred skating to sleigh-riding. He was there anyway.

How our girls are getting along with X-H! How's the going, Joyce and Betty?

We have some sissies in our form, one in particular, who hates sleigh-rides for fear of losing some of his plumpness.

Mildred's our lost sheep. Now she is, now she isn't.

Maybe Barbara finds it encouraging to act stupid in Room 111.

Who is that dark, young gentleman stealing our Emma Van Allen? Eh, Bud!

Some changes should be made in our form, such as, Inez and Marion become boys and Fred a girl.

Why does Olive B. dislike the new music room? Is it because a certain person spends a lot of time there?

Barbara Lloyd, she is so smart.

From second form she will not part.

She's been with it four whole years,

Her leaving it, we have no fears.

(Slight exaggeration.)

Gordon may act like Junior but, boy, can he roll his big brown eyes.

Who does Marjorie expect to see in the hall? She's forever combing her hair in class.

Marion Bush doesn't seem to bother with the boys, but where did she get those cold sores?

What made Claudia lose her voice when Mr. Thomas asked her a difficult question?

Dorothy always knows the answers to questions. How come? Answer that one, Dot.

(Continued on next page)

Forty-seven

Plenty to say about Tom Coon but don't know how to say it.

Harvey's either feeble-minded or he's going to be an inventor. He is always drawing some new kind of aeroplane no one would recognize.

We all wonder why the boys insist on taking Rosemary's pencil case. What have you got there, Rosy?

NOTE.—Spring fever is just around the corner; therefore we will not be responsible for any changes after the first of April.

—“THE SUICIDE SQUAD.”

* * *

GUESS WHO?

1. What young lady goes to the “Y” to learn to be an athlete? (Arlic.)
2. What young lady's big moment works at the “A & P”? (Mary.)
3. What boy has an interest in Point Anne? (Harold.)
4. What girl pushes the smaller ones around? (Doreen.)
5. Who brings a girl to our form parties as HE lives in Oshawa? (Barbara.)
6. Who takes scoldings from Miss Smith because her sister stays home? (Helen.)
7. What other sisters have we who are very tardy? (The Drews.)
8. Who?? is the prettiest girl in our form? (.....)
9. Who used to go with the drummer in the band? (Norma.)
10. What girl has an athletic brother but does not follow in his steps? (June.)
11. Who goes with a good looking red-head? (Mona.)
12. Who's shy about “STUFFY”? (Gwen.)
13. Who has nothing to do but read every night and her father objects? (Marg.)
14. Who's the shy boy in our form that Kyle makes blush? (Ken.)
15. Who is trying to keep up with the Australian Air Force? (Naida.)
16. Who has one with money for a watch? (Myrtle.)
17. Whose heart is in TICHBURNE? (Marj. K.)
18. Whose mind is in London? (Ruth.)
19. Who blushes when boys are mentioned? (Irene.)
20. What girl thought she might have a WAY MARK? (Marion.)
21. Who should be in the Glee Club but isn't? (Evelyn.)
22. Who has N. H. for her better half? (Eleanor.)
23. What girl has a WAY MARK? (Norma T.)
24. What girl said she could not skate in the dark? We think she could? (Jean.)
25. Who's a jolly good fellow? (Our form teacher, Mr. Jury.)

—N. T. and J. M., X-F.

Forty-eight

Well! Well! . . .

All year it has been our policy to see all, hear all, and say nothing but now we are going to spill it. You know our form — Special Commercial. It is a girls' form and what girls. J. G. has changed her gentleman friend so many times it is hard to keep tabs on her. Poor Jimmie quit coming to Belleville when Jean decided to let the big policeman escort her around town.

A great many of the girls seemed to like hospitality dances but D. P. . . . well, every week it is a new airman that she tells us about.

Every girl loves a uniform . . . even C. R. She prefers khaki though. It looks rather serious too. What about it Cissie?

We don't know much about H. B. . . . that is as far as gossip goes. We do know that she is top seller of War Savings Stamps.

Oh yes. We musn't forget J. K. You know that devastating blue-eyed brunette from Foxboro? She was very upset when she thought she had lost a letter. Why?

Apart from the fact that Dorothea is late morning and noon every day, there is nothing on the scandal sheet about her. We think with a little more effort she could catch that lost minute and surprise Miss Brown by coming in on time.

Since that last Picton hospitality dance a certain girl in our room is quite undecided as to which is better—Trenton or Picton. Need any help, Rita?

Carleton Place is a nice place to have a holiday —or so we have heard. Perhaps Gwen could help us.

Why should a girl in XII-D want her so-called boy friend to wash every so often. Can it be love or just the thought of not having him around? Ask Muriel.

D. L. is the smart girl of XII-D but she still takes lessons in geography. She is especially interested in Ireland and the British West Indies.

There must be a great attraction at the Y.M.C.A. for we notice that one of our girls spends a lot of time there. You know of course that a few airmen go there for recreation. Helen can give you full information.

M. T. has threatened all sorts of dire actions against us if we mention her. We can't understand it. E. C. isn't such a bad chap.

We wonder why we see so much of a little sand coupe around lately. Maybe Marion could tell us. At the beginning of the year the nicest boy used to come up to see M. B. We were rather worried when he discontinued his visits, but now we see that he has joined the army. That makes it much more interesting.

You know N. D. ought to be able to tell some good “traveling salesman” stories. We hear that she has something to do with one, but don't quote us.

D. R. won't talk, but we have heard inklings of
(Continued on page 64)

299 West 42nd Street,
Trenton, Ontario,
July 27, 1959.

Charles McCarthy,
Hollywood.

Chuck.—

I decided to drop you a few lines via Rocket Mail to tell you all about my old school mates in X-H back in '41.

I see that Dick Rosatte is going to divorce Marie Dionne. They made a law against picking butts off the road so Keegan quit smoking. Leo Logue is superintendent of Canada Cement, Point Anne. The population of the latter has dropped to four. Logue, his wife and two kids. They haven't paved the Mountain View road yet, in hopes of some day finding Harry Burkitt who fell in a crack in the pavement. His wife, Betta K., is considering suicide because there isn't another guy that small. Bill Caldwell doesn't yet know the Amy twins apart and poor Doug Burley is still proposing to Jean D. Stan Schrieder, instead of making model airplanes, is working on a rocket ship. Bob Fisher reads Encyclopedia Americana so much he has had it all run off on gramophone records and all he has to do is listen. Cooper has cashed in his war savings from the last war and bought a streamlined shovel for ditch digging. Coon is yet delivering papers, still hoping to get a hundred. Sweetman has finally accomplished the honour of being the foremost pool shark of the province. C. O'Connor has made a television set and Ed Smith has been put to work.

I guess that's all I can remember, kid, good-bye.
Your pal of the cradle days,

MORPHEOUS SNEEKENHOP.

P.S.—I hope your back feels better. Last time you wrote me you said it felt like a log.

TATTLING ON IX-B

What we need . . .

- A Jones for our Casey.
- A Mutt for our Jeffs.
- A Hound for our Hunter.
- A Den for our Fox.
- Shaving Cream for our Ingram.
- Stoves for our Grills.
- A Fish for our Fisher.
- Flour for our Miller.
- A Lady for our Hamilton.
- A Box for our Fudge.
- Other Months to go with June.
- More Flowers for our Iris.
- A Flower Pot for our Bud.
- A Lamp for our Florence.
- A Pillow for our Down(ey).
- A Nanny for our Billy.
- A Charles for our Dickens.
- A Garden for our Mary.
- A Chicken for our Coop(er).
- A Cub for our Bair(d).

XI-E CLASS NEWS Social.

XI-E had two parties this year. The first was a skating party, during which we were treated by our form master, Mr. Grafton, to a scrumptious dinner downtown. The second was a sleighless sleighing party . . . including three *quarts* (ahem) of ice-cream. But that is a long story.

We had the usual number of . . . sigh . . . romances in the class, but seeing that we are all co-operating on this, no blackmailing, please.

Interesting People.

XI-E began the year with 19 pupils . . . ending with ten less. This will probably be further depleted at Easter. But even in such a small form we had a few distinguished members . . . Tens-dollar Word, Willie; Gordon Theobald, junior track champion; Bill Boyle, band leader; Lloyd Gladwell, author-actor; Ruth Wise, War Savings champ . . . a notable gathering.

Strange Facts About Strange People.

Did you know that it isn't a 75c marcel that Willie sports? It costs 95c. We hae it on the best of authority.

Did you know that the brooches that some of the girls are wearing are symbolic of the way they feel . . . nuts, screw-balls, etc.?

Did you know that we had nobody in the Glee Club? This was despite the fact that we have quite a few warblers, if we can remember bookkeeping periods last year. For further reference, ask Mr. Reid.

Do you know where to find a fog horn without the fog? See B. B. for instructions and if you're not satisfied with B. B. try R. W.

Dietitians say that too much pastry is not good for a person's diet, but J. M. seems to disagree. With this (Pie) she seems to fair all right.

Do you know where to find a shy little maid? See XI-E's B. K.

We have one red head in our form (reference to persons living or dead is purely coincidental) who thinks “Flight” is just the aeroplane.

Do you know where to find XI-E's glamour girl? Try M. S. (especially with her new hair style).

If you want a good “Front Street Folly” singing instructor who goes as high as “P” and can't find the other remaining letters and who, with a little cultivation, would have no understudy, go to XI-E's one and only G. S.

The main attraction method of G. B. is her, “Well it's logical!” statement. It seems to get her places, so if you want to be noticed, try that statement, or ask for instructions from her most instructive pal M. W., who does very well.

I wonder why J. B. is so much interested in guitar lessons and how he knows what nights the girls take lessons; maybe he's trying to see if song titles can be a fact.

Flyers are nice, but I. B. also thinks the Army
(Continued on page 59)

Forty-nine

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Fifty

THE ELEVATOR

IX-VOC-B

BILLY RAWSON
RAY FURMIDGE
GEORGE ELLARBY

RUSSEL TOWNSEND
JACK HOWES
GLENN RIED

ARTHUR GIBSON
ARTHUR READ
EVERETT ROSS

CECIL FRADETTE
RONALD PENNINGTON
JIM GRAHAM

TED FORBES
DOUGLAS MEEKS

TOM FARRELL
ARNOLD KETCHESON
JACK MACDONALD
GLENN PRIEST
JACK PHILLIPS

WALTER RAPINO
GEORGE FLAGLER
MR. DUDGEON
CHARLIE PALMER

CARL BILLY GREEN
 —CHARLIE PALMER, 9-Voc. B.

IX-G

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Doris Foster making 0 in French?
 Audrey Lafferty calm?
 Lena Pappas with blond hair?
 Mary Redner with a boyish bob?
 Marion Reid understanding anything in mathematics?
 Beth Robertson not keeping the class supplied with humour?
 Muriel Robinson not knowing her science?
 The three Ross sisters separated?
 Audrey Stewart not knowing the answers?
 Jean Sword stingy with her candy?
 Patricia Thurston without Mary?
 Ruth Vollick living in Belleville. What's the

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B. C. I. V. S. 1941

attraction in Point Anne?

Eleanor Waddell not friendly?
 June Wardle not talking in Period X?
 Maida Woodley cross at anyone?
 Olive Smith acting sensible?

—Written by Two Form "CHATTERBOXES"

WHAT WE NEED IN IX-G

A wood-pile for our Wood(ley).
 Mamas for our Pappas.
 Yellow for our Red(ner).
 A drink for our Thurst(on).
 A Steven for our Foster.
 A shamrock for our Colleen.
 A safe for our Rober(ton).
 A head for our (A)lice.
 A year for our June.
 A pickle jar for our Olive.
 A nest for our Robin(son).
 A scabbard for our Sword.
 A duck for our Waddell.
 Some salt for our Stew(art).
 A dairy for our Reid.
 A joke for our Laff(erty).
 A girl friend for our Ross.
 A tongue for our (Vol)lick.

—MAIDA WOODLEY AND OLIVE SMITH.

A DAY WITH IX-H . . . (WOW)

About 8.43 our class marches proudly off for assembly, coming in very few at a time. After we have had morning exercises in the assembly we come marching back to our classroom (about now there is the whole class there to march back!).

Let's take Wednesday morning for example of our sometimes splendid work.

First we go way down to the basement for Music, with its doh ray me or writing notes (nobody likes notes).

After that we have Art and have to climb all the way back up to the third floor where we draw beautiful designs.

Following art we climb all the way down to the basement for gym.

Then Geography with Mr. Grafton giving us old heck for opening the windows when we are here as we have had gym before.

After that we have Classical Mythology with
 (Continued on next page)

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somebody always trying to learn and study about some of the Greek strong men in Classical Mythology.

Right after dinner we have French with its verbs and direct and indirect objects.

After that a spare with Mr. Dudgeon always telling us to stop talking (we really are chatterers).

Then comes Business Practise and Science with more notes.

Following that we have a spare in our own form room doing our homework.

Well now you can decide for yourself if you would like to be in IX-H or not with our giggling and chattering.

—MARION ORMOND.

WHAT WE NEED IN IX-H IS . . .

- A couple of d'arcs for our Jones.
- Some pebbles for our (Lash)brook.
- A glue bottle for our Le Page.
- A Tillie for our Mac (Clelland).
- Some flour for our Mills.
- A pond for our Newt(on).
- A penny for our Nicholson.
- A boat for our Or(mond).
- A drink for our Out(of) water.
- A desert for our Palm(ateer).
- A coal man to Phil(the)bin.
- A mail-box for our Poste.
- A bag for our Price.
- A kitten for our Pur(dy).
- A book for our Read.

Fifty-two

- A wheel for our Rut(ter).
- A flat for our Sharpe.
- A post for our Sine (maybe Jeanne and Lorena could get together).
- A C. Aubrey for our Smith.
- A Scotsman to wear our Twidd(y).

CAN YOU IMAGINE . . .

- Betty Twiddy knowing her French?
- Helen Palmateer with a straight nose?
- Whose pictures are in Florence Newton's locket?
- Marian Jones six feet tall?
- Lorent Sine without that beam on her face?
- Gwen Purdy at school?
- The reason for Marjorie Outwater leaving school before 4:10?
- Shirley Smith without Barbara Read?
- Eva Rutter getting a compliment from our French teacher?
- Helen Sharpe answering questions in "Classical Mythology"?
- Jean Price wearing a "Gone with the Wind" dress?
- Jeanne Poste flirting with Mr. Jury?
- Marion Ormond without her homework done?
- Ann Nicholson and Joyce McClelland as the form's best writers?
- Jean Mills not being late for school more than thirty-seven times in one term?
- Dorothy LePage with a steady fella?
- Margaret Philbin snubbing the boys.

—IX-H.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

(Continued from page 22)

JOHN IRVINE, a student at the Belleville Collegiate from 1932 to 1937, is now with the H. & P.E. Regiment.

JACK JACKSON, also of the R.C.N., left school here in 1938.

JOHN JOSE spent the term ending 1938 in the Collegiate. He is now with the H. & P.E. Regiment. BILL JUBY who was a student of the B.C.I.V.S. from 1933 to 1939, is with the R.C.A.

ROBERT KENNEDY who was also a member of the Collegiate is in Petawawa with the R.C.A.

DONALD KETCHESON attended the B.C.I. from 1932 to 1938. Don is now with the R.C.O.C.

LIEUT. GEORGE LAUGHLIN, physical instructor at the school, is now serving with the Royal Canadian Artillery "somewhere in Canada".

BRYSON LESLIE was born July 5, 1920 and started B.C.I. Sept. 5, 1933. He left school in 1938 and is now in the Ordinance Corps in Kingston.

PETER LINTON has joined the R.C.A. He spent the term 1938-39 here.

BILL LUCAS, stationed with the R.C.A., left here in 1940.

JACK LUNDBERG who came here and left here in 1937 is now with the R.C.A.

DOUGLAS MCBRIDE, an Aircraftsman in the R.C.A.F., attended B.C.I. from 1935 to 1939.

JAMES McCAW attended the B.C.I.V.S. until the 1938-39 term when he left to join the H. & P.E. Regiment.

CHARLIE MCGUIRE, in the R.C.A., finished school in 1939.

HARRY MCGUIRE, who went to B.C.I. from 1933 to 1937 is an Aircraftsman in the R.C.A.F.

SIDNEY MARCUS attended B.C.I. from 1936 to 1939. He is now serving in the M.T. section of the R.C.A.F.

BILL MORGAN of the R.C.A. came to the Collegiate in 1935 and left in 1937.

ALVIN MORRIS, a member of the R.C.A., was a student of the Collegiate from 1933 to 1938.

JIM PEPPER, Aircraftsman, attended B.C.I. from 1935 to 1938.

(Continued on page 64)

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Fifty-four

THE ELEVATOR

(Continued from page 20)

Nor must we forget the work which has been done by the school Red Cross groups. Under the leadership of Miss Dwyer, six groups have been formed in charge of several of the teachers. These include the Flanders, Hurricane, Dextras, Susannah Moodie, Winston Churchill and John White groups. During the fall term, the school Red Cross organization shipped to Toronto 52 pairs of mitts, 33 pairs of socks, 22 sweaters, 50 handkerchiefs, 9 scarfs, 8 face cloths, 7 dresses, 5 skirts, 5 blouses and 2 helmets. In addition, a large amount of tinfoil has been collected through the efforts of Miss Priest, and Miss Brown has been responsible for a collection of blankets and of leather.

Thus far then, our school has set a fine standard in war work in all departments. We must not let this standard be lowered, but must rather increase our interest toward the various channels of war effort. Only by every pupil in every school in the Dominion doing his or her best can our country's war effort be really successful. "It is not what we take, but what we give, that brings the Peace more durable than Bliss."

That we may be able to lead life happily, all the ideals enshrined in true democracy must be preserved and maintained; to this end the cause of Britain and her Allies must ultimately triumph—"Deus Vult".

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B.C.I.V.S. 1941

BETTER LATE

(Continued from page 14)

embarrassed and hurried hosts. If they do, don't worry. Think of what would happen with either the mastiff and/or collie, who would shed their hair over the furniture, carpet, and incidentally, you. Or else they would allow you to play with their 'playful little tyke' of a terrier that yaps constantly. If you have any idea of being the first guest at a party, you had better take a bottle of thumb lotion; rub well before twiddling.

An hour later, try and tell the other more fortunate guests of your experience. They'll look at the hostess in her strapless strap of an evening gown (ten yards of material? . . . call Mr. Ripley) who if floating around in some big blond brute's arms: they just won't believe you.

Which leads to the MORAL: It's better late than never, and you had better be late.

—BOB ROBERTS, XI-E.

WHO AM I?

(Continued from page 38)

I'm usually associated with two of the more literary members of XIII-B.

I'm shy and don't say much. I'm short with fair hair. Masculine gender.

I'm the opposite to Goliath. And how!

I'm a genius. I like them pleasingly plump and I'm practically a millionaire.

I'm gay and giddy and have an English accent.

I'm always carrying XIII-B's study period lists. I stepped in when Coulby stepped out.

I'm haunted by a great actor from XIII-A. I have very blue eyes.

I have pull with the inspectors. Relatives sometimes come in handy. I'm from the country.

I'm a minister's daughter from out of town. I'm shy but when you get to know me I'm really not half-bad!

I'm the shrimp of XIII-B but make up for it in brains. I'm a school-mam's daughter.

Get me mad and I'll win a whole basketball game by myself. I'm a poetess.

I have lovely red hair and my father is a doctor.

I'm the ex-glamour boy's sister and I'm really not doing so bad myself.

Figures . . .

Don Wilson—"Has she kept her girlish figure?"
Frank Jones—"Kept it . . . man, she's doubled it."

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DAY AND NIGHT

Fifty-five

XII-A FORM NEWS (Continued from page 38)

Oh, yes, by the latest rumour it is said that a budding chemical engineer, Daniel Boone, is going on to Fort Gerry.

As the author is of opposite sex to the majority of the pupils of the class, he does not know very much about them (that is the majority), but here are a few observations. It will be noted that XII-B provides inspiration for a charming blonde in our room, and the R.C.A.F. likewise, for a couple of brunettes who regularly go to the dances at which these boys are entertained.

We regret that Miriam Drew was scarred above the eye, while competing in field day, and also that Warren Gannon, our all round sport has left school.

And lastly I would mention Bob Redner, who has been sick for a good while. We sent him a book the other day and soon hope to welcome him back to the fold.

—R. CAMERON, XII-A.

FORM XI-D

(Continued from page 41)

Why was Mary DeGenova disappointed in the school parade? Was it because a certain "soldier boy" from Kingston wasn't in it?

Why does Bill Chamberlain look so down in the dumps nowadays? Is it because Doreen has left school?

Betty Wilson is always very quiet and seems to always be thinking. We often wonder what she could be thinking about.

You all know that Doris Scott has got to wait every night for Bill Read to take her home in the car. Can it be a habit, or it is a thrill to sit in the front seat?

Why does Roy Jamieson spend so much time in a certain store on Bridge Street? He must be just watching for surely he wouldn't play . . . much.

We just can't find much on Gerald but down deep in his heart we think there is a love affair somewhere which we have not heard about.

Was Ruth disappointed when Jimmie (the R.C.A.F. friend) was moved to Winnipeg, or can she wait till he returns, for we know he is coming back in August . . . at least we hope (for Ruth's sake)?

Has Herby really moved to Napanee, for he seems to spend most of his time in Belleville? We wonder what the attraction is, but probably Dorothy would know.

At last we have gained a form romance. Would you really like to know who the happy couple is? Well here goes . . . no, I guess we hadn't better just for Barbara's and Bill's sakes.

Fifty-six

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B.C.I.V.S. 1941

INCIDENTS

On February the 20th, 1941, a boy while working in the Woodworking Room on a saw machine cut three fingers off. It is believed that he was not using the machine the right way, and before he knew it three fingers were missing from his hand. His wounds were quickly attended to so he is none the worse for his experience except he has not as many fingers as before.

When I started into the woodworking room I little dreamed that I would like woodworking. For I had done work like it before at another school and had not liked it. But I soon found there was a great deal of individuality to woodworking in the High School. There is not a subject I like better than woodworking now.

—FRED POLLITT, IX-C.

WHY?

Why . . . when Miss Billings inquires whether R. Baird is in the band or absent there is usually only one that answers? I wonder if D. Dowe would know who it was?

Why . . . does R. E. go out the back door of the classroom nearly every morning and gaze longingly down the corridor? I wonder if M. Lyall would know the answer?

Why . . . was Bill L. so happy after the English teacher changed the seats?

Why . . . has "Shrimp" all of a sudden taken a fancy to the clarinet section of the band?

Why . . . does Barbara D. walk by the room 306 most of the time?

XI-E CLASS NEWS

(Continued from page 49)

has as much influence and thrills as anything else. People have often heard of sneezing, though a person never would think it a dramatic attraction, but if you want some rhythm, go to L. G.; he's got it.

Limping is an attraction V. M., but if a person is in England why limp in Canada?

We have had many different opinions from our form, concerning just how we act, but one of our more advanced pupils composed this poem. We don't know just quite what it means, but it sounds nice, so here goes!

*Seldom working,
Very dizzy,
Slightly cock-eyed,
Never busy,*

*Always yawning,
This class you see
For our own clever
Eleven E.*

SIGNED G. A. B.

XII-C FORM NEWS

(Continued from page 39)

William Edwards has settled down, but he can't keep his school work up. We wonder how Gwen B. gets her homework done?

Bruce has an interior or ulterior motive (we don't know which) on the East Hill. Anyhoo, she leaves him so weak he has to take a bus home. (We saw him.)

We think it fit to mention at this time the students of this class who, for some reason or another, have left us. There are as follows: Betty Greatrix, Ruth Alderman, Lilian Stapely, Gertrude Potash, Frances Ward, Marian Kilbank, Freda York and Vivian Macelrath. (If there are any we have left out, please remember that this is war-time and we have to conserve paper.)

Miss "Hot Dog" Muir is the social leader of our form (also basketball star). She plans all our parties and sleigh-rides but, so far, she hasn't got any co-operation and so we haven't had any parties. "What a class," groans "Hot Dog", registering anger.

Did B. M.'s face go white when he stepped out from the "Club Rooms" and met Miss Brown unexpectedly? Max Vechter says, "I had to hold Bob up." Bob says, "I had to hold Max up."

Phyllis Bradshaw has all the fun. She took a couple of months off and went to Florida for a rest. She came back like something out of a movie magazine, determined to "lick that transcription or else" as she says. She also says "to lick Hitler, lick more War Savings Stamps". Nice going, Phyllis, you've got what it takes.

Why doesn't Jean Vickers stop smiling at Ralph in Bookkeeping Class. Ralph says it can't be an asset because there isn't any Good Will.

Come on, Leita, why don't you grab yourself a boy friend who has a car instead of a laundry truck. (Note to Mr. Maybee—now you know why Leita is always late for afternoon classes, she's out joy-riding with "Tyronne" the truck driver.)

Why don't Mary and Margaret dress differently. If the R.C.A.F. can't tell them apart how do they expect us to.

Ex-Members of XI-F and XII-E

Gordon Aitchison, XI-F, working on the railroad.
Ralph (Lefty) Leavens, XI-F, R.C.A.
Ron Lynch, XII-E, driving a truck.
Arnold Rigby, XI-F, Hamilton.
Walter Easton, XI-F, Hamilton.
Wilbert (Wob) Collins, XI-F, taking course at B.V.S. night school.
Tom Burley, XII-E, working.
Bill Crossley, XII-E, working.
Bill Pigden, XII-E, R.C.A.F.
Ross Wannamaker, XI-F, working.
Don Harrison, XII-E, taking welding classes.
Ross Rowe, XII-E, working.
Wes Moul, working.
Lorne Foley, Kingston.

Fifty-nine

FORM XII-B NEWS

(Continued from page 38)

There's Gilbson whose shoulders would challenge
Joe Louis,
(It's just shoulder padding.) He thought he could
fool us.

There's Lloyd McKay, a bright sort of lad,
He is not very good and he's not very bad.
There's Bob Knox too . . . exact weight unknown,
And Gordon Huck who constantly from English is
thrown.

From among our mathematicians galore (?)

There's Elton Sills who makes a hundred or more.
Then there's Mac Smith . . . a brainy lad quite,
For some girls I know it was love at first sight.
There's glamour boy Lattimer . . . a chemist he'll
be.

If in the meantime he doesn't blow up XII-B.
There's "Goldie" Mulholland, that big boy with
the grin

Who looks as though he crawled out of the coal bin.
Then Nicholson, very tall and stately,
And Irene Singer who is about as shapely.

There's Panos who would be a pretty nice feller
If he weren't such an abominable speller.
There's Kathleen Morrison who in English is really
good,

And Irene Hughes who gets 90 . . . or at least
thinks she should.

Then there is June Whiting who in French is at the
top

And when she turns on the heat Jones starts to pop,
Pickering and Stock appear to be the quiet type,
But we know of two blondes whose hearts have
taken flight.

Who made the cookies for our school prom?
Was it Langridge, Moorcroft and Brown?
Then comes me, the guy you all know,
Under the various names of "Huxley", "Flea" or
"Moe".

And if I am a failure in life to come,
Can I help it if I was born so dumb?
Though the teachers all think we will turn out a
flop.

We know that some day we will come out on top;
And when the day comes that towards seventy we
are turning,

We will look back with fond remembrance on these
days of learning.

—By "Moe."

X-F NEWS

This year we had a weiner roast, about October,
I think, and then we had a skating party on the
popular South End Rink. And now we are work-
ing for the government selling War Savings Stamps
each week. So, you want a stamp just come to us,
then no other class can beat.

Sixty

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X-A NEWS

(Continued from page 41)

Eileen is good in Latin,
Margaret hates her French,
Flora tries to help her
But it isn't quite a cinch.

Vera in mathematics class
Is very very smart,
Betty at the rugby game
Yells with all her heart.

Mortimer has left us,
We really miss him so;
Ward has stepped up in his place,
He sure has to make a go.

Marion has eyes of Brown,
Winnie's eyes are too,
This poem certainly gets me down,
I think I'll quit now too.

—THE BLANK AND VERSE.

XI-B WONDERS . . .

(Continued from page 40)

Why Alex Thompson blushed when a X-D'er
walked in the other day?

Why all eyes turn towards Bob Sprague when
Miss Hitchon asks who got 100 per cent in history?

If working on a farm is the only reason for
Wayne's leaving school at Easter?

Why Verna Fox always sticks so close to a cer-
tain girl in our room?

Who Doug, (drummer-boy) Roblin really likes
in XI-B?

Why Bill Davies takes his dog for a walk along
certain streets after four?

Who the chaperones were that Albert Adamson
had last Fall on his paper route?

If people only call John Ryan "Sonny" on rainy
days?

Why Norma Correll is leaving before Easter?
(Could it be the exams?)

If you have ever seen Jack Salz's brother . . .
"Epsom"?

What Joy Putman said to U. E. in a recent
basketball game? Was it a little "four-letter"
word? Could be!

Why Shirley Maxwell has such a collection of
insignias?

Why Wealthy Goodman blushes when "Pork" is
mentioned?

Why Rayma Lowery tore up a piece of paper
that Miss Priest found in a "little black book"?

Why Helen Roper doesn't bring in her frozen
assets? Is she waiting for them to thaw?

Why Doris Arthurs likes mathematics periods?
Is it because G. S. sits near her?

Sixty-one

DOROTHY F. QUICK

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LIFE IS A GAMBLE

(Continued from page 25)

get up there, I am going to end this war.
Jerry better watch out! All my love. . . .
Your Son.
Planes all ready . . . climb in . . . wave at
Bud and wink . . . "see you later, kid. Jerry
better watch out! Bet I bring down more than
you. Thumbs up." He felt the plane rising . . .
a feeling of exaltation seeped over him. . . . There
was Jerry cutting across the sky . . . one, two,
three, four, and more coming. His plane dipped.

A machine-gun rattled. Heading towards him was
a lone plane. Watch this! He dived and then
soared up above the other, then tore towards him.
The motor of the enemy plane droned out a final
roar and ceased. Twisting and turning the aero-
plane sped down through the sky—a blazing, smok-
ing wreck . . . then no more! He turned the nose
of his plane around . . . his mouth was set in a
grim crooked line. To the right of him there were
three enemy planes on a British. Cold fingers
clutched his heart. He knew the plane was Bud's.
Speeding up his engine he roared at the enemy,
machine-guns open. He felt a sharp pang—a
feeling of nausea crept over him. The three
hostile planes were speeding away to join their
comrades streaking like bats across the dull gray
sky. But waved gaily . . . thumbs up. . . . His

eyes felt sort of funny. . . . He could hardly see.
. . . Had to turn the plane around. Mustn't stop
now. Everything was quiet except for the far-away
hum of his motor. Couldn't let his gunner down.
. . . Had to get back to ground safely. He re-
membered the gunner had a wife and little girl.
He'd shown him their pictures just yesterday.
Funny he should think of that now. He put his
hand to his chest . . . he was bleeding badly.
. . . Everything looked misty. . . . He could hear
his mother talking. . . . What was she saying . . .
something about the controls. . . . Oh yes . . .
pull this thing to land the plane . . . then safely
landed, thanks to his mom. . . . How did she get
there. . . . Well, he didn't care much. . . . He
smiled faintly and sank comfortably back on the
seat. . . .

Bud ran towards the plane. "How are you, kid?
I want to shake the hand of . . . of . . . good
Heavens . . . he . . . he's dead!"

The telegram . . . his father's trembling fingers.
. . . killed in action. . . . He did his duty for his
country. . . . His mother's frantic heart-broken
cry. . . .

The boy stirred in the car . . . shrugged his
shoulders in a careless way . . . straightened his
dilapidated fedora in the mirror of the car and
then . . . well who am I to decide his fate!

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ALUMNI

(Continued from page 17)

Out of Town.

- June Arbuckle, Kitchener.
- Betty Arbuckle, Kitchener.
- Ruth Alderman, Nova Scotia.
- Robert Adams, Kingston.
- Alex Bass, General Electric, Peterborough.
- Bill Boynton, Cornwall.
- Grace Bowers, Toronto.
- Elaine Cook, Peterborough.
- Betty Cook, Peterborough.
- Horace Daniels, U.S.A. Army.
- Marion Gay, Bata Shoe Co.
- Gordon Griffin, Toronto.
- Arthur Griffin, Toronto.
- Lillian Kroch, Toronto.
- Esther Kroch, Montreal.
- Erving Kroch, Montreal.
- John Legate, Owen Sound.
- Doris Meyers, Civil Service, Ottawa.
- Charles Manore, Port Arthur.
- David Payne, Art School, Toronto.
- Cecil Rouse, Deloro.
- Gerald Rouse, Galt Air Training School.
- Lois Sharpe, Bank of Toronto, Trenton.
- Marguerite Thompson, Hamilton.
- Helen Thompson, Hamilton.
- Grant Thompson, Galt Aircraft School.
- Max Vechter, Civil Service.
- Margaret Whitfield, Bata Shoe Co.
- Howard Welsh, Peterborough.

At Home.

Doris Atkin, Fern Arnott, Annice Adams, Joan
Blakslee, Peggy Blakslee, Kathryn Bateman, Keith
Dunning, Allan Dunning, Gwen Ervine, Marguerite
Goodfellow, Tom Hyland, Mary Heliwell, Jim
Hector, Margaret Ivers, Marguerite Jones, Grace
Jeffery, Ronald Kerr, Evelyn Kellaway, Blanch
McBrian, Isabelle Morrison, Sophie Marcus, Mar-
jorie Outwater, Dorothy Ross, Evelyn Sine,
Madeline Scriven, Joan Spafford, Jeanne Taverner,
Betty Winters, Evelyn Weese.

WAR ON THE CAFETERIA

It looks like the fellows will not have their
"pause that refreshes" in the canteen between or
during periods. Since Mr. Maybee has moved into
the room next door the Cafeteria is very carefully
guarded. Mr. Maybee's able assistant who polices
the third floor during the tenth period is our in-
vulnerable Mr. Davidson who fulfills the position
exactly.

—CHARLIE POTTER, IX-C.

STRAYED PUPILS

The first day at school the corridors were seem-
ingly "strewn" with grade niners wandering around
like Eskimos in South America. The climate was
so different from their small homey public schools.
We wonder what the feelings were of certain
farmers' sons and daughters who left their one-
roomed school-houses to this huge building. Their
amazement can not be imagined by some of us
city slickers.

—CHARLIE POTTER, IX-C.

THE ELEVATOR

XII-D

(Continued from page 48)

an ulterior motive. American isn't he, Dorice?

M. K. just joined our form, so if there is anything you want to know, just ask Richie.

We have often wondered why J. C. didn't talk about boys. It seems that there is a mink coat in the background.

We wonder why Helen is always singing "I Love Little Willie, I Do, I Do". Fits in very nicely—don't you think so girls?

E. J. has been worried about keeping her dates straight. If they all come one night we think that is time enough to start worrying.

We refrain from telling what we know about L. B. Needless to say she is dreadfully tired seven days of the week . . . what about the nights?

M. O. is here so seldom that we sometimes wonder if she is in our form. We should like to know more about Lorne though. Maybe he is the reason.

We were beginning to think that B. G. was just too good to be true. Now we hear that she has been handed that line "pardon me—you look just like Margy". We wonder if she fell for it?

We hear M. A. is leaving us "for better or for worse" . . . Better for us, worse for Mable. But don't take us too seriously, Mables.

There were a few more in our form at the beginning of the year, but they graduated early. They are: Margaret Millar, Rhoda Moul, Bette Fenn, Dora Lewis, Wilma Boyd, Gerald Rouse, Cliff Shappee and John O'Connor (two days). Gerald stood it longest but the girls finally got the best of him. He was able to walk out too.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

(Continued from page 53)

CARL PLATT left this school in 1939 and is now stationed with the R.C.A.F.

BILL PICDEN, a member of our school for a number of years, left in 1940 to join the R.C.A.F.

NORMAN PICDEN left the B.C.I. in 1940 to join the R.C.A.

JAMES PICDEN was born Dec. 28, 1920, and started B.C.I. Aug. 25, 1932. He left school in 1937 and is now in the R.C.A.F.

EDWARD PORTER, Pilot Officer, attended B.C.I. from 1932 to 1938.

JACK RAMSAY from 1934 to 1937 attended B.C.I. and is now an A.C.I. in the R.C.A.F.

Cecil Redfern, who attended B.C.I. from 1930 to 1939, is now a Flight Sergeant in the R.C.A.F.

TOM REID left this school in 1939 and is now with the R.C.A.

PHILIP RENOUF was born Nov. 30, 1915, and started B.C.I. Oct. 7, 1929. He left school in 1937 and is now in the R.C.A.F.

ERNE RENOUF was born Sept. 14, 1923, and started B.C.I. Sept. 5, 1939. He left school in 1940 and is now in the 34th Field Battery.

Sixty-four

FRED RODGERS who attended B.C.I. last year is now an Aircraftsman in the R.C.A.F.

AUSTIN SAGER is station in the R.C.A.F. at Trenton. He was born Sept. 16, 1919 and started B.C.I. Aug. 26 1936, leaving in 1938.

JACK SILLS and JOHN MITCHELL, who both came to the Collegiate in 1935 and left in 1939 are now both members of the Signaller's Band in Kingston.

MARSHALL SPAFFORD, stationed with the R.C.A.F., attended school here until the 1938-39 term.

BILL SPRING, now with the R.C.N., attended B.C.I. until 1940.

JACK STEWARD attended the B.C.I. until 1940 and is now with the R.C.A.

HAROLD SUTHERLAND was born Jan. 4, 1917, and started B.C.I. Aug. 31, 1932. He left school in 1937.

DOUGLAS SWORD came to the Collegiate in 1935 and left in 1940. He is a member of the R.C.A.

JACK THOMAS is now with the Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment. He was born Feb. 19, 1920, started B.C.I. Aug. 30, 1935, and left school in 1937.

BRUCE THOMPSON graduated from the Commercial classes in 1940 and enlisted in the R.C.A.F.

GRENVILLE THORNE left our school in 1939 to join the Royal Canadian Navy.

ARTHUR TODD was born Nov. 8, 1922, started B.C.I. Aug. 27, 1936, and left in 1938. He is now in the Signal Corps in Kingston.

CHARLIE TRIPP, a recent editor of the "Elevator", is now in the R.C.A.F.

WADE TRIPP, a Sergeant Pilot in the R.C.A.F., attended B.C.I. from 1934 to 1939.

JIM WATSON who went to B.C.I. from 1937 to 1939 and previously attended school in Manitoba is now a K.L.A.C. in the R.C.A.F.

DOUGLAS WELCH left our school in 1940 to join the R.C.A.F.

KENNETH WELLER is with the 110th Army Co-operation Squadron R.C.A.F. He was born Oct. 4, 1920, started B.C.I. Sept. 1, 1934, and left in 1938.

FRED WHITTARD from 1937 to 1939 went to B.C.I. and is now an Aircraftsman in the R.C.A.F.

RICHARD WHITTARD, stationed with the R.C.A., attended the B.C.I. until the 1939-40 term.

STEWART MCBRIDE and HARVEY THEOBALD, officers in last year's cadet corps, are attending the Officers' Training Centre at Brockville, as is MR. THOMAS, English Master in the Technical Department.

Unlocated:

Jack Bone, 1932-1937; Kenneth Bray, 1932-1938; Everett Close, 1933-1937; Joe Chrichton, 1929-1936; Albert Hillman, 1928-1937; Bill Ketcheson, 1932-1939; Norman Muncaster, 1934-1938.

B. C. I. V. S. 1941

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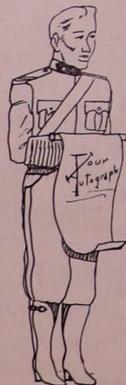
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6. The scholarships offered by the College have recently been revised and largely increased. Full particulars will be supplied on request.

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CANDID SNAPS OF COLORFUL PEOPLE

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At last Mary Cook has settled down. Where did you get that Air Force "sheik" with the soup-strainer, Mary?

"Ace" Mulholland definitely wows the West Hill women. Miss Belnap tells us that Ace is in rare form this season.

The little Toronto girl in Special Commercial is really breaking some masculine hearts around here. Lay off XII-C, Marion, we are out of condition.

Gwen has a boy friend in Carleton Place, but he is never here so why should she give Bill E. the air?

Ruth Oliphant says that Tilly Donihee of the Belleville Ice Lanes has a better "line" than us small "fry" of B.C.I. Well, she should know.

Come on, Mr. Maybee, give Mr. Jury and us other bachelors a chance.

Elton Sills may be a country boy, but Jean A. says not to let that deceive you for he is "fast".

Bart's rink went on the rocks, but he found consolation at Ox Point with the rest of the retired "business" men of the B.C.I.

Bart is incidentally heading an enterprising bunch of boys who are thinking of buying a bus to run nightly excursions to Point Anne. The said bus should pay for itself in about one month.

Two local boys were seen resting on Helen Garrow's front step on Hallowe'en. It's all right, Helen, we hear you were chaperoned.

Did Ralph P. and Lloyd M. have a pleasant stay in Oshawa last summer and who were the two girls? Rumors will get around, boys.

Why did Gwen B. suddenly give up skating at the Arena? Was it because Bill E. was jealous of two certain boys?

Jim Davidson is thinking of giving up pool and the occasional dance and starting doing his homework. Thoughts don't hurt a fellow, do they Jim?

Why did "Ace" Mulholland come back from home with that satisfied look on his face? I hear she was hotter than the Point Anne "stuff", Ace.

Jean Wannamaker didn't get the scholarship but she has got a consolation prize in Ben Ogilvie who did win it.

What two well known "sheiks" (self-styled) were hurled from the balcony of a girl's gym for protesting a decision against their team? Ralph P. and Bob M. didn't want to see the game anyhow, so they say.

Marion Wannamaker, the little Rednersville "Turkish Delight" (self-styled), really has Gord on the run. I just heard it rumored that two boys whose lockers are near yours are good runners too, Marion.

The above is not copyrighted and the extracts may be used in book form without the permission of the authors.

BETRAYED

I awoke with a splitting headache and no realization of where I was. The headache, I observed, was a result of lying with my head in closer proximity to the floor than my feet. As I looked round the dimly lighted room, which to say the least was not very prepossessing, I experienced the awful sensation of being a prisoner, of being confined. The walls and ceiling were a dirty gray colour with mouldy plaster falling from the ceiling. Here and there on the walls were scrawled the names and life history of several persons who had had the misfortune to sojourn here. The only light came from a tiny aperture high upon the thick stone walls. Solid iron bars covered every outlet from the room.

I longed to shake the bars to give way to my emotions. I called for the guard. Then, as there was no response, I lay on my back on the rude bed and surveyed the situation. As I thought it over I became more and more convinced that I had been betrayed. Yes, that was it. Betrayed by Mathilde, the only one I had ever displayed any affection for. Only last week I had presented her with a platinum ornament. Betrayed. It was an ugly word, yet the only one that could be used in view of what had happened.

Further thoughts were interrupted by the heavy tramp of feet on the steps on the outside of my door. The door creaked slowly open. I put on my coat and was hurried out. In the hall the man said, "The judge will see you now, buddy. It's too bad but you really shouldn't take a right turn when the road turns left. I'm sorry that we had to keep you in this old dungeon, but the new prison is just in construction."

"And Mathilde?" I questioned eagerly.

"Mathilde," exclaimed the guard, "oh, I see what you mean. Well, she was pretty badly smashed up but she's at the local garage down the street now, being repaired."

—GORDON BANKIER, X-A.

GIRL CADETS

(Continued from page 23)

officers, as well as developing a smarter step and snappier appearance. Thus if you hear laments from the girls over stiff muscles, aching feet or a burning thirst during the Summer term don't waste pity on us because we love cadets.

—K. W.

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Circulation Manager: Mr. Reid.

Tea Dance Committee: R. Boyd, W. Boyd, B. Fenn.

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Haig, McDougall and Bateman	58	Turney, Robert	54
Home Appliance Store	58	Underwood, Elliott, Fisher, Ltd.	52
Houston Co.	57	Victoria College	Cover 2
James Texts	58	Walker Hardware	2
Keyes Supply Co.	58	Walker Stores	57
Kresge, S. S.	58	Weaver's Store	2
Lafferty's	46	Wells, T. G.	2
Lafferty's Shoe Store	72	White's Hardware	57
Lewis, Laurie	53	Y.M.C.A.	72
Marshall and Marshall	63	Zellers	50
Martin Senour	54		54
	57		

Belleville Collegiate and Vocational School

NIGHT SCHOOL

Instruction is offered in Night School Classes in Oxyacetylene Welding, Woodworking, Machine Shop, Motor Mechanics, Draughting, Typewriting, Shorthand and Business Practice.

DAY SCHOOL

Grade IX has a general course for a number of pupils. This course includes English, French, Mathematics, Art, Music, Health Education, Social Studies (History and Geography), Business Practice and Penmanship, Science (Agricultural), Shopwork (Woodworking, Machine Shop, Motor Mechanics and Draughting) for the boys and Cooking and Sewing for the girls.

Grade IX Vocational Classes for the rest of the first year pupils. Grade IX Vocational does not require French and Business Practice, otherwise is similar to Grade IX General.

Grades X, XI, XII and XIII offer Academic General Courses, Vocational Courses and Commercial Courses and the Vocational Courses and Commercial Courses as outlined below will be continued for some time as the other courses are being introduced.

ACADEMIC COURSES—These prepare candidates for entrance to the Normal Schools, the Universities, and Professional Schools. Attendance for four years or more is required to complete these courses.

VOCATIONAL COURSES—These prepare girls for Scientific Home-management, Clothes Designing and Salesmanship, and include Dressmaking, Millinery, Home Nursing, Cooking, Costume Design, Textiles and Applied Arts with the subjects of a general education. Three or more years are required to complete the course. Upon successful completion of the course the student is granted a Certificate.

COMMERCIAL COURSE—A High School Entrance Certificate is required for entrance to the three-year Commercial Course. The curriculum of Commercial Course requires at least three years for its completion. Special courses in Commercial subjects may be completed in one year by students who have the equivalent of three or more years of successful work in other departments. Students who satisfactorily complete the work of the one-year Special Commercial Course receive certificates. Students who complete the work of the three-year course obtain a diploma. Such diplomas entitle them to recognition as experienced stenographers, bookkeepers, or office executives under the Minimum Wage Law, and is preparatory to a business career.

H. B. FETTERLY, *Chairman Board of Education.*

P. C. MacLAURIN, *Principal.*

LT.-COL. E. A. GEEN, *Chairman Vocational Committee.*

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

THE ELEVATOR

NEWS-FLASHES, WONDERMENTS, ETC.

(Continued from page 40)

Most girls have a weakness for drummers, so it looks as if Gordon Poste is in for it.

Melville Dickens must have been an awful sick man if he had 'em all at once, as he informed Miss Saunders he did.

Poor little Doug. Coleman just doesn't seem able to grow.

Jack Lloyd should play a trombone, or is he afraid he'll swallow it?

Has Bob been having any more bad dreams? . . . (Remember the last one?)

Why is Squib wearing that peculiar green look? Is it still Mary Alice?

—H. K. AND H. L.

Basketball.

This year 1941 the Special Commercial girls walked off with the senior basketball championship for the school. After defeating all senior forms in the school they went to Picton and defeated Picton High School girls.

Line-up: Helen Garrow (captain), Mable Adams, Adeline Lepore, Dorothy Lazenby, Bette Fenn, Rita Boyd, Victoria Scott.

—H. G. AND R. B.

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. . . situated in the oldest city in Ontario; 30 modern buildings; annual registration about 4,700; health insurance provided during session; placement office helps students to find summer work and graduates to get jobs.

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

SCIENCE—Courses leading to the degrees of B.Sc. and M.Sc. in Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, Physics and in Mining, Chemical, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.

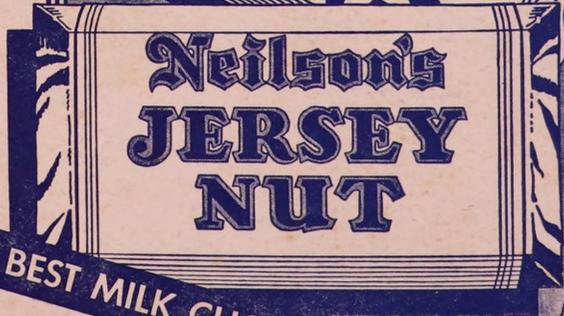
MEDICINE—Courses leading to the degrees of M.D., C.M. and M.Sc., and the Diploma of Public Health.

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