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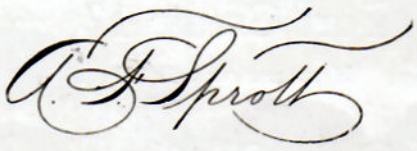

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The Pharos

VOL. 1 PORT CREDIT, ONTARIO, JUNE, 1930. NO. 1

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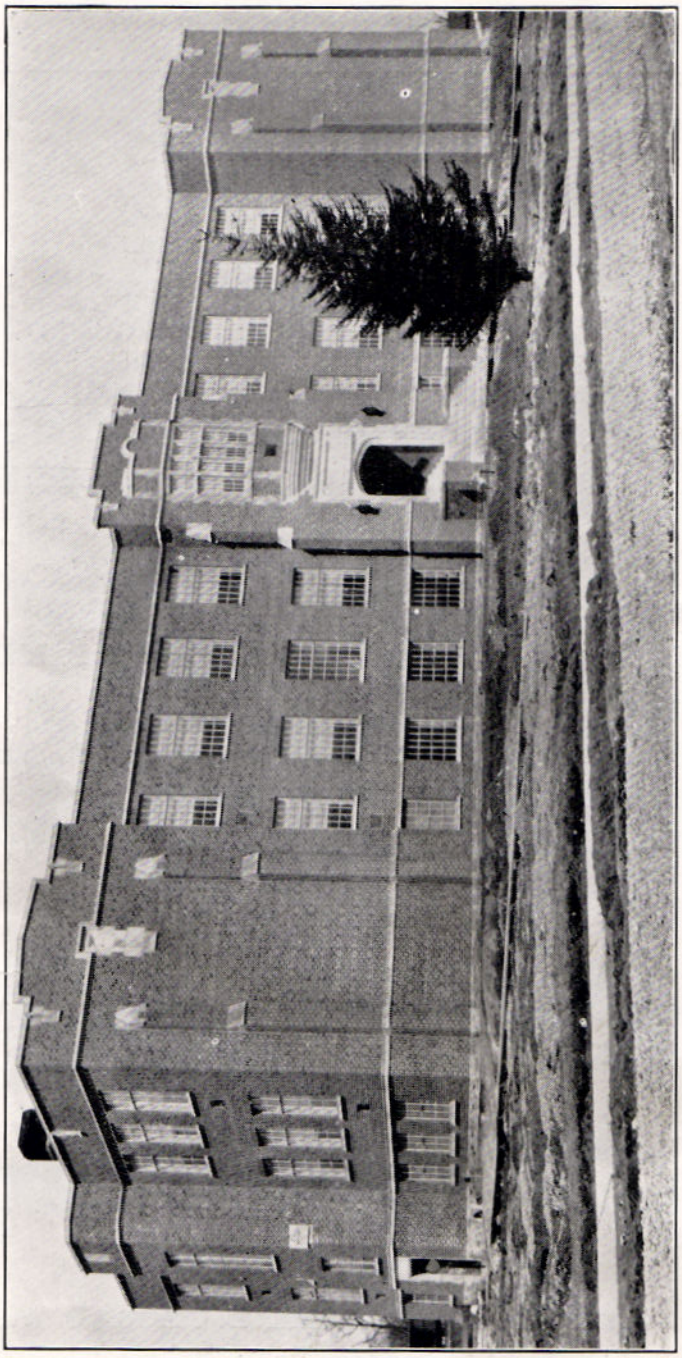

EDITORIALS

Cheerio, everybody! We present for your approval the first issue of the Pharos, official organ of this rising educational institution, the Port Credit High School. Now that our long hoped for new school has become a realty, we feel that the time is ripe for the launching of our initial journalistic venture. We hope you will find it a source of interest and enjoyment.

The idea of a year book has been under consideration for some time, but up until the present we were somewhat dubious as to whether or not we could handle the project successfully from a financial standpoint. This difficulty has at last been overcome. Just how well we have handled the magazine from the viewpoint of contained matter is left for you, the reader, to decide. Of course, you will realize that an enterprise of this nature is necessarily a somewhat difficult undertaking for an executive of no previous experience. This, our first attempt at publication, in all probability, contains many flaws and weakness in arrangement which must be laid to this inexperience. We ask that you bear this in mind as you read, and in so doing, not judge us too severely.

There has been some speculation as to the meaning and significance of the name Pharos, so perhaps a few words of explanation would be of interest. The name was suggested by Miss Sissons, our staff authority on all matters pertaining to Latin and Ancient History. A year or so ago, when we adopted a school crest, Miss Sissons was called upon to contribute a motto, as it seems that all mottos must be in Latin. The one she finally chose was "*Lux Numquam Desit*," which, translated, means, "May the Light Never Fail." Taking his idea from this, the artist who designed the crest incorporated into it the likeness of the old lighthouse which stands at the mouth of the Credit River. So it happens that, when looking about for a name in keeping with crest and motto, Miss Sissons hit upon the word Pharos, a name applied to a beacon or lighthouse.

History tells us that the term originated in Egypt some three hundred years before the birth of Christ. To take the place of the important commercial port of Tyre, which he destroyed in his march against the Persians, Alexander the Great built at the mouth of the Nile, a new city which he called after himself, Alexandria. Its nucleus was the island of Pharos. Under Alexander's successors the port prospered and ships from all quarters of the Mediterranean put in for cargoes of wheat which Egypt grew abundantly. To guide these traders into harbour, King Pholemy Philadephus erected the first light houseknown to history. It was more than three hundred feet high and equipped with reflecting mirrors which projected its rays more than a score of miles out to sea.

So it was that we came to select the name Pharos for our book.

A year book is more important and essential to academic life than many people would imagine. It is representative of the school as a whole and is a means of welding together a school spirit, an element which is absolutely essential for the prosperity of any school. It serves as a permanent record for all scholastic activities from year to year. It provides an opportunity for students whose ambitions lie along journalistic lines to

gain experience which may later be of value. And last, but not least, it allows graduates and ex-pupils an opportunity to keep in touch with old friends and surroundings.

As we realize, then, the place filled by a school magazine we sincerely hope that the future will witness continued prosperity and expansion where the Pharos is concerned. May those who follow profit by our mistakes and so guide the magazine, and with it, P.C.H.S. herself, to a ranking position among the high schools of the province.

THE NEW BUILDING

The new Port Credit H.S., excavation for which began in June, 1929, was recently completed. The building is all that was hoped for, and more, and the board is to be congratulated on the result of its labours. The architect was G. Roper Gouinlock, and construction work was done by the Avery, Shipp Construction Co., both of Toronto. The building is fire-proof throughout. It consists of ten standard class rooms, Physics and Chemistry laboratories, a library, one auditorium with a seating capacity of five hundred, a large gymnasium with adjoining apparatus and instructor's rooms. In the basement is a well equiped cafeteria with separate lunch rooms for boys and girls. The basement also contains two locker rooms, with space for almost three hundred lockers, and adjoining shower rooms. On the main floor, in addition to library, auditorium and class rooms, are the Principal's office and Lady Teachers' room.

The building is adequately heated by means of two large boilers. The ventilation is regulated by means of the univent system. The rooms are well lighted, by sunlight and electricity. Uniformity of time is maintained in all the rooms by a system of electric clocks connected with a master clock in the office. This clock automatically rings the period bells throughout the school. Each room is equipped with a phone which is purely local, while the office has outside telephone connections.

The building is, taking all in all, a truly up-to-date construction, one which the community may well be proud of, and one which will enable Mr. Doupe and his staff to obtain results which were impossible under former conditions.

FORMAL OPENING

The formal opening of the new Port Credit High School took place on Friday evening, March 28th. The auditorium was filled to capacity, and the ushers were hard put to find seats for all. Mr. E. B. Monroe, chairman of the Board of Education, occupied the chair. The address of welcome was given by Hilton C. Thompson, Esq. In a few well-chosen words, Mr. Thompson outlined the work of the Board and the village Council in planning and erecting the new building, in which he, as Reeve of Port Credit and Warden of Peel County, took an active interest.

Mr. J. Edward Maybee, an ex-chairman of the Board, introduced the speaker of the evening, Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University of Toronto. Sir Robert delivered a very interesting and instructive address, in which he stressed the value and necessity of education. Mr. H. A. Doupe, in extending a vote of thanks to President Falconer, spoke of the opportunities afforded by the new facilities to develop school spirit and closer harmony in the relationship between teacher and pupil.

Mrs. J. Harvey Harris, Regent of the local Chapter, I.O.D.E., presented the school with a fine Union Jack, which was accepted, on behalf of the board of education, by Mr. H. A. Clarke.

Musical numbers, contributed by the Toronto Ladies' Instrumental Trio, and Cameron Geddes, well-known soloist, were much enjoyed by all.

At the conclusion of the programme, all the rooms were thrown open to those wishing to make a tour of inspection.

To The Graduating Class of 1929

The staff and students of Port Credit High School take this opportunity of saying farewell to the graduating class of 1929. During the four or five years you have been with us you have been part of the activities which go to make up a school. Those years of pleasure and hardship will shortly have become a pleasant memory. You may think that this school for you is a thing of the past—a fleeting shadow, existing only in memory. But such is not the case. Those years have become a part of you. They have been years of character-building and as such will be with you throughout life.

You have achieved something well worth while and you have a right to be proud of your achievement. You have formed habits of reasoning, of weighing facts, of judging and of searching for truth. You have developed the power of concentration and the power of overcoming difficulties. These are more valuable than the mere facts of knowledge and learing. These will lead to that which is greater than learning—wisdom.

The school which you are leaving is proud to claim you as its graduates. It is proud of your success in the past and will ever be proud of your success in the future.

In extending to you our congratulations and best wishes, we do so in the hope that you will avail yourselves of every opportunity of coming back and renewing the friendships formed while attending Port Credit High School.

H. A. DOUPE, Principal.

Commencement and At Home

The annual Commencement and At Home took place on Friday, April 11th. This event had long been anticipated by the students and quite lived up to expectations, everyone reporting an enjoyable evening. The auditorium was filled to overflowing and many were forced to remain in the corridor. Mr. Harold A. Clarke, representing the Board of Education, occupied the chair. The recently organized P.C.H.S. orchestra, making the first public appearance, opened the programme. Their selections made a decided hit, while Harold's vocal effort went over in a big way with the fair sex. Mr. S. B. Bradley presented the graduation diploma's to the class of '29 and each successful student received quite an ovation as he or she went up to claim a sheepskin. The Valedictory address, a reproduction of which will be found elsewhere among these pages, was given by Miss Deta Duck. On behalf of the departing class, she presented the school with a beautiful floor lamp. The Field Day medals were awarded by Mr. I. N. Tompkins, while Mrs. W. H. Thomson presented the I.O.D.E. prizes for proficiency in History. Last but not least in this long list of presentations, was a fine picture which Miss Edna Cumming, on behalf of the Senior Literary Society, presented the school through Mr. O. W. Caven. The remainder of the programme was made up of dances and musical numbers which were much enjoyed.

At the conclusion of the programme, refreshments were served in the cafeteria, under the capable direction of Miss Harding, who reported difficulty in preventing enthusiastic students from making off with all the ice cream. The auditorium was cleared and dancing brought to a close what may be truthfully termed the best At Home ever held.

OUR ORCHESTRA

THE STAFF

VALEDICTORY

Mr. Chairman and Friends:

It is with great pleasure and yet with a deep feeling of regret that I am giving this valedictory tonight. I say regret for after years of pleasant and profitable association with teachers and fellow students we are loath to break the ties of friendship that have bound us so long and step out on a career which is bound to be marked by much that will tax our abilities to the utmost.

When we entered upon our high school course we came to you in the happiness of carefree youth, our only responsibility lay in concentrating some measure of attention on a teacher's carefully prepared and expounded lesson. As to how far we measured up to that responsibility, Mr. Doupe and the other powers that be only know.

Suffice it to say that our staff of teachers labored without ceasing to give us the best that they had, to instill into our beings the immeasurable value of work and at the same time encouraged us in a due appreciation of the value of play. True it is we enjoyed (?) the regulation round of anxiety as exams. approached, in turn, mathematics, science, classics, moderns or English. It mattered not which. They all bore down upon the student mind with a depressing seriousness until the papers were laid upon the teacher's desk and we emerged from the room feeling relieved that one more exam. was over. Then congregated in the corridors where the usual post mortens were held.

However, thus it is in all schools, upper or lower, and ever will be until that delightful day comes when the school regulations shall decree that there shall be no more examinations. When that day comes and the student body is freed from the continuous grind a great opportunity will be in store for the teaching staff to develop to a greater extent the sterling properties of character, which are at this time of life-giving evidence of the inner personality.

Thirteen years ago our school began as a fifth class in the building we have recently left and with remarkable rapidity room after room was added, another teacher and yet another engaged, until it was an absolute necessity that we should have a new building, and here we are in one of the finest high schools in the Province of Ontario, up-to-date in every respect, even to the magnificent gymnasium, a cafeteria and last but not least this beautiful auditorium. The very atmosphere of the place is conducive to intellectual progress.

We have visions that among the leaders of Canada in the days to come you will see statesmen, professors, philosophers and leading business men pointing back to their youth spent in this building. Who knows but what some future premier of our fair Dominion may be getting his mental training under Mr. Doupe's careful supervision and his building up of a well developed physique on the Port Credit campus. It is true you will always find some who do not take to study too well, but while you may find one

such in the classroom you may count on finding that same youth leading off in sports with a spirit of honor and co-operation and with energy and pluck that will send him to the top of some big business some time in life.

The sport field surely has its part to play in school training and the students of Port Credit have always entered into the activities on the campus with the zeal of true sportsmenship and we feel sure that as they go on through life their motto will be "Play up, play up, and play the game."

While the long list of home exercises seemed many times rather burdensome and the work apparently unnecessarily hard to the student anxious to face a final with confidence it was surely evident that this sort of training was the wisest and safest method of attaining success and of developing keen and alert mental activity. Even the inevitable detentions unwelcome as they might be, had their place in the development of virtuous character.

For ten years one school has been blessed with a wonderful principal. Mr. Doupe has at alltimes given of his best and kept a watchful eye over his flock, considering ever their welfare in all things. We have all a great deal for which to thank our High School days and teaching staff. They have endeavored to send us out into the world prepared to solve the problems of life and to battle successfully with any obstacles that may come in our way. It is with extreme regret that we bid farewell to a pleasant high school career, and we hope that as time carries us down the stream of life we may have the good fortune to meet frequently with teachers and classmates who have meant so much to us, and should we not they will surely occupy a permanent place in our world of pleasant memories.

OBITUARIES

Madeline Corey.

On July 11th, 1929, at the Mountain Sanitorium, Hamilton, Madeline Corey, one of our most illustrious graduates, passed to rest after a lengthy illness. She was one of those bright, lovable girls, never complaining, and though God called her home, the memory of her lovable character will always remain with us.

Dorothy Oughtred.

It is with the deepest regret that we note the passing on August 26th, 1929, of one of the Lower School's most popular members, Dorothy Oughtred.

She was born in Clarkson on July 11th, 1916, and attended Sheridan Public School before coming to Port Credit High. She was beginning her second year with us at the time of her death. Dorothy will always be remembered as a likeable girl, beloved by all who knew her.

LITERARIA

OH MARY, GO AND CALL THE CATTLE HOME

Middle School Essay

It was evening on the coast. The wind whipped the waves in a fury against the shore, and blew over the land with its savour of salt. The mist fell down on the land as a foreboding of evil and hung over the river Dee hiding it from view.

A storm was coming up. The cattle must be brought in from across the bar. "Oh Mary, go and call the cattle home." So Mary set out across the sands to find the cattle. The wind blew the yellow sandy crystals into a spiral up in the air; it lashed her skirt about her body; it tormented her eyes, but the cattle! She must find the cattle!

The wind screamed across the bar louder and louder, but the mist still clung desperately over the land. The last rays of dusk grew into gloom, and from gloom to darkness.

Surely the cattle must be near now. She called and called and listened. No sound came. She stumbled on, calling as she went, and straining her ears for the familiar tinkle of the bells, or an answering low.

Could they have gone home alone by another path? She strained her eyes again. No, they had never done that before. Oh, if she could only find them!

It was growing darker and darker, the moist thicker and thicker. The damp air was cold, and she was weak from struggling against the wind. Perhaps if she sat down to rest for a few moments she would have more strength to go on. But the cattle—the cattle! Where could they be?

More and more her strength and courage began to fail. Surely they were near now. They could not—What was that? . . Was it? . . . Yes, they were here at last!

But was it the lowing of the cattle, or the sighing of the waves as the tide crept in? No one knows, —only an anxious mother who tried to penetrate the mist from her cottage door, leaning forward with a shawl over her shoulders, to catch a glimpse of moving objects coming over the sands.

* * * *

The mouth of the Dee is churned into white foam by the merciless wind. The mist is blown across the bar. It is like a night so long ago, when the girl went looking for—was it cattle?

The fishermen hurried with the nets before night would fall, rolling them off the racks to the spools. All was hustle and bustle in the fishing shacks, when a voice dimly sounded over the sands. It swelled louder and louder through the moaning winds and tide, then died suddenly away. Once more it was heard, and again died away as suddenly as before. The wind mingled with the echo, until only the wind once more reigned supreme. That was the warning of a storm.

"Still the boatmen hear her
Call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee."

DOROTHY OAKES, IIIA.

LOOKING FORWARD

A few short months ago the new high school was but a dream, now it is a reality.

Looking backward one is enabled to see what vast strides have been made in the facilities for secondary education in Port Credit during the past decade. From a small beginning—a Grade B Continuation School with a staff of two teachers and a score of pupils — the school has steadily advanced until now we have this fine high school building in which to house the activities of the school, a staff of nine teachers and an enrolment of well over two hundred students.

To teachers and students alike, the new school offers new opportunities. In the former building, our activities were greatly restricted by lack of space and accommodation. The student body had no place in which to meet as a unit. The Literary Society was obliged to meet in sections. Athletics were almost suspended during the winter months because of the lack of a gymnasium. These conditions tended towards lack of interest in school life and consequently the school spirit so essential in the development of a proper "esprit de corps" among pupils and teachers was, in some measure, an imaginary quantity. True, there were occasions when the school spirit burst into new life and showed that it existed—such occasions being when big affairs outside of ordinary school life were taking place—a commencement—a field day—or a rugby game with a rival school. But these occasions were not frequent.

Now with this fine modern building with its bright and well ventilated class-rooms, its spacious corridors, its beautiful auditorium and well-equipped gymnasium, we can look forward to a finer spirit of loyalty and a higher grade of proficiency in scholarship and in athletics.

As it offers new opportunity so does it offer new responsibility. We must ever keep in mind that the function of a school is service to the community. Taxpayers cannot be blamed for asking the question, "Does the return justify the outlay?" It is our objective to show that it does and that this investment will pay big dividends in the form of boys and girls better equipped mentally and physically to take their places as citizens of this great country. Here is a challenge to the best that is in every boy and every girl. Here is an opportunity to show the part each can play in the success of the school—an opportunity to realize the pride of achievement which will carry one over difficulties in later years and fit him for service in that larger school—Life. The honour of the school demands the best that is in every student—the best in sport, the best in study and the best in social activities. Examinations are necessary under our present system of education and to pass examinations is, I suppose, the hope of every ambitious student. But merely to pass is not sufficient. All should strive to pass well. In the past our students have acquitted themselves nobly at the Midsummer examinations and I am confident that the classes of 1929-30 will do their part to uphold the good name of this school.

H. A. DOUPE,
Principal

THE DREAMER'S ACE

The card game was progressing,
The cabin was full of cheer
When suddenly a crushing sound
Came to each player's ear.
The stateroom seemed rock and sway,
Each heart there jumped with fear.

The life boats were being lowered,
"The women and children first!"
The cold salt water beat the face
And swelled the tongue with thirst.
The Germans had torpedoed us,
Some cried, some screamed, some cursed.

The waning moon sank slowly
Casting ghostly shades,
On all the scattered wreckage,
On departing rowers' blades.
I looked at the card there in my hand
Ye Gods! It was the Ace of Spades!

Awakening from my vivid dream,
The kind that are so rare,
Shaking the sleep from out my eyes
I sat up in my chair.
"The Ace goes on top of the king" sez I
And I finished my solitaire.

CORNWALL BRASH, III.

WINTER

There's always a mysterious feeling that winter holds for me,
I find it in the snow-clad hills, in brook, and field and tree;
I find it on the hill-top beneath the wav'ring pines
When I see the tell-tale foot-prints where each little wood-folk dines.

Even the grey stump fences that once so rugged stood,
Are transformed from grey to whiteness Which formerly were wood;
Each spray of feathery fineness breathes purity through the air,
As the great expanse of whiteness reigns o'er everywhere.

In spite of garnered harvests and a scarcity of seeds,
Sparrows find a living from remaining shrubs and weeds;
In spite of northwest blizzards with their piercing cold and snow,
There still remains the blue-jay and the bold, hilarious crow.

Yes, summer has its flowers and many a varied bird,
But you've never felt an awed, strange feeling from summer sounds you've heard;
You've never gazed with rapture at only common green—
It's only the snow-clad hills of winter that can make such a scene.

DOROTHY OAKES, IIIA.

CHARMS OF CHEESE

Harold had overeaten. Harold was always overeating. Not that he was a glutton, or what some people vulgarly term a "hog." But somehow overeating seemed a natural part of his daily regime. He did it unwittingly, without giving the matter a thought.

The evening's repast had been unusually tempting, though, and his appetite had been especially keen. Doris had been rapidly improving on the silver blades, 'twas true, but after the first four rounds it had been necessary to pull her just a little. And the seventeenth round had found her absolutely dependent on Harold as to means of locomotion. And the ice hadn't been any too good either. Undoubtedly there was justification for Harold's gormandizing.

As he sank wearily into the softest and most comfortable chair in the room, evening paper in hand, he felt an extreme drowsiness creeping over him. He rubbed his eyes and began to read. The print blurred and became indistinct. He rubbed his eyes again. The print wavered and receded. Slowly the paper slipped from his grasp. He dozed—

The plain of Marathon was alive with writhing, battling figures. The dazzling sun, reflected by the spear-heads and armour of the struggling gladiators, hurt Harold's eyes. As he stood watching Phidippides scooping out starting holes in preparation for his sprint to Athens, he heard himself addressed from behind.

"Who art thou?" growled a voice.

Turning, he beheld a group of four people at his elbow. Immediately he recognized his questioner as the great Miltiades. The other three were Steve O'Neil, Mr. F. McNab and a young lady who held a shattered automobile tire in one hand, and whom Harold finally identified as Muriel Terry. Before he could wonder at their presence, Miltiades repeated his query.

"I am Julius Caesar," Harold found himself replying.

At the words, Mr. McNab dropped a test-tube and an Ingersol watch which he had been absent-mindedly juggling, and then, recovering, smiled appreciatively and rubbed his hands. Miltiades was furious. "Foul traitor!" he cried. "Most flagrant of impostors! Caesar ain't born yet. Die, villainous knave!"

And swinging his sword in a high arc, he brought it down with a crash on Googoo's blonde pate—

"Darn that cheese," sighed Harold, picking himself and the paper, up from the floor where he found himself. He staggered to a chair and collapsed. He struggled mightily to arouse himself but somehow he just couldn't. A gentle snore issued from behind the paper.

The ice thronged with joyous skaters. As he looked about him, Harold's gaze fell upon Doris. But somehow she looked slightly different. Instead of skates, she had a tenor banjo lashed to each foot and, Ye Gods! she was stuck under a cube root sign and couldn't get out. He hastened to her side and looked about for a means of extricating her. Wildly he considered rationalizing her denominator. But she didn't seem to have one. He thought of equating her to zero. But she appeared to be already in that condition. Quickly he tried factoring her, but she screamed so loudly that he was forced to stop. With remarkable presence of mind, he ran toward the school. That old reliable, Mr. H. A. Doupe, could surely find a solution. Immediately upon arrival, he outlined the situation to Mr. Doupe, who grabbed his hat and followed Harold on the double, accompanied by Ed. Knott with a book of logarithm tables. Reaching the rink, they found that, in Hal's absence, the root sign had disap-

peared and Doris was now imprisoned in an isosceles triangle. With a groan, Harold sank to the ice. His head connected with the surface with a sickening force—

Opening his eyes, he found himself once more on the floor. Cautiously he fingered his cranium and then with a sigh, dropped off to sleep again—

St. Andrew's led, 18-6. As Harold raced up the floor, he tried mentally to subtract six from eighteen, but had little success. Little Alex. MacDonald was dribbling the ball toward him. Harold set himself for the check. "Sandy" took deliberate aim and shot. Harold gasped. The ball was in his mouth! He choked and spluttered—

Someone was laughing. Opening his eyes with a mighty effort, he beheld his fond parents smiling down at him. Dazedly, he pulled the sofa cushion out of his mouth and wondered how it had gotten there. With a gallant effort at nonchalance, he lit a Murad (advt.) and strolled over to the radio.

"And now, dear children, Uncle Pete will tell one of his lovely stories about little Red Hooding-ride and—" said the loud-speaker sweetly.

With a sigh of surrender, the befuddled scion of the Patchetts wearily climbed the stairs and went to bed.

WILLIAM D. COTTON, V.

EXECUTIVE OF *THE PHAROS*

THE PATH BY THE RIVER

The little path which winds in and out along the river is one of my favourite haunts. It is a lonely place to the unaccustomed eye, but not to mine. Everything along that little path is so vitally alive.

The path follows the river for some distance. It may be for a half a mile, a quarter. I do not know. For who stops to consider such a commonplace thing as distance when entranced in the mysteries of a little wooded path. I do know, however, that it eventually loses itself in a confused tangle of dogwood and climbers.

On both sides of the path tall pine trees, covered with moss at the roots, and wild flowers grow. In the springtime varied-coloured crocuses dart their heads up through the green moss to see what the rippling river is doing. The river, on its part, tinkles back a silvery laugh as it winds in and out the rocks, rushing here, eddying there.

The little path winds on till it comes to a place where it is very near the river. In fact I have often crouched down on the path and dabbled my hand in the cool water of the little bays and inlets, formed by the rocks. There, because it is so delightfully cool and shaded by ferns, minnows dart in and out of the tiny crags.

But I cannot remain contemplating the mysteries of the minnows' home, long, for there is a scurry of tiny paws behind me. I turn around so suddenly that I lose my balance and sit down right in the middle of the path. Here by a pine tree, within an arm's length, a little red squirrel is poking his head around the trunk, winking and laughing at me. I sit very still to see if he will come closer, but no, with a flirt of his tail he is scurrying, scampering with a chatter, up the tree.

From this part, where it is low, the path makes a distinct climb upward. Here it is quite steep and from the path one can look down on the river, which is about six feet below. The roots have grown along under the surface of the ground, and made mounds in the earth, and in some places have become uncovered, forming a kind of mossy steps up to the top of the hill.

On the edge of the path on the other side of the hill a willow grows. Its green, lacy boughs dip gracefully down into the water on the other side of the path. Here the river is deeper and often when I have been sitting on one of the rocks near its edge, a young trout has darted to the surface of the water, after two water bugs, resting peacefully there. One is caught the other buzzes noisily away.

As I sit under the willow, and the wind whines softly as it passes through the green leaves, I wonder how my wooded path can be considered lonely, when so many comedies, tragedies are being enacted every minute in this little part of the world, where nature holds full sway.

GRACE HAWKINS, III

DO YOU KNOW—

That previous to 1917 there was but one school in Port Credit and that the Riverside Public School?

That in 1917 the Forest Avenue School was built?

That one year later the fifth class was organized with Miss Harris as teacher and twenty-four enrolled?

That in 1919 adequate provision was made for secondary education by opening a two room, grade B Continuation School with Mr. H. A. Doupe as principal?

That in the old days the "school hearse"—a light and breezy car hung with black curtains—carried the young hopefuls to their new school?

That in 1920-21, through the supervision of Mr. Doupe, a Literary Society was formed and a field-day inaugurated?

That during the pioneer days of the school the botany classes made many pleasant rambles through the grove, flower-hunting?

That in 1921 the Literary Society bought our school piano from the proceeds of their play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," baking sales, and public lectures?

That from 1922 to 1925 the Port Credit Continuation School was a practice school for teachers in training at Toronto Normal?

That some jolly times were had at Hallowe'en parties when the school was young?

That in the autumn of 1925 and addition of six rooms was added to accommodate the one hundred pupils then enrolled?

That in 1927 Mr. Doupe received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Toronto?

That in 1927 the Continuation School was raised to the status of a High School?

That a student of our school, Jean McLaughlin, in 1928 won the Suburban Finals Cup in the Dominion Oratorical Contest?

That we now have a commercial class in our new school with a large number of students?

That in eleven short years our school has grown from one room with one teacher and twenty-four pupils to be the wonderful twelve room building we are now occupying, with a staff of nine, and two hundred and seventeen students?

That we appreciate that everyone in this community co-operates with the teachers and pupils to make our school even greater than it is?

ESPRIT DE CORPS.

It may not be a city,
May not even be a town,
It may only be a village
Or a place of no renown.
If it's the place you're raised in
You'll never let it down.

'King and Country first,' 'tis said,
And maybe it is so,
But if you think the same as me
Your blood will freely flow
Ere you will hear your home maligned
Or the old school's name brought low.

P.C.H.S.——P.C.H.S.—
No school was e'er like it
No teachers ever taught so well,
No pupils e'er so fit;
Long may it stand supreme and clean
Lux numquam desit.

DAVE BRASH

ATHLETICS

P.C.H.S. GRIDDERS

Front row—left to right—Jacobs, E. Knott, Hodgson, Mason, Almas, Stephens, S. Knott.
Back row—Hamilton, Stewart, Cotton, Griffith, T. J. Reynolds (Coach).

RUGBY

This year for the first time, P. C. H. S. participated in organized rugby. With Mr. Reynolds in charge, a team was entered in the Lakeshore League, which included teams from Etobicoke High School, Mimico High School and Long Branch High School. Contrary to our pre-season predictions, the team met with great success. It had been our intention to merely make a start, and we had little hope of winning many games. But when the dust of the rugby season had cleare away, P.C.H.S. was credited with five wins against two losses, far exceeding our fondest dreams. Perhaps a brief review of the season's activities would be of interest.

Port Credit 24 at Etobicoke 16

The Blue and Gold stepped off on the right foot with a victory at Islington. The play was rather ragged, but both teams showed flashes of fine foot-ball at times. E. H. S. had a strong team but our men more than held their own against the heavier Etobicoke men and at half time they led by a score of 12-11. In the second session P. C. H. S. pulled well in the lead, thanks to Hamilton's kicking, Cotton's fast open-field running and Stewart's heavy line plunging. Cotton with three touches, Norman with one and Hamilton with four singles accounted for our points.

Port Credit 6 at Mimico 0

P. C. H. S. showed greatly improved form in this game over that of the Etobicoke contest. Time after time Mimico was hurled back beneath the shadows of their goal posts, but somehow their line held when a score seemed certain. Cotton secured the lone point of the first period with a kick to the dead-line. In the second period Mimico gave the forward pass a thorough trial and pulled themselves out of many tight holes with it. The same forward pass proved to be their undoing however when a long heave was intercepted by "Ike" Cotton who flashed over the line for an unconverted touch. The light Mimico team put up a plucky fight, their tackling keeping the score down, and P. C. H. S. had the play more their own way than the score indicates.

Long Branch 0 at Port Credit 34

P. C. H. S. opened the home season with a glorious victory over Long Branch. As the score indicates Long Branch was no match for P. C. H. S. and the Cotton-Stewart-Hamilton combination had everything their own way. When the big parade halted the score stood 34-0 for Port Credit. Six trys were scored "Steve" Peer, Tim Stewart and "Joe" Cotton getting two apiece.

Islington 16 at Port Credit 5

The Islington crew showed a much better brand of foot ball in this encounter and kept the upper hand throughout. To add to the loss of the game "Ike" Cotton turned his ankle badly in a tackle and he never completely recovered from this injury until the season was over. A smashing drive by Peer scored the only P. C. H. S. try.

Mimico 2 at Port Credit 7

The squad was badly crippled for this game being without the services of Peer, Cotton and Norman who were out with injury or sickness, and Griffith played only part time due to a badly bruised leg. In this game the linemen showed great strength and it was largely due to their efforts that the game was won. The play was ragged and there was much fumbling, Hamilton's hoofing and Stewart's marvellous line crashing were the offensive high-lights. The only try was scored by Griffith, when he picked up a loose ball.

Port Credit 36 at Long Branch 11

P. C. H. S. again walked away from L. B. H. S. and the continuous offensive staged by P. C. H. S. netted seven touches. Cotton, although limping badly, played part of the game and scored three touches. Stewart's bucking was again a stand out and he obtained two touches. Stephens and Hamilton with one each accounted for the other major scores.

Port Credit 10 at Etobicoke 12

The conclusion of the schedule saw E. H. S. and P. C. H. S. dead locked with five victories and one loss apiece. The play-off took place at Etobicoke by mutual agreement. This game was a tough one to lose, as we were leading until the last three or four minutes. Stewart was responsible for all the Blue and Gold points, making two beautiful plays through the E.H.S. line. "Steve" Peer was unable to play and Cotton was still limping but was able to get into the line-up. Etobicoke are worthy champions, however, and on the season's play, they were the better team.

The Blue and Gold put up a great fight all year and deserve credit for their showing. Mr. Reynolds was in a large measure responsible for the team's success, He coached the boys faithfully and succeeded in installing a lot of ginger into his proteges. Delving into statistics we find that P. C. H. S. scored 122 points in seven games compared with 57 counted against them making an average of 17½ points for and 8⅛ against per game. In two games the

enemy were held scoreless. This is indeed an enviable record for our first year in organized rugby and we look forward to a banner season next autumn.

The team was as follows:

Cotton—"Joe" was the captain of the squad. He is a wonder in the open field. He was injured in the Islington game when he twisted his ankle, which did not recover enough to allow him to use his speed to its greatest effect in any game after that. In the five games in which he played he slipped through the opposition to the extent of forty-eight points.

Stewart — Tim, the plunging marvel of the team, was a tower of strength on the back field. His plunging accounted for thirty points for the Blue and Gold. When Cotton was out with injuries Tim took charge of the team and handled it in fine shape.

Hamilton—"Hib" performed the duties of kicking half for P. C. H. S. He raised the oblong high and far consistently and in one instance rivalled "Pep" Leadley with a mammoth seventy yard hoof. The half-line of Cotton-Stewart and Hamilton will leave us in June.

Peer—"Steve" played in only two games before appendicitis rendered him 'hors de combat' but the opposition, Long Branch in particular, will long remember his plunging.

Knott—"Eddie" alternated on the half-line and at middle wing. He shoved his ungainly form through the opposing line for many a neat gain. When he hit the opposing line, well, they stayed hit, that's all. "Eddie" is another who is to graduate in June.

Stephens — "Alex" was the heavyweight of the Blue and Gold. He tipped the scales at one hundred and eighty pounds and he certainly knew how to use it against all opposition. He did some nice plunging but his clipping on the line was his greatest asset.

Ridley—"Art" played inside and could always be relied on to crack open a gap in the opposing line to allow the ball carrier to pass through. Art also played middle at times and when called on could usually smash the line for some good gains.

Ray—"Jake" started the season at snap but, finding it rather difficult to bend down so far from up in the clouds, he was later shifted to inside where he proved to be a very dependable man.

MacDonald—As quarter, "Sandy" fed the half-line with nice accurate passes. He filled in at half when Cotton was out of the game and showed a good turn of speed. He looks like a sure start on the back line next year.

Mason—"Bob" began the season as an outside and showed plenty in his ability to run down under the kicks of Hamilton, but he came to his own as snap, his passing being very consistent.

Almas—"Dick" broke up play after play at outside with his superb tackling. He also gained more yards on the new forward pass than any other member on the Blue and Gold squad. Dick was also fast to run down kicks and stopped the runner in his tracks time after time.

Norman—Al's fleetness at foot stood him in good stead in tearing down the field to drop the half receiving Hamilton's long kicks before he had had a chance to move. Al broke up plays with his tackling and was usually there or thereabouts when needed.

Hodgson—"Beef" started at outside but as he is no flash of lightning he was moved over to middle where he showed his real worth. When "Beef" hit the line he knocked them flatter than flat and gained many a yard for P. C. H. S.

Jacobs—"Dyke" was a reliable outside. He relieved Norman and his tackling was an outstanding feature. He broke up many a play and is certain of a place on the 1930 edition of the P. C. H. S. squad.

Knott—"Steve" relieved Almas at outside and showed lots of speed in running down kicks. His tackling, while perhaps not as good as that of his mate, was of the best and he improved in every game he played.

Editor's Note—Griffith, "Griffy," the writer of this column, played flying wing. He was the best tackler on the team, and, in our opinion, the best in the league. He also filled in acceptably at quarter and on the half-line.

BASKETBALL

As the new gymn was not available until the basketball season was nearly over, the Blue and Gold basketeers played only four games, winning three of them. Long Branch and Etobicoke provided the opposition. The P. C. H. S. squad was fairly strong and it was unfortunate they were not able to enter a league. In the four games, the team piled up eighty-nine points while the opposition scored 77. The line-up and individual scores—Forwards, Cotton (30), Patchett (24), Hamilton (2), Hodgson (2), Almas (8); centres, Stewart (6). Knott; guards, MacDonald, Jacobs (1), Griffiths (16); S. Knott.

BOYS' BASKETEERS

Left to right—T. J. Reynolds, Jacobs, Hamilton, S. Knott, Hodgson, Cotton, Patchett, Griffith, Almas, E. Knott, Stewart.

TRACK AND FIELD

Under a cloudless sky, the annual Empire Day sports, held on the school campus, turned out to be a huge success. Track athletics are rapidly gaining a foot-hold in P. C. H. S., and some real talent was unearthed during the course of the long and varied program. Bob Mason began the festivities when he out-pedaled a field of some dozen cyclists in the Cooksville to Port Credit road race. From then until Ed Knott crossed the finish line, winner of the final sprint, every minute was packed full of action, thrills and spills.

The big event of the day, the boy's open mile, was handily won by Walt Griffith, who carried off the H. A. Doupe trophy by virtue of his victory.

The competitions for the individual championships were very keen. Muriel Terry captured premier honors in the senior girls section with a grand aggregate of points. In the Junior girls section, Marg. McCraw was crowned Queen, but only after a hectic battle with sister Jean and Madelyn Craigie. The race between Ed. Knott and Walt Griffith created great interest, which increased as each annexed point after point. Ed. finally emerged on top, having collected twenty-eight points as compared with "Grif's" twenty-one. Bill Cotton ran off with the senior boys title, after a heated struggle with Bob Brash and George Gilmore.

vas 16-9.

Second: Mary Griffith, Mai
Kehoe, Evelyn Minns, Margar
Loche, Mary McMahon, Margar
Haines.

Third: Jean McCraw, Margar
IcCraw, Madelyn Craigie, Katl
rine Whitelaw, Margaret Dodd
orothy Costello, Margaret Harri

VASHINGTON

ot far, this one, the axe havi
een hastily seized, departs into t
arden, about to cut down eac
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ne, his home having been r
ought, inflamed with wrath, t
ervants being called together, as
d who might have been the auth
f this so much slaughter. A

The form displayed was such an improvement over last year that we were encouraged to enter a team in the Interscholastics at Varsity. Lack of training told, however, and although the boys tried hard, they failed to win any places. The team consisted of Cotton, Knott, Ridley and Griffith. We hope to make a better showing this June, as the new school offers splendid facilities for training.

HOCKEY

Due to unfavourable weather conditions, our hockey season was limited to one game. Playing at the local rink, the P. C. H. S. puck-chasers defeated Long Branch 4-1, thus running the year's string of Blue and Gold wins over the Branchers to five straight. Jacobs, Brown and MacDonald accounted for our total while Davey beat Cotton for the Branchers lone tally. The P.C.H.S. line-up — Goal, Cotton; defence, Patchett and MacDonald; centre, Jacobs; forward S. Knott and Griffith; subs, Brown.

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running down kicks. His tack-
ng, while perhaps not as good as

BAS

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been rather restricted. Owing to the absence of a gymnasium, there has been little opportunity for the girls to participate in sport. But with a well-equipped gymn in our new building, we expect a boom in athletics among the fair sex from now on. At the time of going to press, we have participated in but one game with an outside school, that with Etobicoke H.S. in basketball. However, inter-form competition has been very keen.

Now that spring is definitely with us, we hope to receive girl's soft-ball to the prominence it enjoyed in the good old days when P. C. H. S. reigned supreme in the feminine soft-ball world, that is, as Toronto Township is concerned. Oakville, Streetsville, Mimico, Long Branch, all bowed to the Blue and Gold six or seven years ago. There is no reason why such should not be the case again. We shall hope for a renewal of old championship form at any rate.

SKETBALL TEAM
lie, M. Dods, E. Minns, M. Harris, J. McCraw,
M. McCraw, E. Bush.

Islington vs. Port Credit

On April 4th a very interesting and exciting game of girls' basketball was witnessed in the new high school gymnasium by a very enthusiastic crowd of teachers and pupils. Many rooters for each side were present and these worthies "saw to it" that the players were spurred on to their utmost. Few fouls were made and numerous baskets were scored, the final score being 29-13 in favour of Islington. This was the home team's first inter-school game of the season and it is sincerely hoped that the Port Credit girls, taking advantage of their new gymnasium equipment, will show better results in the near future.

Islington: J. Heywood, M. Currie (6), M. Salkeld (13), R. Patterson (10), M. Wright, O. Shaver, M. Cave, L. Pallett.

Port Credit: J. McCraw, E. Bush, M. Dodds, E. Minns (7), D. Costello, I. Staats (2), M. McCraw, M. Craigie (4), M. Harris.

Third vs. Fourth

The first intra-mural game was played between Third and Fourth with Miss Sissons at the whistle. Third preferred girls' rules whereas fourth wanted boys' rules. It was decided to play half and half. Third form's playing was superior to that of fourth, although in the first half, while playing boys' rules, fourth had a good share of the play. During the second half the height of the Third Formers gave them a decided advantage and the play was much slower. The final score was 16-6.

Second vs Third

This game was played according to boys' rules. The game was fast, close and rather rough. During the first half the teams were evenly matched and the score at half-time was 6-6. But third broke away in the last period and the final score was 16-9.

Second: Mary Griffith, Mary Kehoe, Evelyn Minns, Margaret Roche, Mary McMahon, Margaret Haines.

Third: Jean McCraw, Margaret McCraw, Madelyn Craigie, Katherine Whitelaw, Margaret Dodds, Dorothy Costello, Margaret Harris.

THE STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

(As it might be translated by the average high-school pupil had it been preserved for us in Latin):

A certain father of a family to whom there was a sufficiently large farm, moreover a son, in whom he especially rejoiced, gave this one for a gift on his birthday a little axe. He exhorted him greatly to use the weapon with the greatest care, lest it might be for a detriment to himself. The youth promised himself to be about to obey. When it was necessary for that one, on account of business to seek a certain walled town, situated not far, this one, the axe having been hastily seized, departs into the garden, about to cut down each most flourishing cherry tree. That one, his home having been resought, inflamed with wrath, the servants being called together, asked who might have been the author of this so much slaughter. All were denying, when this one running up to that one. "Truly, by Hercules," said he, "O my father, I am unable to lie; I myself cut down the tree with that little axe which thou gavest me for a present."

From "The Classical Journal."

"LINES ON LEADING LIGHTS"

Name	Label	Weakness	Favourite Evpression	Ambition
Minns	"Ev"	None yet	"You old devil!"	To be a lady
Stewart	"Dyin'"	His feet	"Well, you dismal—!"	We give up
Kiddie	"Barb"	First seat, first row	"Oh yeah!"	She alone knows
Knott	"Pea-nut"	IA Comm.	(Unprintable)	None whatever
FitzGerald	"Kay"	Guess	"Say .....!!!"	She's not telling
Patchett	"Goo goo"	Banjomania	"Keen, what I mean"	To understand women
Maxwell	"Mabel"	Numerous	"Hey, listen—!"	To savez geom.
Cotton	"Joe"	Guess again	"Dyin' Gertrude!"	To live in Clarkson
Taylor	"Doris"	Males	"Hello-ee!"	Be a good girl
Hamilton	"Gibb"	Arguments	"Well, you poor egg!"	Manage the Leafs
Jacobs'	"Dyke"	All school work	"Good heavens!"	To lick Belford
Griffith	"Grif"	Several	"Gee Whiz!"	Ass't. to Hamilton
Ridley	"Fence-post"	Red hair	"Ye don't say"	To grow up
Stephens	"Alex"	Unknown	"Fer goodness sakes!"	To own a Packard

ALUMNI

Here they are, our noble Alumni! Due to its length, we have found it impossible to present the list in detail. We also encountered some difficulty in obtaining complete information, and if anyone has been left out, it will be understood that the omission was unintentional.

1920-21

Fred Cramp—Cuba; married.

Percy Gemmel—Port Credit; with Canadian General Electric Co., is married.

Arlie Smith—Port Credit; is married.

Agnes Hodgetts—Nanaimo, B. C., now Mrs. Andrew Pritchard.

Marion Peer—Port Credit; travelling in the United States.

1921-22

Robert Goodings—Timmins, Ont. married.

Bert Lackie—Port Credit; with Westside Dairy.

Reginald Peer—Port Credit; Faculty of Medicine, University of Toronto.

Sid Stewart—Los Angeles, Cal.

Ralph Westervelt—Clarkson; is married.

Muriel Burrell—Port Credit; is now a nurse.

Marjorie MacDonald—Port Credit; teacher at Middle Road Public School.

Vern Smith—traveller for A. R. Boyle Co., Ltd.

Herbert Snell—Port Credit; accountant.

Ethel Murphy—East Toronto; married to R. Adams.

Hazel Robinson—Working as a Dentist's assistant, in Toronto.

1922-23

John Linton — West Ont.; is married.

Hugh Orr—Clarkson, Ont.; married and is a farmer.

Dawn Price—169 Shepherd Ave., Kenmore (near Buffalo) N. Y.; managing a Loblaw Store.

Harold Goggins—Port Credit; married, with Hydro Electric Co., Toronto.

Belle Emery—Detroit.

Lillian Gordon — Port Credit; teaches public school at Long Branch.

Jessie Hill—Married to Fred Cramp.

Muriel Lawrence — Married Dawn Price, living near Buffalo.

1923—24

Leslie Myers—Toronto; attending University.

Jack Smith—Port Credit; with the Imperial Life Insurance Co., Toronto.

Dorothy Colloton; — Clarkson with Industrial Laboratories, Toronto.

Phyllis Fryer — Mineola Road, Port Credit; now Mrs. G. Maybee.

Winnie Hendrickz—Training at Toronto General Hospital.

Miriam Fryer—Mineola Road, Port Credit; now attending University, Toronto.

Ethel Lush — Teaching public school at Port Dalhousie.

Edna Murphy—Port Credit; at home.

Jessie O'Dell—Buffalo; married.

Dorothy Stephens—Port Credit; stenographer, in Heintzman & Co., Toronto.

Marjorie Watson—3rd line Dixie; now Mrs. Walter Rands.

Marjorie Allport—Teaching public school at Long Branch.

Helen MacGregor—Long Branch; teaching public school at Long Branch.

Frank Shaver—Burnhamthorpe; is a farmer.

Gordon Wilson — Clarkson; is married and farming.

Gladys Innis—Mineola Rd., Port Credit; is now Mrs. John McCaulay.

Fanny Stanfield—151 Chisholm St., Toronto; is now married to Bert Scott.

Olive Patchett—Toronto; is in the office of York Knitting Mills.

1924—25

Victor Clarke—Dixie, Ont.; with Simpson's Furniture Dept.

Dudley Fryer—6C Wellington Apts., Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg, Man.

Robert Pinchin—Clarkson; helping at home.

Arthur Shaver — Islington; at home, farming.

William Stewart—Married, school teacher.

Gerald Winter—Mineola Rd., Pt. Credit; salesman for Gordon McKay Co.

Wilden Gordon—Port Credit; attending Manuel Training School in Hamilton.

Myrtle Caven — Port Credit; with the manufacturers Life Insurance Co., Toronto.

Ethel Dudgeon—72 Alymer Ave., Peterboro; is now Mrs. Frank Stevens.

Marion Gray—Port Credit; attending University, Toronto.

Helen Hamilton—Port Credit; at head office of Bank of Commerce, Toronto.

Flora MacDonald—Centre Rd., Port Credit; with MacMillan Publishing Co.

Bliss MacQuarrie—Birch Cliff; attending University of Medicine, Toronto.

Jean Stewart—Port Credit; head office of Bank of Montreal, Toronto.

Carl Peer—Port Credit; stage and costume designing for Shakespeare players.

Bernard Doran—Buffalo.

Nelson MacMillan—Book-keeper for Bell Downlock & Co.

Mary Adamson — Clarkson; is studying music.

Jean Craigie—Centre Road; with Bell Telephone Co., Toronto.

1925-26

Redmond Black — Mississauga Road, Port Credit; is connected with the Cooksville Brick Co.

Louis Price—Detroit; is with the National Wholesale Groceteria.

Elva Campbell — 591 Rosedale Street, London, Ontario; now Mrs. Sando.

Marjorie Colloton—Clarkson, has position in a lawyer's office at Osgoode Hall.

Elva George—Port Credit; stenographer in the Canada Life Insurance Co., Toronto.

Margaret Hamilton—Port Credit; with Bank of Commerce in Toronto.

Rilla Harris — Centre Road Cooksville; is in the Canada Life Insurance Co., Toronto.

Daisy Redsell — Clarkson; is studying at Toronto Art School.

Helen Redsell—Clarkson; is at home.

Isabel Shaver—Now Mrs. Dawson, is living in West Toronto.

Ernest MacQuarrie—Birch Cliff; is attending University, Toronto.

Arthur Quantrill—is in England.

Florence Burrell—Port Credit; does general office work in Canadian General Electric.

Alberta Norman—Is with the Belle Telephone Co. at Port Credit.

Zilla Lush—Is living in Toronto and has a position with the Board of Control, Toronto.

Mae Stanfield—Teaching public school at Claude (near Credit Forks).

1926-27

Ivan Death—R. R. 1, Port Credit; is in Mutual Life Insurance Co., Toronto.

Norman Langton—Clarkson; is working in McLean's Publishing House, Toronto.

Wilbur Laughton — Dixie; a farmer.

Billy Lawrence—348 Main Street, Toronto; is attending the University of Toronto.

Ted Price—Clarkson; is with the Horning Seed Co., Toronto.

Jack Turner—Midland; is working in a hotel there.

Olive Cumming—1st line Dixie; stenographer in the Bell Telephone Co., Toronto.

Laura Denison—Cooksville; has a position in Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

Dorothy Gibson—Centre Road, Port Credit; is attending school in Toronto.

Ruby Lloyd—Port Credit; stenographer at St. Lawrence Starch Works, Port Credit.

Dora Myers—Toronto; a stenographer.

Verna Smith—Port Credit; teaches elocution.

Lilie Stanfield—Is with the Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.

Lois Stewart—Port Credit; is a stenographer in Commercial Dept. of the Bell Telephone Co., Toronto.

Lillian Thompson—Port Credit; is at home.

Joseph Noble—Has taken a position at the Riverview Golf Club Galt.

1927-28

Kenneth Cash—Is in residence at University of Toronto where he is studying for the ministry.

George Ford—Port Credit; clerk in Royal Bank, Port Credit.

Malcolm Gray — Centre Road, Port Credit; is attending University College, Toronto.

Peter Mussen—Mississauga Rd., Port Credit; is at the University in Toronto.

Merton Burrell—Centre Road, Port Credit; is teller in Royal Bank here.

Robin Craigie—Centre Road, Pt. Credit; is attending Central Technical School, Toronto.

Gordon Petrie—Clarkson; is ledger-keeper in the Bank of Montreal Clarkson.

Jean Brown—Port Credit; with the Lincoln Electric Co. of Canada, Toronto, is now Mrs. N. Hibert.

Jean Gray—Centre Road, Port Credit; goes to University College, Toronto.

Marjorie Riddell — Mississauga Road, Port Credit; studying Commercial Art, at College of Art, Toronto.

Grace Wickware—Port Credit; is a nurse in training at the Toronto General Hospital.

Kathleen Anderson—Lakeview; is a student at Parkdale Collegiate, Toronto.

Annie Barr—Clarkson; is attending Dominion Business College, Toronto.

Ida Fryer—6-c Wellington Apts., Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg, librarian.

1928-29

Walter Block—Port Credit; at Central Technical School, Toronto.

Bob Brash—Clarkson; working on a Lake Freighter.

Donald Watson—3rd line Dixie; now a pupil at Islington High School.

Howard Richardson—Port Credit; now attending Victoria College, Toronto.

Harold Hare—Stavebank Rd., Pt. Credit; attending School of Practical Science. Toronto.

Graeme Black, Mississauga Rd., Port Credit; with Central Canada Loan & Insurance Co.

Jean McLachlan—With Tip Top Tailors, Toronto.

Hattie Stanfield—Port Credit; attending Dominion Business College, Toronto.

Annie Corp—Clarkson; attending Dominion Business College, Toronto.

Edna Cumming—Toronto Golf Golf Club; at home.

Margaret Donnelly—Port Credit; in training at Western Hospital, Toronto.

Isobel Harris—Cooksville; with Bell Telephone, Cooksville; at home.

Margaret Storrar—Mineola Rd.

Muriel Terry—Clarkson; attending Shaw's Business College, Toronto.

Helen Doupe—Port Credit; is now attending Victoria College.

Deta Duck — Lakeview; back from Florida, studying music.

Walter Campbell—Port Credit; with National Grocers, Toronto.

Fred Hare—Port Credit; Post Office in Royal York Hotel.

Albert Mead—Port Credit; working at home.

Wilfred Curran—Indian Road, Port Credit; at home.

Francis Hickey—R. R. I., Port Credit; at home.

Margaret Hickey—Port Credit; attending Margaret Eaton.

Helen Burrell—Port Credit; is at home.

Grace Thomas—Cooksville; working at T. Eaton Co.

Annie Thorley — Clarkson; attending the Dominion Business College in Toronto.

Jack Lundie—Port Credit; is with The Imperial Oil Office, Toronto.

THE DI-JESTER

Mr. Hopkins—"What's that stuff all over the car? Where have you been?"

"Dutch"—"Oh! that's just a bit of traffic jam."

Mrs. Stewart—"Didn't I hear the clock strike two when you came in last night?"

Tim—"Yes, mom, it was going to strike eleven, but I stopped it so it wouldn't wake you up."

Jake—"How did you break your leg?"

Alex.—"I threw a cigarette in a man-hole and stepped on it."

Cornwall—"You know, I'd like to change the alphabet."

Jean—"Why?"

Cornwall—"So I could put "U" and "I" closer together."

Speck—"Would you be afraid to hunt grizzly bears with a club?"

Spencer (brave man!)—"Not if there were enough members in the club."

Barbara—"How do you know it was a stork and not an angel that brought your little brother?"

Evelyn—"Well, I heard Dad talking about the bill and angels don't have bills."

Miss Kerr—"What is a metophore?"

Mildred—"To keep cows in."

Bill—"Your heart is beating like a drum!"

Catherine—"Yes, that's the call to arms!"

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Doris Howard — "Now, Helen, why are all young girls at the breaking up of a party, like arrows?"

Helen Patchett—I'll bite. Why?

Doris Howard—"Because they can't go off without a beau, and are all in a quiver until they get one."

Harold—"You are the only girl in the world for me!"

Doris — (absent - mindedly) — "Thank you. By the way Tom, it was nice to bring me these chocolates."

Harold—"Say, my name isn't Tom!"

Doris—"Oh, pardon me, I thought this was Friday night."

Phyllis—"Oh! Ed, I'm so thrilled to meet you. I've heard so much about you."

Edward — "Maybe, but you'll have a hard time proving it?"

Mrs. Kiddie—"My daughter is a very lucky girl. She went to a party last night where they played a game in which the men had to kiss a girl or pay a forfeit of a box of chocolates."

Mrs. Stephens—"Well, how does that make Barbara lucky?"

Mrs. Kiddie—"She arrived home with eighteen boxes of chocolates."

James and Tom were working(?) on Mr. Pinkney's estate during the Easter holidays. One day, at dinner, a large plate of soup was placed before them. Mrs. Pinkney had laid only one spoon, so James seized a fork, with the result that he was getting nothing.

When the plate was about one third empty, Jimmy cried "Say, Stewart, you dig a bit for a while, and I'll shovel."

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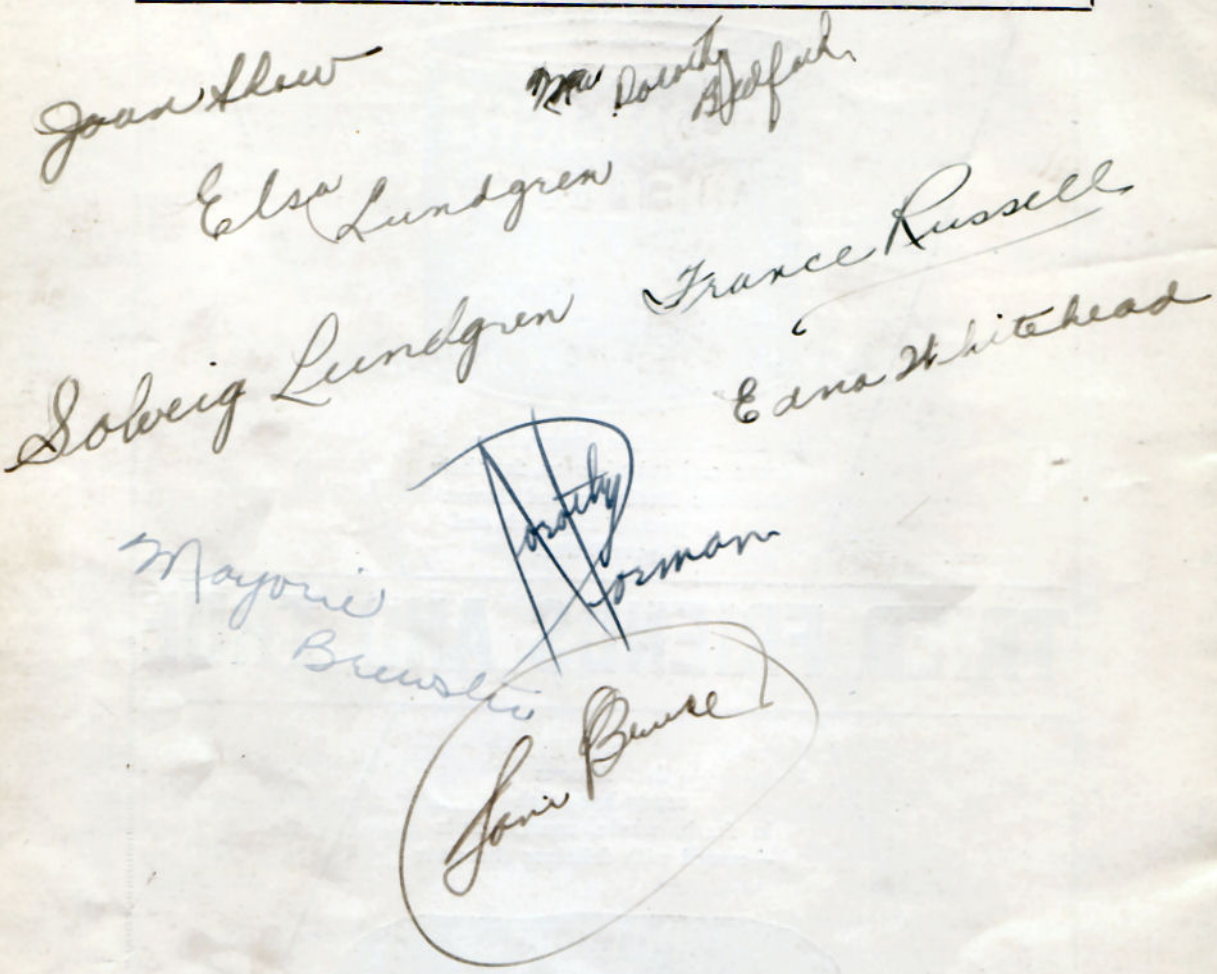

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