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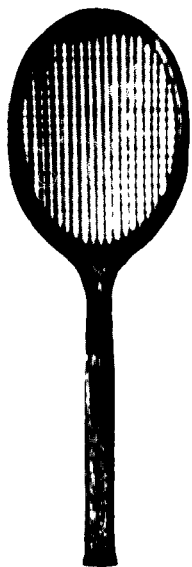
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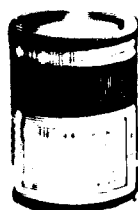
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Assets	609,622,986.97
Liabilities, exclusive of capital stock and shareholders' account	596,310,166.71
Paid-up capital and balance at credit of shareholders' account	\$3,416,101.34
Reserve for depreciation in mortgages and real estate	4,781,183.85
Surplus	5,115,535.07
	13,312,820.26

E. E. CODERE, Branch Manager

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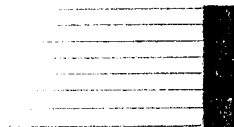
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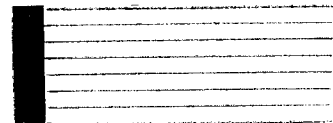
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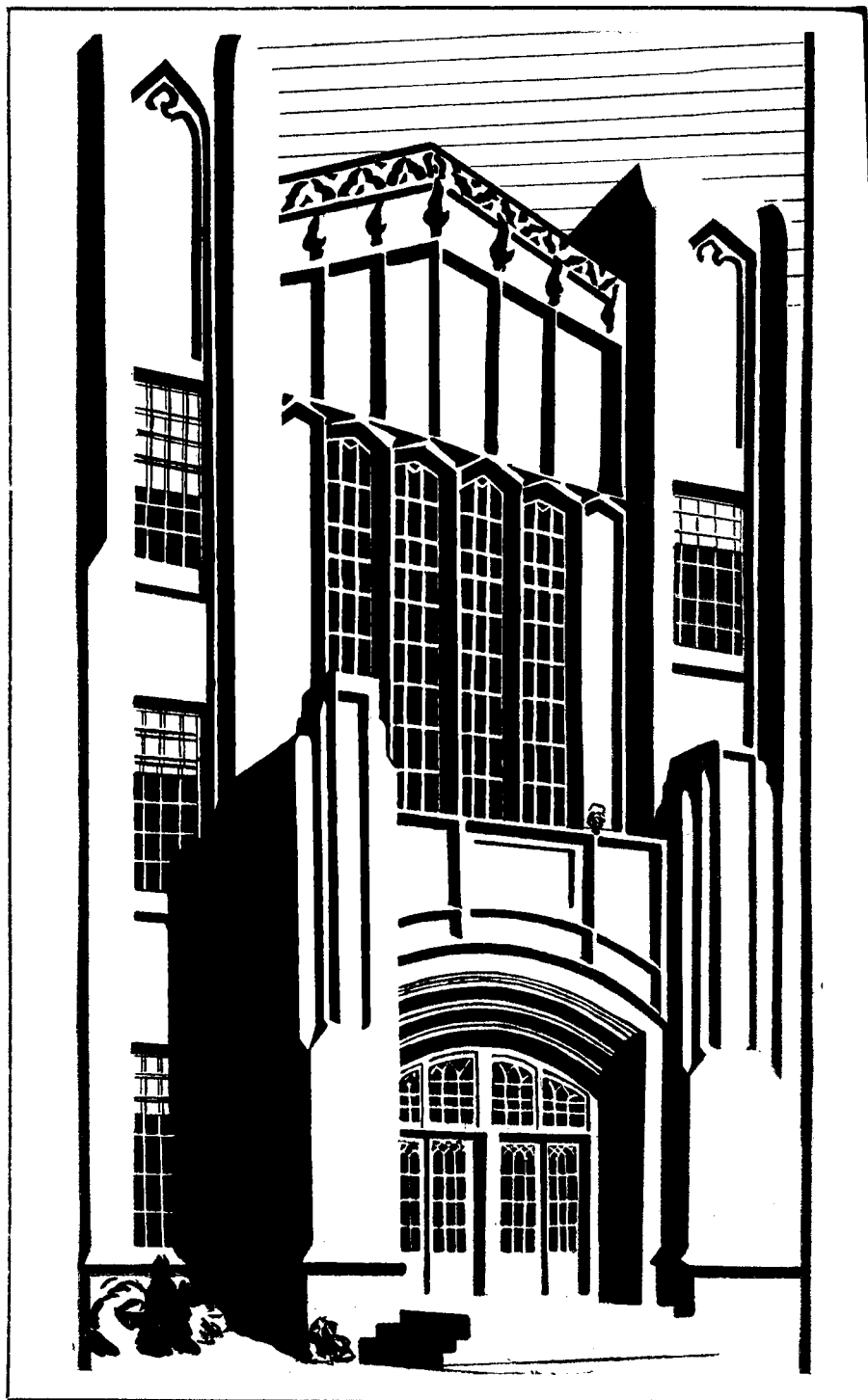
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Entrance to the
Vocational School

Drawing by
Wm. Kennedy

The Northland Echo

A Magazine
Published Annually

By
The Students of
North Bay Collegiate Institute
and
Vocational School



Volume 10

Year 1933

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To

Miss L. E. Hamer

who for a number of years has
given unsparingly of her efforts

towards the publication

of this magazine,

we, in sincere appreciation,

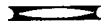
respectfully dedicate this,

the tenth volume

of

The Northland Echo.

The Northland Echo Staff



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ASSISTANT EDITOR

Bill Kennedy

CONSULTING EDITOR

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Dan Firth

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Gerna Wellwood

Keith Lough

John Ostrom

Gladys Salmon

Betty Lynham



THE MAGAZINE STAFF



F. D. WALLACE, M. A.
Principal

Your Vocation in Life

○ F the seven hundred and fifty pupils registered in the school today, I wonder how many have definitely decided what their vocation in life will be. I venture the statement that not more than fifty percent. have even a vague idea what kind of work they propose making their life vocation.

True in the Vocational School, both in the Commercial and Industrial Departments, pupils are required to make a definite decision at the end of the first or second year, regarding the work in which they are to specialize. Too often this decision is arrived at without the pupil realizing the seriousness of the matter. Sometimes Bill decides to specialize in a certain course of study merely because his chum, Jim, is taking that course, or because he has a second cousin who is making a wonderful success in that particular line of work in Timbuctoo. Pupils in the Vocational School should consult their teachers and the Shop Director to secure advice before attempting to decide such an important matter.

In the Collegiate Department, too many pupils are trying to obtain their Matriculation without any definite idea of what they propose to do after they secure the much-desired certificate. The pupils who have made up their minds that they are going to be doctors, lawyers, teachers, or enter the commercial sphere, are, as a rule, better students than those who are drifting. The majority of loafers in any secondary school are to be found among the drifters. I would strongly urge that each student decide as early as possible, after his Entrance Examinations, what his vocation in life will be. That you may have reason to change your mind at a later date is of secondary consideration. Many successful men have had to alter their plans a number of times, before they found their right niche in life. In fact, if you were to select, at random, ten men past middle age, and ask them how many of their lives had turned out as they originally planned, not more than two would answer in the positive.

To all pupils, I would say, select your life's work as early as possible; to the parents, encourage your children to arrive at a decision after consulting those in a position to give valuable advice.

The writer will be pleased to consult parents or pupils, at any time, and to give them the benefit of his experience and study on this important subject—Vocational Guidance.

F. D. WALLACE.

The Faculty

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L. M. Cummiford, B.A., Vice-Principal

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SECRETARIES

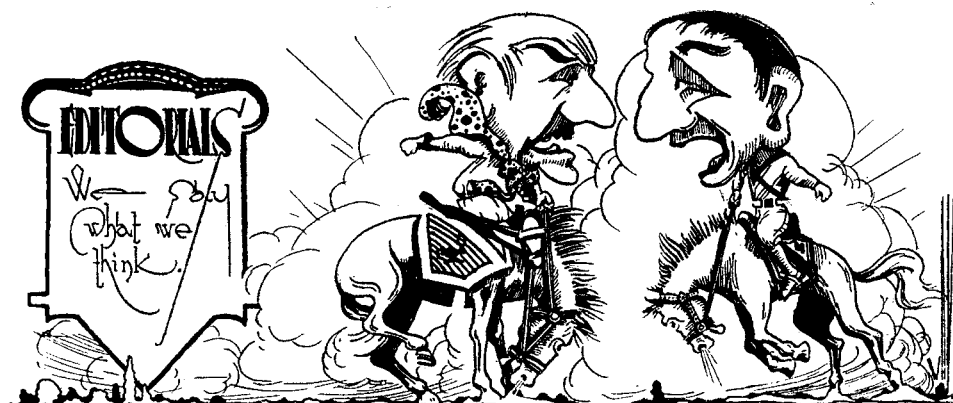
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J. E. Cholette



One of our contemporaries bluntly states that only 2% of magazine buyers read the editorials. To the editors who so earnestly (and with much perspiration!) attempt to interest their readers with a few words of wisdom this is truly an alarming and a discouraging situation. If our contemporary's statistics are correct, we think it would be wise to eradicate this perfunctory placement of the editorials at the front of the book and to shove them in some remote and obscure section. However, being very cautious and conventional in our habits, we hesitate to change the order of things, and so here we are optimistically setting down a few sentences with the dim hope that our readers may give them a glance when they have covered the other departments of the book.

* * * *

This publication of the Northland Echo marks the tenth anniversary of the magazine. Perhaps it would be appropriate here to enumerate some of the vast changes that have taken place within the walls of our school since the first year book was offered to the students, but instead we shall tell you something of the baby Northland Echo which the present editor recently had the pleasure to read.

The Northland Echo, in making its bow to the students, says that it was written with the hope that they would find it "interesting and educational" and that by publishing a magazine each year the N. B. C. I. would be brought "to the fore in Ontario". Two members of the present staff, Miss Hamer and Mr. Wallace, were advisers to the editorial department. Lorne MacDougall was the first editor of the Northland Echo, and, in case you are interested, Lorne is now a successful insurance man in Arnprior. The magazine, in discussing the growth of the school, prophesied that "if the school increased proportionally, additional accommodation would have to be provided before 1933". How true that prediction was! We find that the students were clamoring for a suitable campus for their athletics. The baby Northland Echo was a resourceful little magazine for in it were sixty-five advertisements. The stories, the poems, the form notes were written in such a refreshing and capable manner that the reader could not help being interested. Yes, it was truly a great little magazine, and if the readers of the 1933 edition of the North-

land Echo receive as much pleasure as we did in reading the Northland Echo of 1924, our efforts will have been really worth while.

* * * *

In the background, guiding the interests and welfare of the students of this school, is a body of men to which the Northland Echo staff in this issue desires to pay its respects. We are writing of the Collegiate Board and the Vocational Committee, those men who superintend and manage the financial operations of the N. B. C. I. and V. S. and who have made possible this modernly equipped school which we are privileged to attend. These gentlemen, all successful and busy men, generously and unsparingly give their time and ability on our behalf, and, although the Board's business is, for the most part, financial, it does myriads of little favors for us which we sometimes do not recognize. The Board, with the interests of the students at heart, is responsible for many of the privileges and advantages which we enjoy. The members of the Board, although they seldom appear in the spot-light (they are workers, not publicity hounds!), are handling a big job and are handling it well. Therefore, it seems that the least we, the beneficiaries of their efforts, can do is to say "thank-you".

* * * *

We of the N. B. C. I. and V. S. were thrilled in the Christmas holidays when we read in the newspapers that our principal, Mr. Wallace, had been elected President of the Secondary Teachers Federation of Ontario. We could receive no greater proof than the bestowal of this high honor upon Mr. Wallace, that our school and staff are considered among the finest in the province. Certainly the N. B. C. I. and V. S. has gone "to the fore in Ontario".

* * * *

A feature of the sport department is an article written expressly for the Northland Echo by M. J. Rodden, Sports' Editor of the Toronto Globe and one of the most prominent men in Canadian sport life. Last year the magazine published a letter from Miss Nellie McClung and an article by Arthur Iismer, A.R.C.A. This year we have the pleasure to present Mr. Rodden's contribution.

M. F.

* * * *

The Northland Echo is made financially possible by the merchants and professional men of this city. In spite of existing conditions, these men readily agreed to give us their advertisements as an expression of good will towards the students. Let us show our appreciation by patronizing their establishments.

This year, as in other years, the teachers in the English department and the Commercial classes of the school have been of invaluable assistance in organizing the material for the Northland Echo. The Editorial staff takes this opportunity to thank these people. The art department acknowledges assistance from the following: Wallace Young, Clifford Crokam, Ernald Wharram and many others whose helpful criticism, material and time are appreciated.

W. K.

THE OMNIPOTENT DOLLAR

As yet there are no images to the Almighty Dollar, even though man all but bends the knee to the god of the twentieth century. It seems incredible that a piece of paper should be so omnipotent.

To-day if man has not the dollar he does not eat, regardless of the fact that his country had a surplus of food that is going to waste. Where is there any evidence of the equality of man to-day? The standard of equality is The Dollar.

What of man without it? He must look to his brother who has it. Brother?—have I erred? We have not as yet reached that brotherhood. Oh yes, we hear plenty about it—quite true, but nothing is done by those who are able to bring it about. Talk is good but talk without any action is worth very little.

Opinions are rampant as to the present distress, and, of course, it is The Dollar. "Capital which is locked up and paying dividends is one of the greatest causes of individual and national distress". True. Again. "Present difficulties are partly due to a clogging of free exchange among nations". An so on. All is a question of The Dollar, but very little is said of the chosen few who possess it.

To-day, we feel very forcibly the appropriate lines:

Then let us pray that come it may
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

H. S.

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE NORTH BAY COLLEGIATE AND TECHNICAL SCHOOL:—

Indications are that the old order of things upon which we have relied in the Political, Financial, and Social Spheres, is about to collapse, and a new order or system will have to take its place. It is quite evident that we have not improved our Political, Financial and Social conditions in keeping with our developments in the physical world. Our inventions have developed more rapidly than we were prepared to use them to the advantage of our race.

To you young people will fall the full burden of re-adjusting these different departments. It will be a big job and will test to the fullest the mettle of which you are made. But it is a glorious challenge and I feel sure you will rise to the occasion and meet the problems as good Canadians.

Yours truly,

J. W. RICHARDSON,

Mayor.

TO THE GRADUATES OF 1932-33:—

Permit me first to offer my congratulations on the successful completion of another mile-stone of your life. Success has crowned your past efforts, and, may we hope, that it has made you eager for new worlds to conquer. May the Gleam, of which Tennyson speaks, force you to launch your vessel into the uncharted sea of life with indomitable courage and unswerving loyalty.

The real grandeur of life lies in the fact that it is an uncharted sea. No two of you will travel the same path. The guiding lights of the others, though helpful, will suit entirely your problem. Thus you must always remain an adventurer, an explorer, for the knowledge of greatest antiquity may be an El Dorado for you. Therefore the life ahead is yours to mar or beautify, and to the very end, you must remain a student. Life has, and always will have, many things to teach you.

What are these guiding lights which may aid us? Where are they to be found? The answer is life itself, in the everyday things about us, in the human lives with which we daily come in contact. When God desired to save the world He sent us a personal example in His Own Son. Thus, in the people who surround us, in the great world of nature, we must find the solution. Yonder is only a crude, unlettered man deprived of the opportunities you have enjoyed. Yet in his life of daily sacrifice and toil he teaches a philosophy which enriches all it touches. Never look down upon or ignore those in humbler walks of life. The best criterion of real breeding is shown in the degree of courtesy extended to those less fortunately-placed than ourselves. On the other hand, always be willing to listen to the great minds of which every generation has its share. It is a complex age in which we live. The keyword to it is tolerance. Be tolerant. Respect the honest opinions of the other person, his religion, his nationality. Let us turn to the great masters of past ages. One thing which strikes us forcefully is that they all agree that the Three-in-One for our earthly existence is Truth, Beauty, and Love. No one can go far astray whose life is ruled by these. To achieve them one needs honesty of purpose, sincerity, loyalty, simplicity and courage to live our own individual life. Be yourself and that very genuineness will enable you to find your place in a worthy life.

In closing, let me extend to you the best wishes of your teachers. May true success crown your endeavours, whether they lie in the fields of higher learning, in commerce, or in the trades which are the life-blood of our economic existence. And lastly, in your effort to achieve a worthy life, do not forget Christ, the perfect Human, whose life emanated simplicity to develop trust, courtesy to attract, kindness to win, strength to protect, patience to endure, beauty to adorn, truth to lead, and love to crown all. May your path be ever upwards.

By A MEMBER OF THE STAFF.



The Wilderness Scout --

by RALPH THOMPSON

THE sun, sending its last strong rays through the haze of filmy clouds, made a checkered pattern of light and shadow along a faintly-marked game trail. It brought into relief the figure of an Indian gliding swiftly, yet silently along. Despite the panoply of warfare—a bow, a quiverful of arrows, a tomahawk, and a keen-edged knife—Little Elk strode easily forward in search of meat. The hunger of a three-day march from the Sioux village of which he was chief, was upon him. It did not lessen but rather accentuated his careful watching of the trail, for he was in the territory of the famous Blackfeet, the hereditary enemy of the Sioux. He had no desire to be discovered since he was scouting for information as to the Blackfeet numbers and the location of their villages.

Gaining an eminence he stepped out upon the highest point. Awe filled him as the grandeur of the scene, above and below, unfolded. The beauty of the fleecy, cloud-flecked sky was enhanced by the sinking sun. He marvelled at the master-hand, at the great Manitou, who painted so lavishly and with such entrancing colors in order that poor mortals might catch the radiance for a few fleeting moments. His eyes wandered earthward to the vista of river, lake and forest. Little Elk felt small and powerless before the vast

panorama of reds, yellows, and greens. He drew his breath in softly, a silent tribute to the majesty of the land in which he dwelt. How could the Happy Hunting Grounds be more beautiful?

Although Little Elk seemed lost in the beauty surrounding him, his subconscious mind began to sound a message of danger. Quickly he sprang into action. With a single bound he turned completely around. Before his moccasined feet had touched the ground, his tomahawk was in his hand. His keen eyes did not have far to look for danger, for not ten paces away, with feathered arrow at his ear and bow drawn taut, stood one of his ancient enemies. His headdress of eagle feathers which extends almost to the ground, proclaimed him to be a chief.

Little Elk's tomahawk was lowered, then shoved into its sheath. Folding his arms across his broad chest, he gazed with unflinching eyes at the man who held his life in his hand.

"You have captured me. You have me at your mercy, but it will never be said that a chief of the Sioux died like a craven coward," he said in a calm voice.

"And it will never be said that a Blackfoot chieftain killed an enemy, whom he had at his mercy," retorted Soaring Eagle, in a equally calm voice.

Little Elk drew himself up proudly.

and said, "Shoot. I do not fear a warrior's death."

"You will have a warrior's death," was the grim reply of the Blackfoot. You may throw away your weapons, excepting your knife, and I will fight you here, where none but the birds and the beasts and the Great Manitou will witness your death."

"I obey your commands, Soaring Eagle, and, ere I drive my knife into your heart, I wish to thank you for giving me this opportunity to prove that the skill of the Sioux is greater than that of the Blackfeet, or to die in the attempt."

Thus spoke Little Elk, chieftain of the Sioux, and in his words there was no boasting, for boasting among the proud Indian chiefs was regarded as the same light as cowardice, neither could be forgiven. He discarded his bow and arrows. His tomahawk dropped beside him. He drew his long, keen-edged hunting knife and stood waiting. Only then did Soaring Eagle move. The bow string was slackened and the bow laid upon the ground. His tomahawk and arrows joined them on the grass. The two faced each other, in their right hands a glittering blade, in their eyes implacable hatred. Mingled with the hatred in their eyes could be seen admiration for the courage of each other. They were two fine specimens of the great Indian who lived before the white man, with his commercial ideas and his diseases, had changed and degraded them. Clad in doeskin shirts and breeches, and with swaying plumes of eagle feathers, they looked like two Indian gods who had come to earth. Their muscles rippled in sinuous undulations as they circled like panthers, eager and ready to take advantage of any opening in the other's guard. Their moccasins made no noise on the soft grass as they stepped lightly from side to side, lithely, eagerly, tensely.

Like a flash of light, Soaring Eagle sprang across the intervening ten feet, and sparks flew as his knife clashed

against the blade of his adversary. Back and forth they reeled and struggled, their knives locked. With all their magnificent strength they strove to bend each other's arm and then with a swift movement to break the deadlock and drive the knife home. Soaring Eagle's gigantic strength gradually overcame that of his opponent and Little Elk's arm began to give. With a lightning-like twist of his arm he disengaged his knife and leaped back as Soaring Eagle lunged. "Next time, perhaps," he taunted, as again they faced each other, sweat streaming from their faces and necks.

Again they circled; again the flash of knives as they hissed through the air for a human sheath, only to be stopped by an equally fast blade. Sparks flew as the knives ground and clashed against each other.

For many minutes they struggled thus. The sun was almost down, when, by a movement so rapid as to be almost imperceptible, Soaring Eagle caught his enemy's knife in such a manner that a terrific heave sent the Sioux chieftain to the ground, helpless. With a bound, Soaring Eagle leaped astride his dazed foe, and held the keen point of his knife over Little Elk's heart.

"The fight is over. Why do you wait before you send me to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and the spirits of my ancestors?" panted the Sioux.

"I hear a little voice inside me," whispered Soaring Eagle, half aloud, half to himself, and it says "slay not this man, give him back his life, and you will praise the Great Manitou for evermore."

He came to his feet and said, "You may go your way, and I will go mine. Next time we meet it will be to the death."

Soaring Eagle picked up his weapons, and strode over the downtrodden grass into the gloom of the forest, his back to his foe.

Little Elk, his countenance hot and red, his shirt soaked with sweat and with his own blood, gained his feet and

stared after his foe. He did not know whether to hate this man or to like him.

Finally, angered at his own senseless arguments, he picked up his knife and other weapons, and vanished into the quiet of the forest, resolving that his next encounter with his enemy would be final and fatal for Soaring Eagle. He had decided to camp at that spot for several days to recuperate his strength for the return home.

It was three days after his defeat that he decided to explore to the westward, toward the camps of his enemies. He started off at a steady noiseless walk. By noon he was many miles from his temporary camp. In a small glade in the midst of a clump of evergreens, he halted and ate a cold meal, for he dare not make a fire.

After eating he started from his camp. He had gone but a short distance when he heard a shout far off to his left. With the noise of a shadow, he flitted from tree to tree in the direction of the sound. As he drew nearer, he heard the panting and grunting of an animal mingle with the crackling of bushes. During the intervals there came a gasp and a cry that was wholly human.

Finally Little Elk stopped behind a large tree near the source of the noise and peered around it. He looked upon a small glade in the forest. In it, struggling fiercely in the grip of a great black bear was a man, an Indian. The man had shot the bear, for the feathered tip of an arrow protruded from the side of the animal. With a knife and his puny strength, he was struggling desperately to break away from the terrible grip of the bear. He had succeeded in wounding the animal in many places, but these only served to madden the brute, which roared and growled with pain as again and again the dripping blade drove home to the hilt, but never in a vital spot.

As the bear and the Indian reeled over the ground the Indian's face was for the first time turned towards the unsuspected watcher. Little Elk's body

suddenly tensed, and his hand dropped to his belt, as he stared dumfounded at the face, which though covered with blood and streaked with dirt, still showed no signs of fear or weakening. It was Soaring Eagle, the Blackfoot chieftain, whom he had sworn to kill when next they met. He hesitated for one second, undecided whether to kill the bear or let it kill its enemy. Then his manhood and admiration for bravery asserted itself, and he plunged into the open, his gleaming knife in his hand.

Uttering the fierce war-whoop of the Sioux, he leapt upon the bear's back, plunging his blade repeatedly into the side of the animal. Short and savage was the battle between beast and man, but in the end, man, with his superior brain and power and the use of weapons, stood looking down at the lifeless bulk of their slain foe.

Silently they regarded each other, taking in the torn clothing, the blood and dirt where they had rolled on the ground in the last mighty throes of death. Then simultaneously the right hand of each rose in the air, palm outward, in the universal sign of peace among the red-men. "Three suns ago," spoke Little Elk, "You twice gave back my life. This day I have saved yours."

"Let us not then destroy that which we have saved. I would fight you no more. Let us be as brothers who love one another," replied Soaring Eagle.

"I would be a brother in blood," said Little Elk, and so saying, he made a small incision in his arm, and allowed the red blood to flow over the blade of his knife. When it had been thoroughly coated, he knelt and drove the blade to the hilt in the soft ground.

"A blood-brother will I be," replied the Blackfoot chieftain, as he performed the same rite.

After cutting sufficient meat from the carcass of the bear, they proceeded down the trail, side by side, and neither looked for treachery upon the part of the other, for were they not blood-brothers, and sworn friends?

Champlain's Cairn - -

by PHYLISS ROSS

Along the road from our town,
A simple cairn stands,
A tribute to a voyageur
Who crossed the nearby sands.
Its humble insignificance,
Conceals its meaning true,
No signs point out its hiding place
As they really ought to do.

Upon one side a plate square
Records a fact or two
But more about its origin
Than when and why and who,
Is needed to round out our tale
Of Champlain's monument;
So here we add, as we see fit,
The rest—for your benefit.

DWELLING on the shores of one of the most beautiful lakes with which the surface of Canada is dotted, we find much to admire in our surroundings—our lakes, woods, streams, falls and rapids, and, if we pause to think for a moment, the stories and picture associated with them.

Many are the scenes to which Lake Nipissing was witness. The meaning of "Nipissing?" Three explanations have been offered. One is, that it is the abbreviation of a much longer word which meant, in the Indian language "The Place of the Broad Clouds Descending." This referred to the clouds of wild geese and ducks which once alighted on the inviting surface of the lake when they migrated north and south. A missionary to the western Indians offered the explanation of "among the leaves," but this seems unreasonable since Lake Nipissing didn't seem to be any more "among leaves" than any other forest enclosed lake. The third, and probably correct explanation is that Nipissing is translated by "The Little Water." "Little dis-

tinguishes it from any of the great lakes, and even today among the Indians of this section of the country "Nipi" means water.

On Champlain's memorable trip across our lake, he was accompanied by Father LeCaron, as well as his Indian guides and about twelve Frenchmen. A scrap taken from some of the letters left by LeCaron will be appreciated by any camper or fisherman: "If I had not kept my face wrapped in a cloth, I am almost sure they would have blinded me, so pestilent and poisonous are the bites of these little demons. They make one look like a leper, hideous to behold. I confess this is the worst martyrdom I suffered in this country; hunger, thirst, weariness and fires are nothing to it. These little beasts not only persecute you all day but at night they get into your eyes and mouth, crawl under your clothes or stick their long stingers through them, and make such a noise that it distracts your attention and prevents your saying your prayers."

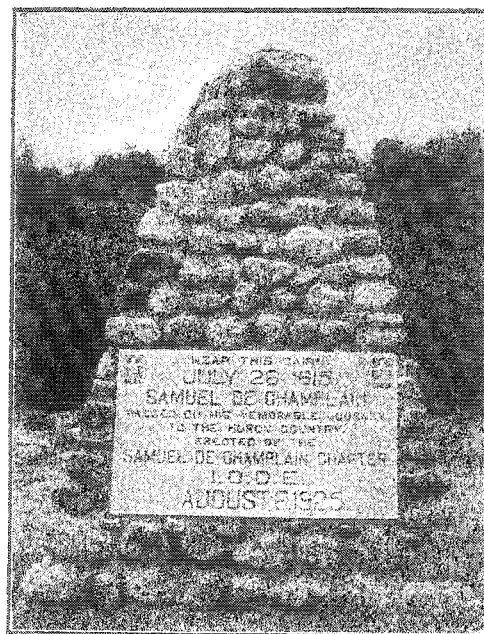
Three routes are mentioned as being possible ones which Champlain may have followed. One, by way of Mattawa River, Lake Nosbonsing and thence to Lake Nipissing near Callander. A second suggests that he came by the Mattawa River to Lake Talon, Pine Lake, into Trout Lake, portages to LaVase Creek and into Lake Nipissing east of North Bay, which by the way, before translated from the Indian tongue meant Keewatin Washa. A third suggests his coming through the same chain of lakes, but following a trail from Trout Lake nearly coinciding with the old Trout Lake road, which ran behind the Hospital, along the crest of the hill and down to the lake somewhere between the old rink site and the Planing Mills.

At any rate, the cairn commemorating Champlain's voyage of discovery stands near the mouth of LaVase Creek, just a short distance from the Callander Highway. Provided Champlain did come by way of LaVase, he was not the only one to make use of it. In 1600, some three hundred Indians with their missionaries, driven by the Iroquois from their villages near Orillia, destitute of home, friends, wives and children paddled down the creek into Lake Nipissing, and passed by the spot where we now find the Cairn. The sight of these men broken and beaten, going they knew not where, must have been very pathetic.

A number of years later, when the trading post was established at Michilimackinac the route followed by the French traders was up the Ottawa, Mattawa and across to LaVase, which they undoubtedly cleared for their use during the season.

Alexander Henry, an English trader, also added to the prominence of the LaVase. He it is who tells us of the origin of the creek's name. It refers to the swampy nature of the stream. On his trip he found it necessary when paddling down the creek to destroy a part of a beaver's dam in order to make it more navigable. Recorded in his letters is the statement that his men fished for only about two hours at the mouth of the creek but caught enough fish for all the company.

Champlain's cairn. It is erected to the memory of that great explorer Samuel de Champlain. But might it not also represent the days when Indians held sway over the country, when the weary three hundred paddled back toward Quebec, when Britain gained Canada, and its first British explorer in this direction gazed on "The Little Water" and from the mouth of LaVase Creek described its beauty in English?



The Faculty

We seldom get a chance like this, in fact it may be listed under those opportunities which are called "chances of a lifetime". How many times have we wished to get even for those hours of detention, hours of homework (?) and hours spent at writing lines, not to mention the times we were made to feel worse than Burns' "mouse" before the class. However, the teachers usually used their advantage with great discretion and we often deserved it, and so we will use our advantage in the same way.

Mr. Wallace occupies the exalted position of principal, and many of us who have been "hauled to the mat" have come out of his office feeling quite crestfallen and woebegone.

Mr. Cummiford is too dangerously familiar with ancient Roman customs. He sometimes talks about the heads of the most sophisticated fifth formers.

What do students think when they see Mr. Simpson? Ah! who can tell, but when they hear him—well, he missed his calling as a radio announcer or a general (maybe an auctioneer). Mr. Simpson is the consulting editor of the magazine staff.

Mr. Firth knows students too well to give himself away to them. His favorite question is "have you no sense at all?" Nuff said.

Mr. Fullerton is a man of vanities who will not allow himself to settle on any one moustache, or rather let any one moustache settle on him. He is N. B. C. I. and V. S.'s most confirmed bachelor. (Yeah).

Miss Hallet is known to be a teacher of great firmness and will allow no trifling in class. She also rules the study room with a firm hand, but is well liked in spite of these failings.

Miss McNamara is the "type" of teacher we all admire. What she doesn't know about Underwoods isn't worth knowing.

Mr. Anderson is reported to be a "plane" man whose life is just "saw-saw". He is reported as having many "vices".

Speaking of tall people there is Mr. Franklin, the notorious radical and champion of the fairer sex.

Miss Wales excels in everything, but as the director of the Junior Literary Society we must certainly hand her the posies. We suppose her chief hobby is dissecting frogs, etc.

Miss McLennan has an embarrassing way of finding out who has skipped his homework, instead of finding out at the beginning she prefers to wait until the victim has stood at the board for fifteen minutes.

Mr. Williams is that dapper little drafting teacher who is appreciated by all, particularly the "special" students.



THE FACULTY

THE FACULTY

Miss Chambers is one of the new teachers. She knows more German than Adolph Hitler. Look for next year's publication for further information.

Mr. Allan is the humorous gentleman who sometimes presides over the spare room (pardon me, the study room). It seems that he is always trying to get somebody "to do some work".

Mr. Marcy used to be the lady killer of the school, however "he went and did it" and we think he stays home nights now. Felicitations, Mr. Marcy.

Might we mention Misses Finlay and Neale, the pillars of the school. They are the link between the students and the teachers, and are afraid of neither. They answer questions on every known subject and hundreds of unknown ones.

Miss Walton, we understand, says that she has a weakness for students, and accuses herself of being too soft-hearted.

Miss Gardiner not only makes her girls step in the drill periods, but she steps with them.

We don't know much about Miss Walker aside from the fact that she teaches first formers the correct manner to daub up a piece of paper, and that she has a very charming smile.

Mr. Troy is known chiefly through his connection with the boys' sports, however, he does teach a little Geography. Have you ever noticed the way he wears a uniform? Umph! how he can strut.

Miss Morgan is known and liked, we might say well liked, by all who come in contact with her. We of the "Lit" executive would be lost without her.

Miss Ash is a teacher who does her best to keep order in class regardless of its occupants.

Miss Hamer seems to take a delight in giving us exasperating composition topics. She does her best, however, to improve our attitude towards the higher literature.

Miss McNaughton is a busy woman whose life is just "sew-sew".

Mr. McKellar is the jovial gentleman in the derby who is reputed to be the double of public enemy number one, Al Capone.

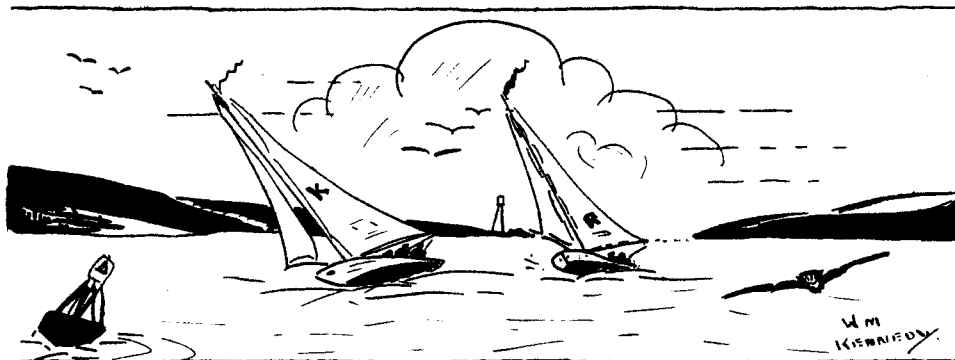
Mr. Forbes is another teacher who has a famous double, Charles Chase by name. However, he excels in handing out lines by the hundreds.

Mr. Foster delights in giving detentions to girls, perhaps an example of a famous slogan, "There's a Reason".

Miss Ballachey teaches the girls how to worship the hero of their dreams, that is with burnt offerings.

Mr. Cleland is the gentleman who caught those fish you saw in Richardson's window last Fall. He must be pretty good.

Mr. Schoenau teaches boys who have cars like Harold Chandler's how to keep them running with a lot of parts missing.



"The Last Shall Be First" - -

by KENNETH PARKS

"H EAVE 'round there, you 'Clarabel,' we've no time for dodging waves!"

"Clarabel" hove 'round. Her lee rail was almost under, and her main-boom ploughed a seething furrow in the pitching waves under her lee.

Her crew, three doughty Collegians were racing a big sailboat, owned by a local merchant in their home town, Wakonville. To be honest, they were racing against seven other sailboats, mostly dinghys, but had so far eliminated all but the cutter.

"Chuck" Norris, with his bosom pals, "Jerry" Smith and "Herby" Johns, had remodelled "Clarabel" from a square-sterned skiff into a centreboard sailing skiff. Because of her being of such narrow beam as compared with the pudgy factory-built sailboats, she notched several points more speed than anything else her size along the lakeshore. To offset this her narrowness made her much more tricky, and the boys had spent nearly three weeks just learning to handle her. In the end, they had mastered every trick and had learned to send her bowling along at a rate that set the other sail-boaters gasping. Nothing is harder to do than pilot an ordinary skiff with a tall mast and a large spread of sail, before a strong wind.

When the Aquatic Meet was announced, the owners of respectable little cutters and dinghys found themselves in a disgraceful position. People found that they, who had spent several hundred dollars on a pretty white, brass-trimmed boat, were to be forced to acknowledge the presence of "Clarabel" with her unpainted pine mast and frightful awning foresail with its green and white stripes. Cottagers from the north end of the lake, not knowing "Clarabel" and her crew, decided that it was entered as a joke and would be left capsized a few yards from the start,—a position common to a converted square-stern.

Three hours later, a decided change had come over them. "Clarabel" under the steady hand of "Chuck" Norris, had forged into second place, a few lengths behind "Alice K," the fine twenty-footer owned by the proprietor of the Wakonville Hardware. He, however, found that the boys were neither gaining nor losing and so held his course, under main, fore, and flying jib sails. Such a press of canvas gave the "Alice K" the appearance of a pile of newly-laundered sheets on Monday morning. Her lee rail was under almost all the time and the copper bottom glinted through foamy water as she rolled on the crest of a

wave. In all, she was a beautiful boat and a sight to gladden the heart of anyachtsman.

Jerry Smith and Herby, busy leaning as far as they could possibly get out over the windward rail, remarked to each other on her trim lines. "We'd have no chance if the wind rose. She can put on still more sail, while we would have to reef in the jib and take up a point on the mainsheet—or else take a ducking."

"Right you are! At any rate we'll be second if things remain just as they are."

"Clarabel" was on her best behaviour. Her narrow bows split the waves in a smooth furrow, and the froth trailed out behind her like two creamy steamers. Through the crests, down the hollows, rolling and heaving, she forged ahead. The last lap was ahead, between the islands, and back to the city dock. The channel between the islands fairly wide, had only one narrow deep passage through which the boats could sail, and with the wind as it was, it must be run on the port tack.

The cutter, "Alice K", was jibing over and taking in her foresail, preparatory to coming round to the channel.

"Chuck" yelled to Jerry, and the latter left his place on the rail. It was his turn at the tiller, the race having been divided between the three. Chuck and Herby clambered to the bow and sheeted home the foresail. On the tack they would need every ounce of speed. Suddenly Jerry called to them.

"Chuck, we ought to try the shallows. It will cut our tack in half and we will

come out ahead of the 'Alice K'. I just thought—the rules just said between the islands, not through the channel!"

Suiting his action to his words, he pushed the tiller back and again ran before the wind. Herby was at the keel lever, and as Jerry began to turn in slowly across the shallows, he raised it to the top notch.

The boat turned and slid through the choppy waves, yawing widely. In a few minutes, she was in deep water, and, her keel lowered, the boys again headed for the dock.

Cottagers in motorboats, from the South Shore, were running along with them, yelling encouragement. North Shoremen, disgusted, were jeering at the old tub or else moving on to the island channel, where "Alice K" was just emerging into the open water. The shallows, which formed the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle (the other two sides were the deep channels), had saved the day, and South Shore had triumphed over the North End, the district of the socially elite.

Just before sunset, the South Shore cottagers who stayed at home, were surprised to see a battered old sailboat surrounded by a bevy of motor launches, being towed through the dead calm lake like a triumphal chariot. A second look found the reason. Shining in the ruddy light of the sinking sun's rays there was a magnificent silver cup, crowning the top of the "Clarabel's" mast. The old hulk had won a glorious race, and three jubilant skippers were coming home like Persian Kings.

Twilight

(Jack Guard)

It was twilight in the hunt-camp,
And the scented pines were blooming,
And the splendour of the sunset
Wrapped the western sky in gold;
While the gray and purple shadows
Of the mountain darkly looming,
Fell upon the winding river
As its lazy waters rolled.

A Trip to England ——— by CLIFFORD CROKAM

ONE of the longest, and most memorable trips on which I have ever been, was one which I took to England last summer.

My parents, my sister, and myself sailed from Montreal aboard the C. P. R. liner "Montcalm" on June 29th. We had a very pleasant voyage, with no rough weather to spoil the passage. On July 11th we docked at Southampton from which place we proceeded to our destination, Exmouth, in Devonshire.

It was about ten p.m. when we set out, and the moon was shining brightly. Enroute we passed through the New Forest, the largest tract of timberland in England. The beams of the moon, transformed the forest into a veritable fairy land of contrasting lights and shadows, and streamed down upon the vividly coloured tents of many gypsy encampments. By the moon's soft light we saw hundreds of the beautiful, wild ponies, for which the New Forest is famous.

We slept for the remaining part of the night, and we arrived in Exmouth at two a.m. the following morning. I set out bright and early to see what an English town looked like. Exmouth, was typical of many other sea-side towns in England. There was a long promenade along the sea-front, a great stone wall to keep back the tide, and miles of beautiful clean sand.

About a week after our arrival in England, the whole Atlantic fleet of the British Navy, was inspected by His Majesty the King. This inspection took place at Weymouth, a point on the English Channel, about sixty miles from where we were staying. Never having seen a battleship, I was very eager to see this unique event, which takes place only about once in ten years. We drove to Weymouth the day before the inspection, and had an opportunity to see the town. The harbour was like a great

semi-circle, and the beautiful sand-beach can be compared only to our own. Wasago Beach on Lake Huron. In the evening the whole sea-front was lit up with brilliantly hued fairy-lamps, which gave a very merry atmosphere to the town.

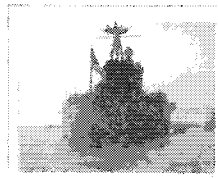
About ten o'clock the following morning, we saw the smoke of the fleet as it drew near. About one hour later the ships came over the horizon and swiftly approached the naval base. Heading the fleet were the destroyers, led by the monstrous H. M. S. "Hood" the largest commissioned battleship in the world. Following this came other great dreadnoughts, including the "Rodney" and the "Nelson", the latter being the flagship of the fleet. Then came the battle-cruisers, light-cruisers, destroyers, a fleet of submarines, and last, but certainly not least, three huge ungainly aeroplane carriers, the "Courageous", the "Furious" and the "Glorious".

When all the ships were drawn up in battle array, the King's yacht started on its tour of inspection, going up one line of ships and coming down the next. As each ship was passed its huge 16-inch guns crashed out on Royal salute. Salvo was fired; the air was filled with smoke, and a continuous rumbling, as of a mighty thunder storm.

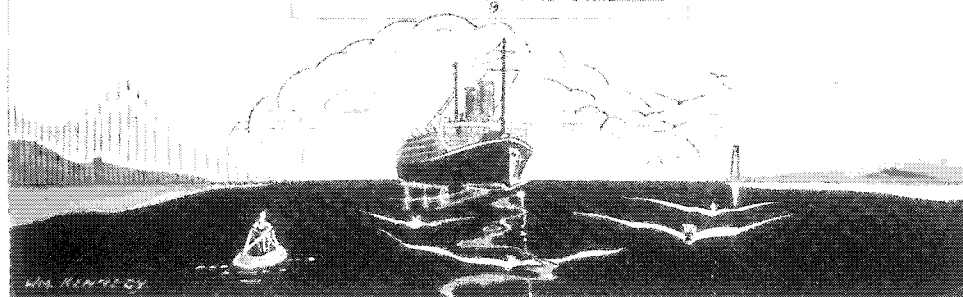
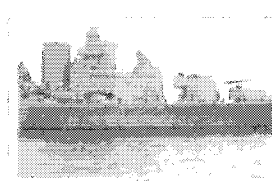
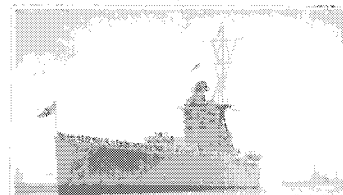
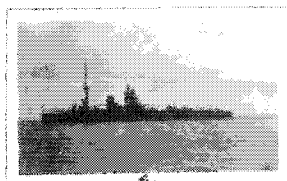
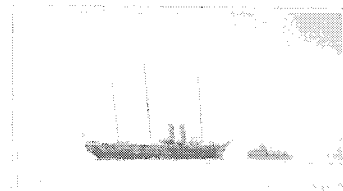
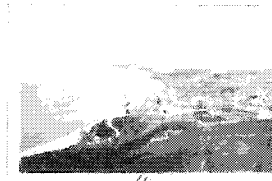
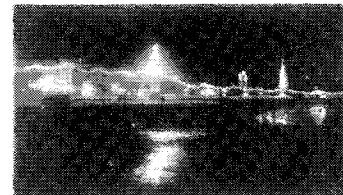
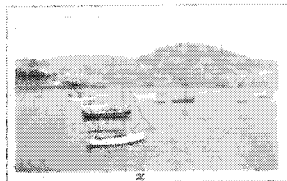
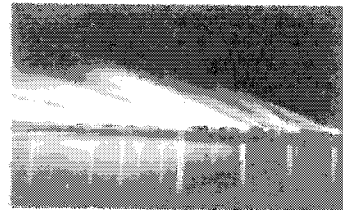
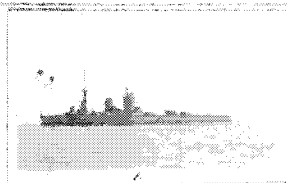
In the afternoon, pleasure steamers took out crowds of people to get a closer view of these ships, symbol of Britain's might. I went on one of these steamers, and succeeded in securing some very fine photos of the fleet, among which was one of His Majesty's yacht. About ten o'clock in the evening the whole fleet gave a searchlight display which illuminated the country-side for miles. I also secured some very fine pictures of this display.

About a month after these events occurred, I visited the naval yards at Plymouth where I saw the interiors of

1, 4, 5, 9, 13—
English Warships;
3, 12—Buckfast
Abbey; 10, 11, 2—
English Seasides.



8—His Majesty's
Yacht; 6—Search-
light Display of
Fleet. Photos by C.
Crockam.



many of these great battleships. The most interesting experience I had here was an inspection trip of a submarine. The greater part of the submarine was composed of intricate pieces of machinery, which seemed a hopeless jumble to me. The work of the torpedo-tubes, from which are sent out those missiles of destruction (torpedoes), was explained to me. These tubes were operated by compressed air, and when released the torpedoes were kept straight by means of a gyroscope.

After leaving Plymouth, we spent our time visiting famous cathedrals, old ruins, and places of historical interest. The most beautiful which I saw during this time was Buckfast Abbey, a monastery just recently consecrated. This building has been built entirely by the Benedictine Monks, who were its inhabitants, on the ruins of the old Abbey, destroyed in the fifteenth century. The

architecture was superb and the stained glass windows depicting the life of Christ were done in beautiful colours. I secured some pictures of this abbey, which showed to good advantage the architecture of it.

We sailed for Canada early in October aboard the C. P. R. "Empress of Britain", Britain's new luxury liner. This ship certainly deserves its name, for included among the many conveniences on board, were a full size Olympic swimming-pool, Turkish baths, miniature golf courses, tennis courts, squash courts, several modernly equipped gymnasias, and a theatre with a seating capacity of three hundred. Our return voyage was very rough for we ran into the autumn equinoctial storms. We arrived at Quebec 16 hours overdue, after a severe buffeting about. Thus finished the most pleasant trip which I have ever had.

The Wrestling Match

(Fred Maund)

Two men of giant frames began
To claw each other, man to man;
To slam, as one might slam a door,
Each other on the canvassed floor;
To strike with elbows sides and chins
And twist each other by the shins,
The while the crowd with lusty roar
Of such excitement begged for more.

One held his rival high in air
And twirled him like a lariat there,
With mighty fling from thigh and heel
He tossed him like a sack of meal,
Then leaped as angry beasts attack,
To pin his foeman on his back.
A mighty kick, with skill designed,
Contrived to change the fellow's mind.

For five and thirty minutes long
The wrestlers groaned to please the throng.
They hauled and twisted, jumped and clawed,
And grinned to hear the crowd applaud.
It seemed to be each wrestler's whim
To tear the other limb from limb.
I wondered was this thing the craze
In Rome and Nero's circus days.

The Northern Lights --

----- by DAN FIRTH

ONE of the most wonderful and beautiful of the natural phenomena of this hemisphere is that great mysterious radiance which sometimes lights up the heavens, the Northern Lights. The ancient philosophers with their crude methods, guessed at the cause and action of this phenomenon to which they gave the name of Aurora Borealis, the dawn of the north. Since then many theories have been advanced concerning the origin of the Northern Lights, but up to a few years ago, it was still a mystery. Within recent years, it has been thought that they are caused by the action of static electricity on the rarified air high up in the atmosphere.

The Northern Lights show themselves in many forms, each a little different from the other and every one is magnificent. The sky may be illuminated by one soft dull glow which in the winter sheds a ghostly pale light over the earth. Or again, the sky may be a mass of fading curves and circles; a certain curve may suddenly straighten out, curve again and fade from view altogether. The rays of waving light may form in the shape of a huge horse-shoe, the open end towards the north. This horse-shoe formation is very beauti-

ful, particularly so if the waves are vibrating back and forth making a sound like the swishing of a gigantic long-lashed whip.

I remember a very beautiful form that flooded the sky one night last winter. Great waves of light were flashing from near the zenith down to the Northern horizon and back again. The flashes of light were accompanied by a crackling noise. The whole vaulted dome of the heavens was a quivering mass of splendor. The light rose in great waves from the horizon sending its enchanting light so far south that they actually met on the southern horizon. These are but a few of the many amazing forms that the Northern Lights may assume. The poet Robert Service composed a poem describing this phenomenon. This is an excerpt from the poem:

"And soft they danced from the polar
sky and swept in primrose haze,
And swift they pranced with their silver
feet and pierced with a golden
blaze,
They danced a catillion in the sky; they
were rose and silver shade,
It was not good for the eyes of man;
'twas a sight for God."

I Have a Friend

(Reg. Thompson)

He who has wealth the world to buy,
And for more fame doth strive and try,
Is not one-tenth as rich as I—
I have a friend.

The road to gold is hard and steep,
Ambitions spoils I may not reap;
But I have that I'll always keep—
I have a friend.

A Tale of a Lynx --

by EUSTACE McGAUGHEY

IT was a biting cold. Even the full moon had lost its warm glow and, with scornful pride, seemed to look down from infinite space to the wilderness below. A lake was there, flat and white. At its margin a cliff of black granite blotted out the stars. To the right, through a narrow gorge a creek gurgled defiance at winter's bonds and with a final burst of freedom bubbled under the ice of the lake. Up the gorge and behind it, the pine forest rose, tier upon tier, into the night.

A ray of moonlight flitted across a tangled cedar windfall. Two green spots gleamed: disappeared. A shadow moved. With a low leap it dropped noiselessly to the ground and, head lowered, slunk with measured stride onto a log which spanned the creek. Midway it paused and an eerie, plaintive wail broke from the unknown's lips. It cocked its head in a listening attitude directly in the path of a wandering moonbeam. The face was that of a Canadian lynx.

The black tufted ears surmounting a fawn coloured head, were erect: the eyes were slightly squinted. The nose appeared black above the killer's mouth, two clumps of white feelers projected in graceful curves. Extending from both ears and running down each side of his face was a beautiful ruft of long gray fur softly striped with black. As to the rest of the body, it was a grayish brown, lightly spotted with a darker

colour. The absence of sound and the easy way he stalked across the snow were simply explained now that one saw the great size of his paws. The tail was short and wagged back and forth.

Now he moved. Something had reached those sensitive ears. A couple of steps and he had faded into the underbrush. The ice on the lake crackled and groaned, and from some far spruce the lonely cry of an owl came through the midnight air. Then, again, silence. Suddenly from the gorge a squeal of terror broke. A few seconds later the lynx stepped out on the ice carrying a rabbit in his bloody mouth. Going around the point he disappeared into the thick timber.

A week later he was in the trap. The cruel jaws had cut the paw to the bone. All the brush and saplings the length of his chain around, had been chewed off. Around and around he limped on snow that had already been padded into a compact mass by countless turns. Fatigue came at last; he sat there, eyes ablaze waiting. Thus the trapper found him. One more attempt for safety was made by the lynx. His muscles tightened and then he sprang. The foreleg snapped like a whip and fell useless at his side. No murmur escaped his lips. A crack on the nose and he slumped to the ground. The trapper's knee was bearing down on his heart now. A convulsion shook him; the teeth were bared in a half snarl; he shuddered and then fell limp. The man lifted his knee.





"There are faces that make me happy;
There are faces that make me blue;
But the face that makes me sappy,
Are the ones that look like you."

THIS little piece of comic poetry brings to my mind the multitude of faces I have seen in my many years of riotous living. Take for instance the face of the judge, as he says "Twenty years, hard labour". That hard, stern face spells doom to the prisoner. I do not know what the face of the prisoner looked like, because I must reluctantly confess, I was that prisoner. I can readily imagine, however, that it had a look of mingled stupefaction, hopelessness and misery.

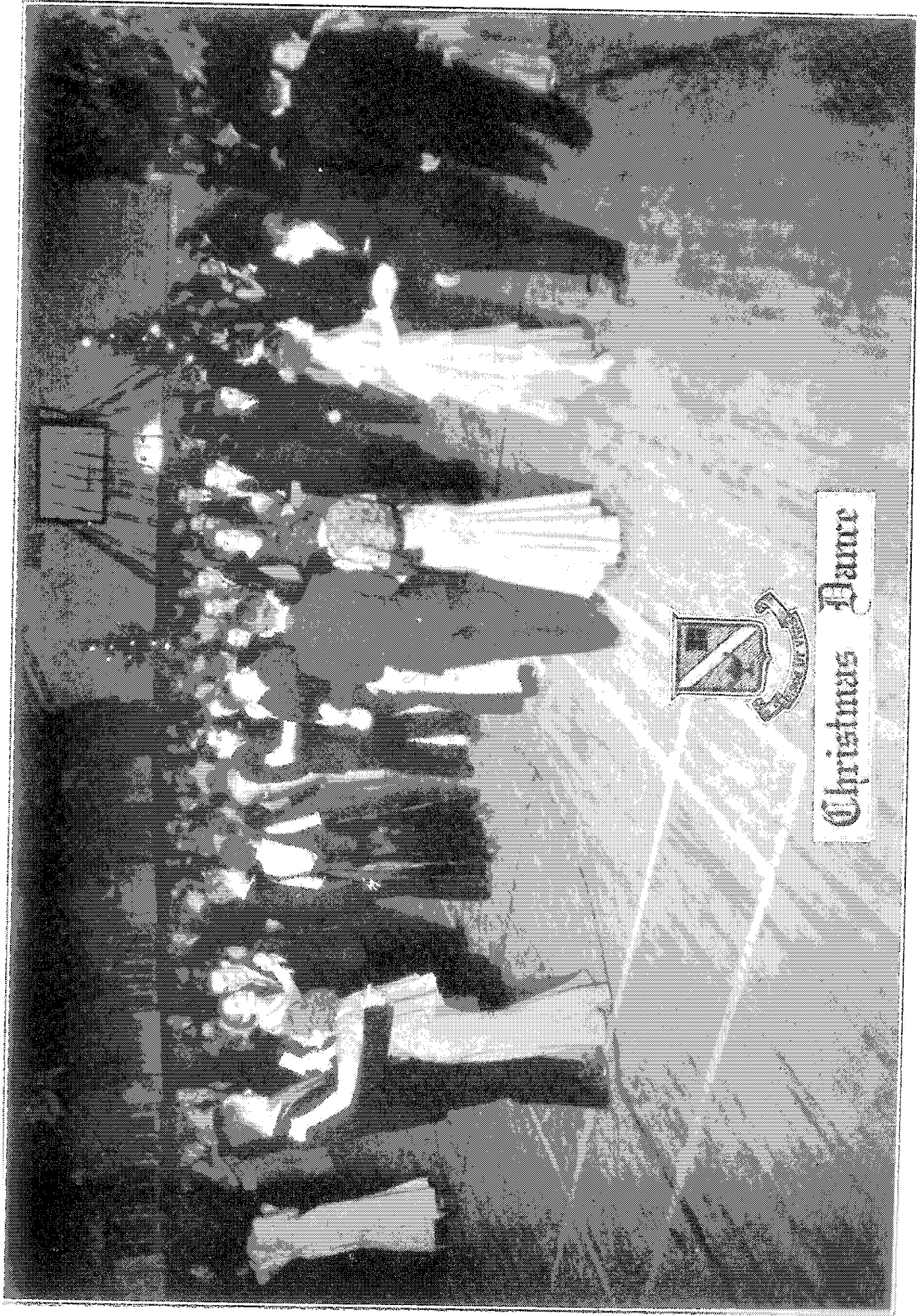
Then the face of the warden, who gives the prisoner a little talking to before he is taken to the cells. His face is kindly and sympathetic, but for all that managing to retain that look which commands the respect of the wretches under him, who are paying for their sins.

Then the cell-mate, a hardened individual, sentenced to prison for the "duration of his natural life" for second degree murder. His face is a hard face, with cruelty written in every line of it. The eyes are cold and glittering, and to look at them, would give a person the same feeling he would get when looking at a piece of ice. They show none of the friendliness and warmth any normal person should have for a fellow sufferer.

No! They show hatred, greed, malice and longing for the day when they may once more glitter triumphantly, as their owner wreaks his vengeance on those who have imprisoned him. The thin, horizontal line of the mouth simply radiates cruelty, while the nose, thin and hooked, is like the beak of a hawk as it pounces on its helpless prey. This is the type of face anyone may see in almost any city. It is the face that belongs to the underworld, that vast army of men and women who wage relentless war on humanity.

Now we come to another type of face. The face of the coward. We may, perhaps, recognize this type of face by the weak receding lines of the jaw, the hurt "under-dog" expression in the eyes and the whining note in the voice. Of all the faces I have ever seen, this is the most detestable. Some people have the erroneous idea that to be a crook means to be a coward. Does it not take a certain amount of courage to wage war on society, knowing that if you are caught you will be punished, and sometimes condemned to death? Yes! it does. This is a point, perhaps the only point, to be admired about them.

I think that any person, interested in faces may teach himself to tell the character of a person by their face. A face will sometimes show a characteristic that is not known by the owner of that face. I thank you!



Concerning License Plates - -

by BILL FORDER

WHAT this province needs is a change in the colour of automobile license plates. Last year they were gray and black, and the year before they were yellow and black and now again this year they have reverted to the same old yellow and black colouring. Hasn't the government any imagination? It is in times like these that the country needs happiness and bright colours to cheer it up. Think of a person walking up the street feeling sad and down-hearted, while past him go cars with the same old drab coloured license plates. Is that going to make him cheerful? No! Now for instance if the colour were a bright cherry red, would that not cheer him up and drive away his depressed spirits? Of course it would! So, our platform is, bigger and brighter license plates.

And now while we are considering the problem, why not make the license number the same as your telephone

number? Think what a boom that would be. Suppose you are standing on the corner, when you see a friend go by in his car, and you suddenly remember that you have to telephone him. You immediately jot down his license number and there you have his telephone number also. Look at all the trouble you save by not having to look it up in the telephone book. So, how about license numbers that are phone numbers.

Another suggestion. Why doesn't the government allow something on old plates? After all they are only used one season and it takes more than one year to get a plate well broken in. And so I say that there should be a trade in allowance on all old license plates.

Altogether, what this country needs is license plates that are bigger and brighter, with numbers that are telephone numbers and a trade in allowance on all out of date issues.

Dreams

(George Trenouth)

Sitting by a fire-side
When the lights are low
And the dancing flames
Cast a ruddy glow,
Pictures in the smoke-rings,
Form before my eyes
Phantom figures flitting
Scenes of Autumn skies.
All my dreams are pictured
In the flames below.
Then, as the fire dies
The dreams, they always go
Leaving me with nothing
But weary, hopeless sighs
Must I go on dreaming,
Never to realize?
Life, have you nothing
Even a little thing?
Come inspiration
See what you can bring.

Summer Holidays - -

— — — — — by NORMA CHAMBERS

THERE is nothing more blissful than summer holidays. The very name sends a delicious laziness tingling through me.

In public school, when final examinations are mere details, the summer holidays come around after much longing and counting of days. I even remember laboriously figuring out the number of school hours from some such time as ten-twenty a.m. May 15th, till four p.m. June 22nd. But when one has reached that great advanced stage of high school, the summer holidays arrive of a sudden. For, with such terrifying objects as final examinations looming up before you, who dares to think of holidays? This morning you are up at four-thirty, nodding over a huge history text and fiercely cramming into your head an account of Alexander's expeditions.

But the next morning, behold, you are lying in bed, with the sun pouring in on you.—This is the first morning you have seen the sun for a month!—

No clanging alarm clock jangles its back off at you on this day. Indeed that old faithful has been restored to the mantel, there to remain until next May 15th or so. And now as you lie smiling up at the ceiling, a great wave of supreme satisfaction passes through you. For, beginning on this very day are you not free to do just what you wish for two whole months?—and at the beginning of summer, two months seems an eternity, an endless time in which everything imaginable can be done. But somehow or another, a week passes by, quietly enough, and then a month has gone. The next month probably finds you packed off to some relatives and before you know it, there is your whole summer gone as suddenly as it came.

Some claim there is a thrill in starting back to school but personally, I doubt such thrills. There may be pleasure in getting together with school chums again, but such pleasure could not begin to balance the joy of more freedom. I advocate an extra month's holidays.

Canadiens et Bruins

(Vernon Hume)

De game she's tight, de score she tie
She's one good game for de score is high;
Canadiens dey fas' like train,
Dey try, and try, and try again.

Morenz, he's go with all his speed,
Joliet him try to make a lead;
But bo't teams are going neck and neck
Until Lepine he score by heck.

Bruins dey try wit' all d'er might,
Dey might be down but still they fight;
Den de game she almost o'r.
And der's one mad scramble for de door.

Ontario's Vanishing Frontier - -

— by ERIC WISKIN

THE Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway—Ontario's own railroad—has done more than any one undertaking towards opening up the North. It has been, and will continue to be, a great asset not only to the Province but to the whole Dominion. But it is a matter of deep regret to many especially the old-timers, Northern Ontario's Pioneers, that as the railway advanced the romance of the Frontier gradually disappeared.

The poems of Dr. Drummond describe vividly and accurately the life in those pioneer days when Cobalt was one of the old Frontier Towns. These poems illustrate well the hardships, the roughness, and the Frontier spirit of those early days. Cobalt was one of the typical mining camps which found its origin in the days when "bad men" went armed and gun play was common.

When work on the railway extension began the frontier moved to Cochrane. The town became known as "The Front", a name by which it is still known as far North as the Coast. This new railway town lacked none of the old pioneer spirit, but the trappers and prospectors, who outfitted themselves there no longer carried side-arms but they contented themselves with fistic encounters and occasional axe or knife-throwing.

Cochrane became the centre from which goods were shipped north to the Hudson's Bay Company post at Moose Factory. As the railway advanced posts were opened at Island Falls Junction

and Newpost, and later at Coral Rapids. During the summer, the goods were freighted in canoes, and in the winter by dog team.

Those mail-carriers were a hearty, reckless gang of river men, tremendous, foaming rapids; struggling upstream with their load of furs, packing huge loads over the long and difficult portages used for centuries by the Indians. In the winter they faced the howling blizzards and biting cold, unprotected from the fierce wind sweeping up the wide river. Only at the rapids did the trails lead through the bush. Then the teams took the lade routes to avoid the open water and rocks of the river. Where others had gone, they did not hesitate to follow. They had no time to survey the easiest route, they had to take the trail that the first passing Indian had made.

Such men as these laid the foundation for the settling of the North. Surely a finer race of men never lived; the sturdy fearless type would lay down his life for a friend. Their work now is done; the railroad takes their place. The lively hum about the trading posts has ceased, and the posts are now nearly deserted. The picturesque dog-teams and freight canoes no longer carry the Royal Mail, and the railway seems to be pushing the last of the frontier towns into the sea. The frontier days are almost over; they have served their purpose, and the work of the frontiersmen was not done in vain.



Lake Reverie

(David Fricker)

Days grow long,
Robin's song,
How the hylas sing!
Northward bound,
Beautiful thoughts of spring.

Breezes blowing,
White crests showing,
Sails that dip and rise,
Laughter near,
Skies are clear,
Soon the summer flies.

Leaves aflutter,
Storm clouds mutter,
Lightning in the sky.
Harvest over,
Ducks and plover
Southward, homeward fly.

Snow-birds crying,
Snow flakes flying
Nature lays a shroud.
Light as down,
Hoar frost sown,
Winter rides the cloud.

The Traffic Jam

(John Giscome)

An old Ford car came down the road,
Creaking and rattling with its load;
It sped down Main street, with a wheeze and whine,
And squeezed itself into the traffic line.
All of a sudden it did stall dead,
For the cheap old battery had gone dead.
At once there was a honking sound,
That resounded up-street with a bound,
And all the cars behind that Ford
Joined in the wild honking horde.
The cops did fume and rave and swear,
But that Ford n'er moved the width of a hair;
At last a tow-truck came round a bend,
And so the traffic jam did end.



SCHOOL PLAY

E. McGaughey, D. Duff, N. Demeza, J. Herbert, C. McLennan, F. Johnston,
D. Williamson, E. Alford, E. Doan, D. Joy.



SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

H. Wooton, G. Workman, R. Battles, C. McLennan, J. Demeza, Mabel Mason,
R. McIlvenna, W. Morison, J. Herbert, I. Salidas, Pearl Hull, Helen Fowler,
M. Firth, E. Ricciuto.

Mules --

— by JIM McCUBBIN

IT has been said "a prudent man considereth his beast" but there is one beast that no man considers unless it is to make sure that he is out of reach of its hind feet. I first became interested in mules through the medium of a village blacksmith. At first sight he appeared to be the stupidest person imaginable, but to those who knew him better he was a veritable encyclopedia of knowledge along one line, namely, the subject of mules. He knew of nothing else and spoke of nothing else. He was particularly adept at the art of shoeing these unruly animals and had a reputation for his handling of them. Whenever a particularly violent member was brought in, he would begin by knocking it all over the shop with a hammer for about fifteen minutes until it realized who was the master, and he would then go about the business of shoeing, grumbling all the while as one would at a peevish child. After the foregoing operation the mule would be ready to follow him anywhere. Here are a few of the facts I learned from him about mules.

They are the most stubborn and toughest animals in the world. He himself was the only man in the district who could handle them. This was due to the fact that they were both on the same intellectual plane and, therefore, he could see the question from the animal's standpoint. The only way to move one, when he does not wish to move, is with dynamite, and as a rule they are not much use after that. Whereas a horse can be made to change its opinion with blows, striking a mule only lends

strength to its will to adhere to his former views and when feeling that way they become very dangerous. Instead of letting fly a kick in the general direction of his tormentor as a high-spirited horse might, he looks around and gets the exact location of his target so that no energy is wasted on air. If he can not reach the enemy at that particular time, he will lay the matter over to some more opportune time and kick him unexpectedly when that time arrives. When he bites he grips tightly and shakes his head like a dog. Another similarity which the mule bears to the dog is that when a number of them are placed together they spend their time in quarrelling and fighting.

Although they are possessed of every vice, mules have some excuse for existence. They are stronger for their weight than a horse and are subject to practically no ailments. They usually come to a violent end rather than dying quietly of sickness. They can be down in mud and water and sleep peacefully till morning without harm. A horse sleeping under those circumstances would wake up with pneumonia or some such ailment.

Apart from their obstinacy, they become very much attached to people who treat them well, proving that even mules have some generosity in their make-up.

In concluding a little advice might be in order. If you need an animal for any of the purposes to which a beast of burden is put, you may think over all the good things our friend the blacksmith says about a mule and then go down to the market and buy a horse.



Napoleon at St. Helena

(Rowan Bain)

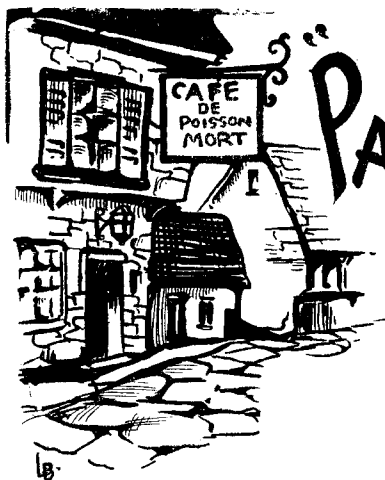
The tropic sun had risen from the sea
And shone intensely on the palm-green isle;
The sea returned her rays, and rose and fell
With calm monotony. It seemed to smile
With cynical enjoyment at the thought
That whom she bore once rode in regal style.

He once had paced the deck and roared commands
Led men in battle, ruled with iron hand
Nations throughout the world; it was his will
Swayed the imperial rods. His was the hand
That bound all Europe to one country's laws
His people rushed to do his least demand.

His name was on the tip of every tongue,
His coming feared, his presence felt with awe
He had endured great hardships in his rise,
Surmounting bravely obstacles he saw,
Until he had attained the highest peak
That he could reach, without a flaw.

Then with one drastic sweep it all was gone,
Defeat preceding instant loss of grip
Upon the prestige of a fickle world,
Ere long he had embarked on that last trip,
Away from all that he had loved so much,
Leaving engraved upon the land's broad face
Changes colossal, to the farthest tip.

He stood upon the deck and gazed behind
O'er boundless seas to all that he had left,
His feet apart, one hand behind his back,
The other thrust before. He stood bereft
Of all greatness. Now he turned to face
His new domain—a little island cleft.



ET C'EST CA LE FRANCAIS?

DANS les collèges, cette fête de la bienheureuse petite princesse d'autrefois ne manque ordinairement pas de solennité. Les collégiens n'en sont plus à l'âge où ils ne voient dans cette sainte que la patronne des vieilles filles, dont la place au milieu des élus semble être une surprise ou une exception.

Au contraire, Sainte-Catherine est honorée, à la fois comme une patronne des philosophes et des coeurs purs. C'est donc pour cela que la journée du vingt-cinq novembre est fêtée.

Les finissants au collèges ne manquent pas de ranimer dans leurs coeurs, le souvenir de cette date mémorable; d'abord par la vente des insignes de Ste. Catherine et la séance traditionnelle des classes—choses qui font une partie de la fête elle-même.

Mais, ce à quoi je veux surtout en venir, c'est la fête elle-même, c'est à dire, aux réjouissances gastronomiques de ce jour—bien que j'aie dit Saint Catherine la patronne des philosophes, nous ne pouvons cependant pas nommer cette fête sans penser à la "tire". Je ne sais quelle traditions le veut ainsi, mais, en tous cas, ces deux noms ne vont pas l'un sans l'autre.

Chaque collège, dit-on, a son "Castonguay" qui reçoit une fameuse boîte. Lorsque je dit "fameuse", il ne faut pas prendre ce mot au sens de dimensions car, quand je dis "fameuse", je veux signifier une jolie petite boîte aux desseins variés, finement empaquetée dans un léger et odoriférant papier rose. Ce précieux cadeau, quoique fort petit, est d'une valeur impayable, qui vient de cette petite carte qui accompagne l'envoi—"A mon cher petit René, toujours la fidèle Pierrette".

Mais, je l'ai dit dès le commencement. La fête de Ste. Catherine ne suppose pas seulement des réjouissances corporelles mais aussi morales. Ste. Catherine est la patronne des âmes pures. C'est pourquoi les collégiens finissent la journée par le salut du St. Sacrement.

Chaque étudiant dit un "au revoir" bien touchant à la bonne princesse du 25 Novembre et l'invite de ne pas l'oublier au cours de l'année qui s'écoulera avant la prochaine Ste. Catherine.

Et c'est comme cela que l'on fête la Ste. Catherine en Québec. En Ontario, les circonstances sont peut-être différentes mais cette fête est honorée avec le même esprit de coeur.

L'Aurore

Les cieux sont parcemés d'étoiles,
La lune brille encore:
Mais l'aube brisera ce voile,
Quand viendra l'aurore.

Les étoiles disparaissent de l'azur,
Vers l'est le ciel d'or;
Ce phénomène de la nature,
S'appelle l'aurore.

Le ciel devien plus resplendissant,
Les nuages se dispersent alors;
Les feuilles des arbres tremblant,
Au doux souffle de l'aurore.

Les oiseaux sortent de leurs rêveries,
Pour chanter ce jolie refrain encore;
Pour embellir cette douce féerie,
La splendeur de l'aurore.

La nature se réveille brillante,
Les fleurs ouvrent leur coupe d'or;
Pour boire la rosée enivrante
De l'aurore.

Le ciel s'éclaircit toujours,
Le soleil montre ses rayons d'or;
C'est l'arrivé du jour,
La fin de l'aurore.

L'Histoire de Julien

Julien était un descendant d'une
famille brillante.

A l'école publique, il passait toujours
avec honneur.

Au collège, il surprenait ses profes-
seurs par son intelligence superbe.

Il était surtout bon en arithmétique et
les mathématiques. Il n'avait aucune
difficulté avec des gros chiffres.

On lui prédisait un bel avenir. On
s'attendait qu'il deviendrait un profes-
seur de room.

Mais, il n'est devenu qu'un teneur de
livre dans un camps fait pour l'aide des
chômeurs.

Morale—trouvez-la.



Sprechen Sie Deutsch?

Toronto, den 24 Januar., 1933.

Liebe Freunde:—

Ich habe ganz Vergnügen Ihnen ein paar Zeilen zu schreiben. Ich denke sehr oft an alle meine guten Freunden im Norden. Während der Ferien dieses Sommers verbrachte ich etwas Zeit in der Nahe von Temagami und weiter im Norden. Die Baume und die Seen dort sind die schönsten und die herrlichsten die ich je gesehen habe. Zuweilen denke ich wie ordentlich glücklich sind die Leute die inmitten solchen Landschaften wohnen.

Ich habe vor einigen wochen in den Zeitungen gelesen, dass viele Einwohner der Stadt, North Bay erkaltet waren. Hoffentlich, sind sie alle jetzt wieder wohl.

Noch einmal, muss ich sagen dass ich mehrere Zeiten gedenken habe an die Vergnügen meines Verweilungs in North Bay.

Grusse alle meine Freunde,

F. GREENE.

DEUTCH

Deutsch ist eine Sprach'
Die so sehr dumme ist
Und so schwer zu sprach'
Das es hab' ich aufgegeben
Und nun "Aufwiedersehen"!

Wir sind von Klasse funf,
Und auf dem Klingeln von zwolf.
Wir laufen und springen mit 'Glee'
Aber das ist nicht gut
Da der Lehrer sagt "Larm
Muss aufhoren." Und es hort auf Und
wir auch!

DIE GANZE WAHRHEIT

Ein Lehrer argerte sich uber einen faulen Schuler und sagte zu ihm, "Als Alexander der Grosse so alt war wie Sie, hatte er fast die ganze Welt erobert".

"Ja" antwortete der Schuler, "aber das war nicht sehr schwer fur ihn, denn er hatte Aristatles zum Lehrer".

Fraulein Chambers: "Nun das Wort'ich" und 'nach' und 'acht' alle haben den Laut'ch'. Sagen Sie 'ch'—Neil?"

Billy: "'K', 'qu', 'ck'."

Fraulein Chambers: "Ach setzten Sie sich! Sie machen einen Laut als wenn Sie starben!"

Die nacht hat ein Tausend Augen.
Und der Tag nur ein,
Doch das Licht der ganzen Welt erlicht.
Mit die sterbende Sonne.
Der Sinn hat ein Tausend Augen
Und das Herz nur ein.
Doch das Licht des ganzen Leben
Als Liebe ist getan
aus dem Englisch
von Francis W. Bondiller

Das Gluck wächst bei unserem Herde
und ist nicht in den Garten des Fremden
angezundet zu finden
 dus dem Englisch
 von Douglas Jerrold.

ZWEI GUTE FREUNDE

Eines Tages gingen mein Kamerad und ich in dem Walde spazieren. Wir gingen vom See hinaus wo wir oft fruher gewesen waren. Oft blieben wir stehen wenn wir zu anderen Seen ankamen wir hielten auf, um einge Exemplar der Blumen zu haben die dort weichsen.

Um drei Uhr dachten wir dass wir genug davon hatten, und dass wir nach

Hause gehen mussten. Aber wir waren besturtzt weil wir uns verirren waren. Eine zeitlang gingen wir, am Ende hatten wir unser letztes stuck Schokolade, gegessen und dann machten wir uns auf den Ruckweg, aber wir wussten nicht wo unser Haus war.

Plotzilch horen wir einen Larm und unsere zwei Hunde durch die Baume kammenden, die wir zu Hause verlassen hatten.

Wie froh waren wir Sie zu Sehen! und wie froh waren sie uns zu sehen.

Um es kurz zu sagen fuhrten Sie uns zu Hause in einer sehr verschiedenen Richtung. Seitdem sind wir nie irgendwo ohne unsere zwei guten Freunde gegangen.



SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Student's Administrative Council

The students may look forward to having a successful year financially. The council elected by them is doing its utmost to fulfill all expectations.

Acting upon the president's idea, the council has made a budget for the year and is following it closely. In this way the council hopes to leave a larger balance than it found.

The teams, societies, orchestra and other school bodies have all contributed as much as possible and have been financed according to their requirements.

The Christmas dance, held in the Vocational gymnasium, was a financial success, and it is hoped that the students will also support the Easter dance.

The executive for 1932-33 is as follows:

President, Sydney J. Stevens; Vice-President, John A. Ostrom; Secretary-Treasurer, Jeanette C. Herbert.

Senior Literary Society

The election of officials for the Senior Literary Society took place in the first week of October. The executive elected by the students proved to be one whose motto is "bigger and better meetings".

A combined meeting of both societies was held shortly after the elections when we heard the inaugural speeches and an interesting rugby talk by Mr. Troy. The big feature of the Fall term was the Hulabaloo, annually sponsored by the Senior Literary Society for the school, and this frolic was a decided success. To date a musical drill, directed by Miss Morgan, and a play, "Good Medicine", have been the other presentations.

In the latter part of December, the society's very efficient secretary, Irene Salidas, received employment, and an election was necessary. Britton Jessup was elected to fill the vacancy.

Great credit is due Miss Morgan for her untiring and valuable instruction to the executive.

The officials are as follows: President, Cecil Rorabeck; Vice-President, Mary Washburn; Secretary, Britton Jessup; Reporters, Elizabeth Angus and Harold Washburn.

The Junior Literary Society

The election for officers of the Junior Literary Society this year was keenly contested, and after the ballots were counted the following were found to have been elected: President, Ray Pellow; Vice-President, Dorothy Duff; Secretary-Treasurer, Kenneth Morland; Reporters, Harry Jamieson and Betty Lyham.

Under this capable executive and the never-tiring efforts of Miss Wales, the society has progressed by leaps and bounds. The new auditorium offers splendid facilities, and the society has taken advantage of these to produce a number of excellent programmes. The reward has been large attendances at all meetings, and the entire junior school speaks highly of the entertainments.

One of the high-lights of the programmes was a dramatized reading of Dicken's Christmas Carol by Miss Hamer, the parts being acted by members of the Junior Literary Society.

To Miss Wales goes most of the credit for the Society's success and we take this opportunity of showing our appreciation.

Commencement Exercises

On the evening of December 16th, 1932, one more milestone in the history of North Bay Collegiate and Vocational School was passed. The annual Commencement Exercises were held in the auditorium of the Vocational School.

We congratulate Miss Grace Workman who won the Robert Simpson Company Scholarship. A cup for rifle marksmanship was presented to Jack Shepherd.

After a short talk by the chairman for the evening, Dr. R. L. Dudley, the audience was favoured by a selection from the orchestra. The most interesting feature was the presentation of the diplomas and medals to some seventy-four graduates of the Collegiate and Commercial Departments. Our Valetorian, Joe Demeza, showed how much the graduates appreciated the school. Rev. G. S. Easton addressed the graduates. The medals were awarded by Mr. Wallace for proficiency in academic studies. A dance by girls of the school and a solo dance by Miss Elizabeth Angus were much enjoyed. An exhibition by Mr. Troy's gym team concluded the program.

After the program, refreshments and dancing were enjoyed by the graduates and senior pupils of the school.

PRIZE-WINNERS

COLLEGIATE

Form I to II—Robert Battles.

Form II to III—Mary Firth, Ruth McIvanna.

Form III to IV—William Morison.

Junior Matriculation—Ernest Ricciuto.

Honour Matriculation—Joseph Demeza.

COMMERCIAL

Form I to II—Pearl Hall.

Form II to III—Mabel Mason.

Commercial Diploma—Irene Salidas.

Special Commercial—Jeanette Herbert.

VOCATIONAL

Form I to II—(Girls' Dept.) Helen Fowler.

Form I to II—(Boys' Dept.) Harold Wooton.

Form II to III—(Boys' Dept.) Cecil MacLennan.

THE HULLABALOO

A huge spider, in the midst of its gigantic web, presided over the festivities at the annual Hullabaloo which was held on November 5th, in the new gymnasium. Mr. Moon, winking gaily from the corner of his eye, was also present. Streamers of orange and black lent a Hallowe'en air to the dance. Bert Lehman's peppy orchestra supplied the music.

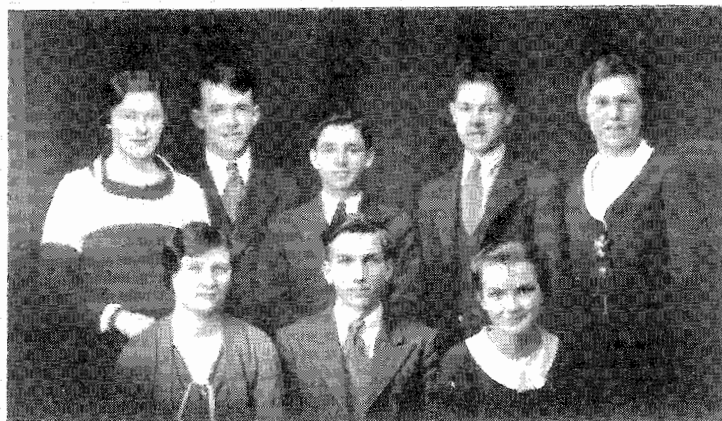
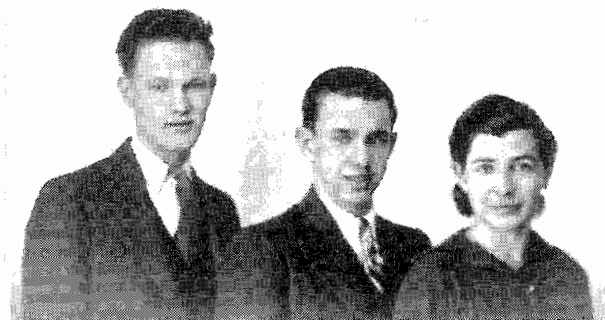
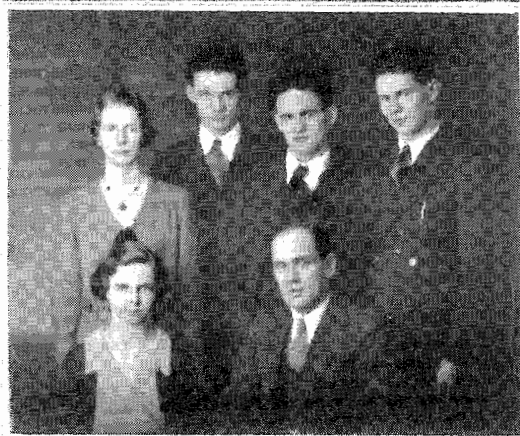
So clever and varied were the costumes of the many teachers and students there, that you would have thought the gallant knight with the charming old-fashioned maiden at his side, had stepped from some romantic tale of long ago, or that a milkmaid with her cow had wandered from the meadow on the old farm.

About the middle of the dance, a very interesting gunpowder skit was shown which certainly went over with a "bang".

The lunch was as satisfying as even the most epicurean of those present could desire, and the evening was voted a complete success.

THE CHRISTMAS DANCE

Wednesday, December 28th, was the occasion of the second annual Christmas Dance in our school. The Vocational gymnasium, gayly decorated with holly and colored paper, formed the appropriate background for one of the most popular social functions of the year. Bert Lehman's Orchestra provided the music for the many dances, several novelty dances being the feature of the evening. A luncheon was served by the



ATHLETIC SOCIETIES

Standing—P. Ross, C. Clarke, J. Tackney, R. MacDougall.
Seated—N. Chambers, and M. L. Troy.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

S. Stevens, J. Ostrom, and J. Herbert.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

Standing—H. Washburn, C. Rorabeck, K. Morland, B. Jessup, Miss P. Morgan.
Seated—Miss M. Wales, R. Pellow, and D. Duff.

senior girls of the school on the third floor of the Vocational Department. Dancing continued till the wee small hours of the morning, when the happy couples closed the doors behind them, reluctant to end a very delightful evening.

The hostesses were: Mrs. R. L. Dudley, Mrs. J. C. Ross and Mrs. M. L. Troy. The dance was a social and financial success, and the Students' Council is therefore to be congratulated.

POLLYANA

The Junior and Senior Literary Societies presented "Pollyana", a four-act comedy, on Friday, November 25th. It was one of the most successful entertainments in the history of the school, and the societies are to be congratulated upon their fine efforts. "Pollyana" entertained at two performances, one after school for the benefit of the students and again at night for the general public. Large audiences attended both shows.

The charming character of "Pollyana", admirably portrayed by Dorothea Mackenzie, completely captivated our fancies, and we were delighted at the fairy story ending. Say you Literary Societies how about another play like "Pollyana"? It was great.

The cast of Pollyana was composed of the following: Phyllis Jones, Margaret Doan, Lettie Fricker, Ena Alford, Phyllis Ross, Dorothea Mackenzie, Don Robertson, Jim Gibson, Douglas Williamson, Bruce McLeod, and Britton Jessup. Sodom and Gomorrah also played prominent roles.

Collegiate Seasons

Did you know that in the school year there are many "Seasons"? Well there are.

In realms of sport there is, from September till the first part of November, the season for rugby. It claims

the honour of many stalwart Collegians in the games. This also is the season for the best lung exercise available.

From November until Christmas holidays is the season for the first set of examinations, or call it what you wish, "failures". Most of us Collegians adore this season because we usually relax into a deep day-dream of happiness or laziness when we should be tense and spill everything we know and more than we know on paper.

From December until March the great hockey season comes into full swing. The conversation of this period of time is, "Collegiate 'A' scored 5 in Sudbury," or "Collegiate made a fine showing last week, etc."

From January until last of February come our Easter Examinations. These receive great attention because it is nearing June. May and June are the months of Cadet training for those who like showing off the brass buttons and the bugle.

June brings the end of the term, and also the "End", because the results of the finals nearly kill you. So you see my dear readers, Collegiate Seasons will be seasons.

"MAC"

"ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

As the magazine goes to press, the annual school play, "Admirable Crichton", a four-act comedy by J. M. Barrie, has not yet been presented, but we of the magazine staff are confident that it will measure up to the high standard which our school entertainments have set in former years. The members of the cast have been practising faithfully for the production and we feel sure that "Admirable Crichton" will be a success both from an entertainment and a financial standpoint. The following students comprise the cast: Dorothea Duff, Doris Joy, Florence Johnston, Jeanette Herbert, Ena Alford, Douglas Williamson, Norman Demeza, Cecil M. Lennan, Eustace McGaughey and Margaret Doan.

A Son of Caesar

(L. Fricker)

Each day sits Mr. Cummiford in his place,
Speaking Latin fast and free,
Above his dark and smiling face
Caesar's troops we all can see.

There, in his place, he sits still,
Self-centred in his mighty mind,
Sometimes he leans against the sill,
Or fiddles with the window blind.

Then steps he down by desk and aisle,
To mingle with the workers there,
And uses all his skill and guile
To find someone not playing fair.

Grave Master of the ancient tongue,
In the aisles walking, gazing 'round—
We wish that the last bell had rung,
Oh! how we've waited for its sound.

His lofty brain desires to know
The wisdom of two thousand years,
And from his open mouth doth flow
'Most all of Julius Caesar's fears.

His large form towers above our desks,
Making dark our days and wild our nights,
No time at even' for shows or jests.
For there we fight bold Caesar's fights.

(With apologies to Tennyson)

Between You and Me

(And Whomever You Tell)

Judging by his attendance at school
we wonder if Day will be "present",
when the "roll" is called up yonder.

* * *

A student with school spirit is one
who waits till he gets around the corner
before lighting his cigarette.

* * *

The people who talked about putting
money away for a rainy day did not
say anything about a cloud burst.

* * *

Proverbs

Laugh and the world laughs with you.
weep and you have to powder your nose.
Might is right as long as the other
fellow is smaller.

* * *

Add Similes

As much chance as a bank robber in
North Bay.
As hard to get as an admit on Monday
morning.

Mr. Troy and Ben Boyer were enter-
ing a Sudbury theatre.

Mr. Troy (to ticket seller): "One
adult's and one student's, please."

Ticket Seller: "Which one is the
student?"

* * *

A friend is one who pays you the 25c
he owes you, and then lends you 50c.

* * *

A question of vital importance has
risen within the halls of the school. It
is far more important than technocracy,
but like technocracy is a name coined to
suit a special purpose. The question
is "What is a snipper?" Those desiring
to delve further into the subject and to
increase their knowledge of present day
topics that are of vital importance, can
find out the true meaning and exact
importance of this phrase from Harry
Preston.

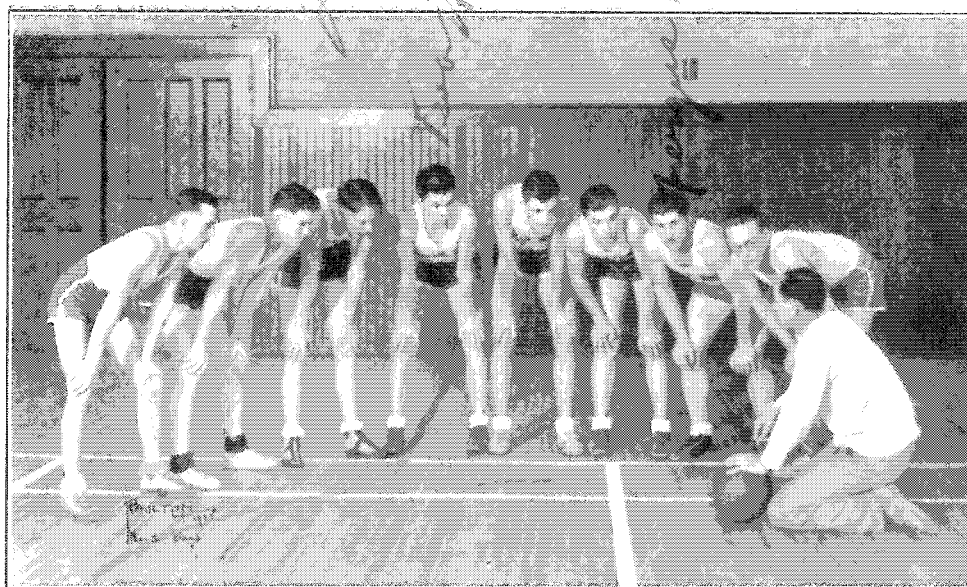
-- ALUMNI --

Since the last appearance of this magazine, a great number of students have left the school to make their way in the world. Some are furthering their education at various institutions, others have positions in the business world, and the remainder has been compelled to stay at home because of old man depression. Our wishes for the best of luck go to them all.

Adams, Mildred	Adams' Store
Allan, Dora	At Home
Bain, Howard	Queen's University
Bartlett, Irene	Sudbury
Beaton, Annie	At Home
Bremmer, Dorothy	Kirkland Lake
Brown, Lyle	C. P. R. Telegraphs
Carr, Sybil	North Bay Normal
Chandler, Ralph	At Home
Claire, William	At Home
Craig, Earl	Canadian Longyear Company
Currie, Catherine	At Home
Davidson, Marjorie	At Home
Davis, Gwen	At Home
Deschenes, Marion	At Home
Demeza, Joseph	North Bay Normal
Divine, William	Montreal
Dobberman, Valada	At Home
Downey, Lawrence	North Bay Normal
Drummand, Annie	At Home
Forder, Kathleen	Thesslon
Fulcher, Lillian	North Bay Normal
Gauthier, Louis	Capitol Theatre
Geddes, Jean	North Bay Normal
Gray, Albert	North Bay Normal
Harwood-Jones, John	Toronto Varsity
Herman, Sam	Herman's Store
Jeffrey, Mabel	At Home
Johnston, Eleanor	Married
Johnston, Winnifred	South River
Jones, Olga	At Home
Hambley, Jean	North Bay Normal
Kilgour, Clifford	Queen's University
Kilgour, Merle	MacDonald College
King, Lillian	At Home
Kinney, Henrietta	At Home
Krakovsky, Abraham	Toronto
Lafrance, Alice	At Home
Long, Lottie	North Bay Normal
Lawrence, Violet	Fosdick's Store

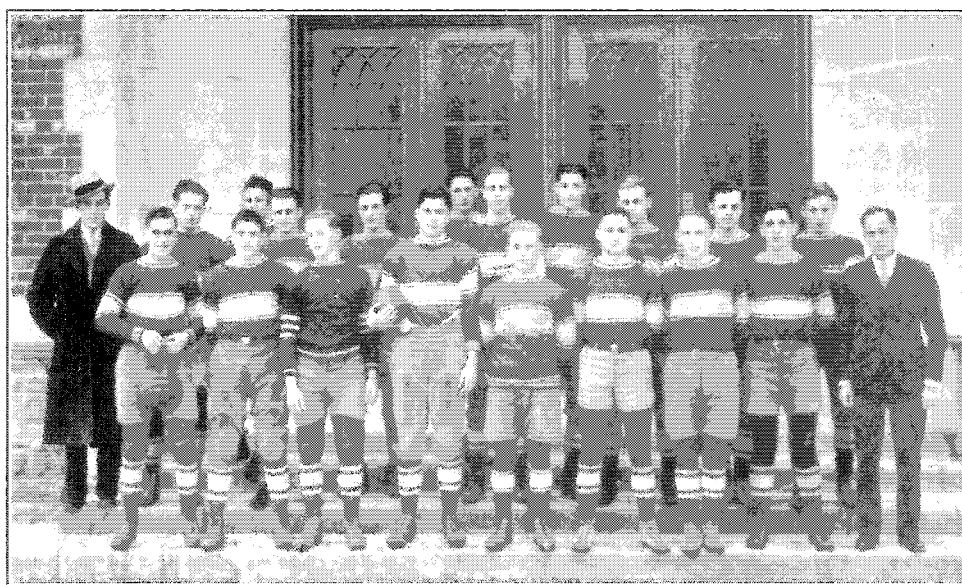
Laflamme, Emil	At Home
Linklater, Margaret	Teaching at White River
Maund, Walton	Queen's University
MacDonald, Jean	At Home
McDiarmid, Adele	Toronto Normal
McFadden, Marjorie	North Bay Normal
McGill, Donald	Toronto Victoria
McManus, Rita	Sunbeam Bakery
Miller, Harold	Western University
Moodie, Lillian	MacDonald College
Moodie, William	Queen's University
Morris, Eleanor	At Home
Neale, Kathleen	School Office
Pennock, George	North Bay Normal
Prior, Amy	At Home
Reddaway, Doris	Married
Ricciuto, Ernest	At Home
Ringler, Gordon	North Bay Normal
Rollins, Dorothy	North Bay Normal
Rowe, Florence	Teaching at Restoule
Russell, Velva	At Home
Rye, Mabel	Office of Wm. Rye
Salidas, Irene	Palm Gardens Tea Room
Seguin, Leo	At Home
Sheppard, Rita	St. Joseph's Academy
Smith, Alex.	Toronto University
Stenning, Victor	Northland Pastry Shops
St. Piere, Olga	Toronto
Taylor, Allan	Bracebridge
Thompson, Main	Toronto University
Thoms, Mary	North Bay Normal
Tromley, Olive	Married
Vrebosch, August	At Home
Vokes, Thelma	At Home
Waldbrook, Elgin	Laforest
Weiss, Hazel	At Home
Workman, Grace	Toronto University
Yaroslavsky, Walter	Canadian Longyear Co.
Yorke, Joyce	At Home
Young, Kathleen	McDonald College





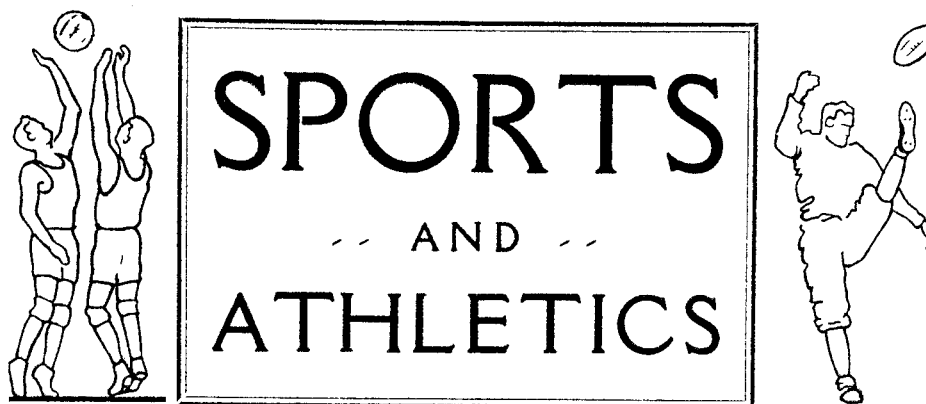
SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

M. Fellman (Capt.), G. Richardson, J. Gibson, B. Hambley, J. Jessup, K. Mison,
F. Dowdall, F. Allen, and M. L. Troy (Coach).



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—V. Mulligan (Mgr.), R. McRoberts, A. Joseph, K. Barlow, L. Guenette,
T. Demarco, J. Shepherd, J. Jessup, H. Gauthier, R. Robertson, P. Neil.
Front Row—E. Kilroy, B. Waiser, G. McKee, B. Hambley (Capt.), T. McKee,
R. Jenkins, F. Allen, J. Brennan, and M. L. Troy (Coach).



In dealing with the word sport one must of necessity couple it always with that of sportsmanship, otherwise that which is most desirable on the playing fields of this or any other country will be lost. If sportsmanship prevails the youth of the Dominion will benefit to a remarkable degree and will continue to carry on the good work in later years.

Unfortunately it has not been found possible to eliminate rowdiness and other abuses from athletics but this does not detract from the righteousness of sport nor lessen its importance in the lives of the youths of this country. Stronger legislation is all that is necessary to do away with the evils which prevail.

Therefore, it can be said that sport should be encouraged in the schools and colleges where educationalists, who should know how to lead the way, are in charge. It is true that too much attention can be devoted to athletics in preference to study of the "classics" or advancement in school work, but this is merely one of the abuses mentioned.

Not all will agree with the above suggestions and the same is to be expected. There are some who do not think that sport is in any way essential for the upbringing of youth and they can point to many instances to support this opinion. It is a fact, however, that those harboring this idea are vastly in the minority.

There are very few of us who have never participated in some form of sport and the same condition will continue to exist. There is much that is alluring in competition and even the tiny toddlers who are just learning to walk sense this situation. At any rate they glory in their play.

I suggest that sport if properly conducted will do most people a lot of good and few of them harm. Therefore it is to be hoped that school athletes will be encouraged to play the game for the game's sake never forgetting, of course, that studies must not be neglected.

MICHAEL J. RODDEN.

RUGBY

"What is the matter with our team? It's all right." A yell appropriate for this year's rugby team, despite the fact that it did not win the Poupore Cup.

The league this year was enlivened by the entry of the North Bay College and the formation of two groups for Northern Ontario. Sudbury High School, North Bay Collegiate and Vocational School and North Bay College comprised the southern group, while Kirkland Lake, New Liskeard and Cobalt formed the Northern division. The winners of each group were to play off for the Poupore Cup, but "Old Man Winter" intervened, and a winner was not declared.

The first game, on October 1st, was a sad defeat for the green and white team. After practising faithfully for a month for this game, we went down to defeat by 10-1. Thanksgiving day also featured a rugby game, when our boys, in an exhibition tilt, defeated New Liskeard 23-3 in weather which was cold and miserable. The next game took place on October 15th when the N. B. C. I. and V. S. took the North Bay College into camp by 24-0.

On October 22, the green and white sweated boys journeyed to Sudbury for revenge. At half time we were leading by 10-1, but the end of the game saw Sudbury at the long end of a 11-10 score. The last game of the schedule with the North Bay College team, and the score resulted in a 22-0 victory for the N.B.C.I. and V.S.

The team: Halves, Jack Jessop, Terry McKee, Arthur Angus, Gerald Hawkins and Francis Allen; Flying Wing, Proctor Neil, Abie Joseph; Quarterback, Louvain Guenette; Middles, Bob Hambley (captain), Glen McKee; Insides, Casson Reynolds, Ross Robertson; Outsides, Tony Demarco, John Brennan; Snap, Kenneth Barlow, Jack Shepherd.

BASKETBALL

Immediately at the termination of the rugby season, Mr. Troy called a turn-out for the basketball players. And what a turn-out he got! After looking about for a while, he found that he could easily put three teams in the league this year, and, with this as an incentive, an Intermediate City League was formed.

The senior team consists of the same regular players as last year and is strengthened by two new players. The seniors started the season in grand style by winning four straight games, two from the Normal and one each from the A.Y.P.A. and the Ephesians. But the A.Y.P.A. finished the first half strongly, and the standing showed that the Collegiate and the A.Y.P.A. were tied for first half honors. Then followed one of the most thrilling basketball series witnessed in North Bay for a long, long time. The first game, which took place at the Parish House, was a 36-35 victory for our boys. The second game attracted a capacity crowd in the Vocational gym, and the score was 21-21, which gave the series to the Collegians by 57-56. At publication time, the team has won its four games in the second half of the schedule.

The two intermediate teams, the Greens and the Whites, have both been displaying a very fine brand of basketball. The Whites won the first half of the Intermediate schedule, and, at present, the Greens are in a fair way to annex second half honors.

The Seniors: Guards, Dowdall and Allen; Forwards, Fellman (captain) and Hambley; Centre, Jessop; Subs, Mison, Richardson and Gibson.

The Whites: Guards, Demarco and Barlow; Forwards, Demeza and McKee; centre, Pearson; subs, Peterman, Miller and Washburn.

The Greens: Guards, McGonegal and Boyer; Forwards, McPherson and Morrison; Centre, Hammond; Subs, R. Jenkins, G. Jenkins and Tweedle.

HOCKEY

With a renewed interest in hockey this year, Mr. Troy was able to enter three teams in the city leagues. In the Junior City League the Collegiate "A" and Collegiate "B" teams took care of school honors, and we also had a strong entry in the Juvenile City League.

The hockey games commenced at an early date this year and our "A" team had two exhibition games before Christmas. On December 17 the team defeated Sundridge 7-5 and on December 23 New Liskeard downed the green and white by 6-5.

Soon after the Christmas holidays the City League got underway and our "A" entry won its first four games. But as a result of a tie game with the Black Hawks on February 6, and the Tuxis dropping a game to the same team, the Collegiate "A" and the Black Hawks qualified for the play-offs.

The first game of the finals, on February 13, resulted in a 4-3 decision for the Collegiate squad. But in the second game on the following night, the Black Hawks put the skids under our boys by 2-1. This made a third game necessary and it was played on February 16. The Collegiate won the game by a 3-2 score. This gave the team the City League championship.

Along with this great achievement the team won the Interscholastic Series against Sudbury. On January 28, the team invaded Sudbury and came home with a 5-1 victory. The return game was played on February 11, and the green and white swamped their Sudbury rivals 10-2. "All hail to our conquering heroes."

The team: goal, Boyer; defence, Hambley (capt.) and Sibbit; wings, McDougall and Morison; centre, Burnside; subs, Allen, McKee, Angus and Barlow.

Our "B" entry in the City Hockey League, although not as strong a team as the "A" team, nevertheless acquired itself nobly throughout the season. It

is expected that the boys on this team will step up to the "A" squad next winter, and it appears as if the school will be represented by exceptionally strong teams for some years to come.

The team: goal, Nickle; defence, Hawkins and Guenette; wings, Morton and Haley; centre, Gougeon; Subs, Trenouth, Axler, Lavery and Mathieu.

The Juveniles also made an excellent showing in their league. The team captured the first half of the schedule by a margin of three points. At press time the Collegiate entry seems to have a fine chance of winning the second half of the schedule also. The Northland Echo staff congratulates the Juvenile team.

The team: goal, Aquino; defence, Belec and McKee; wings, Callahan and Phillips; centre, McPherson; subs, Peterman, Mangan, Smith, Guenette and Larden.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Sports play a big part in our school life. If you don't like the studying side of school, you can at least like the sports, and if you don't like the sports, you can try liking your lessons.

On a Thursday after four we hunted here, there and everywhere for information concerning Girls' Sports. At last in one corner of the new gym we discovered some six or eight girls wondering just how they could work up a practice-game of basketball with only enough players for one team. Now that is a problem that calls for considerable thinking. Figure it out in your spare time.

What a splendid bunch of sports we are!—too lazy to help practise up a team, but frightfully keen for our school to win.

The play-offs for the first city league series were very interesting and attracted large crowds—there being no admission fee, a large number of male spectators were present. In the last game of the series, Normal "A" and N.

B.C.I. and V.S. battled for first place in the city league. It was a game chucked full of thrills and there was a great deal of enthusiasm among the fans. Quick, snappy passing featured the entire game. On this occasion the teams were quite evenly matched, and it was with considerable difficulty that Normal "A", at first full of confidence, kept a little in the lead and finally defeated the Collegiate by 30-27. This game brought out splendidly the spirit and ability which our team possesses. Their fine, clean playing is the result of the efforts put forth by Miss Ash and Miss Gardner who spent a great deal of their time coaching the team.

The team: forwards, Dorothy Conroy (capt.), Ruth MacPheason, Elinor McMartin and Kay Hurley; centres, Helen Ricker and Grace Harris; guards, Myrtle Gennette, Maisie Wisikin, Mona Willis and Helen Hammond.

INTER-SCHOOL BASKETBALL

Up to publication time no inter-school games have been played, but the team has challenged Sudbury for the Mason Cup. These battles with Sudbury are eagerly looked forward to, for the competition, though friendly, is keen.

Get out your green and white, and let us give our school teams a big hand. They are playing for us.

THE BADMINTON CLUB

The school badminton club was organized again this year and the club boasts an enrollment of 35 members. Each year finds more students playing this game, which is rapidly increasing in popularity.

The club conducted a very interesting tournament in January. All the games were keenly contested, and some very high class badminton was displayed. Beryl Hargrave captured the girls' open

title by defeating Phyliss Ross in the deciding game. George Richardson won from Bob Nott in the final game of the senior Boys' division. Bobby Ross was made the junior boys' champion by defeating Jack Stafford in the final.

The officers of the club are Sandy Buller, President, and Bob Nott, Secretary-Treasurer.

THE PROVINCIAL ATHLETIC MEET

June 10th, 1932, proved another milestone in athletic achievements for our school. Our track and field team captured a first, a second and a third at the Provincial Athletic Meet, held in Toronto.

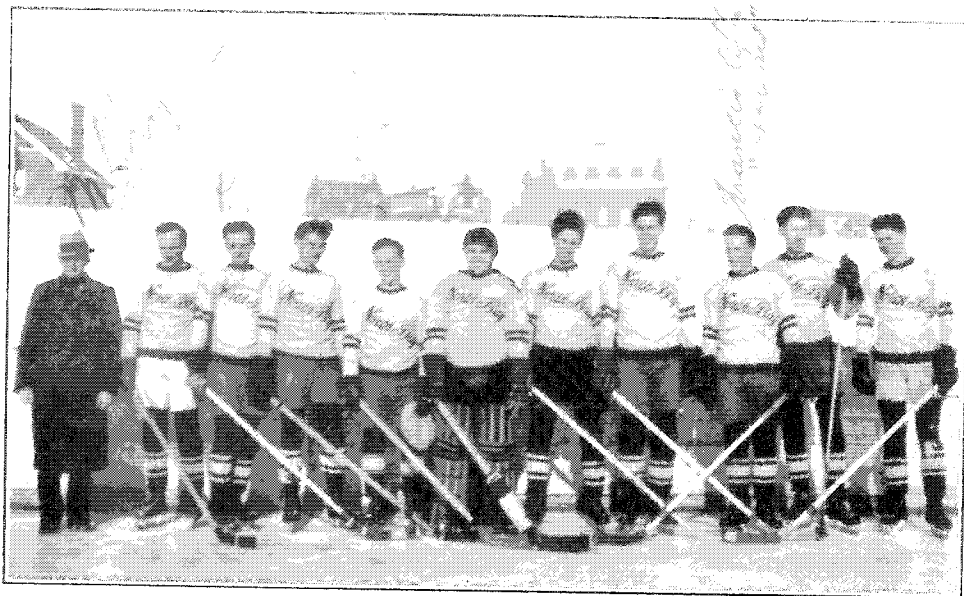
Bill Morison defeated a classy field in the intermediate 440 yard run. It certainly was a thrilling and well deserved victory for Bill. Phil Pearson was just edged out in the senior high jump, taking second place. Francis Allen brought home a third in the senior javelin throw.

THE BOXING SHOW

The boxing show, held in January was a great success. All the bouts were keenly contested, and, of the eight bouts on the card, five were draws.

The results of the bouts were as follows:

- H. Salkeld drew with J. Guenette.
- J. Demarco drew with H. Colbon.
- E. Magnan drew with F. Forster.
- J. Delaney defeated G. Maher.
- W. Sweet drew with D. Scapattura.
- E. Kilroy drew with "Pep" Celentino.
- T. Demarco defeated J. McCubbin.
- B. Fink defeated E. Tweedle.



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

M. L. Troy (coach), B. Sibbit, K. Barlow, A. Angus, T. McKee, L. Boyer, B. Morison, B. Hambley (capt.), F. Allen, C. Burnside, and R. MacDougall.



THE "WHITES"

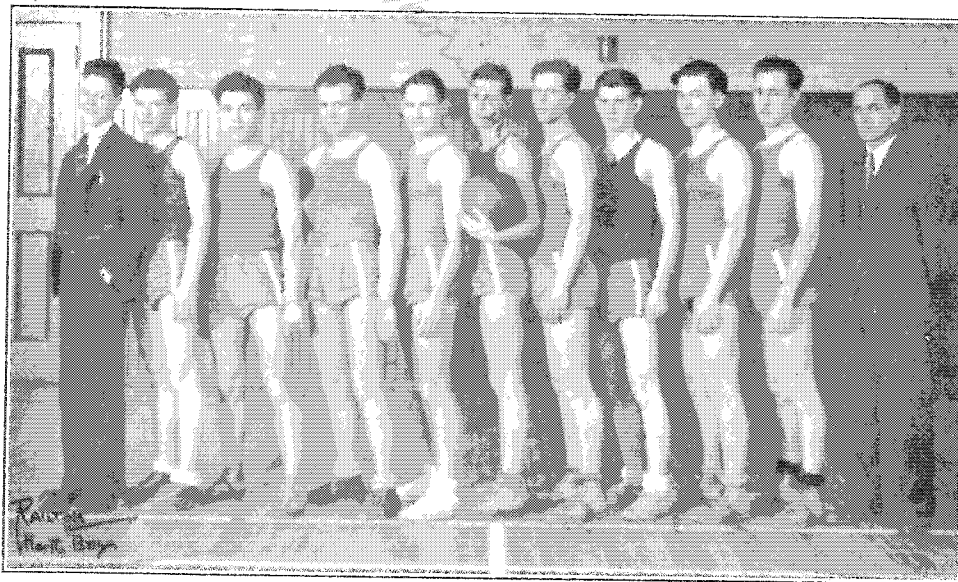
Back Row—K. Mison (Mgr.), H. Washburn, M. L. Troy (coach), P. Pearson, A. Peterman, E. Miller.
Front Row—N. Demeza, T. Demarco, G. McKee, K. Barlow, and A. Joseph.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—M. Wiskin, H. Ricker, M. Willis, Miss F. Ash (coach), M. Gennet,
E. McMartin.

Front Row—G. Harris, H. Hammond, D. Conroy, R. McPherson, K. Hurley.



THE "GREENS"

B. Jessop (Mgr.), G. MacPherson, L. Boyer, H. Gauthier, R. Jenkins, B. Morison
(Capt.), E. Tweedle, B. Hammond, W. McGonegal, and M. L. Troy (Coach).

FIELD DAY

The weather man was unkind to us last Fall, and, as a result, we were unable to hold our field day. We hope to stage it some time in May. The Ontario Athletic Commission has set May 27th as the date for the District Athletic Meet, and our boys are hoping to make a good showing once again.

BILL MORISON

There is one boy among us who deserves special mention in this issue of the Northland Echo. He is Bill Morison, a versatile athlete and an honor student of fourth form.

On June 10th, Bill brought honor and fame to the N.B.C.I. and V.S. and himself by winning the Ontario Intermediate 440 yard run in Toronto. Bill also won the city badminton title last spring by defeating a large field of experienced players. He holds down one of the regular wing positions on the senior hockey team, and his goal-getting has been one of the features of the season. Bill also plays on the forward line of the Collegiate Greens, intermediate basketball team.

And, best of all, Bill does not sacrifice his studies for the sake of sport. At the last Commencement Exercises, he was presented with the medal for obtaining the highest marks in passing from the third to fourth forms. The magazine and staff extends its heartiest congratulations to Bill.

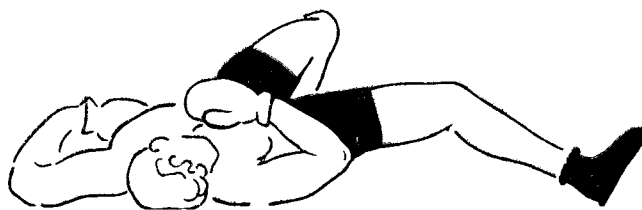
THE ONTARIO ATHLETIC COMMISSION CAMP

The Ontario Athletic Commission Camp is located on the east shore of Lake Couchiching, north of Orillia. The camp is in operation during the summer month for the boys desiring special training in track and field athletics. For this purpose the camp is equipped with a cinder track, twenty-four feet wide, with shutes for the 100 and 220 yard dashes. The area enclosed by the track is levelled and tile-drained, with jumping pits, shot-put and discus circles, and javelin throwing area in it. The camp is also equipped with nine boats, a well constructed dock, a diving tower, and three tennis courts.

One of the outstanding men in camp work in Canada, Harry Rockey of Western University, was secured for the position of camp director. Members of the very capable camp staff of last year were: Dr. Crane, London, camp director; M. L. Troy, North Bay, track and field; Milt. Jewell, Toronto, physical director; and R. A. White, camp activities.

Editor's note:—Bill Morison, the author of this article, was one of the athletes who was chosen by the Ontario Athletic Commission to attend its special training camp last summer.

M. F.





OUR EXCHANGES

The staff of the Northland Echo appreciates the interest which the various schools take in us, and from them we derive valuable material which always proves beneficial to us. Through the exchange a bond of friendships has sprung up between the schools, which even time will find hard to sever.

Though space here is not sufficient for comments on all the Magazines, we wish to thank them for the many enjoyable exchanges which have been received.

**Acta Studentium—Vaughan Road,
Toronto.**

The arrangement of the material is very clever, and the interesting cartoons add a great deal to your magazine.

**The High School of Quebec—Quebec
City.**

A truly interesting magazine. From your French section we gain valuable information, which helps us in the French part of our magazine. We thank you for your interest in us, and the flattering comments made on our last publication.

The Grumbler—Kitchener

Congratulations on your brilliant showing in last year's competition. May your magazine be bigger and better in the years to come.

**The Delphian, Earl Haig Collegiate—
Willowdale, North York.**

Noteworthy for comment, but how about a few cartoons to brighten up the pages.

Glebe—Ottawa Collegiate

Your Camera Club is coming along splendidly for its second year. The picture gallery is very new too and of considerable interest to us.

The Echoes—Peterborough, Ontario.

Good magazine, though I suggest your humor be given a more prominent place.

The Branksome Slogan—Toronto.

Very enjoyable exchange. Something new in picture ideas, isn't it?

**The Howler, North Toronto Collegiate—
Toronto.**

Real talent showed throughout in both the arrangement and contents of the material. A worthy exchange!

We acknowledge the following magazines:

Academe—Albany, New York.

Acta Nostra—Guelph.

Acta Victoria—Victoria College, Toronto.

Acta Studentium—Vaughan Road, Toronto.

Argus—Sault Ste. Marie.

Auditorium—Owen Sound.
 Branksome Slogan—Branksome Hall, Toronto.
 Collegian—Stratford.
 Delphian—Earl Haig, Willowdale, North York.
 Eastern Echo—Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto.
 Echoes—Peterborough Collegiate Institute and Vocational School.
 Glebe—Ottawa Collegiate.
 Grumbler—Kitchener.
 High School of Quebec—Quebec City, Quebec.
 The Howler—North Toronto Collegiate, Toronto.
 The Lantern—Bedford Road Collegiate, Saskatoon, Sask.
 Monocle—Simcoe High School.
 Muse—Malvern Collegiate Institute, Toronto.
 Nexus—Pembroke Collegiate Institute.
 New Era—Brandon Collegiate Institute, Manitoba.
 Noroc—Northern Vocational School, Toronto.
 O. A. C. Review—Guelph.
 Saint Andrew's College Review—Aurora, Ontario.
 Scarboro Bluff — Scarboro Bluff Collegiate Institute, Toronto.
 Shelbourne Year Book—Shelbourne High School.
 Static—Chapleau High School.
 Times — Kingston Collegiate and Vocational School.
 Trinity University Review—Trinity College, Toronto.

"THRU DIFFERENT EYES"

"Comments and Criticisms"—"The Northland Echo," North Bay Collegiate and Vocational School, North Bay, Ontario.

This is a very good magazine. The articles and stories are very interesting and the numerous cuts are excellent. The French Corner is very good while the presence of German, though incomprehensible to most people, gives an intellectual touch to the magazine. The

staff have every reason to congratulate themselves on their work.

The High School of Quebec.

Your short story and humor sections are very good, but why not try more poetry. — The Delphian, Willowdale, North York.

Illustrations and cartoons very good. So is your language department.—Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa.

They Call This Humor, Don't You?

Customer: "Do you send flowers by telegram?"

Florist: "Certainly."

Customer: "Well send me home, I'm a pansy."—Acta Studentium, Vaughan Road, Toronto.

Award of Encouragement

Don't worry if your job is small,
 And your rewards are few,
 Remember that the mighty Oak,
 Was once a nut like you.

The Delphian,
 Willowdale, North York.

Chemistry Blues—The words aren't much, but oh! the air.—The Howler, North Toronto, Collegiate.

Pupil: "I would like to ask a question?"

Teacher: "What is it?"

Pupil: "If the Egyptians wrote on slabs, did they need a hammer to break the news.—Auditorium, Owen Sound.

What is the political significance of a turkey?

The smashing of China, the waiter falling down with a dish of Turkey, and the overthrow of Greece.—Lux Glebana, Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa.

What is the difference between the death of a hairdresser and that of a sculptor?

The tonsorial artist curls up and dyes, and the sculptor makes faces and busts. —Tecalogue, London Technical School, London, Ontario.





IA Collegiate

An Exciting Moment

Suddenly as the lights went out there was a loud crash and a scream. As I went to discover what the crash was my knees shook with fear because the scream was so weird. Two cold clammy hands reached out of the darkness and grasped my neck. I tried to scream, but no scream issued from my throat. Sick with terror I closed my eyes and waited for the worst. The fingers kept tightening till, with a gurgle—I woke up.

Mother said, "You shouldn't have had lunch before going to bed."

Dorothy King.

* * *

A Snow Storm

The clouds had been gathering and all was quiet. The whole earth seemed to be sleeping. Suddenly the clouds burst and the snow descended as if some unseen hand was distributing it. It landed softly and settled on all the trees, house tops and ground. Mother Nature seemed to be tucking the earth under her great soft white blanket. Slowly the snow stopped its descent. The storm was over.

Dorothy King.

* * *

Miss Morgan: "Audrey why did you have so many mistakes in your Latin vocabulary, was the radio going or the children playing?"

Audrey: "No Miss Morgan, the washing machine was."

* * *

Who Is He?

There is a chap in our school
Who always wears a smile,
He brushes chalk-dust from his pants
And always keeps in style.

His hair is sort of curly,
His body tall and slim,
His eyebrows are quite bushy,
While his eyes are never dim.

He's always after Irma
And Betty Henry too,
And others around the IIIA form.
Oh boy, How he can chew.

And so, this very handsome flirt
You could never fail to see,
He draws the attention of the girls
At dear old N. B. C.

D. MORTON,

I. HENRY.

IB Collegiate

Tom: "As I entered the dentist's office the other day, a Judge was in the chair."

Tim: "How did you know a Judge was in the chair?"

Tom: "Because he said, 'Do you promise to pull the tooth, the whole tooth and nothing but the tooth?'"

* * *

First I was struck by paralysis, followed by rheumatism, typhoid, asthma, asphyxia, appendicitis, measles, mumps, tuberculosis or phthisis, tonsilitis, cancer pneumonia, dyspepsia, diptheria, laryngitis, eczema, leprosy, lethargy, malaria, and the most dreadful of all was when I was attacked by heart-failure, Gee! This was the hardest spelling test I have ever tried.

Bill Papas, IB.

* * *

Mr. Cummiford: "Crowder! On one hand we have the First Declension, and on the other—?"

Crowder (Helpless with terror): "W-w-warts, sir!"

Sure Some Slamming

Sykes struck Sam.
 Should Sam, Sykes slam?
 "Sure", said Sykes.
 So slammed Sam.
 Shan't slam Sam
 Said Sam's Spouse.
 So struck Sykes.
 Since, Sykes Says, Sam's Spouse
 Shall settle Sam's spites.

Bill MacDonald.

IC Collegiate**A LATIN DETENTION**

Once upon a school night dreary,
 While I pondered, weak and dreary,
 Over many a quaint and curious
 Volume of forgotten Latin—
 While I nodded, nearly napping,
 Suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of some one greatly rapping, rapping
 At my memories door —
 Only this and nothing more.

Presently my soul grew stronger,
 Hesitating then no longer,
 "Madam", said I, "truly your forgive-
 ness I implore,
 But the fact is I was napping, and
 So greatly you came rapping,
 That I quite forgot my Latin, with you
 Tapping, tapping, tapping,
 Do not hit me any more!"

Thus I sat engaged in guessing,
 But no syllable expressing,
 To the teacher, whose fiery eyes now
 Burned into my poor heart's core;
 This and more I sat divining,
 With my aching head reclining,
 On my arm, while she gloated o'er,
 "Please don't hit me any more."

by FRANCES REID.

(Adapted from the Raven.)

Lloyd Williams was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 When asked, why he was talking
 Just answered with a frown.
 I do not believe in talking Sir,
 It's the worst that one could do
 But always please remember
 That I talk only to you.

IIA Collegiate

WE HAVE:—

An Ash but no Maple
 A Gardner but no Garden
 A Simpson but no Eaton
 A Wales but no England
 A Firth but no Forth
 A Chamber but no Room
 A Morgan but no Pierpont
 A MacLennan but no Kilt
 A Foster but no Gloucester
 A Franklin but no Roosevelt

A boy very rudely shoves past a
 teacher in the hall.

1st former: Oh I'm sorry Miss-er-er—

2nd former: Sorry Miss Smith.

3rd former: Pardon.

4th former: Silence.

5th former: NURTS!

IIA Cloakroom

Muddy rubbers, golashes, all sorts of
 outer clothing, ducking heads, pushing,
 shoving as though it was a matter of
 life or death, to reach the doors by
 12.01. I would rather be drowned in a
 sea of hot chocolate than lose my
 reputation in this cloakroom.

Teacher to C. Angus: "Why are you
 late for class, Catharine?"

Catharine: "I guess I didn't get here
 in time."

IIB Collegiate

The Form Representative from IIB Coll.
 to "The Northern Echo."—

I'm a mere Demoiselle—not a crane of
 Numidia—

And I represent Form IIB.

Ergo—I must be an Encyclopedia

A "To be" perchance "not to be".

Then harken my Form mates, both
 female and otherwise,

List my wisecrackings for once;

This Earth is a Paradise if concise your
 exercise

Now please do not write me a dunce.

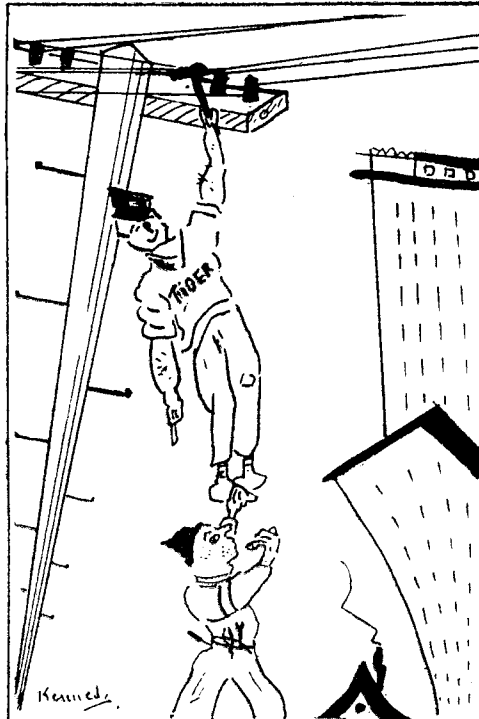
Life's a long Hope from childhood to
 crazy days

And Life without Hope is a flop.

Quadrati we love not, but through them
 may emblaze

Our name on the College Foretop.

Please bear with me sister—the brothers
 I know will;



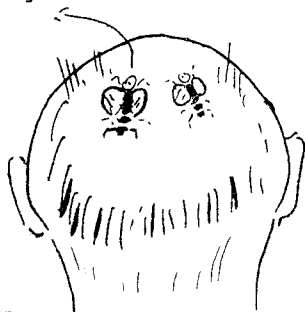
Tiger—Let go of my foot or I'll hit you over the head with this hammer.



YOU SHOULD HAVE
HAD MORE SENSE
THAN TO TELL
THAT ONE
ABOUT THE
SALESMAN
TO HER!

YOU POOR SAP

"MY DEAR, HOW THINGS CHANGE!
WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE THIS WAS
ONLY A FOOT-PATH."



BUT DARLING IT
IS A PARLOR STORY!
I HEARD IT IN
A POOL-PARLOR!



WIT AND GRIT
THE
SCHOOL MASCOTS



Man hunts—but woman can choose—
He may be Adonis, Navarro or Mandrill,
A leader or mental Papoose.

Whatever your gifts are—upper crust or
Arcadians
'Tis Love—plus some work that wins all,
IIB then salutes you—my bonny Cana-
dians,
With Learn—Work—and Love—my
School Call.

DOROTHY HALL.

IIC Collegiate

"Things We Would Like To Know":

If Ken Kade could manage to stay
awake a whole period.

If Gibson could sit still for two
minutes.

If Eve Teskey and Jean MacDonald
could stay at school a whole week.

If Kay McCauslin could give her voice
a little nourishment.

If Battles could be any smarter.

If Bradford has found the girl-friend
yet.

If Bill Lavery is practicing to whistle
over CFCH, and if Russ Nickle is

planning to become an orchestra leader
some day.

If Charlie Hurley could be anything
but mischievous in Miss Walton's
periods.

If Cherkas will become a big business
man like Harry Mulligan.

If Jack Hall could ask any more
questions than he does.

If Johns will ever become speedy.

If A. J. is going to be a baker like???

If John Kennedy will ever become the
"head man" at Fosdicks.

If Celestine Latour could remember
all her books for a change.

If Cassidy will ever grow up.

If Watt intends spending the rest of
his life drawing cartoons.

Mr. Simpson (drawing a diagram on
the board): "What's the name of the
angle I have just drawn on the board
Cherkas?"

Cherkas: "An acute angle, Sir."

Mr. Simpson: "If you don't sit up and
pay attention, I'll make a cute angle
of you."

Kennedy to French Teacher: "What
does Pourquoi mean in French?"

Teacher: "Why."

Kennedy: "Oh I was just wondering."



Queen's University

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The University has twenty-five modern buildings, providing first
class facilities for all departments of work. There is no better library
in Canada.

Kingston is an ideal place for study and the cost of living is re-
latively low.

Part of the work in Arts may be covered by correspondence.

For a calender of the Faculty in which you are interested and for
information about Matriculation Scholarships, write to the Registrar.

IIIA Form Notes

Phil: "So you're engaged to two men at once?"

Marg: "Yes, I'm trying to figure out how to sue them both for breach of promise."

* * *

Wiggins: "I hear you and the leading lady are on the outs?"

Richardson (stage manager): "Yeah. It was a quick change scene with the stage all dark. She asked for tights but I thought she said lights."

* * *

Peterman: "Have you seen Fern's new gown?"

Pearson: "No. What does it look like?"

Peterman: "Well, in a few places it looks like Fern."

* * *

Cote: "This liniment makes my arm smart."

Hurtubise: "Why not rub some on your head?"

* * *

Marg.: "Isn't Allan Peterman graceful? I like to watch him dance 'cause he's so light on his feet."

Richardson: "I'd like to see him light on his head."

* * *

Ivey: "I don't like the flies in here."

Mr. Marcy: "I'm sorry. There'll be some new ones in to-morrow."

* * *

Wiggins: "Why does a cow?"

Pearson: "Give milk?"

Wiggins: "Correct."

* * *

Bill: "Something seems to be wrong with the engine."

Fern: "Don't be silly Bill. Wait till we get off the main road."

* * *

Crokam: "I'm going to speak my mind."

Mison: "Silence at last."

* * *

Gibbs: "Has your girl got Athlete's Foot?"

Neale: "No, but her old man sure has."

* * *

Hinch: "Pass me my shoes will you?"

Montemurro: "Do you want the oars too?"

* * *

Wiggins reminds us of Charlie Chase,

That shiek and ladies' man.

He's only got one fault—his face,

It looks like an old tin can.

Advice to Parents

Let your child be what he wishes.

Moral—Mr. Cummingford wanted to be a traffic cop, but his parents made him be a teacher. Now he makes us all miserable by directing traffic in the halls. "Come on, hurry up, move along there."

* * *

Mr. Firth's Theory of Evolution

Students of 20 years ago—brains.

Students of 10 years ago—Nerve.

Students of to-day—Gali.

* * *

Mr. Marcy (in main hall at 1.35 p.m.): "Late again."

Fern Gorman: "Yes Sir. So am I."

* * *

Mr. Troy: "I'm a little stiff from bowling."

Mr. Cummingford: "Where did you say you were from?"

* * *

Miss Wales: "Ivy, what is the meaning of vacuum?"

Ivy Edgar (after short pause): "I've got it in my head but I can't express it."

* * *

Phil Pearson: "I took great pains with that essay."

Miss Hamer: "It's contagious—I had one reading it."

Billie Neale or The Form Infant

There is a boy in IIIA

His name is Billie Neale;

And five days out of every seven

We hear young Billie squeal.

He asks such crazy questions,

With an innocent look on his face,

If he doesn't soon break the habit,

He'll be bringing us to disgrace.

He has a pretty little face,

He should have been a girl.

Each morning finds him in his place,

His brain all in a whirl.

His hair is of a flaxen hue,

As soft as any silk.

To keep him always pink and white,

Each meal he drinks pure milk.

Bill swims as well as any shark,

(At least that's what we're told)

And even though he fears the d-d-d

He's worth his weight in gold

L. FRICKER and M. MALE

IIIB Collegiate

History of IIIB

McKee was a great **Hunter**, first he went to the **Smith** and got his **Lewis** gun which was being mended. At this **Point** he called a **Porter** to help carry his knapsack to his **Forder** sedan in which he started out for the forest. Traveling along through a **Meadow** he saw **Adams** built by beaver and a **Lillie** on a pond. Farther on he **Met-a-Calf** and took three shots in a **Rowe** but his gun exploded so he sat down by a stream to **Wash-a-burn**. As **Knight** closed in he opened a can of **Clark's** pork and beans and a bottle of **MacDonald's** orange crush and had a fine lunch. He asked himself **Wy-att** this time he had been such a **Dud** and forgotten to ask **Reynolds** to accompany him because he always pro-**Vokes** mirth to pass the time away. As he was thinking of a way out of this **Stew-Art** came along and led him home. **McKee** was a little **Salky** but he went just the same.

Historian.

For I looked into the future,
Far as human eye could see,
Saw a vision of some people,
Former students of IIIB.

Simon Adams runs a shop
Containing second-handed ware,
He also has new articles,
Does a thriving business there.

Bill Forder is a poet
He writes of many things,
But tho' he is a poet
He dances well, and sings.

Meb. Dwyer is a foreman
He bosses many men,
He married Marion Wyatt
And now she bosses him.

Norman Demeza profits well
As a teacher in a school
But our crystal does not tell
If he teaches by the rule.

Harold Washburn is a player
A famous basketball pro,
After nearly every game,
He speaks on the radio.

McGaughey and Bill Tuller,
Live in padded cells,
They think they are in steeples
And have to ring the bells.

Joe Point makes his living
As a forest guide,
And millionaires go to him,
To bag a few deer-hide.

Tom Callaghan and his sister
Own a department store,
Tom does very little
And Phyllis little more.

Mona Willis is a spinster
With her Mona Lisa smile,
Margaret Stewart will not marry
But wants to stay single for a while.

Orchestra leaders, we have two,
Vrebosch and Betty Knight,
Rene plays on Saturdays,
And Betty, Thursday night.

We also have two students
Still attending school,
Marion Lillie and Mary McClure
Will soon be professors, cruel.

Reg Watling is a pool-sharp
He'll take on any one,
He can even beat Bill Stewart
And that's not often done.

The two McGalliard sisters
Are dancing on the stage
And they are very popular
Though very young in age.

Helen Hunter owns a business,
It's a high-grade butcher shop.
And in collecting all her bills
She's always on the top.

Herbert Salkeld is very rich
And smokes fifty-cent cigars,
He made his money in root beer
And he has about fifty cars.

Beatrice Rowe and Inez Trembley
Are on the silver screen,
And you can find their pictures
In every magazine.

Ruth MacPherson is a widow
But is also well-to-do,
She's a friend of Doris MacDonald
Who is very wealthy too.

Allan Dudley, so they say
Is pulling teeth just now
He looks after Larden's teeth,
When he pulls 'em, there's a row.

Hap. McKee spends his time at home
And never does a thing,
He inherited two lumber camps
And lives just like a king.

IVA Collegiate

Mr. Firth: "Hector Charlesworth says there are no real comedians in Canada. Why don't you get in touch with him, Axler?"

* * *

(With apologies to—"Little Old Church in the Valley")

In that little old school in the valley
Where I first learned of sorrow and pain,
I can see Mathew there,
With his look of despair
As he studied his Latin in vain
And 'twas there, Nott learned of de-
tention

Like a curse placed on earth so it seemed
As it passed long and slow
In the not so long ago
In that little old school of his schemes.

BRUCE McLEOD.

IVB Form Notes

WHO'S WHO

Miss Alford our leader true,
Thro' thick and thin will see us through,
In Geometry and problems too,
Mr. Simpson knows just what to do,
In the History of some distant land,
Fair Miss Walton takes her stand;
Sometimes Mr. Troy spatters ink,
But most every night he's at the rink,
Miss Ash, into our fair girls doth drill,
Happiness and health their hearts to fill;
For reasons that are obvious,
Miss Chambers teaches French to us;
Our English comes from Miss Hamer,
And with her help we should not fail;
Mr. Cummiford, good as good can be,
Does wonders with Latin poetry,
We have to learn before we die
The Latin taught by our teacher spry;
We must be careful with Mr. Firth,
For fear we spoil our family mirth;
Science and knowledge sound,
Mr. Firth imparts around;
Common sense and piety,
Does Mr. Wallace divulge in freely;
Last but not least comes fair Miss Finlay
Small and young though she may seem
to be;

Our busy secretary knows,
Who each one to the office goes;
With care and patience all sincere,
Each one does his duties here.

LILLIAN VOKES.

* * *

Mr. Firth (getting excited).

IVB (wondering).

Mr. Firth: "Are all the McPhersons here to-day?"

IVB's Devotion

Wind-swept halls and the turmoil of the school, holds no terror for those who know their homework of the day before. Let us tarry for a few periods, believing that nothing can be more beneficial for the mind than school work.

Through the courtesy of the school clock we are about to broadcast the correct time. Right now your teachers are showing you how to make sixty-six in each subject and win the honour of not paying for your departmentals. It is the correct time now to start doing it.

Start the day right by brushing up your minds with a bit of chemistry. For the next thirty-five minutes you are annoyed by some Julius Caesar. We will now join with Mr. Simpson for forty minutes of popular geometry after which we will have a rousing march from Miss Ash. Our morning activities will conclude with thirty minutes of Virgil with the promise of a party at four, excluding refreshments.

Hello everybody, this is station IVB, N.B.C.I. and our programme for this afternoon with an old timer, ancient history. Coming back to the more recent tunes we hear "Le Chien du Capitaine". We next endeavour to please Miss Hamer by getting down to work at some composition. We end this afternoon's programme by "Quel heure est-il? Il est quatre heures précise." Good afternoon everyone.

JEAN BANKS.

Form V

"Oh! come now, close the door," cried Mr. Firth, "there is no one worth while coming in now."

Suddenly Dan (Firth) came strolling in.

* * *

We are taught that close friends have things in common; well, how is it that Creighton can imitate so truly the sounds of so many farm animals.

* * *

Absolute proof that Trenouth has been dead all his life. When he applied for a birth certificate he was given a card of death registration for the same date as he was born.

There must be real stuff in Sturgeon Falls. If you don't believe me play basketball with Mr. Steele who hails from that point and is now a member of fifth form. You'll probably only receive a few elbows on your head or face and a few knees where they shouldn't be; and in answer from him you get an extra large sized grin as an antiseptic.

* * *

Miss Hamer (reading the drunken porter scene from "MacBeth")—Knock! Knock! Knock!

Simultaneously came knock! knock! knock! at the form door and—

Miss Hamer (still reading) "Who's there?"

* * *

Mr. Cummiford (in Latin class): "Dowdall, what is the future of do?"

Dowdall: "—————" (significant silence).

Day (stage whisper): "Bread."

* * *

We have with us to-day:

Noted globe trotter—M. Day.

Manufacturer of garden necessity—D. Demarco.

Cinema Star Usurper of Clara Bow's satellite—Anna McAuslan.

Head physician of Murphy's Dog Hospital, Edinborough, Scotland—Ken Milne.

Mayor of Jerusalem—Bill Waiser.

Adviser to King of Yugoslavia—E. Pearce.

* * *

Anna (discussing engagement rings): If there's one thing I don't like, it's an engagement ring with steps."

2nd Anna: "Oh! that's just to make people stare."

* * *

Stevens would like to know why Algebra with so many roots, doesn't grow. Our comeback is, "Thank Goodness, it doesn't."

* * *

Chemistry Period (startling crash of a stool under rear desk).

Mr. Firth: "All right, Dowdall, just move it out so you'll have plenty of room for your feet."

* * *

The fifth form feminist appears to be McRoberts, at least, Mr. Firth led us to believe so when he addressed him as "Miss."

* * *

Isn't McCubbin a melancholy fellow? Even his whiskers are as blue as the ink from a certain young lady's pen.

IA Commercial

IA Commercial Would Like to Know Why

Mr. Foster uses such romantic language in addressing IA Commercial?

Hazel Rawlings stayed away for Arithmetic exam?

George Hubbard likes arguing with Miss Walker so much?

Fanny Palangio has changed her blonde? Got another "Blondie", eh Fan!

Mary Grant comes so late every morning? Those noiseless clocks aren't useful, eh, Mary.

Sarita Waiser tries to get detentions from Miss Walton when certain names are on the board?

* * *

Miss Hallet asks Herbert Brown a question in History period.

Miss Hallet: "Do you think that the sports which we have on Sunday are the same as those in the Seventeenth Century?"

Herbert: "No, now they only play tennis and golf."

Miss Hallet: "Well didn't you ever play marbles on Sunday?"

* * *

Little form room,
I hear your horn,
Oh! that exam
It makes me scorn.

Who said we have writing?
Why, I have no pen:
I haven't got my spelling
'Cause I left it in the gym.

IIB Commercial

When at school I sit
And am very tired of it
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies.

A sharp fierce shrill
A hand descending with skill
A far-off voice comes calling
Do wake up, you're stalling.

When my eyes I once again
Open and see all things plain
High bare walls, ink-spotted floors
Great big knobs on drawers and doors
Oh! dear me,
That I could be
Far far away.

Among the pupils in the room
In tears sat little Romain

I see a black cloud in the sky
I'm sure its going to rain
And when it storms where shall I be?
And what will exams bring to me?
Search me! crys little Ernie.

There was once a pretty maiden
But her friends were very few
For she thought that there was nothin'
In this world but what she knew.

So she always, in the classroom
Had a very forward way
Telling all the other boys and girls
What they ought to do and say.

"And I wish, my old friend Cushing"
She began to him last week
"That you wouldn't sit all morning
Looking so awfully meek."

"Won't you come out to the rink
Where the ice is smooth and thick"
"If I do", said little Mallison
Then I'm sure I'd cough and blink.

No you won't replied the maid
And no matter if you do
You are really good for nothing
What's a cold to me or you.

To be very wise and show it
Is a pleasant thing, no doubt
But when young girls talk to others
They should know what they're about.

Jamieson, Morrison and Romain one day
Dozed off to the land of dreams
But Mr. Foster aroused the three
To the tune of stenography screams.

III Commercial

Signs the Depression is Past in Third Form Commercial

Mr. Foster has been supplying extra advice to needy pupils quite free of charge.

* * *

Someone kindly donated two calendars to III Form Commercial.

* * *

The gramophone is no longer needed to cheer up the despondent pupils— (or is it because Miss MacNamara is still under the influence of the rigid economy practised during the depression, and is saving the wear and tear?)

* * *

Teachers are even giving detentions for nothing.

Quite mysteriously three new typewriters have made their appearance, to grace our recently remodelled typing room.

* * *

Even Santa Claus must have done double duty this year according to the number of brightly coloured sweaters, etc. seen directly after Christmas.

French With Miss Hallet

Slowly we wend our way to the tech,
To be filled with French right up to the neck,
Miss Hallet preaches, teaches, and drills,
But what she says is just like pills.

Not a murmur and not a smile,
Comes from the pupils of any aisle,
Each is quiet and willing to listen,
To the vocabulary Miss Hallet has given.

"Go to the board" You'll hear her shout,
And the "gang" walks up with an awful pout,
"Translate these sentences, each one in the class"
And "Bob" Nicoll answers all that she asks.

Jean Sibbitt so meek and mild,
Stands up like a little child,
And translates French in her silvery voice,
She thinks she's admired by all the boys.

Miss Hallet likes our Commercial "gang"
We sure go over with an awful bang!
She's told us and told us time and again,
That we'll all make wonderful women and men.

Things We Would Like to Know:

Who told Miss MacNamara that Gordon Sinclair was the mayor of Oshawa?

* * *

Why "Brick" McArthur is so shy— maybe it's because he wants to be like Alec Chalmers?

* * *

Why "Bob" Nicoll and "Mickey" McGillis like to skate at the St. Mary's Rink every night—come on boys what's the big attraction?

* * *

When Isabel Price is going to start taking down Economic Notes?

Song To Special Commercial

Of Special Commercial I sing a song,
A song though loud, not long;
(Oh help me, ere the teacher comes
To get it all writ down!)

The words have chosen been in haste,
So if they do not rhyme
Please overlook the small mistake
And hum that little line.

The tune, I picked a simple one
Which may be sung by all
So let us hear your voices ring
Through corridor and hall.

Here is my song, I'll sing it once,
Then, if for more you shout,
I'll sing it o'er and o'er again
Until I get kicked out.

"Oh form of Special grade
Who has us typists made
We shall give thee highest praise
As we go our many ways."

I. M. per N. S.

* * *

Miss Gardner: "Jessop, give us a
sentence using the word 'Maintenance'."
Jessop: "Most of the aunts went but
the 'main ten aunts' stayed at home."

Girls of IIA Vocational

We are the girls of IIA Voc.
In cooking we please most all the folk.

In homenursing, heads bandaged and
tied up hands
If we can't do it I wonder who can.

In sewing, a skirt and a blouse are com-
plete
If you should e'er see them you'd think
they were neat.

In mathematics too a few of us shine
But in Science, oh dear! you'd think we
were blind.

In Comp., Spelling and Literature we
aren't so bad
But when there's no homework we all
are so glad.

To the show we will trod or skating
we'll go
To have a grand date with another new
beau.

Form IIA Vocational Motto for
Science: "Use thy neighbour's as thine
own."

* * *

"My goodness", exclaimed Helen, who
had dropped into the police court. "They
have caught a tough lot this morning,
haven't they?"

Billie: "You're looking at the wrong
lot. Those aren't the prisoners, they're
the lawyers."

* * *

Flo: "Which would you prefer in your
husband, wealth, reality or appearance?"

Bertha: "Appearance, and the sooner
the better."

* * *

Lost—French poodle by a lady wear-
ing a brass collar and answering the
name of June.

Wanted—A room by two gentlemen
about thirty feet long.

Lost—An umbrella by a gentleman
with bone handle and steel ribs.

* * *

Wife: "That woman's the biggest fool
in town."

Husband: "Florence! your forgetting
yourself."

* * *

Mr. Fullerton (dreamily): "There's
poetry in mathematics—"

Bright student: "He's in love."

* * *

Ellen: "When is a pie like a poet?"

Mabel: "When its Browning."

* * *

Brave Student entering Mr. Wallace's
private office: "I'll teach him whose boss
around here."

Presently the door opened and he
came sailing out: "H'm, I'll teach him,
but he is going to take a lot of teach-
ing."

We Would Like to Know:

What colour John Ostrom will turn
to next?

Has Cecil McClennan met his Fate?

Why "Kid" Clarke blushes so often?

Why Burton is called "originator of
pink elephants."

Who Cecil Fisher is crooning to?

* * *

Eddie Durante will be starred in "no
one nose."

* * *

"What"! said a Sudbury mother to
small son. "You took your medicine
without shaking the bottle? Here is a
nickle go take a street car ride.

AS WE GO TO PRESS

Phyllis Ross won the school oratorical contest on Friday, February 24th. Phyllis spoke on the subject "The Progress of India Under British Rule." John Buchanan was awarded second place, and Joyce Muller, third.

* * * *

The boy's senior basketball team lost the city championship to the A.Y.P.A. team in a thrilling series. The school team captured the first game but dropped the next two by close margins.

* * * *

Allan Orr, representing the Cobalt High School, won the Northern Ontario Oratorical Contest which was held in our auditorium on Friday evening, March 10th. Miss Eileen Whidden Sudbury, won second ranking, and Phyllis Ross of the N.B.C.I. and V.S. and Phyllis Hone of Sault Ste. Marie were equal in third place.

* * * *

The boy's senior hockey team defeated Kirkland Lake High School by 8-2 on Friday March 10th, in New Liskeard and, as a result, won the Northern Ontario Inter-Scholastic championship.

* * * *

The Normal intermediate basketball team eliminated the "Greens" from the league race on Saturday, March 11th.

* * * *

The Sudbury High School girls' basketball team will retain the Mason Cup for another year by virtue of their victory over the N. B. C. I. and V. S. team on Saturday, March 11th. The score was 35-22, and Sudbury took the round by 21 points.

* * * *

On Friday afternoon, March 17th, at the Varsity Arena, Toronto, the senior hockey team was eliminated from the Provincial Interscholastic finals by Toronto Runnymede, 8-4. The boys, although defeated, gave an excellent account of themselves, and the many students who attended the game were proud of their team's showing. This has been an outstanding year for our hockey team and we congratulate Mr. Troy and his players.

* * * *

The "Whites" conquered the Normal team for the City Interscholastic Basketball title in two straight games by scores of 28-26 and 34-25. It was a deserved and popular victory.

This issue of

The Northland Echo

was printed and bound

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Greetings

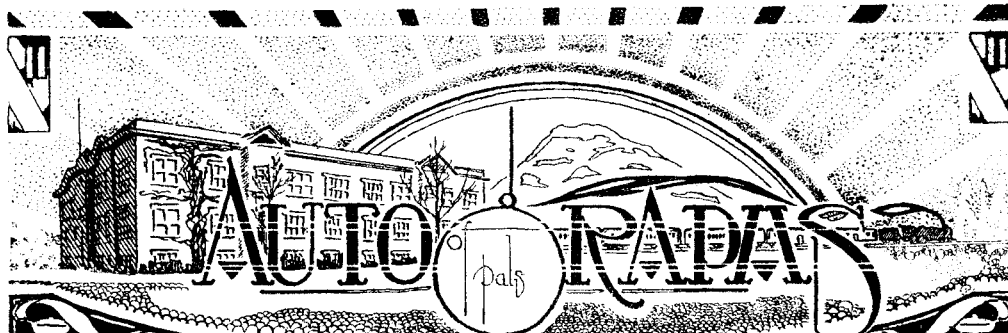
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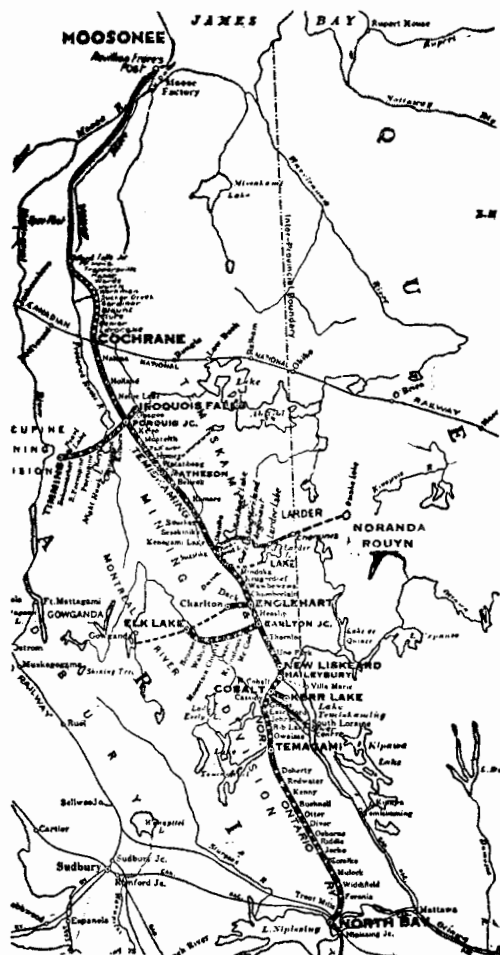
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