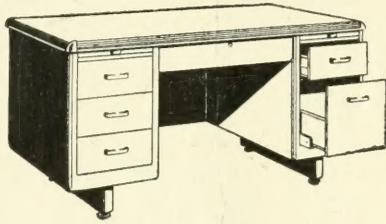


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Christmas
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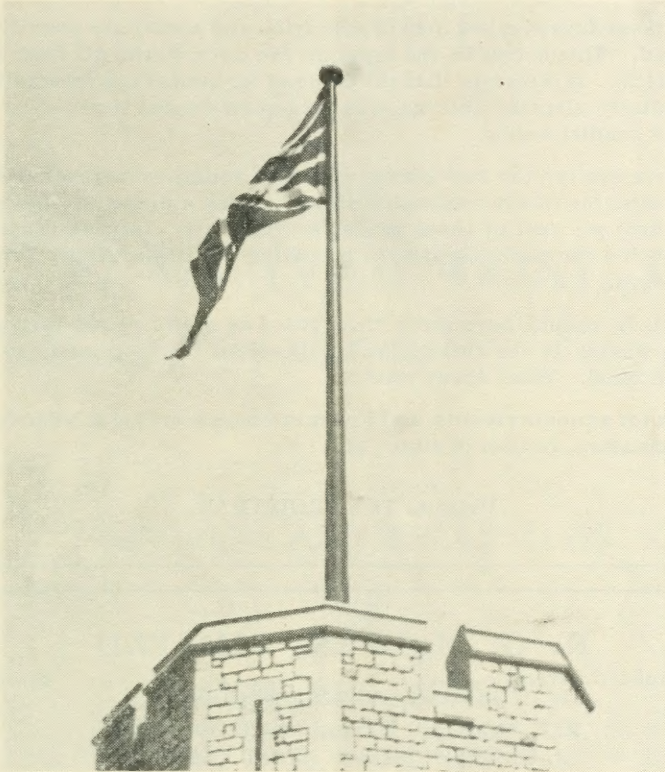
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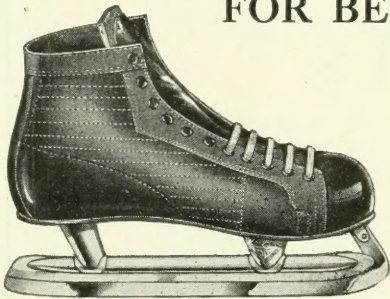
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CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EDITORIAL.....	13	The T.C.S. Game.....	66
LITERARY SECTION:		The U.C.C. Game.....	66
<i>English Sunday, 1941 A.D.</i> —F. Grant	16	S.A.C. vs. Pickering.....	67
My most unforgettable Experience—		The Ridley Game.....	67
R. S. Jolliffe.....	17	The Second Team.....	68
The Hunting in the North—R. B.		The Third Team.....	70
Brown.....	18	The Fifth Team.....	77
<i>The Wail of the Dying Duck</i> —A. I.		The Senior Cross-Country Run.....	78
Macrae.....	20	MACDONALD HOUSE SECTION:	
Charles A. Lindbergh—Foe of Democ-		Editorial.....	75
racy—E. M. Ballon.....	21	Literary Contributions:	
Symphony Versus Jazz—W. A. Mac-		The Fish That Didn't Get Away—	
Kenzie.....	24	F. A. McKenzie.....	77
Valour of the Oppressed—H. C. Fryer	25	<i>It Never Works</i> —R. A. Campbell...	80
Nice?—J. A. Garratt.....	27	A Memory of England—J. T. Mars-	
Is Youth Irresponsible?—Anonymous	28	den.....	81
Walter—Caribbean Crackpot.....	29	<i>Memories</i> —W. R. Howson.....	81
Raconteur Bizarre—J. K. Temby....	30	<i>A Sea Fight</i> —R. V. Worling.....	82
Death of the Brahn Seer—A. I. Macrae	31	Our Camping Trip—J. L. Howland	83
<i>Thoughts to Acts</i> —J. Kennedy.....	33	Macdonald House Rugby.....	84
The Castle—Fred. Hurter, Jr.....	34	The Team.....	84
The Swastika Speaks—T. C. Cossitt.	37	The Matches.....	85
Is Being Sick a Crime?—W. M. E.		T.C.S. Littleaside.....	85
Clarkson.....	38	Newmarket High School.....	86
The Same Old Thing—W. B. Lappin.	39	Lakefield (away).....	86
There's One Born Every Minute—		U.C.C. Prep.....	87
T. C. Cossitt.....	41	Lakefield (home).....	87
CHAPEL NOTES.....	43	Macdonald House Soccer:	
The Chapel.....	43	The Junior House Team.....	88
Sailing Against the Wind—A sermon		The House League.....	88
by Dr. G. Stanley Russell.....	44	The Primary Department.....	89
Notes of Services.....	48	THE OLD BOYS' SECTION	
SCHOOL NEWS.....	49	Fiftieth Anniversary of the 48th High-	
The Ladies' Guild.....	51	lander.....	90
The Carol Service.....	52	The Founding of the Cadet Corps—	
The Village Choir.....	52	By "Jay".....	92
THE CADET CORPS:		The Fortieth Anniversary Rugby	
The Camp Borden Trip.....	54	Game:	
The Annual Inspection.....	55	S.A.C. vs. U.C.C., 1901.....	93
Officers of the Corps.....	56	S.A.C. vs. U.C.C., 1941.....	95
The Autumn Church Parade.....	56	The Anniversary Reception.....	96
ATHLETICS:		Old Boys' News.....	97
The First Rugby Team.....	58	Marriages.....	100
Sports Editorial.....	59	Births.....	101
Little Big Four All Star Football Team	60	Deaths.....	101
Football Personnel.....	64	Killed in Action.....	104
The Old Boys' Game.....	65	Missing.....	104
First U.T.S. Game.....	65	Overseas Mail.....	105
Second U.T.S. Game.....	65	Letters from Old Boys on Service in	
		Canada.....	107
		Old Boys on Active Service.....	109

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The St. Andrew's College Review



Christmas 1941

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ON PARADE



EDITORIAL

THE King, on his visit to Toronto, waved to our Highland Cadets and asked, "Who are these?" A former editor of the REVIEW, commenting on this, said, "His Majesty's question is an honour and a challenge to all future Andreans." That royal question may have been repeated this Autumn by humbler lips: who are these, battling on the football fields? Who are these, parading through Rosedale to church? Who, indeed, are these whom one meets running in the fields, whom one hears singing so heartily in Chapel? These are the boys of Saint Andrew's College, putting into all they do and say the full spirit and energy of youth, for Canada's sake. Indeed, there is no stronger call, no more challenging summons, than this query, pressed to our hearts by royal lips.

Across the water, serving that royalty and serving humanity, are old boys of this school, forfeiting all to save Canada and civilization. These men have answered the challenge, with, "We are Your Majesty's troops." They are facing the agony and torture of war, and the oblivion of Death; it is only fitting that we should prepare ourselves, if not for a war of steel and flame and thunder, then certainly for war of the spirit to free the world from its many evils.

Only by co-operation with our fellows, by continually striving for the ideal social state, can Canada be really free. Boys at this school have an ideal environment; the school is a community of itself, each member intimately acquainted with the other. Go to it! Put all energy into your life here! Not only studies call—but hockey, basketball, cricket. There is a place for every boy in the school, a place which he must win. Go forth, win it, in the classroom, on the field, in the

Chapel, your God is above, and your king, your country and your school before!

* * *

Mr. J. B. Milward has joined the R.C.A.F., and we are all extremely sorry to lose him and Mrs. Milward. Mr. Wright has taken his place as Housemaster of Macdonald House, and, with Mrs. Wright, to whom we accord a warm welcome, is doing splendid work. Mrs. Wright has taken charge of the recently formed Primary Department. Mr. Wright has continued his work of the last three years as cadet instructor, in spite of his new and more burdensome duties; he is worthy of great praise for the condition into which he drilled the corps, from a ragged line of recruits to a body worthy and receptive of Colonel Holloway's approval.

* * *

We welcome into our midst Mr. J. M. Toye, B.A., graduate of the University of Toronto, who has taken, in part, the place of Mr. Flemming as senior master of mathematics. He has undertaken to form a gym team, and is receiving considerable support from enthusiasts. We wish Mr. Toye all success in the reorganization of what was once one of the school's outstanding activities.

* * *

We sympathize deeply with Mr. Flemming, who, through a rather serious illness, which confined him to his home, was unable to continue in his duties here. We are glad to say that he is back with us once more and has relieved Mr. Toye of several of his tasks. The REVIEW hopes that he will continue in his present good health.

* * *

Mr. J. C. Garrett, M.A., former lecturer in English at the University of Alberta and a Rhodes Scholar of that province, is now the senior English master at the school. He and Mrs. Garrett have taken up residence in the east Campbell House. We are glad to have the Garretts with us.

* * *

We are sorry to lose Miss Robertson as matron, and are only too glad to see that she still visits us. In her stead has come Mrs. Sanderson of St. Catharines and to her we extend a hearty welcome. Mrs. Sanderson has already earned the friendship of us all and that not entirely by way of our stomachs.

* * *

The editors would like to mention here their sincere sympathy with Ian L. Colquhoun, who was unable to return to school this Fall owing to a serious illness. He was one of the "inspirators" of certain reforms in the management of the REVIEW, and we are very sorry that he is not with us to aid us in its publication. We wish Ian a speedy recovery, and hope that he may be able to return to us.

We are very sorry that we are losing Mrs. Huntly Gordon, who has been with us as Upper School Nurse since early in 1940. Mrs. Gordon is going to rejoin her husband at Bridgeport, Conn., where he is at work with the British Purchasing Commission. She will be greatly missed here, and may rest assured that St. Andrew's College will not forget her. We welcome her successor, Miss Grace Bond of Toronto.

* * *

The boys are very grateful to Dr. Lowry, who has lent the school a telescope. It has a 4-inch Zeiss refractor, 70 power, and an altiazimuth tripod mounting. Observations have been made by Fred Hurter and some Memorial House enthusiasts, of the moon, the moons of Jupiter, Binares, and of nebulae.

* * *

The Headmaster has seen fit to place some of the power of choosing House and School Prefects and the Head Prefect in the hands of the boys. The elections of these has already taken place. The results of these are as follows:

Head Prefect—A. R. Thiele

School Prefects—H. S. Hendrie, B. M. Milligan

House Prefects—J. R. Chipman, J. D. Fraser, G. W. Grant, R. S. Jolliffe, J. J. MacBrien, D. P. Sabiston, C. E. Spence

The appointment of one of the House Prefects as a School Prefect has been deferred by the Headmaster.

* * *

We notice frightful noises coming from the basements (and sometimes, alas, the rooms) of Flavelle and Memorial Houses. From the number and difference of quality of these sounds, we imagine that there are behind them a number of instruments. We sincerely hope that their owners will unite and reorganize the School Orchestra. Owing to the extremely full program the masters have, though they are only too willing to help, the motive effort must come from the boys themselves. We have found that this is a very good way to do things, and we are quite sure the masters always welcome an ambitious movement on the part of the boys. We suggest, therefore, that the boys interested in such an orchestra should band together, and endeavour to raise money to this end. We also think that such a body of music-lovers should decide themselves what instruments should be bought.

English Sunday, 1941 A.D.

Hear the lumb'ring truck and lorry,
 As they roll, roll, roll
 Past the chimes of Sabbath glory
 While they toll, toll, toll—
 Each peaceful note an irony
 To warring mortals here,
 Oppressed with tragic tyranny
 And spirit-breaking fear
 Of the gun.
 How they run
 From all their thunder,
 All as one,
 From the swelling drone of bombers and the siren's
 woeful wail,
 As it drives them to their shelters with its terrorizing
 tale
 In an agonizing breath
 Of explosive, hurtling death
 And destruction from the menace of the skies.

Hear the crackle of the drums,
 As they beat, beat, beat
 With the music and the marching
 Of the feet, feet, feet,
 In a martial rhythm swinging,
 While the Sunday bells above
 Feel a glory in so ringing out
 Their God's and country's love.
 How they chime,
 All in time
 With the marching!
 How they rhyme
 In a languid, peaceful harmony with the city's busy
 hum,
 With the clashing of the cymbal and the beating of
 the drum!
 Till a peacefulness at last
 Succeeds the troops who passed,
 With the silent prayers and blessings of the crowds.

F. GRANT, Lower VI.

My Most Unforgettable Experience

WE left the changing room when we had put on our rubber pants and coats. On the way to the shaft we were given hard hats and electric lamps—these we immediately put on. As we were walking with mouths agape with awe, we were told that we would see a typical level three thousand feet underground.

When we reached the shaft house we waited for several minutes for the cage to come to "surface." When it did, a large electric tram was driven off to the repair shop. We got on to the cage and the tender gave the signal for our descent, 5-7-2, which in layman's English means, "Let us down to the three thousand foot level." Immediately the door was closed we seemed to drop into black nothing. Our lamps cast dull grey shadows and the features of the other men on the cage stood out like mountains on a barren plain. When we reached the level, a bell was rung three times and we got off the cage.

It was much cooler down there. The incessant babble of running and dripping water filled my ears. Another large tram appeared, but this time it was pulling eight cars loaded with rock, and our guide suggested that we get aboard a car and ride out to one of the drifts. As we were mining students, we wanted to see as much of the mine as possible, so we enthusiastically got aboard in anticipation of our little tour of the mine.

We had spent nearly two hours on the three thousand foot level, looking at stopes and raises, when a little puff of cool air was thrown in my face. I noticed a rather strange odour for three thousand feet underground. It was the smell of burning wood. I did not say anything because I could easily have been wrong. A few minutes later my friend, Griff Jones, mentioned the fact that he smelled smoke. The engineer, who was acting as a guide, said that he must be mistaken, so we went on with our tour.

About five minutes later the terrifying cry "Fire!" drifted through that labyrinth of rock to us. This time it was the real thing—fire, fire in a mine—smoke, the most dreaded thing of all. To die of suffocation is a horrible death, when you haven't got a chance. Again we heard a shout—"... rubbish ... pocket ... on fire!" Instinctively we ran for the station. We had about three hundred yards to run.

When we rounded the curve to come into the station, we were greeted by darkness. The lights had gone out. We ran a little further—no, the bulkheads are closed—trapped! Great volumes of smoke were filling the place now. I heard a choke. We covered our mouths with handkerchiefs. Our only escape was to run back to the 709 raise and climb to the twenty-seven hundred foot level.

We ran as if to put the rabbits to shame. As soon as we reached the raise we began to climb, but the ladders were out of repair, and therefore the going was very difficult. It was our only chance. Up! up! up! we seemed to be getting nowhere. The smoke was much thicker now, and we were coughing incessantly. We could not hold out much longer. Suddenly I heard a man's foot above me slip. Look out! I held on for my life. He landed squarely on my shoulder; he had fainted. The climbing became more difficult and I knew that I could not go on carrying this dead weight.

We then reached a landing. We had arrived at the twenty-seven hundred foot level! The unconscious man revived in the fresh air. We closed the trap-door so that the smoke could not get at us, and once again we began to run, this time to the place that was our last hope. We arrived safely at the station and immediately "rang down" the cage which carried us to the surface.

Looking back on this trip underground from my thirty years in the mining business it seems to be a very odd experience. It is not often that a man is smoked out of a mine, and I will always remember it as my most unforgettable experience.

R. S. JOLLIFFE, Upper VI.

A Hunting Trip In The North

ON June 10th my friend and I left Bear Flat for Hudson Hope, the home of Bill Keily, a trapper with whom we were going into the back country. Our journey to the trapper's home was completed in about one and a half days, but we were unable to set out immediately because some of his horses had wandered down the trail about fifteen miles. After a two day horse-hunt we were ready to begin. We travelled about twenty miles the first day and camped in a small grove of spruce trees on the Red River. The next day, riding through steady rain, we reached a site called the Federal Ranch, at the south fork of the Halfway River.

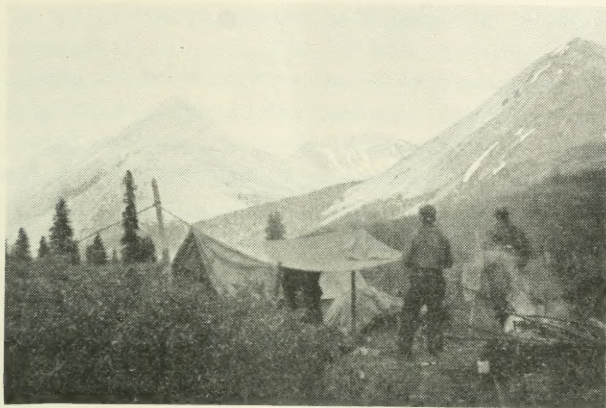
After travelling for another three days in what seemed to be a paradise of swift running streams and virgin forests, we reached the beginning of the mountainous country. We continued twenty miles along Cyprus Creek and found an excellent camping spot near a waterfall. We spent the following day at the falls catching trout that would have made many a fisherman jump with delight.

Having crossed a low divide, we came to one end of Keily's trap-line. Because he wanted to pick up some food and traps which he had cached, it was necessary for us to remain there for a day. This afforded us a magnificent chance to go goat-hunting on some nearby mountain.

Finding a suitable mountain, we rode half way up it, and tying our horses proceeded the rest of the way on foot. After a long day of unsuccessful hunting, we returned to our horses, and made our way back to the camp. When we arrived in the camp Bill Keily had a good meal ready for us. After supper we fished for an hour and then we turned in.

The next day we travelled through the mountains and went over a divide into the Halfway Valley; riding down the Halfway we came to the junction of the Rob and Halfway rivers.

We continued over a very high divide through snow and came down to the south fork of the Sicanni River. From there we went down the



river to Keily's head cabin, where we picked up a great deal of equipment and more food. We went back over the trail the next morning and returned to the forks of the Rob and the Halfway.

We decided to remain here for a few days because fishing and hunting were at its best in the nearby regions. Keily went down the river to get a few bear traps, while we stayed at the camp. When he returned, he told us that there were some goats on the other side of the mountain. We rode to the other side the next day, and climbed where Keily had instructed us. When about halfway up the mountain we found a pair of caribou, about half a mile away. Tying up our horses we crossed a deep valley and came quite close to them; the distance was about two hundred yards. My first two shots went over the bull caribou's back, but the third brought him down. We had to let the cow caribou alone, because it was protected by law. The carcass of its mate we carried to a little crystal-clear stream whence we carried as much as we could, on the horses, back to camp; there we ate one of the best dinners on the trip.

We stayed at the camp another day, and then started down the Halfway. After four days we reached the South Fork and proceeded to Hudson Hope. We stayed with Keily that night and returned to Bear Flat the next day.

R. B. BROWN, Form V.

(Narrated by RAPMUND, Form V.)

The Wail of The Dying Duck

Quite near to a river, the name I don't know,
 A little farm nestles and corn tries to grow;
 The farmer is cursing his wife and his luck,
 His children, his cattle, and the dying duck.

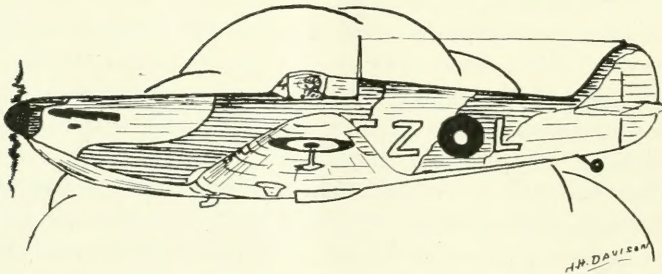
The tale of the dying duck, my son,
 The farm was finished when it begun,
 The cows would not feed, the bulls would not snort,
 The milk, an excuse of unfavourable sort.

The duck was a white one with spots on her head,
 The farmer went shooting with wee bits of lead;
 He aimed at her neck but his shots were not true,
 The duck's head was white but her bottom now blue.

The duck started quacking with fear for her life,
 The farmer, his gun he changed for a knife,
 And with hands not too gentle, and moves not too quick,
 In the throat of the duckling his knife he did stick.

The duck, with her head not a little behind,
 The way to the backyard by instinct did find;
 And there in the tulips she started to wail,
 All matters of which may be found in this tale.

A. I. MACRAE, Form V.



Charles A. Lindbergh—Foe Of Democracy

WHEREAS each time I spell out the name Lindbergh I feel I am soiling the paper on which I write, yet at the same time I deem it important for those who as yet do not know it, to learn the story of one of the biggest scoundrels alive on the face of this earth. I hate this man even more than I do Hitler, because the latter, while being a snake, in acting like one also looks like one, whilst the former doing equally ugly and unscrupulous things pretends to be the sheep, while he acts the wolf.

Charles A. Lindbergh was born on February 4, 1902, at Detroit, Mich. His mathematical inclinations led him to enroll at the University of Wisconsin, where he studied engineering, after which he attended flying school at Lincoln, Nebraska. He rose from the rank of flying cadet at Kelly Field, Texas, to captain in the Officers Reserve Corps. His first duties entailed air-mail flying between St. Louis and Chicago, and it was on this route that he resolved to compete for the \$25,000 prize offered by Raymond B. Orteig, of New York City, for a non-stop flight between New York and Paris. At 7.50 on the morning of May 20th, 1927, he embarked from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, for Paris, and arrived there the following evening. Almost every large power conferred upon him some great military distinction or honour, and when he returned to Washington he was made a Colonel and national hero, attended all sorts of receptions, and represented his country on all sorts of good-will missions to neighbouring nations. He was awarded the Woodrow Wilson Medal and \$25,000, and later became chairman of the Transcontinental Air Transport. In 1929 he married Ann Morrow, daughter of Dwight W. Morrow, and when their first child was kidnapped, he once again attracted world-wide attention. He then took up his residence in an isolated spot in France. Shortly afterwards he accepted an invitation of Goering to visit the Reich's air force, which was at that time increasing in alarming proportions.

We might call this the first time that we "smelled the rat" in Lindbergh, for it seemed very odd for a man to flee a country that had been the scene of his child's murder, only to go to the country of the murderer. Once again he attracted attention, but this time in a different light, for at this point a popular national hero and prominent world figure started swiftly to decline in popularity, to attain the unenviable positions he holds, that of the most hated man in America.

In Germany he had had a great time. He saw from the inside her great might, and was undoubtedly impressed by it. He went around with Hitler, Goering, Goebels, Ribbentrop, and others of that select "pool-room" or "beer parlour" crowd, and when he left the Reich he

had seen a great show. He thought of personal possibilities and opportunities. Evidently he couldn't see through the stage set for him, for when he departed from Germany, laden with ribbons and tin medals, German decorations and marks of distinction, he was destined to start a campaign to push himself upward politically, and to work for Germany in so doing. When German leaders had put on their play, they had possibly overlooked the first result, but the second had been their theme, and thus their performance had been a great success. Thus Lindbergh felt like a boxer's second, ready to share the glory and spoils of the championship fight once it had been won. The play he had seen in Germany or rather the act, convinced him that victory was to be on his side, the side he at that time joined. But we in a democracy know that the conflict will end otherwise, with decency and right championing our cause. How misled he was!

Since he has been in America, Lindbergh has acted as much like a Nazi as a Nazi could. Yet he swears that he is not one, and, indeed, calls himself 100% American—a 100% American who once gave very serious consideration to giving up his American citizenship (naturally, this would be out of the question at the present moment). His every action is un-American. He has praised Germany in hardly a veiled manner and he has been violently anti-British. A profound isolationist, he condemns aid to the Allies, maintains theirs is a lost cause, and this because of an almost definite "working agreement" that he must have with Hitler.

His tactics have been very similar to those of the latter. He has employed the same sneaking methods, the same policy of foul propaganda, has used the same lying devices and has capitalized on opportunities for race persecution as has the Fuehrer pursued in order to stir up internal trouble. Possibly he thinks that if the Allies are overcome he will have the opportunity to step into power, with the backing of his illustrious "pool-room pal" Adolf. As this has been Hitler's method of procedure, so again is Lindbergh's platform run on cheap "small-time" planks. As Hitler called for a Germany for Aryans, and swore blue murder and indeed performed it on any disbeliever in his crackpot race conception, crushing Protestant, Catholic and Jew, anyone with an iota of decency and self-respect, so then in America does Lindbergh work for his own group of select isolationists, and *n*th rate Americans. Like Hitler's, his would be a policy of race hatred and of existence only for the strong, of no free speech, and of great glory for himself—haven't we seen this policy somewhere before? Indeed, the Charles A. may well stand for Adolf, for long has he condemned Germany's enemies and lauded her friends.

Lindbergh despises the democratic system and all who believe in it. He hates Roosevelt and Democrats, Willkie and other upright Republi-

cans, and especially La Guardia and his fellow Jews. He calls them all war-mongers, yet theirs is a doctrine that calls for culture, peace and happiness, whilst his calls for strife and contention. He claims pacifistic sentiment, yet all he does is stir up trouble. He hates war yet advocates a powerful territorial army—doesn't that seem rather paradoxical? Also, does this not strike a note of something that we have heard before?

Undoubtedly the most unpopular man in his country, how is he able to continue as he does? There are a few who believe in his two-horse doctrine, but not many, and those that do support him are worthless individuals who contribute nothing to Americanism, democracy and decent cultured living. Those who follow him are merely a collection of idiots like himself, a few "two-bit" politicians who could not get along in decent community, Klu-Klux-Klanmen, American Fascists and Nazis, and the odd hero-loving woman.

Unfortunately, however, Lindbergh has done, and continues to do, great harm. His lying propaganda has slowed up production and so the delivery of arms to Britain. Also he has lessened to some extent respect for the United States. America's friends wonder at a first-rate democracy wherein such a spirit can exist. Thank Heaven we in the Western Hemisphere realize that he speaks for himself and not for the great nation in which he lives.

Having won recognition for the only decent thing he ever did, some ignorant people have regarded his military opinions as infallible, because of his experience in that line.

But his day of reckoning will come. His only hope is for a German victory, for which he is fighting so hard. But we know that he is cheering for a losing cause, and when this war is over and social conditions have been restored, upright citizens will then deal with this traitor to all humanity.

May there be a speedy culmination of the activities of America's Charles Lindbergh, a bitter enemy of decent society, and the most unAmerican American in the Western Hemisphere.

E. M. BALLON, Upper VI.

I've never been dated,
I've never been kissed;
They said if I waited,
No man could resist
The lure of a pure and innocent miss,
But the trouble is this—I'm fifty.

Symphony Versus Jazz

ORCHESTRAL music may be divided into two kinds, namely, symphony and jazz. Symphony seems to be enjoyed by everyone, but more so by older people, while jazz is the younger person's choice.

Jazz is defined as the "distortion of conventions of music." By this we mean that orthodox music may be distorted, not only rhythmically but also in melody and harmony into what is called up-to-date jazz. Swing, which is the equivalent of "hot jazz," is the distortion of music in its most complicated form. Swing is really improvised variations on a certain theme.

Today the skilled arranger is much more important than the composer, because the pieces that are becoming important are just old tunes revised. The negroes started swing but the white men have got much farther with it.

There are many famous writers of modern music. On the screen the greatest are probably Gordon and Revel, Warran and Dublin, whose chief job is to compose pieces for the movies. But outside of the screen the name of George Gershwin will always be remembered by music lovers. Another famous writer is Hoagy Carmichael; he wrote "Stardust" and many other tunes that are listed in the unforgettable class. Other famous popular music writers are Irving Berlin and Jerome Kern, whose works are familiar to most of us. It has been proved that jazz is really adaptation and not invention; all signs show a greater development along these lines.

The other class of music, symphony, is much different from jazz. It is, as we would say, heavier music. A few of the writers of symphonies are Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, and Baccherini. Modern conductors revise the symphonies of these composers and adapt them to modern orchestrations.

The word symphony has many meanings. One of these is "a harmonious combination of voices and instruments." Another meaning is a concert. In the seventeenth century the word meant a concerto for certain vocal compositions accompanied by instruments. But the principal meaning of the word is a sonata for the orchestra.

Symphonies are played in operas. They are just like stories written in music. The players in these operas are famous singers, as the singing is the most important part of the opera. A few of the great opera singers of our day are: Lawrence Tibbett, Kirsten Flagstad, Nino Martini, Gladys Swarthout, Grace Moore, and many others. Perhaps the greatest singer the world has ever known was Enrico Caruso, the great opera tenor; there will probably never be a song so beautiful as Madame Schuman-Heink's rendition of "Silent Night."

BILL MACKENZIE, Lower VI.

Valour Of The Oppressed

A SHORT time ago the following news item appeared in the more prominent newspapers:

"Six Norwegian youths, from a fishing village on the west coast of Norway, arrived at W——, a small town on the coast of Scotland, after a perilous journey across the North Sea. It took them ten days to make the trip in a small fishing dinghy. Two hours after their landing they joined the Norwegian Air Force."

To the average reader this article would supply only momentary interest. To keep it as spectacular as it should be, I have tried to set down the story behind the newspaper item. . . .

Neil Bjorkman walked idly down the unpaved road of B—— towards the sunken docks at the end of the street. Although his face was untroubled in appearance, and he whistled a gay Norwegian folk-song, his thoughts were full of anxiety. For underneath his crude jacket were stowed two pounds of sausage, a thermos bottle containing hot tea, and two dozen rolls. In peace-time all this would be meaningless, but only recently Norway had been invaded by Germans, and storm troopers were posted everywhere to prohibit the carrying of food more than the amounts allowed by the rationing list.

The few scattered German police paid little attention to Neil and he finally arrived at the docks, his whole body trembling and his heart beating fiercely. Taking a furtive glance along the road, and seeing no sign of danger, he dived into a clump of bushes at the water's edge. Five pairs of sturdy hands reached out to steady him, and, relieving himself of his precious load, he sat shakily in a small boat.

"Ah, good! I see you have brought the food, Neil," said a stocky Norwegian lad.

"Right! I thought I would die, Hans, when I passed two Nazi swine on the streets."

A tall, cynical-looking youth stood up and, in an authoritative tone, said: "Enough of that, let us launch our boat and sneak away before we are missed."

The others nodded in agreement and after much labour had the small dinghy in the water. The cynical young man, whose name was Leif Hanson, sat at the tiller and gazed straight ahead, tears streaming down his cheeks. The others in the boat were: Neil Bjorkman and his brother Bjarni, Sven Lehtenman, Hans Sandberg and his brother Lars. The dinghy was riding low in the water and every wave came dangerously near the gunwale.

After storing the food away in the water-tight compartments, Neil looked toward the stern and saw the tears on Leif's cheeks. "Comrade,"

he said, "think not of the past; look into the future. We shall have our revenge on those German swine."

Leif brought the back of his rough hand across his cheeks and in a husky voice replied: "I was not weeping over what happened to my family; it was the idea of our Norway being shackled, after all these years of contentment. Ah, well, no use crying over such thoughts when we ourselves are in danger. . . . Trim that jib, Lars!"

Silence fell and lasted until the lads made ready for sleep. Soon they were asleep, and the little boat dodged in and out of the waves, handled by the expert helmsman, Leif. Towards daybreak the party left the fjords and from that time on not one of the six looked back on Norway.

The first day was very monotonous. Nothing appeared on the water to disturb the blank scenes outlined only by the horizon. The second and third, and especially the fourth, days, things began to lag, and the boys were weary from the constant rowing. On the fifth day Neil shot a sea-bird with an old pistol which he had stowed with the food.

It was not until the sixth day that anything interrupted their journey to Scotland. Early in the day black clouds were slowly drawing together in the sky above, and the heavens darkened forbodingly. The boys reefed the sail and tied on their life-belts, for each one knew that soon they would be in the middle of a squall. The storm finally broke, about midday. Mountainous waves swept over the bow of the boat; it took three boys to hold the tiller against them. The winds, howling as if possessed by all the fury of the gods, threatened many times to tear the sail from the mast. The boys bailed furiously, offering prayer after prayer to their Maker to bring them through safely.

After an hour of this hectic struggle against the sea and the wind, Lars fought his way to the bow to untangle the halyard, which had been blown around the jib-stay. As he gained the mast, a comber toppled him into the sea. Neil leaned over the gunwale, and, catching Lars's coat as he was swept alongside, hauled him, wringing wet, into the bottom of the dinghy. As suddenly as Lars had been knocked from the deck, the boat jibed. The swinging boom caught Sven's arm just below the shoulder and swung him, senseless, against the dinghy's heaving sides. The boys who were not at the tiller sprang to his aid and finally revived him. In vain he tried to lift his arm. Bjarni, who had taken his second year at Medical College, pronounced the arm broken. Fashioning a rude splint from two pieces of decking, he bound Sven's arm and laid him gently on the deck. The rest resumed their tasks and soon the storm quieted down.

On the seventh day their water supply was very low, and they rationed it out each meal. At noon they had a crude meal consisting of sausage, black bread, and a little water. Afterwards they lay on their backs gazing into space. Each one of the six had a growth of beard on

his face, and Leif's hair was matted from the frequent and heavy winds. Sven's arm was knitting naturally, and he was none the worse for the accident, aside from a dull pain.

This day was typical of the rest of the days until the tenth. It was late in the afternoon when land was sighted, and the sun shone on the heather-covered cliffs. The boys began to sing for joy, although each throat was parched from lack of water. Their boat struck the shore at twilight, and Neil stumbled out, hauling the painter as he went. As soon as they touched shore all but Neil flung themselves onto the ground. Neil walked steadily but triumphantly up to the village at whose docks they had beached. Raising his head he looked to the clouds through which he would soon be flying to wreak vengeance for the conquest of Norway by dropping bombs on German soil.

H. C. FRYER, Lower VI.

Nice?

WHEN you see a pretty girl walking towards you with a new style blue dress on, a very becoming box-type hat with a large feather, and a fox fur draped luxuriously about her neck, if, perchance, you are a pedant and a devout student of the dictionary, you might well say: "Mmm, nice." When you say "nice", exactly what do you mean? Are you intimating that this poor girl is "delicately sensitive," "hard to please," "of critical taste," or do you mean that she is "subtle," "particular," or that she "lays stress on things."

If she walked along with her head down, clicking her heels and periodically pitching her purse on the dirty sidewalk, then you might say that she "layed stress on things"—but most pretty girls don't do that.

If you meant that she was hard to please, how could you tell? I suppose you would wink at her, and if she took no notice of it you would deduce that she was hard to please. If so, you are conceited. Well, perhaps you are conceited. Perhaps you are just imagining that the girl is "particular" or "of critical taste"—this unfortunate girl who happened, through no fault of her own, to come in the opposite direction on the same side of the street.

If you don't know why you would say "nice" then I suggest that you carry a list with you, on which you have all the different things she might be. If you can't avoid her, when you meet such a pretty girl again, stop her and ask to which category on the list she belongs.

J. A. GARRATT, Form V.

Is Youth Irresponsible?

THE question of the irresponsibility of youth has been argued about since there have been old men to argue in favour of old age, and young men to give them the like; so I don't suppose that I will present any new arguments, on either side. However, I, as a youth, will try to give my opinions as well as I can.

A human being who has not yet attained the age of twenty-one years is considered to be a youth, and the opinion of these persons is condemned by those older than twenty-one, as being immature, and not worthy of a great deal of consideration. A youth, though he has not the experience of an older person, has not had the time to become poisoned by the wickedness of the world as many older men of our time have become. Many of the old and wise are prejudiced against youth because it does not always think along the same lines as they do, and therefore, in the minds of the old, youth is always wrong, and they are always right. Of course youth is quite able to make mistakes; but the great difference between youth and age is that youth is willing to admit a mistake, whereas age, relying upon its experience, thinks itself unable to make mistakes.

Many of the truly great figures of history have been very youthful when they were at their height. William Pitt was only twenty-one when he held the office of Prime Minister of England, a position which is considered to be one of the most important in the world. In spite of his youth Pitt proved himself to be one of the best ministers that England has ever had. Joan of Arc when commissioned by God to free France, had just passed her fourteenth birthday, and when she set out upon her commission she was hardly seventeen. Although the old and wise of her age imprisoned her, and killed her before she was twenty, Joan startled the sages of the century when she set forth the opinion that a confession of guilt gained through torture was not a true confession. This opinion was argued about for more than two centuries before it was finally accepted as true, but it was originated by a girl of about nineteen.

Through their narrow-minded thoughts and actions, men past the age of youth have prevented great men of an age less than twenty-one from getting their chance. In this way they are doing a great harm to the whole world.

ANONYMOUS.

Garratt (to *Gardner*, who has just been stupid in conversation):
 "That's just your calibre, Truck, heavy bore!"

Walter

FROM Dawson Town, a little group of houses at the edge of the estate, an old negro is walking in the heat of noon. His name is Walter. He has a long climb before he can reach the great house on the hill. It is a particularly arduous climb, over colossal boulders set deep in the pimento "walk", through the mesh of hanging growth under the cedars. These obstacles meant little to old Water, though, because he has more absorbing thoughts. He is not by any means an habitual drunkard, but likes to have a few swigs of rum down at the shop and get mildly tipsy. But, retired now, on a pension of six shillings and sixpence a week, with his wife Caroline growing old, he has to devise ways and means. Having very little imagination, he is always surprised when the Young Massa stops his pay on Friday to collect what Walter borrowed the week before last. Tips at Rockfield, the homestead, are now sparse, since the Missis is ill. As for the Young Massa's house—ah, he's a hard man, suh!—the occasional shirt and box of matches are forthcoming, but not a penny! Mister Ernest at the shop can supply enough, well, certainly enough for a taste, for ninepence. His total assets are threepence (Caroline has the rest). Well, he must do something.

At this point, he climbs the stile that leads onto the driveway. There is Eustace, the chauffeur, washing the car:

"Mahning, suh."

"Mahning, mass Walt."

"How de Missis this mahning?"

"Bad sick, suh."

Here, as Walter discusses a few unimportant matters with Eustace, it is well that we take a glance at the stately Colonial house whose shadow falls over the gorgeous ponciana and the fine garden walls. Here there has lived a family. The father, the Massa, here raised nine children, here slaved to send them abroad to good schools, here them married and depart again, to the lands of their adoption. Here he died. And here lived his widow and his unmarried daughter. But the old lady, the Missis, is ill. Her eldest, the young Massa, now no longer young, lives within quarter of a mile.

The old rascal, Walter, has reached the cowpen and has gone to the cart-house to say "mahning" to the cattle-boys. Mrs. Eustace is out washing the baby's linen. Suddenly there is a cry. People run. The old man has collapsed. . . .

In the house two nurses are in attendance. With much discussion by the Missis's bedside, the daughter takes charge and the two nurses

hasten to the cowpen where is prostrated the form of Walter. With water they restore his consciousness. Had he eaten that morning? No'm. Caroline had been too vicious. Well, the sun is pretty hot. No wonder he fainted—lack of nourishment. The nurses return to their charge. The kind housekeeper sends a tall glass of milk and a bottle of bay rum (for his heated brow). It's a welcome sight. In long draughts he drinks the milk, then the bay rum as quickly as one ever drinks bay rum, if one ever does, and sends the maid in to ask for sixpence.

CARIBBEAN CRACKPOT.

Raconteur Bizarre

THIS story was told me several years ago by a person I did not know then, and whose identity is still unknown to me. I have often pondered over it whilst sitting alone in my house on a dark winter's evening, but its content still does not make any plainer the identity of the raconteur. It was told me thus:

My heart was frivolous that day, when the fields were green and sparkling with the morning's dew below and the twitter of birds sounded cheerfully overhead—I paced up and down the station platform and my new shoes protested gently with every pace. In my hand I carried a paper package no larger than a match-box and on my person I bore a fine grey suit. A flower adorned my button-hole.

With a scream of the whistle the train slid in and I was overjoyed to find a compartment which contained no more than one other person. This was an old lady—not a person likely to disturb a lover's thoughts. Everything was fine, the prospects were fine, and the journey short but pleasant.

How one's mind does wander! The passing scenery was unexcelled in beauty, yet I did not appreciate it. Those eyes of hers! How bright and mischievous they were, as though some little spirit had entered them for the sole purpose of distracting the wandering swain! Was I to be her mate? Of course I was! Why should it be doubted? Yes, she reminded me rather of a warm young kitten. Something to be protected, petted and fed. Curses! I knew that I had forgotten something—the cat. There she would be, wandering around the garden raising the devil just because her master wanted to see a silly girl. The impertinence of it! Leaving a pedigreed Persian to go unfed while its lord and master mused senselessly in a railway carriage! I looked outside. Purple tors loomed through the mist which hung heavily in the valley in which we

travelled. We climbed steadily onwards, winding in and out of those rocky hills, and left behind the gushing stream.

We left those hills only to encounter some more. Again we entered a valley, but this time the stream was a river, a dark brown ribbon which writhed and wound. In fifteen minutes we would cross the bridge and steam into the little station.

My heart pounded with renewed energy at this thought. Would she have changed? Would she ignore me? Senseless questions, for I had seen her only two days before, and it was then that I had gathered strength for the final onslaught today. My face must have been expressing my thoughts, for I noticed a small sweet smile on the old lady's face. I started, and began a hurried conversation about the weather, but her smile persisted and I stopped abruptly. The conversation commenced again, but this time it was the old lady who spoke. She knew who I was and talked at some length. I fondled the little package in my pocket and took it out. I would show her it. I knew she would appreciate it.

But I got no further. At that moment there was a great upheaval, a ripping and grinding of steelwork, and I felt a great coldness engulf me. The daylight faded and the last I saw was a speck of paper floating on the surface of the water. How free I felt! I soared heavenward, heavenward in a mass of celestial music; then all was silent.

The narrative was done—I knew why he had come—it was to see my wife, but she too is dead.

J. K. TEMBY, Lower VI.

The Death Of The Brahn Seer

BRAHN Castle, family seat of the Seaforths, lay sheltered by a glorious blanket of pine trees and overshadowed by sharp pointed, snow-capped mountains. Lady Seaforth gazed with anxious but unseeing eyes at the panorama of scenery. Her husband, Lord Seaforth, sent on a diplomatic mission to the French court, had forwarded no news of his doings or health. As she stared a light knock sounded at the door and her lady-in-waiting announced the presence of Conneaich Dieg who was willing to do service for her Ladyship. Lady Seaforth nodded: "Show him in if you please."

She rose to greet her visitor, a tall, dark, distinguished looking man with a tendency to stoop slightly. He was dressed in a well cut dark suit, and spoke in a deep resonant tone as he greeted her. Lady Seaforth spoke quickly to him in Gaelic. "Conneaich Dieg, you are known

throughout the highlands as the Brahn Seer, a prophet with the stone which enables you to look into the present and the future. Tell me what my husband is doing now."

The Seer pulled from his pocket a round black stone. As he glanced at it his face paled. "Your Ladyship, I would rather not speak," he began. "What do you see? I command you," she said. "Your husband is kissing a French maiden in the Cafe Rouge; his right hand is smoothing her hair, and his left is. . . ." "Liar," Lady Seaforth screamed in jealous rage at the Seer. "You shall die on Tuesday in a barrel of oil. My wedding anniversary," she added slowly.

On Tuesday morning the rosy shades of dawn broke over the sky; light zephyrs flew over the blue waters of the Dornoch Firth. On the shore, stood a sinister black barrel surrounded by a small group of men. Conneach Deig stood quietly in their midst. Suddenly his arm flew forward, and something round and black fell into the waters. Turning his eyes to the brightening east, he spoke. "Hear ye the last prophecy of the Brahn Seer. When I die, and my ashes shall lie strewn over these sands, a bird shall fly from heaven and shall sweep them into the sea. If that bird be a dove, I shall go to Paradise, but if it be a raven I shall go to hell."

Evil news travelled fast and far. Sir John Seaforth was riding fast. He had landed at Dover yesterday; even now he spurred his good stallion Reginald over the Scottish border. "Faster, faster," he urged. Aye, faster, faster Sir John, and harder, harder, noble Reginald, for the tides of jealousy have swept away all womanly mercy, and a wound of fate lies bare and open. At last there lay the beach below; and hark, a hoarse whisper for one last effort. Alas, with froth-covered jowls, blood-specked eyes, and heaving flanks, the good steed Reginald sank to his last green pasture; and lo! as the black smoke merged into the flaming dawn, and the dying embers blinked their last, there flew, as it seemed to the watching Sir John, out of the heavens, a white bird which swept low over the dark remains.

A. I. MACRAE, Form V.

Thoughts To Acts

The wild wind is blowing
Across the evening sky;
From just beyond the ridge of hills
Is heard the raven's cry;
The trees are bare as cornstalks,
The fields are fallowed deep;
And the whining winds are whistling
To send us off to sleep.
There's a deep hush of silence now
Throughout the war-stained world,
As we thank our God for mercy
That our flag stands yet unfurled.
Our hearts think back to Austria—
O! poor impoverished state!
It reminds us all too clearly
Of the tale of greed and hate.
Our souls are deep within us
Akindled and aflame,
As we vow, as God has made us,
To conquer over shame.
Thus as our thoughts flow through us
And we, now drifting on to sleep,
May we resolve to fight and crush
The enemies of man, that reap
The glories of a gory rush.
"God bless our Queen, God save our King,
Long may our mighty empire stand,
Long may our glorious victories ring
Throughout the world, through every land;
May we keep hope, and freedom bring."
At last the shades grow dimmer;
Our eyelids fasten tight;
All light and thoughts just linger
On the acts of day which follow night.

J. KENNEDY, Form IV.

The Castle

FROM the moment I had seen its sombre grey form peering through the surrounding trees, I had been restless with impatience to explore it—castles and fortifications fascinate me—but it wasn't until noon that I was able to break away from my mother and her friends. I slipped away quietly, while they were looking over, with many "oh's" and "think of it's," one of the old houses of the village. Imagine that, if you can—looking over an old house with a castle right at hand! In a few minutes I was out of the village of Sumiswald and on the narrow, rutted lane to the castle.

Schloss Sumiswald stood on a small hill, some distance from the village. It was solid and squat, half hidden by oaks and tall birches, whose flowing lines and greens softened its harsh grey angularity. Behind, in the distance, rose the almost even line of the Juras, and surrounding it was the rolling countryside of Canton Berne, checkered with farms. It was, I noticed, a small castle and, like most others in Switzerland, was built of rough unhewn stones, held together by their sheer weight. No mortar was used. Roughly triangular in shape, it had two square towers, one large and one small, at two vertices, and a medium-sized building with a rather high pitched roof along one wall. There were no battlements as is the case with the majority of Swiss castles; the towers were capped by pyramid-shaped roofs, and the walls were topped by a roofed gallery with embrasures through the thick stone. It seemed in an excellent state of preservation, like a man who has grown old gracefully. It had about it the indescribable something—perhaps *aura* is the best word for it—that all old things have. I seemed to have stepped into the past.

The surrounding country did little to dispel this mediaeval atmosphere; the houses in Sumiswald, huddled together in the valley, were for the most part well over two hundred years old, and what new ones there were were built in the same characteristic style of Berne, that has been passed down for centuries. Only in the extreme distance, where a tendril of thin smoke betrayed a train, did the modern encroach on the mediaeval.

So completely did I become absorbed in that mediaeval aura that I felt a distinct shock when I suddenly heard the sharp staccato cough of a motorcycle coming from the castle-grounds. For a few moments it roared, missed several times, back-fired, and stopped with a gasping wheeze. Startled out of my reflections by this incongruity, I walked round the side of the castle to the gate in the wall between the two towers. It was open; the portcullis up. As I walked through into the stone-flagged courtyard beyond, a chicken scurried away, squawking. In the centre of the yard, beside a roofed well, was a short, sun-tanned man,

dressed in shabby jeans and open shirt, kicking at the starter of a motorcycle, so ancient that it almost seemed to fit in with the castle. Chained before the door of the living quarters was a huge dog of doubtful ancestry, that eyed me lazily. Leaning out of any upper window was a horse-like woman, beating the dust out of some mattresses that hung from the sill. The man cursed, kicked the starter again; the motor wheezed feebly in protest. He looked up and saw me and, propping the ancient vehicle against the wall, came over to me and asked if I wanted to see the castle. I answered, yes, that I should like to. He led me to the entrance of the large tower, explaining, in that drawling Berner accent, that he couldn't show me the living quarters as they were being used.

It seems that the Swiss government rents the smaller castles, the ones not usually visited by tourists, at extremely low rates, provided that the tenant keeps it in good shape. Imagine owning a castle for next to the proverbial nothing! Of course, it means living as our forefathers did about five hundred years ago, without sanitation or electricity; but still there is romantic appeal about it.

We passed through the tower door into semi-darkness. On the opposite side, rising out of a mass of old boxes, kegs, and a baby carriage, and disappearing in a rectangular opening above, was the staircase. It was still the original staircase, made of rough hewn timber. Each step was made of a log split lengthwise, the semi-circular bottom set in notches on the side beams. We ascended to the floor above. From here, through the two inner walls, doors opened on the galleries. The outer walls were pierced by large embrasures; from three to four feet wide on the inner side, but tapered from six to eight inches in width at the opening. The archer stood within the wall. I was surprised at the wide angle of fire possible through so small an opening. We went up another level; the dust was thick on the floor. It swirled up through the long narrow shafts of light from the embrasures in choking billows. In one corner a coruscating stream of light poured down the stairs. We mounted into sunlight. It was the lookout: four large apertures pierced the walls. No sooner had we reached the top step than a raucous call drifted up from below.

"Yakob, kumm da hera."

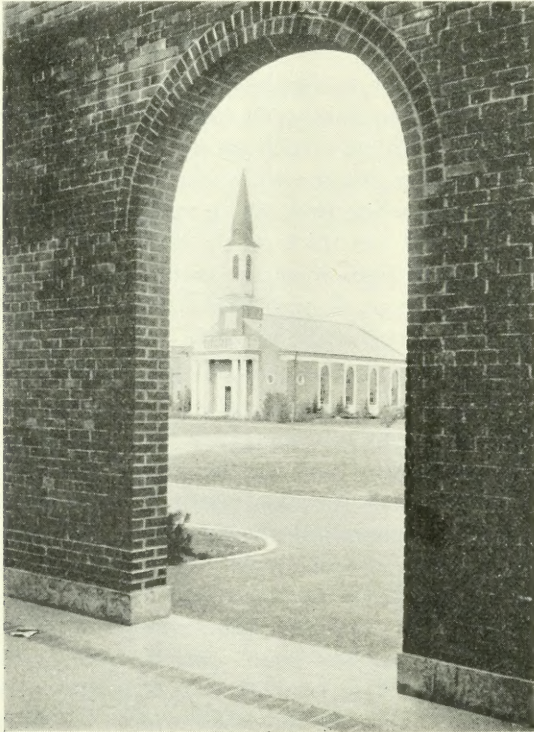
The man excused himself and hurried down the stairs. I walked over to one of the windows. I looked down in the courtyard; the view was excellent. In the foreground the blackened shingled roofs of the galleries stretched away at an angle. Pale blue wood-smoke was curling, eddying from the opposite building, fading in the clear air like the ambition of man. The mattress still stuck its impudent tongue out of the window, the woman was gone. In the other vertex the small tower eyed me gloomily with socketless eyes. Below, now that the motorcycle was silent, chickens were everywhere, cackling and pulling

at the grass that grew between the stone flags. In the background, above a sea of green, the pale blue of the giants of Berner Oberland faded away into the sky. I turned to another window. I could see Sumiswald, a cluster of brown houses with huge roofs, around a little white church whose steeples flashed in the sun. . . . My mind wandered. I thought of those who built and owned this castle, forgotten by time; how they had lived and died in obscurity. Perhaps it is the cause of that undefinable aura; those forgotten men trying to be remembered through their works. Perhaps a little of their character, their essence interpenetrates their works, as the essence of God interpenetrates all creation.

A green bug moving up the castle lane brought me out of my day-dream. It resolved itself into a car, our car.

"Oh, oh!" I muttered as I dashed down the stairs. "I'm in for it now." I reached the gate just as the car drew to a dusty halt. I was forced into the car with many unpleasant reminders of how I had become lost in the dungeons of Schloss Sargans, and on how I was delaying the tour. The car turned and swept away from the castle, leaving the ancient building to its eternal vigil over Sumiswald.

FRED. HURLER, JR., Upper VI.



"The Swastika Speaks"

GERMANY'S powerful short-wave transmitters send out on a twenty-four hour schedule news and propaganda in all the world's principle languages. By means of directional antennae at Zeessen the Nazi doctrine is spread to the most remote parts of the world.

The German radio employs a large number of renegades who turn out bitter and fiery orations against British plutocracy and the Jews. Among these are such men as the famous Lord Haw-Haw, alias William Joyce, a former British fascist. Joyce left England shortly before the outbreak of war. In Germany he took the name of Froelich and entered the employ of the German propaganda office.

A number of Americans constantly air their views over German stations. One of the most celebrated of these is E. D. Ward. Ward's real name is Delaney. At one time he was an actor on Broadway.

One of the main objects of German radio propaganda is to undermine the morale of the Reich's enemies—to defeat them on their Home Front. In this respect the Germans greatly misjudge the British character. An Englishman will tune in a German station and listen to what is said merely for the purpose of having a good laugh.

To the neutral listener German propaganda may be quite convincing for a time. After a while, however, it is bound to become tiring—the same old claims and the same old boasts. The Germans are always winning hands down—they never suffer any losses—Roosevelt's grandmother was a Jew—and so it goes.

It must be admitted, however, that German radio propaganda is extremely ingenious. Every possible trick is employed. It is entirely unscrupulous. Behind every programme lies endless preparation and planning. For seven hours every evening a transmission is directed to North America. The Germans had hoped to gain a hold on American public opinion and thus keep the United States out of the war.

As long as the struggle continues, the transmitters of Zeessen will pour forth their lies and deceptions. The day will come, however, when they will fall silent. One voice will rule the air-waves and that voice will say: "This is London calling."

T. C. COSSITT, Upper VI.

Is Being Sick A Crime?

MANY years ago I heard a very interesting argument. It was unique, for it offered an entirely new train of thought. The idea was that to be ill is a crime, that the offender should be treated as a criminal and that criminals should be cared for and put in hospitals. When I had thought about this statement, I decided that it was quite right.

When people first hear of the idea they are immediately opposed to it because it is a completely new and different way of thinking.

A common example of the crime of being ill is the everyday cold. If everyone were healthy, resistance to germs would be very high, but people are not like that. They let small things, like getting cold and staying up late, undermine their resistance. Now this is obviously the fault of the person, so he should be punished. Having lowered his resistance the germ does its work and the disease starts. Why should that person receive expensive treatment, when his illness is the result of his own carelessness? The only answer is that he should be punished.

Also, if anyone has the slightest symptoms of a disease, he should be removed and immediately isolated, so that he cannot spread the germs. In the case of the cold, one person mixing with others can easily give them all that disease.

It is the duty of everyone to take care of himself, and so to protect others. If that idea were carried out in this school, the amount of effort and the time wasted would be cut down to a minimum, as everyone would not be as thoughtless about his health as he is.

It is a pity that criminals should be punished as they are nowadays. Imprisonment does not cure them from going out and committing more crimes. Much of the time they only wish to prove themselves cleverer than the police, and elude the law. If they were treated as if they had a disease, and were cared for and taught the right way, in a well equipped hospital, some good would be done. Most criminals do not know anything better than to do wrong.

In the proposals that I have made, there are times, I admit, when the old system must be used, but only very seldom. I think that if these plans were sensibly tried, the result would be astonishingly good. There would be less illness and fewer crimes. Then truly the world would be a better place to live in.

W. M. CLARKSON, Upper VI.

"The Same Old Thing"

A CIGARETTE glowed dully in the darkness. There was the continuous murmur of voices, broken from time to time by a chuckle, or a burst of laughter. It was strange that the three men chatting should stay outside the warm little hut nearby, on a chilly night like this; but it was their job—they had to be ready for instant action—ready to run to the fighter craft, standing a few yards off, faced into the wind, and to set the powerful engines going.

On either side of the aircraft of which these men were the ground-crew, stood other planes, and two or three of them were likewise attended. Far across the field one could distinguish the shapes of the permanent hangars and the men's quarters.

Suddenly, the silence was broken by the sound of sirens, to the south. "A Jerry over Tonbridge," said one of the trio, swinging his arms to keep warm. The three aircraftmen no longer stood still, but moved over to the "Beaufighter", and waited, one man in the cockpit—he called it "a glass-house"—and one at each "Hercules" motor ready to turn it over.

Far off, there was a dull crash, followed by another, and three searchlights glared forth, but were quickly extinguished after ranging the sky. From a large hut, about four hundred yards away, a beam of light shot through the door, several pilots and observers ran out and raced toward their machines.

"O.K. Smithson," yelled Pilot-Officer Maitland (Mat to his pals) still running hard, followed by a Sergeant-Observer. Within two minutes of Mat's exit from the hut, he had "revved-up" his engines, taxied out from the edge of the field, and taken off into the darkness of the night, flames bursting from the exhaust.

After a short period, the sound of the engines faded away; the men stayed ready on the 'drome, waiting and wondering. Up above "Mat" was cruising southeast. "Only a — nuisance raid," he exclaimed under his breath, and then aloud "Picked up Base yet, Searg?"

"Yes, Sir. I'll direct you in a sec."

Mat waited, attempting to pierce the dark outside the plane; he altered course south, and put the "Beaufort" in a steady climb.

"You're right on the track, Sir," came from the Sergeant-Observer, tuning in on the radiolocator set.

Mat started to speak, "Dammit, if only"; suddenly he broke off. "There he is, the —; and he hasn't seen us. All set, Searg?" As he said this he nosed down toward the Dornier below, revealed now, by the moonlight.

What happened next is difficult to describe. It will suffice to say

that Mat, having called the unsuspecting Hun by some very choice epithets, opened fire with his four cannons. His machine vibrated heavily at each recoil, giving the observer a rather unpleasant time in his cramped quarters. Mat was now on the very tail of the Dornier whose rear-gunner was using his machine-guns; Mat got in a burst with his, and then, pulling out of the dive, he got right under the tail of the Hun. He saw the white paint on the belly, the rudders moving and in that split second he saw his mother smiling even as she died in the hospital, after the terrible raid of September the fifteenth. Furiously he let go with his cannons, and side-slipped away just in time to avoid the explosion which rent the Dornier apart, tumbling it to the ground 8,000 feet below.

"Nice going, Sir," cried the observer, "that was grand." Mat remained silent and steered his course homeward.

"Tell 'em we're coming in," he said curtly, as he looked down, trying to distinguish some landmark. "There we are," he said to himself, and in towards the flare-path below. He made a perfect three-pointer, and taxied over to the hangars. Switching off his engines, he climbed out of the cockpit and jumped heavily to the ground.

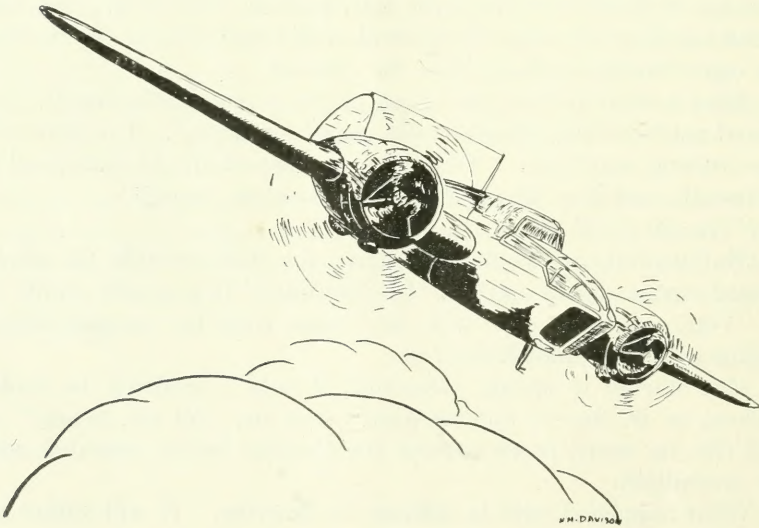
"What luck, Sir?" chorused his ground-crew.

"The same old thing—a nuisance raider."

"Did you get him, Sir?"

"Yes," and here Mat walked off to the intelligence room to report in; just another unspoken hero of the R.A.F., modest to the extent that the destruction of an enemy aircraft is "just the same old thing."

W. B. LAPPIN, Upper VI.



"There's One Born Every Minute"

ONE aspect of the travelling circus always stands out in my mind—the ever-present side-show. Its brightly painted posters announcing a great display of human guinea-pigs are a familiar sight to the circus-goer. I remember vividly a personal experience which proves only too well the truth of Barnum's statement: "There's one born every minute."

It was a bright August afternoon. The circus grounds were jammed with a swarming crowd of people. The sound of a band floated out from under the Big-Top, and the hoarse voices of the barkers rose above the commotion. I found myself in the midst of a continuous stream of people flowing toward the side-show. Before I realized it I had bought a ticket and I was inside. The words of the barker were still echoing in my ears: "The greatest show on earth. You will see such wonders as the tallest man in the world, nine foot nine in his stocking feet, and the famous Siamese twins."

The "freaks" were arranged in stands which lay in a semi-circle around the tent. They were certainly not what I had expected. Here was a good example of the way a crowd of people, led on by a few "plants" in their midst, can be tricked into buying tickets for something, before they realize it.

The commentator began to lead us from one stand to another, giving a long explanation of each oddity. The crowd pushed and jostled each other to get a better view.

When he had finished his round, the commentator reached into his pocket and took out what appeared to be some sort of pin. He held it to his eye and informed us that by looking into it he could see a picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The crowd immediately became hushed and quite interested. The commentator then gave a short oration on the values of owning such a pin and informed us that they were only twenty-five cents each. Like all grand offers that wasn't all. With every pin sold he would give away absolutely free a six-dollar wrist watch. An American firm wanted to advertise their product.

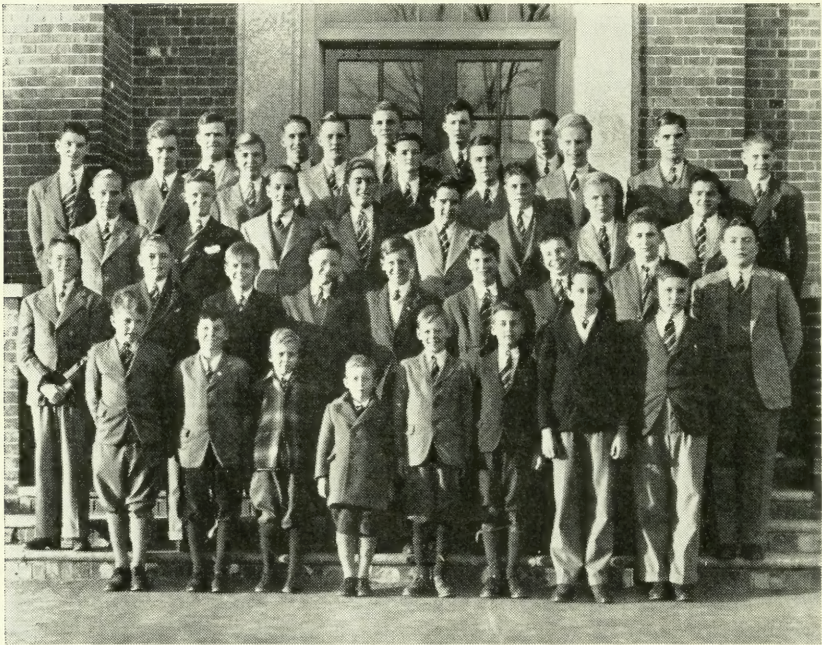
There were only twenty pins to be sold so we were advised to get ours quickly. A few people began edging towards the front. The result was astonishing. The whole crowd surged forward, pulling quarters from pockets and purses. By the looks on the faces one could see they were afraid lest they should miss such a bargain. I found myself up with the leaders. On receipt of my quarter the commentator presented me with a tightly-sealed envelope which was supposed to contain the pin and a six-dollar wrist watch.

Those who had not obtained one of the packages, presented disappointed features. Those who had been successful left the tent,

smiling broadly, and clutching their "bargain" as if they feared they might lose it.

When I reached the open air I eagerly opened my envelope. Now I believe in crowd phobia or whatever it is that they call it. All I found in the envelope was an ordinary safety-pin and a cardboard wrist watch. Yes, Mr. Barnum, there's one born every minute.

T. C. COSSITT, Upper VI.



NEW BOYS

First Row—Left to Right—B. Cork, L. S. Alexander, B. Shenstone, D. Shenstone, B. Munro, L. Franceshini, J. Cobban, J. L. Howland.

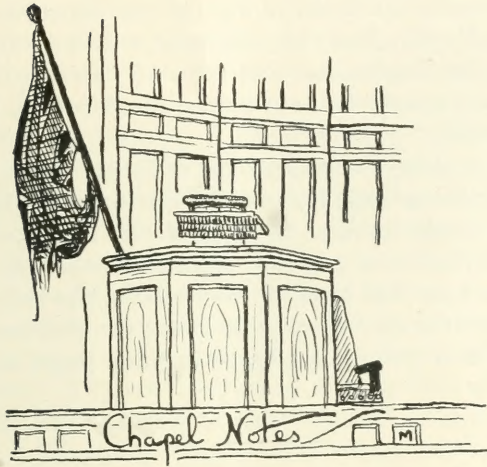
Second Row—Left to Right—P. M. Hendrie, R. A. Montgomery, K. J. Crowe, J. L. Barclay, W. A. Lindsay, W. Howson, B. D. Bell, P. Stephenson, D. G. Davis.

Third Row—Left to Right—J. B. Robertson, H. S. Bacque, D. A. Nash, R. B. M. Brown, W. B. Cuthbert, I. F. Flemming, F. Hortop, E. R. Chamandy.

Fourth Row—Left to Right—G. N. Straith, F. H. Phippen, D. S. Snell, J. D. Pryce, H. C. Fryer, D. A. Straith, A. G. Hyde, A. I. Macrae, W. G. Lowry.

Fifth Row—Left to Right—E. D. Brydon, R. D. Gowland, W. J. McCart, C. H. Draper, J. D. Morphy.

Not in Picture—A. Shearson, D. S. Barclay.



The Chapel

AT a recent visit of Dr. Stanley Russell to the School, during which he had a very interesting chat with the Sixth form, the Headmaster asked that august body if any of its members really didn't like morning Chapel-going. We are pleased to say that not one boy said so, and we feel that there was nobody present who even was inclined to say so. The Chapel service comes in the morning before class, and serves to fortify both boys and masters for the ordeal of the day. It gives one a quiet moment in which to face one's Maker, to the exclusion of all the babble of the world about war, money, and politics.

For the last few weeks of the fall term the Chapel is the scene of much practising of carols, under the guidance of Mr. Ouchterlony. Every morning after the service, there are a few minutes to spare in preparation for the Carol service at the end of term.

At the little "Fireside Chat" (at which there was, unfortunately, no fire) with Dr. Russell, it was suggested that there should be every Sunday morning an early Communion service in the Chapel. Now this could very easily be arranged, and would add considerably to the religious life at the School. As all our services are conducted along inter-denominational lines, we think that it would be very advantageous to hold such a service every Sunday, provided that it was not compulsory to attend. There was at the time of Dr. Russell's visit, which is dealt with elsewhere, a great deal of argument "that it is human nature to dislike anything that one is forced to do!" Now this is given the lie by the lusty voices that may be heard at Saint Andrew's College any morning at 8.45. But we notice that at the Communion service at the end of term there are those that do not wish to partake, as is most natural. Any religious

service is made better and holier by the full participation of all in attendance. We should, therefore, be very glad if it were to be announced next term that the Headmaster and the staff "sees fit that a service of Holy Communion should be held before breakfast on Sundays for all who care to attend."

We think that there are preached at Saint Andrew's College Chapel as inspiring sermons as anywhere on the continent. The REVIEW does not feel that it would be right to print *all* the sermons that are heard there, as we are quite sure that they would be as boring to read as they were inspiring to hear; but since the inclusion of the Headmaster's short address of the last Sunday of the year in the summer issue, we feel that the selection of an outstanding address in these pages will be a popular measure.

Sailing Against The Wind

(Sermon preached by Dr. G. Stanley Russell in the School Chapel on October 19th.)

"For the Wind was Contrary"

St. Matthew XIV: 24

LET me confess frankly that I never sailed a boat in my life. My interest, as a boy, lay in rowing, and one of my contemporaries, the Secretary of our Boat Club, and a close friend, unkindly ascribed it to the fact that it was the only kind of exercise one could enjoy sitting down. Every summer, however, at Baddeck, Cape Breton Island, there is a regatta at which dinghies and snipe-boats with red, white, yellow, brown and even green sails make a rare picture as they race in the sun. They are chiefly manned by young people including at least one lad from an Ontario school, and my part in the proceedings has been to follow the race seated astride the bows of a motor launch, which, on at least one occasion, turned so suddenly to help a yachtsman in distress that the Bras d'Or Lake came over my head and soaked me. I reproached the owner of the launch—a devout Roman Catholic lady—for endeavouring to make me a Baptist.

The course there leads to a buoy moored just below the home of Alexander Graham Bell, who gave us the blessing, or otherwise, of the telephone. Up to that point, there is a favouring wind and the boats fly along without much effort or impediment. There, however, they have to turn and sail back *against the wind*, and I often wondered just how that was done, so I asked a seventeen-year-old lad, who is a frequent companion of my leisure, to enlighten me. I will spare you all his technical terms, which were Greek to me—far worse, in fact, for I might

have made something of Greek—and which I don't even remember, but two things that he told me stuck in my mind. The first was that, to avoid disaster, you must turn *into* the wind and not *away from* it, which only shows that, in this as in everything, when you try to avoid trouble, you usually encounter tragedy. I think some of boyhood's unhappiest moments—and I am remembering my own as well as yours—are the result of trying to dodge unpleasantness, instead of turning boldly into the wind and facing whatever it brings. The second thing my young instructor told me was that, after turning into the wind, you had to "tack", and to *make the thing that was trying to keep you back carry you forward*. That sounds very absurd doesn't it? In the case of a frail boat, a couple of boys and a strong wind, it seems wildly impossible. Yet it can be done! I've seen it done by a whole fleet of many-coloured sails on Baddeck Bay followed by the pistol-shots that announced the winners' arrival. Circumstances, however strong, don't have to manage us, after all. We cannot *change* them, but we can make them serve us. Like gymnastics for the body they can be forced to develop the muscles of character. The very things which would push us back from the goal can be forced to carry us to victory.

That is true of physical disability. Many years ago, when I lived in London. I heard King George VI—I'm not sure that he was even Duke of York then—speak at a Royal Academy Banquet, along with some of the finest orators of his father's reign. Alongside their polished, fluid, generous eloquence, his was a halting, stammering, painful exhibition, yet one admired him for persisting. It told you something of the sort of fellow he was. He saved this Empire in 1936 *and was probably the only prince we had who could have done so*. He had character, and was capable and trusted, as well as morally stainless and noble in service. He is as great a King as the father he so much resembles, for he won his race against the wind. In those days, too, I listened to Lord Snowden. With a face lined by pain, he dragged himself to the edge of the platform with the aid of two sticks, and kept himself on his feet by hanging on the railing. He was called, on at least one occasion, by the name given to Bismark—"the Iron Chancellor"—and he got his mettle fighting his damaged legs, sailing against the wind. I often wonder if Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who can only walk leaning on the arm of an A.D.C., would have been the greatest President of the United States since Lincoln if he had never had infantile paralysis. The secret of dealing with physical disability seems to be to turn into the wind and make the thing that would push you back carry you to victory.

Intellectually, the same holds true. You and I know nothing of getting an education against the gale. I passed through the oldest school in the Empire and you are going through one of its finest, and the wind is behind you, as it was behind me, in the shape of parents able and willing

to finance us liberally. Perhaps we should value our Latin and Science more if we had to face the wind to obtain them. James Ramsay MacDonald was the illegitimate son of a Scottish domestic servant, and was three times Prime Minister of Great Britain. Sir William Rothenstein, in "*After Fifty*", says that of Art and Literature he had a sound knowledge. His library was excellent. He had scraped a living as a journalist, and even addressed envelopes for a Cycling Club, but he had fought for knowledge, for culture, for the things you and I have showered on us—and sometimes pronounce boring and unwelcome. At Aberdeen—mine were the days before Andrew Carnegie paid the fees of any boy whose grandmother's forty-second cousin had Scottish blood on his mother's side!—we had fellows who farmed all summer and starved in a garret all winter, with not a cent to spend on our dances, theatre-nights, and so on, and often graduated with a First Class. One of my own schoolmasters, who, along with his brother became distinguished for learning, spent alternate days wearing to school the only decent suit of clothes they had and, on the other hand, watching the sheep. I don't know how you learn Latin, though I hope you do learn it—Education without the Classics is a poor affair—but David Livingstone got his by propping his book up on the loom where he worked. Why, when I look at this glorious pile of buildings that makes St. Andrew's College—at this beautiful and devout Chapel which is the heart of it all—and remember my own similarly sheltered and provided boyhood, I realize we know nothing about it. We have learned—but not with a contrary wind.

Last of all, this is true of your religion. I don't suppose you read much Tennyson nowadays. Apart from the fact that he is supposed to belong to the "stuffy Victorians" it is fashionable to belittle him. People hope that, if they do so, it may be assumed that they understand Browning. In the same way, they sniff audibly at Handel, with the idea that, if only the sniff be loud enough, everybody will imagine it to be due to a vivid appreciation of Bach! Well, read Tennyson and especially *The Idylls of the King* and, above all, *The Holy Grail*. You know that that was supposed to be the Cup out of which Jesus drank at the Last Supper and which Joseph of Arimathaea brought to England when he founded the Abbey of Glastonbury near Wells in Somerset. Knights of King Arthur's Round Table set out to find the Holy Grail, and two of them succeeded. Sir Galahad did so easily—"God make thee good as thou art beautiful" said Arthur when he dubbed him Knight. Sir Percival did so with pain, discouragement, and adverse circumstance. His heart told him again and again that he was no man for such a task, crying within him "This quest is not for thee". Sinking down in "a land of thorns", everything seemed to echo that inward voice of despair and to join the cry "This quest is not for thee", but he won through—

against the wind. Some people are easily and naturally and almost inevitably Christians—*anima naturaliter*, you remember? Professor Henry Drummond was like that. He always said he became Christ's as naturally as a bud becomes a rose, and his thousands of students in the Operetta House at Edinburgh rejoiced in the strength and beauty of the result. Not all are like that, however; Paul wasn't: see how he "kicked against the pricks" or sailed against the wind before he gave up his friends, wealth, cultured associations, and paternal faith. He was what we should call in England "a Public School and University Man" and one of the things he had to sacrifice was the "Old School Tie", now derided by the philistines, but one of the ribs of character, precious to you and me who are entitled to wear it. Augustine, on the one hand longing for the winning-post of the Christian life, and, on the other, beaten from it by the blasts of lust, praying "Lord, make me pure, but not yet," found the wind against him on the way to becoming a Father of the Church. It was not easy. I'm pretty sure that, as Francis Bernardone rose amid his silk-clad friends of the nobility of Assisi and told them of his forthcoming wedding to the Lady Poverty, the wind against him was fierce, but he turned into it and reached the goal, and the pistol-shot of his victory is ringing down the ages still. If you went to a certain African swamp today you would see a doctor tending negroes whom man had abandoned and even God seemed to have forgotten. That doctor is a very distinguished man. He is so learned that he might have reigned amongst the academic kings of Europe. He is the only man who can collect 10,000 people in the Albert Hall in London to hear him play Bach, of whom he is the foremost living interpreter. He makes money by it, and carries the money back to finance his hospital in the African swamp. Easy? Don't you believe it! It is a daily sailing against the wind for Christ's sake.

I wonder how you think of Jesus: As a bearded, middle-aged, melancholy person, a "Man of Sorrows" a face with "no beauty that we should desire him"? I refuse to believe that people ever did or ever will "leave all" to sail against the wind for such a Master. St. Jerome says that "there must have been something starry about him". Of course there must. I have a IVth Century print of the Entry into Jerusalem which shows a clean shaven Jesus with quick nervous features and those compelling eyes to which the Gospels bear witness on every page. He is the very incarnation of youth, beauty and magnetism. He could not be the incarnation of God and be anything else. Never mind these official Messiahs of miserable mien. Jesus never looked like that or talked like that. He called himself the "Bridegroom with his companions" and spoke always of "my joy" which he begged his disciples to share—a joy deeper than any sorrow, loss, battle or disaster they

must encounter to possess it. This is your goal. Will you turn into the wind to attain it? I believe you will.

O young mariner,
Down to the haven
Call your companions;
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvass,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam!

○N the first Sunday of the year, September 14th, the Headmaster spoke in Chapel. This was the Sunday set aside as Reconsecration Sunday, and he read the pledge that had been distributed by the government; in reference to it he pointed out that our duty to our country was here, and that the best service could be performed in among our fellows.

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The Rev. Mr. Hicks of the Aurora United Church spoke in Chapel. His theme was consideration for others.

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Dr. Robinson gave the address in Chapel on September 28th. His text was Revelations XXI, 1.

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The annual harvest thanksgiving service was held in the Chapel on Sunday, October 12th. As usual, the chancel and the body of the Chapel were decorated with produce. The preacher was Dr. Pidgeon of Bloor Street United Church; the subject of his sermon was "the memory of God's good deeds in the past."

* * *

On Sunday, November 2nd, Dr. Mackie, General Secretary of the World Student Christian Federation, Addressed us in Chapel. His text was the Vulgate translation "Nec tamen consumebatur", from the story of the burning bush.

* * *

Dr. J. R. P. Sclater spoke in Chapel on November 16th. His subject was "the ill effects of the don't care state of mind."

* * *

On Sunday, November 23rd, Father Loosemore spoke in Chapel. His theme he well illustrated by the story of the oil-can that kept falling on the floor; he told us to beware of false modesty, but not to go to the other extreme, pride.

* * *

On Sunday, November 30th, St. Andrew's Day, The Rev. Gerald Burch spoke in Chapel. He told us about our patron Saint, his life, his death, his example.



Hallowe'en

It was the night before the Ridley game and all through the houses, not a creature was stirring, except for a few bewildered masters. Lost—One Upper and one Middle School—disappeared mysteriously shortly after evening prayers.

The night was dark and dreary. Not a star showed in the sky. One by one the "conspirators" assembled at the secret meeting place. Orders were passed around in hushed voices and the pre-arranged plan began to go into effect.

The bewilderment of the masters increased, when a long wiggling centipede of figures suddenly appeared on Yonge St., and began to snake its way into the centre of Aurora. Flaming torches lit up the night. The air was filled with Hoots and Gang awas. On the return journey, several of the masters who live in Aurora, were startled by a howling mob of humanity rushing past their houses.

When the School was reached, Mr. Ketchum was kindly waiting. As a fitting end to such an episode, he made the centipede run around the quadrangle five times and then sent it to bed.

* * *

On the evening of Tuesday, November 19th, Dr. Stanley Russell of Deer Park United Church, Toronto, visited the School. He met the Upper and Lower Sixth Forms in the library for an informal chat. The main topic discussed was the attitude of youth toward religion. The evening proved to be a most interesting one.

* * *

Through the courtesy of Mr. Maurice Margesson, an exhibition of badminton took place in the gymnasium on Sat., Nov. 22. Players: Mr. Margesson of the Carlton Club, Andy McNeil, Allan Phillips,

and Roger Banks, of the Strathgowan Club, Toronto. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Banks defeated Mr. Margesson and Mr. McNeil by a score of 2-1. The School was able to see badminton as it should be played and already more enthusiasm for the game can be noticed.

* * *

St. Andrew's Day, November 30th, fell this year on a Sunday. The usual half-holiday was enjoyed the following day. The feature of the afternoon was a soccer game between Memorial and Flavelle Houses. Flavelle House Fusiliers defeated Memorial House Mountaineers by 3-2 in overtime.

* * *

On Thursday, September 18th, in honour of the Governor-General's visit last June, the School enjoyed a half-holiday.

* * *

Mr. Jaycocks, photographer and Journalist, of Toronto, made several visits to the School during the term. As a result the camera club has been reformed. He intends to help the School's amateur photographers turn out better work. Mr. Jaycocks has taken some excellent pictures of school life, some of which appeared in a prominent Toronto weekly newspaper.

On Sunday evening, November 2nd, the School enjoyed his display of very beautiful colour slides which were projected on the screen by Mrs. Jaycocks. We are confident that Mr. Jaycocks' future visits will be helpful and educational.

* * *

On the evening of Sunday, October 12th, Mr. Ouchterlony invited all boys who were interested to an organ recital in the School Chapel. It was greatly appreciated by all and we are hoping Mr. Ouchterlony will again play for us in the near future.

* * *

In memory of their son, Andrew Randolph Armstrong, who attended St. Andrew's College from 1931 to 1936, and who passed away on May the 18th, 1941, after a long illness, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Armstrong have established and endowed an annual prize for improvement in English in the Middle and Upper Schools. This prize is to be known as "The Andrew Armstrong Prize for Improvement in English", and according to the terms of the Deed of Gift "due consideration to be given to the progress made in oral as well as written English, and to the boy's ability to express himself well and clearly."

Andrew Armstrong himself appreciated fully the importance of a fluent and attractive style in speech and writing, and even during the weary months of his last illness he spent much of his time in the thought-

ful reading of the best literature. The prize given in his memory is one which truly symbolizes his own aspirations, and it is gratefully acknowledged on behalf of the School.

* * *

The annual elections for the officers of the Athletic Association took place on Thursday, December 4th. An unusually large number of nominees withdrew their names. Those elected were as follows:

President—Mr. MacCrae

First Vice-President—Chipman

Second Vice-President—Jolliffe

Secretary—Fraser I

Curator—Ballon I

The Ladies Guild

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

<i>Honorary President</i>	Mrs. D. A. Dunlap
<i>President</i>	Mrs. W. B. McPherson
<i>First Vice-President</i>	Mrs. K. G. McKenzie
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	Mrs. R. G. Grass
<i>Secretary</i>	Mrs. G. W. Rutter
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	Mrs. R. H. M. Lowndes
<i>Treasurer</i>	Mrs. J. L. Rapmund
	Mrs. A. D. Cobban
	Mrs. E. S. Crawford
	Mrs. F. S. Milligan
	Mrs. Kenneth Ketchum

The Ladies' Guild held the Autumn Meeting at the School on Wednesday, October 22nd. There were over seventy present and it was decided by a large majority to raise "Talent Money" this year by means of a direct subscription of \$5.00 rather than by holding Bridges as formerly or other money-making entertainments.

The two main objectives at present are the War Fund and the Scholarship Fund.

The War Fund has functioned since the Winter Meeting of February, 1940—Cigarettes, 300 to each, have been sent frequently to the Old Boys serving overseas. Maple sugar last spring and Christmas parcels.

This Christmas 84 parcels were sent. As the numbers increase this is a growing demand.

The Scholarship Fund in June, 1940, became as a war measure a Bursary Fund and we have voted \$200.00 each spring to the Headmaster to assist a senior boy or boys to remain at the School.

The furnishing scheme of the Library is practically completed and only some small tables, now on order, are lacking.

The Guild co-operated with the Old Boys' Association in holding a Tea at the Badminton and Racquet Club after the U.C.C. and S.A.C. Rugby Game on Saturday, October 25th. This was in celebration of the 40th Anniversary of the first football game between the two Colleges. The Guild would like to congratulate the Old Boys on the success of such a happy suggestion.

The Guild hopes this winter to be in a financial position to accomplish something at the School which will be of benefit to the present boys.

Carol Service

After half-term the School started practising for the annual Carol Service. Every day for ten minutes after chapel and once a week for forty minutes in the Assembly Hall, these practices were held. Mr. Ouchterlony worked very hard to make the harmony successful. As last year there were more people that wished to attend the service than the chapel could hold, it was decided that two services should be held; the first of these to be held on Saturday, December 13th, and the second on the next day. It was also decided that, for the first time, the first of these services should be broadcast; arrangements were accordingly made to broadcast over CKCL. This year Mr. Ouchterlony has kept on most of last year's popular carols, has revived two old ones, and taught the School some new ones.

The order of singing them is as follows:

Introit—Thou Whose Birth On Earth.

Carols—(1) Break Forth O Beauteous Heavenly Light.

(2) Sommerset Carol.

(3) The Holly And The Ivy.

(4) As Lately We Watched.

(5) The First Nowell.

(6) Angels From The Realms Of Glory.

(7) Masters In This Hall.

(8) Kings In Glory.

(9) Puer Nobis.

(10) The Golden Carol.

(11) Adeste Fideles.

* * *

THE VILLAGE CHOIR

Half a bar, half a bar,

Half a bar onward!

Into an awful ditch

Choir and precentor hitch,

Into a mess of pitch,

*They led the Old Hundred;
Trebles to right of them
Tenors to left of them
Basses in front of them
 Bellowed and thundered—
Oh, that precentor's look
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook
 From the Old Hundred.*

*Screached all the trebles here
Boggled the tenors there
Raising the parson's hair,
 While his mind wandered;
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high
Theirs but to gasp and cry
 Out the Old Hundred.*

*Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
 Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell
Nor wise they sang, nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell,
 While all the church wondered.*

*Dire the precentor's glare
Flash'd his pitch-fork in air
Sounding fresh keys to bear
 Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back
Reached he his hat from rack
Then from the screaming pack
 Himself he sundered.*

*Tenors to right of him
Tenors to left of him
Discords behind him,
 Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought
Right to the end they fought!
Some tune they sang, but not,
 Not the Old Hundred.*

(This account of the Village Choir was taken from an old work, and is not in the slightest supposed to represent the singing of the boys in the Chapel.)



The Camp Borden Trip

On Thanksgiving Day the officers and N.C.O's of the cadet-corps were afforded an excellent opportunity of viewing the training of Canada's soldiers. Major Goodday invited us to spend the holiday at Camp Borden.

We left the school in an army lorry on the evening of Sunday, October 12th, arriving at the camp shortly after nine o'clock. After disposing of our luggage we were introduced to our host and his officers in the officers' mess. It proved to be a most enjoyable and interesting evening. The officers of the Upper Canada corps joined us a little later. Refreshments were served and we then retired at about half-past eleven.

The sleeping quarters were situated in a large dormitory at the end of one of the officers' huts. The night was uneventful—except when an upper berth along with its occupant suddenly descended upon the resident below.

We got up at 6.15. After washing and dressing we assembled on the parade grounds to watch the school of instruction fall in. A full regimental parade was then witnessed. Breakfast was served in the officers' mess at 8.15.

When we had been issued with fatigue kit to protect our uniforms, we departed for the 1,000 yard range in bren-gun carriers. The ride was much smoother than one would imagine.

On arriving at the range we were given a demonstration of the bren-gun. Each cadet was allowed to fire several bursts of tracer ammunition at targets set up for the purpose. The process was repeated with the Thompson Sub-machine Gun. In the case of the latter our

accuracy was poor—only 32 of the 200 rounds fired hit the target.

We returned to the camp in the carriers. On the way a brief stop was made at the rifle range. Before lunch we witnessed some bayonet drill and were given a short talk by a captain of the 1st Division who had recently returned from England.

Following an excellent lunch in the officers' mess, we departed in army lorries for the tank range. Two of the heaviest tanks produced in Canada put on a display for us. At a signal from a Very-light pistol the monsters lumbered across a long field, moved down through a valley and across a stream. They knocked down with ease the trees and bushes lying in their path. We were all taken for a short ride.

Departing from the tank range we moved on to the air-force section. From the side of the huge landing field we watched countless training planes as they took off and landed. The driver of an air-force fire truck explained to us the different parts of his vehicle. We were then taken to the parachute building where we saw how parachutes are packed.

At 4 o'clock we arrived at the General Headquarters of the camp where we were introduced to Brigadier-General McCuig the commanding officer.

Tea and sandwiches were served in the officers' mess when we returned. After thanking our host and his officers for giving us such a wonderful experience we left for the school at about 6.30. We brought away with us an idea of the huge strides Canada is making in building up a powerful offensive army.

T. C. C.

The Annual Cadet Corps Inspection

On Wednesday, the 22nd of October, good weather favoured the annual Cadet Corps Inspection. When the inspecting officer, Lieut.-Col. K. M. Holloway, G.S.O.I., and Lieut.-Col. G. M. Malone, M.C., E.D., commanding officer of the 48th Highlanders, came down to the Malone Field, they inspected the Corps. After this the Ceremonial Drill was executed very efficiently. Then Captain Milligan put the Corps through company drill. Under the command of the Lieutenants platoon drill was carried out; this was not done as well as the other drill, one of the reasons being that the Corps had not had enough section drill. These movements were interspersed with selections by the band under the able leadership of Lieutenant MacBrien. After the Corps was marched to the quad, Lieutenant-Colonel Holloway gave a short address, in which he said that the Corps deserved much praise on its excellent performance. However, he stated, there was keen competition, and the Corps must not rest on its laurels, but go on to greater achievements.

After the address the Ellsworth Cup was presented to Number One Platoon. Private John Lowndes won the Wright Cup for the best Cadet. When the presentations were over Mr. Ketchum announced that he would keep up the tradition of treating the members of the Corps at the Tuckshop. Then after three hearty cheers for the inspecting officer, the Corps had its picture taken and was dismissed.

Officers Of The Cadet Corps

Captain—B. M. MILLIGAN

	<i>No. 1 Platoon</i>	<i>No. 2 Platoon</i>	<i>No. 3 Platoon</i>
Lieutenant.....	J. R. Chipman	J. D. Fraser	R. S. Jolliffe
Sergeant.....	H. S. Hendrie	C. W. Shaw	E. H. Crawford
Corporal.....	D. A. S. Fraser	C. G. Cotter	D. G. Cameron
Lance Corporal.....	J. Knox	K. G. Cameron	H. Davis
	T. C. Cossitt	K. C. Pilley	C. F. MacMillan
			(Act. L/Cpl.).

C.S.M.—R. D. Gowland. C.Q.M.S.—A. R. Thiele. W. B. Lappin (Asst. to C.Q.M.S.)

BAND

Lieutenant.....	J. J. MacBrien
Pipe Sergeant.....	D. P. Sabiston
Drum Sergeant.....	C. E. Spence
Curators.....	Cpls. W. G. Grant and R. B. Stapells
Cadet Instructor—	Captain J. L. Wright (Reserve of Officers), C.M.

Autumn Church Parade, 1941

The autumn church parade of the cadet-corps took place this year on Sunday, October 26th. The day was cool and the sky presented a somewhat threatening appearance. The corps fell in at Rosedale Community Park shortly after 10 a.m. Those who had not spent the night in Toronto following the football game with Upper Canada, arrived by bus from Aurora.

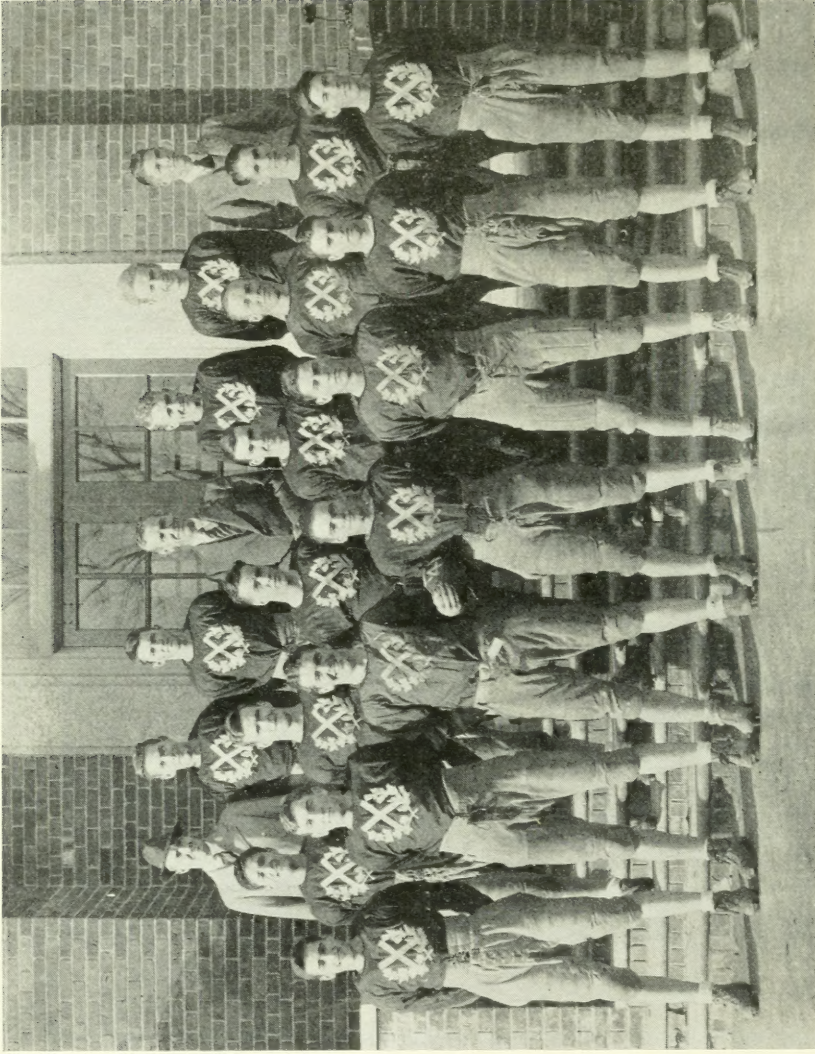
The parade followed the usual route to St. Paul's Church. Moving south on Schofield Avenue, it passed through Rosedale to Bloor Street. An eyes right was given on passing Branksome Hall.

The cadets entered the church, and marching down the aisle in pairs, they took their seats in the west transept. The New Testament lesson was read by the Headmaster. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Leslie Hunt who stressed the significance of the school hymn: "Fight the good Fight". The hymn was also sung during the service.

Following the service the corps fell in again in front of the church under the eyes of many church-goers. It proceeded to Queen's Park by way of Bloor Street and Avenue Road. A wreath was laid on the 48th Highlanders of Canada Memorial by Cadet-Captain B. M. Milligan, thus honouring the fiftieth anniversary of our parent regiment.

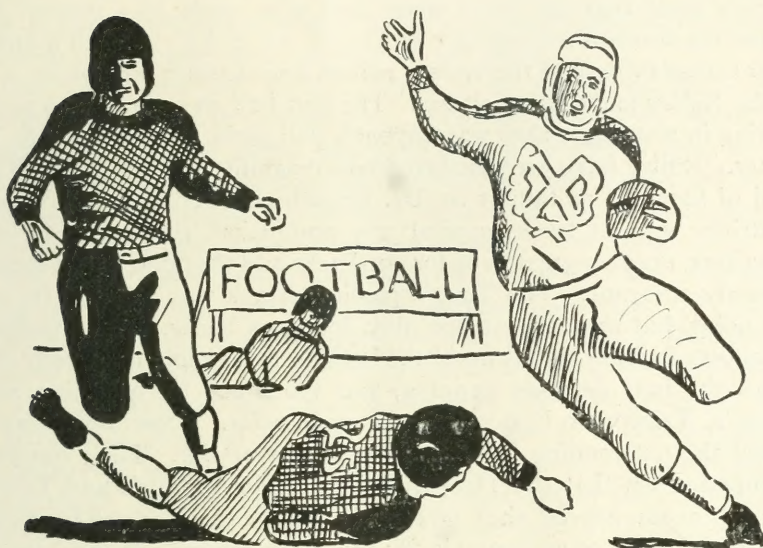
After the placing of the wreath, the corps proceeded to Old King's College Road on the north side of the Parliament Buildings. Here it was dismissed and immediately embused for Aurora.





FIRST RUGBY TEAM

First Row—Left to Right—J. D. Fraser, C. E. Spence, B. M. Milligan, J. R. Chipman
 (Capt.), D. P. Sabiston, R. S. Jolliffe, H. Davis.
Second Row—Left to Right—J. D. Ballon, E. D. Brydon, D. A. Straith, J. J. MacBrien,
 C. W. Shaw, R. D. Gowland.
Third Row—Left to Right—C. S. Sweeney, Esq., A. R. Thiele, H. S. Hendrie,
 K. G. B. Ketchum, Esq., E. R. Pooler, A. G. Hyde, J. A. Garratt.



EDITORIAL

NOVEMBER 1 climaxed one of the most successful years in Little Big Four history, in which the teams were more evenly balanced and the competitors fought harder and played cleaner than in many years of the league's competition. From St. Andrew's point of view the season was highly satisfactory. The spirit on the squad was always good, and although we didn't win as many games as we should have every contest was at least close. Trinity fielded a strong team on one of the worst days possible for football, yet both teams played heads-up ball on a day that the football tended to hop around like a basket-ball and in weather that made an average contest look like a water-polo game. Kicking, run-backs, and passing, especially that of Le Mesurier, were almost outstanding, while running plays, in which the Saints held the edge, were smoothly executed on both sides. The College game was possibly the single disappointment of the season. Nothing went right. The bucking, though powerful, was careless, the end-runs were ragged, the tackling was poor, the kicking very mediocre, and the passing very poor. On top of this the team was afflicted with a strange combination of overconfidence and nervousness. Our guess is too many pictures in the papers of previous week, and yet the only people unaffected seemed to have been those who figured most prominently in this publicity. At any rate, the Saint Andrew's backs were bobbling the ball like jugglers

and the College team sparked by Osborne and Wastereys, capitalized on every error that the Scots made, and as a result, in a contest that marked the fortieth anniversary of U.C.C. v.s. S.A.C. football matches, Upper Canada repeated the victory gained four decades previously.

The Ridley game was a classic. The foot-ball on both sides was outstanding in a struggle that was anyone's ball game until late in the last quarter. Ridley have proven themselves magnificent champions. Their brand of foot-ball as taught by Dr. Griffiths is outstanding. A tough line drives without let-up against any opposition, clearing wide holes for buckers, opening great gaps for cut-backs and chopping down defence on speedy end-runs. The Tiger's passing attack was possibly its only weak point, but magnificent line play, long run backs, deadly tackling, outstanding kicking and as usual the baffling Ridley line up, which often catches the best defences napping, was too much for anything Saint Andrew's, Trinity or Upper Canada could offer. Even this however was not the outstanding feature of the Ridley attack. Their condition was superb. On that the Tiger overcame Saint Andrew's and Trinity, and once again proved that you can't beat a machine. The Ridley spirit might serve as an example for the whole league. It is a pleasure to acknowledge victory to such magnificent athletes, who always show themselves such fine sportsmen on and off the field.

LITTLE BIG FOUR ALL STAR TEAM

In this, the Christmas issue of the REVIEW, 1941, we are publishing the second in a series of Little Big Four all-star teams, and the first one we have edited for football. The voting was done in a similar fashion to that in which it was carried on for the All-Star Cricket Eleven last year, with the Sports Editors of the Little Big Four schools making the selections.

At the outset we should like to take this opportunity to convey our sincere thanks and appreciation for the co-operation and advice tendered us by the schools concerned. Without this assistance the choosing of this team, and consequently the spirit that goes with it, would be impossible.

The selection of a football team has not proved as easy as that of a cricket team, for in the latter, as well as performance, there are a season's facts and figures to work on. In rugby, of course, this not the case, and whereas back-field material presents no great obstacle to judge, line-men present to most observers a very different story. It has long been the failing of the spectator to concentrate on the performance of the ball-carrier, disregarding the line play that makes any gaining of ground

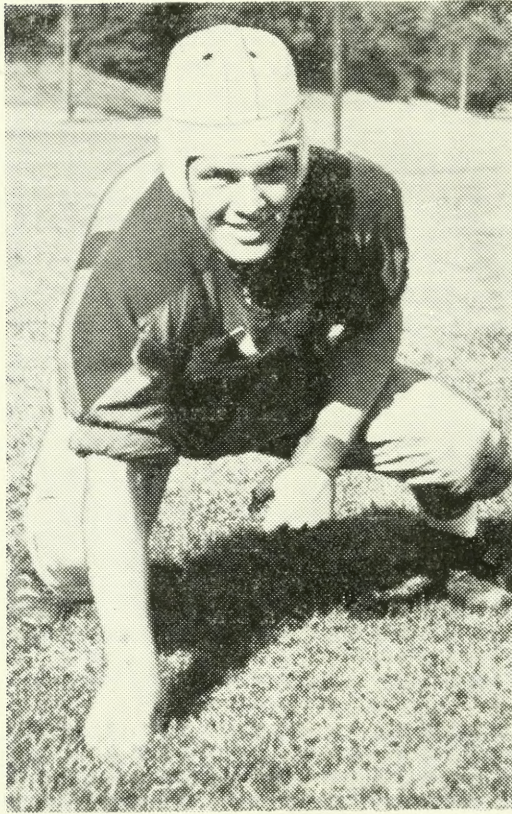
possible. Let us all then, whether for the purpose of choosing an all-star team, or just when disinterestedly watching a game, look to the wing-line as well as to the backs when seeking out our stars.

The voting was just slightly biased on all sides, but this is to be expected and cannot be condemned. Naturally each voter has the best knowledge of his local talent, and finds certain local stars hard to overlook. However, the leaning in this direction has been slight, and as each school acted very much in the same manner, it has made little or no difference, as the best players have been chosen in each case.

The line-up presents a veritable power-house. The line-men are strong and fast, and all are first-rate tacklers and blockers. The tackling ability of the team would be exceptionally good. The back-field too seems to lack nothing. At quarter is a good leader with all-round football ability. Milligan and Osborne are both first class plungers, whilst the latter with Chipman and Schmon on an end run, behind the powerful line in front of them would comprise an offensive weapon that would be hard to check. Lemesurier is a passer of unusual ability and Schmon is one of the best kickers seen in inter-scholastic football in recent years. We feel that there is little school-boy opposition that could stem the tide of such an aggregation of stars, and it is our erstwhile hope that when the war is over, one of these Little Big Four all-star football or cricket teams will see action either in this country or on tour elsewhere, in exhibition games.

It is also our belief that the selection of these inter-scholastic all-star teams will serve a valuable, two-fold purpose. First of all it will inspire the outstanding athletes in the schools concerned to greater heights in order to represent their school on the team. This, of course, will increase the standard of Little Big Four athletics. Secondly, and of far greater importance, we are of the opinion that the selection of the outstanding athletic representatives of the Little Big Four schools, and then uniting them on one team will serve to draw closer the bonds of friendship between the schools concerned. Such an act is of far greater importance than the sports involved, and makes a definite contribution towards the democracy that we are fighting so hard to retain.





B. M. MILLIGAN, *All-Star Half-Back*

ALL-STAR TEAM

Snap.....	Morrison.....	Ridley
Inside.....	Austin.....	Trinity
Inside.....	Dixon.....	Ridley
Middle.....	Bebell.....	Upper Canada
Middle.....	Riguero.....	Ridley
Outside.....	Wasteneys.....	Upper Canada
Outside.....	Stevens.....	Ridley
Quarter.....	Chipman.....	St. Andrew's
Half.....	Schmon.....	Ridley
Half.....	Osborne.....	Upper Canada
Half.....	Milligan.....	St. Andrew's
Half.....	Lemesurier.....	Trinity

LITTLE BIG FOUR ALL-STAR FOOTBALL TEAM

Name	School	Position	Ben Cronyn B.R.C.	Bart Sutherland T.C.S.	Ed. Ballon S.A.C.	J. C. Flanagan U.C.C.	Total votes	Team members
Morrison	Ridley	Snap	✓		✓		2	✓
Spence	Trinity	Snap		✓			1	
Clement	Upper Can..	Snap				✓	1	
Austin	Trinity	Inside		✓	✓		2	✓
Dixon	Ridley	Inside	✓		✓		2	✓
Little	Upper Can.	Inside		✓			1	
Caldwell	Trinity	Inside	✓				1	
Stuart	Upper Can..	Inside				✓	1	
Riguero	Ridley	Middle		✓		✓	2	✓
Bebell	Upper Can..	Middle	✓	✓	✓	✓	4	✓
Brydon	St. Andrew's	Middle			✓		1	
Randall	Ridley	Middle	✓				1	
		Half-back						
Wasteneys	Upper Can..							
		Outside	✓		✓		2	✓
German	Trinity	Outside		✓			1	
Stevens	Ridley	Outside	✓	✓	✓	✓	4	✓
Spencer	Upper Can..	Outside				✓	1	
Laing	Trinity	Quarter	✓				1	
		Quarter		✓	✓	✓	4	
Chipman	St. Andrew's							
		Half-back	✓					✓
Schmon	Ridley	Half-back	✓	✓	✓	✓	4	✓
Lemesurier . . .	Trinity	Half-back		✓	✓	✓	3	✓
Milligan	St. Andrew's	Half-back	✓	✓	✓	✓	4	✓
Osborne	Upper Can..	Half-back		✓	✓	✓	3	✓
Tait	Ridley	Half-back	✓				1	
MacLean	Trinity	Half-back		✓			1	
		Totals	12	13	12	11	48	12
		Bishop Ridley College					16	5
		Upper Canada College					13	3
		Trinity College School					10	2
		St. Andrew's College					9	2

N.B. (a) J. C. Flanagan, Sports Editor *College Times*, sent only 1 inside, in error.

(b) Bart Sutherland, Editor *The Record*, sent 5 halves.

(c) Mike Wasteneys, U.C.C., half-back and outside.

(d) Jack Chipman, S.A.C., received 1 vote as half-back and 3 as quarter-back.

FOOTBALL PERSONNEL

CHIPMAN—Quarter-back. A magnificent captain, from his quarter spot could use to best advantage his football brains. An all-rounder, Chippie was a very effective runner, outstanding kick-receiver, hard tackler, fair place kicker and an average passer. All-star Quarter.

MILLIGAN—Half-back. One of the best all-round backs in the Little Big Four. A terrific tackler on the secondary defence. Bern was also very potent on the attack, being a very powerful plunger and an average passer. All-star Halfback.

BRYDON—Right middle. A deadly tackler, an excellent blocker, and also proved a useful plunger. Always gave of his best.

GOWLAND—Left middle. The best blocker in the league, and also a very reliable tackler. An injury kept him from the Ridley game, where he was greatly missed in the wing-line.

SABISTON—Flying wing. This year Sab was moved to the backfield from his line position of last year. On the attack he was somewhat unreliable in his ball-handling and pass-receiving, but his kicking was fair and his tackling was excellent, and his blocking ranks with the best in the Little Big Four.

STRAITH I—Left inside. Don overcame a handicap of weight and inexperience by his doggedness and determination, and made many useful tackles on the wing line. An average blocker. He should prove very useful next year.

SHAW I—Right inside. A driving line man, unfortunately out of action for part of the season owing to an injury. A good blocker and a very hard tackler.

FRASER —Outside. The best end on the team, a good tackler and a reliable pass receiver. Fras. was also a very dependable blocker.

DAVIS—Outside. A hard and fearless tackler, he always gave of his best. He was perhaps a little careless of letting the play go outside him.

HENDRIE I—Outside. A fast end, Hank always got well down the field under a kick. His tackling was good and his blocking effective.

JOLLIFFE—Half-back. A very fast runner, he was in complete command once he was in clear. Joe was nervous when under tension and was at times sloppy in his ball-handling, but always gave of his best, and his speed was a definite asset to the team.

SPENCE—Half-back. A very reliable ball-handler and a long placement kicker. At times weak defensively, but more than made up for it with his running and plunging.

MACBRIEN—Snap. At first rather shaky, his passes were good late in the season, and although his blocking was weak, he always went hard.

Finally much credit is due to Mr. Sweeny, coach of this year's team. He worked very hard all season and improved the St. Andrew's end-run, which had become a tradition to be weak. He organized a fair passing attack and developed reliable plunging formations that proved dependable for ground gains, despite the inexperienced line material on hand. Of greater importance, however, he always maintained a good spirit on the squad and turned out a fighting team that always went its hardest.

THE OLD BOYS' GAME

Saint Andrew's scored a surprise win in its annual pre-season warm-up with the Old Boys when the veterans were beaten at the school on September 27th.

Executing their plays with speed and precision, and displaying a strong defensive game in the pinches, the Saints were seldom threatened by their heavier and more experienced rivals. The scoring was opened by Jon Ballon when he scored a touch-down on a running play. The touch was not converted. Before the quarter ended, Jolliffe recovering a fumble from the Old Boys and scored a major. Chipman converted. The remainder of the game was almost void of score, for the Old Boys resisted the School to the end. In the third quarter Pilley tackled "Slicker" O'Brien behind the Grads' line for a rouge.

Bill Gourlay's good kicking greatly helped the Old Boys and he played a splendid game of football; also J. E. Davis, R. Grass, D. M. McClelland were outstanding. The school was in good form, led by Chipman, Milligan, J. Ballon, and Ross Jolliffe.

FIRST U.T.S. GAME

The first game with the University of Toronto Schools first team was at the Varsity Stadium, and there that team scored its fourth consecutive victory to that date, October 8th, much to our dismay. This was the Saints' first inter-school game of the year, and certainly a hard one.

Two placements kicks by Don Bark accounted for the game's only scoring. The U.T.S. backfielder fired one of his field goals in the opening quarter, and duplicated this in the third.

The ball changed hands with amazing rapidity at times, owing to numerous fumbles, with U.T.S. being the worst offenders. In the last half the latter team's errors came near to bringing about their defeat. In the third quarter the Saints started to move down the field on passes, and were still pressing their opponents hard in the fourth. The defenders stiffened, and a series of plunges followed by an onside kick failed to score.

In this game the teams were pitched up against each other very evenly, for where the U.T.S. wingline kept up good blocking, their backfield did not take enough advantage of them, while S.A.C. had good ball-carriers with bad protection from their front wall.

SECOND U.T.S. GAME

In this game the Saints made a strong assault on the prestige of the U.T.S. team. The game was as hard fought as the first encounter and many times as spectacular.

S.A.C. started the game with a series of successful plunges, interrupted only by a most unfortunate fumble. But when Milligan regained the ball, the Crimson line advanced down the field for their first score, a rouge made by Sabiston. The ball fell for a while into U.T.S. hands, but the quarter ended with the ball in the Saints' possession.

The next quarter began with some intercepted passes on either side and then Sabiston again made a rouge. Shortly after came a spectacular play, wherein Chipman, running back a kick, threw a long lateral to Jolliffe, who ran 30 yards for a touchdown, later converted.

In the meantime U.T.S. was throwing every effort into the fight. In the third quarter the Double Blue regained the ball from Angus, and Don Bark scored a field goal. The fourth quarter opened with the recovery of the ball by S.A.C. and a placement kicked by Chipman. Immediately after, however, the Saints were forced to their own line and there Chad Bark scored a touchdown which his brother converted. The ball was still perilously close to the S.A.C. line, but was forced up the field by two plunges before the final whistle blew.

THE T.C.S. GAME

Saint Andrew's College won its first game (and last) in the Little Big Four schedule when they defeated Trinity College School at Aurora on October 18th. A single point in the second quarter and a Trinity fumble behind its own line in the third represented the game's only scoring. Sabiston following up a powerful drive by the Saints kicked a long punt to make the first point of the game.

Trinity's major scoring threat came in the third quarter. They staged a sixty-yard downfield march which bogged down under a desperate stand by St. Andrew's. In control once more, the Saints reversed the tide of fortunes and finally cemented the issue when J. D. Fraser recovered a fumble behind the Trinity line to make a touchdown.

The game was played under adverse conditions. A wet field and a slippery ball made running and passing very difficult. Chipman played a great game as quarterback and caught faultlessly at the safety position. Milligan, Sabiston and Gowland also played prominent parts in the St. Andrew's victory. Ross Lemesurier, captain of the Trinity team, threw some brilliant passes, while Laing's long kicks drove the Saints back time and again. Maclean did some very good tackling.

THE U.C.C. GAME

The occasion of the fortieth anniversary of football competition between S.A.C. and U.C.C. was one of the most closely contested games that members of both colleges have witnessed. The game took place on the twenty-fifth of October at U.C.C., and there assembled the present and many of the past members of both schools. To commemorate the

event, the game was started with a little ceremony performed by Old Boys of both schools. John L. Lash, of the U.C.C. 1901 team, supported by his team-mate, L. S. Morrison, kicked off; H. B. Housser, Capt. S.A.C. Rugby, 1901 received it, supported by Arthur Follet. A large cake was presented to the captains of the teams themselves, as a birthday gift!

When the game proper opened, it soon became evident that it would be a hard one, as both teams battled for supremacy; the hard tackling and blocking of both teams brought much applause from the spectators. Towards the end of the quarter Osborne recovered a St. Andrew's fumble on the latter's 20-yard line, and raced for a touchdown. Little kicked the convert to conclude the scoring. In the second and third quarters the boys kept up the pace, growing in impetus as the game proceeded. The Saints had the ball in their possession more than did their opponents, but just didn't manage to break through; Osborne's kicking saved his team many a time; and the Chipman-Milligan-Jolliffe end runs came off well, but sheer ill-luck prevented a score. Then Upper Canada came near to scoring again, but their second chance was spoiled by a fumble. When the last quarter came Saint Andrew's fought with everything they had, forced their way to the U.C.C. five-yard line; but the boys in Blue held in the eleventh hour, and S.A.C.'s three short stabs at a touchdown in the last few seconds of play were of no avail.

Thus ended a most exciting game, with great praise to both teams concerned, and a tea given at the Toronto Badminton and Racquet Club.

S.A.C. vs. PICKERING

Showing a complete reversal over earlier starts, the Pickering College football team beat a weakened S.A.C. team, 18-1, in an exhibition game. Pickering piled up 17 of her 18 points before half time, but they were held to one point for the latter part of the game. The St. Andrew's team showed themselves to far greater advantage in the latter half of the game, but the only score which they were able to acquire was a minor score of one point which resulted from a Pickering fumble after a kick.

The St. Andrew's team was badly weakened by the loss of its star quarterback, Chipman, and by the absence of Gowland, one of the best of the St. Andrew's linemen. However Milligan, and Sabiston played very fine rugby for the Saints, but they did not receive the necessary support from the rest of the team to make the day a success.

Davis, Partridge, and Kilgour played excellent games for the Pickering team, doing all the scoring for their side.

THE RIDLEY GAME

Saint Andrew's College was defeated by Ridley in one of the hardest fought games in recent Little Big Four history, the score being

33-17. As usual, the game attracted a great number of supporters for both sides. Ridley, which now holds the Little Big Four championship for 1941, had the superior team.

Nevertheless, the fight was close. S.A.C. put in the first blow five minutes after the start of the game, when, the team plunging down the field, crept to within a few yards of the Tiger's goal line, and Milligan went through for a touch, which was converted. B.R.C. now started a series of plunges down the field, interspersed with Schmon's magnificent end runs, and soon forced a rouge on the Saints. This was followed by a major by Stevens, scored on an S.A.C. fumble. Jolliffe then broke through the Orange and Black line in the most spectacular play of the game. Intercepting a pass he sped down the field sixty yards for a touchdown. The quarter ended with B.R.C. in possession and in the next quarter Schmon scored a field goal. Shortly after the Tiger scored another rouge. Five minutes before half time Tait scored a touchdown on an end run. Halftime score—15-11.

At the beginning of the second half Jolliffe again scored a touchdown on an onside kick. Then the Orange and Black scored a single when Chipman received a kick and failed to pass the goal-line. Ridley began another series of end runs and plunges down to the Crimson goal, and Schmon again made a major score on an end run. The fourth quarter was fiercely contested, but Ridley again had the ball most, and scored first a single, then two touchdowns, both by Schmon on end runs, and the only Ridley convert in the game.

Schmon was the most outstanding player on the field. Rigüero, Drope and Randall did some neat plunging. The whole Ridley team played very well. Congratulations Ridley!

SECOND TEAM—1941

The Seconds played their first game of the season at the School on September 24 against Newmarket High School. In the first quarter period Cameron II dribbled the ball over the goal line where Ballon I fell on it for the first S.A.C. major score; Ballon II converted, making the score 6-0. In the second quarter the Saints scored a touchdown, however there was no convert. Again in the fourth quarter the Saints made another major score. Newmarket in this quarter managed to score a rouge; this ended the game, with the score 17-1.

The return game on October 9, was less successful, the Saints lacking the vigour of the first game. Pilley and MacMillan scored the touchdowns for S.A.C. while Morton and Revill scored for Newmarket, Brown scored a rouge. The final score was 12-11 for the opposition.

On November 5, the Seconds journeyed to Toronto to play U.C.C., and there suffered a defeat, losing 28-11. In the first quarter Lawson scored for U.C.C. In the second and third quarters, Humphrys and

Azio scored touchdowns for U.C.C. with the latter being converted by Watt, while Ballon I and Boothe I scored for the Saints. During the last quarter Burden and Whitley scored touchdowns and again Watt scored a convert.

The last and probably the best game of the season was played against Lakefield on November 12. In the first quarter Christie I scored a touchdown, while Carr-Harris made the convert and also scored a rouge at the end of the quarter. In the second quarter Tilley scored a touchdown, and again Carr-Harris made the convert. The third quarter brought another touchdown for Christie I of Lakefield.

The only touchdown for the Seconds was made by Ballon II who also scored three rouges. This ended the game with the Saints defeated 18-8.



THIRD RUGBY TEAM

First Row—Left to Right—J. H. Park, J. Knox, J. B. Wynne, J. P. Booth, J. M. Lownde, R. B. Stapells, F. M. Hall.

Second Row—Left to Right—W. M. Lang, W. M. E. Clarkson, W. B. Lappin, J. W. Kennedy, W. G. Lowry, E. R. Chamandy, J. W. Taylor, L. Franceshini.

Third Row—Left to Right—E. H. Crawford, G. N. Straith, F. S. Grant, R. B. Ramsey, R. B. M. Brown, H. B. Sands, W. J. McCart.

Fourth Row—Left to Right—A. E. Vrooman, J. M. Macrae, C. H. Draper, W. H. Hendrie, W. B. Shaw.

THIRD TEAM

This year's third team had a very successful season. Although they won only two of their six games, the scores did not completely justify the playing.

Booth II, the captain and quarterback of the team, played well but was injured early in the year and was unable to play for the rest of the season. Lowry played a good game at all times, especially after he took on the duties of quarterback, in which he had almost no experience. Kennedy, flying wing, always did well, especially against U.T.S. Stapells, vice-captain and a lineman, always gave his best.

The first game of the season was played at T.C.S. on October 15. In this game the team was outweighed, but put up a good resistance. T.C.S. won easily by a score of 28-0.

On the following Saturday, T.C.S. visited the school to play a return game. The thirds showed a decided improvement, but, in vain. Trinity won by a small margin (Score—7-5). Park scored our only major when Kennedy dribbled the ball over the line.

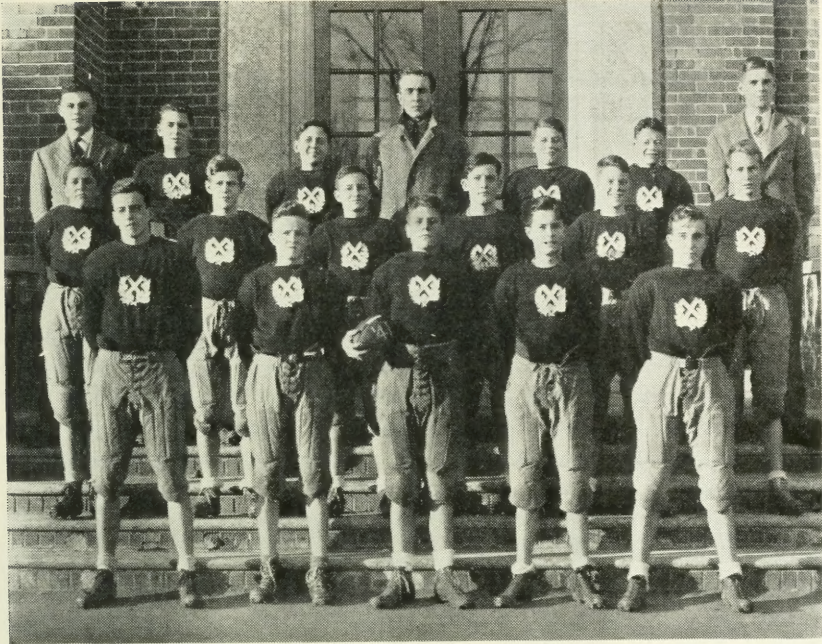
The thirds played the Newmarket High School seconds on October 20th at S.A.C. Wynne, Lowndes and Lowry all scored touchdowns, and the last mentioned made the only successful convert. The final score was 16-0.

The U.T.S. third team came to Aurora to play on October 24. This game was the team's second victory. S.A.C. made a rouge in the first quarter and two touchdowns in the second (Kennedy and Wynne); Cartwell scored and Duff converted for U.T.S. In the last half Kennedy scored twice. Cronin scored the last touchdown for the other side. The final score was 21-11.

On Wednesday 29 the thirds went to the Grove to play Lakefield firsts. In the first quarter, Lakefield completely outclassed the team, when they scored three touchdowns and a rouge. The rest of the game was very hard-fought, so much so that Lakefield scored only one more touchdown, and that in the third quarter. Lowry kicked to the deadline to score S.A.C.'s only point. The final score was 21-1 for the Grove.

The last game of the season was played against Pickering on the home field. Pickering outran the Saints and won easily by 28-0.

Mr. Macrae was responsible for the excellent showing and spirit of the team, and to him goes much credit. His vigour gave a team that seemed fated to lose, the enthusiasm that won them the approbation of all that watched the games in which they were so sportsmanlike.



FIFTH RUGBY TEAM

First Row—Left to Right—C. C. Crombie, H. S. Bacque, I. F. Flemming, T. M. Adamson, W. W. Weldon.

Second Row—Left to Right—C. F. Robinson, J. F. Hepburn, G. L. Rapmund, R. K. Jones, W. A. Beverly, W. J. Elder.

Third Row—Left to Right—W. A. McKenzie, D. R. P. Sumner, C. A. Hirsch, G. R. Tottenham, Esq., H. B. Shepard, J. L. Barclay, A. I. Macrae.

Although considerably lighter and less experienced than last year's team the Fifth's managed to win three of their five games this fall. The first game of the Year, on October 16, against Newmarket High School started the team off well with an 11-0 victory.

On Thursday, October 16, the team visited Pickering College and won their second game by a score of 23-18. The return game against Pickering was played at the school, and the result was the defeat of the Fifth's by one point (Score—13-12).

The following Saturday, November 1st, Christ Church from Toronto visited the school and defeated the team by the score 16-11. The return game with Christ Church took place the following Wednesday on the U.C.C. playing fields and the Fifths won back some prestige by defeating their opponents 14-6. This was the last game of the season. In all the games the plunging of Flemming, and the kicking of Adamson and Bacque was excellent. Jones at left inside and Sumner on the right

end both deserve credit for their hard playing in all the games. Mr. Tottenham merits praise for his efforts as coach.

Towards the end of the season the squad was strengthened by the addition of Park, Lang and Clarkson.

THE SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

An outstanding event of the term was the annual Senior Cross-Country Run which took place on Saturday, November 15th. Although it rained steadily during the morning, the weather cleared up for the race, and at about two-thirty seventy stalwart contestants started out over the slippery course. Ballon I took the lead from the beginning with Brydon close on his heels. Brydon, however, soon fell back and was later overtaken by Kennedy, on Kirk's side-road. The latter boy kept second place until the end of the race. Ballon set a strong pace throughout and finished a quarter of a mile in the lead. His excellent time was only four seconds on the wrong side of the school record set by Cox some years ago. Kennedy crossed the line in second place, and following him were Ballon II and Pollock, neck and neck; as they rounded the quad Pollock gained a very slight margin and finished in third place, while Ballon II was a close fourth. The race was altogether well run; nobody came in after the time limit of fifty minutes. There were, however, the inevitable stragglers (yours truly among them) whose names are withheld for obvious reasons.

Later in the afternoon Mrs. Tudball presented the prizes in the Flavelle House Common Room. These were the prize winners:

- 1st: —Ballon I, Challenge Cup and Gold Medal.
- 2nd: —Kennedy, Silver Medal.
- 3rd: —Pollock, Bronze Medal.

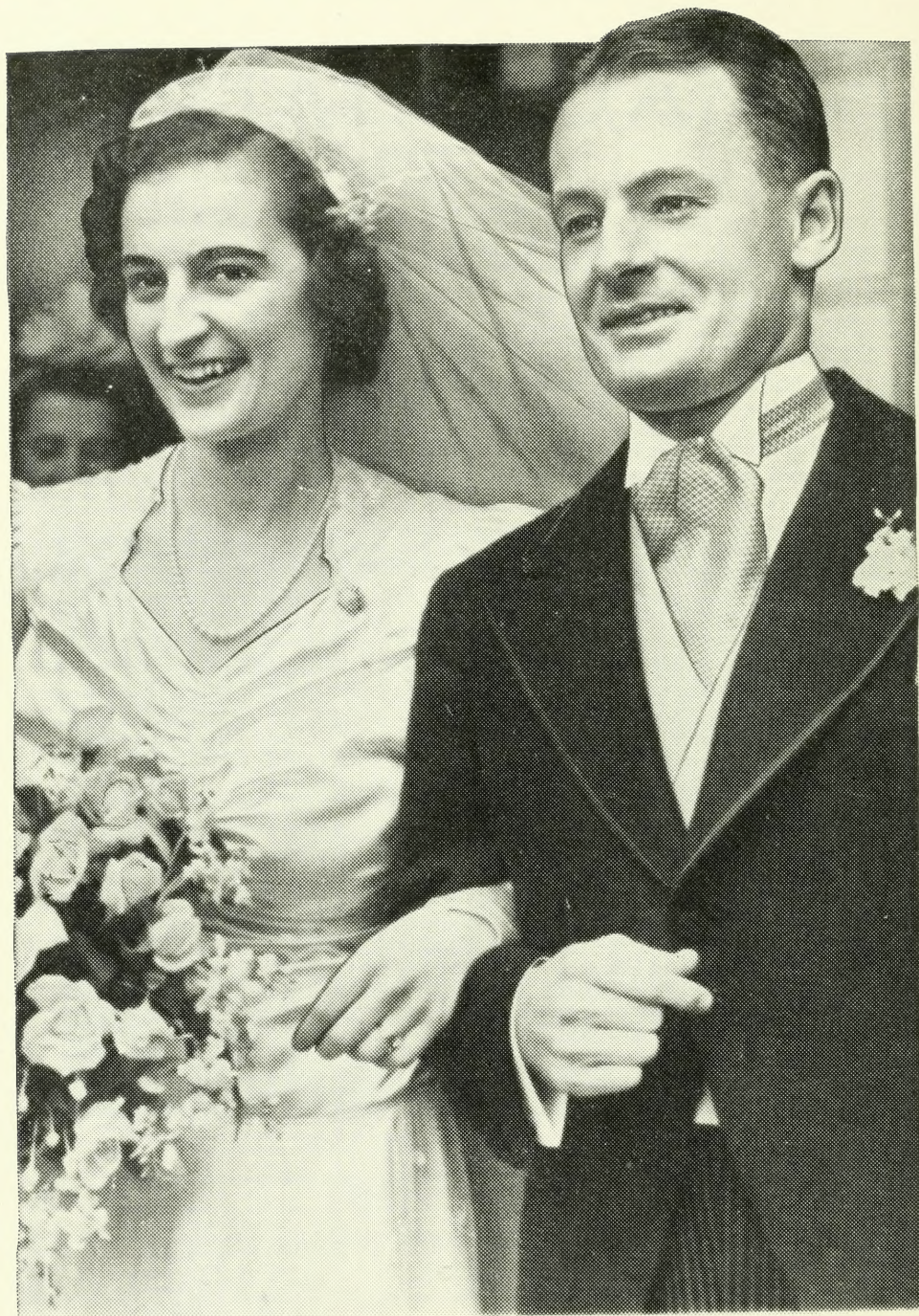
Cakes (awarded to winning representative of each group listed).

- Prefects, Sabiston.
- 1st Football Squad, Ballon II.
- 2nd Football Squad, Taylor.
- 3rd Football Squad, Flemming.
- Flavelle House, Garratt I.
- Memorial House, McCart.
- Upper VI, Hamilton.
- Lower VI, Fryer.
- Form V, Wynne.
- Form IV, Weldon I.

MACDONALD HOUSE SECTION



MACDONALD HOUSE
PRIMARY AND LOWER SCHOOLS



MR. AND MRS. WRIGHT

were married in the Chapel of Trinity College, Toronto, on Saturday, July 19th, 1941.

Mr. Wright is now Master-in-Charge of Macdonald House and Mrs.

Wright is conducting the new Primary Department.

Editorial

THE Lower School is pleased to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Wright in the place of Mr. and Mrs. Millward owing to Mr. Millward's enlistment in the R.C.A.F. This marks the second time that we have lost our master-in-charge to the Air Force. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Wright much luck and a Merry Christmas. Mr. Macrae also has joined us again after a year at Queen's University, and is well liked by everyone. He has done work in sports, mainly with the Upper School but we hope that he will aid us in hockey. He has again taken over the woodcraft room.

* * *

We welcome nineteen new boys to Macdonald House. Some of the bigger boys were members of the Cadet Corps and our linemen for the First Football Team were chiefly newcomers. We know that they will continue to make valuable contributions to the life of the School in general.

* * *

Four monitors, namely, Garratt II, Medland, McKenzie II, and Seaton were appointed this year. Besides doing a good job on the football field, they are carrying out their various duties satisfactorily in the house. Weldon II and Fletcher II are the librarians. Both boys are handling the job in a capable manner.

* * *

The annual Cross Country Run was held on November the Ninth. The race proved to be very successful. Jones, who won the race is a member of Flavelle House but because of his age, he was allowed to compete. Following the race Mrs. Wright presented the Olympic Medal and the Campbell Cup. Rapmund, who came second was presented with the Olympic Shield. Garratt won the Third Form War Saving Stamps, which were given instead of the usual cake. The Upper and Lower Flat Stamps went to Medland and Munro respectively. The Lower School forms' were divided between Howson and Opie II who ran a dead heat. There were some extremely good performances of which Munro was probably the best. Although he is only nine years of age he came fifth in the race.

* * *

The Librarians are very pleased with the new books presented by Mrs. MacPherson, Mrs. Magee and Mrs. Lofft and wish to thank them very much indeed. We would like to thank Kennedy for a book. The Library has been doing very well this year, for over one hundred and fifty books have been taken out. Westerman's Boys' Books appear to be quite popular amongst the boys for at least one is taken out every Library Night. The Life Magazine has been contributed every week by the School and is

read from cover to cover by most of the boys. We hope that all will continue to co-operate in keeping the Library as quiet as possible for very obvious reasons.

* * *

A War Saving Stamp Campaign is now thriving in the Lower School led by Mr. Ives, who sells stamps to the boys. Already the amount sold has risen to seventy-five dollars for the present term, which makes the grand total two hundred and thirty dollars. Every Saturday the amount rises approximately three dollars which is pretty good considering that most of the contributions are only a dime or a nickel. We all think that the boys are making an effort and we hope it will continue after Christmas. Special thanks should be given to Mr. Ives for distributing the stamps amongst the boys.

* * *

We are exceedingly grateful to Mrs. Shenstone, grandmother of Shenstone I and II, for her gift of a portrait of Mr. Winston Churchill. It will be hung in the Library and it will serve as an incentive to all Andreans to "Finish the job at hand."

* * *

This year the Halloween festivities were celebrated in the Library for the Upper Flat. The hunt for candy kisses was executed with great speed and excitement and those who were fortunate in the rôle of detective were amply rewarded. A ping pong tournament was the next item on the program and after the preliminaries the final bouts were won by Garratt and Weldon. Life-savers were provided as prizes. On the return to the Library the game of apple-biting without the aid of hands took place. Those who discovered the solution first were the winners of a Jersey Milk Bar. Games favouring good eyes, quick feet and large mouths having been provided, the next one favoured large hands and steady nerves as the game of passing the chalk got under way. Many spills and heart-breaking sighs were seen and heard. The next prize went to the boy who could draw the best Halloween character in the dark. Cider and biscuits were served and after a "chain story" everyone proceeded to his respective dorm.

The dining room was a place of sheer enjoyment on Halloween Night, where the Lower Flat were enjoying themselves. At first we had a treasure hunt. There were candies hidden everywhere. The boys who found two War Saving Stamps, donated by Mr. Ives, were Munro and Ingram.

We began the games by trying to eat apples on strings without the aid of our hands. It was quite difficult; of course the boy who possessed the smallest apple had the easiest time of it. The next thing that we did was play "convoy." This is played by two teams, one the Raiders and the

other the convoy boats. The ships are blindfolded and one by one try to cross the room. The Raiders, also blinded, try to tag the ships. If a ship is tagged it then becomes a raider. The last game that we played was a very old one called "Pin the Tail on the Donkey." It is a very good game and was a great deal of fun, though a few boys didn't even get the tail on the board.

After that we went into the Library and the Upper Flat told a very good Ghost Story. By the time we got to bed that night, it was ten o'clock. I am sure that all the boys of Macdonald House wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Wright for a very lovely Halloween Party.

* * *

Now that the weather has become colder, boys are turning their thoughts to indoor activities. The Lower School Camera Club had its first meeting recently and those who heard Mr. Jay Cock's remarks about the taking of pictures will doubtless try to carry them out during the winter months. It should be remembered that very expensive equipment is not necessary for the taking of good pictures. All boys are asked to become interested camera fans.

A Model Club has been formed recently, and it is the aim of this club to build aeroplanes, boats, and anything that may prove interesting in the way of models. Good luck, Model Club. We are all looking forward to seeing some good work done.

* * *

It has been reported a visitor was seen of late in the neighbourhood of Macdonald House and that he did not receive a very generous welcome. Of course we don't mean Sandy or Judy. Perhaps Marsden or Cork could tell us something about him. Rumour has it that they disturbed his personality after which they stated that he was no friend of theirs, or should we have said they of ours!!

The Fish That Didn't Get Away

THE highlight of my summer holidays this year was fishing in Quebec. My father is a member of the Orleans Fish and Game Club. It is situated on the Jeannotte River running out of Lake Edward into the Batiscan which, in turn, empties into the St. Lawrence.

On September 2nd we had a day of excellent fishing. But before I tell you of my experience, I must tell you more about the river.

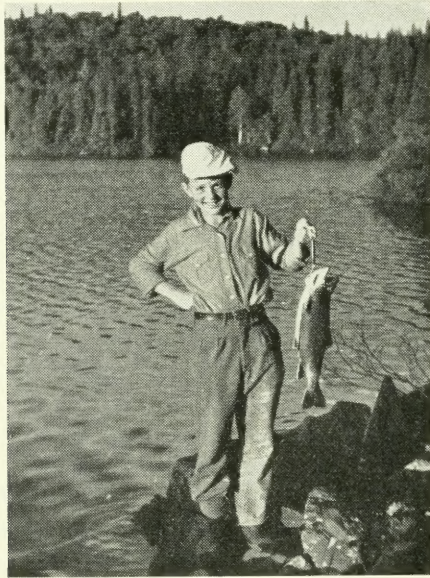
We stayed at the club house, put up by a French woman, at the top of the river. Every day we would go down about three or four sets of rapids. Between each set of rapids there is a little lake, surrounded by huge Laurentian hills. One thing very peculiar about the fish in this river is that instead of going up the river to spawn, they go down the river. This

is the only time you can catch trout on a fly. Any other time you would have to troll in the lakes, which isn't any sport at all.

Now for my thrilling adventure. As we started out with our three French guides I was fixing my fly for another day of fishing, so Dad and I dropped behind to allow the guests the first crack at all the good pools. You may think of rapids as a mere hundred yards in length; if so you are mistaken, for sometimes they are a mile long. There is one main portage from the top to the bottom of the rapids, and from these portages there are sometimes two or three paths leading you to some good pools.

There are three rapids which we passed frequently each day, they are the Leo, Cedar, and Otter Rapids. Dad said that we would meet the party for lunch at Cedar Rapids. Dad and I cast strenuously for an hour, and we barely caught enough for our lunch.

We met the rest of the party at Cedar Rapids, and they had lunch all ready for us. They had caught about three good sized trout, which made



us ashamed to show our poor catch. We shared their good fortune, however, for a lunch of fish and flap jacks was very delicious.

Dad and I started back on the Cedar Rapid portage. I had barely gone two hundred yards when I discovered a small path. We thought it was a moose track, but still we went down. After we had gone down this path fifty yards, we were faced by a large black pool, surrounded by cedar trees and at the top were rapids. Dad and I took different places and started to cast. As soon as we had put in our flies we had good strikes. Each of us had a good two and a half pound trout on our rods. They turned out

to be females, however, so we threw them back. After a while we changed places, you may imagine my disgust to see Dad pulling in a good sized trout, for little did I think that I was about to make the biggest catch of my life. With a flip of my four ounce rod I cast a Mickey Fin fly to the middle of the pool and let it sink. I hadn't intended it to sink but I was watching Dad pull in the trout. I slowly started to reel in my line. To my great surprise it seemed stuck on the bottom. I pulled as hard as I dared, and had just given up all hope when suddenly my line zipped down stream. I jumped with excitement for I knew the fight was on and that it was not the bottom that I had struck, but a big trout.

Keeping a tight line, I started to reel in; but no sooner would I do so, than the trout would go dashing down stream taking most of my line out. I couldn't keep him off bottom. Every once and a while it would shake from head to tail, and how it did shake. The rod nearly jumped from my hand while I nearly slipped from the rock into the freezing water.

By this time Dad had pulled in a pair, two and a half pounders, but when he saw that I was still trying to land mine, he came over to see what was the matter. I told him that I had a big fish on my line, but he wouldn't believe me until he saw it with his own eyes.

At this stage of the struggle my arm was aching. I got the fish up to the top, however, and saw for the first time its full size; then with a swish of his tail he was off to the bottom again. I slowly reeled him in once more.

Dad said that I had to net him myself. He showed me how to keep my arm straight behind me and slowly work the rod so it was pointing straight up into the sky. By this time my hand and arm were aching more than ever so I had to relax them and the rod fell towards the water. This gave the fish another chance. I did this several times, much to my disgust, and I could see Dad out of the corner of my eye smiling from ear to ear.

The fish finally got close enough for me to net. When I did so I nearly dropped the net as it was so heavy. When we had recovered from the excitement we weighed and measured him. His weight was four and a quarter pounds, his length was twenty-one and a half inches and his girth twelve and three-quarter inches.

I just couldn't believe my eyes. It was a thrilling experience and a grand climax to a wonderful day.

F. A. McKENZIE, Third Form.

Mr. Ouchterlony (expecting government poultry inspectors, is in a bad mood when the door-bell rings): "I have two hundred Leghorns," he says as he opens the door, "twenty behind bars, and thirty Rhode Island Reds and two up the river."

Mr. Laidlaw: "Well, now, that's very interesting."

It Never Works

There were two boys who loved to see,
In how much mischief they could be,
One day they planned to risk their fate,
And both resolved to stay up late.

Lights are out at nine fifteen,
But neither of the boys were seen.
The master didn't notice that
And in his nearby study sat.

Meanwhile the boys were on the go
Toward the town to see a show.
They walked along the snowy street,
And felt the ice beneath their feet.

Soon the theatre came in sight,
And coloured lights lit up the night.
The boys went in and picked their places
To watch the movie "Ace of Aces."

After the movie the boys started back
And stopped at a store for a rest and a snack.
Then continuing on they were soon on their way
While the road like a carpet before the boys lay.

The master was working, his living to earn,
And unfortunately heard the two culprits return,
They'd come up the drain pipe and made such a row
That the master was on them before they knew how.

"What are you doing here?" He said.
"Why are you up and out of bed?"
"I think perhaps you'd better report"
"For sure you've had some fun and sport."

The master started towards the Head,
The two boys followed with hearts of lead,
And coming in the master's room
The poor boys felt they'd met their doom.

Just by luck the Head was out,
With joy the two young boys could shout.
But when the master had rung the bell,
"The morning," he said, "will do just as well."

The next day dawned both grey and cold,
The two boys wished that they'd not been bold
For they were caned, and both exclaimed, "it hurts,"
"But you can't sneak out for it never works."

R. A. CAMPBELL, Upper II.

A Memory of England

HAVING lived on an island, one always has a longing every so often to go back to the sea. In my memory, I often grow homesick for the coast of Yorkshire. How many times have I walked enchanted along the sands at Filey. The moon is up and the tide is on the ebb. One can see the large white cliffs of Flamborough towering majestically from the sea. Here and there one may see a seagull resting serenely on the placid surface of the sea. Across the bay on the brig, the lighthouse flashes out its warning. Many a good ship has come to grief on the treacherous rocks of this coast. Far away may be seen the twinkling lights of Hunmanby Gap where we once lived in a caravan. In the foreground may be seen a group of fishermen in dark blue jerseys, mending their nets, looking over their boats or digging up worms from the wet sand.

The east coast is very picturesque in many respects. All along it there are small sheltered bays. When there is a real storm, the Dutch fishing fleet may even put into Filey harbour. That is a very beautiful spectacle with the bronze sails against the blue of the sky and the green of the sea. Many of the sailors wear wooden clogs. This is just one of the fascinating scenes which can be seen on the east coast of England.

J. T. MARSDEN, Lower II.

Memories

Now when I was a little boy
A little boy so small,
I used to steal away sometimes
And climb the garden wall.

Now after I was o'er that wall
I used to walk away,
And watch the fishes in the stream
And then begin to play.

Then after I had played and played,
 I used to climb the banks
 And dig some tunnels in the clay
 And form them into tanks.

Now when I went back home at night
 I used to go to bed,
 But all that's past and gone I guess,
 'Cause homework's there instead.

I did all this, indeed I did
 When I was young and gay,
 And all that's left to me right now
 Are memories of that day.

W. R. Howson, Upper II.

A Sea Fight

A stormy sea, a cloudy night,
 Was what we sailors had;
 A soft swift wind to fill our sails
 Would more than make us glad.

While every morn the sea-gulls swarmed
 Around our well loved ship;
 And gently smoothly through the waves
 The graceful bark would dip.

But one fine day when sea lay calm
 A foreign ship we saw,
 And on the dull grey flag there was
 The emblem of a dragon's paw.

This ship—it was a pirate one
 With this bad flag to fly;
 But we had guns and cannon balls
 With which to make reply.

We fought until the pirate ship
 Gave one terrific sigh,
 And to this day that pirate ship
 At Neptune's feet will lie.

R. V. Worling, Upper II.

Our Camping Trip

BILL said it was a good place, and I was rather inclined to agree with him. The spot referred to was an open, grassy clearing on the left side of the river, which was banked on three sides by tall rows of gently swaying pines. We beached the canoe and lit the fire. It went out. The sun was setting in the west in a blaze of glory.

While Bill was trying to cook the dinner, I essayed to set up the tent. I unpacked it, and checked to make sure that everything was there, but, alas, the tent pegs were missing. I was sure I had packed them, but was forced to whittle out substitutes. It was getting dark, so I moved closer to the fire, which Bill had started after many attempts and mad dashing to the little pile of wood. The beans, which were propped over it, were starting to boil. In moving closer I knocked into Bill, who was shaking some salt into them. Off came the top of the ramshackle old salt shaker, and its contents went pouring into the pot.

"Oh, well," we said, "perhaps a little extra salt will bring out the true bean flavour."

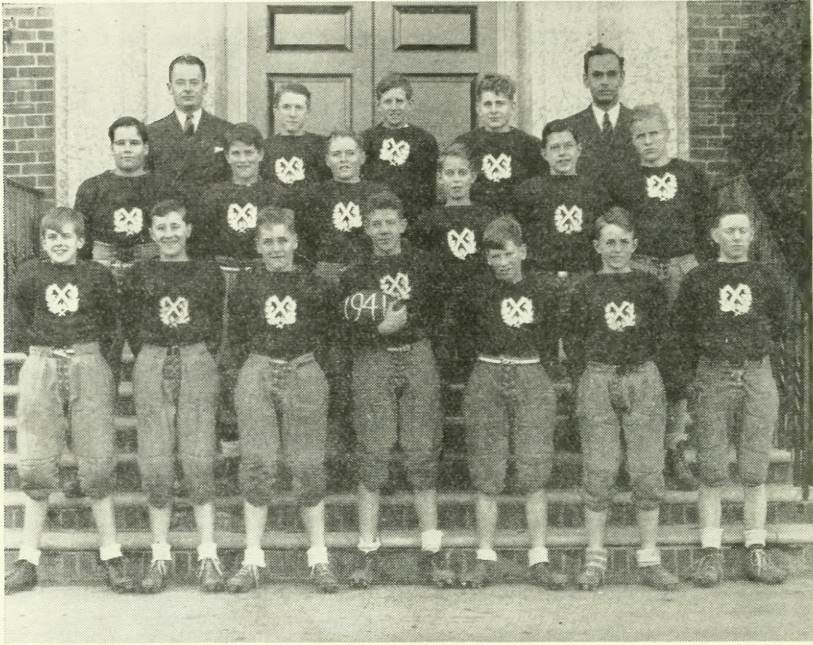
True flavour! After one bean apiece, we threw them into the river and dreamt of salt for a week. After setting up the tent, in the process of which I found the original pegs, we concluded that dinner would soon be ready, and so we proceeded to get out the dishes. These dishes were of thin galvanized iron, which had at one time been covered with a liberal coating of white and blue enamel. This, however, had been badly chipped off and the iron underneath was slightly rusted. I, however, had come prepared, and promptly produced a piece of fine sandpaper, with which I quickly shined our dishes. The beans were awful. The potatoes would have been good had I not dropped mine in the mud. I ended by eating bread and jam.

At last we decided to go to bed. As we were getting ready, I sat down on a camp-stool to take off my boots. The pepper had been left open on this stool. I did not notice it. In sitting down, I knocked it over. Before you could say "Bob's your uncle," or, just plain "uncle," the tent was so full of whirling clouds of pepper that it was impossible to see three feet in front of you.

A spasm of energetic sneezing followed. We stumbled, sneezing and crying, out of the tent. A whole half hour elapsed before it was safe to venture inside. When we were finally tucked in bed, we lay down in a state of complete exhaustion. A mosquito zoomed just above our noses, the tent door flapped in the breeze, the ground became harder and harder, and yet we went happily to sleep, dreaming of dormitory 205!

J. L. HOWLAND, Upper II.

Macdonald House Rugby



MACDONALD HOUSE RUGBY TEAM

First Row—Left to Right—K. J. Crowe, J. Davis, H. M. Seaton, C. E. Medland, P. S. Fletcher, F. A. McKenzie, J. Heintzman.

Second Row—Left to Right—W. B. Cuthbert, W. Howson, R. A. Montgomery, A. E. Weldon, P. C. Garratt, F. Hortop.

Third Row—Left to Right—J. L. Wright, Esq., W. F. Leishman, W. A. Lindsay, P. Stephenson, K. H. Ives, Esq.

THIS year the house team found it difficult to arrange matches with opponents of our own age and size. On three occasions we played teams which were definitely older and heavier and consequently we lost. On two occasions we were the heavier team and then we managed to win. This situation was unfortunate as an unevenly contested game is not satisfactory to win or lose. We would like to thank all our opponents for the matches and we hope that next year we shall be able to meet them on a basis of even weights and ages.

The captain of the house team was Medland, our quarter-back. He called the signals very well, and got the ball out very quickly for the end runs and kicked many points on converts. Defensively he was a little weak but his tackling was improving as the season went on. Garratt II was our kicker and forward passer. Possibly we should not criticize his efforts

in these two respects because he did his best, and his was the best that the team could produce. Undoubtedly too, our blocking in the line was weak and Garratt II was often desperately hurried. He is a fast runner but has the bad habit of stopping when a tackler approaches. Garratt's partner as running half-back was McKenzie II. Unfortunately he was not quite big enough for some of our games. He is an excellent runner and plunger who goes all out without any thought of the consequences. He is very fast in following up a kick and has a safe pair of arms for receiving a forward pass. Both he and Garratt tackle well. Our two plunging half-backs were Fletcher II and Howson. Both lack in speed but do their best to make up for it by determination. We were very pleased to see Fletcher's touchdown in the Upper Canada game. Our wings were Seaton and Davis III. Seaton is rather slow but a fine tackler if he can get at his opponent. Davis III is inclined to be a little timid, he should improve with more experience which will give him confidence. Our middles were two new boys, Hortop and Cuthbert. They were the heavy weights of the team and we largely relied on them to carry the responsibility of the secondary defense. Hortop showed signs of being a powerful runner but found great difficulty in handling the ball. He was a good tackler whose chief handicap was lack of experience. It was his first season of rugby. Cuthbert's tackling improved as the season progressed and his plunging was very determined. Our two insides were Heintzman and Montgomery. On defense Heintzman played a good solid game at centre secondary. Offensively it was a pity we couldn't use him for more plunges as he had a good turn of speed. Montgomery was handicapped by a wrist that was only just getting over being broken and he hardly showed up to best advantage. We feel sure that next year he will play a much improved game of rugby. Our snap was Leishman. His snapping was just a bit on the slow side but he played a fair all round game.

Taken altogether the rugby season was enjoyed by all the members of the house and we felt that we all learnt many fundamentals of the game.

Macdonald House rugby colours were given to the following boys: Cuthbert, Garratt II, Heintzman, Hortop, McKenzie, Medland and Seaton.

The Matches

T.C.S. LITTLESIDE TEAM AT T.C.S., OCT. 15TH. SCORE 33-6

The first few minutes of the game the teams seemed evenly matched, but after five minutes of play Huyke kicked the ball over the goal-line; Garratt tried to run it out but MacLaren tackled him just after the catch. Halfway through the quarter, Black scored the first touchdown for T.C.S.

and it was converted. T.C.S. marched up the field to the S.A.C. twenty-five yard line, where McKenzie recovered a fumble made by Sully as the quarter ended.

Beginning the second quarter Sully made a break around the end, but McKenzie came in from nowhere to make a beautiful tackle. Soon after T.C.S. shoved over another touchdown, but the convert failed. Midway through the quarter T.C.S. plunged for a touchdown, made by Black, and again failed on the convert. With a minute to half time Campbell went over for another touchdown for T.C.S.

Soon after the kickoff McKenzie intercepted a forward pass on our one yard line. On the second down Hortop galloped ninety-five yards for a touchdown, after going through the whole T.C.S. team. Medland converted. It was the only score in the quarter and the first for S.A.C.

After the quarter began Black sailed through the S.A.C. line for a touchdown, which was converted. Less than two minutes to go, Campbell was again over the line for a parting score.

Our boys had played a plucky game against an older, heavier, and more experienced team.

N.H.S. AT MACDONALD HOUSE, OCT. 21ST. SCORE 6-17

At the beginning of the game, we had a distinct advantage because the Newmarket boys had not been able to get many practices as a team; but they played with lots of energy and pep. In the second half, they played very well and the game was very even. We managed to complete several forward passes and the one from Garratt to Medland was particularly effective. Garratt's kicking was much better than it had been in the first game. McKenzie was the outstanding runner for Macdonald House. The whole game was greatly enjoyed and we hope we will have many more with N.H.S.

MACDONALD HOUSE VS. LAKEFIELD FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLDS, OCT. 29TH

This game was a little one-sided in favour of Lakefield until we discovered the great value of Hortop as an end-runner, and Cuthbert as a plunger. Our regular end-runners and plungers were not quite fast or strong enough to make yards on the three downs. The team was further handicapped by an injury to McKenzie in the first quarter and to Seaton in the second. Seaton developed a big bruise between his eyes. Lakefield had some very pretty forward-pass plays which worked several times in the first half to put them ahead by a score of 12-0. Giroux was one of Lakefield's outstanding players. In the second half Macdonald House did a little better and Hortop made some long gains. Hortop's running

was very powerful but he is always inclined to fumble a pass. Cuthbert scored our touchdown on a plunge through the middle.

On the way home we stopped at Peterborough for our evening meal. Everyone enjoyed the trip very much.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE PREP. 6—MACDONALD HOUSE 20

At Upper Canada College, November 5th. A lightened house team visited Upper Canada College to play the Prep School team. Our team was a little heavier and older than the Prep and consequently as the game progressed our greater experience began to tell in our favour. Upper Canada scored first when they caught the Macdonald House half-backs all defending the open side of the field. Slowly the S.A.C. team began to find themselves. Mackenzie began to make good gains and to give Garratt some good lateral passes. Fletcher II found a good hole in the line and made yards through the middle. By half-time we had evened up the score, Garratt having gone over for our first touchdown. In the second half, Mackenzie II and Fletcher II scored for us. Mackenzie's broken field running was one of the features of the game. Medland converted two of our touchdowns with good placement kicks. For Upper Canada we were all thrilled by the play of Hewitt who was the smallest boy on the field. He should have a great future ahead of him.

LAKEFIELD AT MACDONALD HOUSE, NOV. 12TH, 22-1

Through some unfortunate misunderstanding, Lakefield had strengthened their team, which had already decisively beaten us; thus the game turned out to be one-sided, more so than the previous match. The Lakefield coach very generously did everything he could to even the game up, by taking some of his key players off, but this was not enough to make a game of it. We hope that next year the teams will be matched more evenly in size and age.

There is very little to report concerning the game, for our line just couldn't hold the Lakefield one; the latter was through us, over and around us almost before our half-backs had time to move. Hortop, who had played well at Lakefield, was smothered before he could get going. He did some good tackling and McKenzie caught one of our best long forward passes of the season.

Macdonald House Soccer

THE JUNIOR HOUSE TEAM

AS in other years this team consisted largely of boys of twelve and thirteen years, and it played four matches. Against Crescent School we had two very evenly matched games. In the game away we were defeated 1-0 but in the home game we reversed the score and won 1-0. McKenzie scored our only goal on a solo effort. In fact our combination as a team was not very good. It is difficult to play rugby for six weeks and then switch to soccer. We also played two games with the Aurora Public School, which we lost by scores of 2-0 and 3-0. Both games were keenly contested and although we lost them, we were by no means completely outplayed. We are already looking forward to our hockey games with Aurora next winter.

It is difficult to pick out any outstanding players on the team. All the members played their best but found that a soccer ball can be a very elusive object. This year, for the first time in several years we had no English boy about whom to build the team. We sadly missed Adamson and Clarkson. In the Crescent games, Heit played a standout game in goal, and McKenzie played hard at centre forward, but still has not learnt to stay in his right position. For his size and age Weldon II played just about as good a game as anyone. Congratulations Weldon.

The House League

Once again the whole house has played soccer after the close of the rugby season. This year there were three teams in the league: Mr. Wright's Panthers, Mr. Macrae's Aces and Mr. Ives' Imps. The Aces and the Imps seem to be the best teams. The Aces created a record by defeating the Panthers 13-1. However, the Panthers took their revenge by defeating the Aces in their next game. The Aces were led by McKenzie, Heintzman and Stephenson; the Imps by Montgomery and Medland and the Panthers by Hortop, Garratt II and Seaton. We would like to thank Mr. Tudball and Danny who were our only regular spectators.

The final League Standings are as follows:

	Won	Tied	Lost	Pts.
Aces	4	0	2	8
Imps	3	1	2	7
Panthers	1	1	4	3

THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT



The School has a new department. Perhaps owing to abnormal domestic conditions occasioned by the war, parents are more anxious than before to send their sons, at a young age, to boarding school, and to meet this demand, a Primary Department has been established under the direction of Mrs. Wright, who is a Primary School Specialist. Mrs. Wright is assisted by the Lower School masters, the Matron and the Nurse, and although the boys in her charge form a separate unit in their work and games, the Primary Department has at its disposal all the facilities not only of the Lower School, but of the School at large, e.g. The Departments of Music, Physical Education, Arts and Crafts. One of the most attractive rooms in the School, the Lower School dining room, has been given over to the Primary boys. It is hoped that the Department will soon grow to its maximum limit of 20 boys.



To the Old Boys, where'er they be.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE 48th HIGHLANDERS OF CANADA

In October the Forty-Eighth Highlanders of Canada celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the regiment. In recognition of this fact the Saint Andrew's College Cadet Corps, which has been affiliated with the Forty-Eighth since 1905, paraded to the regiment's memorial at Queen's Park from St. Paul's Church, following their church parade on Sunday, October 26th, and laid a wreath on the monument. In this act of commemoration the Corps was not only honouring its parent regiment but the heroic officers and men who had died serving their country in the active service battalions of that regiment. Among the "Flowers of the Forest" laid low in the last war were some of our most revered Old Boys.

On Sunday, November 9th, the Forty-Eighth Highlanders themselves held a church parade in which the Saint Andrew's Cadet Corps would certainly have joined them had it not been at the mid-term weekend. Following the church service the regiment marched to the monument and Colonel J. F. Michie, the Hon. Colonel and a member of the Board of Governors of St. Andrew's, placed a wreath where two weeks earlier the captain of the corps had performed the same ceremony.

By the merest coincidence a certain battalion from central Ontario in England was reported to have trooped the colours in commemoration of an important anniversary. The ceremony, the first of its kind to be carried out by a Canadian unit overseas, took place in the presence of Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton, eighty-eight-year-old British soldier and colonel-in-chief of the regiment. Major Bruce B. King commanded the headquarters company and the first guard. Number three guard was under

Major J. E. Ganong, with Lieut. J. E. Brown assisting him. Another participant was Sgt.-Major Frank Jamieson, who has several times addressed the haggis at our Old Boys' dinners.



COL. J. F. MICHIE
at 48th Highlanders Memorial

Traditions of this kind are worthy of preservation and it is to be hoped that the St. Andrew's College Cadets will some day parade for the one hundredth anniversary of the Forty-Eighth Highlanders of Canada.

THE FOUNDING OF THE CORPS

Reprinted by courtesy of "Jay" and Toronto Saturday Night.



The St. Andrew's College Cadet Corps was formed in the autumn of 1905, and it is interesting to note that the senior officer of that day was C. V. Massey, better known today as the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, P.C., High Commissioner for Canada in London, and a member of His Majesty's Privy Council for Canada.

"THE NEW CORPS"

Writing in the St. Andrew's College REVIEW for Christmas, 1905, Mr. Massey had the following to say about the new Corps:

"Contrary to the expectations of many, the much-talked of Cadet Corps has finally materialized, and has been flourishing for some weeks."

It seems that the proposal for such a unit had been made as early as 1902, but little if anything was done until the fall of 1904, when drilling was started; then, owing to the poor accommodation allotted

to the Corps, the work was curtailed and finally discontinued before the winter set in.

It was not until 1905, when under the captaincy of Mr. Grant Cooper (master in charge), that the real start was made with a roll of seventy boys and the services of a sergeant-instructor from Stanley Barracks, and a government grant of rifles and sidearms. The company was equipped with a Highland uniform and the Gordon tartan.

Later in Mr. Massey's article we read as follows, "The idea of raising such Corps throughout the country is one that will appeal to everyone. The military side of life may seem unimportant in times like the present (this was in 1905), but the unexpected sometimes happens, and then the men who have been trained as boys in cadet companies will justify all the pains taken in their early military education."

These words were to come true in the First Great War, for the Corps was represented in the 48th Highland regiment by thirty officers in addition to other ranks. In the present conflict, there are over 100 Old Boys already overseas serving in all branches of the services.

In 1906, when the Corps was just one year old and already affiliated with the 48th Highland Regiment, they made their first public appearance in Queen's Park on April 24, and were then reviewed by H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught. The manoeuvres consisted of a royal salute, an inspection by His Royal Highness and staff, and a march past.

From that year on, with but few exceptions, the St. Andrew's College Cadet Corps has been inspected by the Governor-General of the day, and has enjoyed a success which was reflected in the faces of each officer and man as they gave the salute to Lieut.-Col. G. M. Malone, O.C. of the 48th Highland regiment, one day late in October, 1941.



CADET CAPTAIN MILLIGAN
at 48th Highlanders Memorial

THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY RUGBY GAME

Forty years ago this autumn, the St. Andrew's College Rugby team had the temerity to challenge the long-established supremacy of U.C.C., and to judge from the newspaper account of the game it was all but a St. Andrew's victory. The score was 3-1 for U.C.C.

From the Christmas REVIEW of 1901 comes the following account of the game: written by R. P. Saunders, now a Major in the R.C.R.

1901. ST. ANDREW'S-UPPER CANADA COLLEGE MATCH

Upper Canada College defeated St. Andrew's College at Upper Canada College grounds on Tuesday, 5th of November, by a score of three to one.

The game was a good exhibition of football, and although occasionally there were some fumbles and muffs, yet on the whole it was a fine game, the closest Upper Canada College had played for years. The teams were very evenly matched. U.C.C. had a good back division, Morrison at

centre-half playing a fine game, and on the wing line, Clarkson, Davidson and Lash were very conspicuous. For St. Andrew's, Housser on the half line played a splendid game, Strachan at quarter did good work, bucking and passing well, and of the wings, Fergusson, Cantley and Smith played a very effective game.

The officials, Referee Wright and Umpire Baldwin, gave complete satisfaction to both teams. The arrangements of the grounds were excellent, no one but the players and officials being allowed inside of a rope stretched about three yards from the touch line and running parallel to it. The St. Andrew's College boys lined up on the south side and the U.C.C. supporters on the north side of the field.

Upper Canada College won the toss and chose to kick with the slope and whatever wind there was. In the kick-off Fergusson dribbled, but U.C.C. got the ball. Then from their scrimmage Morrison punted well down the field and Follet caught it, but he did not run far until he was brought down. Soon St. Andrew's, near their own goal, obtained a free kick, and by a fake kick and scrimmage gained a good deal. However, Upper Canada obtaining the ball, punted over St. Andrew's dead line.

Then from quarter way S.A.C. dropped the ball a good distance, and after a series of scrimmages Upper Canada College got a free kick and punted well down the field, but McIntyre returned it to about centre. Here the play continued for quite a while, till Housser got the ball and made a good run. But U.C.C. by a couple of long punts, succeeded in getting the ball in touch near St. Andrew's goal, and getting the ball from the throw in, pushed the following scrimmage over the line for a safety touch.

Fergusson at quarter way, made a fake kick and a good run to nearly half way, and after several scrimmages the ball was kicked into touch near Upper Canada's goal, but Morrison relieved by a good punt, which McIntyre caught and made a fine rush. Then from a fake kick (St. Andrew's having been given a free kick near U.C.C. goal) Housser tried a drop over and the goal judge signified it was over, but afterwards he changed his decision and Housser was given the kick over again, this time putting it over Upper Canada College's dead line. After a couple of minutes' play half time was called, with the score three to one in Upper Canada's favour.

The Second Half

The score at the end of the first half was 3-1 in favour of U.C.C. S.A.C. now had the wind and were going down-hill. The blue and white in their kick-off made a short kick along the line to Morrison, who was tackled by McFayden. Then Fergusson in trying to steal the ball was caught off-side, and Morrison kicked to McIntyre, who punted into touch near S.A.C. goal. By a couple of scrimmages the play was brought to the twenty-five-yard line; but U.C.C. was awarded a free kick. The clever man who was given the ball, thinking to fool the wily visitors by some-

thing entirely new, set the ball in play by touching it on his knee and passed to Morrison, who made a poor drop, which was intended to score five points, but which only went half-way to the posts. By some neat passing and short runs the crimson and gold brought the leather up to the half-way line, and in the scrimmage which followed, Lash was found off-side and S.A.C. took a free kick. Morrison returned to Follet, who muffed, but Housser secured the ball and had a scrimmage very near to his own goal line. Strachan, thinking this a time for action, bucked the line for a substantial gain and from the scrimmage passed the ball out to Housser, who sprinted around the line and carried the play up about ten yards further, but was unfortunately laid out for a short time. At this point McIntyre received the ball from scrimmage and punted to Morrison, who made his mark and then kicked to Follet, who made his mark. Fergusson followed up Follet's kick and downed the man almost as soon as he recovered the ball.

Then the ball was scrimmaged up and down short distances until the whistle blew, both teams gave three cheers, and the game was over, leaving the score 3 to 1 in favour of U.C.C., as no score was made in the second half.

The teams and officials then went into the building to be refreshed by hot coffee, after which the visitors were driven home, feeling that they would like a return match to be played.

Lash was the strongest man on the field, but he had nothing to do with the ball except on one or two occasions when he broke away.

Morrison handled the ball perhaps more than anyone else, doing practically all the kicking for U.C.C.

Ferguson played a very strong game all through, and Housser was always in the right place.

The game was a keen contest from beginning to end, and although there was too much scrimmaging from the spectators' point of view, this was pretty well counterbalanced by the number of free kicks awarded.

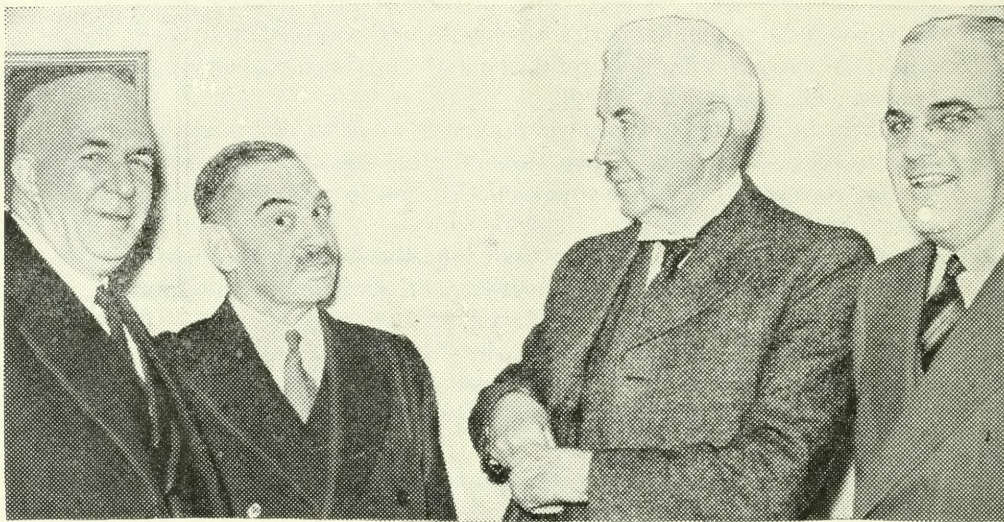
On Saturday, October 25th, 1941, the old rivals celebrated the 40th anniversary of that historic clash in a game which on the play was every bit as close as the first., U.C.C. holding by the narrowest margin an early 6-0 advantage. The Saints, however, were on the verge of a major score at the final whistle.

The game was characterized throughout by the utmost goodwill. The cross of St. Andrew flew from the Upper Canada flagpole, one goal post was painted red and white, and as the game was about to begin a huge birthday cake appeared and was presented by the U.C.C. captain to Jack Chipman, captain of the S.A.C. team. Souvenir programs in the colours of the two schools were distributed to all the spectators, giving the names of the 1905 teams and the names and numbers of their 1941 successors, and the traditional yells of the two schools.

THE ANNIVERSARY RECEPTION

Following the game the Old Boys' Association and the Ladies' Guild were "at home" at the Badminton and Racquet Club where more than three hundred Old Boys and friends of the school and a number of guests representing U.C.C. and the other schools, formed a very congenial gathering.

Mr. and Mrs. Ketchum received the guests in the spacious reception rooms, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs Blackstock, and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McPherson.



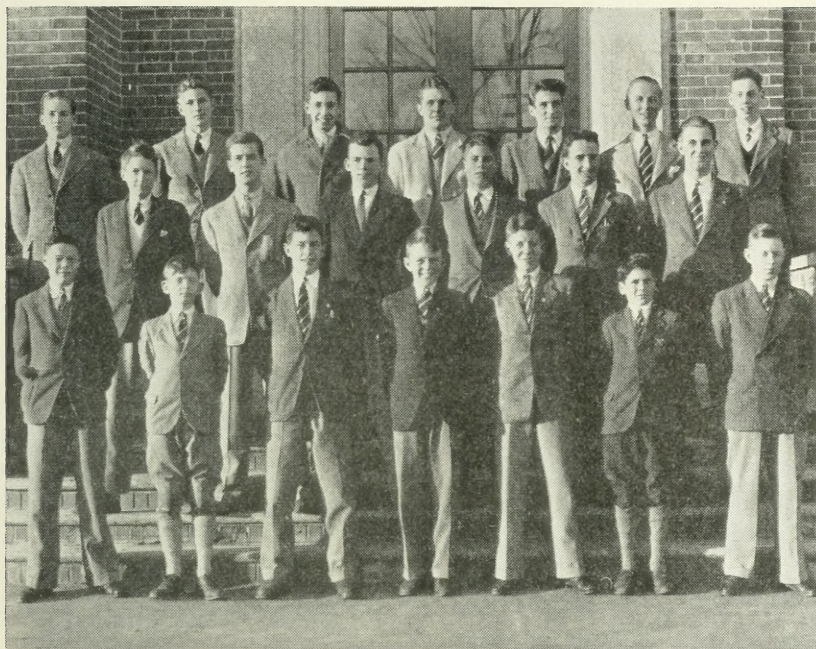
HARRY HOUSSER, GIBBS BLACKSTOCK, DR. MACDONALD and CECIL KILGOUR
recall together the 1901 game.

As a further token of good will the Old Boys Association of U.C.C. provided, very thoughtfully, corsage bouquets of red and white roses tied with blue and white ribbons, for Mrs. Ketchum, Mrs. Blackstock, and Mrs. McPherson.

Special guests of honour were the members of the 1901 and the 1941 teams. The former included Mr. Harry B. Houser, the St. Andrew's captain, and Mrs. Houser; his team mate Arthur Follett, and Mrs. Follett; Colonel L. P. Morrison, and Mr. J. F. Lash, of the U.C.C. team of 1901.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Macdermot, Dr. and Mrs. Griffiths, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ketchum, and Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, by their presence at the reception symbolized the spirit of goodwill and mutual co-operation which has grown up among the Little Big Four Schools during their years of friendly rivalry.

OLD BOYS' NEWS



SONS OF OLD BOYS

First Row—Left to Right—J. L. Barclay, A. Hewitt, P. C. Garratt, F. A. McKenzie, C. E. Medland, G. A. R. Campbell, J. D. Heintzman.

Second Row—Left to Right—W. F. Leishman, T. C. Cossitt, J. M. Lowndes, I. F. Flemming, J. W. Taylor, W. B. Shaw.

Third Row—Left to Right—F. S. Grant, J. A. Garratt, H. D. Hamilton, B. M. Milligan, C. D. Boothe, C. W. Shaw, J. D. Morphy.

Absent—D. S. Barclay.

The success of the Anniversary At-Home held in connection with the U.C.C. rugby game was in a large measure owing to the far-sighted plans of the President of the Old Boys' Association, Gibbs Blackstock, and Paul Fleming, President of the Badminton and Racquet Club, Joe Taylor, Roy Lowndes and Christie Clark, the members of the special committee of the council. The Headmaster and your Secretary appreciate greatly the splendid co-operation of the officers and committee in charge of the arrangements.

On Park Avenue, New York City, there is a prominent orthopaedic surgeon, Dr. R. W. MacIntyre, who began his academic career on the day that Saint Andrew's College opened its doors for the first time at

Chestnut Park in Toronto. Under Dr. Robinson his young mind was awakened to the grandeur of the classics. In one of these a flash of inspiration came, from the sixth book of the Iliad—*πρώτου ἀεί*—always first. What a stirring challenge that was! From the ringing plains of windy Troy to the winded heroes of football field and hockey rink. *πρώτου ἀεί* S.A.C. Hoot mon! What more could a MacIntyre, a Macdonald, a Campbell, or a MacPherson ask for!

And so from the windy plains of Troy and the Highlands of Scotland came the rallying cry of Saint Andrew's:

Hoot! Hoot, mon, hoot!

Who are we?

πρώτου ἀεί, S.A.C.

S-T-A-N-D-R-U

College!

The following are among the S.A.C. Old Boys at McGill this year: G. M. Frost ('37-'40); A. F. Moss ('35-'41); D. A. McGibbon ('40-'41); G. R. M. Sewell ('40-'41); L. G. Hampson ('35-'40); D. I. A. Thompson ('36-'39) is taking a radio course at McGill, but is attached to the R.C.A.F.

G. A. O'Brien ('37-'41) and K. W. Morris ('39-'41) are both at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne's, P.Q.

McVean, Ankenman, and "Pepper" Martin all played for Queen's Junior Rugby team this year and gave a particularly good account of themselves against Hamilton recently.

Max Clarkson has been elected president of the Dramatic Society of Trinity College.

We are glad to get some news of Blair M. Clerk (1901-'04), who has been living in Vancouver. He is now the Dominion Financial Secretary for the Canadian War Services Fund, 200 Bay Street, Toronto. His home address is No. 10 Millbank Road.

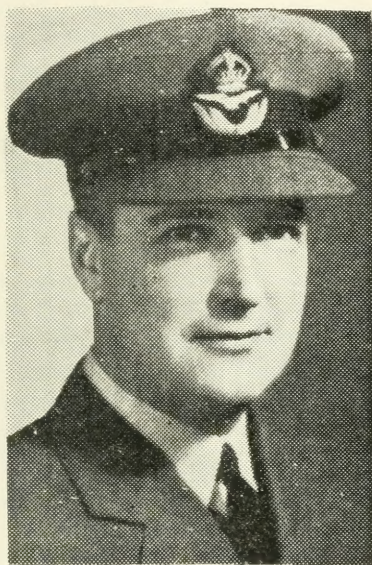
R. Alan Sampson was elected first president of the newly-formed North Kiwanis Club at its inaugural meeting in August. Alan Sampson is also a member of the Board of Education for Ward 9.



WING COMMANDER CARMING-KELLY

Gordon McGregor, D.F.C., was promoted in July to the rank of wing commander. In September he returned to Canada where he will have at least a brief respite and where his knowledge will be of invaluable assistance to the Empire Air Training Plan.

Wing Commander Caven Carling-Kelly (1929-30) has for some time been Chief Flying Instructor at the Trenton Flying Station—nerve centre of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, where instructors for the various elementary schools are trained. Wing Commander Carling-Kelly was previously second in command of the 110th squadron in England.



WING COMMANDER MCGREGOR

Bill and Bob Wadds (1936-1938) and their brother George represent the three fighting services, a remarkable record for one family. They held a reunion some weeks ago aboard one His Majesty's cruisers on which George is a lieutenant. Lieut. Bill is with the Canadian Army Tank Brigade, and Pilot Officer Bob is with an R.C.A.F. coastal command squadron in England.

Dr. Murdoch McKinnon, who was for some time assistant to Dr. Boulding, school physician, has had a thrilling but most unwelcome

experience as a victim of a Nazi submarine. His ship, which was on convoy duty, was torpedoed, but we are happy to report the safe rescue of Dr. McKinnon.

Our congratulations are extended to Group Captain G. S. O'Brian, A.F.C., and to his daring son, Acting Squadron Leader Peter Geoffrey O'Brian, on the latter's citation for the distinguished Flying Cross. The official announcement credits him with having taken part in "one of the largest night flights ever undertaken by a single-seater fighter—displaying good judgment and fine navigating skill. His outstanding qualities as a leader set an excellent example." It is apparently in the blood.

We have learned with regret that Rolph Grant (1927-29) of Trinidad is seriously ill, but we sincerely trust that this the greatest of Andean cricketers will again be at the wicket for many another glorious innings. It will be recalled that he captained the West Indies Test team in England in 1939 and was personally greeted and congratulated by His Majesty the King.

MARRIAGES

LEVESCONTE-BREMNER—In March, 1941, John F. LeVesconte married to Miss Anne Bremner in Glasgow, Scotland.

HUNNISETT-SOMMERVILLE—On June 26th, 1941, H. Stanley Hunnisett married to Miss Norma Belle Sommerville of Toronto.

KINGSMILL-SHAW—On July 12th, 1941, Lieut. C. D'Arcy Kingsmill married to Miss Mary (Polly) Crowther Shaw of Toronto.

JOHNSTON-BURSON—On July 31st, 1941, A. McKenzie Johnston married to Miss Mary Gooderham Burson of Toronto.

WILSON-ENO—On August 2nd, 1941, Joseph W. Wilson of Sault Ste. Marie married to Miss Genevieve Veronica Eno.

HULBIG-BERTRAM—On Aug. 9th, 1941, Sidney M. Hulbig married to Miss Louise Bertram of Toronto.

RUSSELL-COPITHORNE—On Aug. 30th, 1941, Robert L. Russell married to Miss Lois Hamilton Copithorne of West Somerville, Mass.

REA-MULLIGAN—On October 11th, 1941, Peter C. Rea married to Miss Kathleen Mulligan of Toronto.

SPROTT-DOUGLAS—On October 8th, 1941, Mark F. Sprott married to Miss Ruth Jacqueline Douglas of Toronto.

CAMERON-COOK—On September 20th, 1941, Douglas A. Cameron married to Miss Carolyn Cook of Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

ROWELL-MALKIN—On November 9th, 1941, Sergt. Pilot F. N. A. Rowell married to Miss Nancy Malkin of Vancouver, B.C.

BRYDON-ARCHER—On November 28th, 1941, William Henry Brydon married to Miss Beth Archer of Port Perry, Ont.

BIRTHS

SQUIRES—On June 20th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Squires of Vancouver, B.C. a daughter (Mary Anne).

BANFIELD—On August 8th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold I. Banfield, a daughter.

STRONACH—On August 8th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. George Stronach, a son (George 3rd).

SHORTLY—On August 23rd, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. John B. Shortly, a son.

ROBERTSON—On August 30th, 1941, to Sub. Lieut. and Mrs. E. E. Robertson, a son.

CARLISLE—On September 2nd, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Carlisle, a son.

SPRAGGE—On September 6th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Spragge, a daughter.

TELFER—On September 13th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Telfer, a son.

MASSIE—On September 26th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Lormier Massie, a son (Robert David Armstrong).

DENNIS—On October 7th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Harvey Dennis, a son (Vernon Harvey).

PLAUNT—On November 3rd, 1941, to the wife of the late Alan B. Plaunt, a daughter.

WILSON—On November 10th, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh A. Wilson, of Cannington, Ontario.

HERTELL—On November 21st, 1941, to Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hertell, a daughter (Helen Jane).

DEATHS

W. B. O'Sullivan, a member of the teaching staff of the school from 1928-1932, died on October 18th, 1941, after an illness of two months' duration.

Although he was only forty-four years of age at this death, he had ranged through a wide and varied field of activity. A native of Liverpool, he was a graduate of Dublin and Oxford Universities, and had been on the staff of Olivet University in Michigan and the University of Western Ontario. He had also served as an artillery officer in the last war and as an instructor in the Straits Settlements and Malay States. Latterly he was an editorial writer for the *Globe and Mail* in Toronto and finally joined the personnel staff of the R.C.A.F.—truly a remarkable career.

The REVIEW extends sincere sympathy to W. L. Lovering for the loss of his mother; and to Ian and Bill Macdonald who have suffered a similar bereavement.

John S. Clare (1912-14), president and general manager of Clare Bros. & Co. Ltd., of Preston, Ontario, died in Preston on July 13th after an illness of five months. He was one of Preston's most distinguished citizens and held high office in several of their leading industrial companies and in public service organizations. In the last war he served in the Mechanical Transport Section of the British Expeditionary Force. He is survived by his wife, three children, his mother, two sisters and a brother, to all of whom the REVIEW extends sympathy on behalf of the School and the Old Boys.

In the passing of Mr. Frank A. Rolph, Canada has lost a respected and truly public-spirited citizen, and St. Andrew's College a generous and devoted friend.

Mr. Rolph was a member of the board of governors of the School from 1911 to 1936, and his four sons and two of his grandsons are numbered among our Old Boys.

To Mrs. Rolph, his daughter, Mrs. Weis, and to Gren, Harold, Ernest and Gordon, we extend our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

John Cather Boyle (1902-03) died at the Toronto Western Hospital on July 7th. He had been engaged for many years in the wholesale china business. He is survived by his wife and two daughters, Mrs. Roland Dempsey and Miss Eve Boyle. The REVIEW and the Old Boys' Association extend to them sincerest sympathy in their bereavement.

Saint Andrew's College joins with the whole nation in mourning the loss of Hon. Newton Wesley Rowell, former Chief Justice of Ontario and one of Canada's most distinguished statesman and ablest lawyers. He was recognized as a leader in world affairs and was respected and admired throughout the world.

To Mrs. Rowell, First President and one of the founders of the Ladies Guild of Saint Andrew's College, to Frederick Rowell, one of our most active Old Boys, now serving in the R.C.A.F., and to Mrs. Harry Jackman, daughter of the late Chief Justice, we express our profound admiration for the life of a great Canadian, and our sincere sympathy in his death.

Alan B. Plaunt (1919-1922) died at Ottawa last September at the early age of 37. He had, however, contributed much to the public life of Canada and showed great promise of further achievement. Five years ago he was appointed to the board of governors of the newly formed Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. He was ambitious to render a real public service and to justify his advocacy of the public control and operation of radio.

Disillusioned by the policies and internal conduct of affairs, of which he did not approve, and in which he had lost all confidence, Alan resigned from the board in October, 1940.

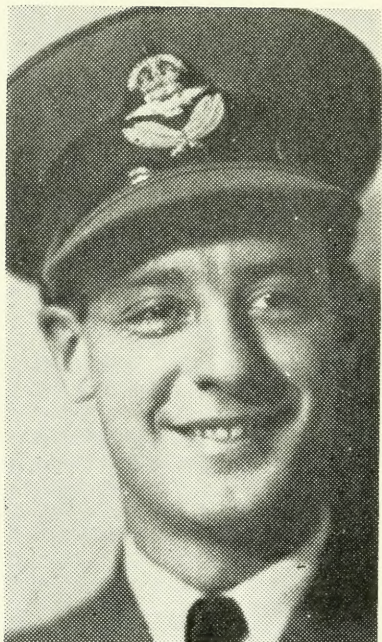
In paying last tribute to the deceased, L. W. Brockington who had been chairman of the board from 1936 to 1939 said, "His loss to Canada which he loved, transcends all private griefs. No man I have ever known was more determined to do something for his country."

During his three years at St. Andrew's, Alan Plaunt was a very active force in the school and in his last year was captain of the Cadet Corps. He went from here to Ottawa College.

In 1933 he married Miss Dorothy Reynolds Pound who survived him and to whom we extend our sympathy in her untimely bereavement.



“For the Fallen”



KILLED IN ACTION

Hugh John Findlay (1929-32), the youngest of four brothers, all of whom attended Saint Andrew's College, was killed in action during air operations on September 14th. He was a Flying Officer in the R.C.A.F., and one whose death is a tragic loss to his country. John was a graduate of McGill University and Osgoode Hall Law School and before enlisting was president of Findlay Bros. Ltd. of Carleton Place.

All who came under the spell of his radiant personality recognized in John Findlay a young man with a brilliant future before him. His death is one of those supreme examples of the horrid wastefulness of war. The hearts of us all go out to his wife and baby daughter, to his mother and his three brothers, a family which was knitted together by the closest bonds of mutual devotion.

Douglas Earle Hampson (1935-39) has been missing since August "after air operations." He, too, was a sergeant air gunner and he had been overseas since last spring. Hampson was a good student, standing well at his matriculation examination, and was a member of the basketball team which reached the finals of the Toronto and District Championships. He went directly from school into the air force. Many of the boys will remember his nearly fatal visit to the school in January 1940, when his plane crashed into the hill west of the buildings. He is now reported "missing and presumed to be killed in action."

Our sympathy goes out to his parents in their anxiety and sorrow, and we venture to hope that word may come to dispel their fears.

MISSING AFTER AIR OPERATIONS

Sgt. James I. Henderson (1921-26) has been reported "missing" after the air operations in the Near East on November 11th. Jim was a wireless air gunner with the R.C.A.F. and had seen action over England, Germany, France, and Malta. Before enlistment he was with the firm of A.E. Ames & Co. for whom he sold bonds in the Owen Sound district. At St. Andrew's he was an expert piper, a hobby which he followed with enthusiasm long after he left the school. He has piped in the haggis more than once at the Old Boys' Dinner.

We shall be hoping and praying that Jim has made a safe landing in enemy territory and that such good news is in store for his parents, sisters and brothers. Bruce Henderson, Jim's younger brother, is also serving with the R.C.A.F.

Sgt. W. Scott Barclay (1923-29) is another air gunner listed among the missing since October. Scott was at the school both in Rosedale and Aurora and, while in Macdonald House, was captain of the hockey team and twice captain of the rugby team. From Saint Andrew's he went to the T. Eaton Co. Men's Clothing Dept., and later to the Tip Top Tailors. His twenty-ninth birthday was on November 21st.

OVERSEAS MAIL

June 11th, 1941.

Many thanks to the Ladies' Guild, Old Boys and the present boys of the School for the cigarettes which I received yesterday and which were most welcome.

I have returned to the Battalion this week, to my delight, after four months in London as G.S. 2 (M.T.) at C.M.H.Q. Best of luck to you all at home.

J. E. GANONG, 1913-20.

Many thanks for the 300 cigarettes which I received from the S.A.C. Old Boys and the Ladies' Guild. They were most welcome; at the moment the rationing on the English hay variety is very stiff and in one place where I was last month, 20 a week were all that could be obtained, so you can see what a welcome addition the extra ones were.

You will be glad to know that the Canadian Lt. A.A., which is quite a junior in the services, shot down their first plane last week, that is the first for which they have been officially credited.

JOHN DINNICK, '24-26.

After expressing, one and all, their appreciation for smokes and parcels, others write as follows:

June 19th, 1941.

I have just returned from a lovely holiday in the Midlands, where we were fortunate in having fine warm weather. I ran into Forbes Morlock and Doug. Lough while on manoeuvres a short time ago. At present we are doing survey work which keeps us busy, for which we are glad, as the waiting and Army life can get quite monotonous at times.

There is very little news that one can repeat; actually the papers carry more than we ourselves know. Our troops have been a little dissatisfied that they have not been in action, but they are well trained and ready when the time comes for them to be used.

J. L. BOYES, '28-29.

July 11/41.

Everything here is going along smoothly with lovely warm summer weather, and the war now seems to be nearly every place but here; however, we carry on in our own rôle.

J. L. BROWN, '18-27.

Aug. 16th, 1941.

I was so pleased to receive the Midsummer copy of the REVIEW to-day. Although it is 25 years since I left the school, and in spite of later connection with the Staff of Ridley College, I am as interested in the affairs of the school as ever.

I left Canada about the beginning of April and eventually was appointed three months ago Padre to this Regiment. There are, as you know, quite a few S.A.C. Old Boys in this unit.

As I tore down from Camp Borden past the school, on my way to catch a troop train in the city, I felt I'd like to go into the school but I gave it a silent farewell as I saw it. Jack Easson and I have had several swims together in the sea.

GRAY EAKINS, '11-16.

July 20th, 1941.

Just a note to thank you and my good St. Andrew's friends for a lovely bar of maple sugar. I hear from my wife that you had a very successful Sports' Day and were honoured by having the Governor-General there. I miss my association with St. Andrew's very much and look forward to a speedy end of all this.

C. D. GOSSAGE.

(Major Charles Gossage, is a member of the Board of Governors, and, we are happy to say, is back in Canada for the time being as Medical Advisor at Hart House, University of Toronto.)

August 30th, 1941.

Just a line to convey my heartiest thanks for the Midsummer REVIEW. It is one of the best ever, and packed with interest. I would like also to thank Mrs. McPherson of the "War Fund" for the magnificent "hunk" of maple sugar. Most of my brother officers had never tasted or even heard of maple sugar, and it did almost as much as the Sweet Caps to boost Canada's stock in the mess. Next time I write I hope to be able to sign my name with Central Ontario Regiment after it. I have had my application in for transfer to the Canadians for some time now. I am hoping it will put a few reefs in the red tape. It will be good to get back to the old regiment and with Canadians again. My heartiest good wishes for the continued success and prosperity of the school in the coming year.

ARTHUR DUNBAR, '29-31.

Sept. 4/41.

The copy of the REVIEW will help me to locate a few of the gang who are over here.

I have been back at school again for the past couple of months learning some of the intricacies of tanks, etc., pending a new job.

I derive a good deal of pleasure from seeing a few of the many points of interest I read about as a kid at school. As my work has kept me pretty well on the move, there has not been a great deal of time for sight-seeing, but I have been able to locate a lot of the places.

Kindly give my regards to Miss Brookes and Mr. Laidlaw, and to all the rest of my old instructors.

K. M. CASE, '26-29.

July 13th, 1941.

If people in Canada knew the difficulty of obtaining cigarettes here (and the rapidly deteriorating quality) they would know exactly how we feel on getting some from Canada. It is a treat, and of course no more symbolic present than the maple sugar could be sent to us.

J. H. HAMILTON, '28-33.

May 17th, 1941.

I met a Sergeant from a certain Highland Regiment the other day who knows a good number of Andreans.

We have arrivals every night now and I think Plymouth is the worst hit town in England. Luckily the three best cinemas are still there. The College has been hit a few times but casualties are low.

The work is more interesting now. We have a lot of aeronautics before our work finishes. I am afraid Kilmer will have to spend two terms at Dartmouth instead of one. Luckily, we had only the one term.

My regards to Mrs. Ketchum and Peter. I would gladly go to Mr. Griffiths' farm for a month or two.

MIDSHIPMAN J. H. JOHNSON, '35-40.

July 14th, 1941.

It is over two and a half years now since I had tasted any maple sugar and believe me it was good.

Although I am in the R.A.F., I am now with a Canadian bomber squadron, which pleases me greatly. I only hope that I can manage to stay with it and even dare to hope that I may be able to transfer to the R.C.A.F.

Every day more Canadians are joining us and taking their turns in crewing the bombers which right now are devastating German industries to a great extent. We are a young squadron as squadrons go but already a magnificent spirit is present.

STRUAN ROBERTSON (Giant), '18-29.

We certainly represent S.A.C. in "B" Company—Major Ganong, Lieut. Brown and myself.

KEITH SMITH, '27-29.

Further letters and cards of appreciation for parcels and smokes have been received from the following Old Boys:

- A. W. Applegath..... '12-21
- W. G. Bell..... '00-09
- C. S. L. Hertzberg..... '00-01
- John Housser..... '28-32
- Stanley Johnston..... '32-34
- Bruce B. King..... '11-32
- Frank McEachren..... '31-37
- W. T. Moores..... '28-30
- E. S. Oliver..... '32-39 (employed at the school)
- B. M. Reive..... '24-27
- W. S. Sharp..... '30-34
- G. R. Simpson..... '12-16

The following are extracts from letters received from Old Boys on service in Canada:

Sept. 12/41.

I suppose that School will be opening very soon now, and you will have a busy time for the next few weeks. Sometimes I wonder now why I used to grouch about going back.

We had a grand time at Brockville. The course was extremely tough, both mentally and physically, but we had a grand bunch of fellows and it was pleasant to work with them.

We are taught how to ride motorcycles, gun tractors, and other vehicles; we stripped and fired Bren guns, Tommy guns, Lewis, rifle, pistol, and 18 pdrs. They also gave us a complete gas course and we were actually gassed on several occasions.

The people in Brockville were most kind to us. Possibly you know Mr. Mainwaring, the Headmaster of St. Albans' School. He was very good to us.

W. G. BUCHANAN, '30-40.

July 14th, 1941.

I am in the R.C.A.F. now and enjoy it very much. To-morrow we are leaving for the Eglinton Hunt Club to start our course. So far we have just had security guard and boy it certainly isn't any fun.

Through going to St. Andrew's, you would be surprised at the number of fine people I have come in contact with and have got to know as friends. They are the class of people everyone wants to know and sometimes cannot. To me, the greatest school in Canada is St. Andrew's.

I am going through for a pilot and should be finished my course by December. I am very happy in the service and do not know anyone that is not. I suppose you know that Bob Hamilton is in the service? We are in the same group and probably will be for the complete training. We chum around quite a lot together and it is very nice having a friend like Bob in the service. Beric is in the army with the Engineers and expects to get a commission in four months.

H. N. POCKLINGTON, '36-37.

Nov. 25th, 1941.

I am now stationed at Jarvis; fifty of us came up here last Saturday from Manning Pool, Toronto. So far we have been on tarmac duty, which is washing the planes and general duty about the hangars. In the afternoon we have lectures on mathematics and wireless, which will be a great help to us when we get to an I.T.S.

I liked Manning Pool very much; it gives a rookie a very good impression of the R.C.A.F. and of the treatment he may receive throughout his training. Of course I realize that it depends on the rookie and how he treats the R.C.A.F. whether he's going to keep that impression or not. It is great here, too. The sleeping quarters are fine and the meals are mighty good. Of course our life is a little more strict than at Manning Pool, but we do not mind that as we all want to get "on our way" to the real training.

BOB ROLPH, '36-39.

Sept. 19th, 1941.

I have been moved up to Gaspé for a time—possibly for all winter. We have very good quarters but no lights yet. But as it is so far away and not suitable to bring my wife it makes it very lonely. At the present time I am located with a lot of French officers which does not help; however, they are very nice and speak a little English.

This place is a long way from anywhere so we do not get any leave. I really believe it would be more pleasant in England than here. However, I hope to get back for Christmas.

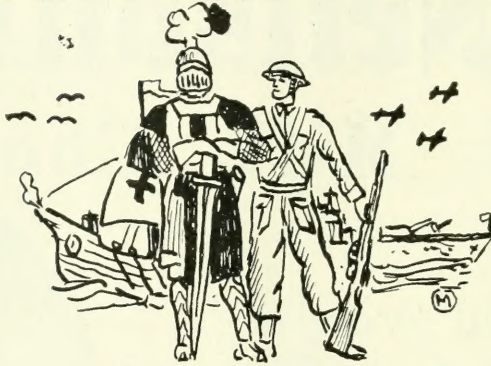
W. W. SINCLAIR, '23-30.

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Old Boys an Active Service

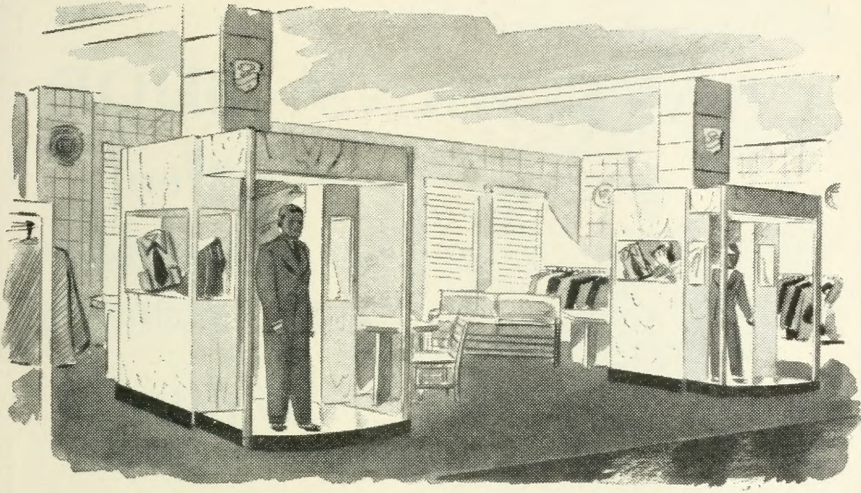
ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE OLD BOYS OVERSEAS

Owing to the necessity of secrecy as to the British Order of Battle, the Department of National Defence forbids the mention of the actual location of specific units. The following designations are therefore used in this Overseas List:

Canadian Infantry—Can. Inf.
 Royal Canadian Air Force—R.C.A.F.
 Royal Canadian Artillery—R.C.A.
 Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps—R.C.A.M.C.
 Royal Canadian Army Service Corps—R.C.A.S.C.
 Royal Canadian Engineers—R.C.E.
 Royal Canadian Corps Signals—R.C.C.S.
 Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve—R.C.N.V.R.
 Royal Canadian Navy—R.C.N.

If the designations given are insufficient as postal addresses, letters to Old Boys overseas may be addresses in care of the School to be forwarded.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Rank and Number</i>	<i>Service</i>
Adams, W. H.	P/O. J. 5783	R.C.A.F.
Applegath, A. W.	Pte. B.84408	Field Ambulance, R.C.A.M.C.
Armstrong, R. W.	Major	R.C.A.
Ball, B. R.	Capt.	Imperial Mechanized Unit
Barber, K. D.	Lieut.	Can. Inf.
Bartram, J. Roi.	Lieut.	R.C.A.
Bell, J. D.	2nd Lieut.	R.C.A.
Bell, W. G.	Pte. B.37272	Can. Inf.
Boulton, E. G. A.	Lieut.	Field Ambulance, R.C.A.S.C.
Boyd, D. G. S.	Leading Aircraftman B.102514	R.C.A.F.
Boyes, J. L.	L/Sgt. B.73390	R.C.A.
Brown, J. L.	Lieut.	Can. Inf.
Careless, W. D. S.	Lieut.	R.C.A.S.C.
Carrick, D. D.	Lieut.	R.C.A. (A.F.)
Carson, H. T.	Lieut.	Can. Armoured Corps
Case, K. M.	Lieut.	R.C.C.S.



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OLD BOYS OVERSEAS—Continued

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Cox, E. R.	Corp. B.76984	Can. Inf.
Dean, A. S.	Pte. 88432	R.C.A.S.C.
Dick, W. C.	Lieut	Can. Inf.
Dinnick, J. S.	Lieut	R.C.A.
Dodd, E. W.	Lieut	Can. Inf.
Dunbar, D. M.	Lieut	Imperial Inf.
Dunlap, D. M.	Lieut	R.C.A.
Eakins, C. Gray	Capt	Can. Inf.
Eaton, J. W.	Major	Can. Armoured Corps
Ely, D. R.	Capt	R.C.A.
Ely, R. M.	Lieut	R.C.A.
Fraser, N. P.	Capt	R.C.A.M.C.
Forgie, J. M.	Major	Can. Army Tank Brigade
Ganong, J. E.	Major	Can. Inf.
Grange, J. H.	Lieut	R.C.A.
Graham, A. F.	Lieut	R.C.A.M.C.
Grass, W. H.	Lieut	R.C.A.
Grier, C. B.	P/O	R.C.A.F.
Hamilton, C. D., M.M.	Sgt	R.C.A.S.C.
Hamilton, J. H.	Lieut	R.C.A.
Harris, R. Jack	Lieut	Can. Inf.
Henderson, J. I. (missing)	Sgt. R.69040	R.C.A.F.
Hertzberg, C. S. L.	Brigadier	R.C.E.

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OLD BOYS OVERSEAS—Continued

Housser, J. G.	Capt.	Can. Inf.
Howe, Peter J.	Lieut.	Royal Regiment of Can.
Johnson, J. H.	Midshipman (E)	R.C.N.
Johnston, S. B.	Pte. A.6105.	Can. Inf.
Junkin, R. L.	Major	R.C.E.
Kemp, W. A.	Trooper B.70134.	Can. Armoured Corps
Kilmer, J. E.		Governor General's Horse Guards (N.P.M)
King, Bruce B.	Major	Can. Inf.
Kingston, H. C.	Lieut.	R.N.V.R.

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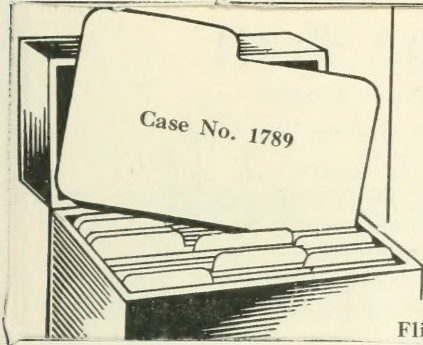
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OLD BOYS OVERSEAS—Continued

Laurin, J. S.	Capt.	Can. Inf.
LeVesconte, J. F.	Pte. B.67658.	Can. Inf.
Lightbourn, G. O.	S/L.	R.C.A.F.
Lough, C. Douglas.	Lieut.	Can. Reconnaissance Bn.
Macdonald, D. S.	Pte. 73530.	Alberta Regiment
Macdonald, J. F.	Sgt. Ob. 56319.	R.C.A.F.
Macdonald, W. B.	Lieut.	R.C.A.
Mackenzie, A. B.	Lieut.	R.C.A.
MacLaren, D. A. M.	Lieut.	R.C.A.
McCull, J. B.	Flying Officer.	R.C.A.F.
McEachern, F. F.	Lieut.	Can. Inf.

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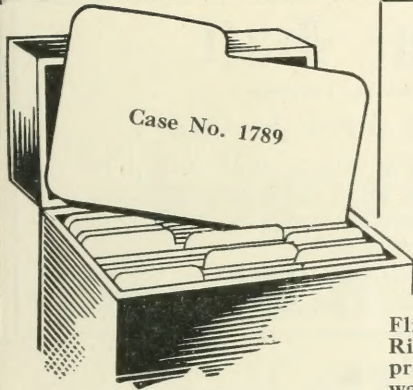
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ELGIN 7469

OLD BOYS OVERSEAS—Continued

Macrae, D. G.	Lieut	R.C.N.V.R.
Mason, N. M.	A/Bdr. B.22052	R.C.A.
Mitchell, J. H.	Lieut	R.C.A.
Montgomery, L. C.	Lt.-Col	R.C.A.M.C.
Moore, W. T.	Gr. 970297	Newfoundland Regiment
Morlock, J. F.	Capt.	R.C.A.
Nicholls, F. I.	Lieut	Can. Inf.
Oliver, E. S. (employee)	Bdr. B.21056	R.C.A.
Patterson, D. S.	Flying Officer	R.C.A.F.
Peace, G. D.		Royal Armoured Corps

same

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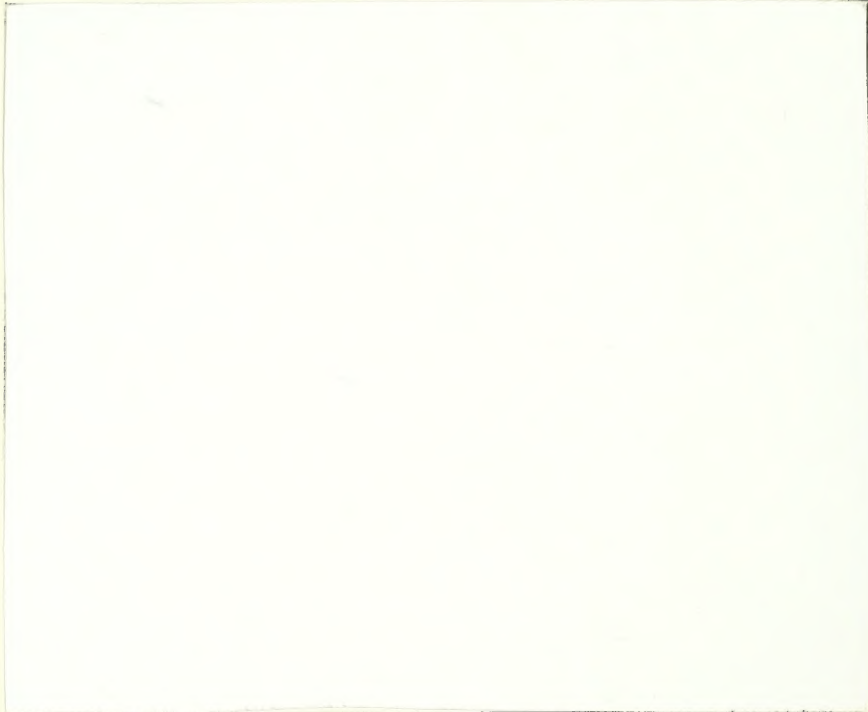
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Patterson, D. S.	Flying Officer	R.C.A.F.
Peace, G. D.		Royal Armoured Corps



OLD BOYS OVERSEAS—*Continued*

Perrin, J. D.	Sub. Lieut.	R.C.N.V.R.
Pipe, G. F.	Cadet	R.C.N.V.R.
Power, C. N.	Pte. B.74475.	Can. Inf.
Reid W. D.	L/Bdr. D.12565.	R.C.A.
Reive, B. M.	Pte. B.89938.	R.C.A.
Richardson, C. D.	Flight Officer	R.A.F.
Robertson, E. E.	Sub. Lieut.	R.C.N.V.R.
Robertson, F. S.	Flight Officer	R.A.F.
Rutherford, G. W.	R.67275.	R.C.A.F.
Sharp, W. S.	L/Cp.	Can. Inf.
Sherin, G. R.	Gr. B.11597.	R.C.A.
Simpson, G. R.	Signalman B.34581.	R.C.C.S.
Skeaff, S. M.	Gr. B.21157.	R.C.A.
Smith, K. S.	Pte. 73070.	Can. Inf.
Smith, A. L.	Lieut.	R.C.A.
Stewart, A. M. G.	Lieut.	R.C.N.V.R.
Syer, C. R. E.	Pte. 75972.	Can. Inf.
Wadds, R. W.	P/O. 3737.	R.C.A.F.
Wadds, W. B.	Lieut. B.902464.	R.C.A.

Letter to Ralph Edman
Col. Program 119

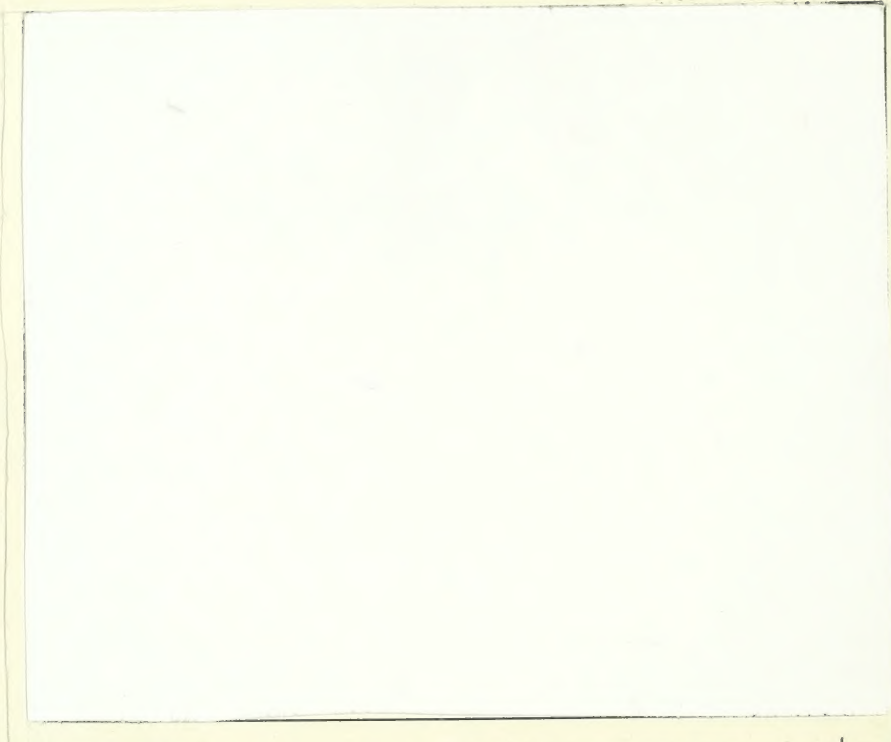


OLD BOYS IN TRAINING OR SERVING IN CANADA

This is a partial list only, comprising those Old Boys who did not appear in the list published in the Midsummer REVIEW.

Further information or corrections regarding this list will be appreciated by the Secretary.

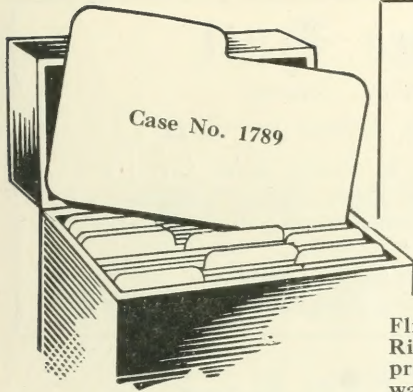
Name	Rank and Number	Unit	Home	Years at S.A.C.
Barrett, J. F.	P/O.	R.C.A.F.	Toronto.	1924-26
Bell, S. C.	Lieut.	Irish Regiment of Canada	Pt. Arthur.	1930-31
Brown, C. C.		R.C.A.F.	Vancouver.	1922
Burton, R. B.	Capt.	South Albertas.	Toronto.	1902-07
Graham, R. J.	Lieut.	5th Armoured Div.	Belleville.	1926-32
Gurton, D. H.	Sgt. Pilot.	R.C.A.F.	Kitchener.	1937-40
Howe, J. P.	Lieut.	Canadian Inf.	Toronto.	1933-37
Ingraham, H. A. W.	A.C.2 No.122844	R.C.A.F.	Hamilton.	1939-40
Lees, C. S.		R.C.A.F.	Hamilton.	1916-17
McFarland, R. W.		R.C.A.F.	Paisley.	1915-16
McPherson, W. M.	Lieut.	48th Highlanders.	Toronto.	1936-41
Millward, J. B.	L.A.C. R.105459.	R.C.A.F.	Sherbrooke.	1934-41 (Master)
Morton, R. E. A.	Lt.-Col.	Cam Armoured Corps.	Winnipeg.	1912-15



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PLYMOUTH CARS**

...



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Lower Cost.

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Agents of Allied Van Lines

MOVING

STORAGE

PACKING

SHIPPING

OLD BOYS IN TRAINING—Continued

Nettleton, J. C. F. "Boy"	No. 9 Det. R.C.O.C. (H.Q.), Ottawa	Penetanguishene	1939-41
O'Brian, J. A. A.C. 2	R.C.A.F. Belleville	Aurora	1935-38
Pocklington, G. B.	Royal Can. Eng.	Toronto	1936-37
Rolph, R. H.	R.C.A.F.,	Windsor, Ont.	1936-39
Seaton, J. D. Lieut	Hastings and Prince Edward Reg.	Cordova Mines	1935-38
Sisman, J. E.	R.C.A.F.	Aurora	1932-39
Sweezy, R. J. Lieut	Army Service Corps. Kingston		1929-33
Waddington, N. R.	R.C.A.F.	Toronto	1926-27
Yuile, J. W. Squadron Leader	R.C.A.F.	Montreal	1906-09

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 also farm of 50 acres for skiing.

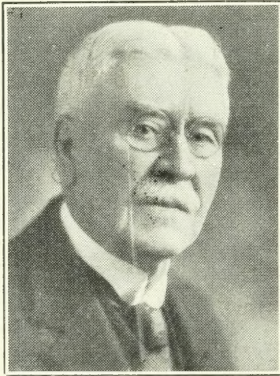
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—The Review Staff.

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So never in its long history has SATURDAY NIGHT been read more closely by more young people than now.

Is SATURDAY NIGHT read in your home? If so, why not have it sent along to you after the family has read it. You are sure to enjoy it and sure to profit by reading this periodical which has so profound an influence upon the opinions and attitudes of important people in your country.

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**Good Will
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Again Christmas finds us at war. Again Christmas recalls the ideals of peace and good will to men. Christmas is always Christmas. Despite the war . . . despite all that has happened or will ever happen, we extend to our friends everywhere the good old Christmas wish, as timely now as always — a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

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 FOR THE BOYS**

If you want to send cash by cable, the bank is the place to arrange it. The service is part of our regular business at all branches. Remittances by cable, telegraph or money order.

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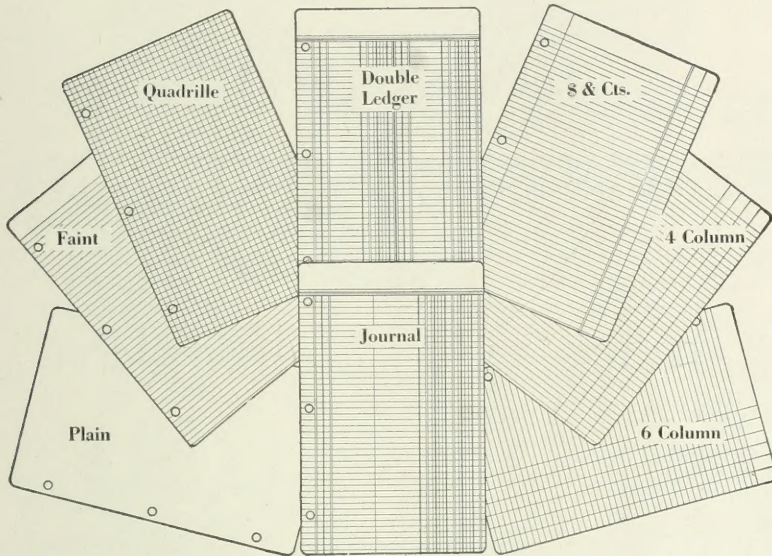
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Milligan: "I have clippings from the papers collected since I came."

MacMillan: "Yes, I guess they're all about yourself."

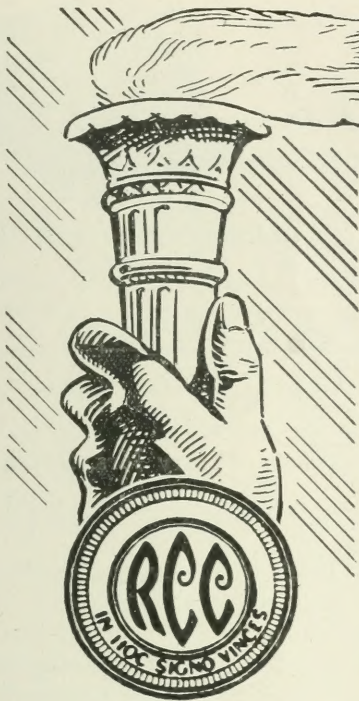
Milligan: "Oh, no, most of them are about you and your feats in hockey."

MacMillan: "But that don't matter, you like me as well as you do yourself."

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Frank B. Hobbs, Vice-President

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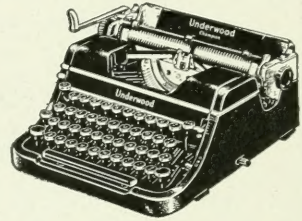
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Mrs. Sweeney: "Thornton, who won the match?"

Thornton (putting his hand in his pocket): "Sorry Mrs. Sweeney I haven't got any."

* * *

Thiele: "You're a great guy, Chris. That's why I give you the honour of doing so much for me."

Crombie: "I wish I could return the honour."



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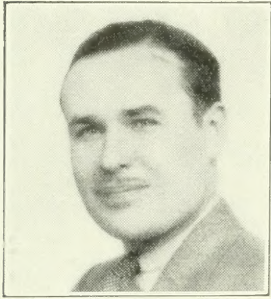
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 Vox Ducum—(Westmount)
 Aca Ridleiana—(Bishop Ridley College)
 Lower Canada College Magazine
 Bishop's College School
 The Blue and White—(Rothesay Collegiate School)
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 Tech Tatler—(Danforth Technical College)
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Mr. Tudball enters MacMillan's room at 10.31. Chuck is standing beside his bed.

Mr. Tudball: "Er, MacMillan, why aren't you in bed?"

MacMillan: "I just got out of bed to tuck myself in."

* * *

"How did this accident happen?"

"I was hugging a curve."

"Yeah, that's the way most of them happen."

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Mr. Laidlaw: "To what House did George the First belong?"

Thornton: "Memorial House."

* * *

The Civil War was brought about by the growth of ablutonist sentiment in the north.

* * *

"My Scots friend sent me his picture yesterday."

"How does he look?"

"I don't know yet. I haven't had it developed."

* * *

Prefects (in common room): "Give us a gramophone selection, Mr. Toye."

Mr. Toye: "How about Amapola? That's the school motto, isn't it? Amapola Krapyouwski."

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Thornton (on the arrival of Mr. Tottenham's dog): "All the masters have dogs, but there's one who should have a Pekinese."

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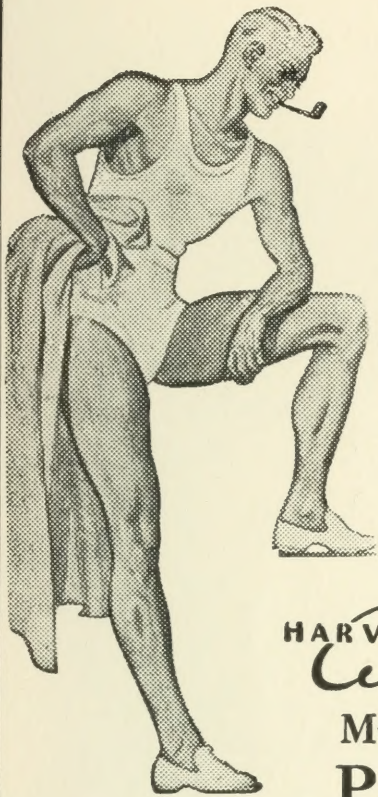
Ontario

"Give me a lamb chop and make it lean."

"Yes ma'am, which way?"

Cousins
PROTECTED
MILK

AUTOGRAPHS

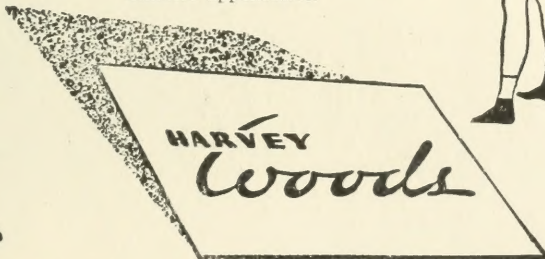


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To the youth of Canada, the nation flings a challenge . . . keep your body strong, your mind clear! For even on the home front, it takes a healthy, steady nation to endure the test of war. Be glad that the blood-tingling ski season is upon us! Come in and let EATON'S help you keep active to keep fit . . . we'll equip you with Action Togs — with skis, harness, poles, and properly fitted boots — essentials to safe skiing. Then take to the hills! There you'll build a store of energy — a physical reserve equal to whatever tasks the future holds in store.

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