

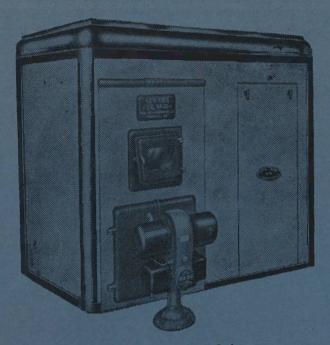
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INGERSOLL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE 1950

THE

VOLT

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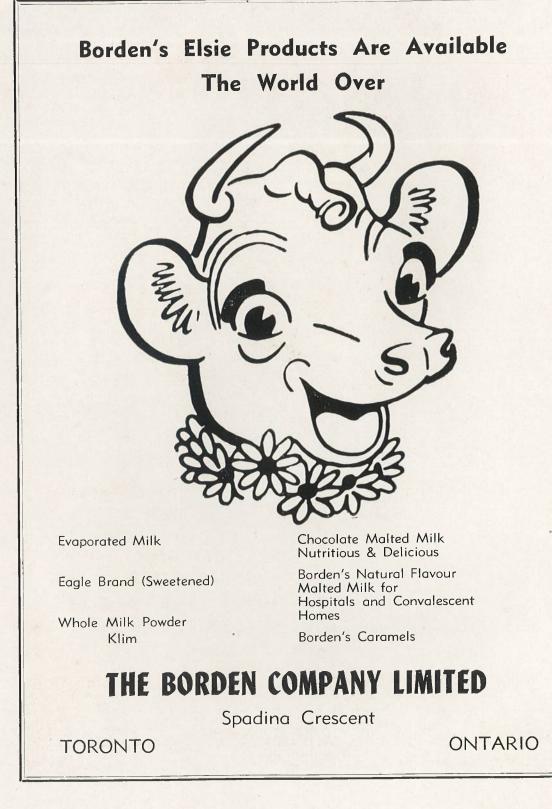
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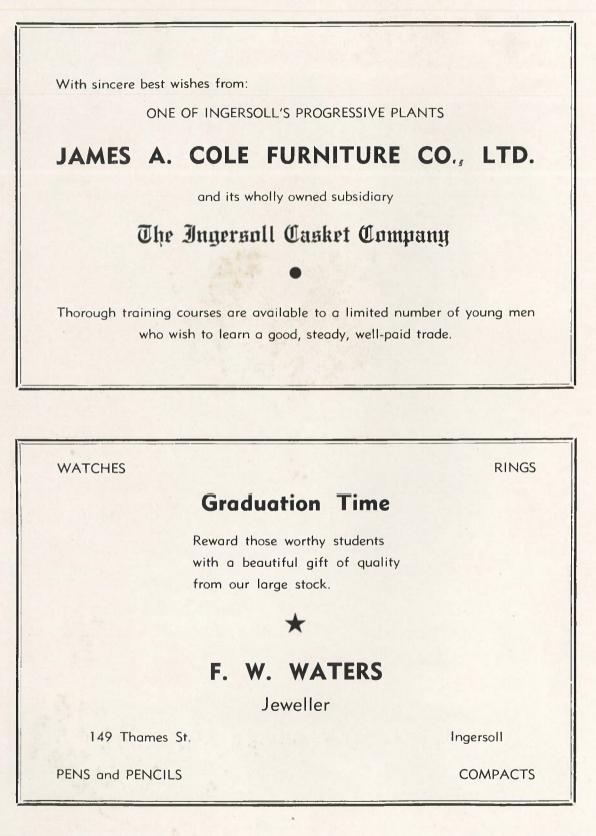
sincerely hopes that the rest of your climb will be fast!



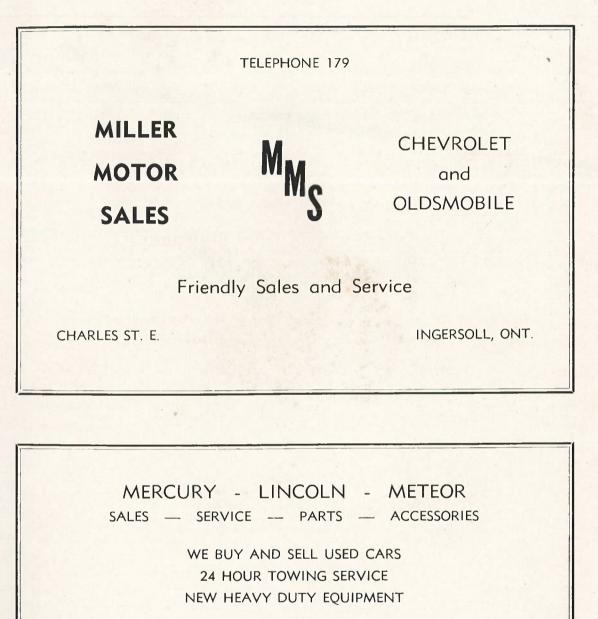
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THE VOLT



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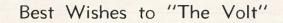
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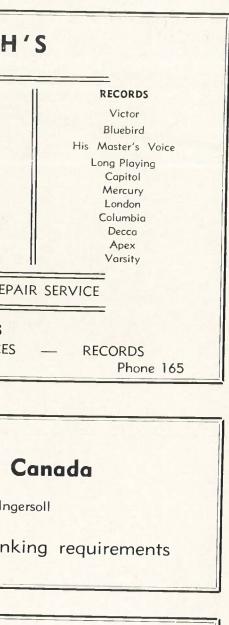
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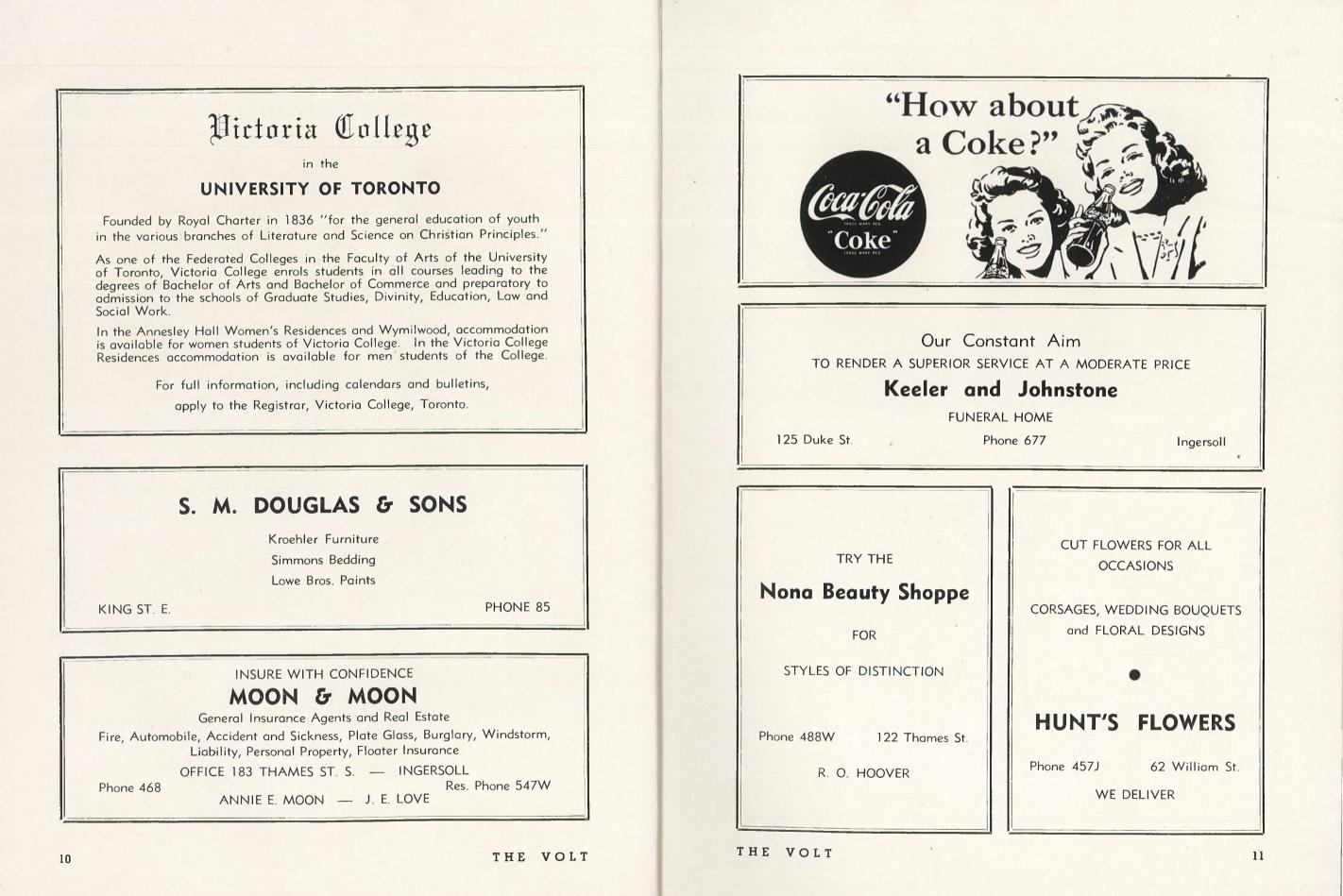


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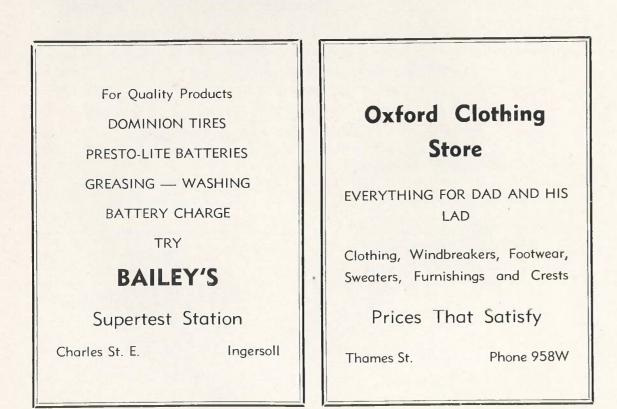
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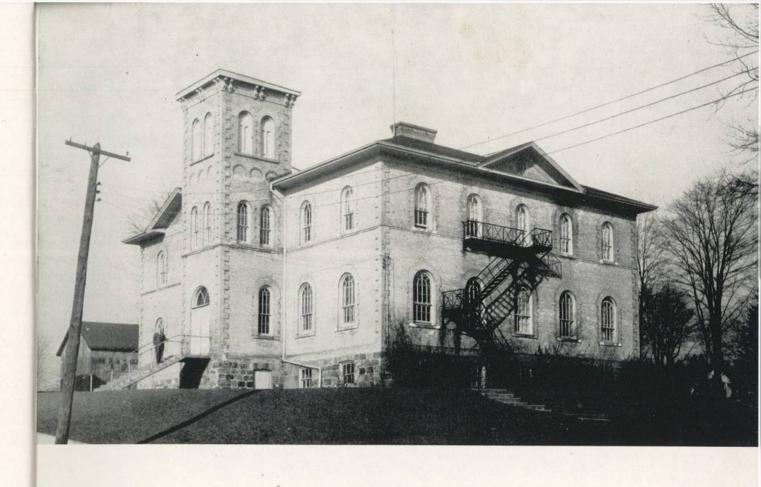






LONDON 1071 Talbot St.





Ode To I.C.I.

To me, its halls and gym so bare, Because I like them, are guite fair.

A collegiate where, because it's small, We know each other, one and all.

We work together, play together And carry on through any weather.

And when it's time to graduate, For we must some day separate,

The friendships made we'll ne'er forget; Tis just the partings we'll regret.

We'll think of things we should have done, But are quite glad we had our fun.

So to the collegiate on the hill Where most of us have learned great skill,

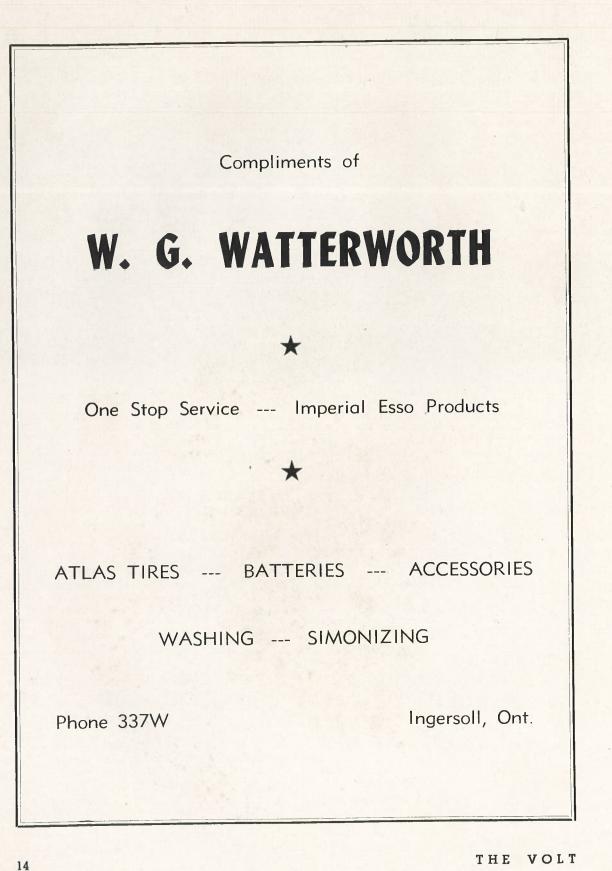
We shout our praises to the sky, To Alma Mater, I.C.I.

A Former Student

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THE VOLT

THE VOLT





FRONT ROW: Miss Baker, Alice Upfold, Yvonne Holmes, Sally Fleet, Lorna Baigent, Jacqueline Sinclair, Jean McArthur, Dorene Simpson, Mrs. Fulford, Miss Carney. SECOND ROW: Ronnie Shier, Jim Waring, Bruce Fraser, Tom Staples, Mac Hyde,

Terry Heeney, Bill Montgomery, Jim Grimes. THIRD ROW: Norah Clark, Joy Burnett, Joyce Lange, Frances Horley, Dawn Martin, Sheila Morrison, Marge Clark, Edith Ruckle, Dorothy Callander, Helen Heeney.

BACK ROW: Tom Douglas, Harold Catling, James Williams, Mr. Clement, Stuart Pole, Martin Brooks, Margaret Butterworth, Margaret Blair.

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Girls' Athletics	Phyllis Harvey
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	rlotte Carr, Edith Daniel, Helen Heeney,
	ole, Martin Brooks, Norah Clark.

THE VOLT



THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

This issue of The Volt marks the third successive year of publication since the formation of an area school in this district and I congratulate the students and staff on their initiative and energy in compiling a record of the school activities for the past year.

To you who peruse the contents of this magazine, may you find enjoyment and pleasure; and to former students and graduates may you, momentarily at least, turn back the pages of memory to the years you, too, spent at the I.C.I.

To the students at present attending school, may I suggest that you take advantage of the available opportunities to prepare yourselves well for your chosen vocations. Education is the preparation for a successful career and for a useful and happy life. In the immaturity of youth it is difficult at times to realize the value of these years of preparation. However, just as an athlete must diligently and conscientiously prepare for a contest, so, too, must one sacrifice time and effort to prepare oneself for the conflict of life. The better that preparation, the easier will be the transition from school to your chosen vocations. May you persevere to the end and bring your formal school education to a successful completion. That preparation for your life's work consists not only in acquiring a sound academic knowledge and the ability to think problems through clearly, important as these may be, but also in learning to co-operate with students and staff alike, and developing good habits of work. Your participation in the many school activities will do much to broaden your interests and will help to develop an all-round education and to make you a useful citizen.

To our graduates of 1950, may I wish for you every success, happiness and prosperity, and trust that the foundations laid during your four or five years at the I.C.I. will be like a beacon to guide you along the pathway of life. Good Luck and Au Revoir.

J. C. HERBERT

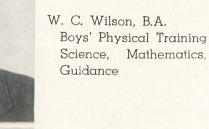
THE VOLT

INGERSOLL COLLEGIATE **Teaching Staff** 1949 - 1950

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R. C. Brogden, B.A. Mathematics





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Jean E. Shantz, B.A.

Ethel M. Barber, B.A.

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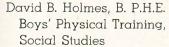
Secretary

(Below)

French





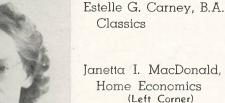


Jean E. Sutherland, B.A.

Girls' Physical Training

English, Art,

- J. G. Clement, B.A. Science



Miriam MacTavish, B.A. **Mathematics** (Below)

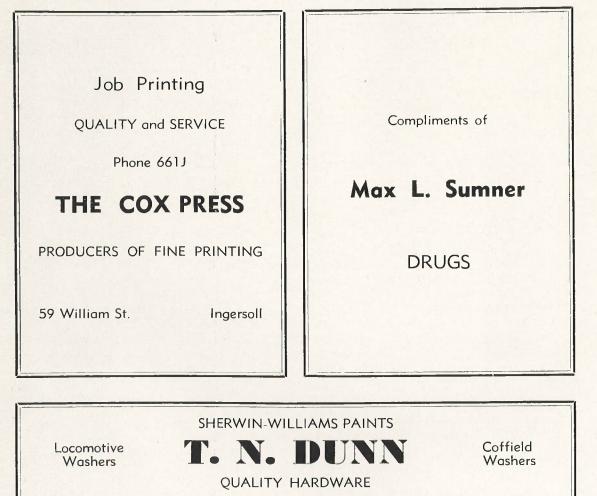








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THE VOLT



Editor's Message

Youth! The glorious feeling which lures us on to higher and higher endeavours has us in its thrall. We have that feeling of strength, that fire in our hearts which only age can quench. Right now we fear nothing; we are game to try anything. That is the way it should be. For if it were not so, nothing would be dared. In our young days and "strong" days we should get out and conquer and attain the things we want.

Right now we are being clad with armour for the future. Education, although it isn't everything, will mean a great deal to us in years to come. It is giving us the means to develop and use the talents which we possess. Education is developing these talents to such an extent that they will be our means of livelihood in the future. Gray says:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But in this age of great opportunity for all, we have no excuse for keeping ourselves hidden from the world because of fears or ignorance.

Of course, one must not think that the academic work is all. True, it is the main reason for attending school but with it social activities must be mixed or the main purpose will be defeated. In joining organizations the student learns co-operation, ability to forget self, consideration of another's interests, and the ability to lead others.

THE VOLT

I will admit that if we take an active part in all sides of school life, we are rushed and find ourselves having to deny ourselves certain pleasures. We students sometimes feel in agreement with Davies when he said:

"A poor life this if, full of care

We have no time to stand and stare.'

But even if, at the time, we think we are overworked we shall reap the benefit later in life. The five years of school life offer students more varied opportunities to develop themselves in different fields from just the academic work. If the algebra and the Latin slip from our mind, we shall still have the friends we have acquired and the lessons in life we have learned, perhaps not too willingly. The experiences we have had in getting along with people will aid us when we come face to face with bigger problems. We shall then remember what the teachers have told us—things which perhaps we consider unimportant now.

Now is the time for us to grasp the fleeting moments and put them to good use. We should forever look forward, aiming steadfastly at our goal. We should never falter, never tire. While we have youth behind us pushing, let us aim high. And if we should fall short of our mark the first time, let us try again. The poet, Robert Bridges, explains it to us clearly:

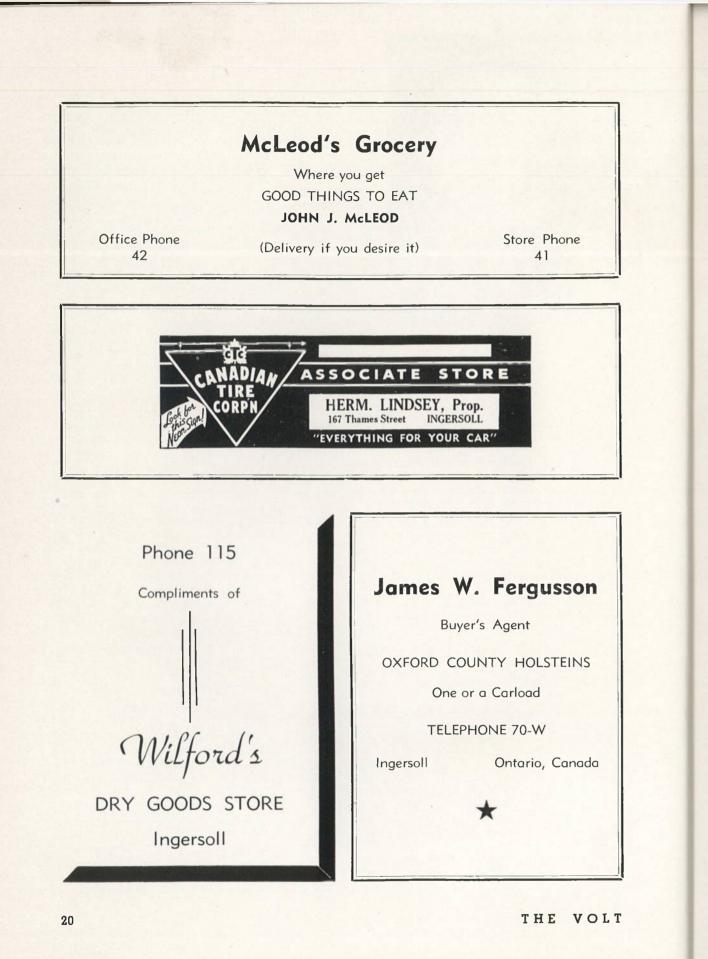
> "O youth whose hope is high, Who dost to Truth aspire, Whether thou live or die O look not back or tire. "If thou canst Death defy, If thy Faith is entire, Press onward, for thine eye Shall see thy heart's desire."

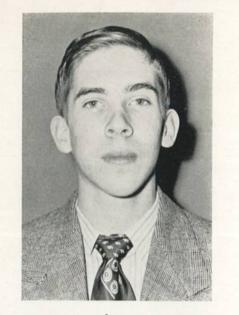
> > Lorna Baigent, Grade 13

Thank You

Many thanks go to Miss Betty Crawford of the Ingersoll Public Library for her tireless efforts in helping I.C.I. students to select books, to secure material for speeches and essays and to locate references. Also we are grateful to her for opening the library at noon hour each Monday through the school year so that students from the country have the same opportunity to use the facilities of the library as the students from town.

A friend is a person who knows all about you and still loves you. Elbert Hubbard





Assistant Editor's Message

As the year draws to a close, we can look back with much pride on the many successful accomplishments of our school year.

It is in athletics, literary activities, and cadets that we think of accomplishments, but we should not forget the academic field, for here also we have recorded many successes. We hope that all of us have gained the required amount of knowledge during the year.

The 1949 rugby season will be remembered long after our school days are over. The team ploughed through opposition and reached the semi-finals. The boys on the team deserve our congratulations for their splendid showing. In other sports, although we have not been as successful, all teams tried hard.

Many students participated in public speaking contests, and thus received valuable training in expressing themselves. During the past few years public speaking has at last received proper emphasis in our school activities.

The Literary Society started the year with a bang. The elections provided a lively, fun-filled week, and gave school spirit a great boost. The Society's Variety Night helped to develop dramatic and musical talent.

The Cadet Corps enjoyed another very successful year. Training in first aid, signalling and range practice have given students much pleasure as well as useful knowledge.

When everything is considered, we can truly say, "It's been a good year."

Jim Grimes, Grade 12A

THE VOLT

The Valedictory Address

I said to the man who stood at the Gate of the Year:

Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown. And he replied:

Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God.

That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.

In 1947 millions of people the world over heard these words. They have become everlasting. They can be our code,---the code of the young men and women of this generation. Last year was my first and only year at Ingersoll District Collegiate Institute, one year which has been a definite and decisive step upward in my stairway of life. If that step were to be multiplied by the nineteen others who were in my class it produces enormous potential - twenty young people who will go out to do their best to make this world of ours the place which God wants it to be. Every year many more young people will also take that step upward.

Our world—for it is ours, yours and mine—will be what we make it. Those who have gone before us have made it one which every year becomes more mechanized. Perhaps this age in which we live will be called the Mechanical Age. What will be called the Mechanical Age. What will this age achieve? What will future generations read of this age? That is for us now to determine. We hold the key to the door of that age; we hold it in the palm of our hand.

It matters not what office we hold in this world, whether teacher, factory worker, nurse, doctor, housewife, farmer or business executive. We have the opportunity to do our best. No one can help us; we must help ourselves. We must decide whether we are going to keep climbing the stairs of our lives or whether we are going to trip on the obstacles placed there to try our courage, our perseverance and faith.

I should like to say to you who have not climbed as high as class '49, to do your best, to work hard. With every one of you, whether you are class of '49, '29 or '59, I would like to leave this thought: we were given our talents by God. Are we going to hide them or are we going to increase them?

Work hard, look ahead, do your best. Our lives are what we, you and I, make them. We must live in this world—let's work together to make it the healthiest, safest and happiest place to live.

Marjorie Prouse

Message from His Worship

Dr. J. G. Murray

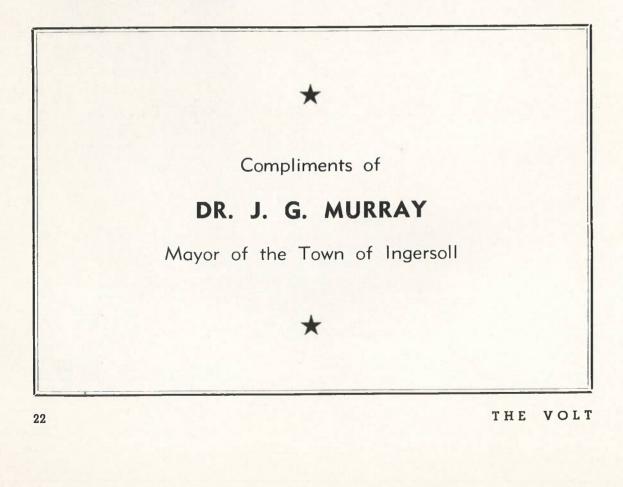


On behalf of the Municipal Council I should like to express our best wishes for the success of the 1950 Volt. Personally, I should like to express my thanks for the opportunity of again bringing you a message through your year book.

A wise man once said that the greatest thing in the world was man, and the greatest thing in man was mind. It is in the development of our mental faculties that we distinguish ourselves from the animals around us. It is in the school and through the efforts of our teachers that our minds are developed and disciplined. It is the privilege and duty of each student to make the most of his opportunities.

I have seen in the press that the students have been encouraged to express their preference for their life's work. It is affirmed that all men are born equal, but it is not the case that all men have the same capacities. It is well if we can recognize the things we are capable of doing well, and a good teacher is the best guidance officer. If you develop your natural talents, you will be a real asset to your community.

J. G. MURRAY





Message from the Chairman of the Board

It is, I am sure, a special privilege for me to be asked to contribute a message to the Collegiate Institute "Volt".

I would like to extend greetings from the District Board to students and teachers and ask your continued co-operation in making the best of our crowded condition.

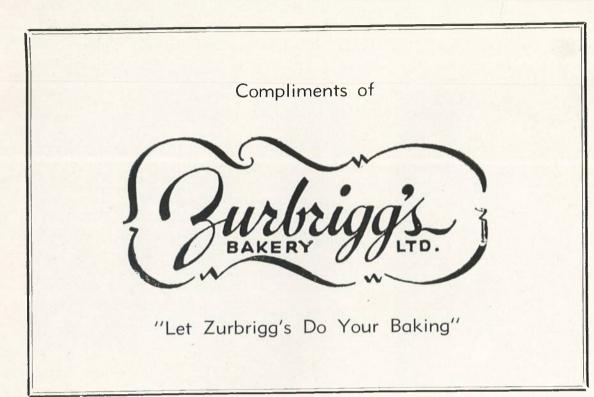
It is our hope that the students will grasp every opportunity that presents itself, that they may be better equipped for the living of a happy and prosperous life.

THE ADVANTAGES that are enjoyed by the Canadian Youth are second to none in the world. Thus it is a heavy responsibility that rests on the youth of Canada to give leadership in your native or adopted land as well as in world affairs. That being so, it is your duty to study world conditions and give leadership and help so that the thousands of young people in other countries, who lack the necessities of life or educational facilities such as you enjoy, may look to you for guidance and leadership in world affairs.

It has been said that "Instead of training children to fit into the world, we should train them to make the world fit to fit into".

> E. J. CHISHOLM, Chairman, Collegiate Institute Board of Ingersoll District

Collegiate	Institute Board of	Ingersoll District
	1950	
	E. J. Chisholm—Chairr	nan
	W. J. Weir—Vice-Chai	rman
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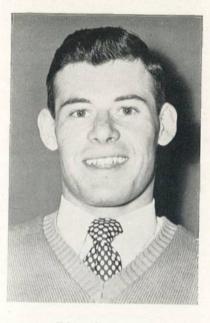


FRANCES HORLEY Dominion-Provincial Student-Aid Scholarship winner Grade XIII Ingersoll Collegiate Institute

THE VOLT

THE VOLT

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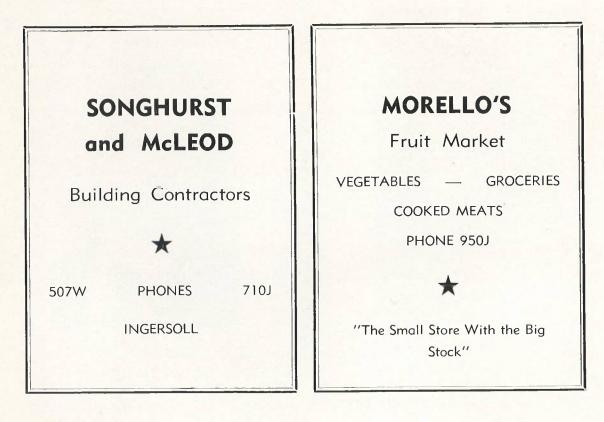
Wilbur F. Thompson General Proficiency Scholarship Grade XIII Ingersoll Collegiate Institute



TOM DOUGLAS

Winner of W.O.S.S.A. Senior Public Speaking Championship Grade XIII Ingersoll Collegiate Institute





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THE VOLT

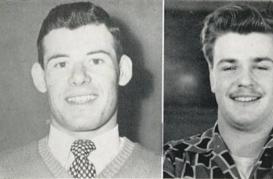






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MARGE CLARK PHYLLIS HARVEY FRANCES HORLEY







JIM WARING



TOM STAPLES

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DORIS LONGFIELD

JOAN LOOSMORE

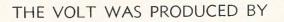
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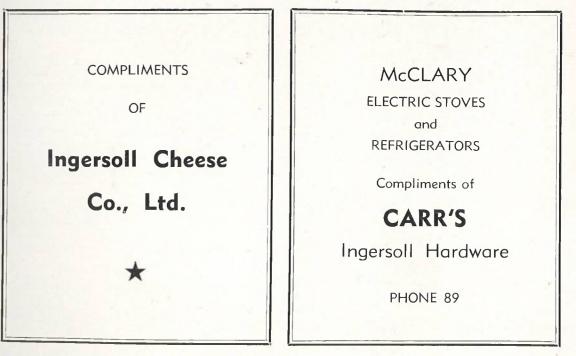
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TALENT TO ORIGINATE SKILL TO PRODUCE

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THE VOLT

THE VOLT

LITERARY

What Democracy Means To Me

To-day there are two worlds in which I may be allowed or forced to live. There is the growing contention for a communistic world as opposed to a receding satisfaction with the seemingly durable democratic world. Totalitarianism and communism, at present, are not confined to Russia and its satellites, but rather, are seeping into democratic countries through the medium of communistically controlled trade unions, and factions which have been disappointed by civilization as it stands now. On the other hand, democratic institutions and governments are failing to cope with this serious situation and are, consequently, losing ground in popularity at a shocking rate.

It is a shame that our present-day citizen has centred his hopes and ambition on a just and adequate livelihood for his family, and little else. What will he do or what will he be capable of doing after he reaches that? If under a communistic government, will he be satisfied to work for the state and receive his standard income or will he have a desire to go ahead, to by-pass his fellow workers and become an administrator, creator, or have his own business, or make his own livelihood, independent of a central and limiting direction?

I say that human nature has not changed so much that it will accept a restrictive world for long, but instead will assert itself to the point of individualism again (or still. whichever way one views it). To whom can he go to reason with under communism? No one! But were he still in a democracy where free enterprise and individuality form the foundation on which this nation is moulded, he would be able to express himself in his work, as all good men should be allowed.

So far, under democracy, I have been able to attend school under my own will, to pursue the vocation I think suits me, to worship as I please, to spend my money as I please, to choose the friends I like, and to express myself as I see fit. No other government can give more to the individual without taking some of these away.

Then, why is it still, that more and more of us fail to realize the advantages of a country in which free enterprise is allowed? The answer is twofold. Let us consider the European or Asiatic citizen. He has never

felt the full advantage of democracy. His country, up until the last few decades, was always ruled by a despotic king or a government which allowed exploitation of the public by big business; to him, communism and socialism provide just about all he can dream of. Perhaps this all means that his part of the world is far behind ours and that in time, if democratic countries remain a tangible model, he will come to know enough of democracy to break away from the bondage of the state.

Now let us examine ourselves. Many of us are growing tired of working hard while accepting life and trying to make ends meet, and are turning to a selfish consideration of ourselves. This self-consideration is perhaps an explanation of the lack of proper home life, community life, and the apparent neglect of Christ. This trite expression "far away fields look greener" is fitting to explain why the general public is being disillusioned by the apparent easy-living of socialism. The sooner we recall an old fact, that nobody gets anything for nothing, the sooner we shall appreciate our freedom and our right to call ourselves human beings.

Democracy is the only institution or doctrine that fosters Christianity and allows all types of religions to live under its wing. Just recall America's early history and be reminded that many good Christians came here looking for freedom of religion, freedom of enterprise, and freedom from tyranny. Do you suppose they came for pleasure as we seek it? Do you suppose they came to be looked after by the "state"? No, they came to set up a new land, a new culture and a new freedom, unrivalled before or since.

If, then, we take a few minutes after each week's toil, aside in a quiet place, away from the humdrum world, and look back over the growth, and reputation of our country and the mistakes of the other Godlacking nations, we will, perhaps, resist those "isms" which tend to drag us from ourselves, and weigh democracy as it could be with any other political setup and, ultimately realize that democracy cannot successfully be replaced.

Tom Staples, Grade 13 * * *

One can pay back the loan of gold, but one dies forever in debt to those who are

kind.

So They Say

"All the teen-age girls and boys of today want to do is have a good time. They come home to eat and sleep and then they are off again. They expect to stay out half the night and then sleep half the next day. They expect everything to be done for them but will never do anything for themselves or anyone else. They can never be serious about anything; they only think of a good time.'

The above words were said to me by a person who is considered to be an intelligent person. These words could have come from a person of an older generation or from a narrow-minded person of to-day. I prefer to think that they come from a person who has been misled and who is democratic enough to listen to both sides of an argument. Unfortunately such an opinion as this does not belong to only one man but to many.

There is one partially true fact in that statement. We are "always on the go." That is not really a fault. Have you ever seen a still body of water? You know how stagnant it can become? That can happen to the human body too. Not always, however, are we engaged in so-called "frivolous nonsense".

It is wonderful to be young and able to be continually on the move, to be able to keep working at a job until we are satisfied, to go to bed completely exhausted and to awaken the next day after a good night's sleep as fresh as the proverbial daisy. It is wonderful to be able to look ahead to the years to come without fear and to look at the world through young eyes, not tired by dismal scenes of the past.

It is no secret that we have most of our parties and good times at night. We do, but what other free time do we have?

Can't you just imagine a shiny dance floor, dreamy music, beautiful dresses, handsome, well-groomed boys, dimmed lights,in the middle of the afternoon. Think how much you-yes you, you and your friends who condemn us for enjoying life-would enjoy a weiner-roast or an old-fashioned barn dance in the middle of the day.

However, regardless of your very determined and prejudiced opinion, students do spend their time doing worth-while things and they do think seriously once in a while.

Our I.C.I. is a typical Canadian high school. We are proud of it and you were

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I.C.I. students have taken an active part in public speaking. The topics have not been minor ones, but ones requiring serious thought. You cannot talk convincingly about things you don't believe in. You can't believe in things you don't understand, and you certainly can't understand things you don't think about and study. Our representatives were placed at the top of the scoring list, so surely all their time was not spent on gay pastimes.

wasted.

Recently when a church in this town wanted a new organ, the Young People's Society put on a play to add to the fund. When the same church had to be cleaned for the fall opening service, these same Young People, along with the ladies of the church, spent a hot summer's night scrubbing, waxing, and oiling. The "useless teen-agers" weren't thinking of a good time then. I know. I was there.

Did you ever notice who took your ticket or sold you a hot-dog at the last carnival, the proceeds of which were to help crippled children? Do you know who sold you your hospital bricks when the idea for the broadcast was first born? Yes, you are right. It was "those silly high school kids" again. Were we wasting our time then?

are working.

proud of it too when the rugby team brought victories and fame to Ingersoll. You were proud to say "Oh yes, I know him. He plays snap on the team." These boys and their coach spent hours and hours to make a creditable show for Ingersoll. It was not only time spent on the playing field that the boys gave. It meant having to do homework late in the night, memorizing plays and then going to school the next day with tired eyes, minds, and muscles. Why? There is joy in working together for a common goal -to bring praise to their home-town.

In our room, over three-quarters of the pupils work part-time and thus earn their own spending money. Keeping a sufficiently high scholastic record and working part-time doesn't leave too much time to be

If you think about it you will see we are not so completely useless after all. We try our best and we are learning all the time. We know the difference between right and wrong. We know how to accept responsibilities; but along with that knowledge we know how to enjoy ourselves even while we

We inherited a land where there is freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom to use these privileges.

We, the youth of to-day, know that our country will depend on us in the to-morrow. We love our country and we are proud of our country's history, and of the men and women who made our history. We intend to see that our children and our children's children have reason to be proud of it.

Yvonne Holmes, Grade 11A

The Farm Awakes

With the first rains of the late winter the farm awakes and the glory of another Spring grips all beings who live close to nature. It gives them an irrepressible urge to be in the vast out-of-doors. The snowdrop is the first to realize that Spring has come back home again from her distant journey and will soon drive back King Winter to his northern abode and claim the land as her own.

The meadows rejoice that the cold has fled, and garb themselves in their deepest green to herald the arrival of Spring. The fowl, too, rejoice that they may run again through the fields and pick their food from the earth as they are wont to do. The waddling duck is especially outstanding because of his grotesque manners. He acquires spring fever just as many humans do, and he gives his feelings vent in much the same manner with a great deal of chatter and inexpressible emotion.

The old cow suddenly stops being the controllable, quiet creature she usually is and is transformed into an altogether different being, made young again with the near approach of freedom. And when that day of freedom comes she runs and jumps declaring that she never wants to go into the barn again and tries her best to have her wishes carried out.

Nature and dumb animals, however, are not the only creatures which find new life. The farmer himself has awakened with the first onslaught of Spring. The rattling of the wagon, the scraping of the disks over the ploughed land, the drone of a faroff tractor, and the steady, "Get up, here," of the teamster as he urges his horses on are the familiar sounds on the farm, sounds which soon become dearly beloved songs in the ears of those who have been reared on the farm. They are songs which can never be forgotten no matter how far we may roam.

These are the common sights and sounds, seen and heard year after year, amidst the milling crew on the deck a group

from want, freedom from fear. We intend but how strange it is that we never tire of them. No matter how simple they are or how often they may recur they are dear to us. Yes, the farm awakes every time Spring spreads her magic wand over her vast acres. The coming of Spring to the farm will always be appreciated and enjoyed by those who love the country life the best.

Terry Heeney, Grade 13

What Democracy Means To Me

What does democracy mean to me? Let me think for a moment about that question.

Let me see . . . Democracy to Canada as a whole means uniformity in a government which is responsible to the people, and thus the people are permitted to control to some extent the affairs of their country.

To me as an individual in a whole group of men, democracy means an immeasurable amount. It means more than words can express, more than money can buy. It means that I can go to bed at night secure in the knowledge that when I wake up the next morning I will not be in a concentration camp or experiencing some fate worse than death; it means that I can go to school and learn mathematics instead of going to military school to learn the arts of war; it means that I can stand up before my fellowmen and say what I choose; that I may vote as I like, secretly, and for whom I please.

Democracy offers the people of any nation which has it an opportunity to rule themselves; then, if things go wrong with the affairs of the country, they have only themselves to blame.

All in all, democracy to me means what liberty means to a prisoner. It is the form of government under which my country exists, and it appears to me to be the most stable form of government, especially for people as intelligent as we Canadians. Beyond estimation is the way to describe what Democracy, as I know it in Canada, means to me.

John McDermott, Grade 13

A Story of Human Courage

It was a hot sultry day in mid-July when the harbour of Halifax finally loomed into view. The deck of the large cargo boat was in utter confusion as the sailors and crewmen busily tugged at ropes, rollers and large wheels. As the boat docked there appeared selves. There were a man, a woman and four small children. But no, there were five children, because the mother held a baby in her arms.

Filled with fear and bewilderment, they stood looking at this strange land, Canada. which was to be their new home. They felt smaller than they had ever felt before and very insignificant. As they stood there gazing at all the strangers, they heard a passer-by remark, "Oh! it is just another one of those Dutch families." Yes, it was just another Dutch family, but just like any other normal family they needed food and a place they could call home. They had left, or should I say, had been forced to leave their native country, Holland, because of lack of food and work. The question foremost in their minds at present was, "Would Canada furnish them with the new and better home they were looking for?"

In spite of the unanswered questions in their minds they stood quietly on the deck, their faces eager and full of hope and courage to face what might befall them in the days ahead of them. With their few belongings which consisted of a huge Bible written in Dutch, a few pictures of relatives and friends, and a few clothes, they were taken to the immigration office.

There, a strange sturdy-looking officer issued them tickets for the next train to Ontario where they were to live and work on a Canadian farm. The government requires all persons immigrating into Canada to work on a farm for at least one year. They were placed on a farm in western Ontario owned by Mr. Jinx. Taking advantage of the ignorance of these poor people he gave them a few pieces of broken-down furniture, barely enough food to live on, and forced the oldest boy, who was fifteen, to work for him for five dollars a month. Can you imagine that? He was a big healthy boy and could do as much work as a man. It must have taken a great deal of courage for them to survive such a wretched life. Although at this time a very grim future confronted them, they still felt that they would find the home for which they were looking. It was difficult for them to come to a new country but even more difficult to be subjected to such conditions.

Fortunately, however, another farmer needed help and asked them to work for him. He gave them a comfortable home and now they are enjoying some of the privileges we, the Canadian people, enjoy.

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of people forlornly standing off by them- We cannot realize the courage these people must have had in the darker moments of their fear but now it is almost over and we can only admire them. Would we have the courage to leave our country and seek a new home as they did?

I saw myself, carrying my shiny new lunch box and new reader, arriving at school for the first time. I wore a completely new outfit, including red sweater, plaid skirt and bright red knee socks. My soaring spirits were brought down to earth with an abrupt thump when I had been at school for less than an hour. Even my former playmates here seemed to be total strangers, planted there for the express purpose of making me long dismally for Mother and home.

for two hours.

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Phyllis Harvey, Grade 13

Waiting For the Signal

Three minutes to go! My heart seemed to stop beating. Before my mind's eye flashed scenes from my school life, its triumphs and defeats.

Then the scene changed to that neverto-be-forgotten day during my sixth year of public school. Having whined at my parents for years to get me a bicycle, they had at

last come through with a beautiful bicycle, fire-engine red and trimmed in true tomboy style. During a vicious game of tag, which we played mounted on our bikes and careening about as if we were inebriated, I collided with a wall. My bike was, to put it mildly, done for. As for myself, I still bear a token of remembrance, a bump on my forehead, especially prominent in my infrequent moments of extreme anger.

Eventually I entered high school. I think I created a mild sensation. To say the least, I had entered the awkward age. I was all arms and legs and terribly tall. My hair was long and straight. (My Mother thought I was too young for a permanent.) My face was devoid of any make-up. (Another of my Mother's institutions.) And I was the proud possessor of beautiful braces for my beautiful big teeth.

Everyone there appeared to have signed a pact to do his utmost to make me feel uncomfortable. They succeeded; consequently, in the ensuing years I was undoubtedly the most out-of-place student in the school. I attended one school party, under force. Some kindly friends told me that I had something. I must have, because I sat alone until the close of the dance; whereupon, I crawled home to cry miserably

I have said I was and I quote, "the most out-of-place student in the school." I will change that statement. There was one equal to me, or maybe worse, a boy named Charlie Stuart. Poor Charlie was the brunt of many cruel jokes. It was no doubt because he looked as if he were bordering on insanity. He was tall but stooped, and he sprawled about instead of walking. His clothes never fitted him properly. Anyway, in Grade 10 he asked me to the "At Home". In my exasperation I went. My dress looked as if it had been chosen by my worst enemy, although I am sure Mother meant well. It was a vivid pink taffeta, complete with sash and immense bow, and made me look like an overgrown flower girl. I suspect that Charlie picked my flowers himself. At any rate, we were definitely the most outstanding couple there.

In due time I graduated to Grade 13. I graduated in more ways than one. I had discarded the braces, curled my hair, and learned to wear make-up and decent clothes. You might say that I had come out of my shell. I discovered that the other students were not as vindictive as I had imagined. In fact they were wonderful once I did my part, and for the first time I felt human.

My mind was speeding to my pleasant experiences in Normal School, when suddenly my mental meanderings were terminated by the signal. My three minutes were upl

I stumbled to the platform and with pale cheeks and fixed stare began to speak. "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am sure it has been a great honour to have been chosen to give the valedictorian address for my graduating class...."

Joyce Lange, Grade 12A

Ghosts I Have Met

There are ghosts and ghosts; ghosts of ministers and ghosts of warriors, ghosts of kings and ghosts of peasants, ghosts of poets and ghosts of cynics, good ghosts and bad ghosts, ghosts that haunt old houses and ghosts that wander about graveyards. Many I have met. Three I should like to meet again. They are a minister, a warrior, and a poet whom I met one day by the river.

I wandered along the river and saw, striding over a distant hill the greatest of great ministers, John the Baptist. As he drew near I gazed in wonder upon him. He was clad in skins of wild animals, eating wild locusts, in all outward appearance wild, savage, uncouth, yet radiating light and power as the sun. On his coarse features was a refining beauty, not physical, but spiritual. Yes, I have looked into the eyes

of John the Baptist and have seen their strength, beauty, goodness—gifts bestowed on him by God. In his eyes, which were indeed the windows of a soul, was the strength of the hills among which he wandered, the gentleness of the little wild creatures which he came upon, the purity of the fresh breeze that tangled his wild locks, and a light like that of the sun which bronzed him. Peace was in all his ways. It was with a heavy heart that I watched him turn back to the wild desert, his hermitage.

Aimlessly I wandered, only to stop, startled, by a tall soldierly figure who strode hurriedly from a thicket. It was James Wolfe. He walked proudly, his head high, not only because he was a soldier and British, but that he might gaze upon the distant horizon and the clear, untroubled blue of the sky. He was a warrior, great not only because of fame and valour but because he possessed a soul beautified. I would like to have been a soldier of the past, forging up the St. Lawrence to the battle which was to be his last. As his men merrily swore and hopefully prayed to cover and to ease their tenseness, he sat dreamily gazing into the distance. After repeating the beautiful words of a great poet he admitted that he would rather have written Gray's "Elegy" than win the coming battle. Wonderful it was to meet a man with the heart and brains of a soldier and the soul of a poet!

Standing by the river I longingly watched Wolfe, the warrior, disappear in the distance. Turning to leave the, now, nearsacred spot, I was stopped by singing, thrillingly exciting in its wild beauty. The song drew nearer, as a gaily decked canoe swept round the bend in the river, guided by an Indian girl with thick dark hair and slim supple body. As the singer drew nearer, the words of the lovely poem "The Song My Paddle Sings" drifted clearly over the water and I recognized Pauline Johnson. In her every movement was the rhythmical grace which lends charm to her poetry, and in her carriage the pride and shy wildness of her race. In passing she turned, and again I looked through two lovely windows into a soul beautiful.

These ghosts I have met and many others. I have met them everywhere—in history books and the Bible, in prose and poetry, and in dreams as I wandered along the river.

Frances Horley, Grade 13

My Pet Antipathy

Everyone has his pet hates. They may be large, they may be small. Some have many, some have few. One may hate home-

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work, communism, cheese, cats, people, classical music, or olives. In fact you may hate anything, or as some people seem to, everything.

I have only one hate, only one thing I detest and to which I seem naturally opposed. I hate it with a full, strong, passionate, overwhelming hate. It is WORK!

Work, I suppose, may be divided into two classes, physical and mental. Digging ditches, washing dishes, getting up in the morning and other such menial tasks fall into the category of physical labour. Mental work includes such distasteful chores as multiplying long problems during detentions, learning French and Latin vocabulary lists, memorizing chemistry symbols and trying to concentrate in boring class periods.

Both types of work I dislike.

I suppose that it is natural that some of my dislike for work rubs off on those who are forever working. They tear off on a tangent, doing five hours' homework every night or passionately weeding their garden for hours on end, or feverishly slaving over some other supposedly vital project. When they are done, they may be able to quote Shakespeare frontwards and backwards, or recite the multiplication tables upside down and sideways, or they may have the "weedlessest" petunia patch in Western Ontario, but I think they have not really accomplished much.

Let us consider some men who have really accomplished something. We'll find that many of history's greatest inventions and discoveries have occurred as a direct result of **not** working.

Was Newton sweating over reams of paper, wearing out pencils by the score, when he developed his marvellous theories of physics? No, he was relaxing, his back against an apple tree, probably half asleep. Archimedes was dozing in the luxury of a warm bath when his famous Principle of Flotation occurred to him. The man who designed the Spitfire fighter, the plane that saved Britain during the Blitz, formulated his ideas which led to the design, not with a slide rule and pencil, but while lying flat on his back in the sun, watching gulls soaring over the cliffs of Dover. Surely our great poets and writers do not achieve such perfection of form and emotion, by sitting down and pounding out words by the thousands? Who ever heard of a philosopher racking his brains in search of a theory?

Some may argue that these men do mental work but I disagree. They **think**, but thinking and mental work are two different things. True, Edison said that genius is 1%

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inspiration and 99% perspiration. But what else could he say? Imagine the public reaction if he had told the truth—that he was born a scientific genius!

In conclusion, may I repeat my opening sentiment. I hate work. And if any of you wish to try to talk me out of my beliefs, you will probably find me stretched out on the chesterfield at home, fast asleep.

Mac Hyde, Grade 13

A Bus Adventure In the Eyes Of A Seven Year Old

"Bye, Mums. Yes, I'll be good." At last I was on my trip. Mummy said it wasn't really a trip but gosh, Toronto is miles and miles from Ingersoll. You see, I'm going to the Santa parade. Uncle Matt helped me make out my list but I really don't need one because I know exactly what I'm going to say. I don't know what to get daddy though. He's such a problem. Oh, isn't it thrilling to be a really and truly traveller?

I looked at the mountain of flesh beside me and quickly vowed I would never get that huge. Fatty puffed, snorted and coughed, then coughed, snorted and puffed, so I offered her some of my cough drops.

"Thanks, dearie."

I shuddered. "Dearie." I hated to be called that.

"My name's Elizabeth and I'm eight years old." I'm not really eight but eight sounded so much more dignified than seven and I didn't want Fatty to think I was a child. Besides, I remember Mum being thirty for three years.

"Oh Bob, stop" giggled a voice just behind me. I swung around and immediately swung back again. Of all the silly things! My big sister, Pam, is getting silly like that now too. She used to be lots of fun.

The boy across the aisle made a face at me but I could make a worser face than that, so I did.

"Gee! Where d'ya learn to do that?"

"From my Uncle Matt," I announced and proudly lifted my nose. I couldn't be bothered with a stupid boy who couldn't even make a face.

I liked the man in the back seat. He smoked a pipe and had a lunch pail beside him. My daddy smokes a pipe but he always comes home for dinner. So unexciting! Maybe I could get Dad a lunch pail for Christmas.

Oh, look at that sweet little baby sleeping! His mother looks so tired. I'll smile and make her feel better. Oh! she smiled

back. Golly, she was nice. Nearly as nice as my Mom.

The lady in front of me is so softicated. No that's not the way you say that word. At least when Gram says it, it sounds different.

Two girls in the front seat were playing "I spy with my little eye." I bet I could get one they couldn't guess.

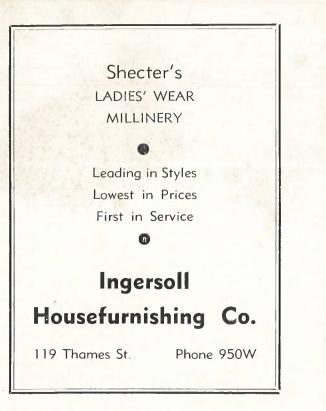
The bus stopped and a man got off and was very sick to his stomach. His breath smelled kind of funny. I guess he doesn't clean his teeth. I drew a Christmas tree on the frosted window and then ate some cookies while I read funny books.

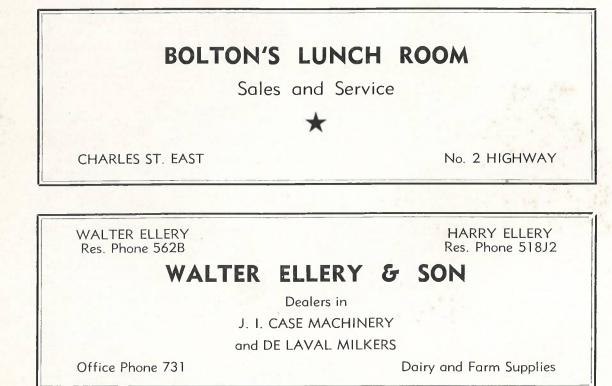
The bus stopped and everyone was get-

ting off. Why, this must be Toronto. "Good-bye Elizabeth", someone puffed. It was Fatty. I guess she isn't so bad after all.

My pigtails were jerked and I whirled around to see a fierce face before me. Jeepers, that little boy made a worser face than I did.

Oh, there's Auntie May. I hope she knows where the ladies' rest room is! Joy Burnett, Grade 12A





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Ode To Ingersoll

Oh! Oxford is a pleasant land Of valleys, hills and plain, Of orchards lush, of pastures grand, And fields of golden grain. The fleecy clouds in summertime Float in a sky of blue, And winter's cloak of sparkling snow Makes all our landscape new. Our dear home town of Ingersoll Is Oxford's fairest jewel, Her tree lined streets and stately homes Lack just one thing—a school. Our sick will never need to fear And recreation's sure; Let's think of education, folks, To make our future sure. Jacqueline Sinclair, Grade 11A

Peace, I Have Found Thee!

Through silent, silvan glade 'Neath shimmering sun and shade Longingly and dismayed,

Peace, I have sought thee. In soft, sweet, soothing breeze In brooks 'ere still they freeze In night bird's plaintive pleas,

Peace, I have heard thee. In sunset's burning blaze Through autumn's dreamy haze In shy deer's gentle gaze,

Peace, I have glimpsed thee. Down where wild waters leap Down where the dim pool's deep Down where worn willows weep, Peace, I have found thee!

Frances Horley, Grade 13

At the Beach

Little ones and bigger ones made their way. Young folk and old folk this includes them After opening the car door for his "blooming all.

With sorrow I remember the weaklings that did fall.

As I sat on a bench, by the shore I did see, Each with his hands a-clapping in glee. Then into the water, they went with a dash Screaming with laughter at ever-ry splash. I really envy those children dear Because they never seemed to fear;

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Since I can't swim, nor even float. That's just why-I rent a boat. I jolly well think it would be good luck Had I been hatched a little duck Or, even if I were a frog I'd be so happy upon a log. Lorne Groves, Grade 11A

Apologies To Clement Moore

T'is the night of the formal, and all thru her home

Every creature is stirring, so daughter can roam.

Her formal is laid out all ready, and care Must be taken to hurry, for he'll soon be there.

Her ma helps her get dressed, and pa the poor sap.

Dries dishes-he can't have his usual nap. When out on the lawn there begins such α clatter,

All spring to the door to see what is the matter,

When what to their wondering eyes should appear

But a beat-up jalopy, that sags in the rear. When a handsome young driver steps out of the crate

They know in a moment it must be her date. More rapid than eagles to the doorstep

comes he. He smiles, says hello, and then asks "where

is she?" And then in a twinkling he hears on the stair

The dainty clodhoppers of his lady fair.

She enters the room, his eyes how they

pop-She's a vision of loveliness, strapless on top. He stutters a compliment, the tongue-twisted schmoe,

- Down by the beach on a bright summer day, And hands her the corsage, there goes all his dough.
 - rose'
 - He piles in himself, and away the heap goes. Lo' the scene is the same, 'tis now three in the morn,

The same car rolls up, with a honk of its horn,

The same two get out, slightly beat-looking now.

You can tell by their looks that the dance

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was a wow.

She bids him adieu, and he says, "Fairwell, But I'd better get going, or I'll sure catch-But all heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight.

"There'll never be an At Home like this one to-night."

Anne Onimus

Silangeline A TALE OF 12A

With Apologies to Longfellow by the Otherfellow

This is the school room so dreary, the whispering boys and the maidens.

Laden with books, and in sweaters gay, half asleep in the classroom.

Stand like dummies of old, their voices low and monotonous

Stand like dumb-bells all, with hands that rest on their hip-bones,

Then from the front of the classroom, the deep-voiced master of learning

Speaks, and in accents decisive, lifts the veil from the ignorant.

This is the classroom so dreary; and here are the youths that within it,

Leap like the roe, when they hear in the hallway the voice of the teacher.

Here is the centre of learning, the home of the fourth year students,

Youths whose lives glide on from day to day without worries.

Haunted by approaching tests, but holding to hopes of passing.

Gone are those pleasant days, opportunities forever departed

- Scattered like pages of notes, when the strident horn of the school bus
- Calls them, and whirls them away, taking them home to the country.

Nought but empty halls remains in our beautiful centre of learning.

Ye who want education, that helps, and uplifts and is worth while,

Ye who believe in the homework, the hours of deep concentration,

- List to the English and Latin recited by those of the classroom,
- List to a Tale of Work in Room 12A, home of the author.

Dorothy Alderson, Grade 12A

Ice Storm

The storm has fled, the winds are dead Which wracked the world with icy blast, Light has increased, the darkness ceased, The night of savage storm has passed.

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Trees bow beneath their icy sheath Wearied by winds which now decrease; Thus bowed in prayer they fill the air With pleas to God for their release. Now in the sky the sun sails high To silver gild the forest white. I wondering gaze on world ablaze, On world aglow with diamond light. When icy gown has been thrown down High swing the branches of each tree, And as they swing they blithely sing To be once more completely free. Frances Horley, Grade 13

Ode To the Farmer

The golden sun sinks down in the west, And the birds and bees come home to rest. While weary plowman wends his homeward way,

His horses are thinking of their oats and hay. The faithful collie trots close by his side. Seems to be happy, 'cause it's eventide. Shortly they reach the barn by the shed Where with some straw he makes up their

bed. Then off to the house he slowly does go, Leaving the moon and the stars' glimmering

alow. He gets himself food, then up the stairs creeps

And in just two jerks he is fast asleep.

But in the morning, when the world is all still

That same old sun comes up o'er the hill. Now the farmer complains and wishes for rain

So his crops will be doubled in both hav and grain.

But he is contented, come rain or showers, Thinking of harvest and springtime flowers. Lorne Groves, Grade 11A

Thank You

To Harold Crellin, a student in the school, who has generously given his time to photograph group and individual pictures in this magazine.

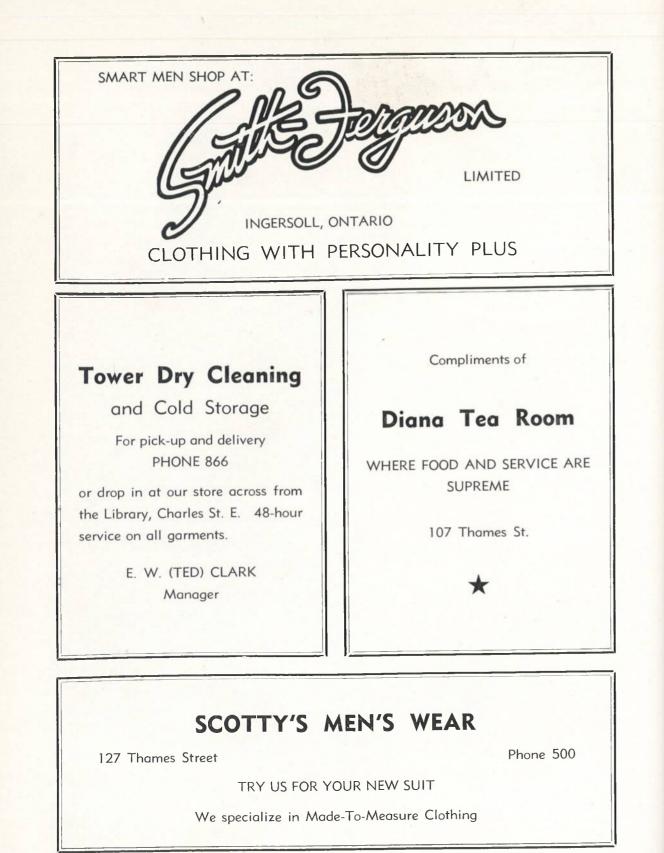
To Miss Sutherland and her Art classes for the art in this magazine.

To each one of our contributors, we are grateful, whether your work was accepted or not.

To Miss E. Barber and her commercial students for time spent in typing material for the Volt.

To The Sentinel-Review

For the pictures of the Senior Rugby team, the Field Day winners, and others.



Alumni

Janet Newman—Tillie is finally fulfilling her life-long ambition of becoming a nurse. She has already received her "Cap" and from all reports has excellent marks. Til is training at Victoria Hospital in London.

Mary Shelton, Anne Clark, Viola McCorquodale, Ruth Daniel — These four bright young girls are at London Normal School learning how to teach. We know that they will be successful.

Marjorie Prouse—Marj. has started on her long road to success. She has entered Pre-Meds. at the University of Western Ontario and if the marks that she obtained at I.C.I. are any indication of success she will be hanging out her shingle in no time.

Virginia Harris—Ginny has entered the U.W.O. and is majoring in French and English. Bon Chance, Virginia!

Phyllis Cohen—Phyllis has gone to a high school in Toronto to finish her education and it is rumoured that there is another drawing-card besides a nice school. We wish you luck in both, Phyllis.

Betty Bartram—Betty is in Ingersoll concentrating on music this year, and planning to try her A.T.C.M. Betty, a very ambitious girl, is also attending night school in London.

Lorna Young—Lorna is teaching music at several rural schools in the district and she also plays the organ at the United Church in Thamesford. From all reports, her favourite saying is, "If music be the food of love, play on."

Morley Hammond—Morley, who was especially clever in mathematics last year, chose the teaching profession and has been attending Normal School in London. It has been rumoured, however, that Morley intends to study theology some time in the future. Whatever "Maw" does, we wish him every success.

Richard Flenniken — Dick enrolled at Westervelt Business School in London. Later he accepted a job with the Public Utilities in his home town. It is Dick's intention to take a position in the Royal Bank in Ingersoll.

Donald Carrothers—Don, who took his upper school subjects in the familiar "Carrother's stride" chose chemistry at U.W.O. Judging from his ability in the subject last year we know that he will succeed in his chosen endeavour.

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Gordon Hinge—Gord's ambition was to take a business course so that later he would have that coveted position which warrants a private secretary. This year Gord is with the London Life and as far as we know, he has realized his ambition.

Bill Patterson—Bill came to us last year from Thamesford Continuation School. Bill totes a gun legally in his present position! That's right—he works in a bank in London.

McClure Meadows—Mac is taking a business course at Wells Academy in London. Mac always worked hard and we sincerely hope that he will be successful in whatever position he chooses.

Commercial Alumni

1949 has gone and with it the graduates from the Commercial Department of the I.C.I. We find them in various places and we are sure that they are a credit to the school.

Helping to get the news to us every day, Helen Matthews, our last year's prize winner, is employed at the Ingersoll Tribune office. We find Doloris Sharpe at the Royal Bank. Barbara Fleming and Norah MacMillan at the Bank of Montreal. We feel confident that there will not be mistakes in our bank books now. Writing obituaries at the office of William Stone and Son are Marg. Hammond and Rosalyn Brunger. Carman Mott is also employed there. Jim Muterer also left school to use his knowledge at the office of North American Cyanamid. Showing their skill at office work at the Ingersoll Cream Cheese are Jean Asselin and Angelo Gazzola. Mary Shearon has chosen a lawyer's office and is working for Mr. J. McBride. Kathleen Fordham is helping to keep up production by working in the office of the Ingersoll Machine & Tool Co. In the office of Slawson and Riley Cheese we see Polly Vyse. Jack Mahoney is employed by the Schwenger Construction Company. Those who are working in London are Shirley Henderson at the London Life, Olwen Allanson at the London Shoe Co. and Kay Wade at Lawson & Jones. We must not forget that talented young man at the office of the New Idea Furnaces Limited who is known as Jim Barker.

Thus we have accounted for the class of 1949 and we know that the Ingersoll employers will be waiting for the bright and up-and-coming students of the 1950 class.

U.W.O. Judging from his ability in the subject last year we know that he will succeed in his chosen endeavour. A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues. Cicero

40

THE VOLT

MUSIC

A Piper

A piper in the streets to-day Set up, and tuned, and started to play And away, away, away on the tide Of his music we started; on every side Doors and windows were opened wide, And men left down their work and came, And women with petticoats coloured like flame.

And little blue feet that were blue with cold Went dancing back to the age of gold, And all the world went gay, went gay, For half an hour in the street to-day. O. Sullivan

Practically everybody enjoys some sort of music in some way. Anyone listening to music may develop understanding and appreciation which can become, in time, almost as significant as that of the composer; for the efforts of the composer are wasted if there is no listener to enjoy the result.

The enjoyment of music is an instinct. Most people respond to the high note of a tenor or soprano and to the dazzling technique of a pianist or violinist. By listening to every detail of technical finesse, the musiclover can make an art of listening instead of responding only to an obvious beauty, tone, or brilliance of technique. He might ask, "Is this a creative interpretation, worthy of a creative listener, or am I hearing only a

correct repetition of the notes set down by the composer?"

The beauty of enjoying music is that it can begin at any point and you do not have to know the life of the composer, circumstances, its date, etc. to enjoy a piece of good music. The general approach to music, however, is listening for patterns of rhythm, melody, harmony, tone colour and form and one should form one's own opinion about it.

To enjoy music fully, I say, it is an absolute necessity to hear plenty of it and thus add to the enduring satisfactions of life.

The Glee Club

On a Friday or Wednesday afternoon about 3.30 anyone passing the doors of 9Å would hear about sixty girlish voices raised in singing some very familiar songs. This is, of course, the I.C.I. Glee Club. Directing them you will find Mrs. Fulford.

Last September, Mrs. Fulford organized the Glee Club composed of girls' voices. Their first appearance was at the Commencement Exercises where they sang "Make Believe," "Old Man River," and "Night and Day.'

At I.C.I.'s Remembrance Day service and also at the Christmas Literary the Glee Club sang songs appropriate for the occasion.

This has all required many hours of practice and we owe a great deal of credit to our capable leader, Mrs. Fulford. The pianists are Alice Upfold and Joyce Meckbach.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

FRONT ROW: Pamela Catling, Margaret Collins, Edith Pole, Alice Upfold, Mrs. Fulford, Joyce Meckbach, Helen Allison, Shirley Connor, Barbara Patience, Grace Henderson. SECOND ROW: Marilyn Mitchell, Norma Barnes, Frances Hart, Shirley Catling, Joyce Tunney, Margaret Shelton, Hazel Wilson, Betty Barker, Margaret Baigent, Jeanne Somers. THIRD ROW: Alice Crellin, Barbara Bradfield, Doris Clendinning, Betty Whitwell,

Doreen Lemp, Edith Ruckle, Lorraine Bowman, Kathleen Rodwell, Mary Nadalin, Yvonne Shannon.

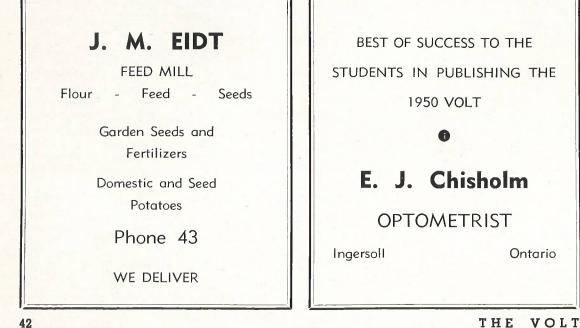
BACK ROW: Beth McKay, Evelyn McDonald, Jeannie Dodd, Patsy Larder, Anne Henderson, Dawn Martin, Shirley Sherman, Dorothy DeLoof, Shirley Telfer.

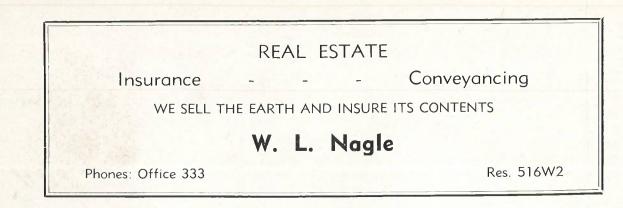
I.C.I. "COLLEGIANS"

FRONT ROW: Barry Walker, Harold Catling, Bob McFarlan, Joe Kurtzman, Keith Roberts, Linn Johnstone

BACK ROW: Mr. Wilson, Jim Waring, Fred Galpin, Edward Palanik. ABSENT: Bud Garton, Fred Waring, Mike Kirwin.







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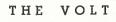
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LITERARY SOCIETY

FRONT ROW: Jim Grimes, Joyce Meckbach, Dorene Simpson, Alice Upfold, Tom Douglas, Lorna Baigent, Yvonne Holmes, Noreen Matheson, Mac Hyde. SECOND ROW: Miss Carney, Marge Clark, Norma Barnes, Shirley Mitchell, Irene Houghton, Margaret Blair, Dorothy Alderson, Miss Baker.

BACK ROW: James Williams, Kenneth Piper, Fred Galpin, Edwin Baigent, Linn Johnstone, Bob Simpson.

Literary Activities

The big election for officers of the Literary Association was held in October. It was hard for the voters to choose the best candidate but their choice gave the I.C.I. an excellent staff.

President—Tom Douglas Vice President-Mac Hyde Secretary-Lorna Baigent Assistant Secretary—John Johnston Pianist—Dorene Simpson Assistant Pianist-Alice Upfold Press Reporter-Yvonne Holmes

Of course the big fight was for president, and the candidates were Tom Douglas, Mac Hyde, Jim Grimes and our only girl candidate, Frances Horley. Signs and banners decked the halls and rooms of the I.C.I. Each day at noon Tom Douglas went campaigning through the rooms followed by his distinguished band.

Our first Literary meeting, held November 23, welcomed Miss Crawford. Miss Crawford reviewed several recent books for the students.

Mrs. Kilgour was the guest speaker for our Christmas Literary meeting. She told

the story of "The Other Wise Man". Christ- mas carols and, of course, Rudolf the Red Nosed Reindeer were sung.	

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THE VOLT

Mr. Lundy (leader).

Something New Has Been Added

For many years the Inter-School Christian Fellowship has played its part in Canadian school life. From a small beginning the leaders caught the vision of the need for such a work until to-day I.S.C.F. is right across the Dominion in some two hundred high schools. Under these circumstances some of our students thought that they might try it in our school. With the kind help of Mr. Howard Lundy it was arranged to have the I.S.C.F. secretary of Western Ontario, Mr. Joe Curry, visit our school during one of our Thursday morning religious instruction meetings. Mr. Curry gave us an interesting talk on I.S.C.F. and some of its functions.

Its aim is: (1) to encourage personal allegiance to Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord; (2) to form a habit of regular study of the Bible; (3) to lead to practical Christian living.

It was decided at our first meeting to have weekly meetings on Tuesday at noon hour. Sometimes we have songs and a short Bible discussion or a special speaker. Once a month we have a "squash" and enjoy a

THE VOLT

INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

FRONT ROW: Velma Birtch, Helen Heeney, Noreen Matheson, Madeline Statham, Edith Ruckle, Madeline Currie, James Somers, Fred Galpin, Lorne Groves, Earl Clark,

SECOND ROW: Mary Hill, June Graves, Dorothy Cousins, Shirley Connor, Margaret Baigent, Mary Stephenson, Doris Clendinning, Alice Upfold, Pearl Wilson. BACK ROW: Jack Harris, Harold Williamson, Tom Freure, Gerald Heeney, Sam Somers.

great time together.

Since our first meeting the attendance has wonderfully increased from ten at the first meeting to twenty-nine at the present time. We hope that more students will become interested enough to join our group. Now with our executive chosen we are off on the right foot-Good Luck I.S.C.F. Executive---

Pres.-Shirley Telfer Vice-Pres.-Jim Somers Sec.-Edith Ruckle Treas.-Lorne Groves Convener of Food Committee-Fred Galpin Convener of Social Committee-

Madeline Statham Madeline Statham, Grade 11A

To Our Advertisers

Who by their interest and generous assistance have made possible this book, we should like to express our sincere thanks and appreciation. We hope that our readers will show their loyal support and patronage to you.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

At Home

The great work of committees in preparation was well appreciated by a crowd of over two hundred pupils and alumni and their friends on the evening of February 3, 1950. The annual dance was held at the Ingersoll Armoury with Scotty McLachlin on the bandstand.

The decorations, in an artistic colour scheme of red, white, and green, had an instant appeal to the visiting public and, I am sure, helped the dance's reputation as the "dance of the year".

Receiving were Principal Herbert and Mrs. Herbert, Mac Hyde and Lorna Baigent, vice-president and secretary of the Literary Society, and Mr. E. J. Chisholm, chairman of the District School Board, and Mrs. Chisholm.

Between dances refreshments were served; also two novelty dances provided some of the entertainment for the enthusiastic guests. At one o'clock the chariots rolled away carrying the many happy people and even many small souvenirs that had decorated the walls.

Memorial Day Ceremony

On Nov. 10, the staff and students of the Collegiate paused in their day's work to pay tribute to the former students who had paid the supreme sacrifice in the last two wars. After the Roll of the Drums, the Lament, the Last Post and Reveille, Mr. Herbert read the names from the Honour Roll. A two minutes silence was observed.

Captain Acton gave the special address, taking as his text, "This day shall be unto you a memorial." He urged the students to remember how much this day should mean to them. He feared that too many had forgotten its significance. Those who had died left this generation the task of continuing the fight towards the attainment of a good Christian civilization. In conclusion he urged that as a Christian nation we should fight the good fight. Rev. Murdoch assisted in the service.

During the Remembrance Day service Rev. C. Daniel dedicated the Collegiate Cadet Corps colours.

The corps colours are green and red against a white back. In the upper right corner is the Union Jack, and the I.C.I. crest is in the upper left. In the centre is the crest of the Army Cadet Corps with the collegiate number 109 in gold. The crest of the Oxford Rifles is in the lower left.

High School Vote

Although the I.C.I. students couldn't actually vote for the new school they took an active part in bringing the need of a new building before the ratepayers. A campaign which consisted mostly of signs and placards begging, or pleading with the people to "Vote Yes" ended with a float in the Santa Claus Parade. Apparently our efforts were not persuasive enough because the majority voted "NO". We haven't given up hope yet.

Guidance Department

On Wednesday, March 8, 1950 a very successful "Occupations' Day" was held at the Collegiate. It was sponsored jointly by the Collegiate Institute Board of Ingersoll District, the Vocational Guidance Committee of the Ingersoll Kiwanis Club, and the Collegiate Guidance Department.

The large attendance of students which included classes from Thamesford C.S., Mount Elgin C.S., and Grade 8 classes from Victory Memorial School, Ingersoll, found the programme to be extremely interesting and informative. Twenty highly qualified speakers gave half-hour talks on their respective occupations, and time was allowed for discussions. It is hoped that a similar project will again be undertaken next year.

Education Week

Education Week for 1950 opened in Ingersoll with a special service attended by teachers and students of the I.C.I. at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church March 5.

The sermon by Rev. Murdoch was entitled "Train for the Christian Life." Rev. Murdoch pointed out how important it was for us to realize that it is what we do to-day that makes us what we are tomorrow.

The I.C.I. Girls' Glee Club under the direction of Mrs. Fulford was in charge of the music. During the service the choir sang two anthems "Vesper Hymn" by Bortniansky and "Come Unto Him" by Handel, and the vesper hymn "Now the Day is Over."

This was an excellent way of opening Education Week and we are grateful to Rev. Murdoch for his inspiring message.

March of Dimes

In the recent March of Dimes campaign against polio, staff and students of the I.C.I. contributed \$43.49 to the fund. The donations were given readily because the teachers and students recognized the cause as a worthy one.

Blue and White Review

On Friday, March 17, in the Parish Hall, the students and staff presented the Blue and White Review. It was the first time in a number of years that a programme of its kind had been attempted. The students, after weeks of work, played to a large audience of relatives and friends, who all agreed that the evening was most enjoyable.

The programme opened with an orchestral number and three songs, "Walking Song," "Bluebird on Your Window Sill", and the "Hop Scotch Polka", by the Glee Club. Six girls, dressed in true Scotch fashion and ably accompanied by Bruce Frazer, danced. An instrumental number by Harold Catling, Jim Miller, and Barry Walker followed.

Bill Jarrett, Jean McArthur, and Jim Waring in a comical skit entitled "The Golfers" set the audience laughing, but their laughter turned to astonishment at the feats of "The Mental Wizard", Harold Crellin, and his assistants, Ed Palanik, and Bill Montgomery. The I.C.I. chorus girls in their attractive costumes set a lively tempo with the "Cocoanut Dance". Following that was "Life Gets Teed-jus" by Lorne Groves. Four Grade 9 girls demonstrated the excellence of the I.C.I. gym classes by their extraordinary abilities in "The Awkward Squad", which was narrated by Leota Brady.

"Dear Old Donegal", "Where Has My Little Dog Gone", and "Chattanoogie Shoe Shine Boy", as presented by the "Singing Irishmen", were a highlight on the programme. The circus, with its diversified acts and versatile barker, Tom Douglas, was a riotous presentation. The dramatic feature of the evening was a play entitled "A Young Man's Fancy". The cast included Joy Burnett, Joyce Lange, Tom Douglas, Bill Montgomery, Tom Staples, and Charlotte Carr.

Musical numbers rounded out the show. They were, "Little Corporal" by the orchestra, square dances and songs by the Glee Club,—Czecho-Slovakian Dance Song", "The Donkey Serenade", "Night and Day", "On the Road to Mandalay", with a solo taken by Martin Brooks and "Pop Goes the Weasel". A finale including the entire cast completed the evening's entertainment.

The students would like to give special thanks to those teachers who directed the various groups: Mr. Wilson — the boys' chorus and orchestra; Mrs. Fulford—the Glee Club; Miss Carney—the play; Miss Sutherland—the dances; and Mr. Holmes—the circus. Joyce Lange, Grade 12A

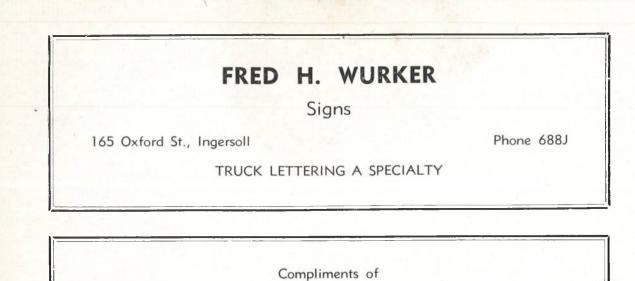
THE VOLT

Hail And Farewell

Last year we said a sad au revoir to Miss Kennedy and Mr. MacCausland, and this year we extend a warm welcome to Miss Shantz, Miss MacDonald, and Mr. Holmes. We wish Miss Kennedy every success in her new position at Essex High School. Also, our best wishes go with Mr. MacCausland who is taking post-graduate work at Toronto University. Miss Goodison bequeathed her position as Home Economics teacher to Miss MacDonald and chose to remain in our town as Mrs. J. W. Rowsom. Lucky Ingersoll and luckier Dr. Rowsom. Miss MacDonald has proved her ability to direct the Home Economics department and although her classes are not held in our school building, she has been keenly interested in all our activities. Miss Shantz has found a place in the school life here not only as a teacher but as a friend. Mr. Holmes has ably helped with the P.E. and extra-athletic activities. Miss MacTavish has supplied for Mr. Brogden in the mathematics department. The school is happy to have Mr. Brogden back with us after his long absence, and he, and all of us, are glad to have Miss MacTavish remain with us. To them all go our best wishes!

Public Speaking

Last fall every student in the school gave a speech during class period, and the winners from each form entered the semi-finals which were held in the school gymnasium. The winners of the semi-finals then spoke at the annual commencement early in November. Mac Hyde and Sheila Morrison emerged the victors, despite stiff competition. In February the senior contestants in the W.O.S.S.A. Public Speaking from Brantford Collegiate, Woodstock Collegiate and our own school met in Ingersoll while the junior contestants met in Woodstock. Tom Douglas and Sheila Morrison were our representatives in the senior group and John Sandick and Helen Heeney in the junior group. All did very well and we must congratulate them. Sheila lost the decision to the Brantford candidate. Tom Douglas won and then went to the finals held at the University of Western Ontario. Tom brought back to Ingersoll the championship in the senior competition of the W.O.S.S.A. Public Speaking. This is a great honour to I.C.I. and the climax of a successful career of public speaking for Tom. We are all proud of him. Con-



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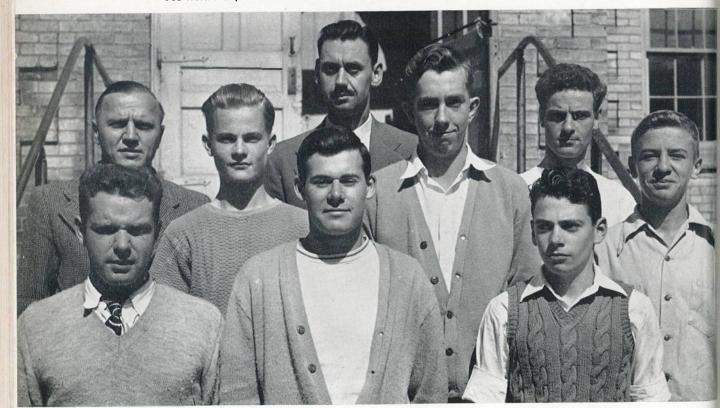
THE VOLT

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BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY FRONT ROW: Jim Pittock, Don Beno, Bruce Fraser, Jim Waring, Tom Staples, Bill Montgomery, Harold Catling, Harold Waterhouse. BACK ROW: Mr. Wilson, Ralph Beemer, Don Martin, Bill Jarrett, Bob Smith, Stuart Pole, Joe Kurtzman, Mr. Holmes.



BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY EXECUTIVE FRONT ROW: Joe Kurtzman, Tom Staples, Roger Smith. MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Herbert, Stuart Pole, Bill Jarrett, Bill Montgomery. BACK ROW: Mr. Wilson, Mr. Holmes. (Sentinel Review Photo) **BOYS' ATHLETICS**

Boys' Athletic Society Executive

Tom Staples President Honorary President - -Mr. Herbert Bill Jarrett Vice-President -Treasurer - - - -Mr. Holmes Assistant Treasurer - -Stuart Pole Press Reporter - - -Joe Kurtzman Assistant - -Bill Montgomery Press Photographer - - Harold Crellin Director of Athletics -Mr. Wilson

Form Representatives

Ably upholding the executive in their respective forms are the following: Grade 13-Jim Waring

Grade 12A-Bruce Fraser Grade 12C-Stuart Pole Grade 11A—Harold Catling Grade 11C—Jim Pittock Grade 10A-Don Beno Grade 10B-Norm Mitchell Grade 9A-Ralph Beemer Grade 9B—Bob Smith Grade 9C-Don Martin

President's Comments

Although many accounts of athletic activities have been given in the Volt, I should personally like to report that Boys' Athletics played a very important and successful part in the school's activities this year.

The Athletic Society was composed of a fine group of boys, and my only regret is that we all cannot be together next year. However, by the looks of our junior teams, they should bring much credit to the school next year. Co-operation on the part of students, teachers, and friends was excellent during our successful entries into W.O.S.S.A. track and field, rugby, hockey and basketball. Even though rugby was perhaps the most successful, no less recognition should be made of those boys who showed sportsmanship on the other teams.

Lastly, but not least, go our many thanks and sincere appreciation to our good sports and coaches, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Holmes, who sacrificed much of their time with us to help make the 1949-50 term our best sports year in many seasons.

Field Day

Although rain threatened all day, the I.C.I. had a very successful and keenly contested field meet on Tuesday, Sept. 27. The champions were: Senior, Bill Jarrett; Inter- back, everyone enjoyed the day.

THE VOLT

mediate, Harold Catling; Junior, Lorne Groves; Juvenile, Allan Warden. There was one record broken in the junior shot-put by Ralph Welt. All events were carried on smoothly under the supervision of Mr. Herbert, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Holmes while Mr. Clement's refreshment booth was one of the most popular spots throughout the day.

This year Grade 13 had the honour of hanging the Field Day Shield in their room for winning the most points in the events.

1949 T.I.N.D.A. Track Meet

On October 3rd 1949 five bus loads of students journeyed to Delhi to participate in the Tinda Track Meet. The best in their respective field meets from Tillsonburg, Ingersoll, Norwich, Delhi, and Aylmer were competing for the championship of the intercounty.

Tillsonburg, perennial winners, emerged victors, but what Ingersoll lacked in points they made up in fighting spirit. In the boys' section Lorne Groves won Ingersoll's only boys' group championship in copping the junior with 13 points. Honourable mention should go to the senior boys' relay team. In what turned out to be the feature race of the day Ingersoll's speedsters raced their way to victory over the rest of the field.

Here is a list of the boys that helped earn some points for Ingersoll and put them up with the best:

Juvenile: Ted Ackert earned 2 thirds and 2 fourths.

Junior: Keith Roberts copped a first and Lorne Groves won 2 firsts and a third. Harold Waterhouse notched a fourth and the junior relay team consisting of Lorne Groves, Ralph Beemer, Ralph Welt, and Edgar Ellis ran fourth.

Intermediate: Harold Catling received a third as did Ed Palanik. Bill Kerr and Tom Douglas each earned a fourth.

Senior: Bill Jarrett was the high man with a first, second, and fourth. Ronald Yake put the shot to win a second place and Tom Staples jumped the hop step to a third. Bud Garton and Allan Chamberlain raced to two fourth places. The relay team ran first consisting of Jarrett, Heeney, Garton, and Staples in the senior relay race.

W.O.S.S.A. Track and Field

The winners of the T.I.N.D.A. meet journeyed to London by bus on the first Saturday in October to compete with other secondary schools of Western Ontario. Although no championships were brought



FIELD DAY WINNERS Lorne Groves (Junior), Bill Jarrett (Senior), Harold Catling (Intermediate), (Photo Sentinel Review) Allan Warden (Juvenile).



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

FRONT ROW: Norman Mitchell, Allan Chamberlain, Jack Gibson, Harold Crellin, John Thompson, Orley Hamilton, Bill Kerr, Jim Pittock. MIDDLE ROW: James Grimes, Mr. Herbert, Bill Newell, Don Martin, Norman Mott, Harold Catling, Bruce Fraser, Mike Kirwin, Tom Douglas, Don Beno, Mr. Wilson. BACK ROW: Bob McFarlan, Babe Morello, Tom Staples, Bill Jarrett, John Walsh, John Hooper, Ralph Garton, Joe Kurtzman, Gareth Davis.

(Photo Sentinel Review)

The Senior Rugby Team

Three rousing cheers for the following: SNAP — Allan Chamberlain, John Hooper

INSIDES—Don Beno, Babe Morello, Ralph Beemer, Norm Mott.

MIDDLES-John Walsh, Don Martin, Harold Crellin, Bill Smith.

ENDS-Bob McFarlan, Harold Catling, Bill Newell, Jack Gibson, Mike Kirwin, Jim Pittock.

FLYING WING-Norm Mitchell, Orley Hamilton.

OUARTERBACK - Tom Staples, Tom Douglas.

BACKS-Bill Jarrett, Joe Kurtzman, Bud Garton, Gareth Davis, Bill Kerr, Bruce Fraser.

SIDELINED BY INJURY-Jim Waring, Bill Zurbrigg.

Victories, that is right! Undefeated! A new record for I.C.I. Six games played, six games won! Three of them shutouts! What a year!

This year Mr. Wilson coached the team through an unbeaten schedule. The team picked up a total of 98 points. As far as this reporter knows, that's an all time record. Bill Jarrett was the leading point getter for the gang with a total of 29 poins. Norm Mitchell, who carried two of Bill's passes over for majors and did some fancy running, was tied with Tom Staples, the master of the guarter sneak, with 20 points. Douglas and Garton picked up 10 points apiece, and Kurtzman, Catling and Hamilton rounded out the score with 5 points each.

The line players were brick walls to opposing teams. A few of the stalwarts were John Walsh, brilliant on defence, Don Beno, who stopped many plunges, Morello, Pittock and Martin, a rookie who showed up well against Tillsonburg.

Now a word about the games. The first game was against our own rivals, St. Marys. Tension was to the breaking point before the game, but needn't have been as the team whipped the Redmen 22-6. The second game at Delhi was the closest of the season and a last minute touchdown by captain Tom Staples saved the day. Joe Kurtzman must have got out of bed on the wrong side that day because he was sent off the field for misbehaving. Then Tillsonburg came to town. It was Initiation Day and the whole school turned out to watch the upset of the year. The winning touch was scored on a long Jarrett to Douglas forward. Our first

THE VOLT

meeting with Norwich was bad, for Norwich, as our boys went wild and trampled them 23-0. Joe turned in a brilliant performance on defence and plunging for long gains. Good old Baby Tank.

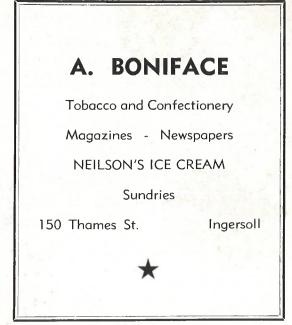
For the 5th game St. Marys came to town and put up a stiffer fight than last time, but when the dust cleared away the score read Ingersoll 8, St. Marys 0.

Our last game was played in Norwich who suffered another shut out to the tune of 15-0.

So ends the most brilliant, the most successful football year, to my knowledge, in the history of I.C.I. All the fellows really went in there and gave it all they could. I only wish I could tell how well each one of them played but that would take a whole Volt. Maybe we did not bring home the big cheese in the final, but there is always next year.

Junior Football

I.C.I. experienced a successful year in this department also. This year the play was wide open and chuck full of thrills. The annual Blue & White feud was an example as Tom Moore stretched his legs and ran 80 yards for a touchdown to lead the Blues to a 12 to 0 win. Then the teams amalgamated to play St. Marys and pulled the game out of the fire in the last 3 minutes with a long pass to Jim Longfield that netted a touch. Other stars in the game were Bob Rawlinson, Tom Moore and Roy Martinell. Then St.





SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

FRONT ROW: Mr. Wilson, Mike Kirwin, Jim Pittock, Martin Brooks, Stuart Pole, Ralph Beemer, John Thompson. BACK ROW: Joe Kurtzman, Ken Moore, Bill Jarrett, Ken Beno, Bob McFarlan, Bill Montgomery

ABSENT: Jim Smith, Bud Garton, Orley Hamilton.

Marys came to town for a return game. Led by passes from Moore to Longfield in which both boys netted touchdowns, Ingersoll won by 12 to 11 score.

This was the last game of the year and the boys played brilliantly. This is the lineup for the last game. Snap: Herbert; Insides: Sherman, Shier; Middles: T. Pittock, B. Pittock; Ends: Kirwin, J. Zurbrigg; Quarter: Turner; Flying wing: J. Longfield; Halves: Petrie, Moore, Martinell. Alternates: Stewart, Spratt, B. Smith, R. Waring, Wilson, R. White, Ackert and Thompson.

Senior Hockey Team

GOAL: Martin Brooks, Jim Smith.

DEFENCE: Joe Kurtzman, Bud Garton, Bob McFarlan, Jim Pittock.

CENTRES: Orley Hamilton, Bill Jarrett, Ralph Beemer.

FORWARDS: Ken Beno, Ken Moore, Bill Montgomery, Mike Kirwin, Stuart Pole.

Although eliminated from W.O.S.S.A. competition by our old rivals, Preston H.S., the lads enjoyed several good exhibition tilts with London Central and Woodstock Collegiate.

Intermediate Hockey

Any visitor to the I.C.I. in the past few weeks would have noticed several young men stalking about the halls with a revengeful gleam in their eyes. He need not have worried; these young men are not bloodthirsty cannibals but members of the I.C.I. intermediate hockey team. That gleaming eye indicates the determination of the player to redeem himself in the eyes of the student body, if given another chance.

This year the senior team could not accommodate all the young hopefuls who Here are the boys who chased the puck turned out for practice but many of the interon the I.C.I. senior hockey team this year: mediates will be on the senior line-up next year.





BOYS' INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY TEAM FRONT ROW: Mr. Wilson, Fred Galpin, Harold Waterhouse, Edgar Ellis, Charlie Shelton, Doug Flenniken.

BACK ROW: John Keenan, Bill Zurbrigg, Norman Mott, Jim Harris, James Somers, Tom Freure.

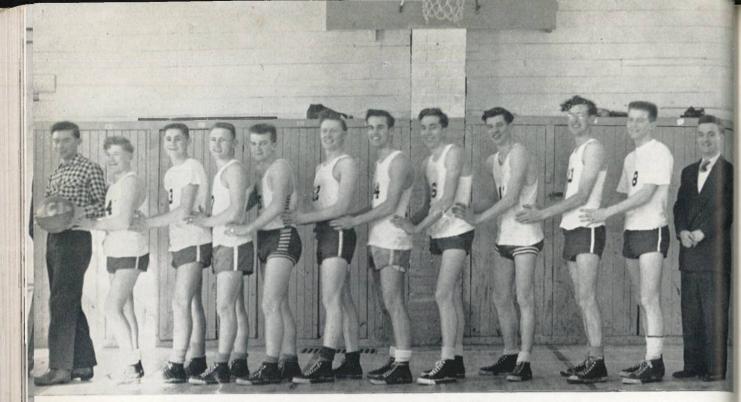


JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

FRONT ROW: Mr. Wilson, Moran Fraser, Edwin Baigent, John Sandick, Sam Somers, Donald Munroe, Lorne Groves, Rae Waring.

BACK ROW: Gerald Cole, John Thompson, John Zurbrigg, Ralph White, Edwin Spratt, Max Beemer, Bob Smith, Carl Langford, Roy Sharpe, Ralph Sharpe, Bob Simpson.

THE VOLT



BOYS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM Gareth Davis, Roy Martinell, Tom Moore, Bill Kerr, Don Beno, Tom Douglas, Harold Catling, Bill Jarrett, Jim Smith, Earl Baskette, Ken Beno, Mr. Holmes.



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAMS

FRONT ROW: Roy Martinell, Ralph White, Rae Waring, John Herbert, Ronald Shier, John Zurbrigg, Bob Wisson, Edwin Spratt.

MIDDLE ROW: John Thompson, Jim Longfield, Bob Smith, Jim Kirwin, Moran Fraser, Bill Pittock, Bill Turner, David Stewart.

BACK ROW: Bill Jarrett (coach), Doug Flenniken, Ted Ackert, Don Sherman, Tom Moore, John Petrie, Ted Pittock, Tom Staples (coach).

THE VOLT

Junior Hockey

This year because of the eagerness for hockey a third team was organized among the younger boys in Grade IX. Although no games could be arranged outside of the school, scrimmages were held among the boys to give them practice. Some of the hopefuls who turned out to practise were: Bob Simpson, Bob Smith, Rae Waring, Lorne Groves, Don Munroe, Sam Somers, John Sandick, Edwin Baigent, Moran Fraser, Roy Sharpe, Ralph Sharpe, Carl Langford, Max Beemer, John Zurbrigg, John Thompson, Red Coles.

We have hopes for a fine hockey team in the years to come and the junior boys will be the stars.

Basketball

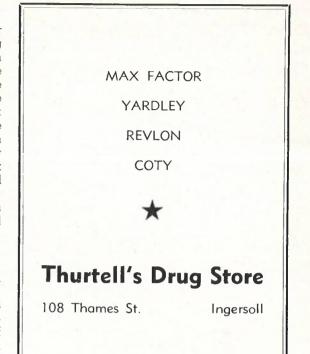
For the first time in four years Ingersoll C. I. entered in the senior W.O.S.S.A. "B" basketball grouping. Last year our juniors were defeated in the semi-finals after winning their group championship Because of a shortage of junior material it was decided to take a big step up and so to enter the senior division. Mr. Holmes, our new physical instructor, with an eve to the future, thought we could build up our senior team. With this in mind the team started to practise. There were some of last year's junior stars and a number of youngsters in the lower forms on this year's team. The picture looks brighter for next year. Before the schedule started an exhibition game was played with St. Marys in which we were defeated. The grouping called for home and home games with Paris, Waterford, Delhi and Brantford. In the games with Paris and Brantford, Ingersoll's valiant crew was defeated but not outplayed. Another exhibition game was played with Woodstock juniors in which the team finally copped their first victory. On account of transportation difficulties the rest of the scheduled games were not played. Team:

Forwards: Bill Jarrett, Tom Moore, Ken Beno, Roy Martinell, Jim Smith, Tom Douglas and Earl Baskette.

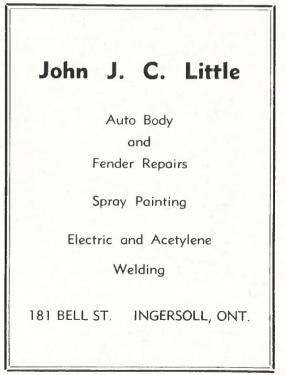
Guards: Bill Kerr, Harold Catling, Don Beno, Allan Chamberlain and Norm Mitchell. Jarrett and Catling were the team's cocaptains.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding." Proverbs 3:13

* * *



Tis education forms the common mind Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. Alexander Pope



COMPLIMENTS OF	
Fred A. Ackert	
Fred A. Ackert	

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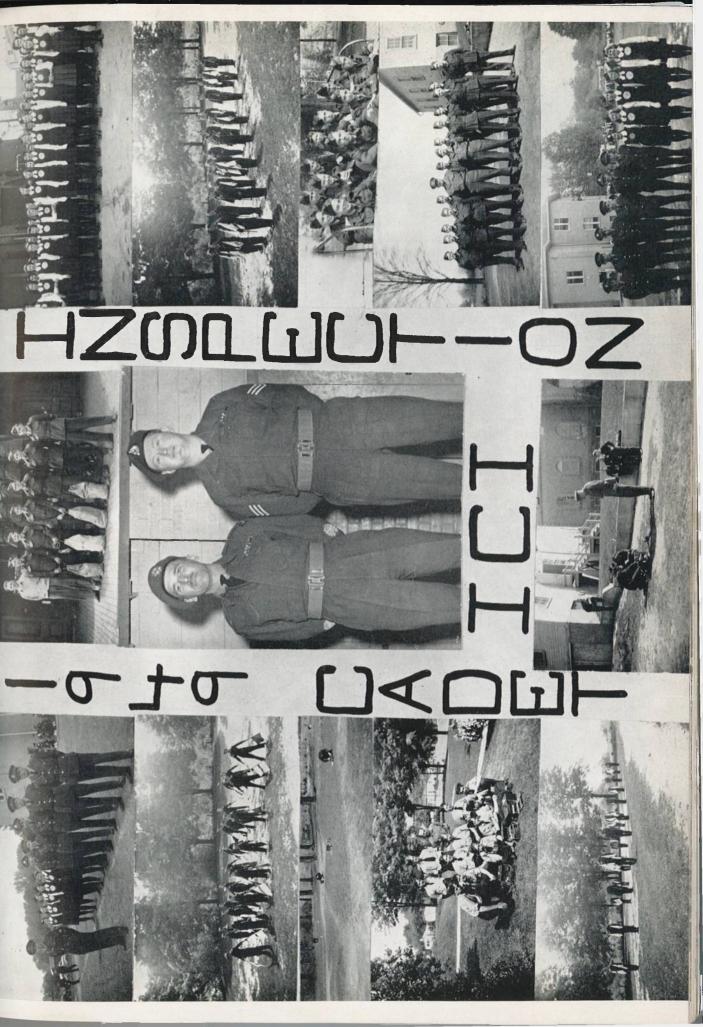
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CADETS

The Ingersoll Collegiate Cadet Corps is the best corps in Western Ontario. This statement may give the impression that we are boasting, and the truth is that we are boasting. Out of fifty-four schools our school and Kennedy Collegiate shared top spot. However, Kennedy Collegiate is not in our group, that school heading group No. 1 while our school headed the three other groups. Ingersoll was given a rating of ninety per cent. As a result of our efforts, we were awarded the Strathcona Shield which is emblematic of highest standing for schools of between 100 and 200 cadets. We think that we have good reason to be proud.

The inspection took place on the evening of May 13 under floodlights and was highlighted by the presence of the Ingersoll Pipe Band. From the march past, the advance in review order, to the displays in signalling, physical education exercises and precision drill, the show was excellent.

The battalion was under the command of Cadet-Major Jim Waring. "A" Coy was under the command of Cadet-Captain Tom Staples and "B" Coy was commanded by Cadet-Captain Helen Matthews. Platoon Commanders were: A Coy—Dick Flenniken, Bill Jarrett, Gordon Hinge, Morley Hammond. B Coy—Marge Clark, Barbara Fleming, Marjorie Martin, Sally Fleet.

Much credit for our great success should be given our cadet instructors. The boys' instructors were Major J. C. Herbert, Captain W. C. Wilson, Mr. V. W. MacCausland, Mr. J. G. Clement, Mr. C. Harris and Mr. H. Watson. Miss J. E. Sutherland instructed the girls.

The inspecting officers were Lt. Col. N. F. Wilkins, O.C., The Oxford Rifles; H. Ubelacker, Honorary Colonel, The Oxford Rifles; and Lt. D. C. Irwin, Assistant District Cadet Officer.

During the year our D.C.R.A. team placed in a high position among the secondary schools of the province. John Hooper took the honours as the best shot in the school.

Keen interest was also shown in Morse signalling and the signal squad under the leadership of Bill Montgomery, Ed. Palanik, John McDermott, Harold Crellin and Bruce Fraser are working hard this year to win the Moyer Cup.

Banff

Before we left on our 2000 mile journey we were subjected to eight days of drill and general "smartening up" to prepare us for our stay at Banff. Each province had a preparatory camp; for Ontario cadets the camp was at Ipperwash. On leaving Ipperwash we were transported directly to Toronto, and at midnight of the same day, we started on our trip across the continent. We stopped for short intervals to stretch our legs and buy souvenirs at Winnipeg, Regina, Moose Jaw, and Calgary.

Immediately upon our arrival we were divided into companies, platoons, and squads. Tent mates were designated and orders were posted. In choosing tent mates, the officers of the camp made sure that cliques were averted. For example: my tent mates were fellows from Three Rivers, Quebec; Abbotsford, B.C.; and Dundalk Ontario. There were cadets present from Halifax to Victoria and everyone was together and subjected to the same routine.

After we were organized into three companies, we were given our schedule of training for the next three weeks. The routine consisted of military training, tours, and a bivouac camp. Each company took turns at this schedule.

The military training consisted of more advanced work in first aid, wireless, practical engineering and range finding.

For those taking this part of the schedule, the morning opened with a smart ceremonial parade on a cinder parade square.

The week of tours took in visits to Lake Louise and Moraine Lake, a full day in Yoko National Park, a launch trip on Lake Minewanka, trail rides and a day's hike up the side of towering Mount Eisenhower.

The bivouac camp was situated ten thousand feet up the slopes of Cascade mountain. During that particular week we "roughed it", at the same time being instructed in woodcraft, tactics, field cooking, nature study, mountain climbing, fly fishing, wild life and forest conservation. A veteran warden of the National Park Services was assigned to the camp to supervise this training.

The camp was run on a strict military basis. There were sentries, guard mountings, parades and inspections. Everyone had plenty of fun and in general, the camp was a very fine reward for work done in cadet training.

Jim Waring, Grade 13

THE VOLT



SIGNALLERS FRONT ROW: Carl Langford, John McDermott, Ed Palanik, Sgt. Stillwell, Sgt. Guy, Bruce Fraser, Bill Montgomery, John Herbert. BACK ROW: Bob Simpson, Ken McCorquodale, Bob Smith, Bob Hutt, Keith Roberts, Roger Shelton, Don Sherman, Glenn Baxter, Rae Waring.



D.C.R.A. RIFLE TEAM FRONT ROW: Tom Douglas, Tom Staples, Jim Waring, Martin Brooks. BACK ROW: Gregg Harris, James Somers, Mac Hyde, Fred Galpin, Stuart Pole.

THE VOLT



GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Miss Sutherland, Shirley Connor, Hazel Wilson, Lorna Baigent, Frances Horley, Jean McArthur, Evelyn Parsons, Dorene Simpson, June Shapley, Edith Daniel, Evelyn Hill, Barbara Patience.

Jean McArthur

Pat Desmond

Doreen Embury

Miss Sutherland

Dorene Simpson

Lorna Baigent

Phyllis Harvey

Norah Clark,

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

the I.C.I. has had splendid success in its

various activities. The girls got off to a good

start at the beginning of the fall term by

holding a re-organization meeting, and have

been in full swing ever since. The follow-

ing students were elected for the year 1949-

-

Dorene Simpson, Joy Burnett,

10A—Edith Daniel

9A-Shirley Connor

9B-Shirley Shecter

- -

-

Helen Bisbee.

Form Representatives

12A-Evelyn Parsons 10B-Evelyn Hill

11C—Betty Rawlinson 9C—Pat Johnson

Vice-President - - -

Treasurer - - -

Assistant Treasurer -

Once again the Girls' Athletic Society of

Girls' Field Day

A great event of the sports' season this year was the annual track and field meet at Victoria Park early in September. Although the weather man was threatening rain throughout the day, the girls under the supervision of Miss Sutherland, did not lose their enthusiasm. Because of the great number of contestants in the various events we feel that the winners well deserve our congratulations:

Senior—Dorothy Alderson Intermediate-Evelyn Parsons Junior-Sally McKinley Juvenile-Vera Johnson Nice work, kids! We should also like

to mention that Grade 13 won the inter-form shield although there are only fourteen pupils in the class. Not bad, eh!

Junior Badminton

Measles burst forth this year, and so did the students to the Junior Badminton Club. A record crowd turned out to Wednesday afternoon practices, with 25 to 30 beginners in attendance. Badminton seems to have been a girls' sport this winter since only one boy turned out for the games.

THE VOLT

Good luck, Johnny, in future games. The championship playoffs took place after the Christmas holidays with six teams competing. The winning team, however, was Madeline Statham and Jerry Borthwick. These two girls won by a 15-6 victory over their rivals, Charlotte Carr and Edith Daniel,

in a sudden death game. The winners of the consolation game were Helen Heeney and Mary Hill.

Despite the friendly rivalry we have had and the difficulty in getting the gym for the games, we feel that the Junior Badminton Club has had much good exercise this past winter and gained valuable experience that will improve the game for next year.

Initiation

One of the highlights of this fall was the initiation. The seniors were really amused to see the first formers trudging through the halls in pyjamas, pigtails, blouses backwards, and lamp-shade hats (could be a new style for 1950). But the best of all was the gala initiation party which was held that evening in honour of the "freshies". After they endured a short period of torture at the hands of the seniors there were games, dancing, refreshments, and prizes for the best costumes.

Inter-School Track Meet

The "Tinda" track and field meet held at Delhi this term was well represented by the ambitious Ingersoll girls. Despite the threats of the weather man our girls had a very successful day and received their share of the much-prized ribbons. We should like to extend our appreciation to Vera Johnson

CHEER LEADERS Norah Clark, Helen Bisbee, Dorene Simpson, Joy Burnett



team

64

50:

President

Secretary

Press Reporter

Volt Reporter

Cheer Leaders

13-Frances Horley

12C-Lilian Brewer

11A-Marj. Baigent

who brought honour to our school by winning the Juvenile Girls' Championship.

W.O.S.S.A. Track Meet

We must not forget to mention that the girls who came in first or second in the Tinda meet events went to London later in the fall to compete in the Western Ontario Track Meet. It gives us pleasure to congratulate these girls: Vera Johnson, Penny McCurdy, Shirley Mott, Mary Hill, Evelyn Parsons, Sally Fleet, Marge Clark, and Dorothy Alderson. Dorothy Alderson and Vera Johnson were participants in the semi-finals. although there were no final winners in the girls' events.

Basketball Noon-Hour League

Although the girls of the noon-hour league have no gym teacher or book of rules to guide them, they derive great enjoyment from the series and show keen enthusiasm in it. Our capable manager, Jean Hollingshead, has organized four teams with the team captains: Marion Hutchison, Joyce Muterer, Shirley Munroe and Phyllis Harvey. Joyce Muterer's team came first in the noonhour group. With recruits from the other teams, Joyce's girls played a good game, although a losing one, with the I.C.I. senior





SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM FRONT ROW: Ruth Clark, Norah Clark, Donna Simpson, Marge Clark, Sally Fleet, Helen Bisbee, Jeraldeen Borthwick. BACK ROW: Miss Sutherland, Hazel Wilson, Shirley Pittock, Shirley Mott, Yvonne Holmes, Betty Jones.

5

Girls' Basketball

The I.C.I. girls' senior basketball team had a tough season this year but the stiff competition gave the players experience if not points. Home and exhibition games, senior and junior, were played with Aylmer H.S., Norwich H.S., Tillsonburg H.S., and Woodstock Collegiate. Hopes are brighter for the future, however. Here is the senior line-up for 1949-50:

- 1. Marge Clark (Capt.), Guard-Our new playing-coach. An always steady player with perfect control of the ball. Her action is lovely to watch.
- 2. Sally Fleet "Sal", Forward-Best game this year was a home game vs. Woodstock when she scored nine points. She has a good long shot (when it connects).
- 3. Donna Simpson, Forward-Second year on team, a hard worker. She has assisted with many baskets.
- 4. Jerry Borthwick "Ozark"-First year as senior forward. A small, fast-moving

player. Best game was in Woodstock when she scored six points.

- Betty Jones "Beef", Guard-Fast and furious player. First year on senior team. Always gets her man or ball.
- Shirley Pittock "Charlie", Guard-First year on team. An enthusiastic player.
- Yvonne Holmes "Bonny Babie", Guard -Your basketball reporter.
- Norah Clark, Guard-Second year on team. Especially good at tricky passes.
- Helen Bisbee "Biz"-Second year on team as forward. Biz can be relied on for a game of steady playing.
- Shirley Mott, Forward—First year on 10. team. Starred in most of the games. Her best was in Norwich where she scored 14 points. She also scored 14 points in the last game with Aylmer. 11. Ruth Clark, Guard-Her best defense was in Tillsonburg where she played nearly the whole game. A good, clean player.
- Hazel Wilson, Forward—Her best game 12. was in Tillsonburg.

THE VOLT

Hi-Liahts of the Season (Senior)

- Shirley Mott scored sixty-four points throughout the year.
- Sally Fleet scored the second highest number of points-42.

Best Senior Game of the Year Aylmer vs. Ingersoll

The last game of the year was definitely the best. It was apparent from the very first of the game that each member of the team had made up her mind to give the game her all. The last half of the game, especially, was packed with action. The guards did their best to pass the ball up to their forwards. The forwards did their best to make every shot count. The score at three-quarter time was 23-18 for Aylmer. The final score was 29-23 for Aylmer.

The line-up for the game was as follows: FORWARDS: Helen Bisbee, Jerry Borthwick (2), Sally Fleet (4), Shirley Mott (15), Donna Simpson (1), Hazel Wilson (2).

GUARDS: Marge Clark, Ruth Clark, Yvonne Holmes, Betty Jones, Shirley Pittock. Many thanks go to Miss Sutherland, our

manager, who did a fine job of arranging the games and taking care of the teams. Thanks also go to the students and

parents who provided transportation for the teams.

We thank too, the girls who took charge of the oranges and the door.

Last but not least we thank the lunch committee, convened by Pearl Wilson and supervised by Miss MacDonald, who certainly know how to feed the hungry players. 11. Penny McCurdy-forward who played

GIRLS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM FRONT ROW: Joan Dodd, Lorraine Bowman, Marilyn Moffatt, Shirley Mitchell, Grace Turnbull. BACK ROW: Marge Clark (coach), Shirley Munroe, Pamela Catling, Sallie McKinley, Jeanne Dodd, Madeline Currie, Miss Sutherland.



3. 4

5. Lorraine Bowman-a very clean-playing guard. 6. Pam Catling-Pam is a guard, or for-

it in.

Joan Dodd—a guard who, though a very valuable member of the team, left us before the season was over. Often she switched over to forward with her sister. 8. Jean Dodd-a forward who starred in nearly every game of the season.

9

10. Shirley Munroe-both forwards, very steady, reliable players who work well together.

Our Junior Team

Our only wins this year were by the juniors in both their games with Norwich, and Woodstock. In the line-up below we have some very promising prospects for next year's senior team.

1. Marilyn Moffatt (captain)—a forward who plays a good clean game.

Shirley Mitchell-a forward who is a steady player and a good shot.

Grace Turnbull-a guard who plays a very close defense game. She sticks right to her check.

Sallie McKinley-a guard who plays an excellent game. Unless we're mistaken she'll make W.O.S.S.A. material in the future.

ward or anything else you might want. When she is a guard she seldom lets the ball go into the basket. When she's playing forward she nearly always puts

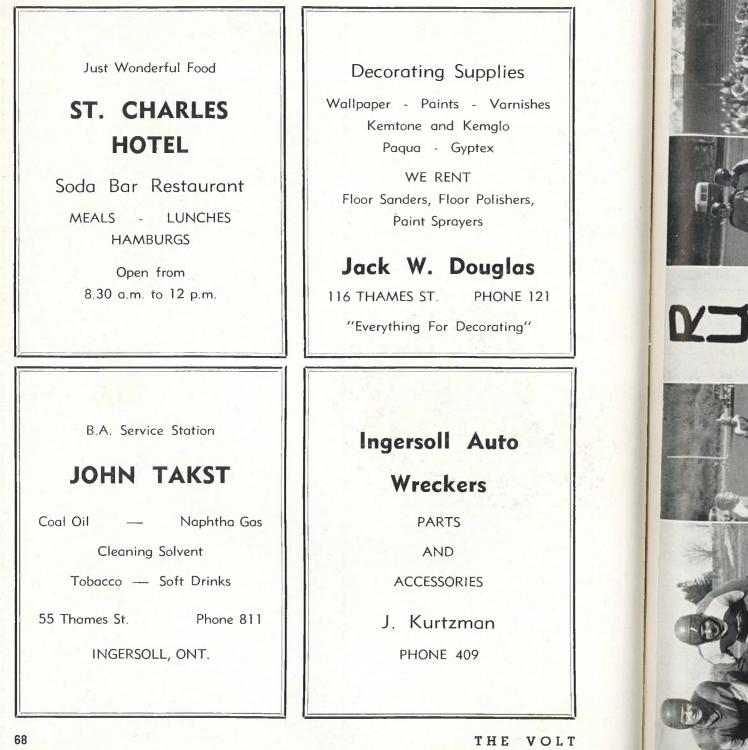
Madeline Currie and

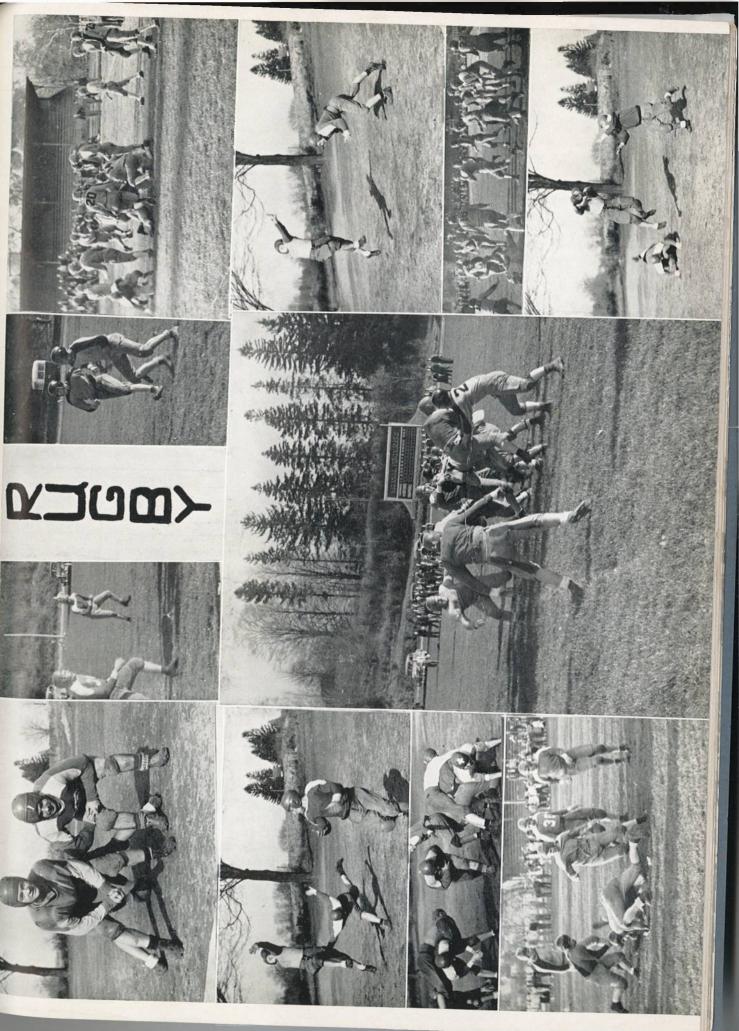
only in first and last games because of a rib injury.

High scorer of the year was Jean Dodd with ninety-seven points. The second game with Woodstock proved the most exciting game, with Ingersoll winning by one basket.

The game was tied in the last period with only seconds to go. Jean Dodd saved the day for Ingersoll by scoring the winning basket.

Watch for action from this line-up next year!





Form News

9A

9A has contributed two very efficient players to the junior basketball team, lean Dodd and Pam Catling. These girls deserve plenty of credit. While we are on sports we must not forget to congratulate Ralph Beemer and Eddie Ellis for playing hockey so well on our school team. Ralph also starred on the rugby field.

Thirteen girls from 9A take part in the Glee Club. Velma Birtch, Helen Allison, Mary Collins and Barbara Bradfield are our pianists and Kay Rodwell plays the tenor horn.

We would like to congratulate Edwin Baigent on writing a winning essay for the post office contest.

A is for Alice, who giggles all day, B is for Barbara's, and Betty so gay. C is for Catling's ,our sisters coy, D is for Dorothy, Doris, Doug, our boy. E is for Eddie, two also of these, F is for Frances, stop singing please! G is for Gerald's and Grace's, we've two, H is for Helen, our dancer it's true. I is for Irene, will I ever get through, J is for Jean's and both John's too. K is for Kathleen and Kenneth, don't tease, L is Lloyd, Leota, Louise. M is for Mary's and one Mike that's all N is for Norma Barnes so tall. P is for Peter, throw out your gum, S is for Shirley, Sandra, Shirlene V is for Velma, never shy she's seen. W is for Watson, who comes at the last, And now, good-bye, this completes the cast.

9R

Although our form has a lowly position in the basement we cheerfully admit we are "tops" in every other way.

Mr. Holmes never has to speak to any of us; we are always at our desks at the ten-minute bell; we never throw chalk or chew gum; never talk out loud, and all the teachers love us.

Now shall we be truthful for a minute? Our form had the juvenile boys' champion at Field day, and our juvenile boys' relay team showed their heels to all other entries.

Several boys were members of the

70

junior rugby team, and Bill Smith made the senior team. Others were members of the junior hockey team.

Would you care to meet the students of 9B?

BOYS

Bob Smith—Our 18 word-a-minute man. Harold Rennie—Lay that 16 gauge down, Son!

Lloyd Pellow-He is the boy with the Studebaker.

Dave Stewart-Not too talkative lately.

Bob Wisson—Always talking to Elliott. Bud Warden-Juvenile boys' champion.

Keith Roberts-6'3" and still growing.

Ralph White-Dead-eye Dick.

Bill Smith-225 pounds of sunshine.

Rae Waring-What's up, Doc?

Lonny Elliott-Checker Fiend.

Sam Somers-The Apple King.

Ted Spratt—Ambition—To play for Centreville.

Archie Steele-The butcher.

Bob Simpson—Wants a pair of long legs.

Bill Stirling-A whiz at algebra.

Bill Pittock—"Measles"

GIRLS

Joyce Tunney-Measles

Betty Whitwell-Muscles

Catherine Winterhalt—I can dream, can't I?

June Shapley—Sophisticated Lady

Barbara Hollingshead—Dreamer

Evelyn MacDonald—"Old Macdonald had a farm"

Margaret Shelton-Quicksilver

Edith Pole—Frenchy

Shirley Sherman-Stop looking at the boys! Anne Henderson—The Bubble-gum Queen

Grace Larder—Joker

Marilyn Mitchell-"The Farmer's Daughter"

9C

Our class started in September with twenty pupils. Until December our form had the highest attendance in the school. We were very proud of our record.

In January, Patty Johnson was stricken with an attack of appendicitis and had to be taken to the hospital. The epidemic of measles which swept Ingersoll this winter really affected our class. Some days only ten or eleven students appeared on their stools.

In February, Jerry Escola entered our school from Woodstock, increasing the total number of students in our class to twentyone.

The representatives of the different organizations are: Literary-Joyce Meckbach and Linn Johnstone; Athletic Societies—girls' —Patty Johnson, boys'—Don Martin.

Patsy Mahoney is at home recovering from a broken ankle. Get well soon, Patsyl

Since our "Home Room" is the Lab, we are having the privilege of helping and watching Mr. Clement hatch some baby chicks. "Home Room," of course, is a hollow term in 9C, for we have the privilege of occupying I.C.I.'s only lab, and we are continually moving out in favour of other science classes.

10A

Lights! Camera! Action!

As we begin our latest news film we see that 10A of 1950 is in the headlines, celebrating 50 years of freedom from the I.C.I. Here they are climbing into Smith's ultra modern supersonic rocket, to spin into space beyond. Because of a television set in this rocket the audience will be able to see some of their old schoolmates, their occupations and their good looks.

In the distance you will be able to see Mars, but until we are closer to it, we will turn on our television set and get a variety show from Mars. Well, look what's here, if it isn't our little dance trio of Charlotte Carr, Mary Nadalin and Edith Daniel, and look what is posted on the billboard, Doreen Neave's new film "Speak Up", co-starring Jeanne Somers.

Now we are on Mars, and as we step out of the rocket, we find much interest created in Kirwin's Pool Parlour, with his assistants, Moore, and Beno. Look at the wall! It looks as though Ackert had something to do with this. On the other side of this is a high school, and I do believe, yes it is, John Herbert being superannuated from his office as principal. Next to this is Scott Martin's Organ Factory, where Scott makes them and Earl Clark wears them out. LOOK OUT Here comes the Flyer and look who are the engineers, Shier and Petrie! Oh . . . I'm sorry, it is a woman driver, our former teacher, Mrs. Fulford, and Shier and Petrie are still getting detentions. My! Smell that pleasant aroma. Zurbrigg is making pies in the caboose. Well, look across the tracks. There's Barry Walker with his fingers crossed hoping he has one more victim, and behind him I see Jack McNiven to make sure the victim's car is insured.

And so we leave our friends at Mars and start for our journey back to earth where a reception is being held in their honour by

THE VOLT

teacher Spencer-got below 90 11A THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

Have you ever felt an urge to find out what was going on behind a closed door? Well, there was a door marked 11A at the old I.C.I. in the year 1950 that we simply couldn't resist. One morning on Friday 13th, just before nine, we peeked through the keyhole and here is the gay panorama that met our eyes.

tario.

CRAFT-The girls especially are doing SHOOTING-The boys have activities

fine work in shell craft, making pictures and ornaments. In leather work the boys make watch bands, belts, wallets, and key chains. on the rifle range, and some of them fire good scores.

PUBLIC SPEAKING-We held a competition in public speaking and heard many fine speeches on interesting topics, but we picked as the best one "Man of Judgment" by John Sandick. John gave this speech and was successful in entering the semi-finals in Woodstock.

We, the students of 10B, are proud of having so many fine educational activities.

Piper--really became a "Count" Moon-stopped chewing gum Hill—was late Dougall-understood Mitchell Hamilton --were here!!! Garton Nunn-ever did her "own" homework

Lapier—could do math. Williamson-didn't always have something to say about GIRLS! Shelton-ever looked at a girl Millson-stopped laughing

S. Mitchell-couldn't play basketball Knott—forgot her manners Ofield-ever missed Home Economics Beemer—left the girls alone Goldstein-got along with our spelling

two professors, Prof. R. B. Hutt and Prof. J. R. Shelton at the University of Western On-

ĪŌB

In 10B there are a number of activities being carried on such as shell craft, leather work, public speaking, and shooting.

What Would Happen if

As usual, Latin class started off the bright sunny morn and at first crack we saw Harold Catling, our intermediate field day champ, stumbling over Latin infinitives at the blackboard. Shirley Munroe and Madeline Currie, both junior basketball players, were passing vocabulary while Lorne Groves and Fred Galpin tapped out case endings in the morse code which they had studied so hard.

Then followed another language — French. In the interval Wray Robinson suddenly appeared and coolly took his seat in the class. Miss Shantz struggled with all her persuasive power to coax from Bill Moore "les trois repas de la jour." Tom Freure, an intermediate hockey player, was continually "icing" his tenses and verb endings.

History came next and everybody seemed to flash answers at Miss Carney's questions. However, Jean Griffin was furiously and hurriedly leafing pages in her algebra book trying to find the members of the Second Triumvirate. Later Mike Kirwin was involved in a sad exposition on what happened to his homework; at least the result was sad for Mike. Fred Waring had the usual alibi of the disappearing text book.

As time moved on Mrs. Fulford sailed into the room for our one and only English period. After about 15 minutes of discussion she casually remarked to Ken Beno (engaged in private business at the time) that "Disraeli" (the book) had grown considerably and changed its colour as well. How right she was for he was trying to write his physics notes.

Norah Clark, a senior basketball player, was anxiously inquiring about the points she had scored in her previously written essay. In the midst of the argument the bell went to put the finishing touch to the English lesson.

French class rolled around again. This was authors period, the hardest of all, and Madeline Statham was trying to get Donna Simpson's homework to put on the board. Donna, however, another player of basketball, knew just what to do when she was "overguarded." Now in the same corner of the room Shirley Pittock was hooked to string off the principal parts of vouloir and, "Ding" -saved by the bell! This particular morning happened to have a sixth period and thus it brought all our minds down to solid algebra-or did it?

Now we find Marie McDermott, the tongue-twister of the form, eagerly waiting to display her skill for Miss MacTavish. No homework done! Everything from "no hydro" down to "no time" is heard! By twelve o'clock Norah Clark, who left the room for

a drink, had lost her boots and socks. Up and down the aisles she chased after her belongings. She finished her search out on the fire escape with one boot, and, on top of the cupboard, were her socks and the other boot. Three little heads were busy figuring out the expense fees for girls' athletics. These were the representative Marjorie Baigent, and Jacqueline Sinclair and Margaret Zurbrigg, two of the badminton players.

The afternoon was the first whole afternoon devoted to an activity period and we find all of the cell-mates, or rather room mates, spread out in all directions at one time.

On the more serious side, 11A is proud of its form and its form teacher. Most of us are members, active or inactive, of one school organization or another. We have seven members in our room players on the girls' basketball teams. Some belong to the Badminton club. Several girls have taken the special first-aid course. On the Volt and Literary Society staff are Alice Upfold, Jacqueline Sinclair and Yvonne Holmes. Vonnie also is getting experience as reporter of school activities and functions. We look with pride to our two field day champs, intermediate and junior, Lorne Groves and Harold Catling. We have players on all three hockey teams and on the senior rugby team. Two members of 11A belong to the D.C.R.A. team. Several girls and boys take part in a newly formed group, the Inter-School Christian Fellowship. This, we feel, is an excellent showing for an average room. The good old days in dear 11A will live ever fresh in our memory.

LADDER OF SUCCESS

100 %	I did
90%	I will
80 %	I can
70%	I think I can
60 %	I might
50 %	I think I might
40 %	I could
30 %	I wish I could
20%	I don't know how
10%	I can't

Just at DON one fine SOMERS day a man WARING the SHARPE dress of a cowboy, mounted on a horse badly in need of a CURRIEing came GALPIN through the GROVES leading into the town of McDERMOTT. The noise of its hoofs made many BENOvolent WURKERS run from their jobs and many women run from their

HOLMES. Everyone wondered what had HARRIS'd the horse so.

In the man's hand were many BILLS. It did not DONNApon them what they were. He gave them to four young girls JERRY, MARG., MARJ., and MADELINE to distribute. They were so delighted that they shouted HoWRAY! The BILLS announced the coming rodeo starring HAROLD, MICHAEL, and CLARK who play TOM-TOMS for the radio.

ALICE (Alas) they should SHIRLEY have known it was JAC KIE of the JAC KIE and JEAN NIE Rodeo.

11C Highlights

Three cheers for 11C, the future business men and women of our modern world.

We are situated in the typing room and we have been very fortunate in acquiring new desks and typewriters.

Seven pupils have left our flock this year. They are: Betty Rawlinson who has taken an office position in Ottawa; William McKay working at home; Allan Chamberlain at the Ingersoll Tribune learning the arts of printing; Shirley Brown who has taken a position in the Royal Bank in Thamesford; Donald Carter at Morrow's office; Jack Gibson who has left our fair town of Ingersoll; and Peggy Quinn who is a pretty waitress at the Diana Tea Room.

We had the pleasure of having Miss Ruth Treen with us, a speed typist from the Underwood Typewriting Company, who pointed out the do's and dont's for a good typist.

With the help of this visitor and others, and the able teaching of Miss Barber, our class will be capable of doing their bit in the world when we finally graduate. How about it kids!

12A

dents in scholastic work, extra-curricular ac-

dents share all the honours we find that

nearly everyone has participated in one or

more activity for which recognition should be

in the lives of many of our members during

the year. Sheila Morrison carried off the

silver trophy, emblematic of girls' oratorical

supremacy on Commencement Night. Run-

ning a close second to Sheila was Dorothy

Unlike many classes where a few stu-

Public speaking has held the limelight

tivities and community projects.

as a druggist. We can justifiably point with pride to the achievements of a number of 12A stu-

nalist, and athlete.

THE VOLT

given.

Alderson.

In the boys' contest Bill Montgomery's discourse brought rounds of laughter from the audience. Tom Douglas, that likeable red-head who has a perennial love for speaking, is once again striving for the W.O.S.S.A. senior boys' title.

Much of the credit for the rugby team's enviable record can be claimed by our form. Mr. Football himself, Joe Kurtzman, proved himself a worthy hero on many occasions by his sensational plunging efforts. Calling plays was the task of Tom Douglas. Others who were always in there fighting include Bob McFarlan (Western Mustang Star??), Babe Morello, Bruce Fraser, Harold Crellin and John Hooper. Our own Jim Grimes was team trainer. Among the cheerleaders at the games could be found Joy Burnett and

petite Dorene Simpson. Thamesford's loss was our gain in the person of Dorothy Alderson who walked off with the girls' senior championship at the annual field day. Evelyn Parsons was best in the intermediate group.

Political competition invaded our classroom as Tom Douglas and Jim Grimes carried on intensive campaigns while seeking the office of Literary Society President. Tom Douglas emerged victorious from a field of four candidates.

Focussing attention on musical activities we find considerable talent in our midst. Dorene Simpson and Ruth Clark have displayed their skill at the keyboard on many occasions. Incidentally, Dorene is school pianist. In the school orchestra we find such familiar faces as Len Fiddy, Ed Palanik and Bob McFarlan. The school's piper is none other than Bruce Fraser.

Harold Crellin should make quite a name for himself as a photographer, if not

Last, but far from least, let us take a glimpse at our most proficient and hardest working students from an educational point of view. We all envy the accomplishments of Joyce Lange, Embro's gift to the I.C.I. Although the youngest member of our class, Joyce has many extraordinary qualities. As well as being a top-notch scholar, she possesses outstanding talent as actress, jour-

The Thamesford trio, Dorothy Alderson, Doris Woods, and Joan MacKay have proved that a change in school does not keep them down. Sheila Morrison is recognized as an authority on Latin matters. Others of our more industrious students include Jim



GRADE XIIC (COMMERCIAL) FRONT ROW: Jean McArthur, Dorothy Callander, Sally Fleet, Miss Baker, Agnes Smith, Gloria Bigham.

BACK ROW: John Johnston, Dawn Martin, Patricia Desmond, Pearl Wilson, Hazel Wilson, Margaret Blair, Martin Brooks.

son.

This peek at the records indicates that here are being moulded young Canadians who will be leaders to-morrow in sports, business, and society.

These above-mentioned students are ably supported in sports and academic work by Jim Chisholm, Barbara Elliott, Sally Fleet, Jean Hammond, Margaret Hanley, Gregg Harris, Arlene Harvey, Jean Hollingshead, Marjorie Martin, Jean Munroe, Joyce Muterer, Irene Ruddick, Jim Shearon, Diana Sinclair, Shirley Telfer, and Joyce Turner.

12C

Our form is situated directly and dangerously under the Rifle Range. We are the senior commercial students who hope to be graduates in the world of business at the end of the term. We will then get a chance to put into practice some of the theories we have been learning and, more important still, earn MONEY.

Through our school year we have been busy taking part in various events. While we can't boast of the number of ribbons we out considerably in singing for special oc-

Grimes, Joe Kurtzman, and Marion Hutchi- won on Field Day we can say that we kept an accurate record of those who did win ribbons. Doreen Embury, Margaret Blair, and John Johnston kept the records straight so that credit went where credit was due.

Jean McArthur was elected President and Doreen Embury was elected Secretary of the Girls' Athletic Society. Our form is pleased to have Hazel Wilson represent us so capably on the senior basketball team.

12C's male population is low but Martin Brooks and Stue Pole play on the senior hockey team and Gareth Davis was on the senior rugby team. All three are showing their ability on the rifle range. Our other gentleman, John Johnston, is more interested in things literary, and is a member of the Literary Society and Volt staff.

Lilian Brewer was one of the first students to leave us this year and is working in Thamesford. Doreen Embury has also departed to take a position at Stones Ltd.

Gloria Bigham is one who has shown her skill in typing this year and we are proud to report that she has typed 90 words per minute. Dawn Martin has helped us

casions. She gave us a solo for the morning devotions and has taken a prominent part musically in the Commencement and the Blue and White Review.

We have had the pleasure of having Agnes Smith, Shirley Mitchell, and Christine McKay come to us from the Thamesford school.

Pearl Wilson is showing her cooking skill at Home Economics.

This is the senior commercial class for 1949-1950.

Grade 13

Terrible Terrance is so smart He knows corny jokes by heart. Not to study but to play Is his slogan through the day. Deeply dreaming sits our Mac, Of ambition he has lack. On all science books he beams But is it of them he dreams??? Here is Bill, our class's clown Never on his face a frown. 'Tis in basketball he shines, A rugby hero in the lines. John Walsh is the jazzy type With his moustache and his pipe. Nurses will go for Dr. John When he's got his white gown on. Phyllis has blond hair galore, Not the kind bought in a store. When nursing is her lot More than measles will be caught. Marty barges through the door, Head near ceiling, feet on floor. The way he drives his splashy cars Might put him behind the bars. Joan's an unlucky lass Often caught in Chemistry class. Joanie wants to aid mankind By caring for the sick and blind. This is John, known as the brain For him to think is no great strain. In years to come he'll teach all Math Following in Mr. Brogden's path. In the front seat sits Jim Waring. Everyone knows he's not caring Whether he makes marks or not, For studying's not his hard lot. Marge Clark with her laugh Nearly drives the teachers daff, Since she's a forward it would seem We should have a darn good team. Of rugby team he is the cap, This Tom's sure an all-round chap. Good in books and a good sport, Heading for university of some sort. Here's Doris so calm, so sweet,

THE VOLT

they plan to do.

Phyllis Harvey-Another one of our Doris Longfield-One of our new stu-

clever students (she takes Latin) is also planning to enter the Woodstock Hospital and become a nurse. Phyllis is one of the best basketball players of the noon-hour league. dents from the Thamesford Continuation School, Doris is planning to go to London Normal School. If marks are any indication, she should be an excellent teacher. Lorna Baigent-Our Volt editor, and

sentative.

John McDermott-John is a mathematician, scientist and poet. He plans to go to St. Michael's College to take Mathematics. Mac Hyde—Mac is noted for his arguing about anything or anybody. He is entering the Math. and Science course at U.W.O. this fall. He also brings his lunch now!!

Terrance Heeney—Terry (Smily) always has a smile for everybody (even in Latin Class). Terry is expecting to go to McMaster University where he will take English and Philosophy.

Lucky the children she will teach,

The pleasantest girl one can meet,

We'll be sorry when she's out of reach. Frances Horley's on the beam

Writing poetry is her theme.

She plans to teach each needful child Up within the untamed wild.

Here is Lorna, hair on fire,

Of her clowning we don't tire.

When she's teaching school all day Will the children work or play???

Squeezed into a broom closet behind the office are fourteen students who will graduate from the I.C.I. this year. Here is what

Joan Loosmore—Joanie is working like a slave in order to enter the Woodstock Training School for Nurses this fall. We know she will make it. Joan is also very active in all school activities.

secretary of the Literary Society, she is planning to go north to teach school. Lorna also writes novels in her spare time.

Frances Horley-Frances excels in writing poetry and essays. She plans to accompany Lorna to northern Ontario to teach. Frances is the Girls' Athletic Society repre-

Thomas Staples—Tom works hard at everything he does and gets results too! Tom is president of the Boys' Athletic Society and Captain of the senior rugby team. He is planning to go to U.W.O.

William Jarrett—Bill is Grade 13's funny boy. He was star of the rugby team, caphockey team. He does all right in academic work too. Bill is going to U. of T.

James Waring — Jim plans to go to Waterloo College to take Bacteriology. Jim is another one of our funny boys. He excels in French!!

James Williams-Marty is planning to go to St. Peter's Seminary to take General Arts. Jim is our Literary Society representative and is on the Volt staff.

Margery Clark-Marge is captain of the senior basketball and coach of the highflying juniors. She is our literary representative, and reporter on the Volt staff. She plans to go to Toronto to take physiotherapy next year.

John Walsh-John, noted for his moustache and bright shirts, is going to be a doctor. John has played middle on the rugby team for 3 years.



The exchange committee of the "Volt" wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the many magazines from other schools. The students of Ingersoll C.I. have enjoyed them all. Perhaps special attention has been given to the magazines from foreign countries. We have the "Log" from the Hobart High School in Tasmania, the "Owl" from Belfast Royal Academy, Belfast, Ireland, and a copy of the High School magazine from Aliwold, South Africa. The students have been particularly interested in these because they have come to us from such a distance. We feel it would be too big a task to mention all the sections of special merit in these magazines but they have been a source of interest and inspiration to us especially at the time when we were preparing our own magazine.

Postal Essay Contest

Mr. G. E. Sackville, public relations officer of the post office department in London, visited the I.C.I. in the fall term. He showed pictures and gave an address to the students about post office work and the correct way to address mail. In conclusion, he urged

tain of the basketball, and played on the the students to write essays on the information they had learned. As a reward for those who wrote the best essays a personal letter and a picture depicting early methods of mail-carrying would be sent out.

> The winners of these prizes were Jack Harris, Edwin Baigent, and Keith Roberts. Mr. Robert Wark, postmaster of Ingersoll, presented the awards.

* * *

A word of praise should be given to the I.C.I. boys who spent the last afternoon of school before the Christmas holidays helping to pack the pipes in preparation for the newly installed artificial ice at the Ingersoll Arena. * * *

Religious Assemblies

Students have been receiving religious instructions on Thursday mornings through the co-operation of the Ministerial Association. Grades 10A, 11, 12, and 13 have in turn been in charge of each assembly. The messages given by the ministers have all been educational and inspirational.

* * *

Concerts

In our school life there are opportunities for furthering our musical education and developing an appreciation of music. For instance, this year a series of four concerts and one dividend concert have been sponsored by the Music Branch of the Department of Education and the Ingersoll Collegigte Institute. These have proved to be a source of enjoyment and relaxation for the crowds which have filled the Trinity United Church auditorium on each of these occasions. These concerts have shown us the outlets and opportunities that are available for those who wish to work hard and are, of course, musically inclined.



MEMON

Mr. Herbert?"

over?'

hands."

20th century gal: "Do I shock you?" 20th century boy: "That's all right. I'm a good shock absorber."

Mr. Wilson: "Say there you big boob, where did you ever learn to play football?" Kurtzman: "Why, er-from reading your book, sir."

McFarlan: "What do you do with your dull safety razor blades?" Kurtzman: "Shave with them, mostly." * * *

I hate women, and I'm glad I hate 'em. cause if I didn't hate 'em, I'd like 'em, and I hate 'em.

We heard an awful row in front of a movie the other night. Two half-sisters were trying to get in on a single ticket.

Parson: "Do you know where little boys go when they smoke?"

Tom Moore: "Yep, up the alley."

All Admiration

Farmer: "An' how's lawyer Jones doing, doctor?"

Doctor: "Poor fellow, he's lying at death's door."

Farmer: "That's grit for you; at death's door, an' still lying."

The Lightning Bug

The lightning bug is brilliant, But it hasn't any mind; It blunders through existence. With its headlights on behind.

Milton was a blind poet who wrote Paradise Lost. When his wife died he wrote Paradise Regained.

lst student: "Why did you break up? Did her father come between you?" 2nd student: "No, merely behind me." * * *

A boy and his mother stood looking at a dentist's showcase. Boy: "If I had to have false teeth mother, our ignorance. I'd take that pair."

THE VOLT

The things taught in schools are not an education but the means of an education. Emerson

. . . Our lives are universally shortened by

Mother: "Hush, James, haven't I told you it's bad manners to pick your teeth in public?"

Board Examiner: "How about seeing

* * *

Mrs. Simpson: "He's tied up at a teachers' meeting.'

Examiner: "When will the meeting be

Mrs. Simpson: "As soon as you leave the school."

Miss Shantz: "Tell me, Bill, why do women live longer than men?"

Jarrett: "I don't know, teacher, unless it's because paint is a great preservative!"

Sign in Clothing store: "These pants will look better on your legs than on our

* * * Mr. Herbert: "Jim Kirwin, spell 'weather'."

Kirwin: "W-E-T-T-H-E-R."

Mr. Herbert: "Well, Kirwin, that's certainly the worst spell of weather we've had for some time."

1st lady: "And what has your little Donald learned at school so far this term?" Mrs. Sherman: "He has learned that he'll have to be vaccinated, that his eyes aren't really mates, that his teeth need repairing, and that his method of breathing is entirely obsolete."



Herbert Spencer

Jim Smith: "What will it cost to have my car fixed?"

Garageman: "What's the matter with it?"

Jim Smith: "I don't know."

Garageman: "Fifty-two dollars and fifty cents." * * *

Sally McKinley: "Last week when we saw that bear in the woods you ran away and left me. You once told me you would face death for me." Len Fiddy: "Yeh, I would. But that

bear wasn't dead."

"My Grandfather lived to be over 90 and never used glasses."

"Well lots of other people prefer it out of the bottle too."

Teacher: "Repeat to me the words that John just whispered to you."

Jim: "I'd rather not. They were not fit words to tell a gentleman."

Teacher: "Then, go into the office and tell them to Mr. Herbert."

There was a young man named Ted, Who, just before going to bed, Ate very much Of a cheese that was Dutch-And when he woke up, he was dead! * * *

Dangers in Courtesy

On a street-car a man gave a woman a seat. She fainted. On recovering she thanked him. Then he fainted.

Joe: "Say, have you ever ate a groundhog?"

Moe: "I should say not." Joe: "Have you ever ate sausages?" Moe: "Yes." Joe: "Well, groundhog." * * *

Daffy-Nitions

Skylark is the leading character in the Merchant of Venice.

Caveat emptor means caviar for the emperor.

Trigonometry is when a man marries three wives at the same time.

The Boer War was when Louis XIV hunted a pig.

An omelet is a charm worn around the neck in India.

Monasteries were places in the Middle Ages where monsters were kept.

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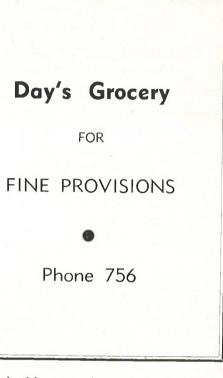
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Mother: "Now remember, Johnny, there's a ghost in that dark closet where I keep the cake." Johnny: "Funny you never blame the ghost when there's any cake missing: it's always me." * * * "I hope you are not afraid of microbes." apologized the paying-teller as he cashed the schoolteacher's pay check with soiled currency. "Don't worry," said the teacher, "a microbe couldn't live on my salary." * * * Teacher: "Every one of God's creatures is here for a useful purpose. Now what do we learn from the mosquito, Willie?" Willie: "We learn from the mosquito how easy it is to get stung." * * * Take time to think—it is the price of success. Take time to think-it is the source of power. Take time to play-it is the secret of perpetual youth. Take time to read-it is the fountain of wisdom. Take time to be friendly-it is the road to happiness. Take time to dream-it is hitching your wagon to a star. Take time to love and be loved-it is the privilege of the gods. Take time to look around-it is too short a day to be selfish. Take time to laugh-it is the music of the soul. * * * I have never let my schooling interfere with my education. Mark Twain * * * 'Tis better to be hard to get than hard to take. * * * The things taught in schools are not an education, but the means of an education. Emerson * * * Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee. E. Fitzgerald

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The building up of a state is the education of its youth.

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"I am the master of my life I am the captain of my soul." William Henley * * * To heaven aloft on ridgy waves we ride Then down to hell descend when they divide. Virgil * * * We must be free or die who speak the tongue That Shakespeare spake. Wordsworth **Bigham's** Restaurant * "A GOOD PLACE TO EAT"

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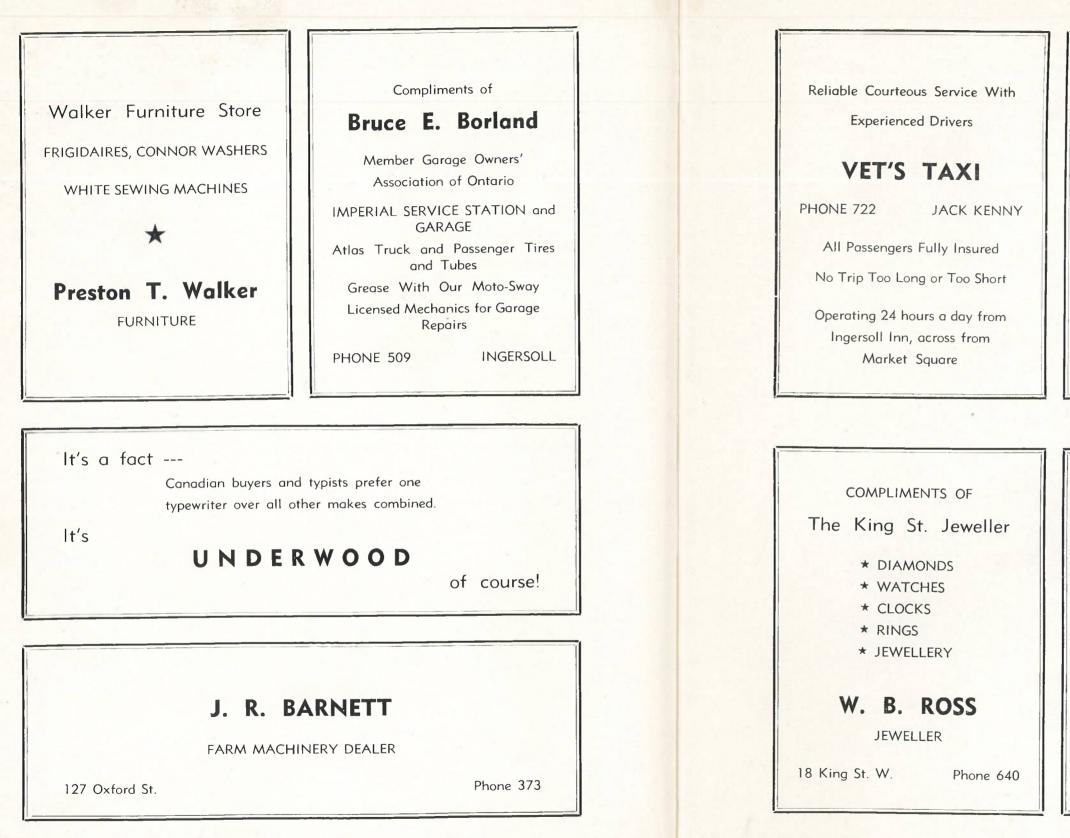
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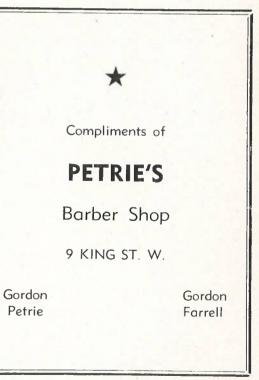
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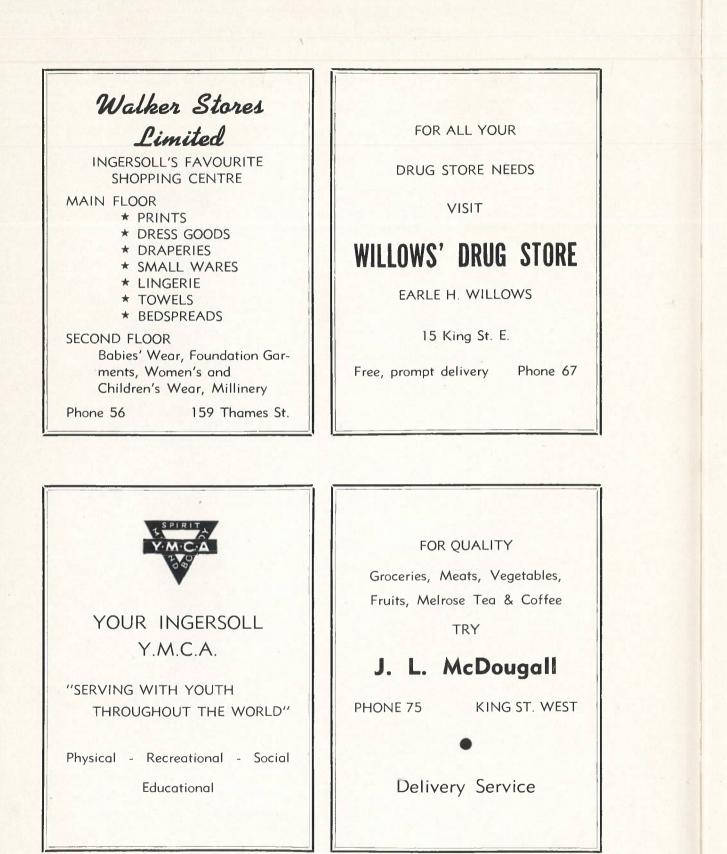
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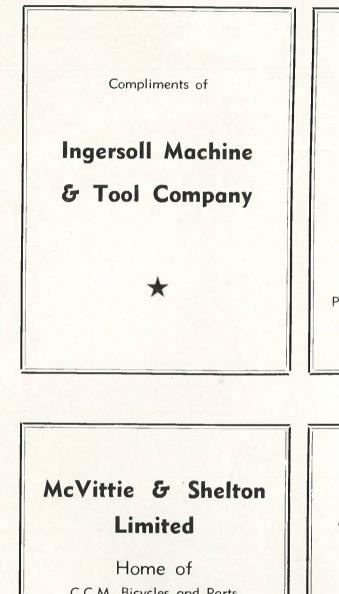
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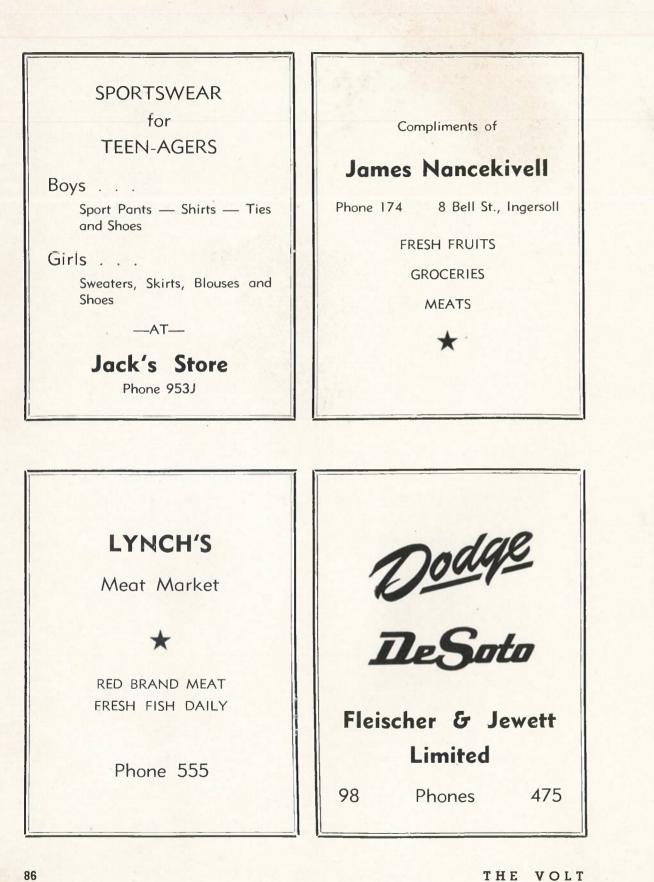
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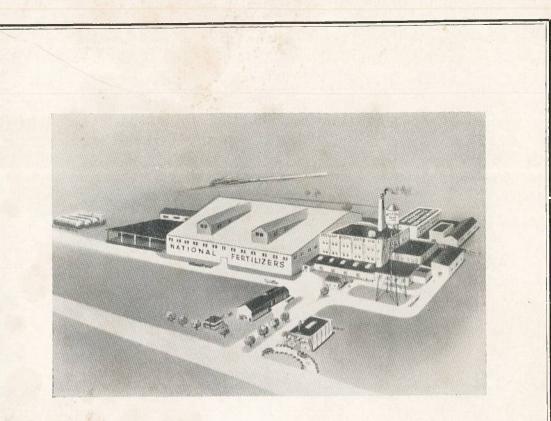
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