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TORONTO AND GEORGETOWN

Georgetown Will Not Lose High School: Mayor Gibbons

Music, Gymnastics at High School Open Night—Lack of Gymn and Assembly Hall is Noted.

"Council is opposed, and I am sure the School Board is opposed, to losing the high school from town. We hope to convince Acton and Milton to have a consolidated school here, but if this doesn't work out, we propose to build a school here second to none in the province."

Mayor Joseph Gibbons drew a round of applause from students and parents as he made these remarks in a brief address at the High School "Open Night" last Wednesday. He said that education and a suitable high school building is one of the foremost questions in town today. Mayor Gibbons was preceded by Mr. M. H. Moyer, chairman of the High School Board, who said that he hoped and expected in the reasonably near future to see a bigger and better school here. He said that we must face the fact that we are looking after too small a percentage of students with the present curriculum, and that it must be widened to give a more practical background for those who do not intend to go on to university.

The two-hour Open Night was divided into two sections, the first hour being devoted to a tour of inspection. The teaching staff was on hand—Principal J. L. Lambert, Mr. A. C. Prouse, Misses Florence Luke, Marjorie Doman, Jessie B. Wilson and R. P. Capper, as well as music teacher, W. E. Capper of Brampton. In room 2, a display of arts and crafts, made by Grade 9 students under the direction of Mr. Prouse, showed that there is latent talent which can be further developed by the manual training program being inaugurated at the Public School. In room 4, an impressive collection of trophies won by the students at music festivals was on exhibition, while in the Science room, Miss Wilson presided over a demonstration of laboratory techniques. Visual education has been introduced at the school this term, a project

tor having been purchased at Christmas time, and Arthur McAllister operated the machine for a movie on swimming and diving. An educational film, obtained from the Department of Education, is shown to the students each week.

The second part of the evening, devoted to gymnastics and music showed the handicaps of the lack of gymnastics and assembly hall. Particularly was this notable in the boys' gym display in the lower hall. It is surprising what feats have been mastered by the boys with the facilities available and we can envisage a crack gym team when the new G.H.S. is built.

Grade 9 girls presented an attractive folk dance and there was also a tumbling display by some of the girls. The program then shifted to the upper hall, to hear the Glee Club under Mr. Capper's direction. Vocal solos included "Trade Winds" by Ralph Peck, Marion Hepburn at the piano; "Pans Angelous" by Jean Chester, Kenneth Harrison accompanying; and "Where'er You Walk" by Kenneth Harrison, Miss Chester at the piano. Kathy Thompson and Jean Chester played a beautiful arrangement of "Norwegian Dance."

Another feature of the evening was presentation of a Grade 13 Proficiency prize to Miss Brenda Robinson. Principal Lambert explained that an error in summing up results had not revealed until later that Miss Robinson was tied for high standing in Grade 13. He remarked that, in spite of facilities at the high school, departmental results had shown 87% success for G. H. S. students—higher than many of the city schools.

BRANTFORD WINS FIRST GAME

Brantford won the first game last night in the 2-out-of-3 play-off series with Barrie. The winners of the Intermediate "A" semi-final will meet Georgetown in the play-offs. The second game will be played tomorrow night.

The Declaration

By JOHN BRIGGS

McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Features.

MR. PRIMROSE found a precarious perch in a vestibule. By the time he reached Penn Station he was fit to be tied. Mr. Primrose and another commuter bore down on a subway turnstile at precisely the same moment.

Blinking as his eyes adjusted to daylight from subway gloom, he heard shouts that blended with the normal raucous pattern of downtown New York. Then he realized someone was yelling, "Stop that man! Stop that man!" and Mr. Primrose froze in his tracks. A man was sprawled on the sidewalk, both hands clutching his stomach. A dark red stain spread on the pavement beneath him. Mr. Primrose was hardly aware of the big man hulking beside him. "One side there, Bud," grunted the big man, breathing heavily.

Mr. Primrose paid no attention. "That man," he gasped, pointing. "He's been hurt. Somebody ought to do something."

"Get out of my way," said the big man harshly. Mr. Primrose did not move. He was paralyzed with horror and did not realize he was standing at the door of a long black sedan, preventing the big man from



"Get out of my way."

getting in. Mr. Primrose noticed that the big man was carrying a revolver.

The big man placed his free hand on Mr. Primrose's face and shoved. Something in Mr. Primrose's brain snapped at the pain. He raised his umbrella and brought its steel tip down on his assailant's foot. The big man's pistol hand jerked convulsively.

He's going to shoot me, Mr. Primrose thought. With a remote instinct from some forgotten ancestor who lived on raw meat, Mr. Primrose swung his umbrella, silver handle uppermost. Then a great light flashed and that was all Mr. Primrose knew.

"I suppose this is heaven," Mr. Primrose said. His gold-rimmed glasses, he noted, were on the bedside table. Everything else—the room, the bed, the white garment he was wearing—was new and strange. A young girl wearing what seemed to be a halo was moving about the room.

"I was about to hit somebody with my umbrella," he said ruefully. "He hit me first."

"No, he didn't!" said the girl. "You knocked him out. Cold as a mackerel. His pal got you. Here, read all about it." The story was front-paged. There was a picture of him that really did him justice, Mr. Primrose thought. He read of his exploit. He was a Hero. Mr. Primrose beamed and went to sleep.

During his convalescence a stream of visitors enlivened Mr. Primrose's days. He had become a Big Shot. His opinions were listened to with reverence. He sobbed off on World Events and the Administration and nobody contradicted him. He understood this more fully when he overheard a whisper: "You can see it in his eyes—he's a killer—absolutely ruthless!"

Mr. Primrose grinned and thought of the things he would say when he again saw Hardison Flint. Things he had been saving up for years. When the great day came, Mr. Primrose walked with an unaccustomed swagger. His hat was tipped rakishly over one eye and he raised his umbrella gaily. He repeated the speech he has prepared. "And so, Flint, I'm serving you here and now—" (gesture of fist) "—either I get my miserable sweatshop today!

Or final!

His voice was booming through the room. Mr. Primrose opened the door and marked PRIVATE. Hardison was seated at his desk, thick-limbed and heavy-jowled, turning purple as a still white collar. "What's that?" he was screaming into a telephone. "This is a business-office, a country club! Hereafter you are to work on time—or else!"

He slammed down the receiver and glared at Mr. Primrose. "Hal!" he shouted. "It's about time, Primrose. Your department is two weeks behind. Let's get going on that year-end stuff!"

Mr. Primrose took a deep breath. Now or never! His lips framed the opening sentence of the Primrose Declaration of Independence. The words came.

"Yes, Mr. Flint," said Percival Primrose.

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CHARLES MCNELLEN, in the years 1920 to 1924 was driving a truck for a Toronto electrotyping firm. During this time he studied the business and was appointed as salesman for the same company from the latter part of 1924 until April, 1931. His enthusiasm inspired other men who agreed to assist him in the founding of his own business. Today he is President of "Bomar"—one of the largest electrotyping and engraving companies in Canada.

MR. MCNELLEN says, "Canada has been good to me. She will prove the same to those young Canadians who are ready to take advantage of the vastly increased opportunities she offers today. Here, within our own country, in every field of endeavor, successful careers await the talented and ambitious."

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The textile industry is our other great manufacturing employer. It, too, tremendously increased its output to meet war needs. Today in it, too, far greater numbers of Canadians are employed than in 1939.