

NEWS & VIEW OF T.H. & V.S.

(by Nore Flynn)

You know, writing a column can be pretty tiresome work — if you have to grovel around for material and your topics are inclined to be dull — but that is not the case (most of the time) for this tyro.

No, there is usually an abundance of topics to be aired around that pile of rough-faced bricks down on Kent and Preston. (Sometimes the bricks aren't the only rough-faced objects to be seen either). And we hope to rip off some copy for you on these said subjects.

First, the much-publicized, forthcoming year book, The Porcupine Quill. The top man of the Quill staff, Mr. Fennell has kindly given us the following "dope" on the Quill which is now making its come-back with the initial edition since some years.

We may say here that those of us who have pursued old editions of the Quill are eagerly awaiting this year's copy, having been told that it will equal or surpass the excellent editions of the past.

For some days now signs (extremely colourful and professional — by Randall McInnis, we hear) have argued the publication of "The Quill" — the first School Year-Book at T.H. & V.S. in some twelve years.

Although the machinery for such a venture has been proceeding slowly — Mr. Fennell, Advisory Teacher, assures us that it is nevertheless a sure thing for smooth functioning. Several difficulties are being hurdled, including the price at which it is to be sold — 50c. Similar school magazines sell at \$1.00.

Fifty cents is not much to grumble at — many flash-in-the-pan popular magazines cost two bits or more. And the pleasure they can give is but a transient thing. When you buy a "Quill", you buy a chronicle of evergreen memoirs, a trove of experiences encountered in the most precious period of your life — your youth. For the value, the price is trivial.

To get the tradition of a school magazine re-established, several former students have been more than generous in the interest they have shown in this year's Quill. The photography is donated by Mr. Ken Tompkinson and the printing is under the personal supervision of Mr. Mert Lake. These two 'Old Boys' of T.H. & V.S. have set a school spirit for the Quill staff that has encouraged and inspired them in this new, strange task of putting out a year-book.

To sell the book at the low price has required two things. The staff on the advertising have had to be especially active. Doris Griener and her cohorts have already reached their objective in this field under the guidance of another alumnus, Mr. Carrier of the Timmins High staff.

Margaret Robb, editor-in-chief, wishes that the Quill's staff's troubles were over with the collection of pictures, articles and money. Working

under the guidance of Miss Everard, another T.H. & V.S. alumna now with the staff, she has assembled the magazine, has seen it rearranged and proofed it into that "Quill" we're all waiting to see.

Most eager of those waiting for the publication is Jack Tyrrell who will go into action on the sales campaign to top all previous records of "The Quill".

We wish the staff and "The Quill" the best of success and hope the tradition of this magazine can now be continued as long as T.H. & V.S. There is nothing so enriching to a high school as a good year book.

P.S. You'll like the cover — Designed by Rosemond Rinn and adapted for silk screening by Mr. Hilts.

Now we'll say a few words about the modest man behind the whole show, Ed Fennell.

Mr. Fennell has, ever since I can remember and many others much older than I, can remember, been working constructively in extracurricular activities of the literary type. He has guided the various publications of T.H. & V.S. for many years and has opened many eyes to the possibilities in these fields.

At the present, in addition to his many other duties, he is training his English classes in practical journalism by having them publish mimeographed class papers. Just as Mr. Clark trains his younger players with an eye to the future, so is Mr. Fennell preparing and guiding those who will in the next few years be our best writers, salesmen and editors.

Last year Mr. Fennell wrote and directed several of the radio skits for the CKGB English reading contest. This year, he is doing a large part of this work in addition to his other tasks.

Mr. Fennell has been advising the Quill staff and we suspect that a good portion of the actual work has been done by him, too. As a matter of fact, at the moment I write this, he is probably hatching some new idea for the literary betterment of the school. We have noted before, how fortunate we are in having such an energetic staff to guide us. Let's try to keep them at the old school, what?

This N' That
Kathy Murray's sixteenth birthday party last Friday was quite the gala affair, according to report from "an innocent bystander". The party, with some thirty odd participants, was held at the Gulch Chalet, and surrounded by the chaperones for the evening were Mrs. Murray, Lee Murray and Mrs. McNeil.

Representing the older age bracket was Barry Brewer. The younger element was there "en masse" however. Among these were Kathy Murray and Bob Kembal (of course), June Avery and Lorne Taylor (they say June wanted to take the long way home, but this is probably an unfounded rumour) Merle Marsh and Ken Thomas, Sonny Clutchey and Diane Lloyd, Patsy Brewer and Norm Lillie.

During the evening (don't get excited, now) there were a balloon dance (that's balloon, not bubble, Walter) a spot dance, and contests of one kind or another. The spot dance was won by Patsy Brewer and Norm Lillie, not surprising at all, and the jitterbug contest was won by Ken Thomas and Merle Marsh.

Miss Kathy was presented with a Kodak camera by her "gang" and the party wound up as a terrific success.

And what we need around this town is more girls like Kathleen Murray — sweet, unaffected and charming.

Christine Belanger and Dave Chalmers had quite a time last Friday night flitting from the dance to a

DALE CARNEGIE

Author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People"

Add this to your collection of stories on "How to Get a Job in Hollywood." The hero is from Ottumwa, Iowa. By name Hal Walker. Now we're off.

He turned up in the lemon groves determined to attach himself to a studio payroll. But something was wrong with the connection and he didn't attach. Finally he was licked. But he didn't have enough money to get back to Ottumwa, so he wrote to a friend asking him for a loan. With the letter in his pocket, he started out to find a mail box. As he was passing the Brown Derby restaurant a car up and Edward H. Griffith got out. A director!

Hal Walker had watched the pictures by Edward Griffith; knew a good deal about them, but he had never spoken to him.

As Hal Walker saw that car slither into the parking lot, he got an idea. He wanted to meet Griffith, the director. But he had to have some excuse he couldn't just dash up, hook a thumb in his lapel and say, "My name is Hal Walker. I am so glad we have met." Well, hardly. You don't do that — not even in Hollywood.

So to the restaurant kitchen he went, borrowed a towel from an employee, then went out and got to work on the director's car. He made the job last until lunch was over — and how that car shone! When Griffith came out, there was Walker working on the car as if it were a lady's wrist watch. Griffith saw him, reached into his pocket for a coin. But the industrious Mr. Walker shook his head and said, "No, thanks, Mr. Griffith."

Griffith, the director, glanced in surprise at this man who was able to call him by name, and said: "How do you happen to know my name?"

"I've watched your pictures, and I've studied them carefully."

Griffith's full attention was now centered on Hal Walker, who added, "The title of your next picture is so and so." There had been no publicity about this picture, so Griffith was even more surprised. He said:

"Get in and take a ride with me." Then Griffith drew him out on his knowledge of pictures and got him a job as an extra. This was the first time Walker had ever been inside a studio. He rose in business, not as an actor, but as a director. He directed "The Stork Club," "Duffy's Tavern," "Out of This World," and more recently, "The Road to Utopia."

Now what is my object in telling you all this Hollywood stuff? It is to emphasize the importance of calling a man by name. Walker says if he hadn't called Griffith by his name he

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No Insurance Stamps Fined \$100 by Cadi

O. Lapointe, local grocer, was fined \$100 and costs when he appeared before Magistrate S. Atkinson in weekly police court. The grocer was charged with failing to affix unemployment insurance stamps to an employee's book over a period of thirty weeks between May and December, 1947.

The charge was laid by David Rymer, local inspector for the unemployment insurance commission. Special prosecutor Gregory T. Evans told the court that the grocer had been warned once before for failing to make unemployment insurance contributions within the required time.

Mr. Lapointe told the court that unemployment insurance stamps in large lots every six months or so and that at the time the inspector walked in he was without stamps. He said he had offered to go and buy the stamps at once and affix them in his employee's book.

Value of the stamps involved amounted to \$13.80.

Only One Female Drunk Is Convicted In January

The ratio of female drunkenness in Timmins to male drunkenness is one to twenty, according to the monthly report chief of police Albert Lepic filed at this week's meeting of the Timmins police commission.

Of the 21 persons convicted of drunkenness in January only one was a woman.

would not have got his attention long enough to get Griffith interested in him.

This goes not only for Hollywood, but for people all over the world, in any kind of business, or profession. Learn a man's name call him by it.

The Porcupine Advance job department is fully equipped to do all your printing. Read the advertisements in the Porcupine Advance. They'll make your shopping easier.

GAS 40c

per gal.

open an account at

Moneta Motors

SPRUCE & KIMBERLEY

(OPEN DAY AND NIGHT)

THE WORLD'S FUTURE Is Being Decided NOW

OUR TOMORROWS depend on what happens to the world's children TODAY. In ruined lands around the globe there are millions of them in misery — scrambling for shreds of food on garbage dumps, shivering in rags. On the continent of Europe half the children born since the war are already dead of malnutrition. Those who survive — there and elsewhere — are desperately in need of food and clothing. They need schooling, too for their neglected minds grow as sick as their withered bodies.

They are the future . . .
if they are not saved, our world is lost!

YOUR HELP IS NEEDED N-O-W!

Any chartered bank will accept your donation
Go to your bank NOW and GIVE
to the

Canadian APPEAL FOR CHILDREN



Space Contributed In The Service Of The Community By John Labatt, Limited

Slipcovers
Drapes
Bedspreads
Custom Made
LARGE SELECTION
OF MATERIALS
Fabric Centre
Broadway Theatre Bldg.
PHONE 3422

ORDER YOUR
COAL
NOW
**SUPERIOR
FUELS**
C. E. Holland, Prop.
PHONE 2120
143 Commercial Timmins

Clean Rooms
BY
Day or Week
Very Reasonable Rates
Quiet Atmosphere
**The King Edward
Hotel**
Cor. Spruce St. and Third Ave.
PHONE 324 TIMMINS

JOE PALOOKA by *Frank*

CONTINUED

MR. PALOOKA... WELCOME TO HOLLYWOOD... FANTASTIC! GIVES YOU A COLOSSAL GREETING.

LES AIRONS

AND NOW... WE HAVE TWENTY MASSES BANDS ETC. ETC... THE PARADE WILL GO THROUGH TOWN AS THE PLANES OVERHEAD FLY IN FORMATION ETC. ETC.

I... UH... I'M VERY... PSST... DON'T SAY IT.

THEY EVEN HAVE THESE CELEBRATIONS WHEN A NEW SUPER-MARKET OPENS, JOE.

THERE'LL BE DINNERS, PARTIES, LUNCHEONS... ALL IN YOUR HONOR.

I KNOW JOE, WE NEVER HAD SO MANY PEOPLE TURN OUT. YOU'RE THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN THE COUNTRY. THE PICTURE WILL BE A TERRIFIC, SENSATIONAL SUCCESS. WE SHOULD GROSS OVER TEN MIL...

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE TOO KIND...

THAT NIGHT MOST OF HOLLYWOOD'S CELEBRITIES GATHER TO WELCOME JOE.

DID YOU LIKE MY WORK IN THE "RASCAL WEAVER"?

IN MY LAST PICTURE... I TELL YOU I JUST FELT AS THO THE PART WAS MADE FOR ME.

MY DEAR BOY... YOU'LL FIND OUR ART VERY EXCITING... AN ACTOR IS BORN.

EASY NOW FOLKS. MR. PALOOKA MUST BE TIRED FROM ALL THE EXCITEMENT.

I EXPECT TO PLAY FANNY IN THE NEW CIVIL WAR PICTURE.

GEE WHIZ... DON'T THEY TALK ANYTHING BUT PICTURES AND THEIR ACTING... ISN'T THERE ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD?

NOT THAT I CAN THINK OF COME OUTSIDE AND WE'LL LOOK OVER THE CITY.

THERE YOU ARE... YOU WONDERFUL WONDERFUL... AND I DO MEAN YOU NOT YOU A.W. GO AWAY!

OH... OH HULLO, MALICIA... JOE, THIS IS MALICIA DIPPSON... THE MOVIE COMMENTATOR OF "FLICKER FOLK MAGAZINE".

HOW DO YOU DO.

NOW YOU JUST TELL MALICIA EVERYTHING... ARE YOU STILL IN LOVE WITH ANN HOWE... I OVERHEARD A LITTLE BIRDIE WHISPER THAT YATAYATATA...

I... I REALLY... I THINK IT'S MY OWN BUSINESS, EXCUSE ME. I'M GOING TO THE HOTEL.

AND DARLINGS... HE'S JUST TOO TOO DEE-YOON! AND WHAT DO YOU THINK HE TOLD LITTLE MALICIA EXCLUSIVELY... THAT HE'S STILL TOO IN LOVE... EXCLUSIVELY... HE'S JUST TOO TOO DEE-YOON! AND NOW MY EDITORIAL... SHOULD ERST-WHILE GUNF PLAY AMY IN THE PICTURE VERSION OF "FRANTIC"?

CLICK

TO BE CONTINUED