

# Vol. 6 The Voice of the Students No. 4

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE DURHAM HIGH SCHOOL

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Editor-in-Chief—Ruth Moffat

This will be the last edition of the Voice of the Students until after Christmas, when it will be under the management of new officers. We are too busy preparing for exams to do anything else.

Last week the High School formed a Glee Club under the supervision of Mr. Gay.

A sub-committee under the executive of the Literary Society was formed. The committee consists of: Chairman, Doreen Hagan; secretary-treasurer, Ken McCullough.

The Club meet every Tuesday from 4 to 4:30 in the Assembly Room at school. We think this Club will be greatly enjoyed by all and will also be a good training for the students.

The High School turned in \$10.15 to the Navy League. Grade X was the most liberal contributor.

—Ruth Moffat

### STUDENT NEEDS

I have been chosen as spokesman for those students of the Durham High School, who own bicycles. They have asked me to endeavour to give expression to our obvious requirements of our iron steeds while parked at school.

As I search for a few convincing arguments, I recollect that each year of the three that I have spent attending classes at this highly commendable institution, there has been considerable discussion among the pupils, concerning the installation of a bicycle rack. However, nothing has ever come of it and we are still without protection for our bicycles.

It is true, however, that it has been suggested by certain bright students, that we should build our own bicycle rack. That was decided against however, when we came to the conclusion that the expense would be too great for the benefit that any individual pupil would receive from the bicycle rack.

As we really need protection for our bicycles and such a large number of students bring their bicycles to school. I have often wondered why someone hasn't in the past, done something to obtain one. It is not uncommon to hear a disgruntled pupil say something like this: "Just look at my bicycle saddle! It is so hard and dried out by the sun that I find great difficulty in sitting down without a nice soft cushion, after wheeling home at night." From other such complaints, I gather that the sun is blamed for bleaching and chipping the paint and for burning and cracking the tires of bicycles. The rain and the snow are blamed for wearing off paint, for rusting certain unprotected metal parts, and for washing the oil from the bicycle chain and saddle.

On an especially rainy day, a young enthusiast is very likely to find that the seat of his breeches, has taken on

a very high moisture content. This is always discovered after he has mounted his two-wheeled conveyance, to depart for dinner. The girls especially, are indignant at this inconvenience.

Did I say that the girls are indignant about the effects of the elements on their means of transportation? Yes, indeed! They are as enthusiastic at the prospect of obtaining shelter for their bicycles as the boys are. In fact, they are more enthusiastic than the boys; for they are more concerned about such details as rust, peeling paint, and uncomfortable bicycle saddles!

If our school was provided with a bicycle rack each student would have his own stall in which to place his bicycle. Under present conditions, bicycles are leaned against any convenient portion of the school wall, and are even left at the homes of people who live near the school. When we come out at noon, we are likely to discover two or three other bicycles stacked on top of ours. As a result, bicycles are scattered hither and thither, until the desired vehicle is obtained. Thus, when we hurry out after school hours, we never know whether our bicycle will be standing where we left it, or lying in the mud.

By these points I hope to show you that our need of protection for our bicycles is really genuine. We could provide our own bicycle rack, but, as I said before, we would pay dearly for any benefit we received. However, if the school board provided it, hundreds of High School students would benefit from it in the future.

This is the general desire of those of us owning bicycles: our need of a bicycle rack is urgent; winter is rapidly approaching and our bicycles are still shelterless. Under wartime conditions, bicycles are difficult to procure because so many students coming from the country, depend on their bicycles to get to school. And one means towards caring for them is to protect them from the ructions of the elements.

—Edwin Farr

### LITERARY COLUMN

Bob Ray Helen Halliday  
Lorna Brocklebank

### A DROP INTO THE DEPTHS BELOW

"Do you remember when, as young girls, we used to go sleigh-riding?" said Aunt Jane to mother.

"Yes," replied Mother. "I remember the good times we used to have riding down that old mountain."

"It was on a cold, frosty, moonlight night and the snow was at its best for sleigh-riding. Dressed in our gay, winter togs, about eighteen of us in all, set out for the old mountain. This particular mountain was our favourite place for sleigh-riding."

Jim and Don thought they would

make some additional fun by bringing along an old cutter without shafts.

"For the first part of the night we used our sleighs and toboggans. Occasionally someone would get up the courage to go down in the old cutter; but these rides were very few."

"Before going home we all decided to descend the mountain in the old vehicle. Off we started! Faster and faster the old cutter gained speed! We had no way of steering it and we just closed our eyes and let it go. Somehow or other the cutter took a sudden turn and we headed south when we should have been going west."

Oh! Suddenly we were floating or drooping or something. We just squealed and clung closely to each other and to the cutter.

"A few minutes later we were all in a heap in a fluffy pile of something. Later we found that somewhere above us—it seemed many miles—was the sky and we were at the bottom of an old quarry, jumbled together in the loose snow. We remembered its existence but it was too late now to do anything about it."

"Try as we might we couldn't get out and many hours later Dad found eighteen snow-covered youngsters at the bottom of the old quarry."

A sigh came from both the old ladies. "Aren't old memories pleasant?" said Aunt Jane.

—Sarah McMillan

### THE TOBOGGAN RIDE

"Bill, do you remember when we had our last toboggan ride?" I said.

"Oh, yes I do," answered Bill. "But we don't know about it," said someone laughing. "Oh, please tell us." Thus the story began.

One snapping cold morning after Christmas, when the snow on the hills was packed as hard as ice, we decided to try out Bill's new seven-foot toboggan. Since we had little experience in handling a toboggan, we began to practise on the lower hills. It was exciting to shoot down the steeper portion of a hill, coast for an instant, wait for the sudden rush, then come to a slow stop. We found ourselves safe but breathless. Over and over again we repeated this experience until our courage grew strong. Then, trailing the toboggan we set off in search of greater thrills and higher hills.

Tramping for a long distance, we came to a very steep slope unknown to us with several series of bumps near the bottom. With great enthusiasm we enjoyed several rides which sent sharp thrills through our active bodies.

Feeling tired, we agreed to return to our homes after we had one more ride. Starting from the same point, we sloped down in the opposite direction. What a grand ride! But in the midst of the final rush over the last bump and into the hollow beyond, came a rending, crackling sound. Oh—h-h-h!

There in the cold, freezing water of a small creek lay the toboggan and its occupants, turned upside down!

—Irene Marshall

### GRADE XIII NEWS

Vera Dewar says that she won't be able to stay after four any more because she has to hurry home to hear Santa Claus on the radio.

Ruth Watson was not able to do a Trig. question because she didn't know how far it was between milestones; but we are very proud of Ruth because she did know the date of the war of 1812 and the colour of a gray house.

Ray McQueen thinks that the more Trigonometry books he has in his desk the more Trigonometry he will absorb.

Irene Connolly has again deserted us because of her health. In one way we envy here, because the exams are coming on a fore. We all hope she will be with us again soon.

We are told that the inspector, Mr. Durrant, is visiting the school next week. Miss Gerrie told us he wrote our Geometry book and that sounds as if it behooves us to know something about it.

—Annie Dixon

### GRADE XII NEWS

Hazel Hopkins On behalf of Middle School I wish to thank Mr. Taylor for coming early in the morning and scraping the ink spots from the floor with glass and also Mr. McCulloch, who so willingly gave his time to help hang up two new pictures, one of King George and the other of Queen Elizabeth.

The Middle School girls have been conscripted to attend P. T. classes (meaning physical torture) in the basement. Ruth Moffat, Ruth Watson,

Doreen Hagan and Betty Taylor are acting as sergeants and very good ones too. We like P.T. so well that we keep on labouring for five minutes after the bell rings.

In History class Mr. Sharpe asked Doris Smith what non-juring clergy were. She replied very soberly that they were clergy who wouldn't swear. This proves that shortcuts are not always profitable. She should have said they were French clergy who would not swear to an oath.

A literal explanation of how Privates may be promoted by merit to officers is, quoting Mr. Sharpe "every private carries a Marshal's baton in his pack." Doris Smith thinks that privates should carry cotton batting in their pack. In trying to explain Mr. Sharpe said that a baton is a stick which Officers carry in their hands. Doris still doesn't understand why privates should carry sticks in their packs. We attribute Doris's mistake to the fact that she sits so far from the front of the room.

—Jean Daniels

### GRADE XI NEWS

Mr. Sharpe has started teaching the boys Physical Training, which consists of military training.

Pearl Wilson is to be commended on the enthusiasm with which she reads the love scenes in the play which we are studying this year.

It is reported that Grade XI was prominently represented at a social event held in Normanby on the evening of November 24.

Gretta Watson is going to cause the death of Mr. Sharpe because of the way in which she writes her French.

—Ken MacDonald

### GRADE X NEWS

Ellen Roberts

We have a new boy in our class. His name is Lorne Henry and Mr. Robb has embarrassed him by making him sit at a lab. table with the girls. Or has he embarrassed him?

Isabel Hastie.

### HOME FRONT BULLETIN

What a blight when the kitchen oil-cloth gives out. Treat the next piece with more kindness, and it won't go so quickly. For the table top, arrange several layers of newspaper, so there are no heavy ridges, and tack the new piece firmly in place. Wax it for dirt resistance and keep it lightly shining. If a knife happens to slip, untack the oilcloth, and mend on the under side with a piece of ordinary adhesive tape.

In most households there are drawers and cupboards that hold many odds and ends, that one day may be useful; goodness knows when; I think most housewives have old rubber jar rings in some of these drawers, that have been kept for canning some years from now. Well, here is a useful way to get rid of them. Sew them along the sides, and corners of your scatter rugs for anchorage. A rug at the bottom or top of the stairs, is not a subject to be slipped over lightly.

Out of the sauceman and down the drain, go half of the minerals and vitamins from home or commercially canned vegetables. Oh yes they do! That is unless you save the liquid in the can. Make up your mind to use it in gravies, sauces or in tomato juice cocktails. The sink can do without vitamins but you can't.

Are you having trouble housewives about picking things up after children. Well how about designing a special drawer in a special place, as a Lost and Found Department. This helps to teach children to be more careful about picking up their toys, if there is a kind of ceremony about getting lost articles out of the drawer. Maybe you do this anyway but it's worth a mention. When replacing what grandmother used to call dome fasteners, sew all the snaps on first, rub chalk on them and press against the side were the eyelet goes on. It's a breeze from there, to get a good match.

—Jean McQueen

Mr. Robb presented Miss Gerrie with \$1.15 for the purchase of wool, from his recent auction sale of the extra class pictures.

It is hoped that after Christmas each girl of the school will knit an article for the Red Cross. It would mean about 75 knitted comforts for our services.

They are doing a big job for you. Surely you can do a little task for them. So how about it girls?

—Patsy Kress

### BUG HOUSE

K. Wilson: "Do you know that my sister is a duchess now?"

B. Ray: "No, how did she come to be a duchess?"

K. Wilson: "She married a Dutchman. The three-year-old boy had taken his mother's powder-puff and was fix-

ing his face as he had seen her do when his five-year-old sister grabbed it from him.

"You mustn't do that," she said. Only ladies use powder. Gentlemen wash themselves.

Two American soldiers in Egypt lived for months on dehydrated beef, dehydrated milk, dehydrated butter and vegetables.

Visiting a Cairo museum they saw their first mummy.

"This is going too far" said one. "Now they are dehydrating women."

Whether it's on the road or in an argument, when you see red STOP!

—Norman Lawrence

### Varney

Mr. and Mrs. John Petty visited with Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Blythe on Sunday.

The Farm Forum met Monday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Barber.

Our teacher, Mrs. Wilton and pupils, also others of the community are busy practicing for a Christmas entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Catton and Bruce of Durham visited Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. W. Bogle.

The Victory Institute held a social evening Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Barber with a good attendance of members and visitors. Rev. J. M. Ward of Durham, the guest speaker of the evening, gave a very interesting address on Tuberculosis. A good programme was enjoyed by all. Lunch was served at the close. (Intended for Last Week)

The Farm Forum met for their first meeting on Monday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Barber.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Atkinson, Durham, visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bogle.

We are pleased to report that Mr. Wilbert Blythe, who had been a patient in Durham Red Cross Hospital is able to be home again and is recuperating favourably after his recent operation for appendicitis.

Mrs. Cecil Barber entertained the nurses of Durham Red Cross Hospital to a few dinner on Wednesday evening.

Mr. George Diebel, who is employed with Mr. Cecil Barber, met with a

painful accident on Friday while returning from the mill. Just before reaching the driveway the bolt came out of the wagon tongue, the result being that George was thrown to the pavement. He was taken to Durham Hospital where it was learned he had sustained a slight concussion, which will necessitate his remaining there for a few days.

Mrs. W. J. Bogle, who was a patient in Durham Red Cross Hospital for a few days with a throat condition is able to be home again.

### North Egremont

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Torry of Mulock and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Clark of Owen Sound visited Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Archie Henderson.

Mrs. W. Marshall and family had tea Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Atchison.

Messrs. Bruce Marshall and Jackie Atchison, Misses Evelyn Atchison and Myrtle Marshall spent the week-end at their home here.

Congratulations to Pte. Clayton Wise of Camp Borden and Miss Jean Henderson of Toronto, who were married Saturday in Hanover. A miscellaneous shower was held for them on Monday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Torry. The evening was spent in games and dancing to music supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Brigham.

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