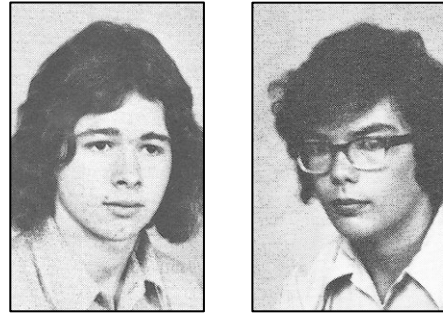


Here is a memory from my Grade 9 at Timmins High. My friend Jim Richard, the eternal prankster, had a 'laughing box' - a small plastic box with some sort of tape mechanism (this was pre-digital days) that played the sound of someone laughing uncontrollably until you either shut it off or the battery died.

Our lockers were in the 'Portables' hallway, near the far end. We spotted Mr. _____ (name deleted to protect us from the Alumni detention room) coming down the hall, so we created a mock tussle with a lot of yelling and protesting, before Jim activated the laughing box, slammed his locker door and clicked the lock.



Jim Richard & Brian Jones, Quill 1973

We then ran out the fire escape door, barrelled along the building and came back in the regular entrance. In other words, we were now behind Mr. _____ who was walking a lot quicker down the hallway. What he could hear was the sound of Jim's laughing box roaring away from inside the locker.

Mr _____ assumed, as we hoped he would, that we had stuffed someone in the locker. His efforts to get it open remain a memory that continues to bring a chuckle to this day. The piece de resistance was when he gave up, ran down the hall, telling us to maintain watch on Locker #__ until he returned with the janitor. He didn't make the connection that we were the same guys he had seen tussling in front of the locker. As soon as he got around the corner, we opened Jim's locker and shut off the box then carried on with our day.

Addendum:

We once left the box in Jim's locker when we spotted Mr. Adams heading to his Calculus class in the portables. I remember he just walked by it shaking his head with a bit of a smile!

Lockers at TH&VS
on Preston Street

