

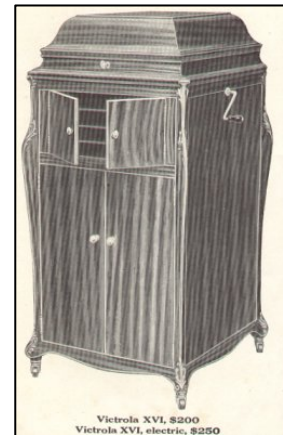
For many of you, the forties would be an historical time. For those of us who attended THVS in the old location, it could at times be hysterical. Hysteria created during your first year out of elementary school and into first form, groping your way from home room to all the other rooms that made up your daily schedule.



The first day you were given a list of books to buy. You needed a blotter along with book covers for textbooks and three ring binders. All this material was carried in your hands without aid of backpacks or even book bags.

The books, covers and the blotters were handed out by local merchants and it was your aim to collect as many as possible.

Edward Bartlett was an important part of my years at THVS. The old school was in the southwest corner of town. His classes opened up a whole wonderful world of classical music. Mr. Bartlett was a violinist and the violin was an important part of his instruction. He showed us how he brought out the best in that instrument. He also played the **Victrola**, a top of the line, for the time, record player (see picture right). He played some of the classical 78 RPM discs of the day. He used pine needles in the phonograph's playback head in order to save the records from wear. By today's standards the sound left a lot to be desired but to me it was an introduction to the world of music that would stay with me throughout my life.



His enthusiasm drew me into the THVS choir. At that time and maybe it still applies today, male voices were difficult to acquire. Mr. Bartlett wooed us by playing Don Cossacks choir recordings, a Russian group with hearty basses and mellow baritones. He built a very strong male section in the choir. Rehearsals took place in the auditorium after school hours. When we had an upcoming concert these rehearsals stretched into the evening hours.

After I left high school I entered the world of broadcasting at radio station CKGB, in the now gone forever Thomson Building, an art deco treasure, internally and externally, at Cedar and Second Avenue. In my first year there I had the honour of handling the introductions during a half hour program of singing by the choir. The concert took place on the stage of the school auditorium and through the facilities of CKGB was carried coast to coast on the trans-Canada network of the CBC. During my time in Grade 10, I was elected to the **high school parliament** where we learned the basic functions of the House of Commons debates. (See picture right)

Basketball was the sport I enjoyed taking part in, but it was claustrophobic playing in the very tiny gym. The floor was large enough for a basketball court but that was it. Football was big in the cold months of

the North's autumn and I was an enthusiastic fan of the blue squad. These games took place at Hollinger Park and the stands filled with boisterous supporters, backed by a pickup brass band and cheer leaders, boom-a-lacking and chick-a-lacking the team to "hold that line". Games were played throughout the north wherever a big enough high school team existed. One trip took us by bus to Kapuskasing to support our squad; a game we won, hands down.

A popular football song of the time was set to the music of the Notre Dame Fight song. The TH&VS version is a bit different from Notre Dame's. It goes like this;

***Beer Beer for TH & V, Mix up the cocktails, Serve them to me
Send somebody out for gin, Don't let a sober person in.
We never stagger, we never fall. We sober up on wood alcohol.
Three cheers for our loyal sons, Marching home from the brewery. Ra Ra Ra***

The teachers.....many names come to mind. For me, in addition to Mr. Bartlett, in my G-9 year, there was Mr. Fennel who taught English. He inadvertently introduced me to broadcasting when he gave me a role in a radio play, live from the studios of CKGB. The play was called *The Witches of Baldoon*. Another English teacher, Miss Anderson, brought Shakespeare to life, sparking my interest in the spoken word. In Miss Anderson's class there was no sleeping to knit the ravelled sleeve of care- she made it all too interesting. Science teacher, Miss Quinn, made it clear that you were there to learn. You took part in her classes. She was tough but kind. Also of importance to me was Mr. Armstrong. His sense of humour bought history to life and as a result I got good marks and more importantly a respect for the historical events and even the hysterical events.

Thank you, Mr. Armstrong and all the other teachers who made a mark on my life. Mind you, there were times I could have used a few more marks.

A very important part of those TH&V days in the forties was the Principal and the Assistant Principal. Principal A.A. Rose was affectionately known as Uncle Alec. He and Mr. H. J. Runnalls made TH&VS a place we were all proud to have attended.

