

NOSTALGIC LISGAR PRIDE

TWO OLDTIMERS, GEORGE '45 AND FRANK '44, RETURN TO LISGAR. WHY? TO LIVE AGAIN OUR TEENAGE, FORMATIVE YEARS — GOING DOWN MEMORY LANE.

TIME HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL OF US. WE'RE STOOPEL WITH AGE. OUR EYES ARE DIMMED. YET, AS WE NEAR OUR OLD SCHOOL AGAIN WE GET THAT SAME SPARKLE OF ANTICIPATION — AS IF RETURNING TO SCHOOL IN SEPTEMBER.

LISGAR IS STILL A CLASSIC GREY STONE EDIFICE — STANDING TALL — A PROUD HALL OF LEARNING. ALERE FLAMMAM.

"GEORGE, WHERE DID THOSE TREES COME FROM? THEY WERE NEVER HERE BEFORE. WE HAVEN'T BEEN GONE THAT LONG."

"THE STREET IS BLOCKED. THEY MUST HAVE CUT OFF OUR ESCAPE TO THE DRIVEWAY. HOW CAN STUDENTS GET OUT OF SIGHT IN THE NOON HOUR? DOWN TO THE CANAL, THE MUDDY PATHWAY — TO SMOKE, TO HORSE AROUND, SHOOT CRAP, TALK UP THE WILD GIRLS?"

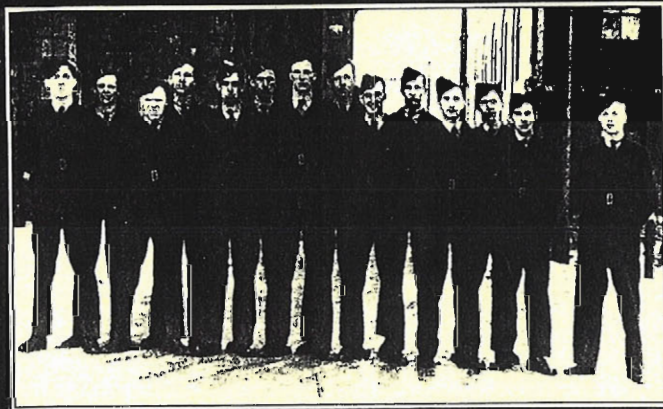
"HEY FRANK, THOSE GIRLS. HOW THEY FLAUNTED ^{THEIR} FLUFFY WHITE SWEATERS AT US. THAT DROVE US CRAZY. WE PRETENDED NOT TO LOOK."

WE TRY TO ENTER BY THE MAIN DOOR, THE 'TEACHERS ONLY' OF OUR DAY. WE GET BOWLED OVER BY A HOARD OF WILD STUDENTS POURING OUT. HOW COME? PERHAPS RULES ARE SET ASIDE THIS LAST DAY OF SCHOOL. MAYBE GOING DOWN MEMORY LANE TODAY WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA.

"GEORGE, TALK ABOUT GIRLS. WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE FORTY GIRLS IN ERICA THOMPSON'S GERMAN CLASS? US FIVE GUYS. WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE — WITH THEIR PEER-A-BOO HAIRDOS — IMITATING VERONICA LAKE. THAT GRADE TEN MIXED CLASS SURE DID ME IN — AFTER OUR FIRST FORM'S ALL BOYS."

"DID WE REALLY NEED TO LEARN HER GERMAN? OF COURSE WE DID. THE WAR WAS ON. WE WANTED TO "SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH", "AUCHTUNG" THE GUYS, "AUF WIEDERSEHN" THE GIRLS.

"THOSE WERE 'SAVE ENGLAND' DAYS. THE GRADUATING CLASS MARCHED OFF TO WAR. WE WERE PRIMED FOR THAT EARLY ON BY OUR PHYSICS TEACHER, LOUIS MENE. HE DRILLED US IN THE HALLWAY FOR HIS CADST CORPS. NOON HOURS HE TAUGHT US HOW TO SHOOT. REMEMBER, UP IN LISGAR'S OLD ATTIC."



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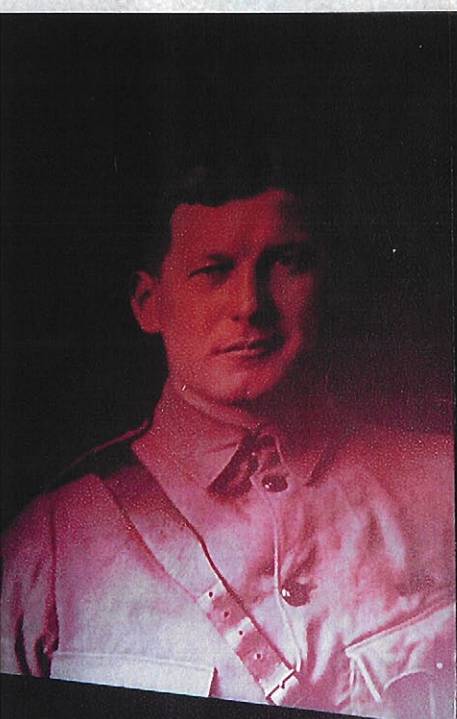
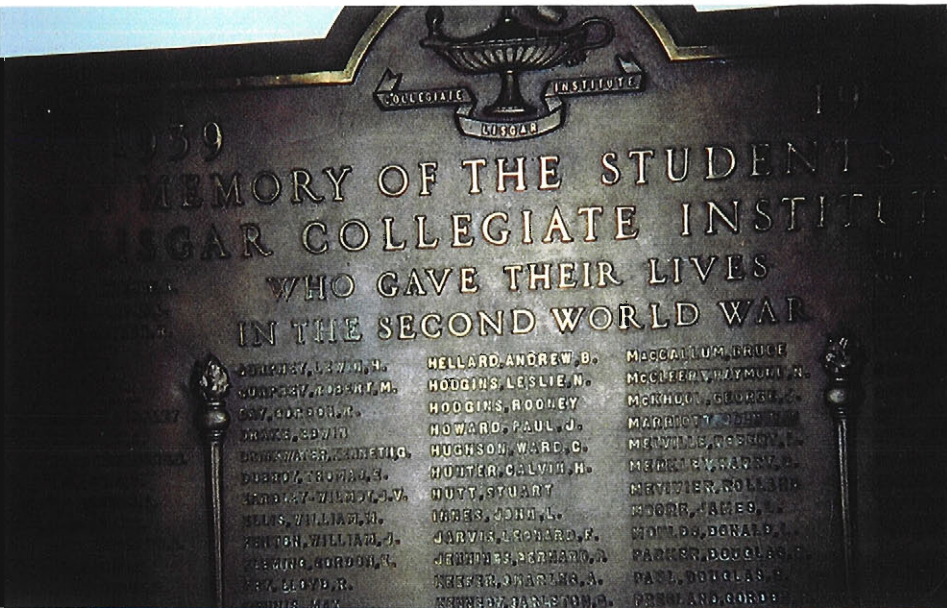
AS CADETS WE PARADED IN THE OLD DRILL HALL. REMEMBER WEARING THOSE FIRST WORLD WAR UNIFORMS — PUTTEES ON OUR LEGS, SAM BROWNE BELTS. FOR THE MARCH PAST WE LEARNED "EYES RIGHT". RALSTON, THE ARMY MINISTER OF DEFENSE TOOK THE SALUTE — RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE PEACE TOWER.

FOR SUMMER TRAINING WE 'EMBARQUED' (BY TRAIN) TO WELLINGTON. WE BINOUACED IN THE FAIRGROUND — TENTING IN THE RAIN. PROFUSE ARMY SWEARING BECAME THE HABIT. AT NIGHT WE TRIED TO OUTMANOEUVER THE TOWN GIRLS.

WHAT HAPPENED IN PHYSICS CLASSES? OLDER BROTHERS TOLD US — "GET MENG OFF PHYSICS BY ASKING ABOUT HIS WAR EXPERIENCES." HE'D GET NOSTALGIC — LIKE ANY OLD-TIMER. FOOT SLOGGING STUFF — A BIT OF A PAIN — BUT BETTER THAN PHYSICS.

IN THOSE YEARS ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENT WAS LEFT UP TO THE GIRLS. BUT THE GIRLS DID COME WITH US ON THOSE FRIDAY NIGHT SLEIGH RIDES. THEY TAUGHT US HOW TO JITTERBUG. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO TESKEYS, THE WHITE SPOT, THE RIGHT SPOT? ON THE RIDE BACK THEY TAUGHT US HOW TO KEEP WARM — KISSING! (UNLESS THE HORSES PASSED WIND AT THAT CRUCIAL MOMENT.) THEN, HOW DID WE GET UP AT DAWN TO CATCH THE SCHOOL'S BUS FOR CAMP FORTUNE — SKIING?

BY GRADE 12 WE WERE OF ENLISTING AGE. THE FIRST DAY OF CLASS MR. MENG HAD AN ANNOUNCEMENT, — "ANYONE WHO JOINS UP, PASSES." WE COULDN'T BELIEVE OUR EARS. PRINCIPAL DUNLOP, ANOTHER VETERAN, LATER BACKED THAT UP. WE HAD IT MADE, WE THOUGHT, ONLY TO FIND OUT HE DIDN'T FEEL STUDENTS COULD TAKE AFTERNOONS OFF AT THE ELGIN THEATRE. GEORGE TELLS ME THAT WHILE THEY WATCHED MARLENE DIETRICH'S RISQUE SWIM, (NUDE), THE MANAGER STOPPED THE FILM. MR DUNLOP APPEARED ON STAGE, THERE WERE STRONG WORDS. ASK GEORGE. I WASN'T THERE. I DIDN'T KNOW NAKED, BY THEN. THEY ALL HAD TO TROOP BACK TO LISGAR — WITH THEIR TAILS BETWEEN THEIR LEGS, SORT OF.



John McCrae: *In Flanders Fields*
 The poem *In Flanders Fields*, written by John McCrae at the Second Battle of Ypres, has become the most famous poem of the war.

John McCrae, a surgeon from Guelph, Ontario, witnessed the horrors of war at Ypres as he operated on maimed and dying soldiers. Shattered by the death of a close friend, he composed his famous poem in less than an hour. McCrae continued to serve throughout the war, but died of pneumonia in 1918.

John McCrae: *Au champ d'honneur*
 Le poème intitulé *Au champ d'honneur*, écrit par John McCrae lors de la deuxième bataille d'Ypres, est le plus célèbre poème de la guerre.

John McCrae, un chirurgien de Guelph, en Ontario, témoigna des horreurs de la guerre qu'il vécut à Ypres en opérant des soldats mutilés et mourants. Bouleversé par la mort d'un ami proche, il composa ce célèbre poème en moins d'une heure. McCrae continua de servir jusqu'à la fin de la guerre, mais mourut des suites d'une pneumonie en 1918.

"In Flanders fields the poppies blow
 Between the crosses, row on row
 That mark our place; and in the sky
 The larks, still bravely singing, fly
 Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved and were loved, and now we lie
 In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
 To you from failing hands we throw
 The torch; be yours to hold it high.
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields."

By John McCrae

ON GRADUATING, ENLISTED STUDENTS FROM GLEBE, TECH, COMMERCE AND LISGAR WERE MARCHED TO THE UNION STATION IN CIVIES — A DISORGANIZED OUT OF STEP BUNCH. BASIC TRAINING WOULD SOON CORRECT THAT.

AS THEY PASSED THE WAR MEMORIAL, THERE WERE THE GREAT WAR'S MEN AND HORSES — SLOGGING IT THROUGH MUD. WE HAD HIGHER HOPES LIKE, "GOING OFF INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER".

AT THE STATION IT WAS A SEND OFF CELEBRATION. BILLY BISHOP, OUR W.W.I FLYING ACE CHEERED US ON. GRACIE FIELDS, OVER FROM BESIEGED BRITAIN, SANG — "THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND".

LISGAR REMEMBERS WARTIMES PAST — THOSE TARNISHED PLAQUES IN ITS ENTRANCE HALLWAYS. THE NEW WAR MUSEUM TELLS THEIR STORIES SO STARKLY.

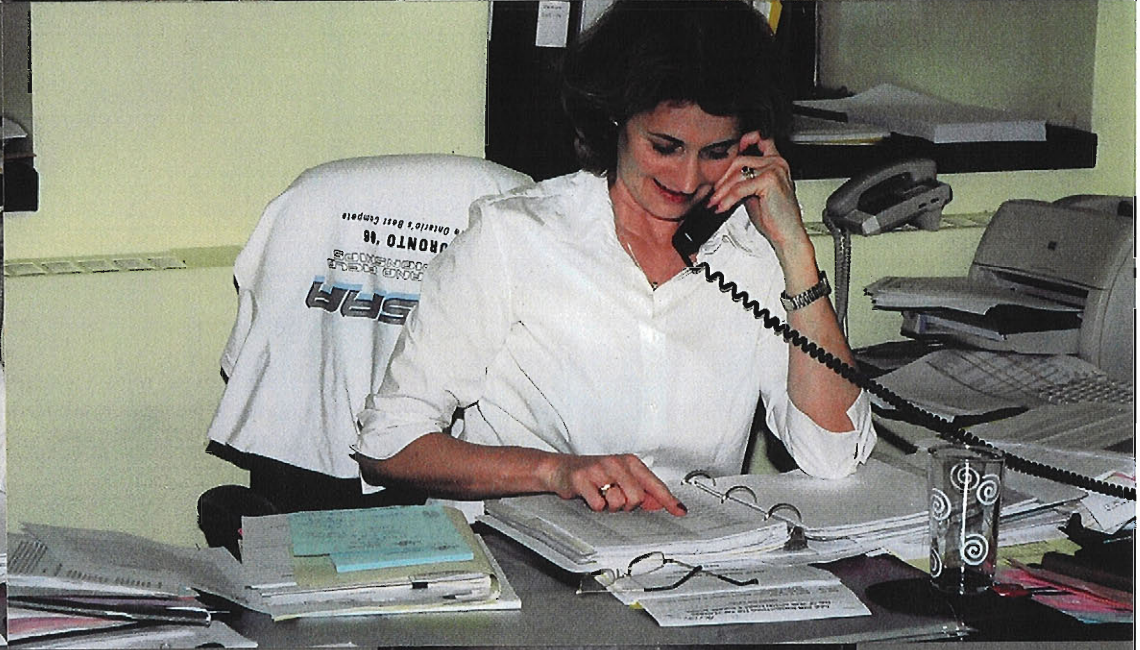
JOHN MCCREA IS CELEBRATED, HAVING WRITTEN WHILE IN THE TRENCHES — "IN FLANDERS FIELDS THE POPPIES BLOW

BETWEEN THE CROSSES ROW ON ROW — "

COMPOSED IN AN HOUR WHEN STRICKEN WITH GRIEF AT THE DEATH OF HIS FRIEND), — A LISGAR MAN.

GEORGE AND I HAVE OUR OWN MEMORIES OF CLASSMATES LOST, OF THEIR WILD TEENAGE ANTICS, OF THEIR GOING OFF TO WAR — FROM LISGAR — PROUDLY ENTHUSED IN THEIR NEW LIFE ADVENTURE.

DO WE DARE INTRUDE INTO LISGAR'S BUSY, BOISTEROUS ACADEMIC LIFE? OF COURSE WE DO — WE'RE ALL FIRED UP WITH NOSTALGIA. WE'RE ALUMNI, CHECKING TO SEE IF THE OLD SCHOOL IS STILL UP TO PAR.



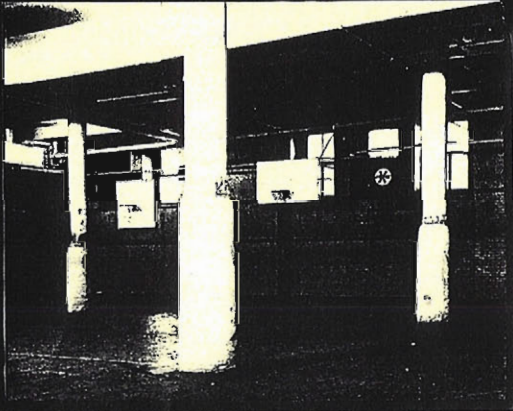
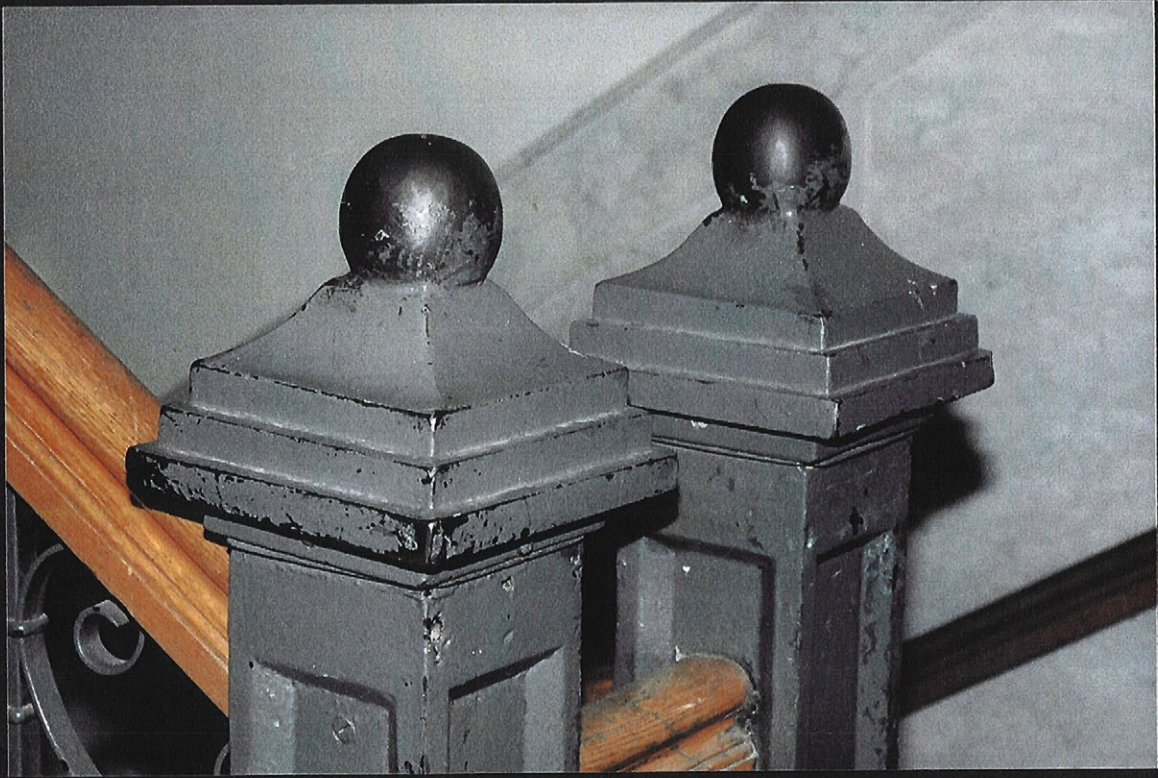
WE'VE COME STRAIGHT FROM 'THE RIDEAU CLUB' — STILL CHARGED UP FROM THE LIBATIONS WITH LUNCH. THERE, THANKS TO GEORGE, THE ALUMNI WELCOMED THE NEW PRINCIPAL, KAREN GLEDHILL. GOODBYES WERE SADLY SAID TO THOSE RETIRING TEACHERS — TRUDY BRADLY, MARGARET POETSCHKE AND LARRY PETERS.

THE MEETING WAS IN THE KARSH PORTRAIT ROOM. CHURCHILL, WITH HIS FAMOUS WARTIME SCOWL, GLOWERED DOWN THE TABLE AT US. HEMINGWAY WAS THERE AND EINSTEIN. LISGAR WAS IN GOOD COMPANY. DOWN THE HALL WAS OUR NAMESAKE'S PICTURE, LORD LISGAR, THE SECOND IN A LONG LINE OF GOVERNORS GENERAL PORTRAITS. SOON TO BE ADDED TO THAT DISTINGUISHED SEQUENCE WILL BE ADRIENNE CLARKSON, — ONCE LISGAR'S HEAD GIRL.

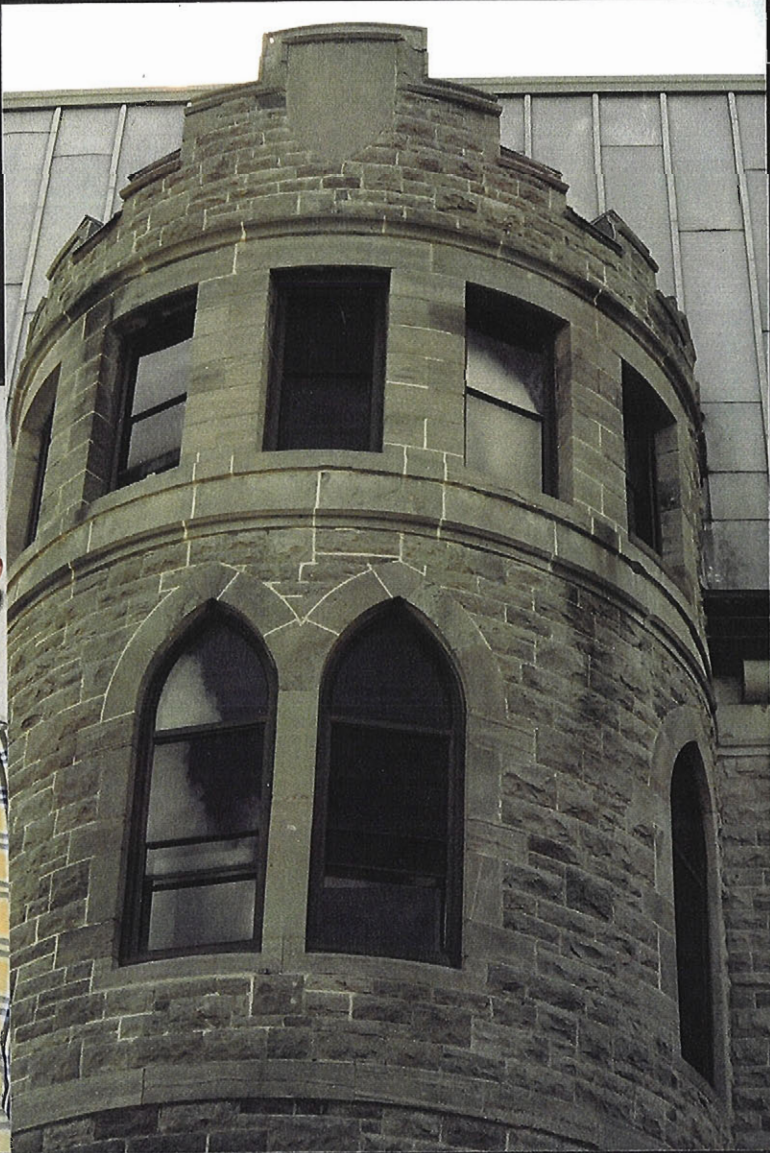
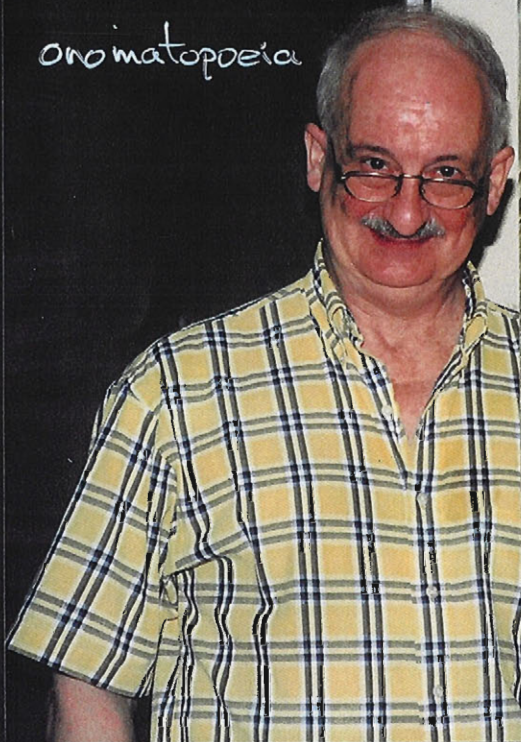
NOW AT THE SCHOOL WE CLIMB LISGAR'S STEEP ENTRANCE STAIRS. WE STOP, CATCH OUR BREATH AND WONDER — "CAN WE GET A PICTURE OF THE PRINCIPAL IN HER OFFICE? LET'S TRY."

WE BARGE PAST HER PROTESTING YOUNG SECRETARIES. THE CAMERA LEADS THE WAY — GIVING SOME CREDIBILITY TO — "WE NEED HER PICTURE — FOR THE ALUMNI NEWSLETTER." WE CHARGE INTO HER INNER SANCTUM. FROM HER MESSY DESK SHE LOOKS UP AGHAST. SHE DIDN'T PLAN THIS PHOTO-OP MOMENT — FLASH — GOTCHA. THEN HOPING THE SILLY OLD FOOLS WILL JUST GO AWAY, SHE'S BACK TO BUSINESS — HEAD DOWN — FLASH — CAUGHT HER WORKING MODE.

LAUGHING AS WE LEAVE FAST WE HEAR A YELL — "FRANK, GIVE ME COPIES."



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5.

THEN, HAVING OUR OWN URGENCIES — WINE FILLED BLADDERS BURSTING — WE HEAD DOWN THOSE OLD BASEMENT STAIRS — TAKING THE STEPS VERY CAREFULLY. NO NEED TO. THAT SLIPPERY WHITE MARBLE IS GONE. IT WAS WELL WORN, ACTUALLY SCOOPED OUT, BY A CENTURY OF SCRAMBLING STUDENTS. NOW NO MORE SLIP SLIDING DOWN — TOO BAD.

WE SWING AROUND THE STAIR'S SHARP TURN DOWN, GRASPING THOSE SAME BLACK BALLS FOR SUPPORT. IN YOUNGER DAYS WE TWIRLED WILDLY — AIRBORNE IN THE MAD BEDLAM RUSH TO BASEMENT LOCKERS — AT FINAL BELL — TAKING STAIRS TWO AT A TIME.

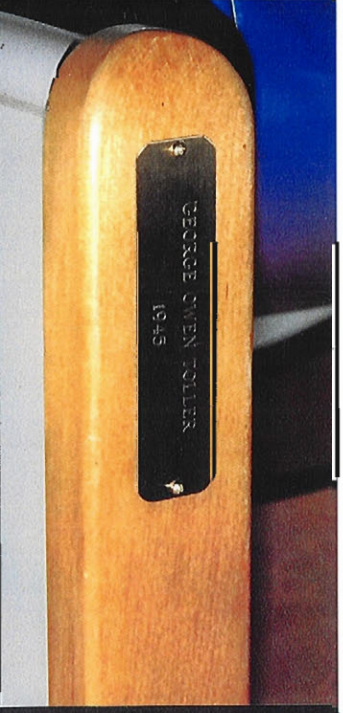
THE BOYS WASHROOM — GRAFFITIED CUBICLES: WHAT AN ARTISTIC MESS. WE BET THE NEW PRINCIPAL HASN'T SEEN THAT DECORATED DISASTER.

RELIEVED, REFRESHED, WE SNEAK A PEEK INTO OUR OLD BASEMENT GYM. TABLES ON OUR BASKETBALL FLOOR. DOWNGRADED TO A LUNCH ROOM. BUT STILL FRESH IN OUR HEARING IS THE HYSTERICAL CHEERING OF OUR GIRL FRIENDS — AS WE TRIED TO TROUCE GLEE IN BASKETBALL. WE KNEW HOW TO JUDGE AROUND THOSE BIG PADDED CENTRE PILLAR POSTS. THEY DIDN'T. CHEERS FOR 'THE OLD BLUE AND GREY.'

PRAWLING THE HALLS, WE BUMP INTO THE ENGLISH TEACHER OF LUNCH — LARRY PETERS. HE INVITES US INTO HIS CLASSROOM — CHALLENGING OUR OLD BRAINS TO THE MEANING OF 'ONOMATOPOEIA', STILL ON THE BLACKBOARD. GEORGE GETS IT — I FAKE IT. HE KNOWS! EVERY TEACHER KNEW MY GUILTY SMIRKY SMILE.

WE PHOTOFLASH HIS STERN PEDAGOGICAL FROWN — PIERCING EYES OVER HORN RIMS — A LOOK TO INTIMIDATE ANY STUDENT. BUT, NO LONGER, HE'S RETIRING.

WE GOT OUT OF THERE FAST, THINKING — "YOU CAN TAKE A TEACHER OUT OF LISGAR, BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE LISGAR OUT OF THE TEACHER."



6.

THEN, OFF TO SEE THE REFURBISHED LIBRARY WITH ITS ANTIQUE TIN CEILING. MARGARET WHITING WAS THERE, GUARDING HER BOOKS AND MAINTAINING HER PROFESSIONAL ALOOFNESS — LIBRARIANS YOU KNOW. SHE NEEDED A LOT OF WARMING UP. GEORGE IS GOOD AT THAT. SHE SOON REALIZED WE WERE JUST A COUPLE OF HARMLESS OLD LISGARITES.

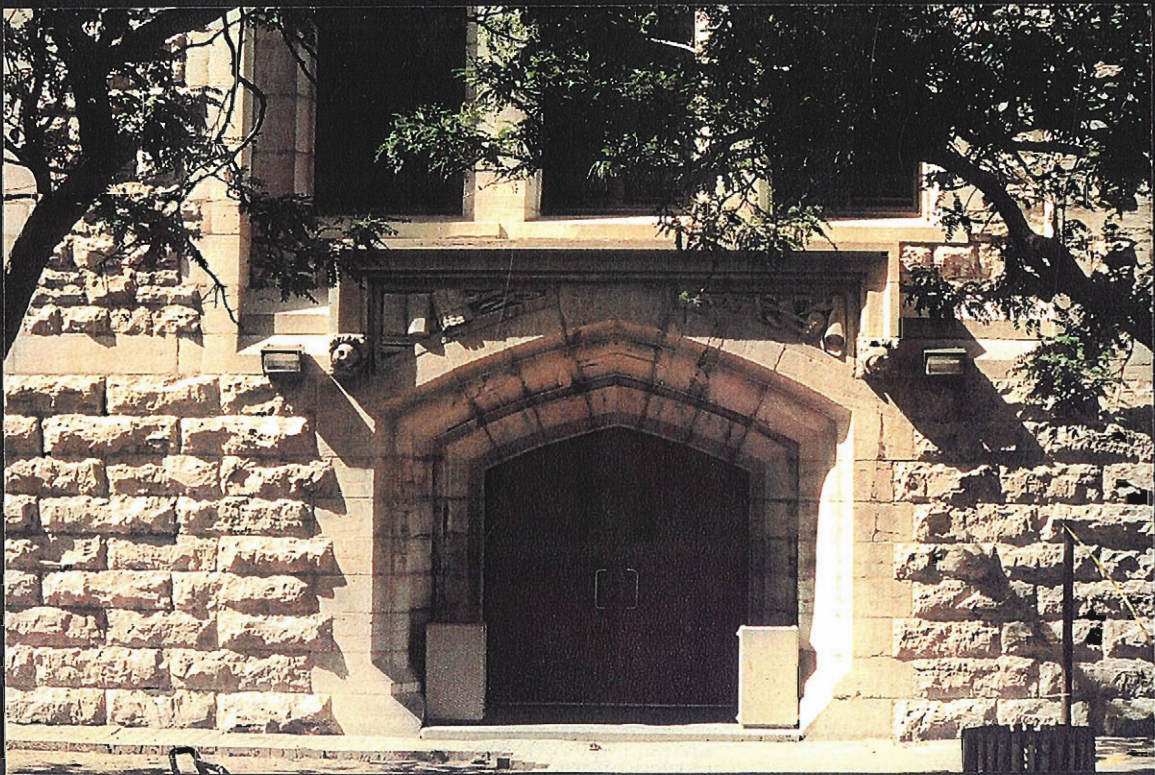
UNWINDING, WE GOT HER GOING DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH US. SHE EVEN SANG AN OLD WARTIME SONG. WAS IT "WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"? I FORGET NOW. NO, IT WASN'T — "NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON" — HOW COULD SHE KNOW THAT ONE!

MARGARET AGREED TO SHOW US OUR OLD ASSEMBLY HALL. WHAT A JAD SURPRISE. IT LOOKED TOO NEW. THOSE HARD BARE SEATS NOW PADDED IN BLUE. SOME ARMRESTS HAD PAST STUDENTS NAME PLATES. MARGARET SEARCHED — AS GOOD LIBRARIANS DO — FINDING TWO OLD-TIMERS' NAMES. WE HAD LEFT OUR MARK ON LISGAR — NOT BY FAME, BUT BY FORTUNE — OUR MEAGER CASH DONATION — FOR SOFT BLUE SEATS.

MEMORIES OF MORNING ASSEMBLIES FLOODED IN. 'GREY OWL' VISITED US — ALL DECKED OUT IN HIS INDIAN OUTFIT, HE TALKED ABOUT HIS BROTHERS THE BEAVERS. A MOVIE SHOWED HIM HAND FEEDING. HOWEVER, MARGARET NOW FILLED US IN ON HIS REAL IDENTITY. "ARTHUR WAS AN ENGLISHMAN — GONE WILD IN THE WOODS WITH BEAVERS AND BOOZE, RUMOUR WAS, HIS BEING BANISHED ROYALTY, WITH A STIPEND TO KEEP HIM OUT IN THE COLONY".

THE MEMORY OF AN OLD GIRL FRIEND THEN POPPED UP — THE WARBLING BLOOD, SINGING WITH THE ORCHESTRA PLAYING — "I FOUND MY THRILL ON BLUEBERRY HILL". THE PRINCIPAL BANNED A REPEAT OF THAT SUGGESTION.

"HEY GEORGE, REMEMBER DOING 'PIRATES OF PENZANCE' UP THERE. ERICA THOMPSON DIRECTED US. DID SHE FLATTER US AFTER —



"SAYING, "YOU BOYS LOOKED SO TOUGH." WOW. DID WE DANCE THE SAILOR'S HORNPIPE — WEARING OUR TIGHT BELL BOTTOM SEA CADET UNIFORMS?"

THE NIGHT OF THE BIG DANCE THOSE UNIFORMS WERE A PROBLEM. THE GYM WAS FESTOONED IN BLUE AND GREY. THE TEACHERS CHAPERONED — WATCHING FOR TOO MUCH CLOSE INTIMACY (OR HIP FLASKS). OUR PARTNERS GAVE US A HARD TIME — DIDN'T SEEM TO KNOW BETTER, — THAN DANCE THAT CLOSE TO VIRILE TEENS IN TIGHT BELL BOTTOMS — WHAT AN EMBARRASSMENT.

FORTY YEARS LATER, RETURNING FOR THE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH REUNION, THE ASSEMBLY HALL WAS PACKED TILL ONE IN THE MORNING. UP THERE ON STAGE WAS LORNE GREENE — THE SOMBRE RADIO VOICE OF CANADA AT WAR AND LATER TV'S PA CARTWRIGHT. RICH LITTLE WAS ALSO THERE TRYING OUT HIS NEXT LOS VEGAS SCRIPT, ON US. LORNE GREENE WAS PRESENTED WITH HIS INITIAL CARVED DESK. BUT, BEWARE REUNIONS. MY OTHER OLD GIRL FRIEND SITTING JUST TWO SEATS AWAY DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME. TEENAGE VIVID MEMORIES — FADED FAST THAT NIGHT.

LEAVING BY THE BOYS ENTRANCE, GEORGE AND I LOOKED UP TO THAT WINDOW. A WIDE BLUE STRIPE NO LONGER RAN ALL DOWN THE WALL. IN OUR DAY, SOMEONE WE ALL KNEW WHO, HAD DUMPED OUT A BIG BOTTLE OF BLUE INK — THE ONE FOR FILLING OUR INK WELLS. THE PRINCIPAL KEPT THAT CLASS IN AT NOON FOR A MONTH — UNTIL SOMEONE SQUEALED.

STILL FEELING LOATHE TO LEAVE, A NOON IN JUNE CAME TO MIND WITH A LAUGH. WE WERE JUST HANGING AROUND — BORED. BUT, WE FELT WE HADN'T DONE ANYTHING APPROPRIATE TO CELEBRATE LISGAR'S HUNDRETH.

SOMEONE SUGGESTED WE FLAUNT OUR FAME AT GLEBE — THAT UPSTART SCHOOL. THE IDEA CAUGHT ON — WE'D DO ANYTHING FOR LAUGHS.

WE NEEDED A FLAG. "GEORGE, YOU DIVERED INTO YOUR LOCKER —



PULLING OUT YOUR SMELLY OLD FALL FOOTBALL SWEATER - THE FAMOUS #20.
 THEN WHAT FOR A FLAG POLE? "YOU SWIPED THE JANITORS LONG MOP HANDLE."
 THE GIRLS WERE CURIOUS WHAT WE WERE UP TO, OF COURSE. THOSE WILD ONES JOINED US
 DID WE HAVE A LOVE BUGLER AS WELL?

OFF WE WENT PARADING ALONG THE DRIVEWAY, — A MOTLEY CREW WITH LAUGHING
 LISGAR DETERMINATION. . . . ALONG CAME A MOTORCYCLE SIDE CAR MOUNTIE WANTING TO
 KICK US OFF THE ROAD. WE CLAIMED LEGITIMACY. HE LAUGHED, BUT CAUGHT THE
 CRAZY SPIRIT OF THE MOMENT, WITH, "I'LL FOLLOW YOU, PROTECT YOU FROM CARS."
 HIS FLASHING YELLOW LIGHTS WARNING THEM OF THE VERY UNEXPECTED. WHAT
 A ROWDY PARADE OF PURPOSE — LAUGHING ALL THE WAY TO GLEBE.

WE STORMED IN THEIR SIDE DOOR, CRUISED UP AND DOWN THEIR HALLS, HYSTERICALLY
 CHANTING — "AIE PROTOS, PROTOS AIE, O.C.I." (LISGAR'S GREEK MOTTO — "ALWAYS FIRST, FIRST ALWAYS") —
 RUBBING IT IN. TEACHER AFTER TEACHER CAME OUT OF CLASS, WONDERING — "WHAT'S HAPPENING?"
 WE YELLED — "IT'S LISGAR'S CENTENARY, WE'RE A HUNDRED YEARS OLD!"

FINALLY, WITH HOARSE VOICES COMPLETELY GONE, WE CLEARED OUT. FLUSHED WITH
 EXUBERANCE WE WERE STILL LAUGHING AND REPEATING — "HEY WE PULLED IT OFF!"

MONDAY MORNING, WE HAD BIG DOUBTS — HARDY DARING TO SHOW UP FOR ASSEMBLY.
 THE PRINCIPAL STOOD UP. WE HELD OUR BREATH. HE ANNOUNCED —

"FRIDAY AFTERNOON I HAD A PHONE CALL FROM MR ATKINSON, THE PRINCIPAL OF GLEBE
 COLLEGIATE. HE ASKED ME, "DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR STUDENTS ARE?" HE COMPLAINED —
 "THEY'RE IN OUR HALLS — YELLING LISGAR'S CHEER" — "BUT HE WAS LAUGHING."

JOHNNY DUNLOP WAS BY THEN SMILING — WITH LISGAR PRIDE.



Principal John J. "Johnny" Dunlop.
 1939-1951.

Yet another in the long line of Scottish
 headmasters and principals at Lisgar,
 John J. "Johnny" Dunlop was born and
 educated in Williamstown, Clengary
 County. His initials are still very apparent
 on the wall of his old schoolhouse there,
 now the Northwestern Museum. World War I
 interrupted his studies at Queen's. He
 served overseas with the Princess Pat
 Canadian Light Infantry, returned to
 Queen's for his degree and was hired on
 in 1921 by the Ottawa Board of Education.
 He served at Lisgar as English teacher,
 head of the department, vice-principal
 and as principal from 1939 until his death
 in 1951.



THE STORMING OF GLEBE

Storming the citadel of their "parvenue" rival in learning at Glebe Collegiate, the entire male student body of one hundred year old Lisgar Collegiate marched yesterday afternoon through the "tents," or rather, corridors in the camp of the Philistines who had beaten them so often on the playing fields.

Executed with perfect timing that caught the blue and gold cohorts by surprise, the first warning of the "commando raid" was a cacophony of sound that surged up the street, bringing the Glebe principal, W.D.T. Atkinson, to the window. Rising above the crescendo of blaring bugles and throbbing drums sounded the "rebel" yell of triumph, and then Principal Atkinson realized that the "invaders" were from Lisgar and that the occasion required a strategic capitulation.

As he let down the drawbridge, and retreated to the postern gate, the Lisgar phalanx surged in and swirled through the corridors, giving a yell that in spite of the bewhiskered age of Lisgar sounded impressively modern. It was the same "Rah, Rah, Rah" call to battle that had carried Lisgar to heights of achievement in the period of its pristine glory in

those days of the old O.C.I., when "the dear old blue and grey" were unbeaten in intercollegiate sport.

The Lisgar "army" leaders carried a banner that proclaimed: "We may be old but we don't creak." Around it the battle waged, for by this time the Glebe warriors were getting organized, and the order went forth to "man the exits." Seeing their retreat threatened, the Lisgar Timoshenkos called for a withdrawal in depth.

It was executed in the face of fierce resistance, but the Lisgar raiders gained the street intact and with light casualties.

Then they marched back to the noble grey pile that constitutes their bailiwick near The Driveway.

Here they were met on the steps by their own master strategist Principal J.J. Dunlop, who lauded the success of their raid on Festung Glebe. In due course, the assemblies of both schools will doubtless witness the handing out of decorations.

From the *Ottawa Journal*, 1943.





GEORGE BANTON, CHIEF CUSTODIAN
"MOST WANTED MAN" (AT LISGAR)



