

Some War Stories

T.C.S. War Years 1939-45

"D" DAY

The following description was contained in a letter from Lieut. Jim Warburton ('34 - '39), R.C.A.: -

"After a few more idyllic weeks of glorious weather, visits to the Thatched Cottage and hectic preparation for the big do, which we realized was not far off, we were sealed into our camp. Barbed wire was thrown around us, guards put on and no one allowed in or out. Then the Officers were briefed - a whole day's work. I'll never forget the thrill I felt as the C.O. told us what we were to do, how we were going to do it and of the magnitude of the operation. Then we studied maps and aerial photos and intelligence summaries till we knew the job cold. When the day was over I knew almost every house in the village we landed in and exactly where I was to go, how to get there and what to do. It was a marvellous feeling to be so familiar with the place.

"A few more days of waiting followed, when we were issued rations, got rid of all excess baggage and administered our craft load. I was O.C. troops on my craft, and had a Major and a couple of Captains under me, so things might have been a bit tricky except that they were all very decent and we got on famously. Then down to the yards to load, and a wait of several days on the craft, the hold jam-packed with vehicles and no room for all the men. However, they did everything possible to make us comfortable and we survived the boredom.

"Not knowing when "D" Day was, there was great speculation as to the date. We got one rumour, but that day slipped by and the weather seemed to be getting worse: I began to be anxious, knowing that a delay would mean a postponement of anything up to 28 days, and I couldn't face being sealed in that much longer. However, one bright day we steamed out past the most amazing collection of shipping I'll probably ever see, through the boom and out into the Channel. The way the boat turned and tossed I thought even then we'd have to turn back, but on we went and I felt worse and worse. Fortunately I had something to do, and between trips to the rail I sorted maps, briefed the troops and got things ready for the morning. Having got everything ready, I managed to get some sleep, which I now thank my lucky stars I took.

"A rather eerie crossing, as we couldn't show light; the seas were so high for such craft; and we knew there might be "E" boats and subs around. However, our faith in the Navy was not misplaced and there were no incidents on the way over.

"Up early in the morning to find low clouds and a grey light and few ships. However, they soon began to gather, and soon there were as many around us as we'd passed the night before. The miracle was the Hun didn't seem to expect us, and there was no enemy activity at all at that stage.

"We sailed inshore, hitting a mine on the way, but that didn't stop us. We were also being shelled and bombed but, beyond noticing the spouts of water around us, I didn't have time to think about it. So we landed, and pushed inland, firing from one position for awhile before moving on to another. It was kind of nerve racking, because all the places had not been cleaned out, and we weren't quite sure when a sniper would get after us. Then our first night ashore - pretty tough. The first Jerry planes started coming over at dusk, and our ack-ack was terrific, really the worst part of the thing. However, most of us got a little sleep that night. I was so dog-tired I couldn't stay awake and just dropped off in a most peculiar position up against the bogies of the tank.

"By the next day things were beginning to settle down, and though we did a lot of firing and the Hun counter-attacked quite a lot, we stayed in the position we'd occupied that day for several days. We had a Jerry strong point at our back. On a hill about 1000 yards across a valley and completely overlooking my troop was a very strongly fortified position, which I don't know. A couple of tanks went up to have a look-see and he engaged them. We even did a bit of shooting of what amounted to direct laying - about the best fun we've had so far. It's a great thing to be able to see what you're shooting at, and the gunners very rarely get that opportunity.

"You ought to see our air support. It's magnificent, and we get a great thrill watching the Typhoons rocket-bombing. They just queue up in the sky and go diving in, then you see a couple of flashes and a tail of smoke as two rockets head for the ground. Heavy bombers came over one day, too, and the mess they made of their targets was unbelievable.

"Everything is going pretty nicely, and we're not having a bad time, though occasionally we get shaken up by a bit of shelling..."

Lieut. Keith Russel ('34 - '39) was one of the officers aboard Landing Craft No. 306 on D-Day. This craft was fortunate enough to come through the trials of the day entirely unscathed, and it made four further trips on succeeding days. He writes: "We arrived off the beach at zero hour on the 6th and landed our troops about three hours later. Jerry did a good job mining the approaches and the bridgehead as witness the fact that, out of twelve craft in our flotilla, we were the only one to come through absolutely unscathed. There were only three casualties in our flotilla which was surprisingly light; we expected more from what we saw on the beaches. Several craft had to remain on the beach for a few days before being towed back to G.B., where repairs were effected with amazing rapidity. The majority of damaged crafts hit mines in their engine rooms, but most of them are ready to go now. Enemy opposition from the shore was disappointing, though we did have a bit of trouble with a few snipers in seaside villas".

THE CAPTURE OF ROME

The following account of the capture of Rome was written by Lieut. W. H. Langdon ('37-'39).

"I can't begin to tell you all - it would fill five volumes. Apparently I was not born for a headquarters job. Half-way through the operation the company commander of the Sixth Company was wounded, so I was called in to take over the company.

"As far as the big push is concerned, I have never been so dog tired in all my life. Over mountains most of the time - twenty miles or so a day. Fighting and marching, no sleep. As usual the Force did a bloody fine job - I'm so proud of it that I just can't express myself. Paved the road to Rome with our men, but we got there - first.

"We pushed from the beach-head on May 23rd - fought until we got through their MLR. Then things slackened off. We went up into the mountains. The first night up, we were joined by six men dressed as Italian 'peasants' - peasants. They turned out to be British and American officers who were dropped by parachute to do secret service work, a couple of crashed pilots and one Italian partisan, Tito, who is a fighting son of a gun if I have ever seen one.

"Then on to Cort the next day and from there to Rocca Massima, an ancient citadel way up in the mountains. I had my camera with me and took a shot of it. Very picturesque. Then there was a long delay and it was midnight before we finally entered it. Just as we were going in, word came down the column to look out for mines and booby traps. There we were, dog tired, stumbling along the night as black as pitch, as we were to look out for mines. C'est la guerre.

"I think we had about two hours sleep then, and then we were off to Artena. We had to scrap for it. We held it for five days while Gerry threw everything at us but the kitchen sink. Then we pushed again to cut a railway and then following day shot down to take Colle Fero. People went mad. Threw flowers at us, gave us wine (vino) and then Gerry started to shell again. Repeat performance of Artena, but we were only there for that night and day. I slept in a cave on the edge of the city. Lost a platoon commander and a couple of section leaders in that show. Incidentally, it was at Artena that I took over the Sixth.

"Then from Colle Fero, we climbed in trucks and went back to Artena where they graciously gave us four hours rest. Think of it - four whole hours. Oh yes, it was at Colle Fero that we made the first contact with the Goums, who pushed up from the front. They're wonderful fighters. Just let our Force and the Goums work together, and we'll whip the entire German army. They relieved us around midnight. I'll always remember standing out there and talking French to the Goum company commander.

"And then back for our four hours rest. We had captured a German truck load of rum, so we all celebrated. No rest there. We piled into trucks and were taken up to within ten miles of Rome - night of June 3rd. At the detrucking point we were bombed and strafed. It was a bright moonlit night. Bit of a scrap next morning for Tor Sapienza, then a few hours rest there. We hit at dawn. At three o'clock on the afternoon of June 4th, there was the big operation order. We were to attack Rome at 3:30 p.m. My company led - we had tanks with us - no communication whatsoever. That was the only black part of the operation for me. I had a devil of a job controlling the tanks and the company both at the same time and became separated from my own men at one point. While I was gone, they ran into trouble and I lost another platoon commander. It's a bad thing when you are not with your men when they're getting it in the neck. But I got back with them at the out-skirts of Rome. I was so annoyed that I wanted to get hit and went up front as lead scout. That is the way we entered Rome. There were two Italian civilians - patriots - whom I saw. They led us to our objective - the Victor Emmanuel Monument. Great boys. Every fascist they saw, they shot like a dog. You have no idea how they hate the "Fascisti". The first one we got, they stood up against a wall and shot right between the horns.

"Then several unsuspecting and confused truckloads of Germans arrived on the scene. Didn't even recognize us as enemy. When they were twenty yards or so away, we let them have it. What a slaughter! "Then down the main street to the monument. As I passed, all was deserted, but halfway down the column, the populace began pouring out of their homes. They were hysterical with happiness.

"Then we hit two German armoured cars. I never felt so naked in all my life. Luckily, one of our tanks popped along at the right time and knocked them out. The German driver must have thought it was his time to die, because he tried to shoot it out with our medium tank.

"This was our last fighting. We consolidated on the monument. Then I had a strange experience. The leader of an Italian underground movement came to me, grubby little Langdon, and turned the city over to me. He took me to the Governor's palace, where I was officially received by the Italian aristocracy. Imagine my position. Out of contact with battalion - or any other troops for that matter - alone with my company in the heart of Rome, and being welcomed as the commanding officer of the American forces.

"Naturally, we weren't the only troops in Rome. Entries were made from several directions. It's a huge city and we were only in one small part of it. While we were doing our job, other units, but all from the Force, were fighting in other parts of the city. We just happened to light on the governor's doorstep.

"At this time it was approximately dusk. I had dinner with the dignitaries, was kissed and embraced by three of the most beautiful young women I have ever seen, and treated to cognac which was out of this world. And there I was; dressed in my combat clothes, dirty, filthy, unshaven, tired and sitting down to dinner in the "most luxurious place that I have ever seen.

"That night I wandered around trying to find Battalion, without luck. The populace crowded the street all night - hysterically happy. Never imagined that such things actually happened. Everywhere I went I was picked up on their shoulders and carried. By this time, Americans and French and British were pouring into the city. I did not contact the Force until the following day. That night I slept on the steps of the monument - no blankets or anything. Just on the bare marble. I had to be with my company - otherwise I could have slept in any home. I must have had fifty million invitations to spend the night in a private home."

AIR FORCE

Acton Fleming ('30 - '35), S/L, R.A.F. - England. Aug. 16, 1944 - "During the almost two years that I was with the Squadron we spent sixteen months of it in Scotland in, I must say, very pleasant surroundings.....Last November the whole Squadron moved south.....We were at that time taking low oblique photographs of the rocket sites in the Pas de Calais and found it both an interesting and "hot" pastime! I was for a time acting C.O. but found the job exasperating as half the Squadron was on one aerodrome and the other half some seventy miles away...Last March I was promoted to Squadron Leader and took over the command of my old original in which I served at the beginning of the war for fourteen months. I have never been so pleased in my life...Just after I took over we got rid of our Mustangs and were re-equipped with Spitfires and the Squadron was moved south in preparation for D-Day..On D-Day itself I was very lucky in that I went off on the dawn sortie at 0445 and spent forty-five minutes over the Beachhead where I got a magnificent bird's-eye view of our mighty armada approaching the coast of Normandy. I was singularly impressed by the visibility that momentous morning. I had no sooner climbed to 1500 feet after take-off than I could see the guns flashing off the coast of Normandy about 100 miles away. So, although it was still quite dark, all I had to do was steer for the flashes.....I made two further trips during the day.

"After about D plus 7 things from our point of view had slackened off considerably and operational trips are a bit scarce at the moment. However, we all get in about two trips a week. Casualties in the Squadron have been remarkably light considering the nature of the work. I have only lost three chaps all of whom were shot down by flak. Enemy fighters were scarce as hen's teeth and only a small minority reported any action with them. I myself had a brief tussle with six FW 190's with no claims either side. They never stayed to fight and I found just by turning hard that I had the upper hand. One dirty dive by you and they were away....

Wing Cmdr. Dal Russel ('26 - '34) is in command of the Canadian Spitfire wing which over a five months period has escorted some two thousand bombers, and never lost one bomber to enemy fighters. This is one of the best records for escorting bombers in daylight raids.

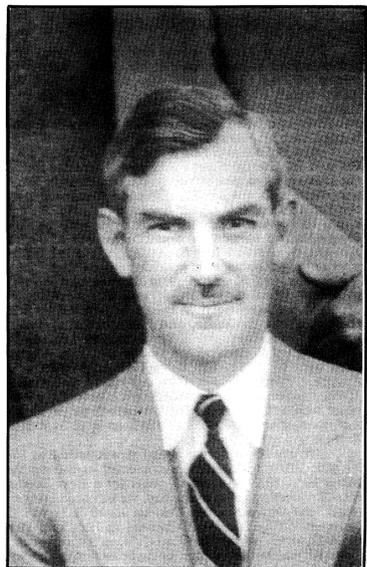
Night bomber squadrons as related by Flight Lieutenant Ralph Keefer: "My first trip was a rather thrilling daylight raid on the German warships at Brest when we (a formation of three) were attacked by three M.E. 109 E's and shot all of them down without loss to ourselves. I was then promoted to a Captain and got my own Wellington in which I did ten trips over enemy territory before we were forced to jump one night and landed here (in Ireland)."

Navy

Sven Svenningsson ('38 - '42), Lieut., R.C.N.V.R. - H.M. S. Mauritius, Aug. 1, 1944 - "I left Canada last fall after graduating from Kings. There were about ten T.C.S. chaps aboard the troop ship. After spending a short time in London I joined the ship, an 8,00 ton cruiser. We went out to the Mediterranean where we spent most of our time bombardng off the Italian coast...I saw Dave Morris ('30 - '41) in Malta one evening and had dinner with him aboard his ship.....We returned to England in the spring...We have lately been taking part in Normandy.....Had the Admiral aboard and so led the bombardng squadron in ahead of the landing craft. We were to protect the Eastern flank of the British and Canadian landings by engaging the shore batteries and any surface craft...I see Dick Birks ('39 - '42) now and again; he is on a destroyer in the home fleet.

GERMANY 1945

Capt. Gordon Lucas ('34 - '36), R.C.A., has been acting as F.O.O. with the Infantry and from "somewhere in Germany" he writes in part: "We pushed into Germany in February close behind our shells and had some very bitter fighting. I then had a leave and got back with my unit in time for the crossing of the Rhine...We joined in the mad dash to the North Sea. It was not all a picnic and the only part of the Gronigen welcome I can remember is a very accurately laid 20 mm. and small arms fire. It was a push that we were not sorry to see another battalion push through our hard won bridgehead. I am now in Herman's front yard and it is quite easy to get accommodation. We have run across a great many freed Prisoners of War, who are trying to make their way home. Some poles and Russians have been unbelievably ill treated and we have the unhappy task of maintaining law and order between the Prisoners of War and the Hun population".



"1899 - 1964"
T.C.S. Student 1912 - 1916
T.C.S. Headmaster 1933 - 1962

When Philip Ketchum became Headmaster, the School was at a low ebb. A huge debt hung like a millstone around the neck of the new Headmaster, the Depression had reduced enrollment to a trickle, and the masters were grossly underpaid. Largely due to leadership, foresight and inspiration of Philip Ketchum, the School soon regained its position in the forefront of Canadian independent schools.

His enthusiasm attracted boys to his side, as did his often puckish sense of humour. The warmth of his friendship made it possible for him to influence and guide boys to a degree denied to lesser men. Few understood boys as well as Philip Ketchum. He knew their hopes, and the fears; he knew how to inspire them to work harder, to play harder, to reach beyond their grasp.

Early in the war Philip Ketchum, himself, wondered for a time where his true duty lay, considered returning to the Air Force but was persuaded by Air Force friends that nothing he would achieve in the Armed Forces could compare with the service he might render in his role as Headmaster of T.C.S. For the next four years he watched the young men of T.C.S. join in the crusade to rid the world of its malignancy, finding time in the midst of increasingly onerous duties to keep in touch with them and through the pages of *The Record* enable them to keep track of one another. The hundreds of letters from Old Boys in the Services gratefully expressing their appreciation made the effort seem eminently worthwhile.

Philip Ketchum in one way or another influenced and inspired us all. His true memorial is to be found in the lives of the hundreds upon hundreds of boys and men who are the better for having known him, and having been guided and influenced by a great Christian educator, a wise and profoundly human man, and a good friend.

At speech day 1942 he said: "Beginnings and endings are hard for most of us, yet life is made up of beginnings and endings and we must know how to meet them.

"When learning to fly you need an instructor to teach you the meaning of the instruments, you must learn the use of the controls, the sound of the engine. When getting off the ground you must keep your tail up, then you find it is not wise to take chances at the beginning of your flight, near the ground, but rather climb steadily until you have space to lose if you have to lose it. You can be more free now and soon you will feel at home in the new element, rejoicing in the new found world, enjoying all the power at your command and the freedom which comes from confidence and skill. But keep control of yourself; too steep a climb and you will lose flying speed, stall, and drop back; forget the principles of flight and you go spinning to destruction; and remember that you always have to come back to earth and the landing must be made with care if you are going to avoid injury to yourself and others.

Life does consist of beginnings and endings and I have every confidence that our Senior boys now leaving us will meet them wisely and capably. This is the day of high adventure and great daring for young men if ever there was such a day; there is a world to be saved from destruction, and then a world to be saved by construction, and many of you will play important parts in these endeavours."

	ENROLLMENT		TOTAL
	SR. SCHOOL	JR. SCHOOL	
1933	98	28	126
1937	128	48	176
1941	180	54	234
1945	199	77	276
1990	395 including 39 Day Boys		395

WAR BOOM

When the school re-opened in the fall of 1940, enrollment had reached 205 boys, the largest in the history of the school except for the boom period of 1930 which lasted less than a year. This sharp upswing in enrollment from the previous year reflected to a degree the unpleasant realities of the world situation. Thirty-six of the boys in the School had previously attended English schools, and for the duration, the private schools of Canada assumed a new and important role as they provided a home away from home for those whom the exigencies of war deprived of a normal family life. And life at the School was already being affected by the war.

By October 1941, it was clear that more and more pressure would be exerted to secure places in the School. Enrollment increased to 234 and boys were being entered nine months in advance. Facilities at the School were being taxed beyond capacity. Trinity House was filled and Petry House remodeled to make room for 18 boys.

SPEECH DAY 1945

Our numbers reached an all-time high of 276 boys this year, and we had to refuse nearly a hundred and fifty applications because of lack of accommodation. We have decided to dispense with the overflow accommodation next year and limit our numbers to 175 in the Senior School and 75 in the J.S., thereby being better able to keep up our standards. All places for next September were taken in the autumn and boys are now entering for September, 1946. There is a long waiting list for places next September. For the first time we have asked all boys entering next September to write entrance examinations. The results should be of benefit to us and them.

Last June our Senior boys had another exceptionally good record in their Senior Matriculation or Upper School examinations. Forty-six candidates attempted 329 papers and they passed over 90% of them, scoring 102 first class honours, 64 second, and 44 third class honours. Eleven classes passed all papers and three classes obtained 100% honours. In the two years, 1943 and 1944, T.C.S. boys achieved a standard in their Upper School examinations which is unprecedented at T.C.S. and which I am told cannot be equaled by any school in the Province.

Last year's Head Boy, A. E. Millward, won the Prince of Wales Scholarship at the University of Toronto for coming first of all candidates for admission to the Faculty of Arts; he also won seven other scholarships in Languages and History; all most valuable and coveted ones, setting a mark which will be most difficult to surpass in future years.

CHANGES IN THE STAFF - 1941

I am very sorry indeed to have to announce the resignation of Mr. R. F. Yates from the principalship of the Junior School. Mr. Yates has spent eight years here and in the comparatively short time he has been with us he has held two important posts. For the past six years he has been head of the Junior School and by the skill with which he has acquitted himself he has shown himself to be a schoolmaster of no ordinary accomplishments. In the classroom, on the playing fields, but perhaps most of all in the multitudinous informal meetings with boys and colleagues he has always been understanding and helpful and genial.

To fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Yates' resignation I am very glad to announce that the Governing Body has appointed Mr. C. J. Tottenham as Housemaster of the Junior School. Mr. Tottenham has been with us four years and there is no doubt in our minds that he is just the man to direct the life of the Junior School. We nearly lost him to a well known University in the United States two years ago, but his heart is in the school life and particularly I think in T.C.S.; we look forward with pleasure and confidence to his regime and we know he will be most ably supported by his charming wife.

Staff changes accelerated at such a pace that the Headmaster could not be certain that a new appointee would even arrive to take up his post. Ed Huycke recalls that in 1941 he was hospitalized with mumps. By the time he returned to class, the Latin master had gone, a new one had come and gone, and a third one was in his place. Some of the masters of the period, glorified by such names as "Fi-Fi" and "Hydro", had more than a little difficulty keeping discipline in class. Yet morale remained high.

WAR TIME T.C.S. 1943

Because of domestic difficulties I have asked the boys to do more house work this year than ever before and they have responded most nobly. During the last war we began to make our own beds and the custom stayed. Now boys make their beds, sweep and dust and tidy their rooms, do all the washing at table and some boys have been running the dishwashing machine at forty cents a day. We feel we are almost adding a household science course to the curriculum, at no extra charge. The School is most grateful to the boys for the ready help they have given in time of need.

Despite the ever-increasing restrictions imposed by the war, the tempo of School life never slackened. As John Symons expressed in a sports editorial in 1943, "War savings, games, trips by train, military studies, boys go writers, no stiff collars, no parents on week-end visits, farming for matric, no squash balls, butter rationing - the changing face of T.C.S." But morale remained high under the outstanding leadership of head prefects and prefects who responded to the challenge in these critical years.

Pocket Money: Each boy receives 25 cents a week for pocket money, which is charged to his account. Any money in excess of this, which should not exceed \$5 a term, should be deposited by parents with the House Master, who will give it to the boy at his discretion. It is particularly undesirable that boys should be sent more pocket money than is absolutely necessary.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR

Those who enlisted855
(Including twenty former Masters)
In the Army453
In the Navy188
In the Air Force214

Those who were killed60

Awards won for gallantry or distinguished service184

Those who had served in the First World War60

The number of T.C.S. boys on active service in the Second World War was equal to over 98% of all the boys who left the School during the twenty years before the war.

The number of awards won by T.C.S. boys is quite exceptional. It is equal to twenty-one per cent of the total enlistment and probably over thirty per cent of those who took part in the actual fighting.

Over fourteen hundred T.C.S. boys served in three wars or 41% of all boys who entered the School in the seventy-four years before the beginning of the Second World War.

MEMORIAL SERVICE 1941

The annual Memorial Service for the School's war dead was held again this year on Trinity Sunday, Bishop Renison of St. Paul's, Toronto, preached the sermon.

The service was continued at the Cross where the Headmaster read out the names on the stone cross and also from the five crosses at the base of the monument. These newly added crosses are engraved with the names of those who have given their lives in this war. Mrs. Britton Osler placed a wreath at the foot of the monument and, when all was still, the buglers played "The Last Post." Bishop Renison then pronounced the benediction and the band concluded the service by playing "Reveille".

There were the almost two hundred citations for gallantry in which the School took vicarious pride as the accounts appeared from time to time in the pages of *The Record*. The boys dreamed their dreams, took a fierce pride in the Cadet Corps, and found release for their loyalty and devotion in the daily activities of school life. And for Philip Ketchum and the older members of the staff, there were moments of sadness as they learned of the death of another of their boys. But as so many bereaved parents confessed in their letters to the Headmaster, his messages of condolence gave them new strength to accept their loss.

This unique relationship among the members of the T.C.S. family, both past and present, became the fabric which was transformed into the bricks and mortar of the Memorial Chapel at war's end and caught within its wall the essence of the meaning of the freedom and dignity of man.

V-E DAY

On Monday, May 7, the visit of Major and Mrs. H. E. Irwin ('26-'31) was in the process of being honoured by a half-holiday when, at 3 p.m., the tower-bell summoned the School to the grass tennis courts. The Headmaster then announced that the war in Europe had come to an end, and outlined the schedule to be followed during the remainder of that day and Tuesday. A short Chapel service was held in the evening, followed by town leave. For two hours the Senior School celebrated victory in the streets of Port Hope, waving flags and marching behind the citizen's band, led by the Mayor and the Chief of Police. The evening closed around a great bonfire in the old orchard.

On May 8, 1945, the whole School, along with the rest of the free world, celebrated V-E Day. The boys made it an unofficial and uproarious holiday during which they worked off their enthusiasm downtown. Among other incidents that happened that day was the abduction of the fire engine, with Bob Hope at the wheel. When the police finally caught up with him and not unreasonably asked his name, they refused to believe him. After insisting for a time that his name was in fact Bob Hope, he finally agreed to change his story. He told them he was Bing Crosby, and crooned a few bars in his deep and very good bass to prove it. Only the good offices of Philip Ketchum at his charming best rescued him from the clutches of the law. The day ended happily with a weary school gathered around a great bonfire in the old orchard.

"War Effort at School"

During the war, special bursaries were given to the sons of men on active service when such assistance was requested.

One hundred and five boys from English Schools were educated at T.C.S. after war was declared. Where necessary, the Governing Body postponed the payment of fees for such boys.

The School sent "The Record" to all Old Boys on Active Service six times a year during the war, free of charge. Over seven hundred pages of "Old Boys" News were printed during these years.

Parcels of food and packages of cigarettes were sent regularly to Old Boys overseas and in prison camps, either directly or through the Red Cross.

Masters and boys contributed some eleven thousand dollars to War Funds.

This newspaper is composed of excerpts from "The Record", "T.C.S. Old Boys at War", "The School on the Hill", and the "Calendar".

STAFF 1940 - 1941
Head Master

P. A. C. KETCHUM, Esq., M.A., Emmanuel College, Cambridge; B.A. Trinity College, Toronto, St. Mark's School, Southborough, Mass., 1929-1933.

House Masters

C. Scott, Esq., London University. (Formerly Headmaster of King's College School, Windsor).

R. G. Glover, Esq., M.A., Balliol College, Oxford; M.A., Ph.D. Harvard University

Chaplain

The Rev. H. N. Taylor, L.Th., Trinity College, Toronto.

Assistant Master

A. C. Morris, Esq., B.A., King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia
P. H. Lewis, Esq., M.A., Pembroke College, Cambridge
D. Kermode Parr, Esq., B.A., London University
E. W. Morse, Esq., M.A., Queen's University, Kingston
A. H. Humble, Esq., B.A., Mount Allison University; B. A. Worcester College, Oxford.
G. H. Dixon, Esq., B.Sc., McGill University, Montreal.
R. G. S. Mater, Esq., B.A., Harvard University.
Lieut.-Col. K. L. Stevenson, Cheltenham College and R.M.A., Woolwich.
J. W. Feckham, Esq., M.A., Toronto University, University of Paris, Columbia University.

Visiting Masters

Edmund Cohu, Esq., Music
Lorwie Warrenner, Esq., Art

Physical Instructors for both Schools

2nd. Lieut. S. J. Batt, Royal Fusiliers; late Physical Instructor at R.M.C., Kingston, Ontario.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

Principal

R. F. Yates, Esq., B. A., Trinity College, Toronto.

Assistant Masters

H. G. James, Esq., Leeds University.
C. J. Tottenham, Esq., B.A., Queen's University, Kingston.
A. Edwards, Esq., B.A., University College, Toronto.
Miss H. Gibson, B.A., University of Toronto.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY 1939 - 1940

Prefects

J. W. C. Langmuir (Head Prefect),
H. J. S. Pearson, J. H. Higginbotham,
H. K. McAvity, M. G. MacKenzie, D. E. F. Armour, R. B. Duggan

Seniors

A. R. C. Jones, C. M. Somerville, W. R. Duggan, E. G. Finley,
K. G. Phin, M. L. A. Pochon, C. I. P. Tate, L. J. Holton
J. W. Duncanson, W. B. Black, W. R. Berkinsshaw,
E. F. Peacock.

The Sixth Form

D. E. P. Armour, P. H. Cayley, E. G. Finley, D. M. Keegan,
J. W. C. Langmuir, K. G. Phin, M.L.A. Pochon, A. B. Gray,
L. J. Holton, H. Layne, W. D. Morris, R. T. Morton,
T. E. Oakley, H. J. S. Pearson, C. I. P. Tate

The School Council

VI. Form Representative - K. C. Phin,
V. Form Representative - A. R. C. Jones
IV. Form Representative - W. B. Black
New Boys' Representative - W. R. Fleming.

Sacristan - W. D. Morris

Librarian - J. D. Duncanson.
Assistants - T. E. Oakley, W. D. Morris

SCHOOL DIRECTORY 1940 - 1941

Prefects

R. B. Duggan (Head Prefect)
A. R. C. Jones, C. I. P. Tate, J. W. Duncanson,
W. R. Duggan, C. M. Somerville, A. B. Cerman,
W. R. Berkinsshaw

Seniors

B. J. K. Cheynev, J. R. LeMesurier, W. R. Fleming, W. D. Morris,
S. N. Lambert, H. K. Olds, C. M. Patch, C. E. Lyall.

The School Council

VA - J. B. I. Sutherland
VB & Rem. - H. K. Olds
IVA - I. B. Reid
IVB - E. M. Parker
IIIA - R. T. Morris II
IIIB & II - G. M. Locke

Sacristan - W. D. Morris

Librarian - W. D. Morris
Assistants - D. W. Huestis, R. T. Morris, J. R. del Rio

SCHOOL DIRECTORY 1941 - 1942

Prefects

A. B. C. German (Head Prefect), J. R. LeMesurier,
W. R. Fleming, C. S. Campbell, S. N. Lambert, W. B. Svenningsson.

Seniors

H. K. Olds, L. T. Higgins, J. B. I. Sutherland, R. G. Spence,
J. McN. Austin, P. D. Hare, J. O. Waters, B. P. Hayes, T. A. Caldwell,
D. W. Huestis, D.F. Fairweather, K. A. C. Scott, R. I. Birks,
A. R. McLean, E. M. Parker, W. G. M. Strong, J. C. Thompson,
F. A. M. Huycke.

House Officers

J. W. Barnett, J. A. Beament, L. D. Clarke, J. W. L. Goering,
R. G. W. Goodall, W. N. Greer, G. D. Laing, I. R. Macdonald,
G. R. McLaughlin, A. B. Moore, I. B. Reid, S. A. Searle, G. R. Sneath

The School Council

The Seniors - J. B. I. Sutherland
Form IVB - M. A. Gibbons
Form V - J. W. L. Goering
Form IIB - J. K. P. Allen
Form IIB & II - D. W. McLaughlin
Form IIB - G. D. Laing
New Boys - G. D. Laing

Sacristans

P. E. Britton, C. S. Campbell, G. F. Crum, D. S. Dignam,
O. D. Harvey, P. E. Heaton, E. J. M. Huycke, W. N. Phillips,
J. A. Paterson, I. B. Reid, K. A. C. Scott, P. B. Vivian, J. B. Wight

The Record Editor - J. B. I. Sutherland.

SCHOOL DAYS

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT 1941

Towards the end of last Term rumour was current that the annual Christmas Dinner would be cancelled this year as an unnecessary expense during wartime. These rumours proved false, however, and the dinner and entertainment took place the night before the holidays began, on December 16th, much to the delight of everyone.

The dinner, as usual, was a huge success, and much credit is due to Mrs. Wright and her staff. The traditional procession was held, with the carrying in of the boar's head and Yule log followed by the singing of carols by the choir. After these ceremonies everyone proceeded to stow away quantities of turkey and pudding in true Trinity fashion. Although decorations and trimmings were not so abundant as in former years, this did not in the least affect anyone's spirits. Everyone enjoyed himself to the full.

After dinner a presentation was made from masters and boys to Mr. Dixon, who left us last Term for the R.C.A.F., and came down with Mrs. Dixon, specially for the occasion. Then all adjourned to the gymnasium where a series of interesting and amusing plays furnished the evening's entertainment. We compliment the actors on performing so well on top of so hearty a meal.

The evening's amusement culminated in "The Bigside Ballet", put on by the members of the first football team. This number was ably produced and directed by Maitre de Ballet E. S. Jarvis and he showed us he had a number of beautiful and talented "danseuses".

PANCAKE TOSS 1945

The annual pancake toss took place as usual this year on Shrove Tuesday, February 13. This custom, which originated at Westminster School in England during the seventeenth century, has been practiced at T.C.S. since 1914 when the two schools were affiliated in this tradition.

The eleven contestants, one from each form and Harry Cox, a blacksheep representing the Prefects, formed in a line with their backs to the starter, Mr. Grace. From the very second the pancake splattered the gymnasium floor, the onlookers became one surging, seething mass, at first swaying inward toward the contestants and then reeling backwards again to cries of "Hey, you! Stop pushing!" and "C'mon! Give 'em air!" The free-for-all lasted an interminable three minutes after which the final whistle was blown.

O'Grady of 5B finished first with seventeen ounces and received the customary five dollars with which to treat his class at tuck. Harry Cox, placing second with eleven ounces, was followed at a respectful distance by brother Bill of 6C with six ounces. What became of the rest of the putty is simply a matter of conjecture, but we strongly suspect Cox, who, fighting without the benefit of his powerful lenses, probably at first mistook it for a real pancake.

Boys continued to be caught out of their rooms at night by Chinn's vigilance and it didn't matter a thousand gum trees' what the excuse was. At times he hid in the room waiting for the delinquent to tiptoe down the hall, and then when the unwary victim reached a crucial spot, he would leap out with a bloodcurdling "Got you!". It was enough to reduce any normal adolescent to a nervous wreck. And if that didn't do it, he would say, "Name, boy?" and sooner or later one of the victims would answer with an alias. "No, you're not," Chinnny would fire back. "Take 8!" But it was not long before New Boys realized how much Charles Scott cared for every member of his House and their affectionate regard grew with the years.

SCHOOL DANCE 1944

It snowed! The temperature sank below freezing! Wartime restrictions limited the number of 'coke's! The wooden whistles wouldn't whistle....Thus, by all rights, the Dance should have been a flop. But, from the time the first train arrived until the time the second train left, it was a woe - did we say "woo"?...Excuse us, - a woe!

O Joy and rapture unforeseen! This year, for the first time, that which T.C.S. boys have endeavoured to bring about since time immemorial, happened, the gals missed the train! At this point we should like to hand a "King Size" bouquet to Mr. Lingard for his unselfish co-operation in handling the taxis! Then, to add insult to injury, eight members of the Senior School only escaped a trip to Toronto on the 7:10 by adopting parachute tactics in leaping from the train, which started during their fond adieux. Tough, MacDougall!!!

The formal was held in the Hall on Friday night, and, as the evening drew to a close, several mathematicians discovered that the shortest distance to a point was around the track. On Saturday, winter returned, but needless to say, T.C.S. ingenuity triumphed: some couples enjoyed a scintillating game of softball; another mob held a very informal dance at Strong's; a few hardy couples, taking, amongst other things, the weather to heart, journeyed to the ski camp, whence they returned, the sking only fair and the potatoes hard to boil. In the afternoon, most took the hint and went to the movie, - "Girl Crazy". The informal that evening apparently provided ample field for the "don vivants", as the many rumours sifting in from various sources indicate that the wolves had migrated from the surroundings of "The Lair" to the J.S. sitting-out rooms.

Sunday passed in a flash, and, despite the postponement of departure for three hours, the first thing we knew we were left alone with memories. The strains of "Besame Mucho", "I Love You", and "Long Ago and Far Away" still ring in our ears to haunt and taunt us as the accompaniment to a perfect week-end.

SHOOTING DISTINCTION 1944

On May 22, the School received the great news. Success had at last crowned Mr. Batt's twenty-two years of effort. On that day the National Rifle Association of Great Britain announced that the Imperial Challenge Shield for Empire inter-school shooting had been won for 1943 by Trinity College School, with an average of 92.706.

The School also heard that she had come first in Canada for the third year in a row, thereby retaining the Duke of Devonshire Trophy, and that for the second successive year our three teams came first, second and third in the Dominion. Our leading team, No. 2 Flight, came third in the Empire. Two boys were awarded King's Bronze Medals for obtaining scores of 99, and Mr. Batt received his fifth King's Medal for his outstanding shooting instructions.

It is the first time the School has won the Imperial Challenge Shield, and the honour was accepted with great elation by all. Mr. Batt first heard the news over the radio, and has since admitted his inability to finish breakfast. The victory is a climax to a long, long uphill fight on the part of Mr. Batt. When he took over in 1921, the School stood 419th in the Empire. Between 1922 and the removal to Woodstock in 1928, his training and perseverance brought us to a place within the first ten. The Woodstock period showed a temporary set-back, and in 1931 we were 51st in the Empire and 9th in Canada.

Thereafter, we crept ahead steadily until in 1936 we stood first in Canada and second in the Empire, being beaten by a decimal point by a New Zealand school. Hovering close to the top, we defeated our close rivals, the Vancouver Sea Cadets, in 1941 to win the Devonshire Cup. This was repeated in 1942 and 1943. In 1942, when we won the Earl Jellicoe Sword, we were again second in the Empire, being beaten this time by a South African team.

Mr. Batt himself disclaims all credit for our successes, saying that it is the boys who aim and fire. The School's grateful answer is "Who teaches them how?"

We are hopeful for good results in 1944, as, firing under the same conditions, the School this year sent in an average of 95.28.

HALF HOLIDAY 1942

"Last summer," and we quote the Headmaster, "Mr. Batt decided to take unto him a wife." This he did with very good taste, and on Friday, September 25, Mrs. Batt was presented to the School by her husband. After a speech of introduction by the Headmaster, Mr. Batt rose and told the School that all the prizes in gym, shooting and other athletic events, in which he had assisted the boys, were won solely by co-operation between himself, the boys, and the heads of departments. When the applause died away, Mrs. Batt asked for a half holiday. This was granted on October 1. The couple were presented with an inscribed silver tray from the School.

THE TUCK SHOP 1945

The history of our present "Tuck" and that of the lives of its keepers are so interwoven that no line may be drawn between the two. Everybody at School sooner or later comes into contact with the Graces and the "Tuck".

Mrs. Grace was born in Huntingdon, England, and graduated from Hackerill College, Bishops, Stratford. For fourteen years she was Headmistress of Aldenhamian Junior School, Selahmore Herth, and only left so that she might join Mr. Grace at St. Andrew's College. While there, she held the position of nurse in the Senior School.

Mr. Grace, renowned for his cricket, instructed at Aldenhamian School, Hertfordshire, for sixteen years before coming out to S.A.C. where he stayed for almost two years.

In May of 1916 these two first arrived at T.C.S. Mr. Grace immediately took on the jobs of groundsman and coach of cricket whereas his wife, residing in the hospital, assisted with the nursing; when there were no patients, she helped with the sewing in the S.S.

Mrs. Grace first took charge of the New Tuck on December 1st, 1919, when the Old Tuck's thirty-five year history came to an end. Probably few people have noticed it, but if one looks over the "Tuck" carefully, one will see that it consisted originally of a cottage; a kitchen and the present tuck-room are more recent additions. The cottage in which Mr. and Mrs. Grace now live stood, at one time, between the Lodge and the stables, and was moved across the campus to its present site during the time of the late Dr. Orchard. Here it has stood ever since and will, we sincerely hope, remain long.

To those who were here prior to the war, the shelves of our "Tuck" look bare, and, beyond doubt, they are. Before the war, one could buy a wide assortment of chocolate bars, sandwiches, and ice cream as well as hot chocolate with marshmallow, scrumptious hot dogs, and many other forbidden delicacies. However, war restrictions will not go on forever, and, before long, we shall surely see all the luxuries back again.

Then there was the 'T.C.S. Freedom Station' that was on the air for upwards of a month, operated by Fred Topping, the most original experimenter the School possessed at that time. With a range of fifteen miles it blanketed the Port Hope-Cobourg area with provocative programmes based on interviews with new and second year boys whose views of masters and prefects were not always complimentary. It was rumoured the Headmaster found it far more entertaining than the C.B.C. but complaints in the neighbourhood eventually led to its suppression.

DAILY ROUTINE
WEEK DAYS

Rising Bell	7:00 a.m.
Breakfast	7:30
Classes	8:30 - 9:10
	9:10 - 9:50
	9:50 - 10:30
Setting up exercises	10:30 - 10:40
Break, with milk or cocoa, and biscuits	10:40 - 10:55
Study	10:55 - 11:30
Classes	11:30 - 12:10
	12:10 - 12:50
Lunch	1:00 p.m.
Classes	1:40 - 2:20
	2:20 - 3:00
Games, etc.	3:00 - 5:30
Dinner	6:00
Chapel	7:15
First Study	7:30 - 8:10
Second Study	8:15 - 8:55
Third Study	9:00 - 9:30
Lights Out	9:45 and 10:00

During the winter, afternoon classes will begin at 4:30 p.m. and last until 5:50 p.m. Other times will be the same.

Wednesday will be a half holiday, and on Saturdays, classes will end at 10:30 a.m.

SUNDAYS

Early Rising Bell	7:40 a.m.
Holy Communion	8:00
Breakfast	8:45
Chapel	9:00
Dinner	1:00 p.m.
Chapel	5:15
Tea	6:00
Reading and singing	7:30 - 8:30
Lights Out	9:30 and 9:45

INSPECTION DAY 1943

May 15 granted us one day of respite in a week of rain, and the coolness of the day was a blessing to the cadets. The ceremonies officially commenced with the inspection of several military studies classes by the District Cadet Officer, Capt. T. C. Holmes; these included signalling, knots and lashings, aircraft recognition and map reading. The fall-in was sounded at 10:45 a.m.; the Cadet corps took up their position on the west side of the Campus and awaited Col. J. G. K. Strathy (19-22) and the other officers of the inspecting party. After the general salute and inspection, the Cadet Corps marched in close column, in close column, and in column of route. The Corps then fell out and formed up again for the much disputed House drill. Capt. Holmes followed every movement very closely and, although both Houses displayed much skill in their squad, squadron, and rifle drills, Brent had the edge on Bethune for snapper leg and arm movements.

The Gym, show started at 2:30 p.m. after the guests and boys had a very satisfactory buffet lunch in the Hall. The Gym. Eight presented the Horizontal Bar and Parallel Bar Teams, and gave a first class showing, Goering and Phippen excelling. The Horse Team was also well up to standard this year, as were the three Junior School classes - the Demonstration and Club Swinging classes and the Brain Stimulating games. Following this, came the Physical Training Class, larger than usual, but as precise as ever. The show was concluded with a semi-circular Tableau. The entire show was another of Mr. Batt's triumphs.

SUMMER JOBS 1943

Boys from the School have obtained many and varied occupations during the summer and they are helping considerably to ease the manpower crisis. We have heard of T.C.S. lads on the farms, in munitions, aircraft, shipbuilding and motor factories, in grain elevators, on surveys, at airports, at lumber camps, in saw mills, at boys' camps as counselors, in cannery factories, on highway construction, fire ranging, and many other occupations.

The largest concentration of T.C.S. boys is at the Austin Lumber Company's Sawmill at Dalton Mills, Ont. Dalton Mills is some forty-four miles west of Chapeau, north about fifty miles from the shore of Lake Superior. It is the largest sawmill in Ontario and is at present principally turning out ties for the C.P.R. which are vitally necessary to keep the enormous traffic running, and pit props for the mines producing essential war materials. There was a serious shortage of men and the following T.C.S. lads are helping out: John Austin, Bill Savage, John Greig, Dick LeSueur, Glenn Curtis, David McLaughlin, Bob Morgan, Nigel Chapman, John Smythe, and Philip Richardson. Bill Beeman and David Carmichael plan to start about the middle of July. The work consists of doing odd jobs around the mill such as loading flat cars, shovelling sawdust, sorting and tallying lumber, etc., or filling one of the numerous jobs in the mill itself where as many as two thousand logs a day can be sawed into the required lengths and sizes. The whistle blows at 5:45 a.m., breakfast at 6 a.m., work from 7 - 12, and 1 - 6 p.m. It is a busy day but the food is plentiful and the air bracing. Wages are 45¢ an hour with \$1.20 a day for board and lodging. The sawmill gang have organized a baseball team and have a football to keep themselves in practice. T.C.S. boys are doing their share of war work this summer.

DEBATING, 1943 - 1944

This year a debating committee of nine boys from the Fifth and Sixth Forms has been set up so that the School debates of the coming year may be controlled to a great extent by the boys. It is composed of the following: Boward, Dobbell I., Giles, Hiam, Huycke, Millward, Morgan I., Roenisch, and Sinclair.

This committee is to manage the debates throughout the year. It will hold meetings, from time to time, to draw up lists of subjects and speakers for the weekly sessions and to make suggestions, regarding any change which the members may think is desirable. Members of the committee will also act as judges, and later, it is hoped, as chairmen at the debates.

At the first meeting of the committee, held on November 11, several new measures were introduced. The length of individual speeches was reduced to five minutes, and the number of main speakers at each debate was increased from four to six. In order that the effects of prejudice might be minimized, it was decided to appoint three judges for each debate whose job it would be to give to the House an unbiased decision after the speeches. However, the vote of those attending was still to decide whether the motion was successfully upheld. It was also decided that it would be compulsory for every boy in the Fifth and Sixth Forms to speak at least once during the Second year, to make at least two speeches from the floor, and to attend five or more debates in the course of the year.

By the establishment of the committee, it is hoped to introduce subjects of School interest and to increase the interest of the boys in debating.

OTHERS WE REMEMBER

Edwin Nash.....Superintendent/Gardiner.....1920 - 87
Arthur Grace.....Cricket Coach/Groundsman.....1916 - 50
Miss E. M. Smith.....Matron (Senior School).....1924 - 44
Miss Rhea Flick.....Nurse.....1935 - 49
Dr. R. P. Vivian.....Physician.....1937 - 43

A NEW HOSPITAL 1941

One noteworthy event of the year was the opening of the remodelled hospital, almost entirely rebuilt and re-equipped by Mrs. Harry Paterson whose husband and four brothers had all attended T.C.S. It was in a sense the second hospital Mrs. Paterson had given the School, for she had contributed substantially to the remodelling of the old hospital in 1920.

THE HEADMASTER'S MOTORCYCLE (1944)

Thanks to his own far-sightedness, the army's impatience, and the auction-bidding ability of Dean Dignam, the Headmaster is now the proud possessor of a motorcycle, complete with side-car and tread On Thursday, January 20, the School was tense. There had been rumours of great events. It was even hinted that the mechanical transport section of the School was going to be increased - motorcycle, one, Headmaster, for the use of III However, nothing had happened by class time in the afternoon. Ten minutes after the start of classes, there was a roar and a chugging, and up the School Hill to Trinity House there came a helmet - and goggles-becked apparition, proudly astride his mechanical mount, which latter bore a large T for identification purposes. Later, after classes, the Headmaster did a few turns of the campus, then stopped and let the boys admire and inspect. We now hear that he is trying to acquire another one, so that he can race against all comers!

SPEECH DAY 1941

Speech Day began early this year, the Cadet Corps falling in as a Guard of Honour at a quarter to ten, to be ready for the eagerly awaited arrival of His Excellency the Earl of Athlone, Governor General of Canada, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Alice.

The vice-regal party drove in past the Junior School, where the boys were drawn up in two columns in front of the building, and stopped by the saluting base on the campus. The Vice Regal party was met by Col. and Mrs. J. W. Langmuir and the Headmaster and Mrs. Ketchum. The royal salute was then given, followed by inspection of the Guard of Honour by His Excellency. The corps then marched over to form hollow square round the Memorial Cross, before which now stand five wooden crosses commemorating those who have given their lives in the present war. Here Princess Alice, who was accompanied by Mrs. Ketchum and the Head Prefect, laid a beautiful wreath at the foot of the Cross.

The service in the School hall was held at a quarter past eleven. The clergy taking part were: Bishop Roenisch, Flight Lieutenant the Rev. Norman Taylor, Provost Cosgrave, the Rev. T. Crosswhite and the Rev. J. M. Crisall.

After the Service, Colonel H. C. Osborne, C.M.G., presided over the Prize Distribution in the Gymnasium.

OLD BOYS AT THE SCHOOL 1942

Over the weekend of September 29, many familiar faces were noticed on the T.C.S. campus. Ross LeMesurier '42 and Colin Patch '41 decided they needed a little exercise, so they bicycled all the way from Montreal. Hugh Wilson '41 was also seen peering into the old haunts of Bethune House. F. O. Lewin '41 skidded his way past Trinity House on his high-powered motorcycle, enroute to Camp Borden, where he was making enquiries about the various Tank units, one of which he hoped to join. Pete Stanger '41 made us all very envious of his Navy uniform, not to mention "Tim Cawley '42 in his R.C.A.F. attire.

Tony German '42, our able Head Prefect of last year, dropped in for a short visit before leaving for the Naval College on the West Coast. He was followed shortly by another former Head Prefect, Bombardier Brodie Duggan '41, R.C.A., and his brother Wally '41, who coached Middlesex Rugby and Cricket through to victory last year. Higginbotham '41, now in the Tank Corps and Don Flock '38, a lieutenant in a Highland regiment, graced the Head Table for a meal or two. P.O. General Dixon '41, (master) was seen on the Bigside football field punting, which reminded us that not so very long ago he used to coach the first crew, Bruce Lloyd '42 and George McLaughlin '42, were also included in a very momentous weekend for the School as regards visits from Old Boys.

During the weekend of October 5, both Dick Birks '42 and "Skip" Finley '42, in naval uniform, spent the weekend at the School. We hear that "Skip" was quite a hero at Orillia the other day during a fire. Good luck "Skip".

OUT OF DEBT 1944

The Chairman of the Governing Body, Mr. G. B. Strathy, announced on Speech Day that the School was now completely out of debt for the first time in its history.

Since the building of the Junior School in 1924, the School has been carrying a heavy bonded indebtedness. Through the generosity of most of the holders of these bonds, they were turned in and cancelled at no cost. Others were redeemed at nominal sums.

This necessitated much detailed work and long continued effort on the part of the Secretary, Colonel J. W. Langmuir, assisted always by the Chairman. To them the individual T.C.S. friends over the years, they have had faith in the School, they believed in the value of its work, and they have made it possible for us to train some four thousand boys and therefore be of real service to our Country and Empire.

Now we are completely free of the burden of debt we look forward to years of increasing Service unhampered by financial obligations.

STAFF, 1943 - 44
Head Master

P. A. C. Ketchum, Esq., M.A., Emmanuel College, Cambridge; B. A., Trinity College, Toronto; B.Aced., Toronto, St. Mark's School, Southborough, Mass., 1929 - 1933.

House Masters

C. Scott, Esq., London University. (Formerly Headmaster of King's College School, Windsor).
R. G. S. Mater, Esq., B.A., Harvard; University of Paris; Cornell University, (1936)

Chaplain

The Rev. Eyre F. M. Dann, B.A., Trinity College, Toronto; General Theological Seminary, New York (1941)

Assistant Masters

Col., H. V. de Bury, C. B. E., Royal Military College, Kingston, 1905-10; Stonyhurst College, England, (1943)
F. J. Gregor, Esq., B.A., Queen's University; University of London; University of Rome; B.Ph.; Ph.L. (1943)
G. A. Hill, Esq., B. A., University College, Toronto; Ontario College of Education, (1942)
E. S. Jarvis, Esq., B.A., Victoria College, Toronto; Ontario College of Education, (1941)
A. B. Key, Esq., B.A., Queen's University; Ontario College of Education, (1943)
P. H. Lewis, Esq., M.A., Pembroke College, Cambridge, (1922)
W. K. Molson, Esq., B.A., McGill University, (Jan. 1942)
A. C. Morris, Esq., King's College, Windsor, N.S. (1921)
A. H. N. Snelgrove, Esq., Mount Allison University, (1942)
R. Thompson, Esq., M.A., St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, Santander, (1942)
Lieut.-Col., K. L. Stevenson, Cheltenham College and R.M.A., Woolwich, (1930)

Visiting Master

Edmund Cohu, Esq., Music
Physical Instructor for both Schools
Lieut. S. J. Batt, Royal Fusiliers; former Physical Instructor at R.M