

THE

TORCH



1931-'32



THE TORCH



SAINT
JOHN'S HIGH SCHOOL
WINNIPEG MANITOBA



G. J. REEVE, M.A.

Principal

FOREWORD



OME months ago I learned with pleasure and pride that it was the intention of the Students' Council to publish a 1932 Year Book.

I was pleased to find that our students valued their associations with the school highly enough to spend their money in a year like this on a book which would be a permanent record of their life here.

I was proud to know that we had in the school a group of students who could produce a book of outstanding merit, and to know that the record contained in the book would be one of splendid achievement in all branches of our work: in scholarship, in broad general culture both of mind and body, in athletics and games, in all that goes to make fine men and fine women.

I am grateful to all, both students and members of the staff, who have shared in the very arduous work involved in the successful publication of this excellent book, and I appreciate very sincerely the devoted work of Lea Lardner, the Editor; Isaac Stoffman, the Business Manager; of Arnold Zado, Assistant Editor; of Henry Sedziak, the Photographer; Mr. Emerson Snyder and Mr. Gordon Snider, Faculty Advisors; and of the members of our able and zealous General Committee.

I look forward to a long succession of excellent Year Books.

G. J. REEVE,
Principal.

We Operate One Efficient College



The Home of "Success"

WE HAVE NO LOCAL BRANCHES

1. Which School is likely to attract the best teachers—the large School or the small School?
2. Would you rather receive instruction in a small School, where one or two teachers handle all subjects, or in a large School, where proper system and classification permit high-class instruction by specialists?
3. Where is a teacher likely to be a specialist in his department—in the large School or the small School?
4. Which School can afford to pay salaries required to retain expert teachers—the large School or the small School?
5. Where is the most complete and modern equipment likely to be found—in the large School or the small School?
6. Which School is best known among business men who are seeking help—the large School or the small School?
7. Employers have more confidence in the graduates of the large School, for they realize that a School can become large—only through doing thorough work.

The "Success" is the largest private commercial College in Canada, and is doing better work and teaching more thoroughly than is possible in a small School.


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The **SUCCESS Business College**

PORTAGE AVENUE AT EDMONTON STREET

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EDITORIAL

HE Editorial Staff of "The Torch" has the pleasure of presenting the 1932 Edition of this publication.

The production of a year book is always a laborious undertaking, especially so in a school, where the bulk of the work involved is usually carried out by the students, in addition to their regular studies. That "The Torch" has been a success this year is mainly due to the staunch support of the student body, and the interest of the teaching staff. Without a ready response on the part of these, no year book had been possible.

It is our earnest desire that this year's book may be a worthy successor to those of former years. To this end, the Torch Staff has directed its energies. With the object of bringing "The Torch" into closer conformity to recent trends in year book arrangement, certain changes in formation have been introduced. Among these are included a new cover design; the addition of the names of class members below each class photograph; allotment of greater space to the junior classes; and the frequent use of wood-cuts instead of line-drawings. A composite page of the Technical Shops, the Physics and Chemistry laboratories, and the Domestic Science rooms has been added. It is hoped that these will prove acceptable.

There remains the pleasant task of acknowledging aid received from students and teachers in the preparation of "The Torch." The entire school owes its thanks to Sara Bernstein and the girls of the school, whose activities in connection with the Candy Sale have contributed to the stability of the year book venture. The Editorial Staff unites in thanking the Teaching Staff for their co-operation with the Photographer, Henry Sedziak. His work was greatly facilitated by their promptitude in following the schedule. My personal thanks are due to Arnold Zado, Isaac Stoffman and Josef Popiel, also to Mr. H. E. Snyder and Mr. G. E. Snider, whose encouragement has materially aided me in my editorial work.

May this little book be a source of enjoyment and, in later years; of happy memories to all its readers!

LEA A. LARDNER.



“THE TORCH” STAFF, 1931-1932

Editor.....LEA LARDNER

Business Manager.....ISAAC STOFFMAN

Executive—Mr. Reeve, Mr. G. E. Snider, Mr. H. E. Snyder, Miss E. Gauer, Lea Lardner, Isaac Stoffman, George Thurston, Pearl Sloan, Clara Coblin.

Advertising—Isaac Stoffman, Arnold Zado, Lea Lardner.

Art Work.—Josef Popiel, David Kamp.

Athletics (Girls)—Dora Lenoff, Florence Baskerville, Olga Sask, Rae Morgan.

Athletics (Boys)—Morris Kobrinsky, Ben Solodky, Lauder Dobush.

Circulation—Isaac Stoffman, Joe Portnuff, Jennie Sernyk.

Council—Pearl Sloan.

Humor—Dick Reynolds.

Literature—Marguerite McClosky, Hugh Sutherland.

Music—Ernest Nemish, David Gray.

Social—Sara Bernstein, Joan Andrews.

Grade X Write-ups—Harry Hirt, William Lucow, Clara Coblin, Molly Rogers.

Grade XI Write-ups—Clifford Robson, Walter Schebek, Elwin Hughes, Goldie Zarow, Marjorie Walker, Freda Lewis.

Grade XII Write-ups—William Paluk, Robert Leighton.

Personalities—Arnold Zado.

THE TEACHING STAFF



Back Row—J. W. Beer, J. C. Wherrett, H. E. Snyder, J. P. Duffin, W. P. Johnson, W. F. Baskerville, J. A. S. Gardner, G. E. Snider, A. W. Muldrew, T. O. Durnin.
Second Row—Miss E. G. Hewton, Miss D. H. Luke, Miss M. L. McKerchar, Miss B. L. Lightcap, Miss P. L. Snider, Miss A. E. Turner, Miss S. C. Irwin, Miss J. L. Macdougall, Miss M. Cumming, Dr. C. J. Triggerson.
Third Row—Miss A. C. Thompson, Miss H. A. Nicolson, Miss L. E. Scholes, Miss T. V. Carson, Miss M. M. Horner, Miss I. Cumming, Miss M. C. Johnston, Miss T. L. Coleman, Miss R. E. McCord.
Front Row—W. T. Whiteford, J. Blount, J. E. Ridd, G. Gallimore, G. J. Reeve (principal), L. J. Crocker, R. J. Johns, F. C. Grusz, J. B. Smalley.
Missing—Miss Gauer, Miss Haffner, Miss DuVal, D. Allison, J. Jones, D. N. Ridd, H. J. Russel.

ST. JOHN'S HIGH SCHOOL 1931 STUDENT-COUNCIL 1932



MR. REEVE
PRINCIPAL



CLARA CODLIN
VICE-PRES



GEORGE THURSTON
PRESIDENT



PEARL SLOAN
SECY



DICK REEVE



H. E. SNYDER



MISS. E. GAIER



ROBERT LEIGHTON



SARA BERNSTEIN



MAX KAPLAN



JOAN ANDREWS



RAE MORGAN



THEODORE CRANEN



MARGUERITE McCLOSKY



WALTER SCHEDEK

WHY all this excitement—all these brilliantly-colored posters? Don't tell me you haven't heard! Why, elections are on!

The enthusiastic manner in which the students assemble at election speeches leaves nothing to be desired. Perhaps the composure of the candidates is slightly ruffled, but just think of the import behind their orations! A School Council hangs in the balance.

Well, it's all over but the shouting! The Council began immediately to tackle the problems confronting them. Outstanding among these was a revision of the 1930-31 Constitution, designed to place upon an orderly basis future procedure in all things relating to school activities. Several important provisions are that:

1. All students are required to be members of the St. John's High School Students' Association, which is to be the name of the organization.

2. The objects are: (1) to develop a spirit of co-operation between the pupils and the school faculty; (2) to develop an appreciation of the responsibilities that accompany the enjoyment of privileges, and (3) to assist in regulating extra-classroom activities.

3. Every extra-classroom activity shall have an educational purpose.

The objects cited under (2) above are well chosen. Too often are found those who enjoy the benefits of life without assuming any of the responsibilities arising from them.

The whole Constitution is arranged in order not to unduly burden any member of the Council. In the work of revision great assistance was rendered by Mr. H. E. Snyder, one of the Faculty Members. The new Constitution comes into effect in the school year beginning September 1, 1932.

Much credit is due to the Council for its work during the past year, and in particular, to Sara Bernstein, Social Convenor, for to her activity the Senior Masquerade and the Senior and Junior Tramps owe their success.

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Back Row—J. Rachlis, Y. Berlyne, S. Stillman, Clifford Shapera, S. Luginsky, C. Rusen, H. Tax, S. Pecher, C. Berjanski, B. Rosenstock.
 Second Row—C. Matthews, E. Kutch, S. Pashkovsky, W. Birt, M. Wall, W. Howarth, W. Larner, J. Portnuff, A. Sasnov, I. Stoffman, H. Goody, M. Rachlis.
 Third Row—C. Cassidy, A. Yanovsky, E. Hughes, H. Sutherland, J. Sheps, Miss R. E. McCord (teacher), Z. Kasloff, L. Boroditsky, G. Chapman, D. Doner, S. Firestone.
 Front Row—M. Simovitch, M. Kushner, H. Lander, M. Diamond, J. Campbell, S. Averbach, A. Temple, J. Schwartz, J. Malin.
 Missing—A. Bronstein, L. Polishuk, D. Keenberg, L. Bokofsky.

ELEVEN A

Under the guidance of Miss McCord, and the leadership of a wide-awake Class Council, Eleven A has survived its first year of really hard work. In the course of the term, the class has made, among other things, an extensive study of the arts of argument and debate. It is sorry to admit, however, that never has it scored a complete victory, since the teachers deal out lines and equations by the thousands, as soon as their defeat is in view!

Room 26 has whole-heartedly entered all school sports and supported all social activities. Our football team progressed as far as the play-off, where it was turned back in a very close game. The hockey team made a most amazing debut by defeating XI-H. Owing to injuries received in that game, however, the team has not won another game since. Although not marvels at hockey, the team was unanimous in saying that they thoroughly enjoyed the season. Basketball teams were entered in every class, and they offered stiff opposition to rivals. In connection with sports, we must not forget to mention our captain, Morris Rachlis, who is largely responsible for the room's interest in the game.

The other members of the Class Council are: the Rt. Hon. Hugh Sutherland, President; Hon. Isaac Stoffman, Vice-President, and the Hon. David Keenberg, Secretary-Treasurer. To these has fallen the bulk of the work connected with school enterprise. Another position in the room was in such great demand that no one person could hold it. Miss McCord offered, in solution, that each boy hold the office for a week. It need hardly be stated that the position was that of "Janitor."

The 1932 XI-A's are a class brimming over with enthusiasm and school spirit. Having overcome difficulties in the past, they have no worries for

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Back Row—G. Glagovsky, B. Diamond, M. Goldstein, M. Sucharov, B. Tessler, S. Schiewe, J. Brook, A. Fiskin, C. Robson, S. Koyle, H. Gurvitch, F. Stoddart.
 Second Row—B. Potoroka, C. Nicholl, P. Dydyk, J. Krisko, E. Truss, M. Stokon, W. Hunkewich, J. Pollock, M. Bubbis, H. Yampolsky, D. Atnikov.
 Third Row—D. Knaus, R. Haxby, F. Rich, N. Corne, J. Doerksen, D. Boroditsky, D. Schafer, M. Richmond, B. Baumgartner, B. Kaplan, M. Averbach.
 Front Row—A. Lewis, M. Homenick, H. Munt, V. Belinski, Miss T. V. Carson (teacher), E. Krajcarski, O. Sowchuk, R. Dodokin, M. Pelles.
 Missing—G. Ruskin, L. Racklin, F. Bajurny, M. Mandzuk, L. Chmlevsky, W. Chmlevsky, K. Kinnear, A. Levson.

ELEVEN B

O Friend, pass not without a moment's glance on this, the history of Eleven B! A sad exterior masks a tale of hope.

Miss Carson is our Mentor; while our Oracle, the Class Council, comprises Clifford Robson, Morris Goldstein and Gilbert Kinnear. Frank Bajurny and Rosa Dodokin lead in the Olympian disports.

The scholastic day commences under the tutelage of our Mentor; by her, we are initiated into the mysterious Music of the Literary Sphere—which requires a most sensitive ear to detect. In the Latin period, many times have we listened to Virgil, and with zeal and devotion, repeated his mighty lines, not to mention giving him "lines he never knew." Then, with Mr. J. E. Ridd, we uphold Paoli's dictum, that they who would make history must first read it. At our rendition of French, the room clock stops, aghast.

After a short interval of relaxation (?) we resume the Path. Mr. Johnson, our Galileo, opens, via Natural Philosophy, a region of "wonder"—largely that, and little else. We are still wondering when we are summoned to the Domain of Numbers. Here, our little circle has frequently experienced difficulty in squaring itself, after some wilful angling from the straight and narrow Path.

Success attends us in our games. Since the discus is banned as a dangerous missile, we employ a ball, with which we have won the basketball and volleyball championships.

To succeeding generations of XI-B's, we bequeath our contribution to History, with the hope that they will continue, as we have, along the Path.

Signed: THE BUSY BEES.



Back Row—L. Soudack, B. Sotin, M. Balagus, P. Zarosinsky, G. Zarow, E. Knox, M. Rowley, K. Johns, D. Seatter, A. Limburner, K. Gallagher.
 Second Row—F. Jaraska, I. Kain, I. Smith, R. Averbook, F. Lewis, Miss M. Cumming (teacher), Z. Greene, A. Stankewich, S. Kochut, E. Lee, B. Ashton.
 Third Row—D. Landa, J. Salyga, R. Rosenberg, R. Klasser, A. Pomeranski, E. Yamron, M. Koslofsky, H. Tracz, M. Campbell.
 Front Row—M. Grand, F. Rabkin, L. Yuffe, J. Pollack, F. Yuffe, C. Rogazinsky, D. McKay, M. Whitehead.

ELEVEN C

Our number is Eleven C; Room 25 our station. Here we have our Locomotive, Goldie Zarow (President)—the rest of us are "trailers." Our Conductor is Miss Freda Lewis (Secretary), and the Engineer, Patty Zarozinsky (Vice-president). There are many comments upon our celerity as we hasten onward to our destination, Finished Education. Personally, we shall be glad if we reach Education. All aboard? Yes, here are our passengers. Our class teacher, Miss Cumming, quoting Caesar; Miss MacDougall, our *maîtresse de français*; Miss Scholes, insisting on our knowing the B. N. A. Act. And who's this?—Miss Horner with her music scales; and then, hastening into the midst of these passengers, as if fearing the train's departure without her, Miss Gauer. See that Algebra, slightly peeping from under an arm? Whose arm? Mr. Crocker's, of course. With him, see Mr. Grusz carrying a hydrogen generator, symbol of his office. There you have them all. If they seem strict or stern, "the love they bear to learning is at fault."

Now on, to explore the rest of the train. In the first compartment, bearing on the doorplate the words "Hard Work," we see the girls behind their books, diligently playing "noughts and crosses." Then we come to Relaxation. In one corner we see a toboggan slide, where Eleven C once spent an enjoyable time. In the other three corners we see tables laden with dainties, which betoken jolly class parties. Good Salesmanship—that's the next carriage. On the wall is a beautifully colored engraving, won by the girls, because of their highest ticket sales for the School Concert. Ah, we are indeed a talented body!

In this coach—called Fine Arts, find our actress, Amy Lymburner; our violinist, Annette Pomeransky; our artist, Margaret Whitehead, and last, but not least, poetess Dolly Landa.

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Back Row—S. Dudzinski, D. Millar, M. Kereluk, I. Hazel, M. Robertson, P. Milmot, J. Isenstein, P. Silverman, T. Leschey, R. Kosasky, D. Lenoff.
 Second Row—R. Alperstein, M. Rosensweig, S. Segal, P. Schwartz, M. Walker, Miss I. Cumming (teacher), M. Elliot, F. Milner, D. Gillies, S. Pudavick, L. Wiesner.
 Third Row—B. Cubbon, P. Varley, M. Bawden, H. Moscovitch, S. Bernstein, J. Freiden, A. Pozdroski, A. Korchik, D. Gutteridge.
 Front Row—B. Fainstein, F. Silverman, R. Paul, T. Schwartz, M. Levine, B. Kasow, E. Gant.

ELEVEN D

*Let us then be up and doing
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing
 Learn to labor and to wait. —Longfellow.*

We, the members of Eleven D, sometimes wonder if we have studied just as much as we ought, or if we have achieved anything in our year's work. Our teachers know just how much we studied, and as for our achievements—June will show!

Our class President, Sarah Bernstein, and her able assistants, Phoeme Milmot, Secretary, and Dora Millar, Vice-president, are to be congratulated on the congenial atmosphere that has prevailed throughout the year. Not only our Class Council, but also each member of the class, deserves credit, for everyone entered wholeheartedly into every branch of the work, whether play or study.

Through the efforts of the Class Council and Sarah Bernstein, two class parties were arranged. The girls became better acquainted at our little socials, and enjoyed relaxation together.

Those few girls who, for the first time, are members of our class, have proven worthy additions to our room.

Prophecy often raises false hopes, but we shall be deeply disappointed if some member of this happy group of girls does not carry off high honors at June.

As members of Class Eleven D, we wish to express our appreciation of the patient and cheerful work of our teachers, who have striven so faithfully to do their best for us. We especially wish to mention Miss Cumming, our class teacher, who at all times has proven both counsellor and playfellow.



Back Row—J. Tadman, R. Gelfand, L. Lloyd, E. Nozick, B. Markovitch, N. Hendin, E. Prasow, H. Johnson, E. Mudry, B. Solodky, B. Skroopka.
 Second Row—G. Watson, O. Menzie, S. Sucheroff, M. Breger, Miss E. G. Hewton (teacher), S. Brix, A. Steininger, E. Lowe, M. Grosko, J. Paulosky.
 Third Row—L. Horowitz, N. Smith, S. Sherebrin, B. Silver, I. Robbins, H. Levson, B. Horowitz, V. Davies, J. Evans.
 Front Row—M. Schwein, M. Kozak, R. Sectkr, E. Avren, J. Brenner.
 Missing—B. Cohen, O. Ozer, D. Jacobson, C. Filko, B. Semmer.

ELEVEN E

“The Babbling Brook”

Room 28, Eleven E, May 30, 1932—This last edition of the “Babbling Brook” marks the conclusion of a new interest in Literature in St. John’s, and thirty weeks of service to the members of Eleven E, covering a period of time from September 28, 1931, to June 10, 1932. Each Monday morning, fort thirty mornings, did a nice, new fresh edition of the B. B. brighten up room 28, like a ray of sunshine after a week of clouds.

Space does not permit us to mention the idiosyncrasies, virtues, faults, and habits of all Eleven E. Excuse us then, if you do not spy your name among this jungle of words. Stand by for the Eleven E parade.

Edith Avren and Annie Steininger are known as the chattering Siamese Twins of Eleven E. Grace Watson’s, Olga Menzie’s, Clara Filko’s and David Jacobson’s superiority lies in their frequent absence from the class room. At most dramatic moments, Ella Prasow enters the room—late. Jack Tadman claims attention by his “supersaturated” ability to lead community singing in Eleven E. Susie Sherebrin and Riva Sectkr compete every period in the Pen Filling Competition for Young Ladies. Mary Breger and the Horowitz Sisters are very generous with themselves when it comes to marks, although we won’t say that, in this kind of charity, the editor of the B. B. does not behave handsomely. The Secretary, Ben Skroopka, is always forgetting or mislaying the absentee list, and you always see the President trailing him and urging him on to his duties, Ben feels quite proud: Miss Cumming once called him “Rufus.” Nate Hendrin intrigues and mystifies the girls by the way in which he secretly, during classes, distributes toothpicks to the members of the Eleven E Toothpick Club.

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Back Row—J. Toal, S. Grower, L. Fleishman, L. Buchanan, L. Diamond, G. Thurston, G. Mackidd, H. Tooke, D. Leven, E. MacDonald, L. Naiditch.
 Second Row—T. Hrabe, W. Hesp, H. Work, E. Hilton, A. W. Muldrew (teacher), W. Bromberg, M. Gershfield, M. Kirshner, M. Ostrovsky.
 Third Row—L. Pascoe, E. Uhryniuk, E. Stone, D. Bruce, D. Reynolds, B. Booth, G. Bruce, W. Pullan, M. Leonoff.
 Front Row—G. Stedman, S. Babino, M. Greenberg, E. Nemish, D. Ulliot, E. Rosenbaum, J. Lipson, M. Ginsberg.
 Missing—A. Averbach, W. Hughes, H. Maltby, M. Mindess, A. Solomen, F. Watson, G. Werier, W. Wilson, D. Wodlinger.

ELEVEN F

I entered Room 13, the home of Class Eleven F, amidst a terrific uproar. I was barely inside the room when Doug Bruce and Dick Reynolds floated by in the graceful contortions of a "tangle," a form of the light fantastic. I ventured inward, being bombarded as I went, with flying chalk. "Pink" Thurston, Class President, and also School President, got up from a wrestling match with Jack Lipson and welcomed me. Then before I could catch my breath, he began to enumerate the achievements of his classmates. He told me of the spirit with which the boys tackled the job of selling tickets for the School Concert, thus repeating last year's performance of winning a picture; of the athletic prowess of Woody Hughes, Dick Reynolds, Doug Bruce, George Steadman, Harold Tooke, Howard Maltby, George Werier, Lloyd Buchanan, and the members of the relay team, who all helped their class to obtain second place on Field Day; and last but not least of the hockey, basketball and football teams.

As I left, I was especially impressed by the great activity of the boys. Max Greenberg was propounding a method of solving Quadratic Equations, while across the aisle, Warren Wilson was demonstrating a left hook to Jim Toal. David Leven and George Bruce were discussing the relative merits of matzos and pork sausage; and Willie Pullan, Bev. Booth, Lloyd Buchanan, and Steve Babino, were playing a game of "dots" on the back board. Everyone in the class was doing something. Mr. Muldrew says that they are just as active during lessons. However, he is really proud of them, although he won't admit it, and the boys like him just as well.

Good luck, Eleven F.



Back Row—L. Skuzan, M. Meekytyn, I. Golden, B. Gorowski, J. Leventhal, A. Stewart, P. Logan, G. McLellan, W. Thompson, H. Davies, H. Kalyniuk.
 Second Row—W. Suzynski, S. Silver, J. Mushy, W. Strokon, M. Boby, L. J. Crocker (teacher), A. Ferguson, F. Lesowski, W. Mazapa, M. Napady, W. Schultz.
 Third Row—N. Iwanko, M. Preweda, J. Chekryn, H. Stytz, P. Muzychuk, J. Klasz, S. Kormylo, F. Markiewicz, J. Rudko, D. Pollock, C. Soloway.
 Front Row—A. Drapak, P. Petruschow, M. Shannin, K. Kandel, T. Kirk, S. Melnyk, J. Zubricki.
 Missing—S. Anthony, A. Cowie, R. Gracel, C. Hay, A. Koste, G. Paknis, N. Pollock, A. Zyliski.

ELEVEN G

The school-bells were clanging, midst laughter and song,
 When into Room 12 trooped our jovial throng
 Of boys, who upon that September morn bright,
 Felt inclined to view all things in roseate light.
 With hair combed, shoes polished, they all found their places,
 While sunny smiles brightened their freshly scrubbed faces.
 A new term they greeted with cheerful accord,
 They'd forgotten—alas—whom the last term had floored!

Eleven G is a 100 per cent class. (Sports and disinclination to work, 49 per cent; accomplishment of duties, 51 per cent.) It is represented by Steve Melnyk, in the capacity of President, and his two able assistants, Walter Mazapa, Vice-President, and Secretary Bob Gorowski. For Sports Captain, consult John Mushy (who is always smiling at Mitzi).

The class donated Gorowski Skuzan and Meekytyn to the football team, while Preweda ("The Milkman"), upheld the class prestige in the intermediates. The hockey team lost by the narrow margin of one point. Thomson was the star in the hockey firmament: hardly less brilliant were Zyliski and Melnyk. Curling found an ardent exponent in Ferguson.

H. Davies sustained the scholastic honor of his class throughout the year. Good luck, H. D.! Nathan Pollock is very versatile. To music he is an earnest votary. His one ambition—may he realize it!—is to become a band leader. We are all with you, Cisco!

(Continued on page 81)



Back Row—S. Cherniak, I. Lazareck, W. Sarner, D. Gray, M. Nathanson, F. Stokes, A. Officer, N. Stokes, F. Padwick, B. Phomin, S. Sair, J. Dubas.
 Second Row—D. Sucharoff, J. McQuillan, B. Leitch, P. Kraus, A. Nemerovsky, T. O. Durnin (teacher), H. Cramer, J. Chernick, B. Sloboda, D. Wintman, I. Freedman, G. Hardesty.
 Third Row—W. Bergland, E. Shulman, C. Morley, R. MacCurdy, H. Horne, S. Shewczuk, J. Mitchell, J. Lieble, J. Malmgren, M. Guslitz, J. Andrews, W. Pfiefer.
 Front Row—T. Hackie, J. Hamilton, C. Booth, W. Mayszka, B. Kitzess, G. Felstead, H. Orloff, H. Chernick, R. Saddington, D. Smith.
 Missing—J. Chmelnitsky.

ELEVEN H

Honk! Honk! Honk! Clear the road for Eleven H! Here we come! "We're here because we're here" as the old saying has it, and, as we're here, we will try to make the best of it, by telling you all about this wonder car—Eleven H.

It was assembled in the St. John's Plant, early in September, and, when put on the market, fell into the hands of Mr. T. O. Durnin and his chief mechanic, Harry Chernick, under whose skilful guidance it rapidly took the shape of the wonder car it was destined to be.

Roaring across the finishing line, well ahead of all other competitors, this marvel created a sensation by capturing the beautiful shield—emblematic of supremacy in the inter-room athletic meet events. This impressive award now graces the walls of Garage 16, the home of this super-vehicle. The big factor in the winning of this trophy was the perfect functioning of this machine's superb spark plugs, chief among whom were Harry Chernick and Bob Saddington. With these two "plugs" working in harmony, the marvel car literally "jumped and ran away" with the field event.

The Goddess of Providence was again favorable to this replica of Campbell's "Bluebird" when Tyson Birkett was elected to a position on the Council of the St. John's Plant; but, alas, the Goddess of Misfortune, ugly-duckling sister of the Goddess of Providence, frowned on Garage 16 when Tyson left school. However, Jim Hamilton took Tyson's place on the Plant Council, thus forming the Hamilton-Felstead-Chernick trio.

Not satisfied with these accomplishments, Eleven H also won fame when it defeated its younger brothers, Eleven H2, to capture the Intermediate Basketball honors of the plant.

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Back Row—A. Proskiw, H. Rubin, R. Smith, P. Kuzma, K. Stark, H. Betts, T. Boyaniwsky, E. Baker, B. Polec, G. Green, T. Taraska.
 Second Row—L. Laxer, S. Antenbring, C. Robinson, W. Kowalski, H. Orloff, D. N. Ridd (teacher), T. Cranen, W. Bobowski, W. Mickoski, J. Stevenson, L. Gifix.
 Third Row—A. Edy, B. Ferley, H. Piper, P. Burt, W. Halparin, L. Giacomini, N. Dewar, D. Calnitsky, M. Haryschak, M. Kepron.
 Front Row—M. Segal, M. Sumka, R. Rogalski, J. Restall, B. Pallone, M. Kuz, F. Lavender, B. Levadie, P. Stark, N. Gritzuk.
 Missing—A. Dryburgh, W. Safian, F. Spicoluck.

ELEVEN J

Hello! everybody. After several futile attempts to begin with a pat on the back, we have had to give it up. After all, we're not contortionists, you know!

We are fortunate in having a good class council. President Theo. Cranen is also a member of the School Council; Nick Gritzuk, Vice-President, is Tech's hope in the Intermediate shot-put; Leno Giacomini, our Sports Captain, is a wizard at basketball; while Secretary Phil Burt is an all-round good fellow.

In sports, our boys are among the best. They took Primary Basketball by the horns, and came away with honors, not to mention their high-flights in other games. Here's luck to you, fellows!

Mr. D. N. Ridd rules with hand of iron but heart of gold, and is the ingenious originator of a mock-parliament, in which those scholastic geniuses, Ken Stark and Mike Kepton, act as party-leaders. Who says he doesn't like history?

Room 36 includes in its menagerie such animals as Stan Antenbring, whose delight is feeding worms (on hooks) to fish; Trumpeter Harvey Piper, whose ability on this instrument is of great assistance to the School orchestra; Bob Smith, who is earnestly attempting to prove a unique existence to Harvey's sister; Harold Orloff, a brilliant young chemist, who will, we fear (yes, fear), eventually "blow up" the school; and Curran Robinson, Charles Chaplin's understudy. Well, boys, as a parting thought, remember the "path of glory," and all that!

Ah, no! Already? Oh, well, folks, they tell me that this is a school publication, not a tabloid; so I had better not tell you about the rest of the gang. Cheerio!



Back Row—M. Horne, O. Semotriuk, O. Gory, H. Ebert, M. Narracott, G. Cowan, N. Jack, W. Slokum, J. McNabb, D. Motriuk.
 Second Row—E. Wonch, R. Lenenbaum, E. Law, K. Spotar, Miss B. L. Lightcap (teacher), E. Shackell, R. Piper, D. Clements, O. Pasichniak.
 Third Row—A. Eustace, J. Nicolson, O. Stevenson, E. Wotowich, T. Brune, J. Swetz, I. Steedman, L. Popiel.
 Front Row—E. Anderson, M. Nye, M. Phillips, M. Goldstein, M. Wolch, S. Solove, A. Gerlovin.
 Missing—S. Short.

ELEVEN K

On the Road to Graduation. Whoo-o-oo-o-o-tch-tch-tch.

On the first day of September, 1932, at the Household Arts "depot," the Eleven K's boarded the "Learning Express," bound for Graduation. There they became acquainted with their fellow passengers and renewed former friendships. Miss Lightcap, their Engineer, got the train started on schedule time.

The first station was the Chemistry Room, where they met the Train Conductor, Dr. Triggerson. The "Express" was held up there for almost forty minutes, but once started, did not take long to reach "Room 34," its next station. There, the Trainman, Miss Scholes, awaited them. At the stations "Room 18," "Room 14," "The Gym," and the "Domestic Science Room," they made the acquaintance of their Porter, Miss Nicolson, their Brakeman, Miss Horner, their Mechanic, Miss Gauer, and their Steward, Miss Irwin. Having met these officials, they were well under steam.

Their first real stop was on October 13th, 1932, when they spent an evening at the "Auditorium" station. There they were informally entertained by the train officials. They continued on their journey until December fifteenth, when they changed trains. Then they boarded the "Examination Express" and travelled thus a week. Again they changed trains, this time taking the "Holiday Special." After travelling for two weeks, they changed back to the "Learning Express." The first break in the second part of the journey was on February 12th, 1932. That evening their train stopped for three hours, and they were again entertained by the train crew. They proceeded until March 18th, when they again boarded the "Examination Express." After travelling for six days on this train they changed to the "Holiday Special" once more.

After days travel they boarded the "Learning Express" and went full speed ahead. From April 12th to 17th they travelled only half because of "Musical Festival"

(Continued on page 83)



Back Row—C. Anning, M. Bergland, M. Kupchenko, H. Zelinski, A. Yackness, R. Wolfenson, R. Morgan, F. Kwaite, M. Wales, M. Biller, S. Rosdeba, A. Hechter.
 Second Row—S. Mitchnik, K. Bashucky, M. Ashworth, E. Peterson, T. Skulski, Miss S. Irwin (teacher), Miss M. Johnston (teacher), E. Strecheshin, G. Frankland, O. Basisty, J. Bugeresta, A. Rybak.
 Third Row—G. Kaell, F. Minuk, R. Bubis, B. Ratner, A. Steiman, M. Katz, M. Frederick, M. Logan, M. Mitchell, G. Reynolds, E. Yauniskis.
 Front Row—M. Bloom, M. Bruder, J. Welki, S. Gillman, L. Gale, L. Levin, B. Fogel, S. Fien, Greenstone.
 Missing—J. Mitchell, T. Wonnacott, L. Wasalina, K. Trojan.

ELEVEN L

Ten short months! What a comparatively brief period in a lifetime, yet who can say that it has been insignificant or of little worth?

Looking back over the past month, we recall a time of enthusiastic participation in all the activities of St. John's High, both educational and recreative, a period at times, not unaccompanied by minor disappointments and discouragements, yet one through which Eleven L would gladly live again did opportunity offer. To those, who through unselfish and unstinted efforts, have given us of their best, we say, "Thank you," and "Good-bye," for now comes the parting of the ways.

Many of us will be finishing with Grade Eleven, our last session in school, and will go into the outside world to follow the chosen line of endeavor. And there, we, who were for some time students and friends together, shall lose each other, and school days will become a dream, once lived through, but not forgotten. A lucky few will possibly make their way into University, but a great many will be leaving St. John's to take a serious part in the business life of today. What we are taking with us cannot be described in words. The full realization of our gains here may not reach us for many years, but graven in the mind of each one of us are vivid memories of the happy days spent at St. John's as members of Eleven L.

*"Ships that pass by night and speak to the other in passing,
 Only a voice in the dark and only a signal shown,
 So in the ocean of life we meet and greet one another,
 Only a touch with the hand, then darkness again, then silence."*

—LONGFELLOW.

ELEVEN L-1

A heavy smell of burning—no—don't turn in alarm; it's only Eleven L-1 cooking. What would happen if Sadie Gillman would cut out wise-cracking, if Mary Ashworth and Evelyn Peterson came in time to a period, or if Rae Morgan missed a Council Meeting? It's rather odd, too, that Marcia Katz tells everybody her Literature mark, but remains singularly silent about her Chemistry. Jeanette Welki, class tomboy, knows the disadvantages of whistling in class, but she's not our only musician, witness our celebrities, Marjorie Logan and Myrtle Kupchenko. That dreaded ogre, homework, finds friends in Goldie Kaell, Charlotte Greenstone, and Mary Bruder—"Oh, shucks, what's the use? Today a rooster, tomorrow a feather duster!" It's not really that bad, of course—just the pre-exam depression. Good-bye—Station C-O-O-K-I-N-G signing off.

ELEVEN L-2

With fingers weary and worn,
Sitting in silence (?) and dread,
Eleven L-2 sat sewing,
Plying a needle and thread.

Dread of what?—can't say, but Rose Wolfenson won't confirm those statements. And scattered around the room trying hard to do nothing are Flo Kwaite, Katie Trojan, and Margaret Mitchell, all good examples of industrious girls. A budding botanist, Anna Hechter, is still trying to discover the name of "them daisies." As further proof of the varieties of talent—Gladys Frankland and Marion Wales ably maintain the honor of Eleven L-2, and Kate Anning is well on her way to "sciencedom," already practising her arts on her luckless fellow students. A shout to "close off" is heard—so long.

Circulation Staff

The sales representatives in each room are to be congratulated upon the successful manner in which they conducted their sales in a difficult year such as the present.

Circulation Manager—ISAAC STOFFMAN

XII.-A—Florence Baskerville.

XII.-B—Harry Abbott.

XI.-A—Joe Portnuff.

XI.-B—Joe Brook.

XI.-C—Margaret Whitehead.

XI.-D—Phoeme Wilmot.

XI.-D—Lillian Lloyd.

XI.-F—George Thurston.

XI.-G—Pat Logan.

XI.-H—Harry Cherniak.

XI.-J—Nick Gritzuk.

XI.-K—Evelyn Wonsch.

XI.-L1—Evelyn Peterson.

XI.-L2—Margaret Mitchell.

XI.-M—Sam Averbach.

XI.-N—Bill Minchesky.

XI.-O—Bessie Serken.

XI.-Q—Ralph Hamovitch.

XI.-R—Tony Boycjuk.

XI.-S—Jessie Smith.

XI.-T—Betsy Blom.

X.-A—Dick Reeve.

X.-B—Lawrence Eddy.

X.-C—Ethel Schwartz.

X.-D—Ernestine Spencer.

X.-E—Catherine Dewar.

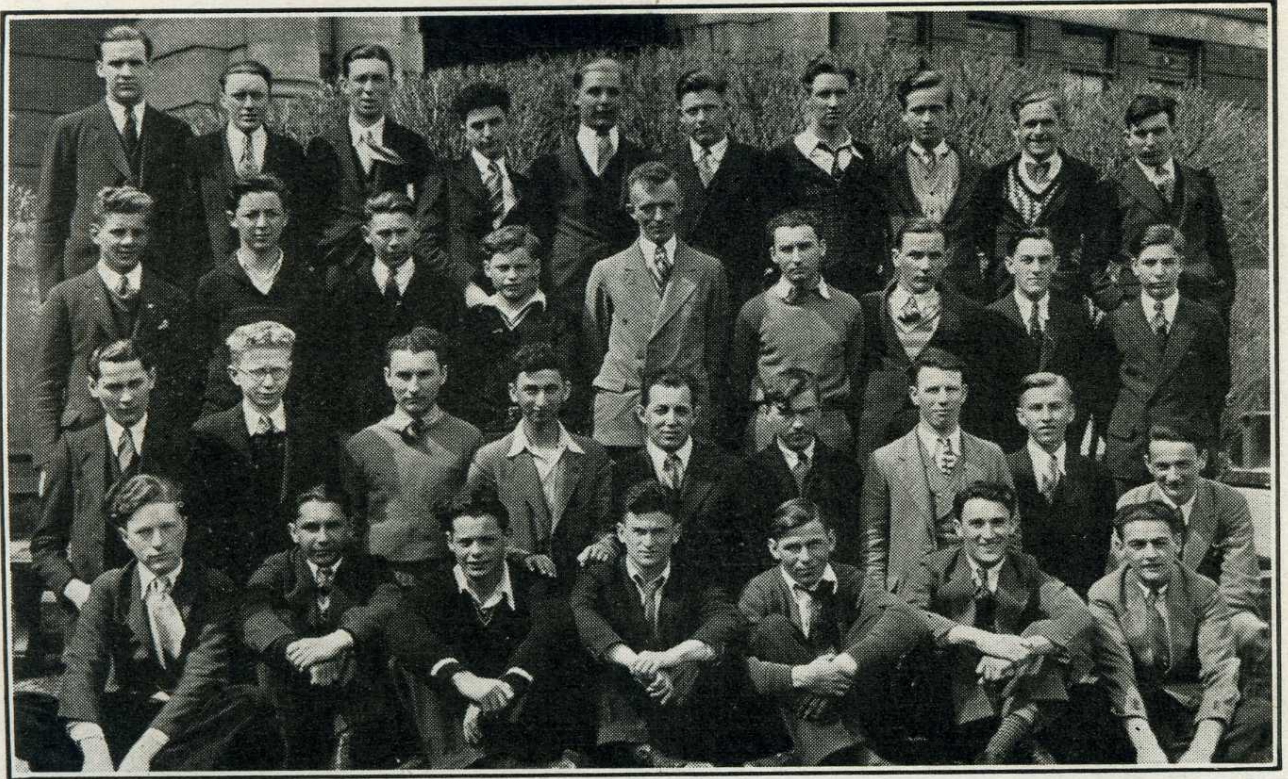
X.-F—Ruth Zoller.

X.-G—Mary Hyadurk.

X.-H—Les Sanders.

X.-J—Molly Rogers.

THANK YOU, ALL!



Back Row—J. Ulyot, G. Flook, I. Miner, J. Prasow, E. Singbush, E. Johnson, B. DeFehr, V. Weitzel, E. Horch, H. Beloff.
 Second Row—L. Giacomini, S. Silver, A. Fech, G. King, J. W. Beer (teacher), J. Cramer, W. Doern, N. Kokram, B. Resch.
 Third Row—J. Johnson, N. Micanovitsky, N. Cramer, A. Riddberg, M. Manin, A. Fedovick, F. Reid, A. Nosnitsky, S. Averbach.
 Front Row—J. Glow, M. Simanchuk, A. King, I. Carson, J. Osadchuk, H. Knelman, S. Fishman.
 Missing—E. Adolph, S. Smith, L. Diner.

ELEVEN M

Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen!

This is station E-L-E-V-E-N broadcasting from their studios in Room 5, St. John's High School, Winnipeg. Your announcer this evening will be George Flook, our President. Mr. Flook—

"Hello everybody! This is our regular History Hour, coming to you from St. John's. Before we start, however, I would like to say "hello" to our efficient Secretary, Sam Averbach, who is away up there in the north around Baker Lake, looking for a lost absentee list, in order to save the lives of several people who really were absent. The popular, if reproachful, song which forms the background to this announcement is rendered by Sam Steiman, our Captain of Sport, and is entitled: "Oh, Sweetheart—Why Did You Give Me The Slip?" We are dedicating this number to Mr. Muldrew.

As a novel form of entertainment, we are going to recount the story of Ella Van Emm. This ravishing damsel first came into prominence at the Inter-Class Field Day, where her coy glance was enough to make Ed Singbush, Bill Wiesner, Sam Averbach, and even Sangie Isacovitch, put forth their utmost efforts, and walk off the field, covered with glory.

Ella is very partial to football players, and has persuaded four of her beaux to make the School Team. It was for her fair smile that the Room 5 Primary Basketball team won the Inter-class Championship. Mr. Beer encourages Ella, because he thinks she has proved a good influence on the school.

(Continued on page 83)



Back Row—N. Yaworsky, W. Allum, M. Symovitch, W. Rudyk, W. Haidash, C. Birt, M. Brygadyr.
 Second Row—R. Shave, A. Sharek, J. Mozurick, J. Jones (teacher), L. Fletcher, G. Hards, A. Ratzlaff.
 Front Row—S. Rapaport, A. Barker, J. Hrynyk, J. Charleton, J. Lavitt, M. Mandock.

ELEVEN N

We, the students of Eleven N, declare our class to lead the school—do we hear any objections? Further, a finer group of practical-minded fellows—what if we are illiterate!—cannot be found. If you doubt this, we are open to conviction. The class spirit is methyl hydrate (wood alcohol to you!); the class motto, "Veni, vidi, vici," which is Shakespeare for: "The sooner, the quicker, or what you will."

Now, stick close beside us, and we will shake a few of the "family" skeletons.

Yes, that harrassed gentleman at the front of the room is Mr. Jones, our class teacher; the two boys handing him the apples are Charles Birt and James Carberry, the "pansies." John Charleton, yonder, is a hard one to get around! Hrynyk is so tall that we use him as a convenient standard of measurement, one "Hrynyk-length" being equivalent to 6.0001 English feet. John Hernie's face is usually so long that it must be photographed in sections. (N.B. Class photo, above.) "The Three Musketeers"—Robert Shave, Alf. Barker and Cliff Whitehead—are the teachers' (dying) hopes, personified. As for Harry Gilchrist, the late-slips he has received would, if collected, paper a fourteen-room house!—well, maybe only ten rooms.

And that's the works! If you have been bored by this journey, you are only natural; if you haven't, you're either very lucky or far below the average in intelligence. Sure! Come again!



Back Row—I. Steindel, B. Serkin, S. Prystako, W. Bialuski, P. Berman, I. Lepkin, B. Brodsky, E. Masters, K. Caldwell, M. Labovich, R. Skelly.
 Second Row—L. Moffat, M. Probizna, B. Protasiewicz, R. Freeman, V. McConeghy, Miss J. L. Macdougall (teacher), E. Olin, P. Montgomery, J. Herbert, M. Podolski.
 Third Row—G. Wedro, D. Pitzek, I. McKenzie, E. Luff, M. Bedder, M. Bowman, B. Barlin, M. Ross, F. Creechman, A. Winer, S. Swartz.
 Fourth Row—R. Iwanicki, M. Lackie, L. Alperstein, E. Herman, R. Scorer, E. Davies, M. McCloskey, A. Wood, I. Miller.
 Fifth Row—B. Herman, F. Kemelman, R. Shinoff, S. Handleman, E. Yaffe, E. Andrew, S. Gacek, K. Waldman.
 Missing—D. Popeski, L. Buchanan, F. Momentiuk.

ELEVEN O

Howdy, folks!

In brief, this is an account of the life we lead in our cozy home, Eleven O, in Room 39, St. John's Apts.

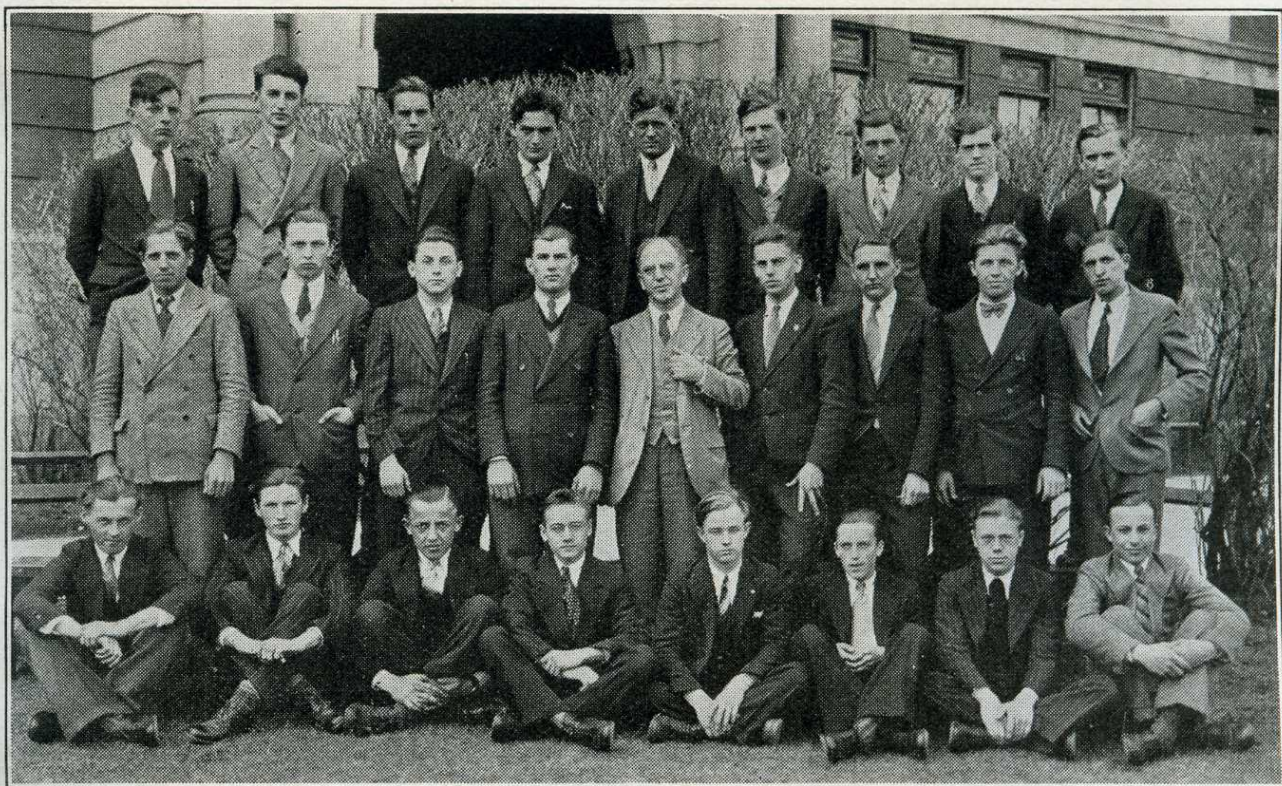
The small dimensions of the room shelter forty-seven girls and four boys, who might seem out of place; but, if it were not for them, who would close our windows every time they are so mysteriously opened?

Then, again, who would set a limit on our "crystal-gazing" if it were not for these boys? The kindest deed they performed on our behalf was when each donated one cent, and avoided a deadlock over the mirror proposition, enabling us to obtain a mirror before we were too wrinkled to care to look in it.

Amongst these forty-seven girls, there are many varieties of talent. Some take and transcribe shorthand at a furious speed, others play the piano, whilst the majority play upon words. In every household there is someone who does all the talking, and this household is no exception. Such a system does away with the necessity of an advertising department, which otherwise would be necessary to reveal our whereabouts.

Certain others see every "marvellous," "gorgeous" and "adorable" movie in town, and keep the rest of us well posted on current movie topics. This is, for us, a very inexpensive recreation.

(Continued on page 85)



Back Row—E. Trethart, A. MacGregor, K. Davey, S. Lee, E. Klassen, V. Monkus, A. Johnstone, C. Hodgson, J. Winnik.
 Second Row—J. Kolcun, J. Matheson, S. Golub, M. Kary, H. J. Russell (teacher), N. Elwick, W. Shebek, R. Nordgren, H. Okell.
 Front Row—J. Wasko, B. Cormack, R. Hamovich, M. Petrie, J. Dunlop, F. Coull, W. Reeves, F. Wozniak.
 Missing—J. Roth, A. Harsant, W. Williams, J. Baker, A. Boehm, W. Meder, F. Jacks, M. Shebyst, P. Prokopchuk, A. Gunn, M. Thompson, J. Reid, C. Magel, A. Woodfield.

ELEVEN Q

Slowly, but successfully, the scholars of Room 22 are emerging from the sea of school books into which they splashed one bright September morn. When the boys made that "big splash," little did they realize what the future held in store for them. Now, however, as they look back upon their accomplishments and downfalls, they realize how far a bit of energy and interest goes toward making the successful youth.

While they have seldom applied this "success-making formula" to their studies, they have applied it quite enthusiastically to their sports. The room has backed every activity; entered teams in every tournament; and turned out to give encouragement when it was needed.

Eleven Q has a sports record of which to be proud. Their football team succeeded in reaching the final game; while their hockey and basketball teams, although not quite so successful, succeeded in showing their opponents that "they were hard nuts to crack." Three of the room, Frazer Coull, Walter Williams, and Alex Johnstone, held coveted positions on the honored School Hockey team. Ken Davey boasts of a position on the successful speed-skating relay team. Another noteworthy item is that Bil Reeves, Meros Kary, and Ralph Hamovitch are numbered in the ranks of the School's Junior, Intermediate, and Senior Basketball teams. What a record!

The Eleven Q's have had a glorious year of work and play and they feel quite confident they will do credit both to themselves and to their teachers in the examinations that are now at hand.



Back Row—L. Dobush, B. Smordin, L. Simon, S. McLaughlin, M. Yarish, D. Mercer, T. Boychuk, E. Popiel, J. Zwolak, B. Zahuta.
 Second Row—M. Mills, H. Yacyna, P. Popyk, L. Lofendale, G. E. Snider (teacher), P. Kuchma, Steve Dorosh, P. Ulicki, H. Dole.
 Third Row—B. Kenyon, J. Sinclair, S. Udow, M. Cooperman, A. Dalenger, H. Marder, S. Katz.
 Front Row—A. Mycan, W. Stolash, F. Zapotoczyn, N. Nelson, M. Blek, J. Melnyk.
 Missing—J. Rudolf, R. Gidlow, J. Slessor, G. Douglas.

ELEVEN R

Hello Folks! Step up and meet the future big business executives and chartered accountants. We don't say it ourselves, nor have we paid for any testimonials. These thoughts were expressed free, gratis, and for nothing by Mr. Russell and Mr. Beer. We shall now endeavor to direct you through the intricacies of a school-room, and point out the "shining lights."

Saul Udow, who is our president, is always in a rush, looking for somebody or other. Handsome Sid McLaughlin is our vice-president and captain of our victorious hockey team. Edward Popiel is the one who carries around the list of absentees and in other ways contrives to annoy the fellows. As we swing into the line of sports we discover the two "boy-friends" of the female population of St. John's—Lauder Dobush and Peter Popyk. Lauder is captain of the Senior basketball team and class mathematician. The Intermediate basketball team have for their captain the wisecracking Ben Smordin. John Melnyk is boasting that he will lead the Juniors to victory. Several of the fellows are displaying their literary talent by editing a class paper entitled, "The Front Page." These brainy ones are: Lou Simon, Saul Udow, Dave Mercer, and Tony Boychuk, cartoonist de luxe. Besides these major personages we have others such as: John Slessor, inventor of the horse-laugh; Mike Blek, our champion bronco-buster and master cow-milker; Harry Yacyna, who sails through exams on aeroplane wings; Frank Zapotoczyn, who has the queerest name with most of the letters of the alphabet in it, and Sidney Katz ("Semmy") our class mascot, who has the biggest muscles in the room, as he carries drinking water to Lauder. Before leaving our celebrities, we must mention Mr. Snider's cherubic countenance, which has inspired us at examination time.

(Continued on page 85)



Back Row—M. Sudoma, J. Ryksznski, O. Sudoma, H. Pokrifka, E. Dowhanek, J. Kissel, J. Mayuk, O. Dershko, N. Kisley, J. Smith, J. Couchman.
 Second Row—N. Moskal, B. Rubenstein, A. Winston, E. Donin, G. Silvert, Miss L. E. Scholes (teacher), N. Eaton, S. Soltys, Q. Doland, B. Goodman, E. Otto.
 Third Row—W. Barr, H. Gurski, G. Johnson, P. Levine, E. Leachman, R. Gorstein, R. Segal, C. Baker, R. Zelbovitch.
 Front Row—C. Stillwater, M. Mandziuk, M. Davis, S. Topolniski, A. Kozie, E. Slutchuk, J. Pechet, N. Bodnaruk.
 Missing—M. Dwyer, T. Kaufmann, T. Weiner, R. Malchikoff, C. Sutherland.

ELEVEN S

Anyone requiring the services of an expert private secretary should apply to Room 34. After a long winter of intensive study, 41 charming young ladies are ready to accept positions. They are fully equipped to write perfect English (Miss Scholes' successful efforts); sing lyrically (Miss Horner's hopes fulfilled); take dictation at break-neck speed (Mr. Russell's ambition realized); furnish up-to-date information about Lamb's Chimney Skeep (Miss Nicholson's efforts rewarded); differentiate between "net proceeds" and "prime cost" (after having it drilled into them by Mr. Crocker); transcribe accurately (?) (result of Miss Snider's speed tests); and make out Balance Sheets which may or may not balance (after months of Mr. Beer's patient tutoring.)

For further reference communicate with Miss Scholes, Anna Kozie, Class President, or with Nellie Eaton, Secretary. After associating with the girls for many months, they are well qualified to supply the required information. Before doing so, however, it may prove wise to note the following facts:

Mary Dwyer and Stella Soltys are the speed fiends. They have been trying to break the typing record set by George Hossfield. Some day they may.

The girls have found it a good policy to have their shorthand homework done, for Nellie Eaton, the efficient secretary, can always be depended upon to have the list of penalties assigned by Mr. Russell for neglect.

It would not be surprising if Anna Kozie became bookkeeper to one of the prominent business firms of the City, as her efficiency in that line is most astounding.

Gerty Johnson, one of the brilliant students, has shown signs of becoming a writer in the near future.

One of the most promising young artists of the day is Mary Mandzuik. She is responsible for any artistic work done in the room.

(Continued on page 85)



Back Row—M. Janik, E. Hendler, I. Hunter, E. Condie, E. Bain, I. Boughton, B. Robinson, D. Odell, J. Kachulak, S. Finkel.

Second Row—M. Villett, N. Neville, B. McDougall, E. Collard, Miss L. P. Snider, S. Dvorchuk, D. Luchik, E. Radinovsky, K. Buhnia.

Third Row—B. Greenberg, F. Greenway, D. Handchuk, S. Abramsky, R. Badner, B. Blom, P. Middlecote, F. Breslaw, M. Richardson.

Front Row—L. Wade, G. Callum, V. Maxwell, M. English, M. Meikle, E. Thomson, M. Sellmer, S. Konovsky.

Missing—M. Cranston, O. Juskow, K. Wolshynovsky, J. Rykzynski.

ELEVEN T

Whoops! Look out, here comes the popular Eleven T's, led by an energetic council consisting of Ellenetta Condie as president, Ethel Thomson as vice-president, Dore Odell as secretary, and Kate Buhnia as the leader in sports. It is quite natural that Eleven T should be ambitious, seeing that they are a group of fine girls just waiting for an opportunity to burst forth into the business world and show everyone what they can do.

Ambition does not come alone, there is a great deal of talent too. Take Jean Kerr, for instance, who will probably some day be a Prima Donna; also Florence Breslaw, who is very artistic in the matter of applying cosmetics. Then there are the three girls who dab around with oil paints once a week trying to look like professional artists, while Ivy Boughton takes the cake for being an expert at Shorthand.

Let us now take you on a tour through our Thursday routine. We start off bright and early to visit Miss Hewton who teaches us the causes, events and results of wars and other distasteful things. Now we come back to Room 23 where Miss Coleman drills us in taking Shorthand dictation. Take a trip down to the Gym some Thursday, third period, and you will hear many grunts and groans, as we vainly try to go through the exercises which Miss Gauer gives us. We then come back to the starting point—the Typing Room, and spend the rest of the morning pounding on the typewriter. After returning from lunch, we spend half an hour in supposed study and then down we go to Mr. Crocker for our lesson in Arithmetic. We arrive next at Miss Nicholson's room where we struggle with Macbeth and the Admirable

(Continued on page 85)



Back Row—A. Serant, G. O. Zado, A. Wilson, S. Lucow, L. Lisoweski, A. T. Zado, M. Silverberg, L. Korody, A. Lucki, W. Donald.
 Second Row—W. Ternowetski, A. Muzychuk, O. Friedman, W. Paluk, M. Gallis, W. P. Johnson (teacher), L. Lardner, R. Leighton, F. MacIntosh, J. Cohen.
 Third Row—O. Tomchuk, M. Bentley, M. Jones, I. MacDonald, D. Martinson, F. Shurvel, B. Lorray, P. Kurk, A. Roberecki, J. Sernyk, O. Sask, P. Sloan.
 Front Row—F. Baskerville, M. Maybee, A. Balagus, D. Billaney, O. Cholodnuk, I. Comisaroff, N. Maslovsky, B. Soskin, M. Shaw, S. Block, W. Dickinson.
 Missing—J. Wheelans, E. Nemish, J. Copeland, M. Kobrinsky, N. Lasiuk.

TWELVE A

The Twelve A's ably led by William Paluk, Isobel McDonald, Pearl Sloan, Morris Kobrinsky, and Annie Balagus, who were heartily supported by a spirited class, not to mention an admirable staff of teachers, are completing a very successful year.

At the beginning of the year classes were postponed for several reasons, and not until the end of September did our valiant A's assemble in that most immaculate of rooms—Room Forty. Pleasant days followed—days of earnest toil, by both teachers and students. The colorful days of autumn found the class will into its year's activities. The boys' football team emerged victors from the semi-finals, and in the final play-offs they showed their true worth. The girls' basketball team, composed of players from both Twelves, won the Inter-Class championship.

One cold winter evening saw the class, warmly dressed, tramping in the snows of East Kildonan. The gay party arrived at a hall, hired for the event, where they satisfied their hunger with refreshments and danced to the strains of an orchestra. All too soon did midnight chimes announce the end.

Every noon in the first two weeks of March several girls and boys could be seen working busily with scissors, pencil and paint brush. Every noon the results of their efforts were carefully stored away in a drawer. Mr. Johnson talked to these industrious workers, helping them in every possible way. Then, one afternoon, the Twelve A's St. Patrick's Party was announced. When the evening finally arrived we walked into the school auditorium and saw a scene which will not very soon be forgotten. The

(Continued on Page 86)



Back Row—J. Toevs, E. Johnson, S. Gershfield, M. Chodirker, B. Spence, B. Slipetz, S. Gunn, J. Sokulski, H. Rice, S. Mains Kolchin.
 Second Row—J. Stechison, H. Silverberg, M. Mendella, W. Mazur, Dr. C. J. Triggerson (teacher), J. Belinski, S. Gelfand, T. Turchan, T. Chesley, V. Smith.
 Third Row—F. Pearson, J. Harbos, A. Bruder, J. Leighton, D. Motriuk, O. Bachynsky, S. Coval, A. Black, S. Kosasky.
 Front Row—S. Hrychuk, N. Zeidman, L. Marek, M. Stephen, M. Jauvish, J. Ostaff, O. Dehod, F. Bernthal.

TWELVE B

Yes, here we are at last. Well, we may not be excellent scholars, but oh! oh! do we have good times? Dun't esk!

Our keeper is Doctor Triggerson, affectionately known as "Doc." Besides being a teacher, he is a jolly sport, who can wise-crack with the best of us. We have with us famous individuals. Stechison is a combination of chemist, mathematician, and poet. He mixes chemicals, propounds mathematical theories, and writes poetry. His days are numbered. If he doesn't blow himself up, somebody will lynch him for the stuff he writes. Then there is that trio of "rubber necks," Turchan, Chesely, and Sliptz. These gentlemen are usually carousing around the hall during periods. It seems that they spend more time out of class than in it. But then, we must make allowances. Anyway, they don't kick when the time comes for them to pay for their escapades.

St. John's will probably try to erase us from its memory as soon as possible, but we shall remember it. Our instructors tell us that we'll end up in prison. Well, see you in jail) If we do, we'll just go into a huddle in the center of the cell and softly croon: "O Warden, dear Warden, please bring back the key." And now, impatient reader, you may turn to the next page Ta, ta.



Junior Classes

TEN A

Ten A is a class renowned for the versatility of its members, for its good sportsmanship on the field of athletics and elsewhere, and for the noise it makes during French period.

Ten A is supervised by Miss Turner, to whom the pupils look as a friend rather than a teacher.

Among the athletes are such brilliant hockey players as "Zets" Ferley, whose sensational goalkeeping has drawn gasps of surprise from the senior athletes. It is an accepted fact that he will be next year's goalie for St. John's.

Dick Reeve, stalwart defenceman, and Eddie Peterman, capable forward, are also renowned for their athletic ability.

The journalists include Willie Lucow, editor of the "Junior Torch," Harry Hirt, editor of "Vox Juvenis," and Charlie Freedman, Sam Kobrinsky, and Saul Cherniak, three go-getting reporters.

The scientists are many, the most prominent ones being Fred Crease, Isador Yudell, and Willie Lucow. Fred's pet hobby is astronomy, and his talk on that subject, during one public-speaking period, held his audience enthralled.

Speaking of elocutionists, Room 37 fairly swarms with them. Junior Rosenthal's demonstration of a proposition in geometry left the audience limp with amazement. Dick Reeve showed the class his wonderful ability as an elocutionist, by reciting "The Three Little Pigs." This classic may be found in the Grade One Reader, but we are not sure whether it is in the Canadian or Manitoban edition.

TEN B

Ten B is the class of boys presided over by Mr. J. E. Ridd. He is well liked by his boys for his discipline, his good sportsmanship, and for his interesting way of teaching history.

Room 38's council is of the best stock. Morris Slawsky heads the room as president, with Douglas Johnson coming next as vice-president. Bob Dunn, the overworked secretary, has a lot to do to keep the room in order. And last, but not least, we have good old Freddie Woods, as Sports captain.

Ten B is an all-boy room, and therefore is renowned for its sport activity. "Chuch" Resch and Fred Woods form the toughest barrier in any game, whether on ice or field. Keep it up, boys; we'll need you next year!

TEN C

The girls of Ten C were very sorry to lose Miss McColl as class teacher; however, once they became acquainted with Miss Du Val, they were inspired to get right into the swing of things again.

Ogeegosh! Have you ever heard of a crowd of jolly girls at loss for a bit of fun? Well, Ten C feast themselves on girlish jokes and pranks. But, don't dare think studies suffer as a consequence. Dear me, no; studies really thrive on jolly carefree spirits!

Merry class parties numbered three or four, and a real turnout helped the Junior Tramp. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent by Ten C girls, at the home of Miss Du Val, who so graciously entertained them at tea.

Real school spirit was displayed when the sale of concert tickets was on. The girls worked vigorously and well, losing out by a small sum to an eleven—oh well; it's all in the game, anyway, and the girls were satisfied with the saleswomanly experienced it offered—(just like girls, to look on the brighter side!)

These young ladies take no back seat in sports. They staunchly supported school skating; they delight in a period of baseball, and quite a few members are faithfully "plugging away" in hope of being able to participate in Mr. Jarman's display, or in the Inter-High Field Day, School spirit, class spirit, individual spirit! These girls are filled with spirits—(not the alcoholic variety).

The elected officiating representatives of these happy-go-lucky girls have done their bit towards making the year a success. Beatrice Ruskin, as president; Lillian Cook as vice-president; Estelle Hershfield as secretary, and Patsy Anderson as Sports captain, made up the council.

Good luck to you all for next year. Keep up the good spirits. They'll be warmly appreciated in Eleven.

TEN D

This class is indeed exceedingly bright (their abode being on the sunny side of the school). The carefree, jolly members thank their teachers for helping them with the patience of Job over the numerous "ups" and the more numerous "downs" encountered on the rocky road to knowledge. Mr. Wherret, besides proving conclusively that "therefore $1=2$," pleasantly but firmly performed the duties of class teacher.

The inmates consist of girls and boys of various dispositions; the majority being hard working with inclinations towards study, while the minority (?) being—well—oh—let's say living for the present and turning up their noses at the future.

The reins of government were entrusted, very wisely it seems, to officers who right nobly carried out their duties. Duty-loving Earl Gilmaster acknowledges his presidency. Genevieve Mathieson diligently handled the Vice-president's office, putting that appreciable feminine touch wherever necessary, while Lillian Herman as Secretary capably and sometimes, alas! too carefully, recorded the absentees. Margaret Watters and Del Mamby acted as Girls' and Boys' Sport Captain respectively. 'Twas to them that we owe the remedy for that tired feeling which, we fondly imagine, is brought on by too much studying.

Well, XD, hope to see you all in Eleven next year, or perhaps—who knows—in Ten!

TEN E

*"All hail to the noble thirty-seven,
The teachers say they are bound for heaven!"*

Ten E has a reputation that would make Al Capone turn green with envy. Charlie Graham is President, aided in difficulties by Dorothy Doidge, the Vice-president. Frazer Lorimer, the Secretary, certainly knows his business when it comes to the absentee list. Sports Captains Hazel Carlidge and Stan White hold up the aforementioned reputations with great skill.

S. W. studies nights, sitting on a coffee pot and even getting mumps during Easter holidays, to keep his mind on his work. The boys think that there should be a law against girls combing their hair and powdering their noses during class hours. Why don't they bring their tooth brushes?

Believe it or not, Ten E has a blushing Romeo, but a Juliet has not, as yet, been discovered. How about it, G. M? Miss DuVal is deeply devoted to the class, but her devotions do not seem to be appreciated, as the conclusions that History should be abolished has been reached.

Ten E is noted for its writing ability. Miss Carson thinks that there will be keen competition for the prize novel in 1935. Mr. Grusz thinks that Ten E is a frivolous movie-fan class. (Ten E wonders how he knows so much about Clarke Gable.) Mr. Muldrew has succeeded in teaching them that the two angles of a polygon equal 360° (or is it the four angles?—oh, well!) but they are still in the air about the law governing a perpendicular. Hasn't Miss Coleman said that if the Shorthand homework is not done five times the class is sure to fail? See? I told you so!

TEN F

Since the opening of the fall term, Ten F has become well known in the Junior world. Early in the year the Girls' Sport Shield was captured, and brought in triumph to Room 18. This was due mainly to the efforts of such promising young athletes as Hilda Hope, Gwen Sleeman, Peggy Swallow, and Dorothy Brune; the latter also secured the Individual Girls' Championship.

This room was well represented in the volleyball and basketball teams, and in the skating and swimming races. It shines, not only in sports, but in the higher arts of life. A large number of the girls have been honored with places in the far-famed School Chorus. Many of the girls show marked ability in their studies; although, for some, June looms formidable on the horizon.

After having reviewed the achievements of this room during the past year, we shall expect much from these students in Grade Eleven.

TEN G

Ship ahoy! The leviathan of the seas, the steamer St. John's Tech, is pulling into port after a long voyage through the "Sea of Education."

In Stateroom 14, on the lower deck, are assembled a group of bright and merry sailor maids, talking over the adventures that they have gone through together. Captain (Miss) Horner, with the help of the first mate, Nancy Hughes and the second mate, Clara Coblin, have guided the ship through fair weather and foul. To these trusty officers the success of the trip is due. Jennie Pawlowski, the ship's "Sparks," has done her share in bringing the vessel back safe and sound.

Although the members of the crew have had a very busy time, there has still been time for sports. Bos'n Jennie Safaniuk has kept them on their toes, with the result that Stateroom 14 captured the volleyball and basketball championships. Nor is this group lacking in musical talent. Their room is well represented in the ship's choir and the ship's orchestra.

The trip has been a pleasant one for the people of Stateroom 14. At times some of them had a slight touch of "homework sickness," but on the whole it has been a voyage that will live long in the minds of the crew. "Pipe down all hands!" and we will close with a song entitled:

"Oh, for a Life on the Bounding Wave!"

TEN H

This commercial room is headed by the able Miss Thompson. Not only as class teacher, but also as chief inspirer, she is well liked by all her pupils.

Like the other 100% boy classes, Room 17's name is often heard in sport circles. The sporting nature of Ten H is a credit to the school. The scholars form dangerous antagonists in all forms of play (which is really more important than work).

On the whole these boys make up a very good class. Early in the term they chose an extremely capable council, which has worked harmoniously with the rest of the class. The standard is high, and everyone tries to live up to it.

Another item well worth mentioning is the tidy state in which the room is kept. Again the credit goes to Miss Thompson (not forgetting the class council and the pupils who do their bit). Ten H-ers will make desirable citizens and great Eleven H-ers next year!

TEN J

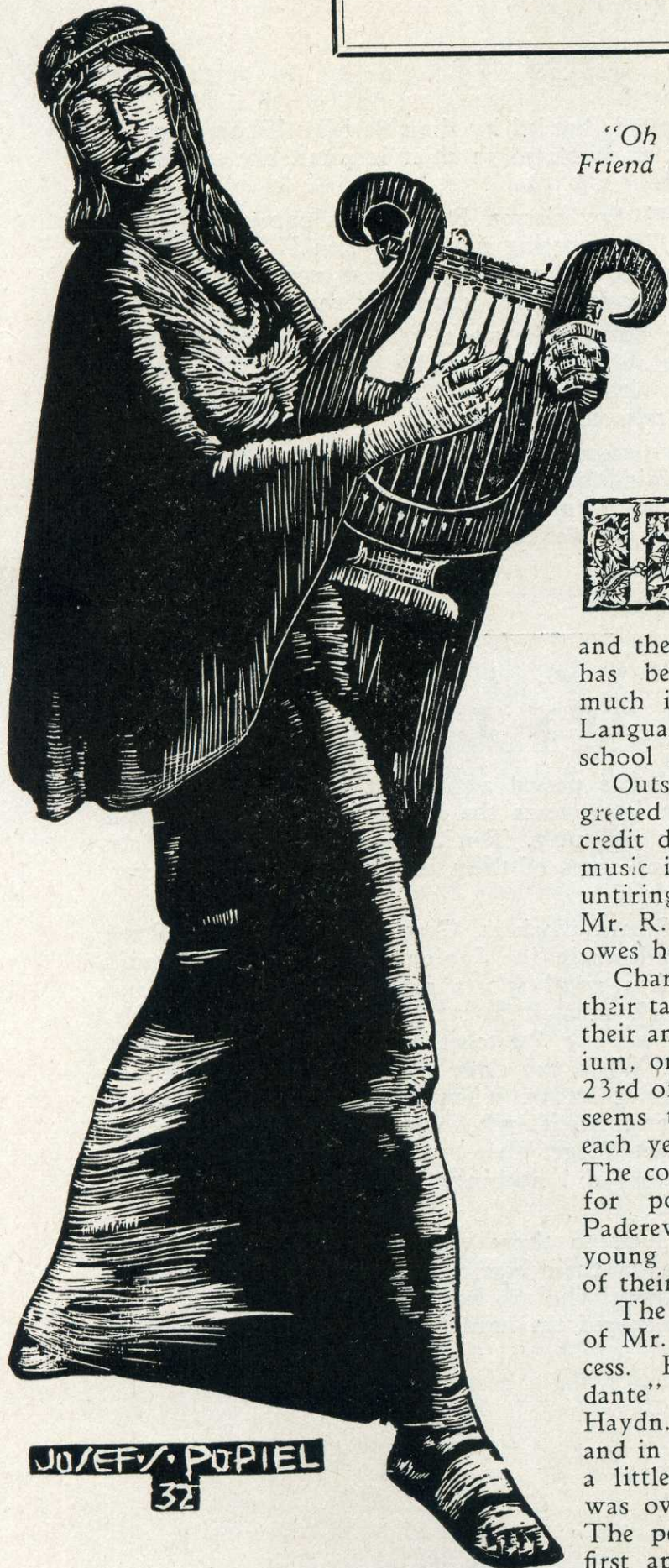
Another year of school has passed away, but it is one that Ten J will long remember. In later years the members of this class will recall those days of work and play. Ten J had its variety of girls, some of them intelligent and some of them otherwise. Taken together, they formed an excellent class.

Ten J had its share of hard workers. Gertrude, Miriam and Ruth ranked among the best students in the Junior classes. No class would be complete without a few good sports such as Helen, Eva, and Katie. Nor did Ten J lack musical talent, for Honora and Gertie, those wizards (or shall we say "witches") of the "ivories" will some day be great artists. What the class would have done without Rhoda and Lena, we do not know. Then there was that group of girls, Dot, Micky, Rita, and Bessie, who were certainly not born to live unheard. We must not forget these girls, Mary, Jessie, Melva, and Joy, who, although they did nothing, were nevertheless essential to the success of the room.

We wish the best of luck to those who are returning to Grade Eleven, and urge them to do their best to uphold the reputation of good old Ten J. As for those who are leaving school for good, well, we hope that you may be spared the harder knocks of life. Remember the old Class!

MUSIC

*"Oh Music! Sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!"*



JOSEF POPIEL
32

THE success of our musicians at the Manitoba Musical Festival has proved music to occupy a prominent place among our activities at St. John's. This, and the attendance at the School Concert, has been our justification in attaching much importance to the study of "The Language of the Spheres" during our school life.

Outstanding accomplishment is always greeted with the query, "To whom is the credit due?" The unretarded progress of music in our school is due mainly to the untiring efforts of Miss M. Horner and Mr. R. Gibson. To their interest, Music owes her firm status at St. John's.

Charming a very attentive audience with their talent, the pupils of St. John's held their annual concert in the school auditorium, on the evenings of the 22nd and the 23rd of January. Year by year this event seems to be gaining in popularity, and each year sees the advent of new ability. The concert provides the first opportunity for potential Carusoes, Kreislers, and Paderewskis to reveal their gifts, and our young artists made the best possible use of their opportunity.

The orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. Gibson, proved to be a great success. Especially entrancing was the "Andante" from the "Surprise Symphony" of Haydn. In Schubert's "Evening Song," and in Mozart's "Minuet in D," there was a little hesitancy at the opening, which was overshadowed by the polished finish. The performance of the orchestra on its first appearance was an assurance that it

ST. JOHN'S HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



Back Row—J. Sheps, J. Campbell, C. Robinson, R. W. Gibson (conductor), G. J. Reeve (principal), J. Kornberger, H. Piper.
Front Row—Z. Kasloff, M. Hubar, E. Nemish, E. Uhyrniuk, A. Pomorski, J. Welyki, S. Sherebrin, M. Genoff, H. Orloff, S. Pilot,
E. Kornberger, E. Prasow, I. Merritt, M. Kupchenko, H. Tax, D. Hestrin.

would maintain the high standard set by previous school orchestras at the Manitoba Musical Festival. Certain of the orchestra's string instrumentalists ably assisted the choruses in several numbers.

The favorable impression left by the orchestra on the audience was ably sustained by the girls' choruses. Perfect clarity and sweetness of tone characterized the vocal selections. Great credit is due to Miss Horner, who skilfully guided the choruses through such harmonious yet intricate pieces as Wood's "Music, When Soft Voices Die," and Davies' "The Shepherd," rendered by the Girls' Glee Club. The junior choruses and the soprano ensemble offered various selections from Gluck and Handel. The singing indicated that St. John's choruses have a bright future.

The Boys Choir treated pleasingly two sea chanties, "Bound for the Rio Grande" and "Shenandoah." The work and time devoted to this choir was justified by its success.

The "Songs from the Sea Fairies" were beautifully interpreted by the girls, the rythm of the voices merging harmoniously with the rhythm of the dance, and producing a very pleasing effect. This number prompted enthusiastic applause.

With great beauty of melody, and depth of tone, Eugene Nemish, our school maestro of the violin, swept his audience "from the Creation of Man to an Eden, erected by the delicate hand of Nature."

Later in the year, the program was repeated before the Junior Musical Club, at the Fort Garry Hotel. The orchestra performed before the Mens' Musical Club, and The Manitoba Teacher's Association, during their convention in the city.

This year, the school's musical endeavors at the Festival were attended with

ever greater success than those of preceding years. As a result, four shields now grace the walls of St. John's.

The chief difficulty encountered by the orchestra in the string orchestra class was that the score was for full orchestra. Consequently, a great many contrasts were necessitated, and these were not always successful. In the first test-piece, "L'Adagio Pathetique," there was a lovely, warm tone from the first violins, and they fully realized the character of the piece. In the second selection, "Humoresque," Mr. Jacobson, the adjudicator, said that they need a little more "bite."

"We have a very good little band here," stated Mr. Jacobson, when adjudicating the full orchestra's interpretation of the "Petite Suite de Ballet." "We had a really spirited performance of the march-like first movement." In the second movement, however, the tone was perhaps a little too continuous, while the third movement, the "Musette," gave the impression that the conductor was saying, "All right! Steady, now!"

In the next group of test-pieces, for which they received eight-five and eighty-eight marks. Mr. Jacobson felt that musical playing was less required. Schubert's "Marche Militaire" had tonal qualities which were beautiful, but rather on the soft side. This resulted in unsteadiness. The *saue* grace requisite in the middle part was lacking, nor had the remaining section quite the essential march dignity.

The main points in the orchestra's favor are their beautiful tone, their unity, and their musicianship.

The Girls' Choir achieved the second highest choral award in the Festival. This

(Continued on page 74)



THE GIRLS' CHOIR

The St. John's Mathematics Club

The St. John's Mathematics Club had its origin in the firm belief that there was need of something to supplement the study of mathematics in the class-room. Its purpose is to foster an intelligent interest in the sphere of mathematics. The organization has been conducted in the nature of an experiment. Only time will reveal to what extent this experiment has succeeded.

The first meeting was held in Room 12 of the School, on November 12th, 1931. The following officers were elected:

Honorary President, Mr. A. W. Muldrew; Honorary Vice-President, Mr. H. E. Snyder; Honorary Chairman, Mr. L. J. Crocker; President, Lea Lardner; Secretary, Jennie Sernyk.

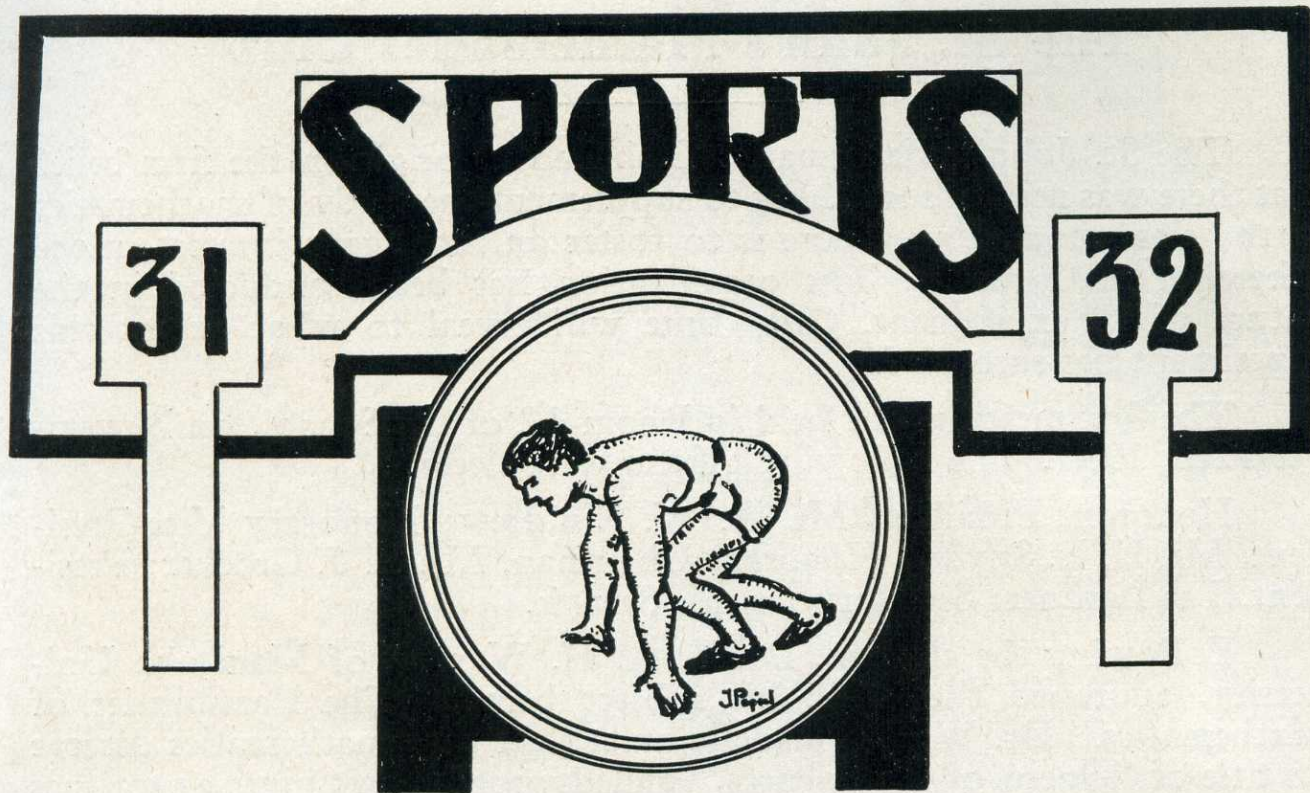
Following the election, Dr. L. A. H. Warren, of Manitoba University, addressed the Club, his subject being, "The Possibilities of Mathematics." Dr. Warren made it quite clear that mathematics deserve its title of "Queen of the Sciences," and dropped many hints as to lines of research open in this field today.

In January, 1932, a second meeting was held on the evening of the 18th, in Room 12. The program, after enrollment of members, consisted of a selection from Brodetsky's "The Meaning of Mathematics," read by Doris Billaney. Lea Lardner followed this by an illustrated talk on "The General Approach to the Solution of Problems," which had, as its foundation, certain type problems occurring in the Grade XII work. Both meetings were well attended.

It was part of the original plan to prepare, in a small measure, a few Grade XII student for more advanced study in the subject. With this object in view, a series of classes was instituted by L. Lardner, at which an introduction was made to elementary differential calculus. Consideration of the new concepts involved proved highly successful in developing the analytical viewpoint, so that, in this phase at least, the Club has justified its existence.

What its fate will be is impossible to determine. It rests with future students to decide that point. It is always a difficult and irksome task to master the preliminaries of any art, and mathematics, in its more advanced aspects, is certainly as much an art as a science. Once master these rudiments, however, and you possess the key to a heaven of intellectual delights of which nobody can deprive you.

Before departing, let us advise those students who will be our successors at St. John's to consider seriously the preservation of the Club. It offers admirable opportunities for shaping clear-cut, logical thinking. Let us close with a quotation from the introduction to "Plane and Solid Geometry," by Messrs. Schultze and Sevenoak: ". . . the final aim of mathematical teaching should be not only the acquisition of practical knowledge, but that training of the student's mind which gives a distinct gain in mental power."



FOREWORD

"Good enough is not sufficient; the game is either won or lost!"



ALWAYS bearing in mind this maxim, the athletes of St. John's have entered the arena with a do-or-die spirit, to either win renown or suffer honorable defeat, fighting until the last.

This attitude has placed the school to the fore in the High School sporting world. The tenure of such a position is dependent on those who will succeed the students of 1931-32. Juniors, do your best!

HOCKEY

Our hockey team came through the winter to succeed in attaining Inter-High honors. With Mr. J. Wherret and Mr. J. E. Ridd coaching the boys throughout the season, the St. John's sextette went through the lengthened schedule of six games for each school, instead of the previous four games, with only one defeat to mar an otherwise perfect record.

The Inter-High hockey champs were:

Donald Innes, the brilliant net-tender, who was an important factor in the team's successful campaign.

Alex Johnson—a new member to the team this year, who turned out to be a real threat before the season had ended.

Ed Singbush—burly defenceman—caused many a Kelvin and Daniel McIntyre forward to shudder when he stepped into them.

Leo Fletcher (Capt.)—tricky play-maker, third year in action for St. John's.

"Tubber" Kobrinsky—his third year of Inter-High hockey. One of the most popular Inter-High players.

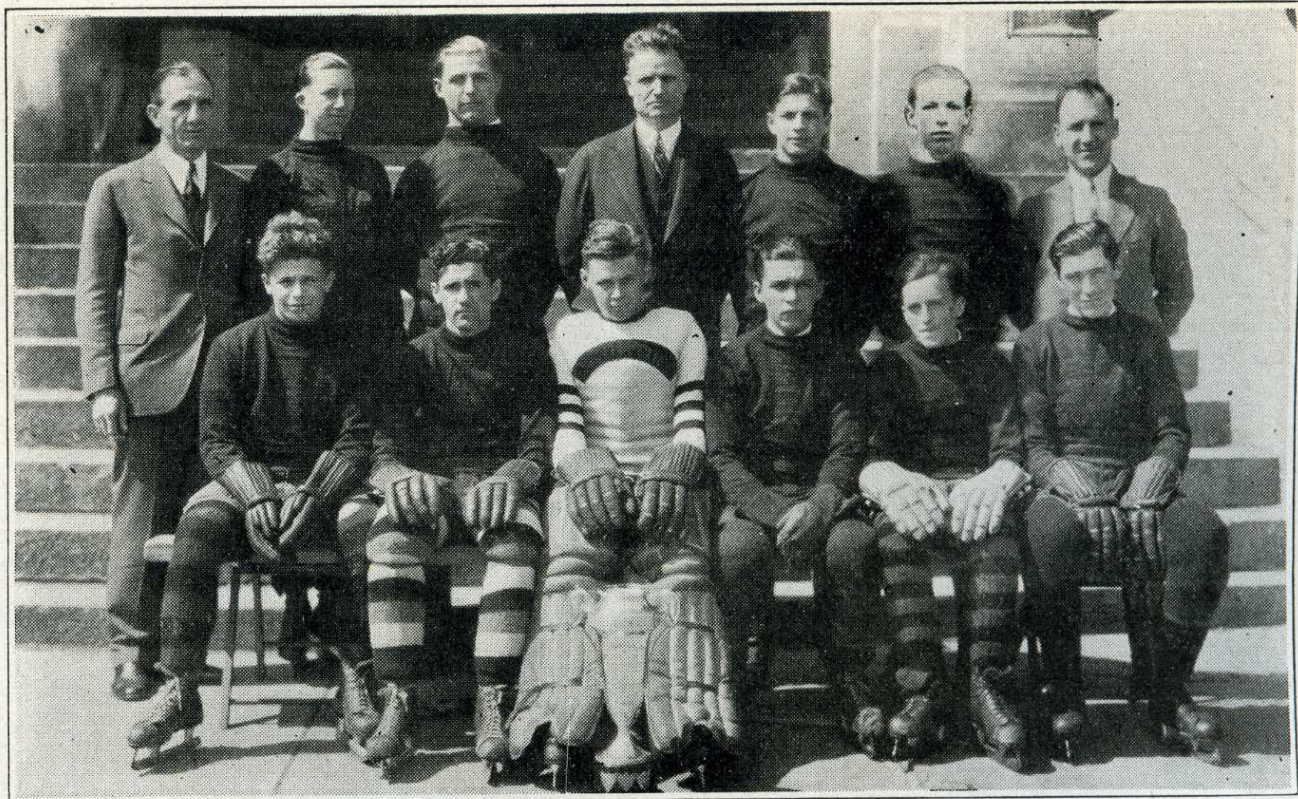
Joey Lavitt—another member of the school's brilliant trio, who were the main goal-scorers in Inter-High hockey, and were chosen for the Tribune all-star high school team.

Walter Williams—first year in Inter-High hockey. He gave a very creditable performance, showing some neat stick-handling.

Eddy Adolph—the team's hardest fighter. Eddy has speed to burn.

Fraser Coull—a diminutive forward, but what he lacks in size is made up in cunning.

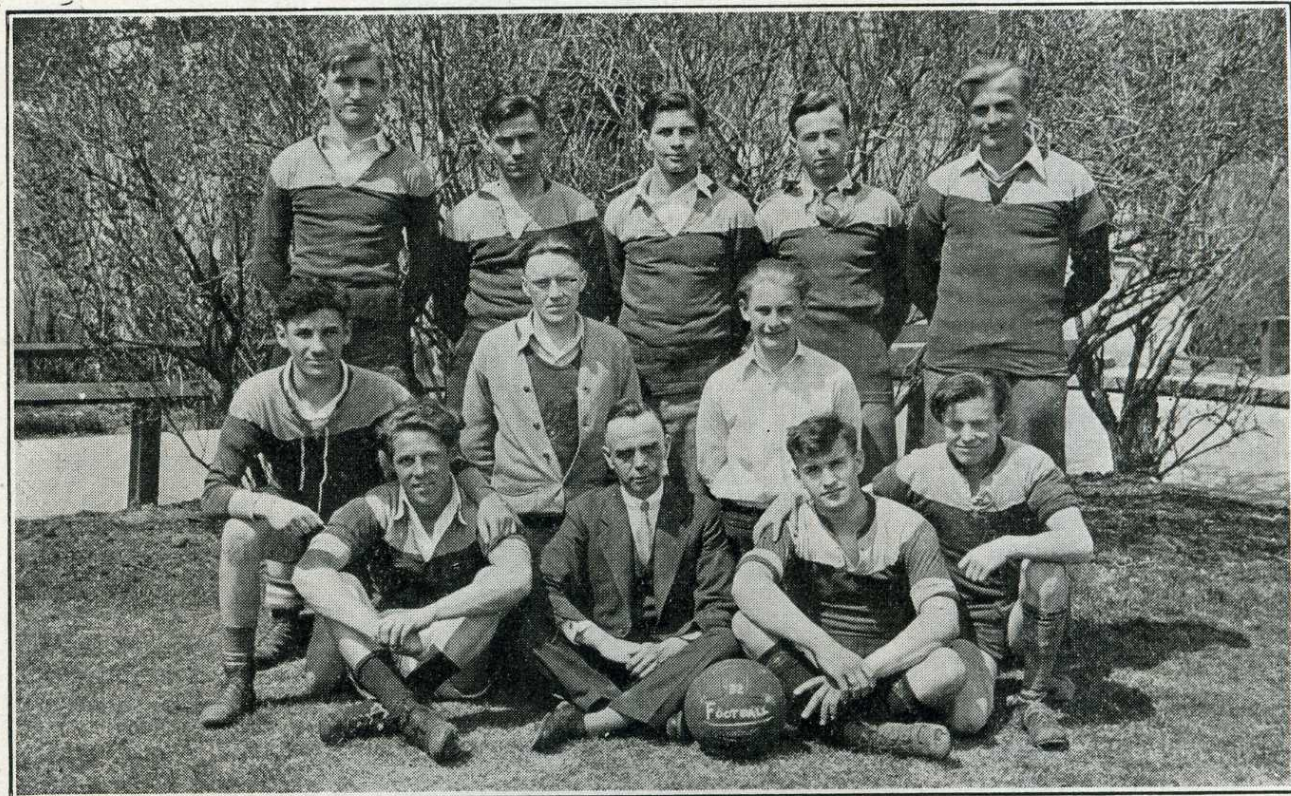
"Chuck" Resch—always "Johnny on the spot." The only Grade 10 player on the team. A real nucleus for next year's team.



SENIOR HOCKEY

Top Row—Mr. G. J. Reeve, W. Williams, E. Singbush, Mr. J. C. Wherrett, M. Kobrinsky, H. Horne
Mr. J. E. Ridd.

Front Row—J. Lavitt, L. Fletcher, D. Innes, C. Resch, F. Coull, A. Johnston.



SENIOR FOOTBALL

Back Row—W. Sarnier, inside right; T. Taraska, left defence; M. Kobrinsky, right wing; M. Avren,
left half; L. Gorowski, center half.

Centre Row—J. Cramer, right half; G. Flook, reserve goal; S. Morton, right wing.

Front Row—L. Skuzan, inside right; Mr. R. J. Johns (coach); T. Cranen, right defence; W. Walker, centre.

Missing—A. Fech, inside left; E. Adolph, goal; H. Mindess, left wing; W. Bromberg, right half.

SOCCER

St. John's has very seldom met its superiors in this sport. This year, as in the past, the senior team went through its schedule undefeated. A great deal of the credit for this achievement is due to the brilliant coaching and the enthusiasm of R. J. Johns. With an abundance of material out to make the eleven, Mr. Johns had quite a time selecting the team. Throughout the season, the following players represented St. John's: Goal, Eddy Adolph; right defence, Theo Cranen; left defence, Tony Taraska; centre half, Louis

Gorowski; left half, Max Avren; right half, Connie Bromberg; centre, Wilf Walker; inside right, Leo Skuzan; right wing, Tubber Kobrinsky (Capt.); inside left, Arnie Fech; outside left, Harvey Mindess; outside right, Stan Morton and Harry Cramer.

The entire team played well throughout the season, and was greatly helped by the fast shooting of Wilf Walker, tricky dribbling of Mindess, all-tar work of Bob Gorowski, and sensational goal-tending of "Sask" Adolph.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Back Row—W. Bromberg, right half; S. Nerman, left wing; S. Tisdale, Goal; B. Quinn, right half; T. O. Durnin (coach).

Front Row—M. Slawsky, right wing; J. Kaell, inside right; B. Polonsky, right defence; S. Morton, centre; F. Wood, left half.

Missing—B. Morris, centre half; B. Naskar, inside left; M. Rosynk, left defence.

BASKETBALL

SENIOR BASKETBALL

After a rather stormy year, St. John's has retained the Dr. Harry Watson Memorial Trophy for the twelfth successive year. When our boys lost the second scheduled game to the Daniel McIntyre team by one basket, the outlook was dark indeed. However, whether the other schools liked it or not, the boys had to uphold the tradition, or shall we call it the old habit? Did they? And how!

In the overtime period of the deciding game, they won by three points, leaving their poor coach a nervous wreck.

Joe Mozurick—Almost a permanent fixture in St. John's. He is what the scribes call a stalwart defenceman, but to us he is the "Old Reliable."

Peter Popyk—A real veteran, and a very deceptive player. Boy! How he fools them! Who? We're not saying.

Leno Giacomini — Such an aggressive



SENIOR BASKETBALL

Top Row—J. Mushy, G. Flook, P. Popyk, J. Mazurick, L. Dobush (coach).

Second Row—L. Giacomini, M. Karahochuk, W. Sarner.

Third Row—B. Gorowski.



INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL

Top Row—Mr. D. N. Ridd, I. Freedman, R. Hamovitch, P. Prokopchuk, J. Win-
nik, L. Dobush (coach).

Second Row—J. Kael, A. Sharek, J. Lavitt, B. Minchesky.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Back Row—H. Cramer, centre; A. Daienger, left defence; J. Mozurick (coach); S. Averbach, right defence; J. Melnyk, left wing.
 Front Row—B. Reeves, right wing; J. Malmgren, left wing.

player that he has two men always watching him, i.e., the opposing guard and the referee.

Meros Kary—He had a bad habit of making his long shots count, and he usually scored his foul shots when the points were badly needed.

George Flook—A hard worker. A bit lanky, and when he gets into the game he sure peps things up.

Mike Rosnyk—He must have a decided dislike for the bottom of the basket; he continually tried to knock it out by dropping the ball through it. Only a junior, but what a player!

John Mushy—First year on the St. John's squad. If he comes back next year, he will be a useful man.

Bob Gorowski — Last, but not least, comes the "Swede." He just couldn't help being the mainstay of the team. Captain, you certainly did pull us through a stormy year!

Intermediate Basketball

After a prolonged series, the St. John's team, mainly through the sterling qualities of the veterans, Joe Winnik and Pete Prokopchuk, succeeded in rising to great heights, winning the intermediate championship. Joe Lavitt surprised everyone

with his playing. Ralph Hamovitch and Freedman displayed themselves to advantage.

Junior Basketball

The juniors were slightly out-classed this year, but don't think the other schools had any pleasure in anticipating a game against the boys. The season ended with St. John's and Kelvin tied for second place.

Primary Basketball

This seems to be our hard luck team. Last year, they lost the championship by one point; while this year, it had to be a last minute rally of Daniel McIntyre, which beat them by three points. Most of the team, however, are in Grade 10, and they vow that next year, Daniel McIntyre is going to come out of the fray second best.

Landlord—"I must know when you are going to pay up your arrears."

Author (out of funds)—"I will satisfy your demands as soon as I receive the money which the publisher will pay me if he accepts the novel I am going to send him as soon as the work is finished, which I will commence when I have found a suitable subject and the necessary inspiration."



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL AND BASKETBALL

Miss E. Gauer (coach), J. Sernyk, O. Sask, K. Buhnia, M. Janik, M. Mandziuk, R. Dodokin, E. Krajarski, V. Bilinski, A. Balagus.

Missing—O. Skabiski.

Volleyball and Basketball

SENIOR BALLEYBALL AND BASKETBALL

What could be better than a perfect record? The answer, of course, is "nothing." The senior volleyball team proved that it has the same idea, by winning every one of their games with Kelvin and Daniel MacIntyre. The honor for these successes is equally shared by all. Here is the team: Anne Balagus, Jennie Sernyk, Olga Sask, Rosa Dodokin, Marie Mandziuk, Evelyn Krajarski, Katie Buhnia and Mary Janik.

In the basketball league, however, the girls were not so fortunate. They won both games with Daniel MacIntyre, but Kelvin proved to be their stumbling block. In the final game with Kelvin, although the brown-and-orange sweated girls put up a hard fight, they were defeated, thus losing their chance of securing the championship. The line-up included: Olga Sask, Jennie Sernyk, Annie Balagus, Rosa Dodokin, Marie Mandziuk, Violet Belinski, Katie Buhnia, Evelyn Krajarski.

Much credit is due to Miss Gauer for her interest in our sport activities. The girls of the orange-and-brown not only

demonstrated their athletic ability and admirable spirit, but showed that they could also meet defeat gracefully. In conclusion, it can be said that if the senior girls play the Game of Life with as much spirit and courage as they have manifested in the Inter-High games, they will reach the Supreme Goal!

JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL AND BASKETBALL

The Juniors, following in the footsteps of the Seniors, have won the Junior Inter-High Volleyball championship. Every game was a hard fought battle, but by dint of hard work and co-operation, the team managed to attain success. Here are the girls who played: Nellie Mutter, Edith Kingsmill, Mary Sharek, Pearl Smernos, Ernestine Spencer, Jennie Pawlowski, Jennie Safianiuk, Mary Bashucky.

Contrary to our expectations, the Juniors failed to achieve the Inter-High basketball title. They succeeded in one game with Daniel MacIntyre, but lost the remaining three by a narrow margin, although their defeat was not due to lack of courage. The team is: Isabelle Mur-



JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL AND BASKETBALL

M. Bashucki, J. Pawlowski, P. Swallow, E. Spencer, H. Hope, I. Murray, M. Sharek, J. Safianiuk, N. Mutter, R. Zelmer, P. Smirnos.

ray, Nellie Mutter, Hilda Hope, Ernestine Spencer, Peggy Swallow, Mary Sharek, Jennie Safianiuk, Rose Zelmer.

We have every assurance that the

Juniors, in their senior year, will prove to be as good sports and as skilful players as the seniors have been in their time. Here's to the Juniors!

INTER-ROOM SPORTS

"Young men and women, unaware of their exceptional physical and athletic abilities, overnight became famous, overnight gained glory, honor, fame!"

No, I am not talking about Hollywood, but about our good old "Alma Mater." Thus would our famous, contemporary dime-novelists describe the Inter-Room Field Day at St. John's High School.

To those not "posted" on athletics, XI.-H's victory, by such a majority, came as a surprise; but XI.-H was not surprised. Harry Chernick, who broke two records at the last Inter-High Field Day, was crowned Junior Champion. He came first in five events. Bob Saddington, his classmate, leading in four events, is now recognized as the St. John's Intermediate star. Lauder Dobush, XI.-R, easily headed the Senior, majoring in five events; while Boroditsky and Pallone share the Primary individual honors.

In the classical event of the year, the Handicap Mile Race, supervised by J. A.

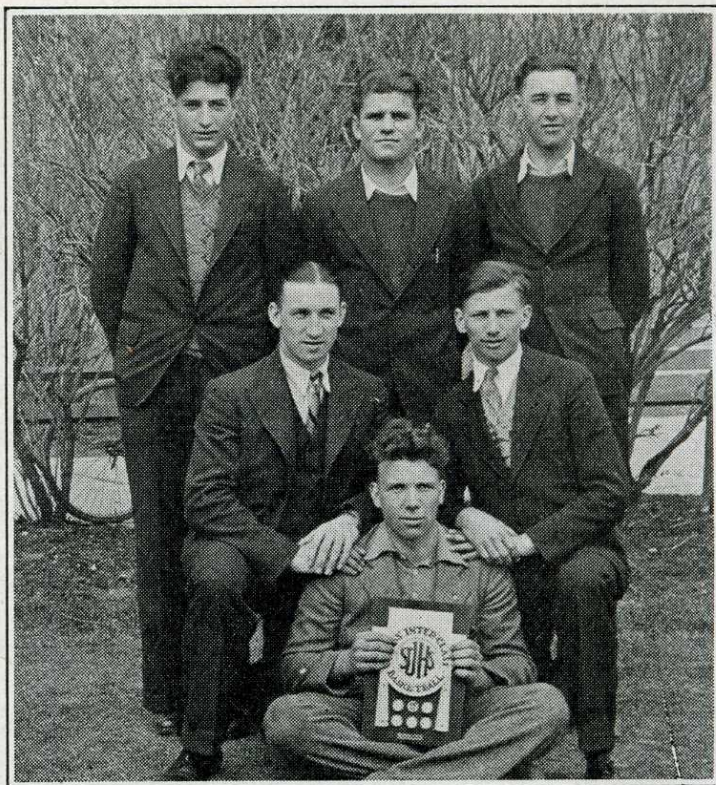
S. Gardner, Dick Reynolds secured the cup and medal for the best time, and P. Muzychuk won the handicap medal.

In the realms of sport for the fairer sex, we find the girl champions of the school in X.-F. Dorothy Brune showed herself to be X.-F's best athlete, while Hilda Hope and Peggy Swallow contributed generously to the room's aggregate of points.

Hockey

"—two minutes to go—there goes Freddie behind his own net—picking up speed—across the blue line—into centre—he's poke-checked by Joe—he gets away—he's alone! He's falling—no, no. He regains his balance—there he goes—around the defence—he's through—he shoots—a bullet shot—it's in!—it's a goal! The game's over!! Folks, that was——"

Well, perhaps that is slightly exaggerated, but it's just another way of telling you what a hard time XI.-R had to beat the XI.-N's in the Senior Hockey



SENIOR INTER-ROOM BASKETBALL

Back Row—S. Udow, right wing; E. Popiel, left defence; M. Yarish, right wing;
 Centre Row—L. Dobush, left wing; P. Popyk, right defence.
 Sitting—D. Mercer, centre.

Loop. Captain Sid McLaughlin, Ed Popiel, and Fred Samando won hard earned laurels in that game. In the Junior Hockey League, starring Ed Minkie and Mike Simanchuk, XI.-M annexed the title, defeating X.-H 2 to 1.

In the Inter-Room Basketball Leagues, we have Lauder Dobush with XI.-R's quintette winning the Senior League. He was ably assisted by Popiel, Popyk, Udow, Yarish, McLaughlin and Mercer. With Wilf Sarner coaching, XI.-H easily won the Intermediate Basketball Championship. The brilliant ball-boys are: Harry Cramer, Irving Freedman, Jack Chmelnitsky, John Malmgren and Saul Sair (captain). Melnyk, Dalenger, Rudolph, Dole, Stolash and Dorosh, hard working men on the XI.-R Junior team, won the Junior League by sheer grit. They had a hard fight to win. In the Primary Basketball League, XI.-J came out on the top. The team lined up: Sumka, Segal, Ferley Bobowsky, and Pallone.

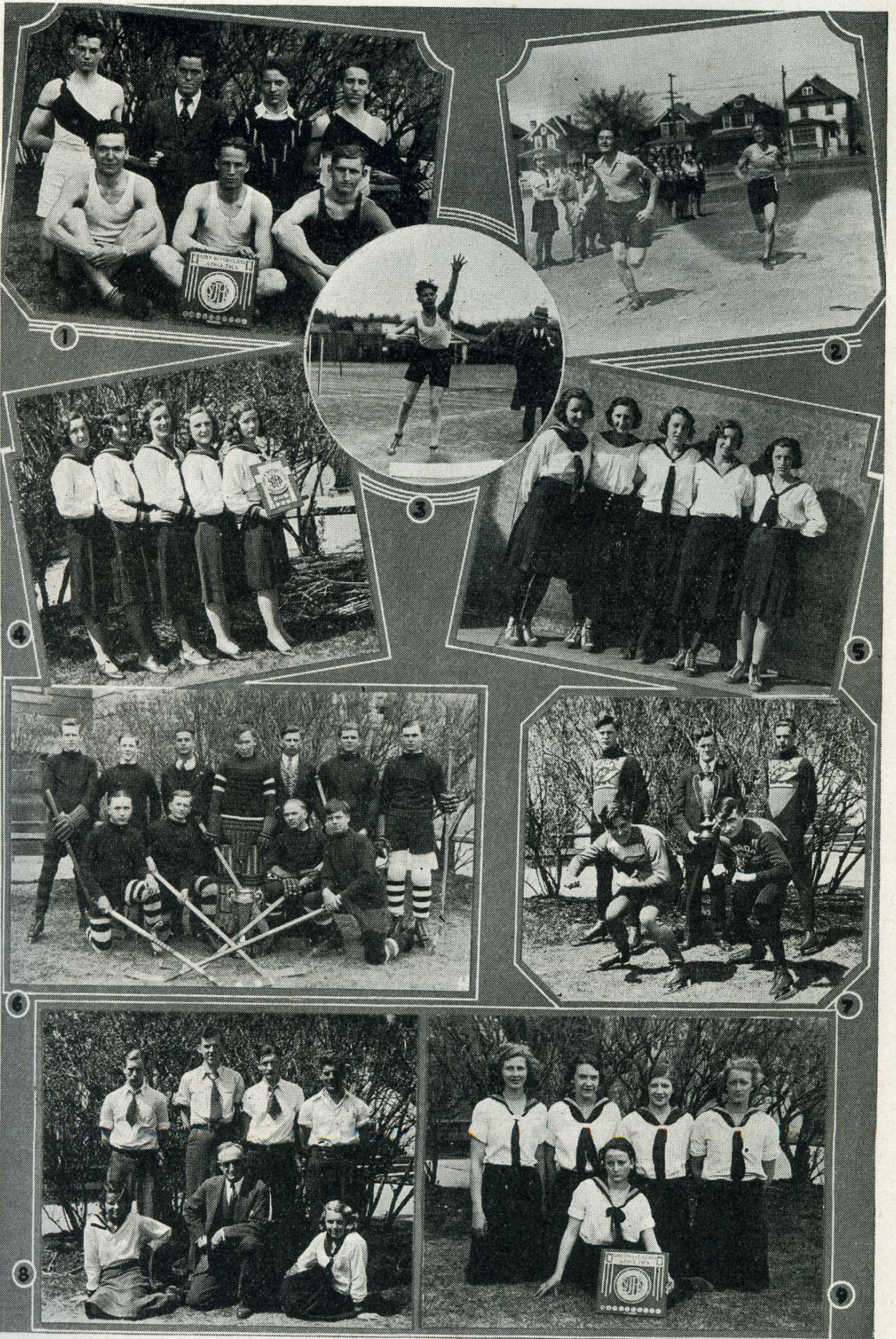
Shall we say a word or two about our teachers—those teachers who worked so hard for the success of the sport leagues and events? We need not say how much we thank them. Our successes bear ample testimony to their interest.

INTER-ROOM GAMES

Some of the most interesting events of the noon hour were the volleyball and the basketball inter-class games. In the volleyball games, the Grade Twelve girls showed themselves superior both to the Grade Ten and Grade Eleven girls. The Grade Twelve team included: Annie Balagus, Jennie Sernyk, Olga Sask, Olga Skibiski, Daisy Motriuk, Olga Bachynsky.

The high spots of the sport season were the exhibition and the final basketball games between Eleven B and the Grade Twelve girls. For the exhibition game, the gym was filled to capacity with interested spectators cheering both sides. The Grade Twelve team won the game by a small margin of one point. But they were not so fortunate in their final game, and the Elven B team captured the school championship. The victorious team consisted of: Rosa Dodokin, Evelyn Krajarski, Marie Mandzuk, Olga Sawchuk and Violet Bilinski.

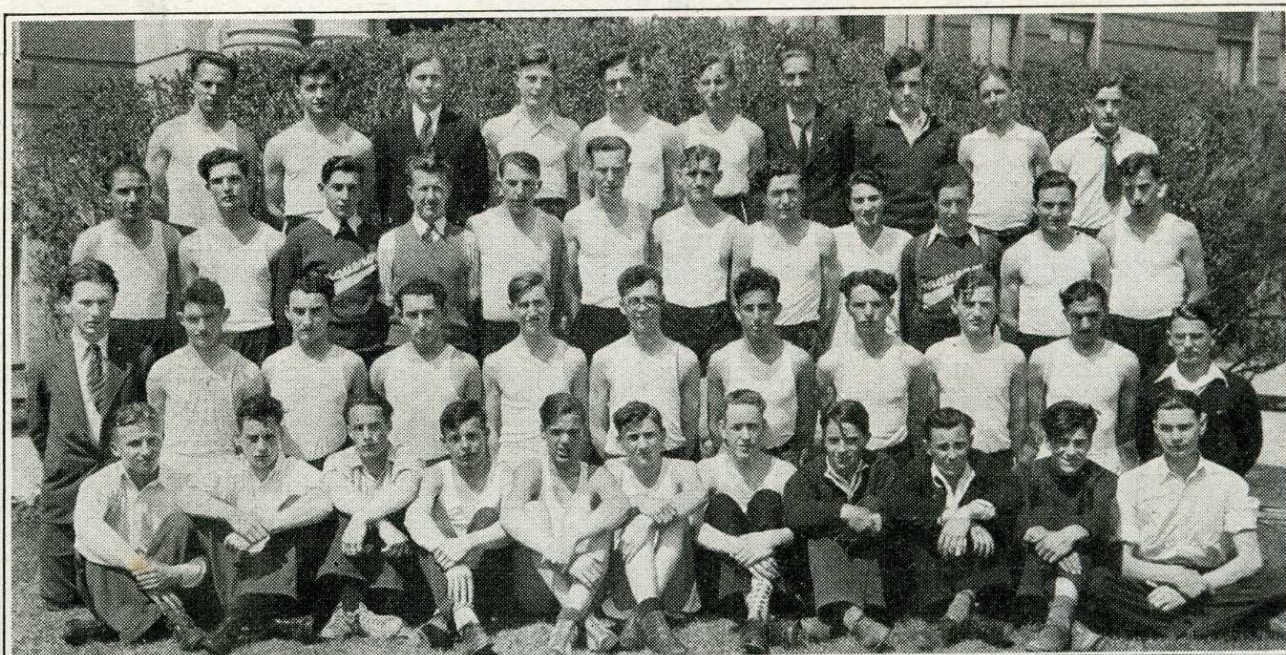
Owing to the efficiency of Miss Gauer, the games were all played off systematically, with able umpires, score keepers, and time keepers on hand for each game.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Winners of Inter-Class Athletics. 2. D. Reeve and W. Bagger entries for the mile. 3. Chas. Rusen, winner of Junior shot-put.
(Courtesy Winnipeg Tribune). 4. Grade XII, winners of Inter-Class Volleyball. 5. XI-B, winners of Inter-Class Basketball. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. Winners of the Inter-Class Hockey Cup. 7. Inter-High Speed Skaters. 8. Inter-High Swimming Team. 9. X-F, winners of Inter-Class Athletics. |
|---|--|

SENIOR AND INTERMEDIATE TRACK TEAM

- Top Row—A. Muzychuk, T. Cranen, J. Popiel, D. Reeve, G. Thurston, W. Bagger, W. Hughes, B. Smith, E. Johnson, B. Ternovetwky.
- Second Row—P. Kraus, B. Solodky, J. Portnuff, B. Howarth, F. Momotiuk, H. Maltby, W. Sarner, M. Nathanson, H. Knelman, A. Averbach, P. Burt, B. Birt.
- Absent—H. Tooke, L. Chmilewski, L. Giacomini, E. Hilton, F. Bajurney, K. Chapman.
- Third Row—I Stoffman, R. Gelfand, J. Cramer, N. Cramer, I. Merritt, J. Fleishman, J. Lieberman, I. Freedman, H. Tax, A. Provisor, I. Mazerovsky.
- Fourth Row—S. Shewczuk, B. Saddington, G. Felstead, J. Donaldson, E. McDonald, E. Peterman, C. Hay, J. Chmelnitsky, D. Reynolds, F. Wood, D. Johnson.
- Absent—J. Boyaniwsky, N. Gritzuk, T. Turchun.



JUNIOR AND PRIMARY TRACK TEAM

- Top Row—S. Kitzess, G. Werrier, S. Nerman, H. Hirt, H. Chernick, S. Koyle, S. Averbach, J. Quinn, S. Morton.
- Second Row—S. Rachootin, D. Keenberg, T. Brokowski, M. Kushner, C. Bergansky, D. Atnikov, B. Dunn, H. Orloff, A. Sasnov, B. Halprin, D. Knaus, W. Malyska, N. Stoller.
- Absent—H. Bockman, C. Rusen, S. Fishman, W. Michoski, B. Potoroku.
- Third Row—M. Sumka, G. Lorimer, L. Shaw, M. Richman, A. Riddberg, H. Hochman, J. Restall, J. Doig, E. Valley, S. Feinstein, S. Chernick, D. Hesterin, D. Gutkin.
- Fourth Row—S. Kobrinsky, R. Wolch, J. Mallin, B. Pallone, S. Chapelle, L. Boroditsky.
- Absent—S. Iscovitch, B. Resch, F. Coull, G. Stedman, M. Averbach.

SPEED SKATING

Further athletic honors were brought to our school when the boys' Speed Skating quartette defeated representatives from Kelvin and Daniel McIntyre, bringing the Inter-High Shield to St. John's. The team won both Indoor and Outdoor championships.

They skated away to an easy victory at the Amphitheatre on February 12, and then to a similar one on March 4, at Wesley. Members of the team were: George Thurston, Fred Woods, Ken Chapman, and Ken Davey.

GIRLS' SKATING

In the struggle for the indoor championships the girls were represented by a team composed of June Wheelans, Margaret Kingsmill, Fannie Minuk and Kay Smith. Although unable to secure a prominent place for themselves, they put up a valiant fight and showed no lack of courage in their attempt.

SWIMMING

The St. John's entries who competed against the other two high schools in the swimming gala, were slightly out-classed by both Kelvin and Daniel McIntyre. Mixed team: Margaret Kingsmill, Betsy Blom, Arthur Stuart, and Leno Giacomini. Boys' team: Bob Cormack, Joe Reid, Leno Giacomini and Charlie Merkely.

CONGRATULATIONS

—to XII.-A, who succeeded in selling more Year Books, both on a percentage basis and on a numerical basis, than any other room in the school. Led by Florence Baskerville, the sales representative, the room sold 45 books out of a possible 47—a percentage of 95.7. It is because of school-spirited students, such as these, that a school Year Book is made a success.

—to XI.-C, Room 25, for securing the second highest percentage sale of Year Books in the school. Through the efforts of the energetic Margaret Whitehead, this room made 37 out of a possible 40 sales—a percentage of 92.5.

—to X.-A, Room 37, for selling the largest number of Year Books for any Junior class. The popular president, Dick Reeve, succeeded in disposing of 20 books.

"Folks," said the colored minister, "the subject of my sermon dis evenin' am 'Liars.' How many in de congregation has done read the 69th chapter ob Matthew?"

Nearly every hand in the audience was raised immediately.

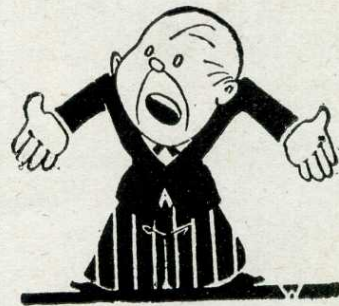
"Dat's right," said his reverence. "You is just de folks I want to preach to. Dere is no 69th chapter of Matthew."

Widow, writing testimonial for a life insurance company:

"On August 9th my husband took out a policy. In less than a month he was drowned. I consider insurance a good investment."

Mrs. Hen was in tears. One of her little ones had been sacrificed to make a repast for a visiting clergyman.

"Cheer up, madam," said the rooster. "You should rejoice that your son is entering the ministry. He was poorly qualified for a lay member, anyhow."



Two young men, who had been having a night out and had lost the last train home, turned up at a hotel in the early hours of the morning.

"I say," protested the manager, pointing dramatically to the less coherent of the pair, "you can't bring that man in here . . . he's intoxicated, and this is a temperance hotel."

"S'all ri', old man," said the other soothingly, "he's too far gone to notice that."

Not Very Flattering

The Presbyterian kirk was seeking a new minister. One candidate was informed by an official that the preacher a fortnight previously had been an aristocrat, while the one the week before was a gentleman. "But," he concluded, "we don't want an aristocrat, nor a gentleman; it is someone like you we want."

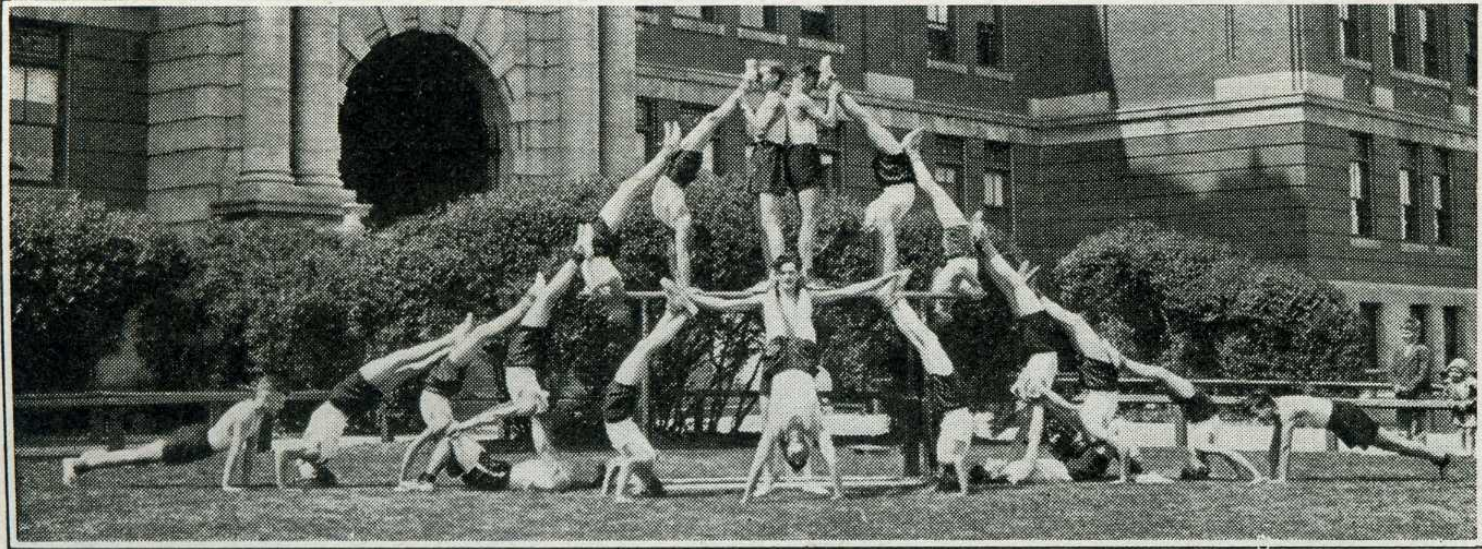
THE GYM DISPLAY

GIRLS' FIELD DAY GROUPS

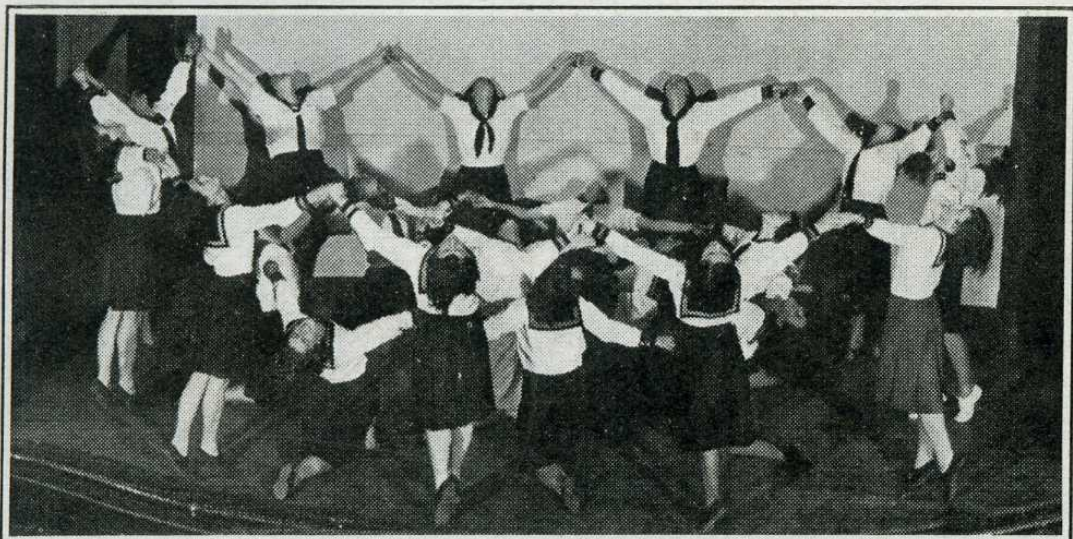
- Front Row—Elsie Lowe, Mary Lackie, Violet Bilinski, Stella Dehod, Olga Sask, Pearl Sloan, Peggy Swallow.
- Second Row—Agnes Spohr, Dorothy Seatter, Sadie Gillman, Edyth Masters, Freda Milner, Minnie Rawley, Edna Gray, Jean Zambroski.
- Third Row—Isobel McKenzie, Mina Bedder, Evelyn Krajarski, Olga Sawchuk, Rose Wölfenson, Marjorie Walker, Anna Kozie, Jessie Smith, Lillian Buchanan.
- Fourth Row—Betsy Blom, Edith Andrews, Evelyn Murray, Viola Frehs, Clara Coblin, Bertha Lazars, Mary Suttle, Dorothy Beardsley, Sara Gray, Marjorie Richardson.



- Front Row—Betty Ottenbreit, Grace Barrett, Sara Segal, Sara Bernstein, Stella Kochut, Claribel Katz, Sally Handleman, Lily Yuffe, Freda Yuffe, Jennie Pawlowski.
- Second Row—Mary Fredrick, Patty Zarosinsky, Julia Couchman, Kay McKellar, Thelma Rosen, Gertrude Ogston, Margaret Mitchell, Wanda Bialuski, Ella Herman, Verna Kogut, Patsy Anderson, Patricia Schwartz.
- Third Row—Gertrude Johnson, Josie Millar, Jean Salyga, Kay Gallagher, Amy Lymburner, Ethel Wilson, Dora Millar, Nettie Moskal, Joan Shegloski, Olga Semotink, Catherine Spotar, Margaret Campbell, Elva Luff, Betty Fogel, Bessie Ratner, Norma Neville.
- Fourth Row—Daphine Gillies, Iola Cann, Jessie Rubin, Bessie Zarow, Mollie Brenner, Evelyn Lubotta, Louise Weselake, Helen Cropo, Lydia Illingworth, Bernice Herman, Gwen Sleeman, Marcia Katz.



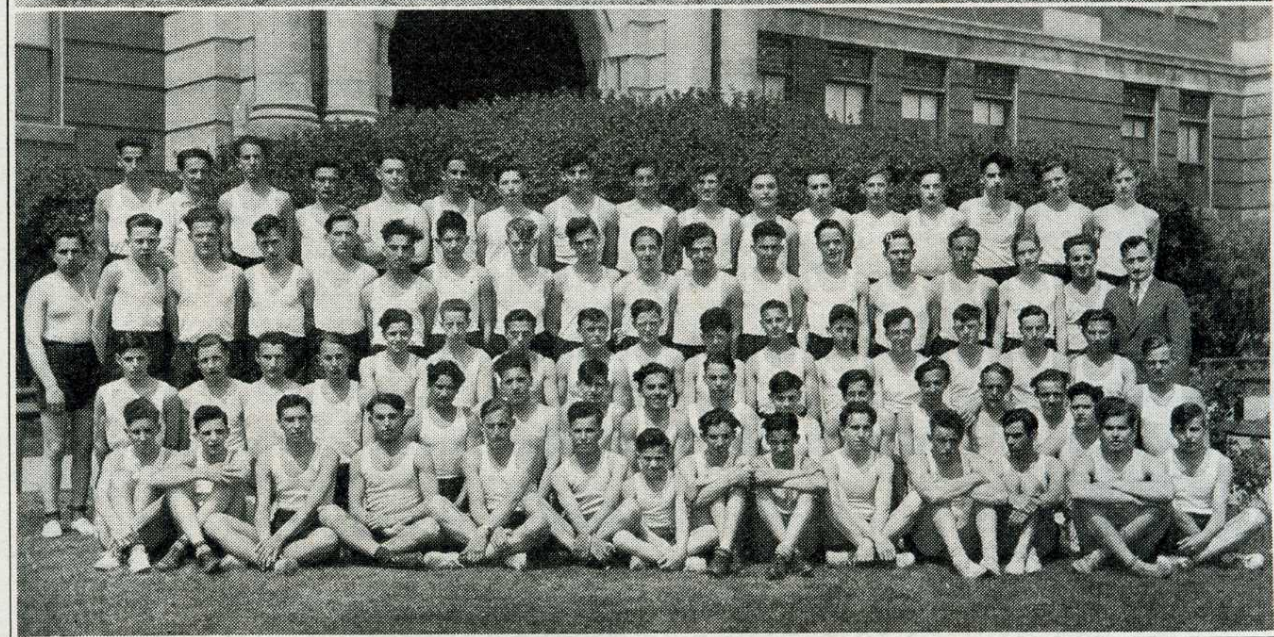
A PYRAMID BY THE BOYS' DISPLAY GROUP



A DANCE BY THE 'GIRLS' GYM DISPLAY GROUP

GIRLS' P.T. GROUP

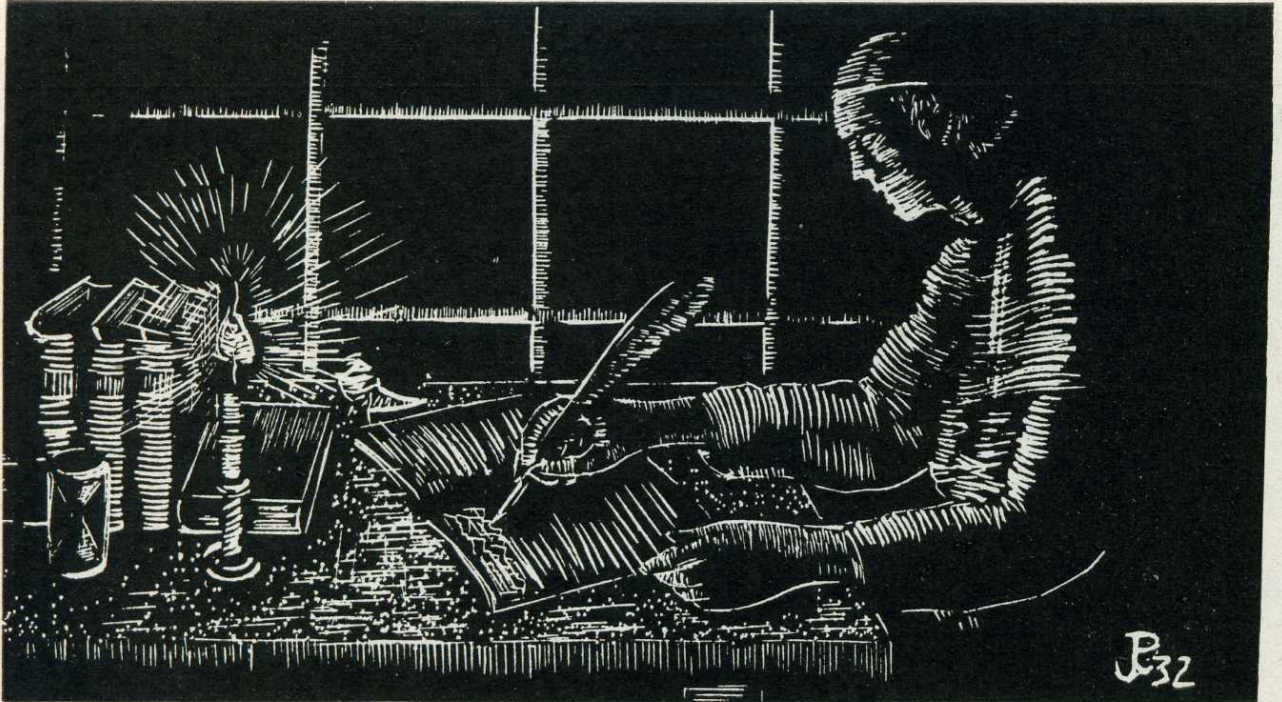
- Front Row—Jean Zambroski, Riva Sector, Clara Coblin, Viola Frehs, Lottie Pytlak, Betsy Blom, Helen Tracyz, Ida Smith, Lena Weisner.
- Second Row—Marjory Meikle, Jennie Pollack, Mary Ashworth, Edith Andrews, Stella Dehod, Mary Miller, Emily Stechishin, Mary Fredrick, Jean Salyga, Mary Balagus, Margaret Mitchell, Anna Kozie, Ethel Wilson.
- Third Row—Jennie Freiden, Amy Lymburner, Kay Gallagher, Dorothy Martinson, Gladys Frankland, Winnifred Dickinson, Pearl Sloan, Jessie Rubin, Dora Millar, Eugenia Mudry, Marion Cowan, Irene Kain.
- Fourth Row—Ethel Schwartz, Leah Kirson, Dorothy Dawes, Peggy McKay, Edith Yamron, Minnie Rawley, Olga Sawchuk, Joy Shaw, Freda Milner, Dora Lenoff, Kay Johns, Ivy Boughton.



BOYS' P.T. GROUP

- Back Row—T. Boyaniwsky, S. Averbach, H. Chernick, J. Mallin, M. Goldstein, D. Atnikov, M. Rachlis, A. Yanovsky, A. Averbach, M. Guslitz, Z. Kasloff, N. Cramer, A. Sasnov, W. Pullan, G. Hardisty, F. Stoddart, E. Hilton.
- Second Row—I. Steindel, S. Antenbring, W. Leech, B. Birt, I. Lazarek, H. Steiman, A. Fiskin, B. Dunn, G. Thurston, L. Buchanan, M. Nathanson, A. Luginsky, H. Sutherland, H. Piper, H. Horne, A. Edy, M. Kepron, Mr. J. A. S. Gardner.
- Third Row—C. Morley, W. Campbell, J. Cramer, B. Polec, H. Hirt, F. Woodfield, N. Stoller, D. Hinter, J. Quinn, S. Kobrinsky, L. Simon, M. Silbert, L. Fleishman, G. Chapman, W. Baumgartner, H. Yacyna, E. McDonald.
- Fourth Row—D. Boroditsky, B. Kaplan, F. Lorimer, L. Boroditsky, H. Orloff, D. Schaeffer, B. Kitzess, J. Malmgren, A. Solomon, W. Walker, J. Hamilton.
- Fifth Row—J. McQuillan, C. Booth, M. Gurvitch, J. Pollock, W. Bagger, G. Werier, D. Baker, S. Coyle, M. Averbach, G. McLellan, N. Gritzuk, T. Haraska, M. Wall, J. Donaldson.

LITERARY



“The Torch” Literary Competition First Prize—The Convert

He had never liked baseball. To go and see a baseball game was, to him, the acme of stupidity. The very idea nauseated him. “What fun” said he, “is there in watching some nincompoop chase a ball like a two-year-old?” Since he could not get a satisfactory answer to this, he became more and more convinced that he had the right idea and that he was sane in a world of fools. When a small boy, he had badly sprained a thumb, and thenceforth had avoided the game as dangerous.

His friends treated his whims indulgently. After all, he was a good fellow, ready to do his share in work or play. It was found wise, however, not to mention baseball while he was within hearing, unless one wanted a lecture on the defects of the game.

One hot day, he was sitting in the shade of his porch trying to study. Looking up, he noticed Fred Harkness, a friend of his, coming up the path.

“Come on!” said Fred.

“Where?” asked Jack.

“Never mind; you’ll find out later.”

As they walked downtown, Jack noticed quite a number of fellow-students going in the same direction.

“Must be a popular place,” he intimated to his friend.

“It is,” Fred curtly replied.

Jack was puzzled. He had never seen anything to which the fellows went as eagerly as this—and yes—there were quite a few grown-ups. All excitedly talking and laughing.

They soon came to an enclosed park. "Why," thought Jack in alarm, "this looks like the baseball park!" There could be no doubt about it. It *was* the baseball park. There was a large crowd pouring in through the gates, large posters with the words "GAME TODAY" in big letters, children standing around, looking wistfully in. He was shocked. He had never thought that his friend would play him such a trick. In sudden terror, he started to turn back, but his friend stopped him.

"Where are you going?"

"Home," he answered curtly.

"No you're not; you're going to see this game."

"I am not!"

"You are!"

They paused, each as determined as the other; neither willing to give in. Suddenly Fred tried a new trick.

"I thought you were in favor of charity" he said.

"So I am, but what's that to do with baseball?"

Fred silently indicated the posters, where, in small letters at the bottom, evidently intended to be overlooked, were the words:

PROCEEDS TO GO TO THE BLANKVILLE HOSPITAL.

"And if you don't go, the hospital will be "out" that much," concluded Fred.

This argument seemed unanswerable. It never occurred to him to wonder why Fred had picked on him and no one else.

"Well, all right, I'll go, but not to see the game, remember."

Fred cheerfully acquiesced. "That's all right; I just want company."

Somehow, the two managed to pass the gate. The pressure was terrible, and as for people—he had never seen so many—and so cheerful! Laughs, shouts, cheers, were heard everywhere. The din was terrific, but no one seemed to mind it. Banners and hats were waving everywhere.

Suddenly, Jack noticed something. "Wh—why, there's our school banner!" he said excitedly to his friend. Fred looked him up and down as if he were some strange animal.

"Didn't you know our school was playing?" he snapped. "But hurry up; we've got to find our seats. The game's about due to start."

Find their seats! That was easier said than done. They did not see an empty seat to be had, and judging by the numerous people standing, they were not the only ones in that predicament. Finally, however, they found their places and sank gratefully down on the hard boards. They looked about. The stands were groaning with their charge of people. Now and then, a boy with a loaded tray of chocolates, peanuts, and cigarettes went past, staring at the field and mechanically shouting his wares.

"Now, what the deuce do they see in this?"

"See in what?" asked Fred, startled.

"This game," derisively replied Jack.

"You'll soon find out," said Jack with a knowing air.

"I'll never discover any good in baseball. I hate the game, and always will; so why do you drag me here?"

But Fred was not listening. He was cheering the neatly uniformed teams, who had just come out on the field.

"There's Joe and Dave," said Fred suddenly.

"What's the other team?" queried Jack.

"Oh, some professionals, who are just playing for the exercise."

"Hm! They must expect to win easily."

"Don't you think it; our team will give them a good battle!" returned Fred warmly.

"Nevertheless, they seem badly rattled."

That was quite true. The school team did seem nervous. They made numerous fumbles in their practice, and were continually turning around to stare at the stands; while the other team, going about their practice with a cool precision that brought shouts of approval from the crowd, seemed quite unaware of the spectators. It appeared to Jack that the school team had no likelihood of winning, but he became quite incensed when he heard some one remark: "The school team hasn't a chance!"

"Why, to hear them talk," he said to Fred, "you would think our team didn't know how to play!"

"Oh!" Fred raised his eyebrows. "I thought you weren't interested enough to care who won."

"Of course, I'm not interested in our team. Why, baseball is——"

But Fred did not hear. The teams had taken their positions and the game was "on."

The first two innings were rather tame. This should have delighted Jack, but, strangely enough, he was rather disappointed.

"I told you this game was no good," he remarked to Fred. "It's not even interesting."

"It soon will be," returned Fred cheerfully.

"I don't think baseball is ever interesting. At all events, this will be the last game I'll ever see."

"Are you sure?" asked Fred waggishly.

"Why, certainly!"

Meanwhile the professionals had brought in two runs, and the school team, working hard, also managed to make one. Their spirits, which had begun to rise, were slightly dampened, however, when the professionals chalked up two more runs.

And then it happened. With two men out, the school went on a "striking spree," and got three across the home plate before the other team realized what had happened! The stands were in an uproar. To Jack's amazement, he found himself on his feet, with hundreds of others, cheering like one demented. How had he come to do such an idiotic thing? Furtively, he looked around. No one was paying the

slightest attention to him. Fred was still cheering. Very red of face, he sat down, thanking his good fortune. Fred had not noticed him cheering—actually cheering! Fred sank down beside him, his face beaming. "Did you see that play!" he eagerly asked.

"Uh—uh."

"Well, maybe that wasn't interesting."

"Oh—it wasn't so bad."

"And you still think you wouldn't care to see another game?"

"Why, certainly!" snorted Jack in an unnecessarily loud tone.

"You're hopeless," returned Fred, turning away to watch the game.

At the end of the seventh inning the score stood at five all. In the eighth, however, the professionals managed to get two runs, making the score five to seven in their favor. It looked black for the school team, but they had not yet given up hope. The first man up struck out. The next man, slashing fiercely at the ball, managed to reach first base. He was advanced by the next batter, who struck out at first.

The next man was walked. There were now two men on base, and two out. Everything depended on the next batter. As he stepped out to bat, everyone was strangely quiet, sitting tensed—almost praying it seemed. Jack appeared bored by all this. How was Fred to know that his heart was pounding, that he was unconsciously whispering: "Smash it! Hard!" No, Jack seemed bored; he pretended to yawn and forget all about it, when a sharp "crack!" was heard. A "homer!" To Jack's sight it seemed as if a blur was travelling around the bases. But the blur was only the three batters, who were crossing the home plate. The game was won!

Some little while later, they managed to get out of the park. Fred was jubilant. "Best game I ever saw!" he babbled. "I wonder if the next one will be as good. I hope so." Jack was silent and so Fred continued, "Too bad you couldn't come along, but, of course, I can see you really don't like baseball."

They trudged along, and soon came to Jack's home. "Well, so long," Fred said, moving on.

"Er—wait a minute, Fred," called Jack.

"What's the matter?" queried Fred.

For a moment, Fred couldn't answer. He scuffled his feet, cleared his throat several times, and at last managed to say, as carelessly as possible:

"Er, when did you say the next game is to be played?"

The vicar was administering consolation to a parishioner who had recently lost her husband.

"Ah, Mrs. Foggett," he said, "we never realize the full value of anything until we lose it!"

"No, sir," said Mrs. Foggett. "But I shan't realize nothin'. 'E wern't insured."

Policeman (to schoolboy) — "Who owns this cow and calf?"

Schoolboy—"I don't know who owns the cow, but I have an idea who owns the calf."

Policeman — "Well, who owns the calf?"

Schoolboy—"The cow."

Second Prize—The Trial of Mr. Geometry

It was the end of June! School was all over and done with. Old St. John's had once more settled down to the quiet routine of holiday time. The blinds were down, the outside doors were locked, and the shadowy halls and corridors silent and empty—or so they seemed—void of human chatterers. It was the third day of the holidays and the greatest one for the forgotten text books. The king of School-land, the great "ruler," had proclaimed a meeting in the assembly-hall—and all his subjects must be there! All was bustle and excitement, everyone preparing himself for the meeting.

Soon they came trooping in through the open door. First came little Mlle. French, talking volubly to Mr. Geometry, who answered her in stiff, broken sentences (perhaps through nervousness, for he knew he was to be tried tonight; perhaps it was natural). Then Mr. Latin, as silent as the tomb, came in all by himself. He rarely spoke; so his friends said he spoke a "dead" language. Then in came Miss B. History. She was a pretty little thing, dressed in blue, but the male members of the company said that she knew too much, and talked away above their heads. This, however, was not so, for anyone knowing Miss History well, said that she was quite interesting. Next came Mr. Science, looking as though he had his head in the clouds. With him came Miss Speller, who had just asked him what he liked to eat. He, with his head in the clouds, and his feet on the ground, had answered, "Ah, yes! The heat is terrible, but that is on account of the great humidity." Miss Speller, with an exasperated look about her, had gone away by herself and left Mr. Science to his thoughts.

At last all were assembled, waiting upon the powerful "ruler" and his Premier, the Rt. Hon. Webster Dictionary. Finally they came, the "ruler," tall and straight, glancing neither to the right nor to the left as he made his way to the platform. Behind him came his Premier, W. Dictionary, a fat, tubby person, puffing and panting in his haste to keep up with his master. When all were quiet, the "ruler" stood up and told his subjects why he had called them together: "We have assembled here this night to try Mr. Geometry on the charge of being "crooked," were the words he said. "Mr. Pen! you, as my secretary, will take down everything said either for or against Mr. Geometry."

"The first witness called will be Miss French!" shouted the Rt. Hon. W. Dictionary.

At once Miss French became hysterical. "Non—non. Je ne sais pas—I do not know—Je ne puis dire—Mr. Geometry—he is not—how you say it?—a crook!" she cried frantically, in a mixture of French and English.

"Scratch, scratch," went Mr. Pen as he tried to keep up with this furious onslaught of words. Miss French was led back to her seat. W. Dictionary spoke again. "We will now call upon Mr. Composition," he said.

Up to the platform shuffled a foppish young man, with a monocle in one eye, and a cane twirling through the air—a perfect dandy. When he stood precisely in the centre of the platform, he raised his

eyebrows, looked about him, adjusted his cravat, yawned—in fact did everything to waste time—and then spoke in a highly cultured voice: "I, as the second witness called upon this evening, shall try to speak clearly and distinctly for the benefit of those highly respected individuals situated near the right hand corner of the——"

"Stop! STOP!! You superampugnacious FOOL! STOP!!" shouted W. Dictionary.

"Bah! You think to stop me with idle words, but that is all they are—words—words—idle words."

But, just the same, this proud, self-centered person did stop; for the "ruler" was looking at him in his stern way.

A third time W. Dictionary spoke. "Are there any more witnesses for or against Mr. Geometry? If so, speak out or keep silent for evermore."

Mr. Science slowly wended his way to the platform and told the assemblage that he had been Mr. Geometry's doctor for years, and that he had found out that it was a certain sickness that made Mr. Geometry so bent and broken. "Out of consideration for his feelings," he said, "no one should call him crooked."

Then Mr. Pen had *his* say. "Oh, most worthy and respected ruler! I have the facts down on this paper as follows:

GIVEN: Mr. Geometry—a prisoner.

REQUIRED: To prove that he is crooked.

PROOF:

First witness—Miss French. Statements (no good). Reasons: hysterics.

Second Witness—Mr. Composition. Statements (no good). Reasons: Tried to influence us by "words—idle words."

Third witness—Mr. Science. Statements (relevant). Reasons: His nature.

(The) Ruler: "Mr. Science gave information that counter-balanced the information given by the other two witnesses, and so I deliver my verdict: Mr. Geometry is straight in mind but crooked in body; that is, Mr. Geometry is 'not guilty'."

Joy Shaw.

Honorable Mention—So This Is Heaven!

It was a cold and dreary January afternoon when I first stepped on to the street, after a lingering illness. I experienced a peculiar uneasiness of the mind, a premonition of danger—fearful, impending danger.

I was sauntering idly across the street, when suddenly, without warning, a great commotion grew up around me; a woman screamed, auto brakes screeched, police whistles blew—I had been struck by a motor-bus!

Lighter and lighter I became—the real me, for I was gazing down on my material self, around which a curious crowd was quickly gather-

ing. A doctor had arrived with the police ambulance, and as I floated above the scene, I heard his voice among the babble of the crowd:

"Killed instantly!"

Gravity was losing all attraction for me, and I felt myself rising at a tremendous speed. Time did not exist as I shot upward. Out of a tumult of thoughts, one slowly began to take form in my mind: "Where am I going?" By way of answer, I arrived—where?

Some were young, but the greater number were old, who advanced to welcome me. It was a land of eternal sunlight, a picture of perfect harmony, where I found myself. All was peace and comfort to my soul. "So this is Heaven!" I was dumbfounded for the moment, so different was the reality from any mundane conceptions.

And then, as I had frequently done on Earth, I began to think of my surroundings. "Napoleon should be here," I thought—and there he was, at no great distance from me, his features bearing the same distant look as they had borne on Earth.

Proceeding on the assumption that persons appeared when I thought of them, I quickly met my ancestors, right down the line, until I came to Noah himself. Speech did not exist in Heaven; instead, I engaged in an interesting telepathic conversation with the Ark-builder. He told me of the laboratories where the spirits keep in touch with the "mediums" of the Earth. In this laboratory, they issue premonitions, visions, warnings and advice to the human race. Noah informed me that all life on the Earth would cease in the year 1936, adding that old King Tut could give further information on this point. If I felt any surprise, I certainly didn't show it; I had perfect control of my emotions, and immediately my thoughts were occupied with the Egyptian king.

Old man Tut was a jovial fellow, possessing a phenomenal knowledge of geometry. My first question to him was: "Tut, is it, or is it not, possible to trisect an angle?" In reply, he showed me a definite proof of the impossibility of solving the problem with straight-edge and compasses only. He explained, however, that the use of certain instruments made the construction quite simple. His prediction of the cessation of life on the Earth, in 1936 was based on geometric considerations, while he had also predicted the Great War of 1914, the depression of 1929-32, and many other important events, using the same method. It was at this juncture that the happy thought came to me to submit to the king a geometry problem that I had failed to solve on Earth.

"If the bisectors of the base angles of a triangle are equal, prove the triangle isosceles—by direct proof, please, Tut."

He pondered for a moment. Then: "Why, that's not exactly difficult; all that is necessary is to. . . ."

* * *

"Get up, you lazy lummoX! It's after eight!" This was promptly followed by a dash of cold water in my face.

"Aw, gee, Sis! I was having a swell dream," I protested.

"You and your dreams!" she retorted. "And don't forget that you didn't do yesterday's Latin homework."

And now that I come to think of it—why, oh! why didn't I think of that guy Virgil, and punch his head!

William Lucow.

First Prize For Poetry—Nocturne

The moon was out, and all the stars had followed it to view
 The summer scene, submerged in gloom of amethystine hue;
 The breeze had ceased to fan the leaves and ripple blue the lake,
 And 'neath the trees the murmuring stream its breath seemed to intake.

And then, as though for this the air was hushed, the music came;
 It floated o'er the moonlit glade; it pierced the soul like flame;
 Uplifted it to ecstasies, that spirit symphony,
 And left the stream, the moon, the stars dim in their radiancy.

For later, as I dwelt upon that memorable night,
 It came to me so suddenly that it filled me with delight—
 That when my quest for beauty in that music found its goal,
 The stars, the moon, and all the scene had faded from my soul.

William Paluk.

The Late Room

There's something in this school of ours
 That grim above each student towers
 That keeps us all in after hours—
 IT'S THE LATE ROOM.

You mount the steps, two seconds late,
 And—suddenly you have a date
 To stay at four, and meditate
 IN THE LATE ROOM.

And all day long you growl and threat,
 You curse the government, and fret—
 But then at four you meekly sit
 IN THE LATE ROOM.

You scratch your head, and rub your knee,
 And think where late-slips ought to be,
 Until it's five, and you're set free
 FROM THE LATE ROOM.

Norah Smith.

Second Prize For Poetry—On a Frozen Bird

Poor wee birdie! here I found thee,
With thy feathers frozen 'round thee,
Though a shelter thou hadst taken,
Poor wee bird! thou wert forsaken.

There upon the snow thou'rt lying,
Just a day since thou wert flying,
But the Watcher o'er the Glen
Has a time for birds and men.

'Neath thy wing thy wee head keeping,
As oftimes I've watched thee sleeping,
Thinking sheltered thou wouldst be
Till the leaves came on the tree.

Then the wrath of winter growing,
And the north wind fiercely blowing
Through the shelter thou hadst chosen,
In thy slumber thou wert frozen.

But, wee birdie, all our sorrow
Comes today, and not tomorrow.
Though the past has been a blunder,
Yet the future's still a wonder.

There, wee feathered friend you lie,
While your mates are flying high;
Though a birdie wild and free,
Life's the same to you and me.

June Burns Wheelans.

One Self-Approving Hour

The Beaver sometimes contemplates the
dam
And says: "Nice job! I'm proud of that,
I am!"

The Oriole regards her swinging nest
And flutes: "Of all fine cradles, there's the
best!"

The She-Bear cuffs her cubs with loving
paw
And growls: "A sweeter pair I never
saw!"

Erect upon the ant heap, cries the Ant:
"Say! Who can make a mountain if I
can't!"

So you, I trust, have similarly stood
And looked upon your work and found it
good.

—Unidentified Clipping.

"Where's the car, Dad?" asked the son
of an absent-minded professor.

"Why, dear me, I really don't know,"
he said, scratching his head in an effort to
recall the past. "Did I take it out?"

"You certainly did. You drove it down
town this morning."

"Well, now, that is quite remarkable,"
said the professor. "I remember now that
after I got out I turned to thank the
gentleman who had given me the lift and
wondered where he had gone!"

Tragedy

His face was clear,
 He walked with swinging step,
 He breathed the air of spring,
 Enjoyed the land, dew-wet.
 He started, as with fear,
 Almost had he forgot
 That doom which hung above his head
 And whispered "Linger not."

He hastened on;
 He ran with painful breath;
 His weary body "No!"
 His mind and spirit "Yes!"
 He clambered up the steps—
 His heart a beat did skip,
 He entered only to receive
 That dread detention slip.

Elwyn Hughes.

Beg Pardon!

A minor man and a major dame
 On Sunday morn to church once came;
 She held a new-born child,
 And to the preacher mild,
 She gave the babe—and smiled.

The preacher turned and faced the crowd;
 He cleared his throat; then said aloud:
 (His speech was old and worn),
 "We, friends, this Sunday morn
 Must name a babe new-born.

"One cannot tell," continued he,
 "This child a merchant prince may be,
 A statesman wise, a bard,
 A prophet of the Lord,
 Perhaps—a Henry Ford.

"Ah, yes," he sighed, "who knows? who can?
 This child may be a famous man."
 And then he asked the dame,
 "Pray, what's the baby's name?"
 She answered, "Mary Jane."

Henry Goody.

The Great Shall Be Conquered

Three starving little bushcat cubs
 Lie close within a cave;
 The mother cat is seeking food,
 Hungry, loving, brave.

Now has she smelt of flesh and blood—
 A lion's latest kill;
 With cautious tread and muscles tensed
 She slowly steals downhill.

The wary wildcat sniffs the air,
 The coast, it seems, is clear;
 Unknown to her the jungle king
 Lies waiting, hidden near.

And when she sprang upon the deer,
 Was heard the lion's roar,
 His ponderous paw was raised in air;—
 The bushcat lived no more.

A pygmy brave had crept concealed
 Among the underbrush;
 Had seen the deer, the tiger's leap.
 And then the lion's rush.

His ready arrow left the string,
 It pierced the lion's head;
 A snarl, a growl, a roar of pain;
 The lion fell back—dead.

A mamba, coiled upon a branch,
 Who had watched the scene below,
 Attacked with death-filled, fatal fangs
 The hunter with the bow.

The pygmy's limbs hung loose and limp;
 His eyes, unblinking, stared;
 His head drooped down; he fell to earth;—
 His victim's fate he shared.

The reptile, gliding to the ground,
 Was killed by a falling limb;
 Which shows that every mighty one
 Meets one who conquers him!

Henry Goody.

The Idea

I sat me down to think and write
 'Mid cushions soft, in solitude,
 With costly pen, and prospects bright:
 It was the poet's season—Spring.
 But yet my mind it did elude,
 The greatest efforts naught did bring.

I sat and watched it float around,
 And tumble, trip, and sit upright,
 And laugh up at me from the ground,
 And flash before my staring eyes,
 And then upon my pen alight—
 Then rise to mock me from the skies.

How oft has genius been beguiled
 By your untimely tricks! And still,
 Like some capricious, fearless, child,
 By parents uncontrolled, now here,
 Now there, you leave at your sweet will:
 When least expected you appear.

William Paluk.



Sleep

A Sonnet

O restful Sleep! O Monarch! when you lull
 Both meekest slave's and mightiest prince's brow;
 Each must, before your Being, humbly bow:
 Before you, Phantom King, the strongest fall!
 How vain my task! No mighty Muse can call
 Forth praise in words to fit you. Nay, for how
 Can he, when 'neath the care that you bestow,
 Imagination fades. We're senseless all!
 Humanity obeys your call! Too soon
 To sighing lovers 'neath the moon you come;
 To Spring-flushed roses; evening pleasures sweet.
 Too soon you leave—a half-accomplished boon;
 For such are men. Of bliss partake we some,
 But for that portion not enjoyed, entreat.

William Paluk.

SOCIAL



The Senior Masquerade

A tumultuous swirl of color, dashing vivacity, and sparkling mirth. Such a stimulating scene was provided for the spectator when the staid seniors set aside their dignity, forgot their scholastic troubles, and yielded themselves with a gay abandon to a full enjoyment of the evening's entertainment. Very noticeable, too, was the striking originality of the costumes, and an onlooker could but wonder as to the source of the astonishing variety of unusual humor displayed in the dress. The evening was agreeably spent in dancing to the syncopations of two good orchestras. This year, fortunately, unlike former years, there were few "wall flowers." This was largely due to the excellent dancing lessons which were so kindly given by the girls of the school to the non-dancing boys. The high tension of dancing was broken for a while when punch was served. At this juncture, a sudden rush took place, and judging by the well-nigh endless line of thirsty people, the rooms must have been very warm and crowded. But then, how could they have been otherwise, when there were nearly five hundred, enthusiastically indulging in the terpsichorean art? Revelry continued until the clock rang out its twelve o'clock warning. "Must we leave now?" How they hated to, despite the weariness of their limbs.

So ended another chapter of St. John's social life:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

The Junior Tramp

It is Friday evening, January 29, and once again the school is a riot of color. At 7:30, the excited voices of Junior revellers are heard echoing through the halls. Within fifteen minutes all are assembled, ready to be led, by some kind seniors, on a hike to Kildonan Park. It is a bitter, cold night. Fearless of such trifles as the weather, the staunch-hearted juniors show their sportsmanship by turning out in large numbers in order to make the tramp a jolly success. The trampers return from the hike, cold, and almost famished, but jubilant. After a much appreciated meal, however, they feel greatly rejuvenated and in high spirits. The remaining part of the evening is spent in happily dancing to the music obligingly supplied by one of the girls. Of course, the juniors would have preferred dancing to the music of an orchestra, but that is promised them for next year, when they will be revered seniors!

The evening has been a very enjoyable one, probably due to the splendid co-operation of the Juniors, who regret leaving—especially so soon. As ever, the inevitable hour comes. The clock in the auditorium shows the time to be 11:45 and, in short order, everybody is dressed, and all are slowly wending their way homeward. Silence closes over the happy scene.

The Senior Tramp

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Again Jack Frost was not a sufficient obstacle to chill the ardor of the Seniors, who, like the Juniors, turned out in large numbers, and by thoroughly enjoying themselves, thwarted successfully all attempts of the severe weather to spoil their tramp. The students gathered in due time in the good old Auditorium, and after the last straggler had "rolled in," the party set off, with tender noses and ears to tempt the voracious Jack Frost. The party could endure only a certain amount, and in a short time, returned, subdued in body, but not in spirit, for the evening was still young. Shortly after their return, followed what was, to some, the "pièce de resistance" of the evening—food! There was food in abundance, but, as usual, there were no chairs. This, however, was remedied by the simple dodge of sitting cross-legged on the floor. And then the dancing! This was made particularly enjoyable, as an excellent orchestra was provided. When the time allotted to dancing drew to a close, the revellers unwillingly left the floor, and began preparations for departure. Ah, well! After all, everything has an end.

OUR GRADUATES

Fred Sullivan, a graduate of the St. John's High School in 1923 has had some exciting experiences in Shanghai recently. He graduated from the University in 1927 and in the fall of that year went to Vevey, Switzerland, where he entered the employ of the Nestle Milk Co. In 1928, he was transferred to Shanghai and, a year ago, joined the staff of the Dunlop Rubber Co. there. Being a volunteer with the Armored Car section of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps in the International Settlement, he has been on defence duty since January 28th. He says that the barbed wire barricades and the day and night patrol by the armored cars have been effective factors in keeping order in the settlement during the fierce fighting between the Chinese and Japanese troops.

S. Helman, K.C., was a visitor in Winnipeg last winter on his return from London, England, where he had taken a case to the Privy Council. Sam was a member of the first graduating class of St. John's. He has lived in Calgary for some years and has enjoyed a very successful legal career in that city.

Several graduates of St. John's have chosen journalism as their vocation. *John M. Sweeney* has risen from the rank of office boy to that of full-fledged reporter. He was in charge of the Free Press bureau in Chicago for a year and a half. He returned to Winnipeg last October, and since then has been doing feature stories as well as regular reporting.

Dorothy Rhodes is assistant to the librarian and editor of the Free Press Weekly Farmer, and in that capacity answers many of the questions submitted to the Query Column of that paper. She also does special reporting for the daily paper. This spring, she covered the Manitoba Musical Festival.

Lillian Gibbons went directly to the Tribune reporting staff from the University, after winning her M.A. degree in 1929. She does free-lance work, and has had some of her articles published in the Western Home Monthly.

Bert Gresham, with his camera, is a familiar figure to St. John's students on

Inter-High field day. He has now transferred to the reporting staff of the Free Press, but on busy days still lends a hand with his camera.

Sam Ross, a graduate of our Commercial Dept., is now city editor for the Calgary Albertan.

Gladys Muir has made a splendid beginning in the writing game and we expect to hear more of her. Gladys teaches primary children; by night she weaves plots for short stories and, in collaboration with two others, she writes a radio play a week. Listen in some Thursday evening!

Pauline Goldstein sent New Year's greetings to St. John's from her present home in Bucharest, Roumania. She is giving private lessons in English and numbers among her students a group of Civil Engineers. Her sister, Annie, has just returned to Winnipeg from a year's travel in Central Europe.

Grant Denike is assistant superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Swift Current, Sask. He was appointed to this position following his graduation from the Manitoba Agricultural College in 1929.

Ken Barnes, St. John's '23, has acquired a considerable reputation as a dahliagrower. This spring he has filled orders from points as far afield as Nova Scotia. By day, Ken works at the Grain Exchange.

Bill Dougall, who was with Eaton's Book Department for a number of years, has just recently opened up his own Lending Library in the Grain Exchange Building.

Natalie Sikevich contributed a piece of original French verse to the 1926 Torch, and so her former classmates were not a bit surprised to learn that she had won the French Government Bursary when she graduated from the University in 1930. Natalie spent the year 1930-31 in Paris, dividing her time between the Sorbonne and l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Her home is now in Toronto.

Harold Bishop, a graduate of the Commercial Department, is manager of the Capitol Theatre, Calgary.

Jack Tully has done valuable and interesting research work on the subject of the mosquito. He is field-supervisor of the local Anti-Mosquito campaign.

In the summer of 1930, we met *Russell Wiginton* on the links of the Oshawa Golf Club. He was then private secretary to the general manager and vice-president of General Motors Ltd. Russell was transferred from Winnipeg to the head office in Oshawa in 1927. In 1929, he organized a General Motors rugby team, which won the Intermediate Rugby championship of Ontario. For the past year he has been in charge of the Fisher's Body Craftsmen's Guild.

A number of our graduates are now practicing medicine in Winnipeg and elsewhere. *Dr. J. N. B. Crawford* has joined the McNulty Clinic as child specialist, following a post-graduate course in pediatrics in New York. They tell us that when Jack was an interne at the Children's Hospital, no bed could be found to fit him!

Dr. Stewart Stalker is assistant superintendent of the Vancouver General Hospital.

Dr. Don Bruce has felt the lure of the North. He was a member of the McAlpine rescue party and is now practicing his profession at Chesterfield Inlet.

Dr. Adam Michalski is practicing in Hamilton, Ontario. His school and college chum, *Rudolph Danzinger*, has his office in North Winnipeg.

Dr. A. R. Birt was medical officer at Winnipeg Beach for the summer of 1931. He has now opened his own office in the immediate vicinity of the school. His nearest neighbor, *Dr. Dave Goldin*, a graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, is now practising his profession in our midst.

It may be encouraging to our present day athletes to learn of the successes of former members of St. John's High School teams:

George (Gus) Rivers—Gus was our mainstay in hockey in 1924-1928. He played Junior, Big Four and Senior hockey in the Winnipeg City League after leaving school. In 1929 he signed a pro contract with the Montreal Canadiens and in his first year scored the winning goal in the Stanley Cup final game. It was said of him when he joined the pros that he had never been known to commit an ungentlemanly act on the ice.

Hack (Playboy) Simpson, St. John's 1925-26, has played hockey since he was old enough to hold a stick. Hack was the big noise in the Olympic championships at Lake Placid. He scored the tying goal with a few seconds to go in the final game.

Romeo Rivers, Tic Garbutt, Cliff Crowley, were all valuable members of the World's Champion Winnipegs.

Wes Hart was the 1929-30 president of the School Council. He played both hockey and basketball for the school and is now well known as a player for Columbus Club Juniors and Sutherland Vics. Wes perhaps is even better known as a hockey coach. Three years ago he organized the Monarch Midget Hockey Club. Since then he has carried them to one championship and into the semi-finals twice.

Pete Dobush has excelled in many fields since he captained our school basketball team. After graduating in Arts, he entered the Faculty of Architecture and was gold medallist of his year. He has proven a splendid basketball coach, leading the Junior Vics and the Varsity Juniors through successful seasons, and has played a steady defence game for Senior Vics and Varsity. During his vacations, he has done good work on the mission field at Elma.

Alex Nitchuk is considered one of the best basketball players in Western Canada, and the best second baseman in the City Softball League. He plays baseball with the Native Sons, and last year captained the Senior Varsity basketball team.

Archie Brotman was captain of the Toronto Dents' track team at the Inter-Collegiate meet held in that city last fall. Archie graduates this spring.

Evelyn Blankstein, Mary Cooperband, Doreen Falkner and Gertrude Fuller were all members of the Manitoba Track Team at the Inter-Varsity meet held in Winnipeg last October. Doreen and Mary ranked first in their events, the high jump and ball throw. Gertrude Fuller, too, won points for her team. The school is indebted to Gertrude for the splendid coaching she gives our girl sprinters.

Mary Armstrong, president of the School Council in 1926, has had a brilliant University career, winning social, athletic and scholastic honors throughout her course. She is now lecturing in Mathematics, having won a fellowship last spring. We expected much of Mary—she held all her Council meetings at 8 a.m.!

Harry Stillman, a mathematical wizard of Room 36, was awarded a fellowship in that subject last spring and has lectured at Manitoba University during the past year.

Ruth Shefer is dietitian at the Provincial Home for Girls. Her sister, *Viola*, was in charge of the physical education in the American Women's College, Constantinople, for three years.

In these days of wide-spread unemployment among so many people of talent and training, it is highly interesting to know that a goodly number of our graduates are finding engrossing occupation and interest in various musical pursuits.

Not so many weeks ago, we were pleased to receive a call from *Jacques Gorowski*, who left us three years ago as a small boy, called "Jack," and who has since devoted himself to the study of the violin at the Royal Academy in London. Soon after his return, he played a very interesting and ambitious programme, which won for him most favorable comment. Collaborating with him on the same programme was *Gordon McLean*, who has already established himself in the city as a very able accompanist and pianoforte soloist.

Eva Naiditch, who was a famous member of a famous class in Room 14, has enjoyed several years of study in Paris, under the renowned *Phillippe*. She has made several successful concert appearances since her return, and is engrossed in teaching.

During his two years in our midst, *Bohdan Hubicki* contributed as much as any student has ever done to the musical life of the school. We knew him as violin soloist, a lusty baritone in the Boys' Choir, and assistant conductor of the School Orchestra. Now we hear him frequently over C.K.Y., and we believe that he is studying intensively, with the object of going abroad for further work at no late date.

Margaret Prasow tells us that, despite depression, her piano class has suffered no serious depletion. Again at the Festival this spring, *Margaret* achieved notable distinction; she was acclaimed winner in the concert class for pianoforte and orchestra.

It would seem that, with each successive year, *Helen Horton* enlarges the sphere of her musical activities. A comparatively short time ago, *Helen* commenced the study of the organ, and recently undertook the duties of organist and choirmaster at

Atlantic United Church. This spring she entered her Junior Choir in the Festival, and won in her class, with a most gratifying criticism from a very discriminating adjudicator.

It was very interesting to note that two of our girls who have not long since left us, soared to dazzling heights in the adult vocal classes of the Festival. *Sarah Rabkin* attained second place in the soprano solo, and *Irene Hubble* achieved the same standing in the mezzo-soprano class.

The Festival, too, always brings forth many promising young conductors, whom we are very pleased to claim as graduates. *Ada O'Neil* is in charge of the music at the William Whyte School, and we are very grateful for the well-trained vocal material we are receiving from her. *Mildred Burt* attained top place with a classroom choir this year, and the adjudicators enjoyed their singing as much as we did. One afternoon, we noticed *Esther Hind* on the platform with a very fine classroom choir.

Among other remarkable school choirs, the various choral groups led by *Esther Lind*, of the Luxton School, won almost spectacular success. No less than three awards for first place went to this artistic and inspiring conductor. We are anticipating the day when the members of these most musical choirs will reach the halls of St. John's.

In a city where there are many vocalists, *Margaret McCord's* name is favorably known, most especially for her contribution to that artistic group, the Winnipeg Madrigal Singers, who have made Elizabethan music known to many audiences during the past winter.

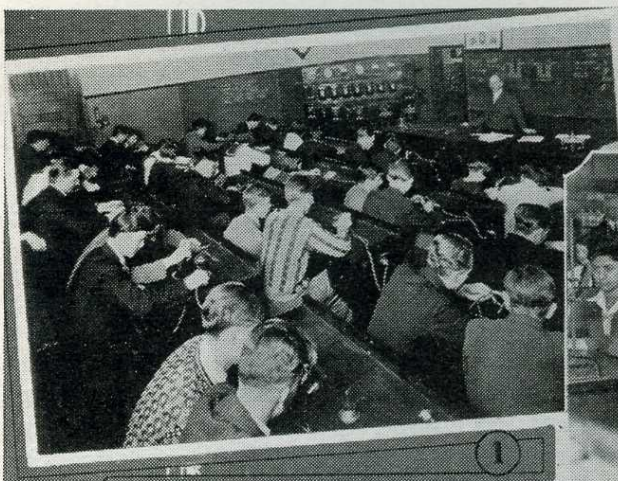
For two successive years we have thoroughly enjoyed *Norman Elwick's* appearance in the stellar role, with the University Glee Club. This singer seems to have a particular aptitude for Gilbert and Sullivan roles, and his vocal performances are increasingly enjoyable.

Our heartiest congratulations to these, our graduates, who have fared so well in musical pursuits. Their successes constantly inspire our present students, who are planning similar careers.

Speak Up, Minnie

Teacher—"Johnny, use the word 'miniature' in a sentence."

Johnny—"Is Minnie a chewer of gum?"
—Boston Transcript.



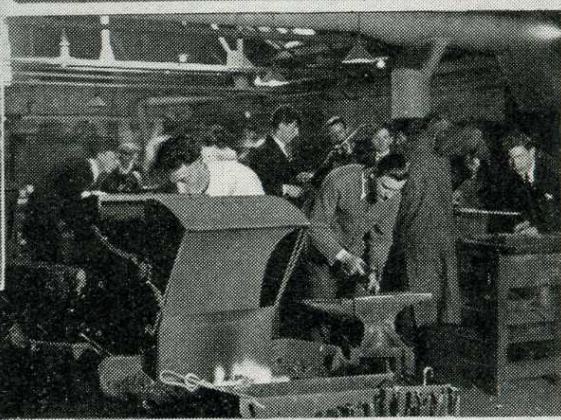
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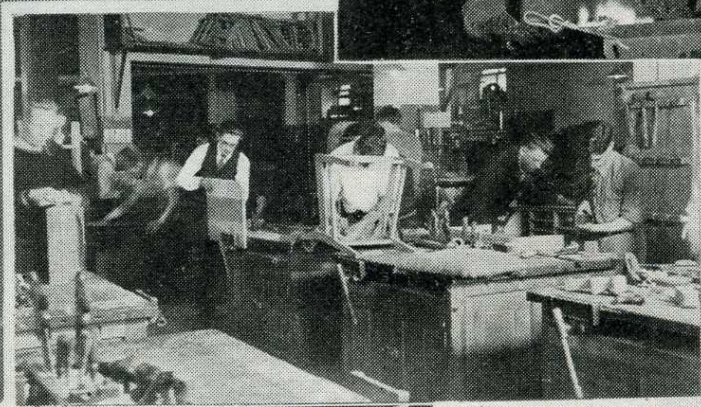
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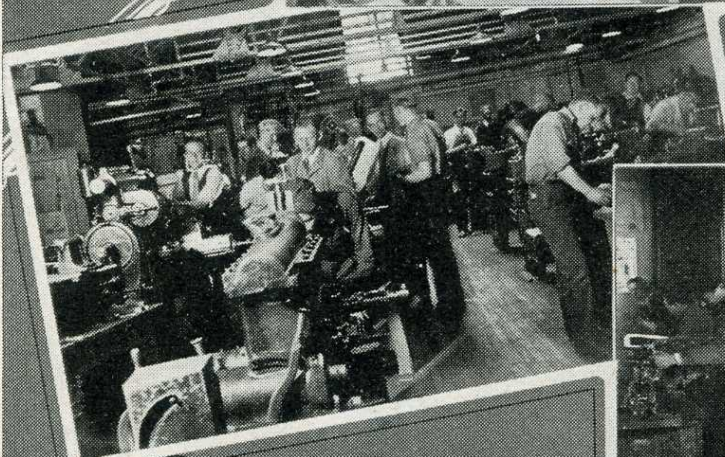
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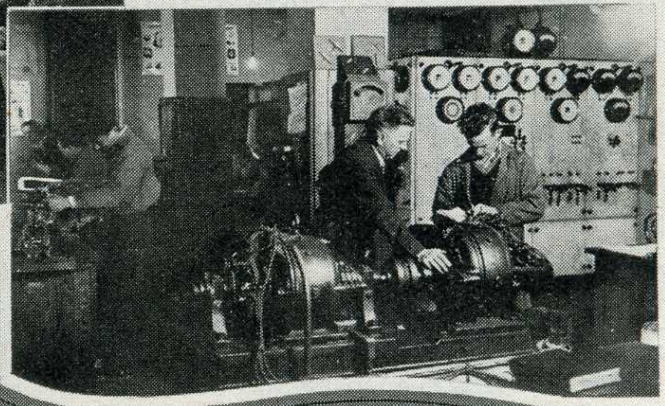
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7

1. Physics Laboratory.
 2. Chemistry Laboratory.
 3. A Group in Domestic Science.

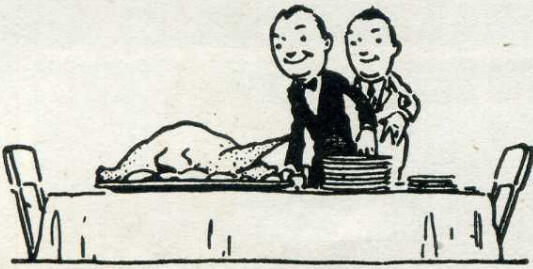
4. A Section of the Forging Shop.
 5. A Scene from the Woodworking Shop.
 6. The Machine Shop.
 7. A Corner of the Electrical Shop.

PERSONALITIES

"We Snoop to Conquer"

BOB "TUBBY" LEIGHTON—

"Tubby" claims that the strange noise he made at the Grade XII party was a song, but we are inclined to suspect that he was merely taking advantage of the opportunity to get in form for one of



the main attractions at the coming Field Day; the Hog Calling contest. We are convinced that not only will this item on the program greatly increase the gate receipts, but that it will also cause a great deal of trouble for neighboring farmers. Remember, folks, all the credit for this elevating and highly cultural form of entertainment does not go to "Tubby" alone; we know several people who could give him a run for his money.

JIM TOAL—



Another sportsman, is in serious training for the Horse-shoe Pitching event. In an interview with the Press this morning, Jim very strongly censured rival High Schools for importing rustic talent from the "sticks." Jim, however, is keeping a stiff upper lip and is determined to "come through" for "Ould Erin" and "Hogan" (whoever that is)—tsk—tsk—and—tsk! Do we sense a romance?

CHARLIE BIRT—

Although Charlie may not know it, his pseudonym is "Curly-Locks." Charlie stands around the corridors, looking romantic (with his mouth open). His favorite color is magenta; his chief diversion, scaring small children. Watch him perk up his ears at the name of Helen!

BOB "TURKEY" SMYTHE—

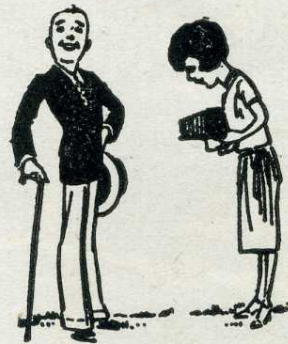
Anybody who is fond of Haggis and wants a good recipe for this dainty should see—no, not the Provincial Psychiatrist—but "Turkey." We often wonder if Bob has anything to do with that worried look which Miss Thompson sometimes wears. We sincerely hope not.



But on taking another look at Bob we are not so sure. And, by the way, A. J. Wilson, that recipe is to be had gratis—gangway! Look out, A. J., don't break your neck—think of the funeral expenses!

GEORGE "PINKY" THURSTON—

Along with Ike Stoffman's vividly colored socks, George deserves a great deal of credit for the way our class pictures turned out. When the students became restless, "Pinky" kept them facing the camera by such simple and altogether delightful little dodges as standing on his head, doing handsprings and smiling at



the weaker sex. Of the three, "Pinky" says, the last is by far the easiest. It isn't every school that has such a frisky President—and, if you don't believe it, pay a visit to Room 13 and see for yourself.

LEA A. LARDNER—

Wants to know what they do to Editors in "these here parts." Lynching has been suggested; but we want something original—something with a little more finesse to it. What about making him memorize some of Bill Paluk's poetry? We'd call him "Carrots," only we have too much respect for the vegetable. Hint to a certain little Miss—Lardner is fond of Wordsworth, Canadian History, and Home Cooking.



JOE POPIEL—

Joseph is a great guy, even if he does draw pictures. We all remember his sketches, especially those on the walls, desks and text-books. Joe's ambition is to become a pavement artist. After leaving school he will become a "struggling artist"; later, a "well-known artist," and then "something for the critics to fight over." No, girls, Joe is a natural blond.

PHYLLIS KURK—

Says she is the clinging-vine type, but that, as yet, she has found nothing to which she can cling. We hear that she is anxiously awaiting her eighteenth birthday because she will then be able to stay up until midnight, go to the movies three times a week, and ask for a second piece of cake.

JACK COHEN—

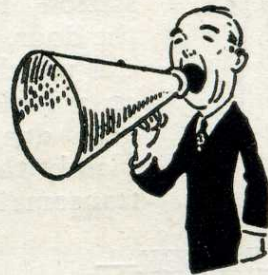
Sometimes called Ghandi, not because of his clothes, but because of his physiognomy. Mr. Allison wants Jack to study in Study Period (of all times!) and so warned the class to keep all money out of sight, as Jack's blood pressure varies direct-



ly as the amount of money he sees. We wish someone would take him to a mint. Jack's Chemistry periods are much shorter than any one else's—in fact they are usually only about five minutes in length. He leaves by request.

SAW LUCOW—

Is one of those shy, modest people who are born to blush unseen. If it weren't for the sense of sight no one would think that Sam was in the room. We wonder if there is anybody in St. John's who doesn't believe the above? There are, and always



will be, Doubting Thomases. Why, there are some chaps who don't believe that Sam's forefathers came off the "Mayflower"! But we are different; we believe anything Sam tells us—that is, up to a certain point.

ERNEST "SCHNURRBART" NEMISH—

Intended to be a violinist, but when he decided to grow that moustache, which you see him sporting, he found, to his great sorrow, that it interfered with his bowing, and so, Kreisler breathes again. In playing the piano, on the other hand, Ernest found that he could drape the seaweed over the back of the instrument. This has a splendid damping effect and serves to keep the piano well dusted.

JOHN S. SKINNER—

There is a skeleton in John's closet. With all due apologies, we propose to take it out and give the relic an airing. John is rumored to be a member of the "Sunbeam Club"! He writes letters about



his pet rabbits, and his goldfish, and now has ten credits toward a box of crayons. It is said that he won a prize for his story, "A Visit to Aunty's Farm." Well, so long, John. Hope you win the crayons.

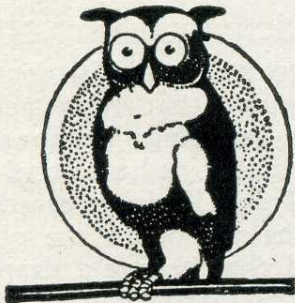
HOW MALTBY—



This is not an Indian greeting, but the name of an elongated specimen of humanity. His classmates find him useful. When teacher's away, the class will play, and as a precaution against surprise visits and attendant dire penalties, they station How near the door, whence he can use the transom as a look-out, and give due warning. Handy things, these transoms!

WALTER SCHEBEK—

Is anxious to finish school so that he may get out and end this business depression. With bated breath, financial circles throughout the country are waiting for Walter to graduate. Vast concerns are



trying to get him on their pay rolls. Here's luck, Walt, but remember that money isn't everything — only about 99-8/9 per cent. of it!

"IKE" STOFFMAN—



People think "Ike" is a wit — and they're half right. His idea of a hilarious evening is to stay home and prepare next day's homework. Red flannels being demodé, Ike substitutes "woollies"; we hope he wears his rubbers on rainy days, and remembers to take his glass of orange juice each morning!

Music

(Continued from page 38)

choir is indeed a credit to Miss Horner, and to the school.

Particularly successful were the soloists and ensembles which entered the festival. In all, there were nearly forty-four entries, which number suggests the difficult task falling to Miss Horner's lot. That her work was not in vain is shown by the following results:

In the Junior Soprano Solo: Evelyn Campbell, first; Lilian Cook, third. Evelyn Campbell and Jean Nicholson sang charmingly together, receiving first prize in the Junior Vocal Duet. In the Junior Vocal Trio: Jean Nicholson, Margaret Bowden, Marjorie Logan, third; Evelyn Campbell, Isabel McDonald, Myrtle Kupchenko, fourth. In the Duet for Two Sopranos: Evelyn Campbell and Jenny Kissel took first place, and Jean Nicholson and Jean Kerr, second. Florence Baskerville, with two former St. John's students, took first place in the Ladies' Vocal Trio.

One of the instrumentalists who did splendid work this year is Emmanuel Horch. He received top honors in the Intermediate Violin Solo. The Junior Musical Trophy was also captured by this talented violinist. In the Intermediate Violin and Piano Duet, Emmanuel, with his accompanist, again won first prize. Exhibiting very finished playing. Edith Sohn attained highest marks in the Intermediate Piano Class.

Music is an activity which usually receives scant attention, but after its success this year, we hope to see it continue as one of the most important elements of school life.

To you, Juniors, do we leave this task. Accept the challenge, and ride to victory!

Full of Surprises

"She is one of those worm-style motorists."

"What do you mean, worm-style?"

"A worm never gives any signal which way it will turn."—Boston Transcript.

Plaguing Pharaoh by the Seine

Guide in Louvre — "This Egyptian mummy is above 5,000 years old. It is possible that Moses saw it."

Tourist — "But was Moses ever in Paris?"—Wall Street Journal.

ENGINEERS



"We Engineers Must Stick Together"—That is the Class theme song, and we are proving it more and more each year by having at least three get-to-gethers during that time. Usually, a good percentage of the fellows are on hand, and they have never yet spent one unenjoyable moment.

Last June, the boys oiled up their rolling stock, and rattled down to Matlock Beach for a week-end, there giving themselves over to having nothing else but a good time. The way some of our members can emulate fish and stones in the water is nobody's business, and as for beach attractions (not necessarily permanent fixtures) oh, boy! And do we know how to make bonfires? Just ask us! We gathered wood, and then gathered round the fire till the sun came over the mountains—or something. Our annual softball classic brought out one or two more "Pepper Martins" and "Babe Ruths," but most of us have our own opinions as to that.

Our Bird's Hill bun-fight and weiner roast was a smashing hit! It was held in October, and the weather was perfect. Our chariots were again conditioned, and we bumped along till we got there. One or two of our local nimrods went in search of big game, but finally contented themselves with shooting a few more holes in the cliffs. At the same time, our baseball grudge was renewed, but no satisfaction has yet been obtained. Just wait till this summer, though! The bonfire that we had proved a little expensive, but we would rather not say any more on the subject. A few of the fellows gave a brief sketch of their activities since they left school. It is very gratifying to note that nobody has yet had an enforced rest as a guest of the government. A new committee was formed, relieving the one which has acted for the last four or five years.

Our 15th get-together since we left school was held last February. This time, it was a hike, midst the icy grip of winter. And was it cold? It was so cold that night that words froze on our lips, and as a result we all became excellent lip readers. We met at Alf. Gresham's place afterward, there to spend the remainder of the evening.

Roy Jacobite showed us some most interesting moving pictures of the Pacific Coast and Quebec, which were loaned through the courtesy of the C.N.R. Of course, they were not "talkies," but from the number of wise-cracks flying around, we are afraid that Graham MacNamee is going to lose his job.

It also seems imperative that we soon add a married man's corner to our organization. Five of the fellows have now taken this step and, already, to our list of Engineers, we must add a list of "Engineer Juniors."

Although we all set out to become engineers, until this Spring no one had achieved this honor. The matter has now been remedied, however, through the graduation of Bill Capelle and Max Wedro. We, at last, have proof that the vocational training received at St. John's occasionally leads to the fulfillment of original ambitions.

INTER-HIGH FIELD DAY

St. John's representatives in the Inter-High Field meet, on May 26, at the Osborne Stadium, kept alive the traditions of the school by their fine spirit of sportsmanship. Although not gaining the highest place in either the boys' or the girls' divisions, our athletes were runners-up in both, the boys being only twelve points behind Kelvin.

Outstanding in the day's performance was the great achievement of our four shuttle relay teams. Out of a possible twenty points, St. John's garnered eighteen—the senior, intermediate and primary teams placing first, while the junior team came second in a very fast race. The fine co-operation in these races was due in no small measure to the energetic work of their coaches.

St. John's was the only school to shatter existing records in the boys' events at the meet. Harry Chernick bettered his previous record of 5 ft 2½ in. in the junior running high by setting the remarkable record of 5 ft. 4 in. In the intermediate class Bob Saddington made a new record in the standing broad jump with a leap of 9 ft. 6¼ in.; he also equalled the running broad jump record of 19 ft. 11 in. Another happy surprise came to the students of our school when Chas. Rusen hurled the 8-lb. shot 41 ft., to set a new record in the junior division. Under effective guidance St. John's won fifteen points out of a possible twenty in the shot-put. In the standing broad jump careful training gave us more than our quota of points. Fate played a queer trick on Bob Smith, our star senior high jumper. After failing to jump 5 ft. 3 in., he succeeded while jumping off for second place in excelling the previous record of 5 ft. 5½ in., made in 1916, by jumping 5 ft. 6 in. However, the record cannot go down in the annals on account of the rules of the competition.

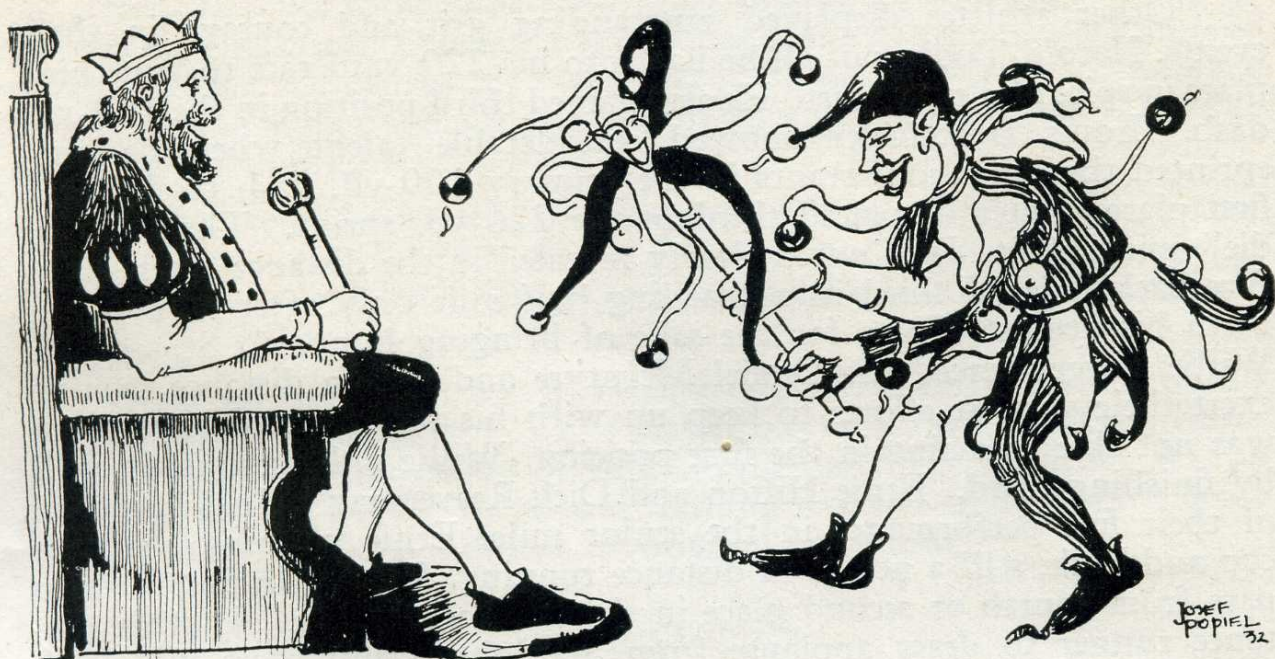
Other athletes displayed outstanding grit and courage in their events. Harold Tooke put all he had into his 220-yard race to win third place in spite of a poor start. He also gained third position in the 100-yd. dash. Louis Boroditsky showed considerable talent when he out-sprinted the other contestants in the primary 100-yd. dash to finish in first place. Later he placed third in the 220-yd. sprint. That "do or die" spirit of St. John's was clearly revealed in the distance races. Sam Averback finished third in a gruelling half mile only after he had put forth his utmost efforts for the sake of bringing honor to St. John's. Willie Bagger forced the Daniel McIntyre and Kelvin distance men to exert their greatest efforts to keep up with his fast pace. Although he was not able to maintain the first position, Willie did remarkably well by finishing third. Ernie Hilton and Dick Reeve may indeed be proud of their fine performance in the senior mile, Ernie winning the mile cup and Dick, still a novice in distance running, finished in fine form to pass from fourth to second place in the last forty yards. Another distance runner to draw applause from St. John's supporters was Dick Reynolds, who gained two places, second in the intermediate half-mile and third in the mile. Adam Muzychuk, in spite of a sore foot, placed in two events.

In addition to the above the following gained points: Sam Kobrinsky, J. Chmelnitsky, S. Morton, F. Wood, G. Stedman, S. Fishman, E. Peterman, T. Cranen, H. Hirt, R. Wolch, F. Coull, J. Mallin, N. Gritzuk, T. Turchan, W. Michoski, L. Chmilewsky.

Miss Gauer's co-eds also brought honor to St. John's. In Class A, Peggy Swallow came third in the 75-yd. dash and third in the running high jump. Dorothy Brune placed second in the running high jump. I. Boughton gained two points in the ball throw. In Class B, Margaret Watters placed third in the high jump; Hilda Hope, third place in the ball throw. In Class C, Olga Sask finished second in the 75-yd. sprint, and Violet Belinski third; Maria Janik finished second in the running high jump. In Class D, Pearl Smernos won second in the ball throw.

St. John's girls made a very creditable showing in the hurdles with a first in each of Classes C and D and a second in each of Classes A and B.





HUMOR

On His Sneeze

St. Peter—"How did you get up here?"
Latest Arrival—"Flu."—Jack-o'-Lantern.

The explorer was describing one of his narrow escapes to a crowd of people.

"I grabbed hold of the lion's neck, rolled over and over, and——"

Voice—"Fell out of bed."

"If I were you," he said, during a lull in the domestic storm, "I would have more sense."

"Of course you would," she agreed.

Mr. D. N. Ridd (illustrating Economics question)—"In one English village a cow was used as the medium of exchange."

Bright Student—"What did they do when the cow died?"

"Why did you flirt with me?" demanded the young man, bitterly. "Why did you let me take you motoring every day? Why did you let me take you to theatres and cinemas every night? Why did you encourage me when you were already engaged?"

The girl hung her head demurely and replied: "I wanted to test my love for Philip."

No Foolin'

A freshman at Indiana University, taking out a permit to use his car while in residence, found himself confronted by the following question:

"Purpose for which car is to be used?"

In the blank he wrote: "To ride in."
—Indianapolis News.

Voyage of Discovery

"Can you operate a typewriter?"

"Yes, sir, I use the Biblical system."

"I never heard of it."

"Seek and ye shall find."—Widow.

Editor—Have you submitted these poems anywhere else first?

Poet—No, sir.

Editor—Then where did you get that black eye?

Teacher—Bella, what is memory?

Bella—Memory is that feeling that comes over you when the joke section of the class papers is read.

Extract from a little boy's composition on "The Habits and Customs of the Greeks": "The Greeks married but one wife, a custom which they called monotony."

INTRODUCTORY TO OUR ADVERTISERS

The Advertising Staff calls your attention to this section of "The Torch." An attempt has been made to combine artistic arrangement with convenient organization. We hope that we have been successful in this.

"The Torch" urges its readers to patronize our advertisers. Their advertisements show that they value our annual as an advertising medium. Will the student body please co-operate to show that this confidence is merited?

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KING CHARLES II

received the first Pineapple grown in England

CHARLES II of England was very fond of Pineapples and quantities of them were brought for his table from the Barbados Islands in the West Indies.

He persuaded the Royal Gardener to grow the fruit in England and this was attempted. The presentation of the first Pineapple grown in England to the Stuart Monarch was made a great event.

To-day Neilson's also insist on Pineapples "good enough for a king" for use in the centres of certain of their chocolates.

The pick of the nut crops in Spain, the most luscious raisins from Australia, oranges and lemons from Sicily and other sunny lands, cherries from Italy, the finest cane sugar, whatever it is, only the best is brought to Neilson's.

Neilson's now have special arrangements with every Dealer whereby Neilson's Chocolates will be sold only while fresh, and therefore at their best.

Neilson's new low prices—75c per lb. for former \$1.00 Chocolates and 60c per lb. for former 75c Chocolates make it an economy as well as a delight to buy them.



Neilson's

CHOCOLATES

ARE ALWAYS FRESH

ELEVÈN A

(Continued from page 10)

the future. Nevertheless, they are all looking forward to that happy time, at the end of June, when they can sing with sincerity their rousing old theme song:

*"Let us put our books away,
Study time is over!"*

ELEVÈN C

(Continued from page 12)

Don't run out now! Those flailing arms and legs do not foreshadow bodily assault. 'Tis only the girls practising for the Gymnasium display.

And now, as we pass St. John's, our passengers drop off, to do for others what they have done for us.

And so we forge on into the Future.

ELEVÈN E

(Continued from page 4)

In the realm of athletic prowess, we find Elsie Lowe, a sprinter of no mean ability, Jean Paulosky, a promising high jumper, Edith Avren, an all-round athlete. Among the Eleven E boys, Bob Gelfand excels in the 220 and half-mile, Ben Solodky in the hundred yard and the jumps.

And here we pay our tribute to our class teacher, Miss E. G. Hewton. Miss Hewton has been more than kind to us. Consideration, willingness to help, and a large understanding, make her the ideal class teacher, and we thought there were no ideal teachers! Best wishes.

ELEVÈN G

(Continued from page 16)

Two other celebrities must we mention—Art Stewart, the swimming "shark" (rather an appropriate designation), is a diamond of the first "water"; due to the efforts of Anthony and Drapak, the class began each new day with a clean "slate."

Last, but not least, we present our class teacher, Mr. Crocker, who pastures his class in "meadows of logarithmic tables," and due to whose efforts the class came through with flying colors. As souvenirs, we leave him, beyond a doubt, a few gray hairs and the memory of sleepless nights. Au revoir!



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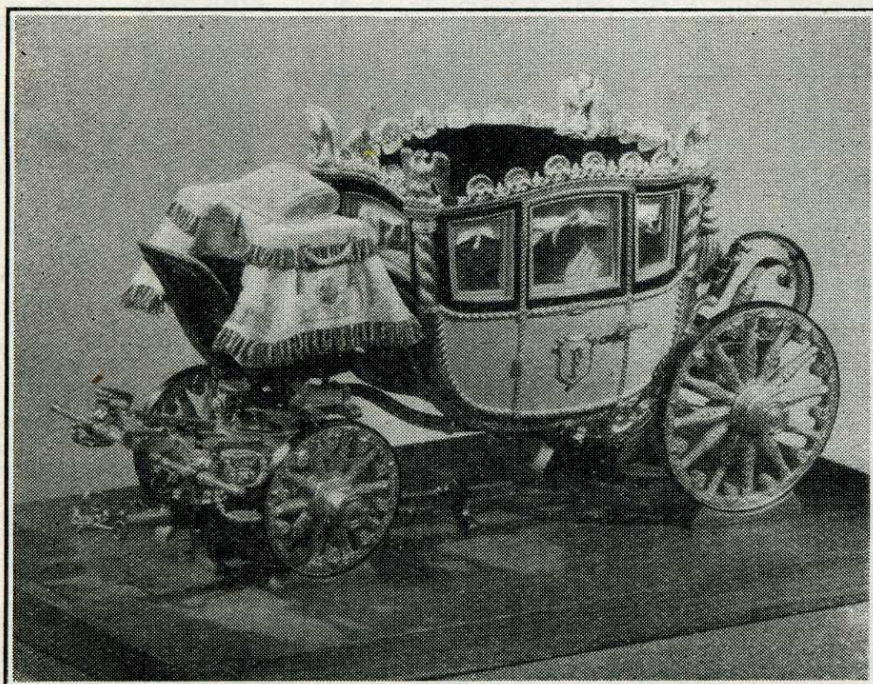
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Here is your opportunity. Enroll today and start work now. There are no entrance fees or dues. Full information will be sent you on receipt of your enrollment card.

THE FISHER BODY CRAFTSMAN'S GUILD

Headquarters: Canadian Section

OSHAWA, ONTARIO

ELEVEN H

(Continued from page 17)

Now to skip a number of the details, such as social functions, etc., and to tell you of the unfortunate mishaps which this car sustained in the month of June. While travelling at top speed, the Eleven H made a terrific contact with that dreaded obstacle—"Exams" and was completely wrecked. A list of the injured could not be obtained, but it is believed that several of them are recuperating at the Summer School Hospital.

And so ends the story of the Marvel Car, the Eleven H. May there be another next year to take its place!

ELEVEN K

(Continued from page 19)

trouble in the engine. Overcoming this, they travelled steadily for a month. On May 12th to the 16th they took time to visit the Amphitheatre to see the Gymnasium Display. They continued on their journey for six days, then they attended Field Day. They again changed trains, this time boarding the "Studying Express." Until June 10th they went at full

speed. On this day they reached their destination. Graduation had been reached in record time. The Eleven K's were parting, but they will always remember their record trip from the Household Arts Room "depot" to Graduation.

ELEVEN M

(Continued from page 22)

During the winter, Ella loses interest in football, and casts a favorable glance at hockey. It must be a very bright and sparkling glance, for it caused Adolph and Singbush to make the school team. Ella is very versatile, and takes an interest in both the School Orchestra and Choir.

Ladies and Gentlemen, we have reached the end of our History Hour, but before signing off we would like to remind you that this program comes to you through the courtesy of the Acme Hammer Handle Company, and that your announcer is George Flook, with the voice that is kind to your ears. We bid you adieu.

Magician (to youngster he has called up on the stage)—"Now, my boy, you have never seen me before, have you?"

Boy—"No, daddy."

" . . . and Now I'm
Going to College
at Home "

"All through high school I planned on a college career . . . It was one of the real ambitions of my life. But present-day conditions blasted my hopes. The family had no money—and needed my help besides.

"Facing the cold facts, I chose the only alternative—I enrolled with International Correspondence Schools for the course I had planned on. It's different from college life, I guess, studying at home in my spare time, but I'm getting the **training** I need—and that's the important thing! "I've already had promotion, and also the satisfaction of knowing my ground-work is based on actual experience and technical training that the I.C.S. is giving me."

This is only one of many similar letters I.C.S. have received in recent months.

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Department 400A

MONTREAL, CANADA



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ELEVEN O

(Continued from page 24)

Although in our most studious moments we never pine for Saturdays, nor impatiently watch the clock's hands creep past the symbols of Time, every thump of our hearts betrays this feeling:

*Happy days will come again;
Physics, his votaries cease to pain—
Algebra, problems hurl in vain—
Happy days will come again!*

ELEVEN R

(Continued from page 26)

And now a pat on the back for ourselves. Eleven R's hockey team, led by Sid MacLaughlin, captured the Senior hockey championship of St. John's. Before signing off we would like to say a few words of praise for the school. We shall never forget good old Tech, even when we are sitting behind doors, marked "Private" with big cigars in our mouths, and our feet perched comfortably on highly-polished desks. When we depart, we will carry with us a love of an enduring kind for our good old "Alma Mater."

ELEVEN S

(Continued from page 27)

The cheerfulness of Jennie Kissel's singing has often driven the gloom from the horizon of her classmates.

Perhaps if the Muses (Goddesses of Inspiration) had visited Winnie Barr, Miss Scholes would not have had to exert herself to such a great extent in trying to make Winnie work during the study period.

It has been unanimously decided that Ethel Leachman deserves a certificate for her outstanding record in the late-room.

Although the girls have not shone to any great extent in the field of sports, their failure can not be attributed to lack of encouragement or hard work on the part of the Sports Captain, Julia Couchman.

ELEVEN T

(Continued from page 28)

Crichton and attempt to get over The Greenwood Tree. Last but not least comes Mr. Beer, who spends a great deal of time and patience in his efforts to make us understand Bookkeeping.

This may sound very dull and boring, but we really have "a whale of a time," and we are sure that so far all the girls of Eleven T have enjoyed their last year at school.

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PASTRY MAGAZINES
CIGARETTES FRUIT CIGARS
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TWELVE A

(Continued from page 29)

auditorium was decorated with green and white streamers; the green petals of the shamrock could be seen everywhere; a table, surrounded by the best chairs in the school, presented a wonderful spectacle. The entertainment and refreshments were excellent, owing to the untiring efforts of Mr. Johnson, the class officers, and among many others, Winnie Dickinson and Dorothy Martinson.

And now we wait for the flowery curtain of June to fall upon another act in the Drama of Life, bringing to a close our days at good old St. John's.

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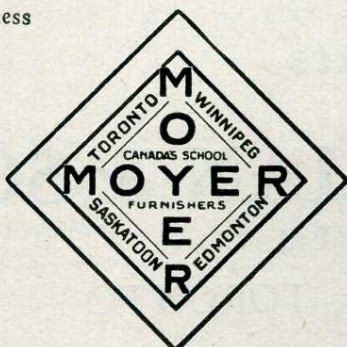
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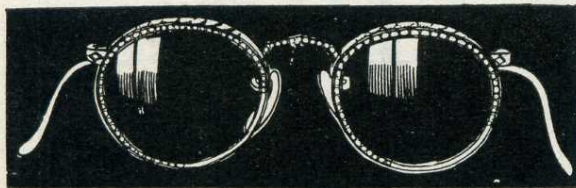
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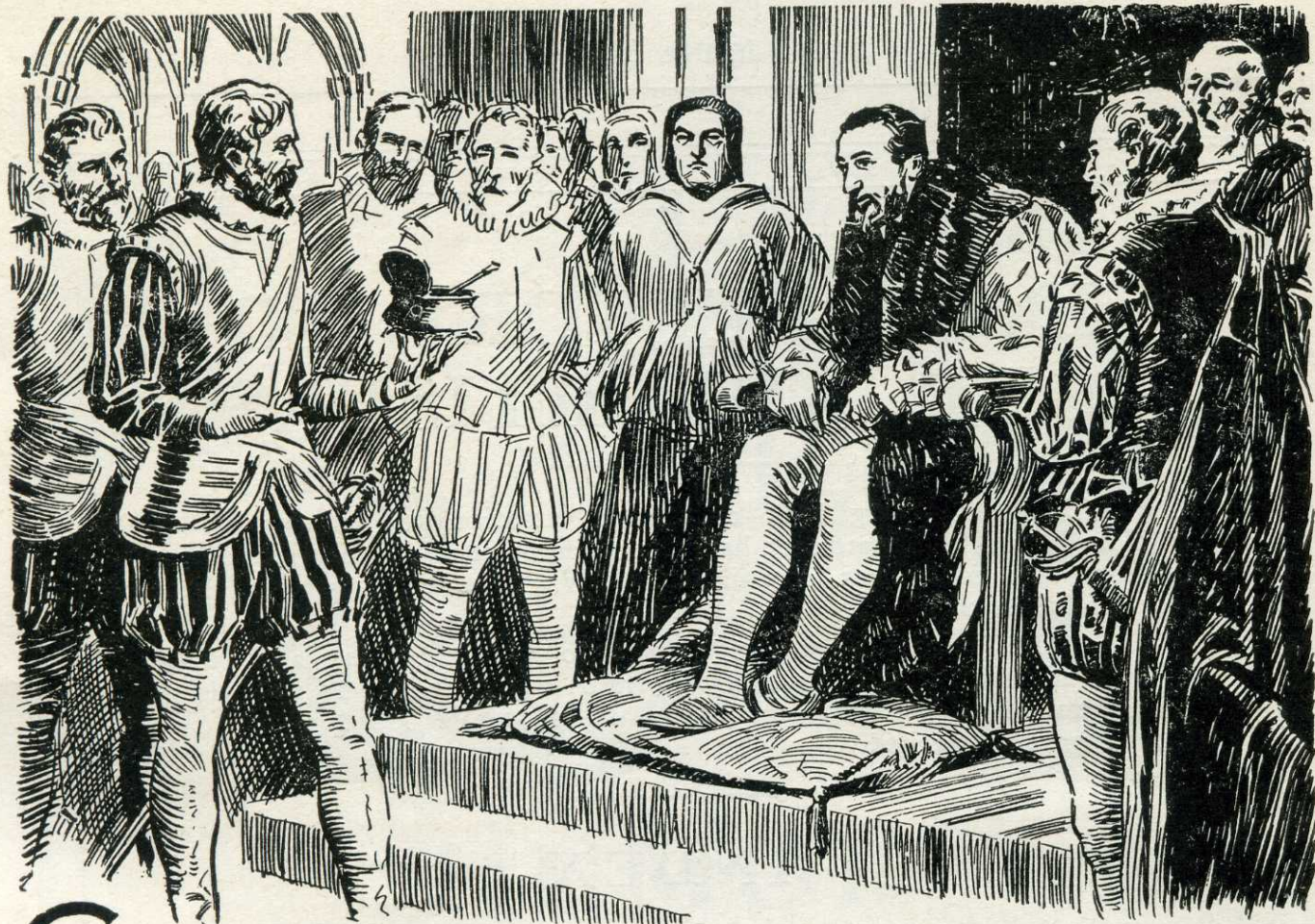
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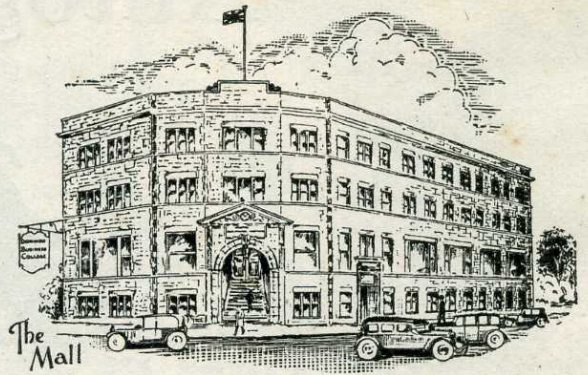


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