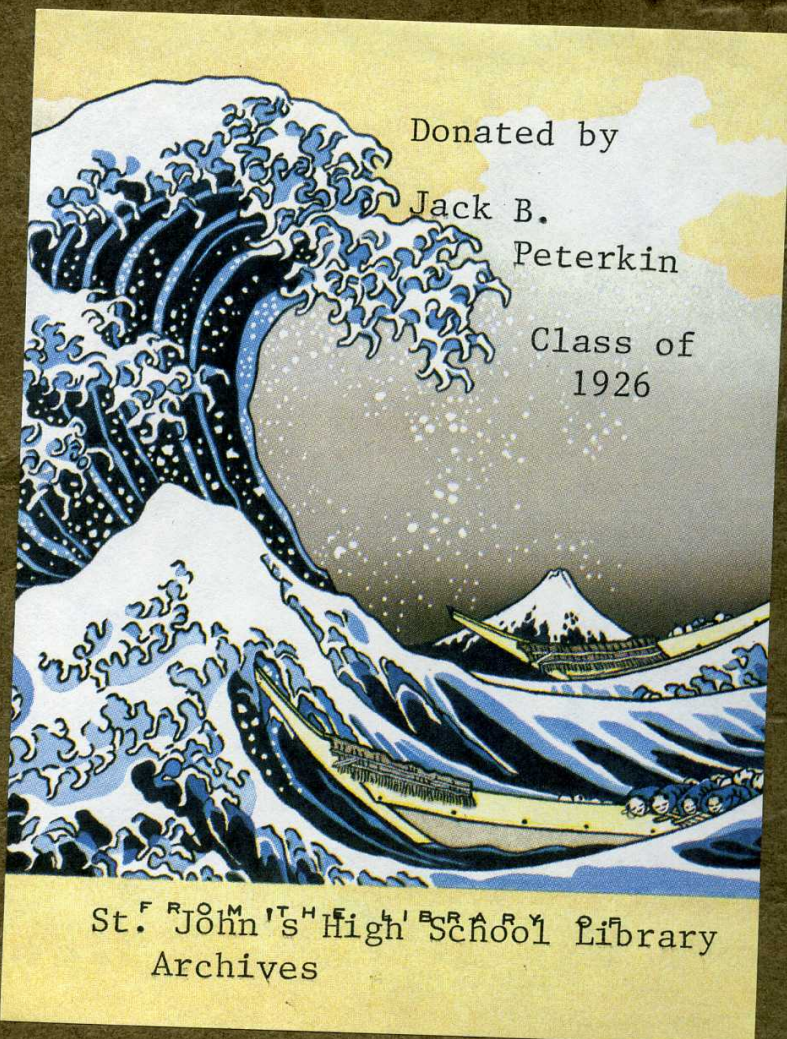


The
TORCH
1926



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Class of
1926

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*over 300 in
senior class.*

THE TORCH IS PUBLISHED BY
ST. JOHN'S TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

••❖❖••



And this is the word that year by year
While in her place the school is set,
Everyone of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dares forget.
This they all with a joyful mind,
Bear through life like a torch in flame
And falling fling to the host behind,
“Play up! Play up! and play the game!”

••❖❖••

Nil nisi probum

The Torch

Vol. I.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

June, 1926

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DOMESTIC SCIENCE	Pauline Jankiewicz, Miss S. C. Irwin.
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HEAD OFFICE — WINNIPEG







Foreword

SIXTEEN years have passed since St. John's Technical High School came into being. Although the achievements of the School during this short period might be envied by any educational institution, no attempt, however, has been made in any previous year to record these events in permanent form.

It is therefore with great pride that we present the first edition of "The Torch." In so doing, we take the opportunity of acknowledging our indebtedness to the many members of the staff and of the student body, whose devoted services have made possible the preparation and publication of this book.

To the public at large "The Torch" may serve as a means of enlightenment; to ourselves, the students, it must always be a source of happy memories:—

"Feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life."

EDWARD W. FREHS,

President Students' Council, 1926,
St. John's Technical High School.



In Loving Memory of

WILFRID F. ALWARD, CAMBRAI
T. RAYMOND ANDREWS, D.C.M., CAMBRAI
GEORGE W. BATTERSHILL, VIMY RIDGE
JOHN W. BEARS, FESTUBERT
REGINALD CAMPBELL, ST. ELOI
SGT. HUBERT G. CONDER, MARTINPUICH
P. GORDON DENNIS, CAMBRAI
ROBERT R. EDWARDS, D.C.M., LILLERS
JOHN A. FAHEY, PASSCHENDAELE
WM. S. GALLIE, R.A.F., DESERONTO
G. RAYMOND HOWARD, VIMY RIDGE
MILTON G. JOHNSON, AMIENS
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LT. THOMAS E. SMITH, BAUPAUME
CPL. R. W. SUMMERSCALES, VIMY RIDGE
JOHN H. TRUEMAN, PASSCHENDAELE

They Died in the Service of the Empire

ST. JOHN'S TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

1914

WINNIPEG, CANADA

1919

1914 - Honour Roll - 1919



Aitken, Robert
 Atkinson, F.
 Aitkin, Wm.
 Anderson, V.
 Armstrong, C.
 Argue, Edgar
 Alexander, A.
 Abramovitch, L.
 Abel, John
 Baldock, W.
 Barr, Machie
 Blackhurst, D.
 Beggs, Wm.
 Blair, Harry
 Braden, W. O.
 Battershill, C.
 Betts, Charles
 Brown, Fred
 Brozel, John
 Baranisky, M.
 Bannerman, C.
 Brotman, E.
 Berg, Sam
 Barry, N.
 Bregman, M.
 Bowder, J.
 Bell, Jarnes
 Charlton, C.
 Campbell, N.
 Clark, Chester
 Churchill, G.
 Colten, Len
 Calder, Earl
 Cehess, Fred
 Cook, Alf
 Cohen, A.
 Conder, E.
 Cooper, Fred
 Carson, W. W.
 Canton, Alex.
 Cooper, Geo.
 Crupka, F.
 Cregg, Wm.
 Dick, Rumanian
 Denaburg, H.
 Diell, Thos.
 Duka, Dan
 Druce, Eric
 Duncan, K.
 Dunlop, Alex.
 Duncan, C.
 Edgar, Irving
 Evans, Frank
 Edwards, J.
 Emes, Wm.
 Elizer, Sam
 Evans, Victor
 Elliott, Floren
 Edgar, R.
 Forrest, Hugh
 Ferguson, S.
 Finch, Gordon

Fulton, M.
 Ferguson, K.
 Flatt, Ruskin
 Fogel, H.
 Fishman, E.
 Gillespie, S.
 Gorsky, H.
 Gordon, Thomas
 Gallie, William
 Gauer, Leo
 Goldin, Alec
 Gunn, A.
 Haight, Donald
 Harrison, F.
 Hicks, Wilbur
 Hookens, M.
 Houston, Roy
 Hill, Allen
 Halford, E.
 Hardy, Venian
 Hunter, Sam
 Hyman, M.
 Hansen, W.
 Halton, Geo.
 Innes, Lorne
 Jackson, V.
 Johnson, Emil
 Jaunoish, S.
 Jefferson, E. W.
 Johnson, H.
 Johnson, Magnus
 Jones, L.
 Johnson, W. C.
 Knox, Wm.
 Kennedy, W.
 Kyle, Wm.
 Kopp, Lem.
 Kluner, H.
 Kelsey, Ernest
 Leighton, L. John
 Lockwood, A.
 Longhoff, W.
 Lewtas, G.
 Leschnewitz, A.
 Lockwood, S.
 Lockman, Sam
 Little, David
 Lamb, Gerald
 Ludwig, D.
 Little, Geo.
 McIntyre, Roy
 McConnell, H.
 McCord, D.
 McCullagh, K.
 McConnell, W.
 McCullagh, Eric
 McDonald, J.
 McGiffin, B.
 Mackay, D.
 Manson, L.
 Munn, Fraser

Matheson, H.
 Midwinter, H.
 Martin, L.
 Mutchmore, J.
 Moscovitch, Hy.
 Munshaw, J.
 Maxwell, K.
 Mitchell, S.
 Montgomery, C.
 Mutch, Harvey
 McAllister, N.
 Mitchell, W.
 Moore, C.
 Moore, W.
 Murphy, J.
 Morris, H.
 Montgomery, A.
 McCullough, J.
 McGuirk, R.
 McLean, S.
 Nasland, A.
 Noble, D.
 Nasland, Bert
 Newson, P.
 Pearson, M.
 Parker, John
 Porter, Roy
 Puttee, H.
 Redpath, G.
 Rice, Wm.
 Ridge, J.
 Riegel, J.
 Ross, Gordon
 Somerville, A.
 Somerville, J.
 Spittlehouse, J.
 Stewart, N.
 Sullivan, D.
 Sidebottom, J.
 Stoker, C.
 Scott, V.
 Scott, B.
 Stalker, R.
 Sutherland, J.
 Sigsmund, A.
 Sugrot, H.
 Shulman, L.
 Shave, Geo.
 Sherwood, H.
 Sparling, H.
 Tooke, L.
 Turnbull, J.
 Turnbull, Glen
 Tumoch, C.
 Trueman, M.
 Urquhart, H. M.
 Weir, M.
 White, Geo.
 Wasdell, E.
 Whitehead, B.
 White, Gregory

School History—St. John's Technical High School, 1909-1926

"Great oaks from little acorns grow," is particularly true of St. John's Technical High School. Our school, the second largest High School in Western Canada, has today 1181 students compared with 98 during the first year of its history; forty teachers compared with four. Originally an off-shoot from the old Central Collegiate, the school in September, 1909, took possession of the second floor of Luxton.

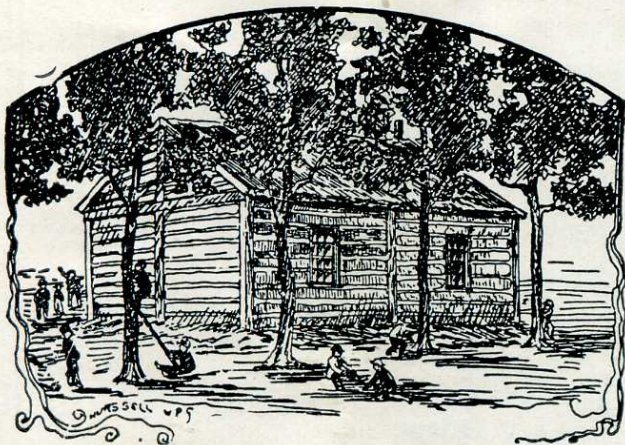
Mr. E. A. Garrett, now retired, was principal for the first three months, before being removed to take the principalship of Kelvin High School. He was responsible for our school motto—*nil nisi probum*. In January, 1910, Mr. A. C. Campbell was appointed to the position, which he so ably filled as the school grew to its present proportions.

A group of the first graduating class of 1910-11 is shown. In this year, the school colors, orange and brown, were chosen after much discussion.

In March, 1912, the classes were moved to the present building, in which they occupied five rooms on the second floor. Among the members of the staff at that time were Mr. W. R. Cottingham, present assistant to the Deputy Attorney General of the province, and Mr. W. D. Bayley, well known member

of Parliament. The next year saw a large addition to the staff and the work was then carried on by thirteen academic and nine technical teachers. Among these was Mr. G. J. Reeve, our present principal. Three years later, there were sixteen academic, thirteen technical, and nine elementary class teachers.

The first two years of the war found several of our staff as well as many of the students, enlisting for service overseas. The names of those who gave their lives may be seen on the Honour Roll



Winnipeg's First School

shown above. We are proud to say that nine of our present staff (1925-26) have served overseas. They are: Messrs. Baragar, Gardner, Muldrew, O'Neill, Patterson, Ridd, G. E. Snider, H. E. Snyder, Wherrett.

The outstanding event in 1925 was the removal of our revered principal, Mr. A. C. Campbell, to the Daniel McIntyre, and the promotion of Mr. G. J. Reeve to fill his place. That the choice of Mr. Reeve for this position was a very wise one, has been amply proved this year.

Honours and promotions have come to others during the past year. Mr. C. Cornish, a whole-hearted supporter of all student activities, organizer of the first School Carnival and director of the first School Dramatic production, was last September appointed principal of the Faraday School. Mr. W. J. Phillips has achieved world-wide renown through the excellence of his wood-cuts. He has recently published a splendid book on "The Technique of the Colour Wood-Cut." Mr. H. W. Huntley, first president of the Manitoba Teachers' Federation, leaves this year to become principal of Greenway.

Students of St. John's feel real pride in their school. This is shown in the splendid spirit of co-operation which they display year after year whether it be in building up a winning football team or in producing with unique success a Shakespearean play. Elsewhere you may read of the splendid way in which the graduates of our school have upheld its honour.



The Shire of Leicester in England was the birthplace of our present principal, Mr. G. J. Reeve. The earlier years of his boyhood were spent in the heart of London, where he eventually received his Normal Training at St. Mark's College in Chelsea. Following this came two years of teaching in the schools of London. "The gleaming spires of Oxford beckoned," and during the years 1909-1912, he was enrolled at one of the far-famed colleges of that venerable University, from which he graduated in the Honour School of Modern History. Later he received the degree of M.A. (in absentia) from this University. Almost immediately after this he came to Canada to join the staff of St. John's College, Winnipeg. Only a year later he was appointed to the staff of our own school.

During his years in St. John's Technical, Mr. Reeve has worked faithfully in the interests of the Teachers' Federation in the Province.

The last two years he has been the very capable editor of "The Manitoba Teacher." He has also compiled an interesting and valuable Canadian History, entitled, "Canada: Its History and Progress."

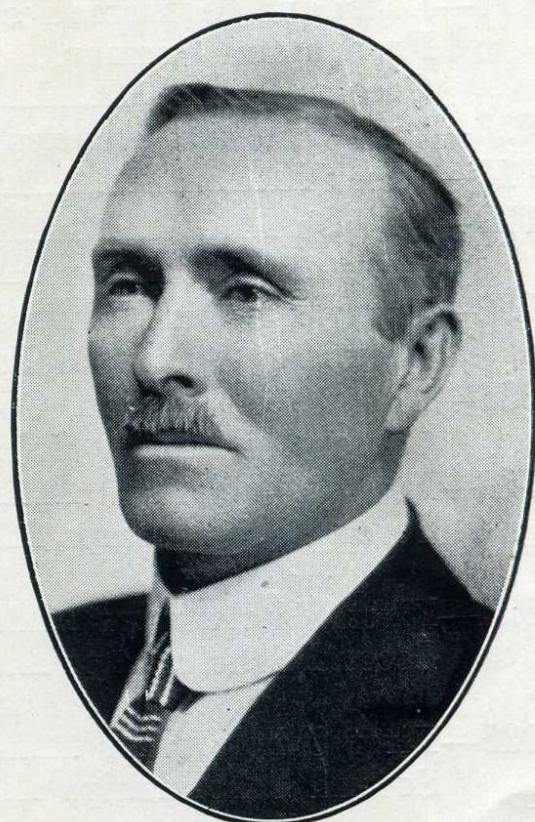
Mr. Reeve has always been an ardent lover of sports. Not a little of his influence and popularity with the boys of the School is due to his frequent presence with them in their games.

In this first year of his principalship Mr. Reeve has enjoyed the loyal support of both staff and students. We have found that, while he is kindly, he is at the same time resolute. The future of the school is indeed safe under his leadership.

* * *

Our principal for the years 1910-1925—Mr. A. C. Campbell—was born in Dominionville, Ontario, and was educated at Cornwall High School and Harbord Street Collegiate Institute, Toronto. After a university course at Toronto, where he specialized in mathematics and science, he came west and received his normal training in Winnipeg. His brilliant university record secured for him the post of Science Master at Portage Collegiate Institute in 1902. In 1904 he was transferred to the mathematics department of the Portage Collegiate and two years later he was appointed Inspector of Public Schools, which position he held for three years. In 1910 he was appointed principal of our school. Last summer he accepted the principalship of the Daniel McIntyre Collegiate.

Apart from his connection with St. John's Technical High School, Mr. Campbell has rendered notable service to the cause of education



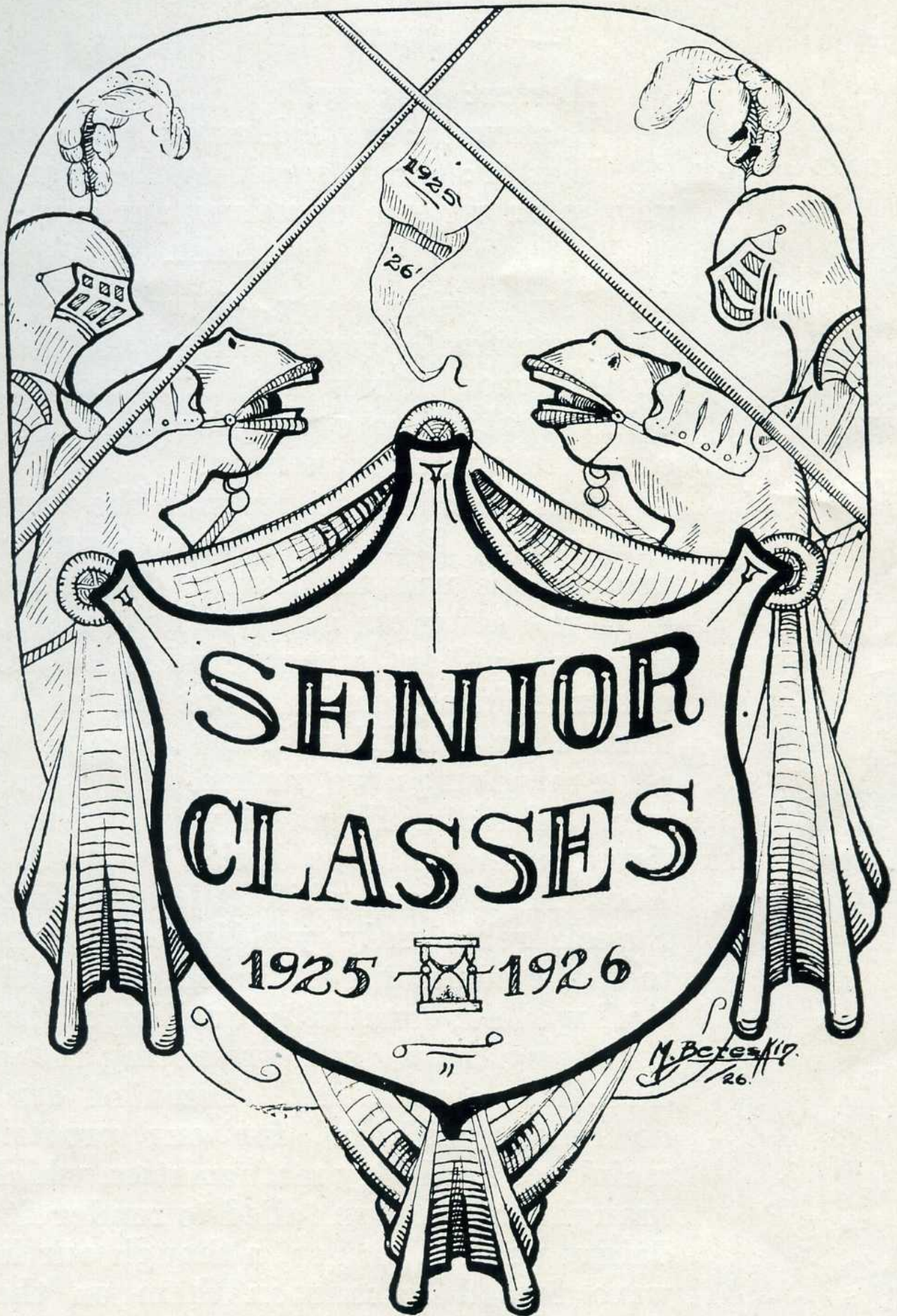
in the province, having held various important offices in different educational societies. He is also one of the leading figures of the Baptist denomination in Western Canada; finally, he is a well-known figure in the world of sport. He plays as earnestly and successfully as he works.

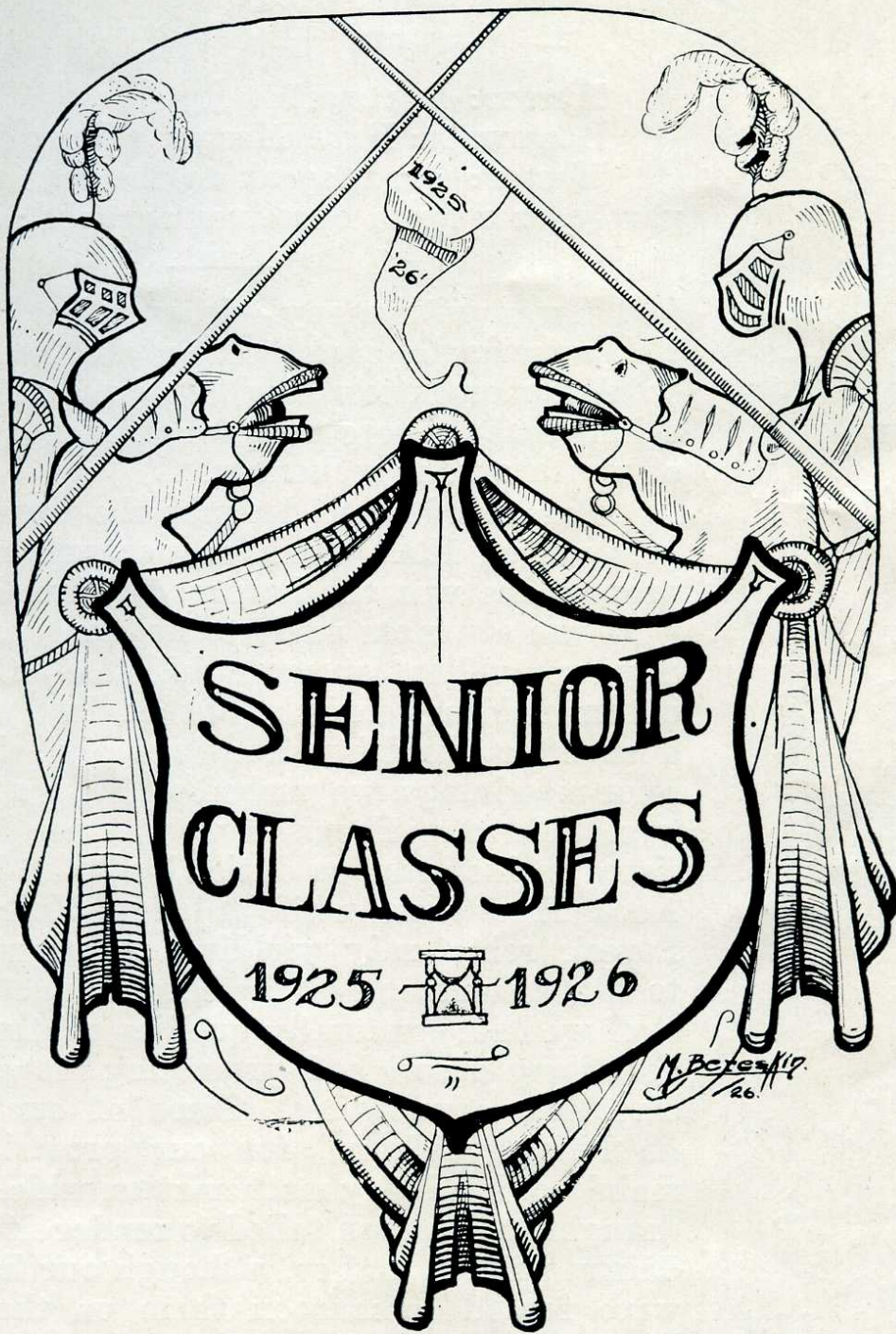
It is difficult to say in a few words what Mr. Campbell has done for St. John's. Under him the school grew from an enrolment of something like eighty to over one thousand, and made a record for efficiency that compares very favourably with that of any school in the country. But these outward evidences of success give little or no indication of the really great work accomplished by Mr. Campbell. He was the chief agent in creating the school spirit—that intangible thing which leaves its mark on every graduate, and without which no institution of learning can make a real contribution to the nation. He seemed always to have our motto in mind—"Nil nisi probum," and not only lived up to it himself but inspired all members of the staff and of the student body to do the same. His keen sense of right made him a terror to evildoers, while his love of hard work made him say with Shylock: "Drones hive not with me." On the other hand his appreciation and warm encouragement of real effort will be long remembered by the students of St. John's.

* * *

We feel justly proud of the past achievements of our school when, in competition with many students, the following won Grade XI. Matriculation scholarships:—

1911—Latin and Mathematics	Barbara Coates
English	Susie Starkey Kelsey
1913—Latin and Mathematics	Solomon Kobrinsky
French and German	Mary Abrahamson
1914—Latin and Mathematics	Ernest Kelsey; Harry Sapper
English	Ethel Beer
1915—Latin and Mathematics	Solomon Lipshitz
1917—Latin and Mathematics	Eva Alice Cross; Mollie Weinberg
French and German	Maurice Berstein
Greek	Frank Walkin
1918—Latin and Mathematics	Ralph George Archibald; Sam Booke
1919—Greek	Fred Kahanovitch
1920—English	Helen Horton
French and German	Edythe Chercover
1921—Harry Atrubin, Edward Walter Samson, Emily Strindlund Chemistry Society Scholarship	Edward Walter Samson
1922—Elva Irene Hudson, Gordon Pall Chemistry Society Scholarship	Gordon Pall
1923—First Scholarships	Marvin Arenowsky
Second Scholarships	David McIntosh Turnbull; Edwin James Wiley, Elizabeth Rodin
1924—First Scholarships	Peter Zamphir; Sam Freedman
Second Scholarships	Miriam Gussin; Ella Wheeler Slater; Edward Toporeck
1925—First Scholarships	Irving Levi; Vera Lesik; Edmund Wilder
Second Scholarships	Willie Gruber; Barnet Lewis; Sybil Frances Shack; Max Hayman





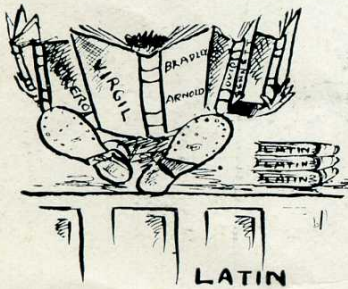


Master: Boatswain!

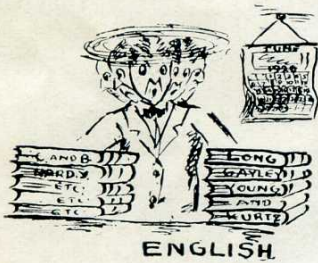
Boatswain: Here, Master. What cheer?

Master: Good, speak to the mariners, fall to't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir!

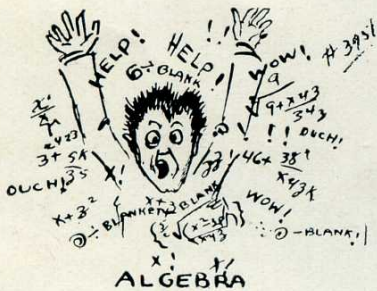
IMPRESSIONS



'Twas with many mishaps that the good ship 12A was finally launched on the Sea of Learning on that momentous day, September 2nd; for some, a long-looked-for event, for others, a dreaded day of wrath and of reckoning.



Our task it is to describe the voyage of the largest vessel, 12A, which on account of its gigantic proportions was the hardest to launch. Herculean were the attempts made to fit her out, (witness Mr. Snyder's valiant struggle with the School Board to obtain folding chairs), but at last, after tremendous efforts, mighty heavings and shoutings, and some misgivings, we pushed off, with a crew of sixty-two. Malcolm Thomson was at the helm, ably assisted in his arduous duties by Erica Flathman and Nora Maunders, while Gladys Muir and Walter Popiel, reluctantly yielding to persuasion, undertook the command of the ship's athletes. A goodly staff we had, constantly quelling mutinous murmurs, chastising the wicked, promoting the good, ordering, directing, counselling. Some of our brethren are no longer with us, for our provisions consisted mainly of hard, dry mathematics, which even copious draughts of English failed to render fit food for their dainty palates, and so, although our hearts bled, we were forced to maroon them on that desert isle, Room 39.



And we, the hardier souls who were left on board have but little cause for complaint. We have become somewhat accustomed to the rigorous life, and have learned to emerge with equanimity both from blustering little squalls and mighty tempests, which terrify the hearts even of the bravest of the brave. Yet, the weather is on the whole very agreeable, and many of us will retain memories of intimate little chats and refreshing naps taken under cover of some learned volume.





Nevertheless, the voyage has by no means been uneventful. Foremost among a host of lesser events looms our glorious victory at River Park. Conspicuous among the gallant defenders were Mildred Burt, Walter Popiel and Donald Thomson, well supported by the other members of Room 40, in their trim, white, seamanlike caps.

Perhaps some will also consider as eventful the day when Mr. Reeve took forty-five minutes to explain to us that ignorance is not always attended by bliss. Had we not already been convinced of the unreliability of this adage in October, when the Good Ship struck the reefs and shoals of exams, and when the crew sustained such shocks and injuries? Ye gods, what blank minds, blank faces, blank sheets of foolscap! How dark those days were, with the breakers roaring madly about us, the sky overcast, and on the horizon, supervisor, dreaddest of rocks, frowning blackly at us through the gloom! Twice since, in December and in March, has the same catastrophe overtaken us. Courage, brethren; 'tis all past, and again we have:

“A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast.”

How often, when in peril, have we had occasion to be thankful for the thorough training we had received! Courageous and resourceful we are, but without knowledge we would have been lost. “Tho’ the event was dire,” to a certain extent, and although some members of the crew have proved to be bad sailors and invariably fall ill the day before exams, and even though sometimes what appears a mariner’s compass turns out to be a compact, 12A can laud itself on having a fine crew—one, we trust, which will reach port safely in June. Pleasant as the voyage has been, and profitable beyond our fondest hopes, still sometimes, especially in spring, there comes a longing to be on land again, and to feel the good solid earth beneath our feet.



TWELVE B

Class Teacher—MISS HEWTON

President—KATHLEEN ROGERS

Secretary—NELLIE MEDEL

Vice-President—CATHLEEN HENDERSON

Sports' Captain—LILLIAN PATTERSON

THE "B's"

September third dawned bright and fair
Year nineteen twenty-five.

It was not long till Grade XII. B's,
Were buzzing round their hive.

On Field Day we entered seven
And amid the surging fray
We all were there to holler,
"St. John's comes first. Hurray!"

The basketball team consists of five,
And thirty-nine sends three,
We sometimes lose, but what of that?
We're winners, too, you see.

On Carnival night our relay team
Carried off a ribbon of blue,
A prize also for the "Four-forty dash"
And for graceful skating too.

The chorus is flattered since it has
Ten singers from thirty-nine,
The orchestra boasts of having one
Now aren't we doing fine?

Just look to your laurels ye orators,
For have we not sent two
Who can speak and win? (We always talk,
So this is nothing new).



Tho' we don't excel in homework,
 We're forty-nine human maids.
 With this we close our history,
 With hopes that we've made the grades.

* * *

HERE WE ARE

- | | | | | |
|--------------|--------------|--------------|----------------|---------------|
| N. Greenberg | E. Bradley | L. Toitz | D. Briggs | T. Dalstrom |
| F. Lieberman | E. Campbell | S. Rosen | R. McNiell | E. Voth |
| S. Safianiuk | L. Shafer | K. Rogers | B. Kosasky | M. Bachewich |
| N. Medel | B. Feltham | D. Manahan | M. Prygrocki | M. Homen |
| R. Klien | C. Henderson | K. Moreland | S. Gorovitz | H. Drawson |
| S. Lewis | C. Koganow | V. Mitkovsky | M. Fingerote | J. Markiewicz |
| E. Young | E. Krolick | A. McKay | L. Patterson | F. Markiewicz |
| E. Kennedy | E. Goldstein | M. McPherson | E. Stephenson | E. Peterson |
| A. Surkis | S. Israels | J. Robertson | G. Anderson | G. Baird |
| M. Berry | K. Taplisky | E. Cohen | G. Selden | S. Spitzer |
| C. Lucow | E. Lucow | S. Donopol | E. Majchrowicz | |

$$0 + 0 = 0_2$$

Mr. Patterson: "Now class, learn this. It's sure to be on the June exam.

Mr. Phillips has left. Alas! We hope not because of competition from budding artists in XII.B.

Miss Hewton (to History Class): "See Green."

An enjoyable Hallowe'en party was held at the home of Grace Baird, 124 Talbot avenue, Friday evening. The party was given by the girls of grade 12, room 39, St. John's Technical school, who had prepared a programme of games, music and dancing.

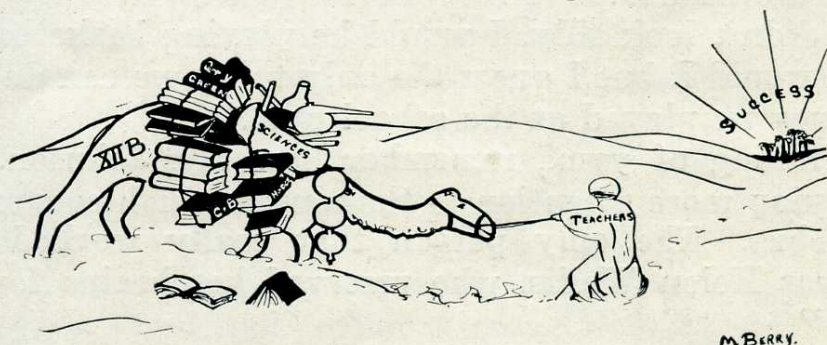
Field Day
 Entries from Room 39.

Bessie Feltham
 Mae Berry - Reta McNiell

Nellie Greenberg Lillian Patterson
 Edna Stephenson Dorothy Manahan

A WORD OF EXPLANATION

The "B" in Grade XII.B. does not mean that Room 39 is a second-rate class. It is merely a method of distinguishing the two Grade XII. classes.



M. BERRY.

* * *

Only a Dream

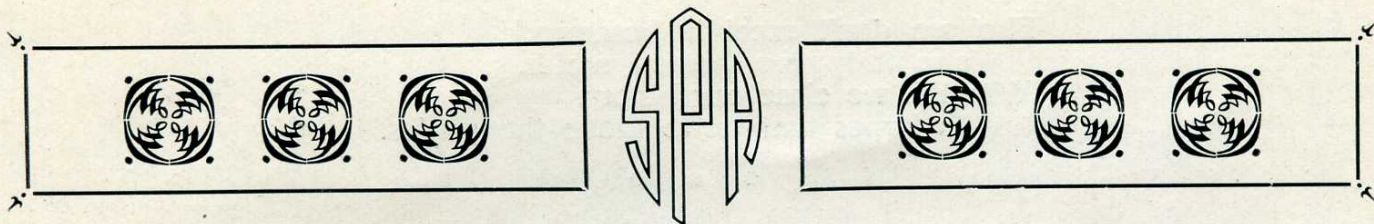
Miss S. (before Xmas exams.)—"Nina, have you begun to study yet?"

Nina—"Er, a, um, that is, no, not yet."

Miss S. (horrified)—"And do you expect to pass?"

Nina—"Don't you think I will?"

Miss S.—"Not till new-born chins be rough and razorable!"



“At the Sign of the Chafing Dish”

CAST

Hostess Pauline Jankiewicz
 Guest Nettie Kachman
 Guest Lillian Rusen
 Guest Eva Lang
 Guest Lillie Morrison

Place—Summer Resort, Lake Louise
 Time—1946

(Hostess with her guests, seated at a table, out of doors, having tea.)

Pauline: “Goodness, girls, do you realize that it’s twelve years since we were at St. John’s?”

Nettie: “Gee, that’s right too! The only thing that reminds us of St. John’s now, is the memories of the jolly good times we had there.”

Lillie: “Yes, when Pauline Jankiewicz lorded over us for three years as President.”

Lillian: “It seems but yesterday that Stepha Kepron was chosen as Miranda to play the heroine in that school’s annual Dramatics.”

Eva: “But don’t forget, Lillian, that this was not the only bit of acting the Senior Practical Arts girls did. Don’t you remember the time we put on ‘The Obstinate Family’ and how comical Lillian Nimrod looked in the part of the butler, with her long hair piled on top of her head, and how old Mary Rosdeba looked, with her hair all powdered up?”

Lillie: “Sure, an how proud we felt when we were asked to play it over again at a neighboring church.”

Pauline: “How about ‘Interviewing Servant Maids?’ That piece of acting sure made the audience roar.”

Nettie: “Wasn’t Miss Thompson a good sport to give her spare time to help us make the plays a success?”

Lillie: “She sure was.”

Lillian: (noticing some children playing basketball). “Hurrah, there goes the ball into the basket!”

Eva: “If it didn’t look silly, I would be playing basketball in a jiffy.”

Nettie: “So would I, but I guess the only thing we can do is to visualize the victorious games we played at the school gym.”

Pauline: “Talking of gym., remember how Mr. Johnson used to keep scolding us for paying more attention to the music, which came from the gym. than to our Algebra. The only person that really worked during those musical periods was Helen Wellis, who reserved her brains for Algebra and none for English.”

Lillie: “I think we all liked English, especially the auditorium periods, when we girls were able to compete in a class oratory contest for prizes.”

Nettie: “Well, Pauline, I see that you have not attained your ambition, but anyway you have made good use of the Practical Arts boast:

Good at dresses, good at hats,
 Good at balls, good at bats;
 Good at cakes, pies and tarts,
 For we’re the girls of Practical Arts.”



Pauline: (passing cake around).

Eva: (looking dubiously at the cake). "I'm afraid to eat this cake."

Pauline: "Afraid! Why?"

Eva: "I suppose you have forgotten the time Nettie brought a cake to one of our community lunches, and not only put into her cake two cups of salt, instead of confectionary sugar, but also burned her cake and covered the burnt part with icing sugar."

Nettie: "Oh, well, even if I did that, still I think we all enjoyed the community lunches very much and especially the entertainments after."

Lillian: "What entertainments?"

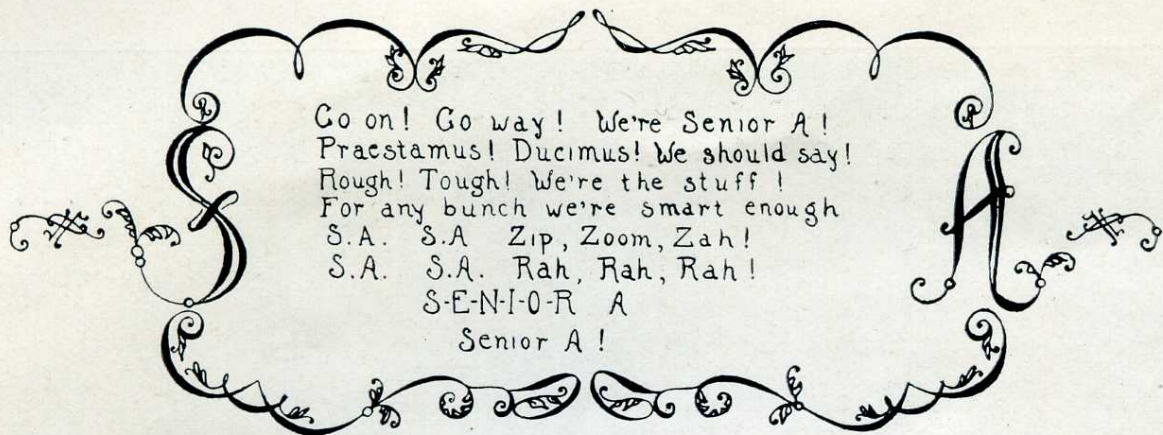
Lillie: Why, good gracious, Lillian, have you forgotten? The wedding ceremony when Pauline and Stepha Kepron were married and the next day divorced, with Marion Freedman as the prosecuting attorney; Eva Lang, judge; Nettie Kachman and Helen Wellis, witnesses; and Ida Hartog, defendant; the Biology Room serving as church and court house?"

Lillian: "Oh! Yes, I remember now. Those were the happy days of our lives."

Eva: "Yes, I should say they were, we not only had fun but also had hopes and ambitions and we certainly worked hard to attain them, at least some of us did."

Pauline: "Girls, for old times sake, let's repeat the chorus of our class song, with as much vigor and feeling as we did at St. John's."

All: Oh! we're the girls of S.P.A.
 As clever as we're neat;
 At pies and cakes we do excel,
 All others whom we meet.
 Some trouble with our work we have,
 But after all you see,
 Our dresses when they are complete
 Just fit us to a "t".



The last lingering echoes have died away from the old Senior A Classroom. Everything is silent except for the ticking of the wall clock. "Tickety-tock, tickety-tock," chuckled the old clock, for it was thinking of how it had made the moments drag on leaden feet to the special chagrin of weary "clock-watchers." With a chuckle the clock clasped its hands over its face and instantly the twelve o'clock chimes struck, awakening the spirits of the night.



"I'm the ghost of Julius Caesar," exclaimed a hollow, ghostly voice from amongst the dog-eared relics of past tortures. "Throughout the year I've haunted every Latin period. They say that I'm a lively corpse and it's no wonder, for how can I rest when my Commentaries are twisted out of all semblance to their proper form? However, on the plains of Phillippi—the final examinations—my spirit was revenged and now I can rest in peace."

"Rest in pieces, that's what I'm doing," interrupted the ghost of Euclid. "I've tried to instil into the minds of my students valuable lessons in 'Independent thinking.' Many of them achieved this to an amazing degree, while others failed hopelessly. Often the silence of the Geometry period was broken by Harry Stillman as he exclaimed, 'I have another, different proof for that deduction.' Immediately an avalanche of protests would break out from Maurice Kovensky, Nathan Miles, and all the other 'Geometry Sharks.' Then the old feud would break out anew while propositions and deductions flew like hailstones. My greatest abuse, however, was always the bang with which my venerable truths were effaced from the world when 'The class may go' was heard."

"You, abused! You, who were always trying to curtail the importance of History!" snapped the Syllabus. "Why, I gave them the power to look back into the past and see the empires of the mighty monarchs. As I gaze into the dim, 'Isolated' corner of the History room, I can see Alex. Levant, sitting where the 'talkative cease from troubling,' and Abie Bloom 'blooming like a modest 'violet.' I helped them study the advancement of the different centuries, stressing the dates. However, in spite of my work, I doubt whether these made as deep an impression as the date of their Hallowe'en party. Such a merry gathering of ghosts and spirits, and all the beauty and chivalry of ancient days depicted there: Florence Potter as an Arabian princess brought back the memory of the forgotten glory of Eastern Romance. The robes of the dusky gypsy maiden, Elsie Dubinsky, seemed to glow as with the radiance of the camp-fire, and awaken the feeling of the 'Wanderlust.' Our shepherdess, Louise Schneeberger, and little 'Bo-Peep,' Lydia Flathman, brought back the spirit of the hills so well that everybody wondered where the sheep were, but alas, 'They couldn't tell where to find them'."



All these gay and beautiful spirits were kept well within bounds by Fred Paluk, a stern Russian Cossack. None of the spirits, however, could surpass the "Unknown Princess." Just imagine the shock all the knights, who so ardently flocked to her side, received when unmasking time came and they found their princess not a "Rachel" but a "Jacob" Lander! But among the shades of ancient chivalry, stalked the spirit of the modern world—for Goldie Lucow as a "sleek haired" sheik of 1927 captured the winning glances of the ladies.

But one look into the various fields of S.A.'s activities will show that you have a great deal to record yet. Two of the "rising" skating stars will be Helen Hilton and Gladys Flatman, who have struggled hard all winter to acquire speed and gracefulness. Out on the race track fleet-footed Time itself was almost outrun by sprinters such as Morris Pierce, Louis Goldstein and Harry Senensky. They say too, that "new brooms sweep clean," and a number of S.A.'s proved that adage, for such players as Ada Billinkoff and Marion Romanch upheld the class honor wherever they went, and Mr. Gardner's team with Marion Erb and Marion Smith swept everything before them. As soon as the bright spring days returned, the "tennis bugs" became exceedingly voracious after their long winter's rest. Urged on by the sting and bite of these powerful little "beasts," Marion Romanch and Marion Erb succeeded in winning their way into the finals of the tournament.

"Why boast so much of your achievements?" exclaimed the ghost of Shakespeare. "What upholds the traditions of St. John's Technical more than my classical plays, and who could outdo Abie Mass as 'Prospero,' or outshine Nettie Romanch as 'bountiful Ceres' with Sara Halparin and Marion Smith numbering amongst the many harvesters and nymphs.

"When your teeth begin to chatter, and your hands begin to shake,
When your knees turn into castenets, and your spine begins to quake,
It's not a case of palsy you are called upon to fight;

Blind staggers is the proper name, or what you call 'stage fright' "
recited a tattered specimen of a once great oration. "Such is always the feel-

ing of rising orators and public speakers on their first appearance on the platform. Among those who successfully combatted this feeling and succeeded in keeping their hearts out of their boots, where they are usually found on such occasions, were Tom Osovsky, Ben Steindel, and Harry Bricker. So well did they succeed that they brought renown to their 'home' class in the Oration Contest.



The Teaches: Ride 'em S.A. !

“Why muse over the past when the future holds so much?” exclaimed the forgotten “spirit” of Chemistry. “I see a crowded concert hall and a vast audience swayed by Dorothy Stambler, now a great pianist. In the field of Art, Flora Aitken and Ida Kowalson will achieve fame for their Madonnas, and Clara Wonacot for her beautiful landscapes. In another channel I perceive Ben Lepkin, once the class cynic, now the editor of an important journal. Ben Romalis and Manuel Steiman, grey haired geometry instructors, strike terror into the hearts of all those who cannot appreciate their lessons in “Independent thinking.” As a zealous French tutor, Louis Shepshelevitz will win a reputation, while two canny Scotchmen, Charles Mac-

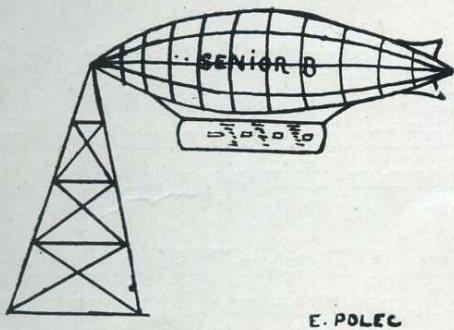
Pherson, a grey headed astronomer, and George MacDonnell, an eager scientist, toil day and night beneath the shadow of the Sphinx to solve the riddle of Life. For laboring among the monuments of Roman and Greek Literature, revealing to the world beauties hitherto unappreciated in Virgil and Homer, Isadore Matas and Vladimir Moroz stand supreme. They first achieved distinction by their enthusiasm for memorizing Ovid, but now their fame has spread abroad as authorities on Roman and Greek poetry. Thus at the four corners of the earth the S.A.'s will find lives of service, but whatever seas divide them, they will always be united by the memories of old S.A. and all the faces that once they knew.” So, overheated by the enthusiasm which had urged his soul to see into the future, the dignified muse of Chemistry went to pieces with a loud explosion.

The old clock took his hands from his face in surprise, and instantly the spell was broken. In a twinkling all the ethereal spirits and memories faded into oblivion, and silence reigned supreme.

In the annals of St. John's Tech, Marion Campbell will always be remembered for having suggested “The Torch” for the name of the Year Book. This S.A.'ist got the suggestion from Newbolt's “Torch of Life.”

This they all with a joyful mind,
Bear through life like a torch in flame
And falling fling to the host behind,
“Play up! Play up! and play the game!”





Mr. Reeve's opening address ended, S.B.'s boarded their ship "Senior B," for an adventurous flight into the land of "Puzzling Knowledge." "All aboard," calls the Pilot, Mr. A. W. Muldrew, our prominent mathematician at St. John's. "Let's be on our way to this land of knowledge; I hope it will be a prosperous as well as a pleasant trip."

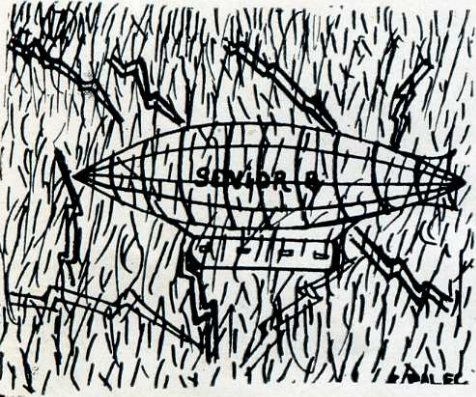
Junior Beley, president of "Senior B," was already on the job, "taking our bearings." Israel Cooperband was seating the passengers. George Morrow, the secretary, was helping the Pilot to set the course towards the algebraic domain. Joe Bermack was trying to do "his bit" by looking out the window, to spy athletic possibilities.

In the engine room, chief engineer Teddy Kamienski and his assistant, Edward Polec were working over the plans of the eighty horse power engines with the object of making a record trip. Joe Abramson and Ben Sutherland were winding some coils of the knowledge dynamos while Frank Nishimura and Sam Levin kept winding the wire from a big spool.

In one corner of the cabin room, Israel Wolinsky was demonstrating his powers as a political orator to the small group of listeners, namely, Rupert Chataway, Charlie Klein, Jack Grisdale and Adolph Kostyra. At the notice board Max Wasserman was drawing cartoons of Frenchmen, giving lessons to Sam Denaburg, Buster Diner, George Pollick, Norman Piggot and William Conley. Philip Dozor and Harry Shtatman were at the radio corner with the earphones clapped over their heads. They were announcing that best regards

were sent to Jim McKenzie, Nicholas Bornoff and Isaac Krolik from Miss Horner and Mr. Durnin.

To liven the time, Mr. Muldrew began to show David Solotrow how to do an algebra question when Melville Lewis raised his hand and said, "Would $x^2+y^2=25$ be the same as $x^2+y^2=26$?" Max Nusgart retorted, "Of course not." A general discussion then took place, which was soon stopped by Mr. Muldrew asking for silence.



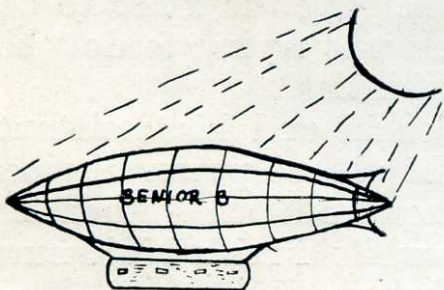
Through fair weather or foul, the "Senior B" held together. Many important events happened on board. Howard Thomson was elected for the ship's council. Bill Shore and David Solotrow were our representatives for the cabin orchestra. The choir was composed of Isaac Fingard, Willie Smerechanski, Teddy Kamienski, and Edward Polec.

In sailing through the Latin quarters during October, the students of "Senior B" received a shock resulting from a short circuit in that field. Some of the victims were Sidney Moscovitch, Raphael Lazareck, Peter Dudar, Joe Gorenstein, David Taslitsky and Walter Maychrowicz. These, however, recovered some of their equilibrium at Christmas.

As the trip progressed, many things happened on board. Isaac Krolik became famous after he succeeded in throwing his heavy Latin Grammar text-book to the peak of the highest mountain along the way. The daring Joe Bermack and Jack Grisdale attempted to run a 220 yard dash on the surface of the "Senior B." At the dance on board, at the term closing 1925, the students of the "Senior B" were well represented by the aspirants to the art of tripping the light fantastic toe, or in modern language, "The shakers of a mean hip."

Persons of interest, were such as Ernest George Beley, "Jr." "Junior" Beley, the only son of his father, who was not only noted for his ability to have a good time, but for his bewailing the absence of ladies. To comfort himself, he would sometimes be found sitting in a corner thinking of "Those moments!"

Not far behind in popularity comes our next hero, "Buster" Diner, called sometimes by the fair admirers, "The little boy." It may be well to acquaint our readers with the fact that "Buster" weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds, while he is only about sixty-five inches tall.



At last, homeward bound turns the "Senior B," ready for the last lap. We have now come to the period in the history of the world where peace reigns supreme, even in old "33." As we look back in the annals of history, we see written the name of many who toiled with us in the almost killing periods of Latin.

Not that the teachers were so cruel! But why didn't Caesar take his language with him when we went. We can still carry with us, however, the words of Caesar's tongue, and the motto of our school, "Nil Nisi Probum."

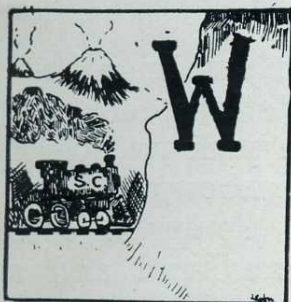
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A pupil's knowledge varies inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher.



OOT! TOOT! Here comes S.C. of St. J.T.H.S., the fastest outfit on the line. Conductor Miss E. McCord has charge of the home section (Room 34), and also control of the French gear. The Brakemen, John Adelman (President), Eleanor Peterson (Vice-President), Charles Jacksh (Secretary), Abie Lack and Cecelia Toitz (Sports Captains), help regulate our speed.

Well, as has been said, S.C. is on the line. We are in the home district and Conductor Miss E. McCord is making a valiant effort to transform us into Frenchmen, while in this district Louise, Ateah and Agnes Fenwick, who are not interested in French, get a chance to discuss the latest gossip. In this district, as well, Natalia Sikevich is at her best. In most exams she gets ninety-six out of a hundred and wonders where the other four marks went. Polly Shapiro is her lieutenant and comes a close second. Harold Manahan and Melville Rourke are also French locomotives (?) They make forty-eight marks out of a hundred and wonder where forty-six of them come from.



ELL, we are approaching a crossing and must change and board a new car, but 'tis still an S.C. car. As we approach it we see it is marked "Handle with care." Oh, yes! Mr. Muldrew is conductor here, he operates the mathematics clutch. Ah! here is where there are many experts, among the most notable of which are Louis Ashkenazy, J. Donin, Archie Cramer, Charlie Klurfine, Irwin Shankman, Clara Chechik, Ethel Resnick, and Cecilia Toitz. Here is a sample of the lingo in this section:



Mr. Muldrew: "Now are you all sure you understand? Any question?"

Chas. Klurfine: "But, by book eight, prop. two"

Archie Cramer: "But supposing"

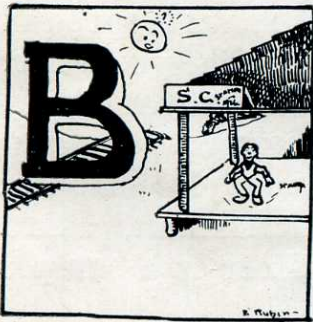
Clara Chechik: "I don't see how—if introduction ten says"

Cecilia Toitz: "I don't too"

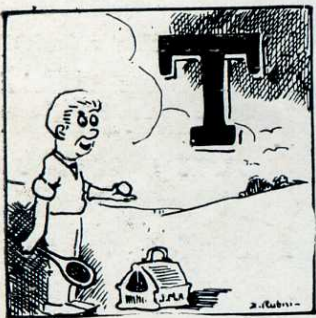
Jack Donin: "Oh yes, I understand now!"

Another crossing—and Conductor Muldrew is replaced by Conductor Miss Hewton. Conductor Hewton throws open the history throttle, and we're off. Jack Donin, Natalia Sikevich, Percy Heirshberg and Ruby Craman excel in this district. But another station is approaching. A portion of our train chugs into the Latin Depot in which Kasmir Malenski is the big man, while the other portion is joined up by another train (S.H.) and over the whole Conductor Mr. Patterson assumes command. While in this district we find that Chas. Klurfine, Archie Cramer, Natalia Sikevich and Ethel Resnick are of most importance. We unhook with S.H. and join up with the old portion as usual, in the middle of an experiment. Again, as one train, we chug into Port Physics where Conductor Mr. D. Allison expounds to us.

We leave Port Physics and approach Fort English under the conductorship of Miss Cumming. It is here discovered that John Adelman is a fine example for a class president and that Morris Haikin is a silly ass. Miss Cumming also assures us that if Irvin Shankman, John Adelman, Morris Faintuck and Morris Goldin were to leave school, she would be in ecstasies and Morris Haikin replies with a characteristic, "Yiss, Miss Cumming."



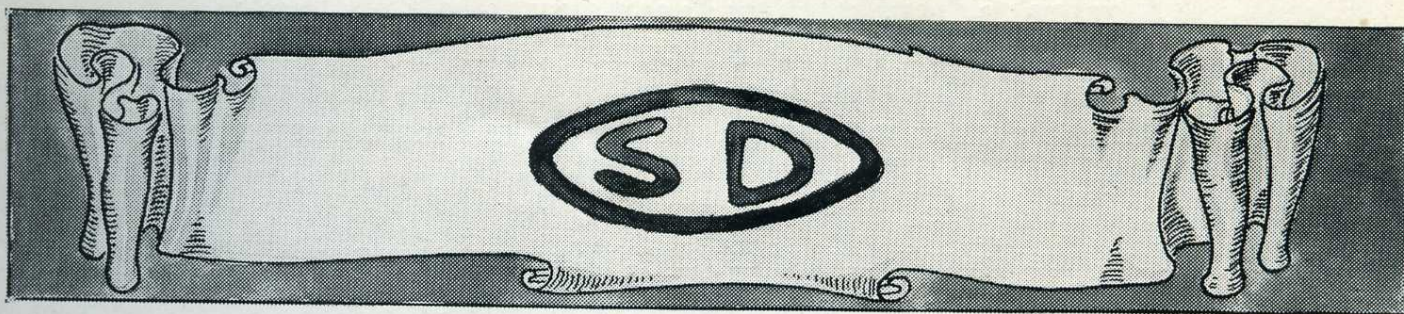
UT now our train swings in another direction; we have been running only through a series of lesson stations but now a change takes place. Just as we begin to pick up speed, Jack Shapiro, Margaret Fultz, Morris Turbowsky, and Irvin Shankman board the train. Paul Toubman also gets aboard with a large Cello-Case in one hand and a Latin Grammar in the other.



HE next stop is Sportsville. You may be surprised that we stop here, for, in hearing of our scholastic accomplishments you may have acquired the idea that we are uninterested in athletics, but no! For without a doubt we are a first class aggregation of athletes. The first indications of this occurred on Field Day. Here Archie Brotman, Jack Price, Abie Lack and M. Goldin were our stars. In the Inter-class football, although we did not win out, we had a first-rate team, composed of: Charles Jacksh, Abie Lack, Mike

Solasz, John Adelman, Alex Snukel, Fingerote, Jefferies, Morris Goldin, Archie Brotman, Irvin Shankman, Shurgot. In basketball our intermediates lost out by one game. The players were: Abie Lack, Charles Jacksh, John Adelman, Conrad Konarski, Morris Goldin. In junior basketball we captured the 1st Division, Fingerote, Shankman, Miller, Brotman, and Frank Smith comprising the team. In the ice carnival we also made a splendid showing, Morris Faintuck and Morris Goldin winning out in the Graceful Skating. In the 440 yards Faintuck took first place. In the relay we took second place, Morris Goldin and Faintuck being stars.

And now, the home station approaches, and with a final toot-toot, our train, after an exhausting journey, chugs into Port June.



The eventful year of 1925-26 has ended. A good old year it was in which, needless to say, the principle involved in "all work and no joy makes Jack a dull boy" was admirably carried out by the inmates of Room 26.

Our first social event, held at the home of Bella Ganetsky, turned out to be a great success. This snappy affair was our "Hallowe'en" party. When S.D. contributed a fair sprinkling of its members to the support of the school dance, standing true to its motto, "Toujours Pret," it was seen that they were not untalented in the graceful art of Terpsichore. Further proof of this was evinced when Molly Chechik, Eva Blankstein and Dora Steiman tripped daintily across the stage in "The Tempest." Oh! yes, S.D. can dance.

Due honor must be meted out to Dorothy Soronow who came into the semi-finals of the Public Speaking Contest, thus, upholding our conversational powers. It seems odd that only one of our gang entered this contest, but this may be due to the fact that professionals were barred.

Among the brilliant achievements of our class is the election of one of our members to the School Council, namely, Eva Blankstein.

WITH OUR POETS

Half a yard, half a yard, half a yard onward,
 Into the printing room marched the six wonders.
 Theirs not to make reply, theirs but to do or die,
 Into the printing room marched the six wonders.



Algebra in front of them; geometry to left of them,
 "Factor!" to right of them, and "solve" by the hundred.
 When will this stuff be done? When can we have some fun?
 All the sharks wondered. Oh! hard are mathematics here,
 Noble six wonders.

* * *

Lectures! Lectures! everyday, for everything we do or say,
 We do something—it's sure to be wrong,
 We don't do it—the same old song.
 We never know what to do or say; for if we do its wrong anyway.
 Please give us a hint how to please our teachers
 That they may not all turn into preachers.

* * *

The proverbial moon would turn blue,
 If Mr. Wherrett gave no homework to do,
 If Mr. Ridd took a drastic measure,
 If Miss Haffner would teach at leisure.
 If Mr. Patterson collected the copies,
 If Mr. Gardner took a trip to the Rockies.
 If Miss Turner would sometimes get cross.
 If none of the teachers regretted our loss.

* * *

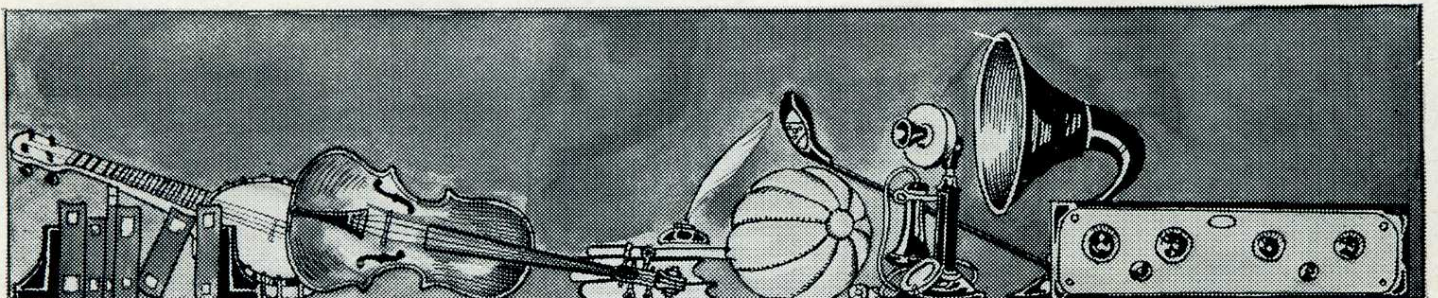
This Year Book's a great invention,
 The School gets all the fame,
 The printers get all the money
 And we get all the blame.

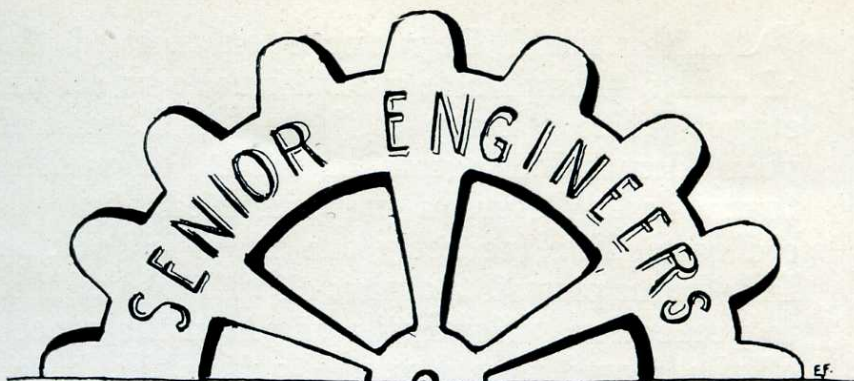
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LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE

What a small world this seems, when we meet our old school fellows again! While a Beaman and Cohen truck whizzed past me one day, I stopped to speak to a small bustling lady tripping along with two little tots at her side—Doris Taylor it used to be. Yesterday I beheld Miss Levin in her small coupe on her way to the joint recital given by Messrs. McLean and Bach. There we met Miss L. Moore who informed me of several old class-mates. From this inexhaustible source I learned that Sam Uster had actually reformed and become a truant officer. Miss J. Swan was teaching Algebra to the new S.D. I simply must go and hear Dorothy Soronow campaigning for Eva Blankstein. Next Sabbath I shall hear Rev. Dr. Erlich, when, as usual, his eloquence will thrill me, I am sure! Imagine! Our S.D. has made an epoch in the History of Canada.

Forget thee? No! Oh! worthy class,
 Forget blithe mirth and gallant cheer?
 Death stretch me sooner on my bier.
 Forget thee? No!





September three, nineteen twenty-five, remains a red-letter day for the Senior Engineers of that year. On that day we once more assembled, this time as Seniors, and raised our standard in Room Thirty-Six. We found our new class teacher to be Mr. G. E. Snider of the English Department. Several vacancies in our ranks were noticed, telling the sad story of fallen comrades. These gaps were rapidly filled with new faces until our number became forty. Several of our worthy comrades put in a late appearance after winning fame and fortune as surveyors and harvesters on the Western Plains.

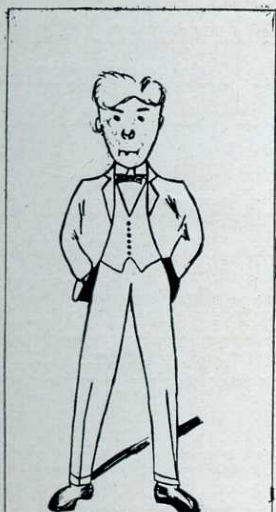
Finally all entered into the serious spirit becoming to Seniors. "Sandy" McKenzie was elected President, Raymond Dunwell was honoured with the Vice-Presidency, while John Creighton assumed the duties of Secretary-Treasurer. Dan Krendel was elected Sports' Captain.

The first matter of importance was the choosing of the Shop Option. Many future electrical magnates entered into an atmosphere congenial to them. Some doubtless yearning to have "muscles like iron bands" took up the honorable art of Metal Work. Others, ambitious to work in wood, placed themselves under Mr. Baskerville's care.

Field day was rapidly drawing near and Senior E prepared to enter the combat. We were fairly confident of a few successes, as Slav Rebechuk and several other well known athletes were with us. At last the great day dawned and Room Thirty-Six entries covered themselves with glory. Our relay team won first place after a hard tussle, but the other competitors were not so successful.

All this time Dan Krendel had been agitating for a class button. He submitted several designs, one of which was selected and despatched to the jewelers. After a long wait our buttons finally arrived. S.E. was the first class to flaunt a class button.

Then a bombshell exploded—St. John's Tech was to have a school council. Immediately a frenzied campaign began in Room thirty-six. Due to the work of his able managers, Dan Krendel carried the field in the room elections and then Thirty-Six began a terrific campaign. Dan's merits were extolled by posters and comrades throughout the school. Thus, S.E.'s choice became one of the new councillors.



Bill Stark, Prevendo who is plotting our gang of horsehide Sammers (ball club) this season



For the benefit of one member of our staff here is Tom Lowe, "Grown and Sensible"

Whyte 526



Bill Gopelle our local grappler

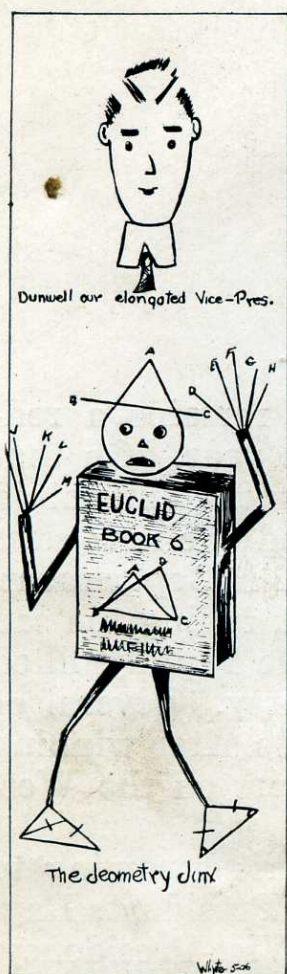


Jack Peterkin the dynamic orator



Phil Donald wonders why A=1

Whyte 526



After Field Day our room settled down to a period of study, though a few of the fellows set out to conquer the stage. The "Tempest," the Shakespearean play for the year, demanded actors of merit, of which S.E. had not a few. Jack Peterkin was selected for "Gonzalo," a wise old councillor (secretly the stage is Jack's ambition). Louis Freedman played the part of "Stephano," a drunken butler, to perfection. "Sandy" was given the place of "Boatswain" of the storm tossed vessel, while the hero, "Prince Ferdinand," was ably represented by Jack Abra, the master sheik. Lastly Dick Jex took the part of "Francisco," and looked very feminine in his costume. With the assistance of Miss Turner, Mr. Snider, our class teacher, directed the play.

Members of Senior E succeeded in working off some of their surplus energy gathered while studying, on the football field. Several of the fellows were on school track and football teams. When the time approached S.E. entered two good basketball teams in the school series. S.E. also entered a hockey team in the inter-room series.

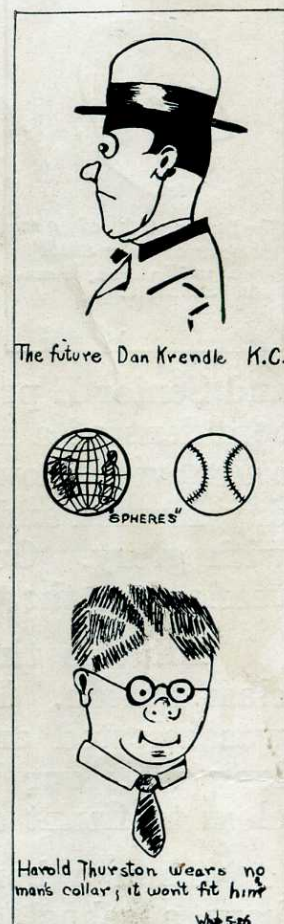
When it was announced that an Oratory contest was to be held, five contestants immediately entered from S.E. Of these five contestants, four made the semi-finals and two, namely "Sandy" and Jack Peterkin made the finals. Jack

sustained the honor of the class by attaining second place, (more of Jack's stage stuff!).

This history would be imperfect indeed if it did not mention the names of Raphael Sundt and Harold Thurston (alias Fat). These two have held first and second places respectively ever since the beginning of the term. Raphael also held first place throughout grade ten. So, when we go our various ways, we feel confident that these two boys will continue to bring honor to Senior E and to St. John's.

Besides all this brain and brawn work S.E. got into enough "scrapes" to last Room Thirty-six for the next three years. Not a few black-boards, desks, doors, heads, and hearts, (mostly mothers') were broken. When the Chemistry teacher is away (with no sub) the Chemistry students will play. With one or two casually leaning on the door posts, the rest would loose unearthly smells, fumes, and gases, with the aid of Hydrogen, Sulphur, and a few other mysterious chemicals.

When all is said and done (and the exams passed!) it will be a pleasure to look back to school days in St. John's, to recall past incidents and the fellowship of Senior E in 1925-26, and perhaps to repeat the yells that were heard so often at games and at Field Days.

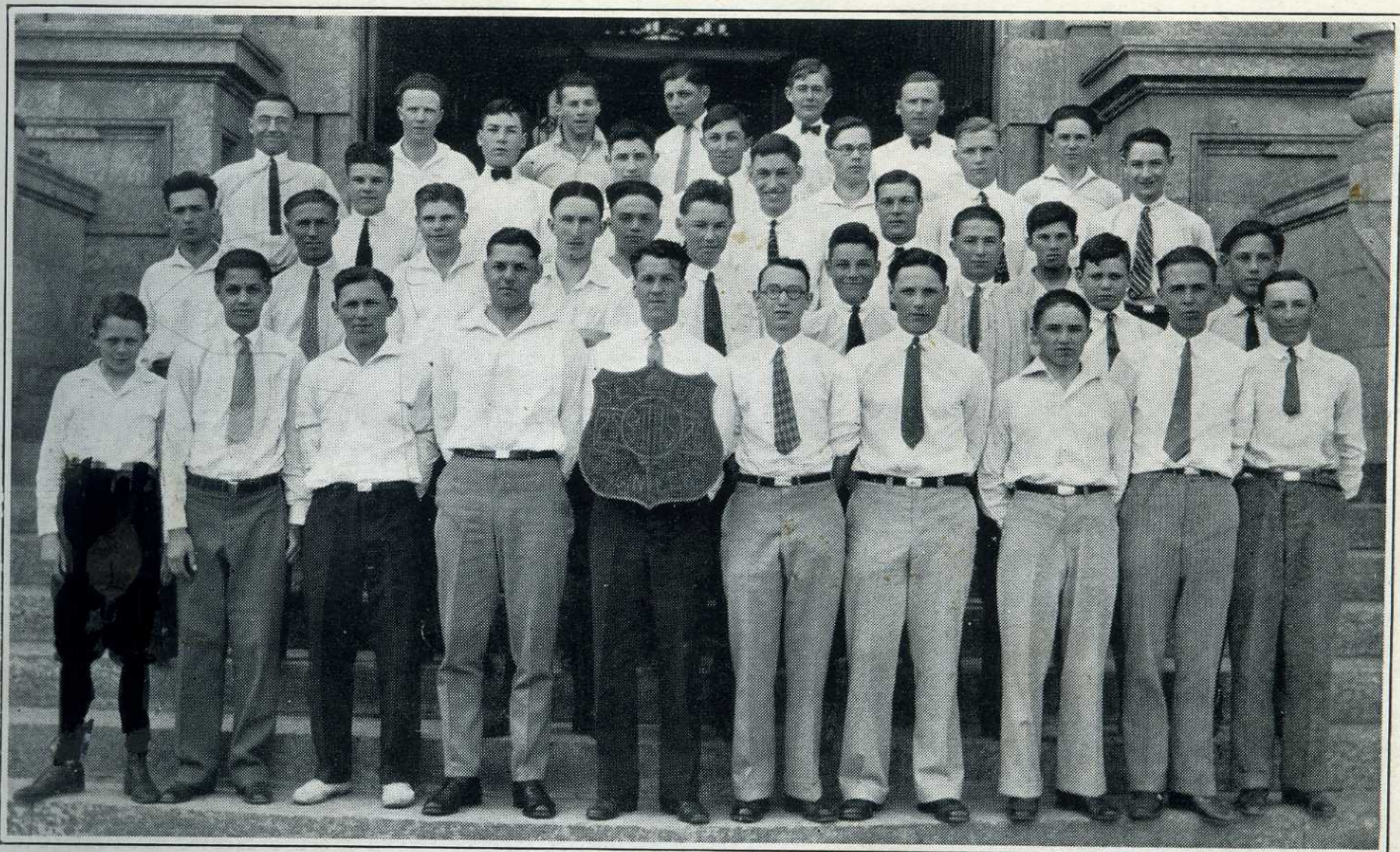


* * *

A Shakespearean Period (Revised Edition)

Mr. S.—"You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things."

Pupil—"Bid every noise be still. Peace, Ho! he speaks."



SENIOR ENGINEERS

* * *

Locate and Explain:

1. "Professor Harvey says."
2. "Now, you gasometers, stop gassing."
3. "How many couldn't or wouldn't do their Algebra?"
4. "Will you put your pencils down!"
5. "Put your tape lines 'round your neck, girls."
6. "Faites attention!"
7. "Two and three-eighths minutes late again, class!"

* * *

What is the World Coming to, Anyway

Our class baby, Sara Lerner, was offered white street car tickets and Miss M. Cumming was offered green.

* * *

Student—"Mr. Allisen, is that snow?"

Mr. Al—"No, that's angels' dandruff."

* * *

"Boy—"Oh, an idea has come into my head!"

Companion—"Treat it kindly, it's all alone in a strange place."

* * *

During a botany lesson Dr. T. asked—"When do the leaves begin to turn?"

Bright Pupil—"The night before exams."

* * *

Tenbrooke—"Mr. A., has a rabbit long ears?"

Mr. A.—Ye-es! So has a jawk-ass!"

* * *

Ben Lepkin—"I want the Life of Julius Caesar."

Librarian—"Sorry, but Brutus was ahead of you."



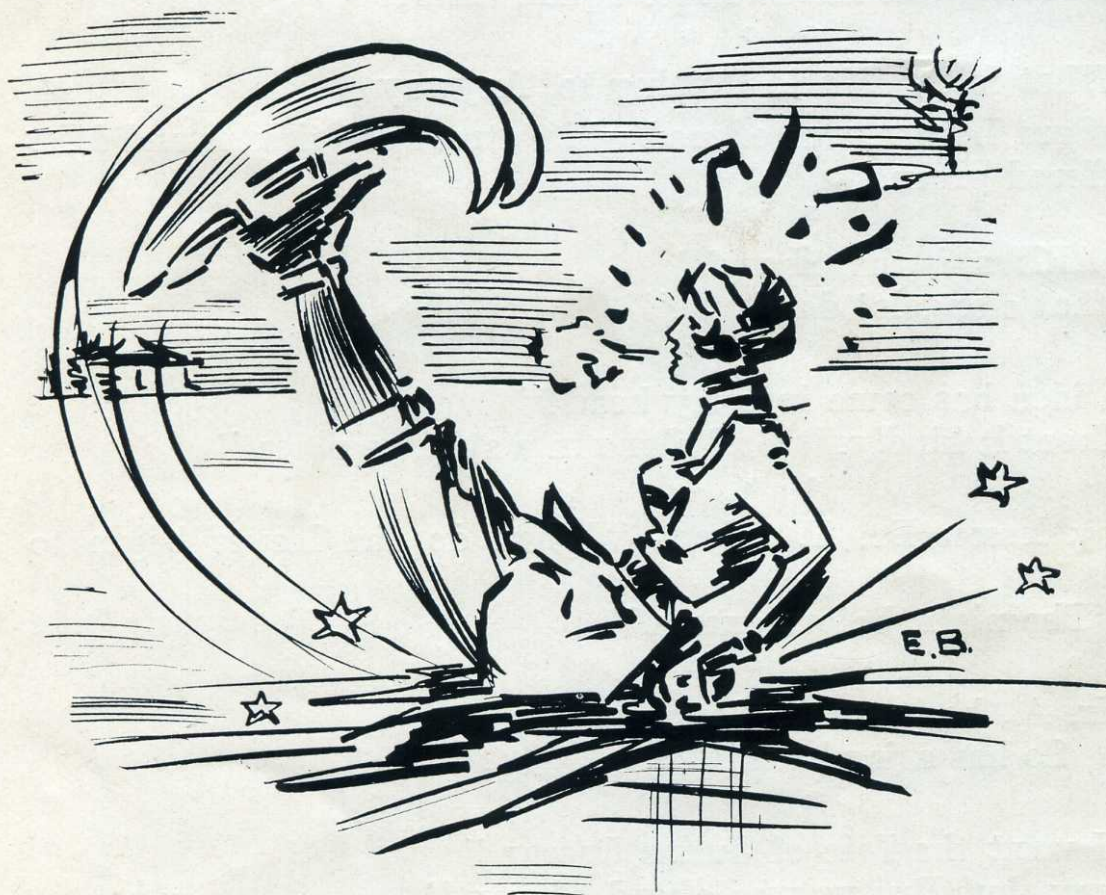
To form a true conception of so illustrious a class, one must have belonged to it, lived with it, realized its possibilities.

Last year under the title of J.C. we spent a profitable year busied with learning (in small quantities), sports and loads of fun. Our small quantities of learning stood us in good stead at the June exams. Our class passed as a whole and the majority with honors.

In sports we have had our share of success. Eunice Warren, Beatrice Manusow and Goldie Pullan took part in Field Day; Marjorie Watson is our one and only fanatical curler; skating has provided more than one of us with a splendid excuse for not spending extra hours after four; our gym periods have been wonderful hours of recreation and we can now march like trained soldiers.

Due to the energy and unswerving loyalty of her advertisers, Doris Salton, our candidate, succeeded in winning a place on the School Council. So great an honor is only a fitting reward for her ability and enthusiasm.

When we moved to our present abode (the Chemistry Room) and when penetrating odors assailed our nostrils, we were in ghastly plight. However, with true adaptability





we have fitted ourselves into our surroundings and are now almost as much a part of them as the aforementioned odors.

At our Hallowe'en party we played the traditional games which set the house afire with peals of laughter. Then came the rhythmic enjoyment of the dance until everyone was completely tired out. Our banquet followed. A description of this would make you envious, so we, being kind-hearted, desist. On leaving, at the hour when spooks roam abroad through the gloomy streets, we all agreed that the party had been a "knock out." This was due in a large measure to the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. Moyes, Adele's parents, who lent us their house as the scene of our revels.

Miss Goldie Pullan won the prize for the most original costume; Miss Rose Silbert captured the comic prize, not because she was comical—but because her costume was. And, talk of pretty costumes! The one Lily Galperin wore certainly deserved a prize and she got it.

Hail! Hail! the gang was all there!! Dr. Triggerson gave his class the finest type of entertainment on Friday, January 22nd, when the girls had the opportunity of seeing their teacher "off form." No dignity, no teaching—just a pleasant, homey evening. First of all we skated at the Argonauts' rink, then returned to Dr. Triggerson's home for "eats" and to "trip the light fantastic." A four piece orchestra of "syncopating serenaders" played for our "Charleston" and "Merry Widow Waltz" and Dr. Triggerson touched the keys for the "Rye Waltz." We ended the dandiest evening ever with "He's a jolly good fellow." He is that !!!

On February 6th the Walker theatre was made the scene of a greatly enjoyed party. Martin Harvey in the "Only Way" was the attraction. Thus do we conclude the unfinished history of S.F. The chapters yet to come will be written in future years. May they be chapters of which dear old "Tech" will be proud.





S.G. students toil not; neither do they spin; therefore, they must be lilies of the field. Some of them, however, bear more resemblance to the sturdy oak, than to the above mentioned fragrant flowers.

Perhaps the most important event in our History was our removal from room thirty-seven to room seventeen. At first we were inclined to feel resentful at this treatment, but, as we gradually became accustomed to the dinginess of seventeen, brightened as it was by flowers—genus unknown—we ceased to feel dissatisfied. In fact, we have become so attached to our room, that we are minded to write a parody for it, on, "My Country 'tis of Thee."

"My classroom 'tis of thee,
Dumb room called Senior G;
Of thee I sing.
I love thy electric rings,
Seats, desks, and other things;
My heart in rapture sings
When I see thee."

One cannot say too much in praise of our teacher, Miss Scholes. In view of the fact that the students often fail to co-operate with her, she is surprisingly patient. When she is saying, "Be good, sweet maids, and let who will be clever,"—figuratively speaking—she must often be tempted to use stronger language.

Our president made a conspicuous, if not graceful figure at the Carnival, in the costume he chose. In fact, it was very hard to distinguish him from his partner of the fairer sex.

Our vice-president, Florence Francis, was perhaps the most outstanding representative of S.G. at the Senior Tramp. As is her habit, she radiated



warmth, in her own particular way, and contributed some life to the party. We know of one member of room forty who could certify to that.

The work of the Choral Society throughout the winter would be obviously less successful, if it were not for the helpful assistance of four members of S.G., namely, Esther Hiebert, Alice Coulter, Eva McKay, and Alec Shandre.

The quality of the music that the Orchestra produces is undoubtedly much improved by the presence of our members, Miller Brown and Isaac Raitt.



Miller Brown, our president, plays the sax,
He's wise as Solomon, and smooth as wax.
Susceptible Isaac gains share in our praise
Through his work as a violinist and in
many other ways.

Esther Hiebert, demure but wise,
Makes an ideal secretary in our eyes.

Alec Nitchuk, the perfect sheik,
Reigns supreme as a basketball freak.

We've offered our friendship to poor lone-
some Don,

But he rejects it all with a martyr-like
frown.

Our "flaming youth" is quite a freak,
We call her "Red" 'cause she's anything
but meek.

Busy, bubbling, Barney Brookler
Bubbles all day long,
He's under the delusion
That life is one sweet song.

Nathan Arkin, on his return to school,
Proved himself other than a worthless
tool;

He aired his views as an expert on grain,
And talked like a sage about the rain.

Alec Shandre makes many wise cracks,
He's the joke of the room, but in work—
he's lax.

Ida Roy is our geometry shark,
But she's all there when it comes to a lark.
Poor Eric shields must not be left in the
cold,

He leads the life of a dog, when wife takes
the strangle hold.

Four-fisted Paul Kimak is a wise old bean,
In a hold-up, at least, his brains are keen.

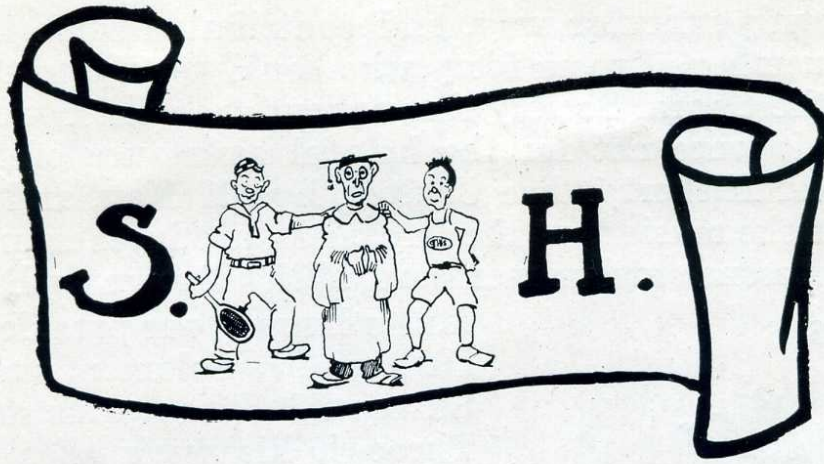
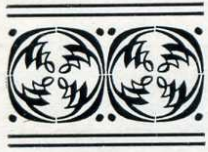
Shy Mary Newfeld and frank Esther, dis-
tinction will gain

Through the retention of the long, curly
mane.

If Maurice Merkle got a dollar
Every time he took the air,
We should soon be safe in calling
Him a kicked-out millionaire.

Now last, but not least, comes good-
natured Gus Rivers,
His speed in hockey gives us the shivers.





It was a bright September morning in 1924, that found the dignified Senior H of to-day registered as J.G., occupying Room 34. Our innocent pranks kept many teachers from pounding words of knowledge into "dumb-headed" pupils. But we were not idle and had our representatives in all school activities.

The trickling sands of time indicate that a year has elapsed since we were troublesome juniors. 1925 finds the Senior H's residing in the spacious Physics Room, the students, full of vim and vigor, determined to make good. It looked as if "Tech's" scholarship lads resided in the Physics Room, nor was "Tech" mistaken. The October and Christmas exams found so many "A" standings in S.H. that the results were not printed for fear of arousing jealousy among the other Senior classes. Wilfred Bychinsky showed real cleverness in coming first both times. He looks like a real scholarship lad. In the line of sport, the name S.H. has been respected and feared by every class. Although our class has not been greedy, we have carried off our share of the glory.

In football, our boys were always content with everything and never "kicked;" therefore it is quite obvious that we will have to draw a veil over our football results. On field day we were capably represented by Carroll McClure and Albert Stewner. Sid Niles represented us in baseball, while Carroll McClure and Art Hoffer carried our colors in hockey. S.H. has a loud-speaker in basketball in Russ Shantz.



The school play secured four of its cast from the H's, John McLean, Allan Innes, and Marguerite Syme taking principal parts.

The school orchestra claims Ben Ackerman as its saxophonist and Marguerite Syme as pianist for the girls' chorus. Our class was well represented in the choir, having in it six boys and three girls.

Great strides have been made in public speaking and debating, and some of our boys can speak and debate with the best of them.

Before we make our valediction, we wish to thank Mr. G. J. Reeve and his excellent staff for the pains and patience they have wasted on us.

We will also take this opportunity of extending our thanks to our class teacher, Mr. D. A. Patterson, for the wonderful friendship and harmony that has existed between us for the last year. He can be assured that his Chemistry and Gym periods will never be forgotten. St. John's, Senior H of 1925-26, bids you farewell! You will always remain a bright light in our memories.

* * *

Idle Rumors



Here's to our President, wise and sound,
 Didn't do a thing the whole year round.
 A great statesman will he be sometime,
 And see that his country never wastes a dime.



Bennie Ackerman to the States will go,
 Saxophone and Clarinet are the horns he will blow,
 He and Paul Whiteman playing jazz together,
 Keeping time with their feet, wearing out shoe-leather,



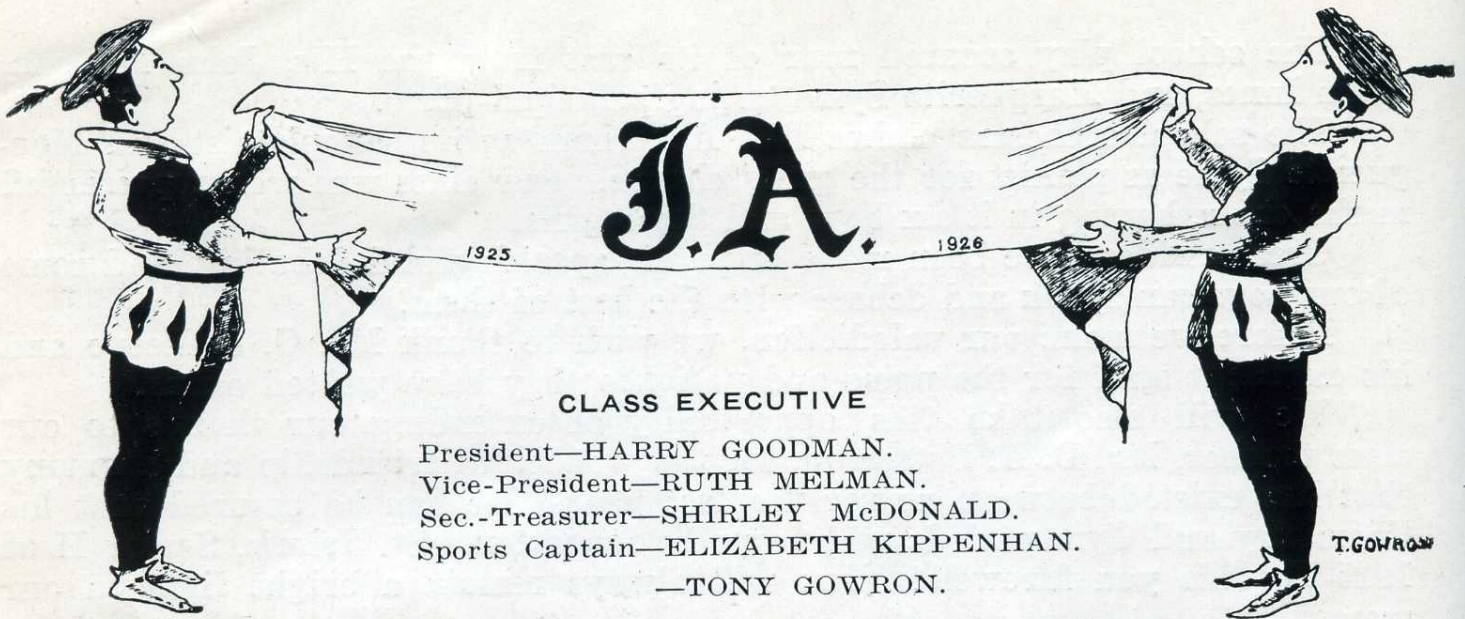
Hail to Art Hoffer, our optimistic lad,
 With jests to brighten every occasion that's sad.
 Your ambition to write for a sporting page,
 Take our advice, your place is on the stage.



Bravo! Shark Bychinsky,
 Another scholarship to your name,
 Keep gathering your hundreds lad, stop not for dame,
 Soon you will head the line of fame.



Radio, radio through Stewner has grown
 Is there to him a thing that is not known?
 But keep quiet Stewner about your antennae coil,
 Or some day you'll be lying under the soil.



J.A., familiarly known throughout the school as the "Sharks," lay aside all claim to that cognomen. To place a mental picture before the reader's eye it is necessary to define clearly our position in the school. The "Honourable" Seniors look down upon us with great contempt—"Those babies!" The Juniors think that J.A. is a synonym for the "Height of Conceit." Our teachers carefully repress what opinion they may have. Moreover, because of our high scholastic attainments we had the honor of being chosen to complete our last two years of high school in one.

The first day we entered the school our position was determined, physically as well as mentally. The seats and desks had recently been varnished, so that anyone who once entered the classroom, despite all valiant attempts on his or her part, was compelled to stay.

One of the foremost events and of great importance to us was the election of a class council. By the splendid work the members of this executive have done, we are certain that our choice was a happy one. After congratulating them we must pass on to other matters of grave importance.





It is said that truth is stranger than fiction, and a memorable happening at the beginning of the term strengthens this statement as, contrary to custom, a number of the members of our class did their share in helping St. John's carry off highest honors on Field Day.

After a few weeks of strenuous application to the higher branches of learning, we, for the sole purpose of proving that we were not very different from the rest of the school, entertained at a Hallowe'en party in our honor.

Even in our frolics we could not depart from the paths of learning. An artistic display of dancing was given for our benefit. During this party a great spiritual truth was strikingly impressed upon our minds—"The Lord helps those who help themselves."



It was not long before we had recovered from our hectic social whirl to find ourselves in as hectic a political one. Our electioneering campaign was vigorous, but our honorable candidate bore the stigma of his class upon his shoulders, and to the everlasting regret of his supporters, failed.

To raise the blight of defeat from our class, a number of the members condescended to offer the benefit of their genius to add to the success of

Shakespeare's noted play, "The Tempest."

And then, "ponto nox incubat atra." Like the spirit of all evil, the dark countenance of Christmas examinations appeared above the horizon. In spite of the exquisite agonies through which we passed we finally emerged triumphant.

At the beginning of the New Year we began our policy of reform. The first momentous decision at which we arrived was to lay aside all selfishness. Our first step in this direction was to give the other classes an opportunity to win the oration medals by not entering the contest ourselves.

Again society claimed us. We greatly honored and delighted the Seniors by attending their "Tramp."

Working and playing, days merged into weeks, weeks into months, and again the horror of examinations. These, too, passed as even the greatest trials of man pass.

Through the shadowy curtain of Time, we behold the names of the members of Junior A written on the Roll of Fame. They have all achieved honor in the various fields of Life.

"One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

* * *

Local Celebrities

"Marcus Aurelius Antonius" Gowron. Tony is becoming a successful artist as fast as he can squeeze the paint out of his tubes. He is razored, blue-serged, straw-hatted and pearl stick-pinned like any other young Winnipegger who might be a millionaire or a bill collector. He takes things as they come and none feel any hostility against him. Above all, he does not weary anyone with sonnets dedicated to the eyebrows of the fair sex.

Minnie Goldovsky. Slim and small, with plaintive eyes, talks softly, smiles with an embarrassed air, blushes at nothing, and is very timid. She feverishly discusses social questions—wages, capital, poverty, etc.—that enigma of the lower world which casts a shadow over the human ant heap.

She shines on the "track" but also is quite charming on the stage. She has cultivated such spirit and charm that she may be able some day to pluck rubies like raspberries from any crown—but she does not know this.

Ben Freed. A lanky, laconic man with a Wellington head, small fiery eyes tempered by flaxen lashes. He has drama on his "sole" and is a scholar of brilliant intellect. Unfortunately he has foresworn the world because he was jilted in a love affair.

* * *

Doris (translating Caesar) comes to "Ducentos" and translates it "two."

Mr. Gardner: "What's that? How many words are there in Latin meaning two?"

Doris (correcting her mistake): "Two Hundred."

* * *

Question: What is H₂O?

Answer: Hydrogen oxide.

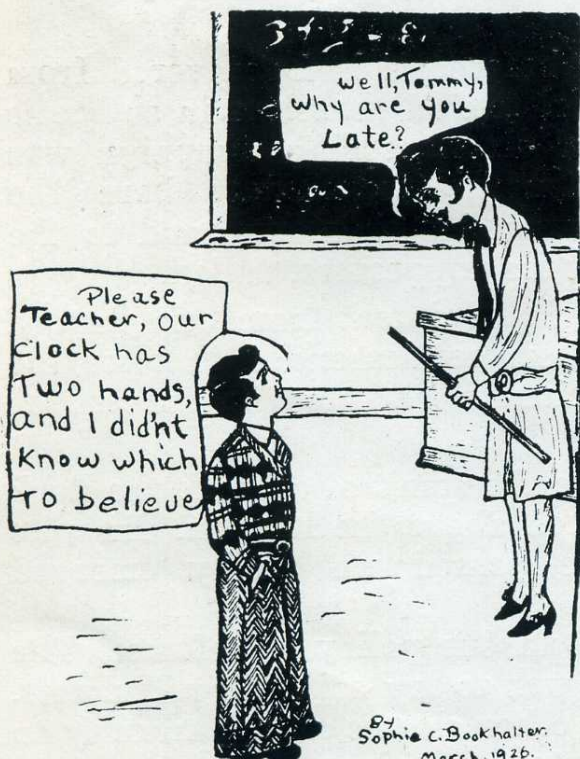
* * *

Question: What are diamonds?

Answer: Diamonds are things to play baseball on.

Question: What is an angle?

Answer: An angle is a straight line bent at the centre.



S. C. A.

It seems almost a waste of time to write a resumé of our activities during the past year. Like Halley's comet we have traced a wide swathe across the sky of fame. However, many of the other rooms have found it necessary to bring their activities into the public eye by some means or other. Thus, following the old saw, we are removing the bushel from the light. Read on; as you read, a look of comprehension and agreement will replace the blank look on your faces, and we shall all be happy.

We, the Knights of the Typewriter, Wardens of the Pothooks, and Keepers of the Books, will first review our achievements in our own domain—the realm of Commercialism. Charles G. and Sam W. are our Grand-Masters of the Typewriter. These youthful stars of Room 22 constellation successfully typed 54 words per minute. The one and only Louis Racklin has taken dictation at 120 words a minute. Talking of perpetual motion, who did the dictating? Our Mr. Silbert was our representative in the Bookkeeping test. Our motto is,



“Let no man get ahead of you.” Mr. Silbert carried out our ideas to the letter—no man got ahead of him—’twas a woman.

In scholastics we have such men as Isaac Nepon, Silbert, and that worthy son of the Porridge Pot, Ralph McLeod.

In the line of sports we have made an excellent showing. Names like Goldstein, Amer, and Weiner recall our doings on the athletic field. In tennis show us the man who can beat McKush? We did not really have to write this but we feel better for having done so.

We have only one sorrow, and that is that room numbers are not given out in accordance with the ability of the inmates. If that were the case our room number would be number No. 1 instead of No. 22. Can you, with a clear conscience deny this? You can not!



S. C. B.



President—HENRY HARGREAVES.
Vice-President—AUDREY TOMLINSON.

Sports Captain—GEORGE WALKER.
Secretary—EDDIE KEITH.

ON Tuesday morning, September 1st, thirty-five students assembled in Room 23, under the supervision of Mr. Durnin. After acquainting us with the main rules of the school, Mr. Durnin, the official referee, called us to centre at 9.05. The game of hockey, Sports versus Learning, was on. At the beginning of the first period, it looked as if George Walker was sure to score for Sport, but after making a clean-up in his division in the school Field Day he was found to be over-weight and was disqualified. Sports again made a brilliant attempt to locate their opponent's net when the S.C.B. hockey team made a clean sweep of their division, won out, right down to the finals but failed to score, losing to J.F. Dazzling form was displayed by Harry Marder when he headed the class at the Christmas exams, thus scoring for Learning.

At the beginning of the second period, Henry Hargreaves carried the puck well past the blue line but failed to find the net in the Graceful Skating Contest. In the general school activities both teams showed average form. Peter Thompson and John Morris made several fast rushes for Learning in the Mathematics branch and only the brilliant defence work of Harper and Wallace (who are usually sound asleep) prevented a score. The combination of Leslie (Lanky) Carlson and Eddie (Sheik) Keith in Literature and History, respectively, was a treat to watch.

The third period did not bring forth much from either team, except for a bad foul against Learning when the strong right arm of Ainslee Johnson, ably assisted by Audrey Tomlinson, penetrated the defence of Sport and also a window of Room 23.

The game was fairly handled by Referee Mr. Durnin and the playing of the majority on the teams was very satisfactory.



Student, rest! Exams are over,
 Sleep your sleep without a scolding,
 Dream of history no more,
 Days of Rousseau, nights of Browning.
 Students strange thy seats are taking,
 Strains of martial music falling,
 Hear no teacher's echo bawling,
 "Charlie Daien, please stop talking,
 If you want to—Hire a hall."

No rude sounds shall reach thy ear,
 Such as "Wallace, stop your sleeping,
 Snoring's not permitted here."
 Miss McDougall's "Alouette,"
 Never shall we quite forget.
 Nor our science master's Strains,
 "Mon, oh mon, where are your brains?"



S. C. C.

One night, while walking in a wood,
 Treading softly as I could,
 Because I did not want to wake
 The flowers sleeping in the brake,
 I met within a gloomy spot,
 A sorceress, bending o'er a pot
 Of evil-smelling brew. The gleams
 Of her red eyes outshone the beams
 Of the silvery moon on high
 Shining through the inky sky.
 She turned, and in a wild voice said,
 "Mortal, fate thy steps hath led
 Along this dark and lonely road
 To my mystical abode."
 Then, "Look!" she cried, I peered within
 At that foul brew as black as sin,
 And mirrored there, I saw the fates
 Of one or two of my classmates.

Anna Dekkar's fate was there,
 Glory be! She'd bobbed her hair!

Ina Hume, the duteous,
 Now is never studious,
 In magnificent array,
 She leads the dance, a lady gay!
 Ruby Bradley, grey with age,
 Is the country's wisest sage!
 The two Dick girls, the classes wise-cracks,
 Spend their time in turning flap-jacks!
 Margaret Robertson is seen
 Acting tragedy on the screen!
 Alma Peeler's fate discloses,
 She owns a Beauty Shoppe—where noses
 That are too long, too short, too large,
 Can be remodelled without charge.
 The Tessler sisters, fair and forty,
 Dance the Charleston, still quite sporty.
 Now I see friend Goldie Shuckett,
 With some sausage in a bucket,
 Down upon the sandy shore,
 Making hot-dogs by the score.
 Eda Behenna, I must confess,
 Is still a budding poetess,
 Maybe if she hopes enough,
 Someone will struggle through her stuff.
 Winnifred Leah's hopes are high,
 She wants to be an actress; fie!
 For I see within the pot,
 A typist's fate will be her lot.
 Martha Dojack stands "a-mixin'"
 In her famous Candy Kitchen.
 Sadie and Millie, our two late friends,
 I see have very drastic ends,
 For there's Saint Peter at the Gate,
 Telling them that they're too late.
 Eva Boucher, Nellie Booth,
 And Ida Bender, are now, in truth
 Working for a man called Worts,
 And employed in making shirts!
 Catherine Grossman, Katie Doner,
 And Norma Gameril, now all honor,
 Cherish, worship and obey
 The fish they caught one happy day.

Suddenly there was a call,
 Writing appeared upon the wall,
 "Your other friends, as you will see,
 Will lead a life of jollity,
 Bravery, faith, and good combined,
 Their good deeds reward will find."

As my space is very small,
 I cannot tell the fates of all.
 So if your name's not mentioned here,
 Don't take offence, but with me bear
 For a while, and then you'll see
 That someday, something you will be.

Why! fading were the pot and cave,
 And, goodness me! The witch had fled!
 After that, would you be brave?
 I hurried home and went to bed.

Studious, helpful, kind, and true,
Candid, witty, happy, too.
Could such girls as these be blue?
 S.C.C.

The girls of S.C.C. wish to thank Miss Snider and all their other teachers for the help and advice they have given them during the past year.

Lapsus Calami.


 S. C. D.
 

S.C.D., always a bright class, shines with greater brilliance in History. Sophie Lubart, the secretary, knows that dates have something to do with History, therefore she concludes that History is either a cake or a dessert. Melba Olson thinks that History is the name of Napoleon Bonaparte's memoirs, because she can't remember anything but what he did in Europe.

Then, in Shorthand, we have Grace Smith and Agnes Cameron supplying us with a variety of new excuses for not having our homework done. We might add that, if anyone is making a list of "Last Sayings of Famous Men," they might put down Mr. Russell's, "Make Note of Your Homework, girls."

Another brilliant member of our class is the President, Annette Fogel, who ruined a perfectly good French lesson by telling some of the girls that she wanted to be called "Mischief." Of course, everybody agreed, because the name fits her as a policeman's suit would fit Elsie Linley, who is one of the "Five Foot Two" kind of girl.

We have some great athletes in our room. Eunice Yellowlees is so athletic she spends all her time chewing gum, so that her legs and jaws will move in perfect time when she runs. Besides being an athlete, Eunice is our Vice-president, and does quite well in that position, because she passes all her work to Amy Ayre, who is Eunice's shadow, and thinks that if Eunice says skipping periods is all right, it's the truth.

One of the most cheerful girls we have in our class is Edythe Checkik, well known as "Chickie." Edythe is so pleasant that she would lend you her last cent and expect you to return ten cents the next day.

Sara Mainster, our sports captain, is a great baseball player, and when pitching she sometimes gets so wild that she has to put a string on the ball to keep it from travelling to the North Pole. Her particular friends include



Mary Aberbom, who thinks coming first in class is nothing; Lena Pollick, who knows more French than the French; Esther Chodercove, who is a wonder at Shorthand; and Jessie Miskie, whose ambition is to get a position testing mirrors for some company.

In our list of celebrities we must include Fanny Goldstone, who is always as close to Sophie as Wrigley's gum is to a stenographer's desk. She hopes to become a Bookkeeper when she leaves school.

We cannot leave Rena Mindell out of our "Who's Who," because she is as brilliant in Mathematics as Isobel Miller is in Bookkeeping. Isobel is the kind of Bookkeeper who makes out Trial Balances that won't balance, and talks about Henry the Eighth as the man who led the French in their well-known and unpopular revolution.

Florence Malby, the "Freckles" of S.C.D., is the girl who taught Mr. Gregg, of the Gregg Speller Company, all he knew about Spelling, and made a bad job it.

Rose Restivo is the chattiest girl in the school. After nine o'clock she settles down to work and makes a noise like a worm until twelve. She really ought to be nick-named "Chatterbox."

The rest of the class is mainly described by a big noise and no work. Work is about as popular with S.C.D. as flies are in a jam factory.

The last chapter in the History of the S.C.D. class of 1926 will be written on June the Thirtieth, when Mr. Reeve gets up with the promotion list in his hand, and after reading out the names of our students, says in an impressive voice: "Thou shalt not pass."



WIRES FROM S.C.E. ABOARD THE 1925-26 SPECIAL

Sept. 1st.

Safely installed in Lucky Coach 13'' travelling via St. John's.

Oct. 16th.

River Park—our best athletes soon removed obstacles. Jennie Gotch and Edna Smith in the Girls' Relay.

Nov. 5th.
Lost some time in constructing "Trial Balance" in Coach 22 but work now completed.

Jan. 10th.
Now in Coach 40—Conductor Mr. Johnson insists on travelling in circles. Country very strange but fast getting acquainted with "unknown quantities."

Feb. 12th.
Visited Typing Coach where Miss Snider hands out certificates as our speed increases. Rocky roads hinder some but Hilda Greenhalgh attains the 50 word medal.

March 24th.
Conductors give passengers mental tests.

April 15th.
Train gathering speed. Mr. Russell from Coach 22 gives "70 word a minute" certificates to—Ethel Barker, Ethel Morris, Jean Hutchinson, Anne Pullano, Mary Watt, Jennie Scurke, Doris Pritchard, Alice Johnson, Lily Cunningham, Sara Schom, Anna Baker, Dora Rossen and Rose Levi. A small party of girls—Lily Crone, Sara Faintuch, Hilda Greenhalgh and Mary Chesowsky take the "100 word a minute fier" guided by Mary Chesowsky, carrying her 120 word certificate.

May 21st.
Held a picnic in Coach 25—regaled with the "Diet of Worms" and a helping of "Bacon."

June 5th.
Arrived at Sports Station. Party defeats classes S.C.C. and P.A. in Baseball. Doris Pritchard and Edna Smith carry off honors in Tennis Tournament.

June 13th.
Last lap of journey. Our President, Mary Watt, helps us pass other coaches by winning bookkeeping competition.

June 30th.
All arrived safely, but a few decided to repeat journey.

* * *

A Song

Hark!
My Love!
He comes!
He is nearer,
The music's clearer,
He comes up the long road
That winds to my abode;
The golden notes from guitar wild,
Sometimes gay, and sometimes mild,
Come floating thro' my window, loud and clear,
He sings because he knows his love is near—
He sings adieu, he starts to go,
The music echoes soft and low,
It whispers thru' the trees,—
It melts into the breeze,—
So soft and sweet;
Like Elfin feet;
Good - bye,
My Love,
Hark!

Eda Behenna,

Students' Council

During the past year St. John's brought into being the Student's Council. Looking ahead, it was seen that if a representative body of students was put in charge of all student activities, the work of the teaching staff would be much lessened and a means would be provided whereby the students would receive some training in citizenship. The council has a constituency of about eleven hundred people, a population equal to that of a good sized town.

The foundation for this innovation was laid when, during the regime of Mr. A. C. Campbell, a committee of the staff drafted a detailed report upon a scheme which would give a fuller measure of student participation in the activities of the school.

Mr. A. W. Muldrew was given charge of the election of candidates and after the usual "Stump Speeches" and "Soap Box Orations" by prospective candidates and their committees, the following members were elected by their respective classes:—

Grade XII.—Edward Frehs.

Grade XI.—Eva Blankstein, Doris Salton, Dan Krendel, Howard Thomson.

Grade X.—Mary Armstrong, George McKay. Athletics—Lillian Patterson, Joe Bermack.

Miss Nicholson and Mr. Muldrew represented the teaching staff. The principal is an honorary member of the council.

At the opening meeting of the council at which Mr. Reeve presided, the following officers were elected:—

President—Edward Frehs.

Vice-President—Eva Blankstein.

Sec.-Treasurer—Dan Krendel.

From the time of its inauguration, the council participated in the directing of all student activities. The School Dance, Senior Tramp, and school buttons were some of the items promoted by it. A lost and found department was organized and proved quite successful.

Taking everything into consideration, the attempt at a self-governing student body was quite a success. Although there was no local precedent to guide those in office, the members of the Students' Council should be heartily congratulated on the fine part they played in the activities of the school.





LITERARY



The Sunset Trail

When the golden trail of sunset
 Winds across the western sky,
 I long to follow its pathway,
 As it dips and curves on high.

What would I find by that pathway
 If I followed its golden gleam?
 What would I find if I followed?
 Ah! remember 'tis but a dream.

Perhaps I would find the sunbeams,
 Tucked safely away in bed,
 Their brightness hidden by covers
 Of crimson and orange and red.

Perhaps I would find the twilight
 Unwinding her silver veil,
 Preparing to toss it at random
 O'er wood and hill and dale.

Perhaps as I aimlessly wandered,
 I would see the shadows of night
 Come a-stealing across the pathway
 To draw curtains of lilac light.

These curtains would hide the pathway,
 And cover its golden gleam.
 What would be left to guide me?
 Ah! remember 'tis but a dream.

—Edythe Bradley.



Fame

“ others achieve greatness ”

There was only one thing that Lorenzo desired. It was fame. Lorenzo was painted in the seventeenth century. For a long time no thought of fame, or anything else, entered his head. He existed in a constant state of lethargy.

During this time he passed through many hands. Everyone who bought him decided, after owning him for a short time, that he was not good enough to keep, yet too good to destroy, so he was sold again and again.

A change finally took place. One day an American, a connoisseur of art, was attracted by Lorenzo. The American bought the canvas and shipped it to his home.

But the change was not really a great one. One evening the American gentleman, after looking at Lorenzo for a long time, said, “The colors are splendid, the lines graceful, but somehow the whole thing lacks animation.”

Lorenzo was stowed into the attic of the American gentleman’s home. There must be something inspiring about the atmosphere in America, noticeable even in dusty attics, for Lorenzo discovered several things—which he never would have done in Europe. The important discovery which he made was that he wasn’t confined to his canvas. He could step right out of it and walk about, provided nobody saw him. If anyone had seen him he would have been “gone and forever,” as Scott said, (that’s the way with all pictures). He could also drink from the bottles which were painted on the canvas beside him. Although he drank as much as he wanted, the bottles became no emptier. Painted bottles are like that.

Lorenzo ventured no farther than the attic stairs, for fear somebody would see him. Instead, he sought entertainment in examining the contents of the attic—the old magazines especially, with their advertisements. There was one advertisement which caught his attention, and held it. It read something like this:

“Are you making the most of yourself?
or

Are you a failure?

Determine what stands between success
and yourself, and remove the obstacle—
with our help. Send for our free book-
let on Self Advancement.”

That advertisement woke him up, somehow, and he experienced a desire for fame.

“Yes, decidedly,” said he to himself one evening after reading it many times, “I am a failure. I wonder what’s wrong with me?—Ah, yes, I recollect now! The American said I lacked animation.”

Lorenzo almost wept about his lack of animation, when an idea suddenly occurred to him.

“Why didn’t I think of that before?” he asked himself in a self-satisfied way. “It is quite evident. The only thing to do is to acquire animation, and ———.”

He stopped. What if he did acquire animation? Nobody would see him, anyway. He had been in that attic for nine weeks, and not a single person had visited the place.

Lorenzo puzzled and worried about that for a long time. Finally he thought of a solution.

He went over to the pile of old magazines, and turned over the pages until he found the photograph of a man which he had seen several days before.

He passed his hands over the picture, murmuring something that sounded like, "Oogly oogly." The picture grew until it reached the height of an ordinary man. Then Lorenzo picked up some dust from the floor, charmed it, and threw it over the man.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the man.

"Ah-h-h!" Lorenzo exclaimed, as he viewed his work with satisfaction.

Lorenzo didn't like the man's manner, and he wished he hadn't made him quite so big. Under the circumstances there was nothing for Lorenzo to do but reply, for the man could have easily put an end to ten of Lorenzo's size.

"I threw the dust on you for two reasons," Lorenzo explained. "The first reason was to awaken you. The second was to enable you to walk among men as if you were a man yourself."

"I beg your pardon," the man said, very humbly. "I may have seemed ungrateful, in my ignorance, but now I thank you a thousand times. As proof allow me to offer you my services."

Lorenzo was delighted. An attitude like that on the man's part simplified matters.

"I ask only one little favor," said he, with his best seventeenth century bow. "All right, shoot." The man was a true American. Lorenzo "shot." He explained to the man that all he wanted him to do was to take him to Carey's Art Store on the following day, and leave him there.

"In the meantime, I will become animated," he concluded—Which he did with the help of much wine.

The next morning the man walked down the street, carrying Lorenzo, animation and all, under his arm. He entered Carey's Art Store, which was the last word in fashionable art stores in the great city, set Lorenzo on a table, and walked out, unnoticed.

Before long two clerks stopped beside the table. "Well, how on earth did this get here?" asked one. "That's more than I can tell you," the other replied. "All it needs is a little cleaning." After much ado Lorenzo was finally taken into a room at the back of the store. They put unpleasant liquids and pastes all over him until he could scarcely see or hear.

"Never mind this, Lorenzo," he would say to himself. "This is suffering for art's sake."

His discomfort finally came to an end, and he was put on display. He occupied the centre of Carey's window. People streamed past, and he could hear their words of admiration through the thick plate-glass window.

Lorenzo acquired the little trick of blinking one of his eyes, or making his hand, in which he held a bottle, shake ever so little. Nothing delighted him more than to hear the people exclaim, "How lifelike! I swear I saw him move!"

Every day newspaper clippings were placed around him in the window. He had a great desire to read them, but he didn't, fearing someone would see him if he left his canvas. One early morning, however, he summoned all his courage and stepped out. Picking up one of the clippings he read:

"This great long-lost painting, 'The Drunken Cavalier,' by Van Dyke, has been discovered, in a very strange manner, only recently. The picture is notable for its splendid coloring, grace of line, and animation."

"Ah, animation," said Lorenzo, as he retired to his canvas and took a long draught from one of his bottles. "That's me!"

After that Lorenzo was better than ever.

Samuel

SAMUEL was in the Algebra period. Mr. Dysner, the mathematics teacher, was a man of medium height, brisk and alert in his actions. He was an excellent teacher, and a very hard worker. Furthermore, he believed that while he set a good example, his seed should not fall on barren ground, and demanded that his pupils do their best while with him.

Samuel had been a constant source of worry and irritation to Mr. Dysner who had been holding his temper in check. On this day, when everyone was working hard, Samuel was vacantly staring around the room. Mr. Dysner completely lost his temper, and poured the vials of his wrath upon Samuel. The class sat back in their seats, chuckling with glee, and thankful for a moment of respite. Samuel took it all in good course, and left the room at the end of the period in no way disturbed out of his usual calmness.

From the Algebra period Samuel wended his way to the Latin class. Here he was called upon to translate. He made a noble attempt and proved a dismal failure. The Latin teacher had been holding his favorite position, feet on his desk, his chair tipped back. When he heard Samuel's translation he nearly lost his balance. Mr. Darenger had heard many poor translations, but Samuel's was a masterpiece of its kind. Mr. Darenger sat up with a jerk, and devoted the next fifteen minutes to a review of Samuel's past school life, and the next ten minutes were spent in predicting his future. Then Mr. Darenger sat back with the smile of a man who feels he has done his job well, and snapped out, "Do you ever do your homework? Well! Well!" This was Mr. Darenger's favorite line of attack. First he snapped a query at you, and before you could form a suitable alibi, he snapped out a "Well" at you.

Samuel, in the meantime, had been sitting lost in thought. Mr. Darenger's oratorical fireworks had been entirely lost upon him. Then through the veil which shut him from the outside world, he thought he heard someone asking him "If he was well." Now Samuel was the soul of politeness. He looked up, and with a polite smile to Mr. Darenger murmured, "Quite well, thank you, sir."—Ben Lepkin.

* * *

IN THE LAND WHERE THE DEAD DAYS GO

Pale blossoms bloom and lilies blanch,
And misty murmurs blow.

Waste winds faint soft, and wan trees branch
In the land where the dead days go.

There, the ghost of "what-use?" talks with that of "who-know?"
And they weep with the would-have-been,
And the song that they sing where the dead days go
Is the heart-aching could-have-been.

There the lives that were lived in the shallows of life
And the buds that their snows sent low
Lie adrift on the river their tears have made,
In the land where the dead days go.

But oh! there are times when the whole land glows
As it lies in a breathless wait.
And rolled in the robes of the wind that blows
Comes a voice—"It is never too late."

Goldie Gorovitz.

* * *

Mr. ? (to student who has borrowed his pen)—"That's a real Scotch pen. You've got to know how to use it before you can get anything out of it."

CREATION

Take all sweet songs the winds have sung,
The birds have trilled,
The harps have strung
And you haven't a baby's laugh.

Bring all bright rays the sun has brought,
Kind hearts have held,
Good deeds have wrought,
And you haven't a baby's smile.

Why, it seems as if God in his glory has made
The birds, and the sun
And the songs that have stayed
Just to show what a baby is.

Sophie Gorovitz.

* * *

FANCY

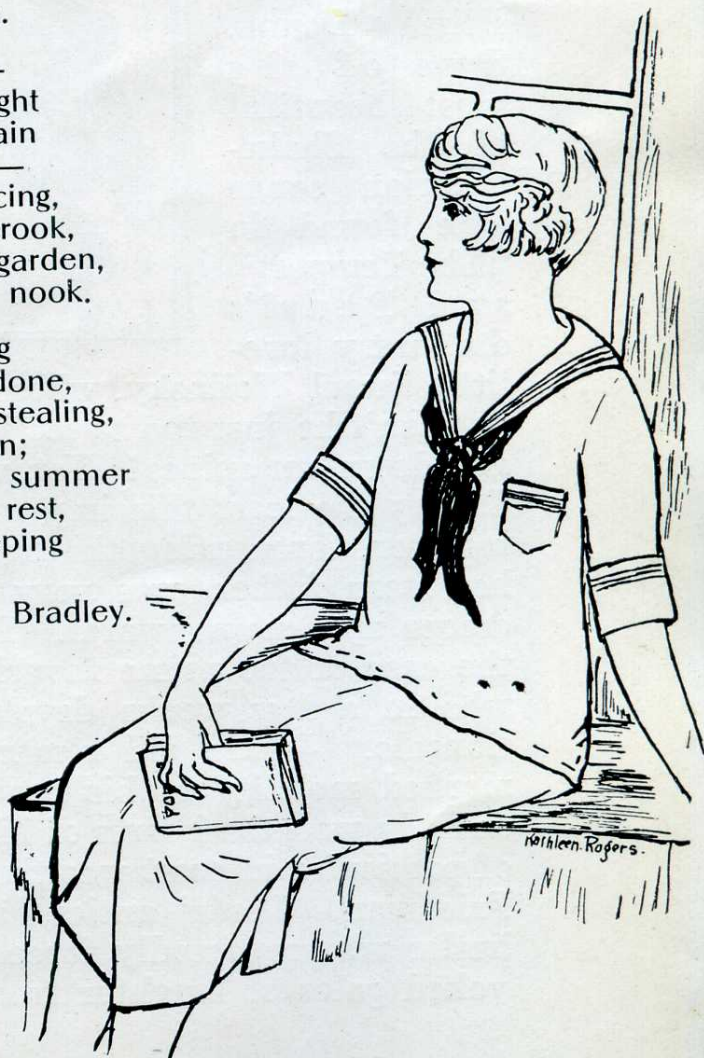
Did you ever sit a dreaming
When the day is almost done,
And the crimson light is stealing,
From the slowly sinking sun;
When the drowsy breeze of summer
Has been lulled to perfect rest,
And each little bird is sleeping
In the shelter of its nest?

Oh 'tis then a sound is wafted
By the zephyrs soft and light,
And the music of the wee folk
Breaks the silence of the night.
With fleets of half-ope'd lilies
They breathe a lilting tune,
And dance beneath the willows,
Alight by the waning moon.

And for many, many hours—
Till the darkness of the night
Draws aside its dusky curtain
To welcome morning light—
These fairies keep on dancing,
By the shimmering silver brook,
Then they hasten from the garden,
To some hidden, sheltered nook.

Now won't you sit adreaming
When the day is almost done,
And the crimson light is stealing,
From the slowly sinking sun;
When the drowsy breeze of summer
Has been lulled to perfect rest,
And each little bird is sleeping
In the shelter of its nest?

—Edythe L. Bradley.



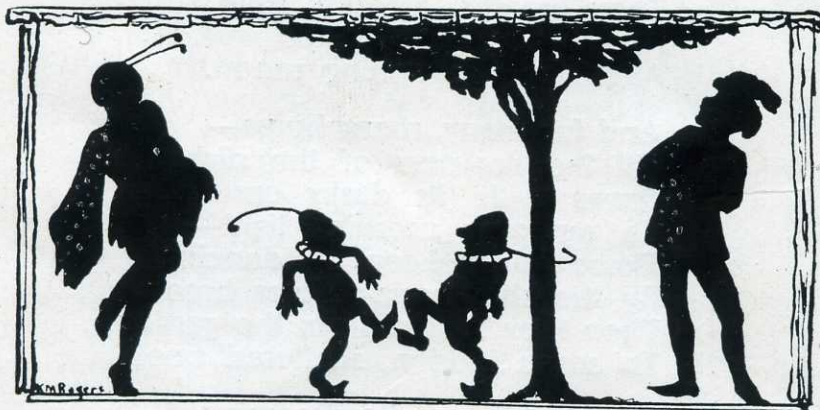


Once again as in past years the St. John's Dramatic Society weathered the storms attendant on the production of a play. This time however it chanced to be "The Tempest" through which the dramatic ship sailed without too much mishap. Under the excellent piloting of Miss A. E. Turner and Mr. G. E. Snider our school fellows enjoyed the voyage and came to port with all flags flying.

All parts were well played by members of Grade XI. Stepha Kepron who played the part of Miranda, the charming heroine was ably supported (in more ways than one) by Jack Abra as Ferdinand.

His classmates with difficulty recognized in the stern and dignified Prospero, Abie Mass of the gentle smile and gracious manners. Little did we realize until we heard Pearl Conley sing that in our life at St. John's we were breath-

ing the same air as a future Prima Donna. Some of the most beautiful of the Shakespearian songs are found in "The Tempest" and Pearl's dainty love-



liness was certainly in keeping with their beauty. But, truly the most remarkable member of the cast was Caliban. Schoolmates, can you imagine our

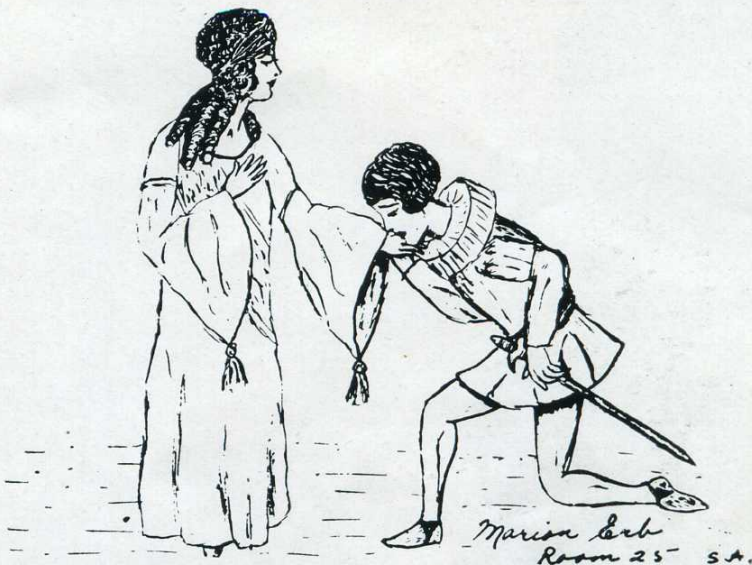
little Israel Wolinsky, whose innocent expression has provoked such remarks as "Isn't he just too sweet" causing shivers of horror to chase each other up and down our spines! Yet, verily, I say unto you, so was it.

To say the least this impersonation of the savage, cursing monster, threatening the beautiful but timid Miranda and her stern father, was very realistic. Age, (so they say) creeps upon us unawares. This seemed particularly true in the case of the prime favorite of our year, Jack Peterkin, who in a few weeks developed into the old grey-haired Gonzalo. Jackie did remarkably well, and although the marked mobility of his beard caused great merriment, he entirely won the hearts of his audience. Another character of particular interest was that of Stephano, played by Louis Friedman. Louis' antics, as the drunken, domineering butler who repeatedly forced Caliban to kiss his foot, provoked gales of laughter from the delighted audience. But



Oh! The characters that froze our youthful hearts with horror were those murderous looking villians creeping stealthily across the stage. Jack Howlett made a blood curdling picture drawing his gleaming sword (which by the way seemed to interfere a great deal with his walking) to plunge it into the body of the sleeping king. Allan Innes looked exceedingly villainous, but he apparently disapproved of his facial adornment, for on Saturday night he appeared minus his sweeping moustache.

One of the most pleasing features of "The Tempest" is its many fairy dances. These were successfully arranged by Miss D. H. Luke. The water-nymphs, in spite of the rather bewildering delay, performed an exquisite little dance which was highly appreciated. The harpies executed a somewhat weird dance during which they held the king, the nobility and the audience spellbound. However, the tension was lessened by the discovery that one harpy had been just a little careless in dressing or else the buttons had come off. The most beautiful and colorful scene in the play was that in which the reapers and nymphs danced, and together with the three goddesses, Iris, Ceres and Juno bestowed their blessings on the lovers.



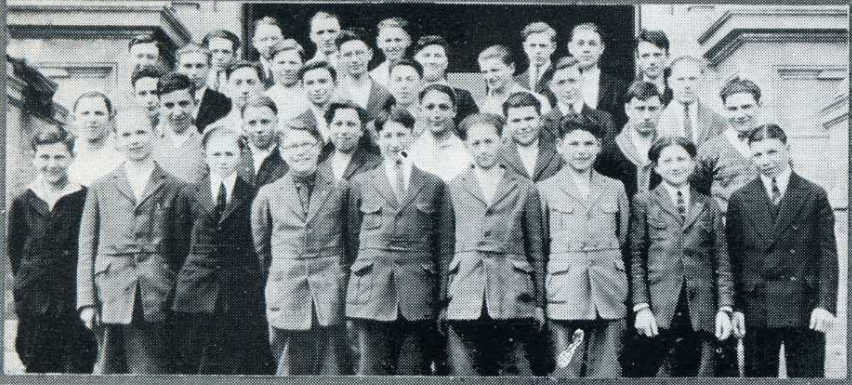
We are greatly indebted for our success to the orchestra, without whose aid we could not have done so well. Ariel's flute selection was truly marvellous. But thereby hangs a tale, for Ariel played, and yet she didn't play. Let us explain. While Ariel played and swayed so gracefully Ken McConnel walked softly behind the scenes and also played (we can't vouch for the swaying on his part). We fear we have divulged a terrible secret, but the truth will out.



Probably the most interesting part of the evening for the players was the applying of the makeup which was done very skilfully. The villains looked very villainous, the hero very heroic, pretty Miranda very pretty, stern Prospero very stern, savage Caliban very savage, (no wonder since it took over an hour to transform "sweet" Israel into horrible Caliban).



JUNIOR CLASSES



JB



JC



JD



JE



JF

J B Outward bound in September, on the good ship "Vingt Sept," we cleared the harbor with ship's Officers: Capt. Louis Chasanoff; First Mate, Eddie Zwolakiewicz; Second Mate, Ben Malkin; Sportswain, Harry Kotlarsky.

The voyage was peaceful until pirates on the "Jayaye" attacked us. They were repulsed with great loss to themselves, mainly due to the efforts of our "mighty man of valor," Max Abromson.

Through the reef-strewn straits of "Sport" we sailed with few mishaps. We captured schooner "Primary Basketball," signal honor in this action being due to: Reuben Ludwig, Louis Rabinovitch, Lawrence Sodomsky and Israel Shapiro. Racing in the open sea of "Hockey" we were overhauled only by "Ess-Seebee," with the following showing themselves very able seamen: Lyle Tarbath, John Cooper, Earle Campbell, Reuben Ludwig, Kenneth McConnell, Eddie Zwolakiewicz, Harry Kotlarsky. Our class also excelled all other junior classes in securing subscriptions for "The Torch."

With the end of our voyage almost in sight, we look back over its incidents with the feeling that it has been highly successful.

J C Though we have no extraordinary talent in our class, yet we have no noticeable "dumbness." Two or three gigglers such as Evelyn Winston, Anne Sherebrin and Mary Armstrong, placed at intervals around the room, prevent us from degenerating to the "ideal." These foolish children cause the teachers to threaten "Isolation Camp," and now we fear that the "trio" have resolved upon immediate reformation.

During the month of March we produced a play called "A Twentieth Century Hamlet." The scene was laid in a grocery store and the hero, Hamlet, was its owner. His poor mother, bereft of her husband, seeks happiness in loving Claudius, a villain, who after a fit of remorse kills himself with a stale carrot.

In order to celebrate the night when witches, ghosts and black cats roam about, we held a Hallowe'en party in the home of Annie Raitt. Prizes of "all-day suckers" were given for the prettiest and the funniest costume. Of course, Sara Baker was the "Belle of the Ball," and Rose Bowman proved herself a worthy "Sheik." Sophie, as a boy, managed to keep order in the crowd without, so when the party dispersed all was quiet. There is no need to say that we will all be seniors next year. The aim, even of the dumbest being to sleep away next year in "S.A."

J B The history of Jaydee may be given in four parts: The Dash (not crash) on the Athletic field; the Political Heights of Jaydee; the Daily Smash—desks, bones, hooks, etc.; the "Hash" on examinations.

In the Athletic Field, Abie Averbach, the Jaydee sprinter, startled by the shot left all the other contestants bewildered by the wonderful ease his graceful limbs displayed.

Our Political organization is worthy of note. The Honorable Henricus Estrinus was unanimously chosen by the class as "Shining example" for the room. In the School Election he "also ran" for the Council. Herbert Anderson, (Late King Oscar of Sardinia) who performed the onerous duties of Secretary, too, is worthy of honorable mention.

Future fame for Jaydee is assured by "Radio" Fink—greatest authority on "Wet" cells and Yanta Cohen, the great oratorical figure.

J E The class destinies of J.E. are controlled (?) by Harold "Chick" Cowan. Rollo Boas plays the Class "Sheik" and judging from the group of girls around him during his strolls through the school corridors he

ought to know something on the subject of society. Among our notables, Mike Curl, the class artist, won a scholarship at the Winnipeg School of Art; Henry Young represented the class well on Field Day, and "Chick" Cowan won first in the Inter-Class High Jump. Bill Sutherland, "The Flying Scotchman," distinguished himself by coming fifth in class. Mr. Allison said his coming fifth was a reflection on the rest of the class. Now what could he mean by that?

The noble resolve of our class at the beginning of the year—to be first in everything seems to have suffered the fate of most of its kind. It has been insufficiently nourished and our fame for "firsts" does not make other classes "green with envy."

JH One of the most notable achievements of J.F. is the winning of the school Hockey Championship with the following team: Harold Simpson (Capt.), Herman Kramer, Rudy Puls, James Miskowski, Howard Argue, Murray Spence and Bert McCann.

J.F. stands for "Jolly Fellows" and we sure live up to it. Ask Mr. Allison.

Victor Hodge was a lyre; He lied in myth and song,
E'en when he was a-dying; He lied a-bed too long.
He somehow got to heaven, Slipped in beneath the why-er;
But when he joined the angels, They banged him with a lyre.

Things never seen or heard in this room:

Quiet due to deep thought. Everybody here on time. "Yes, Miss Turner, I brought my note." "No homework to-day; you're getting on quite well." A correctly translated Latin sentence.

In Algebra J.F.'s not on top;
In Latin we're also a flop.
But no one can say
We'd not win the day,
If we opened an argument shop.

JG Speaking of studies, J.G. are as dim there as they are bright in athletics and getting into trouble. Many a pleasant period have we spent in Mr. Huntly's room. His ambition is to make us evolutionists, agriculturists, botanists, chemists, bugologists and many other such animals. Mr. Ridd teaches about battles, present, past and future—Emil St. Goddard vs. "Shorty" Russick, Maroons vs. Millers, Toilers vs. Adanacs, and Washington's defeat by Napoleon. Miss McCord acquaints us with the merits of the literary geniuses who have been, are and will be. We get in Dutch with French because it's Greek to most of us, but we know we'll be candidates for our June exams. Mr. Muldrew teaches us H.C.F. and L.C.M. as well as the prop—That the angles at the base of a right-handed triangle are greater than the angles opposite the vertex of an acute perpendicular by 180° (Intro. 31). Miss Horner calls the roll, cries "Take your seats at once," and gives us our reports. In athletics we are like Old Sol, we shine. We walked away with almost all the points, the only fly in the ointment being Room 33. In basketball we "also ran," two out of the three teams winning out.

JH Not without cause are we, the inhabitants of the Biology Room, termed Biologists; for we have discovered many species of plants and bugs, unknown even to Mr. Huntly.

In Chemistry we have made a great discovery. This is in the form of tablets which give P.E.W.S. (pass exams without supplements). Students will now be able to meet examinations with minds at rest.

We also make the most of our gymnasium period. It only takes us about 20 minutes to get over the effects. In Geometry, Miss Cumming amuses herself by cruel means. Unhappy victims of Geometry propositions! What tortures we have undergone. The penalty for not knowing props. is writing them out ten times.

In connection with other periods, we all agree with Shakespeare, who says: "Some are born studious; some achieve studies; some have studies thrust upon them." We say:

"Some of us shine brightly; some shine dully; some shine not at all."

J K Printing Room

Upon the page of history some words we will inscribe,
That the future St. John's pupils may point to them with
pride,
Of the super-human students, with heads as hard as
bricks,
That filled Professor Wherrett's room, in nineteen twenty-
six.

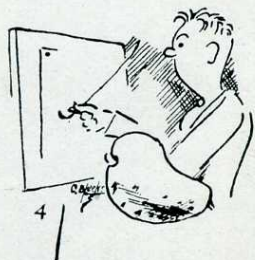
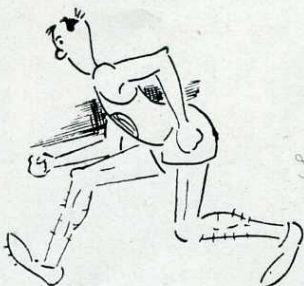
Young Rosner is the president, that we try so hard to
please,
And Ruby is the girl who lists the absentees;
The girls chose Evelyn Rosen of their games to hold full
sway,
For they know that she is gifted in an athletic way.

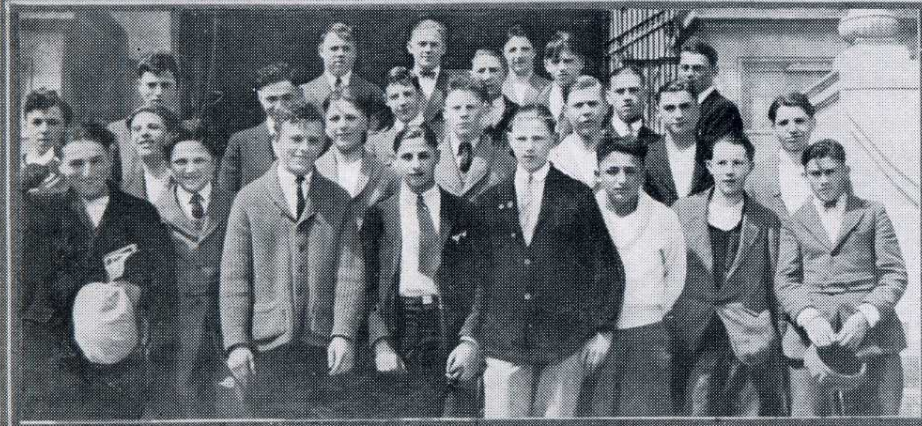
Neil Duncan is the leader of the sports within our room,
He owes most all his present fame to his lucky curling
broom;
At other sports he's pretty good—in fact he's rated
"fair."
But one thing we can't understand is why he curls his
hair.

Our class has two "born" artists, and we know that they
can draw
A picture in which critics could never find a flaw.
We're sure that in fame's ladder they'll reach the highest
peaks—
The first guy's name is Wallis—and the other Master
Bleeks.

The next we're introducing is a chubby little boy,
He certainly is popular and known to all as Roy.
If chairs could see him coming near, they'd all begin to
shake,
For their hopes of longer usefulness go down beneath his
weight.

Before we end this ditty 'twould do no harm to say,
That we surely do appreciate the teachers of to-day.
Altho the "stuff" they give us is mighty hard to stand,
They claim it's for our future use as rulers of the land.





JH

JG



JK



XPA



IXPA

Junior Practical Arts

J.—Stands for Juniors, St. John's best.

U.—is for Unity—we stand the test.

N.—is for Neatness, in which we excel.

I.—for Idleness that we expel.

O.—is for obstacles we overcome.

R.—for Resolved not to chew gum.

S.—for Sincerity in work or in play.

JUNIORS! JUNIORS! Come pave the way.

Class Officers—President, Jean Simpson; Vice-President, Ethel Metcalfe; Secretary, Thelma Chaiken; Sports Captain, Margaret Whyte.

Here we are; Rah! Rah! Rah!

It's our delight, to do what's right!

We bake bread, heavy as lead,

Then we sew, row on row,

But you'd never guess, it were a dress.

We make a hat; folks say "what's that?"

I'll give you a hunch to this lovely bunch:

We're the Grade Ten Practical Arts.

* * *

IX. Practical Arts

Nine "A" and "B" of Practical Arts,

We'd have you all to know,

Are a group of girls with many good parts,

As we'll proceed to show.

We can sing and sew; we can mend and cook,

And work in laundry too.

We can do some of these without a book

And still have naught to rue.

Oh! Practical Arts, Yes! Practical Arts,

We'd have you all to know—

We're the cutest sweetest girls of parts,

And not by any means slow.

Daily sayings of teachers:

Miss Lawrence—"Do you understand what I mean, girls?"

Miss Lightcap—"Pin before you baste; baste before you stitch."

Miss Hewton—"Do you understand what you have to do, girls?"

Miss I. Cumming—"How many understand that?"

Miss Luke—"Take those sentences I dictated last day."

Dr. Triggerson—"Here you gas tanks at the rear of the room, keep quiet or get out."

Miss Thompson—"You'd be a very nice little girl if——"

Miss Irwin—"What is the food value of this?"

* * *

Taken from Easter Exam. Papers

The French Revolution beheaded Bastille for trying to settle the Irish Question in Spain.

A circle is a straight line meeting at both ends.

Geometry teaches us to bisect angels.

An oxygen has eight sides.



Household SCIENCE.



Twenty girls, capped and aproned in spotless white, work busily and efficiently, around the large square table of the Household Science Room. Sunlight streams through the western window, touching up into brightness the shining equipment. The door of the electric oven opens to give out an appetizing odor of cooking. The second year girls are preparing a luncheon. Already the table is carefully set with silver, dainty china; a centre plant in flower shows up attractively against a background of snowy linen.



The picture becomes a memory; the students leave the school and other interests come. But when the class gets together for a reunion, there is a buzz and a chatter, a chorus of "Do you remember?"

"Will you ever forget the time when Marion used powdered sugar for flour in her cookies?" giggled Sara. "They ran, and ran and ran."

"And the pie that Mary made when she decided she didn't need accurate measurements? Wasn't it tough?" There was a general laugh.

"For all that, we learned some valuable facts," stated Jean.

"I should say we did," answered Helen. "I could hardly believe the fact that potatoes have 86% water, when I knew that milk has only 87. I used my knowledge the other day in an argument. Someone was talking of yeast as a spring tonic. It made me think of Vitamins and Calories again, and I advised raw fruit and fresh vegetables as a substitute. Our study of the laws governing nutrition has helped me considerably, I know. Since I've been in an office, I've realized that I needed food different from what I had when I was playing tennis and doing housework at home."

"I should say so," Nettie added. "I'll never forget how thankful I was for my knowledge of First Aid when

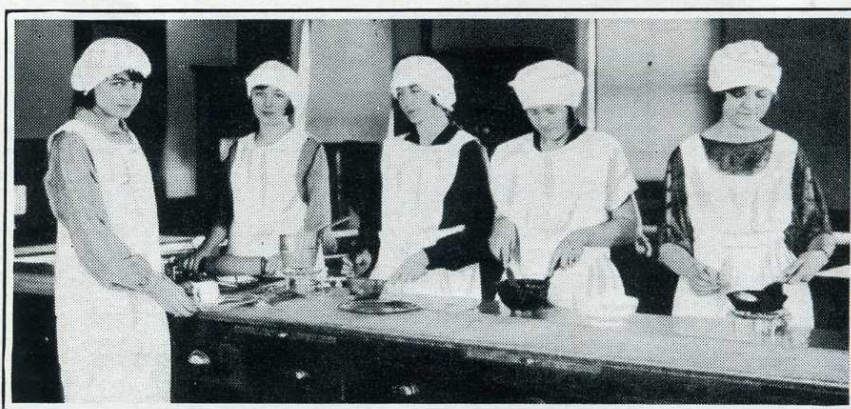




my little brother broke his arm and I was able to fasten it to a splint and ease the pain a bit before the doctor came."

We didn't say anything there about some of the other things we had learned. Take budgeting, for example! From what unnecessary and foolish extravagance we are saved by applying ourselves systematically to the task of using our dollars and cents with a purpose! You only begin to realize how valuable this branch of our course is when you remember that 98% of all the money spent passes through the hands of women.

Nor do we emerge mere cooks from our training. In fact, cooking is but the culmination of interesting experiments in which our knowledge of chemistry, physics, and other sciences plays an important part. The various phenomena in cooking cease to be mysteries to us, but open out into new and interesting experiences. Instead of falling into the grove of dull drudgery, we are, by the application of scientific principles building up a great, new branch of science which inspires us with a love for the daily duties of the Canadian homemaker.



With the "S.D.'s" at Work

When Gardner says—"do this" it is performed.

Peace, ho! Gardner speaks!

* * *

The fault, dear pupils, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves that we are underlings.

* * *

Question: Use the following words in a sentence—Ability and Capacity.

Answer: His ability to eat the case was greater than his capacity.

* * *

Question: Use properly in a sentence—Met and meet.

Answer: Meet me at the Met.





Household ARTS.

Grandmother sighed and shook her head, "The idea! Practical Arts for Marjorie! In my day we went to school to learn"—I knew the rest of her argument by heart, but before my eyes danced a vision of lovely frocks, chic hats to excite admiration—and all made by my own hands.

There were many times, I must confess, however, when I wished I had taken grandmother's advice. In my first attempt at dressmaking I tried unsuccessfully to fit a right sleeve into a left arm hole, but hope returned after I'd seen Emily's mistake, for she had sewn her skirt to the waist with the front where the back should have been. I also learned that pinning and basting were necessary to straight stitching.

As for hats. My first attempt had a style of its own! Mother and I agreed that a box in the attic should become its resting place. Some day I'm going to wear it to the school carnival and get the "booby" prize. Oh! I couldn't destroy it! Into its making went too many pricks from wire and pins, too many heart burning hours of work and worry.

"Textiles"—a fascinating subject! Here so many undreamed of interests came to us,—studies that were to help us later in the choice and buying of our clothes. How to avoid shrinkage in woolsens, how to test materials, how to put silk to the "burning" if not the "acid" test—a dozen how's answering the problems that come every spring and fall



1780



1750



1790



1760



1640



1710



1720



1730



1740

when we go to buy our outfit, and save ourselves dollars through that knowledge.

“Selection,” another viewpoint, is much emphasized. Here we are reminded that a limited income is not necessarily a handicap, as expensive dress is not always good dress; that good taste makes money only a minor consideration; and that the best dressed girl is the one whose costume is so harmonious, and so suited to her individuality that the details of it are unnoticed and only the rightness of the whole is remembered.

Lessons on color and line are made so clear that even Wilhelmina, the heavyweight of the class, as she good naturedly admitted herself to be, wistfully gave up her dreams of ruffles and flounces and exchanged these for the long unbroken lines that our slim Jenny used to love.

To be brief: we worked, and struggled, and learned so that when we heard the wise words uttered at the Graduating exercises we had the satisfaction of knowing that our 99% dresses were a delight to our mothers, while even grandmother approved of the stitches. The last hat made was not relegated to the attic; in fact, it has been copied with variations for two friends who haven't had the training.

It has all been so very much worth while, and we'll remember many happy hours in the Laundry Room as we wash and iron that much-treasured hand made garment which has been such a labour of love.

Practical Arts for Mary Jane,
 Not in my day did we learn the same,
 We washed at home by the sweat of our brow;
 But now it's at school that girl's learn how
 To wash and iron, to cook and sew,
 Make stylish hats and dresses to show.

But it must be fine at the end of the year
 When the papers show a mark of cheer
 And near closing time at the great display
 Girls show what they've learned in the school of today.
 Come! we'll give three cheers with might and main,
 For Practical Arts and Mary Jane.

* * *

ON RECEIVING MY OCTOBER REPORT

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many good reports did I receive.
 Many times too, did I my parents grieve
 By bringing home reports that knocked them cold.
 Oft of a dire fate had I been told:
 That I'd be sent to explain to Mr. Reeve.
 Yet ne'er did I this threat believe,
 Till I heard Johnson speak out loud and bold.
 Then I felt like some watcher of the scores
 When fails the mighty Babe the ball to clout;
 Or like Salesman Sam, when thru' plate-glass doors
 He and Guzzlem's Syrup are both kicked out.
 Thus stood I, of bravado not one speck—
 Silent, in Room 40 of St. John's Tech.

Dorothy Romalis.

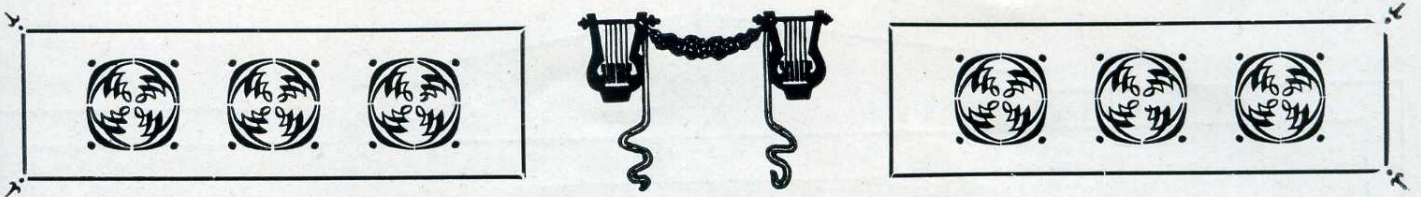


THE year 1925-26 has proved a very eventful one in the music activities of St. John's Technical High School. The Orchestra brought honor to the school, while the Glee Clubs and Choral Society opened the road to greater possibilities in coming years.

For many years it had been the desire of St. John's Technical to have a school orchestra, and it was due largely to the faithful efforts of Mr. Gardner that this desire was realized in 1924. For the past three years he has canvassed the musical students of the school for possible members. The orchestra is conducted by Mr. Terence Burt. It consists entirely of St. John's students. Every Thursday noon in the auditorium the members give themselves wholeheartedly to the musical practice.

In its initial year, the orchestra with fifteen members made a very creditable beginning. Last year they entered the Musical Festival Competition, winning first honors. This year the orchestra is double the original, having thirty pieces. Under the efficient leadership of Mr. Burt it has established a record for clear and sympathetic interpretation. Steady progress has again enabled the orchestra to make an excellent showing before the adjudicators of this year's Musical Festival, obtaining eighty-two marks for the rendering of "Valse Triste," by Sibelius. This warranted the presentation of the Archbishop Machray shield by Lieut.-Governor Sir J. A. M. Aikins to the orchestra, although the only entry this year in the class for Senior High School Orchestras.





Another phase of the musical work for the past year has been the introduction of the Glee Clubs and the Choral Society. Early last fall the voices of all the boys were tested; two choirs were selected, one of the boy sopranos, and the other of boys whose voices have changed. The latter choir became the Boys' Glee Club. Together these choirs contained over one hundred voices. Throughout the term they had definite periods during the week in which to work together under the leadership of Mr. G. E. Snider and Miss Luke.

In discussing the musical activities of the term, the most important is the first Annual Concert, held in the school Auditorium on March 11th, 1926. The Boys' Glee Club sang a four part song, "Now is the month of Maying," by Purcell. The Girls' Glee Club sang the response to the latter, "The Moon Re-appears," by Purcell, and also a three-part song entitled "The Galway Piper," by Fletcher. The Choral Society, that is, the combined Glee Clubs, sang two selections, one a five-part song, "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," by Stewart, and "Swansea Town," by Holst. The orchestral contributions to the programme were greatly appreciated. The programme was also featured by individual contributions from students of the school. On the whole our First Annual Concert was a great success, considering that all the work had been done outside of school hours.

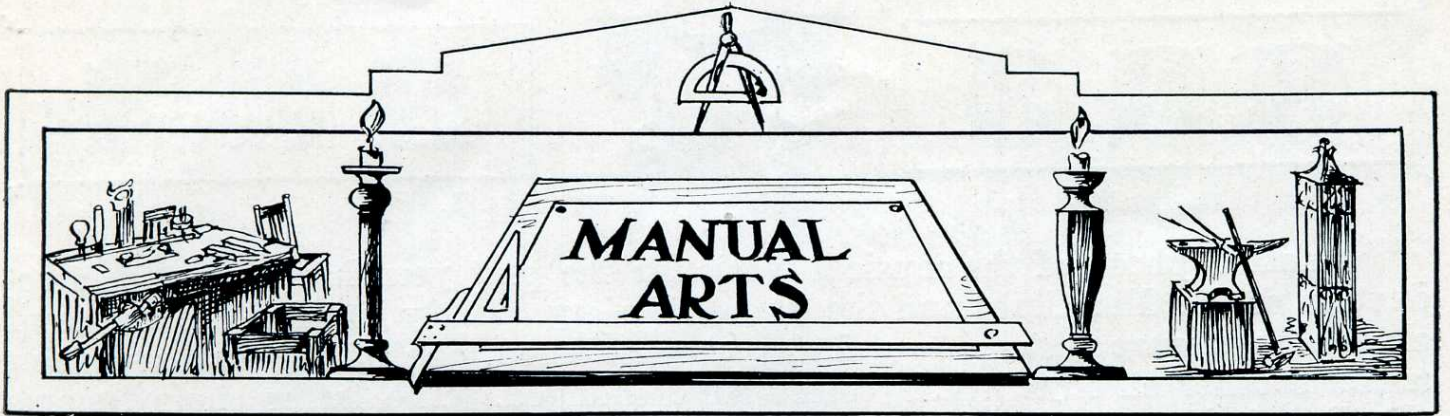
The second public appearance of the various musical societies was the Fourth Annual Public Speaking Contest, held in St. John's United Church on April 27th.

This, in brief, is the outline of our musical work during the past year. The Orchestra has already made a name for itself, and is well known, not only to music circles, but to the general public throughout the city. The Glee Clubs and the Choral Society have made a good beginning, and their success in accomplishing this is due largely to the patient leadership of Miss Luke and Mr. Snider, and also to the interest taken by the members themselves.

Music has hitherto found little place in the school curriculum, but the introduction of these various societies will instil in the pupils a love and appreciation of good music, and aid in making Winnipeg the foremost musical city in Canada.

Gertrude E. Selden, XIIB, Room 39.





SHOPS! How many pleasant hours have been spent in them by the boys of St. John's. To ex-students the word brings up many delightful memories of days gone by; to the present day students it means a period of recreation and thorough enjoyment; and to the grade-school boys it brings visions of the glorious hours to come when they too will be going to St. John's.

It is a boy's nature to be always doing or making something. In the shops the boy can give expression to his creative powers. He can make a model that will, in its making, be a joy, and on its completion, a treasure. The co-ordination between student and instructor is perhaps, in part, what makes the shops so well-liked. Another reason is the great freedom of the shops. The boy is given his instructions and then he goes about to solve his problems in his own way, and this brings out his resourcefulness, ingenuity and initiative.

The method of attacking the problems in the different shops is fundamentally the same. In forging, for instance,—that shop of wondrous noises, the heavy poundings of the power hammer beating time to the gentler cymbal-like sounds of hammers on anvils—we see a group of wondering boys watching a man pounding a shapeless mass of steel or iron into a model in an amazingly short time. Then with instructions fresh in mind they hurry over to their own forges to try their hand. One over-zealous boy makes short shrift of his fire by giving it too much draft. It forms a miniature volcano and the fire is no more. The others, however, either from experience or from warnings from this more unfortunate fellow-worker, do not suffer this calamity. They watch anxiously over their fire, taking their metals out several times to see if they are hot enough. This period is also the cause of much grief on the part of the inexperienced; either he stands and admires his neighbor's work too long, or else he has forgotten to turn off the draft before going away for a short time. When he returns and draws out his piece of metal the shop is treated to a display of fireworks—brilliant colored sparks fly in all directions. The boy, however, has not enjoyed the spectacle. He looks ruefully at his burned piece of metal and a sorry-looking mass it is indeed. It is not the same smooth piece of metal that he put into the fire, but a dark, scaly, blistered-looking mass much shorter and thinner than before. These few trials and tribulations do not discourage the boys, they merely add spice to the work and make it, because it is a little difficult, far more interesting and fascinating.

While the forge room may remind one of the renowned village smithy, the machine shop gives the observer the impression of a very scientific place. Here we find budding machinists engaged in their various tasks. The boy at the lathe smiles proudly as the blue, hot curls indicating a capacity cut, are turned off; the one at the drill grins ruefully at the evasive bit as he stabs, often with futility at the centre-punch mark in his piece of work. Occasion-

nally a little group forms to help some classmate decipher the micrometer reading. Should we go into the corner of the room we might find some discouraged fellow using the buffing machine to polish the miscellaneous articles found in his pockets. Meanwhile, on the work-bench there is usually someone busily engaged in some hand operation. Then, the visitor cannot fail to see the marvellous machine known as the milling machine. Usually some smart mechanic is experimenting here in order to get some rudimentary knowledge of this intricate genii of steel. Thus the boys build up bit by bit, slowly but surely, a good foundation in the manipulation of all machines. Furthermore, if anyone runs up against a problem too hard for him to solve, he may go to the instructor who appreciates these minor difficulties so much, that he is always more than pleased to lend a helping hand. The machine shop plays an important part in the manual department of our school.

In the electrical shop there is the constant unchanging hum of the dynamo. Here the boy has very many interesting things to do. He learns the practical side as well as the theoretical side of electricity. The most interesting, however, is the making of models. In this, the boy has very wide scope. He can make anything from a little dry cell up to an elaborate heater. He can assemble radio sets and investigate the intricacies of meters, motors, and other electrical apparatus.

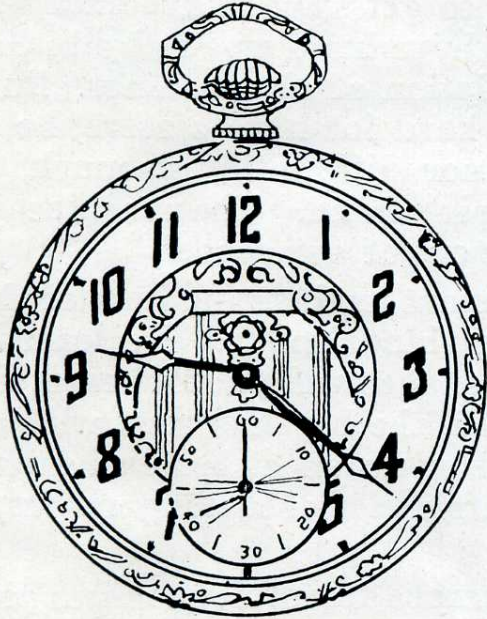
The woodworking room with its numerous tumultuous noises gives the impression of being the busiest shop of all. The great machines trimming the wood to the touch of the operator are fascinating to the average boy. In addition this shop is comparatively clean and is filled with the pleasant odor of seasoned wood. Here is the place for the fellow who likes plenty of action without the smoke and grimy oil of metal work. Perhaps this explains why so many high-school engineers take the woodworking course. Troups of boys are invariably standing at the jointer, planer and mortice machines anxiously waiting their turn while shouting "verbal 'help'" to hasten the boy at the machine. Others are hastily glueing their models together. Some are vigorously sand-papering their models to prepare them for staining. Still others are engaged in upholstering. And, alas, there is nearly always some unfortunate fellow who is ransacking the shop in search of a misplaced model. Thus everyone has a piece of work to do and a problem to solve, at which he works with enjoyment.

There are two shops which work only with wood. We have already discussed the wood-working room. The other is the wood-turning room. It is strikingly different in appearance. Instead of hearing numerous noises as in wood-working, we hear the busy, monotonous hum of the lathe-motors as the boys trim their material to the desired shape. Occasionally the thunder-like drone of the jointer and the ripping whine of the band-saw break the monotony. Sometimes, a strange piercing trill catches the alert ear of the instructor, and, as he hastily scans the shop for the source of the sound he notices a trace of smoke ascending from the lathe of some boy who has had too much pressure on his wood. This is the kind of incident that the boy will remember with pleasure long after he has forgotten the models he has made.

In mechanical drawing we find the quietest room in the basement, but for all that, it is not the least interesting. It is supplementary to all the other shops in that it provides working drawings of all the models to be made.

All in all, you will find the shops a pleasant and active place, the one department in the school where the boy looks upon 4 o'clock as an unfortunate ending rather than a pleasant beginning.

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SPORTS

“And it is not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote,
Play up, play up, and play the Game.”

—Sir Henry Newbolt.



ST. JOHN'S has good reason to be proud of the spirit of clean sportsmanship which prevails in the school. Winning the game does not count so much as the spirit in which it is won—or lost—and St. John's athletes, though cheerful in the hour of victory, may rightfully claim that if, when up against a better team, it has been their lot to suffer defeat, they took their medicine like sports, and went off the field with a smile and cheer for the other fellow.

St. John's clean playing is a by-word with every sport lover in the city, and has been ever since Inter-Collegiate sports were first introduced into High School life. Every member of the school, Junior or Senior, should make it his or her personal duty to keep up, and promote this reputation for clean play, and may it never be said that a student of St. John's Technical High School has failed to live up to the time-honored motto of his School—Nil Nisi Probum, “Nothing But the Right.”

* * *

SCHOOL FIELD DAY

As soon as the weather permitted it, training for the St. John's field day began in earnest. Members of the teaching staff voluntarily gave their services after school hours every day to coach the track teams, and whether their work was of any benefit or not, was well proved by the events at the Inter-High.

In the senior division, Walter (Pope) Popiel carried off first honors, defeating Bermack's claim to the position by only one point. Bermack as usual took all the short distance runs, and even attempted the long distances, which, however went to McClure and Popiel. Slaw Rebchuk, of course, walked off with the shot put events, being however closely followed by Alec Nitchuk, who at the last moment decided to take the Inter-Collegiate event for himself.

The Intermediate and Junior divisions brought to light much unexpected and hitherto unnoticed talent. Archie Brotman and Kasmer Jastremsky won a place in all the events in which they had entered.

The primary boys contributed greatly to the general success of the school. Abie Averbach carried all before him, taking eight out of a possible nine points at the Inter-Collegiate. Henry Young is in the same class as Averbach, having contributed seven points. Walker lived up to his name by walking off with every event he entered, emerging with a total of nineteen points. His victory was short lived however, for upon being weighed in it was found that he could not make the required weight, and had to forfeit his position.



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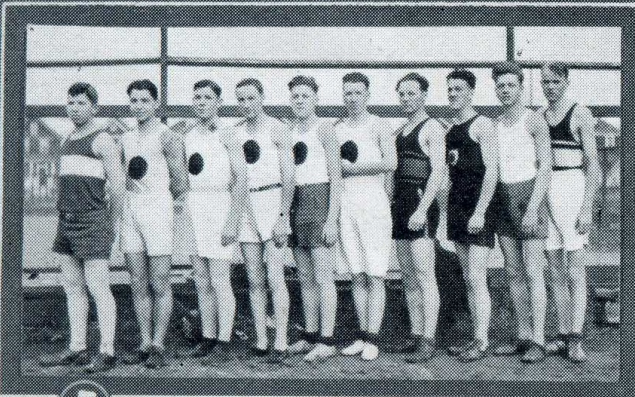
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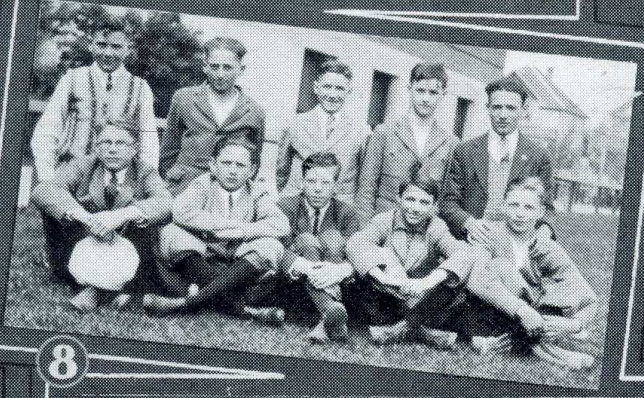
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Key.—1. Junior Basketball. 2. Senior Girls' Baseball. 3. Primary Basketball. 4. Junior Girls' Baseball. 5. Intermediate Relay. 6. Senior Relay (I.H. Record). 7. Junior Relay. 8. Primary Relay (I.H. Record). 9. Senior Girls' Relay. 10. Junior Girls' Relay.

INTER-HIGH FIELD DAY

During the past two years in particular was St. John's successful in all its athletic enterprises, especially in the Inter-High School sport-meet, successfully defeating its strongest rival, the "Daniel McIntyre," both times by a very narrow margin. Mr. J. A. S. Gardner again took on the office of Field Sports' Organizer this year and did splendid work with the track teams. Great credit is due our athletes for the fine victory. They fought as they had never fought before, and many were the personal sacrifices made, with the sole object of promoting the good name and honour of the school. The relay teams emerged with flying colors, the senior team in particular, making up for last year's fumble by breaking the senior record by some seconds. The baton-passing was well organized, and the victory deserved.

Although records remained intact, the members of the primary division greatly distinguished themselves. Abie Averbach's efforts are well worth mentioning, he having secured eight out of a possible nine points, missing the individual medal by the narrow margin of one point. Archie Brotman, in the junior division is also worthy of mention, and may be classed together with Averbach, this being the second year he has emerged with flying colors. Some enthusiastic well-wishers have warmly congratulated Archie, expressing their desire to see him carry off many more honours in future years—we don't know in what spirit those remarks were dropped, but we also hope to see Archie's name an outstanding one in future years—on the University honour list.

History repeated itself when Carrol McClure staggered across the line, second in the mile race, repeating his own performance of the previous year. Half mile honours went to Popiel who arrived second. Walter was entered for the mile also, but was forced to give up his place, on account of having killed his wind in the half.

Joe Bermack and Alex Nitchuk tied for individual honors in the senior division, both barely missing the medal by one point. Bermack, our worthy Sport's Captain, did good work in connection with Field Day, and other branches of sport. His untiring efforts in behalf of the school, coupled with those of several members of the teaching staff, undoubtedly account for many of our successes; it is to be hoped that his example will be followed by his successors in future years.

The girls made a valiant effort to come out on top on Field Day, but their zealous attempts did not land them in that place of honor. The entrants in the Senior Dash were Margaret Wood and Eunice Yellowlees—Mae Berry and Goldie Pullan in the Junior dash. Mae had several important lessons in starting (which seemed to be the bane of her life) but at River Park Mae's lessons were thrown to the wind—she went back to the old reliable—her own method. Goldie felt doubtful. She looked around to see if any opponent was catching up. Too bad! They were all ahead. Eva Blankstein, Margaret Whyte, Beatrice Manusow and Margaret Hodgins were the ball throwers of St. John's. Margaret Whyte won in the senior. Her throw reached the 250 foot mark—another "Perhaps Poem." In spirit of strenuous practice the Relay Teams had to yield place to Daniel McIntyre and Kelvin.

* * *

Chem. Instructor—"What is 'Density'?"

Profound silence.

Chem. Instructor—"I wanted a definition, not an illustration."

HOCKEY

The Tech hockey team has succeeded for the third consecutive year in "Bringing Home the Bacon," without suffering one defeat during the series. Aside from the scheduled games the team also defeated their neighbors from St. John's College, who proved to be a better team, and harder to beat than either the Daniel McIntyre or Kelvin. Co-operation on the part of each player, and the splendid loyalty of the members to their manager, Mr. A. W. Muldrew, and to their sturdy captain, "Gus" Rivers, was one of the chief factors in the team's successes. The line-up was as follows. Walter McCord, "Gus" Rivers, Carrol McClure, Eddie McKush, Harold Simpson, Jack Abra, "Chick" Cowan, "Art" Hoffer and "Bill" Saltman.

A junior hockey team was also organized to play against Machray Junior High School. This team also showed spirit, winning both games with pretty scores.

In the Inter-class league, Room 37 was successful after a hard battle with the other classes.

* * *

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

After much strenuous work on the part of the two girls' teams, under the able coaching of Alec Nitchuk, they at last felt ready to go forth to battle in the first game of the season against the Normal students. Naturally, since it was the first time in the annals of St. John's that girls played by boys' rules, the gym was packed to overflowing. The girls put up a good fight and it was with much difficulty that the Normalites at last emerged victors.

Nothing daunted, St. John's met Wesley College on home ground for the next game. This, perhaps, was the hardest game for St. John's and at the close they emerged a sadder and a wiser team.

The third game of the series was against Kelvin. In this game several of the home team found it easier to play on the floor and consequently the Kelvinites walked over St. Johns.

However, to prove that a really good game could be put up by St. John's the Kelvins were challenged again and this time the game was to be played at Kelvin. Here was St. John's chance! The game was speedy and the ball was seen in the vicinity of the Kelvinites' basket too often for the comfort of the Kelvinites. Of course St. John's still maintains that the Kelvinites' winning basket was a fluke but being too polite to say so, we allowed them to win the final game of the season.—K.M.R.

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FOOTBALL

The football season brought more laurels to the school, our team gaining the Inter-High championship without suffering a single defeat. Captain Allan Lack is to be congratulated on the fine showing of the team, and in this we are also much indebted to Mr. Reeve, who laid aside the robes of office, to don knickers and football boots along with the boys, to coach them in their practices. He lent them some of his own skill, and created that most valuable quality, enthusiasm. The team was managed by Mr. H. Pascoe and Mr. W. T. Whiteford. One of the salient features was that six of the eleven players belonged to the Junior classes, which not only reflects great credit upon their training in Junior high, but also points to very good material for next year. One could not select certain individuals of particular merit, for the team as a whole showed that splendid all-round combination, and that wonderful spirit which has always been one of St. John's finest attributes.

* * *

“In case anything should go wrong with this experiment,” said Dr. Triggerson, “we and the laboratory with us will be blown sky-high—now, come a little closer, boys, in order that you may follow me.”

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BASKETBALL

In addition to the various other school championships, St. John's has added the Basketball title. It proved its right to the title by winning five out of the eight games played with Kelvin. The games were keenly contested and were followed with deep interest by the whole student body, whose enthusiasm helped to gain the victory.

In the senior division St. John's has for the fifth successive year copped the title. The husky lads who contributed their powers were as follows: Shantz, Nitchuk, Rivers, Luskie, Kramer, Jackson, Brookler, and Beley. Alec Nitchuk, the captain of this snappy aggregation was an outstanding figure.

The Intermediate team also emerged triumphant, winning both its games by enormous scores. Prevendo, Merkle, and Korychuk did exceptionally well on the forward line, while Lack and Krolik did some good defense work.

The Junior division offered more excitement. The Kelvinites got away with the first game, but St. John's came back strong by winning the second contest. Pierce, Wasserman, Senensky and Abramson shone on the forward line, while Brotman and Morrow played a good defense game.

In the primary division, fortune frowned upon the sturdy team. Though the team played well in both games, they had the misfortune to lose by the narrow margin of one basket. The primary line-up was as follows: Gorowski, Young, Ludwick, Sodomsky, Rabinovitch and Watson.

All the students who played basketball this season wish to thank their coach, Mr. Patterson, for his good work, which was greatly appreciated.

CURLING

This year, as usual, there was a school curling competition which lasted throughout the season. The school had the use of nine sheets of ice weekly, at the St. John's Curling Club. This year the competition was changed a bit, and instead of having mixed curling twice a week, girls curled on Monday, and boys on Friday. Each division played its own schedule until Mr. J. A. S. Gardner with a girls' rink, and Mr. F. D. Baragar with a boys' rink, met in a final game which resulted in a triumph for "Sid." In accordance with the school custom some of the rinks were skipped by students. These rinks, although they did not reach the finals, ran the finalists a close race. The boy skips were—Miller Brown, George McKay, Sam Cohen, and Jack Howlett. Seventy-two students participated in this competition, and all heartily voted it "the greatest yet."

The Inter-High School bonspiel which took place on March 6th, resulted very favorably for St. John's. Sam Cohen, one of our well-known figures in curling, played brilliantly, and as a result went through the "Spiel" without a loss, carrying off the main event. Miller Brown's rink also played well, and although they lost the first game, succeeded in carrying off the consolation. This is the first time that St. John's has won both events, and we may rightly feel proud of the success which crowned the efforts of our representatives.

The personnel of the rinks is as follows: Simon "Bus" Diner, Johon Slobodian, Bert Aines, Sam Cohen (skip); Jack Abra, Ted Hall, Neil Duncan, Miller Brown (skip).

Throughout the winter the competition of the eighteen rinks from the school was very successfully conducted by Mr. D. A. Allison, assisted by Mr. W. P. Johnson. Our curlers are also greatly indebted to St. John's Curling Club for the very favourable conditions which they extended to us.

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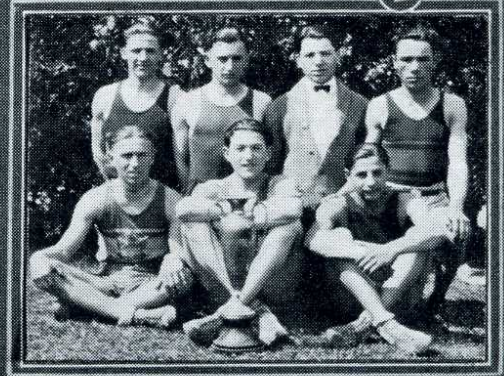
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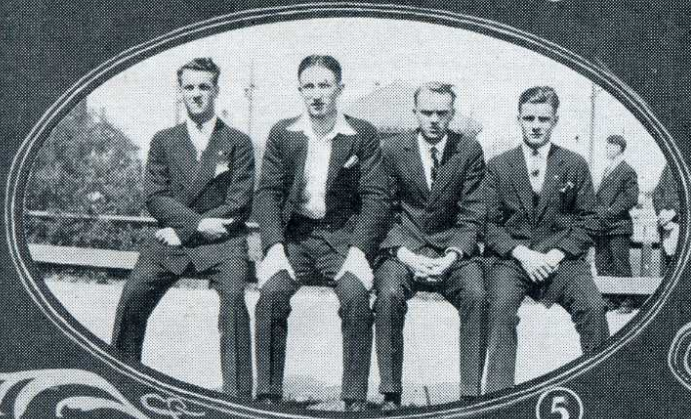
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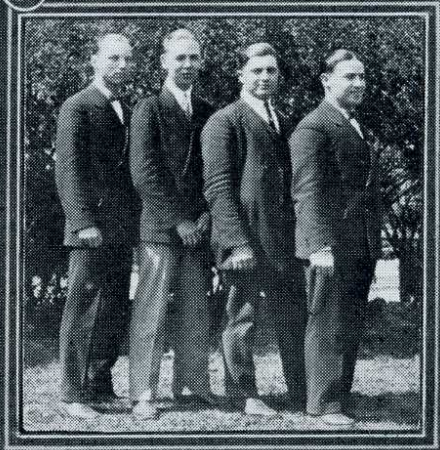
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Key.—1. Winners Inter-Class Hockey—J.F. 2. Junior Girls' Basketball. 3. Senior Girls' Basketball. 4. Intermediate Basketball. 5. I.H. Curling—Winners Consol. 6. I.H. Curling Winners. 7. Sport Leaders. 8. Winners School Curling. 9. Winners Inter-Class Football—J.B. 10. Senior Basketball.

GIRLS' BASEBALL

This year St. John's entered a Junior and Senior team in the Inter-High School baseball league. Kelvin withdrew at the beginning leaving the Daniel McIntyre as our only opponent. We feel sure that the Seniors would have won their first game on the McIntyre grounds—if they could have made 21 more runs.

The Junior girls played a fine game at St. John's, winning from Daniel McIntyre. The second game played by the seniors was on home grounds. Perhaps encouraged by the large number of spectators in comparison with the four lusty voices which urged them on at the previous game, they entered into the game with a true fighting spirit. This game might have been much better, if our girls had played with their hands instead of their feet. In spite of this, it was not until after a long struggle that the Saints fell in defeat with a close score of 15-14.

The Juniors at the Daniel McIntyre grounds were determined to win, but they should have remembered the saying: "He who expects nothing is never disappointed," for they lost to the tune of 12-7. The girls wish to express their admiration for the splendid teams of the Daniel McIntyre school and to congratulate them on their success.

* * *

BOYS' BASEBALL

The 1926 St. John's baseball team was comprised of the following players: Krolic, as short; Paluk, catcher; Maslovsky, second base; Niles, in centre field; McKush, as pitcher; Nitchuk, on third base; Sam Cohen, right field; Buckwold, on first, and Ahoff, playing left field. No small amount of credit is due the team—McKush in particular—for its splendid work, with so little practice.

May 13th—St. Johns 6, Kelvin 6.

The first game of the season, between Kelvin and St. John's was a tie but if it had not been for the admirable pitching of McKush and the backing of the other players, it would have gone to Kelvin as they had a four run lead in the first inning. Two extra innings were played with no runs for either team.

May 20th—St. John's 3, Daniel McIntyre 1.

The second game, between Daniel McIntyre and St. John's was very close. The Cherry and Greys, after putting up a hard battle, went down with the score 3-1.

May 28th—St. John 8, Wesley 0.

The game between Wesley and St. Johns was hardly a game. The score was put at 8-0 because runs took time, and one of our players had a date. In this game Henry Hawrych pitched while Posner caught.

June 1st—St. John's 3, Kelvin 8.

The play-off for the championship had the worst weather of all. Several times it looked as if the game would have to be called off on account of rain and one or two flurries of wet snow. After a hard fought battle St. John's lost to Kelvin.

Throughout the whole four games our players exhibited a pluckiness and a sense of fair play which is characteristic of all St. John's sports, and although losing the final game, closed the season with three cheers.

BOYS' TENNIS

The Senior Boys' Doubles Tournament proved quite interesting as in almost every case the "favorite" team was downed by its opponents. The first surprise was sprung when Frehs and Collins were defeated in a love set by Diner and Cooperband, who fought their way to the top of the series. The climax was reached when in the final set, McKay and McDonald after a hard struggle suffered defeat at the hands of Diner and Cooperband, who, by winning this set, established their right to the title of Senior Tennis Champions of the School.

In the Junior division the result was inevitable from the outset. McKush and Hodgson proved a formidable pair, and when they emerged victors from a fourteen-team series, no surprise was evinced.

Under the able leadership of Mr. H. E. Snyder the tennis activities have been carried out with great success, and in the handling of the tournament he had a very efficient assistant in the person of Dan Krendel. Messrs. Ridd, Durnin and Russell working on Tennis Committees also did a great deal towards making the year's work successful.

The tennis courts behind the school are given by the Quarante Tennis Club to the students on all school days until five o'clock. To this club students, ex-students and their friends are eligible upon payment of a small fee which is necessary for the upkeep of the courts. It is the only club in connection with the school in which students can meet ex-students. Through the honorary president of the club, Mr. H. E. Snyder, all activities on our courts are co-ordinated. Great credit is due to Hilda Wolstenholme (Grade XII.—1924) who has promoted so well the interests of the club ever since it began, and who has served continuously as secretary-treasurer. Recently Mildred Burt and Raymond Dunwell have been appointed executive officers of the club.

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GIRLS' TENNIS

Never before have St. John's tennis enthusiasts been treated to so thrilling a combat as when Marion Romanch—Marion Erb of S.A., met Melba Belyea—Gladys Muir of XIIIA. on St. John's shale. For a full hour and fifteen minutes the battle raged while the girls drove sizzling drives, smashed cross-court and chased high shots. For a full hour and fifteen minutes they fought while the set lengthened from six to eighteen games and the score wavered from one side to the other. When the smoke (the sand) of battle finally cleared away, Melba and Gladys found themselves victors by the close score of 10-8. This game was typical of the rest of the tournament, for, among the eleven pairs that entered, there was not a single weak team. They were all high class players.

In the Junior Doubles, Mary Armstrong and Evelyn Winston of J.C. won by a score of 7-2 over Margaret Robertson and Ida Bender, S.C.C.

Great credit is due Marion Romanch, who directed the tournament in a very efficient manner.

* * *

Our athletic president for the year, Mr. J. C. Wherrett, who has been in charge of most of the gym work, has by his able discharge of his duties contributed greatly to the year's success in sports. Mr. Jones, who has for many years faithfully served the school Athletic Association as Treasurer and in other capacities, deserves highest commendation for his steady and enthusiastic support of school athletics and his valuable assistance to all sports organizers. He has given quietly and ungrudgingly a great deal of efficient service to the school; Mr. Jones's room, in fact, has become a sort of "Mecca" for those requiring "something done" in sports.



1. School Tennis Champions. 2. Winners of Inter-High Hockey. 3. School Baseball Team.
4. Winners Inter-High Football.

THE SENIOR POW WOW.

“Ki-Yi, Ki-Yi, Ki-Yi-Yip” rang from the blood-thirsty throats of the St. John’s Tribesmen as they plunged forth upon their ruthless hunt for pleasure. At length silence fell over the vast assemblage as the Notorious Brave, Sandy McKenzie, leaped upon the fence and flourishing his tomahawk, whooped the frightful war-cry and pointed the way to the river trail. Onward leapt the braves; the maidens tripped along and the papooses—J.A.’s—toddled behind.

Heap-Big Chief Reeve blazed the trail through the deep, dark forests of Scotia, onward to the pleasure fields, while the leading braves loaned helping arms to the weaker members of the tribe, but for all that many fell by the way. Consequently, the Notorious Brave was forced to halt his tribesmen and beat his tom-tom furiously to call in the stragglers. The Hunting Grounds were reached at last and the braves and maidens scattered under the spacious maples of Kildonan Park, slid down the steep ravines, fought fierce battles, and paid homage to their revered ancestor, Peguis.

The Tom-Tom was beaten again and the tribesmen reluctantly gathering up their wounded, began the victorious march back to the Reserve, leaving the forest-trail for the open road of Main Street.

Triumphantly, if wearily, the happy band streamed into the “Big Wigwam.” After applying fresh warpaint, the tribes gathered to fortify themselves against the ensuing sing-song and pow-wow. Then—tum te tum tum came the steady beat from the tribe’s drummers, while the maidens and braves swayed from side to side in perfect rhythm. Tum te tum tum, and the big chiefs joined the joy-mad throng. The screams and whoops of Big Chief Gardner led the snowy battles on the trail, but in the pow-wow, Chief Snyder stepped higher and faster than all others.

Finally, the Big Chief ordered the tribe’s departure and braves and maidens wended their way wigwamward.



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December 22. 2.30 a.m.—after the night before.

Oh, dear Diary, I must tell you all about it! It was wonderful! I looked just spiffy in my new georgette and everybody looked at me. He had three dances with me in spite of all the other sheiks waiting to have one. I danced till my feet ached, but I really didn't notice it until I got home. Howard took me to supper and we had a perfectly scrumptious little feast—and some had a couple of them. Then we went back to the gym and danced till 11.45 when it ended. I was so sorry it had to break up then, but never mind Diary, *He* took me home.

Oh my dear, I wasn't the only one that enjoyed it. Everyone seemed overflowing and bubbling with joy. I don't know whether we were so happy because the exams were over or because we won Field Day. You know it's the very first dance of that kind that was ever held in the school. The Council certainly kept its word when it gave us the dance which it had promised during the heat of the election campaign.

The boys turned out in full force and blocked the doorway until Mr. Reeve told them to get started or else there wouldn't be any dance at all. It was amazing how they forgot their bashfulness, or whatever was the matter with them, and even started to dance together. Malcolm Thomson was a scream! He danced with the boys until Hazel Wilson got hold of him. Then she made him step! Oh Boy!

Listen, my dear, who do you think was there? Oh, heaps of teachers and some of them brought friends along. But diary, I could write forever and not tell everything. The Midnight Ramblers is the most wonderful orchestra.

Goodnight, Diary, it's nearly three. Now that I've told you all about it, maybe I can sleep. Good-night!

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	3rd—Albert Schneider	GREGG
1923	1st—Charles L. Swem	GREGG
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	3rd—Martin J. Dupraw	GREGG
1924	1st—Charles L. Swem	GREGG
	2nd—Nathan Behrin	PITMAN
	3rd—Martin J. Dupraw	GREGG
1925	1st—Martin J. Dupraw	GREGG
	2nd—Charles L. Swem	GREGG
	3rd—Solomon Powsner	PITMAN

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Our Graduates

The task of selecting those ex-students whose achievements have been most noteworthy has not been an easy one. From the many who are rendering useful service to-day or who have made remarkable strides in their chosen line of work, we have chosen a few. By looking into their work we may see how far-reaching are the influences and the ideals of our school.

We are reproducing here the class picture of the first graduating class. These are the students who set the high standards St. John's has since maintained in the field of scholarship. In the work-a-day world they have set an equally high standard of good citizenship.

MAY BERE, M.A., Ph.D.

1911—Member of First Graduating Class of St. John's.

1915—B.A. Manitoba University. Awarded Scholarship in German at University of Chicago.

1917—M.A. Chicago University. Summer course in Psychology at Columbia.

1918-1919—Fellowship in Judge Baker Foundation, Boston. Two years spent here in study of Psychology. Practical work with delinquents in Juvenile Court.

1919-1920—Teacher's College Columbia.

Sept., 1920—Appointed Psychologist to Winnipeg Public School Board.

1922—Student at Columbia, Psychology.

1923—Ph.D. Columbia: Thesis: Mental Capacity of Children of Foreign Parents.

1923-1924—Assistant Professor of Psychology in Colorado State Teachers' College.

Sept., 1924—Re-appointed Psychologist to Winnipeg Public Schools.

This is a brief chronological statement of a remarkable career of study. Dr. Bere is now contributing to the educational life of our own city. Her special work is to aid sub-normal children by the provision of opportunity classes. In the summer of 1924 at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science held in Toronto, she read a paper on "The Mental Capacity of School Children."

SUSIE KELSEY, B.A., R.N.

Susie Kelsey was one of the most brilliant members of the first graduating class from St. John's. Each year of her High School and University course brought one or more scholarships to her credit. She graduated in 1915, the gold medallist in French. After three and one-half years of teaching she entered the General Hospital where she received the Gold Medal in General Proficiency in her first year. A year of special training for mission work followed in the Toronto Deaconess House. Her standing in her final examination there was the highest ever attained by any student of the school. Miss Kelsey sailed for Honan, China, in August, 1924. She has completed a year's study in the Language School at Peking and is now studying with a private native teacher at Kweitah, Honan. During the recent political disturbances she did Red Cross work at the China Inland Mission Hospital but her appointment is to the St. Paul's Missionary Hospital, Kweitah, Honan, where she will assume her duties very soon.

GRACE SALTER KEMP, B.A.

Grace Salter graduated from St. John's in 1915 and from Manitoba University in 1920. During her college course she was actively associated with the Student Volunteer Movement and during two summers "manned" the home mission field at St. Lorette, Manitoba. In February, 1921, she sailed for Trinidad to become principal of the Naparima Girls' High School. Here she had three native teacher assistants and an enrolment of about 100 girls who were prepared for the Cambridge Junior Examinations and who were also given Normal training.

In 1924 she was married to Rev. H. F. Kemp, a field missionary in Trinidad and since then she has been doing field work with her husband. Her work has been chiefly among the girls for whom she has organized the T.G.I.T.

Mr. and Mrs. Kemp are now on furlough in Canada. They return to Trinidad in October.

KATHLEEN PERRIN, R.N.

After one year of teaching Kathleen entered the Winnipeg General Hospital. Following graduation she was appointed to the Soldiers' Ward and later selected for Overseas Service. She served in the hospitals of England and France for 22 months. On her return to Canada she conducted parties of disabled soldiers to different parts of the west. After receiving her discharge she went to Vancouver. From there she has had two trips to the Orient as nurse on one of the large Trans-Pacific liners. She is now doing private nursing at the coast.



Back Row—M. Neil; M. Bere, Ph.D.; A. S. Cook, M.D.; F. Cheshire, B.A.; J. Pritchard, M.D.; I. McBeth, B.A.; S. Helman, B.A.; M. Thom.
 Third Row—D. Clayton (Mrs. W. Rowland); S. Romanovski, B.A. (Mrs. Abrahamson); N. Ferguson (Mrs. Dempsey); W. R. Cottingham; K. Perrin, R.N.; G. Berg (Mrs. H. Berman); B. Coates, B.A. (Mrs. Criddle).
 Second Row—S. McIvor; I. McGregor (Mrs. H. McCrimmon); L. Scipp; Miss M. E. Day; A. C. Campbell (Principal); Mrs. Crease; C. Cornish; L. Mason; M. Taylor.
 Front Row—S. Kelsey, B.A., R.N.; E. Roy; J. Milmet; B. Smith; L. McCord (Mrs. J. Alexander).

ANNE RADCLIFFE CLARK. ALVERNE CLARK.

To students of St. John's during the years 1912-1916 the name Anne Radcliffe will at once suggest the Girls' Gymnastic Display which was at that time an outstanding event of the school year. Since then Anne has presented her own students in similar displays of a very high order. After one year teaching in rural Manitoba and a summer course in Physical Education at Chicago University she was appointed Physical Instructor to the girls in the Earl Grey Junior High School, where she rendered fine service for a period of six years. Anne has been a credit to our school and a credit to Miss Fabian who gave her such thorough preparation for her career.

In December, 1924, she was married to Alverne Clark, another of our graduates who has specialized in things athletic. Ever since his high school days Alverne has been a keen worker for the Y.M.C.A. He is now Physical Instructor of the Montreal Y. Prior to his departure from our city he held similar positions in our own city in both North-End and Vaughan St. institutions.

JACK MATHIESON, B.A. MARGUERITE STALKER

Jack graduated from St. John's in '19, from the "U" in '23, and in Theology from Manitoba College in '26. During his course he filled appointments on several mission fields and for the year 1924-25 was assistant minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. He has just received his appointment to the Foreign Mission Field, and will sail for Honan, China, on Sept. 2nd.

He will be accompanied by his bride, now Miss Marguerite Stalker, who has also received an appointment to Honan. Miss Stalker was a member of the 1918 Practical Arts Class and is now a teacher in the Lord Nelson School.

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HENRY GRANT, B.S.A., M.A.

In 1915 The League of the Empire in Toronto offered the pupils of the high schools of Canada a prize for the best poem on the war which was then in its first year. To Henry Grant, a student of St. John's Technical High School was awarded first prize ex aequo with a young lady student of a Toronto school. Henry graduated from our school winner of the Governor-General's medal for his year. He saw service overseas and upon his return took up his studies in the M.A.C. He received the degree B.S.A. in 1921 and won the Swift Canadian prize in agriculture for that year. He is now a member of the faculty of his own Alma Mater as Asst. Prof. of Rural Economy. This year he received his Master's Degree in Arts. As a member of the Provincial Board for the Co-operative Marketing of Farm Products, he is giving valuable service to the farmers of the province.

His service is given freely to the boys of our province, to whom he is known as Hank Grant. He is in charge of the Boys' Work in Knox Church, is a member of the Provincial Boys' Work Board, and spends a part of each summer as a member of the staff of the Pelican Lake Leadership Camp.

JACK MURRAY, B.A.

Jack graduated from St. John's in '21, from the "U" in '25. At Wesley where he registered for Arts his ability as an athlete and his fine qualities for leadership were soon recognized. He was Senior Stick in his final year and is now Director of Athletics, Instructor in English and History in the Matriculation Department, and Assistant Dean of Residence. Last summer he spent at Chicago University doing M.A. work in History and Education.

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RALPH ARCHIBALD, M.A.

Ralph graduated from St. John's in 1918. He won scholarships in each of the Junior years of his University Course and in his final year, 1922, the Gold Medal in Mathematics. The following year he was appointed lecturer in Maths. at Wesley College and then received a Teaching Fellowship at the University of Toronto for the years 1923-25. In 1924 he received his M.A. degree from that university. He was next awarded the highest teaching Fellowship in Mathematics at the University of Chicago for the year 1925-26 and has just received the same appointment for next year. He expects to continue further studies after receiving his Ph.D. degree with the object of eventually entering upon University work as his profession.

SARA ABRAHAMSON, LL.B.

Mary, Esther and Sara, all three are graduates of our school. They are leaders in a modern movement—The Zionist Movement. In October, 1920, with other members of their family they left Canada for Palestine to aid in the work of reconstruction that was beginning there. They are now living at Pel-Aviv—Valley of Peace—Palestine and are very happy in their surroundings. Mary and Esther are married. Sara who studied law here, is now doing clerical work in a bank.

S. H. CHURCHILL, D.D.S.

Many of our present students have come before Dr. Churchill for dental examination. Sam was a student in our school until 1916. He graduated in dentistry from the R.C.D.S. Toronto in 1920. For the next two years he was engaged by the Winnipeg School Board, giving full time to dental work in the public schools. He now has his own practice but is still in charge of the work in North Winnipeg Schools.

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ALICE ROWAN GRAY, B.A.

Among our more recent graduates we find that Alice Gray has already achieved some measure of distinction. At High School Alice played delightfully the role of Rosalind in "As You Like It." At University too, she was active in dramatic circles, taking leading parts in three of the University plays.

In February, 1925, Alice published a book of poems; she was persuaded to do so by her professors and others of her friends who realized that she possessed decided talent in the realm of poetry. The reception given this little volume has shown that their advice was wisely given.

Alice graduated from the University in 1925 and is now attending First Class Normal.

MOLLY WEINBERG SOUDACK, M.A., M.Sc.

Molly has pursued a most interesting course in science. She graduated from St. Johns in '17, from the "U" in '21. She received a bursary from the National Research Council of Ottawa for the next year and a studentship for the year following. During those years she did research work in the field of Physiological Physics and received her Master's Degree in both Arts and Science. She was granted a fellowship in Toronto for the year 1923-24. There her special study was Spectroscopy. The next year she was Research Assistant to Prof. Allen in our own University. Since her marriage in December, 1925, she has been keenly interested in Domestic Research.

SOLOMON LIPSETT, B.Sc.

Solomon is another of our students who has done advanced work in Science. His entire University career was a brilliant one. He graduated in Science in 1921, the gold medallist for that year. Since then he has spent one year at Berkley, California, and was assistant professor of chemistry at the M.A.C. for the year 1923-24. Last year he spent at McGill and he has just been awarded a studentship by the National Research Council. His special work has been in the field of chemistry.

MARK TRUEMAN, B.E.E.

Those of our graduates who have acquired the degrees of B.C.E. and B.E.E. have for the most part had to find their opportunities in distant fields. Mark Trueman, we believe, is the most remote. On January 3rd, 1926, he sailed from New York for Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He is Assistant Electrical Engineer there in the employ of the Rio de Janeiro Light and Power Co., a company which operates all tramway lines both city and country in that locality. His particular responsibility is for maintenance of way.

ROY SLEMON. WILBUR VAN VLIET.

Roy and Van were both members of the '21 Engineering Class of St. John's and continued their studies in the Engineering Faculty at the University. They also spent their summer vacations in the Air Force at Camp Borden. Roy suspended his university course for the year 1924-25, during which he obtained his Flying Commission. He returned to the "U" last Fall and intends to complete his Engineering.

As a member of the Air Force Roy has spent one summer on patrol duty at Victoria Beach, one with the sea-plane squadron at Vancouver and this summer his headquarters are at Lac du Bonnet.

Van remained at Camp Borden last year to build up a rugby team—which he did with great success. Incidentally he qualified for his Pilot Officer's Commission the same year and is now at Vancouver doing sea-plane service.

FLORA MATHESON, A.T.C.M.

The people of St. John's are very proud of Flora's musical achievements. When a student in our school she had already earned distinction as a violinist, winning the Senior Violin Competition at the Musical Festival for two successive years, 1919 and 1920. She studied in Winnipeg under Mr. W. G. Rutherford for six years, and during that time had the honor of playing before such noted violinists as Kathleen Parlow and Mischa Elman.

Flora graduated with the Practical Arts Class of 1921. She then studied in Chicago for a summer with Leon Samepini. For the past two years she has studied in Toronto with Geza De Krez. At present she is a pupil teacher in the Hambourg Conservatory there, and last winter again played before Mischa Elman.

Flora has given two successful recitals in Winnipeg; the first when she was but fifteen, and a Grade XI. student in our school; the second in January, 1926, on her last visit home. She hopes to study abroad in the near future.

* * *

Mr. W. (explaining problems)—“Now class, pay close attention while I run through the board again.”

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**UNIVERSITY MEDALS AND SCHOLARSHIPS WON IN MAY, 1926,
BY FORMER STUDENTS OF ST. JOHN'S TECHNICAL**

UNIVERSITY GOLD MEDALS

ARTS:

English	O'Neill, Ada Gertrude
Hebrew	Stoller, Fanny
Mathematics	(Full course)—Pall, Gordon
Philosophy	Tadman, Marjory
German	Rubin, Sara

HOME ECONOMICS	Bowman, Bertha
----------------------	----------------

SPECIAL MEDALS

CIVIL ENGINEERING	Joseph Doupe—Gold Medal (for highest aggregate in third and fourth years)—Gauer, Edward
-------------------------	--

PRIZES

SURGERY:

Jackson, Norman C.	Gold Medal and \$50.00
-------------------------	------------------------

SIR JAMES AIKINS SCHOLARSHIP IN ENGLISH

SENIOR DIVISION IN ARTS AND SCIENCE—First Year:

Shpeller, Max	Honorable Mention
Wiley, E. J.	\$125.00

JUNIOR DIVISION IN ARTS AND SCIENCE—First Year:

Hayman, Ben	Honorable Mention
-------------------	-------------------

ISBISTER SCHOLARSHIPS

ARTS AND SCIENCE: Senior Division—First Year:

Arenowsky, Marvin	\$100.00
Danzinger, Leo J.	100.00
Gibbons, Lillian	100.00
Rodin, Elizabeth	100.00
Shpeller, Max	100.00
Turnbull, David	100.00
Wiley, E. J.	Honorable Mention

ARTS AND SCIENCE: Junior Division—Second Year:

Freedman, S.	\$ 75.00
Hayman, Ben	75.00
Kaharovitch, Goldie	75.00
Medovy, Marion	75.00
Romalis, Reuben	75.00

ARTS AND SCIENCE: Junior Division—First Year:

Brickman, Isadore	\$ 75.00
Hayman, Leo	75.00
Hayman, Max	75.00
Lesik, Vera	75.00
Wilder, Edmund	75.00

ENGINEERING—First Year:

Toporeck, E. R.	\$100.00
Hardy, R. M.	75.00

HOME ECONOMICS—Second Year:

Shafer, Ruth	\$ 75.00
--------------------	----------

The greatest distinction for any student in our school is the award of the Governor-General's Medal. Proficiency in four departments is the basis of the award—school marks 25%, departmental marks 25%, leadership and initiative 25%, athletics 25%. Frequently it has been very difficult to determine which of several students is entitled to the award. The winners for the medal, beginning with the first year of its presentation, are as follows:—

- 1915—Henry Grant.
- 1916—Edward Gorham.
- 1917—Maurice Bernstein.
- 1918—Ida Moscovitz.
- 1919—William Rosen.
- 1920—Eva Dilman.
- 1921—Elsie Gauer.
- 1922—Beatrice Graham.
- 1923—David Turnbull.
- 1924—Miriam Gussin.
- 1925—Alfred Berman.

* * *

Mr. Ridd has given us so many History notes that several of us feel like a piano.

* * *

Miss I.—“What's the matter, child?”

“I, I burned my hand in the hot water.”

Miss I.—“Serves you right, you should have felt the water before you put your hand in it.”



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A Recent Graduate

Students of St. John's cannot let the present opportunity pass without expressing in some measure the very great appreciation and respect they feel for Mr. John McIntosh.

Mr. McIntosh was born in Kilwinning, Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1861. Of the rugged, trusty Scott he is a splendid type. His work in our school has shown that he possesses in a marked degree a keen sense of duty, the courage of his convictions and a cheery good-will towards all. Such a personality is bound to be felt and

Mr. McIntosh has certainly exerted a splendid influence on the students—particularly the boys.

He entered the service of the Winnipeg Public School Board in 1915, and from that date until his resignation in March of this year, he was connected with St. John's Technical High School. After 50 years of faithful, honest toil, he now looks forward to a period of leisure.

May he fully enjoy what he so richly deserves!

* * *

Teacher to S.F.—“You remind me of a cloudy cup of coffee. You take so long to get settled.”

* * *

Explained—Slow Movie

Member of S.E.—“Jumping at teacher's command.”

Public Speaking

"There's a charm in delivery, a magical art
That thrills like a kiss from the lips to the heart.
'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word—
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred.
The Lip's soft persuasion, its musical tones,
Oh! such were the charms of those eloquent ones."

The question of keeping the students profitably employed at noon-time found an answer in the organization of a Public Speaking Contest four years ago, which has stood the test of time and which increases in popularity each succeeding year. This intellectual recreation has met with the hearty approval of the students, best demonstrated by their readiness, not only to participate as contestants, but to act as well-behaved listeners. Every noon-time hosts of the members of the younger generation swarm into the Aud. to gorge or nibble mental delicacies—subjects of world wide interest, and those which man has puzzled over since the dawn of civilization—launched across the dead footlights in words—torrents, dictionaries of words, to a palpitating, amused, bored or thrilled audience, as the case may be—an audience sometimes lifted out of itself, carried into interstellar spaces, via the labyrinths of imagination to distant living lands by the magic of Oratory.

Through Preliminaries and Semi-Finals this year the interest grew as elimination continued. The school as a whole was keyed to a high pitch of enthusiasm on the evening of the Grand Finals when the seven battle-scarred veterans of many a hard fight, met for the last time to dispute the laurels of Victory.

After three nerve racking hours, upon the announcement of the judges decision, the twelve hundred silent, critical hearers were converted into a hilarious congratulatory body, showering the three winners with profuse greetings—and thus the curtain fell on the eloquent combat of 1926.

The happy survivors of past contests, suitably bedecked in medals and radiant smiles, now raise their humble visages in appropriate acknowledgment:

- In 1923—Saul Grusky, Ben Rosenberg, Sam Freedman.
- In 1924—Alfred Berman, Sam Freedman, Jack Spitzer.
- In 1925—Israel Wolinsky, Sara Avrin, Alfred Berman.
- In 1926—Ellis Rhodes, Jack Peterkin, Kathleen Moreland.

* * *

The Battle of Words

(By Sara Avrin)

Of battles fierce where word on word did roar,
Of bitter strife in Oratory's war;
Of speakers loud who lingered but to die,
I sing, Oh Muse, with many a passing sigh!

Long was their wont in kindly noble style,
With many a bashful hesitant among,
With heedless words our dull noon-hours beguile—
How sweetly were their puerile numbers sung!

Look you how he, the hero of that hour,
 When to his golden tongue with grappling hands
 An audience hung as swayed by the mystic power
 That lisped to them of flights in many lands!

Look you how Rhodes, with wings forboding flapping;
 Wheels in a rushing flight the void about,
 Condemning loud those mortals vain, unrecking,
 Who Aeroplania's glories great do flout!

Low breathes a lonely wind with vapour pressed,
 A shrivelled phantom ghastly whistles by,
 Hollow groans wide rend its panting breast,
 "Ah where——?" re-echoes far and low and high.

"Ah where, thou Memory, long departed since,
 Fair nymph, that seeks thy subtle charms to hide;
 Where art thou?—ah, faint heart do me convince
 That she with my poor soul will hence abide!"

Loud wails the quivering phantom dewy-browed,
 The echoes shrill reverberate through the gloom,
 As Peterkin's frail spirit still uncowed,
 For Memory calls through darkness of the tomb.

Now echo loud the heavens with sounding crash,
 The firmaments in stellar glory blaze!
 A comet's flirting tail a space doth flash,
 And hums a song in Valentino's praise!—then Lo!





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The stars in sudden fury sputter out,
 Another phantom spreads a ghostly hand,
 Kay Moreland's voice in fluttering accents shouts—
 "Woe, woe—Beware the movies of the land!"

"Beware the dread of Chaney's horrors gross,
 But build ye pictures on the silver sheet
 That stir imagination's silken floss
 With imagery, bright, serene, discreet!"

The next uprisen from unhappy groves
 That daily rear in Hades shades forlorn,
 McKenzie, stark, in awful terror moves
 Lest Hydro's flaunted glory we should scorn.

Lo, how he struts with noble passion crying,
 See how his honored tresses gleaming fly,
 As loud above the craven windlets dying,
 He cries: "Uphold the Hydro—or ye die!"

Next, slow with stately tread he moves him forth,
 The man of destiny with mien forlorn,
 Pointing a trembling finger to the North,
 Where, crushed, Locarno lies to tatters torn!

Ah, who has done the deed, the horrid crime,
 That laid so low her temples in the dust?
 Ah, who spoiled in that revengeful time
 Our Israel's words, so noble, brave, august?

A war-whoop shrills about the gloomy grotto,
 A gory sword the air doth pierce like flame!
 In ciphers hot the dismal weapon wrote—
 "Peace, Peace on Earth, ye fools—or endless shame!"

Then, forth the traitress shot in deadly flight,
 A blood-red pathway sears the heavy gloom,
 The League, Locarno Pact, and schooling trite,
 In bloody fragments float about to doom!

But hard upon Ghost Sara's phantom heels,
 McLean, with stumbling footsteps shuffles nigh,
 His head in tortional vibration reels,
 His panting breath bursts forth in quivering sigh!

"The League, the Holy League—ah, fragments dread,
 What direful tale of woe ye waft to me,
 And thou, vile traitress, thou hast crushed it dead—"
 The sword flies up, the phantom turns to flee!

Then swift unto that atmosphere of woe
 The soothing winds with soft compassion ride
 To smooth with silken murmurs sweet and low,
 The ruffled waves of ire that here abide.

* * *

Motto for S.H. hockey team—"The more waist, the less speed."

Graduation

St. Giles' Church presented a charming spectacle during the afternoon of this memorable day, June 4th. The high white dome, steeped in mellow beams of genial sunlight seemed to lean expectantly forward as we crossed the threshold. An enveloping sweetness stimulated by tremulous smiles and the haunting strains of the Grand March took possession of us as we softly moved to our places.

This day stands forth, a gleaming milestone by the way of life. One was thrilled by the sight of the earnest young faces, some smiling wistfully, others showing traces of tears, turned to the speaker, Dr. Wallace. A medley of emotions swept us between laughter and tears, as we sat there, together for the last time.

Will we ever forget the parting words of Mr. Reeve, his regret at our going, his pride and joy in our successes? Will we ever forget the soft strains of music of our Orchestra and of our Glee Club; that selection by the trio: Gordon McLean, Willie Shore, Paul Toubman; that duet by Eva McKay and Pearl Conley? These memories will dwell with us long after we have made our way into the wide busy world.

The address of Dr. Wallace was redolent with the fragrance of life's greatest experiences. His kind words moved us deeply and kindled in us a desire to do deeds worthy of our heritage. The valedictory speech by Jack Peterkin was one of the finest of its kind ever delivered in our school. It sincerely and fittingly expressed our farewell thoughts.

I am only a Piece of Work—

AFTER I leave your hands you may never see me again. People looking at me, however, will see you and, so far as they are concerned, I'll be you. Put into me your best so that I may speak to all who see me and tell them of the master workman who wrought me. Say to them through me, "I know what good work is." If I am well done, I will get into good company and keep up the standard. If I am shabby and poorly made, I will get into bad company. Then show through me your joy in what you do, so that I may go the way of all good work, announcing wherever I go that I stand for a workman that needeth not be ashamed.

—William Chandler Smith

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“Passing on the Torch,” an impressive ceremony, wherein the future seniors of the Tech. are entrusted with the emblem of our ideals, was carried out in a manner befitting the occasion by Edward Frehs, president of the school council and member of the grade XII. class.

The prophecy, rendered with unassuming grace and dignity by Israel Wolinsky, contributed to the mirth of the afternoon. The distribution of the prizes in athletics, and the presentation of the Governor-General’s Medal for 1925 to Alfred Berman were greeted with good feeling by those present.

In conclusion, we remark once more that June 4th stands a gleaming milestone by the way of life.

* * *

Valedictory Speech, 1926

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,

We stand this afternoon at the parting of the ways. Behind us lies the happy past of our school-days, and before us lies the unknown future of manhood and womanhood. And what our future lives are to be, depends in a large measure upon the foundations we have been laying for them in our High School Years. A little resumé of the school’s activities for the year would not be out of place. In general, sports—Curling, Hockey, Football and Basketball—were complete triumphs, and in addition St. John’s cleaned up on her rivals on the Annual Field Day. Of our local activities I cannot forego mention of the complete success, both financially and dramatically, of our yearly play. Both our musical organizations—the Glee Club and the Orchestra—won warm public approval on all public appearances. Nothing may, as yet, be said of

scholarships, but we may rest assured that St. John's will take a generous share of them.

As we students prepare to go out on the stage of "Life" to "Play our Parts," perhaps we tremble a bit, but the great drama must go on, and we cannot hesitate, for our cue has been given. What do we see as we review this great play called "Life"? The curtain rises on a scene, long ago, of a full-sailed, high pooped vessel, riding the crystal waves of an unknown sea; of the meeting between copper-colored savages and foul-tongued criminals—the scum of Spain under the leadership of Columbus, who, with the discovery of America, has laid the corner stone of our mighty nation. Next, we see settlements dotting the irregular coast at intervals. Three flags, waving over the forts, predominate—the flags of France, of Spain, and of England. We look again, and see in the north-east, the old-world struggle between the French and the English, transferred to the new, and ending in tragedy on the heights above Quebec. Then come sturdy men with their families, true patriots, leaving behind them the comforts of a dear home, and coming to settle our country, assailing both elements and savages in unequal combat, but overcoming both—The pioneers of Canada. The curtain falls and rises again. Seated on the stage we now see the leaders of the immortal struggle for Confederation, Canada's men of vision, who realized the possibilities of their country's greatness, and now, the affixing of their signatures to the document, which unites the provinces into one great Dominion. The last scene of all, shows the farmer following his plough, while the hazy smoke from some distant city curls its dreamy way into the sky. The development of the West has begun. This is the drama into which we are being initiated to-day.

What are your feelings in connection with your graduation to-day, my fellow students? You are, no doubt, proud of your achievements, but are you sorry to leave St. John's, or are you glad? We have worked together and made real chums, and now we must separate and go our ways. Surely we do this with some regret. But we must remember, in our lives, to show our colors, for it is through us that all honour must reflect back to them, and to the school whose seal we bear. You all want to be successful, but what does that mean to you? Do you want to be a second Wm. Wrigley, making a million out of chewing gum? Or would you prefer the type of Sir John A. MacDonald, who died practically penniless, but made a name for himself by promoting the federation of the provinces of Canada? Which is your idea of success? A well-known writer has said—

“He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much. Who has gained the trust of pure women, and the love of little children. Who has filled his niche, and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others, and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction.”

There is much I would like to say to our teachers on behalf of my fellow students, but I cannot find adequate words. At least accept our earnest thanks for what you have done for us. It is just possible that we may have annoyed you at times, but you must remember that “all our delight was in the work of the school, and over its books have we meditated day and night.” You have helped and encouraged us in our work, and we who go out into the world now, will not forget. You are the crew of a ship which bears us across a dark and stormy river. We are about to land on the other shore, but even as we do so, some slip and fall into the water. They are carried by the current,

back to shore, where you will pick them up again on the next journey. Meanwhile, the others go on into "Life."

This day, perhaps, reminds the older people of their own graduation, and gives them a greater sympathy and understanding, enabling them to bear with us through our exercises. To others, it may merely be a pleasant hour of entertainment. It means more to those who have a personal interest in us, and who have watched us grow up from infancy, than it does to the chance guest. To our parents and relatives too, it is an hour of pride and affection. To our teachers, it is an hour of mingled joy in our success, and regret, we trust, over the necessary parting. To us it is a gleaming milestone along the Highway of Life.

To the elder people let me say, that though we welcome you here to-day, we realize that it is you who are holding out the glad-hand of welcome to us. It is we who are the outsiders, claiming our share in all that has been yours so long, and asking for a place among you who carry on the affairs of the world.

In closing, I should like to quote Oliver Wendell Holmes' well-known poem, "The Sculptor Boy"—

"Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.

He carved that dream, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
In heaven's own light, the sculptor shone—
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand,
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour—when at God's command
Our life dream passes o'er us.

Let us carve it then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives—that angel vision."

—Jack Peterkin.

* * *

"What do you mean?" his mother asked,
With puzzled, knitted brow.
"Please, Ma," the anguished boy replied,
"We made a bet for fun,
Which one could lean the farthest out
Our window,—Alfred won."

* * *

History Teacher: "Where was the thirty years' war?"
Student: "Section 310."

* * *

Miss L.—"What is the average length of a strand of sheep's wool?"
Brightness Personified—"Bout six inches."
Miss L.—"In that case where did this three-inch strand come from?"
Brightness Personified—"Oh, a lamb!"

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Question: Translate into English—C'est un bon chow.

Answer: This is a good chew.

* * *

If chemical energy is that which makes things work of themselves, why does Mr. P. not compel a few of his pupils to drink sulphuric acid!

* * *

Mr. B.: "I wish you wouldn't chew gum. Don't you know it's made of horses' hoofs?"

Anna: "Sure, that's why I get a kick out of it."

* * *

Sam Cohen went out the other day
Wearing a brand new Prince;
He placed his heel on a banana peel,
And he hasn't been seen since.

* * *

Wanted—A Hard Nut

Dr.: "Do you know what I advise you to do?"

Pupil: "No, sir."

Dr.: "Go to a bricklayer's and get some mortar to fill up the holes in your sieve-like brain."

* * *

As I was walking down the street,
I saw two cross-eyed ladies meet.
First with a thump; then a lump—fo~~r~~ they did bump.
Both growled and then one howled—
"I wish you'd look where you are going."
Then came response, unseen and keen—
"I wish you'd go where you're looking."

* * *

"Abey, vot is dot book you vos readin'?"

"About Chulius Caesar, fader."

"Und vot business vas he in?"

"He vas a soldier, und ven he von a great battle he sent de message home:
'Veni, vidi, vici.'"

"Only three vods? Oy, vot extravagance! He could have sent seven more vods for de same money."



Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi-yip!

St. John's! St. John's! Zip! Zip! Zip!

Are we in it? Well I guess!

St. John's! St. John's! Yes! Yes! Yes!

O for Orange! B for Brown!

St. John's! St. John's! Beat 'em all 'round!

S-T-J-O-H-N-S! St. John's!

The End

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